

Swarthmore

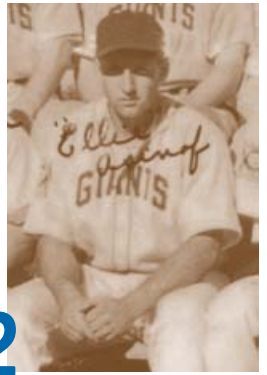
COLLEGE BULLETIN

A Walk
in the
Woods





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ON THE COVER:

"THE BEST WAY TO TEACH STEWARDSHIP IS BY EXAMPLE," SAYS BIOLOGIST ROGER LATHAM '83 OF THE EFFORT TO PRESERVE SWARTHMORE'S PRICELESS CRUM WOODS. PHOTOS BY TERRY WILD. STORY ON PAGE 16.

Swarthmore

MARCH 2001

COLLEGE BULLETIN

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By Cathleen McCarthy

It's no coincidence that this column appears opposite the letters to the editor. Taken together, your letters to the *Bulletin* and my message to you represent a transaction that happens regularly in this magazine: Those of us who produce the *Bulletin* have certain information we want you to know about Swarthmore, yet we promise that if you will read what we send you, we will pay attention to what you have to say to us.

The letters in this issue show the College's need to have more dialogue with its alumni, and we are determined that the *Bulletin* should provide a place for that to occur. Since early December, when the Board of Managers acted to restructure the

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has known here.*

athletics program, College administrators and Board members have received letters and e-mails from more than 1,200 alumni, parents, and friends. The *Bulletin* itself received an unprecedented 30 letters intended for publication—about four times the usual number.

Editing your letters was difficult; I know—because I did it myself. We could not publish all of them, but those that appear in this edition's expanded letters section not only reflect the range of opinions expressed but represent most of the arguments, objections, and expressions of praise found in your correspondence. (You can read the full text of every letter to the *Bulletin* on our Web site, including those that we did not have space to publish.)

In a personal thank you to all who wrote to the magazine, I expressed gratitude that, no matter what their views, they cared enough about Swarthmore to communicate. Many institutions would be frightened by 1,200 letters—some college magazine editors by even 30—but whether or not we agree with you, we value your passion for Swarthmore.

Some alumni are fairly angry at the College these days. But whatever you think of the athletics decision (or anything else, for that matter), we want the *Bulletin* to be everyone's magazine. We hope you will find in these pages the same essential experience that every Swarthmorean has known here. When information is presented accurately and fairly and dialogue—no matter how passionate, intense, or fraught with fundamental disagreement—is being conducted with civility, integrity, and mutual respect, everyone benefits.

—Jeffrey Lott



SWARTHMORE

COLLEGE BULLETIN

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The *Swarthmore College Bulletin* (ISSN 0888-2126), of which this is volume XCVIII, number 4, is published in August, September, December, March, and June by Swarthmore College, 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore PA 19081-1390. Periodicals postage paid at Swarthmore PA and additional mailing offices. Permit No. 0530-620. Postmaster: Send address changes to *Swarthmore College Bulletin*, 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore PA 19081-1390.

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Printed in U.S.A. on recycled paper

KUDOS TO KATHRYN

I was absolutely delighted when I picked up my September edition of the *Bulletin* and saw Dr. Kathryn Morgan's beaming face on the cover. I couldn't wait to read the interview inside. When I did, all the memories of my Swarthmore experience flooded back—good and bad.

I recall very clearly that, among the African-American students, it was so empowering (and so much like homecoming) to see this petite and striking black woman strut the campus in her always neatly coiffed Afro hair and long flowing African robe dresses, with her sassy earrings swinging in the breeze.

It was sheer joy to see from her interview that Professor Morgan is still as beautiful—inside and out—as she ever was.

ROSALIND PLUMMER '73
Philadelphia, Pa.

PROTECT ALUMNI PRIVACY

The letter from Kenneth [47] and Virginia Stern Brown [49] (December *Bulletin*) was disturbing. To learn that Swarthmore is selling our names for profit, and thereby actively cooperating in the encroachment of the commercial-industrial complex on our privacy, is ground for their legitimate complaint.

The response from Diane Crompton, director of development operations, was appalling in its intellectual dishonesty. First, she claims that “only a tiny fraction of each purchase made with these cards accrues to the College.” Apparently, in her opinion, making money from selling alumni names is justified because the College is making only a little bit of money.

Second, she states that the bank to which Swarthmore has sold its alumni list “shares the College's high standards regarding ... privacy.” Are we really expected to believe that Swarthmore is fully aware of the bank's practices in selling its mailing lists? “Sharing” implies mutuality—our standards are equated with (i.e., lowered to) their standards. And how “high” are Swarthmore's standards anyway? Apparently, only so high as selling names, addresses, and telephone numbers but not Social Security numbers and mothers' maiden names!

Finally, Ms. Crompton assures us, “Persons who do not wish to be solicited may be taken off the list on request.” But why

should it be our responsibility to prevent Swarthmore from doing what it should not have been doing in the first place? How are we to know, until after the fact, just what list we have been put on? If Swarthmore is really interested in preserving the privacy of its alumni (those “high standards,” remember?), then surely it should not be selling alumni names in the first place.

PETER KATES '61
Norwell, Mass.

Paul Metzger '54 also wrote to object. His letter is on the Bulletin Web site.

QUESTIONS ABOUT AN INN

We write in response to the December *Bulletin* article on plans for an inn to be built on a section of the College campus. That article focused on the project's purported economic benefits to the Borough of Swarthmore, suggesting that the College seeks to improve the Borough's economic health.

Whether better economic health will result is, however, much less certain than the article implied. A consultant to the joint College-Borough task force on economic revitalization concluded in his report that the inn would have no net economic benefit to the Borough. It's not even clear the inn is viable without heavy College subsidy. College-related business would generate optimal occupancy only about 45 nights out of the year. In a 100-room inn (the proposed size), that would leave 32,000 “room nights” to cover. To put these numbers in perspective, it may be useful to compare the plans for an inn of the same size at Temple University, an institution with several graduate programs and an enrollment about 20 times the size of Swarthmore's. In negotiating with a developer who also specializes in upscale

boutique hotels, Temple has discussed a university guarantee of 4,000 room nights a year.

Should an inn be developed, the College will incur significant subsidy charges for both infrastructure and daily operation. Those funds will not be available for the educational purposes of the College, whether strengthening the curriculum, improving staff salaries and benefits, expanding the library, or any other needs characteristic of a liberal arts college.

In sum, the inn does not further Swarthmore's liberal arts mission. It does not seem to us a prudent use of Swarthmore's finite financial and physical resources.

ROBERT DUPLESSIS
Isaac H. Clothier Professor of History and
International Relations
RICHARD VALELLY '75
Professor of Political Science

WHY SO UPSET?

I can understand the sadness felt by members of the College community at the demise of football at Swarthmore. As a former member of the wrestling team, I share that sadness, for wrestling too will no longer be one of Swarthmore's sports. But I am puzzled by the upset and anger that some alumni have expressed at the considered and difficult decision to restructure the athletics program.

I hope and trust the College's mission will always be that of providing the best education possible to its students. Re-examining the curriculum, adding new courses and majors, rethinking the Honors program, degree requirements, etc. have caused and will continue to cause restructuring of the education offered at Swarthmore. It is hardly surprising that extracurricular activities, including sports, need consideration and changes as well.

HERB HILLMAN '47
Cambridge, Mass.

MINDING THE LIGHT?

With its action in December to eliminate three sports from the athletics program, the administration and the Board majority call into question not only the decision itself, but the decision-making process.

Many alumni feel that the decision is more than a failure to maintain a 122-year-
Please turn to page 76

EDITOR'S NOTE

Because of the large volume of letters received by the Bulletin in recent months, we have expanded the space allotted to letters in this issue. Even with this additional space, many letters have been condensed, and, unfortunately, several could not be included. The full text of all letters received is posted on the Bulletin Web site at www.swarthmore.edu/bulletin/mar01/letters.html.



MEHRHOF/McEWEN ARCHITECTS

Face-lift for McCabe Library

Students returned last fall to find a lighter, brighter first floor of McCabe Library. Gone are the red carpet—which one student described as “angry”—and the black-vinyl, dungeon-like atmosphere of the room known as the “reading pit.” A coffee bar was added, lamps brought new light to the reading area, and a cozy new lounge was created in the circulation area (*left and below*). “The idea was to make the library more of a social center,” says Elizabeth Mahon of Kirby Mehrhof and Lawrence D. McEwen architects, who did the renovation. “This center court helps create areas where groups can meet and interact.”



In a special meeting on Jan. 4, the Board of Managers let stand its Dec. 2 decision to cap at 15 percent the admissions spaces reserved for recruited athletes, end intercollegiate football and wrestling, and change women's badminton from varsity to club-sport status. The meeting, which was held in New York City, was called under bylaws that allow a minimum of five Managers to request a Board meet-

end, we all felt that it was important to honor the position of those who could not accept the ARC proposal by making their 'no' votes part of the record."

According to Dulaney Ogden Bennett '63, Board members on both sides of the issue agreed that delaying a decision on the fate of football and other sports would have put the Admissions Office and coaches in an unethical position with prospec-

BOARD REAFFIRMS ATHLETICS CHANGES

ing. The only item on the agenda was further discussion of the recommendations of the Athletics Review Committee (ARC).

In December, the ARC, which had been created by the Board a year earlier, called on the College to limit the number of recruited athletes (those students for whom athletic talent is a deciding factor in their admission) to between 10 and 15 percent of each entering class—a figure that would make it impossible to continue football. The Board approved its recommendation by a vote of 21–8.

In January, the Board heard new presentations by spokespersons for both sides and conducted what Board Chairman J. Lawrence Shane '56 called "an informed and thoughtful discussion." This time, no vote was taken, and the Board's earlier decision was reaffirmed by "a sense of the meeting."

"I thought it served a useful purpose," said the Board chair. "It allowed many Managers to recheck their thinking on the issue after listening again to those who disagreed."

Debate over the process that led to the Board vote has been almost as contentious as controversy over the decision itself. Many alumni who objected to the decision said that, by voting at its December meeting, the Board of Managers had broken its tradition of reaching conclusions by consensus. December's vote was unusual, said Shane, "but the Board was unanimous in agreeing that, for a variety of reasons, a decision on the future of athletics had to be made at that meeting. In the

tive students. Acting Dean of Admissions Jim Bock '90 told the ARC and the Board that Swarthmore could not admit student-athletes in good faith unless the future of the sports program was clear.

