

SEPTEMBER 2002

Swarthmore

COLLEGE BULLETIN



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IN THE AIR IS THE TASK

OF THE RENAISSANCE SOUL.

ILLUSTRATION BY PAINE

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Swarthmore

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GOLF CART DRIVER ANNA
STRATTON '04 CATCHES UP
ON HER READING DURING
ALUMNI WEEKEND.
PHOTOGRAPH BY
STEVEN GOLDBLATT '67

I can't remember the first time someone asked me, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" For a child, it's a pretty daunting question. Although well-meaning grown-ups who pose it are usually just trying to make conversation, children soon learn the subtext: What's important to you? Who might you emulate? What are your dreams? How competent are you? Of course, the underlying question is: "Who are you?" You don't have to be a child to worry about that.

One way to define yourself is through your work, which makes me a magazine editor and college administrator. But that definition also presents a problem. I haven't always been an editor—I've also earned my keep as an art teacher, carpenter, and graphic designer. I've driven a tractor. I was a cashier in a restaurant. As much as our society would have us believe it, a job—even a long career—is not an identity. If I want a better idea of who I am, I have to look deeper.

I look to my relationships with others. I am a son, brother, husband, father, cousin, and uncle. I'm a friend, volunteer, coach, committee member, leader, and follower. I am also an employee, colleague, and boss. Most of these relationships are

*If "growing up" means
I have to choose
just one thing to "be,"
forget it. I don't
want to grow up.*

lasting, engaging, and satisfying—but is this who I am?

In basic biological terms, I am an animal. I move and breathe and eat and reproduce. I'm one link in a genetic chain that reaches back millions of years, and that now, because I have children, has a chance at reaching forward. And because I am a human being, I have the chance to do more than just live, reproduce, and die; I have the opportunity to

think about it, to decide how I feel, to listen to others, to wonder, to speculate, to learn.

The best part of living is learning. Learning brings change—new truths new ideas, new skills. Whether I learn to knit or read a novel or contemplate new information about the origin of the universe, when I learn something, it changes me. The best way for me to answer the who am I question may be to quote Descartes: "I think, therefore I am."

On the cover of this issue, we pose a similar question: "Are you a Renaissance soul?" In the accompanying article (page 14), we meet six Swarthmore alumni, including Margaret Lobenstine '65, who coined the term and fits her own description of a Renaissance soul. They are restless people with diverse passions, the square pegs that don't fit round holes. Yet, most of the liberally educated readers of this magazine can truthfully say about themselves, "I'm one, too."

So, what do I want to be when I grow up? If "growing up" means I have to choose just one thing to "be," forget it. I don't want to grow up.

—Jeffrey Lott



Swarthmore COLLEGE BULLETIN

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The *Swarthmore College Bulletin* (ISSN 0888-2126), of which this is volume C, number 2, is published in August, September, December, March, and June by Swarthmore College, 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore PA 19081-1390. Periodicals postage paid at Swarthmore PA and additional mailing offices. Permit No. 0530-620. Postmaster: Send address changes to *Swarthmore College Bulletin*, 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore PA 19081-1390.

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Printed in U.S.A.

A LITTLE LIGHT

Some letters are on one's mind for a long time, but somehow, the time to write them is never to be found. For many years, I have wanted to write a thank you note to Swarthmore.

I came to the College almost by accident. Having escaped Nazi Germany, I was making my living as a very untrained housekeeper. After I burned the potatoes and nearly set the house on fire doing some ironing, the man of the house thought I might do better using my brains. He was a wonderful Swarthmore-connected Quaker, and he got me an interview with Dean Brand Blanshard. I was accepted as a junior. The young Jewish woman who wanted to fight for a better world—who, having survived the Holocaust, wanted to prove that her survival was worth it—was on her way.

Swarthmore helped me to pull together my ideals. Starting in displaced persons camps in Europe after the war, I spent 46 years as a social worker, helping displaced people. I was young then, and I grew old with them. I am now 87.

The little light of life kindled by Swarthmore has kept on burning, literally through hell and high water. I have had a full life—a colorful and fulfilling one—and, in no small way, my thanks go to my alma mater for my two years at Swarthmore College.

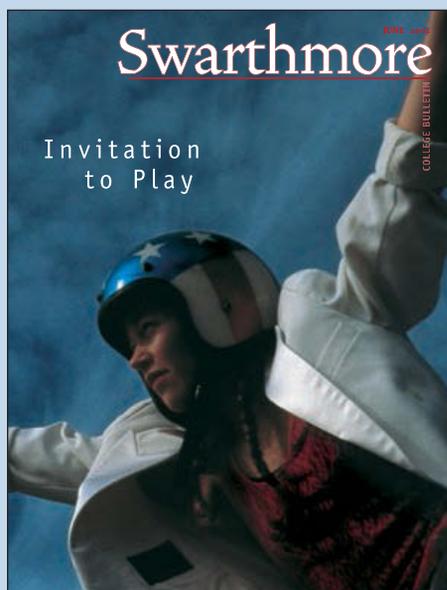
May your light continue to shine through the present gray days toward a better future.

GABI DERENBERG SCHIFF '41
Forest Hills, N.Y.

"PROXY FIGHT" MISSES THE POINT

Although ending discrimination against sexual orientation is a worthy goal, I was disappointed to read "Proxy Fight," in the *June Bulletin* ("Collection") about the College's shareowner proposal for a policy that would protect homosexual employees from discrimination at Lockheed Martin.

How can Swarthmore speak of a Quaker heritage and Quaker principles and, at the same time, invest in arms manufacture? The College seems to be ignoring the overriding issue of supporting and profiting from weapons of war and destruction. Broadcasting uncritically Swarthmore's ownership of Lockheed Martin stock appears to condone investment in such militaristic activities.



This spring, College Treasurer Suzanne Welsh told *The Phoenix* that Swarthmore's purchase of stock is based on economic return. I cringe to think that this might be the only criterion. Claiming now to be involved in socially responsible investing rings hollow when that investment is in arms manufacture.

ELIZABETH MYERS (P'03)
Scottsville, N.Y.

AN ASSAULT ON MARRIAGE

I was shocked and dismayed by the article "Proxy Fight." Never would I have thought that my alma mater would take the lead in assaulting the institution of marriage. It is a sad day now that equal employment opportunity is construed to demand not just equal rights but equal outcomes. To me, Swarthmore emphasized the need to discriminate between truth and falsehood. My understanding of the Quaker tradition is that one must discriminate between good and evil.

To the Committee for Socially Responsible Investing (CSRI), the Board of Managers, and the executives of the more than half of the Fortune 500 companies [that have adopted policies prohibiting discrimination against homosexuals], I commend a most enlightening book by Richard Herrnstein and Charles Murray: *The Bell Curve: Intelligence and Class Structure in American Life*. Let us be thankful for the 95 percent of the [Lockheed-Martin] proxy vote.

THOMAS SPENCER '37
Orlando, Fla.

GREAT GIFTS TO SWARTHMORE

In the dozen years that Maurice Eldridge '61 has been an administrator at Swarthmore, one of his greatest contributions has been the simple fact that, after what he experienced as an undergraduate, he returned. No alumni can appreciate this more than those of us who were undergraduates with him in the late 1950s.

In "Diversity: Then and Now" (*June Bulletin*), Eldridge writes of anonymous hate mail he received one spring, reporting that the student who wrote it was discovered and expelled.

I never knew who the writer was, nor the punishment. But from the other side, the side of white students who somehow came to know of the letter(s), I remember the incident vividly.

What I remember, however, is not merely my deep disgust with my own community—one community whose intellectual and cultural intensity had become the passion of my life. I remember even more the lesson in political dynamics that the hate mail incident taught.

For several days and into the nights, a number of students debated what, if any, action we might take. The debate eventually centered on whether or not to prepare an open letter, which we would sign—and for which we would attempt to secure the signatures of as many students (and faculty?) as possible.

The letter would state our beliefs about racial integration. (Remember this was only a few years after *Brown v. Board of Education*.) Maybe we also discussed mentioning the Quaker tradition in race relations or at least the tradition of tolerance. (I think none of us knew that Swarthmore had enrolled its first African-American students less than 20 years earlier.)

But practical questions immediately arose: How many people were likely to sign, and what difference would the number of signatures make? We tried out two possible answers: that a huge percentage of students would sign or that an unimpressive or even insignificant percentage would.

The first of these answers would be ideal but, for several reasons, seemed improbable. With term papers, finals, and honors exams pending, who among us would actually throw ourselves into the needed effort? What if the student body

Please turn to page 76

Commencement 2002

M E T A M O R P H O S I S

At 9:15 a.m., the front porch of Parrish Hall is nearly empty, but this Sunday is not a sleepy one in Swarthmore. In less than an hour, the Clothier Hall bells will peal, and the procession will begin. The Class of 2002 is about to graduate.

Inside Parrish, gowned faculty members begin to gather in the parlors. Some changed into their colorful garb at home, walking borough streets to the College like medieval dons. Professor of Mathematics Don Shimamoto, in his first year as faculty marshal, is there early. Wielding the College's silver mace, his job is to herd the faculty into line, two by two.

Under the trees outside, seniors adjust their mortarboards. Most wear roses from the Dean Bond Rose Garden, where the subtraction of 336 perfect blossoms hardly diminishes the glorious display. The Scott Arboretum staff, wearing pruning clippers like badges, pinned on the flowers.

A few minutes before 10, President Alfred H. Bloom comes down from his office, smiling and resplendent in crimson. With him are diplomat Denis Halliday and journalist Josef Joffe '65, who will receive honorary degrees. Bloom chats with Board Chairman Larry Shane '56 as the procession takes shape behind them.

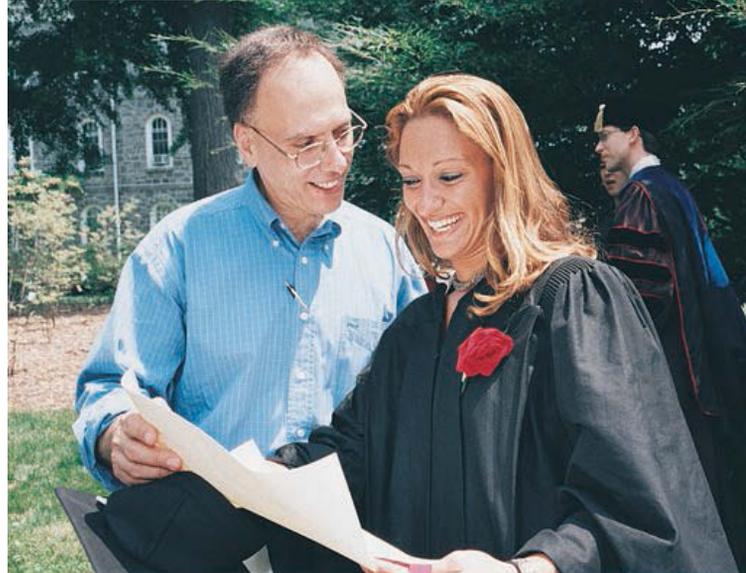
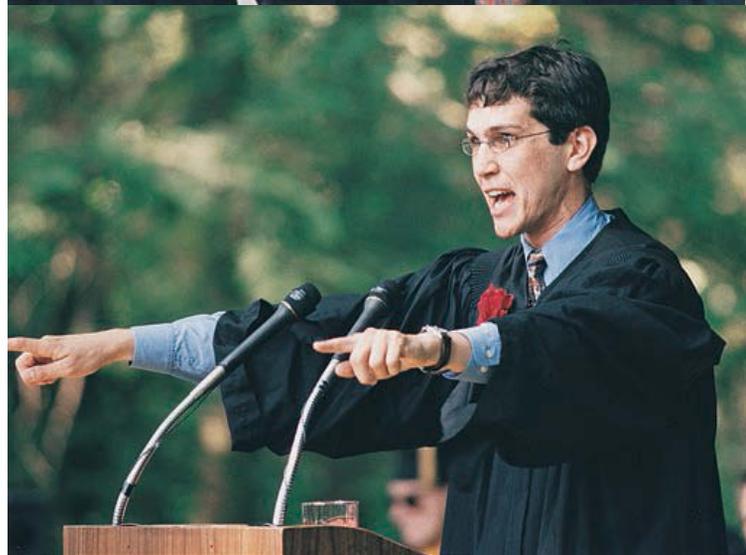
The seniors form an alphabetical line, also two by two. Registrar Martin Warner fusses over them, addressing most by name. In his head, no doubt, are their majors, grades, and credit hours. If this were sixth grade, he would be telling them not to shove and push, but we're over that now. One young woman sobs onto the shoulder of a friend—a private sadness amid the general joy.

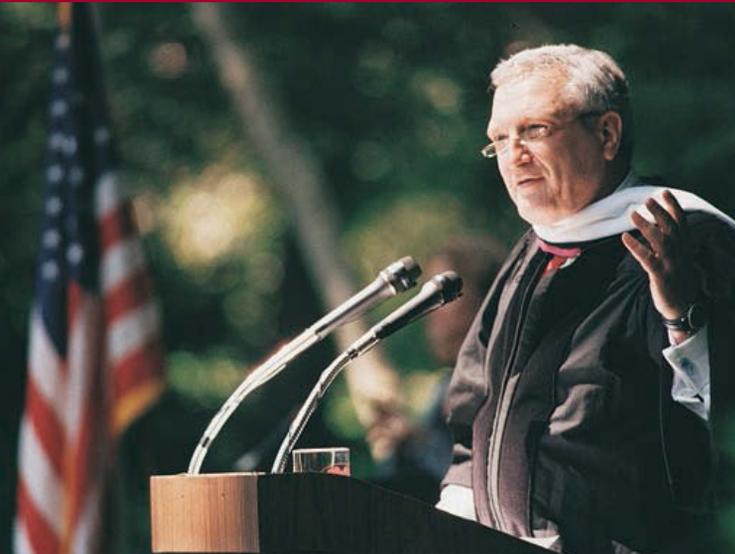
Near the head of the line, Stu Hain, associate vice president for facilities, speaks quietly by radio to an unseen person controlling Clothier's bells. The chimes begin, and Shimamoto raises the mace. Perched above the Scott Amphitheater, a brass ensemble begins a sonata by Johann Cristoph Pezel. Swarthmore's 130th Commencement has begun.

The faculty, now miraculously organized and appointed in a rainbow of robes, streams out of Parrish toward the shady woods. The seniors follow, picking up the pace when they hear the music. Along the way, scores of housekeepers, food service staff, and secretaries applaud and call to their favorite students. A few break ranks for a quick hug or handshake.

As the head of the procession reaches the amphitheater and its tail begins to move near the library, it looks like a colorful black-robed caterpillar with a thousand different shoes peeking out from

PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS DON SHIMAMOTO (TOP), FACULTY MARSHAL, LEADS THE COMMENCEMENT PROCESSION. SENIOR SPEAKER DAVID KAMIN (CENTER) TOLD HIS CLASSMATES: "WE ARE ABOUT TO VENTURE OUT INTO A WORLD THAT SEEMS SADLY SINISTER." ALIKI BONAROU (BOTTOM), WITH SWARTHMORE DIPLOMA IN HAND, RECEIVED CONGRATULATIONS FROM HER COUSIN, BILL DEMAKAKOS.





The ceremony seems to gather meaning—a symbolic moment at the heart of what a college does.

under its collective gown, moving as a single organism toward its graduation metamorphosis.

In the breezy shade of the amphitheater, parents and grandparents—some of whom claimed their seats quite early—stand to welcome the procession. Conductor John Alston, associate professor of music, glances over his shoulder to see how many more measures will be needed as the caterpillar inches down the stone steps and seats itself on waiting white chairs.

It's difficult to say why Swarthmore's Commencement seems so special. As with every such ceremony, there are invocations and admonitions and last bits of advice. There are traditions, like the engineering students' final gimmick. (This year, each carried a light bulb to be screwed into a giant E they had constructed, and somehow, they made the Clothier bell ring 22 times—once for each B.S. diploma.) There are the usual awards and speeches and honorary degrees.

Yet, rather than becoming a cliché, the ceremony seems to gather meaning—a symbolic moment at the heart of what a college does. After the calls and waves of friends, after the thousands of photographs and miles of videotape, after the traditional moment of Quaker silence, the Class of 2002 is the palpable product of everyone's labor here.

Larry Shane welcomes the throng and asks the class to face their parents, guardians, and friends—to say thank you. The gesture is sustained and genuine. It is followed by a scripture reading by Marc Sonnenfeld '68, who quotes from Proverbs: "Happy is he who has found wisdom."

Class speaker David Kamin then compares Swarthmore students to Smurfs—"McCabe Library Smurfs, Paces Café Smurfs, Activist Smurfs, Interpretation Theory Smurfs, and the soon-to-be-extinct Football Smurf."

"The point is," he explains, "there are real differences among us. We are a truly diverse community, and, as I grew in my 'Smurfiness' here at Swarthmore, I became less wrapped up in my own need to

JOSEF JOFFE '65 (TOP), PUBLISHER AND EDITOR OF *DIE ZEIT*, TELLS THE GRADUATES THAT HIS SWARTHMORE EDUCATION "WAS THE ASSET OF ALL ASSETS THAT KEPT MULTIPLYING." APPLAUDING ARE (CENTER, LEFT TO RIGHT) ENGINEERING GRADS MICHELLE LOWRY, PUKAR MALLA, LINDA MCLAREN, AND MARC RICHARDS. RICHTER PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE RAYMOND HOPKINS (BOTTOM, LEFT) ESCORTS HONORARY-DEGREE-RECIPIENT DENIS HALLIDAY, A CAREER DIPLOMAT WHO RESIGNED AFTER 34 YEARS WITH THE UNITED NATIONS IN PROTEST OF SANCTIONS AGAINST IRAQ.

Commencement 2002

prove myself—less intimidated by the uniqueness of those around me—and I was able to learn from instead of compete with the ideas and experiences of my fellow Swatties.”

Kamin shares his thoughts about what he calls “the greatest philosophical and artistic work of the 20th century,” Steven Spielberg’s *E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial*. “Arriving at Swarthmore was like being left behind on a foreign world,” he says. “Now, Swarthmore has become our ‘mother ship,’ so to speak. We have been empowered with an education that few can receive. We are, whether we like it or not, an intellectual elite, and we are about to venture out into a world that seems sadly sinister. It is a world in which despair has won the day and in which the future seems only to promise further bloodshed.

“We enter this world with a special power. Do you remember how E.T. could heal things? He would stick out his finger; light would shine; a dead pot of flowers, without hope, without a future, would be resurrected—and, most important, Drew Barrymore would smile.

“I wish I could say that we’re just like E.T.—that at the moment we graduate, we could open our mouths, and the world would understand the futility of today’s violence. But although we may not be magical, we are powerful. We are powerful because of the hope that the years here at Swarthmore give us—the hope of seeing students from different cultures and backgrounds coming together to build one peaceful intellectual community. We are powerful because we have been given the tools of this elite institution. The tasks before us are vast. Our efforts may fail, but, in one way or another, it is our duty to try to heal this world.”

As if he and Kamin had coordinated their talks for maximum effect, President Bloom then takes the podium and challenges the class to change the world. “Your senior year began with Sept. 11, a stark reminder of how few individuals it takes to have a devastating impact on the world,” he says. “Let June 2 be a powerful reminder of the magnitude of the positive impact that 336 extraordinary individuals can have. Do not sell yourselves, or the world, short.”

Their Swarthmore experience, he says, “will enable you to thrive in whatever careers you choose and will all but assure a future of economic security and societal respect....

“However, in light of how much there is to do to secure our nation and ensure a peaceful world; in light of how much there is to do to create the productivity and the patterns of distribution required to provide adequate nutrition, health care, and education to our own and the world’s population; ... in light of how very much there is to do, I ask you to set your ambitions beyond personal and professional success to have the broader impact for which you are also so very well prepared....

“If you devote yourself to research, be the one who refines or redefines the current paradigm in ways you believe will guide the discipline onto a more productive or significant path. If you devote yourself to education, be the model teacher, principal, and educational leader who offers a vision of finer education and who leads

At the top of the steps,
the procession breaks up.
The cocoon is cracked; wings
unfurl; the metamorphosis
is complete.

the system, or the nation, to deliver on that vision.

“If you choose medicine, law, or business, be the one who introduces treatments, professional directions, or strategies more responsive to the needs of the broader society and the world. If you choose the nonprofit or public sector, be the individual who imagines directions your institution or society might take toward your vision of the good and who, by articulate, persuasive, and public example, galvanizes broader commitment and action to that end.”



After Bloom’s remarks, it is time to award honorary degrees. Denis Halliday, former U.N. assistant secretary-general, dons his Swarthmore hood and speaks humbly of the rewards and disappointments of his 34-year career at the United Nations, where he served primarily in humanitarian assistance posts.

In 1997, Secretary-General Kofi Annan had named Halliday, who is an Irish national, as U.N. humanitarian coordinator in Iraq. He served in this position until September 1998, when he resigned to protest the U.N. sanctions against that country. His public resignation ended his U.N. career but freed him to speak out against the effects of the sanctions. As Swarthmore’s Lang Professor of Social Change during the fall semesters of 1999 and 2000, he taught classes in the Peace and Conflict Studies Program.

In an intensely personal five-minute talk, Halliday candidly tells the graduating class of his regrets about his career, especially the times when he remained silent in the face of injustice: “Looking back over those many years, I realize now more than ever that I compromised my own integrity by silence, by nonparticipation in important issues before the world during those years. I was an international civil servant—always living overseas as a guest in another country—not free to vote, not free to speak out on matters of peace, justice, and social equality. In my desire to serve the Unit-



KARLA GILBRIDE (LEFT), A MCCABE SCHOLAR FROM SYOSSET, N.Y., WAS ACCOMPANIED BY HER GUIDE DOG, TARA. PRESIDENT BLOOM (TOP RIGHT) URGES THE CLASS OF 2002 TO “SET YOUR AMBITIONS BEYOND PERSONAL AND PROFESSIONAL SUCCESS TO HAVE THE BROADER IMPACT FOR WHICH YOU ARE ALSO SO VERY WELL PREPARED.” MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS (BOTTOM RIGHT) TURN TO THANK FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

ed Nations, I set aside for more than 30 years my commitment to such issues—ones that preoccupied me during my own student years.”

“Happily,” he notes, “we have among Swarthmore graduates young men and women who want it all—a brilliant, exciting career in a chosen field but yet the ability to be themselves. Freedom to continue good works, the courage to speak out, even when socially embarrassing—or possibly career threatening. To be able to stand up when driven by outrage, by a sense of unacceptable injustice, by witnessing wrong yet knowing the capacity for right exists in abundance.”

Next, President Bloom introduces alumnus Josef Joffe, publisher and editor of the influential German weekly *Die Zeit*. A double major in economics and political science at Swarthmore, Joffe holds a Ph.D. in government from Harvard and has taught at Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and Stanford universities. Bloom describes him as a “public intellectual whose interpretations of current political, economic, and social issues consistently offer your global audience new levels of understanding and greater ethical clarity.”

Joffe jokes that, by being honored by Swarthmore, he has finally surpassed his “old friend and teacher” Henry Kissinger, who has never received an honorary degree from his alma mater, Harvard. “[This] proves that Swarthmore is a lot smarter than Harvard,” he says, “but we knew that all along.”

Praising his Swarthmore education, he says it “never became obsolete. What I learned here in philosophy, economics, and political science, in psychology and art history, was money in the piggy bank of the mind that was never depleted. It was the asset of all assets that kept multiplying. Because liberal arts, unlike all those ‘relevant’ subjects from management studies to computer science, never turns obsolete. Liberal arts is the tool of all tools that will accompany you all your life and make you not only a bit smarter but also a bit wiser.”

Referring to the contemporary film *Spider-Man*, Joffe says, “Look at him. In school, he was put down as a bookworm and ignored by the girl he adored. He has to navigate the shoals of self-doubt and desperation, as we did when we could not finish that seminar paper due in six hours.... But then he was bitten by the spider, and he turned into a superhero. That’s you: You, the graduates, have been bitten by the spider that is Swarthmore.”

Following the speeches, Shimamoto steps forward with the mace. He instructs the class to rise and wear their mortarboards. President Bloom steps to the microphone and intones: “By the power vested in me by the Board of Managers of Swarthmore College and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania....” The tassels are moved en masse, and suddenly it’s official.

Provost Constance Cain Hungerford (who just a year ago was herself carrying the mace) reads each name as the 336 members of the Class of 2002 come forward to receive rolled-up, garnet-ribbed diplomas from a beaming President Bloom. Hoots of joy fill the air from family and friends in the audience.

It takes more than an hour to get from Prince Chuks Achime, a political science major from Duncanville, Texas, to Johanna Moran Yoon, an engineering and art double major from Toledo, Ohio. But then the caterpillar, suitably inoculated by its Swarthmore spider bite, stirs itself to climb out of the amphitheater. The music turns celebratory, as Alston conducts his own arrangement of “Sir Duke” by Stevie Wonder. At the top of the steps, the procession breaks up. The cocoon is cracked; wings unfurl; the metamorphosis is complete.

In the shade of a sour gum tree on Parrish lawn, the arboretum folks hand out souvenir pots of Virginia sweetspire (*Itea virginica*, Henry’s Garnet). Plant it carefully, I think. Feed and water it well.

—Jeffrey Lott

The complete texts of all Commencement speeches—including the baccalaureate speech by Samantha Power, executive director of the Carr Center for Human Rights Policy at Harvard University’s John F. Kennedy School of Government, and the Last Collection speech by Associate Professor of History Tim Burke—are available at www.swarthmore.edu/news/commencement/index2.html.

