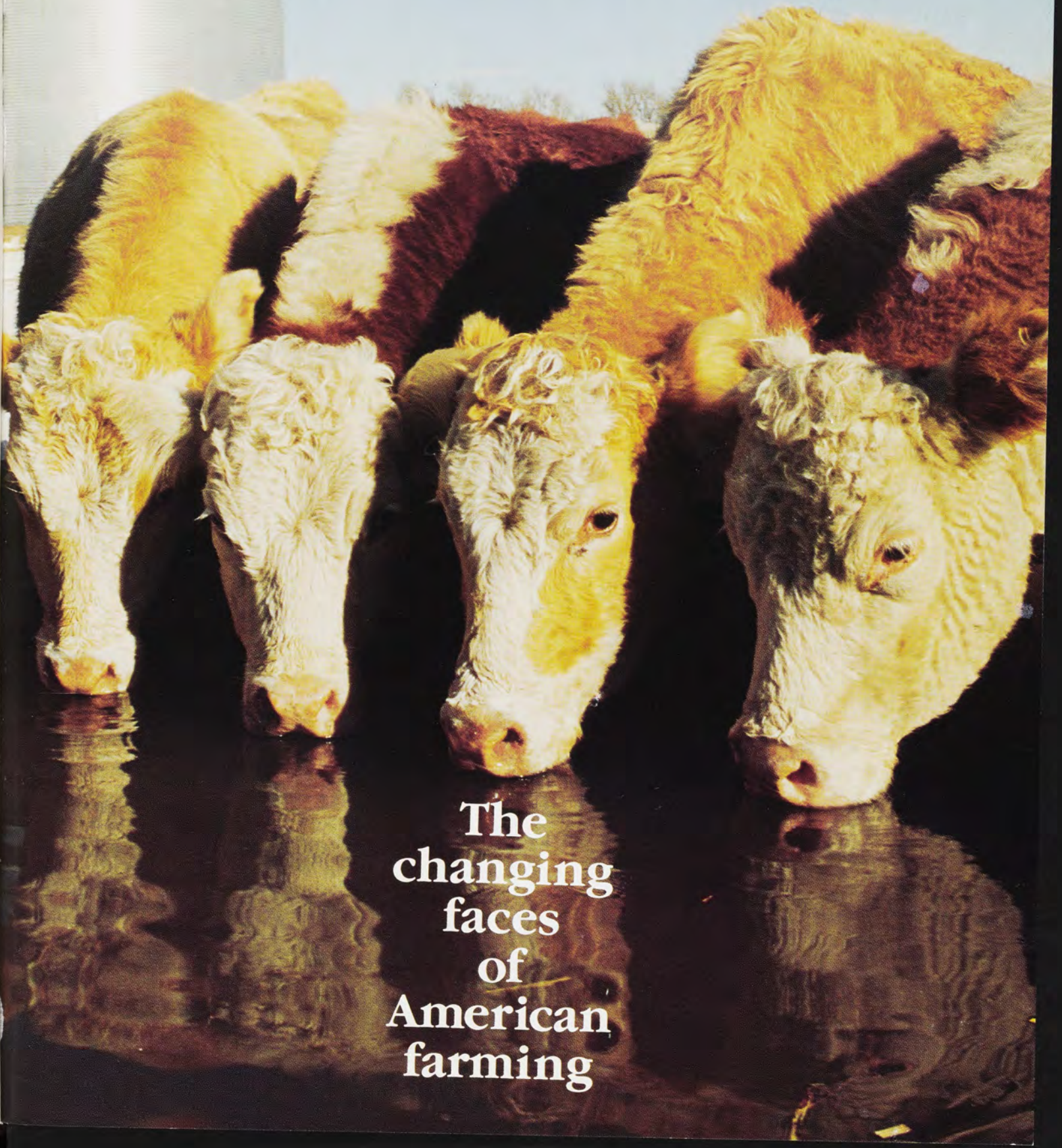
SWARTHMORE

College Bulletin • November 1989



The changing faces of American farming

PAEAN

Who have tools,
will travel
through sleet and snow
and dark of night?
The skilled staff will
(though boxed among
the bathroom tiles
of dorms all summer
fixing pipes
and people's domiciles
is more their style),
making every
wire, wall, and window
what it ought to be
so Swarthmore minds
can see
just how the cosmos
came to be
or reading "Ludlow Fair"
can live
as effortlessly as air,
oblivious to awl
and ball-peen hammer,
dibble, file, jackscrew,
clamp, or tamper.
Who will take a four-inch
brush or puncheon
to Tarble's stones
in time for luncheon?
If need be
the skilled staff will.

BOB WOOD

Carpenter Dave Hudson of the Department of Physical Plant

SWARTHMORE

COLLEGE BULLETIN • NOVEMBER 1989

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Cover: From mountain to meadow to arid prairie, Herefords, originally an English breed of beef cattle, are successfully raised. Photo by Grant Heilman '41.

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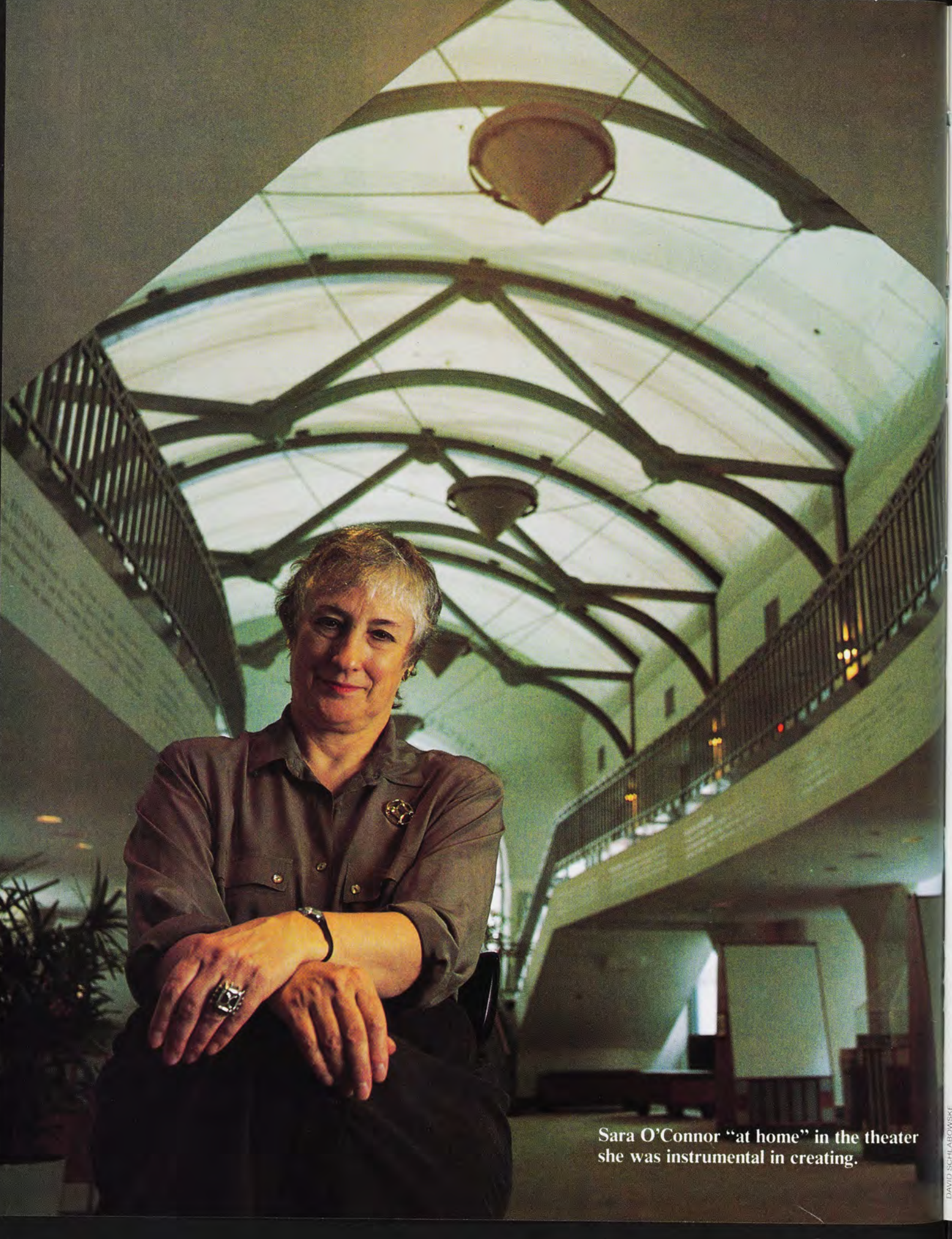


Sara O'Connor "at home" in the theater she was instrumental in creating.

DAVID SCHLABOWSKE

For extraordinary sophistication and innovation in opera and theater

Try Cleveland and Milwaukee

David Bamberger '62 joins the leader of the rock group Police to stage a unique and eagerly awaited opera, Holy Blood & Crescent Moon, *at Cleveland Opera*

David Bamberger's 25-year career in grand opera may be said to have begun on stage in Pearson Theatre in 1961 in an evening of four one-acts. In the opening *Tevya*, Bamberger had the starring role and made Swarthmore theater history by being the first actor to appear in the first production staged in Pearson. One campus critic trumpeted, "It was the best student acting I have seen."

It was not as an actor, however, but as a director of an opera that the evening was to be prescient for Bamberger. He directed the fourth one-act of the night, an opera called *The Seminar.** Of this first opera he ever directed, Bamberger remembers the interesting possibilities posed by the asymmetrical shape of Pearson Stage. "I staged the opera from all angles so that wherever you sat, the actors were playing to you." He remembers also, "One of my great coups was to get Kerry Kelly '64, Gene Kelly's daughter, to stage the production number ["The Gavotte over the Teacups"] at the seminar break."

by Maralyn Orbison Gillespie '49

It was many miles and 14 years before this Phi Beta Kappa history major made it to his current stage home, Cleveland Opera, where he is general director and where in the fall his production of another new opera, *Holy Blood & Crescent Moon*, was creating a sensation in the music world. Bamberger's production on Oct. 10-15, 1989, was noticed by "the eyes *(Continued on page 56)*

*Score by Francis Taber Ashton '53, libretto by Philip N. Price '52

Sara O'Connor '54 has been instrumental in shaping the growth of regional theater in the United States through her work at the Milwaukee Repertory Theater

When a lengthy newspaper profile of Sara O'Connor, managing director of the Milwaukee Repertory Theater, was published two years ago, her friends and associates were amazed by one revelation. Until she was in her late 20s, O'Connor used the nickname Sally.

It was as Sally Andrews that O'Connor attended Swarthmore College, graduating in 1954 with High Honors in art history. But to many local folks, the woman who has played a key role in Milwaukee's downtown development and run a major regional theater for 15 years didn't fit their stereotype of a Sally.

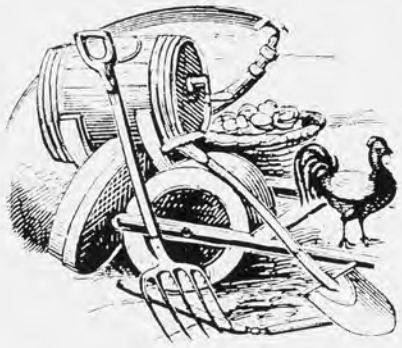
Her cool efficiency, indefatigable appetite for hard work, and ability to play hard ball with national real estate developers make Sara seem a much more appropriate name. And in many of Milwaukee's most important and influential circles, Sara is the only name you need to use in referring to O'Connor. Simply say "Sara," and people will know about whom you are speaking.

O'Connor is one of the best known and most respected arts administrators in the country. Since becoming the person responsible for the Milwaukee Rep's business affairs in 1974, she has been instrumental in shaping the growth of the entire regional theater movement in the U.S.

by Damien Jaques

She is the only person to serve as president of both the Theater Communications Group, a national service organization to theaters, and the League of Resident Theaters, a collective bargaining association of more than 70 not-for-profit professional theaters. (Last year the Theater Communications Group honored her for service in administration to nonprofit theater in the U.S.) In Milwaukee, O'Connor spearheaded the effort for the most expensive redevelopment project *(Continued on page 28)*

Old MacDonald Sings A New Tune



Change on the farm is profound, but farms themselves still represent the images many of us identify as "America"

Text and photos by Grant Heilman '41

Editor's note: *Grant Heilman '41 did his Swarthmore Honors thesis on the agricultural colony founded in Alaska by the New Deal in 1936, living with a family during the summer of his junior year. As an undergraduate working for the College's News Office, he photographed Stan Cope '42, subject of an article about a farm boy who made good in Eastern college athletics, for* Country Gentleman *magazine.*

He has been recording and reporting on farming ever since. His organization of eight people provides photographs to publishers and advertisers all over the world from its expanding file of some 250,000 photographs. His most recent book, Farm *(Abbeville Press, 1988), is the inspiration and source for this article. Heilman and his wife, Barbara Whipple '43, live in the mountains of Colorado.*

For most Swarthmoreans, life on the farm is something savored only from the pages of a book, from tearjerkers on television, or possibly from the sometimes boring reminiscences of grandparents brought up way back when.

To that extent Swarthmore is little different from much of the rest of the country. A hundred years ago, almost half of the population of the United States lived on farms. Farm numbers today have plummeted to a little more than 2 percent of the total population. Thus we've been evolving rapidly from a rural to an urban society, and with that, knowledge of farm life has been dwindling.

There are three main reasons for this great change from rural to urban living. First, technological advances in farming have allowed fewer farmers to produce more, with less manual labor. Reminiscences of old-timers almost always include something like, "I walked 22 miles a day in the furrows behind those damned mules; god, it was hard work."

An hour of farm labor today produces more than 16 times the food it did 80 years ago. The back side of this is, of course, that the increase in use of machinery requires great amounts of power inputs, mostly petroleum products, and increased capital.

As a result of soaring productive capability by each farmer, farms are larger. Average farm size went from 252 acres in 1954 to 455 acres in 1986. The family farm 50 years ago had a few chickens, a pig or two, maybe a handful of dairy cattle. It raised most of the feed for the animals and food for the farm family, with maybe a little extra left over to sell. But as farms have gotten larger, crop specialization has in-

Involvement of the federal government hastens change on the farm

creased. A 10,000-acre spread of nothing but wheat is common in Wyoming or Colorado, but I rarely see home-baked bread on the farm table.

