# SWARTHMORE

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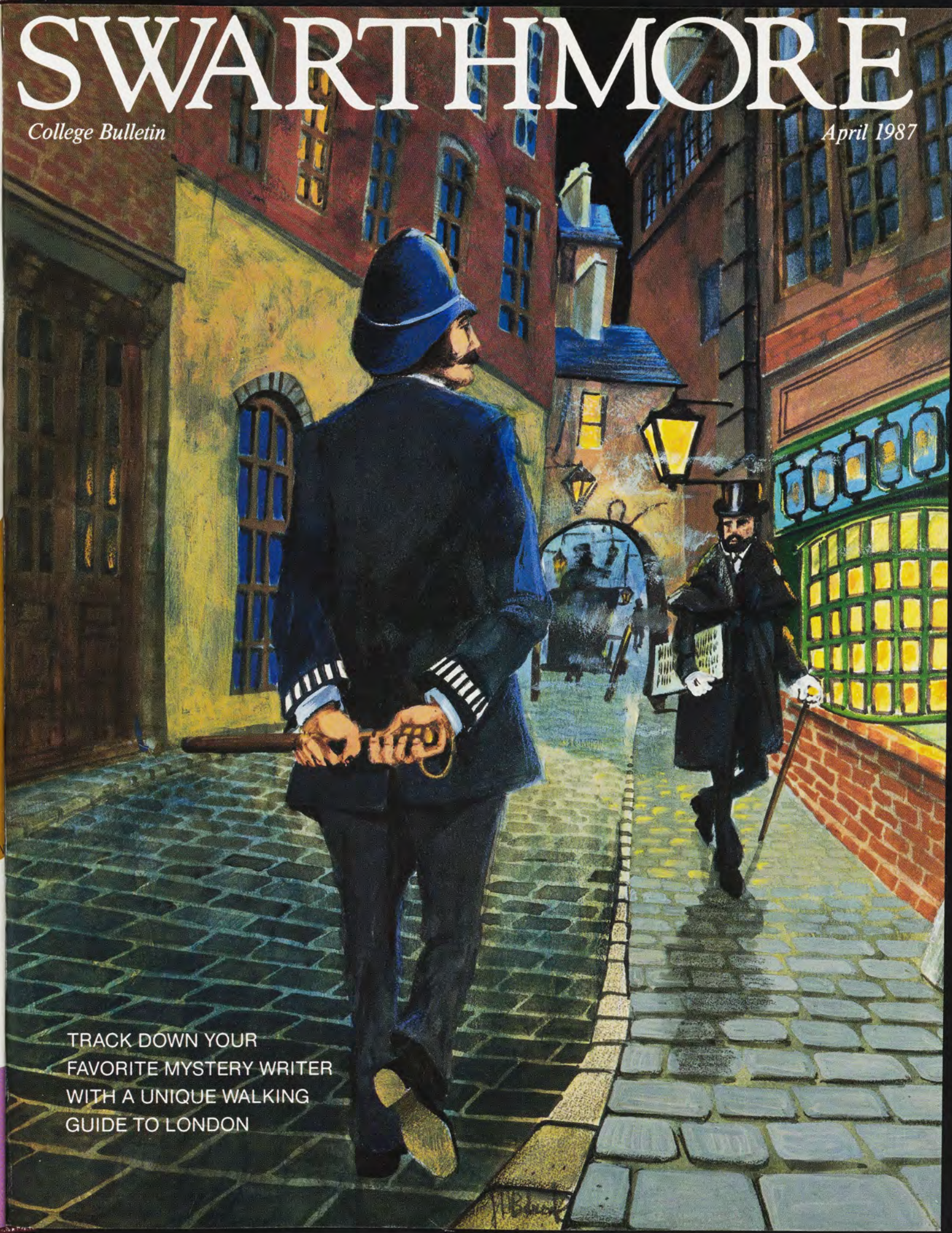

TRACK DOWN YOUR
FAVORITE MYSTERY WRITER
WITH A UNIQUE WALKING
GUIDE TO LONDON

Swarthmore's world-class debaters Reid Neureiter '87 (left) and Josh Davis '87: "We were proud to be able to go to the final round and prove that Americans can speak." (See story on page 16.)

BOB WOOD

# SWARTHMORE

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# The game's afoot!

**In the same manner Holmes propelled Watson from the sitting room to the murderous streets of London, a new guide puts you on foot seeking the haunts of your favorite mystery writers.**

*By Alzina Stone Dale '52 and Barbara Sloan Hendershott*

London, one of the world's greatest cities, is the center of the thriving English mystery world. Beginning with Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, who lived and worked in London, and including Edgar Allan Poe, who attended school there, nearly every mystery writer worth his salt has set at least one of his tales against a London backdrop. Even so American a writer as Robert Parker in his *The Judas Goat* took Spenser across the Atlantic to pursue his quarry in London. Because of the richness of its mystery associations, modern London is a mystery reader's mecca, filled with the real sights and sounds that give the stories their authentic atmosphere.

In the author's note to *Wobble to Death*, Peter Lovesey states that his "characters . . . are fictitious, but the setting is authentic"; this combination is repeated in the works of many other mystery writers. As a result, turn any London corner, and you will encounter the scene of a fictional crime or discover a haunt of a favorite detective or his creator.

London has always been a tourist's delight, a sprawling metropolis encompassing over 800 square miles; a key is needed to unlock its myriad streets and avenues, passageways and alleys. Many excellent guides have been written for just this purpose. Some focus on specialized areas, such as architecture, history, or literature, but if you want to hunt down the locale of a detective story, you will find these guides deficient. With the exception of the likes of Wilkie Collins, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and G.K. Chesterton, little is said about mystery writers, let alone their detectives. When the author of a detective story is mentioned, he is lumped with such writers as Geoffrey Chaucer, Samuel Johnson, and John Donne.


*The authors' London Mystery Walks include step-by-step instructions for walking tours of areas referred to by more than fifty mystery writers in 100 books. The walks include tours of Fleet Street, Covent Garden, Bloomsbury, Soho, Mayfair, St. James, Regent's Park, Westminster, Hyde Park, and Belgravia.*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BABCOCK

Faced with the knowledge that none of the existing guidebooks provided a mystery reader with a way of seeing London through the eyes of such characters as Philip Trent, Lady Molly, or Lord Peter Wimsey, we decided to write for ourselves, based on our favorite mystery writers and their works, the guide we would like to be using.

The first thing we had to decide was which books to use for our guide. Our choice had to be personal because the number of mysteries that take place in London runs into the thousands. Our ambition was not to produce an encyclopedia of crime or even a handsome coffee table tome. We wanted something readable, a toteable book that could guide and entertain both our armchair readers and our London walkers. So, we each sat down and made a list of our favorite authors, being careful to mix types, periods, and sexes. Then we compared lists and kept the names that appeared on both. Next, we consulted such major classics on the detective story as Steinbrunner and Penzler's *The Encyclopedia of Mystery and Detection* and Julian Symons's *Mortal Consequences* to make sure that we had examples from all the tried-and-true mystery types. The resulting list included everything from apple-cheeked spinsters to superspies and ran the gamut from Patricia Wentworth's Miss Silver to Antonia Fraser's Jemima Short and John Buchan's Richard Hannay. We covered a group of writers who would appeal to an audience of varied reading tastes and, at the same time, satisfy our own.

In preparing the guide, we made a number of discoveries about the authors and their stories. For instance, while each of the writers makes it plain that his story takes place in London, just where in London is not always clear. Dick Francis, for example, has his merchant banker Tim Ekaterin work in a new building with a view of St. Paul's "in the City." It might be on Gresham Street, Old Jewry, or Milk Street—anywhere north of the cathedral, where the bombs of World War II laid waste. Agatha Christie often gives a street address that sounds right but is totally fictitious and then has her characters— Tommy and Tuppence, for instance—eat at a Lyons Corner shop or have tea at the Ritz. On the other hand, she sometimes refers to the Ritz as the Blitz or combines two hotels into one, as is the case with the Ritz-Carlton and Bertram's. On such occasions, since we are walking a real city, we will take you to the Ritz. In still a different way, Margery Allingham, world famous for her evocative descriptions of London, invents squares and cul-de-sacs, locating them around the corner from real places. In *Black Plumes*, when David Field takes Frances Ivory from Sallet Square to the Cafe Royal for a sundae and walks her to Westminster Bridge by night, we are dealing with the imagined, as well as the real. The railway station in *Tiger in the Smoke* is probably Paddington, but a case can be made for its being Euston or Victoria or even Charing Cross!

Our aim has been to give you a guide that is workable, whether you stay at home or sally forth armed with umbrella, camera, and guidebook to track down your favorites for yourselves. For, as G.K. Chesterton, one of the grand masters of detection, said in his "In Defence of Dectective Stories," "Modern man has a great need for romance and adventure, which, paradoxically, he can find just around the corner in any ordinary London Street." Or, as Sherlock Holmes observed and we echo, "It is a hobby of mine to have an exact knowledge of London."

MARTIN FORNEK

A member of the British Crime Writers Association and Mystery Writers of America, (Maryal) Alzina Stone Dale '52 (right) is no stranger to the whodunit world. She has written biographies of two mystery writers, *Maker and Craftsman: The Story of Dorothy L. Sayers*, and *The Outline of Sanity: A Life of G.K. Chesterton*. Her most recent book, *Mystery Reader's Walking Guide: London*, has been selected as a Dividend by the Book-of-the-Month Club, as a Featured Alternate in the Book Club Associates of the Mystery and Thriller Guild Book Club in Great Britain, and was the lead trade title in Passport Books' catalogue last fall. Dale and Hendershott are busily working on a sequel, *Mystery Reader's Walking Guide: England*, due out in mid-1988. It, too, will be published by Passport Books, which coincidently is headed by Mark Pattis '76.

# The City Walk

*Editor's note: Probably more blood of fictitious victims has flowed through London than through any city on earth. Mystery aficionado Alzina Stone Dale '52 and friend Barbara Sloan Hendershott spent several years putting together eleven fascinating walks through London that follow the paths of some of the more widely read mystery writers, their sleuths, and characters. In addition, they've provided "real" history of the areas, as well as other interesting sights and places to eat along the way. To give you a sampling, we've excerpted the City Walk, starting near the end of the 3.8-mile route at the Tower of London.*

The first walk begins in the oldest part of London, the square mile known as the City. The difference between London and the City of London can be confusing. They are actually two different administrative entities. The City of London, usually referred to only as the City, covers roughly one square mile; today it is the financial center of London. It is built on the site of the old Roman city of Londinium, as well as the walled medieval city. The street plan is that of the medieval city, and many of the old street names have been retained. One of the delights for visitors to this area is the curious street signs—Crutched Friars, Cheapside, Seething Lane, Bread Street, and so on. The

approximate position of the Roman and medieval walls can be determined by such names as Moorgate, Aldersgate, and Newgate.

The Romans had arrived by 43 A.D., the first date in London's history. However, it is quite likely that there were Bronze and Stone Age settlements on the site before this. The first Roman town was sacked by Boadicea, but it was soon rebuilt and given walls and a bridge across the Thames. London quickly grew to be one of the largest towns in northern Europe. Today there is little left of the old Roman city: the Temple of Mithras, which was discovered in 1954; a bit of mosaic floor uncovered by war damage to All-Hallows-by-Tower; a larger bit of mosaic under Bucklersbury; a number of smaller relics that can be seen in the London Museum; and, of course, bits and pieces of the wall, such as the part near the Tower of London.

* * *

You are now on Tower Hill, with the Tower Hill Scaffold Memorial to your left. The chained area marks the location of the Tower Hill scaffold, where 125 well-known people were officially executed between 1347 and 1747. Among the victims were Sir Thomas More, Thomas Cromwell, and the Duke of Monmouth.

Following Tower Hill to the left around the north side of the Tower, you will come to the London Wall. The wall stands in a sunken garden that marks the ground level in Roman times. Because the Tower of London itself will take several hours to investigate, you might consider seeing it at another time. You should arrive at the Tower as early as possible, especially in summer, when the line-length is unbelievable. (Tour buses tend to begin disgorging their contents around 11:30.)

Characters in mystery stories often find their ways to the Tower. In *Inspector Ghote Hunts the Peacock*, H.R.F. Keating's Inspector Ghote came upon the Tower from a different direction than you did. But when he saw the Tower, the outline was unmistakable. "He had looked at it a thousand times in advertisements, in newspaper articles, on calendars. Beyond it was Tower Bridge, the one that could be raised to let ships pass. And there must be the mighty Thames itself. For a second he was surprised, shocked almost. The water of the great river was not, as it had been on a hundred brightly colored maps, a crisp and inviting blue. It was instead plainly a dirty brown .... The grim old building seemed that moment to hold for him in one graspable whole all the past centuries of this noble, sea-girt isle."

In Margaret Yorke's *Cast for Death*, the entreaties of the Greek policeman Manolakis to see the Tower made (don) Patrick Grant admit that he had never been there. "We'll go by boat ..." Grant decided. As they approached the Tower, he launched into a fluent description of the young Elizabeth in the rain, a tale equal to any Greek legend. Grant found himself quite

# The Case of the Baker Street Irregular

Stalking through London's fog-shrouded streets, straining to catch the sounds of long-vanished hansom cabs, supplying flickering yellow gaslight from his own imagination, John Koelle '49 has visited all of Sherlock Holmes's old haunts. "When we were in London," he recalls, "of course we saw Baker Street, and we took a couple of walks that are described in the canon. There's one in 'The Greek Interpreter' from his lodgings in Baker Street to Pall Mall and Mycroft Holmes's Diogenes Club."

Koelle and his wife Barbara have also explored the Northumberland Hotel, where Sir Henry Baskerville stayed, dropped into the Criterion Bar, where Watson first heard of Sherlock Holmes from young Stamford, and taken a look at the plaque in St. Bart's that commemorates the place where Holmes and Watson actually met.

They've even visited the falls of Reichenbach in Switzerland, where Holmes and the evil Moriarty struggled hand to hand and seemingly plunged, locked in each other's arms, into the horrible abyss.

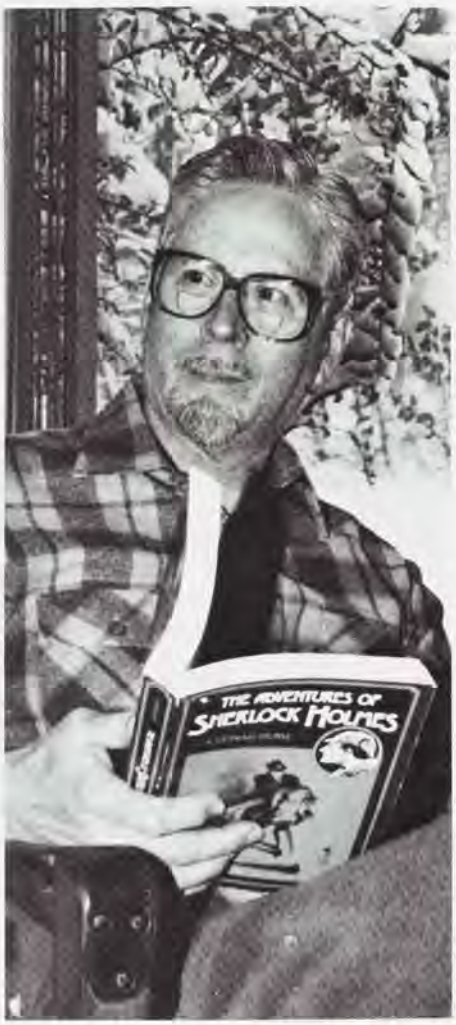
"A friend and I simulated the titanic struggle," muses Koelle, "while our wives tried to take pictures." The mood was abruptly shattered, however, "because they were laughing so hard they couldn't hold the cameras."