PALESTINIAN POET

In a rare U.S. appearance, acclaimed Palestinian poet Mahmoud Darwish read his poetry in April to a capacity crowd in the Lang Performing Arts Center. His reading followed a concert by Lebanese musician Marcel Khalife, who canceled dates of his North American tour to attend the event. Both men were introduced as “iconic figures of the Arab world” by Columbia University Professor Edward Said, himself a renowned scholar of modern literature and an expert on Middle Eastern politics.

Although billed as a cultural event stemming from Swarthmore’s interest in promoting Islamic studies, the current political situation in the Middle East was never too far from the surface. In his introduction of Said, Professor of English Literature Peter Schmidt posed questions about U.S. foreign policy in the region and denounced the “deliberate obliteration” of the “cultural and social infrastructure of Palestine.” Said echoed those sentiments and decried what he called the denigration of Arab culture in the United States, describing it as “pathetically undertaught and unknown.”

Their remarks helped make clear the significance of the headliners’ joint appearance on an American stage. “This event brought a very special part of Arab and Palestinian culture to the United States,” said Assistant Professor of Anthropology Farha Ghannam, a Palestinian who grew up in Jordan. “It also brought together not only one of my favorite poets, an intellectual whom I respect highly, but a singer whom I adored as a teenager. It was wonderful and extremely important to see Palestinian heritage presented and celebrated outside the usual stereotypes.”

Khalife, hailed for composing songs in Arabic using contemporary Arabic poetry, performed musical arrangements based on Darwish’s work. Darwish, the author of more than two dozen books of poetry and prose, read in Arabic from his recent work, while well-known poets Carolyn Forché and Naomi Shihab Nye read different selections from his poems in English. Although his work has been translated into more than 20 languages, very few of his poetry collections are available in English.

Darwish is the recipient of numerous



JIM GRAHAM

MAHMOUD DARWISH

international literary awards, including the \$350,000 Lannan Foundation Prize for Cultural Freedom, announced in November. The foundation, which helped arrange his visit, had originally planned to present the award during the program. Instead, according to Vice President for College and Community Relations Maurice Eldridge ’61 in the April 25 issue of *The Phoenix*, the ceremony was moved to Philadelphia to avoid giving the appearance that the award was coming from the College.

Following the reading, students Amalle Dublon ’04, an Israeli citizen, and Selma Hassan ’02, from Sudan, presented Darwish with a Lebanese cedar that will be planted on campus in his honor along with a plaque inscribed with a stanza from his poem “Ruba’iyat”: “I have seen all I want to see of war / A spring of water / Our forefathers squeezed / From a green stone. / Our fathers inherited the water / But they do not give it to us. / I close my eyes: / What is left of the land / I make with my own hands.”

—Alisa Giardinelli

CLASS OF 2006 ADMITTED

A total of 892 students, including 154 notified during early-decision period, were offered admission to the Class of 2006, which by midsummer was expected to number 375 students. The College accepted 23 percent of the more than 3,900 who applied.

Of the admitted students from high schools that report class rank, 35 percent were valedictorians or salutatorians, 53 percent were in the top 2 percent of their high school class, and 93 percent ranked in the top 10 percent. The admitted students came from five continents, 39 nations, and all 50 U.S. states.

Fifty-seven percent of the admitted students come from public high schools, 29 percent from private independent schools, 6 percent from parochial schools, and 7 percent from schools overseas.

Continuing the trend of recent years, more of the admitted students declare “undecided” as their intended major than any other. Next, in order, are biology, engineering, political science, English, mathematics, economics, and history.

—Alisa Giardinelli

@SWARTHMORE

Associate Professor of History Timothy Burke, a specialist in African history and American pop culture, was chosen by members of the Class of 2002 to be their Last Collection speaker—a singular honor.

One reason for Burke’s popularity among students might be his Web site. On it, he has the usual syllabi for courses and synopses of his scholarly work. He is author of *Lifebuoy Men*, *Lux Women*, a study of how “inhabitants of colonial Zimbabwe developed deeply felt needs and desires for the products of capitalist manufacturing.” And with his brother, Kevin, he wrote *Saturday Morning Fever*, an admiring look at television’s cartoon culture.

But Burke leaps beyond scholarship to offer such Web goodies as: “Professor Burke Explains It All to You” (an advice column for students); “Boiling Oil: Messages from the Ivory Tower” (essays on academe); and the “Geek Chronicles” (commentaries on geek culture).

Then there are his “Cranky Restaurant Reviews,” which tell you everything you need to know—and a few things you might prefer you didn’t—about Swarthmore-area and Philadelphia restaurants.

For a taste of Burke, click that browser over to <http://www.swarthmore.edu/SocSci/tburke1>.

—Jeffrey Lott

’06



WALK TO FREEDOM

The Swarthmore College Peace Collection has received a grant from the National Film Preservation Foundation (NFPF) to repair an original 16-mm print of the film *Walk to Freedom*. The Peace Collection's copy of the film is one of only two remaining originals produced in the 1950s by the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the oldest U.S. religious peace group. Though Wendy Chmielewski, Cooley Curator of the Peace Collection, submitted a proposal to restore nine films, the NFPF chose to subsidize only the repair of *Walk to Freedom* because it contains unique footage of the 1956 Montgomery, Ala., bus boycott. (In the still photo at left, boycott leader Rosa Parks arrives at the Montgomery courthouse for her trial in March 1956.) In addition to the repaired original print, the Peace Collection will receive a 16-mm copy, a broadcast-quality beta videotape, and a VHS viewing copy for the McCabe Library collection.

—Benjamin Galynker '03

Game Time

In May, the faculty voted to adopt a set of guidelines aimed at reducing scheduling conflicts for student athletes.

Although the guidelines reaffirm several existing policies, they go beyond any previous faculty action in seeking to provide a framework for the resolution of conflicts between academic commitments and participation in intercollegiate sports.

The guidelines were developed by the Curriculum Committee in close collaboration with the Athletics Review Committee (ARC). They emphasize communication among students, coaches, and faculty members, encouraging all parties “to work out mutually acceptable solutions” where potential conflicts arise. The document acknowledges that “when a mutually agreeable understanding is not reached, students should be mindful of the primacy of academics at Swarthmore.”

In adopting the guidelines, the faculty made a key distinction between athletic practices and contests. They say, “Students who are participating in intercollegiate athletics should not miss classes, seminars, or labs for practice.” But those who anticipate missing an academic appointment for a scheduled athletic contest should “try to come to an understanding regarding the conflict with their coach and their professor as soon as possible, preferably during the first week of the semester.”

The guidelines restate a long-standing practice of ending most regular classes by 4 p.m. on Monday to Thursday and 5 p.m. on Fridays, reminding the faculty to “recognize that the time from 4:15 to 7 p.m. is heavily used by students for extracur-

ricular activities and dinner.” The document asks students to consider the times of athletic contests as they plan their schedules but also urges faculty members and coaches to schedule both academic and athletic commitments well in advance and to avoid last-minute changes that create conflicts.

Professor of Economics Stephen O’Connell, who chaired the ARC, called the faculty’s action “a major accomplishment for the College.” He emphasized that the guidelines are “not rules” and observed that “many are already routinely observed by faculty and coaches.”

The faculty adopts new guidelines to address scheduling conflicts for athletes.

The new guidelines are appended to the ARC’s final report, which can be viewed at www.swarthmore.edu/news/athletics. In its report, the ARC—which has consisted of

faculty members, members of the Board of Managers, coaches, students, and administrators—notes a broad range of improvements to the athletics program. Among the ARC’s recommendations are that its own three-year existence be concluded, with its oversight role passed to the standing Physical Education and Athletics Advisory Committee. A separate committee of the Board of Managers, which includes two members of the Alumni Council, will continue to evaluate progress in strengthening the College’s intercollegiate athletics program.

—Jeffrey Lott

SCIENCE CENTER GROWS

Every week this summer—even every day—the intricate maze of construction that has swallowed up the old DuPont Science Building progresses and changes shape. Charles Ricciardi, senior project manager for Barclay White Skanska, the construction management firm, and Janet Semler, director of planning and construction from the College's facilities management group, gave me a tour of the full site on July 3. Coincidentally, the day marked a milestone in the construction—"topping off," the completion of structural steel erection. Semler declared that the project is 15 percent built. Occupancy will be phased in as sections of the building are completed between December 2002 and spring 2004.

One part of the project is farther along. Tucked beneath the College's water tower is a "chiller plant." This box-like building will generate antifreeze-treated 45-degree water to be pumped to rooftop air handlers and connected through climate-control units throughout the 140,000-square-foot science center. According to Ricciardi, the heat that is generated by chilling the water will be used to preheat the hot water in the building—an energy-saving concept that is typical of the "green" design of the building.

Another structure taking shape is an addition, part of which covers the now-demolished facade and roof of the Cornell Science Library. When completed this winter, it will house biology and physics teaching labs, temporary offices for physics and astronomy faculty, and two classrooms. A glass-enclosed commons space will rise where the old DuPont lecture hall stood. All of this will be linked



BENJAMIN GALYNYKER '03

PART OF THE COLLEGE'S NEW SCIENCE CENTER WILL BE READY FOR USE IN DECEMBER. THE ENTIRE PROJECT WILL BE COMPLETED IN 2004.

to the Martin Biology Building and to the remaining portion of DuPont, which will be home to the departments of computer science, mathematics and statistics, and the rest of physics and astronomy.

Nearby, the outlines of a new 200-seat lecture hall are already framed in steel like a miniature amphitheater. Standing on a wood platform adjacent to the future coffee bar, one cannot help but be awed by the huge columns supporting an inverted roof that will channel rainwater to a water stair and eventually to an underground stormwater collector that will slow runoff into Crum Creek. Just as awe-inspiring is the three-story skeleton that will become the future chemistry wing, to be finished in July of next year.

The science center project, which has an estimated construction cost of \$59 million and will require \$18 million in additional operating endowment, is part of The Meaning of Swarthmore, a \$232 million campaign for the future of the College. By June 30, the campaign had nearly reached its halfway mark with \$113 million in gifts and pledges received.

—Benjamin Galynter '03

Two new members of the dean's staff will concentrate on developing programs for minority students and on creating a broader, more inclusive campus community.

Darryl Smaw began work in February as the College's new associate dean for multicultural affairs. Rafael Zapata became assistant dean and director of the College's Intercultural Center in July.

Previously associate dean for program development at Harvard's Graduate School of Education, Smaw graduated from Colgate Rochester Divinity School and received a Ph.D. in education from Harvard.

Since arriving at Swarthmore, Smaw has conducted meetings with students and faculty members to "learn more about the Swarthmore community, their expectations for this position, and [ways]

DIVERSITY DEANS



JIM GRAHAM

BENJAMIN GALYNYKER '03

ASSOCIATE DEAN FOR MULTICULTURAL AFFAIRS DARRYL SMAW (LEFT) IS THE FIRST PERSON TO HOLD THAT POSITION AT THE COLLEGE. ASSISTANT DEAN AND DIRECTOR OF THE INTERCULTURAL CENTER RAFAEL ZAPATA (RIGHT) JOINED THE STAFF IN JULY.

I might assist them in the development of a multicultural community."

Smaw stressed that he hopes to reach out to athletes, international students, religious groups, and students with disabilities. "These and other groups," Smaw says, "characterize who we are and what Swarthmore is as a living, learning community."

Zapata came to the College from New York University, where he was assistant director of the Office for African American, Latino, and Asian American Student Services.

A 1993 graduate of Iona College, he earned a master's degree from Arizona State University and is working toward a doctorate in sociology at the University of Pennsylvania.

—Elizabeth Redden '05

REMEMBERING PAUL BEIK

On June 8, Centennial Professor of History Emeritus Paul Beik died at the age of 87 in Winter Park, Fla. After graduating from Union College in 1935, obtaining a doctorate from Columbia University in 1943, teaching courses at Columbia, and participating in the V-12 Naval Officers Training Program, he joined the Swarthmore faculty in 1945. He retired in 1980.

An expert on the French Revolution and modern European history, Beik was the author of five books on French history, including, in 1956, *The French Revolution Seen From the Right*, a study of conservative thought about the revolution, which was reprinted in 1970; and, in 1959, the textbook *Modern Europe: A History Since 1500*, in collaboration with Lawrence Lafore. He also introduced the study of Russian history to the campus.

Beik is remembered by his students and acquaintances for his geniality, generosity with his time, and the encouragement and rigor with which he prepared students for careers as historians.

On his retirement, many of Beik's former students endowed a lectureship in his name.



PAUL BEIK

The subject of the annual lecture alternates between French and Francophone studies and Russian and Eastern European studies. In 1990, the History Department established the Paul H. Beik Prize in History in his honor, to be awarded annually in May, for the best thesis or extended paper by a graduating history major.

—Carol Brévart-Demm

BEIT MIDRASH ESTABLISHED

Jewish students and others with an interest in Jewish texts have a new place to study them on campus. The 2001–2002 academic year was the first for Swarthmore's new Beit Midrash, a joint project of the College library and the Department of Religion.

Located in one of the lodges near Sharples Dining Hall, the Beit Midrash (which in Hebrew means “house of study”) offers volumes of the Bible, Talmud, Mishna, Tosefta, mystical texts, and codes of Jewish law. The Bible collection, with books in both Hebrew and English, is named for the Claude S. Smith Professor of Political Science James Kurth, a generous supporter of the project.

Weekly study sessions and occasional visiting speakers attract students, faculty members, and others from the Swarthmore community. The center is also expected to be an important resource for students taking religion courses such as Hebrew Bible and the Ancient Near East and Jewish Bible Interpretation.

—Jeffrey Lott

TOTALLY SWAT

In lieu of a portion of their final exam, students in the political science course Socialism in Europe, taught by Assistant Professor Jeffrey Murer, opted to be evaluated through a more direct demonstration of what they had learned. They drafted a manifesto of principles and built and lived in a tent commune on Parrish lawn—complete with Soviet martial anthems and red flags—for three days and two nights.

The students, who dubbed themselves *Trabajadores Unidos para la Revolución*, plastered campus bathrooms and lounges with 10-point critiques of capitalism and copies of old Soviet propaganda posters, generating publicity for a culminating rally on International Workers Day, May 1.



CLAIRE WEISS '03/THE PHOENIX

On that historic day, members of Associate Professor of History Pieter Judson's Fascist Europe seminar unexpectedly upstaged the Socialists at their lunch-hour rally. Wearing black and wielding water balloons and large water guns, the Fascist counterrevolutionaries wreaked havoc in the commune and ascended the Socialists' Parrish podium in line formation. To the audience's delight, the Socialists sportingly handed over the microphone to Danny Fink '03 and Matthew Rubin '03, representatives of the Fascist Europe seminar, who delivered a hot-blooded ideological attack on the grounds that the Socialists had violated their own precept of equal distribution of wealth by hoarding the College's Adirondack chairs inside the commune.

After accusing the Socialists of sully-ing the virtues of the idyllic Swarthmore nation, the Fascists relinquished the stage. The Socialists resumed their program, declaring solidarity with other students rallying in Europe against the rise of Jean-Marie Le Pen and right-wing politics there.

—Benjamin Galyner '03

AIR POWER



COMMUNITYENERGY.INC.

The College has committed to meeting 2.5 percent of its energy needs through the purchase of wind power. And thanks to a conservation effort by students, it won't have to expend additional dollars to achieve a more environmentally friendly energy mix.

Although its cost has fallen dramatically in recent years, wind-generated power still costs more than conventional electricity. To

help cover the cost difference, Swarthmore students have agreed to reduce their energy consumption by turning off lights and taking similar measures. The wind power comes from newly developed wind farms—such as the one shown above, near Somerset, Pa.—operated by Community Energy and Exelon Corp.

—Jeffrey Lott

WE BID THEM ADIEU

LOOKING AT THE STATS

Professor of Statistics Gudmund Iversen retires this year after 30 years at the College, during which he has expanded the formerly one-teacher, one-course Statistics Program to become a popular elective today.

One of the highlights of Iversen's career at Swarthmore was when, 10 years ago, the name of the Mathematics Department was changed to the Department of Mathematics and Statistics, reflecting the growing importance and popularity of Iversen's work. Although he claims that study of statistics traditionally has a bad reputation, 50 to 60 percent of Swarthmore graduates regularly have taken statistics courses voluntarily. During Iversen's tenure, more than 2,000 students have taken his courses. Six years ago, the growing workload

necessitated the hiring of a second statistician, Philip Everson, who received tenure this year.

Iversen, who is also in his second three-year term as director of the

Center for Social and Policy Studies, says that Swarthmore was just the right place for him.

An impressive list of publications notwithstanding, research has not been his first priority. "The emphasis on teaching [at Swarthmore] appealed to me," he says. "Teaching is what it's all about."

Of his departmental colleagues and administrators, Iversen says, "I couldn't have asked for a better group of people to be together with. They've been a great inspiration."

Iversen's retirement plans include reading statistics books, reviving his high-school interest in photography, and driving the winding U.S. Route 2 cross-country from western Washington state to Northern Maine. At the end of his drive, two small grandchildren await, "as precious as can be."



BENNETT LORBER '64

JANET AND TIM WILLIAMS '64

WORKING TOGETHER

Professor of Biology Timothy Williams retires this year after a 42-year-long association with the College, where he began as a member of the Class of 1964. He returned in 1976, accompanied by his wife, Janet Williams, who has worked as a research associate alongside her husband. "We've always worked together," he says, "so when we look at what *I* have done, it's really what *we* have done." The Williamses specialize in tracking the migratory patterns of birds and other flying animals.

They have taken students on research voyages to Hawaii and Guam and around the world on the Semester at Sea Program. They observed birds migrating over the Pacific, Indian, and Atlantic oceans, estimated the density of migrants, and measured their orientation, which, Williams says, had never before been done systematically.

"The students have been our best friends," Williams says. "We often get closest to students on our field trips, where they appreciate that we not only studied animal behaviors in class—we looked at real animals in the field." He received a Flack Teaching Award from the College in 1987.

Author and co-author of hundreds of wildlife-related publications, Williams is also the inventor of several pieces of radar equipment, including an ornithological radar on top of the Martin Building.

On retirement, the Williamses will head for northern New Hampshire, where they have been doing research since 1992. Williams will retain strong links to Swarthmore, where his departmental colleagues have been "marvelous and so cooperative." As an alumnus, emeritus faculty member, and Swarthmore parent, how could he not?

ONE OF THE CLASSICS

Thirty-five years after coming to Swarthmore in 1967 as an assistant professor, Susan Lippincott Professor of Modern and Classical Languages Gilbert Rose retires this year. Arriving at the College shortly before jobs in academe became scarce, Rose says: "It turned out that I spent my whole career in one place, and I'm lucky that it turned out to be Swarthmore. It's a great fit for my commitments and interests and values."

Rose, who has served as chair of the Classics Department and the Humanities Division, is grateful for the College's unwavering support of his area of scholarship in a culture and society where, these days, the humanities are "at the bottom of the totem pole." As a teacher of Greek and Latin at all levels, he has welcomed the College's commitment to language as the essence of studying Classics. "We require that all Classics majors have a high level of understanding of at least one ancient language," he says. Most majors take at least three Honors seminars taught in the language itself.

Rose has taught language courses and seminars on Greek and Latin epic, drama, and philosophy. He sees Swarthmore as the kind of environment where a teacher easily develops a close relationship with students. Most of his Honors seminars have taken place in the living room of his home. "The

students have remained close friends in many cases," he says. In 1983, Rose was honored with the American Philological Association Award for Excellence in Teaching, and, in 2000, he



JIM GRAHAM

GIL ROSE

received the Flack Teaching Award.

Recently, Rose founded the new Lifelong Learning Program for adults interested in continuing education classes, which debuted successfully in 2002 and which he hopes will become a regular feature of both his own and the College's life.

—Carol Brévar-Demm



CAROL BRÉVART-DEMM

GUDMUND IVERSEN

Castro, Carter, and Khawja

Yasmin Khawja never aspired to be an ambassador. Actually, she wants to be a doctor. Nonetheless, in May, with very little time for preparation and no prior experience, she succeeded in grabbing the attention of two heads of state.

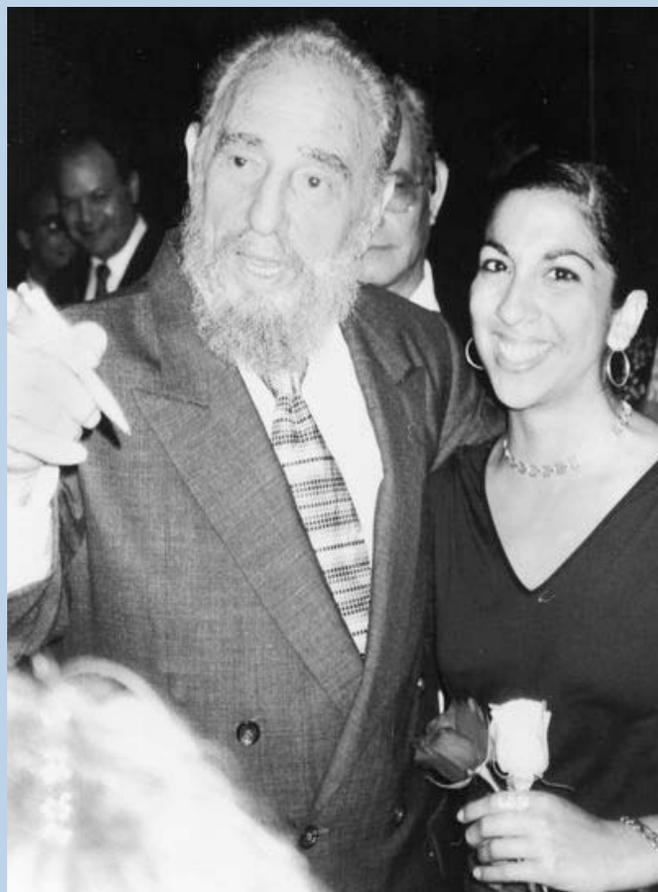
Khawja, born and raised in Boston as the daughter of a Pakistani father and a Colombian mother, is a premed medical anthropology special major. She spent the spring semester at the Universidad de la Habana in Havana, sponsored by Butler University's Cooperating Programs in the Americas (COPA). The program is part of former President Bill Clinton's People to People Act, which now permits American students to study in Cuba. Khawja was there when former U.S. President Jimmy Carter arrived in Cuba on his mission to improve relations between that country and the United States after 43 years of hostility.

The week before she was due to leave Cuba, Khawja was informed that she had been selected to represent the 49 COPA participants from 36 American universities, speaking at the event surrounding Carter's address to the Cuban people. Broadcast on television from the grand hall of the university, the event was attended by Cuban President Fidel Castro and other Cuban dignitaries as well as Cuban and American students and members of the American delegation accompanying Carter. "This was an absolute surprise," Khawja says. "I found out on a Thursday that I was to speak the next Tuesday, and we were going on a trip for the weekend."

As part of an evening program that included speeches by the director of the university, the president of the University Student Federation, and Carter, Khawja spoke in Spanish for six minutes, summarizing the impressions that she and her group, whose members came from varied ethnic backgrounds, had gathered during their stay. Her role, she said, was not to relay their political views but rather their experiences of everyday life among the Cuban students and people. In her speech, she spoke of positive and valuable interactions between program participants and Cubans of all ages and from all sectors of society—whether while singing; worshipping; learning to play the bongos; or making presentations in class, which they attended with Cuban students. Although she mentioned problems the COPA students had observed in the Cuban economy and transportation system, she said they had been impressed by the fact that the country has no organized crime and that it is safe to walk the Cuban streets at all times of the day and night as well as to hitchhike—the preferred mode of travel because public transport is so unreliable. She hoped that her remarks, although not offering actual solutions, might illustrate the capability of Cubans and Americans to coexist peacefully and thereby contribute to eventual solutions.

At the end of the evening, Castro and Carter had to hurry away to throw ceremonial pitches at a baseball game, leaving a hall full of disappointed students, who had hoped to at least shake the dignitaries' hands.

For Khawja, however, the experience continued. The next morning, she received an invitation to Carter's farewell dinner



COURTESY OF YASMIN KHAWJA

FIDEL CASTRO AND YASMIN KHAWJA '03 CHAT FOR A WHILE AT THE FAREWELL DINNER FOR FORMER PRESIDENT JIMMY CARTER. KHAWJA WAS CHOSEN TO SPEAK FOR STUDENTS FROM 36 AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES WHO WERE STUDYING IN CUBA LAST SPRING.

with the *Consejo de Estado* (national council) in the *Palacio de la Revolucion*. "It was like a dream," she recalls. Castro and Carter "remembered me from my speech, and I got to talk to them." They asked her about her plans for medical school. Castro said he enjoyed her speech and offered her admission to the Latin American School of Medicine he founded two years ago, which gives full scholarships to all its students.

She adds: "I definitely saw the bad sides [of Cuba] and things that I would change, like the restrictions on the Cuban people. I think I got a clearer, less idealistic view of both the good aspects of Cuban society and government and those that still need to be worked on."

Cubans and Americans have much to learn from each other, says Khawja. The Cuban people, whom she found to be warm, lively, and very creative with their limited resources, were as curious to know more about American culture as she and her fellow-students were to explore Cuba. She believes that with mutual respect and a willingness to communicate—such as the Cuban and COPA students had shared—both countries would benefit from reconciliation. But this effort, she adds, has to begin with the heads of their national governments.

—Carol Brévert-Demm

ARE YOU A RENAISSANCE SOUL?

SWARTHMOREANS FIND A WAY TO JUGGLE MANY INTERESTS.

By Ali Crolius '84

Illustrations by Paine Proffitt

Margaret Neisser Lobenstine '65 divides the world into two categories. One includes those highly focused, decisive individuals who come into the world knowing exactly what they want to do when they grow up. These souls she compares to Mozart, whose intelligence and inspiration went wholly into his music. These are the freshmen who know what their major will be, who graduate four years later with a degree in that subject, get advanced degrees in the same, and then go on to make a name for themselves in that field.