Midwest farmers typically talk only of corn and soybeans. In fact, they are often referred to as "C S & F" farmers—corn, soybeans, and Florida—for without animals on the place, they have few winter responsibilities. But if wheat, corn, and soybeans are specialties, artichokes may be the ultimate in regional specialization. Practically all of them grown in the United States are grown within a few miles of Castroville, Calif.

Second, this shift from manual labor to mechanized labor, from small diversified farms to large specialized farms, has been partly the result of the availability of outside

capital to make the change. A wheat combine with a 30-foot header costs far above $100,000, and, yes, it is likely to come with tilt-wheel steering, air conditioning, and a stereo tape deck.

Funding for agriculture became a giant business with Roosevelt's New Deal in the '30s, and while government money moved in, private capital sources continued to grow too. Money flowed easily—far too easily as it turned out. I recall a farmer who said to me: "They're almost forcing money on me, told me to build a swimming pool if I couldn't think of anything else. I bought more land instead."

Sure enough, the biggest result of the

availability of capital, particularly in the 1970s, was rising land prices. Farmers took the borrowed money and bought out neighbors, and as a result many borrowers ended up with an unbearable debt load. While there was some "corporate farming" moving in, most of the expansion that occurred was individual farmers gobbling up each other's land.

While so-called corporate farming is important, it needs to be taken in perspective, and the perspective isn't simple. Nonfamily-owned corporate farms account for less than one-half of 1 percent of the total number of farms, but of course account for a much larger percentage of the land. The usual figure is that the top 1 percent of the owners account for 30 percent of the land, but these "biggies" aren't necessarily impersonal corporations—a 10,000-acre wheat farm is likely to be a family-owned operation.

There have been a number of attempts to cut down on corporate ownership of farms, to save the "family farm," mostly through state laws. The need for (and effectiveness of) these actions is still pretty vague, and because of the drastic drop in land values through the early '80s, many corporate farm owners (actually real estate investors) wish they had put their money elsewhere.

The much talked about foreign ownership of farm land, incidentally, doesn't amount to a great deal, about 1 percent of the acres; most of this is forest land owned by nearby Canadian corporations. The Japanese are beginning to nibble at American beef production, likely with the knowledge that increasingly they will be able to export beef from the United States to their own country, which Americans have long had political difficulty doing.

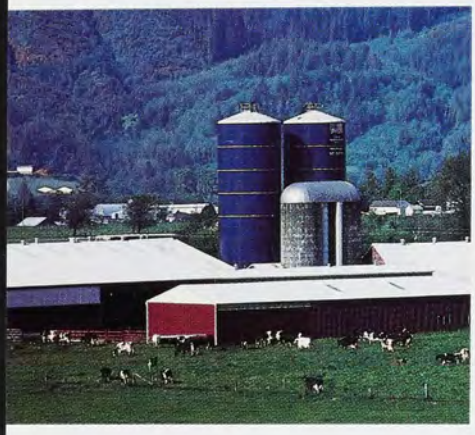
Vertical integration, a peculiar term, has created giant business enterprises that rank among the Fortune 500; whether they should be classified as farms is debatable. The biggest area of vertical integration is in the poultry industry, where firms like Perdue and Holly Farms start with chicks and feed and end up with frozen drumsticks ready for the microwave. The big firms control the entire process, but the birds are largely grown by small, often part-time, growers who are entrepreneurs, not company employees, but whose operations are heavily supervised by legions of company veterinarians and cost accountants. Poultry has been the innovator of vertical integration. Now beef is beginning to fall in line, and hogs are about to sniff at the trough.

The third major factor in farm change has been government policy. The federal government is, and has been, far more involved in farming than in any other industry except defense. Farming is where the votes once were, when half of us were farmers, and the government's anxiety over the cliché of "the small farm as a way of life" has led to the expenditure of a lot of your money. It has gone from the Morrill Act, signed by Abraham Lincoln establishing the land-grant colleges specifically to teach agriculture, through the 1887 Hatch Act, which started federally funded ag research, through the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1933, which began the process of trying to restore farm prosperity by curtailing farm production and raising prices. And it's carried on through huge expenditures of federal funds

Right: In the Rockies cattle and sheep graze on pasture, some privately owned, some owned by the government. The land is seldom managed. Left: In highly mechanized peanut production, a digger lifts the roots with the peanuts from under the ground, and a harvester separates peanuts from roots. Above: "Although pigs are very ordinary creatures," says Heilman, "everyone goes wild over photographs of them." For years his company has published a popular calendar of pigs.

FARM FACTS

- ★ Average farm size climbed from 252 acres in 1954 to 455 acres in 1986
- ★ The number of farms dropped by almost 60 percent from 1950 to 1982, but total acreage dropped only 15 percent
- ★ An acre of corn produced 72 bushels in 1970; in 1984, 106 bushels
- ★ The average cow produced about 10,000 pounds of milk a year in 1970; in 1984, nearly 13,000
- ★ In 1900 one farm worker supported himself and one city dweller. Today one farm worker supports more than 80 city dwellers



Clockwise, top to bottom: Lettuce is a risky crop, with great price fluctuations, and is highly labor-intensive • In contrast to chickens and hogs, sheep live almost entirely outdoors • It takes a strong arm and back to cut cabbages from the stalk, trim them, and put them onto a collector belt • The average cow in the U.S. produces 13,000 pounds of milk a year; California cows, 16,000.

Farmers can solve production problems; can politicians deliver?

continuing to try to restore farm prosperity, largely by the same actions begun with the New Deal. Whether prosperity has come to farmers depends on whom you ask, but certainly the Congress and the Department of Agriculture don't think so, for they keep paying out massive amounts of money to keep the farmers going.

There is a peculiarity in this; the problem seems largely based on the fact that farm economics don't work in the same way as other capitalist economics. As farm prices drop because of overproduction, the poorest producers seemingly should be forced out of production, and the decreased supply should force prices back up. It's true that these weaker producers often are forced off the farm; they pack their belongings and go to town, either in retirement or in search of a new career. But they can afford to go because their neighbors have bought their land, and most importantly, the new owners keep the land in production. When I wander the back roads of farm country, I keep hearing farmers say, "I'm going to buy that place up the road; I really need that land."

While the number of farms dropped by almost 60 percent from 1950 to 1982, the total acreage in farms dropped by only 15 percent, and that was mostly the result of urban intrusion, cities swallowing farmland. Meanwhile productivity per acre has soared. An acre of corn produced 72 bushels in 1970, but that had soared to 106 bushels by 1984. The average cow produced about 10,000 pounds of milk a year in 1970; by 1984 it was close to 13,000 pounds.

The federal effort therefore has been, through government controls, to overcome low prices brought on by surplus production with the thought that prices would then rise and farmers could then make a living. But this has had to be coupled with the political desirability of seeing that few farmers are forced off their land in the meantime. The technique has thus been to pay farmers in various ways not to farm land, and artificially to support prices. Presently, for example, the Conservation Reserve Program aims to rent erosion-prone land from farmers for 10 years, putting it into grass or trees. The goal is 40 million acres, more than 10 percent of the total land farmed.

These government programs have gradually come to cost quite a bit of money, even for the federal government. Depending on whose figures you accept, the Department of Agriculture spent about $25 billion in 1987 (true, this comes to only $100 per person in the United States, but still . . .).

Farmers have spent a lot of time figuring how to make the most from this largesse, which is natural, but they have frequently done this while decrying the whole process and talking about "getting the government off our backs." At this point I don't really think that most of them believe they can afford to get the government out. They'll settle for their business run more to their liking.

> We've been fighting surpluses for more than 50 years, still are, and will be for a long time."

The political effort now is to get governmental expenditures for farming back down to livable amounts while getting farmers on an even-enough financial keel to keep them solvent. For the moment both these goals seem possible. The urban consumer has complained very little about the cost of food; there's some justification to the bumper sticker that has made the rounds in farm country: "Don't criticize the farmer with your mouth full!"

Exports—and more than half of some of our crops have gone to the export market—are beginning to look better, partly thanks to a livable exchange rate. The trauma of farm bankruptcies seems to have crested. The Farm Credit System is showing a hint of profits. The despair of the drought of 1988 and to some extent 1989 has had its bright side in reducing crop "carryover" from one year to the next and been mitigated by—of course—federal payments.

What of the future? I see more of the same programs, maybe dressed up with new names and, I hope, with smaller dollars. The number of farms will continue to decrease, but the major drop is surely over. In the long term, the least-cost producers will be the ones who stay. High-tech innovations, such as genetic and chemical improvements, will more than offset the production losses caused by increasing environmental restrictions. American farming will continue to consume immense amounts of energy; if it isn't available, American farming is in trouble. I don't know any farmers who will voluntarily go back to pitchforking hay or milking by hand.

Chances are the farmer will be, for a time at least, less dependent on government payments, more dependent on the market, but I can't see a real "free market" for agricultural products. There are some innovative ideas floating around Washington, such as "decoupling," which in some versions would guarantee the farmer a certain income, letting his crops bring what they would on a free market. This makes interesting political arguments, but I can't see anything that different being adopted.

Will we starve? The idea has been widely publicized, and obviously the answer depends on the time frame we are looking at. The United States shouldn't go hungry in the foreseeable future, but some Third World countries may if their populations continue to soar. Can the United States prevent this starvation? For the near future at least, with incentives we can produce enough food for ourselves and everyone likely to starve.

The dire predictions of mass starvation that kept surfacing 15 to 20 years ago haven't proved true, and it is vitally important not to underestimate our farmers' ability to produce. We've been fighting surpluses for more than 50 years, still are, and will be for a long time.

But even if we can produce enough food to avoid world starvation, getting the food to those who are starving, both here and abroad, may be beyond us if we can't solve the political problems of food welfare programs. Our farmers, if not too badly hobbled by restrictions, can solve the production problems; our politicians may not be able to.

The Bottom Line

Four retiring faculty members calculate the gains and losses for Swarthmore over three decades

Music

Peter Gram Swing

What kind of a place was Swarthmore in 1955 for a musician? I held the first full-time appointment in music at the College at that time. Until then, Swarthmore's music faculty, a very distinguished one, was shared with Haverford. Alfred Swan, whom I adored and to whom I apprenticed myself as a teaching assistant in his Russian music course, was chairman at Haverford as well as at Swarthmore. William Reese also taught at both Haverford and Swarthmore.

I was hired initially to conduct the chorus and the orchestra and to teach a course in music. I'm not an orchestral conductor by profession, so I talked Bill Reese into trading the intro music course he was teaching for the orchestra, and I ended up teaching two courses in music and conducting the chorus, which I have done for 34 years without interruption. I'm rather proud of that, because both the Haverford and Bryn Mawr choruses collapsed during the student revolution, but our chorus didn't. In fact, at Bryn Mawr the Music Department eventually collapsed; Bryn Mawr doesn't have one anymore.

But there was a lot of music going on at Swarthmore before I came. Alfred Swan was a most extraordinary musician himself. I can't imagine a small liberal arts college, or for that matter a large university, putting on a Rimsky-Korsakov opera, and playing Vaughan Williams, as Alfred did. He was doing Monteverdi's madrigals before Nadia Boulanger ever thought of recording them. Arnold Dresden was still a living legend, though he had stopped running those fantastic chamber music parties at his house. Jim Sorber was, of course, conducting the chorus; Peter van de Kamp was conducting the orchestra. I tried to build some kind of departmental power base by insisting that all musical activities be the responsibility of the Music Department. We ended up coaching chamber music and giving lessons, as well as teaching courses and directing large ensembles.

> In a sense the Lang Music Building is a marvelous symbol of where we have finally come."

In 1964 Boyd Barnard '17 startled Courtney Smith by giving the College $100,000 for the advancement of music at Swarthmore, thereby generating an annual income of $5,000. That went a long way in 1964. We did all kinds of marvelous things, such as bringing people like Gilbert Kalish, Hon. '86, and Paul Zukovsky to Swarthmore to give chamber music concerts and to coach. At a certain point we couldn't afford them anymore, but we had them for eight years as associates in performance.

So things have flourished as far as the department is concerned. We now have four full-time appointments in music, and we all hold doctorates. This was not the case when I came. I suppose I was trying desperately to establish a certain kind of intellectual cachet for music here. And it was not easy. People like Mary Albertson would say in faculty meetings, "Look, anybody who wants to major in Honors in history better not minor in music." It was a long battle, but it helped when I received a belated doctorate, and it helped even more when Jim Freeman earned his doctorate. Then we hired Jerry Levinson

and Ann McNamee, who held doctorates. But the person who will succeed me is still working on his. He's a very exciting, young scholar [Michael Marissen], one of only three Americans invited to give a paper at the International Bach Gesellschaft meeting in Leipzig this year. This is a guy who hasn't finished his dissertation yet!

Over the years we have been trying to put all parts of music together: performance, thinking about music, playing music, singing music, participating in music. Students can come here now and get academic credit for studying the violin or voice or singing in the chorus. There's still the 20-course rule, so purity of a liberal education has not been compromised in any way, I can assure you! We're not running anything that resembles a conservatory. But it's nice for students to be able to say, "Look, Mom and Dad, I'm going to take violin lessons this year; I can get some credit for it, and the department will even help pay for the lessons."

In a sense the Lang Music Building is a marvelous symbol of where we finally have come. We had outgrown every facility and were scattered all over the place. Lang has provided a marvelous area for musicians to gravitate to, and dancers as well, since Jim Freeman invited dance to get out of Physical Education and thereby put it into the arts, where it properly belongs. When I walk into Lang and see dancers on the upper lobby practicing, it's really very moving in a way—I mean that both figuratively and literally. I still like to think that I'm in a Department of Music, rather than in the Department of Music and Dance, but that's all right; that's partly my age and partly the fact that I still fancy myself a card-carrying musicologist, as well as a choral conductor.

Engineering

David L. Bowler

Peter brought you the view from the western side of the campus; my view is from the northeastern corner, where we engineers hang out. Speaking as a teacher of electrical engineering, the kinds of things that interest us engineers are the kinds of things you can put your hands on: a transistor or resistor or a motor or an integrated circuit. We like to know how to put them together and how to do something useful with them. But we may not think very hard about the cosmic implications of putting a million transistors—and this is true—on a piece of silicon about one-third of an inch by two-thirds of an inch. So I see myself more as a reporter than as an interpreter.