You will have deduced by now that Koelle, a retired electrical engineer, is a member of the Baker Street Irregulars, the best-known of the societies dedicated to preserving the memory of Sherlock Holmes. BSI members refer to the fifty-six Holmes stories and four novels as the "sacred writings" or the "canon." The group, founded in the mid-'30s by novelist and essayist Christopher Morley, contends that Sherlock Holmes still lives—albeit retired— on Sussex Downs, where he keeps bees. Another BSI tenet is that the stories were written by Dr. Watson and that Conan Doyle was, as Koelle describes him, "a literary agent and friend of Watson's, who kindly arranged to have the stories published."

Koelle has been a member of the Baker Street Irregulars since 1963 and faithfully attends the annual dinner in New York City each January. Last year he received the group's Two-Shilling Award for "continued and faithful service to the cause beyond the call of duty."

When BSI members are invested (formally accepted into the society), they take an investiture name—Koelle's is "The Sussex Vampire," after the story of the same name—and are given a shilling. The shilling was the standard wage for the band of young "street Arabs" who served as Holmes's eyes and ears in London: the original Baker Street Irregulars.

The Two-Shilling Award is a reference to




*John Koelle '49: "The Sussex Vampire"*

moved as they passed within the huge walls wherein so much tragedy had dwelt.

The Tower was originally built within the southeast angle of the City walls, but then it was extended east to cover 18 acres. The commander of the Tower is an army officer who is called the Constable of the Royal Palace and Fortress of London. His duties are performed by a Major and Resident Governor, like General Mason in John Dickson Carr's *The Mad Hatter Mystery*.

In Martha Grimes's *The Dirty Duck*, an American tourist, Harry Schoenberg, looked rapturously at Traitors' Gate, the 60-foot watergate from the Thames, through which accused traitors, such as Elizabeth I, were brought to the Tower.

The Tower has often served as a backdrop for real intrigue and even murder. The most famous case of murder associated with the Tower is that of the "Little Princes"—Edward V and the Duke of York—reputedly smothered in the Bloody Tower by order of their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, later Richard III. In Josephine Tey's *The Daughter of Time*, the hospitalized Alan Grant of Scotland Yard investigated this case scientifically. He found many discrepancies in the records and concluded that Richard was not guilty as charged.

The Tower of London played a central role in John Dickson Carr's classic locked-room tale, *The Mad Hatter Mystery*. It is about a mysterious Edgar Allan Poe manuscript and a prankster who delighted in placing hats in unlikely places. You can explore the Tower by following the action of Carr's plot.

Enter the Tower near the site of the Lion Tower (where the Royal Zoo was kept) and go past the Middle Tower and under the gate of the Byward Tower. This is the way the commandant's secretary, Robert Dalrye, drove General Mason when they returned from Holborn. (General Mason had been attending a luncheon at the Antiquaries Society with Sir Leonard Haldyne, Keeper of the Jewel House.) Walk along the south side of the Tower in the Outer Ward. To the right are the steps that lead below St. Thomas' Tower, built by Henry III, to Traitors' Gate. Here, in a dense fog, on the areaway steps, Phil Driscoll, with a crossbolt in his head, was found. Look down, as Dr. Gideon Fell did; no need to climb to the bottom.

Now walk to the left across the Outer Ward to the Wakefield Tower, where Henry VI was murdered in 1471 (by Richard III, according to Thomas More.) The Crown Jewels used to be kept here, but are now in the Jewel House along the north wall. Across from Wakefield Tower is the Bloody Tower, where the Little Princes purportedly were smothered. It was here that Sir Walter Raleigh spent 13 years writing *The History of the World* before being executed on Tower Hill. (He was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster.) The police used the Little Princes' room in the Bloody Tower to examine Driscoll's body in Carr's mystery.

From Wakefield Tower, you can see the

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an incident in *The Sign of Four*, in which Holmes gives another enterprising youngster two shillings. Says Koelle modestly, "I'm not sure what you do to get it; it just stumbles upon you after a while."

Koelle's interest in Sherlock Holmes began when he was about ten years old, he recalls, and "ran across a couple of the books in the family library. The first story I read was *The Sign of Four*; I still remember how vivid it seemed to me. Over the next five or six years, I dug out the rest of the stories from the public library bit by bit."

There the matter rested for some years. Koelle was in the Air Force during WWII, graduated from Swarthmore with a degree in electrical engineering in 1949, and then was recalled by the Air Force in 1951. "After that, we spent some time in Colorado and finally got back to the Philadelphia area in 1958," he says.

At that point, Koelle's brother George introduced him to the Sons of the Copper Beeches, a local Sherlockian society. (In "The Adventure of the Copper Beeches," a pivotal character is said to be in Philadelphia.) "That was in October of 1958," says Koelle, "and I've only missed one meeting since then."

In 1971, the Sons' Headmastiff (a mastiff figures prominently in the story) retired, and Koelle took the job. "I agreed to do it for two years," he remembers, "but it's just gone on."

Koelle attributes the enduring fascination of Holmes to several factors: first, the stories themselves. "They still hold their own—and more," he says. "Second, there's a nice nostalgic appeal for an era we'd all like to live in if we had the choice. Of course, we always gild the past, but still it was a settled, stable, and peaceful time with a real air of expansion, enthusiasm, and optimism."

Third, he says, "Holmes and Watson seem so very real. Throughout the canon, they keep growing and developing, and you get more glimpses of their backgrounds. After all, who would you rather believe to be a real person—Sherlock Holmes or Ed Meese?"

Through his many years of devotion to Holmes, Koelle has collected the odd memento. Foremost among his possessions are a tantalus (a liquor decanter caddy with a hidden latch mechanism, designed by the Victorians to keep their servants out of the whiskey); a gasogene (a device that looks a little like a double-bowled hobnail lamp, but is really a device for producing seltzer); and even a Persian slipper for storing tobacco, a gift from brother George.

Apart from his son Rich and his brother George, the only other member of Koelle's family who shares his dedication to Holmes is Whiskey, an orange tiger cat. "Whiskey," he says solemnly, "is a member of the Redheaded League, another Holmes society." You have to be an authentic redhead to join, so Koelle himself doesn't qualify, but the founder of the League thought Whiskey would do very well.

Koelle reports that Whiskey very generously shares the League's publication with him. "I act as secretary and respond. Whiskey did send a letter saying he'd like to attend the meetings if possible and that they should always have milk or fish on the menu."

The Koelles' other cat, Bungle, is named for a character in the Oz books. Barbara Koelle, a retired psychologist, "is interested in Holmes," says her husband, "but her real passion is illustrated children's books." She's president of the international *Wizard of Oz* club.

Now that their three children are grown and gone from home, both Koelles have more time to pursue their literary interests. "Both of us gave talks recently at the Philadelphia Art Alliance on our specialties," reports Koelle. In addition, he enjoys writing an occasional Holmes pastiche for the *Baker Street Journal*, the BSI's quarterly publication. It all comes back to the stories, however, and he dips into them regularly to hear Holmes say yet again, "Come, Watson! The game's afoot!" and plunge from his sitting room into yet another adventure.

The legendary 221B Baker Street is now a building society headquarters, and the Diogenes Club cannot be found, but no matter. It takes only a slight effort of the imagination for Koelle to conjure up Victorian London and the faint footfall of a lean figure in an Inverness cape slipping through the shadows.

*—Leslie Brennan*

White Tower itself, with its four capped towers. Its 12 15-foot-thick walls are built of white Caen stone from Normandy. Begun by William the Conqueror, it was originally a formidable fortress. The White Tower contains several interesting collections, including one of medieval arms and armor, from which the Carr murder weapon supposedly came. The rounded-arch Chapel of St. John, the oldest church in London, was the place where Wat Tyler and his peasant mob grabbed old Archbishop Sudbury and murdered him. It was underneath a set of stairs on the south side of the White Tower that the bones thought to be those of the Little Princes were found during the reign of Charles II. They were reverently placed in Westminster Abbey. In Tey's *The Daughter of Time*, Inspector Grant said sarcastically that every English schoolboy remembered the council scene in Shakespeare's *Richard III*, where Richard denounced his brother's lords as traitors and sent them straight from the White Tower to the block on Tower Green.

In *Watson's Choice*, Gladys Mitchell's redoubtable Dame Beatrice Bradley was amused when, at a Sherlock Holmesian house party given by Sir Bohun, his older nephew refused to wear a black velvet tunic and deep lace collar, declaring that he "wasn't one of the Princes in the Tower."

From the White Tower go left to Tower Green. It is located between the late Perpendicular Gothic Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula at the north end and the inner facade of the King's House at the south. It is a serene bit of grass, of which the historian Macaulay, a favorite of G.K. Chesterton, said there "was no sadder spot on earth." The bodies of a number of Tower victims are buried under the peaceful green sod. In the middle of the Green, outlined with granite, is the site of the scaffold where the more illustrious of the Tower victims were granted the mercy of private execution. It was here that such as Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Catherine Howard, and the Earl of Essex were beheaded. In Carr's mystery, Laura Bitten, Phil Driscoll's mistress, asked one nice old Beefeater if this was where Queen Elizabeth was executed. The guard, shocked by her historical ignorance, answered that "Queen Elizabeth had not the honor. . . . I mean, she died in her bed."

Beyond Tower Green, to the east of St. Peter's, is the former Waterloo Barracks. If the line is not terribly long, take the stairs to the cellar stronghold built in 1967 to house the Crown Jewels. (This is the building Sir Leonard Haldyne was in charge of in Carr's mystery.) Most of the jewels were sold or melted down during Cromwell's day, so the oldest now is St. Edward's Crown, made for the coronation of Charles II. Of much interest to mystery buffs is the Crown of Queen Elizabeth, made in 1911. In it was placed the fabulous "Koh-i-noor" diamond, which was given to Queen Victoria by the Punjabi Army. In Agatha Christie's *The Secret of Chimneys*, Anthony Cade was not impressed to hear that the prime minister of Herzoslovakia knew where the Koh-i-noor was. "We all know that, they keep it in the Tower don't they?"

Finish your tour of the Tower by returning to Byward Tower to exit to Tower Hill. Turn right on Tower Hill and follow it around the walls until you come to the Minories. (There is a pedestrian underpass that will take you to the Tower Hill Underground Station if you choose to end your walk here.)

Turn left on Minories and walk north. H.R.F. Keating in *Inspector Ghote Hunts the Peacock* mentioned that Ghote climbed a slight ascent going along the "oddly-named" Minories. The name came from the Minoresses, who were nuns of the order of St. Clare. In 1293, they founded a convent here; it stood outside the City wall.

Walk up Minories to Aldgate, passing Fenchurch Street Station on your left. Turn left across Aldgate to Leadenhall Street. In an office in Leadenhall Street, Hosmer Angel was supposedly a cashier in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes tale "A Case of Identity." The offices of the Dagger Line were on Leadenhall Street in A.E.W. Mason's *The House in Lordship Lane*. Walk west along Leadenhall Street, which is filled with big City banks, and past St. Andrew's Undershaft, whose shaft was a Maypole. Then turn left down Lime Street, the home of Lloyds of London, the great international insurance underwriters. The street also figured in Sherlock Holmes's case of "The Mazarin Stone" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as the street on which Van Seddar lived.

At the place where Leadenhall Street turns into Cornhill, Bishopgate leads off to the right. Bishopgate was the site, in the fifteenth century, of Crosby Hall. Richard III lived there, and later, before he moved to Chelsea, so did Sir Thomas More.

Walk down Cornhill and turn right on tiny Royal Exchange Buildings (an alley) to Threadneedle Street. Slightly to your left and across Threadneedle Street to the north is Old Broad Street, where Lord Peter Wimsey found the tobacconist's shop with the name Cummings, not Smith. It was the place Tallboys mailed his alphabet letter to his stockbroker each week using letters from Pym's Nutrax ad in Dorothy L. Sayers's *Murder Must Advertise*.

Turn right off Threadneedle Street into Bartholomew Lane. Follow it north to Lothbury and turn left. Follow Lothbury west; it will become Gresham Street. Cross Old Jewry and Ironmonger streets and keep walking along Gresham Street until you come to Guildhall Yard. The Guildhall is to your right.

The Guildhall, the City's most important secular building, has stood on or near its present site since the eleventh century. It was the meeting place of the important City Guilds, the banners and coats of arms of which are displayed on the gatehouse, together with replicas of the ancient wooden giants, Gog and Magog. The City is administered from here by the Court of Common Council, which developed from the ancient Court of Hustings. Huge ceremonial dinners are given in the restored Great Hall.

The Guildhall is associated with Lord Mayors, such as Sir Richard Whittington (the one with the cat). In Catherine Aird's *In Harm's Way*, George and Tom Mellot agreed to divide their family's farm in Kent. George was to run the farm while Tom "went off to do a Dick Whittington." Aird's Detective Inspector Sloan thought to himself that it was funny that only one Lord Mayor got into the history book, but perhaps it was because he also got into a nursery rhyme.

Come out of Guildhall Yard and continue walking west (to your right) on Gresham Street to Wood Street. This is the site of the Wood Street Police Station, off Cheapside at the corner of Wood Street and Love Lane, where Inspector Ghote arrived early for the international conference on drugs in H.R.F. Keating's *Inspector Ghole Hunts the Peacock*.

If you wish to visit the London Museum, turn right and follow Wood Street to London Wall (the street Inspector Ghote took to the Tower), where you turn left. The Barbican, a postwar complex of apartments, shops, restaurants, and theaters, is just north of the London Museum. When you have finished at the Museum, take London Wall west to Aldersgate, where you turn left. Follow Aldersgate, which becomes St. Martin's le Grand, to St. Paul's Underground Station. If you decide to skip the Museum and are ready to complete your walk, follow Gresham Street to St. Martin's le Grand and turn left. This will bring you back to the St. Paul's Underground Station and the conclusion of the walk.


HARRY BRETT

# Beyond the whodunit

## Editor Jim Huang '82 and his crew of thirteen

*Five of the thirteen Swarthmore members of* The Drood Review *editorial group gather at a mystery book store in Cambridge, Mass. Standing (from left to right) are: Beth Thoenen '83, David Fristrom '83, Jim Huang '82, and Meryl Cohen '79. Seated is Jennie Jacobson '83.*

"Basically, we all really love books." That's how Jim Huang '82 explains why he and thirteen other Swarthmore alumni (Tina Anderson '81, Lisa Berglund '83, Ed Blachman '81, Meryl Cohen '79, Gregg Davis '80, David Fristrom '83, Jennie Jacobson '83 and her mother Jeanne McKee Jacobson '53, Kevin James '83, Alex McKale '82, Matt Nelson '82, Cathy Srygley '81, and Beth Thoenen '83) collaborate on a monthly magazine, *The Drood Review of Mystery.*

Huang, who had dabbled in amateur publishing during high school, started *The Drood Review* in the fall of 1982 during an aborted attempt at law school ("It was a horrifyingly dull experience"). He enlisted the aid of some Swarthmoreans with whom he had edited *The Phoenix* while still a student. Although some of them had not read mysteries before, Huang says, "I thought they'd have interesting things to say about something new." He must have been right because *Drood's* circulation has grown to over 350 in number, and the group has hosted three annual Boston Mystery Festivals, which in 1986 drew over one hundred attendees.

While *Drood* is devoted primarily to critical review of new mystery fiction, Huang and his staff do not stop at simply turning thumbs up or down. "We look at social and political messages," Huang explains. "One of the problems with genre fiction is that there is a lot of stereotyping. It concerns us because we don't like seeing women, for instance, restricted to only boring, traditional roles, and so we make a point of looking at books that expand roles for women.