This article is not about those people.

Instead, it is about those in the other category, the one comprising people Lobenstine calls "Ben Franklins." Inventor, publisher, writer, philosopher, public citizen, statesman, Francophile, founder of a university and a post office, and all-around Promethean thinker, Franklin was what Lobenstine calls a "Renaissance soul."

Lobenstine pays tribute to people of diverse passions in her unpublished book manuscript, "Secrets of the Renaissance Soul: Making 'Too Many Interests' Work for You." A career and "life design" counselor in the Amherst, Mass., area, Lobenstine wrote the book after realizing that many seeking her help were the proverbial round pegs trying to force themselves into square holes.

They worried that there was something wrong with them. They labeled themselves as hopelessly indecisive, vacillating, restless. They started a million projects but completed few; no sooner did they master a subject than they moved on to something new. When attention-deficit disorder came into vogue, these people were sure they had it. Their friends described them as dilettantes and jacks-of-all-trades, and their families wished they'd "find themselves and settle down."

At midlife and beyond, many of Lobenstine's clients were still casting about for the one thing that would bring all their areas of passion together.

Lobenstine says she's had

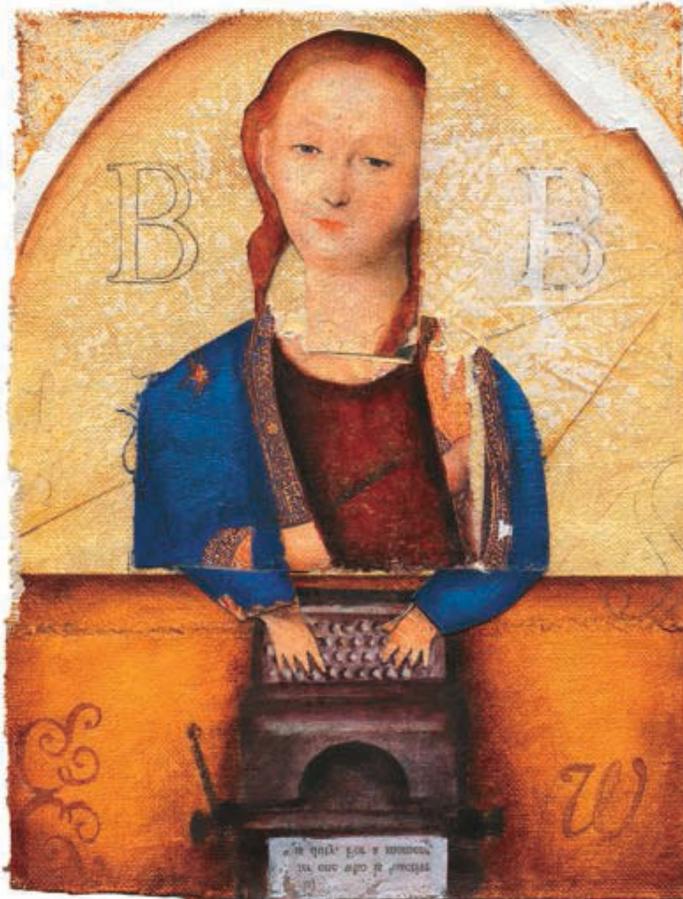
clients collapse in tears of relief when she assures them there's nothing wrong with them.

Drinking tea in her living room, where a small sunlit corner doubles as her office and a constant flutter of birds at her feeder provides background entertainment, she runs through a list of her own Renaissance endeavors. At Swarthmore, she had a difficult time picking a major, of course. She settled on political science but backed it up with minors in economics and history. Did she use these directly in her life? No—she worked with blind children at a camp one summer and decided to drop a political science seminar to take two education courses. She writes, "My request was considered so out of the ordinary that it had to be taken up by the entire faculty."

Lobenstine continued the pattern after graduation. Her resumé reads something like this: obtained a master's from Bank Street Teacher's College; worked at the New York University Reading Institute as well as in one of the original Head Start programs. Subsequently, Margaret did political work with the Black Panthers, worked for an alternative press, worked at an eyeglasses factory and at the post office, and started her own errand business. She ran a bed-and-breakfast; coordinated labor groups for First Harvest Brigade for Nicaragua; taught others how to run inns; was regional master trainer for the Massachusetts Literacy Corps; and started her current business, Alternative Approaches.

Now, she responds to questions through her Web site www.ToGetUnstuck.com, leads career and Renaissance Soul workshops, is a guest expert for the Staples Inc. small business Web site, does family business consulting at the University of Massachusetts, writes both fiction and newspaper articles, and does professional photography.

Much of this overlapped with raising twin daughters Lori and Heather, now grown and showing their own signs of Lobenstine's Renaissance nature.



Lobenstine believes the pendulum is swinging in favor of Renaissance souls. Hard economic times and destabilizing political forces are forcing people to become more adaptable, more adept at having more than one skill to offer in the job market. “The cradle-to-grave security simply isn’t there,” neither as a mind-set nor as a reality, she said. “People are re-examining their priorities.”

As for myself, I have an interest in pretty much every subject academic, abstract, and practical. I left Swarthmore with a B.A. in

religion and a minor in studio art. My first business card read, “Ali Crolius: Generalist.” Later, I became a journalist—a career that enabled me to follow my curiosities to my heart’s content. I continued to write fiction and letters to the editor, sell my paintings, and be an outspoken citizen of the republic. Now, I am a teacher as well as a writer, a field that enables—and demands—that my multiple interests find expression. Like the other Renaissance souls, my life would feel diminished if I eliminated any of these joys.

WHISTLEBLOWER, LAWYER, AND ACTOR: MARK SCHWARTZ '75

WHEN MARK SCHWARTZ WAS DOING CHEKHOV SCENE STUDIES IN HIS JUNIOR YEAR, he never imagined he’d have an encore. “I didn’t think acting was the responsible adult thing to do,” he said. He majored in political science instead.

To be sure, years in the courtroom as an attorney provided him with ample opportunities for theatrics. The Pittsburgh native’s early career choice, law, looked rather “duckish,” to use Margaret Lobenstine’s language. Schwartz took the drive he’d put to good use in the Honors Program and went to work. Law segued into investment banking, in which he became first vice president of Prudential-Bache Securities’ Public Finance Department in Philadelphia.

Schwartz’s first brush with drama was self-imposed and unofficial: He became a corporate whistle-blower. As manager of the mid-Atlantic region of Prudential’s tax-exempt division, he said he became aware of pressure on employees to contribute to political campaigns. After objecting to the practice and getting fired, he spent two “unpleasant” years pursuing a case against Prudential’s practices with the National Association of Securities Dealers. As a result, the Securities and Exchange Commission banned political contributions by underwriters and began keeping a closer eye on political gifts by brokerage firms. Some major houses agreed to curtail political contributions, but an industry panel reviewing the Prudential case threw out a claim that Schwartz had been wrongfully dismissed. He felt only somewhat vindicated by the fact that Prudential was heavily fined by the Federal Elections Commission.

The experience left Schwartz “flat, I mean flat, on my back.” Unable to interest other Wall Street firms in hiring him, he set up a private law practice from his Bryn Mawr, Pa., home; burned through his savings, trying to support his wife and two young sons; and came to the edge of bankruptcy. “It’s very nice to be outspoken,” he reflected, “but it’s also nice to pay the mortgage.”

The breaking point came when a former investment banking partner died of cancer at age 40. Schwartz says he spiraled into a serious depression but was thrown a lifeline by a generous fellow Swarthmorean who retained him to do some legal work for his family. “He admired my whistle-blowing,” said Schwartz, “and he gave

me work at a critical time, which gave me the opportunity to re-evaluate my life.” The verdict: Schwartz came to view his years in high finance as an empty, if educational, interlude: “It wasn’t allowing me to use my brain the way Swarthmore developed it.”

It was after Schwartz had regained traction in his law practice that his early love of theater re-emerged. Representing a literary agent and a filmmaker gave him the urge to try some acting classes. He began auditioning and found himself cast as Truman Capote in *Cruelties*, a play about the writer that won Best New Play for the New York Drama League. To prepare for his role, he dived with characteristic intensity into “reading everything (of Capote’s) I could get my hands on,” digging up old recordings to get the literary legend’s pouting drawl and ordering first editions of his books on eBay. For his six performances in a tiny theater at New York City’s Pace University, he was paid a grand total of \$65.

Schwartz concluded that acting, far from not being very adult, demands everything a person’s got. “Acting’s the hardest profession I’ve ever seen. If investment bankers are brain dead, and lawyers are a small step up, then acting is the hardest as far as what it takes to be successful.”

With a few parts in independent films now on his resumé, Schwartz is casting around for a new role. In the meantime, he hopes his next gig will be as mentor of a new generation of lawyers—starting with Swarthmore’s current crop of Renaissance souls, including son Benjamin ’06.



DOCTOR, GUN COLLECTOR, INVENTOR, AND JEWELER: PAUL KOPSCH '46

FIREARMS ENTHUSIASTS AT A QUAKER COLLEGE ARE AS RARE AS PACIFISTS AT WEST POINT. But as a student, Paul Kopsch, fascinated with guns from childhood, would go down to the Crum with his Civil War–era muzzle loader and shoot away to his heart's content with fellow gun aficionado Fred Richards '45.

"We did all right until some old man came running down and hollered that we were putting bullets in his prize trees," he chuckled from his home in Lorain, Ohio.

It might seem paradoxical that both men went on to medical professions. Kopsch, an anesthesiologist for 35 years until he retired, would tell his fellow physicians that he saw no contradiction. "I told them the best way to keep the good guys well is to make the bad ones real sick," said the lifetime National Rifle Association member.

Originally a member of the Class of 1944, Kopsch, a reservist called to active duty during World War II, was eager to put his marksmanship to practical use. "They kicked me out after a month, when they found out I'd been accepted to medical school," he said.

Initially drawn to obstetrics, Kopsch found that the only residencies open to him at the time were in anesthesiology. He liked the work right away and became the first board-eligible practitioner of it between Cleveland and Toledo. Later, he became county coroner as well. But "a few years after all this, I realized I'd gotten off easy and owed my country." He enrolled in the National Guard as a medical officer, where, in addition to taking care of soldiers, he got to "use all those guns." When partners in his office would come spend Mondays talking about adventures on the links, Kopsch came back with stories of drills with anti-aircraft guns called Vulcans, which would fire 100 rounds per second.

In the mid-1960s, Kopsch the coroner teamed up with a couple of police officers who had been involved in gunfights. They were tired of shooting their .38 Specials at speeding cars, only to see the crooks escape while bullets bounced off. The three of them put their heads together to design a Teflon-coated bullet that increased penetration of metal and glass by 20 percent.

For a while, the KTW round (an acronym for the names of Kopsch and his two partners) was employed by police and the military. He claimed it was the literal "magic bullet" that killed the hijackers of a passenger train in Holland in the 1970s. Kopsch's voice grew bitter as he recalled how critics began dubbing his invention the "cop killer bullet," although it was only sold to police and the military. After acrimonious public debate and congressional hearings, in which Kopsch testified, manufacture of the KTW was suspended.

Despite that disappointment, Kopsch kept returning to his workbench on his 5-acre farm—a former peach orchard that he's deeded to Swarthmore after his death. (He's also set up premed scholarships in his and his wife's name and another in memory of Swarthmore roommate Bill Inouye '44, the late professor of surgery at the University of Pennsylvania.) Kopsch invented and patented an anti-tank rocket he thought would be useful against Soviet tanks but found no



takers among the munitions makers. And he continued to add to his firearms collection, which includes such rarities as a Colt percussion revolver whose cylinder is decorated with portraits of Buffalo Bill, Chief Sitting Bull, and Annie Oakley. It's both the craftsmanship and the pleasure of shooting that continue to fascinate him.

As a man of many talents, Kopsch found it relatively easy to balance his dual interests in medicine and firearms. "I'd just tell my partners in my practice, 'I'm going off to camp,'" he said. In a profession that kept him at the end of a pager and exacted 60-hour weeks, he found the variety lifesaving. "Having different interests is an aid to sanity," he noted, "because if I'd stayed glued to anesthesiology all the time, with the phone ringing and those hours in the delivery room and in surgery—this drives you quietly nuts. Getting out and doing something different balanced all that."

These days, it's retirement that needs its own counterbalance, and Kopsch found it in jewelry making. "A guy showed up a couple of years ago with a busted computer. I cut it up and found this beautiful patterning on the circuit board." He took the board to his shop and began tinkering; this led to the creation of necklaces, brooches, and key rings fashioned out of the innards of the computer. He soon foresaw the ready, cheap, and endless supply of raw materials, given the rapid obsolescence of computer hardware. He now makes several hundred pieces of jewelry a year, selling it to a company that gives them away as promotional gifts. With a lifetime of achievement behind him, why does he bother? "I get bored with the status quo," he said.

NAVY ATTORNEY AND ARTIST:

ROBINWYN LEWIS '65

ROBINWYN DIETRICH LEWIS WAS RAISED AS A QUAKER. It would never have occurred to her that some day she would work for the U.S. Navy.

And if you told the Navy lawyer she is now that she would eventually turn to painting portraits of private homes on commission, she would have been very surprised. The life of the Renaissance soul is full of unexpected twists of fate.

"I could never figure out what to do," she said. "As a kid, I wanted to read everything. In college, I did folk dance. Later, I did tap dancing. It would always be, well, I did that, now I want to try something else."

In high school and at Swarthmore, Lewis studied languages—French, German, and Russian—in which she declared a major and eventually got a master's. Her first job upon graduation was as a maid in Chicago, where "I learned how to clean bathrooms and make Old Fashioneds, while I waited for my job with the United States Information Agency (USIA) to start." The USIA, Uncle Sam's public relations arm, sent Lewis to the Soviet Union to answer questions for Russians about an expo of American architecture.

Eventually, Lewis went to New York to work for *Harper's Bazaar*, where she worked as the second secretary to the editor in chief. "I had absolutely no interest in fashion," she laughed. She did, however, "drink up the city," enrolling in a painting class at the Museum of Modern Art. "Margaret's [Lobenstine] idea of nurturing your interests was very real to me even then," she said, referring to her Swarthmore roommate.

Lewis then took a job writing press releases and articles for the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia. The work plunged her among the most ardent voices for peace in Vietnam and justice at home, and it was during this time that she first observed lawyers up close and came to admire them.

By 1970, Lewis thought she needed to make up her mind about settling on a career. "I reached a point where I thought I really had to make a decision," she said. All her Renaissance fascinations vied to be taken seriously—languages, writing, social action, and the law. She entered George Washington University Law School in 1971, only to be surprised by how attractive contracts law appeared to her. "I think it has something to do with my interest in linguistics, with what something actually means. In this case, it was interpreting statutes and contracts," she mused.

Following law school, she taught in and later managed a legal clinic. "I burned out after five years and started looking around. In 1981, I went to the

Navy because some friends liked the work there, and it had a good reputation."

It's work she loves, involving acquisitions of ships; environmental, labor, and personnel law; and managing 120 lawyers in offices from coast to coast and in Hawaii. Mentoring young lawyers, who she says are often trying to dedicate themselves to both their careers and their families, is a big part of her job. "I think they come to the Navy because they think they can have a life here. Frequently in the beginning of a law career, they're expected to give everything and more. We don't demand that of our attorneys."

How did the Friend come to be at home in the Navy? "I'm just a different person than I was 30 years ago," she reflected. "Vietnam was a different time. I'm comfortable now with the idea that we need a military force to defend the country."

Still, the law hasn't been her only focus. In spurts, Lewis has written poetry and begun a mystery novel. Dabbling in watercolors gave way to oils. Figure painting, landscapes, and still lifes led to paintings of people's houses she calls home portraits. Once again, she hit a place where she was juggling "too many interests" and feeling she had to focus.

"I'm not trying to escape the law, because I love it," Lewis said. "But I finally decided, about a year ago, that with the job I've got, I had to pick." She chose painting, an avocation she hopes to master well enough to carry her into retirement from the Navy. She approached a friend about helping her with marketing, and recently, she's started doing paintings of private homes for people around the Washington, D.C., area in earnest. She spends weekends painting, showing her work at outdoor art fairs, preparing for a gallery show in the fall and building up her portfolio for commission work.

People ask her how she manages to do so many different things. "I just say I don't clean my house very much," she laughed. "It's always a trade-off."



REAL ESTATE BROKER, CARPENTER, PHOTOGRAPHER, AND PERPETUAL STUDENT: PHILIP METZIDAKIS '79

WHAT DO YOU CALL A FELLOW WHO CUTS REAL ESTATE DEALS IN MANHATTAN ONE DAY, shoots photographs for *National Geographic* another, takes regular trips to meditate with Eastern Orthodox monks in Greece, and makes sure he's always taking a college class?

A maverick of the market and the mind.

Philip Metzidakis insists he's not a Type A personality: "I'm just seeking an interesting and fulfilling life. I like adventure."

Adventure was a pattern established early. As an undergraduate, Metzidakis, son of retired Spanish professor Philip Metzidakis, quickly established a rhythm. He took the first semester of his sophomore year off, went back to Swarthmore for three semesters, and then took a second semester off before returning for three semesters and graduating. On his first semester off, he hitchhiked through the United States and Mexico. On his second semester off, he flew to London and made his way eastward—overland to Egypt, into the occupied Sinai. He financed his travels with carpentry, both as summer jobs near home and while on the road.

After "enough" trips abroad and back, Metzidakis got his degree in 1980 and settled in New York. He thought to return to Europe, but as he was planning to go, he had an epiphany: "I realized that most people are like trees: They live where they are planted. Very few are strong enough to leave the place where they are born to pursue a dream because leaving means abandoning the known for the unknown. New York is a magic filter that collects the people from all over the world who are strong enough to abandon everything for

their dreams. It's a city of people with dreams. It's the city for me."

Nurturing his own dream of making his living independently, Metzidakis turned his carpentry experience into a viable business. He was soon supervising 10 employees on three or four jobs at a time and vying for business against the city's fraternity of veteran builders. "I knew nothing—absolutely nothing—about business," he said. "I cringe when I think back on some of the contracts I signed. I made a lot of money, and I lost a lot of money."

He soon saw that real estate brokers were making more money selling the stores, offices, and homes he was building. So, in 1985, he became a commercial real estate broker. That went well until the recession of the late 1980s dragged the market to a crawl. He made a nimble jump into building office interiors, taking a job as director of the interior construction division of Tishman, one of the largest builders in the country. "I hated it," he said. "It was absolutely corporate. Everything flowed downstream from the top." In true Renaissance fashion, he realized he was happiest working for himself. "I said: 'That's it, if I ever work for a grand and glorious individual again, it's going to be me.'"

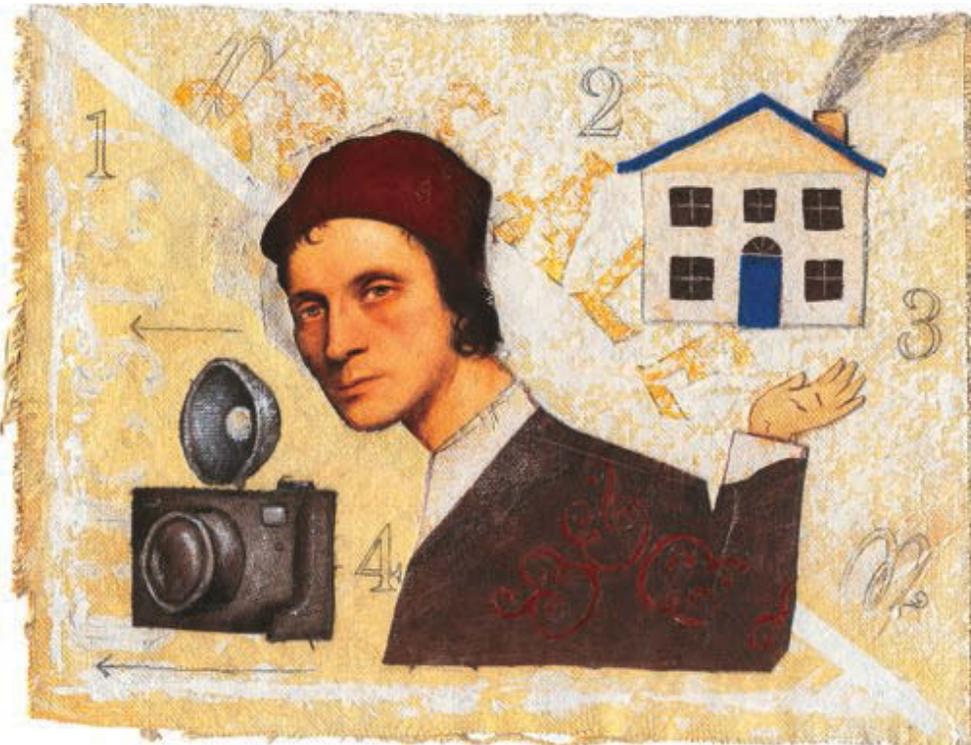
Metzidakis tried his hand at writing video scripts and corporate speeches. When a friend called to say she was writing an article on New York for a magazine in Chile, he dashed off a list of angles she could cover—and she invited him to take the pictures. The pictures were a hit in Santiago, and the editors asked to see more.

When a producer with whom he had worked before announced that he was going to Greece on assignment for *National Geographic*, Metzidakis piped up that he'd been taking a night class in Modern Greek and could go along as a translator—and photographer. "I got two spreads out of it," he said.

As the New York real estate market came back to life, Metzidakis founded a new company. The Jansizian Group, Ltd. (named for his maternal grandfather who, because of the massacre of Armenians in 1915, was the last man to bear the family name), has become a force in Manhattan's commercial real estate market.

"Mostly, we represent companies and not-for-profit organizations in their search for space," he said. "We do what the big real estate brokerage companies do but without the hype."

And when he's not wheeling, dealing, pointing, or shooting, Metzidakis can be found in Greece meditating with monks in a monastery on Mount Athos. In their own way, these retreats have allowed him to revisit his religion thesis. "The Depravity of Hope and Faith: A Search for Meaning" was his attempt to shake his own late adolescent nihilism and find meaning. "I argued that hope and faith create slaves of men, but what I wanted more than anything was not to be an atheist." He still doesn't have his final answer, but he finds useful markers for his journey in the Christian mysticism of the monks.



ENGINEER,
INNKEEPER, AND
STATE LEGISLATOR:
SCOTT COWGER '82

THINK ENGINEER, AND YOU PROBABLY DON'T THINK OF SOMEONE WHO, in Lobenstine's words, "prefers variety and combination over concentrating on any one thing."

But even when he was engineering full time—for the first 15 years after graduation—Scott Cowger chafed against the same-old same-old. His first job, at Maine's legendary Bath Iron Works shipyard, found him cooped up in a trailer inhaling the cigar smoke of a decidedly one-dimensional boss. And the fact that he was working on weapons systems for warships wasn't a match with his own values or the Quaker orientation of his alma mater.

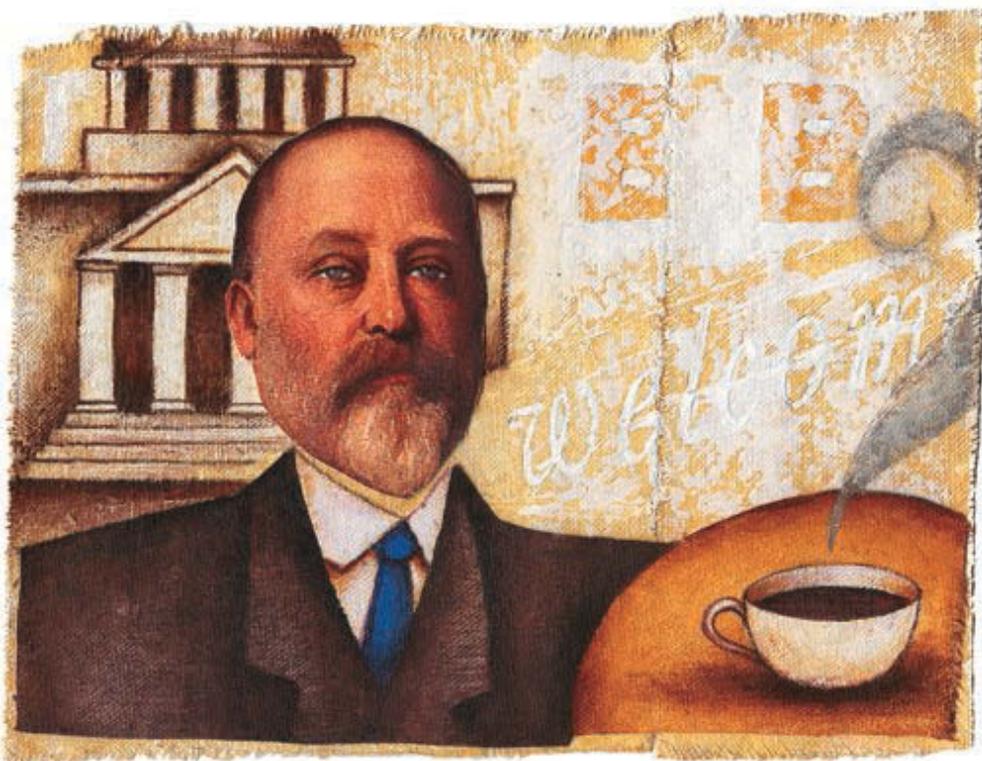
In a quest for a little fresh air, Cowger spent the next 15 years moving from job to job, dipping his drafting pen into the challenges of working with municipalities and the private sector. He designed stormwater systems for housing developments, capped municipal landfills, and drew up wastewater pollution abatement plans for the city of Portland. Anything to keep his mind active, his people-oriented personality satisfied, and his day's work aligned with his deeply held environmental values.