One thing that remains constant over the years—and this is college-wide—is the commitment to good teaching."

One of the more interesting aspects of our department in my 32 years has been the curricular changes. When I came here in 1957, there were three separate engineering departments: civil, electrical, and mechanical. Each had its own chairman; each had four members. Courtney Smith thought it might be a little more convenient to deal with one chairman, and he proposed in 1963 that we combine the three departments. Those of us who were then the younger members of the faculty saw the strength of our disciplines going down the drain, and we objected strenuously, staving off the merger for one year. But in 1964 those departments were merged, and with the merger came a change in the curriculum, which, I think looking back on it, has been a significant development in the Swarthmore engineering education.

Because of the 20-course rule, our students may take only 12 courses in the department. Of them, six are courses that we regard as essential for all engineers; the other six they may choose as they wish to point themselves toward their particular interest. As a result it's now not so easy to look at any one student program and say, "He's an electrical engineer, she's a mechanical engineer." The content of each program is unique, and, so far as we know, there's no other institution with a curriculum like ours.

In the middle '70s we brought in the concept of the senior project. Our students have an opportunity to work either by themselves or in a small group on a major (for undergraduates) development or research activity, about which they write a substantial report and give an oral presentation. That has been quite successful.

Over these 32 years, I've seen our curriculum go from a relatively strong, single-discipline arrangement to a multidisciplinary arrangement, from which students emerge a little more broadly educated. I think, on the whole, that is a very good change.

One thing that remains constant over the years—and this is college-wide, not just department-wide—is the commitment to good teaching. It's quite clear that this is still a fundamental criterion for long-term membership in the Swarthmore faculty, and I hope that fact never changes.

One of the significant changes in the student body is the presence of a great many

women in engineering. Of the 15 graduates in the Class of '89, seven are women. There's been a large increase also in the number of foreign students in the Engineering Department. In my Digital Systems class this term, five or six out of nine students are foreign.

We have always had a heavy interest in graduate school among our students, and approximately a third of them go on. During the Vietnam War, the figure rose, as students avoided the draft. But this year 13 of our 15 seniors have applied to graduate schools, and as far as we know, they have all been admitted to at least one.

I see significant change on the faculty side of things. When I was at Princeton working on my Ph.D., Ed Stabler '51 was there getting his Ph.D. I said to him one day, "Ed, how hard is it to get a teaching job at Swarthmore?" He replied, "Well, I just wrote them a letter and turned one down." So I wrote a letter on April 1, 1957, and on April 10 I was hired. I didn't write a résumé. Now that I'm retiring we have 364 applicants to fill my slot. They carry with them résumés of anywhere from two to 20 pages.

The faculty in our department and throughout the College has become more professional. In the late '50s very little research was being done in the Science and Engineering Departments, but it's now more common than not for faculty members to be engaged in research, much of it oriented to involve students. In our department this summer, there are seven students working with faculty members on research projects of one kind or another, many of them supported from inside the College, but a lot of them from outside as well.

The higher emphasis on research has its downside in that it tends to make faculty members concentrate more on their own affairs than on wider College interests. There are disadvantages to that. You will hear around the campus that we aren't a community anymore. Many more administrators exist than once did per faculty member, and the informal interchange that we used to have is, I'd say, not what it used to be. Now the faculty seems to sit by itself in its offices and talk to students, and the administration sits by itself in Parrish Hall and talks to itself.

I think the College is now more managed than led. We seem to be in the hands of professional managers who tend to look at the College as an economic activity rather than as an educational one and who sometimes seem to have their priorities wrong.

But in summary, I'd say the College is strong and that in another 125 years Swarthmore will still be here. I hope it will still be number one.

HARRY KALISH

Size, age, and pluralism are three things that I think have something to do with the fact that the College community is not as united or cohesive as it was."

Religion

P. Linwood Urban, Jr.

I want to pick up a theme mentioned by David Bowler with a quotation from Robert Bellah's book *Habits of the Heart.* Bellah wonders if the community is disappearing and a kind of individualism taking its place. And so he says, "Though the processes of separation and individuation were necessary to free us from the tyrannical structures of the past, they must be balanced by a renewal of commitment and community if they are not to end in self-destruction or to turn into their own opposites. Such a renewal is indeed a world waiting to be born if only we have the courage to see to it."

With that heady quotation, I asked some of my colleagues to comment on what I should say this evening. One member of the Music Department gave me one of the best answers. She thought it was just wonderful and affirming that we men had hired so many more women faculty, but she didn't cook and therefore she felt that her contributions to community were somewhat abated (when she has a seminar, she sends for Chinese take-out).

I think this says something. It says something about two-career families, and among the faculty there are now a great many more two-career families. The spouse, whether male or female, is not sitting at home to welcome students. She also said something else that strikes another note. "I am more involved with my department and with the Women's Study Group than I am with the College as a whole." It wasn't individualism she was talking about so much as a kind of pluralism. That is to say that even though there is less of a sense of the College as a community, there are more individual groups on the campus taking the place of that larger community.

When I first came to Swarthmore, there was one major religious group on campus. Even that was frowned upon by some members of the administration who thought it might be divisive. But now we have a Jewish group, two Protestant groups, and a Roman Catholic group. From time to time we've had a Christian Science group, a Unitarian group, and several others.

The faculty used to meet in the Board of Managers room. We had three to four meetings a semester, and almost everybody was there. Now we have a much larger faculty; we meet only once or twice a semester, and not all the faculty members come. We used to have a faculty picnic in the fall, and most of the faculty and their spouses and families appeared. But then we merged that picnic with the students, and now we have this huge, gigantic affair that nobody goes to, as far as I see, except the students.

We've already talked about the size of the administration increasing. The size of the faculty has also increased rather dramatically, even though the size of the student body has not, and I find myself not as closely associated with the faculty as I once did. Colleagues say that I'm just getting old. That may have something to do with it, but we don't see the same need for fellowship that we did.

So, size, age, and pluralism are three things that I think have something to do with the fact that the College community is not quite as united or cohesive as it was.

Now I want to talk about something a little different, and this is something that Peter will appreciate. When we came to the College, there was a distribution requirement that heavily favored the social sciences, the natural sciences, and standbys like history and English literature. Then there was one group of things (an older alumnus called them "soffft" courses) that were off in a corner—music, fine arts, religion, and Classics. Well, I want to remind everyone that all of those disciplines have taken off since then, and the Music Department has increased dramatically in size and in courses offered. Fine arts did the same, adding studio arts. Classics held its own, and religion also flourished. When I came, we had one or two majors a year, and if we had 75 students a semester, we felt we were doing really well. Last year we enrolled about 15 majors from the sophomore class, and we have over 200 students a semester.

I find it fascinating that this increase in pluralism occurs at the same time we have an increase in people taking courses like religion. I'm not sure I can explain this phenomenon. Perhaps people want to know what makes people different in ways that they didn't before. But all the "culture courses" have increased dramatically in size. Perhaps students have concluded that they cannot live by the natural sciences or the social sciences alone.

HARRY KALISH

Some of my ablest students want a career in public service, and more people are beginning to think about going into the academy."

What are the continuities? There are several. Students are still looking for answers; they're still exploring options. Swarthmore still has a very intelligent student body. The faculty is still strong. Swarthmore is still very active in social concerns, and many of the same issues keep coming up again and again over the years. To conclude, there are two things I have to say: One is that culture is here to stay, and the other is that pluralism is now the order of the day.

Political Science

Charles E. Gilbert

One change we've heard a lot about is community and pluralism. Community is a chronic problem in institutions like this. Even when I came here, faculty yearned for "the community of yore," but it's out of reach, and that's probably like most things in life. And it's a more pluralistic institution, no question about it. Mostly, I suspect, for the better.

We've achieved now the kind of respectability that I suppose we've been looking for all along: We've got a first-class parking problem. We have a fairly large administrative operation. Quite a lot of that we really need. A lot is engaged in shaking you down for money, and that's one of the few operations in the College that probably pays for itself.

Sure, I think the administration's more remote, there's more hierarchy, and I think we function less well institutionally. We have that in common, I think, with the rest of the world: If there are any institutions in this society that are working better than they did 20 years ago, I'd like to know about them.

The faculty is larger, and there's a good deal more professionalism in it. It follows that faculty members have less time for this place, because they're more research-conscious. By and large that's been a good thing because it feeds right into teaching and many students get involved in much of that research. But it's a different faculty: It's more preoccupied, and there's not a lot of time around the water cooler.

Let's say something about student interests. When I started teaching here, many of the students I taught were headed for graduate school. I was sort of making people in my own image. As it turned out, of course,

beginning in the mid-1960s those academic jobs began to dry up, the culture changed anyway, and students had different interests. When I returned to teaching in the early '70s from working as provost in Parrish Hall, hardly anybody was going to graduate school. And indeed people in my department pretty much counseled students out of it, because, they said, "There just ain't any jobs out there."

In the period called the 1960s (most of which happened in the early 1970s), large numbers of students were disinclined to go into any kind of conventional endeavor. Then suddenly among the people I had taught there were nothing but M.B.A.s and a few law degrees. That continued to be the case until just last year. Now some of my ablest students want a career in public service, and more people are beginning to think about going into the academy.

When I first came here, students worked awfully hard. They also bitched a lot about it. My sister went to college here. When I visited her from Haverford, where I thought I was working pretty hard, I realized I wasn't working hard at all, that the 14 hours a day or whatever it was I was doing was not it *at all*. I used to hear horror stories about people setting off for the movies at night, seeing all the library lights on, and turning around and going back into the library to do another night's work. It sounded dreary and sad, and they sounded depressed. When I came here to teach, I felt students did work hard, and you could pile on the work and expect a lot of people to do most of it; I never expected anybody to do all of it.

That stopped in the late '60s to early '70s. When I started teaching again full time after serving as provost, I noticed people didn't work half as hard, and half as hard is about the right factor. Now the work ethic is coming back, and it's coming back in a good balance. I've got a seminar going now that's the most gratifying seminar I've had in seven or eight years, and I'm told there are more right behind these folks.

Finally, I'll make a point about change, and the range of the academic program. The range is obviously wider; we do a lot of things we didn't do before. That's a constant problem for us, as well as a constant opportunity and benefit. There are questions: Can we do this many things well in very small (or new) departments? Will we ever be able to afford larger departments? At what cost to core things is progress coming?"

It's right that we should have to face those questions. It's a richer curriculum by far; it has to be. If we weren't motivated to do it, we would be driven competitively to do it, in the same way we have to compete with the number of administrators. For instance, there are now deans within deans within deans; there are deaning specialties that we never knew existed. But every other college faces this kind of thing, and parents are not going to pay the Swarthmore tuition unless we can provide that kind of specialized TLC that everybody else does.

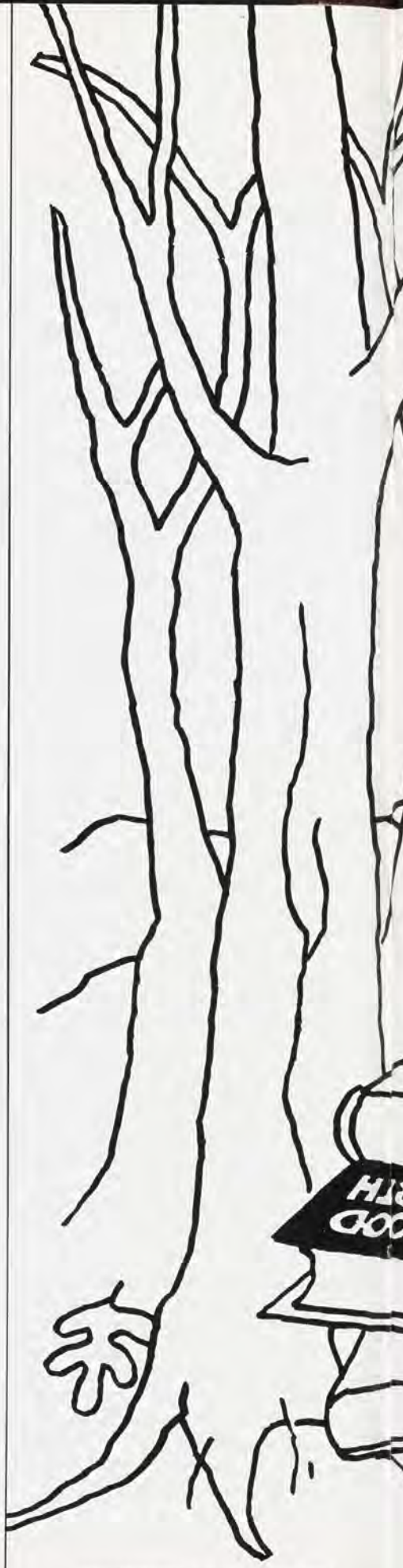
Now, where did these things come from? The world turns and changes, and much results from this thing called the 1960s. I think I have lived academically through a kind of a culture shock that doesn't come along in every generation. The degree of distance between me and my junior colleagues as compared with my distance from Roland Pennock ['27], my mentor when I came here, is immensely greater. In my field, people just think differently about the field. Of course, it's a field that's given to those kind of ideological differences. I don't suspect mathematics has changed all that much in those respects.

And then, of course, there's the government, and all the social reform that goes with it. There are all the forms to fill out, in triplicate at least. In common with all the better colleges, our tuition has outrun inflation every year. Students and parents, therefore, expect more for their dollars: more in the way of administration, deaning, psychiatric services, curriculum, physical education, plant, and more people to take care of all those conditions.

Finally, I think we've lost some institutional distinctiveness. My guess is we're more like other institutions and less special than we were. We are in part because younger faculty members come here to teach with a standardized notion of what the teaching and scholarship trades are like.

To conclude on a note of optimism, the two main elements in the College—the two ends of the log—remain the faculty and students. They're both very strong. If that continues to be the case, everything will be good.