"A lot of books also carry political messages. This is particularly true in spy thrillers, where characters are often fighting for truth, justice, and the American way. When an author is writing a book like that, we think that there's more than just entertaining going on, and it's worth discussing those messages explicitly."

Toward this end, *The Drood Review* recently ran an article focusing on the works of author James McClure, who uses a white and black team of police detectives to explore the political and social environment of South Africa. The magazine also published the first comprehensive overview of the roles gay and lesbian characters play in mystery fiction.

Response to criticism of this kind, Huang says, "has not been altogether favorable. There are people who read their mysteries just for fun and don't want to think about the assumptions that underlie the stories." On the other hand, "it's given the magazine a very distinctive character, and we've found a lot of people who like our approach."

The recent boom in the popularity of mystery fiction, evidenced by the appearance of authors like Robert Parker, Elmore Leonard, and P.D. James on the bestseller lists, naturally has helped along *Drood's* own growth. Huang ascribes the popularity of mystery fiction to a number of factors. "Some theorists point out that mysteries take place in very ordered environments, and that's very reassuring to people. The detective figure in particular is a bastion of order in a disordered society. Even in the anti-hero subgenre of mystery, such as the Lawrence Block burglar books, characters follow a code of honor and work *for* society.

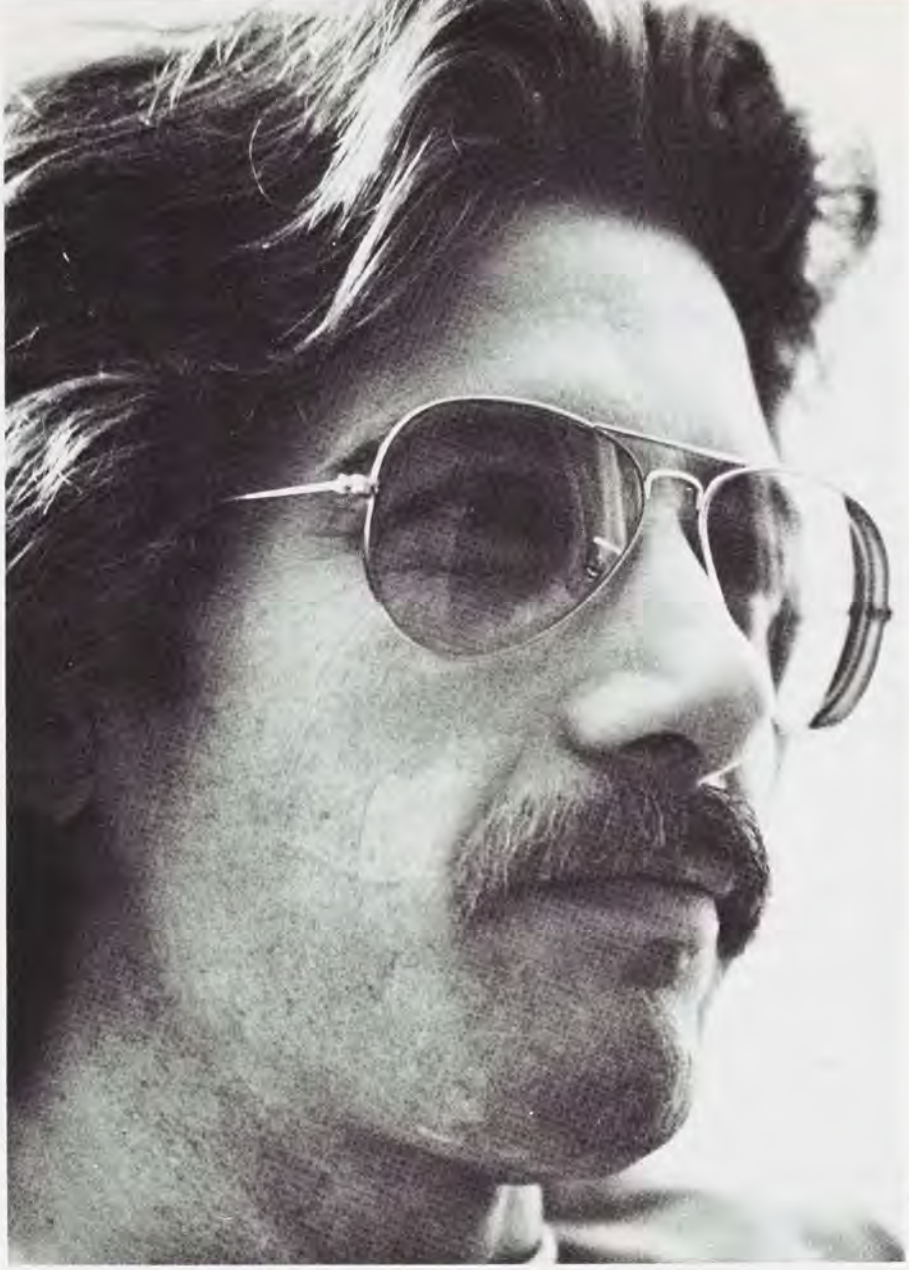
"I don't know how much there is to that theory. I think mystery stands out as a form of fiction that demands a strong story at a time when other kinds of fiction are de-emphasizing narrative. In that sense, mystery is a comfortable, reassuring thing to read."

*The Drood Review's* success has led its creators to branch out into other endeavors. The group is putting together a proposal for a mystery reference book that will answer the mystery fan's question, "Well, what do I read next?" They're also developing a game called "Trivial Murders," which Huang describes as a cross between "Trivial Pursuit" and "Clue."

Ultimately, Huang and his staffers would like to see *The Drood Review* expand into book publishing. "We have some ideas about what we like in mysteries, some of which are things that we don't see enough of. Especially recently, we're seeing more and more books with careless plotting or stupid characters. We'd like to find a more refined style and publish more of those books."

*—Ben Fulves '87*

*Editor's Note:* The Drood Review of Mystery *is available for $12 per year from Box 8872, Boston, MA 02114.*



BOB FISHER

# Marking Time

*By W. D. Ehrhart '73*

***Bill Ehrhart was 17 when he joined the Marines and went to Vietnam. He came back with a chest covered with medals, a souvenir rifle, and nightmares. He just wanted to forget Vietnam when he enrolled at Swarthmore in 1969, but a country exploding with antiwar protest wouldn't let him. Neither would the rage exploding within him.***

In the fall of 1969, the student body of Swarthmore College was largely upper middle class, academically paranoid, politically aware, liberal tending strongly toward the radical-intellectual left, and socially freewheeling. The current popular folk hero was John Braxton, a senior facing a prison sentence for his open refusal to register for the draft. Vietcong flags regularly sprouted from the windows of the upper stories of Parrish Hall—which served as both the administration building and a women's dorm—and as often as not when you went to lunch, there'd be a troupe of guerrilla theater actors piled in a heap on the patio of Sharples Dining Hall, wrapped in black robes, draped with the entrails of pigs, and silently holding signs reading Stop the War. The last vestiges of parietal rules would be swept away by the end of the first semester that year, and by the next year there would be coed dorms. The native costume was faded blue jeans, heavily patched, and blue workshirts or used army greens. Marijuana was nearly as prevalent as tobacco.

Into the middle of all this, I arrived as a twenty-one-year-old freshman. The previous spring, while I was still overseas, the college had written to ask for a picture of me. The only picture I happened to have was one of me in a Marine dress uniform, so I'd sent that. Nobody told me what they wanted the picture for. I didn't find out until I showed up for college in September, and there's that picture of me in the freshman booklet for the whole college community to see. Wonderful. Fortunately, I didn't look like that anymore, so a lot of people hadn't yet figured out who this guy Ehrhart was.

Which was fine with me. In the fall of 1969, Vietnam veterans weren't exactly the most popular kids on the block. I'd enlisted in the Marines in the spring of 1966 with visions of brass bands, victory parades, free drinks in bars, and starry-eyed girls clinging to my neck like so many succulent grapes. But by the time I'd gotten back to the States from Vietnam, I considered myself lucky to get out of San Francisco Airport without being assaulted by bands of rabid hippies armed with snapdragons and daisies, and carrying placards reading Baby Killer.

And once I got to Swarthmore, I was damned glad I'd let my hair grow out over the previous summer and grown a beard. Anonymity. I washed my new blue jeans three times the first week I was there, and threw them in the dirt, and jumped up and down on them, trying to get the new blue to look like old blue. The older the better. Finding myself the only Vietnam veteran in the middle of an obviously antiwar environment, and having no idea what those

guerrilla theater mimes might cook up for me if they once figured out who I was, I'd spent my first month at college trying to keep a low profile.

I got away with it, too. I kept to myself, and I kept my mouth shut, and I didn't bother anyone, and no one bothered me. It was kind of lonely, actually, and sometimes I'd sit out on the big green lawn in front of Parrish Hall, admiring the magnificent lush campus, and think about my buddies back in battalion scouts and how nice it would be for them to be here too, so I'd have someone to talk to that understood. Or maybe we wouldn't even talk because they'd all know what I was feeling because they'd be feeling it too, and we could just lie back on the green grass for a while and listen to the birds up in those elegant old trees.

But most of the time, I was too busy to think about even that. I hadn't been to school in more than three years, and I had no idea before I got there that Swarthmore was supposed to be such a hotshot school. I'd never even seen the place. I'd met some middle-aged man trying to bodysurf one day in Ocean City, New Jersey, while I was home on leave in the early summer of 1968. He wasn't catching any waves, and I was catching all of them. He wanted to know how I did it, and our talk developed into a long and pleasant walk on the beach and a discussion about my future. He told me about this nice little school called Swarthmore, which he'd attended after getting out of the Navy in 1946. Later, I applied, and the college had offered me the biggest scholarship of the schools I had to choose from.

That's how I ended up sitting in the Quaker meetinghouse on the first night of school with all the other freshmen, listening to the president, Richard Cramer, talk about the cream of the crop of America's high school students and how brilliant this year's freshman class was, and I knew he wasn't talking about me. It dawned on me in a burst of abject terror that I'd made another wrong turn somewhere back up the pike. I just sat there thinking, "Jesus Christ, Ehrhart, what have you gotten yourself into *this* time?" I was so scared I spent the first month of school holed up in McCabe Library, trying desperately to keep from flunking out by midterm exams.

But the important thing is that during that first month or so, nobody attacked me with flowers or picketed my room in Pittenger Hall or covered me with pigs' entrails. The few people that did discover I'd been in the service seemed to take the knowledge comfortably enough. So by the middle of October, when the reporter for the campus newspaper *Phoenix* politely asked if he could interview me, and graciously volunteered that I didn't have to answer any questions that I considered inappropriate, I was feeling brave enough to say, "Well, what the hell, why not?" Everybody likes to read about himself in the newspapers.

It was a nice article, too. The guy that wrote it was real good about not trying to make me seem like a goon or a crazed maniac; if anything, he made me sound a whole lot more together than I really was. Here's the way the article began:

"When most of his fellow freshmen were struggling through Algebra I, Bill Ehrhart was slogging through a Carolina swamp. When they were worried about getting a date for the junior prom, he was dodging shells at Con Thien and after that at Hue and at a dozen other places you never hear about.

"Bill Ehrhart is now a Swarthmore freshman, but four months ago he was a Marine sergeant.

"Bearded and quietly confident, he doesn't seem different from the rest of the freshmen. Like the others, he's busy wading through Chaucer and reading bulletin boards to see what meetings to attend. But the usual freshman problems don't seem as difficult to him. Most things don't. Because Bill Ehrhart spent thirteen months in Vietnam, and after that nothing seems quite as hard."

And it went on from there.

The article appeared under a three-column double headline—"Freshman Veteran Returns to School; From Battalion Intelligence to Chaucer"—and carried a picture of me complete with beard, long hair, and wire-rimmed glasses. Good-bye, anonymity. The effect was spectacular: instant celebrity. People began stopping me in the halls, after classes, on the lawn, in the library. They interrupted my meals in Sharples. They dropped by my room in Pittenger. I was *somebody*; I was the center of attention, and it felt good. I seemed to be meeting everybody in the whole school.

And the biggest surprise was that people weren't hostile at all. In fact, they were very friendly. They'd come up and introduce themselves and strike up a conversation. During those weeks after the article appeared, I can't recall anyone ever being rude or unkind—which was a great relief. I had truly been afraid of how people would receive me, and now I knew I didn't have to be afraid anymore, I would listen to their questions, and think about them, and try hard to answer them as honestly and accurately as I could. I often spent a long time answering a question because I wanted these people who were my peers and classmates to understand.

Soon, however, a pattern to the process began to emerge that made me begin to wonder if being a celebrity was such a good deal after all. Three or four or five or six times a day, seven days a week, some new stranger would approach me: "Hi! I'm Blah Blah Blah. You're Bill Ehrhart, aren't you? Do you mind if I ask you a few questions I've been wondering about? Why did you go to Vietnam? What was it like? Did you see much action? Did you ever kill anyone? No—I mean really see them die—know you were the one?"

I'm not exaggerating. It was those questions only, and in that order, nearly every time. It got to where I could spot strangers headed my way from a hundred yards off, and I knew what was coming, and I'd just grit my teeth and punch a button in my head and start spitting out answers. I didn't even have to wait for the questions. And my answers got shorter and shorter. And I began increasingly to feel a nebulous discomfort with the whole process because I couldn't help noticing something else, too.

Almost nobody ever asked me anything about anything but Vietnam. They didn't ask me what my favorite books were, or what I wanted to be when I finished school, or what I thought of the Mets winning the World Series, or what I was doing Saturday night. They asked me that handful of questions about the war, and then they thanked me and got up and left. And most of them never came back again. It was always somebody new: "Hi! I'm Blah Blah Blah. You're Bill Ehrhart, aren't you? Do you mind . . . ?"

Then one night toward the end of October, I had this girl in my room that I'd sort of gotten to know, and we were really getting down to the bare essentials. In fact, I was just about to make it happen, and it hadn't happened in a long time, and I was feeling particularly mellow about life in general when right in the middle of it all she asked me, "Did you *really* kill people?"

And it didn't happen.

Two days later, I was walking down the path between Parrish and Sharples when a girl approached from behind and stopped me.

"Are you Bill Ehrhart?" she asked.

"Uh, yes."

"Were you really in Vietnam?"

"Well, uh, actually, yes."

"Oh, wow, man. Far out. Incredible!"

And then she turned around and walked away. She wasn't nasty, or hostile, or anything but clearly amazed. And as I stood there alone in the middle of that broad green

lawn beneath the shadow of Clothier Tower, surrounded by those elegant old trees and ivy-covered buildings, breathing in the crisp autumn air and watching other students all over campus as they went about their busy lives, I finally understood the intangible feeling that had been making me increasingly uneasy as the weeks of October had passed.

I was Swarthmore's real live Vietnam veteran. I was a specimen. A curiosity. I was a freak in a carnival sideshow.

* * * *

I was saved from rural society in Korea—or at least given a reprieve—by Daniel Kaufman. I'd been sitting in McCabe Library ever since supper, trying to plow through an unspeakably boring anthropology assignment, when Daniel and a guy I didn't know interrupted me.

"You got a few moments?" Daniel asked.

Ordinarily, I would have said no. I was tired of people's questions. My newfound celebrity had left me no less lonely than I'd been before, and carried with it new problems of its own, and more and more over the previous week, I had taken every opportunity to avoid any more questions than I had to put up with. Swarthmore was just too small to avoid most grillings, but the visible act of studying provided just such an opportunity: "Gee, I'd like to—but I've got this assignment here. Wow, the reading load they give you around here! Maybe another time." It wasn't entirely untrue.

But I was sorely weary of which corner of the ricefield Farmer Chung crapped in, and Daniel—whom I'd met earlier and who was one of the few people who *had* come back again—seemed like a nice guy.