"The pattern I've always followed is to do several different things at a time," said Cowger. His Renaissance spirit found that variety in being sole proprietor of his own consulting firm, with its multiple demands of managing a budget, putting out bids, and juggling several projects at once. "Without the variety and change of things, I would have become bored. You can definitely tie that to Swarthmore. I happened to have an engineering degree—from a liberal arts college."

When the opportunity to buy a 1906 farmhouse on 130 pastoral acres outside Augusta, Maine, came up seven years ago, Cowger grabbed it. "I still don't know what drove me into starting a B&B, other than that I was interested in running a business, serving people, and living my life by my own interests," he said.

As we spoke by phone, front-desk sounds came over the line. Guests were greeted and checked in by Cowger's partner, Vince Hanan, as Cowger described the view from the office window: "I see the hills way beyond our animal pastures and the sun just starting to set," he said.

After 10 years of trial and error, the business of running an inn has become as idyllic as his initial vision of it. But Cowger's goal of "going out in the garden and planting perennials" has been more difficult to realize. There was a major renovation to do, the constant demands of hosting guests, and the challenge of finding reliable



help. And any thoughts he had of "staying home on the farm" have been happily delayed by his duties—as a state representative.

Well aware of Maine's environmental problems after so many years of hands-on contact with them, Cowger wanted to make changes on a broader level. After losing on his first try, Democrat Cowger unseated the Republican incumbent two years later by a slender 27 votes. In typical Renaissance style, though, Cowger resists the loaded label "politician," preferring "public servant." By any name, voters must like what he does because they've re-elected him twice.

As House chair of the Joint Natural Resources Committee, he has overseen many satisfying victories. Maine enacted the strictest standards in the nation for mercury and dioxin emissions. It was the first state in the country to outlaw the sale of mercury thermometers and thermostats and now requires dentists to make brochures available informing patients of the risks of mercury amalgam fillings.

After three terms, he finds that representing his constituents is its own 24-7 job. "I don't have time to read books anymore," Cowger sighed. "I go to bed reading reports." Despite not having a vacation for close to a decade, he's not complaining. He accepts constant motion as the price for satisfying his multifaceted interests.

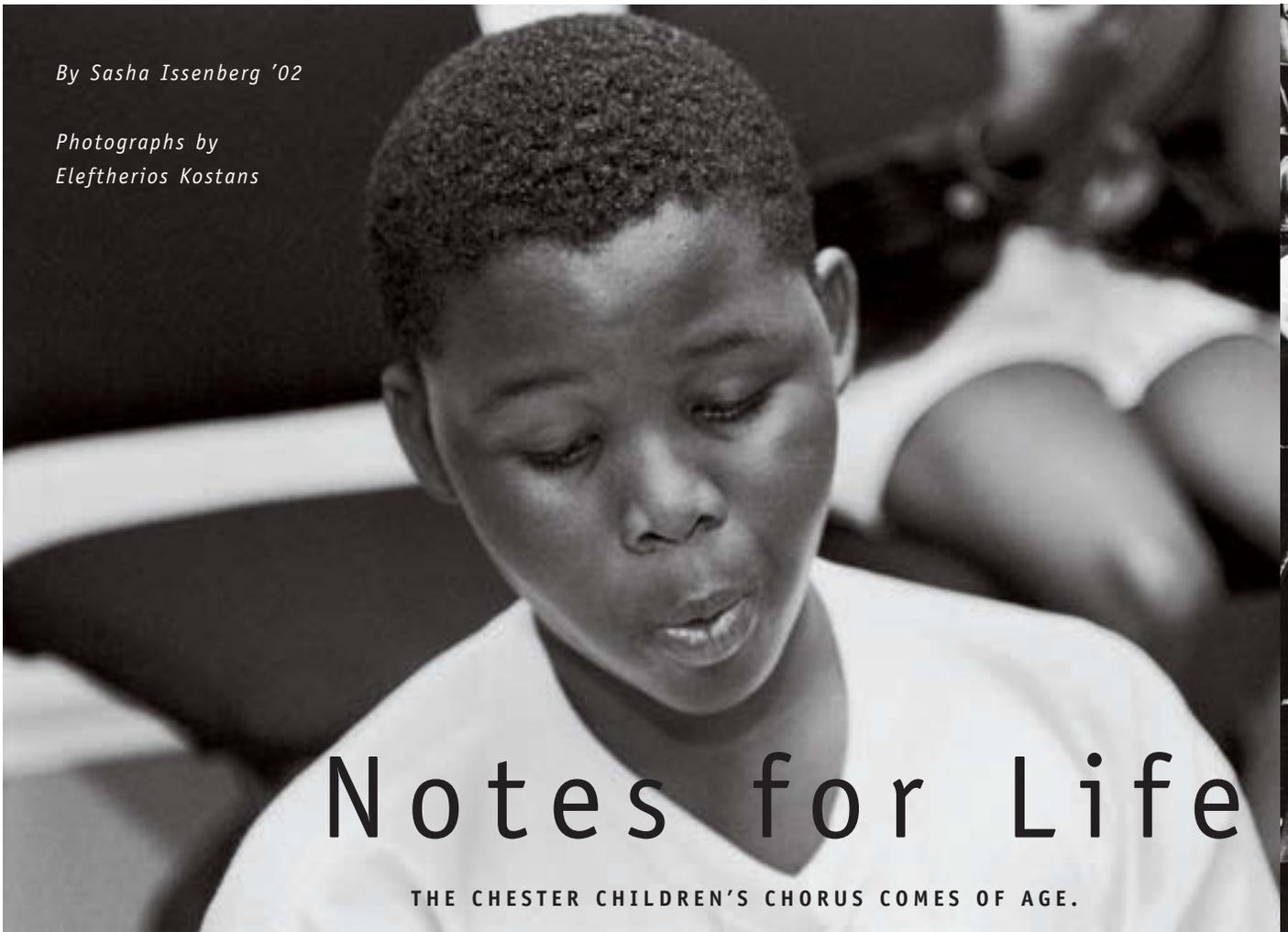
"That's the problem of having so many interests. You don't have time to realize every aspect of any one," he said. Innkeeping comes closest yet to a holistic expression of himself. "This is the best experience I've ever had," he said. "As an innkeeper, there's the big benefit, psychologically, of making people happy every day."

It must be working. Maple Hill Farm Bed & Breakfast Inn was recently featured as one of "30 Great Inns" in *Travel & Leisure* (June). It can be found at www.maplebb.com. ☞

Ali Crolius is a Renaissance soul who writes, teaches, and paints in Amherst, Mass., where she lives with her 10-year-old son, Ezra.

By Sasha Issenberg '02

Photographs by
Eleftherios Kostans



Notes for Life

THE CHESTER CHILDREN'S CHORUS COMES OF AGE.

Just before 12:30 on a Saturday afternoon in early June, six children gathered around a piano 4 miles from their homes in Chester, Pa. They sang a song about how easy it is to go home, written by a man who never had to run a car pool. Associate Professor of Music John Alston's left hand floated through the air, conducting as his right plinked out a melody on the piano.

"Goin' home, goin' home," the children sang, "I'm a-goin' home."

"Mother's there, 'spectin me; father's waitin' too," they continued. "Lots of folks gathered there, all the friends I knew."

After they finished the song, Alston told the children—all around 8 years old—that they had performed well, and he instructed them to exit Swarthmore's Lang Music Building, where a white 15-passenger van waited out front. By 1:30 p.m., he was supposed to be back in the same place with a whole new group of older children. The kids were part of the Chester Children's Chorus, of which Alston, 41, is founder, director, and animating spirit. Some days, he is also chauffeur. On this day, he had one hour to drop off the first group at their homes and to pick up the second and take them to the College for an afternoon rehearsal. Alston used to do this as two separate legs, making all the drop-offs before starting his pickups; to expedite this process, which frequently demanded retracing his path across the length of Chester, he recently decided to drop off some and pick up others in geographical sequence.

Alston drove the van off campus, headed south to Chester, a city of 36,000 with remarkable poverty, a history of municipal corruption, and a well-earned pessimism about the American urban condition. Alston had no list of stops, no map, and so the trip had an improvisational quality, as he tried to design an efficient itinerary en route while two of the girls sat in the back, loudly singing along with the hip-hop on the van radio. "The nice part," Alston says, "is I get to hang out with them and get to know Chester better than any taxi driver."

Alston has also come to know the members of his chorus better than most conductors. Each child rehearses with Alston on the Swarthmore campus twice weekly during the school year—one after-school session and one on Saturday—and then daily during a five-week summer camp. He is a demanding and intense leader during rehearsal time, scolding the children at the slightest indication of distraction: wandering eyes, slouching posture, unfocused singing.

Alston also spends many evenings and weekends hanging out with members of the chorus—taking them to the movies or out to eat. Many ask him for advice about problems at home or at school; sometimes, they receive it unsolicited. Two of the boys live with Alston at his home in Parkside, which borders Chester, having left homes riddled with family problems.

Alston does not hide similarities to his own youth. "They know



John Alston has come to know the members of his chorus better than most conductors.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF MUSIC JOHN ALSTON (ABOVE IN THE LANG MUSIC BUILDING) HAS BEEN TEACHING SINGING AND OTHER SKILLS TO CHILDREN FROM CHESTER, PA., SINCE 1995. "I JUST REALLY WANTED TO START A CHOIR," HE SAYS OF THE GROUP, WHICH NOW HAS NEARLY 50 STUDENTS.

my father was a disaster," he says of the alcoholic who abused Alston's mother before they divorced. He says he had a mediocre Catholic school education until, in fifth grade, he was selected for the Newark Boys Chorus, a renowned group that traveled internationally for performances. There he was captivated by music—"It was everything to me," he says—and decided at a young age that he wanted to spend his life involved in it, in defiance of expectation. "I told my eighth-grade teacher I wanted to be a conductor. She asked if I liked trains."

Alston received a bachelor of music degree in 1983 from Yankton College in South Dakota and a master's in music in 1985 from the University of Northern Iowa. In 1995, he completed a doctorate at Indiana University.

In 1994, after he had been hired to teach music at Swarthmore, Alston asked College administrators for support in helping to realize a standing dream. "I just really wanted to start a choir," Alston says, "so that one day there would be in Chester something like the Newark Boys Chorus." Chester schools enthusiastically invited Alston to conduct auditions at Columbus Elementary School,

where Swarthmore students were involved in an after-school tutorial program. In February 1995, he emerged with 15 boys whose voices impressed him. After a few months, only seven were left in the group. Alston conducted his first chorus camp over the summer, and it was a limited program: rehearsal time, a snack, and a pickup game of baseball afterward. Ever since, he has recruited new members the same way, through grade school tryouts. Now 48 children are in the choir—the youngest is 7 years old and the oldest 17—including 27 newly accepted second-graders.

Initially, the choir was all male. "All I can say is, being a guy, I know how to coach boys," Alston says. But after a few years, he invited a few of the boys' sisters to join as well. "They would come after school, hanging out at rehearsal," he says. "Not to be patronizing, but I would ask them to help serve the pre-rehearsal snack. They would sit with the boys and help keep discipline. All the time, they were learning to sing. There they were, learning everything their brothers would learn." Now, there are 23 girls among the 48 members.

The chorus does not receive any financial support from the College; it does, however, get in-kind donations, including use of rehearsal space and vans and Alston's time. He has a special arrangement by which he is given a reduced course load each semester in exchange for forgoing sabbaticals to which he would otherwise be entitled.



Alston estimates that the chorus will need an operating budget of \$90,000 over the next fiscal year. When the Chester–Swarthmore College Community Coalition disbanded three years ago, the chorus inherited its assets. Now, that cash is running out, and the chorus has turned to grants and fund-raising to support itself.

Last fall, Alston hired Andrea Hoff Knox '64 as managing director of the program. Knox, formerly a reporter and editor for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, created an advisory board for the chorus and spends much of her time raising money and writing grant proposals to assist Alston. "He's the guy with the vision, with the musical talent," Knox says. "He's not thinking about money or where to get it; it's not his expertise or where he's comfortable."

Alston's vision includes securing "a beautiful place in Chester to rehearse" and then one day turning the chorus program into a year-round school. Alston has been talking about this idea for a while, but Knox has added momentum. "He could never see how to get from where he is now to the school," she says, "but now he can see it." Alston doesn't find this optimism similarly reflected in all of the children. "I wish I could tell you they're genuinely excited," he says. "Some are listening. Some are not."

Unlike the Newark Boys Chorus—or the most famous of all such groups, the Harlem Boys Choir—Alston has never tried to develop the chorus as primarily a performance group. Most of the group's public appearances are nearby, at places like the Chester YWCA and the Swarthmore United Methodist Church. For Alston,

THE CHORUS REHEARSES TWICE WEEKLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR AND DAILY DURING A 4-WEEK SUMMER CAMP. "I WANT THEM TO LEARN TO WORK REALLY HARD ALL THE TIME," ALSTON SAYS. "I TELL THEM, 'YOU HAVE TO BRING YOUR A-GAME.'"

the pressure of mastering a repertoire for the stage distracts from the real point of the chorus, developing an appreciation for music, the ability to read music, and a sense of discipline among its members.

"There are lessons that traditionally fathers pass on to their children, and for many of these kids, there is nobody to do that," Alston says. "I don't pretend to be their father, I don't pretend to be their best friend. I'm probably a role model. But Michael Jordan's a role model, too—and I can't win with that. They want what Michael has." The unusual rapport Alston has developed with many of the boys—he says he is most comfortable describing it as "an uncle-nephew relationship"—was not by his design. "I think they started it," he says. "One of the kids—he was tiny at the time, and now he weighs more than I do—just called to see what I was doing. Josh and I are best friends now. He just wanted to know what was up."

Laurie Daniels says that Alston is "a brother-father type of guy" to her son Nkenge, 12. Nkenge is a small, shy boy who is currently home schooled—in part because he used to get picked on in school. He has been in the choir since he was 8 years old and has begun to take piano lessons as well. He says he likes Christian music and hopes to one day sing in a church choir. "He has become very social.



He's now a social boy; he is outgoing," Mrs. Daniels says of the choir's effect on Nkenge. "It has spilled into his schoolwork. I see it in his mannerisms, how he is when he has to do schoolwork. He is more patient and concentrated."

By the time Alston makes his last pickup, it is already past 1:30 p.m. Alston concedes that the day's rehearsal will have to be shortened and apologizes to the boys in the car for forgetting to bring a football, which dashes hopes for a quick postrehearsal game. Hurrying to make it back to Swarthmore—in a van increasingly noisy with the sounds of the radio and teenagers—Alston pulls up to a stop sign and asks Vincent Wilson, sitting to his right, to look out the passenger-side window to see if there is oncoming traffic. Wilson, 14, is one of the two boys who lives with Alston.

"Ain't nobody coming this way," Vincent says.

"That's a buck," Alston snaps. Since Vincent has been living with him, Alston has developed a system of fines for two major infractions: \$1 each time he says "ain't" and \$1 for each time he forgets to turn out the light after leaving a room. "That's it for now," Alston explains later. "When he masters that, we'll go on to

The chorus is not primarily a performance group. Mastering a repertoire can distract from the real point—music appreciation and discipline.

has watched Chester for eight years—and knows plenty about its schools, families, and housing stock. But he refuses to draw any conclusions about the state of the city. "I don't study economic development in Chester," he says. "I just want to find the 10 best second-grade singers every year. I just want to see a few kids blossom." ❧

Sasha Issenberg '02 is a writer at Philadelphia Magazine.

noun-verb agreement."

"That's three 'ain'ts' and the bathroom light on," Alston says to Vincent, offering a tally of accrued debts.

"That's a dumb rule," Vincent says.

"You want to get into Harvard?" Alston asks. Vincent doesn't answer, but he is one of three chorus members who have progressed enough to be invited to sing with the College Chorus. Alston says he "held his own" in the bass section during this spring's performance of Brahms' *Requiem*.

Before he started the choir, Alston had never been to Chester, never even driven through. Parts of it became quickly familiar to him. "It's a poor city," he says. "It feels a lot like Newark, where I grew up." From behind the windshield of the van, Alston

Spreading Their WINGS

CLASS OF '01 GRADUATES VENTURE INTO THE "REAL WORLD."

By Andrea Hammer

Tumbling from the nest of college life into the work world requires graduates to find their wings as they explore new territories. To negotiate the transition from campus life—fulfilling daily needs—through the unfamiliar realms of job interviews, apartment searches, and monthly financial obligations, young adults must draw on previously untapped sources of personal strength and perseverance.

Swarthmore's Career Services Office offers students and graduates much-needed support during this confusing and often stressful period (see box). For example, questions such as "Who am I, and what do I have to offer?" and "Can I do things that are consistent with my goals and values?" arise. In response, Career Services staff members "offer support by trying to be good and responsive sources of information, feedback, and advice," says Tom Francis, director of Career Services. "And perhaps most of all, we try to be a place where people can come to have their questions and their uncertainty acknowledged in a non-threatening environment."

Many alumni continue to use Career Services as they make changes throughout their careers. "Most of our contact of this sort is with alumni in the first five to 10 years after Swarthmore but sometimes later as well," Francis says. Some consult about the steps for applying to graduate school; others are contemplating career or job changes or difficult work situa-

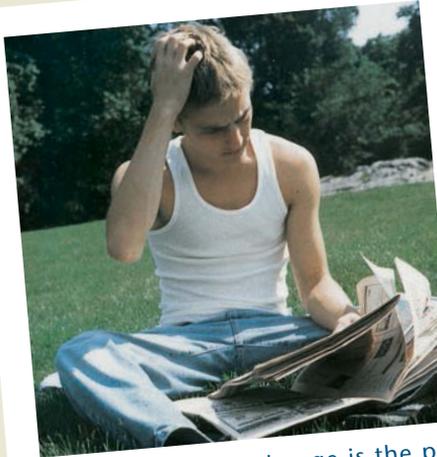


tions such as lack of challenge, discrimination, or gender issues. "The questions are much easier to contemplate if one starts from the feeling that one is not alone," Francis says.

"When one leaves the womb of 'Mother Swarthmore,' the adjustment can be very challenging. But our graduates are very good at coping and at breaking tasks and problems down into manageable components," he adds.

Demonstrating that ability, 72.1 percent of the Class of 2001 already had plans for employment—based on a Career Services Survey before graduation from 269, or 81 percent, of 332 graduating students. In addition, 18.2 percent wanted to attend graduate or professional school in 2002, 1.1 percent were interested in more undergraduate study, 2.2 percent had travel or vacation plans, 2.2 percent were uncertain at that time, and 4.1 percent had other interests. Of these respondents, 44.2 percent were "very firm" about the certainty of these plans; 17.8 percent, "firm"; 16.7 percent, "tentative"; 9.3 percent, "uncertain"; and 11.9 percent, "very uncertain."

One year later, seven of these '01 graduates relate the realities involved during the last year in emerging from the College's cocoon and creating adult lives in New York, California, and Swarthmore.



SAM ERICKSON '88

"The most obvious change is the professional dress code, a far cry from the T-shirts and pajama bottoms that constituted the 'lucky seminar outfit' for many Swatties," Gregory adds.

Class of '01 Commencement speaker Evan Gregory—whose powerful delivery stirred many—moved to New York from his hometown of Radford, Va., during the spring. "As a recent graduate, my relationships with classmates are very fresh and strong," he says. "A desire to be closer to the Swarthmore alumni community was one of the major motivations for me to move to the area. Now, as indispensable as those relationships are, there is also a natural desire to meet new people and make new friendships—a task not as easy as one might expect in one of the most populous cities in the world!"

Gregory is working as a telecommuting developer for Oaks Design, for which all of the employees—including Patrick Boe '01 and Josh Galun '02—complete software programming projects over the Internet. The company has no central office, and the employees live in places such as Philadelphia; New York; and Washington, D.C. "The closest thing to a 'base' that exists is the home of my boss, Rob Oaks, who lives, somewhat ironically, on Vassar Avenue in Swarthmore, across the street from [Associate Dean of the College for Student Life] Tedd Goundie. We provide custom software solutions on a contract basis to various clients. As developers, Patrick and I are responsible for programming the functional portion of the software," Gregory says.

As a graduate who had a double major in

"I feel a little spoiled by the quasi-utopian community of learning at Swarthmore—the rest of the world is not so ideal."



SAM ERICKSON '88

"I have had to change how I interact with friends—no longer do I stop randomly on the path from Sharples to McCabe to chat for three hours," Leah Zallman says.

computer science and music, he is also exploring opportunities for musical theater; singing both pop and classical; composing, writing, and arranging music; and producing recordings. "The skills I developed at Swarthmore, both in my studies and my extracurricular musical endeavors, have given me a strong base on which I could build experience in any of these musical subfields. At any rate, I am excited about the opportunities that exist here in the city."

Gregory, who is living in Spanish Harlem, has found the ability to spend more time with his family in Radford the most gratifying aspect of the last year. "Undoubtedly, the most fulfilling part of the year was the opportunity to reconnect with my family, from whom I felt rather detached while immersed in my studies at Swarthmore."

He thinks that the College has prepared him for the challenges of the working world, "having learned at Swarthmore to approach every question with an open mind and to evaluate all potential solutions objectively. I think one of the most important products of an education, at Swarthmore or anywhere else, is the unceasing hunger for more information, or at the very least, a wide-eyed



SAM ERICKSON '88

"Coming into the 'real world,' you have to learn how to present yourself all over again: who you are and what your interests are, and how you'll address them," Andrea Juncos says.

curiosity about things foreign."

Gregory, however, is also aware of the challenges resulting from an insatiable appetite for knowledge, saying: "An idealism attributable to both sparkly eyed youth and Swarthmorean ambition prevents me from choosing a career path decisively. There are just too many things I want to try, countless numbers of which I will never get the chance or have the time to do. But, nevertheless, I am looking forward to pursuing a lot of different occupations in the future."

Two of the Swarthmore friends that Gregory has reconnected with in New York are roommates Andrea Juncos and Leah Zallman, who live with Zallman's roommate from her Study Abroad Program, Sarah Lazarus (Vassar '01).

"Finding affordable housing in New York is always problematic, but we were lucky to find this apartment on our second day of

“I miss having my friends around the corner from me all the time.”



“I came to New York because this city is such an exciting and interesting place to be—especially as a new college graduate,” says Juncos (left) with Zallman (right).



“I probably am a little more organized and focused than I was back at school,” says Eric Leive. “Projects here tend to be shorter in duration, so I can focus more intensely.”

looking,” Zallman says. Remembering their good fortune after using a broker, Juncos adds, it “was a miracle because the three of us had very little time available for apartment hunting. And it’s been wonderful living here in a safe, beautiful area, close to Central Park, and near some of the city’s best restaurants.”

Juncos is working downtown as part of the editorial team at Catalyst (www.catalystwomen.org), a nonprofit research and consulting organization that works to advance women and people of color in business and the professions. “We work with large companies and firms to help them address issues related to diversity in the workplace, with a special focus on women’s issues,” says Juncos, who writes, edits, and researches projects for the Marketing and Strategy Department. A special major in education and English literature, she found the job last summer from an on-line job bank that focuses on the nonprofit sector. “I came to New York because there were so many opportunities, several people that I am close to, and because this city is such an exciting and interesting place to be—especially as a new college graduate.”

Zallman works in the North Bronx as a research coordinator in the Department of Family Medicine at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, working primarily to improve the quality of end-of-life care. “I found this job by e-mailing Peter Selwyn ’76, the chair-

man of the department, who saw a nice fit between this position and my experience and interests,” says Zallman, who majored in biology with a public policy concentration.

Besides the financial challenges of living in New York, Juncos has made some other adjustments in her new life. “At Swarthmore, you take so many classes and participate in all kinds of activities; your mind is constantly being stimulated by a number of different subjects. Being at school allows you to address a number of your interests with little effort. But in the working world, your time is distributed differently—you have to put more effort into seeking out the things that interest you,” she says.

“But New York has so much to offer, although it can feel a little overwhelming at times,” Juncos adds. “I think I could live here for years and still not do everything that I want to do. Unlike at Swarthmore, I have nights and weekends free, which is such a positive change. But coming from Swarthmore to New York City, at first, you don’t even know where to start.”

Zallman thought that life after Swarthmore would similarly afford her extra time.

But “I have found that, like my time at Swarthmore, my postgraduate life has been busy, and there is, once again, not enough time to do everything that my environment offers me.”

She has also had to adapt to her newfound independence, which is both the most fulfilling and distressing part of the last year. “It is hard after being at Swarthmore, where I had constant guidance and feedback, to move into an environment where I am often much more on my own,” Zallman says. “My approach to projects has certainly changed. Projects are often more group oriented now than when I was at Swarthmore, which changes how I go about them. Now, instead of integrating theories and literature sources, I integrate people’s needs and interests with my own abilities and style.”

Although still surrounded by many College friends, Juncos has also had to learn how to make new friends again. “Of course, it’s certainly not as easy as when we arrived at Swarthmore.... But a lot of my Swarthmore friends have met people through work or volunteering, connecting with old high school friends, or just bumping into new people. So our circle of friends is constantly growing.”

Although both Juncos and Zallman are relieved to have the pressure of a heavy academic workload behind them, they both feel the absence of their classmates, professors, and staff. “I miss constantly being around a group of independently motivated people,



"I love being able to integrate both sides of my academic discipline at work," says Jane Ng. "Every day, I cherish my opportunity to do something I love even more."

BARBARA RIES



Ng (left) and Leive (right) found their San Francisco Bay Area apartment on the Internet and signed the lease without even seeing their new home.

BARBARA RIES

many of whom were my age," says Zallman, who is applying to medical schools and is working toward a career in academic and/or international medicine.

