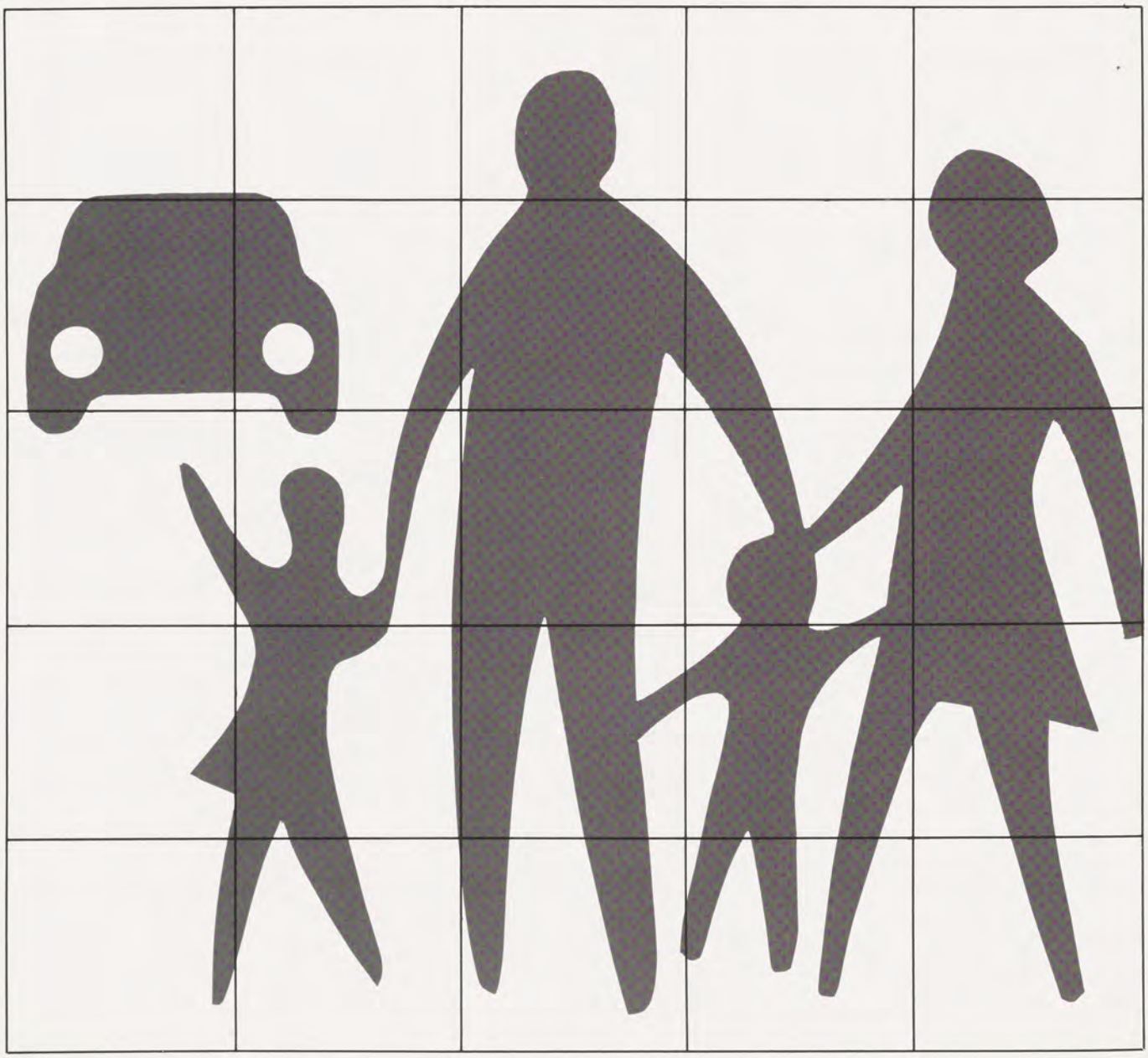
Swarthmore College Bulletin

March, 1984

Twining: A presidential avocation

In the unlikely event that you attended Swarthmore College for precisely 3.6 years, majored in English, classify yourself as a liberal, work as a lawyer or doctor, a teacher or professor, or are in middle management, earn exactly $26,023 a year, and are married and have 1.8 children—then you are the quintessential Swarthmorean.



Should your demographics not quite match those listed above, you may well consider yourself atypical (a feeling perhaps more typical of a Swarthmorean in any case), according to a recently completed statistical analysis of the 1982 Alumni Survey. In fact, the characteristic most typical of alumni, the College's computer found, is that Swarthmoreans tend to be unpredictable. The computer, programmed to sift the answers to a 53-question survey filled out by 7,625 alumni (about 56% of those contacted), often was stymied in its efforts to find statistically significant relationships among the myriad variables.

It does appear to be true, however, that alumni who majored in French and Spanish like to travel most (47.8% and 46% respectively), while travel is least popular among music majors (only 14.3%). The computer also found that alumni who went through the College's Program in Education are both the most civic-minded and religious of Swarthmoreans. An amazingly high 70% of those in Education who responded to the survey reported they are active in political organizations, while only 62.9% of political science majors reported ties with political groups. (It should be noted, though, that 44.4% of those political science majors responding to the survey indicated they are gardeners, making them the most likely of all alumni to have green thumbs.) At the same time, 60% of those who went through the Program in Education also are active in service clubs and 50% belong to religious groups.

A considerably more noteworthy correlation is the survey's documentation of an abrupt shift in career patterns among '70s graduates away from the professions and into business. As the table below indicates, only 4.9% of '70s alumni responding to the survey classified themselves as professionals, while fully 21% categorized themselves as middle managers.

	Middle Management	Professional
1940s	13.0%	11.4%
1950s	13.9%	16.1%
1960s	10.6%	22.8%
1970s	21.0%	4.9%

Figures for the three 1980s classes participating in the survey are not included in the table since few of those alumni have had an opportunity to establish themselves as yet in a business or profession. Indeed, 36.6% of '80s alumni responding indicated they were students when the survey was conducted. Figures for classes before the '40s were not listed since most of those alumni have reached retirement age.

While the responses of Swarthmoreans to most other such questions defy correlation by computer, answers to individual items on the survey clearly show that alumni generally hold the College in high regard. Over 52%, for instance, indicated that they contribute to the Alumni Fund *every year*, an exceptionally high rate borne out by the 56.2% participation rate reported by the Annual Giving Office for 1982-83. These figures appear to be up sharply since 1974, when only 38% of those responding to that survey indicated they were current contributors.

Another indication of alumni esteem for their Alma Mater came in response to the question: "Would you recommend Swarthmore to your own child or a friend if he/she were well qualified?" Over 82% responded positively—"yes" (30.4%) or "strongly yes" (51.9%)—while only 2.3% responded negatively—"no" (1.9%) or "strongly no" (0.4%).

The editors of the *Swarthmore College Bulletin* were extremely gratified to learn that nearly 91% of those responding read "some articles and class notes" (64%) or "all" of the *Bulletin* (26.8%), while only 0.2% said they read "none of it." When alumni were asked whether they would like to see any changes in coverage by the *Bulletin*, the majority (57.8%) said they wanted "no changes," while 16.1% gave top priority to covering more "news and concerns of the institution" and 12.9% asked for expanded coverage of class notes.

Overall, 76% of those responding to the alumni survey rated Swarthmore's effectiveness at keeping alumni informed of campus activities as "excellent" (28.4%) or "good" (47.6%). Only 12.8% rated College communications as "fair" (11.3%) or "poor" (1.5%), while 8.5% said they "can't judge."

When asked, "What is your strongest affiliation with Swarthmore?" 44.3% said "friends" were most important and 21% named their class. Ties with faculty members and administrators, as well as volunteer work for the College and local alumni group activities, also were singled out as

"I'm not sure whether I've drifted away from Swarthmore or it's drifted away from me, but the gap is widening and I'd prefer it were closing. If there's something I can do in service to the College, please let me know."—'63

"The Alumni Bulletin is a real white wash! It doesn't give any idea of problems at the school except those requiring additional alumni giving."—'79

"I think the alumni magazine is consistently interesting and well written. It always makes me glad to be associated with the College."—'70

"Swarthmore gave me a strong commitment to political activism and an understanding that individuals can make a difference—a rare thing in the '50s."—'56

"My membership and contacts with the Friends of the Scott Foundation keep me interested in the College."—'50

"Swarthmore exposed me to professors like 'Ducky' Holmes, Brand Blanshard, and Robert Spiller. Being in their seminars or classes helped deepen my thinking and their accessibility as human beings enriched the quality of my college life."—'30

"I shall always remember Swarthmore and its gentle people. My days there, though short, measurably affected my life and career."— '25

"I would like the College to examine the question: Beyond excellence, what? Life and service to humanity have very little to do with arrogant intellectuality."—'61

Swarthmore made a tremendous difference in my life—broadened my horizons and gave me an interest in social issues and community action."— '39

"I would not trade my four years at Swarthmore for anything. I have always felt that I was a better teacher and administrator for having a liberal arts education at a quality institution of smaller size."—'36

1982 geographic distribution of alumni

(Alaska, Hawaii, and foreign countries are included in Zone H.)

important factors in maintaining an affiliation with the College.

During the five years preceding the survey, most alumni indicated their contact with the College had been "occasional" (31.1%), "sporadic" (32.7%), or "nonexistent" (21.6%). The most common reason given for not being actively involved in alumni affairs was "live too far away" (28.7%), while only 1.4% indicated a "lack of interest in the College."

Swarthmore alumni appear to be solidly upper middle class in terms of both occupation and income, responses to the survey show. In describing their occupations, 12.2% identified themselves as professional, 11.7% as middle managers, 6.2% as college professors, and 1.4% as college administrators. At the same time, 2.1% listed themselves as president or chief executive officer of a corporation, another 2.1% said they were in top management, and 0.9% said they

MOST FREQUENT OCCUPATIONS BY PERCENT OF RESPONDENTS IN EACH CLASS DECADE

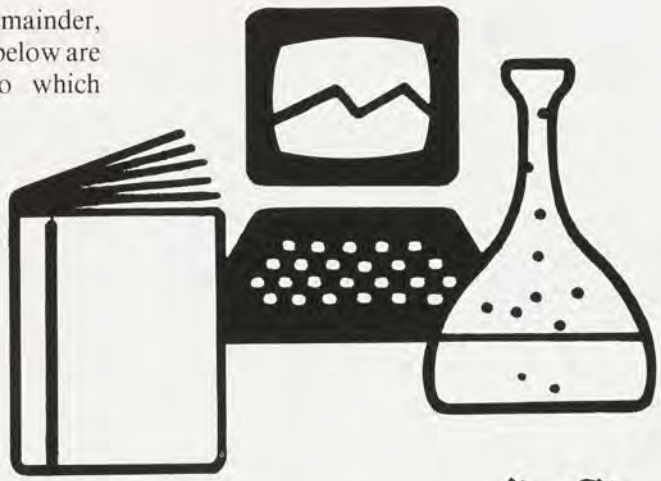
'10s		'20s		'30s		'40s	
Homemakers	28%	Homemakers	22%	Homemakers	19%	Education	17%
Education (all levels)	16	Education	12	Education	17	Homemakers	11
Retired	16	Engineers	7	Business Administration	9	Business Administration	9
		Business Administration	5	Engineers	5	Physicians	5
		Literary Arts	5	Literary Arts	4	Engineers	5

'50s		'60s		'70s		'80s	
Education	19%	Education	28%	Lawyers/Judges	14%	Students	37%
Business Administration	9	Lawyers/Judges	8	Students	13	Clerical	10
Scientists	6	Physicians	6	Education	10	Literary Arts	9
Homemakers	6	Business Administration	6	Physicians	9	Education	7
Physicians	5	Literary Arts	6	Business Administration	5	Business Administration	6

owned their own businesses. The remainder, 63.5%, fell into other categories. Listed below are the largest occupational groups into which Swarthmore alumni fall.