"Yeah," I said, "What can I do for you?"

He introduced me to his friend, Mike Morris. "I can't stick around," he said, "but you guys ought to get to know each other." It seemed a little puzzling to me, and I was immediately sorry I'd agreed since Daniel wasn't even staying, but I was already committed. I got up and we went down into the basement stairwell. Mike seemed noticeably ill at ease.

"We can talk down here without getting interrupted," said Mike as we sat down on the floor beneath the last flight of stairs. "I read that article in the *Phoenix* about you," he began. "Pretty interesting. We don't get many Vietnam veterans around here."

"So I've noticed." I laughed. Well, here we go again, I thought.

"This place must be pretty weird for you."

I laughed again. "Well, yeah, actually, it is."

"Why in hell did you come *here*?" he blurted out. Then he got flustered and turned red. "That didn't sound right, did it? I mean, this place isn't exactly a haven for ex-Marines, you know? It just seems like an odd choice."

"Well, yes, an odd choice," I said. Then I told him about the unsuccessful bodysurfer in Ocean City.

"That's all you knew about the place?" he asked incredulously.

"That's it. Name, location, and sixteen hundred dollars in scholarship."

"Didn't you read the catalog?"

"Sure, but it didn't say anything about guerrilla mimes or Vietcong flags. And I needed that scholarship. The GI Bill only gives me a hundred thirty-five dollars a month. You know how far that goes these days."

"Does it bother you, the antiwar stuff?"

"Well, yeah, I guess so. But it's hard to say why. I think maybe we made a big mistake getting involved in Vietnam. Most of the Vietnamese don't really seem to want us there, at least not many of them from what I could see. We're foreigners to them. It's not an ordinary war, you know, with front lines and soldiers in uniforms and stuff. Most of the time, we were fighting guerrillas—when the politicians let us fight at all; free-fire zones, no-fire zones, maybe-fire zones—anyway, you couldn't tell the VC from the rest of the population. Mostly we didn't make much of a distinction. Just treated them all the same: hostile."

"You really think the politicians won't let you fight?"

"Well, it felt like that sometimes," I said, lighting up a cigarette. "Like they put our asses out there, and then tied one hand behind our backs and blindfolded us. You're going to fight a war, you ought to fight it. You want to talk, send a platoon of diplomats in striped pants and top hats. I remember sitting up at Con Thien, up on the DMZ, and reading about trying to get the North Vietnamese to the negotiating table, and thinking why didn't they just give the damn table to us and let us deliver it to Hanoi. Fight or get out. A lot of guys felt like that. That's why a lot of us kind of liked Eugene McCarthy. If he wasn't going to fight, at least he was willing to get the hell out."

I flicked the ash from my cigarette onto the leg of my jeans and brushed it in with the heel of my hand before continuing—every little bit helps, I figured.

"Anyway," I went on, "I don't think there's much we can do about it now *except* get out. I'm not so sure it would matter if we tried to turn it into a more conventional war. I don't think the politicians *or* the generals really know what they're doing. I knew this guy there, an ARVN, South Vietnamese army staff sergeant assigned to my battalion as an interpreter. He'd been in the army six or seven years, and he'd been with my battalion since before I got there, like eighteen months or something. One day he just quit. Just like that. Walked right up to the battalion commander and said, 'I'm not going to fight your dirty little war for you anymore. Get lost.' Man, that was a real eye-opener. He said the longer we stayed, the more VC there were. 'Every year, the Vietcong grow stronger. You are their best recruiters. You Americans come with your tanks and your jets and your helicopters and your arrogance, and everywhere you go, the VC grow like new rice in the fields. You do not understand Vietnam. You have never understood us, and you will never bother because you think you have all the answers. You Americans are worse than the VC.' Something like that. And then he just flat quit. And he was one of the bravest men I ever knew. Saved *my* ass more than once."

Mike let out a low whistle.

"Yeah," I said, rubbing another bit of ash into my jeans. "Christ, there I am, eighteen years old, got my ass out on a wire, and here's Trinh telling me to go suck an egg. Well, not me really, but it was all the same. Anyway, by that time, I was perfectly willing to get the hell out. All I wanted to do was keep my ass alive long enough to get home and forget the whole thing."

"Why did you go in the first place? You weren't drafted, were you?"

"Me?" I snorted. "Oh, no, I enlisted. Couldn't wait. Seventeen years old, right out of high school. I'd even been accepted to college. I don't know. I didn't know what I wanted to study. I figured I'd just get drafted when I got out of college anyway—right when I'm ready to start a career. I needed the GI money. And I guess I figured I owed it to my country. Maybe that sounds corny, but I still believe that. This place ain't perfect, but it's still worth something to be an American. If I were Russian, I'd be locked up for telling you stuff like this. That's worth something, isn't it?"

"It's not worth dying for a mistake, is it?"

"I don't know, Mike. People owe *something* to their country, don't they? How do you say it was all for nothing? It was all a mistake. Who's that flake up there in Parrish with the VC flag? Jesus, people carrying that flag killed a lot of my buddies. I'm not sure I blame them, really, but Jesus. And we still got half a million guys over there. I remember how I felt when I'd read about antiwar stuff going on back here. It made me angry; it hurt. I don't think those kids


**William D. Ehrhart**
Pennridge High School
Perkasie, Pa.

*The avid antiwar sentiments prevalent among Swarthmore students in the late '60s and early '70s made Vietnam veteran Bill Ehrhart '73 feel first scared, then like a celebrity, and finally like "a freak in a carnival show."*

ever think about the guys over there very much. Not really. Not like they were real people."

"Maybe not," said Mike. He paused, tugging at his shoelace as if he were studying it. Then he looked up and continued, "And maybe they do. Did you ever think that maybe they're trying to keep other guys like you from having to go?"

"Yeah, maybe. But you can't just walk away from it like it was a meal you just didn't feel like finishing, can you? I said we oughta get out, and I believe that. But you gotta give Nixon a chance. He's only been in office ten months—and he hasn't exactly gotten a hell of a lot of support on the home front."

Mike cocked his head, lifting his chin slightly. "You really think he's trying to get us out?" he said.

"Well, he got the peace talks going. It takes time."

"Peace talks?" he shot back. "It took them six months to figure out what kind of table they were going to use. Besides, Johnson started the peace talks, not Nixon."

"Is that right?" I asked, feeling a slight flush of embarrassment.

"Yeah. That whole business started back in mid-sixty-eight, before Nixon ever got elected. For what it's worth."

"Well, Johnson got us into it in the first place, so he *should* have gotten us out of it. Anyway, at least they're talking now. And at least Nixon's trying to get the ARVN to do something for once besides sit around on their duffs."

"You think it'll work?"

"I don't know," I said, pausing for a long moment to think about it. I hadn't thought about it much. I really didn't want to deal with Vietnam anymore—though it was hard not to, since you couldn't pick up a newspaper or turn on a television or even go to lunch without being constantly reminded of it. I crushed the cigarette out on the bottom of my shoe, then ground the blackened tobacco into the cuff of my pants.

"Why do you keep doing that?" Mike asked.

"What?"

"Putting the ashes on your trousers."

"Oh, just ripening 'em on the vine," I replied. Mike looked puzzled. "Never mind." I laughed. "It's just a private joke. No, I don't suppose Vietnamization is likely to do much good. From what I saw, the ARVN were pretty bad. There was one unit, the First ARVN Regiment up around Quang Tri, they were pretty damned good. But they were all northern Catholic refugees. Most of the ARVN weren't worth a flying fuck. Armed to the teeth, and still couldn't—or wouldn't—fight their way out of a paper sack. That's one of the things that first got me thinking. The VC had nothing when I got there—just beat-up old rifles and bamboo stakes and whatever they could steal from us or buy from the ARVN. But they fought like hell. You really had to admire them. You'd bomb 'em and nape 'em and blow 'em up fifty different ways to Sunday, and the next day, there they'd be again, one or two guys, dingin' away at you, day after day, week after week."

"You said in that article that—how did you say it? If you had to weigh the positive effects of the whole thing with the negative effects, you'd still come out ahead."

"Something like that, yeah," I said, shaking my head. 'That's what I get for talking to reporters."

"You didn't mean it?"

"I didn't say that," I replied.

"Well, that's what I wanna know," Mike said, "That's the part that struck me the most. If you had it to do again, would you still go?"

"Man, you like to stick to simple questions, don't you" I laughed.

"Well, I'm just trying to understand," said Mike. It seemed like he really did want to understand. He seemed to be wrestling with my answers, trying to assimilate them. And he was willing to challenge me, to pose new questions from my answers. Most people just asked the usual questions, listened with glazed eyes, then got up and walked away. I liked him.

"Would I do it again?"

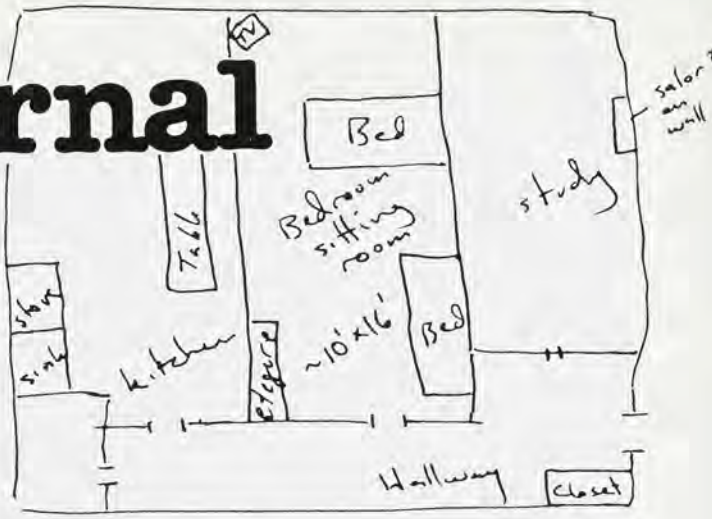
"Yeah, was it worth it?"

"How do you go through something like that and then say it wasn't worth it? I guess I learned a lot. Maybe I'm a better person for it. And maybe I could have come home in a body bag or minus a leg. A lot of guys I knew did. How do you tell them it was worth it, you're a better man now? How do you tell them it *wasn't* worth it? Sometimes it makes me want to cry. I want it to have been worth *something*, and I can't make myself believe that it was. It's a real bitch, I'll tell ya. No, I don't think I'd do it again."

# Moscow Journal

***Soviet human rights activist Andrei Sakharov voiced cautious optimism about ongoing changes in the U.S.S.R. during recent discussions with American academic leaders.***

*By David W. Fraser*




*Above: A rough sketch of Andrei Sakharov and Elena Bonner's three-room apartment in Moscow.*

***Editor's Note:*** *Swarthmore President David W. Fraser traveled to Moscow on Jan. 24 as part of a delegation of nine U.S. academic leaders, believed to be the first organized group of American academics to meet with Soviet dissident Andrei Sakharov since his release in December after seven years of internal exile in the closed city of Gorky. In 1975 Sakharov won the Nobel Peace Prize for his human rights activities in the Soviet Union.*

*Sakharov's exiled stepson, Alexei Semyonov, traveled with the group to Moscow. Semyonov was forced to leave the Soviet Union in 1978 and now lives in the U.S. His long-standing request for a visa suddenly was granted in January, allowing him ten days to visit his stepfather and his mother, Elena Bonner.*

*Sakharov met the group at the Moscow airport and took them back to his apartment, where he and Bonner served them a dinner of fish,* prioshki, tzimes, *and a traditional cake. That evening and the following day, the group discussed various international issues, including human rights in the U.S.S.R.*

*While in the Soviet Union, the group also met with refuseniks and Soviet government officials. The delegation then traveled to Vienna, where they attended the opening session of the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe (CSCE), the third follow-up meeting of the "Helsinki process" initiated by the signing of the 1975 Helsinki Final Act, which set human rights standards for thirty-three European countries, Canada, and the United States. At the meeting, delegates spoke with representatives from the Soviet Union and publicized the results of the Moscow trip.*

*The trip was intended to "demonstrate united support among U.S. scientists and academics for their colleagues in the Soviet Union," according to delegation leader Edmond L. Volpe, president of the College of Staten Island of the City University of New York. Delegation members were chosen for their shared interest in human rights, as well as their involvement in diverse academic disciplines.*

*Printed below are excerpts from a journal kept by President Fraser during his journey. Some background information has been added. The accuracy of this record has not been checked with every member of the delegation. Some of their opinions may have changed.*

**SATURDAY, JAN. 24**

Arrived at Moscow 4:45 p.m. Leave Airport 7:00 p.m. -16 C on arrival.

*[Andrei Sakharov is waiting on the other side of the customs gate to greet his stepson, Alexei Semyonov. Semyonov has brought a personal computer with him as a gift for Sakharov.]*

Problems getting literature on dissidents, shortwave radio, Leading Edge computer (IBM PC clone) through customs.

Bob Arsenault *[director of the Center for International Service at the College of Staten Island of the City University of New York]* says to Soviet customs officials that it is a present for Andrei Dmitriyevich.

"Who?"

"Dr. Sakharov—the only Andrei Dmitriyevich waiting on the other side of that door."

"Oh, Dr. Sakharov (sarcastically)."

**Visit to Sakharov's flat** (7th floor, #68)

U.S.S.R. has invited approx. 500 people to Moscow for Feb. 12-14 conference on disarmament—organized by Velikov (Vice Pres. of Academy—likely new President). Herman Feshbach *[M.I.T. physicist and past president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences]* heard rumor that Sakharov might be invited but he hasn't been yet. He says that he might attend if asked.

*[Sakharov was invited and did attend the February disarmament conference at the Kremlin. His presence, and the freeing of more than forty political prisoners, lent greater credibility to Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev's* glasnost *("openness") policy.]*

Over dinner Sakharov was asked if he'd been able to keep up in physics when he was in Gorky—he said it was easier in Gorky because he had time then. (Since being back in Moscow he has had 5 in-person interviews/day—now he's cutting back to only phone interviews.)

When first exiled to Gorky, he was asked to pay rent on his Gorky flat—he refused for whole time there to pay rent, or utilities. He thought that guard outside of their door, who was always cold, used 2kw of electricity with heater—more than the rest of the apartment combined.

DWF asked them what their neighbors' reaction to their return to Moscow had been. Elena Bonner said that it was mixed—some were genuinely happy, others told them that now they should behave appropriately.

Sakharov speculates that floating the idea of a conference in Moscow on human rights may have been a way for Gorbachev (or liberals) to put pressure on those more conservative. When asked whether there are many others in government who favor reform, Sakharov quipped, "They say he is just the visible part of the iceberg; the problem, however, is that there is still the rest of the ocean." Sakharov saw evidence that authorities might be involved in furthering dissidents' arguments in recent events re uprising in Kazakhstan—truckload of vodka was delivered to dissidents; students were given wooden clubs studded with nails—unlikely either could have been possible without official complicity.

**SUNDAY, JAN. 25**

2nd session with Andrei Sakharov at his flat, 2-6 p.m.

**Nuclear Issues**

Splitting of issues in nuclear arms negotiation is essential—so at least *some* progress can be made. Soviet principles of "packaging" inhibited Reykjavik discussion. Might be able to reach agreements on limiting ballistic missiles (for example) if unlinked from SDI *[Strategic Defense Initiative]* limits.

Rationale for the link is that a defensive shield would encourage that side to strike first. This logic is flawed because:

—Unlikely that anyone will develop a reliable defensive system.

—Low-altitude (cruise) missiles can't be stopped by space-based SDI.

—Nearby submarine-launched missiles can't be defended against by SDI.