"I also miss going to student performances, being on the beautiful campus, and chatting—and procrastinating—with friends at Sharples until closing time," Juncos says. "I miss the unique camaraderie that comes from sharing an intense experience with people at such a formative time of life. But the friendships I made at Swarthmore will be part of my life forever."

Down the pike, Juncos is considering going to graduate school. "But I am taking a couple of years to explore my varying interests, through my job, volunteering as a mentor for Girls Write Now, and just by observing different aspects of this city and all it has to offer. I will definitely stick around New York for a little while. I love it here, but I am also excited about where my path will take me next," she says.

Across the country in Novato, Calif. (in Marin County, 30 miles north of San Francisco), Jane Ng and Eric Leive are living together and working as digital artists for Ronin Entertainment (www.roninames.com), an interactive software development company. Both interned with the company during their junior year.

"The whole thing started when I requested a Cooper Foundation grant during my sophomore year to invite a person from the

CAREER SERVICES SUPPORT AT SWARTHMORE

According to Tom Francis, director of Career Services, his office provides both students and alumni with the following:

- Access to on-line career opportunity information and a referral list that is Swarthmore specific as well as a hard-copy version of its job and other listings in a newsletter
- Individual career inquiry, advising, and strategy appointments as well as resume, letter of application, and application essay critiques and advice
- On-campus recruiting program with visits by 50 to 100 organizations a year
- Extensive career library
- Access to a wide network of alumni contacts and potential contacts
- Extern Program, offering students weeklong shadowing experiences for career exploration
- Summer job and internship information
- Letter of recommendation and credential service
- Advice and information about graduate school application processes, strategies, and testing
- Vocational interest and personality inventories

special effects/computer game industry to come to campus," says Ng. "I came into contact with Terrence Masson, then a supervisor at Industrial Light and Magic, the firm owned by George Lucas that made all the effects for the *Star Wars* movies, who became my Cooper speaker and friend. The Cooper event was held in February of my junior year, and by then, Terrence had become the director of development at Ronin. During his stay at Swarthmore, I showed him my portfolio, and he agreed to have me as an intern over the summer."

In 2001, with a shrinking job market, Ng and Leive decided to move to Novato even though Ronin could not hire them immediately. "I decided to work for free until they were so impressed by my work, they would have to take me in," says Ng. "At that time, they were at the end stages of making *Bruce Lee: Quest of the Dragon*, an Xbox game title. I offered my services to the leader of the next project, who said I could make some maquettes for his character designs. After Eric and I made four 6-inch-tall full-body sculptures and four 5-inch-tall busts, Ronin wanted to have us as part of the team even in the gloom of a bad economy. We agreed to a less than desirable compensation plan, which included some of our salary to be paid retroactively" when new funding became available.

Adjusting to their tight salaries and drawing on savings has been difficult, but



"At Swat, I stayed up late programming and ran around naked with the rugby team," Keith Bentrup says. "In the real world, do the former, and you're a nerd; the latter, you get arrested."

they have been compensated in other ways. "I love my work, and many of my co-workers have become good friends over the past year," says Leive, who has a sense of creative control and valued input in their projects. "Work is extremely demanding, both time-wise and in terms of creative energy, but I enjoy the variety of work I get to do. Despite what people may think, it involves a lot more than just sitting around and playing games all day."

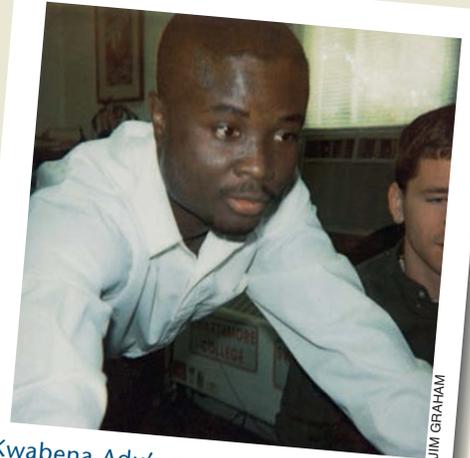
Leive thinks that the heavy workload at Swarthmore prepared him well for his current responsibilities. "No matter what comes my way now, it pales in comparison with what I went through at Swarthmore. In talking to a couple of other Swatties, I realize that we could all be prepared a little better in knowing when we're taking too many responsibilities from an employer. One of my friend's biggest criticisms in his first review after graduation was he didn't complain enough when he was swamped. I feel like we were trained so well to just soldier on and do what needed to get done that sometimes we don't look to see if we really should be doing it," he says.

Ng and Leive found their apartment via the Internet while they were still in Swarthmore and signed a lease without even seeing their new home. "Fortunately, the place was very nice—it even has a view of the bay," says Ng, who thinks of herself as a "very adaptable person" after leaving Hong Kong for Canada when she was age 14. "So

moving out from school to California was more fun than challenging. The most challenging part is figuring out my legal status as a Canadian citizen and tax residency status without the aid of advisers at Swarthmore. I didn't have to worry about obtaining visas and learning about new tax forms when I was at school."

In terms of other notable experiences during the last year, Ng says: "Another strange new thing is that I am the only female out of about 35 employees at Ronin. This is commonplace in the interactive software business, and I am actually very proud to be somewhat of a pioneering female in the field. I am very fortunate to have considerate and genuinely nice co-workers, who never once made me feel like I am the odd gender out and that I am not part of the team. It is, however, much harder for me to find female friends in the area, and I am very glad to be able to keep in constant contact with my Swarthmore friends on-line."

Despite the rewards of their current life, they both miss the simple pleasures in Swarthmore. "I miss Parrish beach," says Ng. "I miss the fact that I could just walk to Worth [Health Center] when I didn't feel well and be taken care of. I miss having academic discussions, and I miss hearing the intellectual dialogue of others at school. I



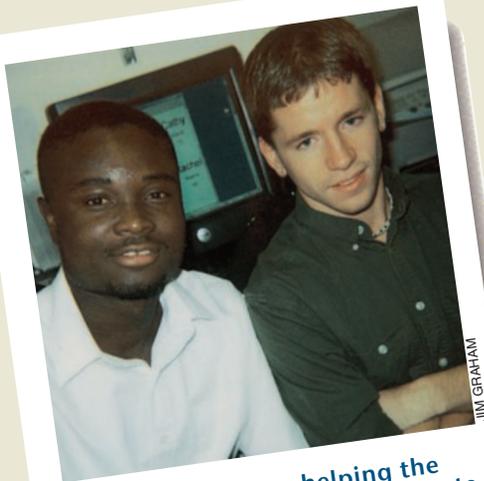
Kwabena Adu's parents wanted him to study "something practical." He convinced them that information technology was the "wave of the future for Ghana," his homeland.

miss the company of some of my professors. I miss the company of my various eccentric friends," she says, echoing Leive.

"The majority of my Swarthmore friends are either on the East Coast or abroad, so I don't get to see them nearly as much as I'd like," he says. But "Jane and I both live and work together, which has been great and has made it easier to be away from my other friends. At this point, I couldn't imagine being in a relationship where the other person didn't understand what I did. We manage to keep our personal relationship separate from our work relationship, and so far, it seems to be working well."

After receiving job offers from a start-up management consulting firm and from Microsoft, Kwabena Adu and Keith Bentrup, respectively, decided to stay close to Swarthmore—and start their own business. Adu had accepted his job offer in December 2000, but a week after graduation, he received notice from the company, eliminating new-hire positions as a result of the crashing economy. Bentrup never accepted Microsoft's offer because he simply didn't want to live in Seattle.

"Maintaining Swarthmore friendships has been very important to me and part of the reason that I stayed in the area," Bentrup says. "The quality of life that we have is so intimately tied to the quality of our relationships. I've found that my relationships with Swatties, the faculty, staff,



“Keith and I are now helping the Alumni Relations Office incorporate Web-based technology into their operations,” Adu says. They are able to offer more services together.

“We’ve had the challenge of starting a business with no capital—except our intellectual assets.”

and the community are unparalleled.”

Adu had been Bentrup’s project partner in their final Swarthmore computer science class and discovered “the partner I’d been looking for.” Bentrup was also mulling over starting a similar venture. After taking inventory of their skills and knowledge, Adu realized “we could offer an even wider range of services together,” he says. Bentrup was proficient in several programming languages and relished computer graphic and Web site design; Adu knew Macintoshes and was familiar with networking.

Adu, who majored in computer science and took engineering for more than two years, is convinced that information technology is the “wave of the future for Ghana,” his homeland. Tennessee native Bentrup, a biochemistry special major with a concentration in computer science, telecommuted as a programmer for a pharmaceutical company in Connecticut the summer after graduation.

Soon, the partners decided to go into business together, forming Lucid Tech Solutions LLC (www.lucidtechsolutions.com). Still providing their services at the College, Adu and Bentrup also offer complete computing technology advising, planning, implementation, and support to small businesses, nonprofits, schools, and homes in Philadelphia and Delaware County.

Adu and Bentrup also take satisfaction

in the educational aspect of their work. “We’ve had the unique challenge of starting a business with no capital—except our intellectual assets—and developing it into a profitable one,” says Bentrup. “In just 10 months, we have had to learn, implement, and support a breadth of technologies that our counterparts in more established firms take years to do, which can be scary at times,” says Adu, who lives in Secane, Pa.

Even though Bentrup still lives near the College in Wallingford, Pa., with Peter Yoo ’01 and Mike Duffy ’01, he finds his new life different from his experience as a student. “I find myself speaking a different language of both an entrepreneur and a consultant. My life revolves around time, efficiency, profit and loss, business law, cash flow, and techno-speak. Beyond all the business aspects, I’ve also studied a fair amount of human psychology, which has proved invaluable in establishing relationships and rapport in the business world as well as motivating myself and employees—oh and, of course, marketing, which is itself the study of human psychology.”

Up to this point, their new business has largely grown through referrals. Adu and Bentrup first ask, “What problem do you want solved?” Then, they come up with a solution that is both affordable and “lucid to the client,” Adu says. Their goal is to make the solution worthy of compensation.

“Starting your own business is almost

an unfathomable experience for those who haven’t, but I highly recommend it,” says Bentrup. “I’ve had to learn so much about many aspects of people, business, and law. I’ve studied both federal and Pennsylvania law, accounting, marketing, salesmanship, the hiring process, the intangible art of interacting with so many different types of people from clients to competitors to employees. It’s almost overwhelming, but more often than not, it’s also fun,” he adds.

Bentrup envisions remaining on the same path for a while. “I’m one year out of college and have my own successful business with a great partner and intelligent, hard-working employees. I’m close to my Swarthmore friends and the College itself.

“I choose my hours. I’m building my own business, not someone else’s. I can stop what I’m doing and go for a run in the Crum anytime I like. By next year, I could be leading the same life but from anywhere in the country or while traveling the globe. Yeah, I’ll stick with this for a while,” he says. ☼

*One of the many useful books in the Career Services Office library is *Quarterlife Crisis: The Unique Challenges of Life in Your Twenties by 20-somethings Alexandra Robbins and Abby Wilner (Jeremy P. Tarcher/Putnam, 2001)*. For additional information about the resources available through Career Services, visit www.swarthmore.edu/Admin/career_services.*

A World That Is NOT JUST OURS

TWO VETERAN CONSERVATIONISTS CHALLENGE AMERICANS
TO TAKE THE LEAD IN PRESERVING WILDLIFE.

When Henry David Thoreau wrote that most people live lives of quiet desperation, he clearly did not have in mind Bill '72 and Amy Vedder Weber '73. In the normal course of their professional working lives, one or the other or both of them have been detained by Idi Amin on suspicion of being counterrevolutionary mercenaries; hiked alone through unfamiliar montane rain forest while suffering from malaria-induced hallucinations; climbed trees to escape Africa's most dangerous animal, the cape buffalo; had their house cut completely in half by a falling Hagenia tree; gone one on one with a 400-pound silverback gorilla; scaled a rugged 12,000-foot mountain while four months pregnant and without climbing gear; assisted in the murder investigation of a world-renowned animal behavioralist; had a \$1,000 bounty put on one's head; and set a world record by counting 353 *Colobus angolensis ruwenzorii* monkeys in a single group.

OK, some of those experiences could be classified as desperate. But "quiet"? Not hardly. And this is only the short list. Even a partial accounting of the couple's adventures over the years would fill a book. In fact, it has filled *In the Kingdom of Gorillas: Fragile Species in a Dangerous Land* (Simon & Schuster, 2001; Touchstone, 2002), co-authored by Weber and Vedder.

The couple, who met and married at Swarthmore, joined the Peace Corps in 1973, spent two years teaching in what was then Zaire (now the Congo), and fell in love with Africa. Even before their Peace Corps days ended, they knew they wanted to come back. Within a few years, they found their way to Rwanda and the mountain gorillas of the Parc National des Volcans.

Vedder and Weber cover all of this in the book: how they came to work with the famed Dian Fossey and discovered a pro-



foundly disturbed woman who had already outlived her usefulness to the gorillas she loved, how they struggled to save the rapidly dwindling mountain gorilla population in the face of overwhelming odds, and how they watched a country they loved get torn apart by civil war and the most intense genocide of a genocidal century.

It makes for something more than fascinating reading. Awesome reading is more like it, made all the more so by their understated writing. Much about Weber and Ved-

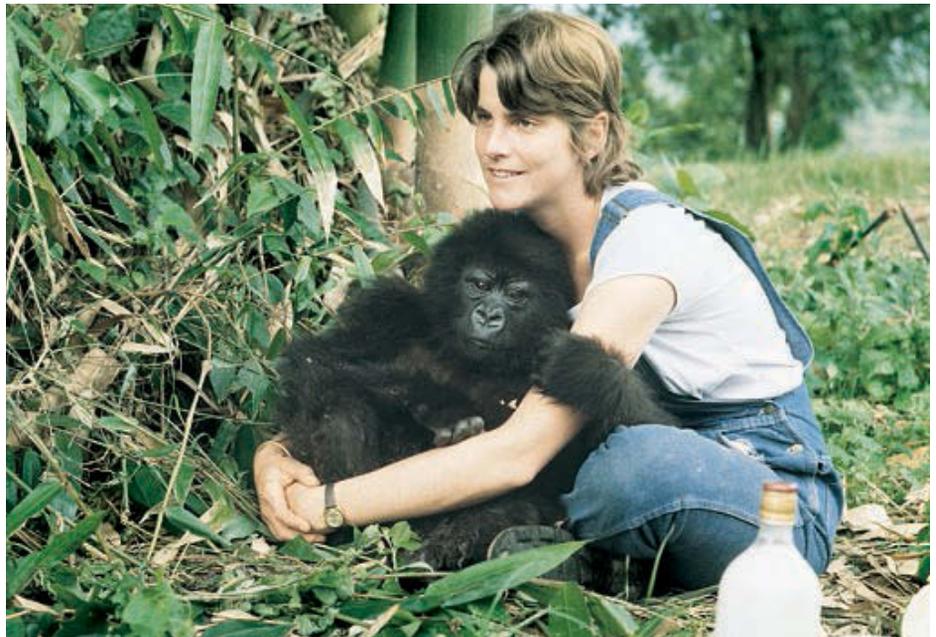
der must be found between the lines because the couple is self-deprecatory to a fault: Mostly you are left to infer their physical courage in the face of constant challenges from both the natural and the human world; their moral courage in the face of constant challenges from Rwandan, U.S., World Bank, and other officials and fellow conservationists; their single-minded determination to save Rwanda's mountain gorillas no matter what—even if it meant, as it often did, keeping their mouths shut in the

By W.D. Ehrhart '73



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY BILL '72 AND AMY VEDDER WEBER '73 AND THE WILDLIFE CONSERVATION SOCIETY

THE VISOKE VOLCANO IN RWANDA (ABOVE) IS PART OF THE PARC NATIONAL DES VOLCANS, WHERE MANY MOUNTAIN GORILLAS LIVE. AMY VEDDER AND BILL WEBER LEARNED TO RECOGNIZE INDIVIDUAL GORILLAS, SUCH AS THE ONE NAMED QUINCE (ABOVE RIGHT), BY THE PATTERN OF RIDGES AND LINES ABOVE THEIR NOSTRILS. IN FEBRUARY 1978, THEY RESCUED A 4-YEAR-OLD GORILLA (RIGHT, WITH AMY) FROM POACHERS. DESPITE CONSTANT CARE, THE ANIMAL DIED OF WOUNDS SUFFERED WHEN IT WAS TRAPPED.



“It seemed odd to me that we’re asking the world’s poorest people to live with tigers and elephants, but we won’t live with wolves. We’re asking other countries not to log while we knock down our own forests.”



BILL WEBER GETS CLOSE TO PABLO (TOP LEFT), A BOLD GORILLA WHO WAS KEENLY INTERESTED IN HUMANS. PABLO WAS THE ELDER SILVERBACK IN THE LARGEST-KNOWN GORILLA FAMILY, COMPRISING 44 MEMBERS.

face of provocation, obfuscation, and stupidity.

“We had heard that Fossey was difficult,” says Weber, “but we decided we were going to go [to Karisoke, Fossey’s research center], come hell or high water. We had no idea how high the water would get.”

“But the gorillas were amazing,” says Vedder, explaining why they stuck it out. “You look into their eyes, and there’s a thinking being in there. They couldn’t be left alone. They were not going to survive.”

“Fossey had won the global battle,” Weber adds, “but she was incapable of fighting the local battle. There was no one to do it but us.”

“We saw we could make a difference,” Vedder says, “And to walk away from that—we just couldn’t.”

During their first 18 months in Rwanda, Vedder spent much of her time with a single gorilla family, sitting among them day after day in the rain and cold at 10,000 feet, watching what they ate, studying not just their behavior but their nutritional needs and habitat use patterns. Meanwhile, realizing that “you couldn’t save the wildlife without addressing people’s needs as well,” Weber concentrated on the people side of the equation. “Here were impoverished local people,” he says, “who were being told to stay out of their own parks.”

Rwanda is the most densely populated

country in Africa, and most people depend on farming for a living. Much of the Parc National des Volcans had already been lost to farming in the decade before the couple’s arrival in 1978. Weber set out to convince Rwandans that “Rwandan needs couldn’t be addressed by destroying the park” but would be better served by turning it into a tourist destination.

Thus was born the Mountain Gorilla Project (MGP), which by 1989 was attracting 7,000 tourists a year willing to pay \$200 each to spend an hour with the gorillas as well as providing employment to local Rwandans hired as park rangers and guides, drastically reducing poaching and creating a great deal of indirect spending within Rwanda. It’s what has come to be called ecotourism, though there was no such name for it then. When the concept was finally developed, it drew heavily on Weber and Vedder’s pioneering work.

The program has been so successful that the gorilla population is now up to about 360 animals from a low of 260 20 years ago. Even the terrible civil war did not destroy the program; though it languished for nearly a decade, tourists in the thousands are back again.

Long before the civil war, however, Vedder and Weber had turned to other projects. “I think people find it very hard to understand how we could move on from gorillas,” says Vedder. “We were very attached to

them. But the MGP was an immediate success. And we felt we were leaving the project in good hands. And finally, there were such big challenges in other areas. The more we learned about the gorillas, the more we realized we had to leave them to save them.”

Weber says, “Every moment you spend with the animals, you’re not spending with the director of parks. To save the animals, you must deal with the forces that threaten them.”

Through the 1980s, the couple worked on a variety of projects in Rwanda while earning doctorates from the University of Wisconsin and raising their sons Noah and Ethan. By 1990, they were both working for the Wildlife Conservation Society (WCS), which, under its old name of the New York Zoological Society, had funded their initial research on mountain gorillas, Weber as director of WCS’s Africa programs, Vedder as Biodiversity Program coordinator. When Weber became director of the North America Program in 1993, Vedder took over as director of the Africa Program.

In fact, Weber created the North America Program. “I was very content to be running



the Africa programs,” says Weber, “but meanwhile, I’m reading about spotted owls and wolves here in the United States. It seemed odd to me that we’re asking the world’s poorest people to live with tigers and elephants, but we won’t live with wolves. We’re asking other countries not to log while we knock down our own forests. I thought we should hold ourselves to the same standards we expect of others. We could be setting a better example for the world.

“This [current Bush] administration is particularly bad,” he continues. “They are so in bed with the vested interests, especially oil and energy. They’re sticking oil rigs all over the Rockies.”

“Bush has lifted the moratorium on building logging roads in our national forests,” adds Vedder.

Weber is especially contemptuous of the proposal to drill for oil in the Alaskan National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR). He describes a 10-day rafting trip he recently took with son Noah through ANWR, concluding, “And then to imagine oil rigs there. How do you tell Bolivia and Ecuador not to open their parks?” His tone shifts from incredulity to sarcasm: “All parks should be inviolate,” he says, “except ours.”

“I just came back from meetings in Bolivia,” says Vedder, “and I can tell you that the world is watching what we do. Ecuador. Congo. Gabon. Are we going to drill in the most pristine wilderness left in our country?”

Two years ago, Vedder left the Africa Program herself to become a WCS vice president as well as director of the newly created Living Landscapes Program. “I was really torn,” she says. “I hated to leave Africa, but



WEBER AND VEDDER LIVED IN RWANDA WITH THEIR CHILDREN, NOAH AND ETHAN, FOR SIX YEARS IN THE 1970s AND 1980s. AMY (ABOVE) CARRIES YOUNG ETHAN ACROSS A BRIDGE MADE OF BAMBOO AND VINES IN ZAIRE.

IN THE 1980s, DEVELOPMENT OF AN ECOTOURISM PROGRAM (LEFT) CONVINCED THE RWANDAN GOVERNMENT TO ABANDON PLANS FOR RAISING CATTLE IN THE PARC NATIONAL DES VOLCANS. TODAY, THE POPULATION OF MOUNTAIN GORILLAS IS THE HIGHEST IT HAS BEEN SINCE THE 1960s.

the Living Landscapes Program sounded neat intellectually, and I wanted to help it work and make sure it was linked to on-the-ground programs.”

She hasn't had to leave Africa entirely, however. The Living Landscapes Program has projects all over the world, and, despite dealing with much larger geographic areas and many more species of animals, it isn't much different from those early efforts of Vedder and Weber to balance the needs of gorillas with those of people.

One Living Landscapes project in Congo-Brazzaville, for instance, involves the million-acre Nouabale-Ndoki National Park, which is abutted by multiple logging concessions, the Lac Tele Community Wildlife Reserve, and a legal trophy-hunting zone as well as the borders of Cameroon and the Central African Republic. The project is

studying five key species of animals known as “landscape species” because if you can protect these, you can protect just about every other species in the area.

“If you don't know how these animals behave,” says Vedder, “you'd think: ‘a million acres [the size of the park]—that's huge.’ But the animals have ranges even larger than the park's boundaries. Bongos [large antelopes] travel up to 75 miles, elephants 100. Dwarf crocodiles move back and forth between the park and the reserve. Chimpanzees disappear from areas that are logged. Nobody knows why. But you can't just say to people, ‘No hunting. No logging.’ People need to eat; they need to make a living. What is sustainable?”

Another Living Landscapes project involves Madidi National Park in Bolivia, and, of course, the lands and animals and

people all around the park. Here, however, the primary conflict is not over hunting or logging but between the indigenous Tacana people of the lowland forests and developers backed by the provincial government, with additional conflict in the mountains between farmers and spectacled bears.

Two of Vedder's Living Landscape projects involve Weber's North America Program: Greater Yellowstone and the Adirondacks, both just now in the process of selecting landscape species. “People ask us, ‘How can you work with each other day in and day out?’ But it's all we've ever done,” says Vedder. From all appearances, they're about as durable and compatible a couple as ever was, even commuting together daily from their home in Yorktown, N.Y., to WCS headquarters at the Bronx Zoo.

Nevertheless, over the years, they have



MOOSE

WILDLIFE CONSERVATION SOCIETY

BEYOND BOUNDARIES: LIVING LANDSCAPES



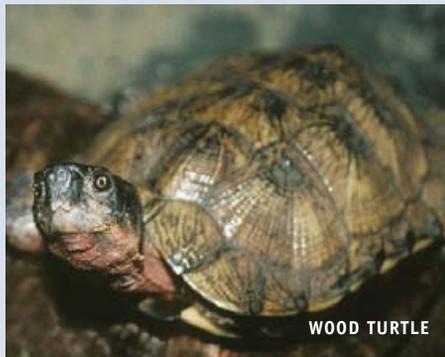
BLACK BEAR

WILDLIFE CONSERVATION SOCIETY



LOON

© ANIMALS, ANIMALS/EARTH SCENES



WOOD TURTLE

WILDLIFE CONSERVATION SOCIETY



MARTEN

© ANIMALS, ANIMALS/EARTH SCENES

A new venture for Amy Vedder is the Living Landscapes Program, which works to save wildlife both inside and outside protected areas and to reduce conflict between people and animals. The project is based on the simple reality that animals—especially large species such as elephants, jaguars, or bears—do not respect the boundaries of parks and wildlife preserves. Part of the

Wildlife Conservation Society's (WCS) approach involves the designation of a small number of key “landscape species” in particular areas. These are animals that require large and diverse areas and, when they and the lands they need are protected, will tend to assure the conservation of a wide range of other species as well. These principles apply to 50 WCS Living Landscape

projects in Africa, South America, and North America. One example is the Adirondack Mountain region of New York State, where Vedder and Weber have a summer home. The five species pictured here are possible “landscape species” for that region (a selection process is now under way). Learn more about Living Landscapes at <http://wcs.org/7490/livinglandscapes/>.

“There has to be something of higher value than consumption. The world cannot survive at the level that we [in the United States] are living. This is just not sustainable.”