The Top Ten Vocational Groups

1. Teachers (all types)	17.9%
2. Homemakers	8.5%
3. Business managers	7.6%
4. Lawyers and judges	6.0%
5. Physicians	5.1%
6. Writers and publishers	4.8%
7. Engineers	4.5%
8. Physical/social scientists	3.8%
9. Students	3.7%
10. Social welfare	3.3%



Although homemakers still make up the second largest vocational group among alumni, it is interesting to note that the proportion of alumni identifying themselves as homemakers changes dramatically over the nine decades represented in the survey, ranging from a high of 66.7% for those who graduated during the first ten years of the century to none of those in the classes of the 1980s.

Percent of Homemakers in Each Class Decade

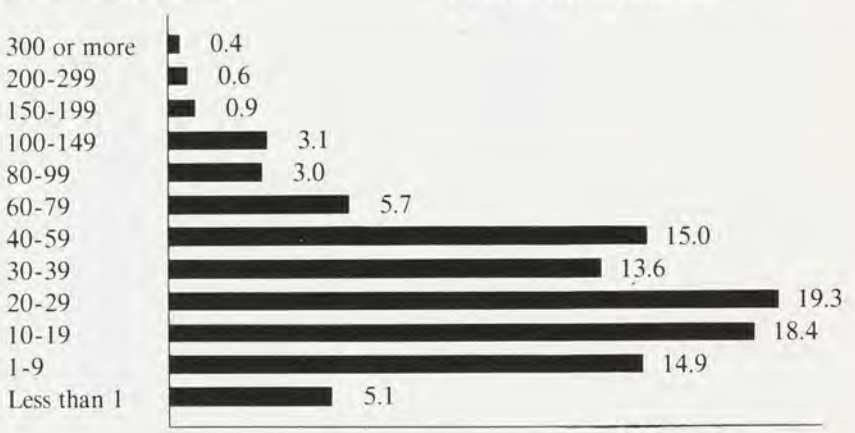
1900s	66.7%
1910s	28.0%
1920s	22.3%
1930s	18.8%
1940s	10.5%
1950s	5.7%
1960s	3.5%
1970s	2.3%
1980s	—

Our survey statistics show that in 1982 70.4% of all alumni were married, while 15.2% were single, 5.2% were widows or widowers, and 9.1% divorced or separated. (By comparison, in 1974 6.6% reported they were divorced or separated.) Nearly 28% of those taking part in the survey indicated they have no children. A comparison of the number of children per family with the numbers reported from the 1974 survey shows no clear trend towards larger or smaller families.

Number of Children	Percent with Children	
	1974	1982
One	15.1%	14.5%
Two	36.4%	38.0%
Three	29.2%	28.0%
Four or more	19.3%	19.5%

The personal incomes of most alumni seem to have more than kept pace with inflation since the last survey in 1974. The median personal income for alumni taking part in the 1974 survey was $13,596 and mean personal income was $17,885. By 1982, median personal income had risen 91.4% to $26,023, while mean personal income rose 91.1% to $34,173. Discounting the effects of sometimes double-digit inflation during the 1974–82 period, the rise in median incomes works out to an increase of 4.3% in constant dollars.

PERSONAL INCOME



"I'm not certain whether it's Swarthmore I've felt alienated from all these years, or the East, or the elitist, grasping manchild I was in those overachieving years."—'64

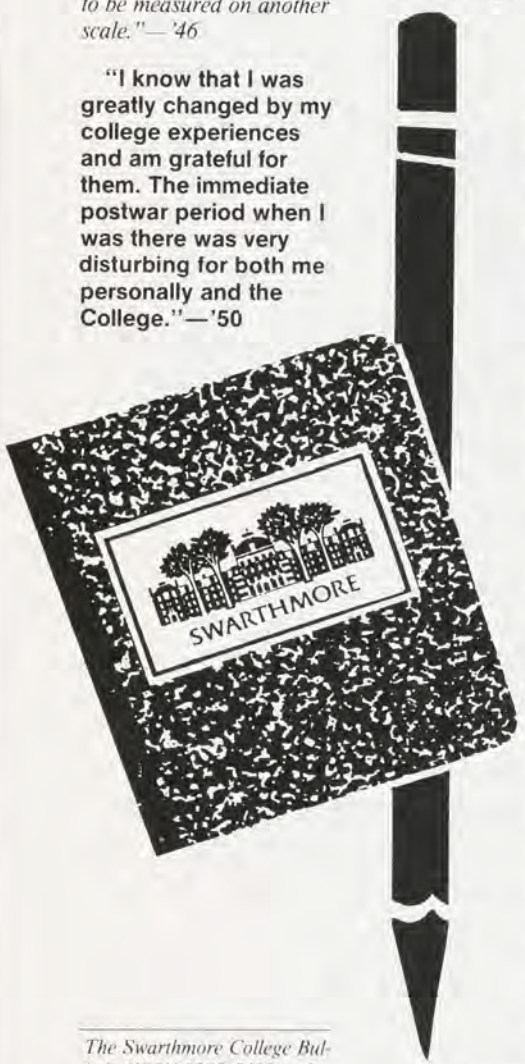
"Scholarships are the only way to attract an infusion of new genes and to minimize cloning."—'60

"I would like to see a Department of Speech available to students at Swarthmore. Surely Swarthmore, Haverford, and Bryn Mawr could jointly create such a department.... If learning to swim is still required for graduation—as it was in my day—is it not far more urgent today to keep afloat in the sea of words and be heard [on behalf of] democracy, human rights, and peace?"—'19

"My nephew and I marched at the head of the Alumni Day parade for the 70th and 75th Reunions of the Class of 1903.... I am 101 years old but still active."—'03

"The yardstick seems to be 'success'/'achievement.' For those of us who were wives and mothers for twenty years, how do we record that information? There must be other Swarthmoreans who wish to be measured on another scale."—'46

"I know that I was greatly changed by my college experiences and am grateful for them. The immediate postwar period when I was there was very disturbing for both me personally and the College."—'50



The most common major among all alumni remains English, although the percentage reporting it as their major dropped from 16.5% in 1974 to 15.8% in 1982. Only 10.2% of alumni from classes graduating in the '70s majored in English and just 8.5% of those graduating in the classes of '80, '81, and '82 combined majored in English. This suggests students today are pursuing somewhat less traditional college curricula than their parents' generation. Special majors, which are intended to integrate work across departmental boundaries, for instance, now comprise 0.5% of all majors, though they were nonexistent a decade ago.

Major	Percent Reporting	Median Income
English Literature	15.8%	$19,427
Economics	10.9%	35,957
Biology	10.9%	28,226
History	9.5%	24,554
Engineering	8.5%	46,486
Psychology	8.4%	21,296
Political Science	7.7%	31,935
Mathematics	4.7%	31,667
Chemistry	4.6%	32,381
French	3.0%	15,750
Art History	2.9%	12,083
Philosophy	2.7%	26,087
Physics	2.1%	35,000
International Relations	1.2%	28,889
Sociology-Anthropology	1.1%	16,250
Social Sciences	1.1%	28,571
German	0.5%	17,857
Special majors	0.5%	10,714
Latin	0.5%	13,750
Music	0.5%	13,000
Russian	0.4%	15,000
Spanish	0.4%	31,667
Literature	0.4%	21,667
Religion	0.4%	8,500
Greek	0.4%	14,167
Education	0.3%	16,667
Classics	0.2%	15,000
Ancient History	0.2%	15,000
English Lit./ Theatre	0.1%	15,000
Medieval Studies	0.1%	27,500
Linguistics	0.1%	25,000

The proportion of students in seminars "reading for Honors" during their junior and senior years, as opposed to continuing regular course work, continues to vary from year to year. Since the inception in 1922 of the program as a distinctive educational technique at Swarthmore, the number of students graduating in Honors has ranged from a high-water mark of about 38% during the 1930s to a low ebb of about 23% during the 1970s. During the first three years of the '80s the tide seems to have turned, with nearly 27% of the seniors graduating in Honors. Overall, nearly 30% of our respondents report graduating in Honors.

Apparently there is some correlation between political views and students' decisions whether to pursue Course or Honors at Swarthmore. Those alumni who graduated in Honors tend to be more liberal (56%) and radical (7%), whereas Course graduates tend to be conservative (16%) or moderate (35%). As a whole, 47% of alumni responding to the survey reported that their political views had changed either "a great deal" (10%), or "somewhat" (37%), during their years at Swarthmore. As the table below shows those changes run to both the right and left sides of the political spectrum, but always away from the apolitical.

Changes in Political Views

	While at Swarthmore	After Swarthmore
Conservative	14.9%	→ 13.9%
Moderate	24.3%	→ 31.5%
Apolitical	15.3%	→ 3.3%
Liberal	39.2%	→ 43.7%
Radical	4.1%	→ 4.7%
Other	2.1%	→ 2.6%

Nearly 29% of alumni respondents assigned top priority to "faculty and curriculum development" when asked to rank the importance of demands for limited resources at the College. Scholarships and faculty salaries are considered most important by nearly as many alumni (25.3% and 23.5%, respectively). Other priorities were suggested by 15.7% of the respondents.

While alumni appear evenly divided over what the College's top priority ought to be, nearly half (49.4%) indicated they favored making unrestricted gifts over those designated for a particular purpose. A scholarship fund was the only special purpose to which a large proportion of respondents (18.2%) indicated they would be interested in designating large gifts.

This article was written by Larry Elveru with the assistance of Ingrid Evans, research associate for the Development Office, and Jennifer Denman '80, associate director of Alumni Relations. Gudmund R. Iversen, professor of statistics, helped analyze the data, which were processed by Lawrence Ehmer '82, a programmer for the College Computing Center.

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Victor Navasky '54 lends a light touch to . . .

Saving The Nation

By Larry L. Elveru

If Victor S. Navasky '54 seems ideally suited to his job as editor of *The Nation*, one of America's most widely respected journals of opinion, perhaps it is because he doesn't take himself too seriously.

When asked, for instance, how he convinced Calvin Trillin, a frequent contributor to the *New Yorker*, to write a regular column for *The Nation*, Navasky explains: "Well, we usually pay in the high two figures, but Trillin actually gets in the lowest three figures. We pay him $100 for his column. This is a scoop. No one knows that. He's been perjuring himself all around the country saying we pay him in the high two figures (see accompanying story). Be careful, though, we don't want to get him into trouble with the IRS."

At one end of Navasky's unassuming office sits a massive bookcase filled with meaty political, sociological, legal, and historical works. Above the bookcase is a wall-length bulletin board covered with index cards arranged in columns under headings for various magazine sections, including features, editorials, and "Books and Arts." Each column is at least six rows deep, although there are holes here and there in the grid.

"We try to plan six weeks ahead and have a bunch of long-term assignments in the pipeline," Navasky explains, referring to the bulletin board. "But, in fact, of the cards we have on our board for the issue six weeks hence, not one may turn up in the issue because we juggle them depending on how the articles work out and what's happening in the news that week."

On another wall, nearer Navasky's desk, hang a few of the scores of awards and citations won by the venerable weekly since its founding by opponents of slavery in 1865. Navasky's own American Book Award (formerly the National Book Award) for *Naming Names*, his 1980 book on the ethics of informing during the McCarthy Era, is not on display, however.

"I got started in journalism at the Swarthmore *Phoenix*," Navasky recalls. "I was co-editor with a fellow named Bill Waterfield ['52], who now is a doctor. I was a sophomore at the time and as a result of one issue we did, a faculty committee suggested that a rule be passed preventing a sophomore from ever editing the *Phoenix* again. They felt an April Fool's issue we ran was in bad taste," explains Navasky, who obviously still relishes the memory of the incident.

"I can't remember all of the specifics, other than that we attacked the College administration's suspension of what they called the 'inter-visitation experiment.' That was a plan whereby men were allowed to visit women and women visit men in their dorm rooms on Sunday afternoons from two to five, provided the doors were open. After about six months of this experiment the practice became to have the door closed, but unlocked. As a result of some episodes the administration imposed the 'six-inch rule,' requiring you to have your door open at least six inches.

"So in the *Phoenix* we superimposed a picture of President Nason's face peering in an open dormitory door with the headline, 'Peek-a-Boo.' The combination of that and an article by Sean Thompson ['53] about flirtations in the library, called 'The Low-down on Footsie With Your Tootsie Wootsie,' is what got us in all the trouble," Navasky recalls.

The "No Sin at Old Swarthmore" issue, as the March 18, 1952, *Phoenix* came to be known, and the publicity surrounding it in the Philadelphia newspapers, provoked President Nason to condemn the *Phoenix* issue as disgraceful and in bad taste.