College administrators spent much of December explaining the need for athletics reform to students, parents, and alumni.

After responding to immediate student and parent protests (see "The End Zone," December *Bulletin*). President Alfred H. Bloom and Provost Jennie Keith, who had chaired the ARC, met privately with football players, wrestlers, and members of the women's badminton team. Bloom told the student-athletes that he valued all aspects of their contribution to the College and urged them to stay at Swarthmore.

Dean of the College Bob Gross '62 reported in January that three athletes transferred to other schools after the end of the first semester and that several others are considering transfers at the end of the academic year.

Asked to describe student reaction, Jordan Brackett '01, co-chair of Student Council during the first semester, said, "Reasonable people can disagree about important issues, and there's a reasonable disagreement here," he said, "but it's important to listen [to students]. There were mechanisms in place, but [those] didn't happen."

Brackett acknowledged that "you can't have a campuswide discussion about which sport to cut. You have to prevent different segments of the community from going to war with each other.... But there's a tricky



PHOTOS BY ELEFHERIOS KOSTANS



AT AN OPEN MEETING ON DEC. 12, MEMBERS OF THE ATHLETICS REVIEW COMMITTEE, TOP ADMINISTRATORS, AND BOARD MEMBERS (TOP) EXPLAINED THEIR CONTROVERSIAL DECISION AND LISTENED TO ALUMNI REACTION. FORMER DEAN OF ADMISSIONS BOB BARR '56 (CENTER) WAS AMONG THE SPEAKERS OPPOSED TO THE DECISION. AFTER THE MEETING, BOARD CHAIRMAN EMERITUS EUGENE LANG '38 CONTINUED THE CONVERSATION WITH BOB McCANN '89 (BOTTOM).

balance between releasing enough information and releasing too much."

Student protest included a two-hour sit-in outside the Admissions Office on Dec. 4 and a large turnout for an open meeting with members of the ARC and top administrators that night. Reacting to fast-moving events, *The Phoenix* published new articles daily on its Web site and printed an unprecedented 36-page issue on Dec. 7. Sports columnist Kate Nelson-Lee '03, a varsity lacrosse player, expressed the feelings of some student athletes: "Though neither my coach nor the Admissions Office has directly stated it to me, I firmly

believe that I received an acceptance letter two years ago because I was 'slotted.' I'm a recruited athlete.... The ARC and the Board may not like it, but they are sending a message to the student-athletes here that they are second-class citizens, that being an athlete makes you different in a negative way."

After the Dec. 2 vote, word of the decision spread quickly on the Internet, and both Board members and College administrators were inundated with messages, both pro and con. Alumni created two Web sites to rally others to their cause, and the College posted letters of support on its own Web site and later created a separate site (<http://athleticsreview.swarthmore.edu>), featuring documents related to the decision and answers to frequently asked questions.

College officials carefully read and tallied responses, writing personal replies to many letters and e-mails. Diane Crompton, director of development operations, said that Board members and administrators received communications from more than 1,200 alumni, parents, and students in the weeks after the decision.

Organizers of one alumni Web site, www.saveswatsports.com, announced in January the formation of an organization called "Mind the Light," which describes itself as "a standing organization, independent of the College, to ensure that the future of the College is reflective of its Quaker past and an inclusive set of core values." In February, Neil Austrian '61, who resigned from the Board of Managers after the January meeting, became chairman of Mind the Light. James Noyes, father of Julie Noyes '95 and former College lacrosse coach, also resigned from the Board.

Austrian, former president of the National Football League, told the *Bulletin* in early March that he had resigned from the Board because of a combination of factors, including what he called "broken commitments, a terribly flawed process, and an abrupt and hasty decision by the Board, which hadn't had time to consider any facts—and, incredibly, did not even have the facts in front of them when the decision was made."

Austrian said that Mind the Light

"The scarcest resource at Swarthmore is a place in the entering class—just 375 students per year," said Board member Catherine Good Abbott, who also served on the Athletics Review Committee.

would seek to "educate the alumni as to how this decision and process took place, so that it doesn't happen again." Organizers of Mind the Light have sent e-mails to numerous alumni and, Austrian said, a letter to all alumni was being prepared.

A letter to the College community signed by President Bloom, Provost Keith, and Board Chair Shane was mailed on Dec. 12—the same day that more than 200 alumni, mostly from the Philadelphia area, convened in the Swarthmore Friends Meetinghouse to express their views.

The session was moderated by Alan Symonette '76, a member of the Board of Managers and former president of the Alumni Association. It began with remarks by Bloom, who praised alumni for caring so deeply about the long-term health of the College. He later told the *Bulletin*, "I feel terrible for alumni who feel that something has been taken away from them. This was an incredibly difficult decision, but I am convinced that we did the right thing for Swarthmore."

Keith offered a detailed description of the ARC's 10-month process, which involved extensive discussion, rounds of interviews with coaches and student team captains, and research into the athletics programs at peer colleges.

The ARC determined that increased specialization and competition in Division III sports required Swarthmore to seek out talented athletes for most teams in order for the College to compete effectively in the

Centennial Conference. (The conference includes Bryn Mawr, Dickinson, Franklin & Marshall, Gettysburg, Haverford, Muhlenberg, Ursinus, Washington, and Western Maryland colleges and The Johns Hopkins University.) The committee told the Board that a quarter of the male students would have to be recruited athletes if Swarthmore were to support football as well as the other male intercollegiate sports. The number of female athletes needed would be lower, about 15 percent. The price in admissions, the ARC majority decided, was too high.

At the open meeting, Board member Catherine Good Abbott '72, a member of the committee, explained that "it now takes 65 to 70 players to field a football team, which means that 1 in 10 [male students at the College] would have to play football.... The scarcest resource at Swarthmore is a place in the entering class—just 375 students per year—and 10 percent of the entering men would be needed for football."

For two hours, alumni took turns speaking at microphones set up in the aisles. Like many who spoke, Diana Judd Stevens '63 praised her athletic experience at the College as well as that of her husband, Paul Stevens '65, and daughter Kathryn '89. She warned that eliminating football would negatively affect other sports. She later said that "many students play more than one sport and are involved in other College activities. Top student-athletes won't apply to Swarthmore if they sense a negative attitude toward athletics here."

Robert Barr '56, dean emeritus of admissions, said, "People whose lives I followed with great pride ... now may feel marginalized, less valued." He went on to emphasize that College Board scores—"the other thing driving this"—have "nothing to do with the development of students over the course of their careers."

Fred Kyle '54, a former Manager, spoke in favor of the Board's move. "I'm impressed with the arithmetic of the problem," he said. "My message to the Board is to walk up to the problem and face it. It's been with us the whole 50 years I've been involved with the College."

—Jeffrey Lott and Cathleen McCarthy

Joining the knit-in

On a January afternoon, a dozen students cluster on the chairs and carpet of Parrish Parlors, chatting quietly while hunched over their needlework. No, this is not a quilting bee. They're knitting.

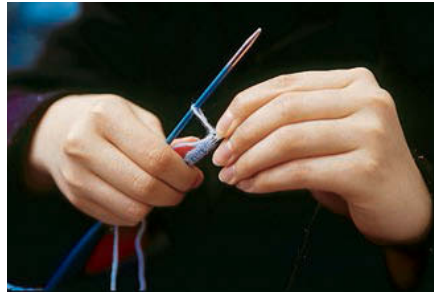
"It's really relaxing," says Bianca Passarelli '01, head of the Knit Wits club since 1998, "and it keeps you awake in class."

"Oh yeah," says Maria Alvarez '04, looking up from her latest creation, a pair of fingerless glove/mittens that dangle from a wire ring in her lap. "It also makes me feel like I'm being productive, even if I'm just watching TV or sitting on the floor, talking to my friends."

"It's a tactile thing. It just feels good," adds another student, launching an animated discussion of yarns, from ultrasoft "bunny angora" to spun dog hair—something no one in this group has tried. Yet.

Once thought of as the pastime of gray-haired ladies with spare needles stuck in their buns, knitting has become popular among youthful achievers, especially those frequently called on to wait. Julia Roberts is known to knit between takes on the movie set. Yarn is even infiltrating the fine arts. According to Philadelphia's *City Paper* (Jan. 4–11), Sheryl Robin David received a Pew Fellowship grant for her crochet art and, at Philadelphia's Fringe Festival last fall, a performance artist drew curious onlookers by knitting, unraveling, and reknitting the dress she was wearing.

The click of needles can be heard these days in Swarthmore's classrooms, dorms, and libraries. Now, in Parrish Parlors, the sound



rises to an industrious buzz, as it does every Thursday afternoon when the Knit Wits gather to work on their latest projects and trade techniques, patterns, and stories of

valiant—but not always victorious—efforts. After an hour, Passarelli pauses to update the group on ongoing community programs, such as the donation of knit caps to chemotherapy patients at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia.

Meanwhile, skilled knitters like Joanna Brown '02—who works on a pair of gloves from a tricky system of single-pointed needles (most gloves are made on double-ended needles)—give pointers to newcomers like Kenneth "Ross" Hoffman '04, whose sister taught him to knit over Christmas break. Hoffman clicks away at a red wool beret, his second project, pausing to yank the rim onto his head, demonstrating a perfect fit. "That's the nice thing about knitting for yourself," a woman says, smiling.

As dusk falls over the snow-covered lawn outside, Alvarez pulls out a half-finished cable-knit sweater from her bag. "I'm really hoping to finish this before winter ends," she says. "I'm from California. I'm freezing here!"

—Cathleen McCarthy

MEGAN CHOY'S ['03] HANDS AREN'T IDLE (TOP). CHOY, URSULA WHITCHER '03 (BOTTOM LEFT), AND CATHY TA '03 (BOTTOM RIGHT) ARE AMONG A DOZEN "KNIT WITS" WHO MEET WEEKLY TO WORK ON KNITTING PROJECTS.





How green is my Swarthmore?

