SWARTHMORE

College Bulletin

May 1994

STRANGE DAYS: SWARTHMORE AND THE '60s

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Service, Discussion Pl

College Bowl Team Returns; Undefeated After 5 Matches

Dean's Dean Disembarks

Following a career at the College that has spanned five decades, Dean of Admissions Robert A. Barr Jr. '56 is leaving that position at the end of this academic year. Barr joined the staff in 1957 to help formalize the admissions process under President Courtney Smith and later became dean of men. Between 1970 and 1977, he worked in the administrations of Chatham and Dickinson colleges, returning to Swarthmore in 1977 as admissions dean. At a reception in Barr's honor held May 6, President Alfred H. Bloom pointed to some remarkable statistics about Barr's tenure: From 1978 (when record keeping began) through the spring of 1994, "he has directed the processing and review of 45,855 applications and helped shape entering classes totaling 5,674 students." After a sabbatical Barr will return to the College next year to undertake special projects in alumni relations and development.

DENG-JENG LEE

SWARTHMORE

COLLEGE BULLETIN • MAY 1994

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PARLOR TALK

Is history linear? Perhaps it is over the long haul, but as far as it exists in our individual memories, I don't think so. Our lives are like loopy scribbles; they spiral forward, sometimes slowly, sometimes in a headlong rush. But in our minds we are constantly circling back, gathering thoughts and images, testing feelings against facts, remembering events large and small. We need our past. We feed it back into our current selves, and it helps us make sense of our lives.

Reunions and anniversaries are good times to make a giant loop back, to share with old friends the gathering of yesterdays that define us today. The 25th reunion of the Class of 1969 seemed to us an especially important moment for such reflection. Their college years were tumultuous ones, not only for them personally but for Swarthmore and the nation. Everyone who lived through those strange days was affected by them, but those who came of age then were especially touched by history.

Our two big projects this spring have been this issue of the *Bulletin* and a new book called *A Singular Time, A Singular Place*. The book, to be published June 1, is about Swarthmore and what's known around our office as "The War Years." By this we've come to mean the classes of the 1940s whose young adulthood was defined and changed by World War II. The book is a collection of transcripts from a special Alumni College and War Years Reunion that was held for them in June 1992. They spent three days spiraling back a half century, filling a book with profound observations and tender reminiscences about their generation and their war. (See page 44 for details about the book.)

This issue of the *Bulletin* is about another set of war years. It's become commonplace to view World War II and the Vietnam War as very different experiences—usually "the good war" and "the bad war." (As if there could be such a thing as a good war.) Yet having edited this magazine and worked on that book, I am more struck by the similarities than the differences. Both generations grew up in times of great conflict and change. What happened to the kids who went to college in the early 1940s somehow parallels what happened to those who matriculated in the late 1960s. Their worlds were turned upside down, at least for a while. They—and the College—were forever changed by the experience.

—*J.L.*

LET

Diversity—or Hypocrisy and Ignorance?

To the Editor:

The misguided members of the Swarthmore Conservative Union (SCU) claim that they are opposed to grouping individuals into categories such as race and class, but Vijay Toke '96 dismisses Rigoberta Menchú as a "Marxist-Leninist lesbian." Despite his stated goal of unity, it appears that Mr. Toke believes that certain categories of people should be excluded.

The SCU members' hypocrisy is equalled only by their ignorance. The SCU's newspaper is called *Common Sense*, borrowing from Thomas Paine, the leading radical of his day. The SCU members would do well to read Paine's famous pamphlet. Alice Stillman '96, who professes strong religious beliefs, may also wish to peruse Paine's *The Age of Reason*.

I favor greater diversity at Swarthmore, but diversity should not be confused with hypocrisy and ignorance.

DAN FEINBERG '83
Oakland, Calif.

Conservative Views Not Unsafe on Campus

To the Editor:

I think your recent article on the Swarthmore Conservative Union misses the essential problem with the SCU's argument that they feel unsafe to voice conservative views on campus. Their indictment of our college rests on the assumption that the College is a liberal bastion. I propose that the College is much more middle-of-the-road than anyone (the SCU or the liberals) wants to admit.

The Conservative Union argues that since its members feel the campus is more liberal than they are, the College is inherently left-wing. That's as ludicrous as my saying the college is full of right-wing conservatives because I feel my political views are to the left of the majority of students and faculty members. Granted, Swarthmore's student body is probably more liberal than the American public at large, but not tremendously so. If conservatives want to

form a club, fine, but they should not blame the rest of campus for not espousing their views.

Though the curriculum has been expanded a bit, it has by no means changed on a large scale. Yes, feminism, deconstructionism, and multiculturalism are all prevalent on this campus, but so are the traditional parts of the canon. In fact, most of these "isms" are used to get a fresh view on the old canon. Classes such as English Professor Peter Schmidt's American Prose, which compares three classic works of American literature—*Moby Dick*, *Walden*, and *Huck Finn*—with works by current Native American authors—Leslie Marmon Silko, William Least Heat Moon, and David Seals—better represent the new developments than the alarmist descriptions given by Matthew Schenk, Vijay Toke, and crew.

EUGENE SONN '95
Swarthmore, Pa.

College Needs Commitment to Intellectual Diversity

To the Editor:

I was mentioned in the February *Bulletin* as the signer of a letter seeking alumni support for "meaningful diversity" on campus. Since there's been some controversy about this letter, I'd like to clarify my motives in cooperating with Young America's Foundation and the SCU.

Based on the experience of the Young America's Foundation in assisting conservative students at other colleges, YAF was willing to gamble that Swarthmore alumni of a certain age would be responsive to our appeals. I hoped that even some alumni who are not conservative could support our efforts. To the extent that Swarthmore is an academic institution and an intellectual community, the most meaningful diversity we can seek is a diversity of ideas.

As a student, I certainly experienced a deficiency in this area. I treasured the opportunity to supplement my Swarthmore education with the resources offered by the Intercollegiate Studies Insti-

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POSTINGS

"THE REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE TELEVISED," from a recording by Gil Scott-Heron, the African American poet/songwriter, took on new meaning for Jason Dougal '96 when he heard it in the film *Berkeley in the Sixties*, shown to a class on that decade. "It means you have to go out and join the protest. You can't hope someone else will do something. You're not going to see it on TV. You have to be there."

Students studied the history and activism of the 1960s in the course The Sixties: Years of Hope, Days of Rage, taught by Meta Mendel-Reyes, assistant professor of political science, and Marjorie Murphy, associate professor of history. The professors worked from the premise of "the promise of the '60s," the idea that individuals and grass-roots movements make a difference. "Young people are part of a tradition of making the future better through activism, even if on a day-to-day basis it's hard to see change," says Mendel-Reyes.

Ben Stern '96 learned of the promise's successes and perversions. "While not all goals during the '60s were fully realized," Stern concludes, "activism did make a difference. Movements today have come out of those in the '60s, particularly, I think, the environmental and gay rights movements. Just because the promise of the '60s was lost, that doesn't mean it wasn't valid."

Joanne Weill-Greenberg '96 noted that the urgency to change circumstances has evolved since the '60s. "Today, being an activist is more of a community service type thing," says Weill-Greenberg, who is an escort for Planned Parenthood in Philadelphia. "You do it when it's convenient and fits your schedule."

Films, Dougal says, prompted some of the most interesting discussions. The class saw *Easy Rider*, *Woodstock*, and *Superfly*, but the documentary *Berkeley in the Sixties* elicited the most rewarding conversations.

"After the movie I spent hours talking with others who were in the class. Because we have so much homework here, we wondered how they managed to do all that protesting and still study. Did they bring their books to the protests? We wondered where that activism went. What is our generation about?"

Keelyn Bradley '95 has taken an interest in fashions of the decade. He's doing research on how hair in the black community is an indicator of the consciousness of the community. The class showed him how the natural styles of African Americans during the '60s were an indication of change in cultural aesthetics and a move toward liberation. He also says that the hippies of the time adopted the fashions of Native Americans with beads, fringes, moccasins, and ankle bracelets. "Young people were embracing the Native American culture as the most back-to-nature way of living, like they wanted to be, but they did not contribute to the movement for Native American rights," says Bradley.

Many of the leaders of the '60s are now only historical images to these students, most of whom were born between 1972 and 1976. Dougal is fascinated by Malcolm X: "He was willing to give up his life for something greater. He knew he would be assassinated, but that didn't stop him. I try to imagine that selflessness." Weill-Greenberg says she would have liked to meet early Southern civil rights leaders. "I would want to know how they were able to work for change when their lives were threatened. Today it's safer," she says.

Bradley, the current president of the Swarthmore Afro-American Student Society, has been able to go one step further. He has spoken to some of the most recognized black leaders of the '60s, including political activist Stokely Carmichael, educator Toni Cade Bambara, and poet Nikki Giovanni, who is expected to speak on campus in the fall. Bradley is currently in contact with political activist Angela Davis to arrange a campus visit. "It's important to pay homage to those dead and alive who were the spirit of the '60s," says Bradley. "But it's also important to interrogate them and develop a learned perspective of your own by listening."

—Audree Penner

Blood Ink and Tears

A Pulitzer Prize–winning war correspondent recalls days of death in Vietnam.

By Malcolm W. Browne '52

I don't think many journalists take pleasure from human suffering, but since this is a personal chronicle, I have to admit to having sometimes profited from others' pain. It wasn't intentional, but that doesn't help. Journalists inadvertently influence events they cover, and although the effects are sometimes for the good, they can also be tragic. Either way, when death is the outcome, psychic scars remain.

After a while the flood of death the average newsman witnesses begins to numb the senses and feelings. But some deaths continue to haunt newsmen throughout their lives, and for me five of them stand out. One of my ghosts was an aged Buddhist monk. The other four were simple merchants who faced a firing squad for trying to profit from war. Many people, including journalists, profit from war; but some are unlucky enough to pay with their lives.

History treated the five deaths I'm speaking of in very different ways. The spectacular self-immolation of the Buddhist monk made headlines, helped to bring down a government, changed the course of a war, and found a place in history books. The deaths of the four merchants, who died as victims of an anti–black market campaign (that was generally applauded by the press), were mere footnotes in a day of news. They were forgotten by most people before the blood was dry, but I haven't forgotten them.

In the summer of 1963, Saigon was in turmoil, and events were moving toward a crisis that would change both the United States and Vietnam (not to mention my personal life). The picturesque rush-hour crowds began to include clusters of angry monks, conspicuous in their saffron robes and carrying flags and banners instead of their begging bowls.

Despite what President John F. Kennedy and his advisers were saying, the war against the Viet Cong that summer was going badly, and far from "winning hearts and minds," the American war effort was alienating growing numbers of Vietnamese. An occupying army is never popular, and by 1963 American military men and civilian advisers with plentiful supplies of the dollars sought by local bar girls were becoming ubiquitous. Middle-class Vietnamese, including many who had initially welcomed the *co van my*—the American advisers—began to feel as Britons had during World War II: that the Americans were "overpaid, oversexed, and over here."

Many Vietnamese held President Ngo Dinh Diem responsible for the American invasion, and his popular support, such as it was, eroded.

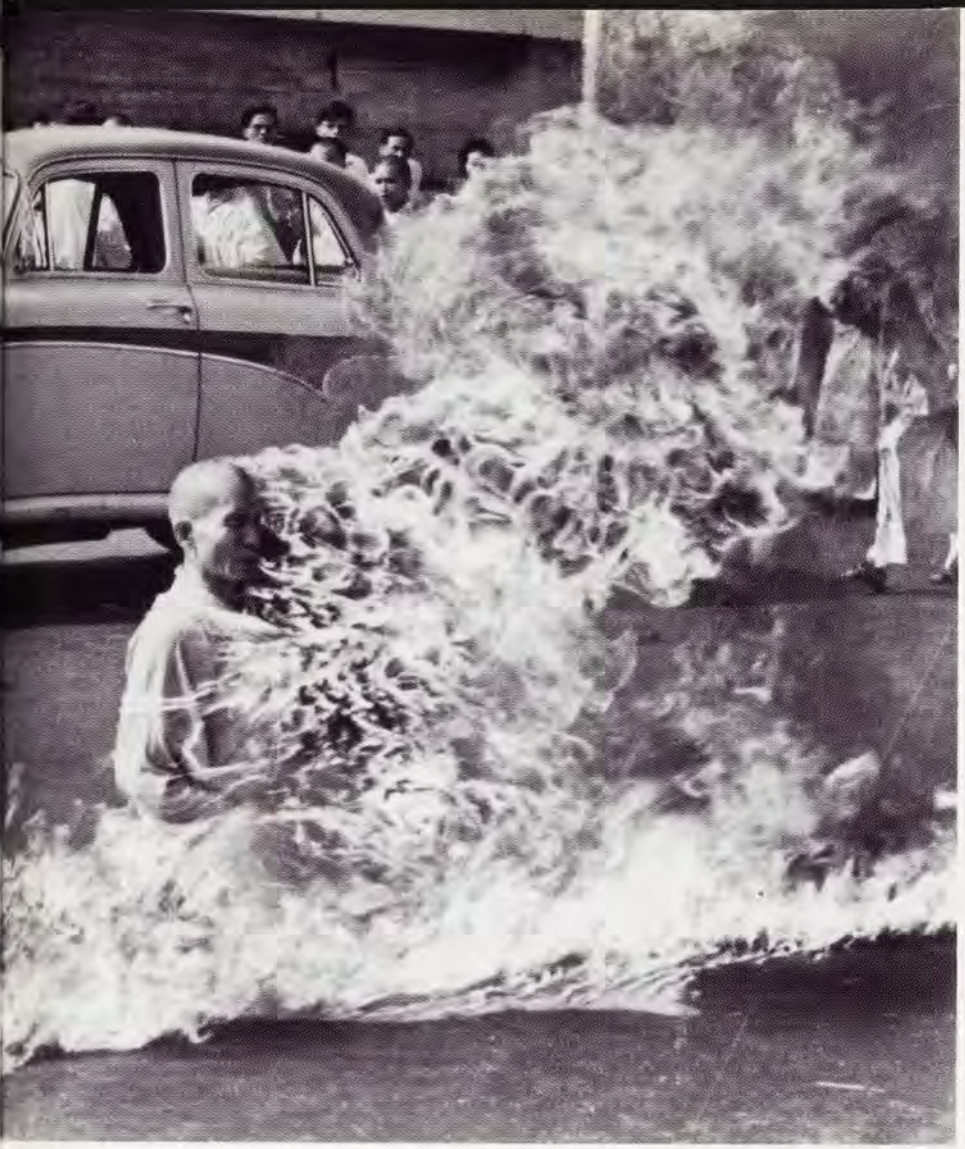
Diem, like President Kennedy, was a Catholic and the scion of a large and influential family. Shrewdly, the leaders of South Vietnam's normally easy-going Buddhist community (as well as the Viet Cong) spotted a chance to exploit the unpopular American connection—including its Catholic associations—as a chink in the Ngo government's armor.

The crisis came because of a flag.

On May 8, the ceremonial birthday of the Buddha, marchers in the central Vietnamese city of Hue tried to display the five-colored Buddhist flag in defiance of a government order. Central Vietnam was ruled as a satrapy by one of President Diem's brothers, Ngo Dinh Can—an authoritarian Catholic hated by Buddhists, human rights activists, and a lot of other people, and he cracked down hard.

When the Hue marchers took to the streets with their Buddhist flags, police and troops attacked, and eight of the demonstrators were killed and several dozen injured. Overnight the word of the Buddhist martyrdom spread by word of mouth, and the revolt soon reached Saigon.

The significance of that summer's events is still hotly debated, especially by present or former American officials, journalists, and military men. Some of these people were mere children in 1963, but so enduring are the issues brought to a head that summer that later generations have debated them as vehemently as if they had actually been in Vietnam in 1963.



Malcolm Browne '52 took this famous photograph on June 11, 1963. He was the only Western reporter to witness the suicide of Buddhist monk Thich Quang Duc, an event that helped bring down the government of Ngo Dinh Diem.

As an overworked 32-year-old bureau chief of the Associated Press, I regarded the Buddhist uprising merely as an important story, not a cause. Wire services do not tolerate agenda journalism, and I wholeheartedly embraced the depersonalized, factual approach of wire service news coverage.

The 1963 Buddhist story was mostly my personal beat, because I had already lived in Vietnam for a couple of years and I knew something of the country's society and politics. My own feel for Vietnam led me to believe that the Buddhist revolt would become a national revolution. But this feeling was not shared by other foreign newsmen at the time, so I was on my own when I interviewed monks at the pagodas where the foment centered. Many of the monks were barely literate sons of farming families who had spent their entire lives in the cloistered pagodas, chanting, meditating, and performing such routine ecclesiastical chores as begging for rice. But other monks had come to the pagodas as adults after leaving careers in business or the professions, and these holy men were politically sophisticated, despite their shaved heads and show of piety.

A horror show was at hand, and the sweat started from my brow as I cocked my camera.

A fair number of the latter group had been educated abroad. An activist monk named Thich Quang Lien, for instance, who was particularly distrusted by American officials, had been a student at Yale.

In time some of the monks at the four main pagodas I was watching came to trust me, although I made no pretense of sharing their religious or political beliefs. It was this trust that made me the sole foreign journalist to witness a fiery suicide that would shock the world.