After graduating from Swarthmore with honors in political science two years later, Navasky continued his somewhat iconoclastic style of journalism in the U.S. Army as editor of the *53rd Inf*[antry] *News*. "We got into trouble with our Army newspaper by having the bad judgement to run an editorial advocating that the Army abandon its alphabet—Alpha, Bravo, Charlie, etc.—in favor of George Bernard Shaw's phoenetic alphabet.

"On an Army maneuver in Alaska called 'Operation Moose Horn,' I also edited a newspaper called the *Moose Horn Blower*. My main memory of that experience was that it gave us the opportunity on the last day of the maneuver to run the headline: 'Moose Horn Blows at Midnight.'"

After his hitch in the Army, Navasky enrolled in law school at Yale University, although he says he never actually intended to practice law. "I guess I went to law school


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EDITORIAL

STATE OF THE UNION III

LORD MURDOCH OF THE 'BEAST'
Christopher Hitchens

NEW SOVIET MEDIA MAN
Michael Massing

ANGEL RAMA & MARTA TRABA
Bell Gale Chevigny

BLUE-COLLAR LEISURE
Maurice Isserman

'THE ISLAND OF CRIMEA'
Timothy Sergay

AFTER THE TAKEOVER

FAREWELL, CIVIL RIGHTS COMMISSION

WILLIAM L. TAYLOR

because I had the G.I. Bill and I was interested in public affairs and journalism," Navasky explains. "If public interest law had existed then, maybe I would have been interested in doing something along those lines."

Instead, while he was in law school Navasky helped found *Monocle*, "'a leisurely quarterly of political satire' (that meant we came out twice a year)." The irreverent magazine—whose motto was "In the land of the blind the one-eyed is king"—enlisted the services of several of Navasky's Swarthmore contemporaries during its brief, but colorful, run.

"One of our consulting editors when *Monocle* was founded was Christopher Lehmann-Haupt ['57], now of the *New York Times*, who was then a student at the Yale drama school and a waiter at the law school. Frank Oski ['57], who was features editor at the *Phoenix* when I was editor, wrote a short-lived medical column for us called 'Moon over my AMA.' He still makes a living being medically sacrilegious," Navasky notes.

"Another little-known fact, except to students of magazine mastheads, is that our assistant circulation manager in the Boston area was one Michael Dukakis ['55], now governor of Massachusetts. For some reason he leaves that off his curriculum vitae, but I think it's one of his great credits. He was very effective. We sold tens of copies in Harvard Square as a result of his efficient service operation there."

After getting his law degree, Navasky moved with *Monocle* to New York City. There, Navasky says, "*Monocle* evolved from a 'leisurely quarterly' into what we called a 'radical sporadical,' which meant it came out like the U.N. police—whenever there was an emergency and whenever we could solve the financial crisis." The most recent issue of *Monocle*, which appeared in 1965, offered readers ten issues of the magazine for $7.50, or a lifetime subscription for $5.00. "We still have a large body of lifetime subcribers out there and a new issue may emerge any hour or decade now," Navasky insists. "We ran out of money, not out of a market."

To supplement their incomes while publishing *Monocle* Navasky and other staff members free-lanced magazine articles and "packaged" thirty or so books for more established publishers. "We had at *Monocle* gone into what we thought of as the non-business side of publishing. We would generate 'idea books,' rather than [commercial] 'book books,' and do them ourselves or, with the help of an agent, find a publisher and then find writer/researchers to do the

STEVEN G. GOLDBLATT '67

"We sometimes joke that 'Reagan is bad for the country, but good for *The Nation*,'" Navasky says. Since 1978, circulation has shot up nearly 150%.

work and enter into partnerships with them and be the guarantor that these people who really had never done a book before would do it. . . .

"We did about thirty books that way that really didn't have our names on them, ranging from a collection of essays called *Revolution at Berkeley*, with an introduction by Irving Howe, about what happened on the Berkeley campus in the mid-'60s . . ., to a book called *Barbed Wires*, which is a collection of famous funny telegrams. For instance, once when humorist Robert Benchley arrived in Venice, Italy, he wired back: 'STREETS FILLED WITH WATER. PLEASE ADVISE.' Or the telegram that came to a publicist at a studio in Hollywood from a journalist asking: 'HOW OLD CARY GRANT?' The publicist wired back: 'OLD CARY GRANT FINE. HOW ARE YOU?' And then we did a book under a pseudonym, called *Report from Iron Mountain*, a hoax that purported to be a U.S. government report stating that the country couldn't afford to switch from wartime to peacetime footing because of the damage it would do to the economy. The *New York Times* actually called the White House to try and verify the report. It was a lot of fun."

About the time *Monocle* ceased publication, Navasky began research on a more serious book. *Kennedy Justice*, which was nominated for a National Book Award in 1971, was the result. It is a thorough and thoughtful examination of Robert F. Kennedy's term as Attorney General of the United States during the turmoil of the early 1960s, documenting his running battle with FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, as well as his efforts to combat organized crime and enforce court-ordered school desegregation in the South.

For a few years in the early 1970s Navasky worked as an editor for the *New York Times Magazine*, a publication to which he had contributed often as a free-lance writer. Before long, though, Navasky was anxious to begin work on another book, one on the ethics of informing during the McCarthy era of the early 1950s—a period that he describes as "the Watergate equivalent of the time."

"I had always been interested in the McCarthy era. I graduated from Swarthmore in 1954, which was the year of the Army-McCarthy hearings, and instead of studying for my Honors exams I remember sitting and watching, riveted to the television set during the summary speeches of the hearings. Actually, there were a lot of other people in Commons where the television set was, but most of them were playing bridge," Navasky recalls, laughing.

Although there were several excellent books written about the McCarthy period, most of them were by or about victims of the political blacklisting that cost so many innocent people their livelihoods. Rather than writing about the victims, Navasky was determined to ask those who had informed on them: "Why did you do it and how do you feel about it now?" Navasky originally hoped to complete *Naming Names* within two years. It took six, with several detours along the way.

Viking Press had given Navasky an advance sufficient for about two years' work on the book. To help finance additional time needed for researching and writing, Navasky says, "I encouraged my wife Annie, who was at the time an itinerant stockbroker, to be less itinerant. She has a lot of free-lance writer and artist clients who are interested in investing in peace stocks. She's got a unique life on Wall Street." Along with his wife's help, Navasky gained financial support for his writing by winning a Guggenheim Fellowship and as a visiting scholar under the auspices of the Russell Sage Foundation. He also conducted seminars and was a writer-in-residence at several colleges and universities while finishing his book. During 1974, he took nine months off from writing to manage Ramsey Clark's campaign for the U.S. Senate in New York.

"He won the primary," Navasky notes, "even though he refused to accept more than a $100 campaign contribution from anyone, a kind of revolutionary thing to do at the time. But we lost the general election to the Republican incumbent, Jacob Javits,

the biggest vote-getter in the state."

When asked whether he had had any reservations about giving up the security and broader platform afforded by his job at the *New York Times*, Navasky responds with a rhetorical question: "Broader platform, or blander platform? I left after getting a stern lecture from my boss, who figured I was making a big mistake in leaving and suggested some job alternatives on that paper considered promotions because they paid more, even though they had less substance. He told me I should go home, talk to my wife, and ask myself where I wanted to be in ten years....

"So I went home and talked to my wife about where we wanted to be in ten years. I don't remember where we decided we wanted to be in ten years, but I'm very happy where I am now, and actually it is about ten years later.... I learned a great deal during my stay at the *New York Times*, but it is a bureaucracy and you spend a lot of time negotiating through the stories that you care about," Navasky explains. "Here I do a different kind of negotiating—keeping the sheriff from the door—but it's a most congenial environment."

Navasky ascribes *The Nation's* longevity, despite its perennially precarious financial situation, to the need that people feel for alternative perspectives. "The political establishment keeps behaving in a way that requires the magazine to survive. We sometimes joke that 'Reagan is bad for the country, but good for *The Nation*.'

"We don't feel any obligation to give equal time to the Democrats and Republicans. We're a forum in a different political

The Years with Navasky

by Calvin Trillin

When I was approached about writing a column for *The Nation*, I asked for only one guarantee: [That] ... I be allowed to make fun of the editor. When it comes to civil liberties, we all have our own priorities.

The editor, one Victor S. Navasky, responded to this question with what I believe the novelists call a nervous chuckle....

Why did I involve myself in such an unpromising enterprise? My first mistake, many years ago, was an involvement with *Monocle* and its editor, the same Victor S. Navasky. In those days, when we were all young and optimistic, I used to assure Navasky that the lack of a sense of humor was probably not an insurmountable handicap for the editor of a humor magazine.... What was most memorable about Victor S. Navasky at *Monocle*, though, was his system of payment to contributors—a system derived, according to my research, from a 1938 chart listing county-by-county mean weekly wages for Gray Ladies. My strongest memory of *Monocle* is receiving a bill from Navasky for a piece of mine that the magazine had published—along with a note explaining that the office expenses for processing the piece exceeded what he had intended to pay me for it.

In the late sixties, *Monocle* folded. I wasn't surprised. My assurances to Navasky about his not needing a sense of humor had been quite insincere.... Then, only about ten years later, Navasky fetched up as the new editor of *The Nation*. It was difficult for me to imagine that he would dare pay Gray Lady rates at a magazine of national reputation—even a money-losing magazine of national reputation. (Historians tell us that *The Nation* was founded many years ago to give a long succession of left-wing entrepreneurs the opportunity to lose money in a good cause.) *The Nation*, after all, had always railed against bosses who exploit workers....

I realize that this history with Navasky is one reason for some speculation by scholars in the field about the sort of negotiations that could have led to my agreeing to do a column for *The Nation*. ("If he got caught by Navasky twice, he must be soft in the head.") The entire tale can now be told. The negotiations took place over lunch at a bar in the Village. I picked up the check. I had asked Navasky beforehand if he minded my bringing along my wife, Alice. I figured that she would be a reminder that I was no longer the carefree young bachelor who barely complained about being stiffed regularly by the *Monocle* bookkeepers, but a responsible married man with two daughters and an automatic washer-dryer combination (stack model). Navasky, the cunning beast, said Alice would be most welcome. He knew her to be a sympathetic soul who somehow saw a connection in his saving money on writers and the possibility that he might buy a new suit.

Once we had our food, Navasky made his first wily move. He suggested two very specific ideas for regular columns I might be interested in writing for *The Nation*—both of them of such surpassing dumbness that I long ago forgot precisely what they were. One of them, it seems to me, was on the practical side—a weekly gardening column, maybe, or a column of auto repair hints.

"Those are the silliest ideas I ever heard," I said, with relief. "The only column I might like to do is so far from Wobbly horticulture, or whatever you have in mind, that I don't mind mentioning it because you obviously wouldn't be interested—a thousand words every three weeks for saying whatever's on my mind, particularly if what's on my mind is marginally ignoble." As long as I was safe from an agreement, I thought I might as well take advantage of one of those rare opportunities to say "ignoble" out loud.

"It's a deal," the crafty Navasky said, putting down the hamburger I was destined to pay for and holding out his hand to shake on the agreement. Caught again.

"I hate to bring up a subject that may cause you to break out in hives," I said, "but what were you thinking of paying me for each of these columns?" I reminded him of the responsibilities of fatherhood and the number of service calls necessary to keep a stack-model washer-dryer in working order.

"We were thinking of something in the high two figures," Navasky said.

I remained calm. The sort of money we were discussing, after all, was already a step up from the *Monocle* rates. The only check I ever received from *Monocle*—for presiding over a panel discussion in an early issue—was for three dollars. ("Well, it's steady," I said when Navasky later asked if I would run similar discussions as a monthly feature of *Monocle*. "A person would know that he's got his thirty-six dollars coming in every year, rain or shine, and he could build his freelance on that.") Still, I felt a responsibility to do some negotiating.

"What exactly do you mean by the high two figures?"

"Sixty-five dollars," Navasky said.

"Sixty-five dollars! That sounds more like the middle two figures to me. When I hear 'high two figures,' I start thinking eighty-five, maybe ninety."

"You shook on it," Navasky said. "Are you going to go back on your word right in front of your own wife?"