In his Sustainable Development class this fall, Włodzimierz “Włod” Wojcik, Cornell Visiting Professor of Engineering and Environmental Studies, lost no time giving students their mission: a greening screening of the College. “Environmental sustainability” is a familiar topic for Wojcik. He has explored it for several years in his homeland, Poland, where he teaches at the Politechnika and the University of Mining and Metallurgy in Krakow. But compared with Poland, a place in dire need of pollution control, Swarthmore’s campus was already pretty green.

“There’s no doubt that compared to other universities in the United States and around the world, we are far ahead,” Wojcik says. “A lot of colleges are very proud of what they have done, but compared to Swarthmore, they are just at the beginning—especially in terms of pest control, chemical usage, recycling, and composting.”

However, there is always room for improvement, and Wojcik

challenged his students to find it. He divided them into committees and set them loose on the campus. In the course of the semester, they grilled Swarthmore’s faculty department heads, directors of Facilities Management, Environmental Services, Dining Services, and the Scott Arboretum and dissected recycling, chemical usage, land management, and shuttle transportation. Students studied not only technical points of view but also legal, financial, and even public relations.

Wojcik’s students reported their findings at a December presentation, and details can be found on an impressive student-designed Web site (<http://www.sccs.swarthmore.edu/org/green>). The Political Science and Biology departments were praised for the environmental connections in their courses, and suggestions were made for more environmental awareness in the curricula of the English, Economics, and Chemistry departments. Students also compli-

Down by the old biostream

This lovely rock garden near Bond Hall (*right*) is actually an experiment in pollution reduction and stormwater management, constructed as an alternative to underground cement drainage pipes in 1997. A collaboration of the Scott Arbore-

tum, an engineering firm, and a landscape designer from Longwood Gardens, the biostream was designed to imitate a natural streambed. It was intended to reduce water pollutants by causing storm water to run over a bed of river rocks, which would leach out heavy metals from campus roadways and roofs before they entered the waterways via Crum Creek.

The effectiveness of the biostream as a pollution control was never scientifically tested, however, until senior engineering majors Marc Jeuland and Stephen Armah conducted a study last fall for Water Quali-

ty and Pollution Control, a class taught by Professor of Engineering Arthur McGarity.

After analyzing the runoff from three storms, the students found that the biostream removed 20 percent of “suspended solids” and 31 percent of organic matter, both of which can create problems in rivers and creeks. However, in late fall when the study was done, decomposing plants actually added to the amount of nitrate and phosphate in the water, which can tax the oxygen production of rivers and streams.

Along with further studies to analyze



CORNELL VISITING PROFESSOR OF ENGINEERING WLODZIMIERZ WOJCIK CHALLENGED HIS STUDENTS TO FIND WAYS FOR THE COLLEGE TO MEASURE ITS "ENVIRONMENTAL SUSTAINABILITY." THEIR RESULTS WERE PRESENTED AT A CAMPUS CONFERENCE IN DECEMBER (LEFT).

mented the greening efforts of administration, staff (especially the Scott Arboretum), and the student group Earthlust but noted "a lack of collaboration and communication" among these groups.

The biggest surprise for Wojcik—who is at Swarthmore as part of the Poland exchange program—was the students themselves. "I thought they would be more aggressive and would oversimplify, but instead they seemed to understand the complexities of the problem. They saw that there is not one simple solution, that there are many constraints and connections, and many factors involved in environmental issues."

Jesse Hartigan '04 summed this up at the presentation. "We live in various systems, from the most general, the universe, to the most specific, local ecosystems," he said. "Within each of these systems is a series of interrelated components, physical, psychic, and spiritual.... The well-being of each depends on the well-being of all the others."

—Cathleen McCarthy

THINK GLOBAL HEALTH



Pulitzer Prize-winning science journalist Laurie Garrett warned a packed Kirby Lecture Hall last November of an impending global health crisis and the perils of ignoring it. Garrett's talk "Public Health—For Whom?" mixed hard, epidemiological data and sociological analysis with individual stories and photographs culled from her award-winning book *The Coming Plague* (1994) and her latest *Betrayal of Trust: The Collapse of Global Public Health* (2000).

Garrett described AIDS as "the biggest killer in the history of our species" and said that the epidemic is still in its infancy. She also noted that the United States spends more on health than any other country, yet one in five is still without health insurance.

As part of the College's Media Fellow program, Garrett also met with student journalists over lunch before her talk. Previous fellows include *60 Minutes* reporter Mike Wallace and Tom Bettag, executive producer of *Nightline*. "Her command of the political climate, economics, and all the details is just brilliant," said Kathryn Tong '01, a political science major. "Swarthmore students, because of our sense of community, are extremely interested in the issues she raises, such as access to health care in the Third World. She's definitely an inspiration."

—Alisa Giardinelli

FORMER PROFESSOR RETURNS AS CONGRESSMAN



Congressman Rush Holt [D-N.J.], who taught physics at the College from 1982 to 1986, returned to Swarthmore in February to offer an insider's look at the government. Holt was re-elected in November as a democrat from New Jersey's 12th district, by a margin of only 750 votes.

Civility, which he defined as "not just politics [but] courtesy and conformity with the rules of social order," is "generally lacking" in the government, he said. Without it, he warned, Congress will be continually engaged in campaigning and will approach all issues in a partisan manner. He also voiced concern about President Bush's "divisive policies," which he believes must be examined carefully.

He spoke with more warmth about his experience at the College. "Swarthmore was a great place to be," he said. While he taught here, Holt was an adjunct for the government, using his academic background to give advice on topics such as arms control.

He continued as a government liaison while serving as assistant director of the Princeton Plasma Physics Laboratory, before running for Congress in 1996. Holt ended his talk by encouraging faculty and students to devote a little time to politics.

—Jonathan Ehrenfeld '04

seasonal effects, Jeuland suggests adding water-leaching wetlands plants. "The types of plants being used there could make a significant difference," he says. "There hasn't been much research in that area, so it's hard to know which plants work best." For his senior design project, Jeuland plans to produce a "constructed wetlands for storm-water treatment"—using wetlands plants.

Claire Sawyers, director of the Scott Arboretum, welcomes the input. "Based on our success with the biostream, we're discussing putting a storm-water retention pond on Parrish lawn, near Mertz Hall,"

she says. "That would give us the opportunity to try additional plants that could serve as bioscreens. If students are able to identify such plants, that would be great."

—Cathleen McCarthy

CLUMPS OF ORNAMENTAL GRASSES, YELLOW FLAG IRIS, AND JOE PYE WEED WERE PLANTED IN THE BIOSTREAM TO IMITATE A NATURAL STREAMBED (RIGHT). IN 1999, THE PLANTING SURVIVED WHAT ARBORETUM DIRECTOR CLAIRE SAWYERS CALLS "THE CAPACITY TEST," WHEN HURRICANE FLOYD DROPPED 6.6 INCHES OF RAIN IN 24 HOURS.



STEVEN GOLDBLATT '87

As part of the reorganization of Swarthmore's intercollegiate athletics program, which eliminated football and wrestling and made badminton a club sport, the Department of Physical Education and Athletics and administration have been taking deliberate steps to strengthen the 21 continuing sports.

In announcing the moves, President Alfred H. Bloom said the College's goal was to "more consistently offer student-athletes the quality of intercollegiate experience and the satisfaction they deserve."

The College is creating a new associate director of athletics position dedicated to the intercollegiate program. Reporting to Athletics Director Bob Williams, the associate director will provide support

College moves to strengthen athletics

for recruitment, act as a liaison to the Admissions Office, and supervise the day-to-day operations of the intercollegiate program. The new position is expected to be filled by next fall.

The department and the Admissions Office will continue to work closely to identify and recruit athletes for Swarthmore teams. Jim Bock '90, acting dean of admissions, said that the need to recruit "is the reality in all levels of intercollegiate sports in this new era—one we must acknowledge if we are to have a competitive program. Still, our athletics and admissions staffs admit athletes who are students who can thrive at Swarthmore and take advantage of the extraordinary academic opportunities available here."

In addition, the coaches of softball and baseball are being asked to increase their hours this spring to as close to full time as they are able, and the volleyball coach has agreed to work off-season to recruit for next fall. In addition, the department and administration

are working to further redefine coaching positions to ensure that each intercollegiate team has a full-time department member as head coach.

Athletic Director Bob Williams stressed that the increased time on campus will make a significant difference in the effort to integrate intercollegiate athletics more fully into campus life. "Coaches do an awful lot of counseling and work on student life issues," Williams said. "This change will bring the coaches closer to the College and help with their understanding of the overall mission of the school, which will, in turn, enable them to provide more support for our student-athletes."

The Athletics Review Committee (ARC), whose Dec. 2 recommendation to limit the number of recruited athletes to between 10 and 15 percent of each entering class began the reorganization, is devoting the next phase of its work to shaping a campus culture that offers greater appreciation for the contributions of student-athletes. "In consultation with students—both athletes and non-athletes—as well as representatives of the broader campus community, we plan to assess the current climate for student-athletes and develop strategies to make it what it should be," said Provost Jennie Keith, who chairs the ARC.

—Tom Krattenmaker

Alvanos takes job at Hamilton

Pete Alvanos, who coached Swarthmore football for three years before the program was eliminated in December, has accepted the job of head football coach at Hamilton College in Clinton, N.Y. Alvanos was also offered the head coaching job at Ursinus College, a team with a strong record in the same Centennial Conference as Swarthmore. Hamilton, on the other hand, had its last winning season in 1996. "I really enjoyed my three years here," Alvanos told the *Swarthmorean*. "I have no regrets [about] coming to Swarthmore and doing what was asked of us."

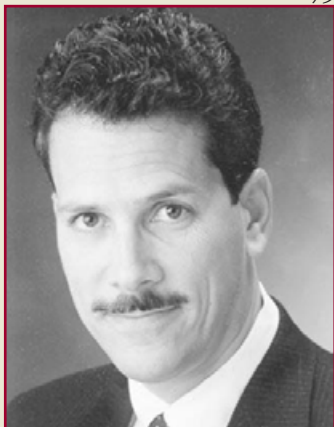
FOUR ELECTED TO BOARD OF MANAGERS

The Board of Managers elected four new members at its December meeting: Wilma Lewis '78, Carl Russo '79, Salem Shuchman '86, and Pamela Wetzels '52. Lewis, Russo, and Shuchman are term Managers; Wetzels is an alumni Manager. All will serve four-year terms. Lewis has a J.D. from Harvard Law School and is an attorney in the U.S. Attorney's Office for the District of Columbia. Russo is group vice president of Optical Networking at Cisco Systems in San Jose, Calif. Shuchman is a general partner at Patricof & Co. Ventures, Inc., in New York City. Wetzels lives in Austin, Texas, where she has been involved with numerous civic organizations.