As I made the rounds of the pagodas, I picked up a lot of interesting news, as well as some delicious vegetarian meals served to the monks. Despite the growing tension in the streets, the temples themselves, especially the Xa-Loi headquarters pagoda, were restful places; the monotonous chanting, the chiming of brass prayer gongs, the odor of burning joss, and the stifling tropical heat could reduce even a visitor to an unwilling trance. In the early stages of the uprising, Buddhist demonstrators had gathered by stealth, arriving at demonstration sites from separate directions in buses, cyclos (tricycle pedicabs), and blue-and-cream Renault "Quatre Chevaux" taxis. The police were nearly always taken by surprise by such exercises, but eventually they ceased to care, convinced that the demonstrations were having no impact on the general populace. Foreign newsmen lost interest completely.

I was an exception, convinced that the monks would eventually make good their suicide threat. And when Thich Duc Nghiep telephoned a few dozen foreign correspondents on the night of June 10 to say there would be an important event at a small pagoda the following morning, I alone took him at his word.

My Vietnamese colleague Ha Van Tran and I set out before dawn on June 11, but despite our early start, the pagoda was already packed with yellow-robed monks and gray-robed Buddhist nuns. One of the latter hastened to serve us tea, tears streaming down her face. The spokesman, Thich Duc Nghiep, spotted us and scurried over to whisper a warning that we should by no means leave until events had run their course.

The AP office in Saigon, 1963. Left to right are photographer Horst Faas, reporters Peter Arnett and Don Huth, and Malcolm Browne '52. Faas, Arnett, and Browne each won Pulitzer Prizes in the next few years.

The air in the little temple was suffocatingly hot and thick with joss smoke, but the atmosphere was charged with tension. The monks and nuns seemed to be pouring their souls into the chanting—a steady, monotonic drone whose cadence quickened a little every few repetitions. A half hour passed, and then, at a signal from the leaders, the entire assembly fell silent and moved into the street to form a column of marchers. At their head was an old Austin sedan occupied by five monks.

As we walked along, a white police jeep approached, not to interfere but to lead the way and clear traffic ahead of the marchers; so bored had the government become that Buddhist marches and gatherings at that point were treated as a traffic nuisance.

But when we reached the intersection of two main streets, Phan Dinh Phung and Le Van Duyet, the car and marchers halted and formed a circle blocking all approaches. Three monks emerged from the car, one of them old and feeble, the other two, both young, helping to support him as he walked to the center of the intersection. A horror show was at hand, I realized, and the sweat started from my brow as I cocked my camera.

The two young monks placed a square cushion on the pavement and helped the old man, Thich Quang Duc, to settle himself in the lotus position. The two assisting monks lugged a large plastic gasoline can from the car, and then, rather hastily, they sloshed the pink fluid over the seated monk, soaking his face, body, robes, and cushion.

When Ky cracked the whip, he wanted the world to know. Some horrifying photos recorded the results.

As they stepped away from him, I saw Thich Quang Duc strike a match in his lap and let it fall. Instantly, he was enveloped in a column of smoky, yellow flame. As the breeze whipped the flames from his face I could see that although his eyes were closed his features were contorted with agony. But throughout his ordeal, he never uttered a sound or changed his position, even as the smell of burning flesh filled the air. A horrified moan rose from the crowd, and the ragged chanting of some of the monks was interrupted by screams and cries of anguish. Two monks unfurled a large cloth banner reading (in English): A BUDDHIST PRIEST BURNS FOR BUDDHIST DEMANDS.

As the minutes passed, police vehicles converged on the awful scene and a fire truck pulled up to extinguish the pyre. But to prevent it from intervening, several monks prostrated themselves under its wheels and hung on, while the driver vainly blasted his horn to get them to move.

Numb with shock, I shot roll after roll of film, focusing and adjusting exposures mechanically and unconsciously, almost as an athlete chews gum to relieve stress. Trying hard not to perceive what I was witnessing, I found myself thinking: "The sun is bright and the subject is self-illuminated, so f16 at 125th of a second should be right." But I couldn't close out the smell. After about 10 minutes, the flames subsided and Thich Quang Duc pitched over, twitched convulsively, and was still.

Concealed up to that moment, a wooden coffin materialized from somewhere and the monks tried to jam the body into it. But Thich Quang Duc's limbs had been roasted to rigidity, and he could not be bent enough to fit in the casket. As the procession

moved off toward Xa-Loi Pagoda, his blackened arms protruded from the coffin, one of them still smoking.

A lot of things happened after that. My photographs were published all over the world, and the Buddhist leaders displayed them to goad the Vietnamese masses to revolt. Even today in communist Saigon, one of my photographs remains affixed to the car that carried Thich Quang Duc to his death—a car now revered as a sacred relic.

Henry Cabot Lodge, who had just been named U.S. ambassador to Saigon, was in Washington at the time. When Lodge went to the Oval Office for his instructions, he told me later, he saw one of my immolation pictures on President Kennedy's desk. "We're going to have to do something about that regime," JFK remarked.

The summer became ever more violent; hundreds were arrested and some were killed. Finally, at JFK's command, American officials signaled to leaders of the South Vietnamese armed forces that a coup against the Ngo family would be acceptable to Washington.

On November 1 Diem was duly overthrown and slain, and an era of military rule began in South Vietnam, which, aside from a brief interval of civilian administration, ended only when Hanoi's tanks smashed through the gate outside Saigon's Doc Lap Palace on May 1, 1975.

A few months after Thich Quang Duc's death I was called to The Hague to receive the 1963 World Press Photo Award from Prince Bernhard, and the following year, I shared a Pulitzer Prize (with David Halberstam), not for my photograph but for general news coverage of Vietnam. Partly on the strength of that prize, I began getting some tempting job offers, and I accepted the one from ABC-TV. A book I wrote about the war was selling briskly, and my career bloomed.

So I can hardly deny having profited from the horrible death of a harmless old monk. But I have sorrowed these many years for Thich Quang Duc, as well as others for whose deaths I may bear some responsibility, including four Chinese war profiteers.

Throughout the Vietnam War, one of the themes on which news agencies and reporters continuously harped was the pervasive corruption of the Saigon government and the black market it tolerated. Many of us believed that no government could "win the hearts and minds" of a people if the people were constantly gouged by racketeers, profiteers, and shakedowns.

Stung by such reporting, Air Vice Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky, the officer who seized power as the nation's premier in 1965, decided to crack down on profiteering by Saigon businessmen. Ky was not a man known for restraint; an avowed admirer of Hitler, the flamboyant pilot quickly drifted into the role of a despot. When he cracked the whip, he wanted the world to know what he had done, and some horrifying photographs recorded the results.

One of these pictures was of a street-corner execution carried out in 1968 by Ky's police chief and interior minister, Colonel Nguyen Ngoc Loan. When an alleged Viet Cong prisoner was led up to him, he simply drew his revolver and blew the man's brains out. The AP's Eddy Adams was on hand, and his photograph of the atrocity won him a Pulitzer Prize.

But long before that incident, Ky had closed down all the Vietnamese-language newspapers and issued a series of harsh decrees that mandated the death penalty for anyone convicted of war profiteering.

Convictions were not slow in coming, and soldiers quickly erected sandbag walls and wooden stakes on the National Railway Building sidewalk facing Saigon's main market square. A few nights after the stakes went up, I was roused from my bed to observe their use.

It was about three in the morning when I arrived, and although the night was almost spent, the muggy air seemed as oppressive as it had at sunset. In the darkness the four stakes were brightly lighted by the headlights of several jeeps parked in front of them. The glare of the execution site contrasted starkly with the subdued and peaceful kerosene lamps marking hundreds of little market stalls. People were up early, but not to sell food.

On one side of the stakes, a fire truck stood parked, and on the other, four wooden coffins were lined up. Behind a cordon facing this tableau

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AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Another image that drove home the violence in Vietnam is Eddy Adams' photo of Gen. Nguyen Loan executing a suspected Viet Cong guerrilla on a Saigon street, Feb. 1, 1968.

Strange Days

The Class of 1969 looks back on its happy, sad, scary, beautiful time of change.

By Jeffrey Lott

They came from the four corners and scattered to the four winds, passing eight semesters together in a crucible of events and ideas, emerging "educated," changed forever by their experience. It might be the story of any Swarthmore class, of any class at any college, but for the Class of 1969 the metamorphosis was more than personal. The College was changing too. The whole country was changing.

The key events of the era are part of America's and Swarthmore's history: the Vietnam War, the student movements, the assassinations and political upheavals of 1968, psychedelic drugs, the debates over parietals and the College's "sex rule," the formation of the Swarthmore Afro-American Students Society (SASS) and the crisis of January 1969—the SASS occupation of the Admissions Office, the demands, the shocking death of President Courtney Smith.

But history isn't the same as memory, and memory is a curious thing. The late '60s were strange days, days out of another life. Remembering them now, 25 years later, is like trying to drink water with your hands. You can't hold onto it, except maybe a few sips, but your hands get wet, and as the water evaporates you feel something. The interviews on these pages aren't so much about water as they are about evaporation, about what was—and is—felt.

Thanks go to Darwin Stapleton, Michael Schudson, and class secretary Susan Tripp Snider, who helped me select the interviewees. I asked them to suggest a cross section of classmates, not just those who were highly visible at the time (though I talked with some of those too). In doing these interviews, I found that the experience of the '60s wasn't just the experience of hippies or student activists. It was everyone's happy, sad, scary, beautiful time of change.

The Unspoken Became Spoken

David Hilgers
Joan Glass Hilgers

Joan Glass Hilgers and David Hilgers in their 1965 **Cygnet** ***photos and today.***

"You have to get a picture of me coming to Swarthmore," says Austin lawyer David Hilgers in his soft Texas drawl. "I was right off the farm. I had never seen anyone like these fellows in my whole life." He had arrived early from Texas for preseason football and he was in shock.

"Our big family trip had been to Colorado, and here were these sophisticated New York guys who had gone to Exeter and Andover. I had a very difficult time the first year and nearly transferred to the University of Texas. I think the fraternity is what saved me. I was able to fit in at DU and at least feel a bit comfortable."

David's wife-to-be, Joan Glass, felt little of this freshman discomfort. Coming from a private school in Southern California, she liked her roommate, enjoyed her classes, played sports, settled in happily. "I really enjoyed it," she smiles.

But where you started in the '60s wasn't necessarily where you ended up. "By the time I graduated," says David of his own metamorphosis, "my circle of friends had expanded exponentially. My affiliations had changed dramatically. I started out with fraternity friends as my only support and ended up with a much wider spec-

trum of friends with diverse political and social views."

Joan says she changed too, but "probably not as much as I wanted to. I grew up some and learned a lot from friends about different approaches to life. It was incredibly broadening."

Both David and Joan saw a big generation gap, but not the ordinary gulf between themselves and their parents. Rather it was the abrupt change in the lives of young people between 1967 and 1969. Joan's boyfriend graduated in 1967, and she says "it became almost impossible to explain to him how much things changed those last two years. Our whole world view had shifted."

The College shifted too, almost off its gray stone foundations. "When we came to Swarthmore," recalls David, "drinking was totally forbidden on campus. Women could be in your dorm for two hours on Saturday evenings, with the door open and everyone's feet on the floor. By the time we left, people were living together in the dorms. Nobody enforced the rules. Drinking was ignored and the drug revolution hit. And we had matured politically with the assassinations of 1968, the Chicago convention, the Nixon-Humphrey-Wallace election, and of course the black students' takeover of the Admissions Office."

"It was as if blacks were invisible the first two years," adds Joan, who is a fifth grade teacher in a poor inner-city Austin public school. "But then the things that had been unspoken became spoken.

"The '60s taught us to question authority. It was a big revelation that the grown-up establishment didn't quite know what it was doing. And to this day when someone in authority says something, someone from our generation is likely to say, 'Wait a minute. Let's take a second look at this.'"

"But now," says David, "we're totally cynical. We thought we had a lot of power, but when Johnson quit we got Nixon. I don't call that radical reform. Afterward we had Watergate. Now you get Whitewater and we're looking for the flaw in every person."

Joan disagrees. She's more positive: "There's this thread of social responsibility from Swarthmore that's probably not even unique to the '60s, and it says that we owe something back to the community. The College encouraged that in me and I value it very much."

David allows this and adds, "Our generation has felt important ever since. We felt different, more thoughtful, more enlightened, and we believed we had struggled harder. It had an ennobling impact on our self-esteem as a generation, and rightfully or wrongfully, it made us feel special."

Fire and Faith

Marilyn Allman Maye

"The lady who cleaned the dorm was the person I felt closest to."

She was the Calhoun School's 1965 valedictorian, and she walked off the stage with an armful of awards. But afterward, when all the hugs and congratulations were finished, she and her family got on the subway and went home to Harlem. The next time she saw those girls was at their 20th reunion.

Marilyn Allman Maye struggles with bitterness to this day. Not toward anyone in particular. The girls at Calhoun had been nice enough, and the young black woman had bought into the idea of the melting pot, of "one nation, indivisible." But somehow the choices available to her were not the same as for her classmates. After six years on scholarship at the exclusive New York private school, her only real friends were in her family, her church, and her community.

She decided on Swarthmore because she thought its Quaker heritage might be a saving grace, but even that turned out to be disappointing. "The Quakers had this great abolitionist tradition and a reputation for fairness, morality, unpretentiousness, for being liberal—almost radical," says Maye. "But my experience of Swarthmore was that the Quakers weren't much different from the status quo. They didn't seem to have that abolitionist fervor anymore."

As a committed Christian who had gone to a predominantly Jewish high school, Maye says she "could give anyone a run for their money in a religious discussion, but politically I hadn't a clue." Her political awakening at Swarthmore came swiftly—not in her classes but through an awareness of class.

"The work force on campus was almost all African American," says Maye. "Many were middle-aged, overqualified for their jobs, people of substance in their community. But at Swarthmore they were called by their first names, and every one of them was supervised by a white. At the same time, there were no black faculty members. We were being prepared in this very elite style and we had no role models for what we might be when we got out. When I first arrived on campus, the lady who cleaned the dorm was the person I felt closest to, yet she had no standing at the College. Nobody knew anything about her other than her first name.

"Then, one by one, we found out from our roommates that they had been asked how they felt about having a roommate of color. It was almost like a plantation. There was this paternalistic overtone. It was subtle and calm, very benign and polite.

"The formation of the Swarthmore Afro-American Students Society (SASS) in late 1966 really caused an uproar. The whites felt that there was no problem and questioned why we needed an organization of our own. Were we being separatist? They didn't understand it at all, and really, we didn't fully either. We were just living it—the isolation we felt was

very intense, and the support we gave one another was essential. We just did what we had to do."

After Swarthmore, Maye earned an M.A.T. from Harvard and an M.A. in mathematical statistics from Columbia. She taught math for 16 years, first in New York City public schools and then at the City University of New York. In the mid-1980s she quit teaching and recycled herself as a computer specialist. Today she's an assistant commissioner of computer and data communication for New York City, a position she considers to be hard up against the glass ceiling.

Maye sharply questions the notion that education and hard work can transcend race and class in America: "I went to an elite independent school, an elite college, and elite graduate schools. But I came out in substantially the same social class in which I started. You go in rich and dumb and can come out rich and dumb—or you go in poor and brilliant and can come out pretty much the same. The degrees alone don't guarantee access to higher social classes.

"That's been a rude awakening but a liberating one too. All this talk about the angry black middle class—well, that's one side of me. There's another side that chooses to retain close, active ties to the community in which I grew up. In my career, I'm the person who made it to the glass ceiling and wonders what happened. The people I went to school with, the people who got lower grades than I, they're five rungs ahead. What did they know? You don't get your first job on the fast track through qualifications and degrees and documents. It's how you are identified and who you know. You take more risks and exercise more options when there's money in the bank, inherited assets, or a family business to fall back on in slow times. Sometimes this realization is very difficult to deal with. Sometimes it motivates me to defy the odds."

Is she still an angry black radical from the '60s? "No," says Maye with a laugh, "that's not how I see myself." She says her strong faith in God, the support of her family, and her basic love for people mitigate the bitterness. "My faith gives me the optimism I need to keep struggling for justice. You can't make it any other way."

Still Some Things to Do

Lindsay Richards

Lindsay Richards was something of an oddity at Swarthmore; she was from the Deep South. For her, getting to Swarthmore "was like landing at an oasis in the desert—to be with all those other young people who were all bright and less conventional. It was very exciting and liberating, and for the first few months I felt younger than I had felt before. People would take off their shoes and walk on the grass and swing on the swing. Where I was from you wore nylons and white gloves and you kept your shoes on."

Her liberation wasn't merely social, either. Richards had learned in Auburn, Ala., that being an intellectual "makes you sort of a misfit in a small-town culture." Though her parents were against segregation and she had been involved in some small but significant interracial projects during high school, college was still a pretty heady experience.

She recalls a revelation she had while researching a sociology paper freshman year: "I learned that most poor people don't participate in the democratic process. It so upset my image of American democracy that I stayed in the library for days trying to find out more about it. It sounds so innocent now, given how jaded we became in the next few years."

Liberation led to alienation, both from her parents and from "the track." On her visits home, she would have screaming fights with her mother over the Vietnam War. (Her mother had marched at Selma with Martin Luther King but had an enormous allegiance to President Johnson and his war.) "Our arguments were really something," says Richards, "and I would usually leave early. There was a lot of distance between me and my family."