COURTESY BILL WEBER '72 AND AMY VEDDER WEBER '73

spent a great deal of time apart—on a few occasions, as much as six months but much more often for shorter periods, ranging from days to weeks. Vedder recently missed the couple’s 30th wedding anniversary because of a trip to Bolivia and followed that almost immediately with another to Alaska.

Through it all, however, one or the other parent has always been home with the boys. Weber says: “One thing about WCS is that they let us kill ourselves at our own pace.” Vedder translates, “We have incredible flexibility in shaping our schedules.”

Weber adds, “We don’t have a life outside of work, family, and sports.” The boys—Noah is now a senior at Washington & Lee, and Ethan is a senior at Yorktown High—have always taken after their athletic parents, who between them won varsity letters at Swarthmore in football, lacrosse, softball, and swimming.

For many years, both parents coached community youth soccer and lacrosse, and Vedder still coaches the girls’ lacrosse team she founded 10 years ago. She missed two games in June because of her trip to Bolivia, but Weber covered for her.

“Sometimes one of the girls or a parent will ask, ‘Where’s Amy?’ I’ll say, ‘She’s in Bolivia. She’ll be back for Saturday’s game.’ I’m not sure that fully registers.”

It probably doesn’t. To all outward appearances, Vedder and Weber look like just another middle-class couple from the ‘burbs, not like folks who have dodged ram-

ping elephants or confronted poachers armed with machetes and axes—though Vedder still wonders what impression she made on neighbors when the couple first moved to Yorktown Heights, N.Y., and she immediately began hacking away at an old tree stump in the front yard with a wicked-looking machete, whose Rwandan name translates roughly into “the peacemaker.”

Whatever the neighbors may think, this is decidedly not an ordinary couple. Though you are not likely to get them to say as much themselves, together they have helped to revolutionize the way the world thinks about and deals with conservation issues. But the myriad forces arrayed against conservation success seem at times overwhelming.

“There’s never been a rate of extermination like we’ve seen since the turn of the last century,” Vedder says. “There has to be something of higher value than consumption. The world cannot survive at the level that we [in the United States] are living. This is just not sustainable.”

Weber adds: “We’re just totally dependent on our addiction to oil—on sticking that hypodermic needle into the ground, on this thing that is killing us. And we’re losing the population battle.”

“And the corruption battle,” Vedder interjects. “You’ve got to have your eyes wide open.”

Yet Vedder and Weber remain positive. “The great success of the Mountain Gorilla

TO ALL OUTWARD APPEARANCES, AMY VEDDER (SECOND FROM LEFT) AND BILL WEBER (RIGHT) LOOK LIKE ANY OTHER WHITE MIDDLE-CLASS COUPLE FROM THE SUBURBS, NOT LIKE FOLKS WHO HAVE DODGED RAMPAGING ELEPHANTS OR CONFRONTED POACHERS ARMED WITH MACHETES AND AXES. WITH THEM ARE SONS ETHAN (FAR LEFT) AND NOAH.

Project made us optimistic really for all of our lives,” says Vedder. “It showed us what you could do. There was a lot of doom and gloom around, but we made it work. We came away feeling that we really could make a difference.”

Weber says, “You have to fight the fight. I don’t know what the alternative is. And there *are* good things happening. Moose are coming back to our national forests. Beaver, martens, fishers. It looked like wolves were finished in the lower Forty-Eight, but now they’re represented in eight different states.”

“We do win battles,” says Vedder. “You can make a difference. It’s just really important to have wilderness in our lives. We need that. To remember that this world is more than just ours. Just be aware. That’s the first step.” ☞

W.D. Ehrhart teaches English and history at the Haverford School. His newest book is The Madness of It All: Essays on War, Literature and American Life (McFarland & Co., 2002).

Alumni Weekend 2002



Photographs by Steven Goldblatt '67

RIGHT: THOMAS WHITMAN '82, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, LED A GAMELAN TRADITIONAL INDONESIAN PERCUSSION ORCHESTRA WORKSHOP.



BELOW LEFT: EMILY THOMFORDE '04 (LEFT) AND SAM CRISWELL '57 (RIGHT) AT REGISTRATION

BELOW CENTER: ARTISTS JANET STANLEY MUSTIN '45 (LEFT) AND JENEEN PICCUIRRO '92 DISPLAYED THEIR WORK IN THE LIST GALLERY.

BELOW RIGHT: VALERIA JOKISCH-SAGRERA '01 (FOREGROUND) AND JOEL PRICE '00 PERFORMED IN THE KOHLBERG HALL COFFEE BAR.



ABOVE: THE CLASS OF '92 PARTIED IN THE INTERCULTURAL CENTER.

LEFT: PARADE MARSHAL ELENOR REID '67 AND NATIONAL CONNECTION CHAIR DONALD FUJIHIRA '69

BELOW: SINGING ROUNDS UNDER THE BELL TOWER WERE (LEFT TO RIGHT) OTAVIA DE MOURA PROP-
PER '00, ELLIOTT MORETON '88, SONIA MARIANO
'02, THALIA MILLS '00, JIM MOSKOWITZ '88,

JOHN FINKBINER '98, SARA PALMER '91, AMY
MARINELLO '02, ADRIAN DOHRMANN PACKEL '04,
MARK HANDLER '05, DAVID SZENT-GYORGYI '83,
AND JULIA SZENT-GYORGYI



BELOW: MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '82 PLANTED A
TREE IN MEMORY OF CLASSMATE JONATHAN RAN-
DALL, WHO WAS KILLED AT THE WORLD TRADE
CENTER ON SEPT. 11, 2001.



NEAR RIGHT: CLASS OF '57 REUNION CHAIR MAR-
GARET "PEG" CALMAR MEHAN '57 (LEFT) VISITS
WITH TERRY ARMSTRONG THOMPSON '57 (CENTER)
AND MARJORIE THOM ARGO '57.



FAR RIGHT: COLLECTION SPEAKER ARLIE RUSSELL
HOCHSCHILD '62, ALUMNI COUNCIL PRESIDENT
RICHARD TRUITT '66 (CENTER), AND ARABELLA
CARTER AWARD RECIPIENT PAUL GASTON '52



BOTTOM RIGHT: THE 50TH-REUNION CLASS (LEFT
TO RIGHT): CLASS VALET ELIZABETH NOLTE '03,
THOMAS REINER '52, AMY HECHT '52, ANNE
PINGON VALSING '52, BARBARA WOLFF SEARLE
'52, AND CLASS VALET MICHAEL LOEB '03



ABOVE: MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '97
CELEBRATE FIVE YEARS IN THE "REAL WORLD."
HELD HORIZONTALLY: JOHN RANDOLPH II

Council continues athletics efforts

At its April meeting, the Alumni Council interacted in plenary sessions with President Alfred H. Bloom; Alumni Managers David Singleton '68 and Cynthia Norris Graae '62; and Council's representatives to the Board of Managers Ad Hoc Committee on Athletics Jenneane Jansen '88 and Rick Ortega '73. Council received an update from President Rich Truitt '66 on efforts to increase understanding and promote healing among alumni following the College's decision to restructure the athletics program. As part of these efforts, the Council, at the request of the Ad Hoc Committee, is inviting input from interested alumni into the establishment of criteria by which to measure progress in implementing changes in the athletics program (see box).

Members of the Council enjoyed the opportunity to hear about current projects from students active in volunteer service and from Patricia James, director of community service learning. Members also participated in a lively career networking dinner with about 80 students. Through its three working groups—Alumni Support, Student Support, and College Advisory and Support—Council members advanced several of their initiatives.

NOTICE TO ALUMNI INTERESTED IN ATHLETICS AT SWARTHMORE

Alumni who wish to provide input into the criteria to be used to measure progress in the College's efforts to strengthen the athletics program are invited to offer ideas to the Alumni Council at Alumni_Council@swarthmore.edu. To familiarize yourself with what is currently being considered, please see the draft criteria proposed for consideration by the Board of Managers' Ad Hoc Committee on Athletics at http://www.swarthmore.edu/alumni/images/Athletics_Assessment_draft.pdf. If you do not have access to the Internet, you may request a hard copy from the Alumni Relations Office at (610) 328-8402. All input received by Nov. 30, 2002, will be considered by the working group of the Alumni Council.

Finally, as a culmination of efforts begun last year, the Council adopted the following mission and vision statements:

Mission statement: "The Alumni Council provides a range of services to alumni, students, and the administration of Swarthmore College; fosters communication between the College and alumni; and facilitates input from alumni to the College in the development of policies."

Vision statement: Guided by the enduring values of Swarthmore College, the Alumni Council will be a leader among college alumni organizations by providing an evolving range of services to alumni, students, and the College administration and by informing and influencing policies to further the mission of the College."

The *Alumni Council Update*, a newsletter for members of the Council, is now posted in the alumni section of the College's Web site. Please check this site for more detailed information on the initiatives of the three working groups and other activities of the Council. For those without computer access, please do not hesitate to contact me or the Alumni Relations Office via telephone or regular mail for a copy of the newsletter. Council members welcome input and ideas from alumni.

—Rich Truitt '66
President, Alumni Association

CONNECTION NEWS

Paris: Catherine Seeley Lowney '82 has taken the helm of the Paris Connection. Our thanks to outgoing Chair Robert Owen '74 for his efforts on behalf of the Connection. Watch your mail for future events—a hike and chateau visit are possible activities. If you are interested in helping with this Connection, contact the Alumni Relations Office at alumni@swarthmore.edu.

SWARTHMORE BOOK CLUBS

Boston: Stephen Smith '83 and his wife, Robin, organize the Boston-area book group. If you are interested in joining this growing group, please e-mail steveandrobin@mediaone.net, or contact the Alumni Relations Office.

Metro DC/Baltimore: "Go to Hell with the Swarthmore Connection Book Club" is the theme for the 2002–2003 year. The group will read Virgil's *Aeneid* (Alan Mandelbaum translation); Dante's *Inferno* (Mandelbaum, Sayers, or Pinsky translation); Milton's *Paradise Lost*; Blake's *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*; Sartre's *No Exit*;



STUDENT COMMUNITY SERVICE LEADERS DISCUSS THEIR WORK WITH MEMBERS OF THE ALUMNI COUNCIL DURING THE COUNCIL'S SPRING MEETING.

and Beckett's *Endgame*. If you are interested in joining the group, e-mail Sue Ruff '60 at sueruff@aol.com, or contact the Alumni Relations Office at (610) 328-8404.

New York: If you are interested in joining the New York book group, please e-mail Sanda Balaban '94 at Sanda_Balaban@alum.swarthmore.edu.

Philadelphia: Contact Philadelphia Connection Chair Bruce Gould '54 at brucegould54@hotmail.com, if you are interested in this book group.

SWIL REUNION

SWIL (Swarthmore Warders of Imaginative Literature), the science fiction/fantasy club, will celebrate its 24th anniversary with a reunion on campus on Nov. 8 to 10. There will be story reading, singing of folks and rounds, games, and the gathering of SWIL folklore and history. Everyone ever involved with SWIL—as well as those who just want to hang out with SWILfolk—are invited. For more information, please e-mail Jim Moskowitz '88 at jim@jimmosk.com.

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President

Richard Truitt '66
rich__truitt@alum.swarthmore.edu

President-Designate

Melissa Kelley '80
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Vice President

Susan Rico Connolly '78
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Vice President

George Telford III '84
george__telford@alum.swarthmore.edu

Secretary

Allison Anderson Acevedo '89
allison__acevedo@alum.swarthmore.edu

ALUMNI COUNCIL

ZONE A

Delaware, Pennsylvania

Joko Agunloye '01³
Kathleen Daerr-Bannon '71⁴
Carol Finneburgh Lorber '63³
Hugh Nesbitt '61²
Christian Pedersen '49⁴
Marcia Satterthwaite '71¹
William Will '49¹
Milton Wohl '46³

ZONE B

New Jersey and New York

Glenn Davis '73²
Nick Jesdanun '91³
Jane Flax Lattes-Swislocki '57¹
Anna Orgera '83²
Erika Teutsch '44³
Douglas Thompson '62¹

ZONE C

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

Alice Clifford Blachly '49¹
Christopher Branson '84²
Scott Cowger '82¹
Allen Dietrich '69³
Rosemary Werner Putnam '62²
Susan Turner '60³

ZONE D

District of Columbia, Maryland, and Virginia

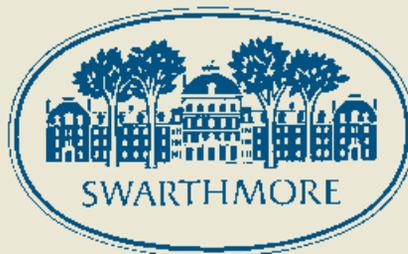
T. Alexander Aleinikoff '74³
Sabina Beg '83⁴
David Goslin '58¹
Benjamin Keys '01³

Liz Probasco Kutchai '66²
Minna Newman Nathanson '57¹
David Uhlmann '84²
Maria Tikoff Vargas '85³

ZONE E

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

David Bamberger '62³
Sharon Seyfarth Garner '89¹
Robert Grossman '53²
Jenneane Jansen '88³
Lisa Jenkins '02¹
Vida Praitis '88²
Hugh Weber '00²



THE ALUMNI COUNCIL

YOUR OFFICIAL
LINK TO SWARTHMORE

ZONE F

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

Jonathan Berck '81²
Panayiotis Andreou Ellinas '87¹
Julia Knerr '81¹
David Lyon '73³
Gertrude Joch Robinson '50³
Joanna Vondrasek '94²
Wendell Williams '51¹

ZONE G

Alaska, Arizona, California, Colorado, Hawaii, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon,

Utah, Washington, and Wyoming

Janet Cooper Alexander '68³
Deborah Bond-Upson '71¹
Wilburn Boykin Jr. '77²
Seth Brenzel '94¹
Ginnie Paine DeForest '58²
Ariss DerHovanessian '00²
Leonard Rorer '54³

AT LARGE

Dawn Porter '88²
Martha Rice Sanders '77²

CONNECTION REPRESENTATIVES

Boston

Stephanie Hirsch '92

Chicago

Marilee Roberg '73

Los Angeles

David Lang '54

Metro DC/Baltimore

Sampriti Ganguli '95
Ana Corrales '97

Metro New York City

Sanda J. Balaban '94
Deborah Branker Harrod '89

North Carolina

George Telford III '84

Philadelphia

Bruce J. Gould '54
Jim J. Moskowitz '88

Pittsburgh

Barbara Sieck Taylor '75
Michaelangelo Celli '95

San Francisco

Neal Finkelstein '86
Rebecca Johnson '86

Seattle

Deborah Read '87

Twin Cities

Lia Theologides '89
Libby A. Starling '92
Martha Easton '89

Paris

Catherine Seeley Lowney '82

National Chair

Don Fujihira '69

KEY

1 Term ends 2005 2 Term ends 2003
3 Term ends 2004 4 Nominating Committee

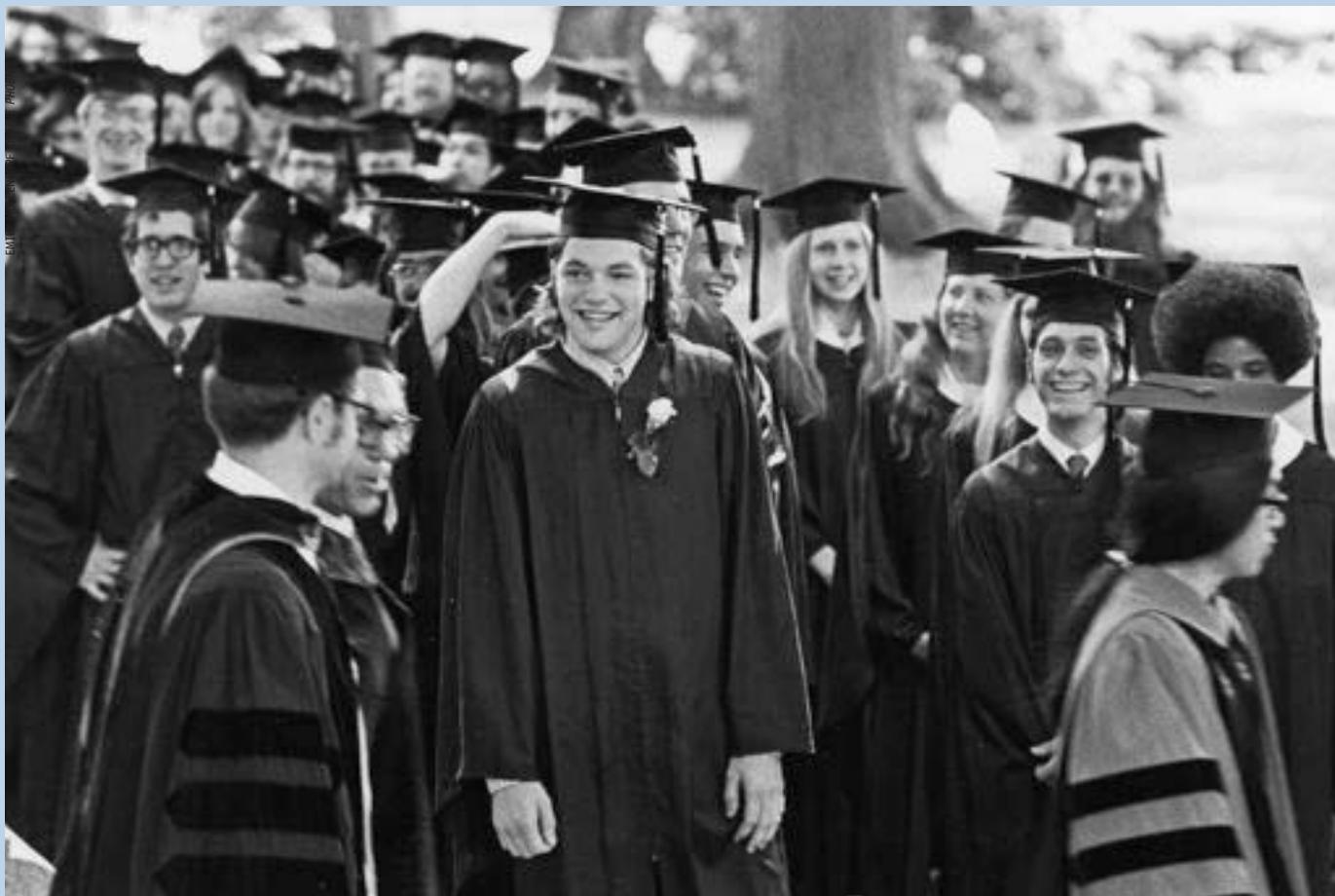
Two Roses?

Three decades after graduating, many of these smiling members of the Class of 1972 attended a reunion in June that was, by all reports, “sweet.” As Linda Valleroy and Kevin Chu said, “It was easy to pick up right where we had left off 30 years ago—after looking down at the name tags.”

One dark-tressed young woman of mystery found a novel way to show off two roses. Anyone willing to 'fess up?



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER HOLT



Raised to Volunteer

THE SONNEBORN SISTERS ARE STILL GOING STRONG.

When sisters Kathryn “Sis” Sonneborn Read ’31 and Doris “Doss” Sonneborn Lippincott ’35 speak of each other—and they each only agreed to speak at all if the other was willing—the mutual affection is evident. Doss, 88, is “beautiful,” “exquisitely dressed,” and her 2002 induction into the Atlantic County [N.J.] Women’s Hall of Fame “was terrific,” says Sis. In turn, Doss labels Sis, 92, “remarkable,” “generous,” and “respected.”

Both are lifelong tennis players. One founded Swarthmore’s women’s tennis team; the other was captain of it. After graduating—one in education, the other in fine arts—they studied shorthand and typing at a business school in their hometown Philadelphia; they both ultimately worked there, at Drexel Institute of Technology (now Drexel University)—one in the Domestic Science Department, the other in the Physical Education Department. Their late husbands, physician Hilton Read H’62 and hotelier Jack Lippincott ’27, were best friends; Kathryn met Hilton on a blind date set up by Jack and Doss.

Sharing the happiness they have experienced in their family and married lives, Kathryn and Doss spread beneficence wherever they happen to be. Now widowed and living in Thomasville, Ga., and Margate, N.J., respectively, they still devote themselves to service of one kind or another. “We were brought up to be volunteer-minded,” says Doss.

Fifty years of Kathryn’s life have been dedicated to the Ventnor Foundation, a peace-building organization created by the Reads in 1951 and named after the New Jersey town in which they then lived. During a stay in Germany shortly after World War II, they were shocked by the horrendous working conditions of German doctors and suggested inviting some of the young medical residents to work for a year in the United States. Kathryn says: “Hilton thought that if the Germans came over and got to know the Americans and saw what our doctors were doing, and the Americans saw that the Germans were human beings, too, then, maybe, as he put it, ‘we could wage peace.’” The organization grew to include participants



VOLUNTEERS KATHRYN SONNEBORN READ (LEFT) AND DOSS SONNEBORN LIPPINCOTT (RIGHT) ENJOY A FAMILY REUNION IN MARGATE, N.J.

from Austria, Switzerland, India, South Africa, and Japan. “It was a meeting of the minds, in the hope that we could help prevent another war,” says Kathryn.

In 1962, Hilton Read received an honorary degree from Swarthmore for his work with the foundation. Kathryn, a former longtime member of the College Board of Managers, says, “Hilton got quite a few honorary degrees, but this was the one he cherished the most.” She remains in regular contact with the “alumni” of the Ventnor Foundation, publishing a newsletter and visiting them annually in Europe.

Nowadays, beside volunteer work with the local historical preservation society, library, university, and Alzheimer’s aid group, Kathryn is a reading mentor at the local elementary school, where her young students not only improve their reading but also are fascinated by the veins in her hands and the color of her white hair—some write her love letters. “It’s pure joy, this one-half hour a week,” she says.

Emphasizing the deep sense of togetherness (“we-ness”) that she says defined her

marriage, Kathryn says: “I’ve tried to keep up the things that Hilton would have done. You do things where you see a need.”

Doss is a former College athlete and captain of the varsity tennis team. She also played hockey and basketball. Channeling her energy in other directions now, she is cited by the Charity League, her nominator for the Hall of Fame, as “a tireless advocate and practitioner of volunteerism, a source of inspiration to her community, church, and to the organizations to which she belongs. Doss has focused her energy and commitment toward improving the lives of those around her.”

One of Doss’ favorite activities is working for Manna, a catering group for the AIDS Alliance. “It’s very satisfying,” she says. “After you’ve chopped up 50 pounds of onions with a good friend, you’re crying together.” She is a longtime volunteer in the Atlantic City Medical Center and the American Red Cross, and she has been a member of the Charity League for 50 years. Among the league’s fund-raising activities is the sale of a Christmas pin, which varies in design from year to year. Last year, the group produced 7,000 handmade pins. She is also deacon of Margate Community Church.

For the past few years, Doss has been the focal point of a reunion that brings North and South together. In June, she rents a house close to her home and invites her family to stay. This gathering includes her son’s family from New England and Kathryn from Georgia. “It’s Christmas in June,” says one of her grandchildren. Doss’ husband, Jack, used to say, “When Doss is around, she spreads true happiness.” And she’s still doing it.

Sometimes, when relaxing from their busy lives, the sisters talk on the phone. “I called [Doss] one night,” says Kathryn, “and the Miss America pageant was on the television. For a whole hour, the two of us watched [the pageant] together, and the phone call cost only \$6! Nobody minded if we talked. There was nobody wearing a big hat sitting in front of us to block the view. We had one terrific hour together. We are close.”

—Carol Brévart-Demm

Gorillas and Honey

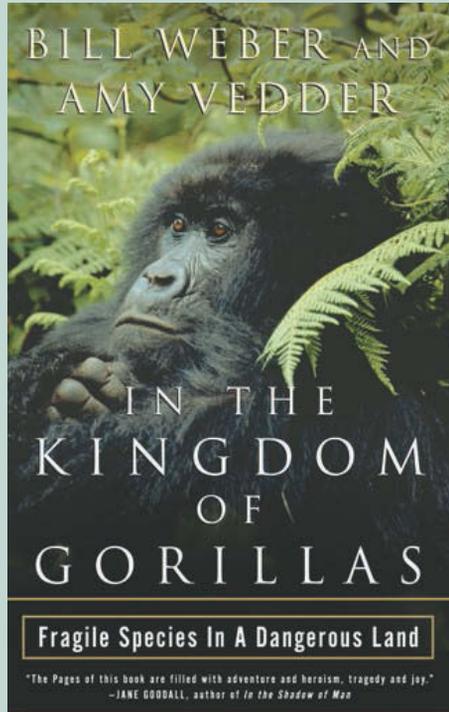
A BOOK EXCERPT

Go ahead. Sit next to him. Adrien deSchryver's suggestion was part tease, part dare. Amy hesitated, then smiled as she began to crawl toward Casimir, a massive silverback scowling at us from beneath a tree about thirty feet away. Surprised by her eager response, deSchryver grabbed Amy by the belt and pulled her back to his side. For the next thirty minutes, we watched Casimir and his family of gorillas from a respectful distance of fifteen to twenty yards. Thick bamboo limited our views to isolated body parts. The gorillas tolerated our presence, but several stayed completely out of sight and all were clearly nervous. Occasional screams ripped the still mountain air. Powerful smells and strange plants enhanced the sensory stew. We were elated.

Our pygmy guide, Patrice, was calm—seemingly bored—throughout our time with the gorillas. But on our hike back to park headquarters, he grew more animated when another creature caught his eye. Patrice stalked his tiny prey until it led to an invisible target. Locating the entryway to the bee's nest, he ignored repeated stings as he ripped open the rich ground. Within a minute, he returned to our group with a wide grin on his face and large chunks of dripping honeycomb in his hands.... Soon our faces were smeared with an indescribably exotic mix of flavors and substances. On that late summer day in 1973, we entered the land of gorillas and honey.