This article was adapted from a transcript made of an informal presentation to the Alumni Council, March 1989, by four professors who retired in June: David L. Bowler, electrical engineering; Charles E. Gilbert, political science; Peter Gram Swing, music; and P. Linwood Urban, Jr., religion.



by Don Mitchell '69

Squatters' Rights

A college tryst and a tale of two hovels

A couple of decades ago at college, I found myself assigned to share a dormitory room with a young man who took offense when I suggested he get lost from time to time so my girlfriend and I could enjoy sexual congress. Without delving into the merits of his case—*or* mine—let me say we recognized our incompatibility and together begged the dean to move one of us out. He couldn't, though: The dorms were full. And so, in a classic demonstration of the spirit of the late '60s, my girlfriend and I borrowed a shovel from a sympathetic professor and set forth into the College arboretum to build ourselves a house.

Or a hovel, at any rate. We walked far off the beaten paths, crossed a turbid creek on a fallen log, and eventually found ourselves following a long-abandoned road that meandered through a hardwood forest half a mile from the main campus. Downhill from the dirt road, in the side of an embankment rife with shrubs and bushes, we began to dig a hole. When the hole was 8 feet square and 3 to 4 feet deep—some few days later—we borrowed a car and brought in six sheets of plywood to line the dirt walls and top the hole with a thin, flat roof. Then we backfilled the site, using dirt and twigs and leaves to camouflage our construction so thoroughly that one could stroll right past it and scarcely have a clue.

That was in September. We lived in that rude hut for the next three months—or we slept there, anyway—feathering our nest with paisley fabrics to cover the waist-high walls, a Coleman lantern to illuminate the odd textbook, and a Coleman stove for heating and cooking. As fall frosts began to denude the trees, however, the leading edge of our underground rabbit hutch began to emerge from the smooth lines of the surrounding landscape. Looking out the burrow's trapdoor, we were gradually able to see the ample, well-kept house and grounds of Swarthmore's vice president—barely 200 yards away from us, albeit on the opposite bank of the sluggish creek. But if we could peer out and see that stern administrator, wouldn't he eventually peer out and see us?

Then, come December, the creek froze solid; kids from the local village came out afternoons to skate. No matter what we tried to do with leaves and sticks and branches, the entrance to our underground house seemed to poke quite prominently from the frozen earth. Sure enough, over Christmas break, our home was violated—utterly trashed, in fact—by juvenile delinquents with no trace of respect for other people's property. They burned holes in our sleeping bag, smeared fecal matter on our Coleman stove, and tore the plywood trapdoor right off its hinges. There was not much left worth saving.

Taking stock, my sweetheart and I saw no choice but to leave the forest. For three idyllic months, we had illegally squatted on the College's private land. But as squatters whose home had been uncovered—and robbed, and ruined—where could we turn for justice? Nowhere. The plain fact was, we were lucky not to have been apprehended. We moved back into our respective College dormitories; six months later there was only the faintest depression in the ground marking the spot where we had lain as man and wife.

A couple of years later, I married the intrepid young woman who had risked going into the woods with me. A couple of years after that, it seemed to make sense for us to purchase 150 run-down acres in Vermont, convert a sagging barn there into a house, and try to pose as New Age farmers. It's hard to reconstruct the state of mind that fostered those decisions, but the thought of making ourselves *legal* squatters—landowners—no doubt exerted some subliminal influence.

On the day a real estate agent first showed us our dream kingdom, threatening skies prevented us from taking an extensive walk. But he placed a Federal Land Bank map in our hands, and back in his office we studied

it with mounting interest. Toward the back of the farm's long, somewhat narrow valley—just where the map showed a scruffy meadow fading into an unkempt woodlot—a pair of dotted lines marched faintly across the page to mark an old, abandoned road.

"Is that road still there today?" asked Cheryl.

"Well, you couldn't *drive* it," said the agent. "Just two dirt tracks going through the woods, you know. Snowmobiles still like to use it, though, in wintertime. You could ski along it, maybe."

"Where does that road go?"

"Nowhere, anymore. Used to be a town road—used to go to Middlebury. There's even an old-timer—name of Morris Norton, down at Hawkins Mills—who claims he used to plow that road. With a *team*, I gather. That was 60 years ago, though. After a while, the town just threw it up."

"I beg your pardon," I said, a little startled. I realized that New England towns possessed outlandish powers, but I had never heard that vomiting was one of them.

"Throwing up a road means the town won't plow it anymore. Or bring in fresh gravel, or grade it, or clean the culverts—nothing. They just throw it up, you see? Why should the taxpayers maintain a road someplace where no one wants to live?"

"I can't think of any reason," I assured the agent.

"Right. So it comes before the town meeting, and they vote to throw it up. Goes right in the minutes."

"So, like now that road would be a part of the farm?" asked Cheryl.

"Sure—but it won't *take* you anywhere, you understand? Now, sometimes you will find an old town road that *hasn't* been thrown up. Or not thrown up all legally and proper. It may be abandoned—it may even be all overgrown—but if it's a town road and you build a year-round house along it, you can make the taxpayers put it back in shape for you. Even if it's miles off the nearest highway, you can make them fix it so a school bus can get in and out. Even in the wintertime—and so they have to plow it too, you see? So that's some deal, huh?"

I nodded. "That must be incredibly expensive."

STEVEN GOLDBLATT '67

Don and Cheryl Warfield Mitchell once lived together in a Crum Creek hideaway as romantic partners. Twenty years later they now enjoy life on a Vermont farm.

"Oh, I guess. And so a smart town gets its roads thrown when they're no longer used. So—you buy that Donaldson place over there, you'll be moving to a smart town."

We *did* decide to buy the Donaldson place. And, on the autumn day when we took possession, we made a joyous and unhurried ramble to assess the dimensions of our new domain. At first, the old town road seemed unaccountably familiar; then I realized that it evoked much of the essence of that other unused road through the far-flung reaches of the Swarthmore arboretum. It, too, climbed gradually through a hardwood grove; it, too, had given up portions of its right-of-way to eager, grasping saplings. My heart near to bursting, I slipped my hand around my young wife's: Maybe our abandoned road went nowhere, but it took us back. Walking it recalled—indelibly—the half-forgotten episode of our autumn in the woods.

Over time the road grew worse, though. Snowmobilers didn't help it; neither did rotting elms that kept collapsing onto it of their own considerable accord. Saplings, too, gradually metamorphosed into trees; in places it became hard to discern where once a road had been. I felt a little bad, at first, to witness this decay without lifting a finger. But there were numerous demands on my time, and the project of preserving the old town road in a state adequate to nurture personal nostalgia could not be assigned a high priority in my new, demanding agrarian life. The road was disappearing before my eyes, but all I could do was let it slip away.

Property owners, I feel sure, are prone to certain classic nightmares. Chief of those must be the dream in which one learns that one does not own exactly what one thought one did; I confess I used to have that bad dream quite routinely, till our lives became settled here. Having children helped, I think. But I also used to have another, less common nightmare; in it, I would chance to find illegal squatters on my land—living in some shack or cabin virtually under my unsuspecting nose. Accosting them, I would learn that they didn't give a damn about me. Eloquent nihilists, they would rail emotionally against the absurdity of real estate ownership.

My special problem was that, deep in my heart of hearts, I thought the squatters were right: From the point of view of cosmic justice, how could it be fair that my family should "own" this little valley? Sure, we were shelling out a lot of money—mortgage

"Would I now turn cop and bust them? I took a deep reflective breath."

payments, interest, taxes—to earn the legal right to call this farm our home. But in one of my former lives, I had been a squatter, too. I understood perfectly what personal exigencies might bring otherwise decent individuals to throw up a dwelling on land they did not own, and for them to scoff at any concept of ownership that outlawed such behavior, especially when the land appeared to be unused. Like my unmanaged forests here—all 60-odd acres of them.

I needed to overcome this disturbing nightmare. One fruitful strategy seemed to be asserting greater control over all corners of my Ponderosa. To that end, five years ago I signed up with the government to create a conservation plan for the entire farm and gradually implement it. Part of this glorious plan required bulldozing diversion ditches into various meadows, at no small cost to both myself and the nation's generous taxpayers. One of those ditches was dug with its terminus parallel to the sad remains of the old town road. That, I thought, would utterly destroy the romantic power once evoked by that soft path—but what adult has not cashiered the odd ideal for a better night's sleep? And after all, progress is progress. The dozers came and dug and went, and after that I found myself consciously avoiding the old town road each time I set out to walk the farm.

Until very recently. A local lumberjack admired some trees up in our woodlot last November while out deer hunting. On his advice I engaged a private forester to cruise my woods and let me know what timber might be smart to harvest. This expert and I set out on a wintry day to tour the back 40, and halfway through our tramp we crossed a section of the old town road. It was broad and neat, and darn-near totally cleared of both young trees and worthless deadfalls. While I was swallowing my utter astonishment, the affable forester remarked, "I see you've got some beavers."

"Huh?" I asked.

"You mean you didn't know?"

"I . . . how? Where?"

"Look at those stumps," he said, kicking with his boot at one or two out of hundreds of gnawed-off trees.

"This is news to me," I told him.

"Question number one is, where's their lodge?" He scanned the middle distance and then pointed it out for me, a brown igloo poking out from the frozen landscape no less prominently than had our ancient hut in the College arboretum—after the leaves had fallen. "There," he said, nodding. "Question number two is, where's their dam?"

We took a little walk, and soon enough he found it: The beavers had thrown an intricate and graceful weir across the big, expensive soil-conservation ditch, so that its final couple hundred feet would now hold water *permanently*—defeating, no doubt, the government's carefully engineered purpose in digging it. "Gee, I'm not sure if I like this," I said. "And I know darn well the government's not going to like it."

"Squatters' rights," the forester told me affably. "They were looking for a house site, and I guess you gave them one."

We walked across the frozen pond the beavers had ambitiously created, and we stood right next to their cunning lodge of mud and sticks. Those little architects were right inside, I knew—no doubt sitting stock-still and listening to our every word. I even thought I knew just what it must be like inside there: no paisley fabrics, but I knew how such a space could feel. "So how do I get the buggers out?" I asked.

"Dynamite. You blow their dam up, they may go find someplace else to live. But then again, they might rebuild it. Even higher maybe."

"*Higher*?"

"Oh, beavers have been known to flood quite a little bit of land."

I looked back to the old town road—now marvelously manicured in consequence of the timber harvest to create this backwoods Venice—and I thought, simultaneously, of the fine print in one of my several contracts with the U.S. Soils Conservation Service. *I agree to maintain this practice for at least ten years . . . I agree to refund all or part of the cost-share assistance paid to me if before the expiration of the practice lifespan specified, I (a) destroy the practice installed, or (b) relinquish. . . .*

But I snapped out of this legal reverie and looked around with appropriate wonder. Squatters had—at long last—come to build their hovel on my land, and the scale of their dreams was awe-inspiring. Would I now turn cop and bust them? I took a deep, reflective breath. "As far as I'm concerned," I said, "these critters are allowed to stay."

Nowadays, whenever Cheryl or I can find a spare half hour, we'll walk back with our kids to check up on the beavers. Not that any one of us has seen them—yet—but it feels as though we have. Things change back there constantly. Presumably working in the dead of night, the beavers fell tree after tree and buck them into useful lengths. Once transported to the construction zone, the sticks are mortared in place with sticky, well-packed mud. The dam has ably withstood several torrents caused by melting snow; unsatisfied, its furry engineers continue to shore it up further. Ultimately, who knows what these conservation partners have in mind for my land? All I know is, anytime I want to feel indolent, I have only to go review their progress.

One recent evening, in the library of our farmhouse, the kids were doing further research on our welcome squatters. "Beavers live on bark," my son informed me, [illegible]ering up from behind one thick book or [illegible]her. "And they use their tails to suppo[illegible]em-selves when gnawing trees. And th[illegible]aise their babies together for the first two [illegible]ears, then send them out to go build dams and lodges of their own."

I tell him I think that's just amazing—every bit of it.

And then my daughter, who has learned to study books herself now, reads me something else. She says, "Some wildlife biologists think beavers tend to mate for life."

"Gee," I say, "I think I like that." I say, "What a nice idea!" I tell her I like to think that I have, too.

Originally published in Don Mitchell's monthly column, "RFD," for The Boston Magazine. *Reprinted with permission of the author. Don '69 and Cheryl Warfield Mitchell '71 and their two children continue to admire the energetic craft of their tenant beavers, while Don awaits confirmation of a publisher for his latest novel,* Second Nature.

Through Soviet Eyes

Two exchange students look beyond dating and denim in a revealing year-long visit

by Linda Feldmann

When Mikhail (Misha) Chkhenkeli and Nadezhda (Nadya) Olshannikova first arrived at Swarthmore last fall, they found chaos.

It was at the local drugstore, where, for no apparent reason, there were at least 12 different varieties of toothpaste for sale and at 12 different prices. And there it was again, in the College catalogue. Take two courses in your major, they had been told, and any two others in subjects outside your major. Note that some are offered only in the fall, some only in the spring, some have prerequisites, and some won't be available this year at all. . . .

"Misha and Nadya seemed to come from a different consciousness," said Nadya's roommate, Bonnie Chen '90. To the Soviets, reportedly, such a range of choices is usually unavailable and often held to be fatuous and excessive.

And to top it off, Nadya didn't speak much English.

But for all the challenges they faced, Misha and Nadya were ground-breakers. They were part of the first group of Soviet undergraduates to spend an entire academic year, unchaperoned, at an American college. In all, 56 students from all over the Soviet Union studied at 26 Eastern liberal arts colleges this past year under the American Collegiate Consortium for East-West Cultural and Academic Exchange. The beauty of this new program is that it goes beyond the usual two-week friendship fest, in which U.S. and Soviet youth exchange trinkets and discover common interests in rock music, dating, and denim. A nine-month experience allows for a fuller exploration—and therefore greater understanding—of the differences.

Nadya, a 20-year-old computer science major from the Russian city of Voronezh, almost didn't make it to Swarthmore at all. She was off on a student work expedition near Sochi last August, when the word came that she had been selected for the program. She had already missed the orientation in Moscow and had only a few days to go home, pack, and get to Middlebury, Vt., for the second two weeks of the three-week American orientation.

"After day one I was ready to send Nadya home; she couldn't communicate!" said consortium director Raymond Benson. "But she was the only one from Voronezh, so we let her stay. I'm glad that we did."

Although many Soviet students speak English, the powers-that-be at Voronezh State University evidently had other criteria. No doubt it was her specialty in computers—in which the Soviets are a good 10 years behind the United States—and her loyalty to her country that made her an attractive candidate.