After graduation, Richards also put some distance between herself and Swarthmore. "I felt out of the system, against the establishment, mostly because of the war. I couldn't identify with the people who ran things, with the tracks that you would normally be on. It never occurred to me to go to graduate school, to look for a job commensurate with my training and ability."

TODD GOODRICH/UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

"I felt out of the system, against the establishment, mostly because of the war."

She and Len Nakamura '69 headed for California on an odyssey of what she calls "countercultural exploration," and though she returned to Philadelphia a year later, Swarthmore and the career track remained far away. "The thought of setting foot on campus gave me a stomachache," says Richards, who drifted around, trying elementary school teaching, looking for "some way to plug in my energy."

"A book did it for me, a book about health care in China before and after the revolution. I said to myself, 'I could do that,' and I applied to medical school." Now an obstetrician/gynecologist in Missoula, Mont., Richards says she is finally happy, with a job she loves, plenty of money, a wonderful family, a home in paradise.

But she still has a cause. She does abortions. In Montana. Where they burn down women's clinics and threaten doctors on the phone in the middle of the night. Where most doctors won't do abortions because it's

too much trouble. Lindsay Richards sometimes wonders whether she should wear a bulletproof vest to work.

"It's not easy," she says quietly, "but I'd feel like a fake if I didn't stand up to this. There's a residue of what we were like as young people. We were off the wall and wacko in certain parts of it, but conceiving of ourselves—and this is a very Quaker idea—as having an individual responsibility to act in the world according to our light, even if we have to be ridiculed or shunned—well, for me it goes back to my childhood, to Alabama. You can't just float along, just enjoy. There are still some things you have to do."

Moral Imperatives

Clinton Etheridge

Phil Ochs' song "When I'm Gone" helped Clinton Etheridge make a fateful decision in the spring of 1968. The late Sam Shepherd '68, a founding father and chairman of SASS, was graduating. Shepherd wanted his friend and roommate, Etheridge, to succeed him as SASS chairman, but the shy, soft-spoken engineering major was ambivalent, agonizing over the decision.

Shepherd used "When I'm Gone" (from *Phil Ochs in Concert*) to persuade Etheridge. The song, which rhapsodizes on the importance of making your contribution while you are "here," has two lines that particularly hit home with Etheridge: "Won't be asked to do my share when I'm gone" and "Can't add my name into the fight when I'm gone."

"I heard that song and became convinced of the obvious—that I couldn't escape my duty, my responsibility, perhaps my destiny," he remembers. "That concept of moral insight and responsibility, I have discovered, is something deeply ingrained in my character, particularly when the issue concerns the black race." He became SASS chairman and helped take Swarthmore College through the most transforming few weeks in its history.

By all accounts, Etheridge was no radical or militant. "I dislike the labels 'radical,' 'activist,' and 'militant.' In our own small way, SASS and I were trying to do at Swarthmore what Martin Luther King had done on the national level, to use creative tension and nonviolent direct action to make the community confront its latent moral inconsistencies. Dr. King was striving to make the American Dream as relevant and meaningful to black Americans as to white Americans; SASS was trying to make Swarthmore as relevant and meaningful to black students as to white.

"When I came to Swarthmore in 1965, blacks were invisible," says Etheridge, using the Ralph Ellison *Invisible Man* metaphor. "I am invisible," wrote Ellison, "simply because people refuse to see me.... When they approach me they see only my surroundings, themselves, or figments of their imagination—indeed everything and anything except me."

"Black students were invisible at Swarthmore in those days because there were so few of us, and because it was assumed that we were 'just' Swarthmoreans—albeit swarthy Swarthmoreans," says Etheridge. "The only times we weren't invisible were when we sat together in the dining hall or when our all-black touch football team, the Black Grand Army of the Crum, went undefeated for the season, even beating the DU team that had some real football players on it.

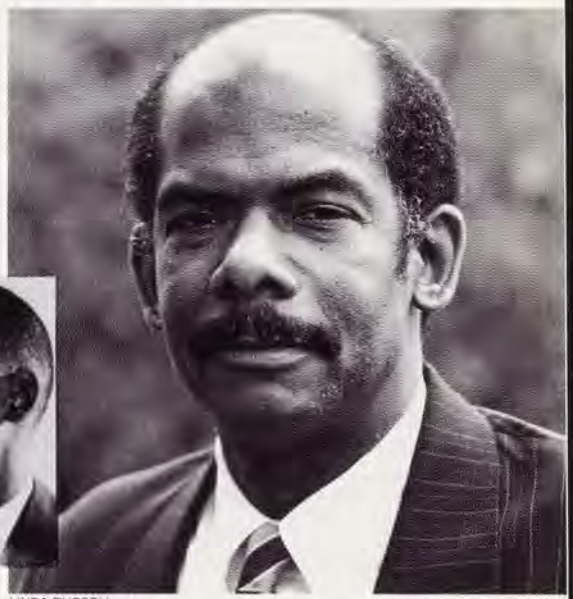
"SASS and the crisis helped to bring about an immediate paradigm shift concerning black students. All of a sudden we were no longer invisible.

"In the '60s, the College was a social organism ripe for reform and self-renewal, though very few people seemed to know it at the time—President Courtney Smith included. I admired Courtney Smith greatly when I was student, and I still do, but I don't think he was able to adapt very well to the moral imperative of the '60s."

To Etheridge the fundamental moral imperative was to ask, as Martin Luther King did, about the essential nature of American society's relation to black people, to ask whether American society was reformable or irredeemable, moral or racist. SASS forcefully posed these questions to Courtney Smith and the students and faculty of Swarthmore College.

In struggling to answer them, the College learned and grew and evolved, and so did Etheridge: "The crisis of 1969 was where my *real* education came from at Swarthmore. I was forced to stretch myself, to grow in ways that I would not otherwise have grown during my college years. There were times when I had to dig down deep inside myself and pull out things I didn't know I possessed. It was the biggest challenge of my life and, next to witnessing the births of my three children, the most sublime experience of my life."

Etheridge later served in the Peace Corps in Gambia, West Africa. He earned an M.B.A. from Stanford Business School, did corporate banking for several years, and is today the senior project manager for a minority-owned construction company in Oakland, Calif. He is involved in local politics, minority business issues, and church affairs. But the activity of which Etheridge is most proud is his scoutmaster duties in Boy Scout Troop 409 in Oakland. "We're starting to produce some black Eagle Scouts now," says Etheridge, "which is the best way for a 46-year-old man like me to change the world."



LINDA RUSSELL

"SASS and the crisis helped bring about an immediate paradigm shift concerning black students. All of a sudden we were no longer invisible."

"I had the feeling I was in a foreign country."

Straight

Taylor Cope

Taylor Cope grew up in Huntington, Indiana, where he knew and shared many of the same values with former Vice President Dan Quayle. A three-sport athlete and "A" student in high school, he followed his father and uncle to Swarthmore. In 1965, he says, he was "open-minded, clean-cut, enthusiastic—a good friend and a Republican-to-be." In the nonsexual parlance of the time, Taylor Cope was "straight."

He still is. But though Cope is a politically conservative cardiologist in Flossmoor, Ill., just south of Chicago, it's not as if the '60s passed him by. He was there too, experiencing those strange days in his own way.

He remembers coming to Swarthmore from the Midwest: "I had the feeling I was in a foreign country. The look of everything was different, people's accents were different, even the telephone poles looked different to me. And the kids—in high school girls dressed up every day with hairdos and matched outfits. Going from that to Swarthmore was a dramatic change. My father [Stanton E. Cope '42] was grossed out by it all.

"But we broadened as we went along. I had been for Goldwater in 1964, and my politics never really changed, but I think I developed a fairer view of the world. I learned that my views were not necessarily good for everybody."

President Courtney Smith's death in January 1969 affected him deeply. "He always looked like he stepped out of the Brooks Brothers window, and everything he said just rolled off his tongue as though he had been working on it for months. He used to come to our games and into the locker room to pat us on the back. It seemed that he was much too big and important to be hanging around with the likes of us.

"I was awfully sad when he died. I sort of felt like he'd been sacrificed because at the time I didn't understand the nature of the conflict. I thought the minority was bullying the majority to get its way."

Does he have a different understanding of it now? "Oh, yes. There was a certain desperation that things weren't going well—and that they hadn't been going well for a long time. People were just fed up with it. If I'd had that cultural experience, I would have felt the same way."

Still, Cope is concerned about what he sees as "separatism" on campus and in society today: "I prefer to think of America in the old 'melting pot' sense. If 'diversity' means glorying in major differences that keep us apart, then it's an evil. Our goal as youthful idealists was to think that there was room in America for everybody and that we would all sort of fit together."

Yet Cope sees the legacy of the '60s as "clearly positive.... There was a lot of experimentation. Though some were ruined by it, many went through that period of great change, tried many parts of it, and kept what they thought was good."

For him, the experience helped him to be a "tolerant person, a good listener who cares about the underdog. It taught me to think through difficult problems and to get to the heart of them. It's good to remember what that was really all about."

"I've always been interested in seeing what goes on behind doors that have been closed to me."

Making History

Marilyn Holifield

Marilyn Holifield has been making history since she was a teenager, but she says she doesn't usually see her many struggles and accomplishments as historic. "I have always felt that I was just passing through life and these were just the things that were happening," she claims.

Some "things": In 1963, at 15, Holifield was one of three African Americans to desegregate Leon County High School in her hometown of Tallahassee, Fla. "Teenagers," she remembers, "think they are invincible. They can do daring things and not even understand why. I don't think I really understood the danger and the tensions that were swirling around me then."

By 1965 she "couldn't wait to get as far away from Tallahassee as possible." Her destination, Swarthmore, was a place she had never visited before enrolling, but Holifield helped make history there as well, participating in the founding of SASS in late 1966 and sitting in at the Admissions Office during the crisis of 1969.

SASS, she says, "was our quest for identity, for an appropriate role, and for recognition. Even with its reputation as being liberal and broad and flexible, Swarthmore had fallen into the American trap of not acknowledging the intellectual existence of other

cultures, especially African Americans. There was no sense of the influence of Africans on history and culture and politics worldwide. Even many blacks until that time had been insulated from this perspective."

For most blacks and many whites at Swarthmore, SASS changed all that. And in the process it changed the balance of power at the College. "The issue was accommodating students' desires to participate in decisions that were traditionally reserved for presidents and provosts and faculty members," says Holifield. "Now it's not a big deal to suggest that students should have a signature on policies or issues that shape the heart and soul of the College. That, I think, is a wonderful legacy of SASS."

After Swarthmore, she went straight to Harvard Law. In the 1970s she served as a staff attorney for the NAACP Legal Defense Fund and as general counsel for the New York State Division for Youth. But before long Holifield took up another challenge—returning to Florida. In 1981 she joined Holland and Knight, one of the state's largest and most prestigious law firms. "The idea of a highly trained, highly visible black female lawyer walking around in Florida corporate circles was, shall I say, uncommon. But I've always been interested in seeing what goes on behind doors that have been closed to me. It's a personal challenge to go through those doors, to see how you fare."

Holifield has fared well. She moved to Miami in 1984 and became the first black woman partner at Holland and Knight. ("People tell me that's historic," she says modestly.) In 1990 she became involved in organizing a three-year boycott of Miami hotels, a protest sparked by the snubbing of Nelson Mandela by local elected officials and the brutal beating of peaceful Haitian demonstrators by the Miami police. "I didn't set out to be involved in this," asserts Holifield. "We were planning a convention here, and suddenly the meeting decided to take the convention elsewhere and start a boycott." The action ended last spring with a 20-point agreement between Boycott Miami: Coalition for Progress and Hispanic and Anglo business leaders of Miami. One provision has led to plans for the development of a black-owned hotel in Miami Beach.

Speaking of opening doors once closed, early this year Holifield attended her first meeting as a member of Swarthmore's Board of Managers. "Back in the '60s," she says, "it would never have occurred to me that I would ever sit on the College's board. But then I have always felt that there should be no artificial barriers on what a person does." More history made. And at 45 Marilyn Holifield still has a lot of history ahead of her.

Radicalism and Resentment

Barry Wohl

"Our leaders were philosophers committed to nonviolent change."

Barry Wohl was a committed activist from the first. Influenced by his liberal parents and by Quakers at a summer camp he attended, he had started a chapter of the Student Peace Union at Lower Merion (Pa.) High School in 1962. His first peace march came during the October 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis, and he joined the August 1963 civil rights march on Washington. So Swarthmore seemed like a natural place to go, and the Swarthmore Political Action Club was the first group Wohl joined as a freshman.

"The most important thing for me at Swarthmore was to be among a group of political radicals who were good thinkers, solid people. Our leaders were philosophers committed to nonviolent change, and some of them, like John Braxton ['70, who went to jail for refusing the draft], are models for me even today," says Wohl, now a pediatrician in Sheridan, Wyo.

Yet Wohl still harbors some resentment toward Swarthmore. For his application to medical school in 1971, he asked for letters of recommendation, and one was placed in his file by a former dean who, says Wohl, "wrote that I had flagrantly violated the rules of the College." An interviewer at Yale showed it to him and asked him what it was all about. Had he been selling drugs?

Wohl, who had graduated Phi Beta Kappa with high honors in psychology, says, "I told him, 'No, but I was sleeping in the dorm with Jane [Elkington Wohl], my now-wife, when she came down to visit me from NYU.' The interviewer laughed and said, 'Oh, everyone does that now. No one even bats an eyelash.' But I almost didn't get into medical school because of this letter."

In the fall of 1967, Wohl says, he was a resident assistant in Hallowell and he concluded that sleeping there with his girlfriend probably wasn't the right thing to be doing. He was also Student Council president and knew he was supposed to be something of a role model, so he went to Dean of Men Robert Barr '56 and asked to resign his RA position. Barr readily agreed, and Wohl moved off campus that winter. He and Jane were married in June 1968—"and we still are," says Wohl.

"I withdrew from my activism then, but during the crisis I came back to become sort of a moderator for the student discussions. It was a very positive experience for me, helping others get their ideas out and form a

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THE CHALLENGE OF CHANGE

The crisis of 1969 was the last of many encounters with student activism that tested the "rational processes and orderly procedures" advocated by President Courtney Smith.

By Darwin H. Stapleton '69 and Donna H. Stapleton

During his presidency of Swarthmore College (1953–69), Courtney C. Smith encountered student activism that ranged from expressions of deep concern about social and political issues to the timeless tensions between students and administrations on college campuses. The framework for Smith's views on student activism was formed by his twin beliefs that a college is a place "committed to rational processes and orderly procedures" and that "college students have the same rights as all citizens to express their social concerns as individuals." That framework allowed him to hold a middle ground that the majority of the College's constituencies could accept and that was in accord with Swarthmore traditions—socially liberal, academically rigorous, and politically neutral. His framework was challenged at the end only by the College's encounter with the racial lesion that he had years before recognized as one of the most intractable problems in America.

How did Courtney Smith form his views? Smith was a product of both a Midwestern upbringing and an Ivy League education. Educated in public schools in Iowa (where he was born in 1916), he was a champion debater and speaker. He went to Harvard in 1934 on a scholarship, majored in English literature, and then spent a postgraduate year (1938–39) at Oxford as a Rhodes scholar. He returned to Harvard as a tutor and teaching fellow and earned a Ph.D. in English literature in 1944. Then, after a two years of military service, he spent seven years (1946–53) on the English Department faculty at Princeton University, where he also assisted former Swarthmore president Frank Aydelotte with the management of the American office of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust.

Courtney Smith thus took office at Swarthmore in 1953 with 15 years of training and teaching at three of the leading educational institutions in America and Britain—an excellent preparation for becoming a protector of Aydelotte's rigorous education program established at Swarthmore 30 years earlier. But Smith's commitment to the life of the mind was tempered by his personal knowledge of some of the misfortunes and inequities of modern American life. In the early 1930s after his father's bank failed, Smith and his family experienced firsthand the scarcities of the Depression. And during his service in the U.S. Navy (1944–46), he saw a far more troubling aspect of modern society. Smith was for nearly two years at a partially integrated base at Pensacola, Fla., serving as the officer assigned to resolve cases of racial injustice and abuse. Confronting the results of both institutional racism in the Navy and legalized discrimination in the South, Smith left the Navy feeling that racism was a terrible lesion on American society that was damaging both white and black Americans.

When the 37-year-old Smith arrived in August 1953 to assume Swarthmore's presidency, he found the College also had a strong current of concern regarding racial and ethnic discrimination. A decade before, stu-

dents had led the College to end discrimination in admissions, and the College regularly admitted Jews and had admitted a few African Americans by Smith's time. In 1951 students had begun a debate about the exclusionary membership policies of the male fraternities on campus. Despite the objections of their national organizations, Swarthmore's fraternities had begun offering membership to Jews and blacks just about the time Smith took office. He supported the fraternities' efforts to reform their nationals and the decisions three chapters made to become local organizations when that proved impossible.

Another student-related issue of the 1950s facing Smith was the challenge to intellectual freedom on campuses across the nation. In his inaugural address in October 1953, President Smith spoke out on behalf of "a tradition of dissent" at colleges and universities, and later he joined with the students and faculty to send a petition to Pennsylvania senators James Duff and Edward Martin calling for the censure of Sen. Joseph McCarthy, infamous for his defamatory attacks on academics for their political viewpoints.