—Shortening the booster phase and decreasing the weight of the "head" will require very short reaction time for aiming SDI—so short that X-ray laser couldn't be used. (Takes too long to get up to power.)

—Prior to nuclear war, a phase of conventional war will probably destroy everything that flies in space.

"SDI is space-age Maginot Line"—expensive and ineffective.

Neither side can afford to stop SDI research because there exists a small chance that something new and unknown will come out of it.

If agreement can be reached to eliminate offensive weapons, SDI will be rendered unnecessary—so Soviets should unpackage.

*[At the end of February, Soviet leader Gorbachev announced that he was ready to sign, "without delay," an agreement to remove all medium-range nuclear missiles from Europe within five years. Gorbachev's proposal dropped the Soviet insistence on linking arms control measures with SDI limitations.]*

**Human Rights**

*What should U.S. curriculum be on human rights?*

Sakharov: Unfamiliar with Western educational system, so will formulate abstract ideas only. In international agreements, like U.N. Declaration of Human Rights, important principles are formulated—curriculum of social sciences should include course on those documents/principles. Also analysis of concrete situation of countries involved in application of principles. In those courses, non-political/non-ideologic position should be presented. So applied and formulated in non-political [ways]—e.g., founding principles of Amnesty Int'l. use term "prisoner of conscience" (as distinguished from more usual term "political prisoner"). This very fruitful creation of new term gave possibility of separating human rights (freedom of thought, movement, etc.) from political questions. Separate those who don't call for violence from those who use or propagandize violence and from those who, by "increasing the common sum of suffering," are destabilizing force in society.

Bonner: Shouldn't restrict to U.S. Should discuss in U.N. or UNESCO to develop common view of what should be known on human rights. Important to raise new generation with clear understanding of difference between confrontation of ideas and that of violence.

*How can other countries best affect situation in U.S.S.R.?*

Sakharov: Not his specialty to give advice to Western states about the way they should deal with U.S.S.R. Also there should be no standard response.

Situation in U.S.S.R. is changing nearly every day, constantly surprising. Newspapers recently covered episode in which the director of a factory showed initiative which led to marked improvement in living conditions in his village which led to consternation among officials in that region. (Showed bureaucracy was not the source of improvement. . . .) Article ended by stating that authorities had found a way to bring charges against him (since no one can perform job of running factory without breaking law of some sort—but overlooked unless authorities have reason to get him). [He] was tried in 5/1969, convicted, and died in camp. Tone of present articles is very negative re authorities.

Newspapers now print what only *samizdat [the underground Soviet press]* used to publish—but samizdat editors are still in labor camps for earlier publications! So we are only on the "frontier" of a process which will have to go much farther.

Western countries could work for general amnesty for prisoners of conscience [how (e.g., in what forum, when) is a tactical question—and not in his competence to prescribe]. [Bonner: Amnesty Int'l. knows of 773 in U.S.S.R.].

Ascribes great significance to right . . . to choose one's country (Article 13 of U.N. Universal Declaration of Human Rights)—that, plus freedom of belief, largely determines the openness of a society. Shouldn't restrict 1st, e.g., to issue of reunification. To insist *at this stage* that all who want be allowed to emigrate may "upset the apple cart"—so he doesn't make it a criterion for participation in Human Rights conferences.

West should be concerned with improvement in Soviet society—not wish its death and stagnation.

*What do Soviet leaders seek to gain from* glasnost?

They realize closed society is dangerous, unstable thing—especially in thermonuclear age. *Glasnost* is road to more stable environment.

Khrushchev did not have the breadth to see this.

*How can U.S. academics distinguish real change from government public relations?*

Some poorly thought-out decisions: e.g., new law re profit from nonproductive activities (unearned income)—includes such consequences as a village farmer not being able to hire a ride to market because drivers may fear prosecution for use of vehicles for personal enrichment. . . . Sorting out is difficult from inside and probably impossible

ANNE SILVERSTEIN

*A meeting of minds in a Moscow apartment: Swarthmore College President David Fraser, Soviet physicist and Nobel Peace Prize Laureate Andrei Sakharov, and M.I.T. physicist Herbert Feshbach.*

from outside.

Bonner: Her short exposure to U.S. population disclosed shortage of information on U.S.S.R. society—they know emigration limits, certain dissidents, low standard of living. But U.S. mass media don't give adequate view of Soviet society. Would be good if *Time/U.S. News and World Report* would give weekly summary of . . . press/events in U.S.S.R. with commentary (as on Supreme Soviet's discussion of beating of common criminals during investigation)—this would show those in U.S. that there are slow changes in Soviet society.

*Discrimination re Jews and others*

Admittance to higher education is discriminatory . . . anti-Jewish, also against other groups.

Moscow University discriminates against non-Moscovites. Also there is social discrimination ("competition of parents")—hard to define its scale or forms—e.g., system of interviews permits use of "informal criteria" in selection for University.

*Relation of Academic Freedom to Human Rights more generally*

Administrators of a school or university have some rights to ensure that particular pragmatic goals are achieved (e.g., that students be prepared for next stage of education). Why talk just of academic freedom?—Issue is human rights throughout the society. Sakharov says he belongs to a world where things are wrong on a very basic level—so he is having trouble dealing with the proposed abstractions. A.S.: "I don't understand exactly what 'academic freedom' means."

Bonner: Plenum of Central Committee (to be held 1/27) is occasion many in U.S.S.R. think will lead to something important. Don't think that all of Soviet people are wishing for more democratization. Requires more responsibility from everyone. Makes people nervous. In present system everyone can find a niche.

*[At the plenary meeting of the Communist Central Committee, Gorbachev stressed the need to restructure the Soviet economy and political system. His economic reform proposals are based on previously forbidden concepts such as competition, market pricing, and profit. Even more startling was his suggestion that there be competitive elections, with non-Communist candidates running for important governmental posts.]*

**Impressions of Sakharov**

Gently, but totally firmly, dedicated to goal. Carefully thoughtful, avoids overstatement or over simplification, long pauses before long, well-structured answers. Polite but not particularly solicitous. Aura of the sage. Good sense of humor (e.g., easier at Gorky to keep up in physics). Very interested in DWF's observations on Alexandr Ioffee's approach to reporting problem of Jews in Math Dept.—use of detail (e.g., year by year variation) and firsthand experience. . . .

*[In February Soviet authorities granted Alexandr Ioffee's son permission to emigrate to Israel.]*

**MONDAY, JAN. 26**
**Visit to the Soviet Foreign Ministry**

*[Three members of the American academic delegation go to the Kremlin to discuss a possible Soviet-American exchange of undergraduate students and faculty. Leading the American group is Olin Robison, president of Middlebury College. Robison has made more than forty previous trips to the Soviet Union as a diplomat, formerly having served as a special assistant to three U.S. under secretaries of state. David Fraser and Alice Ilchman, president of Sarah Lawrence College and former assistant secretary of state, accompany Robison. Representing the U.S. embassy at the meeting is Ray Benson, one of the diplomats who helped negotiate the current cultural exchange agreement at the Geneva summit conference. On the other side of the table is Alexander Churlin, head of the Soviet Department of Humanitarian and Cultural Relations; Yuri Keshlev, head of the Human Rights Division, Ministry of Foreign Affairs; and Yuriy Sucharev, chief of the Division of Capitalist Countries, Ministry of Higher Education.]*

The Soviets want to send more scientists/technicians to the U.S. to speed their technical development. U.S.S.R. policy is to have each side choose which specialities and which people to send.

Sucharev gave details of current exchange agreement. About 100 people from each side exchanged each year. Proposed 5 chemistry and 5 physics graduate students be sent to U.S.—would receive 10 from U.S. institutions—awaiting U.S. response.

Robison: What has to happen to move us toward undergraduate exchange?

Sucharev: Two students are in United World's college in New Mexico.

Robison: How about 100, next year?

Churlin: Submit a formal proposal.

Robison: Tell us what the proposal should say, so negotiations don't take 2 years.

Churlin: How many, at what universities, accommodations, subjects they will major in, subsistence allowance?

Robison: What answers do you want to each item to make it most likely for you to accept? E.g., how many per college?

Churlin: Want to send students to study subjects we are most interested in—otherwise U.S.S.R. would think it to be a waste of time.

Benson: You, Churlin, will probably want to send 8-20 with an advisor, at a minimum. Could advisor help in Russian department?

DWF: Some time we would like to invite exchange in particular areas (like dance) or particular people (like mathematician Alexandr Ioffee and pianist Vladimir Feltsman).

Churlin: We are prepared to listen to any request.

Robison: How about CSCE and article 3 of Helsinki agreement as well as Shevarnadze's call for human rights conference?

*[In November Soviet Foreign Minister Shevanardze, much to the consternation of many Western countries, proposed a conference on human rights to be held in Moscow.]*

Keshlev: Main proposal will be on holding humanitarian forum in Moscow—to discuss whole range of humanitarian cooperation. Sees invitation to Moscow as of same order as Canada's invitation to Ottawa.

Is U.S. afraid of holding conferences in communist country?

Robison: No. But we don't understand *glasnost* (but think it looks wonderful). Most would want to participate in conference if it would further openness. Also U.S.S.R. has developed good p.r. and many wouldn't want to participate if it were only a p.r. exercise.

DWF: Raised issue of Anatoly Koryagin *[a psychiatrist arrested in 1981 for objecting to Soviet use of psychiatry for political purposes. His original 7-year prison sentence was extended 2 years because he went on a hunger strike to protest the conditions of prisoners]*. DWF had introduced self as M.D. who had consulted with U.S.S.R. Ministry of Health—and raised Koryagin issue in that context. *[Koryagin was released from prison in February.]*

After meeting, Alice Ilchman, Olin Robison, and DWF walked on Arbat (Moscow's first pedestrian mall, with best deli in Moscow). Noted private fruit stall with apples from Budapest and lemons from S. Africa(?) and oranges from Israel. Then walked back to car—Kremlin wall in background (also snow removal equipment).

**Addendum**

The American academic leaders who visited Moscow in January are now working with the U.S. State Department on a formal proposal for an exchange of undergraduate students and faculty between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

# Debate on declining black enrollments highlights minority concerns conference

"All of us involved with the education of minority youth in this country are presiding over a disaster," social psychologist Jeffrey Howard warned leaders of twenty-eight selective liberal arts colleges attending a national conference at Swarthmore on Feb. 2.

Howard's comments sparked a panel discussion held at the campus Friends Meeting House in conjunction with a conference on "Recruitment and Retention of Minority Students at Liberal Arts Colleges." The two-day gathering of college presidents and administrators aimed at evaluating minority recruitment and retention strategies.

The six-member panel discussed "Rumors of Inferiority," a controversial assessment of black educational achievement by Jeffrey Howard and Ray Hammond that appeared in the Sept. 9, 1985, issue of *The New Republic*. Panelists included Howard, who is president of the Efficacy Committee, a nonprofit educational consulting firm; Barry Beckham, director of the Graduate Writing Program at Brown University and editor of *The Black Student's Guide to Colleges*; Nancy Woodruff, assistant dean and director of minority affairs at Bryn Mawr College; and three students from Bryn Mawr, Haverford, and Swarthmore colleges. The discussion was moderated by Brenda Brock, associate dean of admissions at Swarthmore.

Howard summarized the position he and Hammond took in their article by saying, "We have to develop our children intellectually. We're failing to do that on a massive scale."

Howard provided statistics on the low verbal SAT scores of black students as a group and pointed to high school dropout rates for blacks, which exceed 50 percent in some major metropolitan areas. He also presented anecdotal accounts of poor student performance at college.

"We think that what happens at places like Swarthmore is that good [minority] people come to these institutions, and because of a combination of what they see in the eyes of the people who are already here and their own maladaptive reactions to what they see, they stop working. Typically they stop working," Howard said, "after their first midterms, if they get C's and D's." Howard argued that the black community must raise its expectations for black students and encourage them so that they don't quit after initially receiving poor grades.

Barry Beckham countered that the standards for measuring intellectual development are faulty. "The SAT exam is the biggest hoax in American higher education. It is designed so that middle-class white families will score 1000." He pointed out that for students of white and black families alike SAT scores correlate closely with family income. He also argued that learning that takes place in underfunded school districts with inadequate materials is bound to be inadequate.

Beckam held that focusing on intellectual underdevelopment obscures evidence of intellectual *over*development among minorities. "Our proportionate contributions far outweigh white intellectual achievements. For example, although not more than ten black people have had the opportunity to engage in the area of international relations, two have won Nobel Peace Prizes [Ralph Bunche and Martin Luther King, Jr.]."

"The real issue," Beckham said, "is the psychology of power. . . . Our predicament is a lack of power, and our condition has deteriorated because of that lack of power."

Nancy Woodruff summarized the findings of a study conducted by the Swarthmore Office of Black and Minority Affairs, which examined minority recruitment and retention strategies among twenty-seven liberal arts colleges. The study, which was sponsored by the Ford Foundation, was the focus of the conference. One aim of the study was to examine whether "increasing the percentage of minority faculty and staff

STEVEN GOLDBLATT '67

*Panelists Barry Beckham, Brenda Brock, Christopher McAuley '87, and Jeffrey Howard debate the reasons selective liberal arts colleges increasingly are failing to recruit and retain minority students.*

would have a positive effect on an institution's ability to both recruit and retain minority students. "That hypothesis," Woodruff said, "has not been born out by the data."

Woodruff suggested, however, that these data may be skewed because minority administrators are often placed in middle-management positions that are characterized by high turnover. This creates the impression that minority concerns are not an integral part of a college's administration. "The majority of the role models that minority students see around them seem to be in less than authoritative positions."

*—Ben Fulves '87*

## Debate team takes second in world championships

Seniors Josh Davis and Reid Neureiter took a second-place win at the World Debating Championships in Dublin Jan. 3. The two were only the second American team ever to reach the world championship finals. They faced 112 teams from eight countries before losing in the last round to Glasgow (Scotland) University Union.

The Swarthmoreans not only took second place from the judges, but also won first place in a non-binding audience vote. The audience included Ireland's President Patrick J. Hiliery, Garret FitzGerald, prime minister of Ireland, and Margaret Heckler, U.S. ambassador to Ireland.

As the top-seeded American team at the Dublin event, the duo sliced through eleven preliminary rounds in five days of debating before squaring off with teams from Cambridge University, the University of Sydney, and Glasgow University Union in the finals. With the Cambridge team, Davis and Neureiter went against Sydney and Glasgow, taking the negative side for the debate on the motion "The West Can Go to Hell." The College also sent a second team to the Dublin event, seniors Jim Bulkley and Miriam Jorgensen, who took a fiftieth-place win.

Davis and Neureiter are officers of Swarthmore's Amos J. Peaslee Debate Society. Last October they led the team to victory over 171 teams from colleges and universities across the United States and Canada, winning the largest college tournament in debate history, held at Harvard University.

## Spanish Professor Emeritus James D. Sorber, dead at 90

James D. Sorber, professor emeritus of Spanish and former choral director, died Feb. 25 of heart failure.

Throughout most of his academic career, he combined an interest in teaching languages with a talent for singing and teaching voice. He combined them formally as a member of the faculty of the David Mannes Music School in New York, where he taught voice and languages from 1927 to 1940.

Sorber joined the Swarthmore faculty in 1940 as an instructor in the Department of Modern Languages and Literature. Three years later, he also became director of the College chorus, a position he held until 1955.

He taught Spanish for twenty-six years, serving as department chairman from 1963 to 1965.

## Seeking Swarthmore friendships

Are the friendships you formed at Swarthmore one of the most significant residues of your liberal arts education? Have Swarthmore friendships provided stability in a life filled with changes of residence, career, partner, and outlook? Thirty years later, do you still play tennis twice a week with your Swarthmore doubles partner?