Five years later, we would experience the wonder of sitting peacefully among mountain gorillas in Rwanda—and the awesome responsibility of trying to save their population from extinction at the hands of humans. But in 1973 we were Peace Corps volunteers in eastern Congo, with much more to learn before we could make any meaningful contribution to conservation.

We met in 1969 at Swarthmore College and married three years later. Two kids from small towns in upstate New York, we shared the best and worst of the late 1960s and early 1970s. The King and Kennedy assassinations, Vietnam, Kent State, acid rock, Earth Day, Women's Lib, the Generation Gap, and seemingly endless cultural conflict. Through much of that turbu-



“You will see many strange and different things.... Always keep a question mark in front of your eyes and ask ‘why’ before you judge something you see as wrong just because it is different.”

lent time, Swarthmore's Quaker tradition was a calming influence. While other campuses went up in flames, our passions were doused with a smothering blanket of Quaker understanding—and the admonition to use our learning and experience to go forth and make the world a better place. Following graduation, our budding interest in conservation and an urge for adventure led us to Africa via the Peace Corps. We weren't qualified for specialist positions in parks or wildlife management, so we joined more than one hundred other volunteers to be trained as the first teachers sent to Congo, which was then known as Zaire....

In many ways, we were fortunate that we began our work in Africa as teachers. If we had started in conservation, with strong pressure to save some park or species, we might have been quickly pulled into adversarial positions with local people and government officials. Instead, teaching brought us into constant contact with Africans and their view of the world. We saw how our students learned and came to understand reasoning and values that shaped their perceptions. We gained firsthand experience working with the dysfunctional Congolese education bureaucracy—and saw how pervasive corruption could crush individual initiative at a very young age. We became fluent in French and learned Swahili, a regional Bantu language that opened up a rich and rewarding world of contact with the large majority of local people who spoke no European language. Most of all, we were able to take our time and absorb the African way of life and culture that surrounded us. We tried to follow the advice of a Jesuit priest who had addressed our Peace Corps group toward the end of our formal training. *You will see many strange and different things over the next two years, he said. Always keep a question mark in front of your eyes and ask “why” before you judge something you see as wrong just because it is different.* It was excellent advice.

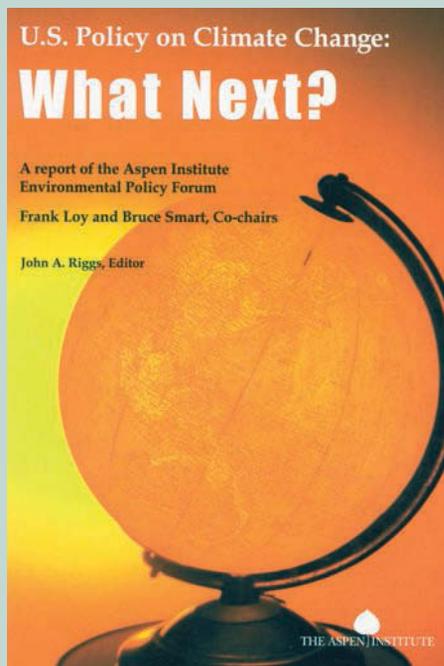
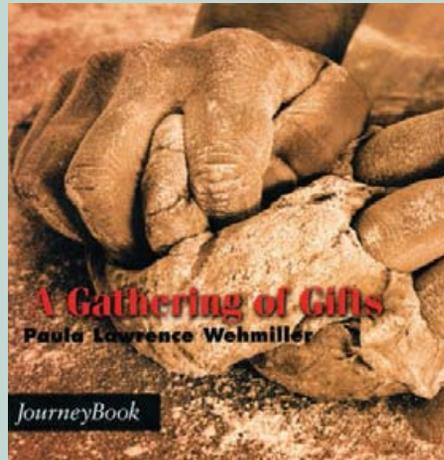
From Bill Weber and Amy Vedder, In the Kingdom of Gorillas: Fragile Species in a Dangerous Land, Simon & Schuster, 2001. Reprinted with permission of the authors. See W.D. Ehrhart's ['73] feature “A World That Is Not Just Ours” about the Webers on page 30.

OTHER BOOKS

Caroline Jean Acker '68, *Creating the American Junkie: Addiction Research in the Classic Era of Narcotic Control*, The Johns Hopkins University Press, 2002. Weaving together the accounts of addicts and researchers, this historian explores how addiction in the early 20th century was strongly influenced by the professional concerns of psychiatrists seeking to increase their medical authority. She also examines other factors, including the ambitions of pharmacologists to build a drug development infrastructure and the American Medical Association's campaign to reduce prescriptions of opiates and absolve physicians in private practice from the necessity of treating difficult addicts as patients. The author is an associate professor of history at Carnegie Mellon University and co-founder of Prevention Point Pittsburgh, a needle exchange program in Allegheny County, Pa.

Barbara Pearson Lange Godfrey '31; Julie Lange Hall '55 (ed.), *Man of Chautauqua and His Caravans of Culture: The Life of Paul M. Pearson*, self-published, 2001. After gathering letters, photos, lecture notes, and plays in which her father acted—with the assistance of Friends Historical Library at the College—the author tells her father's story, helping her understand the facts of their family history. In the preface to the book, addressed to her children who never knew their grandfather, Godfrey begins this story where her father's letters started—with one to his future wife. Many of these letters, reproduced in the book, document life during the late 1800s and early 1900s as well as the influence of railroads at the time.

Adam Haslett '92, *You Are Not a Stranger Here*, Doubleday, 2002. This debut collection of short stories focuses on people facing some of life's most profound dilemmas, including saying good-bye to someone you love, letting go of a long-held secret, and understanding the meaning of mental suffering. In settings ranging from New England to Great Britain and Los Angeles to the American West, these nine stories explore the themes of love and honor, pity and pride, and compassion and sacrifice. Currently a student at Yale Law School, Haslett has published work in *Zoetrope: All-Story* and *The Yale Review*.



THE COVERS OF *A GATHERING OF GIFTS* (TOP) AND *U.S. POLICY ON CLIMATE CHANGE* (BOTTOM) DRAW READERS TO THESE RECENTLY PUBLISHED BOOKS.

William Matchett '49, *Shakespeare and Forgiveness*, Fithian Press, 2002. This study of Shakespeare's plays discusses the differences between "pardon" and "forgiveness," tracing the evolution of the latter in works such as *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *The Winter's Tale*. To complete this study, Matchett, professor emeritus of English at the University of Washington, drew on years of scholarly study. From 1963 to 1982, he was editor of *Modern Language Quarterly* and the author of several books of poetry and criticism; his work has also appeared in *The*

New Yorker, *Saturday Review of Literature*, *Harper's*, and *The New Republic*.

John Riggs '64 (ed.), *U.S. Policy on Climate Change: What Next? A Report of the Aspen Institute Environmental Policy Forum*, The Aspen Institute, 2002. In January, the Aspen Institute convened a diverse group of scientists, economists, business leaders, environmentalists, and government officials to discuss solutions to greenhouse gases, which dangerously interfere with the global climate system. This book draws together the thinking from leading experts on the nature of climate change and ways to respond to these issues. Some of the topics explored include action to reduce emissions, investment in future technologies, and government leadership.

Paula Lawrence Wehmiller '67, *A Gathering of Gifts*, Church Publishing, 2002. The author writes about her experiences as educator, priest, parent, and member of a remarkable African-American family, whose origins she traces in this JourneyBook. She writes: "Telling stories is the way we speak in our family. 'Parable' is our mother tongue.... Separating stories from who I am would be like separating breathing from the way I live my life. The stories that want telling are my way of knowing where I've come from, who I am becoming, and who I am called to be in this world."

E. Roy Weintraub '64, *How Economics Became a Mathematical Science*, Duke University Press, 2002. This book follows the history of economics within the framework of mathematics in the 20th century. The author also examines the career of his late father, economist Sidney Weintraub. The author is professor of economics at Duke University; editor of *Toward a History of Game Theory*; and author of several books, including *Stabilizing Dynamics: Constructing Economic Knowledge*.

COMPACT DISK

Yvonne Healy '75, *Stories From the Heart of the World*, 2002. The author/artist presents original adaptations of folktales from around the world, which are suitable for listeners of all ages. Titles include *Lugh, the Shining One*; *People-Eating Monster*; and *Isis and Osiris*.

Lure of Many Sirens

CHRIS KING '68 WEAVES THE TAPESTRY OF HIS OWN LIFE.

As another “Renaissance soul” (see p. 14), Chris King has personally experienced the richness—and divisiveness—of finding time for many interests. “Multiple interests mean you are less likely to win the big prize in a given arena,” he says. “So if it’s important to be found meritorious by your fellows, stick with your favorite thing. Being a jack-of-all-trades is likely to get you some scorn. But if weaving the tapestry of your own life is paramount, then having a very broad palette is wonderful. Sometimes, I ask myself what I should give up in order to be more visible.”

King’s creativity has found one outlet in his children’s books. *The Boy Who Ate the Moon* (1988) is based on his boyhood fantasy about the moon getting caught in the branches outside his window. *The Vegetables Go to Bed* (1994) was born out of his involvement in a Hartford, Conn., community garden, where he imagined the nighttime activity of vegetables. Before publishing these books, he tested them on children in local schools—relishing their feedback as “the best part of being an author.”

After graduating from Swarthmore, where he was a sociology/anthropology major, King worked on a live, nightly news and public affairs show for public television in Florida—shooting and editing film, setting lights, and conducting interviews. Later, he produced filmstrips and audiotapes with companies in New York and Connecticut. In 1988, he started the company King Productions.

During the last few years, King has mounted two original dramas. *A Mother in My Head* won the Marblehead Little Theater one-act competition in 2001 and special recognition from the Eastern Massachusetts Association of Community Theater, when it was presented in tandem with *Our Appointed Rounds* in February by the Sherborn Players. He has also published articles in the June 2001 and March issues of *Friends Journal*, but most of his creative energy is now focused on an adult novel.

Inspired by his uncle William Foote Whyte '36, who wrote the groundbreaking book *Street Corner Society*, King still finds his interest in anthropology a “great tool



CHITRA YANG KING '68

KING, IN SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO AFTER VISITING HIS SON IN LOS ANGELES, WRITES FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS, CREATING SONGS, SHORT STORIES, AND PLAYS. HE REGULARLY DOES VOICE-OVER WORK FOR MUSEUMS AND AUDIOBOOKS AND ENJOYS DIRECTING AND ACTING IN COMMUNITY THEATER.

for a playwright.”

At Swarthmore, he particularly remembers Professor of Psychology Kenneth Ger-gen’s course on group dynamics, in which students were their own “guinea pigs.” He says, “I was impressed by the way a meeting could be changed by who sat in what chair and intangibles such as ‘sex appeal.’”

Although he is pleased to see the arts curriculum expand at the College, he remains concerned that artists are not equally valued as scientists. “Why not deliberately aim for more?” he asks, after remembering the emphasis on reading and talking about art versus the importance of simply being artists.

King credits wife Chitra Yang King '68 with nurturing his ability to pursue creative interests. “Perhaps the greatest blessing is a spouse who is 86 percent tolerant of having an ‘artist-in-residence,’” he says. “We have sort of played ‘leap-frog careers.’ In the mid-1980s, when Chitra decided to

reapply to medical schools, I stuck with my somewhat mundane job as an educational media producer and took care of our son, while she got through the tough job of becoming a doctor.”

Later, “When she was ready to practice, I began my own media business. Knowing I have a ‘magpie mind,’ I reached a firm conclusion: Anything I do is my work. Not all of it may be immediately remunerative, but it is what I do and who I am. Being a ‘late bloomer’ in many ways, I concluded that I had to respect the many sirens who lured me, while trying to improve my ability to focus on each one. I usually fail. If there is something you love beyond reason, pour yourself into it.”

King adds: “I like having left a thumbprint on the universe. Someone laughed who otherwise wouldn’t have. Someone who didn’t have a clue is now asking useful questions.”

—Andrea Hammer

Teaching for Change

KEVIN HUFFMAN '92 HAS RETURNED TO TEACH FOR AMERICA.

Kevin Huffman is your typical Swarthmore alumnus. He was an English major. He went to law school. And, of course, he wants to change the world. But the amazing thing is that he's actually doing it!

Huffman is the vice president of development and general counsel at Teach for America (TFA), the nonprofit organization that, since its inception in 1990, has placed approximately 10,000 recent college grads in teaching positions throughout the country's underserved school districts.

Huffman, like many college seniors, longed "to make an impact right out of college." Having spent a semester in Chile, he initially thought that he might like to teach English abroad. However, he was accepted by TFA—at that point a fledgling 3-year-old organization—and found himself teaching a bilingual first-grade class in inner-city Houston.

"It was fantastic," says Huffman. "There was an enormous sense of both pressure and possibility," referring to the importance of quality elementary education in a system that often fails students later down the line. He says that despite a preservice training program that, back then, included little hands-on teaching experience, he dealt with these pressures thanks to "a great support network—people who were living and breathing the academic achievement of their kids."

Huffman ended up staying in Houston past his two-year commitment, after connecting with the people and neighborhood he had come to know so well. Throughout his years at New York University Law School and later with the Washington, D.C., firm of Hogan & Hartson, where he practiced education law, his time with TFA was not forgotten, and, in 2000, he returned there in his current capacity.

As the vice president of development, Huffman has ambitious plans for the program, now in its 12th year. He is attempting to triple recruitment within three years by borrowing tactics from corporate recruiters to go after "the campus superstars." However, he still bemoans society's priorities in this area: "It seems crazy that if you want to



KEVIN HUFFMAN (STANDING) HOPES THAT TFA ALUMNI ARE BOTH TEACHERS AND POLITICIANS, WHO WILL HELP SPREAD THE ORGANIZATION'S MESSAGE.

be an investment banker and make a lot of money, then people will fly you around and take you out to dinner; if you want to be a teacher, you have to invest an incredible amount of time and energy jumping through a whole lot of hoops just to figure out what you have to do."

The program is hoping to capitalize on its alumni network of 7,000 people currently. Although 60 percent of TFA alums are still involved in education, Huffman sees the other 40 percent as equally vital in producing social change. Ultimately, he hopes that alumni are both teachers and politicians, principals and chief executive officers, so that the organization can spread its message throughout society.

Despite TFA's broad ambitions, it still faces much criticism from established teacher-training programs as well as respected education writers. The program's opponents say that it doesn't prepare its corps members well enough and "de-professionalizes" teaching, thereby doing a disservice to the children it aims to help. In

response, Huffman cites several studies, showing sponsoring principals' satisfaction with TFA teachers compared with other beginning teachers, a high retention rate within the program, and the strong performance of children taught by TFA staff. He also is quick to point out that though his training experience a decade ago was insufficient for his needs in the classroom, the pedagogy behind the training has been revamped since then, and the five-week orientation now includes much more real-world experience.

Huffman thinks that Swarthmore's philosophy meshes well with that of TFA: "When I left Swarthmore," he says, "I remember thinking, 'Will I ever be around a group of people with the same values and the same drive?' I felt exactly that way at TFA, too.... I also don't know that anything else has ever given me such a tangible sense that I made a difference."

—Jeremy Schifeling '03

Adapted with permission from
The Daily Gazette (Feb. 7)

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

DAILY UNCERTAINTY OUTSIDE JERUSALEM

By Aviva Kushner Yoselis '96

I don't consider myself living in a war zone now, although I suppose my descriptions of living outside Jerusalem sound as if I do. The following are excerpts from letters I've sent to my sister, Tamah Kushner '83. I offer them neither as a political appeal nor as a defense; I only want to share my feelings and experiences about what it's like to live as an Israeli Jew "over the green line."

Dear Tamah,

I've always been one for new experiences. Saturday night, I find myself driving along a dark road surrounded by abandoned buildings. We pass a fluorescent green-lit tower, which I realize is a minaret, a section of a Muslim mosque—not a welcome site in our situation. I look at my husband. "Are you sure we're on the right road?" I ask him, even though I'm holding the map and navigating. He takes his gun out of its holster, loads it, and hands it to me. "Hold it," he says. "And look around. Be ready to fire or hand the gun to me." We drive down the road in silence.

An almost hysterical giggle bursts from my throat. I'm holding a semi-automatic weapon in both hands, when I've never even fired the thing. I'm a nice girl from South Jersey. How did I get here?

At an army checkpoint, we ask the soldiers if we're going in the right direction. Straight on, they tell us. They're boys of no more than 19, wearing bullet-proof vests, helmets, standing behind sandbags and cement blocks. We're in a war zone.

But the strangest thing is that my husband is not being overdramatic or ridiculous. People are shot at all the time. It doesn't even make the news anymore unless someone's seriously injured. A youth threw a Molotov cocktail at my brother-in-law when he was driving near Ofrah last week. Thank G-d it didn't go off. We are living in surreal times, which explains why I am carrying a gun in my lap and whispering the phrases of psalms. We are more scared on this road because it is unknown.

We travel from our home to Jerusalem every day, passing checkpoints where explosions and shootings occur daily. Still, our life progresses as "normal." We go on with weddings, births, and happy occasions and sit with friends and relatives. We achieve normalcy. We try not to boil over when we hear accusations about the "settlers" or how foreign countries think we should take less action—even though we're still being killed every day by people who think it's OK to blow yourself up for a cause.

It was good to talk with you, Tamah, last Saturday night and laugh a bit to relieve my worry.



Yitzchak wants me to get a gun. Now that I finally know how to shoot it, he thinks I'm ready to own one. He doesn't like the idea of my driving with the kids with no protection. At first, I thought he was crazy. What am I, born and raised in the mall capital of America, going to do with a semi-automatic in my purse? I'm still adjusting to the responsibilities of being a parent.

We first had this conversation on the way to visit Yitzchak's brother and my new sister-in-law. They wanted us to visit them in their new home near Efrat, with the children. I looked at my husband, but I already knew what our answer would be. As scared as I was to travel that road, we had both agreed that we wouldn't change plans because of terrorism. This was our family.

So there we were, again, on a darkened road, passing junctions where passengers in cars are shot at regularly.

Then, Yitzchak says gently, "You know, Aviva, if we are shot at, it will be at close range." I look at him for a moment, not understanding. Then I realize, people come down from those villages, hide in the bushes, and shoot at passing cars. I turn around and look at my sleeping children in the back seat and have a moment of true fear. We ride the rest of the way home in silence.

I am an American. I like being an American. I still get choked up when I hear the "Star-Spangled Banner." I believe firmly in the democratic process and constitutional law. I respect the flag and am fascinated by our brief history. I vote.

Yet I choose to live in another country.

As much as I am an American and culturally always will be, I am an Israeli by choice. Simply stated, I fell in love with Israel and could not leave; that is why I live in this duality. As a Jew, this is the place I belong.

The past year has been painful, difficult, and challenging. Life has been altered; even though the big picture has changed, the little things affect me most. Like the fear that surprises you when you least expect it, driving next to a bus, sure that it will blow; or taking

Mortality holds our hand as we wake up in the morning and kisses us goodnight as we climb into bed.

AP PHOTO/ITAN HESS-ASKENAZI



AVIVA YOSELIS (ABOVE, LEFT), SEEN WITH HUSBAND YITZCHAK AND CHILDREN MA'AYAN TOVA AND B'NAYA, HAS LIVED IN THE WEST BANK SETTLEMENT OF MITSPEH JERICHO SINCE 1997. AN ISRAELI SOLDIER (TOP) PATROLS NEAR THE FENCE OF A SIMILAR SETTLEMENT AFTER PALESTINIAN GUNMEN ATTACKED A BUS, KILLING EIGHT SETTLERS THERE ON JULY 17.

your child to buy shoes and giving the man on the street a sideways glance, sure that he is the next suicide bomber. My heart starts pounding, I sweat, and the fear bubbles in my throat. I cannot count how many buses I've gotten off because I was sure that the passenger next to me was going to explode.

The panic sometimes overwhelms me, but I struggle to get over it and continue with my daily life—or they will have won. I do look at

it as a victory or loss, us against them. The irony is that I am surrounded daily by Arab Israelis and Palestinian Arabs who go about their daily lives as I go about mine. The taxi driver, the street cleaner, the waiter, the hospital attendant, the academic, the teacher, the builder are all Arab. We meet everyday, sometimes with a smile, sometimes a wave, sometimes nothing, but we are in each other's pockets. I wonder at the surrealism of it all, how we can be neighbors and enemies in the same breath. I don't wish those individuals any harm; in many cases, we work side by side. But in the back of my mind always stands the thought that their nation wishes that my people would get up and go from their land forever.

I feel the little things the most—like debating whether to go to an event because it's in an area where there's been shooting, even though there have been bombs in Netanya, Haifa, and Tel Aviv. Where is it really safe?

I knew some of the people killed, although there have always been degrees of separation: a student friend of my husband's, my neighbor's brother, and a friend of a friend. Sometimes I'm sure that tragedy is waiting just around the corner; because I have been spared, the next attack will take someone I love.

But through it all, we go to work, come home, and spend time with family. We go to movies, supper, and the park. The light shines over Israel: the hundreds of miracles of last-minute diffused bombs and gunfire that narrowly missed hitting a school bus full of children or the bomb that mysteriously didn't go off in a place that would have killed hundreds.

I don't listen to the news anymore. One morning, I wanted to hear the names of those killed in the latest attack. "Maybe I know someone," I said, "and I will want to go to their funeral." My husband looked at me.

"What you're doing there," he said, pointing to my prayer book, "is much more important. I can see that you've crossed the line, lost perspective." It's been half a year, and I've rarely heard a news report. I do feel much calmer, have things more in perspective. My priorities are relationships with those I love, my own development, my connection to G-d, and my love for fellow Israelis—although they can drive me mad with frustration. That's my purpose, and everything else must remain in the background.

The truth is that life is uncertain. No matter where we are, sickness, car accidents, trauma, and death lurk around the corner. But we live in our state of denial that keeps us invincible and isolated, until the mirror cracks. When we step out of that isolation we feel, mortality holds our hand as we wake up in the morning and kisses us goodnight as we climb into bed.

In Israel, we feel it more strongly. ☞

Letters...

continued from page 3

were made up of self-conscious individualists like ourselves who would willingly take personal positions but might not accept someone else's tactics and wording? Worst of all, what if our views, no matter how expressed, were those of only a small minority?

This left the second possibility as the more likely: that we would gather relatively few signatures. But when we faced this possibility, there arose a common dilemma in the politics of principle.

Some of us held that relatively few signatures made no difference. What counted was our own consciences, not social results. Others asserted that if only a few people signed, an important but suppressed truth about Swarthmore as a racist institution would be exposed—an exposure that was probably necessary to arouse others, before there could be any progress.

On the other hand, some of us maintained that securing relatively few signatures would cause more grief for Maurice, embolden the racist opposition, and leave our cause demoralized.

With considerable unease, I argued the second of these positions. In the end, we did nothing, though perhaps as much from exhaustion as conviction. Soon after, Maurice Eldridge took a year off.

The memory of the hate mail incident and its lessons and then of Eldridge's great gifts to the College by twice returning—first as a student and nearly 30 years later as an administrator—have become fixtures of my Swarthmore education.

CHARLES MILLER '59
New Market, Va.

TRUE FEELINGS?

The *Bulletin* sure set off a storm with the stories in which faculty member Farha Ghannam and alumnus Roger Heacock '62 were strongly critical of American and Israeli policies ("Peace, Politics, and Justice," December 2001, and "Professor in Palestine," March 2002). In the middle of that storm, it was heartening to see the letter in the June edition from Suzanne Fried Singer '56, who, while taking strong issue with Mr. Heacock's views, nonetheless did so in a thoughtful, well-reasoned manner, which

did credit both to her and, by association, to Swarthmore.

By contrast, I was surprised and disappointed by the degree to which some Swarthmore alumni clearly would prefer censorship (or worse) to the publication of views with which they disagree. Rather than emulating Ms. Singer and directing their challenge solely to the substance of such views, they attack the intelligence, professional competence, and/or integrity of the individuals who express them.

I can understand and sympathize with the intensity of the views expressed by these writers, but that intensity gives them no claim to superior morality or wisdom. They might wish to do some soul searching on their own "true feeling" both toward freedom of speech and the values of the liberal arts.

STEVE PENROSE '66
Dallas

THOUGHTFUL PROFILE

The profile of Roger Heacock seemed a thoughtful way to show how one Swarthmore alumnus was doing good work in a difficult area. It reminded me of some of the best traditions I learned at the College.

In May, I had the chance to visit Bethlehem, Ramallah, and Jerusalem. I saw for myself the devastating effects of the occupation. Like Heacock and many Quakers, I believe that peace and protection cannot be achieved through violent occupation and

EDITOR'S NOTE

We received an unprecedented number of reader responses regarding both "Professor in Palestine," the profile of Roger Heacock '62 that appeared in the March *Bulletin*, and the June letters in reaction to that article. Following our usual policy—which is to publish letters reacting to an article and, in the subsequent issue, letters responding to those letters, we will close this particular conversation with the letters in this current issue. Additional letters may be found on our Web site: www.swarthmore.edu/bulletin/sept02/letters.

apartheid. As a Jew, I feel strongly that when Israel denies a people the right to self-determination, it not act in my name or in the interests of Jewish people. Thank you for continuing to emphasize peace and justice.

RACHEL NEUMANN '92
Brooklyn, N.Y.

VITUPERATIVE LANGUAGE

I was dismayed by the vituperative language of the letters published in the March and June issues. I thought that Swarthmore seeks to imbue in its students critical thinking and the ability to understand the perspectives of people who are different from themselves.

Are the writers incapable of thinking critically about Israeli government policies? Are they incapable of empathizing with people whose land has been seized and who are locked in tiny ghettos, unable to get to work or to school? Do they have no concern about the rights of people living under military occupation for a third of a century?