I looked at Alice. She shrugged. "Maybe Victor'll buy a new suit," she said.

I called for the check.

A few weeks after I began the column, Navasky asked me if William Henry Harrison's Secretary of State had ever said what I had quoted him as saying.

"At these rates, you can't always expect real quotes, Victor," I said, preferring to leave it at that.

arena. We have arguments among our contributors, but they are arguments among radicals, liberals, anarchists, environmentalists, pacifists, trade unionists, feminists, and black nationalists. Rather than an exchange between trade unionists and Republicans, we're more likely to feature an exchange between trade unionists and environmentalists. People who can't get a hearing for that kind of exchange look to a place like *The Nation*."

Although *The Nation's* position on economic issues has shifted from time to time, it has always been an outspoken advocate of progressive social policies, civil liberties, and minority and women's rights. *The Nation's* early and passionate opposition to the war in Vietnam, couched in understated and factual prose, made it must reading for an entirely new generation of political activists during the 1960s. That stand was consistent with what Navasky calls its "strong sympathy for nonviolent approaches to dealing with national problems through the years."

While Navasky admits to paying contributors to his magazine notoriously low rates, he seems to have little trouble convincing established journalists and well-known academics to write for him. He attributes this to several related factors, but especially to the influential, although relatively small, audience the magazine enjoys.

"We have a high readership among the media and the policy-making community, as well as among educators," Navasky notes. The *Wall Street Journal*, in fact, has characterized *The Nation* as "a publication whose influence far exceeds its circulation." In part, that is because most major public libraries and nearly all college and university libraries subscribe to *The Nation*. Since Navasky arrived in 1978, its circulation has shot up from around 20,000 to nearly 50,000 today.

But the unique influence wielded by what Navasky himself describes as "an old-fashioned, glued, butcher-paper magazine," has most to do with the quality and immediacy of the reporting and opinions on its pages. "Because we don't have a lot of slick, fancy production problems, we're a place where, if you have something to say this week in short form—we hold our editorial pages open until the same week we go to press—you can get the benefit of almost instant publication and yet have a longevity that's greater than that afforded by a daily newspaper op-ed page that may be used to wrap fish the next day. *The Nation* has a life beyond the newsstand and consequently gets read more carefully because it is bound and put on library shelves."

Unlike many journalists of his stature, Navasky appears immune to the twin afflictions of cynicism and self-importance that often seem endemic to his profession. "I tend to take the long view," Navasky explains. "For instance, right now a fellow named Christopher Cerf and I, in partnership with *The Nation*, are working on a collection of quotations from experts who have been wrong from the beginning of time until the present in virtually every field of human endeavor.

"It's very scholarly, a history of expertology. It's done in a very careful manner. In our introduction we explain that we don't claim the experts are always wrong. We're willing to concede that occasionally they're right. In fact, there are people who argue persuasively they are right as much as half the time. It's just that our research didn't turn up any experts who were right.

"Publication of that book is scheduled for this summer," Navasky adds. "But that's what the publishing house experts tell us. We've almost finished our part and we're only a couple of years late."

EDITORIAL

Must It Be Meese?

by Victor Navasky

Until he was nominated to succeed William French Smith as Attorney General, White House counselor Edwin Meese 3d seemed to enjoy playing the role of a fat James Watt. He described the American Civil Liberties Union as a "criminals' lobby." He announced that he had never seen "any authoritative figures that there are hungry children" in America and that a lot of people go to soup kitchens "because the food is free and that's easier than paying for it." He is such a darling of the right that beside him, James A. Baker 3d is a liberal.

But there are two important differences between James Watt running the Interior Department and Ed Meese running the Justice Department. First, Meese is smarter than Watt. Robert Gnaizda, who was deputy director of the California Rural Legal Assistance program when Meese attempted to dismantle it under Governor Reagan, says, "Watt only had a fastball. Meese has a spitball, a knuckler, a curve ball. You don't see the damage he's done until it's too late."

The damage he can do is the second difference. The Interior Department is a critical Federal agency, but its head has limited power. As the President's lawyer and the nation's chief prosecutor, the Attorney General wields awesome power, formally and informally. In addition to the patronage that goes with the office, he or his subordinates decide whether, when and whom to indict, prosecute, deport, enjoin, settle with or litigate against in cases affecting millions of Americans and involving hundreds of billions of dollars. In addition, the department's legal opinions influence the actions of every government department.

Examples of the harm a weak, corrupt or lawless Attorney General can inflict are legion: John Mitchell and Watergate, A. Mitchell Palmer and his infamous raids, Harry M. Daugherty and the Teapot Dome scandal. The less visible William French Smith underscores the point. His Justice Department sought to roll back a generation of civil rights progress, made serious inroads into the First Amendment, helped draw the secrecy veil over the operation of government and supported the expansion of the President's war powers. Smith comported himself more as Ronald Reagan's mouthpiece than as his legal counselor. Meese will be even worse. To believe otherwise is to believe in Tinker Bell.

Congress was last faced with a threat to the integrity of our judicial system when Richard Nixon nominated the racist Harrold Carswell to the Supreme court. With a healthy assist from civil rights and civil liberties groups, the Senate derailed that potentially disastrous appointment. Confirmation hearings on the nomination of Meese will be scheduled in a few weeks. Now that he is out of the kitchen, let's put him in the soup.

An unsigned editorial from the Feb. 4, 1984, issue of The Nation

T W I

A collector and a practitioner, President Fraser introduces many Swarthmoreans to this ancient and worldwide craft.

By Maralyn Orbison Gillespie '49.

PHOTOS BY BOB WOOD

After a day of College business in New York City, Vice-president Jon Prime boarded the 4 p.m. Metroliner to wait for his colleague, President David Fraser, who also had had a full schedule of appointments. Prime was stowing his briefcase in the overhead rack when Fraser made a startling appearance, easing his way through the crowded aisle.

His six-foot, two-inch frame was partially hidden by a four-foot-tall shield which he was carrying upright by its handle in front of him, trying to squeeze through the crowded aisle. He was carrying also a large paper bag and a briefcase.

"You can see some weirdos in Penn Station," said Prime later, recalling the incident, "but David himself made quite a sight."

In response to the unasked question after the shield was stowed away overhead, Fraser said: "My last meeting finished early, and I browsed through a gallery that specializes in African art. I found these two twined pieces, the Kuba shield from Zaire and this Wodaabe hat [pulling it from the bag to exhibit it] from either Upper Volta or Niger. The proprietor offered to wrap the shield but it seemed easier to carry this way . . . although it did make it awkward to hail a cab. Barbara is accustomed to my coming home with twined hats and bags, but I don't know how she'll feel about the shield."

Maybe it is only logical that an M.D. epidemiologist who chooses to become a college president should also choose such an unusual hobby. Although Fraser had a long-standing interest in fabrics of all kinds, he first encountered twining in 1980, when he was working in Cairo on a rheumatic fever project. The house guest of an Egyptian colleague, he gave his host Irene Emery's standard book on fabric structure. Both host and guest enjoyed the book.

"I put on my right knee a Bedouin saddle bag I had bought in the bazaar and Emery's book on my left knee," Fraser recalls, "and I tried to figure out how the bag was made. I decided it was countered weft twining. I had never heard the term before. Some of the textile pieces I had purchase earlier turned out to be twining too, but with my unsophisticated eye I could figure out only how the cruder saddle bag was made."

Four years later Fraser has not only refined his detective skills in analyzing the construction of fabrics, he has also taught himself how to work in what has been called the "mother craft of all fiber arts." The ancient technique of twining predates the loom and is found the world over. In Scandinavia one of its forms is called card weaving; in England, tablet weaving; in New Zealand, taaniko.

Twining can be used to make a wide variety of items—baskets, bags of all kinds, rugs, pillows, shawls, belts, wall hangings, sculptures. Fraser first twined a magnifying glass holder to hang on a belt, using string and knitting wool found lying around the house. "I hung the string on a coat hanger, and with the book of instructions on one knee began to twine. The children laughed at me, and they have continued to laugh as they see me paying more and more attention to what they think is absurd."

His second project, a pencil holder for his

Left: The slightly sinister looking object which David Fraser is twining, with two pounds of wool and two pounds of dyed clothesline, is a basket . . . if it doesn't collapse under its own weight.

Opposite page, diagrams showing novice twiners how to turn at the left and right edges flank examples of twined objects; above, objects include winnowing trays and a salt bag from Ethiopia; below a Fraser basket.

N I N G

wife Barbara, he describes as "a bomb," but his third, a pillow, which he spent his whole seaside vacation—inside the cottage—producing, pleased him.

His children may find their father's twining amusing, but a group of knowledgeable twining collectors and practitioners of the art, whom he met in Seattle last October and to whom he showed three examples of his work, judged it "spectacular." As Virginia Harvey, a member of the Seattle Weavers Guild and an author of two monographs on twining, said (beyond Fraser's earshot): "I have not seen any contemporary twining any more beautiful, both technically and aesthetically, than these pieces."

For the uninitiated, Fraser gives this definition of twining. In regular cloth one has warps, vertically oriented and laid out first on the loom. In normal weaving one goes back and forth across the warps with a single thread or weft, lapping the warps in some pattern. Twining has two wefts working simultaneously, interacting with each other and with the warps. One weft lies behind a given warp and one in front. As the wefts pass from one warp to the next, they twist 180 degrees, the one behind coming out in front and the one in front going behind. Its name comes from the twin threads, although some twiners, notably the Maoris in New Zealand, use three and four wefts.

Fraser says twining appeals to him because "... it is a terribly inefficient technique that cannot be mechanized. Only people who have more time on their hands than technology do it. If one takes the time to do it, one must put a great deal of effort into it. It appeals to me because it celebrates a traditional way of life."

Another part of the appeal of twining for Fraser apparently lies in its experimental nature. His present project, for example, pictured on the cover of the magazine, will be a basket, if it doesn't collapse under its own weight of two pounds of wool and two pounds of dyed clothesline. "I have no idea whether it is going to work out; I'm experimenting with the technique as well as the materials."

Left: Fraser, the collector, purchased this Bedouin wedding headdress in Cairo; Above: Fraser, the craftsman, designed and twined these three baskets.

He is carrying two sets of warps, radii for the basket, one of which will make two rings to encircle the basket. "I don't know of any basket that uses two sets of warps and that has this kind of appendage. There may be a way to do it with one set of warps but this is the only way I could devise. I still haven't figured out how I am going to tie off the clothesline. I'll have to learn something about braiding." Fraser tries to find a half hour before dinner to twine a couple of rows, setting up in front of the television so he can talk to the children at the same time. He can make a basket in a week, or one may take a couple of months.

While perfecting his skills, Fraser continues to collect twined articles, building on a collection of textiles that began in 1972 with a piece of country cloth from Sierra Leone, which now hangs in his office. Before he developed his interest in the structure of textiles, Fraser was fascinated by them as an art form. When he was a child, his family purchased some Navajo rugs when they were living in Arizona. Barbara Gaines Fraser, an accomplished needlepointer, comes from a family with a long and sustained interest in handwork. Her mother taught it, and her father did bargello cushions for window seats in the president's house.

Fraser's most recent acquisitions are two American Indian baskets. He found one last summer in Santa Fe. "I came home, thought about it, talked about it with a collector-dealer in Portland, and finally ordered it by mail. The other one I bought by mail bid from Sotheby's in New York City after I had seen it earlier."

In sleuthing the particulars of the two baskets, the intriguing part of collecting twining, Fraser is learning that "reputable sources can not always be relied upon." One basket was made by the Pomo Indians on the West Coast, known for the quality of their twining. The classic book on Pomo basketry states that the combination of technique and design in Fraser's basket doesn't exist.