Late in the 1950s, Smith assumed national leadership in the fight against the imposition of a loyalty oath on the recipients of National Defense Education Act scholarships and fellowships. He worked with the students, faculty, and Board of Managers, he recruited other leaders of higher education to the cause, and eventually he testified in Congress in the ultimately successful campaign to eliminate the oath.

National issues regarding protection of the freedom of speech had local parallels. Quoted in *The New York Times* as saying that American colleges should "resist intellectual bullying and ... fight the present-day trends that seek to control the spirit of free inquiry on the campuses," Smith forthrightly defended student groups that in the 1950s and 1960s invited such controversial speakers to campus as William F. Buckley Jr., Gus Hall, Alger Hiss, and Paul Robeson. A few years later, Smith published his views on outside speakers for all alumni to read: "I am convinced that our policy of permitting students, on their own initiative and on their own assumption of responsibility, to invite any speaker in whom they have a genuine and intelligent interest is right and prudent."

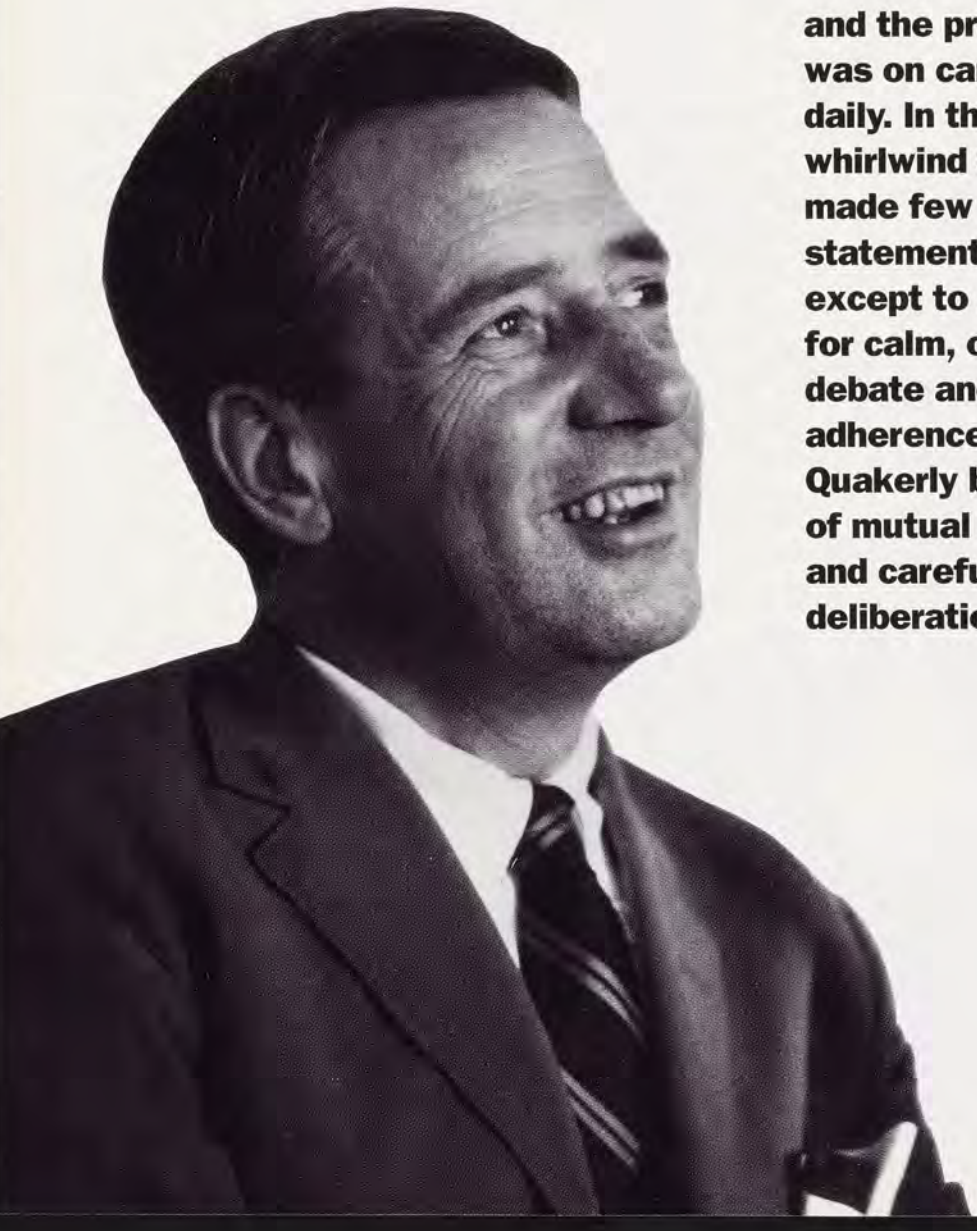
To preserve the "spirit of free inquiry," Smith defended student groups that invited to campus such controversial speakers as William F. Buckley Jr., Gus Hall, Alger Hiss, and Paul Robeson.

But regarding students' responsibility for their own dress and behavior, Smith was far more critical. When he arrived in 1953, he found that he agreed with some members of the Board of Managers who disliked the appearance of many students. Smith enunciated his point of view in the 1950s during several addresses to the students on what he called "manners and morals." He argued that the College community lived "essentially by mutual trust" and that a necessary component of that trust was the students' agreement to adhere to the standards of behavior and appearance that traditionally governed the College and polite society. For Smith, a meticulous dresser, not the least

of these standards was neat clothing, and he called on the men to take on the "burden of a coat and tie." But the students were unresponsive, and a few years later Smith said that he now understood their slovenly appearance as "a patterned expression of conformity."

It is clear that from the beginning of his presidency, Smith believed that he needed to be engaged as a constructive critic of student activism. As the College moved into the 1960s, Smith's involvement with student activism continued to center on issues of racial discrimination, government policies, and on-campus behavior, but Smith remarked early in the decade that a new—and for him disturbing—style of confrontation was emerging.

Suddenly Swarthmore was in the public eye and the press was on campus daily. In this whirlwind Smith made few public statements except to plead for calm, orderly debate and adherence to the Quakerly behavior of mutual respect and careful deliberation.



In the 1962–63 academic year, many Swarthmoreans joined the civil rights movement by regularly participating in sit-ins and marches on Maryland's Eastern Shore that were initiated by the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. In a review of that year, Smith commented approvingly on the students' "continuing ... concern for civil rights, with the concern highlighted in a weekly caravan to Cambridge, Md." But the next year brought escalation.

In November 1963 Swarthmore students became significantly involved in picketing the Chester schools, joining a movement demanding that the system give its predominantly black schools, which were overcrowded and deteriorating, the same support as those that were predominantly white. One of the demonstrations featured civil disobedience—blocking an entrance to a school—and resulted in the arrest of a number of Swarthmore students. The Chester school board ultimately gave in to some of the demands, but in the meantime student demonstrators were among those blamed for vandalism.

Smith supported the students' right to demonstrate and to picket but also supported a statement from Swarthmore's deans that emphasized (referring to civil disobedience) that there are "important differences between socially responsible procedures and those which are violent, or which tend to lead to violence." Students responsible for breaking the law, the deans' statement said, might be subjected to discipline on campus in addition to any action by legal authorities. Students and the faculty both vigorously debated this policy, but in the end no

students were disciplined and neither the College policy nor the students' deepening involvement in Chester were changed.

By the fall of 1964, student efforts in Chester had both moderated and expanded. At the first collection that year, Smith could say optimistically that he hoped "our constructive efforts can continue: the tutorial project, the voter registration efforts, the research work on the actual nature of community problems, [and] the Swarthmore–Wade House summer project, which I think was one of the high moments for this college and can serve as a model for many communities throughout the country."

On the other hand, Smith's considered position on a student-led effort to raise consciousness about international racism was firmly negative. Early in March 1965, the on-campus Swarthmore Political Action Committee (SPAC) wrote to President Smith asking him to support their request that the College's Board of Managers order the sale of the College's stock in Chase Manhattan Bank, which had made loans to South Africa. SPAC had identified divestment as a means for protesting South Africa's apartheid policies, a position soon seconded by the student council. Smith took the students' request seriously and sought expert advice from faculty members familiar with South Africa. He also took advantage of his acquaintance with David Rockefeller, Chase Manhattan board chairman, to ask him about the bank's rationale for its loans to South Africa.

At the April 6 meeting of the Managers, Smith explained the students' concerns but told the Managers that from the information he had gathered, he was sure that "the symbolic act of selling one corporation's stock would in the present instance be misleading and unjust. The corporation which has been singled out has a known reputation for positive influence. It is not clear that withholding of loans to South Africa, on the part of this corporation or others, would combat the ills of apartheid." Smith was persuasive, and after a long discussion that one member characterized as "soul-searching debate," the Board took no action on divestiture. It was another decade before the Sullivan principles effectively set anti-apartheid standards for American investment in South Africa and more than 20 years before the Board adopted a comprehensive disvestment policy.

While Smith at times set limits on student activism, *The Phoenix* was almost impossible for him to regulate. Smith—the advocate of free debate and inquiry—cooperated fully with the newspaper and occasionally contributed an essay to it. Still, he was regularly irritated by its outspoken style and administration-bashing. In September 1962 he complained that *The Phoenix* had predictable, politically liberal responses to virtually all issues, on or off campus. He asked pointedly, "Has *The Phoenix* become a one-party press?" He also called on the *Phoenix* editors to better check its facts before making "broad jumps" to new claims and bluntly asserted that if they did not, they were "engaging in a form of violence." Smith was particularly exercised when *The Phoenix* criticized him for spending most of his time in "maintaining the image" of the College (which, in reply, Smith said took "no identifiable time") and in fund raising (which Smith said took 5 percent of his time). In Smith's view *The Phoenix*'s style changed little in response to his critique, and five years later he told the alumni that "*The Phoenix* has never seemed to me to be worthy of this student body."

His criticism of *The Phoenix* was a particular example of Smith's concern about "the spread of 'doctrinaire' liberalism" on campus. He told the students he worried that Swarthmore's dominant liberalism could become a "kind of reflex action" that accepted ideas blindly without reflection. "The point is not that Swarthmore is moving to the left or to the right," Smith wrote in his annual report to the College. "What I am arguing for is less restricted agendas, more open minds, more dialogue."

Smith's concern about single-viewpoint discussions may be why he never contributed to the overwhelmingly anti–Vietnam War discussion on campus, although he did try to shape national policy regarding the effect of the Vietnam-era draft on higher education and the career paths of students. In 1966 Smith wrote to his friend Sen. Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania to offer his opinion that "the country will be making a serious mistake if no change is made in existing draft legislation as it affects next years' graduate students." He was deeply concerned about the "abrupt and severe withdrawal of intellectual talent" that he envisioned. Smith's comments about the draft were among the few he made related to the Vietnam War; as a Quaker president at a Quaker college, he may have been content to let his position be assumed.

It is likely that the most prickly student matter Smith dealt with during his presidency was the admissions process. It was not student participation in admissions committees that bothered him, although others in his administration urged him to end that practice. He thought the students made constructive contributions. Smith was more concerned about defending Swarthmore's highly selective admissions process. He gave his personal attention to ensuring that changes in admissions would not "[endanger] the standards of our college or expose accepted candidates to humiliating failures." Yet it was precisely the admissions standards of Swarthmore that brought Smith and the College to its deepest confrontation with student activism.

Given the highly segregated and discriminatory secondary education system in the United States in the 1950s and 1960s, Swarthmore's standards (which favored not just the academically gifted but also those with extracurricular skills) effectively limited admissions of African Americans to the few who had grown up in relatively privileged circumstances. Smith recognized that problem and in 1961 suggested that the college provide "venture scholarships" for African Americans "now outside the pattern of college expectancy." He suggested that "through a special program of

Three days before his death, Smith told a student assembly, "We have lost something precious at Swarthmore—the feeling that force and disruptiveness are just not our way."

recruitment ... [minority students could] be shown to have a potential for rigorous college work."

Three years later the Rockefeller Foundation offered Swarthmore and several other small liberal arts colleges $275,000 each to create four-year programs to expand African American admissions through the kind of focused recruitment and increased scholarship aid that Smith had hoped for. At the time the College had only 12 blacks enrolled out of over 900 students, and six of those were Africans.

In April 1964 the foundation grant was awarded and Swarthmore began its new minorities admissions program. The results were immediate: nine students were enrolled in 1964 as a result of improved financial support, and 19 were enrolled in 1965 after the first full year of the recruitment effort. President Smith drew little public attention to the Rockefeller Foundation grant, choosing in the fall of 1964 to describe it only as "a special scholarship program" resulting from the recent Centennial campaign. He and others in the administration expected that most of the African American students could be assimilated into the student body without programmatic efforts, and Smith believed that the students brought in through the Rockefeller program did not want to be seen as "special."

But the entering African American students had come to Swarthmore in the midst of the rising expectations of the civil rights movement, and many found that they could not—or out of conscience would not—casually meld with the elite white academic culture that Swarthmore represented. In that environment many of the African American students recruited to Swarthmore became activists.

What became the flashpoint for minority admissions matters at Swarthmore was the issuance of an internal College report in the fall of 1968 summarizing the results of the program funded by the Rockefeller Foundation. Briefly made available for College-wide review, the analytic character of the report incensed many African American students. Moreover, it described in detail the recruited students and the "risk factors" associated with their admission. To some the report seemed to be an intrusion on their privacy; to others it gave the image of an administration failing to comprehend the true needs of African American students.

During the College's Christmas

break in 1968, the Swarthmore Afro-American Students' Society (SASS) presented President Smith a series of demands, including that the College recruit and admit more African American students, create support programs for "risk" students, and hire an African American assistant dean of admissions for minority recruitment.

Early in January 1969, Smith (as chair of the faculty meetings) brought the demands to the faculty, but when the faculty did not act immediately, SASS began a sit-in in the Parrish Hall Admissions Office. In response Smith called the faculty into almost daily sessions to consider SASS's demands and College policies, and it began to enact a series of recommendations and resolutions regarding minority admissions. The bulk of the white students initiated daily mass meetings to hear reports and presentations from both the faculty and SASS and to formulate their own resolutions of support, compromise, and agreement.

Suddenly Swarthmore was in the public eye, and the press was on campus daily. In this whirlwind Smith made few public statements except to plead for the calm, orderly debate and the adherence to the Quakerly behavior of mutual respect and careful deliberation that he had advocated throughout his presidency.

Smith attempted to work within the College community, rejecting any plan for outside police action to end the sit-in. While he refused to negotiate with SASS on the basis of "demands," he also made it clear that he thought SASS's general concerns were legitimate and could be considered with deliberate speed.

The strain on Smith was substantial. The depth of his personal distress was clear in his remarks to the students assembled in Clothier Hall on January 13 when he said that "we have lost something precious at Swarthmore—the feeling that force and disruptiveness are just not our way." On the morning of January 16, 1969, more than three weeks into what had become known at Swarthmore as "the crisis," Courtney Smith died in his office of a heart attack. The College's greatest struggle with student activism was his last, and although the crisis took some time to be resolved, the Courtney Smith era at Swarthmore had ended. ■

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Courtney Smith on "The Matrix of Social Justice"

What role should Swarthmore College and its students play in bringing about social change in the wider society? During his presidency in the 1950s and 1960s, Courtney Smith faced this question—which is still hotly debated at the College—head on. His faith in the life of the mind, his recognition that education without application to society was without meaning, and his belief in mutual respect shaped and guided his actions as he coped with student activism. Smith effectively encapsulated his philosophy regarding activism in "The Academic Community and Social Concerns," an essay he published in the December 1965 issue of the *Swarthmore College Bulletin*.

President Smith's central concern in the essay was to define what he thought was the proper role of institutions of higher education in social change. He began by arguing that a college's primary function in society is to train the intellect and to provide students and the faculty "an environment for reasoned and honest exploration."

For Smith that exploration had a direct relationship to the concerns of society at large. A central passage of his essay describes his view of that relationship: "A college's job, drawing on the contributions of men of intellect and integrity and conscience and good will, is to determine what *is* social justice, and to help students develop the capacity to determine in subsequent years what is social justice, and to try to sensitize students to *care* about social justice, and to produce the leaders who will seek to secure social justice, and to provide within its own walls an instance of social justice, but not at any moment to be itself a *direct instrument* for social justice. A college, in short, is the *matrix* of social justice" [italics his].

Smith went on to determine the coordinates for what he called "the activist spirit" on campus. He argued that the College as a corporate body must act on social and political matters in its own interests and suggested that the students had a role in voicing those interests. He also emphasized his expectation that members of the College community would speak out as individual citizens yet would take care in public to distinguish their views from those of the College.

Finally, Smith considered concrete manifestations of activism itself and stated that "effective social action must be based on reason, and reason must be calm and clear-eyed." He called for students to do "what the public has a right to expect of Swarthmore graduates"—to devote time to the study of each issue and to the consideration of the consequences of action. In the latter regard, Smith urged that action occur in the context "not only of the compassion that leads us to champion the interests of the disadvantaged, but the much more difficult compassion for those who are or seem to be the obstacles in the way of progress." He concluded that in combining intellect and social action, Swarthmore could make "a special contribution to social justice in our time." —*D.H.S. and D.H.S.*

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

INSET: AP/WIDE WORLD

SOMETHING HAPPENED

in the 1960s and it wasn't on the news. It was in the music.

by Paul Williams '69

All I want is the truth," said John Lennon in 1971, waking up from the dream of the 1960s like a man with a serious hangover. But truth is elusive.