Nadya proved to be a fighter. She got A's and B's in her courses, mastered tennis, and by spring semester was getting along fine in English. But the real jaw-dropper came during winter break: Nadya took the better part of her monthly $150 stipend and bought a student-rate, round-trip, cross-country Greyhound bus ticket.

> I wanted to see real life, to get to see real America and be by myself. . . ."

"I wanted to see real life, to get to see real America and be by myself, touch everything by my own hands," she explained as she traced her odyssey on a map of the United States: from Philadelphia to San Francisco, hitting Pittsburgh, Columbus, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Oklahoma City, Amarillo, Albuquerque, Phoenix, and Los Angeles along the way. The return trip followed the same route, but with day and night purposely reversed, so the sights (such as the Grand Canyon) were new.

"On the bus I met two young women who were going to Hollywood with some strange purpose, to become actresses or something. They were before in New York. One was from Pennsylvania. They were pretty. Also, there was a woman with a baby and an old lady."

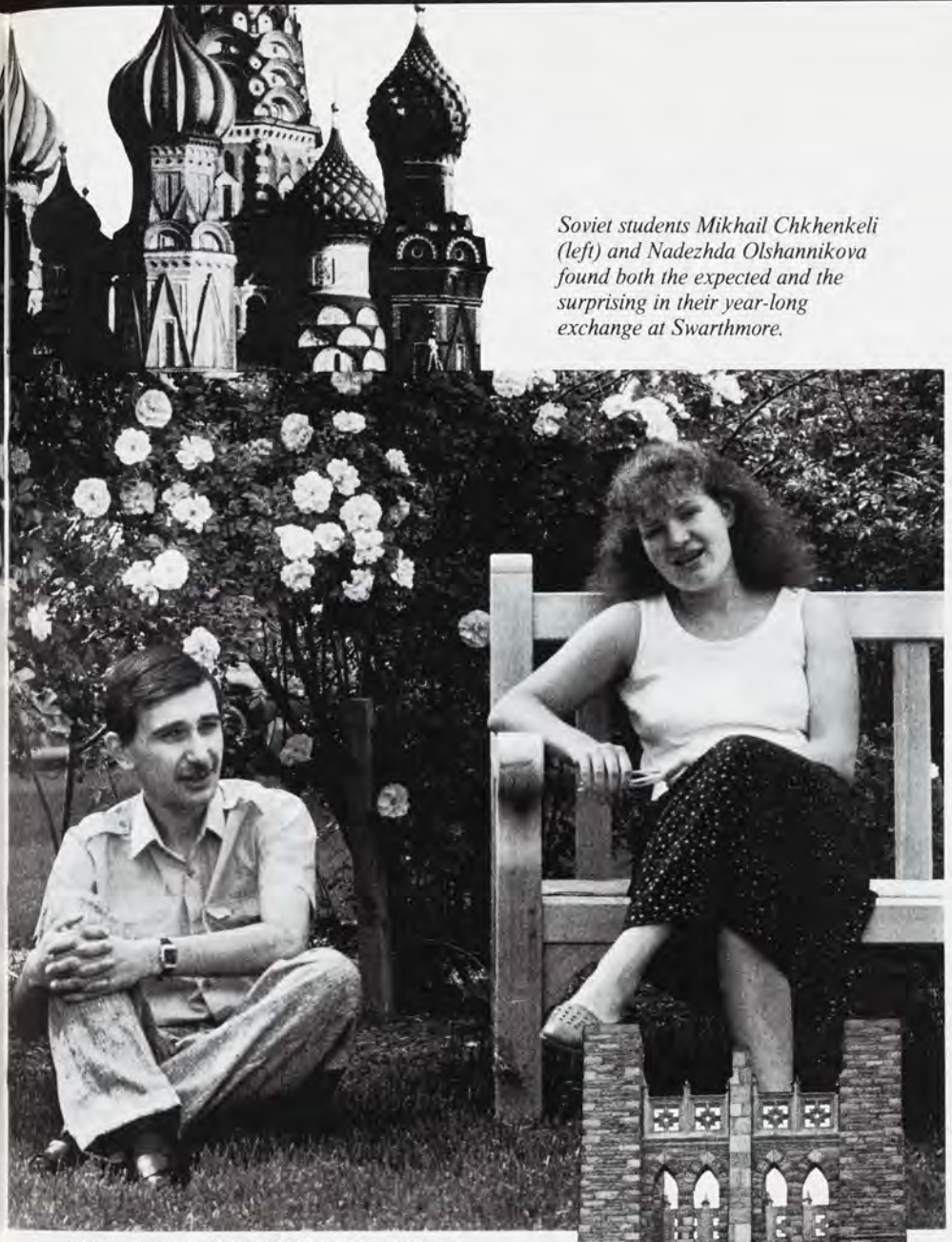
Misha, a 20-year-old mathematics whiz from Tbilisi, Georgia, did a little traveling himself—to Waitsfield, Vt., for skiing, to Boston, and to New York. In January the whole group of Soviet students converged in Washington, D.C., for sightseeing and a little pep talk at the Soviet Embassy. ("You're being followed, and your rooms are bugged," one student said they were told by a KGB man.)

But like a good Swarthmore student, Misha's priority was clearly his studies. In fact, his experience demonstrated how difficult it can be to mesh two completely different systems of higher education.

The Soviets, who have no concept called "liberal arts college," say that their five-year undergraduate program, in which students focus almost exclusively on their majors, provides the equivalent of an American master's degree. So Misha, who had already completed three years at Georgia State University, had a hard time finding advanced-enough courses at Swarthmore. In the end, he wound up spending one day a week at the University of Pennsylvania taking a graduate research class in dimension theory. At Swarthmore, he studied abstract algebra, topology, combinatorics, German, and English (which he already spoke very well when he arrived).

When Misha returned to Tbilisi, it wasn't clear if he would get credit at home for his work. But somehow it seemed he had little to worry about. He had gotten A-pluses in his math courses, including the one at Penn, and A's in English and German. He also had some articles on mathematics published.

"Math is an art," he explained late one evening in the lounge on his hall in Wharton dormitory. "Everyone has his own style and



Soviet students Mikhail Chkhenkeli (left) and Nadezhda Olshannikova found both the expected and the surprising in their year-long exchange at Swarthmore.

SPECIAL TO THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER/BOB WILLIAMS

approach. It's like a musician playing Bach."

Misha found major differences in the way Americans and Soviets teach math. Here, he says, there is more student participation and not as much lecturing by the professor. "That's a good idea. When you participate in the procedure of explanation, you have a better feel for the subject." But he prefers the Soviet style of exams, which are given orally and therefore involve interaction with the professor, who can "evaluate your thought process."

After figuring out the Swarthmore catalogue, Misha concluded that he likes the idea of students planning their own programs. And he decided that his university at home could improve conditions for independent research in several ways—for example, by obtaining better computers. When he returned to Tbilisi, he planned to offer his observations to the curriculum council, of which he is a student member (a perestroika-era innovation).

Although the consortium had assigned Misha and Nadya to Swarthmore almost randomly, it seemed a reasonable match. When asked to describe the College to a first-time visitor, Misha confirmed the stereotypes: "Everybody here is very concerned, extremely concerned about studies. Without exception, everyone is doing their best. They worry about their future. I guess they have high professional expectations."

What about the frat scene? "I've heard there are fraternities, but I haven't been to one," he said. "I don't do much drinking or watch much TV. There are parties, but I can't say it's a party school."

Some of the Soviet students at other colleges decided that frat parties were an ideal way to learn about youth culture—and in the process also learned what it feels like to get an F in America. Some of the other Soviets also had a hard time living on their $150-a-month stipend—especially those who had a high budget for beer and cigarettes and a desire to fly to other cities. The Soviet government forbade their students from earning any extra money here. But Nadya and Misha had no complaints. They had come to study. One thing Nadya did spring for, besides her bus trip, was an $80 pair of contact lenses, which are hard to get at home. She also bought three pairs of white sneakers.

For Misha, books and movies were the favored form of relaxation. His author of choice is Isaac Asimov, who, he said, is translated into Georgian. Whenever a film was showing on campus, Misha would try to go, as part of his "cultural education."

On a Saturday night, Nadya was just as likely to be found buried in her studies as anywhere else. In one of her computer courses, she asked the teacher for tougher problems and extra reading. Although Nadya had already completed three years at Voronezh State, she took an introductory course in computer science so she could learn about American computers, such as the Vax, Macintosh, and Sun, which she called "very friendly."

And she too echoed the stereotypes of Swarthmore "grinds." At the computer center, for example, she described students who would sit there for so long that they would start laughing at their screens for no apparent reason. "What is there to laugh about on a computer?" she asked.

Nadya also picked up on a more positive Swarthmore tradition: "In Russia we all know about American business, but the volunteering movement—this side of American life is new for me."

Nadya, in particular, seemed to many a study in strong ideas and opinions; she expressed also an increasingly exuberant and outgoing pleasure in life at Swarthmore. She was often reluctant to concede that any part of the Soviet system—academic or otherwise—might merit some change. For example, in the case of Soviet tennis star Natalya Zvereva, who has caused an uproar by requesting to keep a sizeable portion of her earnings, Nadya's opinion came down squarely on the side of the government: After all, she argued, the state made it possible for Zvereva to win by providing a lifetime of free lessons and equipment. And when I mentioned how easy I found the work at Moscow's Pushkin Institute when I studied there in 1980, she jumped to correct me: "That's not possible," said Nadya, who has never studied in Moscow. "All institutes in Moscow are very demanding."

Interestingly, however, Nadya could be equally loyal about Swarthmore. In a discussion about the College's Russian curriculum, another Swarthmore student said that the program was stronger in literature than in language. Nadya immediately chimed in with an explanation: "It is the policy of Swarthmore to make people think and not just memorize verbs." Both she and Misha were proud that Swarthmore had been named No. 1 by *U.S. News & World Report* and that Michael Dukakis was a graduate.

Associate Dean Eva Travers, who came to know Nadya quite well, says that her growing English skills allowed her to become more herself. "She just bloomed in the second semester and became warm, charming, and accessible."

But when it came to discussing Soviet shortcomings, Misha was easier going. The difference could probably be explained in part by their backgrounds. Misha comes from what some might call an intellectual Georgian family—his father is a German professor, his mother an English professor—in a major non-Russian city that has little love for Russian domination. Nadya comes from what might be termed a more blue-collar family. Her father is a worker in a motor factory. Her mother is an economist.

While Misha was at Swarthmore, his native Tbilisi exploded with nationalist unrest.

And she's from a Russian city that is not especially cosmopolitan (like Moscow or Leningrad) during a time when Great Russian nationalism is expressed increasingly openly.

In fact, while Misha was at Swarthmore, his native Tbilisi exploded with nationalist unrest, which was put down by tanks and poison gas. He was distressed by the news, and he professed sympathy for the demands of the demonstrators but added that he did not plan to get involved in politics when he returned home.

"I agree that Georgia should have much greater autonomy—for the economy, culture, language—but I disagree that it should be a separate nation," he said. "I am an internationalist."

Misha's career plans go in a scholarly direction. He wants to attend graduate school—maybe in Tbilisi, maybe at Moscow State University, the premier Soviet university, maybe back here in the United States. Then he plans to do research and teach. Nadya intends to complete her undergraduate studies, pursue graduate work in computer science, and become a computer scientist.

The question of romance was a delicate one for both Nadya and Misha. Nadya sighed with a bit of exasperation when asked discreetly about her love life—an area, she reminded me, that Soviet journalists simply don't inquire about. But she responded anyway: She has been true to her boyfriend at home, Igor. "Russians are very faithful people with their sympathies," she said, a remark that seemed to extend beyond the subject at hand. Misha, for his part, also pledged loyalty to the girl back home, a Georgian literature student named Nino.

When it came to discussing other people's sexual preferences, Nadya was less reticent. While giving me a tour of the campus one Saturday afternoon, she stopped in the lobby of the computer center and just pointed at a poster on the wall which read: "Revealing the Unspoken—Gay and Lesbian Studies in Academia," a symposium sponsored by ASIS, Alternative Sexualities Integrated at Swarthmore.

In the Soviet Union, male homosexuality is hidden, illegal, and certainly not a subject of academic inquiry. Lesbianism is not against the law, but is still taboo. After all these months in America, Nadya said, she simply could not get used to the idea of open homosexuality nor could she understand it. She stood there, staring at the poster, shaking her head. Her reaction was typical of other Soviet students who were attending colleges with active gay communities.

It is by no means a sign of failure that, in the end, some aspects of American society proved beyond comprehension for the visiting Soviets. In some ways, says consortium director Benson, it is appropriate that these students kept one foot firmly in their own traditions and values. After all, they did have to go home at the end of the year. But one can be sure that long after Misha Chkhenkeli and Nadya Olshannikova have settled back into their old routines, their American experiences will continue to reverberate in their lives.

Linda Feldmann is a staff correspondent for The Christian Science Monitor *in Washington and writes frequently on the Soviet Union. In the 1989-90 academic year, while juniors Scott Evans and David Gehrenbeck study in the Soviet Union under the auspices of this program, Swarthmore will host two more Soviet students.*

THE COLLEGE

Night Vision

Astronomy Professor Wulff Heintz has taken the old Roman prescription for achievement literally—*ad astra per aspera*, to the stars through difficulty.

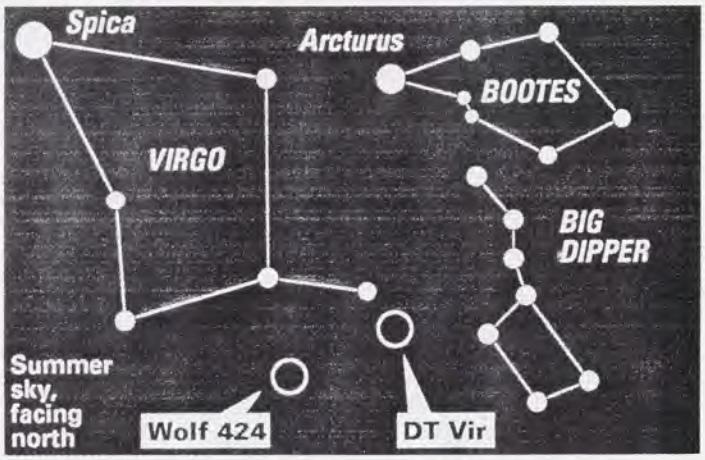
For more than 16 years he labored, often through long, difficult nights, to prove the existence of the much-sought "brown dwarf" stars, considered by astronomers to be the missing link between stars and planets.