We are soliciting anything from anecdotes to theoretical essays for an *Alumni Bulletin* article on Swarthmore friendships, ephemeral and failed, as well as enduring. We'd like (but don't insist on) your name and class and will scrupulously respect all requests for anonymity. Please send contributions to: Lydia Razran Hooke '64, 1111 Westmoreland Road, Alexandria, VA 22308.

## Gay Alumni

Several alumni would like to organize a gay and lesbian alumni group. Working on a mailing list, local regional events, career networking ... our own reunion? All information sent to me will be confidential—no record will be kept in the Alumni Records Office. Interested? Ideas? Write: Wilson, 22 Pearl, Cambridge, MA 02139.

## College, PennDOT work to lessen Blue Route impact

When construction begins this year on the campus section of the Blue Route, the road will bear little resemblance to the one first proposed thirty years ago.

Since the College dropped legal action to halt construction a year ago, administrators have been working congenially with Pennsylvania Department of Transportation (PennDOT) officials and representatives from the township of Nether Providence on a task force to minimize the environmental impact on the campus and the surrounding communities.

Those working closely with PennDOT engineers and College-hired consultants have included Gordon Cheesman '75, director of physical plant; David Bowler, professor of electrical engineering; Judith Zuk, director of the Scott Arboretum; and Kendall Landis '48, vice president. Landis says their efforts have helped refine the design to reduce expected noise and other environmental problems.

With the help of Donald W. Smith '47, president of the New York engineering firm of Andrews and Clark, the most damaging aspects of the expressway have been dramatically modified.

"Just north of the railroad trestle, the steepest grade of the entire length of the road was about 3.8 degrees," Landis explained. "Don looked at the plans and made suggestions to the PennDOT engineers that knocked off nearly a degree of pitch. Any pitch over 3 degrees would probably cause fully loaded trucks to shift down, creating a significant increase in noise." Landis added that the planned seamless pavement, berms, sound deflectors, and new plantings also will help keep down the noise level on campus.

Zuk said that PennDOT officials have been "very sensitive to our requests" to try

to protect existing vegetation. "Obviously, everything in the path of the roadway will be bulldozed. But the engineers have made plans to keep the scope of their work as narrow as possible. They have been very responsive to changes we proposed in the road and landscape planning."

She and her staff have worked with consultants at Andropogon Associates, an ecological planning and design firm in Philadelphia, to survey the Crum Woods and design a detailed action plan of "rejuvenation and repair on our side of the woods. We'll be focusing on correcting damage done by erosion, heavy traffic on trails, and other problems brought about when a natural woodland is disturbed."

Outside the scope of problems considered by the task force has been the future impact of the Blue Route and the interchange planned on Baltimore Pike and of traffic on the various feeder roads, including Route 320 (Chester Road), which traverses the campus.

These final negotiations cap a twenty-five-year struggle over the expressway, which will link Interstate 95 to the south with the Pennsylvania Turnpike to the north. Plans originally presented by PennDOT in 1961 would have had the road following Crum Creek and passing under the railroad trestle on campus. Since then PennDOT has altered the path of the highway, moving it slightly to the west away from Crum Creek.

Bids for work on this section of the Blue Route are scheduled to be let this spring. Construction is expected to take two years.

## College appoints new physical education chair

Robert E. Williams, director of physical education at Amherst College, has been named chair of the Department of Physical Education and Athletics, effective July 1.

Williams succeeds David Smoyer, who left the College last year for a position at the Roxbury Latin School in West Roxbury, Mass. Since that time Professor Eleanor "Pete" Hess has served as acting chair.

At Amherst, Williams serves also as head coach of men's and women's cross country and the indoor and outdoor track and field teams. Before joining Amherst, he was chairman of college and community recreation, track and field coach, and professor of physical education at Rutgers University.

Williams is president of the NCAA Division III Coaches Association and, as a member of the curriculum development committee of The Athletics Congress, is developing a curriculum to educate track and field coaches.

He and his wife Thema, a speech therapist, have three children.

*Robert E. Williams*

## Field hockey wins national ranking

The 1986 women's field hockey team was ranked in the top twenty this season—eleventh in the nation and fourth regionally. Ranking mania began at the end of September, after the team had won five of its first six games, losing only to Glassboro State.

After the team notched three more victories in early October, it was apparent that Swarthmore would be nationally ranked. Despite a heartbreaking conference loss to Elizabethtown in the final fifteen seconds, Swarthmore was 7-2 halfway through the season. On Oct. 7 the regional rankings placed Swarthmore sixth and Elizabethtown second. The next day the national rankings were released: Swarthmore was ranked sixteenth.

The Garnet continued to win, sailing through the next five games with four shutouts. Traveling to the Seven Sisters Tournament, held at Wellesley, the Garnet blew out Vassar (5-1), Smith (5-0), and in the finals beat Wellesley (2-1) to win the tournament.

At the end of the season, Swarthmore won the All-College Tournament by defeating Beaver (2-1), Penn State Ogontz (2-0), and Philadelphia Bible (2-1). Based on their performance in the tournament, an unprecedented five Swarthmore players were named to the Philadelphia Association of Intercollegiate Athletics for Women (PAIAW) All-Star Team. The Garnet athletes named were sweeper Sue Swearer '87, midfielders Ann Fetter '88 and Pam Pierce '88, and forwards Barb Hayslett '87 and Amory Hunnewell '87.

In its first year in the Middle Atlantic Conference (MAC), the Garnet earned a playoff berth by finishing second to Elizabethtown in the Southeast League. Traveling to Madison, N.J., to face Fairleigh Dickinson, the Garnet lost its first game after thirteen consecutive victories. Fairleigh Dickinson continued to the semifinals, where they lost to eventual MAC champions Messiah College.

This season was destined to be a distinguished year for two reasons. The team was coming off a ten-game winning streak from the 1985 season and, with the loss of only two seniors from the 1985 squad, fourteen experienced upperclassmen (nine seniors and five juniors) were left to lead the team. With three capable goalkeepers from last year, the squad also developed defensive depth. When starting goalkeeper senior Kelly Werhane broke her sternum, for instance, sophomores Jessica Wagner and Anne Batman comfortably filled her absence. Sweeper Sue Swearer added an extra line of protection on defense. Swearer was named Athlete of the Month by the Dugout Club of West Chester. This award is presented to an athlete (male or female) who demonstrates outstanding ability and character.

## Edwin Faulkner, former tennis coach, dies

Legendary tennis Hall of Fame coach Edwin J. (Ed) Faulkner died Jan. 9 at his home in Winter Park, Fla. He was 87.

He came to Swarthmore in 1929, retiring in 1970 as professor of physical education after leading his Swarthmore tennis teams to nine MAC conference championships, two co-championships, and three Southern Division titles. The 1968 team also won the first Atlantic Coast Regional Competition of the NCAA College Division.

Faulkner coached five U.S. Davis Cup teams (1924, 1925, 1926, 1932, and 1964), three of which were champions. He also served as coach of Junior Davis Cup teams and Wightman Cup teams, and two Davis Cup teams from foreign countries (Spain, in 1923, and champion France, in 1927).

His final trip to campus was in 1981, when he returned to attend the dedication of the Faulkner Tennis Courts. A memorial fund in Faulkner's honor has been established at the College.

# Phobophobia

## ODES TO ANXIETY

*By Nathalie F. Anderson*

We all know a bit about phobias, enough to know how arbitrary the feared object can be, but I imagine few of us realize how many phobias are common enough to have names. When I stumbled on a list of them while thumbing through a thesaurus last spring at the Yaddo writers' colony in Saratoga Springs, N.Y., I was stunned to find three packed columns, over 270 specific fears. Some were familiar—claustrophobia, agoraphobia, fear of heights, fear of vicious dogs—but others were unbelievably bizarre—fear of string, fear of flutes. My first response was to wonder how a person could possibly fear string. What traumas, what associations could ever make it fearful? And then I thought: Anxiety really is my subject; I ought to write about these.

Freud is fairly consistent—and predictable—about phobias. His 1916 lecture on anxiety provides a particularly poignant summation: "A longing felt in the dark is transformed into a fear of the dark." A phobia, that is, transforms unemployable libido into "apparently realistic anxiety" by displacing the emotion to "an external object or situation." This displacement of emotion to "an external object or situation" sounds surprisingly familiar to students of poetry. Here, for example, is T. S. Eliot's famous statement from his 1919 essay on *Hamlet*:

"The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an 'objective correlative'; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that *particular* emotion; such that when the external facts, which must terminate in sensory experience, are given, the emotion is immediately evoked."

We might think of phobias, then, as objective correlatives, sinister equivalents for suspect longings. The difference between neurosis and art is that the poet looks for the *adequate* symbol, while the phobic's emotion—and indeed this is Eliot's criticism of *Hamlet*—is disproportionate to its correlative.

Now, the way I write ordinarily is very much in the Romantic or Modernist tradition: "emotion recollected in tranquility," the search for an adequate objective correlative for my own emotions. This doesn't mean that readers necessarily discover secrets about me from my work, but however the detail may change in the process of composition, the source of my poetry has always been my life. Writing about these phobias has been intriguing because—even though I *use* my emotions and my experiences—I begin NOT from my own feelings and perceptions, but from the objective correlative, attempting to fill an alien equivalence, so to speak, with convincing emotion.

To do this, I spent a lot of time at Yaddo literally playing with string, trying to play the flute, and watching clouds. I imagined situations in which string, for example, might become fearsome, recalling related things that seemed creepy to me already. Although I did a lot of playing with string, and a fair amount of reading—about what happens when we blush, for instance—I did no scholarly research on phobias themselves, though I'd read Freud's *Introductory Lectures* some months before. I have no idea how those who suffer from these peculiar phobias actually experience their anxiety. But as I experimented, I realized how readily I *could* be afraid of any of these inoffensive things—indeed, at certain moments I *was* afraid of them. Disconcerting!

In writing the poems, I relied more than I ever had before on a thesaurus and various encyclopedias and dictionaries, including the *Oxford English Dictionary*, to build up a related vocabulary—related by sound as well as meaning. I figured that the poems should be intense, and that one way of building intensity is through a Hopkins-like fabric of alliteration and repetition. My work sheets for these poems crowded with jostling words and phrases, as free association led me to entry after entry, to strange researches, to unexpected etymologies. The process was serendipitous, exhilarating.

Reading the poems, at Swarthmore and elsewhere, is exhilarating too—not least because every audience offers new phobia stories. Here's my favorite: A man, the great-uncle of Swarthmore Humanities Librarian Steve Lehmann, so feared unattached buttons that, when he asked his niece to remove one from the table, he offered her a tissue so that *she* wouldn't have to touch it.

Turn the page, if you dare.

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*Nathalie F. Anderson is an assistant professor of English literature at Swarthmore College. Although she is fascinated by the psychology of anxieties, she admits to having no phobias of her own. Her first book of poems,* My Hand My Only Map, *was published by House of Keys Press in 1978.*

## CLINOPHOBIA/FEAR OF GOING TO BED

*Here's the toad. Here's the edge of the well. Steeped*
*leaves, steep water. Still noctambulist.*
*Bolt hole. Bed rock. Never see, never go*
*under. Yes you will. Shut eye. Drowse. Drown.*

*Cock light. Burrow. What's quick? What's mired? Quilt*
*crawls. Flicks. Licks the dust. Gulch. Gully.*
*Bed fast. Bed fellow. Never stir, never*
*stare. Yes you will. Twitch toad. Rattle bones.*

*Oh toad. No kiss, no golden ball. No one*
*loves you. Yes it will. Quilt's rucked, rumpled.*
*Something seethes. Something shivers. Jaws unhinge.*
*Yes you will. Like stone. Kick toad. Leap frog.*

## AULOPHOBIA/FEAR OF FLUTES

*Right or wrong. Three silver birches*
*bar the window. So nearly straight.*
*Wind thin as a shiv. Desperate*
*teeth behind their silver bar.*

*Grasp and twist. Silver splits, shreds, flays.*
*Diminuendo. Lips blister,*
*stops spew hoarse waxy curds. Spiked through,*
*the rag's scummy. Trill. Tremolo.*

*Keen, you were keen. Tense. Again tense.*
*Keep it shrill. Knife at the teeth, wind*
*like a shiv. Upright, unfallen.*
*Silver birch. Silver blade. Spike. Bleb.*

## NEPHOPHOBIA/FEAR OF CLOUDS

*Dead calm. They're on you before you feel them.*
*Flecked with them. Reek of the invisible*
*rasp, the livid trail. The sky's glaucous, blotched*
*with gleet. Creeping. Creeping.*

*Maggots. Slugs. Leeches. Pasty wraiths bloated,*
*leaden. And shifty—torpid turns turbid,*
*roils and spits, banks off into blear. Grizzled.*
*They're on you. Scuts, scuts spuming.*

*As the driven snow? as fleece? as feathers?*
*Sluts. Sluttish. On you before you feel them.*
*The brackish snuffle. Invisible rasp.*
*Slinking. Dissolute. Smut. Smut.*

## LINONOPHOBIA/FEAR OF STRING

*Tow-head. Its two ends frayed innocent*
*as her cotton hair, fluffed with upbraiding.*
*Wound once, wound twice around, yanked: her finger*
*white above, red below the lank bow. So,*
*she said. So next time don't forget. Balls, balls*

*of it. Loose in the drawer. Twining. Forget*
*it, she said. When they pulled the ivy off*
*the screens its hands kept the grip like that, deft*
*efts; kept fingering the grating; pointing*
*the way. Yanked her braids from her mouth: sucking*

*the ends again. So limp. So thin. Drop it*
*she said. Don't flinch. Dingy, a hank of it*
*stirs. Something, the sizing, sours, sets her teeth*
*on edge. Blind worm. Slow worm. Impossible*
*salamanders. Next time. What could she say.*

## KONIOPHOBIA/FEAR OF DUST

*Pick-face. Chapped, itching towards smoothness; blisters*
*crusted; scab shucking bark; burnt white on red,*
*mica-brittle, mica-sheer; foxed corners*
*of a damp mouth: skin crumbs under her nail.*

*Skint. Brows fretted, stubble plucked thin, lashes*
*fished for. Scalp scratched clear of scurf; nose chafed, buffed,*
*fingered, thumbed, molted. Rusty blood chipped, hairs*
*scraped out in loving. Stale sleep scaled away.*

*What powders her face in the glass. What clouds*
*her pillow, breathless. What thickens, listless,*
*at the foot of the bed. What stares her down.*
*Defaced. Disfigured. Her mouth. Her eyes.*


## HYDROPHOBOPHOBIA/FEAR OF RABIES

*Miss Mulligan slavering bulldog jaws*
*at the seventh graders. "This long." Hands six,*
*eight inches apart: how they stick you. Fang*
*in the belly. Even the spit will do.*

*Blackie's a sweet pup, yips, nips heels, needles*
*the hand that feeds her. Bitch. Skewer her lip*
*they will, prick, pick, though she whimpers. Festers.*
*Scratched throats spasm, snarl at the bars, at what*

*pokes through. Cur. They'll cage you, skewer you, mutt,*
*though you yip, yelp, foam to a fit. Milk tooth,*
*snaggle tooth. Sharp as a tack. Dog-dirty.*
*Lick-spittle. Mongrel. Mutt. Miss Mulligan knows.*

## CYMOPHOBIA/FEAR OF WAVES

*Happy baby. Bobbing. Strong arm. Slap. Hard*
*water. Bottle-green swells smack, splatter. Chuck*
*the chin. Bluster. Rip-roaring rumpus. Scutched.*
*Scuttled. Fathomless undertone.*