There can be little argument about how extraordinarily central and important music was for so many of us college-age persons in the years 1965–1969. Mere mention of this subject in mixed company, however (Boomers and non-Boomers), is an invitation to fierce skepticism and intergenerational resentment. The myth of The Sixties has hung like a wet blanket over the heads of every "generation" of rock music fans that's come of age since 1969: "Ha, ha. There was this really great party and you completely missed it."

"You've heard it a good trillion times prior to reading this," writes 26-year-old Bart Cameron in *360 Music Magazine*, March 1994, "and it'll be repeated a trillion times later, 'Today's music lacks the substance and meaning that the music of my generation had.' Which is complete and utter horse----."

I arrived at Swarthmore in the fall of 1965 with the rest of the Class of '69, feeding nickels into the juke box at Soms to hear the Young Rascals sing "Good Lovin'." And I would have graduated with them too, probably to the tune of the Beatles singing "Get Back," except that I dropped out in 1966 to start a rock and roll magazine. I was consumed by this feeling that "something is happening" and by the idea that the most useful common reference point for talking about whatever it was that was happening to us was the music we were listening to.

We. There's a punchline to an old joke in which Tonto says to the Lone Ranger, "What do you mean 'we,' white man?" and I always hear it in my head when I catch myself talking about what "we" were doing in the 1960s (or '70s, '80s, '90s...). But this word "we," however false, illusory, or limited, plays an important role in the truth about this mysterious something that occurred in American (and, to a significant degree, European and Japanese) culture and politics in the 1960s. It is also, I think, the key to the riddle of what made the popular music of the time seem so damned important.

The music (Bob Dylan from 1963 to 1966 particularly, the Beatles from

1964 to 1969, the Rolling Stones from 1965 to 1972, Otis Redding, Jimi Hendrix, the Grateful Dead, the Who, the Beach Boys, Smokey Robinson, Aretha Franklin, Buffalo Springfield, Jefferson Airplane, the Kinks, the Velvet Underground) was important because as song after song and album after album spoke so profoundly, yea to the point of revelation, about what was going on with *me*, they also implicitly spoke about what was going on with *us*. They were in fact the announcement, piped into every dormitory, every crashpad, every apartment, that there was such a *thing* as "us."

So far what I'm describing is universal to every generation of music fans. "The golden age of science fiction is 12," critics and writers and readers of science fiction are fond of pointing out, and in the same manner the golden age of jazz and rap and rock and all other cutting edge musics is 17. Music—generally and preferably new (contemporary) music—tends to reach its listeners most profoundly at some brief period in adolescence or young adulthood when they are most alone and most in need, and it ingratiates itself by articulating clearly and forcefully what no one else will acknowledge or admit or even allude to.

This is true for every generation and probably every culture. Plato observed that harmony was a gift of the Muses "meant to correct any discord which may have arisen in the courses of the soul; and rhythm too was given for the same reason, on account of the irregular and graceless ways which prevail among mankind generally, and to help us against them."

Let us make a distinction, then. The Baby Boomers are wrong in their frequent and often condescending complaints that "music isn't what it used to be." Young people today have just as much need to assert themselves against the irregular and graceless ways of their Boomer parents as those parents did during their own rites of passage, and the new music that helps them in this process is every bit as imaginative and heart-satisfying and enduring as anything produced by the icons of "classic rock." I cite albums released in the last 18 months by R.E.M., Liz Phair, Arrested Development, Pavement, Nirvana, Belly, Tom Waits, Counting Crows, Smashing Pumpkins, Dr. Dre, Uncle Tupelo, Zap Mama, and Freedy Johnston as introductory evidence, and at the same time warn older listeners that if this new stuff on quick listen doesn't seem to compare with their memories of the great old days, it may be because their need is not what it once was and because they've forgotten that even in the golden age it took more than a skeptical "quick listen" to connect with something truly new and revelatory.

But—and this is the more difficult argument, the more elusive "truth"—something extraordinary *did* happen in the latter half of the 1960s, a phenomenon that has not been repeated since. And the music we were listening to played a very central part.

Like other generations before and since, we were awakened by our music and received messages from it, and it spoke for us and to us and seemed to encourage us constantly in the direction of social, political, cultural, and personal change. What was unique about that era, as far as I can tell, is the pervasiveness of the *illusion of community* that we created for ourselves and/or found ourselves within.

We came to believe and feel that there was a "we"—that something was happening. I can't speak for the artists, but I know that for the listeners the Beatles' albums and the Stones' albums and rock albums in general were heard as a *progression*, not just in aesthetic quality but in a process of expanding consciousness, growing collective self-awareness. This sounds somewhat absurd in hindsight, but I assert that it was true for most listeners experientially, and the point is that it was not about music per se. The music was a conduit, information carrier, much more so than newspapers, a very direct and content-rich medium of expression and communication.

The content was perceptual, and it had to do with politics, lifestyles, economics, sexuality, consciousness (specifically as affected by drug use and other spiritual practices—and yes, for a brief period drug use was as much as anything a spiritual practice). "We" were rethinking civil rights, human rights, the war in Vietnam, sexual mores, and the legitimacy of our political and economic system and all social systems we found ourselves within, including the university, marriage, parent-child, employer-employee, citizen-state. The headiness of the

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What was unique about the 1960s was the pervasive illusion of community. You didn't need to drop out of college or attend a rock festival or even a political demonstration to feel a part of the tide of change. The music of the Beatles (above, in 1968) and Bob Dylan (opposite, in 1964) helped the "Woodstock Generation" define itself.

times was due to the fact that this wasn't just thought and talk. We marched, blocked the streets, occupied buldings, surrounded the Pentagon, started communes, got arrested for draft resistance and peddling "obscene" underground newspapers, took powerful psychedelic drugs and experienced genuine terrors and ecstasies, and compared notes with others who were having similar experiences.

We were in a dialogue with the state and the media and the government, and they responded to us (hostility is a response). This was also a progression. The subjective (specifically not objective) large-scale changes in reality that we'd felt reading history or science fiction novels at a younger age we now saw taking place around us. When the Beatles sang "I've got to admit it's getting better (couldn't get much worse)" and the Stones sang "Pleased to meet you, hope you guessed my name," we (thought we) knew exactly what they were talking about. We felt ourselves caught up in a historical moment. It was very exciting.

Of course there was no consensus among "us" as to what was happening. That was what made the universality of the music so important. Music, from the point of view of the mind, is a wonderfully ambiguous (and therefore inclusive) medium. Meanwhile, from the point of view of the emotions, its content can be very powerfully specific.

"Light My Fire" by the Doors is a song (with dumb words) about a sexual encounter. But it was also on the radio, usually with its long Dionysian instrumental section intact, during the inner city riots ("Burn, baby, burn!") of summer 1967, a time that Robert Kennedy called the worst American crisis since the Civil War. That may have been hyperbole, but it is precisely the pervasive mood of hyperbole at the time that I wish to call attention to. Every public event took on a heightened sense of importance. The Tet offensive in Vietnam received dramatic television coverage; Lyndon Johnson lost the primary in New Hampshire as a result and then announced that he wasn't going to run for re-election. Bob Dylan sang, "Let us not talk falsely now, the hour is getting late." Martin Luther King was assassinated. Bobby Kennedy was assassinated. The Band sang, "Take a load off Annie and you put the load right on me." The Grateful Dead sang, "You know he had to die." Strange days had tracked us down. Nineteen sixty-seven was a year of elation, 1968 of depression, 1969 brought a rebirth ("Oh Happy Day") climaxing in Woodstock and the springlike sound of the first Crosby Stills & Nash album, followed by the anticlimax of Altamont and the Stones' wonderfully nihilistic *Let It Bleed* album ("you better gimme shelter...") and Jefferson Airplane's self-consciously revolutionary *Volunteers*.

It was not that the music was particularly political. It is easier to find intelligent political commentary in the rock music of the '80s and '90s (though it's still pretty rare) than in the music of the '60s. Even Bob Dylan had almost nothing to say about the Vietnam War, for example—his most overtly political songs were about civil rights martyrs, but his real political impact was in songs that expressed his and his listeners' confusion at and rejection of the social consensus: "It's Alright, Ma," "Desolation Row," "Subterranean Homesick Blues." Dylan flew the flag of the outsider and gave the role more depth and nuance and made it more appealing than any American voice since Whitman. The alternate reality that Dylan's songs implied was both more ambiguous and more tangible than Kerouac's, and it ultimately inspired more converts, not that that was necessarily either artist's intention.

You didn't need to drop out of college or attend a rock festival or even a political demonstration to feel a part of the great inevitable tide of change that "we" knew ourselves to be caught up in. Since I did do those things, I can't say for sure, but my impression is that listening to the music and making one's own connection with it, and being aware that others were doing so, was enough to give most people a strong sense of inclusion. In this way the music became, among other things, a kind of correspondence course. You rushed out to buy the new albums in order to get the latest information and teachings, or perhaps to confirm that the latest set of an-

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THE MUSIC BECAME A KIND OF CORRESPONDENCE COURSE. YOU RUSHED OUT TO BUY THE NEW ALBUMS IN ORDER TO GET THE LATEST INFORMATION AND TEACHINGS, PERHAPS TO CONFIRM THE LATEST SET OF ANSWERS YOU'D WORKED OUT ON YOUR OWN.

The Rolling Stones released "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" just as the Class of 1969 graduated from high school. Later Jimi Hendrix asked, "Are you experienced?"

swers you'd worked out on your own was similar to what the Stones or the Byrds had come up with as they separately and almost simultaneously worked on the puzzle.

The illusion of community came to an end in May 1970, after the invasion of Cambodia, when students were shot and killed by soldiers during demonstrations on the campuses at Kent State and Jackson State. "Got to get down to it, Soldiers are cutting us down.... How can you run when you know?" Crosby Stills Nash & Young sang on a rush-released single, but no one responded. No revolution. The silence was deafening. The community looked around and didn't see itself anymore. "We" were scared and tired. The long adrenalin rush was over.

In the 19th century and for millenia before that, there was no such thing as recorded music. It's still too soon to talk intelligently about the impact of this invention. It's easier to look back and give Gutenberg's printing press part credit for the Reformation and, ultimately, the advent of the Age of Science. Changes in communication and transportation media have come fast and thick in this century and are still coming. The role played by the growing influence of the broadcast media, particularly television news, on national and global consciousness in the 1960s is more obvious than and arguably much greater than the role of music. But Walter Cronkite and David Brinkley will never, I think, hold the place of Jimi Hendrix or John Lennon or Bob Dylan in our hearts—and it is in the heart, to a significant degree, that values are formed.

"Through song, the unwritten history of the people and the laws of the community are taught and maintained; the entire physical and spiritual development of the individual is nurtured; the well-being of the group is protected; ... news is passed from one group to another." The quote is from *Aboriginal Music* by Australian anthropologist Cath Ellis, but it certainly has application to our own would-be tribes. Rock music during the era roughly defined by the arrival and departure of the Beatles on the U.S. scene (1964–1970) enjoyed a smaller and much more unified audience than what we experience today. Most fans were exposed, via Top 40 radio and, later, FM (album) radio, to most of the significant new artists. There were exceptions, but it was nothing like the splintered collection of almost unrelated marketing and radio categories that divide up the rock audiences today. It was possible to imagine, when "Hey Jude" was on top of the charts, that the *whole world* (an ethnocentric and Eurocentric and ageist concept, but still a potent illusion) was listening to this song this month. This creates a powerful feeling of connection. It was, of course, a somewhat superficial connection, and it is in large part due to this superficiality that the illusion didn't last or grow into something more real.

But there is also something not at all superficial about listening to "Hey Jude" (or "Peggy Sue" or "When Doves Cry") and being moved by it and knowing that unseen others are also experiencing these feelings. And I think that is one reason, beyond simple nostalgia, that so many people have retained their love for the music they heard during the period when they, however vaguely, felt the presence of some sort of "we" that seemed to be engaged in a collective process of becoming self-conscious. Beyond illusion, perhaps this is a real process (as Teilhard de Chardin envisioned) that is constantly taking place whether we are aware of our participation in it or not. Through the music, through our daily papers and PC modems and fax machines and satellite TV and constant travels on the globe—and also very possibly through organic processes that occur as the human population steadily, exponentially, increases—something is happening to us. We don't know what it is. But the story of our lives is partly the story of this larger adventure that we have momentarily felt ourselves part of.

"How often have you been there?" John Lennon and Paul McCartney asked in 1967. "Often enough to know." Maybe, maybe not. But no one alive on Earth right now has any reason to feel like they missed the party. The truth is, it's getting wilder all the time. ■

Paul Williams '69 started Crawdaddy!, *the first U.S. rock magazine, in early 1966 shortly before he dropped out of Swarthmore. He is the author of 18 books, "only some of which are about rock and roll." In his 1991 autobiographical novel,* Heart of Gold, *he writes about his Swarthmore days. He recently revived* Crawdaddy! *A sample copy can be obtained by writing Paul at Box 231155, Encinitas CA 92023.*

THE COLLEGE

Faculty debates prosposal for revising Honors Program

This spring Swarthmore faculty members from all academic departments have been involved in a close scrutiny of the External Examination (Honors) Program. Discussions have centered on what the Honors Program should do and how it should be revised to most fully meet the needs of the College's best students.

"We've been worried by the fact that we have a program we call Honors, but most of our best students aren't in it," says Philip Weinstein, professor of English and chair of the Council on Educational Policy (CEP) task force that is leading the discussion.

The number of students applying for and being accepted into the Honors Program has been steadily falling for some time. In the days following the inauguration of the program in 1922 under the leadership of President Frank Aydelotte, close to half of the junior and senior classes would typically be enrolled in Honors. In the 1960s it was still usual for about 40 percent of seniors to graduate with Honors, but over the following decade the number fell to about 20 percent. The last few years have seen 15 to 16 percent of the senior class in Honors, and estimates for next year are even lower.

Reasons for the declining numbers have long been known. For some students the structure of the program is unattractive because it does not leave time to explore a wider variety of interests. It can be difficult (or impossible) to study abroad, participate in community-based learning, or earn teacher certification at the same time as pursuing Honors.

Another perennial problem is that Honors seminars receive no grades. "There was a day when this program was so well-known that just to be in it would help open the doors for graduate admissions," says Weinstein. "But lots of our students have decided that they can't risk an empty transcript during junior and senior year in order to get a bunch of H's upon graduation—after admissions to graduate schools have taken place."

A related concern is that students and faculty members have become less comfortable with giving all the power of evaluation to external examiners at the very end of the process. "Many faculty members believe very strongly that preparing our students to present their knowledge and abilties to a person from outside the College is exactly the right goal," says Jennie Keith. "But others now feel that there's so much variety in how people approach a discipline that they can't teach what they believe in and at the same time feel secure that they are preparing their students for an outside examiner."

A number of faculty members believe that the program would not be hurt if they graded "preparations"—courses and seminars that prepare students for Honors examination—as long as there is additional work evaluated only by external examiners. In recent years some faculty members have been grading Course students who take seminars, and several have commented that they were surprised to find that giving grades did not have the negative effects on the collegiality of seminars that they had feared.

The current Honors Program also fails to appeal to several departments because it seems rigidly bound by a single curricular structure of six seminars and six written and oral exams. Some departments, like English, political science, history, and economics, have found the structure fits their needs well and thus have had fairly successful programs. But others, like biology, psychology, and sociology/anthropology, have had trouble working within the system.

Finally, in recent years faculty members and students have struggled with the elitism inherent in the program. In the original Honors Program, Honors students were completely separated from other students for their junior and senior years, which they

DENG-JENG LEE

Alexander Griswold Cummins Professor of English Literature Philip Weinstein (center) is chair of the faculty task force that has presented a proposal to revise the Honors Program. Here he teaches an Honors seminar on modern comparative literature in his home.

devoted exclusively to Honors seminars. "I don't think there was the cultural embarassment, the recognition that you were doing a kind of sheep and goats division of the College," says Weinstein. "That's become increasingly oppressive."

The current program does not separate Honors students as much as Aydelotte's did. In 1968 the number of seminars required of Honors students was lowered from eight to six, and in 1987 seminars were opened to Course students. However, a few faculty members feel that Honors is still unjustifiably elitist, while "others believe that there is important educational value in identifying the work the College wants its best students to do and in ensuring that they have opportunities to do it," says Keith.

Though these problems have been evident for some time, finding a solution has been difficult. Major revisions of the program in 1968, 1977, and 1987 have not halted the decline in numbers of students. According to Philip Weinstein, that's because in previous revisions "the assumption has been that Honors is good and that for some probably perverse reason certain departments are hanging back."

This time the faculty task force began by rethinking the program from the very beginning. "We said, 'What should an honors program do?'" Jennie Keith says, "and it seemed to us that it should present a model of the best of a Swarthmore education, of the things we want our best students to do."

Weinstein explains the next step: "We went to all the departments and said, 'When you are doing what you do best, what format does it take?'" The answers they received were varied—from seminars to laboratory research, from theses to performances.