Professor Heintz revealed the important discovery in the journal *Astronomy and Astrophysics* (June 1989), describing research on a faint object in the constellation Virgo known as Wolf 424 (originally cataloged by astronomer Max Wolf). The object, 14 light years from earth, actually consists of two tiny bodies that take 16 years to revolve around each other.

The sun and other stars produce light from nuclear energy. But a star needs to have at least 8 percent of the sun's mass to reach a temperature that begins the process of nuclear fusion, according to Heintz. Smaller masses, called substellar masses or brown dwarfs (invisible substellar masses are known as black dwarfs), may live for a little while using the energy they gain by contracting, until they fade into darkness.

The proof, which required that he make observations at both the Sproul Observatory on campus and the Cerro Tololo Observatory in Chile, may help reveal the formative causes of stars and planets and may cause scientists to reconsider theories describing the origin of stars and the outcome of the universe.

Professor of Astronomy Wulff Heintz in Sproul Observatory.



Professor Heintz discovered two types of objects in the constellation Virgo: a brown dwarf, known as Wolf 424, and a black dwarf, DT Vir.

Heintz announced in 1972 that the binary system Wolf 424 might be a substellar mass, after measuring photographic records collected at Sproul Observatory since 1938. Subsequently from data spanning 50 years, Heintz found that the two small objects have 5 and 6 percent of the sun's mass. The energy they produce can last only about 100 million years or 1 percent of the life of a normal star.

The conclusive proof that brown dwarfs exist raises another question for scientists: Are they a significant portion of the so-called "lost mass" in the universe? (Some scientists believe that only about 10 percent of the universe's mass has been detected to date.)

If they are, or if scientists can detect something else that makes up a significant portion of this mass, then they could theorize a gradual slowing of bodies in the universe as a result of gravity. Objects in the universe would then begin falling back on themselves, eventually ending in what some call the "Big Crunch."

According to Professor Heintz, most objects fairly close to the sun have been thoroughly studied, and it remains unlikely that many other brown dwarfs will be discovered. "We have now only this one case of a brown-dwarf pair and none with good evidence for black or planetary companions. There are also theoretical reasons to expect that all of these objects may be quite rare."

Heintz monitors more than 1,000 stars to study their properties; in his 35 years of research (20 at the College), he has discovered and recorded more than 450 binary systems.

Russell Meiggs dies

Russell Meiggs, Hon. '71, visiting professor of Classics in 1960, 1970, 1974, and 1978, died June 24 at his home in Oxford, England. He was 86.

Renowned in the academic world as one of the few scholars of ancient history equally at home in the study of Greece and Rome, Meiggs authored many books and articles, including three significant works written in part at Swarthmore: *Roman Ostia, The Athenian Empire,* and *Trees and Timber in the Ancient Mediterranean World*, a work that in itself created a field of study.

A passionate gardener and environmentalist, he encouraged students at Swarthmore to learn the Latin or Christian

names of all flowers and trees on campus. And in 1960, during a winter of unusually heavy snow, he endeared himself to heartier students by introducing the sport of snowbathing.

A cedar of Lebanon planted near Sharples in his honor in 1985 accompanies a plaque with an inscription from Horace: "Crescit occulto velut arbor aevo fama"—Like a tree his reputation grows with the silent passage of time.

College celebrates Martin Biological Laboratory

In a 50th anniversary celebration of one of the most useful and versatile academic buildings on campus, members of the College community, alumni, and friends gathered in June to honor the founders and creators of the Edward Martin Biological Laboratory.

The building was first conceived in 1929 by its donor, Fred M. Kirby, whose life had been saved by Dr. Edward Martin, Class of 1878, Hon. '20 (Kirby's portrait hangs in the central entrance hall). Martin, who had taught chemistry, physiology, and French at Swarthmore before becoming a medical doctor, had refused to accept remuneration from his friend Kirby and suggested instead a gift to the College.

Admiring a collection of Biology Department memorabilia are Anne Matthews Rawson '50, manager of Martin laboratories, Mark Jacobs, professor of biology, and Virginia Perkins Carter '55.

According to a history of Martin Laboratory written by Anne Matthews Rawson '50, manager of the Martin Lab, Kirby generously embraced the idea, and the building was actually ready for use in the fall of 1937 (his grandson, Fred M. Kirby II, heading the F.M. Kirby Foundation, created the Kirby Lecture Hall in 1983). An inscription near Kirby's portrait describing the building reads, "an enduring tribute to a lasting friendship."

The day-long celebration included tours of the labs, exhibits of old and new technologies, presentations on past and future goals, and occasionally surprising information: In the first 30 years of the century, for example, human anatomy was taught at the College. One exhibit included a photo album showing women dissecting a cadaver.

"The Biology Department has always been unusually collegial, a place where faculty and students really enjoy being together," Anne Rawson said, noting that people who had studied in each of the five decades returned for the amicable event.

In his comments to the guests, Kenneth Rawson '50, a former biology professor at Swarthmore and now a builder and carpenter, described the exceptionally forward-looking design of Martin as "almost unique." Indicating that the building was structured with reinforced concrete similar to post-and-beam construction, he explained, "The great value of this construction is that internal walls in particular can be removed and rebuilt easily to accommodate changes in the functional requirements of those using the building."

Rawson revealed that in addition to containing the normal two electric panels for wiring needs, each floor was

Rachel Merz (center), assistant professor of biology, answers questions about the invertebrate animals in the Meinkoth Marine Laboratory.

*Martin Biological Laboratory nearing completion in 1937 (*Phoenix *photo).*

provided with two additional panel boxes carrying conduits that radiate out to various rooms. The "unknown designer" of this system allowed its future users great flexibility in adopting new technologies, Rawson explained.

Other special attributes of the building include ¾-inch steel threaded nuts mounted in the concrete ceilings, for use in hanging such heavy objects as ventilation fans and water distillation equipment, and a foundation so strong that probably it could support the construction of a third floor should the College require such an addition.

"One need only search for similar examples in other buildings to appreciate the unique design of the Martin building," said Rawson.

H. Thomas Hallowell, Jr. '29

Former Board member Hallowell dead at 81

H. Thomas Hallowell, Jr., '29, Hon. '69, member emeritus of the Board of Managers, international industrialist, and world-class amateur photographer, died Aug. 7 at his home in Rydal, Pa.

Working for six decades at Standard Pressed Steel (now SPS Technologies), the world's largest manufacturer of aerospace fasteners, Hallowell began his career as a machine operator the day after his graduation from Swarthmore and steadily moved up the ranks until he was named president in 1951. He served jointly as president and chairman from 1963 to 1971 and then continued as chairman until 1986.

Along with his efforts in expanding SPS into the international market, Hallowell spent a great deal of his energy on philanthropic and civic activities. He was a member of the College's Board of Managers for 30 years and a trustee of Penn State University for 36 years. He served also on the boards of William Penn Charter School, the Franklin Institute, and Abington Memorial Hospital.

A well-known photographer, he published *Life with a Leica*, a book featuring pictures of his world travels.

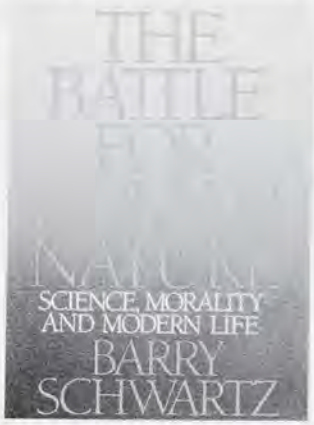
Hallowell's major hobby was landscape design, resulting in the development of Deerfield, his 50-acre estate, cited by horticulturists as one of the world's most beautiful gardens. In 1986 he collaborated with photojournalist Derek Fell on the book *Deerfield: An American Garden Through Four Seasons.*

He is survived by his wife, Dorothy Willits Hallowell, sons Howard T. III '56 and Merritt W. '61, and daughter Anne Willits Hallowell Miller.

The good fight

When this year's 318 freshmen arrived on campus in September, each of them had something very specific in common—*The Battle for Human Nature.*

The book by psychology Professor Barry Schwartz was required reading for each of the students, selected and sent to them without charge because it could provide a basis for a year-long discussion of ethics. "We wanted students to read something in common that would enrich their orientation and engage them in intellectual discussion," says Dean Janet Dickerson. "We've chosen ethics as a theme for all our students this



year, and we'll be offering them films and workshops on the subject throughout the year."

Professor Schwartz suggested that readers keep in mind certain questions: What is human nature? Is it variable? If people are impelled to act in certain ways, what does that suggest about moral responsibility? To what extent are we slaves of biology, and to what extent creatures of society? Is it human nature to be selfish?

According to Schwartz, a battle is taking place between "traditional moral conceptions and modern scientific conceptions of what it means to be a human being." He says that by calling selfishness a natural and instinctive response to the world, people have allowed the corrosion of morality, ethics, and democracy.

It is not true, he argues, that human beings are born greedy and selfish.

Spock named new business vice president

William T. Spock '51, described by President David Fraser as "a man with a detailed understanding of the organization and culture of Swarthmore," last month assumed the post of vice president for business and finance for the College.

Formerly senior vice president of Corroon and Black/Noyes Services in Media, Spock previously spent 30 years at Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, rising to the position of executive vice president.

In announcing Spock's appointment, President Fraser said: "The College is wonderfully fortunate to have attracted to the vice presidency a person of Bill Spock's combined qualities of business skill, personal integrity, and appreciation of top-quality education. He has been a Manager of the College since 1982 and, since 1986, the secretary of the Board. Last year he assumed the chairmanship of the newly formed Audit Subcommittee of the Board's Finance Committee. This year he was named to an ad hoc committee to review the functioning of the Board of Managers."

After graduating from Swarthmore with Honors in mathematics and physics (as well as the Ivy Award and the Kwink Trophy), Spock served with the U.S. Army in Korea before beginning his career as an actuary.

He serves on the boards of the Friends Boarding Home in West Chester and Kendal-Crosslands in Kennett Square and is a former board member of Riddle Memorial Hospital and the Helen Kate Furness Library. In 1965 Spock started the Nether Providence Township soccer program. He also has served on local school board committees.

William T. Spock '51

William Bishop

Art Department hires curator

The Art Department has hired a slide curator to organize and file its extensive collection of 110,000 slides, valued at approximately $1 million and currently kept in metal filing cabinets unprotected from dampness and dust.

"This is an incredible collection for a college this size," observes William Bishop, the new curator. "The computer cataloging and filing of these, modifying a system used at Harvard and at the University of Texas, is just a part of the College's larger plan to improve the facilities in this department."

Some improvements, according to Bishop, will include the creation of a climate-controlled environment for the slides, the use of filing cabinets specifically designed for such collections, and new and more extensive light tables.

"Already you can see fungus attaching itself to some of the slides," reveals Bishop. "You just can't prevent that in this kind of environment. We'll be able to stop that, and we'll try to make the slides more accessible to the faculty and students who use them."

Bishop, who holds a master of library science degree from the University of Texas at Austin and a master of fine arts in painting from the University of Cincinnati, will create a single coherent system of filing that will free professors from spending hours finding and then refiling slides for their lectures.

In recent years, especially, says Bishop, the use of slides in lectures and seminars has become both extensive and crucial to the process of art education.

"This will very likely take at least three or four years to get caught up," he explains. "It's possible in the future, too, that we may be able to offer services and access through other libraries on campus."

In addition to instituting the new system, Bishop has taken over copy stand work for professors who require the photographing of slides from book illustrations. "In some collections," he notes, "40 or 50 percent of the slides come from books."

ENCORE! Swarthmore named tops again

Swarthmore College has been named the number one liberal arts college in the United States for the second year in a row by *U.S. News & World Report* magazine.

The magazine's assessment of the nation's best national and regional universities and colleges, titled "America's Best Colleges," was released in the Oct. 16, 1989, issue. Yale received number one status among universities.

According to the magazine, its refined ranking system depended primarily on objective data provided by the colleges to assess five key areas: quality of student body as determined by selectivity; strength of faculty; financial resources; ability to retain and graduate students; reputation for academic excellence.

To determine academic reputation, *U.S. News* surveyed the opinions of 3,879 college presidents, academic deans, and admissions officers at 1,294 institutions, receiving a response of some 60 percent. The survey noted that most experts agree on three major components of successful colleges: student selectivity, instructional quality, and academic reputation. Thus percentile scores for these attributes were weighted twice as heavily in the overall totals as were scores for student retention rates and financial resources.

Scores for each of the five categories were converted to percentiles, and the highest raw score, achieved by Swarthmore in the category for national liberal arts colleges, was assigned a 100 percent value. Other scores were determined as a percentage of that score.

Describing the category for national liberal arts colleges, the magazine reported: "The 141 schools in this category are the most selective liberal arts colleges in the country. They also award more than half their degrees in the liberal arts."

President David Fraser, reacting to the announcement, noted that the distinction showed "uncommonly good sense," on the part of *U.S. News & World Report*. "But in fact it's impossible to capture the essence of good education in five such categories," he added. "Even though the methodology may have been flawed, I'm glad they got the answer right."

Rank		Overall score
1	Swarthmore College (Pa.)	100.0
2	Amherst College (Mass.)	99.0
3	Williams College (Mass.)	96.5
4	Pomona College (Calif.)	90.7
5	Bryn Mawr College (Pa.)	89.0
5	Wellesley College (Mass.)	89.0
7	Smith College (Mass.)	88.1
8	Wesleyan University (Conn.)	87.6
9	Oberlin College (Ohio)	86.8
10	Grinnell College (Iowa)	85.6
11	Haverford College (Pa.)	85.3
12	Middlebury College (Vt.)	84.9
13	Bowdoin College (Maine)	84.5
14	Carleton College (Minn.)	82.7
15	Davidson College (N.C.)	80.5
16	Colgate University (N.Y.)	79.0
17	Mount Holyoke College (Mass.)	78.9

LETTERS

CHILDREN'S ISSUES

TO THE EDITOR:

I was misquoted in the article on home schooling in the August issue—I never said [physicist] Richard Feynman was home schooled.