Wilma Lewis '78



Carl Russo '79



Salem Shuchman '86



Pamela Wetzels '52



It was quite a season for Swarthmore women athletes. A record-setting performance in basketball was just one

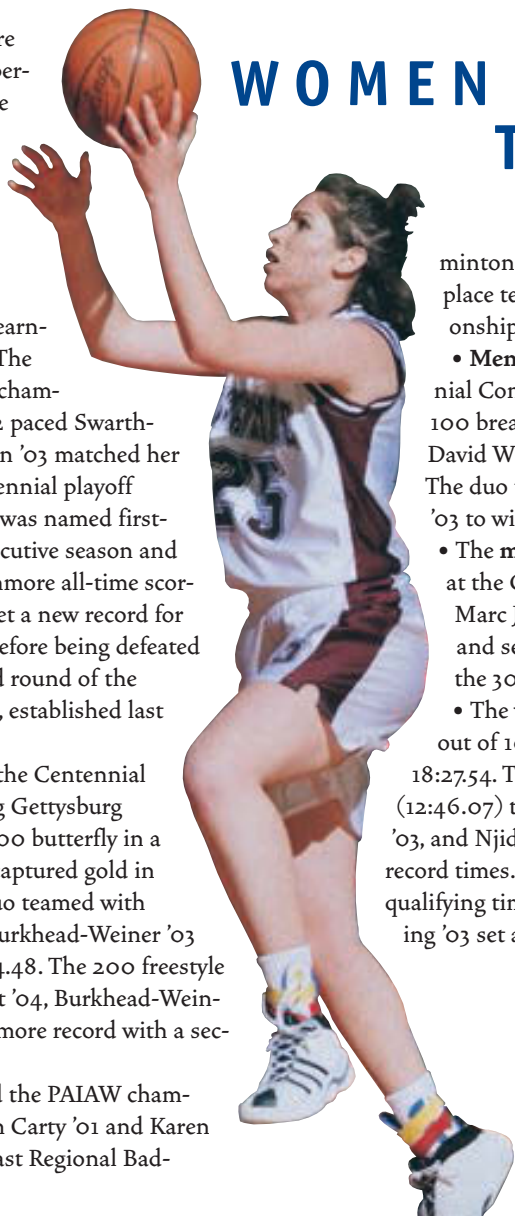
of three championships won by women's teams. Swimmers and badminton players also had outstanding seasons. Here are the highlights of a memorable winter for Garnet sports.

- **Women's basketball** (23–5) won its first-ever Centennial Conference title, earning a berth in the NCAA Tournament. The Garnet defeated Johns Hopkins in the championship game, 63–53. Heather Kile '02 paced Swarthmore with 22 points and Alison Furman '03 matched her career-high with 21 points with a Centennial playoff record-tying seven three-pointers. Kile was named first-team all-Centennial for the third consecutive season and moved into second place on the Swarthmore all-time scoring and rebounding lists. The Garnet set a new record for wins in a season, posting 23 victories before being defeated by Elizabethtown College in the second round of the NCAA tournament. The previous mark, established last season, was 14.

- **Women's swimming** (7–3) also won the Centennial Conference championship, outpointing Gettysburg 679–639. Alice Bonarou '02 won the 100 butterfly in a time of 59.67, and Natalie Briones '03 captured gold in the 100 breaststroke in 1:08.92. The duo teamed with Becca Howes-Mischel '01 and Davita Burkhead-Weiner '03 to capture the 400 medley relay in 4:04.48. The 200 freestyle relay team of Leah Davis '04, Tara Trout '04, Burkhead-Weiner, and Amy Auerbach '02 set a Swarthmore record with a second place finish in 1:41.69.

- The **badminton** team (7–0) captured the PAIAW championship. The doubles team of Siobhan Carty '01 and Karen Lange '02 placed second at the Northeast Regional Bad-

WOMEN TAKE THREE TITLES



minton Championships to lead the Garnet to a second-place team finish, earning a trip to the National Championships at Albright College.

- **Men's swimming** (3–6) finished third at the Centennial Conference championships. Ted Sherer '01 won the 100 breaststroke for the third consecutive season, and David Whitehead '03 captured the 100 butterfly in 52.80. The duo teamed up with Mike Dudley '03 and John Lillis '03 to win the 400 and 200 medley relays.

- The **men's indoor track and field** team placed 8th of 9 at the Centennial Conference Championships. Captain Marc Jeuland '01 won the 5000 in a time of 15:16.04 and set a school record with a second place finish in the 3000 (8:45.41).

- The **women's indoor track and field** team placed 5th out of 10. Joko Agunloye '01 won the 5000 in a time of 18:27.54. The 4 x 800 (9:50.25) and distance medley relay (12:46.07) teams of Agunloye, Sarah Jay '01, Claire Hoverman '03, and Njideka Akunyili '04 earned silver medals in school-record times. Jay set a school mark in the 1500 in a NCAA qualifying time of 4:45.30 to earn a bronze medal. Sarah Selling '03 set a school mark in the pole vault, clearing 6'8".

—Mark Duzenski

CENTER SARAH TUFANO '03 WAS NAMED SECOND-TEAM ALL-CENTENNIAL AND SET THE SINGLE SEASON RECORD FOR BLOCKED SHOTS.

JOHN FERKO

Music scholarship gets wired

Thrilled to find he had campus access to the on-line version of the *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (www.grovemusic.com), George Huber, performing arts librarian at the Underhill Music Library, immediately did a "full-text search" for Swarthmore. "We have 14 hits," he reports happily.

Since Sir George Grove published his dictionary in the late 19th century, it has become the ultimate resource in English for music scholarship. With the latest print edition, published in January, the series has expanded to 29 volumes and 25 mil-

lion words and retails for \$4,850.

But, as Huber points out, on-line access can be had for a \$300 annual fee—unless you happen to be at a place like Swarthmore, which offers it free. Among the Swarthmore "hits," you'll find alumni such as composer and humorist Peter Schikele '57; the late opera expert John Rosselli '46; Joseph Horowitz '70, music critic for *The New York Times*; and H.C. Robbins Landon, whose most recent book was *Mozart Essays*. Other Swarthmoreans who have contributed articles include Bill Gatens '73 (four) and James Freeman, professor of music and chair of the Music Department (three). You'll also find several people who taught at the College over the years, including Jane O'Leary, Paul Lansky, David Finko, Alfred Swan, Harrison Birtwistle, and Claudio Spies (in an article written by Robert Pollock '68).

—Cathleen McCarthy

FIVE ⁵SWARTHMORE POETS

Holahan

VOLTAGE

Ehrhart

Shaw

Zimet

Hofstadter

MUGGY

ATTIC



THOMAS GAVIN

SUSAN HOLAHAN '61

When was the last time you wrote a poem?

As a teenager and college student, I wrote reams of bad poetry. It's all still up there in my attic, and I cringe at the thought of running across that old carton of typescripts and journals. Would I read it? Of course—but I wouldn't want you to.

Even though I'm still a writer, I only rarely tackle the writing of a poem. My most recent was a love poem to my wife, written to accompany a gift a little more than a year ago. It produced a lump in our throats and a really nice hug, so I guess it was an emotional success, if not a literary triumph. But I'm mostly content to leave poetizing to the real poets.

Swarthmore has produced many poets, and surely they run the gamut from the gift-verse variety to the true artist. Ezra Pound once wrote that "most people poetize more or less, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three. The emotions are new, and to their possessor, interesting, and there is not much of mind or personality to be moved. As the man, as his mind, becomes a heavier and heavier machine, a constantly more complicated structure, it requires a constantly greater voltage of emotional energy to set it in harmonious motion."

These six Swarthmore poets still have the current running through them. Whether you wrote a poem last week or last year—or haven't tried one since you were 23—we hope you will enjoy their work.

—Jeffrey Lott

Holahan (called Randi Liff at Swarthmore) won the Peregrine Smith Poetry Competition for her first book of poems, *Sister Betty Reads the Whole You* (Gibbs-Smith, 1998). Her poems have been published in *Agni*, *Black Warrior Review*, *Crazyhorse*, *Seneca Review*, *The Women's Review of Books*, and many others; her fiction has been published in *American Short Fiction*, *Icarus*, and the anthology *Bitches and Sad Ladies*, among others. She holds a Ph.D. in English and a law degree from Yale University. She has taught writing at Yale and the University of Rochester, practiced law in Connecticut, worked as a restaurant reviewer and as an editor at *Newsday* and the Yale University Press. She now lives in East Middlebury, Vt., with her husband, the novelist Thomas Gavin.

Could Be Dyeing

—after Elijah Bemiss, *The Dyer's Companion*, 2nd ed., Massachusetts, 1815

TEASELS

On this low-color day with teasels of sun and the air a cool muggy
the dyer's only home companion
blanches. Across the street the school bus loiters.
Raise your own teasels, Bemiss says, and you have them
when you want them. Unlike children. Our Bemiss
kept his kids around
by pledging, for example: Use milk paint,
you sleep in the room the night you paint it. Today
I haul up to the attic the sagging footstool to hide before
Mother arrives. I never finished
the cushion I'm making [a mess of]
from a square of antique Turkoman to cover
the citron velvet she said spoiled the whole living room.
Now the son's gone again, I could use help moving furniture
when you stop back from where you ran off to

before the school bus lodged on Rockingham, panting,
 grumbling like the woman in the store last night who needed
 real junket, *Like what you get from a kosher deli.* She minced
 not a word about her kids demanding pudding
 then wheeled back
 to cathect to Bird's Custard, closer in colors to what
 she had on anyway than to the quince
 of my footstool. Did Mother say *disgusting?*

*FOR YELLOW DRAB: Take three quarters of a pound of fustick,
 two ounces madder, two ounces logwood, boil well; add one quarter
 pound of alum, run your cloth one hour; sadden with two ounces
 copperas and handle till your colour pleases.*

That not my color nor the footstool's
 will ever please Mother, no madder how much handling,
 could sadden me but I've dropped the moment
 through the attic stairs
 near where the twelve-foot light chain
 my kid hung last time he visited dangles. Bemiss. Some
 companion he turned out to be. A man
 who could promise Good Cider
 Easily Made as Bad never had kids. But. My sun
 has returned with crushed, soaked weeds and
 flowerheads more brown than fulvous yellow. I don't know
 what else I can ask from this life.