Based on what they had learned, in March the task force drafted a first proposal, which was circulated among faculty members and thoroughly discussed. After hearing the suggestions and concerns of the faculty, the task force revised the proposal and presented it again at the beginning of April. This proposal became the main agenda item for a series of faculty meetings in April and May.

Among the elements that were debated are the number of preparations; grading of preparations by Swarthmore faculty members; a credit-bearing period of senior Honors study during which students would prepare for external evaluation by extending, reviewing, and integrating their earlier work; and elimination of Distinction in Course as an alternative pathway to honorifics. If the proposal or a version of it is accepted by the faculty this semester, the revised program could be available to next year's sophomores.

Despite the difficulties the Honors program has had, the task force is committed to maintaining it in the spirit in which Aydelotte founded it. "As a college, we are what we are because of a 70-year tradition that Aydelotte pretty much inaugurated," says Weinstein. "Just passively staying with the program would be a mistake, but abandoning it would be a worse mistake. I think our best choice by far—and the testimony of graduates supports this—is to make it work. Change it in the details to get back to its essentials."

STEVEN GOLDBLATT '67

Local TV crews covered the silent vigil in Parrish Hall when students protested offensive words chalked on Magill Walk.

Graffito sparks protest, debate

A racist graffito found on a campus sidewalk sparked a silent sit-in that blocked the front entrance to the Admissions Office for about eight hours on April 4. A crowd of about 70 students, most of them African Americans, protested what they said was a pattern of hate speech directed at black, gay, and lesbian students. Later that afternoon more than 300 students, faculty members, and administrators gathered on Parrish lawn for an hour-long vigil in opposition to bigotry.

Sometime on the night of April 1 the words "Fuck Niggers" were chalked on Magill Walk near the train station underpass. Previously, an anti-gay epithet had been written on the door of the Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Alliance office. It could not be determined whether the culprits in either case were Swarthmore students.

President Alfred H. Bloom and Dean of the College Ngina Lythcott joined in condemning the graffito as "a personal offense to all members of the Swarthmore community, expressing as it does blatant disregard for the values of respect and interpersonal understanding that are at the heart of the College." Bloom later told *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, "Clearly we are not exempt from the kinds of acts that plague our entire society."

Members of the Swarthmore Afro-American Students Society who organized the Admissions Office protest carefully avoided the term "demands" as they issued a set of "goals" for their action. These included the creation of a

"tangible hate speech policy," a series of collections to "assess the role of multiculturalism" on campus, and the formation of a committee with broad powers to investigate and punish "speech, actions, and crimes of a hateful nature."

In the weeks following the incident, a lively debate ensued over the nature of free speech at an academic institution. A public forum on April 12 drew more than 100 students, faculty members, and staff members to hear a range of opinions on speech codes and First Amendment rights.

Afterward, Dean Lythcott said that despite the real pain caused by hate speech, she continues to be "a strong opponent" of adjudicating speech unless it threatens physical violence or is clearly harassing behavior—"such as fighting words that are personal and repeated." She said she believes "the best response to hate speech is providing comfort to those who have been hurt by it and responding with more speech." She added that communities that value free expression have "the additional obligation to work to create a climate that makes hate speech less likely to occur."

CAROLYN STILLWELL '92

Poet, choreographer, and community activist *Janice Mirikitani read from and talked about her work March 16 as part of the College's Asian American Awareness Month. As a Sansei (third generation Japanese American) survivor of the World War II internment camps and as an incest survivor, Mirikitani uses her art to raise issues of race and gender, attempting to "break through the silence" to reject stereotypes and create new images of Asian Americans. Her books of poetry and prose* Shedding Silence *and* Awake in the River *have both received critical acclaim.*

Bulletin takes CASE bronze

The *Swarthmore College Bulletin* was named one of the nation's top six college general interest magazines—taking a third-place bronze medal—in the 1994 recognition awards sponsored by the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education.

One gold medal, three silver medals, and two bronze medals were awarded in the category from a field of 53 entries.

Swarthmore builds partnership with local community college

The College's involvement in community and political programs in nearby Chester took on a new dimension this semester with the introduction of several new courses addressing issues of urban poverty.

Working under a grant from the Pew Charitable Trusts, faculty members from Swarthmore and the Chester and Media campuses of Delaware County Community College have begun courses in child development and social policy, the literature of oppression, and urban research. Additional courses are being developed on subjects such as the use of quantitative methods in studying urban poverty, grass-roots movements for urban social change, urban environment and urban renewal, early education, and civic participation, education, and social transformation.

The cooperative efforts grew out of talks between College administrators and faculty members and leaders of organizations and institutions in Chester. They seek to increase relevant student involvement in community-defined projects and, at the same time, to balance theoretical learning in the classroom with elements of urban reality experienced firsthand.

As the program now stands, in each course two professors, one from each of the institutions, teach no more than 24 students from the two schools. Students are paired to work together on readings, oral presentations, writing, and preparing for exams.

Maurice Eldridge '61, associate vice president and executive assistant to President Alfred H. Bloom, said the program was started with "two principal con-

New dates for October break

Please note that the dates for October break for 1994 have been changed to Oct. 7 (end of last class or seminar) to Oct. 17 (8:30 a.m.).

The change is to coincide with the fall vacations of Bryn Mawr and Haverford colleges and the University of Pennsylvania.

siderations in mind: How could the College interact more effectively and systematically in Chester with a view to making a contribution to long-term change, and how could we bring the study of the reality of urban poverty more adequately into our curriculum?" He added that long-term goals of the project include involving other area institutions to study "the issues of major concern to residents of Chester and of U.S. inner cities more generally."

TOM LOBB

Collings wins American Physical Society Prize

Peter J. Collings, the Morris L. Clothier Professor of Physics, has been awarded the American Physical Society Prize to a Faculty Member for Research in an Undergraduate Institution.

Collings was cited for his "excellent experiments on the optical properties of liquid crystals" and for his "skilled direction of undergraduate students at Kenyon and Swarthmore colleges, who have been given major responsibilities in carrying out this research."

Internationally known for his work, Collings does research on the structure of various types of liquid crystals and the nature of the transitions that take place as one phase changes into another.

Collings taught at Kenyon College in Ohio from 1976 until 1990, when he joined the Swarthmore faculty. He is chair of the Department of Physics and Astronomy.

Women's Resource Center reopens after changes

A year ago, the College's Women's Center was "dysfunctional," said Katie Bowman '94. "A lot of women—especially women of color—didn't feel comfortable going there."

The center's interns resigned suddenly last spring after an all-campus women's meeting revealed wide dissatisfaction with the role of the organization. Bowman helped organize a "transition team" to run the center while changes in the governance of the center, including the creation of a board, were discussed.

"It took a lot longer than I thought it would," said Bowman. Several proposals were floated, and in November 1993 another mass meeting of women students reached agreement on a new board of nine women. A minimum of three board members would be women of color, and at least two were to be what Bowman described as "queer identified."

Physical renovations of the center, which is housed in one of the former fraternity lodges, were also undertaken. When board elections were finally held in March, the Women's Resource Center was on its way to becoming what new board member Patrice Bone '96 hopes will be "a place where any woman, or group of women, or even a group dealing with women's issues, can walk in, claim a space, and take what they need."

Phoenix "strikes" for cash or credit

The editors of *The Phoenix* suspended publication of the student newspaper at the beginning of the second semester to press for either compensation or the granting of course credit to the paper's top staffers. The "strike" lasted until late March, when Student Council members engineered a compromise.

Editors Andrew Perrin '94 and Jonathan Seitz '96 had been elected in December 1993 on a pledge to take the action, which Perrin asserted would lead to improvements in the quality of the paper: "The principal problem with *The Phoenix* is that the staff doesn't have the time to do the quality of work they'd like to do." Every member of this spring's editorial board, he said, has a paying job on campus plus a full course load. Compensation of the editors would allow them to quit their other jobs, or course credit would lighten their academic schedules.

The College's administration refused to get involved in the dispute, saying that there was no money in the budget to pay the editors and that academic credit was a matter for the faculty to consider.

"We reached an impasse," said Student Council member Dallas Brennan '94. "The students were being denied a paper, but the editors had a point too." The Council was unable to increase student activities funding of *The Phoenix* in order to pay the editors, so Brennan proposed that the paper resume publication while the Council explored the issue of credit with the faculty and administration for a period of up to a year. The striking editors agreed but resigned in favor of a new staff for the remainder of the semester—and *The Phoenix* rose again.

THE PHOENIX

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Swarthmore Debate Claims National Championship

The Championship Trophy Returns to Campus for the First Time in Seven Years as Swarthmore is Again on Top

By Sarah Cobb

Barry last Monday morning, two vehicles full of tired debaters and big trophies rolled back into Swarthmore after the American Parliamentary Debate Association's National Championships at Fordham University. Eight members of Swarthmore's Arnold J. Preaker Debate Society competed in the most successful Nationals Swarthmore debate has ever seen.

David Carney '94 and Noel Potschman '95 brought the National Championship back to Swarthmore for the first time since 1987. In order to earn this honor, Potschman and Carney qualified for elimination rounds by earning a 5-1 record in preliminary competitions. Their performance in "in rounds" placed both Carney and Potschman among the top 25 speakers out of the more than 140 competing.

In quarterfinals, the pair faced off against Harvard A, a team of two debaters who had won Yale's tournament just two weeks before. Swarthmore defeated Harvard in a match for the win and analysis dubbed out by Carney and Potschman who threw both the audience and the judges into tearful laughter. Swarthmore earned the National Championship with a 9-0 vote of the judges and 70% of the audience's support.

Swarthmore teams competing in quarterfinals was an impressive accomplishment. In fact, the only other school with multiple teams participating in out-rounds was Princeton University.

In the quarterfinals, Feuer and Mallory lost on a 2-1 decision in the Columbia A room who later advanced on finals. The round was extremely close, with all of the judges choosing the difficulty of the decision. As it turned out, Columbia's decision to propose a case regarding formulating rights of privacy in the Constitution might have earned them no endorsement with the audience as a whole, many of whom viewed the case "otherworldly."

Feuer and Mallory ended their tournament with seventh while Mallory placed among the top 10.

Other teams, while not bringing home trophies, also had excellent performances. Joseph Leahy '94 and Michael Scott '97 performed well, earning a 4-2 record and sixteenth place — just missing the quarterfinals. Scott was the highest ranking first-year debater among all of those receiving team awards.

Additionally, Phil Spector '97 and Preston Robinson '97 earned a 3-3 record, an impressive achievement for two novice debaters considering the difficulty of the competition at Nationals.

In addition to the awards granted for performances at Fordham, awards were also distributed based on the year's overall standings. Carney and Potschman finished in third place for the Team of the Year award. Additionally, Potschman finished in eighth place for Speaker of the Year; Feuer took seventh, and Mallory took a Varsity season for fourth. Potschman and Mallory were the highest ranked first seniors for the 1993-94 year.

The Phoenix *is back after a seven-week strike. Look for more about two Swarthmore students' national debate championship in the next issue of* The Garnet Letter.

Teams lag but individuals shine in winter sports

Although the **women's swim team** ended the year with a record of 6-7, the season was marked by several outstanding individual performances. Most notable among these was sophomore Skye Fulkerson's feat of qualifying for the Division III National Championships. Fulkerson qualified in the 100-yard breaststroke, in which she took first place and set College and conference records at the Centennial Conference Championships. The women were guided through the season by the leadership of senior captains Jenny Diamond and Kate Moran.

The **men's swim team** finished with an overall record of 3-9, but Kendrew Witt '96 became the conference champion and set College and conference records in the 100-yard and 200-yard breaststroke. Jason Greenwood '94 set a College record in the 200-yard backstroke, while the 200- and 400-yard medley relay teams also established new Swarthmore records. Senior captain Dave Helgerson provided valuable leadership for the team throughout the season.

The **wrestling team** also had some great individual accomplishments. Eric Williams '95 was named Centennial Conference Outstanding Wrestler after he defeated Muhlenberg's Tom Gulick in the finals at the conference championships. Before meeting Williams, Gulick had been undefeated for two years. Williams was one of only 66 wrestlers chosen as NCAA Division III Scholar All-Americans.

The **men's indoor track and field team** finished third at the Centennial Conference Championships, behind Haverford and Western Maryland. Scott Reents '95 finished third in the 1,500 meters and the 5,000 meters, establishing a new College record in the 5,000. Other top finishers included Eric Pakurar '97, who came in second in the triple jump and fourth in the 400-meter dash, and Sam Paschel '96, who came in third in the long jump. Captain Mike Vagner '94 finished fourth in the shot put.

The **women's track and field team** fought lack of numbers throughout the season; however, at the Centennial Conference Championships, the women still managed to finish fifth overall. Two women, Tina Shepardson '94 and Megan Cunningham '95, took first place in their events, the triple jump and the 800-meter race. Joanna Vondrasek '94 finished third in the long jump and fourth in the high jump.

The **badminton team** finished the season with a record of 8-2. Captains Val Casey '94, Meredith Collins '95, and Kar-yee Wu '94 provided leadership for the group, and first-year students Thanh Hoang, Vanya Tepavcevic, and Norma Nangju had excellent rookie seasons for the Garnet. At the Philadelphia Invitational and the Mid-Atlantic Classic, Hoang reached the finals and semifinals. At the Northeastern Intercollegiate Tournament, Jeff Switzer '94 won the men's singles and Hoang reached the singles semifinals. Together, Switzer and Hoang reached the semifinals of the mixed doubles.

Women's basketball finished the year with a record of 6-18. Despite the losing record, the women displayed marked progress from past years. Senior captains Kerry Laufer and Jenny Willis led the team in scoring with 8.53 and 6.89 points per game. For the second straight season, Nancy Rosenbaum '96 led the team in rebounding, averaging nine per game.

The **men's basketball team** also ended the season 6-18. Kirk Daulerio '95 led the team in both scoring (15.0 ppg) and rebounding (7.75 rpg) for the season. He was chosen as an honorable mention selection of the All-Centennial team. The men should come back as a stronger group next year, as only three seniors, Brett Fenster, Corey Mulloy, and Greg Nini, will be lost to graduation.

The **Hood Trophy** competition stood at 6-5, with Haverford in the lead, after the winter season. Haverford defeated Swarthmore in men's and women's track, while Swarthmore defeated Haverford in wrestling. Both the men's and women's basketball teams had one win and one loss against Haverford.

EMILY MINDEL '95

Super sophomore swimmers ... *Although both members of teams with losing records, Kendrew Witt and Skye Fulkerson set individual records. Witt became the Centennial Conference champion and set College and conference records in the 100- and 200-yard breaststroke. Fulkerson qualified for the Division III National Championships with her time in the 100-yard breaststroke, in which she took first place in the conference championships and set College and conference records.*

PHOTOS BY DENG-JENG LEE

Delta Upsilon Centennial ... *More than 150 past and present members of Delta Upsilon fraternity held a banquet on campus March 19 to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Swarthmore College chapter. Among those returning was Herbert Taylor '27 (inset, right), who was honored as "the most senior statesman" by Bill Lee Jr. '60. Lee, who served as the evening's emcee, also presented the Bill Lee Sr. ['33] Service Award to Dave Helgerson '94. Speakers representing DU through the decades included Taylor and Chuck Martin '42, Wes Argo '57, Dale Larrimore '72, and Ken Pitts '85. The evening was planned by committee members Tim Malarkey '89, Paul Stevens '65, Bill deGrouchy '78, Ken Pitts, and Bill Lee, with Ed Perkins '49, Joe More '82, and Eben Sales '57.*

Eight new members join Board of Managers

Within the last year, eight new members have been appointed to the College's Board of Managers.

Julie Lange Hall '55, head of the North Shore Country Day School in Winnekta, Ill.; Lillian E. Kraemer '61, a partner in the law firm of Simpson Thacher & Bartlett in New York City; Jane Lang '67, partner in the Washington law firm of Sprenger & Lang; William G. Nelson '56 of St. Louis, president and chief executive officer of Pilot Software in Boston; and Marc J. Sonnenfeld '68, a partner in the Philadelphia law firm Morgan, Lewis & Bockius, were named Term Managers.

Marilyn J. Holifield '69, a partner in the law firm of Holland and Knight in Miami, and Jeffrey A. Wolfson '75, owner of investment firms PAX Options and BOTTA Trading Inc. in Chicago, were elected as Alumni Managers. Miriam Jorgensen '87, a Ph.D. candidate in political economy at Harvard, was named a Young Alumni Manager. Gretchen Mann Handwerger '56 serves as Manager during her two-year term as president of the Alumni Association.

Term Managers are elected for four years and may serve two additional four-year terms. Alumni Managers are appointed for one four-year term. Both are eligible for re-election after one year off.

LETTERS Continued from page 3

tute. In the '60s conservative statements on campus often were answered with intimidation rather than intellectual discussion. I wonder how much that has changed.

I would prefer to work within the system toward the day when conservatism no longer has to be imported to Swarthmore. In particular, I'd hope that the Swarthmore Conservative Union could be among those student groups with enthusiastic faculty support. Until the College demonstrates a significant commitment to intellectual diversity, I'll remain the same uppity conservative who founded Swarthmoreans for Goldwater-Miller and wrote the *Phoenix* column "Charily Speaking."

CHARLES FLOTO '68
Washington, D.C.