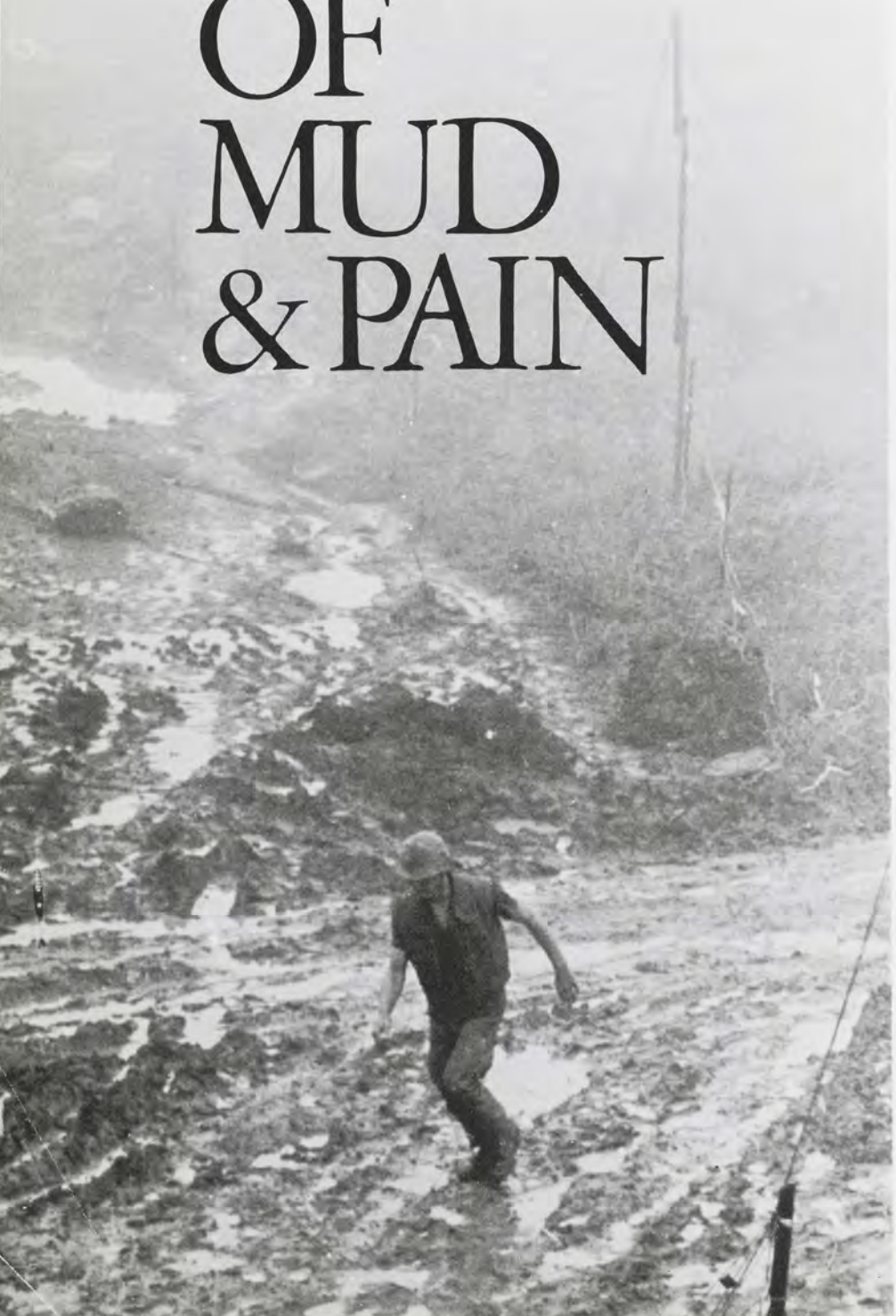
"I need now to go see some collections of Pomo baskets—there is a good collection of baskets at the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. It will be fun to see what branch of the Pomos made the basket."

The second basket, according to Sotheby, is Yoruk or Karok, but Fraser says he doubts this identification and plans to have more fun tracking down the right one—a procedure not unlike that followed by an epidemiologist unraveling the mystery of Legionnaires' Disease.

Enjoying the beauty of objects and trying to figure out how they were made are part of the fascination of twining. Below, Fraser, with twiner and author Virginia Harvey, puts a dissecting scope to a hat to "untwine" it and, bottom, points out some of the subtleties of a late nineteenth-century Chilkat Indian blanket on display at the Seattle Art Museum. Drawings reprinted from Weft Twining *by Virginia I. Harvey and Harriet Tidball, Shuttle Craft Guild, Monograph Twenty-eight, 1969.*

PHOTOS BY JOE FREEMAN

POETRY OUT OF MUD & PAIN



U.S. MARINE CORPS

At a podium on a makeshift stage in a New Hope, Pa., bar, Vietnam veteran William D. Ehrhart '73 stands challenging his country to live up to its ideals. In reading "Responsibility," a poem of relentless logic and self-disparaging honesty, he also betrays the toll taken by sixteen years of anger and frustration.

Ehrhart's hands are thrust deep in his pockets. His nasal, tenor voice makes his thin frame seem vulnerable, almost frail. He speaks with a carefully measured cadence in an earnest, driving monotone, as if to contain an unpredictable emotion. In the poem Ehrhart contrasts waking up with his wife on a carefree summer morning in America with a deadly search-and-destroy mission by government troops in "another country to the south [where] the soldiers are always armed with U.S. weapons." Suddenly his voice cracks and his face twitches helplessly for several moments before he can ask:

What if you and I were wrenched from sleep
by soldiers, and they dragged me out
and shot me? Just like that;
the life we share,
all the years ahead we savor
like the rich taste of good imported coffee,
vanished
in a single bloody hole between the eyes.

He regains his composure to complete the poem's final paragraph, a grimly ironic mockery of false security.

Idle thoughts. Things like that don't happen
in America. The sun climbs;
the coffee's gone; time to leave for work.
Friday, payday, security:
money in my pocket for the weekend;
money for the government;
money for the soldiers of El Salvador,
two hundred bullets to the box.

William D. Ehrhart has been writing poetry since he was 15 when he penned a rebellious ditty about running away from home. Four volumes of his poetry have been published and two more collections will be printed this spring—*The Outer Banks and Other Poems* and *To Those Who Have Gone Home Tired: New and Selected Poems*. His poems also appear in many poetry periodicals and anthologies, two of which Ehrhart co-edited.

Ehrhart's poems can be divided roughly into two groups—those that analyze Vietnam and other military misadventures and those that explore the rich texture of America's landscape and Ehrhart's own personal experiences. Poems about sailing

the Chesapeake Bay, visiting his wife's mother's grave in Massachusetts, and climbing barns in Ohio differ sharply in tone and temper from the Vietnam poems, of course, but they all share the same eye for detail, the same fascination with inter-relationships and the same idealistic conviction that that which should be, can be.

America stubbornly refuses to reward more than a handful of its poets and writers during their lifetimes, so it is perhaps not surprising that Ehrhart has had to work at an unrelated assortment of jobs in order to support his poetry habit. Warehouseman, forklift operator, schoolteacher, engine room wiper on an oil tanker, evidence officer for the Pennsylvania Department of Justice, newspaper reporter—he has done them all between earning an undergraduate degree in English at Swarthmore and a master's degree in English from the University of Illinois, Chicago Circle. He has never stayed more than twenty-one months at one job. Either out of principle, or to spend more time writing, he has left every one.

"I've quit or been fired from every job I've ever had," Ehrhart said almost mournfully in a recent interview. "I don't know what flaw or defect in my character I was born with. But my résumé is like a mine field. It's really a disaster.

Vietnam veteran Bill Ehrhart '73 insists: "That which should be, can be."

"There's always tension between the desire to create and the need to make a living. I think that happens to anyone who has something they care about and yet has to make money. I'm trying to allow myself to overcome societal pressures. The whole rational world says I have to have a job, but everything inside me is screaming to write."

Although his earnings from writing and editing amount to virtually nothing, Ehrhart's efforts were finally rewarded last fall with a flurry of acclaim and publicity. In a single weekend, he was chosen over 100 other candidates to be the seventh poet laureate of Bucks County, Pa., (Ehrhart lives in Doylestown, the county seat) and his first major work of prose, *Vietnam-Perkasie: A Combat Marine Memoir*, was printed by McFarland & Co., Inc., a Jefferson, N.C., publisher.

In October, the Public Broadcasting Service began televising its thirteen-part documentary on the Vietnam War; Ehrhart was interviewed for fifteen minutes on one program and is quoted several times in the best-selling book by Stanley Karnow that accompanied the series. Then came a spate of interviews and readings. Ehrhart appeared twice on WHYY-FM's "Fresh Air" program in Philadelphia and was a guest for half an hour on Philadelpia Channel 12's "This Week" program. Radio station KOA in Denver interviewed him long-distance, and Ehrhart drove to New York City twice in ten days to read poetry at the Colonnades Theatre. He is scheduled to return to New York this spring and to go to Washington, D.C., and a dozen other cities later this year to take part in more symposiums and readings.

When he was seventeen years old, in the spring of 1966, Ehrhart wrote the following defense of America's involvement in Vietnam in an editorial for his journalism class at Pennridge High School in Perkasie, Bucks County: "As long as the Vietcong or any other subversive influences exist, there can never be a free country of South Vietnam. This, then, is the cause for which so many Americans have lost their lives. To those of you who feel that these boys are dying for no good reason, we say this: What more noble a cause can a man die for, than to die in defense of freedom?"

In April 1966, two months before he graduated from high school, Ehrhart enlisted in the U.S. Marines, in hopes of serving one day in Vietnam. He was inspired by John Wayne movies and by pictures of GIs raising the flag at Iwo Jima. But his parents—his father is a minister in the United Church of Christ and his mother teaches mentally disabled children in the public schools—were not thrilled with Ehrhart's decision and agreed to sign release papers only after he argued, "You didn't raise me to let somebody else's kids fight America's wars, did you?"

Vietnam-Perkasie, Ehrhart's autobiographical account of how his innocence was shattered during a thirteen-month tour of duty in Vietnam, crackles with graphic descriptions of high-decibel confusion. Ehr-

By Kurt Pfitzer

A ROUTINE PATROL

It was a routine patrol, like most patrols, the tension so low-key you were hardly aware of it, but it got me out of the bunker for awhile and away from the tedium of the battalion compound. The heat rose out of the earth with the same dull intensity that made each motionless day a mirror image of the ones on either side of it. It was easily 120 degrees.

"Cake walk, Sergeant Wilson?" I said. "Bake me a cake that won't melt in this stuff. You'd have to make it out of concrete."

"Wait till the monsoons hit, Ehrhart. You'll wish you'd never heard of rain. You'll be delirious for a slice of sunshine."

We were about three miles north of battalion, moving slowly through the rice fields between two small hamlets on the back side of the loop formed by the circular patrol route. We'd been out nearly three hours. Aside from a few water buffalo standing around asleep on their feet, we hadn't seen much of anything. Everyone but us obviously had sense enough not to be out in heat like this.

And then I saw the figure in black pajamas running along a paddy dike about 300 meters ahead and to the left. "Got one!" I hollered. "Ten o'clock. He's mine."

The muttered warning to halt—regulations: "Dung lai!" Drop to one knee. Safety off. Sight in. Squeeze. *Crack!* The figure in black went flying like a piece of paper in a gust of wind.

"Get some!" Morgan shouted.

"Nice shot," said Newcome.

When we reached the body, it was sprawled in one of those impossibly awkward postures only people who die violently while in motion are capable of assuming. I nudged the corpse face-up with my boot. It was a woman of indeterminate age, perhaps fifty-five to sixty.

"Stupid gook," said Wally. "What'd she run for?" Vietnamese from the nearby hamlets were beginning to gather in clusters nearby, afraid to approach the old woman while we were still there, some of them keening softly as Wally radioed in to battalion:

"Annunciate, Annunciate; Annunciate Two Sierra."

"Annunciate; go ahead Two."

"We got one Victor Charlie Kilo India Alpha; Bravo Tango two-niner-two three-six-zero; negative weapons."

"That's a roger, Two. Do you require assistance?"

"Negative assist, Annunciate. Everything's cool here. We're proceeding in. Over." One of the guys dropped a playing card by the body, an ace of spades, and then we moved on through the silent steel heat. It took us another hour to reach battalion.

hart spares no one, least of all himself. Unflinchingly, he tells how mounting frustration goaded him to shoot two South Vietnamese soldiers looting an American supply depot, and how he and several other bored GIs used a sawhorse to demolish a small Buddhist temple they found while patrolling the forest.