*Mumble. Mutter. Hugging the shore. An arm*
*to step over. A finger. Toddler. Hand*
*on the ankle. Grip, gripe. Carom. Cuff. Crest.*
*Sea legs knee-deep. Spanking. Spanking.*

*Sullen. Sullen. Muscled shallows hunch, hump*
*at the bunk bed. Shrimp. Squirt. Grunt. Grumble. Grim*
*bone-bruiser. Shunter. Lurcher. Breaker. No*
*kidding around. Knock down drag out. Keeps.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB WOOD

## GRINGOPHOBIA/FEAR OF GRINGOS

*Who goes? Scouting the backlands, saw the planes—*
*our planes—fist through the valleys, dodging spit.*
*Redfin swayed. Grass rattled. Sheep ducked their horns.*
*Leathered black, knuckled brass sneers. My planes.*

*As the train held its breath, heard voices—ours—*
*spelling it out for the slow ones. Back home:*
*back home's not like this. White-bread terrorists.*
*Atomic showers. That's right. My voice.*

*Hsst. Hsst. Pasty words on a pasty tongue.*
*Choke it. Hold the maggots in. Hang-dog scab*
*at the trash heap, hot to eat dirt.*
*Who goes? Only I. Only vile I.*

## GYMNOPHOBIA/FEAR OF NUDITY

*Above us the Disco-Bats flicked their privates:*
*open, shut. Nothing we hadn't seen before.*
*Sequined, celestial: sissy-folk slip out, in.*
*Bird women. Fly-boys. Starkers, snootfull of smooch.*

*Hoodwinked? Ha! Nothing we hadn't tried. False face,*
*nudish: each pricked veil, each spangled spread. Diddling*
*disguises—nothing we hadn't worn: romance,*
*lubricity. Cupid's eye-patch, coruscant.*

*Fly-by-nights. Short-falls. Bats swallow*
*their pleasures. Lippy muzzles, scintillant,*
*leap to the eye. Under the suck-guttle,*
*under the glut: feel it—the crawling skin.*

## BROMIDROSIPHOBIA/FEAR OF BODY ODOR

*Man on the bus has three thick scarves.*
*What's behind it? No mouth. No nose.*
*Little pig eyes. Don't be rude. Don't*
*hold your breath. Maybe he'll pass you by.*

*Edge of the tub you catch it. Where?*
*Armpit. Armpit. No. Is it your*
*hair? Nipple? Navel? Soap up. Soak*
*a long time. Cup your hands. Catch your breath.*

*Whenever he moves you catch it.*
*Sucking drain. Hand to your mouth it's*
*a long aisle. Snout. Snout. Soap up, soap*
*again. What's behind it? Pig eyes.*

# Inside the Navajo-Hopi land dispute

## *Forced relocation forecloses traditional lifestyle for thousands*

*By Robbie Liben '83*

*Led by their elders, thousands of Navajo and Hopi Indians are determined to resist relocation, rather than abandon their subsistence farming lifestyles.*

In March 1986 I quit my job in Seattle and went to live with a Navajo Indian family in the Southwestern community of Big Mountain. My hosts, Alice and Joe Benally, aged 68 and 80, are two of the more than 14,000 native Americans who were ordered out of their homes by a 1974 act of Congress intended to settle an alleged land dispute between the Navajo and Hopi.

Over the past ten years, nearly 2,200 Indian families have been relocated by the federal government, but the Benallys and thousands of others refuse to leave their homes. It is the largest forced-relocation program attempted in this country since the mass internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II.

Alice Benally is a cheerful woman who laughs a lot. She also is strong; Alice and her daughters were among the first to try to block crews building a partition fence across their land. Joe Benally is a quiet man who takes much pleasure from tending his sheep, goats, cattle, and horses. They welcomed me to their family almost as another son.

I refer to Alice and Joe as Grandma and Grandpa, as is the Diné (Navajo) custom. Diné means "the people." It is what the Navajo prefer to call themselves.

### A pastoral life

When I first arrived, I stayed with the Benallys in their hogan. A hogan is an eight-sided log house caulked with mud. It is beautiful and surprisingly spacious. The Benallys' hogan is situated on a low hill, with the broad Dinnebito Valley to the east and a smaller valley to the west. The valleys merge to the south to form a vista that extends for 100 miles, past the Hopi mesas, to the San Francisco peaks near Flagstaff. These mountains are the highest points in Arizona and are snow-capped through June. To the north is Big Mountain.

Dinnebito Wash runs through the valley. It is a riverbed that usually is dry, but has carved a vertical canyon fifty feet deep in places. There is sagebrush all around, and juniper and pinyon pines cover the hills. The nearest neighbors are about a mile away.

My primary occupation here is herding the Benallys' fifty to sixty sheep and goats. This entails taking them out of their corral for about three hours in the morning and in the evening. There is a watering hole in the valley about a mile away. Since I've been here, about twenty goats have been born.

The idea is to keep individual sheep and goats from getting lost and to protect them from coyotes. This is easier than it sounds because whenever one gets separated from the herd, it bleats very loudly. To get the herd to move in the direction you want, you wave a stick and urge them on with a "whoosh" sound. I feel more like a cop directing traffic than like Little Bo-peep. The hardest part is getting them back into the corral. That's when they act as if they haven't eaten all day, even though they have. I enjoy herding because I am outside all day walking among the hills and valleys. It affords me a pleasing measure of solitude.

In early June the watering hole dried up. It has done so only for the past few summers. The people here say it dries up because of mining by the Peabody Coal Co. at Black Mesa, thirty miles away.

To transport coal Peabody uses a slurry line that swallows as much as 3 million gallons of water per day[5]—an immense amount for a desert area. The water table has dropped so much that wells and watering holes that once were used year-round now dry up in the summer.

The water we use for drinking and washing is carted from a well twelve miles away. It would have been too expensive to haul water for the sheep, though, so we moved them to a new camp about fifteen miles away, near a windmill that still pumps water.

The relocation act mandates a 90 percent reduction in all livestock, supposedly to stop overgrazing. I'm not sure I'd recognize overgrazed land, but I find it hard to believe that any ecosystem could support ten times its carrying capacity for long enough to warrant such a drastic stock reduction.

The Benally family used to have over 200 sheep and goats in their flock. But all of the Indians here had to sell off their "extra" livestock, or they would be seized. The Benallys' flock has grown, however, so that it is illegally oversized again. As a sheep herder I must be alert to the danger of BIA (Bureau of Indian Affairs) or Hopi police attempting to seize my flock, as well as to the threat posed by coyotes.

Sheep are essential to the Navajo way of life. They provide food, clothing, and trading goods, and they are used in religious ceremonies. The Navajo used to be almost completely self-sufficient. (I'm told that no one here paid much attention to the Great Depression because no one was directly affected by it.) Now, without donations,

*(Continued on page 46)*

# A history of exploitation

## *Energy interests may lie beneath relocation effort*

*By Robbie Liben '83*

The Hopi and Navajo Indians have lived side by side in peace for centuries. The Hopi live in villages atop mesas and farm nearby. The Navajo (Diné) are somewhat nomadic, traveling throughout the surrounding area with their herds of sheep, goats, and cattle as the seasons change.

The Hopi are descended from the Anasazi, "the Ancient Ones," who disappeared from the area about 1,000 years ago. Some Navajo say they are Anasazi descendants, too, although white anthropologists say the Navajo migrated here around 1400. The first recorded encounter between the Navajo and whites came in 1583, when they met Spanish explorers at Jeddito Bluff, in the area now disputed.[1] The Spaniards named them the *Apache de Navajó.*

The history of the present land conflict dates back to 1863, when most of the Navajo were rounded up by Kit Carson, sent on the famous "Longest Walk," and imprisoned at the *Bosque Redondo* concentration camp in Fort Sumner, N.M. (This camp allegedly was used later as a model for Nazi concentration camps. Hitler, it is said, had great respect for the way Americans dealt with their "Indian problem."[2]) In return for ceding most of their homeland, the Navajo were released five years later and given a small reservation straddling the Arizona-New Mexico border. Still, many Navajo migrated back to their homelands, including land near Hopi villages.

At the time, there was compulsory education for Hopi children provided by the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA). Because of Hopi resistance, armed truant officers sometimes took Hopi children from their parents and sent them to boarding schools as far away as Albuquerque.[1] Some were kept away for years at a time until they lost their Hopi culture.[2]

When two whites were enlisted to help the Hopi resist compulsory white education in the 1880s, the BIA agent in charge of the nearby Navajo reservation tried to arrest

*(Continued on page 48)*



*The land in dispute, known as the Joint Use Area (JUA), occupies nearly 3,000 square miles in the Four Corners region of the Southwest. The Hopi Reservation is surrounded by the JUA, which is shown as a black rectangle on the map above. Both lie within boundaries of the larger Navajo Reservation, shown in gray.*

*About 100 Hopi and 14,000 Navajo Indians living on the wrong side of the partition fence erected by the federal government have been ordered to relocate.*

*(Continued from page 44)*

there isn't enough food to sustain them. Seizing or forcing the reduction of their flocks means starving the people off the land.

There is plenty of other harassment as well. I have seen fighter jets roar by on numerous occasions. At other times I only hear their sonic booms. Also there is a new type of purple grass here that the sheep and goats refuse to eat. It has been reported in the area for only three to four years, but it seems to be taking over much rangeland. The Navajo say they've seen aircraft dropping seed for it. Starving the sheep is one more way to remove the people.

Why are people like me here? Navajo culture is communally oriented. Relatives and neighbors help each other with what needs to be done. Soon after I arrived, we sheared the sheep, for instance, and women living nearby came to help. But so many Navajo have been relocated that the social fabric is wearing thin. Those resisting relocation are having a hard time living as they are accustomed because their community supports are being removed. That is why I am here—to help with the day-to-day tasks that were done by the relatives and neighbors who now are absent.

## The resistance

In 1979 seventy elders from the Big Mountain area gathered together to create the Sovereign Diné Nation (SDN). They declared their independence from the United States and the Navajo Tribal Council. They claim the right to self-determination as an autonomous people and maintain that the officials of Arizona, the U.S., Hopi, and Navajo governments have no authority "to intrude on or disrupt sacred lands at Big Mountain."[10]

Over the past eight years, SDN has been a source of strength and security for Navajo determined to resist relocation. During the late '70s and early '80s, as the partition fence was being built, there were several confrontations with the fencing crews and the police assisting them. These confrontations were led predominantly by the elder women, who are at the center of the struggle. They are the glue that holds the resistance together.

Alice Benally and her three daughters have been maced, wrestled to the ground, and arrested for pulling up fence posts on their land. During a demonstration in Window Rock, Ariz.—the capital of the Navajo Nation—Alice Benally was beaten by police.

What is the solution to this dilemma? First, the repeal of the Navajo/Hopi Land Resettlement Act of 1974. That has been the focus of the energies of the Big Mountain Legal Defense/Offense Committee for the past several years. More recently, the In Defense of Sacred Lands Project has been fighting relocation with a lawsuit based on First Amendment rights, arguing that the land in dispute is essential to Navajo religious ceremonies. The first strategy, if successful, would win this battle, while the second would make any future Indian relocation efforts much more difficult.

But the ultimate goal is self-determination for both the Hopi and the Navajo: Remove U.S. jurisdiction and disband the BIA-controlled tribal councils so that Indians here (and elsewhere) can return to their subsistence-farming lifestyle. That's why I see the SDN as the most positive approach. It was organized and is controlled by tribal elders, not imposed from the outside as the tribal councils were. The SDN faces a long and hard struggle.

Peabody Coal stands to gain $55 billion if it wins rights to strip-mine the 1.8 million acres in the Joint Use Area (JUA). Even if the company were to spend several million dollars on lobbying and legal fees, those costs would still amount to less than 0.01 percent of their potential gains. Already the federal government has spent over $500 million on relocation.[4] While their opponents may seem overwhelming, the Navajo feel they must fight. They have nowhere else to go if they want to preserve their traditional way of life.

ALL PHOTOS: DAN BUDNIK/WOODFIN CAMP & ASSOC

## After the deadline

The relocation act set July 7, 1986, as the deadline for removing the last of the Navajo still living on disputed land—about 350 families. That day 600 to 800 people marched about 1½ miles from the Dinnebito Trading Post to the partition fence for a rally. Another 200 to 300 gathered twelve miles up the road for a prayer vigil at the original site of resistance to the partition fence. There were protests all over the JUA that day.

Among the marchers from Dinnebito were some of the famed World War II Navajo code talkers. At one point, Roberta Blackgoat, an elder, pulled out a bolt cutter, yelled, "I'm an outlaw," and started cutting down the partition fence. Many people joined in, including me. It was quite a release for the anger and frustration we'd all been feeling.

The only confrontations with the police that I've witnessed came in late July. Joe Benally and I were sleeping in the hogan when a friend from SDN security woke us in the night. He said that eight Navajo tribal police cars were converging on Big Mountain, without their lights on, and some police were coming up our hill on foot. Joe and I went to watch from the woods. From there we could hear them walking through the woods with their walkie-talkies. It was frightening because we didn't know their intentions.

We saw them drive away a little later. Then my friend came back to tell us that SDN security had disarmed the Navajo police and ordered them away. Guns, drugs, and alcohol are prohibited by the SDN.

The next morning helicopters buzzed the area, and twelve police cars and a SWAT team were deployed across the wash. Many of the people in the resistance fled into the hills, fearing that this was the beginning of the end. Three of us accompanied Louise, one of Alice and Joe Benally's daughters, down to the wash to talk with the police.

The sergeant in charge claimed that his men had gotten lost the night before, and they had come back to retrieve their weapons. Alice Benally arrived with several grandchildren in tow and marched down across the wash. She talked with the sergeant for a while in Navajo, and soon the police left. We learned later that, as we were talking, the police had crossed the wash again (out of their jurisdiction) to arrest a member of SDN security nearby.

In early August a group of Hopi *Kikmongwis* (religious leaders) organized a commemoration of the Hopi-Navajo friendship pact that dates from 1600. They said it was a "remembrance of the prophecies passed down that we are to be at peace with the Navajo." About 500 Navajo and Hopi participated in the event.

What will happen next? The BIA says that no one will be forced to relocate until there is housing available. I take that to mean that they will continue trying to move one family at a time, even though the legal deadline for complete relocation has come and gone.