Balanced, Inclusive Curricula Necessary in Liberal Arts

To the Editor:

Joseph W. Kimmel's ['44] characterization (in the December 1993 *Bulletin*) of "interculturalism" as "the denigration of Western thought and literature of the last 3,000 years and the exaltation of tribal and aboriginal practices" speaks volumes about the need for balanced, inclusive curricula in the liberal arts. This kind of reductionist, ethnocentric name-calling is absolutely antithetical to the spirit of the "great books" invoked by Kimmel. To choose homogeneity over diversity in either the college curriculum or the college community would be a fearful step backward.

President Bloom's appointment of a dean for multicultural affairs seems to be a measured and thoughtful response to a rapidly changing world and educational milieu. The terms "multiculturalism" and "political correctness" may in fact refer to real phenomena of knee-jerk social pressures on campus. More often than not, they are used (successfully) to trivialize and to polarize discussions of serious political and social concerns. I hope that Swarthmore will be able to avoid these pitfalls and to maintain a position of excellence, balance, and integrity in American higher education. It should leave its graduates with more questions than answers, more humility than arrogance, and more openness to the possibilities of truth and beauty in traditions other than one's own.

RON HALE '65
Santa Fe, N.M.

Swarthmore's Problem Is in Its Finances

To the Editor:

Too many girly-men and manly girls, feminists, radicals, and ethnic flavorings are the least of Swarthmore College's future problems [Kimmel letter, December 1993]. A pattern is beginning to emerge that recent graduates of the College are less satisfied with their education at Swarthmore than are graduates of peer institutions (Amherst, Williams, Bryn Mawr, Haverford, et al.) They are expressing their displeasure by refusing to donate a nominal sum of money to the College.

Let us investigate some facts about the finances of a Swarthmore education. Its cost increased astronomically from $3,500 in 1970 to $23,500 in 1993. The expenditure side is more revealing, however. The spending mix indicates that administration, student services, and development doubled as a percentage of the budget from 17 in 1970 to 33 in 1993. Currently, Swarthmore spends an almost equal amount of its budget on administrative overhead, grass, and new buildings (33 percent) as it does on academic instruction (34 percent).

Colleges have traditionally made the argument that rising tuition has enabled them to offer financial aid to the poor, middle class, or exceptional student by overcharging the wealthier student. Fair enough. Some even want exemption from the antitrust statutes to continue their "philanthropy." The financial report at Swarthmore indicates otherwise. Financial aid at Swarthmore from 1985 to today, a period when college costs were booming and the recession (1990–93) brought some folks up short, increased from 13 percent of the budget in 1985 to 14 percent in 1993. In some years, it decreased as a percentage of the budget. Apparently, academic instruction and financial aid have less priority on new expenditures than administration and development. Unfortunately, Mr. Kimmel's anger against ethnic groups or girly-men is misplaced. The intellectual and curriculum crisis is a symptom and consequence of the financial crisis, and there is no easy way out of it.

GORDON SMITH '88
West Boxford, Mass.

Vice President for Business and Finance William T. Spock '51 replies: "We cannot make direct functional comparisons between 1970 and 1993 due to the lack of prior information. Listed below in a different way is the data shown in the chart on page 29 of the President's Report. *Because so much staff support is directly involved in the academic program, it might be more helpful to Mr. Smith and others if we were to use this breakdown in future reports.*

Item	*% of Budget, 1994–95*
Faculty Compensation	*23%*
Staff Direct Support for Faculty	*5%*
Academic Department Expenses	*6%*
Sponsored Academic Programs	*3%*
Total Academic	*37%*
Administrative Support	*21%*
Financial Aid	*14%*
Facilities, Maint., Debt Service	*13%*
Student Services, Admissions, Food Service	*11%*
Development	*4%*
Total Expenditures	*100%*

"Scholarships and student aid have grown from 8 percent to 14 percent of the budget between 1970 and 1993. The years since 1985 have been difficult ones for families, as Gordon Smith says. The increase in charges for next year is 4.5 percent, much lower than in prior years. It should be noted that a faculty committee report concluded that during the 1980s administrative staff compensation rose at a lower rate than faculty compensation. This is still true if staff support to the faculty is included on the faculty side of the ledger."

And from Douglas Hasbrouck, director of the Annual Fund: "Swarthmore's classes of 1983 to 1992 average 42.4 percent participation in annual giving. Amherst's percentage is 52.3, but Haverford (43.8) and Williams (41.3) are essentially the same as Swarthmore. Bryn Mawr's participation in that age range is 20.4 percent."

ALUMNI DIGEST

Recent Swarthmore Events

Albuquerque, N.M.: Swarthmore Centennial Professor of English Literature Tom Blackburn, along with his wife, Ann, visited with New Mexico alumni, parents, and friends on April 15. Everyone gathered at the home of Kip '67 and Roxanne Rensch Allen '66 to get caught up on what's happening at Swarthmore today.

Baltimore: Parents and their Swarthmore students kicked off spring break on March 5 with a Saturday afternoon get-together at the home of Sidney and Salam Mir, parents of Samy '96.

New York: On March 7 Alice Zinnes '77 presented a slide show and talk in conjunction with her current exhibition of paintings and etchings.

John McIntyre '51, a docent at the Newberger Museum of Art, led a group of alumni, parents, and friends on an April 24 tour of La Frontera, a controversial art exhibit of the Mexico/U.S. border experience.

Carlton ['75] and Christine Henry greet emeritus Professor Harrison Wright after his February talk to the Washington, D.C., Connection on contemporary events in South Africa.

Philadelphia: The Philadelphia Connection, together with Alumni Council, hosted an event on campus on March 19 featuring Christopher McBride, one of the world's leading experts on white lions. He showed slides, discussed the history of the lions, and spoke about his experiences living in South Africa.

South Florida: A reception with Marilyn Holifield '69, newly appointed member of the Board of Managers, and Harry Gotwals, Swarthmore's vice president of alumni, development, and public relations, was held on March 9. Bonnie and David Gold '75 hosted the event in their home.

Washington, D.C.: On April 10 the Washington, D.C., Connection had its annual Orioles outing. A talk by Dick Hall '53 started off the day, followed by an Orioles vs. Rangers game, attended by 223 alumni, parents, and friends. Dorita Sewell '65 organized the event.

Coolfont: Swarthmore alumni, parents, and friends spent a sunny April weekend at the Coolfont resort in Berkeley Springs, W.Va., hosted by owners Martha and Sam Ashelman '37. The fourth annual event, with the theme "Health Care Reform: What Should It Accomplish?" was coordinated by Barbara Starfield (Holtzman), M.D. '54 and Neil A. Holtzman, M.D. '55. A distinguished group of alumni and faculty members participated in the discussion, including Thomas Plaut, Ph.D., M.P.H. '49, David G. Smith, Richter Professor Emeritus of Political Science, and Emilie Passow, assistant professor of English Literature.

Paris: Eighteen members of the Paris Connection enjoyed a wine tasting on April 8. Under the direction of a certified enologist, participants dutifully looked, sniffed, and finally drank their way through six wines from various wine-making areas of France—Burgundy, Côtes du Rhone, the Vaucluse, Bordeaux, and the Southwest. The evening continued with a buffet dinner and the opportunity to finish the favorite bottles of wine.

Future events planned for the Paris Connection include a sailing trip in May to one of the small islands off the coast of Normandy, a bike trip in the summer, a cocktail party for the Alumni College Abroad group in August, and social occasions with visiting College faculty and staff members.

Garnet Sages at Highland Park

Bob Peelle '39, Ethel Wolf Boyer '41, and Vincent Boyer '39

The winter get-together of the Garnet Sages took place at the Highland Park Club in Lake Wales, Fla., during the first week in February. The foundation for the gathering was four winter resident Swarthmore alumni, Frank Hutson '37, Gene Smith McCulloch '42, Robert Wilson '31, and John Wood '37.

A highlight of the weekend was a luncheon on Friday, Feb. 4, attended by 35 Swarthmoreans and guests. The group included six transients who traveled from other points in Florida. The prize for the earliest graduate went to Betsy Palmenberg Pugh '29.

Upcoming Swarthmore Events

New York: Wine tasting with David Wright '69 and Don Fujihira '69 in the late spring. Also coming up: Margaret Helfand '69 and her team of architects will talk about and show their latest plans for the north campus project. Watch your mail for details.

Washington, D.C.: Swarthmore Assistant Professor of Biology Amy Vollmer will visit with area alumni, parents, and friends and talk about her current sabbatical research. And in the Baltimore area, plan to come and see the Matisse exhibit on June 26 at the Baltimore Museum of Art.

Philadelphia: On May 27 the Philadelphia Connection, together with Swarthmore's graduating seniors, will travel to Veterans Stadium and cheer on the Phillies when they play the Houston Astros.

Battles and Business

David Goodman '83 finds profits and pitfalls in computer software enterprise.

Mr. Goodman is ready now," says his secretary, calling back a reporter for an interview.

David Goodman's voice is robust, clear, and excited as he talks computerese of "front ends" and "user agents." His company, Swfte International, Ltd., is "on line" in the computer software market and is ranked on *Inc. Magazine*'s list of the 500 fastest-growing privately held companies for the third year in a row.

Goodman '83 started Swfte in June 1983 with Swarthmore friends Bill Dettering '84 and Bob Packer '83, who have since sold their interest in the company. His current national sales manager is Marty Piombo '84.

As president and chief executive officer, Goodman has seen his company's fortune rise rapidly in the marketplace battle—and it is a computer simulation of a real battle that is putting Swfte on the front lines. When Ken Burns' Civil War series for PBS first aired in 1991, it caught the attention of Goodman and his company. Inspired by the program, the company's software designers created a historically correct simulation/edutainment game that faithfully recreates the battle of Gettysburg. The game also gives players the opportunity to change history using variables such as terrain, mindset of the unit commanders, stamina of the troops, and ammunition. At nearly the same time, the movie *Gettysburg*, produced by entertainment magnate Ted Turner's company, was released in theaters, thereby generating more public interest. The timing of the two brought Swfte and Turner Interactive together. The outcome is a CD-ROM that combines game simulation, voiceover, and actual film clips from the movie. The Gettysburg game was released to stores in March.

Growth for Swfte has come "like fruit on a tree," says David Goodman '83. One of Swfte's newest products on the market is The Big One, a comprehensive seismic simulation of the Los Angeles basin earthquakes.

Swfte, which originally stood for Software for Today's Environment, was started as a font software company. The company still produces font collections, including the award-winning Typecase. Other software programs are for Bicycle playing cards, Workman Publishing quiz cards, and *The New York Times* crossword puzzle. With headquarters in Hockessin, Del., and offices and sales throughout the United States and world, the company's 1993 fiscal sales were just over $7 million.

However, the rise of his independent company has not come without a price. He has been introduced to the world of big business lawsuits that can strip a person of energy and focus.

Says Goodman: "Business is not a friendly thing; it's not about honor. Capitalism has a dark edge that makes it difficult sometimes to move forward in an environment that changes rapidly without making missteps and trusting the wrong people. Relationships are what drive business, and relationships have a way of coming and going at hyper-speed. It's challenging, particularly for an independent."

Goodman says that what has helped him survive in the corporate jungle is his Swarthmore education.

"At Swarthmore I wasn't coming in as a top person in my class. It was challenging. It's definitely a no-gloves environment. The bare knuckles fighting there prepared me well for challenges of the business world today. People I talk with in financial circles look at me funny when I say Swarthmore because they think of Swarthmoreans as carrot-crunching socialists who sit around discussing Freud. The outside world's perception of Swarthmore College is that it's an erudite, backwater institution with a few good engineers.

"I think no matter what the discipline, it's really a place to learn how to learn. It probably took me almost 10 years to realize what I had in a Swarthmore education. You have to step back and interpret it. It was a humbling experience."

Goodman's years at Swarthmore were an academic walkabout.

"I was a wanderer. I took a cross-section of classes," says the art history graduate. "There were several times when [art history professor] Kaori Kitao looked at me and said, 'I don't know what you're doing with this course load.' But she gritted her teeth and let me do it." His choices included digital logic, Gothic architecture, calculus, and engineering classes. His interest in those classes paid off when Goodman started his software business. The *Philadelphia Business Journal* ranked his company as one of the Top 100 private companies in the Philadelphia area for 1990, 1991, and 1993.

For the future, Goodman has some plans and some worries. One of his company's newest projects is in conjunction with MCI to produce The Wire, an electronic mail interface for MCI's messaging service, a competitor to the popular Internet.

Another area the company will focus on is content-based media. There's a rush between Hollywood and Silicon Valley and independents such as Swfte to get involved with films and books, as Swfte did with *Gettysburg*.

But in the software business, the margin for error is stripped away by the consolidation of the market. Goodman expects to continue collaboration with several media giants in creating multimedia software. But he believes these companies will want to play with Swfte for only a certain amount of time before they buy or merge with his company. He hopes Swfte has enough proprietary technology to keep that from happening. If it does happen, he hopes to keep at least a portion of Swfte independent.

Goodman says his biggest surprise since starting Swfte has been the personality the company has taken on.

"Swfte has a life force and a personality all its own," he says. "I had not expected that. I thought it would be abstract, but it's very alive independent from me." He was told recently that the reason Swfte received the Workman Publishing contract was because of its apple-pie image. Never, he says, in his wildest dreams would he have characterized the company that way. He sees his multimillion dollar business's image as very ... Bohemian.

—Audree Penner

Recent Books by Alumni

We welcome review copies of books by alumni. The books are donated to the Swarthmoreana section of McCabe Library after they have been noted for this column.

Carl Abbott '66, *The Metropolitan Frontier: Cities in the Modern American West*, University of Arizona Press, 1993. This survey of urban experience in 19 U.S. Western states, moving from economic change to social and political response, examines the initial boom of the 1940s, the process of change in the following decades, and the ultimate impact of Western cities on their environments, on the regional character, and on national identity.

William H. Armstrong '54, *Edward Parmelee Smith: A Friend to God's Poor*, University of Georgia Press, 1993. Smith, a Congregational minister from New England, was a leading light in forming an evangelical response to the Civil War and Reconstruction. This biography traces strands of American church history: the reform movement, the assistance the churches gave to President Grant's Indian Policy, and the movement to bring the gospel to Africa.

Fredericka (Nolde) Berger '54, *The Green Bottle and the Silver Kite*, Greenwillow Books, 1993. In this novel for young readers, 10-year-old Phil finds his unpromising summer at the beach suddenly full of satisfying surprises when a silver kite and an answer to a message sent in a green bottle enter his life.

Joseph Cary '51, *Three Modern Italian Poets: Saba, Ungaretti, Montale*, University of Chicago Press, 1993. Focusing on the works of Italian poets Umberto Saba, Giuseppe Ungaretti, and Eugenio Montale, this book facilitates the understanding of their poetry and presents biographical portraits of these giants of literary modernism. *A Ghost in Trieste*, University of Chicago Press, 1993. Part travel diary, part guidebook, part literary history, this book explores the Adriatic port city through the works of poet Umberto Saba and novelists Italo Svevo and James Joyce in the early part of this century.

Russell P. Leslie and **Kathryn M. Conway** '76, *The Lighting Pattern Book for Homes*, Lighting Research Center, 1993. The continuing evolution of lighting and energy conservation is now entering everyone's home. This book gives the homeowner practical designs to help see well and save money, details on energy-efficient lamps, luminaires, and controls, and plans for installing quality lighting in every room.

Gerald Epstein '73, Julie Graham, and Jessica Nembhard (eds.), *Creating a New World Economy: Forces of Change and Plans for Action*, Temple University Press, 1993. This reader of 23 essays by activist economists describes how the global economy works. Analyses include such complex topics as international debt, Keynesianism, trade policy, immigration, and the drug trade.

Clark Kerr '32, *Troubled Times for American Higher Education: The 1990s and Beyond*, State University of New York Press, 1994. This study examines emerging problems influencing the near future of higher education, including the quality of undergraduate education, ethics, the racial crisis, and competition for recognition and resources among the nation's research universities.

Howard N. Rabinowitz '64, *Race, Ethnicity, and Urbanization*, University of Missouri Press, 1994. This series of essays introduces readers to recent developments in the fields of race relations, ethnicity, and urban history, including assessments of the nature of black leadership, the origins of segregation, the expansion of urban history to include the South and the West, and the writing of ethnic history.

Jeffrey Ruda '69, *Fra Filippo Lippi: Life and Work with a Complete Catalogue*, Harry N. Abrams Inc., 1993. A mixture of text and a catalog of works, this biography traces the life and art of the great pioneer of the psychological naturalism of the early Renaissance.

Peggy (Bebié) Thomson '43, *Siggy's Spaghetti Works*, Tambourine Books, 1993. A guided tour of the workings of a spaghetti factory highlights this fully illustrated children's book, which also includes bits of pasta history.

Richard Wolfson '69, *Nuclear Choices: A Citizen's Guide to Nuclear Technology*, The MIT Press, 1993. This book updates treatments of both nuclear power and nuclear weapons issues through the collapse of the Soviet Union. Topics include the Strategic Arms Reduction Treaties and a shift in emphasis from the bilateral nuclear confrontation of the Cold War era to the renewed threat of nuclear proliferation throughout the world.