Ehrhart depicts the American military as a Goliath that could turn forests into "matchsticks" with saturation bombing raids that lit up the night sky, but could seldom distinguish enemy from friend and frequently turned its destructive might on innocent people. But the book's most unexpected characteristic is its apolitical perspective. It reads as though it were told by a nineteen-year-old as he experienced events, not by a thirty-five-year-old veteran with sixteen years of hindsight. Ehrhart says he was able to adopt this viewpoint with editorial help from Bill Quesenbery, former Dean of Admissions at Swarthmore, after struggling through two revisions of the book over a two-year period (see excerpt at left).

Ehrhart saves *Vietnam-Perkasie* from becoming intolerably bleak by describing his painful maturation off the battlefield—how his high school sweetheart broke off their engagement long-distance; how he read in a newspaper article of the murder of a Danish woman with whom he'd fallen in love while on "R & R" in Hong Kong; and how he grew increasingly anxious about returning home and having to tell his parents what he'd done in Vietnam. He also spices the book with humorous accounts of endless "care packages" from home (predictably stuffed with chocolate-chip cookies), and with fondly drawn portraits of his buddies, nearly half of whom were killed or injured.

Ehrhart says he began writing poetry seriously when he was at Swarthmore, as a means of dealing with the anger he felt over his actions in Vietnam—anger at his government for hiding the truth about the war and anger at himself for continuing to fight after he had concluded the war was wrong.

"All those things in *Vietnam-Perkasie*—I did all that. That was me. And I'm a nice guy. How could I have been a part of that evil?"

Ehrhart is standing in the living room of his condominium, pointing almost accusingly at a copy of the book. Moments before, he was relaxing on the couch, but sprang to his feet when the conversation turned to *Vietnam-Perkasie*.

"After Vietnam, I spent years putting my life back together," he explains. "For ten years, I lived in a rage. What I did in Vietnam was totally immoral. I understood in my young mind that it was wrong, but I

chose to turn a blind eye to what I was seeing. I live with that constantly and always have and always will. I can't just forget about it, doodle along, pay the mortgage and watch the kids grow up. I *can't* forget about it. I don't know why. I just can't. I am responsible for what happened."

Ehrhart credits the early development of his poetry to his status as the only Vietnam veteran among a politically liberal to radical student body at Swarthmore in the early 1970s. At Swarthmore he captained the swim team, was active in water ballet and joined Delta Upsilon fraternity, but despite his efforts to enter the mainstream of student society, he says, many of his peers regarded him as an oddity because he had fought in the war.

"The majority of people at Swarthmore never got past . . . my being a Vietnam vet," he says. "Even though most Swarthmore students opposed the war, they had been acculturated enough to believe that somehow war, combat, was the ultimate experience, certainly for a man. Once you did it, you were different, you had been to the mountain.

"That had a tremendous impact on me. I ended up being far more politically committed than most of my peers. But I was basically really hurting inside and never able to share it with anyone. So I channeled that energy into writing. I used poetry as an outlet, as a way of saying things I could not say to people around me."

In his poem "Making the Children Behave," Ehrhart seems to be trying to exorcise feelings that won't go away.

Do they think of me now
in those strange Asian villages
where nothing ever seemed
quite human
but myself
and my few green friends
moving through them
hunched in lines?

When they tell stories to their children
of the evil
that awaits misbehavior,
is it me they conjure?

In contrast to the Vietnam War poems and their preoccupation with death and evil, Ehrhart's non-military poems celebrate life and marvel at the detailed fabric of relationships between people and dreams, events and places. But underneath the sense of wonder and the reverence, one can feel a familiar tenacity in these "civilian" poems. The same conviction that drives Ehrhart to derive some lesson from Vietnam also makes him cling to every experience, to find meaning from it and to offer it whole and as unadulterated as possible for objective scrutiny. Ehrhart's poetry spans a panorama as rich and varied as his résumé, from love poems to his wife, Anne Gulick Ehrhart, to outings in New Jersey's Pine Barrens with his students, to the eight-year-old girl who taught him how to clean fish in Montana.

Ehrhart made these observations on "*Turning Thirty*:"

And just like that these
thirty years have come and gone;
and I do not understand at all
why I see a man
inside the mirror when a small
boy still lives inside this body
wondering
what causes laughter, why
nations go to war, who paints the startling
colors of the rainbow on a gray vaulted sky,
and when I will be old enough
to know.

BOB FISHER

William D. Ehrhart '73

Ehrhart, a marathon runner who nevertheless fuels his writing with coffee and constant cigarettes, does most of his work in a small upstairs study filled neatly with history books, books about Vietnam, and poetry magazines and anthologies. He has had to battle occasional dry spells that last up to eight months and whose origins he cannot explain.

"I can't figure out the creative process at all," he says. "I don't know what happens when the poems are coming easily or what has happened when they're not. I used to generate a lot of ideas in the period of time between wakefulness and sleep. But having to work at real jobs the last three years, I'm tired by the end of the day. I also know I have to get up the next day, and that if I work an idea, there'll be hell to pay. The practical side of me has intruded upon me to an uncomfortable degree."

Ehrhart describes his poetry as "accessible," but he says that happens by accident, not design. "One of the things that make my poetry different from a lot of poetry is that it's really accessible on first hearing. For better or worse it's not very complicated stuff. You can listen to it once and understand it right away without having read it before. That just happens. I don't choose to write that way."

Ehrhart says he has spent more money publishing his poems and driving to poetry readings than he has earned in sales and from the $25 to $250 he is paid to read in public. And he feels he has not yet achieved his goal, which is to write poems that will still be read a hundred years from now.

"I'm fairly certain I have not written a poem that people will still be reading a century from now," he says. "So I've still got a long way to go. I think I can do it. If I didn't think I could, I wouldn't be wasting my time trying.

"But I don't know."

The interior of Ehrhart's tastefully furnished condominium radiates stability. Steps lead up to the home's thickly carpeted living room. A framed copy of his poem "Gifts," Ehrhart's wedding present to his wife, hangs from one wall. The plaque proclaiming Ehrhart poet laureate of Bucks County is displayed prominently on another. The toaster oven and dishwasher seem to suggest that the home's owners are at peace with themselves and committed to an orthodox lifestyle in the American mainstream.

But Bill Ehrhart cannot relax, any more than his condominium can shut out the rest of the world.

He recently has taken a six-month leave without pay from his job—editor/writer for Rodale Press—to write a book about readjusting to life in the United States after Vietnam.

He fears that too many people of his generation have traded the commitment and energy that inspired the civil-rights and anti-war movements for complacency, secure jobs, and "a stake in the system." There may be little he can do about America's growing military role in Central America, he acknowledges, but Ehrhart says he feels compelled to try to influence people by reading his poems and by speaking out politically on radio and TV.

"People might say, 'You've got it fat, pal. Why not enjoy it?' But just the fact that I can't be complacent, can't sit back and enjoy the condo, the job, and the car indicates to me that something is wrong in the world and I ought not to ignore it.

"Ultimately, I still believe the ideals I was taught as a kid. But I've come to learn that my country does not stand for those ideals. I passionately want my country to live up to the ideals it's supposed to embody."

PHOTOS BY JEAN GWALTNEY

Senate legislative assistants Alex Jurkat '82 and Franz Paasche '83 are shown (at right) in a discussion with Career Planning and Placement Director Judith Katz (center), flanked by Julia Stannard '85, Stacey Franks '86, Jeanne Mullgrav '83, Michael Radiloff '84, and Christopher Burry '84.

Swarthmore's Washington

Except for the fluorescent lights, Room 1129 in the Longworth House Office Building on Capitol Hill is elegant. The draperies and carpeting are matched, a royal burgundy color, and the walls are wainscoted with rich walnut. Fourteen Swarthmore students gathered at a conference table in this setting create an incongruous sight to say the least.

"I guess I'd have to say it's a combination of what you know and whom you know," Pat Dilley '73 forthrightly explains when asked how to get a job on Capitol Hill. Dilley, a staff Social Security law specialist for members of the House Ways and Means Committee, adds that "it helps to have a special body of knowledge . . . and the name of your college will prove helpful. It won't do everything for you, but it does help."

Dilley and two other alumni who work on Capitol Hill clearly have the complete attention of the fourteen students who are seated around the lengthy table in the House Ways and Means Committee conference room. These students, along with eighteen others, have taken a day off from their studies in November to meet alumni during a working day in Washington, D.C. It was a unique opportunity for students to experience "life after Swarthmore" first hand by seeing the settings and meeting some of those employed in career areas of interest to them.

Congress is "one of the least structured, least regularized institutions you'll find anywhere," says Fred Feinstein '69, a staff attorney for the House Education and Labor Committee. "There are no set rules. Each member of Congress has a different staff setup and everything is done with a sort of political currency around here." Besides the political considerations that sometimes figure in staff appointments, Feinstein warns those interested that "each year we get about a dozen offers from graduate students in local programs who are willing to come and work for a year free."

William Kirk '74, staff director for the oversight subcommittee of the Ways and Means Committee, agrees that "graduate degrees can help" in landing a job, but adds that "experience seems to carry the day on the Hill." Kirk, who has a law degree from Georgetown University, notes that he worked on a congressman's office staff for five years, beginning as a press aide, before moving into his present position.

"Our hours here are very cyclical. If you came here in August, Pat and Fred and I might have very little to do. It's a very laid back atmosphere then because the members are gone," Kirk explains. "But right now it's very hectic because we are legislating. Over the

Above left: Walter A. Scheiber '46, Susan Willis Ruff '60 and Judith Katz. Below left: Arthur Hauptman '72 with Swarthmore students.

Connection

Above right: Robert Ryland '82, who helped plan and handle logistics. Below right: Kevin Hearle '82 and Frederick Zimmerman '82.

last two weeks I've averaged getting home about 10 p.m. The amount of work that others might do on a nine-to-five basis over six months we sometimes have to do in a month or six weeks. Last year when we were working around the clock with the Senate to pass a tax bill, for instance, I came into work one Thursday and didn't get back home until Saturday."

"So you'll find that Swarthmore is good preparation for this kind of work," Dilley interjects, laughing. "In general," she adds, "the Hill is a good place for women to work. My experience has been very positive, I've been able to blend in with the boys. There is one thing about my boss though—he does not swear in front of me. He really can't bring himself to do that. But he listens to what I say and that's the important thing."

Later that afternoon, twelve Swarthmore students crowded into a cubicle in Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan's (D-N.Y.) office, to hear Franz Paasche '83 and Alex Jurkat '82 explain how they converted their internships into permanent staff positions after graduation. Both are legislative assistants to Sen. Moynihan. Paasche has specialized in foreign policy issues, while Jurkat concentrates on tax policy.

"The political science degree I earned at Swarthmore prepared me well for my job in the Senate," says Paasche, who served a full-time internship in Moynihan's office during the summer of 1981. "Your liberal arts training will serve you well as an intern—you'll need stamina too."

"Sometimes you can work your way into a full-time, permanent staff position," Jurkat points out. "But the competition can be pretty stiff if you're going up against somebody with a master's or Ph.D."

"You need experience, along with your degree, to get a good job on Capitol Hill," Paasche adds.

While this group of Swarthmore students was busy meeting interns and professional staffers on Capitol Hill, other students had an opportunity to meet alumni who work for a variety of government agencies including the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, the Congressional Budget Office, and the Congressional Research Service. At the same time, several students went to the Smithsonian Institution, where they met with Ralph Rinzler '56, assistant secretary for public service, and Gretchen Ellsworth '61, director of fellowships and grants. Students also kept appointments with Stephen Hitchner '67, a vice president of the citizens lobbying group Common Cause, and with Gloria Helfand '78, an economist specializing in public land policy for the Wilderness Society.

These "on-sight seminars" were organized by Swarthmore's Career Planning and Placement Director, Judith Katz, with the help of alumni involved in the College's new Washington "Connections" program. Robert Ryland '82, an energy consultant who credits a Swarthmore alumnus with helping him find his own job in Washington, was especially helpful in planning the day's activities. Katz says such efforts are needed to "help students make sound career decisions [by establishing] a network of career resource people." Similar on-sight career seminars may be organized in other major Connections cities, such as New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

That evening a wine and cheese party gave students another chance to talk with Washington-area alumni in a more informal setting. The reception was hosted by Walter Scheiber '46, executive director of the Washington Council of Governments, in the Council's downtown boardroom.

—Larry Elveru

Good summer jobs can be hard to find. Can you help?