Instead of trying to look at both sides of the political situation, they viciously attack two fine scholars, Farha Ghannam and Roger Heacock '62, making unjustified charges of anti-Jewish attitudes against them. Instead of attacking them, Swarthmoreans should celebrate the presence of Professor Ghannam on the College's faculty and should praise Professor Heacock for his perseverance in teaching under such difficult conditions.

ANN MOSELY LESCH '66
Philadelphia

APPALLING

As one of Swarthmore's first graduates of color, I had the pleasure of receiving an honorary doctorate from the College in 2002. I am writing to express my strong support for the article about Roger Heacock. That some alumni assert the article should not have been published because of Professor Heacock's pro-Palestinian politics is an appalling example of would-be censorship at an institution committed to freedom of thought and expression. It is especially appalling when we remember Swarthmore's historic tradition of respect for the individual human conscience.

One alumna who denounced the article said she was withdrawing financial support from the College. That is enough to make me send the enclosed check. Though it is

small, it is my first contribution in many years. Your editorial integrity in this case is an inspiration.

ELIZABETH MARTÍNEZ '46
San Francisco

SPEAKING OUT

A large and growing movement of committed Jews is speaking out against the Israeli occupation of Palestine, opposing all forms of violence by both Israelis and Palestinians and supporting a genuine peace process. As a participant in this movement, I have seen other Jews attack and silence us when we merely try to describe Palestinians as human beings who, like Israeli civilians, are suffering from the violence. These attacks intensify when we criticize Israeli policies or question U.S. military and political support for Israel. The letters in the last issue of the *Bulletin* illustrate this dynamic.

Another example is the growing number of boycotts of mainstream newspapers by right-wing Jews who believe that Palestinians should be portrayed as only terrorists—never as victims of violence or injustice. At a recent counterdemonstration against a boy-

A large and growing movement of committed Jews is speaking out against the Israeli occupation of Palestine.

—Alexandra Volin '96

cott of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, I was called a Nazi and told that I couldn't possibly be a Jew.

It is unethical by both Jewish and democratic standards to try to silence voices with which you disagree. It is even more unethical to dehumanize other people by refusing to acknowledge their pain, their humanity, and their individuality. The heartbreaking conflict between Israel and Palestine is destroying lives in the Middle East; we who watch from across the ocean need to stop attacking each other when we debate the conflict.

ALEXANDRA VOLIN '96
Philadelphia

NO PEACE WITHOUT SECURITY

When Roger Heacock complains about the dangers faced by his children in Ramallah, one has about as much sympathy for him as for a parent who deliberately ties his chil-

dren to the track in the path of an oncoming freight train. While he and his wife are busy "bearing witness" in the name of Quakers, they might want to take a moment to ask why their Palestinian friends, though demanding a state for themselves, steadfastly refuse to acknowledge a similar right for Israelis.

There can be no peace until the Palestinians recognize the right of Israel to exist. There is no rationale for Israel to give up land if it will not gain security by this gesture. No nation is required to commit sui-

The truth is that Palestinians want their state, not side by side with a Jewish state but in its place.

—Jan Feldman '76

cide. Heacock's friends are deceiving him when they say that all they want is a state. That is part of the truth. The complete truth is that they want their state, not side by side with a Jewish state but in its place.

Finally, we are told that because of Professor Heacock's "delightful humor and congenial outlook," he looks forward to eventual "peace and the establishment of democracy." So far, things don't bode well for the Palestinians' exercise of democracy. My guess is that given the chance, they will replicate the regimes that exist all over the Arab world. Begin to imagine Birzeit University, Professor Heacock, without its female students. You can also kiss your copy of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* good-bye, as it is unlikely to survive scrutiny by the Islamic morality police. If, in fact, you want to demonstrate your solidarity and commitment to the Palestinians and live your Quaker ideals, persuade them to talk peace, teach peace, negotiate peace, and pray for peace. These are the tactics that they have not yet tried. A Quaker friend of theirs could demand no less.

JAN FELDMAN '76
Shelburne, Vt.

POSITIVE PEACE

Some of the reactions in the June *Bulletin* are grounded in a zero-sum approach to the Palestinian-Israeli encounter. The United States should move the parties from win-lose perceptions to a win-win scenario. Roger Heacock envisions a positive peace

based on democracy and justice—not a negative stalemate based on either the force of Palestinian suicide bombers or of Israel's permanent occupation of the West Bank. This is entirely in keeping with the Quaker teachings and traditions that Roger brought from his birthright and that one would hope others gained in their Swarthmore education.

JOHN CORBIT '61, Narragansett, R.I.
JONATHAN GALLOWAY '61, Lake Forest, Ill.
ROMAN JACKIW '61, Boston

SOLUTIONS, NOT STEREOTYPES

The Palestinian-Israeli conflict is in desperate need of novel solutions and creative negotiation. We, as Swarthmore graduates, students, faculty, and staff are well educated, globally aware, and instilled with the values of peace and justice. How can we fall back on ethnic and religious stereotypes and discount the human dimensions of this conflict? If Swarthmoreans cannot move discussion toward a solution to the conflict in the Middle East, who will?

Whether or not we support Roger Heacock's decisions to live and work in Palestine, learning of his experience exposes those of us who are physically isolated from the conflict to a novel perspective. Alumni profiles remind us of the many and varied paths taken by Swarthmore students and serve to broaden our collective experience.

AMANDA FINE '93
Lansing, Mich.

FREEDOM OF IDEAS

I have just returned from the Middle East, where I experienced firsthand the political antipathy to the United States and the moral outrage over America's uncritical support for the Israeli repression of the native Palestinians. It is regretfully clear why we are hated and distrusted.

I trust that the College will not yield to pressure groups that seek to intimidate the editors of the *Bulletin*.

—Brice Harris '53

I applaud Roger Heacock for his principled Quaker understanding of the conflict, I deplore those who say they will stop giving to Swarthmore because of an article they don't like, and I trust that the College will

not yield to pressure groups that seek to intimidate the editors of the *Bulletin*. Freedom of ideas is for everyone.

BRICE HARRIS '53
Los Angeles

FAIRNESS BOTH WAYS

After reading the letter by Julie Marcus '87 in the June *Bulletin*, I looked again at the Heacock article. I cannot see any clear-cut anti-Jewish pattern—only a sense of fairness to the Palestinians. Marcus evidently equates fairness to Palestinians as unfairness to Jews, which leads to her conclusion that the Heacock story (which was not written by Heacock, of course) was anti-Jewish. It appears that the concept of fairness both ways is not possible in her mind. Her effort to induce alumni to discontinue giving to Swarthmore is vicious and petty. The College should not have to consider financial damage every time the *Bulletin* publishes a stimulating article. Marcus must have missed the “sense of the meeting” when she went through Swarthmore.

ROGER KEENAN '46
Chico, Calif.

FUNDAMENTALIST RAVINGS

Bolton Davidheiser '34 writes that Muslims worship a false god and that the Jews will only regain Israel when they “recognize as Savior the One they crucified.” For the Swarthmore *Bulletin* to publish and, therefore, lend legitimacy to these fundamentalist Christian ravings is a disgrace. This is gross anti-Semitism in the truest sense of the word, being both anti-Jewish and anti-Muslim. The *Bulletin* should print differing opinions, but it has no obligation to publish such offensive remarks because in doing so, it declares that these intolerant pronouncements are worthy of serious discussion. Would the *Bulletin* have included Davidheiser's letter if it had been as insulting to Quakers?

RICHARD KING '74
Cherry Hill, N.J.

JESUS WAS A JEW

One quiet little line in Bolton Davidheiser's otherwise reasonable letter to the *Bulletin* (June “Letters”) has been a cause of mayhem, violence, and murder for 2,000 years. That statement—so offhand, so casual in its accusation of deicide—was his reference to “the Jews” having crucified Jesus. By “the

SPIRIT AND HOPE

When, in 1970, I chose to resign my teaching position at Colorado College with the declared intention of expatriating myself, a few verbal and written assaults followed from public and private fellow citizens, branding me an enemy of my country. As can be seen, the pattern has now been repeated; only the color of the enemy has changed from red to green.

I would like to pay tribute to Jessica Carew Kraft, the young Swarthmore graduate who wrote the portrait of me in the March *Bulletin*. By making a pilgrimage to West, then East Jerusalem; by going on to Ramallah and Birzeit in the quest for subjective and objective knowledge regarding a complex problem; and by being determined to come to grips with it—she has proven herself to be more representative by far of the spirit and the hopes of our people than are those who would paint their perceived foes in monochrome.

ROGER HEACOCK '62
Ramallah, West Bank

A PEACEMAKING VENTURE

As a Jew living in West Jerusalem, I confidently affirm that the profile I wrote about Roger Heacock '62 (“Professor in Palestine,” March *Bulletin*) is not anti-Semitic, nor is it anti-Israel. Perhaps if readers knew that the article was clearly conceived as a peacemaking venture—one that bridged the tremendous gap between the territories and Israel proper as well as the gap between non-Jew and Jew—they might see it differently. I also received criticism from my Jewish community for going to Ramallah and Birzeit University and for writing so glowingly about Roger. Yet I was so pleased to have the opportunity, which turned out to be a life-changing experience. I appreciate the *Bulletin*'s continued support for the piece.

JESSICA CAREW KRAFT '99
Jerusalem

Jews,” he presumably means all Jews, 2,000 years of Jews, each and every one of us.

The irony is that Jesus himself was killed (by the Romans, of course) primarily for being Jewish. He was crucified, as so many Jews were crucified, because he was a potential threat to the power of Rome. He was a threat because he was Jewish and outspoken and because he was a leader in the Jewish community at a time when there were rumblings of the Jewish insurrection that broke out in full force a few years later, leading Rome to destroy the Jewish state entirely.

Isn't it strange that all Jews, in perpetuity, are given the blame for supposedly killing Jesus but not given credit for having produced him? He was one of us, as were Joseph and Mary (and John and Peter and Paul and Matthew and Simon—indeed, most of the Apostles and most of his followers). Jesus lived as a Jew and was killed as a Jew.

I have often heard Christians say, “God sacrificed his only begotten son.” If God sacrificed him, then it was God's choice, wasn't it? And whoever carried out the sacrifice was doing God's will? And without this sacrifice, the world would not be saved? So what does it mean to accuse “the Jews” of having done this—and to use this as justification for 2,000 years of persecution and murder of Jews?

ALEXIS BAR-LEV
Salt Lake City

DANGEROUSLY WRONG

I'm having a lot of trouble with the people writing in to complain about the article about Roger Heacock. Roger is a great guy, and what he's doing—teaching poor students in an embattled area—seems to be a great thing to do. What has it to do with the government policies of the area? Even if one hates them, one can respect what Roger is doing. How can Swarthmoreans ask for censorship of an article about someone doing something risky and significant in the world? For that matter, how can they ask for censorship of any article?

I'm proud to be Jewish and am all for Israel, but I'm not for narrow-minded letter writers lost in their own passion. To cut off contributions to the College because you don't like one article in the *Bulletin* seems dangerously wrong.

IKE SCHAMBELAN '61
New York

DEPRESSING

How depressing to open the June issue of the *Bulletin* and find so many letter writers spouting the same Israeli propaganda that we read in the letters column of our daily newspapers. I had hoped for better from Swarthmore alumni. Where are the tolerance, independent thinking, openness, and influence of Quaker principle that is so often referred to in these pages as the legacy of a Swarthmore education? Quaker principle requires that all persons be listened to with an open mind. It is a challenge sometimes to give up one's conviction, especially when one thinks it has been rationally arrived at, but it is amazing what can come from an honest discourse. The appropriate response to Roger Heacock and Professor Ghannam is to examine what they have to say in an effort to discern truth and to respond in kind. I hope that the members of the Swarthmore community will find ways to support all of those who seek an honest, lasting peace, no matter who they are.

DEBORAH GOODYEAR RECTOR '59
Costa Mesa, Calif.

CIVILIZED RESPONSE

If we want the terrorists—and, more important, their uncommitted sympathizers—to respond in civilized ways, why do we not provide them with some mechanism for doing so? If Osama Bin Laden's primary complaint was about the desecration of holy places, where could he have sued or lobbied under international law to achieve this rather modest goal?

Congratulations to the *Bulletin*. To suggest that publishing criticism of Israel is reason enough to cut off support for the College is truly pathetic.

SHAWN DISNEY '55
Onancock, Va.

PRIVILEGED

I was shocked by the vehement reaction to Roger Heacock's decision to "bear witness and live in solidarity with the occupied Palestinians." What in any other part of the world would have been recognized as a courageous and selfless choice was condemned as though Roger and his family approved of the senseless violence that accompanies the struggle of a people displaced, subject to daily humiliations, and facing the overwhelming military force of a far stronger power. The Heacocks moved to Palestine when the fortunes of the Palestini-

"The appropriate response to Roger Heacock and Professor Ghannam is to examine what they have to say in an effort to discern truth and to respond in kind."

—Deborah Goodyear Rector '59

ans were at a low ebb—just after Ariel Sharon's invasion of Lebanon and the massacres of Palestinian refugees at Sabra and Shatila. They have stayed there through the first Intifada, watched the changes during the frustrating years of the Oslo process, and refused to run when the Israeli government destroyed the infrastructure of the Palestinian Authority.

As a classmate, I feel privileged to know Roger, Laura, and their children. I visited them in Ramallah three times and saw the respect and affection with which they are held by their neighbors and colleagues. The world needs to understand what is going on in Palestine. Would that there were more witnesses to the realities on the ground like Roger Heacock and his family.

RONALD SUNY '62
Ann Arbor, Mich.

MANNER OF ATHLETICS DECISION WAS CONSISTENT WITH SWARTHMORE'S QUAKER TRADITION

As a member of the Board of Managers since 1993, as chair of the Board's Nominating and Governance Committee, and as secretary of the Swarthmore Corporation with responsibility for the accurate recording of the Board's proceedings, I feel an obligation to respond to the letter from Cornelia Clarke Schmidt '46 and Eleanor Schmidt Clark '71 ("Oaks With Quaker Roots," June *Bulletin*). This letter once again attacks the Board's December 2000 action with respect to the intercollegiate athletics program, characterizing the action as "rushed" and as failing to use the "sense of the meeting" procedure rooted in Quakerism.

I must dispute the assertions of Cornelia Schmidt and Eleanor Clark, neither of whom participated in the events they so vigorously condemn. The Dec. 2, 2000, Board meeting was the culmination of an extensive period of review of the College's athletics program by the Board and a specially consti-

tuted Athletics Review Committee. The first decision taken at that meeting with respect to the proposal to eliminate football and wrestling from the intercollegiate sports program was, in fact, one that reflected the unanimous view of the managers present that an immediate decision on the proposal to eliminate those sports was necessary. The minutes record that all managers present were in accord that a substantive decision on the proposal "must be made immediately so as to protect recruiting for the coming year and define the future parameters of the intercollegiate athletics program before the admissions office and prospective students made decisions about next year." The ultimate 21–8 vote (with one manager abstaining) to eliminate these sports must be understood in the context of the unanimous sense of the managers that such a substantive decision could not responsibly be delayed.

Moreover, the writers fail entirely to note that a special meeting of the Board was convened, at the request of managers who had voted against the decision, on Jan. 4, 2001, to reconsider the matter. After a full discussion, participated in by 34 of the 38 then-managers and four of the eight then-emeriti managers, the minutes of the Jan. 4, 2001, meeting state that the Board decided "without voting and without objection, to let its decision of Dec. 2, 2000, stand."

The decision taken by the Board of Managers in December 2000 and reaffirmed in January 2001 was, of course, a complex and difficult one, about which members of the Swarthmore community may well continue to have divergent views. However, I submit that when one actually looks at the record, it shows that the decision was taken in a manner entirely consistent with Swarthmore's Quaker tradition.

LILLIAN KRAEMER '61
New York

CORRECTION

In "Land-use plan looks ahead," (June "Collection"), it was stated that two properties in the block bounded by Chester Road, College Avenue, Cedar Lane, and Elm Avenue are not owned by the College. In fact, there are three such properties.

Write to the *Bulletin* at 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore PA 19081, or e-mail bulletin@swarthmore.edu.

Why We Need Dreams

THE MEANING OF SWARTHMORE BECOMES CLEAR.

By Arlie Russell Hochschild '62

I wonder if it's true for you, too, that Swarthmore looms larger in your life as more time passes. You can leave this place, but Swarthmore follows you out the door. Even if you were having an existential crisis at the time and couldn't fully absorb Swarthmore, something important about it becomes part of you anyway. And I'm wondering now just what that important part is.

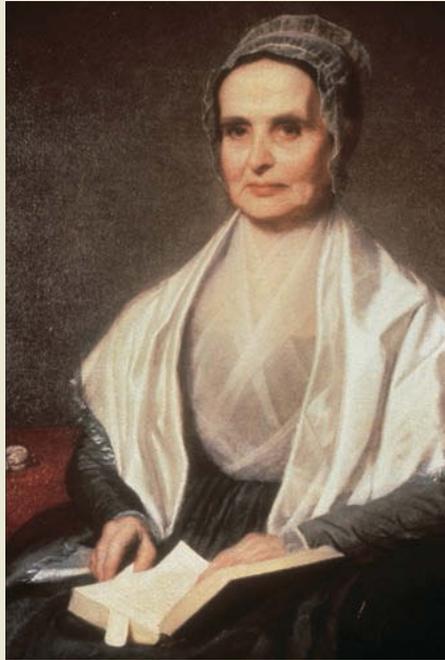
When I was a student here 40 years ago, I had it backward. I wanted to be loved by Swarthmore and was less clear about what I loved back. I felt enormous respect for its professors and my roommates and friends but a cursory, ill-informed, anonymous warmth for its Quaker tradition. I took for granted one key aspect of that Quaker tradition—the place it held for large dreams.

This message is not the one that I imagined Swarthmore was imparting to us, which was more along the lines of learning for learning's sake. Although I was imbibing the official message, I'd also been eyeing that portrait of Lucretia Mott on the wall of Parrish Parlors. I regret that I didn't pause then to have a good conversation with Mott about the importance of dreams. The conversation would have made her smile.

For Mott had many big dreams; one of them was the founding of the College, which she did with a few dozen others in 1864. Born in 1793, Mott was also active in the movement to abolish slavery and win for women the right to vote and be public citizens. She fought for prison and school reform and temperance and opposed war.

In the course of her activism against slavery, she was chosen to be a delegate to the World Anti-Slavery Conference in London in 1840. There, she sat next to Elizabeth Cady Stanton in the segregated women's section outside the main gallery in which the conference was held, forbidden any formal participation. Later, Stanton credited a conversation with Mott about holding a national women's right's convention—a talk sparking the Seneca Falls, N.Y., conference in 1848 and the beginning of the 19th-century women's movement.

In imaginary conversations with Mott,



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I REGRET THAT I
DIDN'T PAUSE TO HAVE A
GOOD CONVERSATION
WITH LUCRETIA MOTT.

I've asked what issues she would take on today. I imagine her telling me that she'd sit down to talk some Quaker sense into President Vajpayee of India and General Pervez Musharraf of Pakistan. Under the nose of an oil president, she'd work to end American dependence on oil-related military adventurism and call for all universities and colleges to follow Swarthmore's lead in moving toward sustainable energy [see "Air Power," p. 11]. She would protest the World Trade Organization's policies of attaching "structural readjustment" requirements to loans to poor countries. The equity Mott sought between men and women would also be sought between the rich and poor peoples around the globe. And she would ask the question beyond the "equality question"—equal to what? Equal on whose terms? Equally caring or uncaring?

Swarthmore, bless its heart, puts a little bit of Mott in us all. In an age of postmodernism and identity politics, it passes on trace elements of the Enlightenment. It's not that we all share exactly the same dream. But going through this place, it is difficult not to catch hold of, freshen, reflect on, critique, and enlarge your dream.

What is a dream? It's a vision of the world as *it isn't yet*. It's a tendency to feel that ideals are as real as anything else. It's a chronic allergy to the word "inevitable" as in "global warming is inevitable," "Wal-Mart triumphalism is inevitable," or "war is inevitable." It's a gravitational pull toward optimism, a faith that things *can* improve. Even in my classroom at the University of California—Berkeley, nondreaming students say, "flexible workweek? Subsidized child care? Sharing ethic at home? Work-life balance? You have to be kidding. Pipe dream." Then, in the back row, a hand goes up. And bless God, it's Mott. Or rather it's her spirit, living on in the form of a young, gay man with green hair and earrings who is saying, "What are you talking about? Norway's done all that long ago. It's time we did it too."

As a teacher, I've watched a parade of dreams—large, collective dreams of the 1960s; the fading dreams and then fractionalizing dreams of the 1970s and 1980s; and the more worried, private dreams of the late 1980s and early 1990s. For all of them, any dream worth its salt calls for a capacity to doubt itself. Dreamers need to be willing to criticize their dreams—to know when they've gone sour or been just plain wrong.

Clearly, too, a dream needs content. It would be a fatuous statement, indeed, to praise dreams of all sorts. After all, Genghis Khan had a dream. Adolf Hitler had a dream. No, I'm talking more particularly about dreams in a humanistic, progressive and—broadly speaking—Quaker tradition.

For though I am not a Quaker in any formal sense, I feel we need this tradition now more than ever. With the triumph of global capitalism, the rise to power of right-wing governments in many First World countries,



LUCRETIA MOTT'S PORTRAIT (FAR LEFT) NOW HANGS IN THE FRIENDS HISTORICAL LIBRARY. THE SCOTT AMPHITHEATER (LEFT) IS A CAMPUS RETREAT WHERE MANY HAVE HATCHED BIG DREAMS. DURING ALUMNI WEEKEND, COLLECTION SPEAKER ARLIE HOCHSCHILD CHATTED WITH JEREMY WEINSTEIN '97 AND RACHEL GIBSON (BELOW).



STEVEN GOLDBLATT '67

letters, “Your Humble and Obedient Servant” because people should only be humble and obedient servants of God. In short, the Quakers were oddballs, and it was perhaps this quality that helped them establish a tradition antithetical to the negative elements of capitalism.

As my roommate from 40 years ago and lifelong friend, Caroline Hodges Persell '62, observed, “The Quakers are antimarket. They were one of the inventors of the idea of ‘enough’—as in “We have enough stuff. We don’t need a sixth television or a second van,” especially as a model lifestyle to export to the Third World. The world’s ecosystem can’t survive it.

So we face a paradox. The Quaker tradition may have inadvertently led us into the mess of an overmarketized society. But more than most traditions, it can help get us out of it. Now, 40 years later, after the tests have been handed in, graded, and handed back, I think I’m finally beginning to see the main idea, the hidden curriculum—what Swarthmore has all along been trying to mean.

Lucretia Mott and Swarthmore, I thank you deeply for upholding the importance of dreams. It is what I love about you. ☞

Arlie Hochschild is professor of sociology at the University of California—Berkeley. This article is adapted from her talk at Alumni Collection during Alumni Weekend 2002.

with the likes of Rush Limbaugh dominating our airwaves, we need counterpoints. I know of no safer moral ground on which to stand than, broadly speaking, that of the Quaker tradition. And facing that moral ground, we discover a great paradox.

Although Quakerism was part of a religious tradition that led to the rise of capitalism, ironically it now offers solid moral ground on which to plant our feet in the attempt to counter the overreaching and negative aspects of it. In *The Protestant Ethic and the Rise of Capitalism*, Max Weber observed that Protestant religious sects—such as that of the Quakers—upheld the

values of thrift, hard work, work as a calling, an orientation to this-worldliness (as opposed to monasticism)—all of which fueled a motivation to work hard, which led to the rise of capitalism. If Weber is right, Quakers were part of this story of the rise of capitalism; many prominent Quakers in the United States and Europe were, indeed, captains of industry and commerce.

With their beliefs and unusual customs, they also stood apart from the society they’d created. They were pacifists. They said, “thee and thou.” They refused to use the days of the week because they were named after Roman or pagan gods. They refused to sign

BOB KRIST

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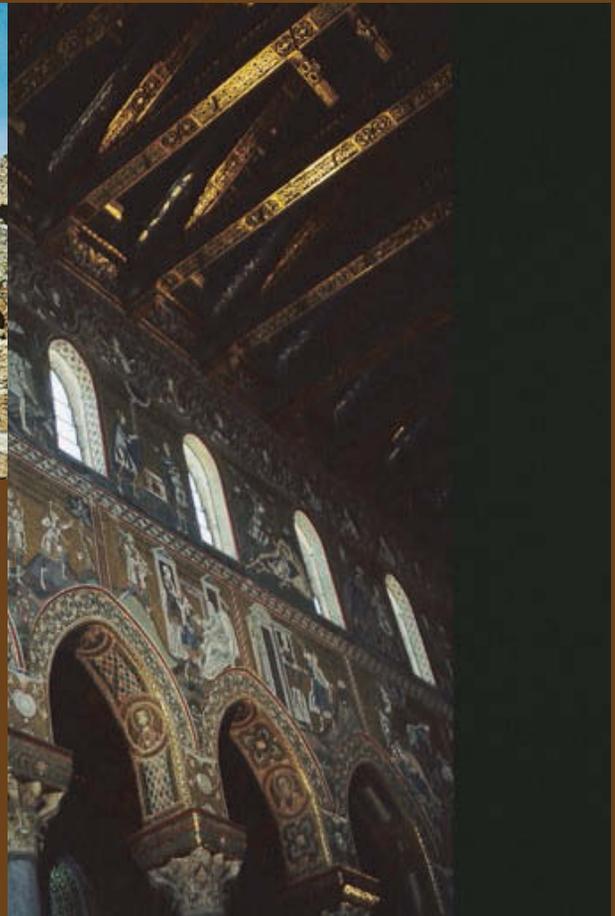
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