As I reflected upon this error, however, I realized there is a sense in which what was written is true. If one understands "home schooling" in the most general sense to be a state of mind in which one takes responsibility for one's own learning, whether one be adult or child, and not the issue of whether one has or hasn't attended school—then Richard Feynman does indeed satisfy (his father taught him math as a toddler, and he went on to learn calculus by himself, to give one example).

What we are above all trying to do with our son, Nicholas, is to teach him to follow his curiosity, to help him find the self-discipline to do what he wants to do. In this way he is "learning how to learn." To us that is the essence of home schooling.

ROBERT EARLY '73
Kittanning, Pa.

TO THE EDITOR:

When the August special issue on children arrived for my husband (James D. Keighton '60), I immediately read all the articles with great interest. I am a teacher at Carolina Friends School and would like to thank you for addressing this timely issue by sharing the knowledge and expertise of Swarthmore alumni with so many others. We should all pay closer attention to what is happening to "our" children.

ALICE S. KEIGHTON
Durham, N.C.

TO THE EDITOR:

I read with interest and with huge frustration the August special issue of the *Bulletin*, "Putting Our Children's House in Order."

My talks with hundreds of divorcing women in Maryland have convinced me that the inequities of present divorce laws actually underlie the very problems that are featured in your series of published articles.

I have also found that the law is an encapsulated discipline. In order to establish credibility I therefore acquired a law degree. Like those women your magazine describes, I have devoted my life to the "Just Do It" School. I have spent eight years of exhausting (and fruitless) effort in the area of divorce reform. This is half of a child's life.

I am happy that the alumnae on pages 18-21 are "doing more than just talking about" many of these problems, but I believe they are trying to wipe away the pus without extracting the thorn. I believe that legal attitudes about divorce, and their consequential economic tragedy, are the real problem. I now think that the whole subject of divorce is so offensive that it is impossible to get anyone to print anything about it. Thus, while I am not able to get anyone even to "talk about the problems" of divorce itself, the very problems that you discuss—our children as future adults, poverty, inefficiency in the courts, day care—continue to flow directly from attitudes toward divorce.

JILL MORREL COLEMAN '52
Owings Mills, Md.

TO THE EDITOR:

Congratulations on your special issue, August 1989! You have performed a great service in presenting information about efforts to improve children's lives.

ESTHER HICKS EMORY '24
Westbury, N.Y.

TO THE EDITOR:

Two things: first, a response to the August issue's letters about "A Day at the Races" [April 1989 issue]. Both letters express dismay that Swarthmore students are paying attention to race—one calls it "complicated psychologizing"; the other rhymes, "I don't like the implication/ Of allegiance to an origin, continent, or nation."

It may be that one day we will all be respectful and comfortable and just with each other—and able to forget race—but in the meantime, if racism is to be overcome, we need to recognize and talk about the ways race affects our perceptions and experiences.

Second, the August issue's "Mothers versus Children: The Real Child Care Debate" neglected the role that fathers, and our understandings of work and family, play in the child care dilemma. Hofferth offers analyses and "solutions" that pit mothers against children and leave the rest of society free to go about its business. Is this a fair or accurate way to cast the debate?

JENNIE ULEMAN '87
Philadelphia, Pa.

TO THE EDITOR:

In the August 1989 issue of the *Bulletin*, I read in the Letters to the Editor that you were taken to task for sexism in an earlier issue. I'm afraid that you have not learned your lesson. The article "Mothers versus Children: The Real Child Care Debate" in that issue is a disgracefully sexist piece.

When will we (as women and men, and as a nation) stop assuming that child care is primarily a mother's responsibility? Where are the fathers in all this? Why is it that we worry whether mothers are "sacrificing the good of the children for their own benefit," and not worrying the same about working fathers?

Until we can honestly say that child care is the responsibility of families and communities, and not of individual mothers, women will never be free from discrimination in the workplace. And until discrimination in the workplace is gone, we shall never be free. Perhaps that is the worst legacy we leave to our children.

ANN CUDD '82
Lawrence, Kan.

TO THE EDITOR:

As a parent and a parish minister, I very much appreciated your August edition on "Putting Our Children's House in Order." I admired the writers' involvement and insights in what I agree is a major social issue for our country, and I benefited from them.

The article on "Mothers vs. Children" by Sandra Hofferth, however, troubled me deeply. Yes, there is a conflict of interest between mothers and children, but a discussion about this conflict needs to include two other major dimensions that Ms. Hofferth did not mention. First, at the same time that women are trying to pursue career options outside the home, many men are discovering that they would like to play larger roles in the home and family. We need not speak only of "maternal care" but of "parental care," and, in fact, researchers and writers, such as Lillian Rubin in *Intimate Strangers*, advocate a better balance of maternal and paternal care not just for the sake of the parents but for the sake of the emotional health of the children.

Second, a major shift in attitudes about careers and the workplace is the only way to ensure that such a healthy shift in family patterns could occur. The workplace needs to become considerably more flexible, offering much more in the way of shared jobs and part-time jobs with the potential for continuing career advancement. As long as most positions require a minimum of 40 hours and often up to 70 hours a week for professional workers, families will find it impossible to develop a way of life that truly shares all the dimensions of life.

As Sara Lawrence Lightfoot ['66] said in her commencement talk, quoted in the same edition of the *Bulletin*, "Nurturing and sustaining relationships in families—the demands of intimacy—are far more compli-

cated than the controlled responsibilities of career." The problem of how to raise healthy children cannot be reduced to a conflict between mothers and children or to the cost of good child care, but needs to be addressed and worked on together by all of us: women and men, employers and employees, and the country as a whole.

HELEN LUTTON COHEN '65
Lexington, Mass.

REPLY

TO THE EDITOR:

I regret that I gave the impression that fathers were not part of the picture. Research shows that about 15 percent of child care is provided by the father while the mother works outside the home, a small but significant contribution. In one of ten full-time employed dual-earner couples with children, the parents worked entirely different hours. While the decision to stay home or be employed when children are young is a family decision, it is one with more serious implications for the mother than for the father. If she and her husband should divorce (this risk is about 50 percent), she will be less well-off had she stayed home than if she had been employed. Therefore, while a joint decision, it is one of considerably more potential consequence to the mother than to the father.

I want to raise for argument a question that is implicit in several of the letters. What is the extent of societal responsibility for its young? Parents generally have been considered responsible for their children, and society has been reluctant to interfere. We are beginning to reconsider this assumption for several reasons. First, not all families are able to invest as much as desirable to produce healthy, high-quality children. Some, through severe economic stress, simply cannot afford the health care, basic shelter, and attention their children need. Others, through drug use or mental problems, mistreat or abandon their children altogether. I shudder to think of the animosity and resentment that such children may harbor as they grow up. The social welfare system is overburdened. It can neither protect children in their homes nor remove them.

Second, investments in children are important for society. We need children who can read and write and who will grow up to participate productively in the society. What society's responsibility is to these children is likely to be the subject of strong debate as the demographic characteristics of our society change from a youthful to an elderly population.

SANDRA L. HOFFERTH '67
Takoma Park, Md.

JEOPARDY!

TO THE EDITOR:

That was a good story in the April issue of the *Bulletin* on our own *Jeopardy!* champion. . . . I wish him well in the Tournament of Champions.

But, while the article implied that Cigus Vanni ['72] is unique in the annals of the old Garnet & White, Swarthmore has produced at least one other five-time *Jeopardy!* winner.

Me.

In June 1971 I became the 95th undefeated champion, winning five consecutive games and achieving my Andy-Warhol-15-minutes-of-fame. Unhappily, that's about all I got out of it. In comparison with today's upscale winnings in the tens of thousands of dollars, the payoffs on the old Art Fleming *Jeopardy!* were in gentlemanly $100 increments, and the highest amount you could win with one correct question was $200 (not counting Daily Doubles). My winnings amounted to $4,200; not too shabby—but even allowing for inflation, that's chicken feed when you see the $30,000 to $40,000 cash prizes awarded by Alex Trebek today.

Unhappily, I did not fare as well in the 1972 Tournament of Champions. (They had leftover winners from 1970, and so it wasn't until the next year that I got back to New York for the playoffs.) I started out all right, taking a fast lead, and then stumbled on the classic *Jeopardy!* pitfall—I blew a question in my prime category, Shakespeare. I totally blanked on the name of the play in which Audrey and Touchstone cavort in the Forest of Arden. "Uh, er, um . . . ," I stammered for what seemed like forever, until the bright middle-aged woman next to me, Paula, got the nod and cheerfully answered, "What is *As You Like It*?" Then Paula was off and running, and I never got the lead again. I finished a lame second to her, with a take-home total of $550 or so, and Paula went on to become the grand champion in the final rounds, winning oodles of money and a three-week trip to Greece—"another wonderful vacation in a totalitarian country," as the assistant producer wryly remarked to the assembled contestants before the taping.

Interestingly enough, speaking of national fame, I was walking along the main street of Keene, N.H., (where I lived at the time) shortly after my undefeated series was aired, and a driver in a Maryland car stopped and asked directions. I advised him, he thanked me, and, as he prepared to drive off, said, "I enjoyed you on *Jeopardy!* Congratulations!" I was dumbfounded.

PHILIP N. PRICE '52
Brooks, Maine

Dear Swarthmoreans:

We hope many of you have already used your 1989 *Alumni Directory*, the recent gift from the College, to stay in touch with your Swarthmore friends.

Naturally we wanted it to be 100 percent accurate, and we tried hard to make it so; but you have alerted us to a number of errata in your listings, and we have found a few on our own. Two of our more conspicuous bloopers occur under the geographical listing: the inexcusable substitution for West Germany of the name German Democratic Republic and the omission of the state of Alabama.

We think we have apologized in writing to all alumni who told us about errors in their listings. On this page we hereby apologize to any alumni whom we do not know we have wronged. If you will write us our sin of omission or commission in regard to yourself, we will be happy to run an addendum to the list below in the next issue of the *Bulletin*.

Please check the list of errata for your friends and make any necessary changes in your directory.

Sincerely,
Kendall Landis '48
Vice President

We goofed! See below for *Alumni Directory* errata

Careers

Name:	Printed incorrectly in directory as:	Prefers to be listed as:
Constance Loeb Cohn '52	physician	health practitioner
Cecily Langdale Davis '61	merchant	art dealer
John DePauw '59	armed forces member	professor/researcher
Hilda Findley-Knier '43	retired	professor
Robert Freedman '58	writer	literary agent
Jane Hicks Haycox '55	practical nurse	nurse practitioner
Susan Inman '71	undergraduate	registered dance/ movement therapist
Mary Janson Leslie '58	practical nurse	nurse practitioner
Dorothy Shoemaker McDiarmid '29	retired	elected official
Gail O'Connell-Babcock '65	homemaker	psychologist
James A. Perkins '34	administrator, retired	administrator
Peter Pompetti '77	computer programmer	architect
Beverley Bond Potter '55	salesperson	rare-book dealer
Harriet Holran Schley '56	accountant	secretary
Thomas D. Sharples '40	engineer technician	engineer
Harriet Shorr '60	teacher	artist
David Steinmuller '56	physician	professor/researcher

Names

Correct name:	Printed incorrectly in directory as:
Ann McCaghey Bartunek '62	Ann Drake, in maiden name listing
Kennette Benedict (wife of Jonathan Casper '64)	Kennette Benedict Casper
Mary Lois Broomell Eberle '40	Mary Lois Broomell
Jane-Carol Glendinning-Johnson '66	Jane Carol Glendinning Johnson
Arthur T. Groome '20	in "1920 deceased" as Arthur T. Gromme
Helen Vogdes Macartney '20	in "1920 deceased" as Helen Macartney Vogdes
Gretchen Howe Miller '44	Howe Miller, Gretchen, under H
Harvey S. Shipley Miller '70	Harvey Shipley-Miller
Gail O'Connell-Babcock '65	Gail Babcock
Gladys Seaman Pell '20	in "1920 deceased" as Gladys Pell Seaman
Jane Miller Pompetti '77	Jane Sherman Pompetti
Walter Thorwald Skallerup III '78	Walter Thorwalt Skallerup III
Marian Young '72	Marian Stone Young

Sins of Commission

Name:	Printed incorrectly in directory as:	Should be listed as:
Isaac Hallowell Clothier, Hon.	LL.D., 1903 M.A., 1918	M.A., 1903 LL.D., 1918
Elizabeth Schauffler Lyman '47 Richard Lyman '47	Apartment 14-B 350 East 57th Street New York, NY 10022	56 Pearce Mitchell Place Stanford, CA 94305
Glenna Bovee McKnight '50	325 Farmington Lane Vernon Hills, IL 60061	10 Church Street Foxboro, MA 02035
	German Democratic Republic (East Germany)	Federal Republic of Germany (West Germany)
	W. Duke Weatherford, Jr. '81 (spouse of Anne Smith Weatherford '51)	Willis D. Weatherford, Jr., H'81

Sins of Omission

Philip Anthony Cavalier '89 161 West 54th Street New York, NY 10019	omitted from undergraduate listing
Douglas Lee Gramiak '89 218 Ridgewood Road Springfield, PA 19064	omitted from undergraduate listing
Jane Plummer Leimbach '45 15 Forest Lane Swarthmore, PA 19081 Homemaker	omitted from alphabetical and geographical listings
Henry Churchill Skinner '89 9 Harding Lane Marblehead, MA 01945	omitted from undergraduate listing
Kelly Werhane '87 940 Cedar Street, Apt. #4 El Segundo, CA 90245 Assistant Media Planner	omitted from alphabetical and geographical listings

The following residents of Alabama were omitted from the geographical listing:

Auburn:
John H. Hand '62
Cynthia Donahue Reinke '72

Birmingham:
Hugh Cort III '73
John R. Durant '52
Joseph F. Gaskill, Jr. '52
Joan Maddy Harris '40
Frederick S. Keller '64
Wilson Radding '65
Franklin P. Stow, Jr. '50
F. Allyn Walker '45
Mary Elliott Woodrow '67
Robert H. Woodrow III '67

Cuba:
Sara Guthrie Geers '56

Fairhope:
Aileen Riley Matthews '22

Florence:
Elizabeth Bomar Wallace '55

Huntsville:
Richard E. Cordray '48
George B. Doane III '53
Winslow Cooke Shoemaker NV

Leeds:
Anne G. Miller '62

Madison:
Drew Dee Reynolds '74

Mobile:
P. William Curreri '58
Jean Elliott Golden '55
Elizabeth Malcolm Murray '41

Montgomery:
Virginia Venable Mickey '35

Point Clear:
Anna Beran Hankins '51
Charles G. Hankins III '52

Tuscaloosa:
Lucinda Lee Roff '71

Milwaukee *Continued from page 3*

in the city's history.