If you or your organization knows of summer jobs for which Swarthmore students can apply, please complete and return the form below. And if you're looking for employment or a change in jobs, the Office of Career Planning and Placement will be delighted to send you their monthly Newsletter. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request.

Summer Jobs '84

☐ Yes, I can provide contacts and information about summer job opportunities.

☐ Yes, I will send notices of summer job openings to the Office of Career Planning and Placement.

☐ Please sign me up for the Career Planning and Placement Newsletter.

Name _____ Class _____

Home Address _____

Occupation (title) _____

Responsibilities _____

_____

Business Address _____

_____ Telephone _____

Mail to: Office of Career Planning and Placement, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

You are also wanted as an Extern Sponsor or as a resource person to help students learn about your career field.

Extern Program

☐ I would like to be an Extern Sponsor.

☐ I would like to serve as a resource person.

Career opportunity I can provide/advise about _____

_____

Name _____ Class _____

Home Address _____

Occupation (title) _____

Responsibilities _____

_____

Business Address _____

_____ Telephone _____

Mail to: Office of Career Planning and Placement, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

Five new Managers elected to the Board

Five new members have been elected to the Swarthmore Board of Managers: Dean Winslow Freed '43, J. Parker Hall '55, Stephen B. Hitchner, Jr. '67, Elise Faulkner Jones '54, and Carolien (Chica) Powers Maynard '48. Two of the new managers, Hitchner and Maynard, were nominated by the Alumni Association and are known as Alumni Managers. Charles C. Price '34 was named an emeritus member at the Board's December meeting.

In other action, Elizabeth J. McCormack and Janet Hart Sylvester '37 were reelected members and Katherine Conner '68, who had served on the Board from 1971 to 1982, also was reelected.

Dean Winslow Freed '43 is president, director, and chief executive officer of EG&G, Inc., a high-technology Fortune 500 company based in Wellesley, Massachusetts.

He joined the company in 1970 after serving as vice president of the Bunker-Ramo Corporation of Cleveland. At EG&G he became president in 1978 and was named chief executive officer last year.

He is a vice chairman and former president of the World Affairs Council of Boston and chairs the board of directors of Emerson Hospital in Concord. He serves also as a board member for Eastern Gas and Fuel Association and Data Technology, Inc.

Freed received his master's degree in industrial engineering from Purdue University and did further graduate study at Columbia University.

J. Parker Hall '55

J. Parker Hall '55 is president of Lincoln Capital Company in Chicago, a post he has held since 1971.

An MBA graduate of Harvard University, he is a former president of the Investment Analysts Society of Chicago, a chartered financial analyst, and a member of the Financial Analysts Federation. He also is a director of the LaSalle Street Fund, a real estate investment trust, and has served as an advisor to the Pension Benefit Guaranty Corporation.

Active in civic affairs, Hall is a trustee of the Ravinia Festival and involved in investment management for Ravinia, the YMCA of Metropolitan Chicago, Winnetka Community House, and New Trier Township High School.

At Swarthmore, he has been a member of the Alumni Council and is a Class Agent.

Stephen B. Hitchner, Jr. '67 is vice president for issue development with Common Cause, a non-partisan public interest action group based in Washington, D.C. Before joining Common Cause in 1982, he was director of the U.S. Department of Justice Office of Policy and Management Analysis. He has also served on the faculty of the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University, where he directed case studies research in public sector management.

Hitchner has served as consultant for the City of New York, the University of Maryland, and Harvard University. He was executive director of the Education for Public Service Clearinghouse Project and developed the teaching of case studies in educational programs for students entering government service.

A Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the College, Hitchner went on to study at Oxford University as a Rhodes Scholar. He received master's degrees in public policy from the Kennedy School of Government and in business administration from the Harvard Business School.

A demographer specializing in studies of fertility and contraceptive use, Elise Faulkner Jones '54 is presently a senior research associate at the Alan Guttmacher Institute in New York. She worked previously at Princeton University and has served as consultant for the United Nations and to the World Fertility Survey on assignments in Europe, Africa, and the Middle East.

She is founder and former president of the Planned Parenthood Association of Bucks County (Pa.) and has served as a member of the Committee on Family Planning and Population Education of the American Friends Service Committee.

Jones is a member also of the Princeton Research Forum, the International Union for the Scientific Study of Population, and the Population Association of America. She serves as editorial consultant for several journals, including *Demography* and *Social Biology*, and reviews proposals for the National Science Foundation.

Jones earned her master's and doctor's degrees in demography at the University of Pennsylvania.

Carolien Powers Maynard '48 was until recently editor for U.S. publications with the American Field Service. She was also involved with AFS from 1973 to 1980 as field consultant for more than 300 chapters in the northwest United States.

Active in numerous civic organizations, Maynard is a member of the board of directors of Graham-Windham Family Services, the oldest child care agency in the nation. She is a past president of the AFS Club of New York and currently serves as a ruling elder of Huguenot Memorial Church, Pelham, N.Y. She is also director of Balla Machree Farms and of the Caribbean Conservative Corporation and has been involved with Planned Parenthood of Westchester.

Maynard is currently vice president of the Swarthmore Club of New York.

Development Planning Groups begin deliberations

How can we maintain a talented pool of 1,250–1,300 students who reflect a diversity of interests and of geographic, economic, and racial backgrounds? What admissions and financial aid policies will best support these goals?

Do our facilities, curriculum, and planned building projects adequately support the mission of Swarthmore as a residential college?

Are students with special needs—minorities, women, foreign students, handicapped students, and others—provided with institutional structures which ensure equal access to educational and social opportunities?

Such questions and many others are being

Elise Faulkner Jones '54

Stephen B. Hitchner, Jr. '67

Dean Winslow Freed '43

Carolien Powers Maynard '48

explored in an exhaustive study of the needs of the College which began in January with the first meetings of four Development Planning Groups (DPGs).

Academic programs, physical plant, student life, and finances of the College are undergoing a comprehensive review by the four DPGs, which include a total of ninety faculty members, students, administrators, members of the Board of Managers, and alumni.

Recommendations on specific needs over the next ten years are expected in April—needs to be met either by raising additional funds or reshaping existing programs. Each of the DPGs, working from a set of guidelines concerning the desired character of Swarthmore, will produce a report to clarify needs, evaluate alternatives, and suggest the ordering of College priorities.

Directing the efforts of the DPGs are steering committee members: Richard Willis '33, emeritus member of the Board, chair; President David Fraser; Chairman of the Board of Managers Eugene Lang '38; Neil Austrian '61 and Ira Wender '45, Board members; and Kendall Landis '48, vice president for development, as well as the chairmen and vice chairmen of the individual DPGs.

In anticipating the College's needs over the next decade, President David Fraser prepared the following statement, which he characterized as "a set of rebuttable presumptions," to help guide the Development Planning Groups.

Swarthmore in the Next Decade

Swarthmore College seeks to help its students realize their fullest intellectual and personal potential and develop a deep sense of ethical and social concern. We intend that they acquire the academic skills and intellectual independence that will allow them both in college and after to forage successfully at the margins of knowledge and, when necessary, to lean firmly against the wind of public opinion. Drawing on the Quaker heritage of the College, we seek to instill in them a deep and lasting belief in the innate worth of all men and women, a belief that contributes a confidence in oneself and tolerance of differences in others. We believe our graduates will thus be prepared to become wise and imaginative leaders of their generation.

We seek students who are extraordinary in their intellectual, artistic, social, and other talents, for these are the students able not only to accomplish the most with the education we offer but also to contribute the most to the process of mutual learning and teaching on campus. Recognizing the contribution that diversity of people makes to the educational process, we strive to include in our talented student body persons of varied backgrounds in regard to wealth, ethnic origin, gender, belief, and location.

We need faculty members who delight in intense work with undergraduates, who are skilled in pedagogy and who continue original scholarly work, for these are the teachers who can transmit by example and instruction the creative thinking that we want our students to acquire.

We need a curriculum that draws students deeply enough into a field to test their intellectual limits and to instruct them in the methods of creating knowledge and that, at the same time, encourages them to venture out from the narrow boundaries of a single discipline to learn how disciplines interrelate, for in that interdisciplinary space much remains to be discovered.

We recognize that much of the important learning in college is in the art of living. We seek to provide the opportunity for our students to develop their interest outside the academic curriculum in such areas as the arts, athletics, politics, social action, and spiritual life. We hope that our students, exposed to a variety of views and having tested them during their college years, will adopt a set of moral values and ethical principles that will guide them well throughout their lives as they contribute to a better world.

A composite of characteristics

The College that we envision for the next decade is a composite of characteristics that derive from the educational goals outlined above and from the history of the College, but will necessarily be affected by external forces over which we have little control. We shall continue as a fine coeducational residential college with instruction in the liberal arts and engineering. The number of undergraduates will remain below 1,300 with at most an occasional master's degree candidate. We shall strive to maintain an enrollment above 1,250, while retaining our historically high standards of admissions, but recognize that the rapidly dropping number of 18–21 year olds in this country will make this difficult over the next decade. Increased success in recruiting from populations that are under-represented in our present student body, such as those with family incomes less than the national average, those from the South and West, and Black and Hispanic students, not only is helpful to achieve diversity but, because of shifting population patterns, also may aid in reaching this numerical goal. To appeal successfully to a broader range of students, however, it is likely that scholarship aid will have to be increased far faster than tuition charges—especially if Federal support continues to slacken—and that our recruiting efforts will have to be expanded.

Preserve intellectual acuity

Several steps will have to be taken in order to maintain a vital faculty and curriculum at a time of stationary student body size and few scheduled faculty retirements. To preserve the intellectual acuity of individual faculty members, the College's generous leave policy should be continued, recognizing that receding support from external sources may make it necessary for the College to underwrite a larger number of faculty leaves. Ways should be found to permit those faculty members to retire early who find that their energies are shifting away from college teaching. Support for released time must be found to allow teachers to master new fields or develop new courses. But even with these measures, a modest increase in faculty size is likely to be needed to create a curriculum that will continue to attract the high quality of students that we seek.

The specific shape of the curriculum for the next decade will be determined largely by the curriculum review being undertaken by the Council on Educational Policy. On first examination, a few elements seem certain however. The value of upper level seminars as a capstone to the liberal arts education seems well shown through the history of the External Examination Program; the strength of such seminars should be maintained or, where possible, increased. Students do well to be exposed broadly to the modes of thinking and areas of concern of the humanities, the social sciences, and the natural sciences and engineering; any revision of the curriculum should ensure that all students have those exposures. Students have much to gain from the experience of living and studying in a non-English speaking culture; sufficient flexibility should be permitted in curricular and financial aid programs so that all interested and qualified students may have that opportunity prior to graduating from the College.

This vision of the College in the next decade is offered to guide those who will participate in the constructive reevaluation of the institution and its needs. Recognizing that this reevaluation may lead us in directions that we had not anticipated, however, this description may be amended in light of convincing suggestions for change.

David W. Fraser
President

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER/ KENDALL WILKINSON

Kristina Williams, College research technician (left), and Professor Kenneth Prestwich hold bee-covered honeycombs at Swarthmore's apiary.

Beekeeping course draws swarms of students

When Swarthmore College biology professor Kenneth Prestwich decided to offer a spare-time, noncredit course in beekeeping, he didn't expect to tap what seems to be a 1980s trend. Students and college staff members lined up to get into the course even before it was listed in any College publication.

"I don't know how many people I can take in the course, but somehow the word got around. I don't see how I can take everyone who wants to learn beekeeping," Prestwich said ... as he examined a filled honeycomb manufactured by Swarthmore's two active bee hives. [The course, which began in the fall, continues this spring.]

One Swarthmore College student taking the course, biology major Jon Margolis ['84], said he believed beekeeping will become a popular new element in the "self-sufficiency, organic gardening kind of thing" that he discerns as a trend in recent years.

Whatever the reason, Prestwich said, people in the Swarthmore College community have taken to the idea. "Somehow the word got out and all these people showed up, and a lot of them want to start their own hives," Prestwich said.

"The fact is that a well-managed hive can produce a lot of honey, up to 200 pounds or more a year, depending on the hive's location, and people enjoy eating it, or giving it to friends, or even selling it to cover the costs of beekeeping.