© Susan Holahan. First published in the *High Plains Literary Review*. From *Sister Betty Reads the Whole You*.



JEFF HURWITZ

W.D. EHRHART '73

W.D. Ehrhart is the author of seven books of poetry, the most recent of which is *Beautiful Wreckage: New & Selected Poems* (Adastra Press, 1999) as well as six books of prose essays and memoirs. His poems have been widely published in *American Poetry Review*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, *Poetry International*, *Poet Lore*, *Long Shot*, *Poetry Wales*, and many others. He has edited or co-edited four books of poetry about the Vietnam and Korean wars. A U.S. Marine Corps Vietnam veteran, he has worked as a merchant seaman, laborer, journalist, and teacher; visiting professor of war and social consequences at the University of Massachusetts–Boston; and writer-in-residence for the YMCA's National Writer's Voice Project. The recipient of a Pew Fellowship in poetry and grants in both poetry and prose from

WATERGATE

**FULVOUS
 YELLOW**

the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, he is currently a research fellow in American Studies for the University of Wales–Swansea and lives in Philadelphia with his wife, Anne, and daughter Leela. While maintaining his research fellowship and a busy speaking schedule, this spring, he's also teaching high school English at the Haverford School.

On the Eve of Destruction

The weekend Watts went up in flames,
 we drove from Fullerton to Newport Beach
 and down the coast as far as Oceanside,
 four restless teenaged boys three thousand miles
 from home, Bob Dylan's rolling stones
 in search of waves and girls and anyone
 who'd buy us beer or point us toward the fun.
 California. What a high. The Beach Boys,
 freeways twelve lanes wide, palm trees everywhere.
 And all the girls were blonde and wore bikinis.
 I'd swear to that, and even if it wasn't true,
 who cared? A smalltown kid from Perkasio,
 I spent that whole long summer with my eyes
 wide open and the world unfolding
 like an open road, the toll booths closed,
 service stations giving gas away.
 What did riots in a Negro ghetto
 have to do with me? What could cause
 such savage rage? I didn't know
 and didn't think about it much.
 The Eve of Destruction was just a song.
 Surf was up at Pendleton. The war in Vietnam
 was still a sideshow half a world away,
 a world that hadn't heard of Ia Drang or Tet,
 James Earl Ray, Sirhan Sirhan, Black Panthers,
 Spiro Agnew, Sandy Scheuer, Watergate.
 We rode the waves 'til two MPs
 with rifles chased us off the beach:
 military land. "Fuck you!" we shouted
 as we roared up Highway One, windows open,
 surfboards sticking out in three directions,
 thinking it was all just laughs, just kicks,
 just a way to kill another weekend,
 thinking we could pull this off forever.

© W.D. Ehrhart

FREEWAYS

FIVE ⁵ SWARTHMORE POETS

PETALS



FELIX L'ARMAND '90

ANGELA SHAW '90

Angela Shaw's poems have twice been included in the *Best American Poetry* anthology, in 1994 (edited by A.R. Ammons) and in 1996 (edited by Adrienne Rich), and won a Pushcart Prize in 1999. They have also been published in *Poetry*, *Seneca Review*, *Chelsea*, *Field*, *Indiana Review*, and others and have been anthologized in *The New Young American Poets* (Southern Illinois University Press, 2000). She was a 1998–99 Fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, Mass., and received a grant from the Constance Saltonstall Foundation for the Arts. She holds an

M.F.A. in writing from Cornell. She has taught English in Taiwan; headed a grants-giving organization; and, most recently, worked as a grants-writing consultant in Boston. She recently

decided to work full time on her poetry. She lives with her husband, Felix L'Armand '90.

NYLON

TONGUE

Crepuscule

Yellows cast their spells: the evening primrose shudders unclosed, sells itself to the sphinx moth's length of tongue. Again a lackluster husband doesn't show. A little missus

eases the burnt suffering of a catfish supper, undresses, slowly lowers into a lukewarm tub. In her honeymoon nightgown she rolls her own from the blue

can of Bugler, her lust a lamp the wick of which is dipped in sloe gin. Hands wander to her hangdog breasts, jaded Friday night underpants, hackneyed nylon in heat.

Now his black taxidermy outstares her, the stern heads of squirrel and deer. Now the house confesses, discloses her like a rumor, vague and misquoted. From the porch, from the glider she spies rose-

pink twilight flyers-sphinx moths drinking the calyx, the corolla, the stamen dry. The stuttering wings, the spread petals suggest an interlingual breathing, a beating

back of all false tongues. She thinks of the chaw lodged in his lip when he talks or her husband's middle finger in the snuff box and rubbed along his gum. She walks, wanting him, into the latter-

math, into the primrose, the parched field itching with critters. She walks, wanting and unwanting him while birds miss curfew into the thick of the thigh-high grass, craven and dangerous, in the heavy red.

By Angela Shaw. © *Poetry*, where "Crepuscule" was first published. Reprinted in *The Best American Poetry*, 1996.

KRISTIN CAMITTA ZIMET '69

Kristin Camitta Zimet's first book of poetry, *Take in My Arms the Dark* (Sow's Ear Press, 1999) was nominated for the Paterson Poetry Prize and the Library of Virginia Literary Award. Her poems have been published in *The Centennial Review*, *Now & Then*, *JAMA*, *Lullwater Review*, *Bogg*, and others and in several anthologies,

including *HomeWorks: A Book of Tennessee Writers* (University of Tennessee Press). She was nominated for a 2000 Pushcart Prize and has received awards from the Pen & Brush Club of New York, *Now & Then* magazine, *Appalachian Heritage*, Berea College, and the Poetry Society of America. A co-founder of the Appalachian



JOHN ZIMET

Center for Poets and Writers and the Coalition for Jobs and the Environment, she works as a naturalist, leading group hikes near where she lives in Winchester, Va.

TATTOO

Metamorphosis

(for Huggy-Bear, stockbroker turned Tattoo Master)

At the bottom-most switchback, groin of the watershed, some boggy turn of trail where tire welts and boot prints mash a labyrinth you cannot thread dryshod, you always hoped to see them congregate: sulphur, swallowtail, great spangled fritillary, unrolling long proboscises to suck piss-salted mud.

When war left most of your platoon
 face-down in jungle muck,
 each shriek remembered slid a needle
 hot under your skin, bled into you
 a cyanotic stain. Into your hands
 you took them first;
 beneath your fingers played
 a sharp tattoo of grief.

The more you saw flesh tatter on the wind,
 small shimmerings pinched out,
 the more you loved,
 the more you longed to shed
 tie, jacket, business shirt
 to give them opening to perch
 upon your matted arms, mountainous chest,
 and golden haunches.

Then from the floor of the exchange,
 the larval swarm of traders at their work,
 the tapeworm numbers reeling white
 out of the entrails of the stiff machines,
 your heart, infinitely scaled,
 pumping to full extension
 burst you forth. Now you bear
 the mark of all the lost ones

everywhere; they burn toward you,
 cling to your tropic heat,
 flex wings upon your breast;
 they quiver at your knee,
 fold in your elbow, fluttering
 thousands of nameless friends,
 your body the ground of their continuance,
 a silent requiem of butterflies.

© Kristin Camitta Zimet, from *Take in My Arms the Dark*

SULPHUR
SWALLOWTAIL

ABSTRACT



G. PAUL BISHOP

MARC ELIHU HOFSTADTER '67

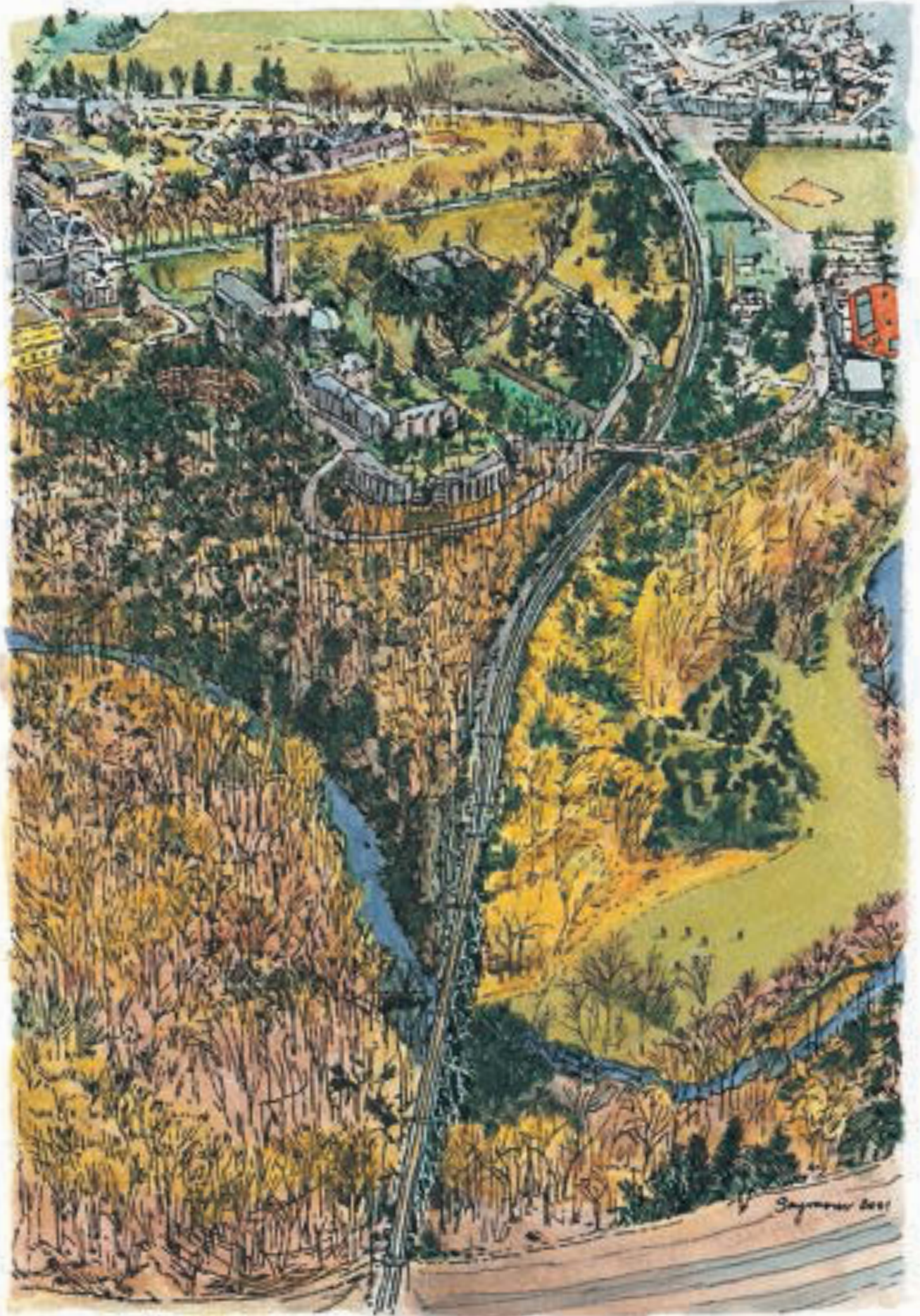
Marc Elihu Hofstadter majored in French at Swarthmore. He remembers “very little creative writing” but says one French professor in particular, also a poet, inspired him. He holds a Ph.D. in literature from the University of California (UC)—Santa Cruz, where he wrote a dissertation on the late poetry of William Carlos Williams. He taught at UC—Santa Cruz, the Université d’Orléans in France, and Tel Aviv University before going back to school at UC—Berkeley for a master’s in library and information studies. He works as a librarian for the San Francisco Municipal Railway. His poems and translations of the French poet Yves Bonnefoy have been published in *Exquisite Corpse*, *Pearl*, *The Malahat Review*, *Confrontation*, *Talisman*, *Berkeley Works*, and others and his essays in *Twentieth Century Literature*, *The Redwood Coast Review*, *Romance Notes*, and others. His first book of poems, *House of Peace* (Mother’s Hen Press) was published in 1999. He is a practicing Buddhist and lives in Oakland with his partner David Zurlin.