John Wright '62, *Traveling the High Way Home: Ralph Stanley and the World of Traditional Bluegrass Music*, University of Illinois Press, 1993. This portrait of one of the most revered figures of bluegrass music is a mixture of oral history from Stanley's co-workers, friends, promoters, and others and an evaluation of his more than 40-year career with his Clinch Mountain Boys.

band, Nathan. She finished an M.A. in religious studies at Brown and spent last year working for the ACLU in Boston.

Kevin Hall writes: "I've left my position as the executive director of Teach for America in LA to teach fourth grade at Roosevelt Elementary School in Compton, Calif. I am fulfilling a dream and teaching and learning from 35 special students in an under-resourced school. It's hard to verbalize how fortunate all of us are to have a Swarthmore education, but I see it in my students' eyes each day."

Joan Cargill serves as the New York editor of *Premiere Movie Magazine* of the UK and *New Woman Magazine* of Australia. After completing her fourth year of the clinical psychology program at Boston College, **Kunya Des Jardins** is doing an internship through the Tufts U. School of Medicine/Boston Veterans Administration Hospital Consortium. **Rebecca Mison** completed an M.A. at the U. of Pa. and is now teaching social studies at George Washington High School in Northeast Philadelphia.

Noël Bisson is "quite happy," although she can't wait to be through school. She is working toward a Ph.D. in musicology at Harvard. **Ken Harris** is also continuing his graduate school work, studying parasite molecular biology at Yale. Also lost somewhere in graduate school, **Kir Talmage** writes: "Hoping to graduate this grad school thing next June. No idea what next, but I haven't panicked yet."

Hanne Weedon is working and going to school at Penn. She's very involved in the campus employee organization and in community/neigh-

BLOOD AND TEARS

Continued from page 7

were a few hundred gaping street vendors, soldiers, journalists, and other spectators. At the appointed hour, an ambulance arrived, backed up to the stakes, and unloaded the four condemned men. Since all the prisoners were ethnic Chinese, Ky and his advisers expected little popular objection. Many Vietnamese detested the wealthy Chinese businessmen living in their midst.

The four firing squads, each with five soldiers armed with American carbines, stepped into place, and the prisoners were tied to the stakes. Three were pinioned with their hands tied behind the stakes, but the fourth, a recent convert to Christianity, had asked that his hands be left free so that he could die with his palms together in prayer. The executioners obliged him.

The squad leader barked a command, the carbine bolts clattered, and in the brief silence that followed we could hear the Christian praying loudly, his blindfolded face raised toward heaven. Then came the command, and when the 20 carbines fired a ragged volley, three of the men instantly slumped from their bindings and were still. But the born-again Christian remained alive, horribly chanting a hymn. His hands, torn and shattered by bullets, had evidently deflected the volley, leaving his heart beating.

After an interminable pause the squad commander, his voice hoarse with annoyance, ordered his men to

Four firing squads, armed with American carbines, stepped into place. The prisoners were tied to the stakes.

fire another volley. This time the prisoner slumped, but we could still hear him trying to sing as blood foamed from his mouth. Finally, the squad leader drew his .45 caliber pistol, chambered a cartridge, and shot the merchant through the head.

The executioners exchanged some whispered conversation, and then their leader barked a command and marched them away. The ambulance crew cut down the bodies, heaved them into the coffins, and carted them off. The fire truck hosed away the blood, and the crowd drifted away.

I had seen many people die, including some who were executed, but I experienced an unwonted wave of hatred that morning—hatred not only for Ky and his firing squads but for all other cold-blooded executioners. There's something about the slaying of a helpless creature—a man at a stake or a bull in the Madrid ring—that brings me to a vengeful fury.

That morning I also hated the smooth American diplomats, the State Department and White House, and everyone else who had connived at placing Ky in power. And yes, I hated journalists too—reporters, including myself, who had contributed to this horror by goading a childish dictator into ordering a bloodbath.

Fortunately, rage passes. No journalist can indulge in rage at others or in self-hatred without losing the balance needed to ply his trade. But there are some deaths reporters cannot forget. The best that can be said is that such deaths season us and make us think twice before writing something that may leave blood on our hands. ■

Malcolm W. Browne '52 is senior writer in the science news department of The New York Times. *This article is excerpted from his 1993 autobiography,* Muddy Boots and Red Socks, *published by Times Books, a division of Random House. Text and photographs are reprinted by permission of the author.*

STRANGE DAYS

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cohesive approach to the crisis."

He remembers SASS as "not very radical. But the administration felt that whatever their demands, this was not the way they talked to students. I don't think Courtney Smith showed the leadership he might have if he had said, 'I'm going to walk in there, sit down, and stay with them until we can work this out.'"

Swarthmore, he says, "firmed up my commitment to a lifelong sense of ethics and fairness and taught me to strive for a life grounded in principle. The educational experience of the Honors Program was the best I could have imagined because the professor's job was not to test us but to teach us. Every day, as I try to counsel and treat kids, I think of my Swarthmore experience."

The Long Scream

Nancy Bekavac

People from her class seem to associate Nancy Bekavac with the *GE College Bowl*, that quiz show for brainy college kids where she and three other Swarthmoreans triumphed in late January 1969, just when it seemed that the College itself would drown in conflict and grief.

"I didn't want to do it," she asserts. "It was embarrassing to have all that trivial knowledge. I was trying very hard to be an intellectual, but I knew reams of bad poetry and all the Big Ten fight songs." Professor of Philosophy (and *College Bowl* "coach") Charles Raff had twisted her arm by offering to forgive a paper on Decartes if she tried out. Bekavac *hated* Descartes.

During high school Bekavac says she "spent an enormous amount of energy appearing normal, being a cheerleader, doing the yearbook. But it wasn't a very successful act. I had no interest in going to Penn State and being Sally Coed. I had heard that truly smart and slightly weird people went to Swarthmore, and it was pretty clear that if I went there, I wouldn't have to spend another minute on that normal act."

Now the only member of her class who is a college president (of Scripps College in Claremont, Calif.), Bekavac looks back in wonder at the innocent Swarthmore of 1965: "There were people in plaid skirts and button-down shirts who thought life (and parties) would continue as a more intense form of high school. There were semi-radicals who saw Swarthmore as a sort of Sorbonne-on-the-Crum. And there were clueless Midwesterners like me [from Clairton, Pa., near Pittsburgh] who just wanted to get it right. Things were so straight that the thought of cutting a class was something I couldn't really get my mind around."

Change came fast in 1966–67. "Marijuana became pretty widespread. LSD hit that spring. The fury over the war picked up speed, and by the spring of sophomore year the counterculture was pretty much everywhere."

"My mother said to me, 'You're going to look back on this year with such fondness.' And I said, 'No. Not this year....'"

She remembers going to Philadelphia to review two art shows for *The Phoenix*. Andrew Wyeth had a big retrospective, and Andy Warhol was all the rage. That same day she watched Bob Eaton '65 publicly returning his draft card on the steps of the Philadelphia post office. "That pretty much summed it up—Wyeth, Warhol, and a draft protest," says Bekavac.

"By the time we got to the total trauma of 1968, everything was blowing up. I just remember it as one long scream—King, Kennedy, the Democratic convention, the election of Nixon, the sit-in. That last semester, we were a benumbed senior class. After *College Bowl*, my mother said to me, 'You're going to look back on this year with such fondness.' And I said, 'No. Not this year. I'm not going to look on this year with anything but relief that I'm out of here.'"

For Bekavac, "out of here" was quite literal. She used her Watson Fellowship to take a trip around the world that would have made Ken Kesey's head spin: Holland, England, Ireland, Scotland, Denmark, Russia. Then Germany, Yugoslavia, Italy, Greece, Israel, and Iran. Hooked a ride from Tehran to New Delhi. Saw Nepal. Spent two months in Vietnam. Then, near exhaustion, near insanity, she started law school at Yale.

"Didn't anybody notice that I was crazy?" she recently asked former law school classmate Robert Reich. "Yeah," he replied, "but how were we to know that you were ever anything but crazy?"

Nancy Bekavac shoves one final memory across the table: Sometime in January 1969, while the Admissions Office was being occupied by members of SASS, she ran into President Courtney Smith in front of the library. "He had on a tweed jacket and hat, and there was this little piece of dirt on his face, just below his eye. Instinctively, I reached up and brushed it away. I was immediately surprised and horrified at myself. He told me how proud he was of how we were doing on *College Bowl*, and I remember saying that he should be proud of what the black students and other students were doing as well. He cocked his head and said quietly, 'Thank you for telling me. I'll think about that.'" ■

A Day in the Life

As 1965 began, total U.S. deaths in Vietnam were just 356 after four years' involvement in the war. President Lyndon Johnson was preparing to send federal troops to protect civil rights marchers at Selma, Ala., and *The Sound of Music* was up for the Academy Award for Best Picture. In June Johnson and U.N. Secretary General U Thant received honorary degrees from Swarthmore College. That summer 80,000 fresh troops arrived in Vietnam, the Watts riots killed 35, and Bob Dylan had a hit single with "Like a Rolling Stone." This chronology follows the Class of 1969—and the country—through the next four years.

September The Class of 1969—150 men and 141 women—arrives at Swarthmore. Nineteen are said to be members of minority groups.

October President Johnson has a gall bladder operation and shows the nation his scar. • Dean of Women Barbara Pearson Lange '31 asks a Women's Student Government Association (WSGA) meeting on curfews, "What do you do after 12:00 on campus if all the buildings are closed?"

November A two-day blackout paralyzes the Eastern United States • More than 100 delegates attend a regional conference of the Students for a Democratic Society in Bond. • "You Keep Me Hangin' On" by the Supremes tops the charts.

December The Beatles release "Day Tripper." • *Phoenix* headline: "Off Campus Living Desirable; Permission, Pad Hard To Get."

1966

January The Selective Service System announces that student deferments will henceforth be contingent upon class rank and the results of a standardized test to be given by the government.

February Acting independently of the WSGA, Dean Lange abolishes curfews for senior women and extends junior curfews to 3:00 a.m. • Student Council passes a resolution recommending the abolition of WSGA because they were not consulted.

March The Pentagon reveals that Negroes, who are 11 percent of the population, comprise 21 percent of combat deaths in Vietnam. • *In the Heat of the Night* wins Best Picture. • The Blues Project performs at the first Swarthmore Rock Festival.

April President Johnson proposes a bill to end racial discrimination in housing. • B-52 bombers raid North Vietnam for the first time.

AP/WIDE WORLD

"Nervous Nellies"

May Johnson warns against "Nervous Nellies" in a speech attacking critics of his war policies.

June The United States now has 285,000 soldiers in Vietnam. • Johnson escalates the air war against North Vietnam, bombing Hanoi for the first time. • James Meredith is shot and wounded as he marches for civil rights in Mississippi.

July Medicare goes into effect. • Race riots flare up in New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Omaha, Baltimore, San Francisco, and Jacksonville. • "Hot town, summer in the city," sing the Lovin' Spoonful.

August Charles Whitman shoots 44, killing 14, from atop a University of Texas building. • The Pentagon issues the highest monthly draft call since the Korean War—46,200. • Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. is stoned by angry whites during a march in Chicago.

September The Class of 1969 returns to Swarthmore as sophomores. • President Courtney Smith appoints a Commission on Educational Policy (CEP) to study the College's academic program. • The College's "sex rule" is codified to read: "The College does not condone premarital sexual relations ... and would regard a breach of this standard as subjecting the student to suspension or expulsion."

October President Johnson visits Vietnam as troop strength reaches 331,000. • A *Phoenix* editorial advocates the legalization of marijuana.

November Forty Swarthmore students are among 600 marchers in a Philadelphia protest against the war.

December Thirty-six black students meet to form the Swarthmore Afro-American Students Society (SASS), the first formal campus organization of minority students. • The Beach Boys sing "Good Vibrations."

1967

January Three astronauts are killed in a launch-pad fire in the first Apollo spacecraft. • *Phoenix* headline: "Blue Route Is Scheduled for Completion in 1971." (It opened in December 1991.)

February President Johnson calls for passage of a Civil Rights Act. • SASS receives a charter from Student Council and launches a black awareness week called "Seven Days of Soul." • The Jefferson Airplane and Tim Buckley headline the second annual Swarthmore Rock Festival.

March American combat deaths reach a one-week record of 274. • Student Council writes President Smith, urging the hiring of Negroes for faculty and administrative positions, saying, "In general at Swarthmore, students see Negroes only in positions of manual labor."

UPI/BETTMANN

"Greatest purveyor of violence ..."

April Martin Luther King Jr. calls the United States "the greatest purveyor of violence in the world" and urges draft resistance.

May Police fire on black student demonstrators in Jackson, Miss., killing one and wounding two. • The appointment of African sociologist Asmarom Legesse, Swarthmore's first black faculty member, is announced.

June The Beatles release *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. • War erupts between Israel and Syria, Jordan, and the United Arab Republic. • President

Johnson meets Soviet premier Aleksei Kosygin in Glassboro, N.J. • Aretha Franklin demands "Respect."

July Five days of rioting leave 43 dead in Detroit. Violence spreads to a dozen other cities. • The Doors sing, "Light My Fire."

August President Johnson asks for a 10 percent income tax surcharge to finance "guns and butter." • "All You Need Is Love," say the Beatles.

September Junior year begins for the Class of 1969. • McCabe Library and Dana and Hallowell dormitories open. • President Smith kicks off discussion of the CEP report, calling 1967–68 a "year of decision."

UPI/BETTMANN

Mobilization at the Pentagon

October Thurgood Marshall becomes the first black to sit on the Supreme Court. • More than 200 Swarthmoreans join in the National Mobilization to End the War.

November President Smith asks Student Council to cancel the Hamburg Show because the script exhibits "questionable taste." The show is rewritten to star King Arthur instead of Jesus. • The Defense Department announces the organization of 125 National Guard riot control units.

December Classes are suspended for "Superweek," a College-wide discussion of curricular and student life reforms. • Christian Barnard performs the first human heart transplant in Capetown, South Africa.

1968

January The Kerner Commission says America is heading for "two societies, separate and unequal." • The Viet Cong hit 30 cities in the Tet offensive.

February Student Council president Barry Wohl '69 proposes "total dorm autonomy." • *The Graduate* plays at the movies.

March Senator Eugene McCarthy polls 42 percent of the vote in the New Hampshire primary. • Robert Kennedy enters the race and Lyndon Johnson drops out. • The late Otis Redding's "Sittin' on the Dock of the Bay" tops the charts.

AP/WIDE WORLD

42 Percent

April Martin Luther King Jr. is assassinated in Memphis, Tenn. • The faculty votes to change Honors from eight required seminars to six. • Students take over two buildings at Columbia University.

May Students and workers riot across France. • The first formal peace talks between the United States and North Vietnam open in Paris.

June Robert Kennedy is assassinated after winning the California primary. • The American death toll in Vietnam nears 28,000.

July Starvation caused by civil war kills 6,000 people per day in Biafra. • Pope Paul VI condemns all artificial methods of birth control.

August The Soviet Union invades Czechoslovakia. • Riots sweep Chicago as the Democrats nominate Hubert Humphrey for president.

September The Class of 1969 returns for its senior year. • The Mexican Army seizes and closes the National University after weeks of student protest. • President Courtney Smith announces that he will resign in June 1969. • The Beatles sing, "Hey Jude."

October SASS leaders question why only eight blacks are in the freshman class. Dean of Admissions Frederick Hargadon presents the results of a controversial study of "Negro admissions." • Richard Nixon announces that he has a "secret plan" to end the Vietnam War. • Jimi Hendrix sings, "All Along the Watchtower."

November President Johnson announces a Vietnam bombing halt four days before Richard Nixon is elected president. • SASS members meet with the Admissions Committee and attack the "integrationist ethic" of the College. • Student Council votes to back SASS's demands for more "risk" students and a black dean in the Admissions Office.

December Three Americans become the first men to fly around the moon. • U.S. deaths in Vietnam reach 30,000. • The faculty athletics committee rescinds the rule that Swarthmore's male athletes must have short hair and clean-shaven faces. • Marvin Gaye sings, "I Heard It Through the Grapevine."

1969

January SASS members issue an ultimatum and four days later occupy the Admissions Office. • The faculty meets in almost continuous session. • In the midst of the crisis, President Courtney Smith dies. • Swarthmore mourns and the crisis seems to dissipate.

February Four Swarthmore students win the *GE College Bowl* quiz show. • Acting President Edward Cratsley initiates a study of decisionmaking at the College. • Student protests sweep the country. "Many of these kids are sick—paranoid," says psychiatrist Bruno Bettelheim.

March SASS criticizes the lack of progress on its demands and asks to be represented at faculty meetings. • Barbara Lange resigns as dean of women.

April Police clear 300 student demonstrators from University Hall at Harvard. • Swarthmore's faculty passes "dorm autonomy," but the changes are rejected by the Board of Managers. • American deaths in Vietnam surpass the Korean War.

May Robert Cross is appointed president of Swarthmore. • The Admissions Office announces that 21 blacks will enter in September.

June President Nixon announces that 25,000 American troops will leave Vietnam, calling it "Vietnamization" of the war. • The Beatles sing, "Get Back," as the Class of 1969 graduates.

Sources: *The World Almanac and Book of Facts, 1966–70; The Phoenix; The Billboard Book of Top 40 Hits; Rock and Roll: The 100 Best Singles*, by Paul Williams '69. Compiled by Kate Downing and Jeffrey Lott.


STUDENT STRIKE
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