"When I was a graduate student in zoology at the University of Florida a few years ago, I had twenty-two hives that paid for themselves and gave me some financial help in getting through graduate school by producing honey. Sometimes I even rented the bees to watermelon farmers, because plant pollination by bees increases the agricultural yield significantly," Prestwich said.

He simply loves bees. "Sometimes they're a bit moody, but most of the time they're nice and gentle. The secret to not getting stung is not to act nervous around them. Now, for some people, that's kind of hard, I suppose.

"There's a lot of satisfaction in managing a hive of about 40,000 bees and making it manufacture honey the way you want.... I guess maybe it's a bit like gardening and producing perfect tomatoes...."

A key consideration in beekeeping is to place the hive near a source of food, flowers, and nectar, so "one of the funny things about it is that you kind of start thinking like a bee," Prestwich said. "You begin thinking about which flowers are available where for feeding purposes, how the weather is affecting the feeding of your bees, and I guess the thought begins to occur to you, 'Now, if I were a bee....' "

Prestwich said that beehives can be successfully kept in the middle of the city as long as plants and flowers are within about a mile and a half—the radius in which bees feed.

A beehive, essentially a stack of wooden boxes in which bees make their home, could be established for less than $100, Prestwich said. Several hives will be established as part of the course.

There are several ways to obtain the bees.

Some beekeepers wait for bees to "swarm," or to establish a colony on a tree branch or other support while some of the bees seek out a new home. The beekeeper can then gently assist the swarm into the hive and hope the bees stay there, Prestwich said.

Another option is to order the bees by mail, by the pound. Several pounds, enough for a hive, are available for about $30 or so. "They're shipped through the mail or through United Parcel Service. They're marked with a big 'Live Bees' sign, and you can look in through a screen and see the bees," he said.

"It's remarkable how quickly the mailman can find you when you've got a delivery of live bees."

Reprinted by permission of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, Nov. 3, 1983. By Dick Pothier.

Swarthmore music and dance festival to bloom in June

Jazz pianist Marian McPartland and Metropolitan Opera soprano Judith Blegen will headline the third Swarthmore Music and Dance Festival on campus June 10 through 23.

Other guest artists taking part in the two weeks of concentrated performances and classes are the Emerson Quartet, violinist Peter Zazofsky, and the Dan Wagoner and Company dance ensemble, back for a return engagement following its well-received appearance at last year's festival. The Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia will join in orchestral concerts conducted by James Freeman, professor and chairman of the Department of Music.

Festival directors Freeman and Paula Sepinuck, associate in performance (dance), have put together an extensive schedule of music and dance classes and workshops running throughout the two-week period to complement the varied public performance program.

The performance schedule for the festival is as follows:

- Sunday, June 10: Marian McPartland and The Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia (James Freeman conducting) in a program of Haydn, Wilder, and Gershwin.
- Friday, June 15: The Emerson Quartet performing Mozart, Shostakovich, and Beethoven.
- Saturday, June 16: Dan Wagoner and Company.
- Sunday, June 17: Judith Blegen and The Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia (James Freeman conducting) performing Mozart and Leef.
- Friday, June 22: Peter Zazofsky and the Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia (James Freeman conducting) in a program of J. C. Bach, Wagner, Levinson, and J. S. Bach.
- Saturday, June 23: An informal concert of chamber music performed by participants in the festival master classes and chamber music coaching programs. This concert is free and open to the public with no advance reservations or admission tickets required.

Concerts will begin at 8 p.m. with the exception of the June 23 informal program, which is scheduled for 3 p.m. All music programs will be presented in Lang Concert Hall. The special dance program on June 16 will be in Clothier.

Festival brochures, which include special subscription and tickets rates, are available from the Music Department office by calling 215/447-7233.

James W. England

Mathematician named to head College academics

James W. England, former professor and chairman of Swarthmore's Department of Mathematics, has been named provost of the College, effective July 1.

In making the announcement of the appointment, President David Fraser said England was "the unanimous choice of the search committee" and "the right person to carry on the fine tradition of Harrison Wright and his predecessors."

Currently dean of the faculty and vice president of academic affairs at Occidental College in Los Angeles, England first came to Swarthmore in 1969 as associate professor of mathematics. He was promoted to full professor in 1973 and served as department chairman from 1976 to 1981.

A member of the Development Committee of the Board of Managers, he also was a member of the College's Promotion and Tenure Committee, the Science Improvement Committee, and the Black Studies Committee, among others.

England is a referee and reviewer for several mathematics journals and has served as a consultant for I.B.M. He is a member of the American Mathematical Society, the Mathematical Association of America, and Sigma Xi.

He received his A.B. degree from Kansas State Teachers College and his M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of Missouri at Columbia.

As has been the case with past provosts, the appointment is for five years.

Sun Company donates grant for science and engineering

Swarthmore has received $50,000 from the Sun Co. of Radnor, Pa. in support of the College's program to upgrade its teaching facilities in the natural sciences and engineering.

"The grant is the first major gift, rather than equipment, that Sun Co. has given to the College," according to President David Fraser. "It represents a commitment on Sun's part to support excellence in science teaching at the undergraduate level."

The Sun Co. grant will be used to enrich the College's science programs by increasing funds for student research, faculty development, equipment, and the expansion of space for additional laboratories, offices, and science classrooms.

Former Librarian dies

Martha Angeline Connor, Swarthmore Librarian Emerita, died in November following a long illness. A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, she did her postgraduate work at the University of Pennsylvania and Drexel University.

Miss Connor worked at the libraries of the Franklin Institute and at Temple University before coming to the Swarthmore Library in 1945. As head of technical services, she supervised the steady growth of the College library. She was also responsible for the development of plans for a new building and organized the routines and supervised the move of books and equipment into McCabe Library. She served as acting librarian between the tenures of Charles Shaw and James Govan and was Librarian from 1973 until her retirement a year later.

The Reunion

(continued from back cover)

vastly more knowledgeable. Though Hugh looked like a young Marlon Brando, there was never any question in his or anyone else's mind that he would become a writer. Charlie wore his wavy, red hair in a tousled arrangement, as if he had more important matters to think about than his appearance. He would later become a psychologist, but in those days he aspired to the life style and talents of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

In the ensuing months, the three of us talked incessantly—about God, about great and not-so-great literature, about our relatively brief past lives, about the nature of man—and we talked an awful lot about girls. That talk at all hours has, I think, something to do with the intensity of friendships formed in early years. Such friendships demand an investment of time that one can rarely afford later, as well as a willingness to be vulnerable, to reveal oneself and to be receptive to new ideas.

Hugh and I, both New Yorkers, sprang from relatively similar, stable Jewish backgrounds. Charlie was the only child of a Boston Irish Catholic family: his mother, a fragile woman who worked as a nurse and communicated rarely with her son; his father, already in the mental hospital that he was never to leave. Over the coming years, Hugh and I were to become variations on the themes of our cultural pasts. Charlie's accomplishment was more awesome: He had to invent himself almost completely. He was the first of us to marry and have a child. In 1955, still in his F. Scott Fitzgerald phase, Charlie wed a Southern debutante. I was best man. Hundreds of elaborately dressed people filled the bride's side of the aisle; on the groom's side, there was Charlie's mother, one aunt and uncle, my family and Hugh.

Five years later, Charlie, now recovering from the end of his first marriage, came to New York to do research in psychology. Eventually, he married again, an elegant, reserved woman who seemed uncomfortable with our boisterous behavior. As we each began to raise our own families, Charlie's new wife gradually drew him away from our orbit. We were all too busy to notice what was happening, until one day Charlie and his family simply disappeared from New York. They left no forwarding address. We didn't know where to look for him. Besides, I suppose, Hugh and I were hurt. Charlie, after all, had chosen his new family over our old "family." We went on with our lives. Charlie was now part of our vanished youth.

Fifteen years passed. Hugh became a successful novelist; I became a publisher. Then later in the fall, at a cocktail party, I ran into a woman who knew us all from the old days. "Have you heard about Charlie?" she asked. "He's divorced again and living in Annapolis."

Immediately, I knew what I wanted to do. I put my drink down, went into an adjoining room and called Hugh. We agreed that we were going to visit Charlie whether or not he wanted to see us. I managed to get his Annapolis telephone number and nervously called. "Hugh and I are coming to see you," I stammered. "When?" the familiar voice answered, as if we had spoken only the day before.

Early one Friday morning last December, Hugh and I took off for Annapolis. The small plane flew not far above the ground, and we fell into silence watching the landscape below. Would our meeting with Charlie be simply a reliving of past associations, or would there be more? Could we get beyond nostalgia for our lost youth and move into a future friendship as well?

We arrived at the Baltimore-Washington airport, and, as we passed through the landing gate, there was Charlie looking for us. "Oh," I thought, drawing in my breath and my gut, "we are middle-aged for certain." Considerably heavier now, hair thinning, gray mixed with red, Charlie flashed us a familiar grin. We burst into excited shouts like small boys winning a Little League championship. We seized each other joyfully, jumping up and down, whooping, laughing, hugging and kissing. Arm in arm, we felt invincible, a reunited troika. We raced to the car, hopped in and drove off. Charlie was so excited telling us of his life over the past 15 years that we completely missed the highway turnoff and had to drive 30 miles out of the way before we came to Annapolis. His parents had both died, he explained. He had gambled everything on his second marriage, hoping it would give him the roots he sought, but, while he had two more children, it had not worked out. He was alone again.

We pulled up in front of the hotel where we were to stay. Hugh and I checked in and chose beds as college roommates do, flipping a coin for first choice. Charlie smiled. "Hey, I bought us something." Three identical gift boxes contained three identical knitted ties, maroon with jaunty blue stripes. We laughed and put them on, three aging musketeers in the highest spirits despite the gray and drizzling day.

We linked arms to roam the streets of Annapolis. At a restaurant, we began drinking large quantities of wine from pewter tankards. I realized that Hugh and Charlie were sitting side by side as they had been the day I first met them, rattling on about the work of a writer, while I sat quietly, the disciple listening to my elders. We drank more wine, and then reeled from shop to shop, trying on hats, looking at paintings, browsing through antique galleries and book stores. We flirted with a barmaid who invited us home to bathe in her large zinc tub. (Hugh and I were flattered; to Charlie the invitation was commonplace.) We drank beer and ate dozens of oysters; and, surrounded by the young people from the local college and from the Naval Academy, we briefly found our own youth again, found our young voices and our young minds.

That night, Hugh and I lay awake in our hotel beds as we had so often in our college dormitory. We speculated about the nature of our relationships and particularly wondered how we had all influenced each other so many years ago. As we drifted toward sleep, we agreed that the principal quality we had absorbed from Charlie was a sense of wit, that ironic edge that adds zest and spice to thought and language.

The next day, we had breakfast with Charlie, admired the view from his small apartment and took turns trying out his water bed. I told him of our conversation the night before, and he laughed.

Hugh looked and said quietly, "Charlie, if we learned wit from you, was there anything you learned from us?"

Charlie looked at both of us. "I thought you knew," he said. "Love."

—By Paul Gottlieb '56

In this issue:

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Cover: Some of the attractions of epidemiology to David Fraser may also attract him to his hobby of twining. Designer Bob Wood photographed Fraser with a work in progress—a basket of wool and dyed clothesline. To learn more about President Fraser's hobby, please turn to page 10.

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Swarthmore College Bulletin

The Reunion

By Paul Gottlieb '56

My two best friends from college days are Hugh and Charlie. Hugh and I have remained close for the intervening quarter of a century, but Charlie is another matter altogether. Fifteen years ago, he disappeared completely from our lives. Last December, Hugh and I rediscovered the power of early friendships.

We three first met some 30 years ago, in my first week at Swarthmore. I had just turned 17, a nervous Brooklyn Tech graduate entering a small Quaker college at the start of everybody else's second semester. In the cavernous commons room of the main building, I spotted two boys who struck me as representing everything college was supposed to be. Hugh was discoursing on the metaphysical poetry of John Donne. Charlie was blowing smoke rings. I could do neither. They were older than I by two years and seemed

(continued on inside back cover)

Swarthmore Reunion

It's time to meet *your* best friends on the Swarthmore campus, June 1 and 2, during Alumni Weekend. Reserve the weekend to see your friends now—they'll be glad you did! The College and your class are planning a full schedule of events for you. Complete information and a reservation form will be mailed in April.