On Reading Frank O’Hara’s 1959 Book *Jackson Pollock* in 2000

When I first thumbed these still-glossy pages, Frank,
 your flesh was real and could quiver.
 I’d take the New Haven Local train to New York City
 to see the riotous abstract paintings at the Modern Museum,
 knowing nothing about the man who’d organized the shows.
 When I bought this book in the Museum store
 you were only an art scholar to me,
 not yet famous as a poet,
 and I was a kid—fourteen to your thirty-three.
 I wonder if I ever saw your broken nose in the lobby.
 If our eyes ever met.
 I like to fantasize, it’s fun, and besides
 I love you, so I can’t be blamed.
 Not as I love my lover, but you’re special to me, Frank.
 You were the blade’s edge, laughter in the street,
 sugar nuggets.
 You’re these to me now and spark my poems.
 I touch your pages forty-one years later
 and it’s a little like touching you.
 A gap of years still separates us, Frank. And death.
 But we’re getting closer.
 Someday we’ll have the same address.
 If you see me, wink. I’d be delighted.

© Marc Elihu Hofstadter

TRAIN



A WALK IN THE WOODS

The College Seems to Be Raising Its Crum Consciousness

By Susan Milius '75

Illustrations by Barbara Seymour '63

Roger Latham '83, who thinks a lot about such matters, has offered a tour of some of the most important parts of the Crum Woods.

I should be contemplating the nature of importance, but it's Friday, it's sunny, and it's a perfect unwind-in-the-woods afternoon. I find myself wondering how the late James Michener '29 would begin a sweeping epic called "Crum."

He could certainly reach back to the 17th century, when Swedes put up a fort not far away on Tinicum Island, and adventurous souls started settling along the creek. Today's name for it reportedly descends from their Cromkill or Crumkill, meaning "crooked creek." But why limit the action to the paltry centuries since European arrival? Pennsylvania state archives refer to earlier residents: the "Ockanickon" tribe.

Or why not go for the full Michener treatment, with swirling plasma lumping into a planet with eons of geologic wrinkling and crackling on its surface? He'd have a fair diversity of landscape to explain, as today's mostly mild-mannered creek slides by swamps, meadows, and steep hills. I check College holdings on Roger's map. The 140 wooded acres on the main campus crawl northward from the Yale Avenue bridge in the shape of a pudgy inchworm.

Roger, however, skips Michener's Big Bang and jumps to a modern Big Oops.

He taught plant ecology at the College during the late '90s, and, before he resigned to do environmental consulting, he analyzed the Crum's importance as a teaching resource and a biological community. He found that easily a dozen faculty members, from artists to zoologists, send from 150 to 300 students each year into the woods for class projects.

Roger identified six patches of particular ecological interest—just the start of a list, he says (see map, page 20). These gems



deserve particular attention, but if the College's woods are to keep their biological value for teaching, the place needs more protection from the ills of surrounding development. "Crum Woods are a priceless facility for education that is being allowed to deteriorate needlessly," Roger says. His point: This is one lab that can't be replaced. If bad management lets it degrade, the College can't build another Crum.

"I didn't really think anybody would read my report for months," Roger says. In just a few days, however, Larry Schall '75, College vice president for facilities and services, phoned.

Larry, too, had been analyzing the campus and the Crum as part of an overall strategy for planning for new facilities that the College will almost certainly need in the future. He was considering a proposal—since abandoned—to move some athletic fields to the far side of the creek and make them accessible by a foot bridge.

When they talked, Roger found that the bridge might be placed atop one of his six gems.

Larry, of course, had not declared war on ecologically valuable wetlands and did understand the teaching value of the woods. Some of his own formative experiences with fluid dynamics came from Professor Albur Rosenberg's "Physics for Poets" class excursions to watch leaves floating down the creek. Larry and Roger simply found an alternative place to put a footbridge, should anyone decide to build one.

This incident, among others, inspired a new committee to make sure right hands knew what left hands were up to and that all hands would shake on it. Several long-term advocates for the Crum have joined the effort, now chaired by Arthur McGarity, an environmental engineering professor who has been sending students to study the creek's water quality for the past 15 years. The College seems to be raising its Crum consciousness considerably.

ASK ANYBODY WHO SPENT
TIME AT SWARTHMORE, AND
THEY HAVE MEMORIES OF THE
CRUM—SOME SUNNY AND
SOME DARK.

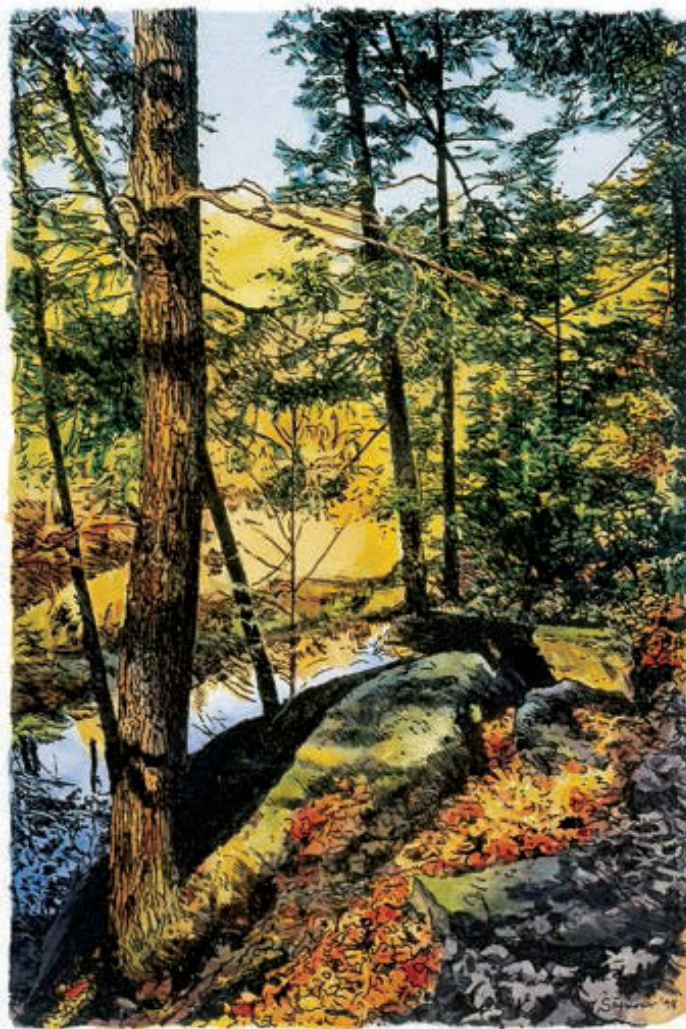
To show me what the fuss is about—both the good and the bad—Roger starts walking from DuPont Science Building parking lot. As the path drops down into the familiar dappled light and rustling woods, the shouting from the adjacent rugby field, the slamming of car doors and growling of motors, even the subsonic reproaches of the Cornell Science and Engineering Library fall away. Roger may be worrying about deterioration, but at first glance, the place looks great to me.

For one thing, it looks much more “the same” than a lot of places on campus. I haven’t been back much since I graduated, and today I’ve been fighting time-travel vertigo. (The steps down to the first floor of Martin look exactly the way they used to—my shoulders hunch—but then ... how can there be double doors right there? Where am I?) The Crum, thank heavens, still looks, smells, sounds like the Crum. I rejoice that some of the good things in life do withstand time.

I’m trying not to get too sappy about it all when Roger stops at an offshoot of the path, and there’s Alligator Rock. My determination never, ever to grow up to be a mumbling, dreamy-eyed nostalgia bore dissolves completely. Oh, Carolyn, Carolyn, do you remember? I can virtually see one of my beloved roommates perched there—the people of a lost world rush back, and long-gone escapades stream by.

Ask just about anybody who spent time at Swarthmore, and they have memories of the Crum, some sunny and some very dark. Freshman picnics, goofing off on a postcard-autumn Saturday, falling in love, ingesting substances not approved by the FDA, trying to outwalk misery or find privacy for despair, wavering along the Crum-crossing log to explore the ruins on the other side, cheering as misguided Regatta optimists try to paddle a mattress faster than equally misguided sailors on duct-taped recycling containers, skinny-dipping at midnight, encountering local flashers, huffing upward along some of the worst of geology’s bad jokes on cross-country runners....