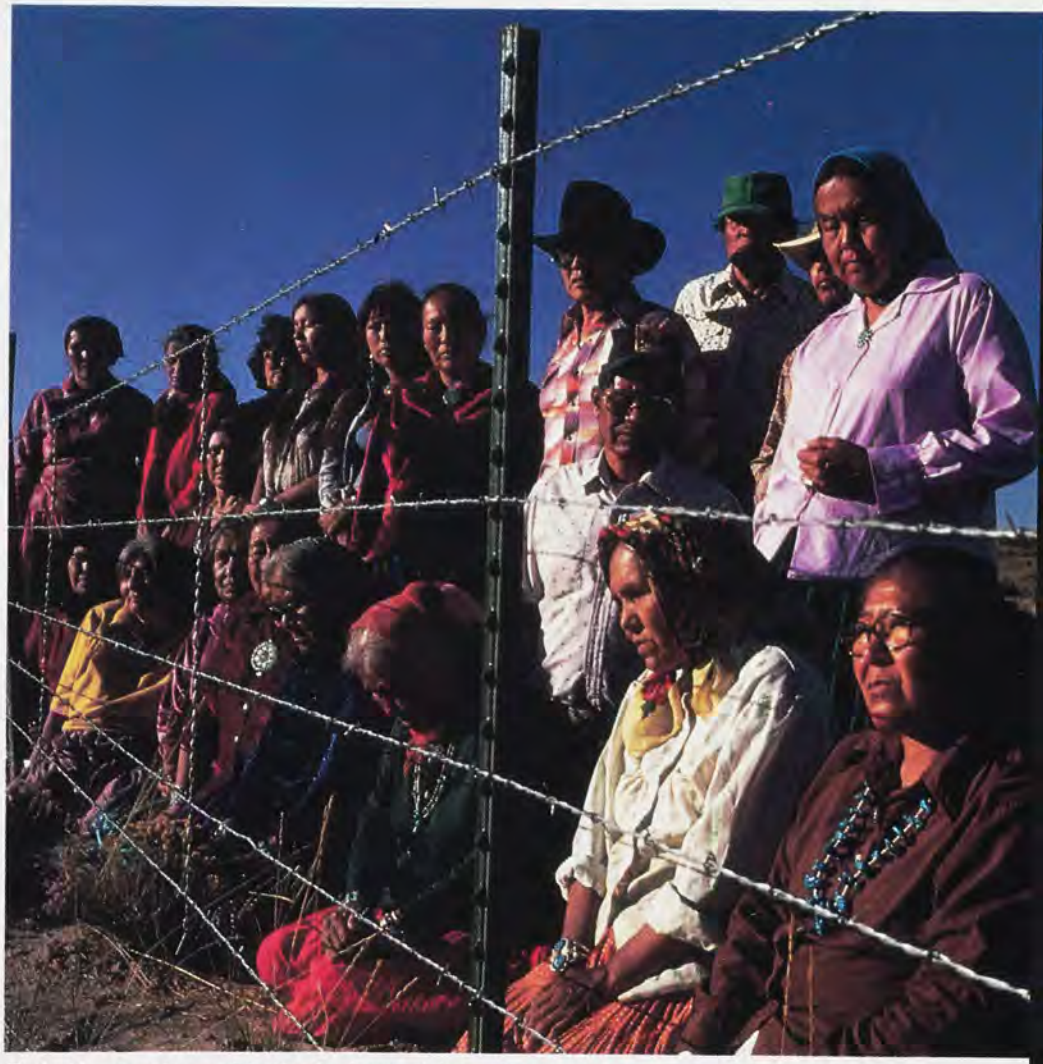
## Update, March 1987

Efforts to repeal the 1974 relocation act are on hold. The focus now is on a U.S. Senate bill sponsored by Alan Cranston of California calling for an eighteen-month moratorium on forced relocation. This bill is important because it calls for an advisory committee including "two traditional leaders of the Hopi people" and "two representatives of elders facing relocation." This is the first legislation ever to give the traditional Indian people their say. Once their voices are heard, Congress may be more inclined to repeal the relocation act.

Additional forced relocations are prohibited until more housing is available. The relocation commission expects the needed housing to be ready by January. Since July's deadline the situation on the land has not changed much. The number of police on the reservation has increased, though, and harassment has been stepped up. BIA police allegedly have been removing key parts from windmills—they call these "water diversion projects." Partition fencing has continued, too. People forced off the land by such tactics must sign up for a "voluntary move."

While saying it will not force Navajo families off the land, the Hopi Tribal Council insists it will protect Hopi homesteaders in the disputed territory. Recently, and more ominously, the Council expressed interest in acquiring the land occupied by Katherine Smith and Pauline Whitesinger, two Navajo elders central to the resistance.

For now, at least, the traditional Navajo and Hopi people are standing together. They will not be moved without a fight.



*To the Navajo, who consider the Earth sacred, being forced off their land means losing their culture.*

*(Continued from page 45)*

them. But since the Hopi villages were not then part of any reservation, the BIA agent had no authority to make arrests there.[1] He quickly secured an executive order from Washington, D.C., however, creating a reservation "for the use of Moqui [Hopi] and other such Indians as the Secretary of the Interior may see fit to settle thereon."[3] The two whites then were escorted away. Thus, contrary to popular belief, the reservation created in 1882 was not established to protect the Hopi from the Navajo, but to evict two white "troublemakers."

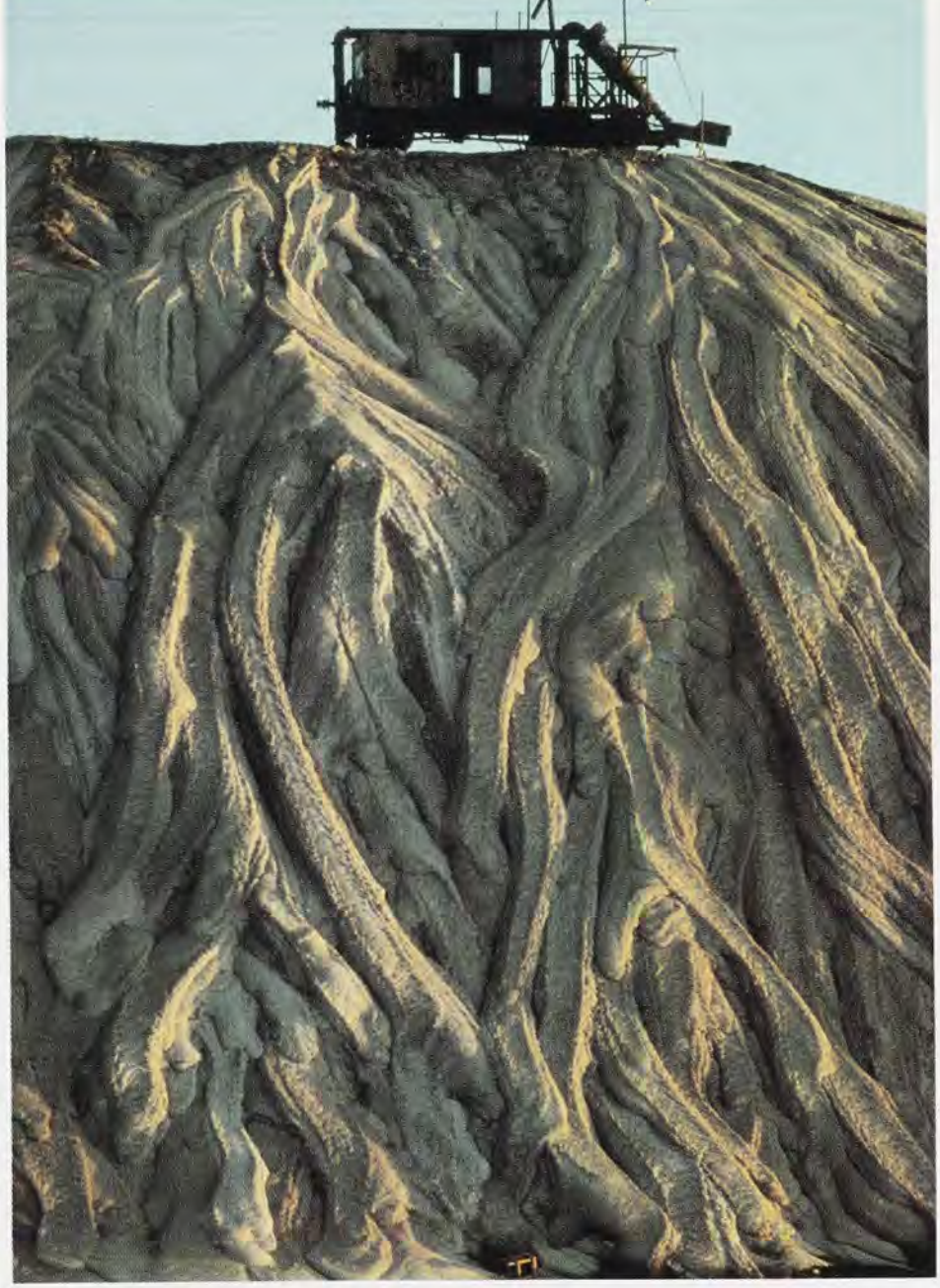
The 1882 reservation is an arbitrary rectangle, having little to do with Indian reality. It includes Navajo areas and excludes some Hopi villages. Only 300 to 600 Navajo were living there at the time, and the BIA agent in charge wrote, "The best of good feelings generally exist between the two tribes."[1] Since then, however, thousands of Navajo have been pushed west from New Mexico by white settlers. Though the Navajo reservation has expanded, the Navajo have been squeezed closer to the Hopi than they were in the past. This pressure has caused minor conflicts between Navajo and Hopi neighbors.

In 1921 oil was discovered on the Navajo reservation. Standard Oil sought to obtain a drilling lease there, but Navajo elders unanimously rejected the request, 75-0.[4] Since "Mother Earth" is a sacred living being to the Navajo, most are adamantly opposed to oil drilling and strip mining—activities they see as raping the land.

One of the BIA's mandates is development of Indian resources, however, and the BIA apparently decided a more responsive Navajo governing body was needed. In 1922 the BIA set up a tribal council of three men willing to sign leases with Standard Oil.[4] The same political entity governs the Navajo reservation today.

The Hopi were saddled with their tribal council in much the same way. By Hopi tradition, community decisions are reached by consensus. Dissenters simply don't participate. When the Hopi supposedly voted "for" a constitution written for them by the BIA, only a small fraction of them actually voted.[5] With 250 eligible voters in Hotevilla, Ariz., for example, the tally was just twelve for the constitution and one against. This vote was good enough to make it legal and binding, but those familiar with Hopi culture recognized it as a resounding defeat.

Since 1933, ownership of mineral rights on the 1882 reservation has been in question. In the 1950s, when federal studies indicated that major coal and uranium deposits might lie beneath reservation land, the question came to a head. A 1962 federal court ruling carved out a 650,000-acre portion of the reservation for exclusive Hopi use and declared that the Navajo and Hopi tribes had "joint and undivided" property rights in the remaining 1.8 million-acre area, since known as the Joint Use Area (JUA). Between 500 and 1,000 Navajo caught within the newly drawn Hopi reservation boundaries were ordered out. In 1972 the government removed fifteen remaining Navajo families.[6]



*The Peabody Coal Co. has strip-mined 65,000 acres bordering on the JUA. An estimated 18 billion tons of coal lie within six feet of the surface there.*

Joint use was not acceptable, though, to the Hopi Tribal Council and its longtime attorney John S. Boyden. While representing the Hopi, Boyden's Salt Lake City law firm at times also represented the Peabody Coal Co. In 1966 Peabody, the nation's largest coal company, paid the Navajo just $100,000 and the Hopi only $10 for the right to strip-mine coal from 65,000 acres in the Black Mesa area of the JUA and the adjacent Navajo reservation (see maps). The royalty rates were set at a meager 15 to 37 cents per ton, compared with $1.50 or more per ton paid landowners elsewhere.[7] Mining Indian lands is lucrative not only because mineral rights usually are sold at extremely low prices, but also because federal environmental protection laws do not apply to reservations.[1]

Peabody was anxious to secure rights to strip-mine, as well, the remainder of the estimated 18 billion tons of coal lying within six feet of the surface in JUA. But the coal company resisted negotiating joint mineral leases with the Hopi and the Navajo and instead pushed for partition of the JUA.

Partition apparently was more desirable to Peabody because it would remove Indians from the land under the guise of a tribal land dispute, rather than for strip-mining purposes.

In the early 1970s, at the request of the Hopi Tribal Council, a federal court ordered Navajo in the JUA to reduce their livestock herds by 90 percent. To force the Navajo into compliance the BIA froze construction within the JUA, including home repair and water-well drilling. With their sheep and cattle dying from lack of water and forage, some Navajo herded their stock onto Hopi land. The Hopi Tribal Council responded by hiring guards to patrol reservation borders and impound trespassing Navajo livestock. As might be expected, these actions led to occasional confrontations and threats of violent retaliation.

These border altercations soon took on the mythic proportions of a "range war," when packaged for the media by a public relations firm retained by the Hopi Tribal Council. Evans and Associates, a Salt Lake City PR firm, reportedly arranged Hopi round-ups of Navajo livestock for TV camera crews and supplied newspapers with photos of burned corrals and shot-up water tanks.[4] While representing the Hopi Tribal Council, Evans and Associates represented also a group of twenty-three electric utility companies anxious to gain access to the coal beneath Black Mesa in the JUA, then estimated to be worth over $55 billion.[1]

Congress and its Arizona delegation (supposedly experts on this "local matter") apparently were taken in by this alleged range war. In December 1974 Congress passed the Navajo/Hopi Land Resettlement Act. It directed a federal court to partition the JUA equally between the two tribes. Indians on the wrong side of the partition line were ordered to relocate. This included about 100 Hopi and 14,000 Navajo. The court also froze building in the JUA, including repairs to existing structures, and mandated a 90 percent livestock reduction, supposedly to stop overgrazing.

It was intended to be a humane relocation program. Those relocated were to be given homes elsewhere, fair market value for their existing homes, and a $5,000 cash incentive. The effects, however, have been devastating.

Some relocated Indians have been housed on the reservation, but the majority have been moved to border towns, such as Flagstaff and Winslow, Ariz. These people who, as sheep herders, have had little to do with a money economy now are being forced to pay taxes and pay for food, water, and heat. Since most of the older Indians don't speak English and have no marketable skills, it is easy to understand why many have fallen into financial trouble fairly quickly and often have been forced to mortgage their homes.

They have been ready victims for real estate and financial sharks. Annual interest rates as high as 67 percent have been charged. By 1983 more than 50 percent of the homes acquired by those relocated in and around Flagstaff, Ariz., had been sold. Another 37 percent had liens on their homes of $10,000 or more.[4]

Support for Future Generations, a relocation resistance group, rents a house in Flagstaff as a base for support workers. I stayed there for three weeks when I first came to the Southwest. The reality of relocation hit me when I was told the house originally belonged to a relocated family that later lost it. The whole neighborhood was built during the last ten years for those relocated, but the only Indian faces I ever saw there were in the support house itself.

The financial problems of the relocated, bad as they are, are not the most severe consequence of relocation. The Earth is sacred to the Navajo, as it is to most Indian cultures. To be forced off the land means losing one's religion, culture, and family.

"In our traditional tongue there is no word for relocation. To move away means to disappear and never be seen again," explains Navajo elder Pauline Whitesinger.

Relocation is as alien a concept to the Navajo as the concept of the Earth as a living, breathing organism is to most whites.[5] There are countless stories of anguish, illness, and even death associated with the forced relocation of the Navajo. To them relocation is a form of genocide, and "humane relocation" is a contradiction in terms.

How do the Hopi view the situation? It depends on which Hopi you ask. The Hopi Tribal Council strongly supports relocation. They are considered "progressive" Hopi because they see strip mining and related economic development as important for the tribe.

The head of the Hopi Tribal Council, Ivan Sidney, maintains that Navajo have been raiding Hopi settlements since the early 1800s and cites complaints of "Navajo depredations" as the reason for their imprisonment in the Bosque Redondo concentration camp in 1863. Sidney further claims that the 1882 reservation was created "for the exclusive use of the Hopi Indians"[8] to protect them from "Navajo encroachment." Because of failed federal efforts at removing trespassers, Sidney says, by 1934 the Navajo had acquired squatters rights to half of the reservation.[9]

Sidney sees Navajo resistance to relocation as simply an effort to get more federal money for the tribe. The Hopi Tribal Council has offered life estates to Navajo living on partitioned Hopi land, but that is not acceptable to the Navajo who, like most other Indians, are taught to act in the best interests of future generations.

Traditional Hopi religious leaders—the *Kikmongwis*—are very much opposed to relocation of any Indians. The land, according to their beliefs, cannot be owned, exchanged, or partitioned.[5]

"There is no land dispute between the Navajo and the Hopi," says Thomas Banyacya, a spokesperson for the Kikmongwis. "The traditional people never recognized the tribal councils. It is the tribal councils, the big energy companies, and the U.S. government who are in a dispute with the Navajo and the Hopi. The Great Spirit didn't want the land dug up to create nuclear weapons."[5]

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