The Milwaukee Center, which cost more than $100 million, redeveloped two downtown blocks. O'Connor's theater company was the catalyst for the project, as it renovated a historic brick electric power generating plant for its new home. The plant and several adjacent buildings were donated to the Rep by the Wisconsin Electric Power Co.

The Trammell Crow Co., the largest real estate developer in the country, joined the project, building an office tower, hotel, and underground parking garage.

It was quite an accomplishment for the woman who feared she was in over her head during her first two years at Swarthmore College. "I was going to school on a scholarship, and I was afraid I would fail," O'Connor candidly recalls.

But she succeeded in her studies in a fashion that would presage her later successes in the arts. "Swarthmore genuinely changed my life," she says. "I think what Swarthmore taught me was that I could find out anything if I was willing to look, to ask. That is a wonderful skill. Many people are ashamed that they don't know something, and they won't ask."

That willingness to ask questions is how she learned the complicated world of downtown redevelopment and real estate dealmaking. O'Connor had honed her theater and management skills at several jobs, but being a primary player in a project that included several levels of government, large sums of private investment money, and major construction work was a new experience. "When I didn't know something, I asked," she explains.

O'Connor's stage career began with the Little Theater Club at Swarthmore. "An actress friend dragged me along to an audition for moral support," she remembers. "I got cast, and she didn't. I didn't know anything about acting, and I was immediately smitten."

That led to a summer with a theater company in Rome, N.Y., where she earned $15 a week as a character actress and stage manager. The theater staged 10 shows in 10 weeks. "To this day I don't like American cheese sandwiches because of that summer," she says, smiling.

More acting at Swarthmore and one more summer spent with a theater company at Tufts University convinced O'Connor that she preferred directing to acting. "I was just an OK actress," she admits. "I absolutely loved directing."

After graduating from Swarthmore, O'Connor went back to Tufts, where she received a master's degree in directing. (She was recently awarded an honorary doctorate of humane letters by Milwaukee's Mount Mary College.) With her former husband, Boardman O'Connor, she moved to San Diego, where Sara stage-managed at the respected Old Globe Theater and directed a children's troupe called the San Diego Junior Theater.

When Boardman took a job in Chicago, Sara started directing a group of theater people there in a room above a restaurant. That endeavor led to the formation of the Company of the Four, a professional troupe that favored intellectual pieces and was decades ahead of the times in its multiracial casting policy. Besides directing many of the shows, Sara found herself running the theater company's business affairs. "I was at home with a typewriter, a telephone, and two small children," she recalls. "I was available."

DAVID SCHLABOWSKE

Sara O'Connor '54

A return to Boston for the O'Connor family led to Sara's appointment as a general manager and associate producer of the Theater Company of Boston. After a brief move to New Orleans, Sara and her two sons returned to Boston, where she became producer for her old troupe. Among the young, unknown actors who performed at the Theater Company of Boston during O'Connor's tenure were Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voigt, and Robert De Niro.

O'Connor left Boston in 1971 to manage the Cincinnati Playhouse in the Park, a regional theater struggling under a $600,000 debt. In three years, she led the company into the black. "Getting rid of that $600,000 obligation took every ounce of energy and ingenuity I had," she says.

With that task accomplished, O'Connor decided to leave Cincinnati. She applied for the position of managing director with the Milwaukee Repertory Theater, a company that had known only one other manager during its existence. She got the job.

Although O'Connor hasn't acted or directed a play in years, she has maintained a creative influence on her company and American theater with her translations of French plays. The translations have been staged in Milwaukee and elsewhere. A blatant Francophile who reads Marcel Proust in French for fun, she has translated both classic and contemporary pieces and makes frequent trips to Paris to scout new plays for the American stage.

Why does O'Connor take on so many projects? "That is her entertainment," explains Susan Medak, the young managing director at the Northlight Theater in Evanston, Ill. Medak once worked for O'Connor in Milwaukee and considers the older woman her mentor. "Sara doesn't distinguish between work and recreation."

Just What Does the Alumni Council Do?

With this issue we begin a column about organized alumni activities conducted by the Swarthmore College Alumni Association and its instrument for action, the Alumni Council.

The 52-person Alumni Council does not set College policy or hire presidents; nor is it responsible for fiscal solvency. The Board of Managers does these things. The Alumni Council, however, does have an important role to play in the life of the College; through this column we will keep you up to date on the concerns and actions of the Alumni Council. In turn we urge you to use the tear-out forms that will appear with the column to alert us to your interests regarding organized alumni activity. We hope you will want to get involved either by running for a seat on Council yourself or suggesting candidates for Council, the Nominating Committee, and the two positions open each year for Alumni Managers.

"I find this objectionable. . . ."

Some half dozen of you respond each year on the ballot for Alumni Council members, "I find this objectionable." You refer to the practice authorized in the by-laws of the Alumni Association of voting for one man and one woman in your zone. "Sexist," you say. We have replied in the past that we felt the result of having a Council equally balanced between men and women made up for any sexist overtones in the procedure.

The Alumni Council briefly discussed election procedures at its March and June meetings. No consensus was reached, and an ad hoc committee on nominating and election procedures was established at Council's October meeting. Nancy Fitts Donaldson '46 will chair the committee.

Several options have been identified to date:

- Have the Nominating Committee present on the ballot a single slate of one man and one woman in each zone so that we have no candidates who are nominated but not elected.
- Amend the by-laws to eliminate the restriction to vote for one man and one woman.
- Reduce the number of candidates in each zone from six to four.

What's your reaction? Let us hear from you in the space provided on the form to the right.

We also urge you to use the form to send us suggestions for candidates for the Alumni Council.

Elinor Meyer Haupt '55
President, Swarthmore College Alumni Association

Mail to: Elinor Meyer Haupt
Alumni Office, Swarthmore College
Swarthmore, PA 19081

In regard to election procedures for Alumni Council, I think Council should consider _____

_____

_____

_____

I favor option _____

_____

I think these people would make great candidates for:

Alumni Council _____

_____

Alumni Manager _____

_____

Nominating Committee (must be able to attend two meetings a year on campus) _____

_____

_____

I wish Council would do something about _____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Signed: name and class _____

address _____

_____

B & B, Swarthmore Style

Many travelers try bed-and-breakfast establishments and like them. The Alumni Council wants to know whether Swarthmoreans would like to have their own B & B system.

If enough Swarthmoreans indicate they would like to accommodate traveling alumni and parents in their homes, the Alumni Council will publish a directory.

Travelers would make arrangements directly with hosts and pay the host a fee significantly below commercial rates. The host would forward all or part of the fee to the Alumni Fund.

Hosts could set any house rules they might wish, including no pets, no alcohol, or no children, and they would have the right to refuse any request for accommodations at any time.

Council now needs a rough idea of the number of people willing to be hosts. If you are interested, please fill out the form to the right and mail it to the address indicated. With a significant show of support by potential hosts, the Council will proceed to publish the Directory for Traveling Swarthmoreans.

I am interested in being host to traveling Swarthmoreans. I understand that returning this form is not a commitment and that the program will allow me to set conditions for guests and to accept guests only when convenient for me.

PLEASE PRINT

Name _____

Street address _____

Town or city _____

State _____ ZIP _____

Phone numbers:

Work _____

Home _____

Mail to: Swarthmore Travel
c/o Christopher Kennedy
Bristol Road
HC 61, Box 124
Damariscotta, Maine 04543

Cleveland

Continued from page 3

of the world," as the opera company's subscription promotion billed it, because for the first time since Gershwin wrote *Porgy and Bess*, a major figure from the world of popular music has written a grand opera.

Bamberger's composer for the production is Stewart Copeland, founder and percussionist of the rock group The Police. Copeland is known also as the composer of films such as *Wall Street* and creator of the score for TV's *The Equalizer*. "We have been working together for four years," says Bamberger. "There were times when I would say, 'You can't do that,' or he would say, 'How about doing it this way?' He brings his expertise as a musician, and I bring my expertise on how to make things work on stage."

For both men, *Holy Blood* is a radical departure from their usual milieu; and as Anthony Tommasini wrote in *The New York Times Magazine* (September 24), it represents "a career risk for everyone involved, especially David Bamberger." Tommasini notes that Bamberger's ability to get support for the project from his board and private foundations "is a testimony to their trust in his judgment as well as his entrepreneurial savvy."

Bamberger heard Copeland mention during a television interview that he might write an opera. When Bamberger contacted him, an artistic partnership formed in which opera and pop music talk to each other. "It is not a rock opera," says Bamberger, "but the music shows the influence of the popular idiom."

Scarcely 13 years ago, Cleveland Opera existed only in the minds of Bamberger and Cleveland attorney John D. Heavenrich. Heavenrich had seen Bamberger's work while the young artist was director of the Oberlin Music Theater (1972-75). He was interested in bringing opera to Cleveland, and he sent his card backstage to Bamberger. When Bamberger decided to leave Oberlin, he contacted Heavenrich, and the two men agreed that Bamberger should research the feasibility of starting an opera company in Cleveland. He spent the next six months interviewing movers and shakers in the Cleveland music and business worlds, living off his savings.

When the two men made the decision to try it out, Carola Bamberger, David's wife, says, "It was one of those moments. The die was cast, but David said he wasn't going to spend another cent of his own money, so Heavenrich paid the $25 incorporation fee." Bamberger likens this critical moment in his life to the Jewish story that says Moses was stopped at the Red Sea and nothing happened until one man of faith took a step into the sea and the waves parted.

Six months later, in 1976, Cleveland Opera opened in a junior high school auditorium in the Cleveland suburbs. The sell-out season included two operas for $10, *Madame Butterfly* and *The Barber of Seville*. "In our 13th season," notes Carola Bamberger, the associate director of the company, "we have an annual budget approaching $3 million and a permanent staff of 24. We operate in the black, and we mount five productions a year. In terms of audience, we are the 10th largest opera company in the United States."

A junior high school was not the best place for staging opera, so when The Cleveland Foundation, the nation's oldest community foundation, approached Bamberger and asked what needed to be done to give the city a world-class theater, he was eager to advise on acoustics, size of stage, and sight lines. The end result of this liaison is "the greatest stage west of metropolitan New York," says Bamberger. The theater is located in downtown Cleveland in a remodeled

PHOTOS BY ANASTASIA PANTSIOS

Clockwise, top to bottom: As general director of Cleveland Opera, David Bamberger '62 attends a black-tie fund-raiser, directs the Cleveland Opera cast in La Bohème, *visits with children after a production of* Naughty Marietta, *and consults with Stewart Copeland, composer, and Imre Pallo, guest orchestra conductor for* Holy Blood & Crescent Moon.

1920s music palace that had been on the verge of being demolished.

One key to the success of Cleveland Opera stems from Bamberger's conception of opera as a form of music theater. "It is exciting and should be entertaining. In casting we want people to look their roles. Tosca should look as if she might have two men lusting after her." Quality is not sacrificed for appearance, and Bamberger is proud that three people who sang for Cleveland Opera were debut artists of the year for Beverly Sills of the New York City Opera Company.

Cleveland Opera's success may be attributed also in part to its imaginative outreach program with students in the schools. Bamberger refers to the company as "populist," and its outreach program is both messianic and practical in broadening the base of support for opera and the company itself.

"We know that education is most meaningful when it is hands on," says Bamberger, "but how can kids put on an opera and learn standard repertoire?" The company found a way. It created condensed versions of *Carmen*, *The Elixir of Love*, and *The Mikado*, one-half hour to 40 minutes long. A singer went into a fourth-grade classroom and staged the children. The music teacher in the school rehearsed them with the help of a tape provided by the company. The art teacher and her classes made the scenery. For *The Mikado*, the whole school immersed itself in oriental history. The kitchen served oriental food. When all was in readiness for the production, the original singer returned with two others and performed with the children.

The company has reworked this basic pattern in some 60 schools, public and private, half of them in the inner city. "Not only does it expose kids to opera," says Bamberger, "it also can transform kids. We never have a discipline problem. They know they will be performing in front of their peers, and they don't want to embarrass themselves. The cultural world becomes part of their lives. Their parents are in tears."

When the company works with older children, it uses other creative approaches. In one case Cleveland Opera's entire operation was replicated in the school to give seventh- and eighth-graders a "hands on" business experience and practical uses for writing and mathematics in such areas as marketing, public relations, budgeting, and fund-raising. The Cleveland Foundation again provided needed funds with a grant of $5,000—but a grant that was handled in a special way. Two hundred fifty dollars of it was held back until the kids wrote and presented their own proposal, under the guidance of their teachers and the company staff.

Bamberger himself began his love of the theater as a child, attending plays in his hometown, New York City, and going to acting school. His headmaster recommended Swarthmore to him, and when he got off the train in Swarthmore on an initial visit and saw the campus, "I fell in love with it," he says. During his undergraduate years, his interest in the theater thrived. "We didn't know in those days that you only did things for credit. We did a tremendous amount of theater, new works and old, under the directing of Barbara Lange ['31]. She was wonderful in giving us a chance to develop all of our skills." Bamberger also found time to study in Paris for a semester as a Peaslee scholar.

His path to Oberlin's Music Theater from Swarthmore led to the Yale Drama School and directing jobs at the Academy of Vocal Arts and the Walnut Street Theater in Philadelphia, the New York City Opera Company, Lincoln Center and Kennedy Center, Santiago, Chile, and Tel Aviv, Israel.

Bamberger's son, Steven, thinks his father's greatest achievement is not in opera but in writing a two-volume history of the Jews for children, based on Abba Eban's *History of the Jews*, because those books were banned in the Soviet Union. He has since written two more books for children about Jewish history. (Bamberger thinks his greatest achievement is his fine family and his son, Steven, a junior at Duke University.)

Bamberger says he learned to write and do research at Swarthmore, where "a liberal arts education did for me just exactly what it is supposed to do. Dr. Rhys [Hedley H. Rhys, professor emeritus of art history] really taught me to see, and I use what he taught me all the time."