Roger, a gentleman as well as a scholar, has been silently evaluating tree spacing in the middle distance. I step sheepishly back into the present.



My tumble into lost time illustrates one of the ironies of the campaign to protect the Crum. There’s a lot of nostalgia and affection for these woods. That’s hardly a problem. What Roger and like-minded fans protest is the pervasive attitude that we all have more urgent problems, and that overall the Crum can take care of itself.

Not so, he says. For one thing, so many people now use the woods that agendas easily clash. Roger describes a trip-up with even one of his cherished allies, the Scott Arboretum. One day, he noticed Scott volunteers clustering at the base of a giant tulip tree behind Lang Music Building. Strolling closer, he was horrified to find that, on orders from Arboretum Director Claire Sawyers, they had already fatally hacked one of the oldest and largest lianas in the Crum.

Roger describes it at as “a great, hairy serpent” of a vine that snaked high into the tree with a dark fringe of above-ground roots. It had reached

sexual maturity, so Roger could point out flowers many students had never seen; in the fall, great billows of foliage wowed his students with sports-car red. A year after its destruction, he’s not entirely reconciled to its loss.

Claire, however, has told me her version of the incident, and she remains convinced the liana had to go. It was poison ivy, for heaven’s sake. It may not have grown directly beside the path, but the tree loomed near enough; she worried about the many visitors to such a highly traveled spot. And, each year, the vine ripened enough fat little berries to start plenty more poison ivy.

Claire cringes at the thought of airing the story. But no, I don’t dismiss Roger as some reckless nutso or her as a vandal. Instead, I think they’ve both hit on a great example of the difficulties and the need for a comprehensive strategy for living with the Crum.

As I follow Roger along the slope, we come across signs of what he and Claire agree counts as a major menace to the Crum: erosion. It figures in a report on woodland issues that Claire has hauled out to show me. Written by environmental consultants Andropogon Associates of Philadelphia, the text begins: “The most significant source of damage in Crum Creek woods, without question, is excessive storm water runoff and the erosion sedimentation that it causes.” They warn that so much building on the campus, so many

paved walkways, parking lots, and impervious roofs send water sluicing down the steep hill, gouging the trails, and cutting gullies. And that, Claire points out, started in 1988. Now, there's even more campus development to shed water.

Arboretum volunteers and College grounds crews have been fighting these trends. Roger points along the high edge of the slope to beams staked as check dams, and more beams lie across the trails as speed bumps and diverters for the runoff. He pauses to nudge a beam that has slipped askew, and I see a miniravine, a few inches deep, snaking around the beam's edge. Soil saving on such a steep hillside demands constant vigilance.

As we follow the path behind Lang Music Building, we come to a megaravine. If I clambered down its muddy sides, squeezing among the tree limb and brush erosion barriers that crews have built, I would disappear below ground level. I'm not exactly a towering hulk, but an erosion gully deep enough to swallow even a nonhulk seems too deep to me. As for power of runoff, I'm now convinced.

Working our way down to the water, we find a good illustration of another menace to the Crum: aliens.

Roger gestures westward across the creek to another of his prime pedagogical spots. He has led students to this grove of trees and points out there's basically one species. No other trees mingle, and virtually nothing grows underneath. What causes this distribution? Roger asks the students.

"The students guess that it's something like a toxic waste dump," he says. Rarely does someone figure out we're standing among botanical bullies. The trees, Norway maples, are spreading throughout North America, crowding out other species with the ruthlessness of a sci-fi alien invasion. And no, Roger says, no one has demonstrated how Norway maples manage to do this, though his students have done some great projects testing ideas such as killer shade.

Claire also worries about invasive species. She's organized a SWAT team of volunteers who work their way through key parts of the Crum during winter, wrestling out Norway maples. To appreciate the volunteers' progress as well as the challenge they face, Claire advises walking down to the Crum's edge in fall.

THERE'S A LOT OF NOSTALGIA
AND AFFECTION FOR THESE
WOODS. BUT THERE'S ALSO
THE ATTITUDE THAT WE HAVE
MORE URGENT PROBLEMS,
AND THE CRUM CAN
TAKE CARE OF ITSELF.

Native maples flare bright yellow early in the season, but Norway's stay green for weeks longer. The near side of the Crum with most of the College buildings, where crews have labored for several years, looks calendar fall-colorful. The far side, however, sports so many still-green Norway maples, it could be a woodland in a different season.

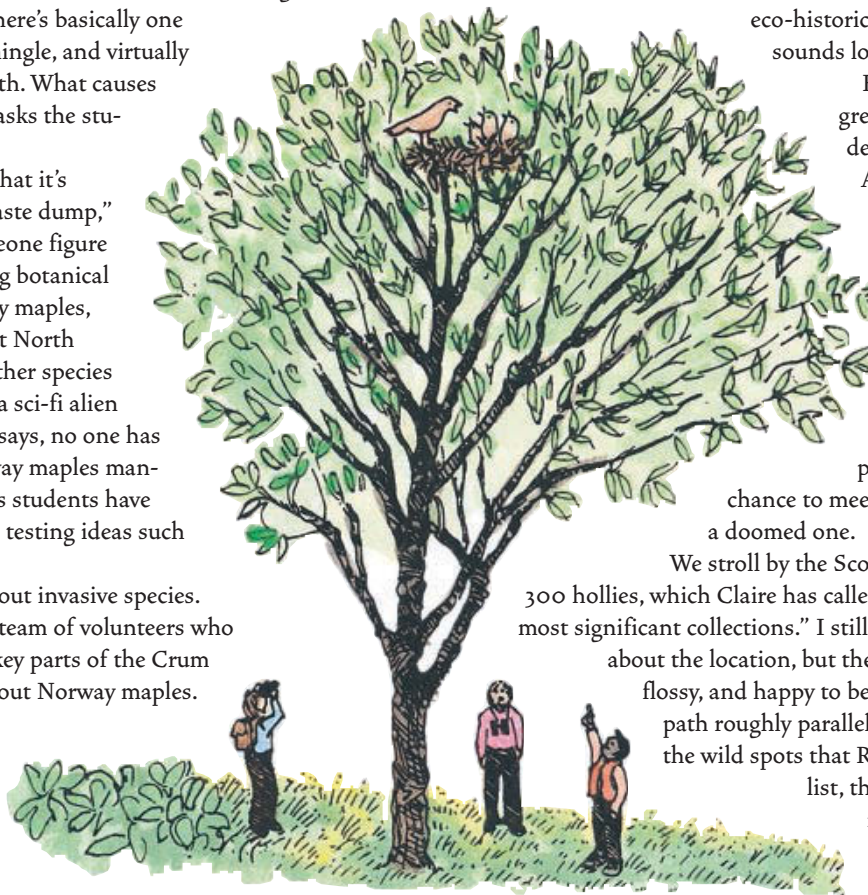
Norway maples top Roger's list of most alarming aliens, but he adds others (see "Threats to the Crum," page 23). Already, these as well as less virulent takeover artists have, to some degree, infiltrated about half the woodland acreage, he warns. Instead of the rich mosaic of plant communities now patchworked over the landscape, the woods could end up dominated by fewer species or, to use Roger's words, "simplified and impoverished."

Roger has led the way into Crum Meadow, and, after so much talk about menaces to the Crum, it's a pleasure to hear what treasures remain. Roger gestures across the water toward roughly four acres he calls Trillium Slope. Alien species are creeping in, but the slope still offers a glimpse of what pre-European woodland probably looked like in southeastern Pennsylvania. In spring, before the trees leaf out, native wildflowers burst out to take advantage of their few weeks of full sun, and dozens of trilliums dot the slope. Of great eco-historical value it may be, but it also sounds lovely.

He gestures toward other great spots to show to students, including a real American chestnut on the far side of the creek. It's a sprout of one of the giants that perished when a blight swept through the country earlier this century, and the sprout's prognosis does not look promising. Few people still alive have had a chance to meet a living chestnut tree, even a doomed one.

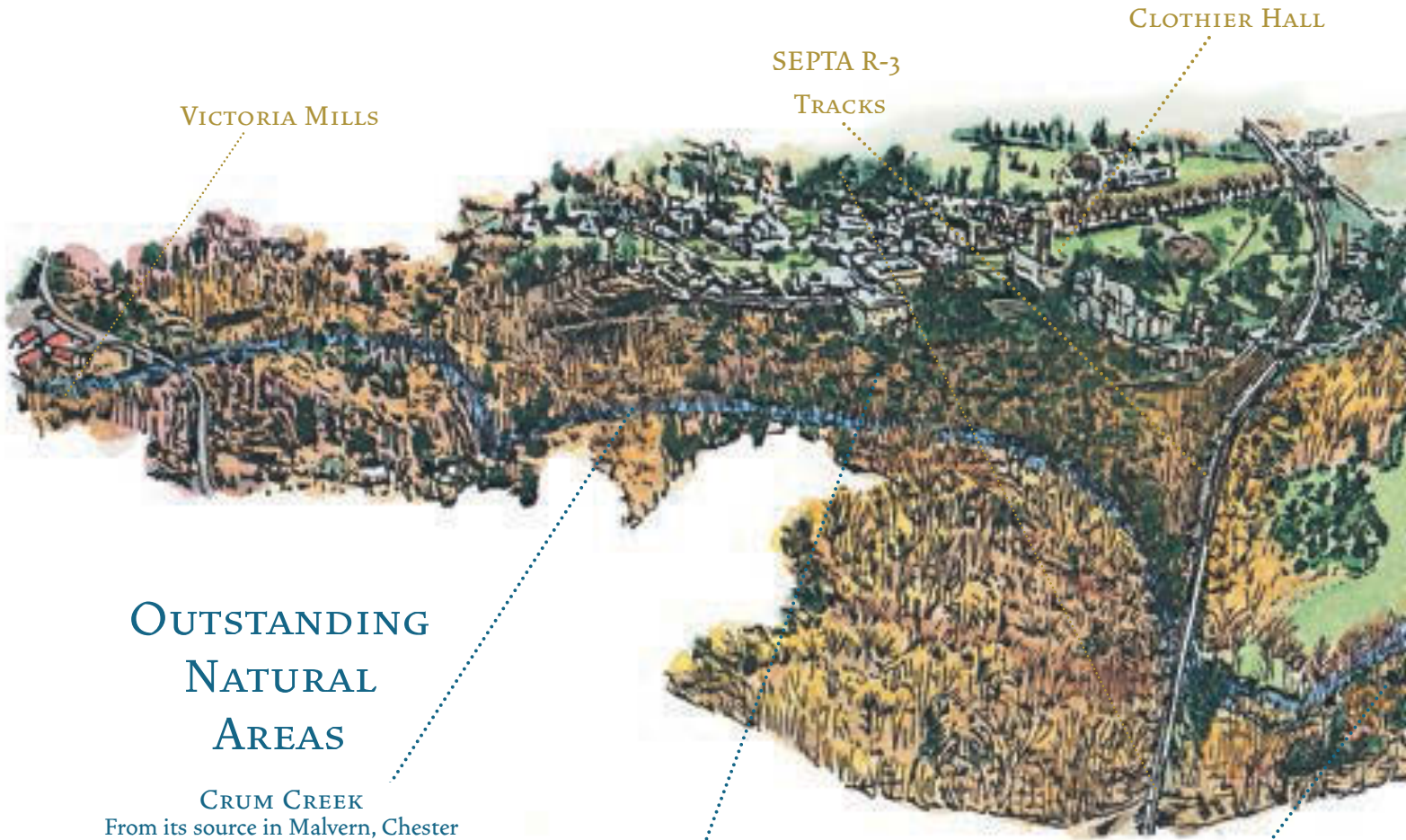
We stroll by the Scott Arboretum's array of some 300 hollies, which Claire has called "one of the arboretum's most significant collections." I still hear debate among alumni about the location, but the trees certainly look fat, flossy, and happy to be there. Then we follow a path roughly parallel to the creek, toward one of the wild spots that Roger has put on his gems list, the marshy hollow that had a near-miss with a bridge-builder's back hoe.

Out here on a sunny



THE CRUM WOODS OF SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

A Map by Barbara Seymour '63



OUTSTANDING NATURAL AREAS

CRUM CREEK

From its source in Malvern, Chester County, to its confluence with the Delaware River between Ridley Park and Eddystone, 4 miles downstream from Swarthmore, Crum Creek runs 22.5 miles, draining a watershed of some 38 square miles—an area almost twice the size of Manhattan Island.



© RHODA MAURER

ALLIGATOR ROCK

This outcropping of Wissahickon schist along the main path to the creek is a favorite spot for picnics, trysts, and contemplation.



TERRY WILD

TRILLIUM SLOPE

Three species of trillium are found in the woods: white trillium (*T. grandiflorum*), purple trillium (*T. erectum*), and the yellowish-green toadshade (*T. sessile*). Shown here is the *grandiflorum*, which fades to pink after blooming.



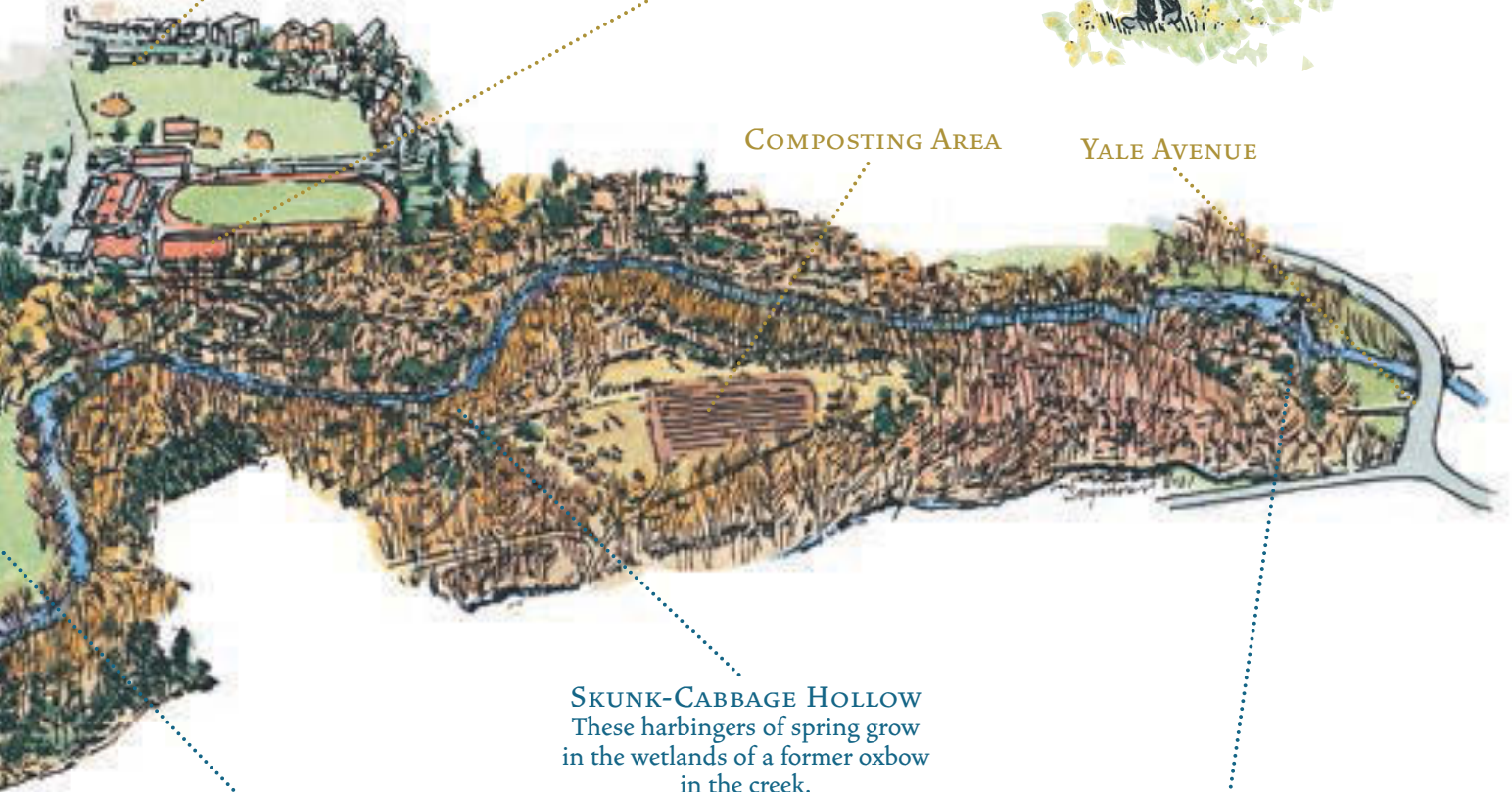
SCOTT ARBORETUM

THE VILLE OF SWARTHMORE

COLLEGE ATHLETIC FACILITIES

COMPOSTING AREA

YALE AVENUE



CRUM MEADOW AND CRUMHENGES
Though they look like remnants of a lost civilization, these stones were placed in the Crum Meadow in the late 1980s. The entire meadow covers about five acres.

SKUNK-CABBAGE HOLLOW
These harbingers of spring grow in the wetlands of a former oxbow in the creek.

SOUTHERN RED OAK
At the extreme northern border of its range, southern red oaks hide among the tulip poplars and other species. They may be the last survivors of an ancient stand.



CLAIRE SAWYERS



TERRY WILD



ELELTHERIOS KOSTANS



THE NEARNESS OF THE WOODS
 ALLOWS AT LEAST A DOZEN
 FACULTY MEMBERS AND
 HUNDREDS OF STUDENTS TO
 DRAW, PAINT, COUNT BIRDS,
 CHECK WATER QUALITY,
 AND STUDY PLANTS IN THE
 CRUM EACH YEAR.

Out here on a sunny afternoon, the Crum seems roomy enough for the whole peaceable kingdom plus a soccer field or two besides. However, that's just the luxurious illusion of a Friday rambler, according to Larry Schall. From his perspective, as the person who must find places for more and more activities while preserving that rolling green open feeling, Larry says, "the College has a very limited amount of land."

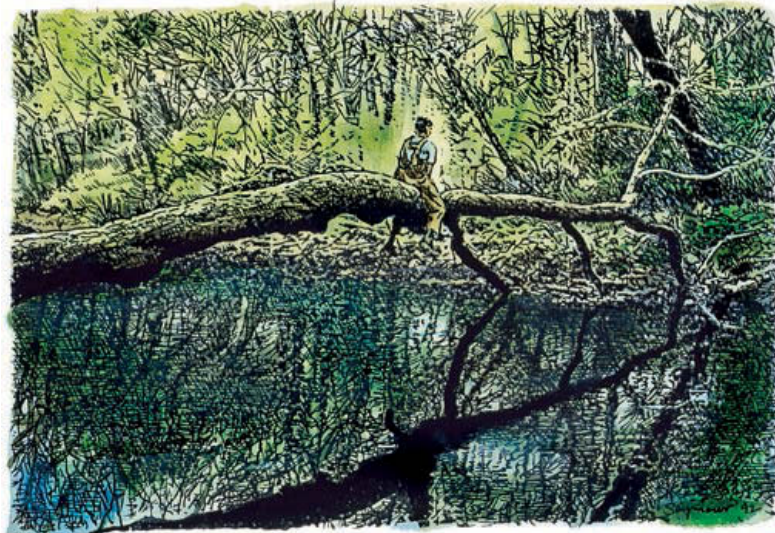
Why the continued pressing demands? For one thing, the nature of teaching has changed, says Larry. Today's curriculum puts more emphasis on student projects, original research, real fieldwork.

That means Larry has to find more lab space, more room for computers, and so on. Courses also expand to keep up with the times. "We're not just teaching French, German, and Latin; we're teaching Chinese," Larry points out. "There's an environmental studies concentration." Such innovations not only need space themselves, but, because of their economics, they inch up student enrollment. During the past 50 years, the student body has grown 50 percent, to about 1,360.

To Claire, the future of the woods is more than a matter of numbers. For years, she says, the College thought of the Crum as leftover, unbuildable land and therefore less important than the acreage at the top of the hill. It's not just the educational potential of the woods that concerns her; they have intrinsic natural value, like a rain forest or a coastal wetland. Their true educational value is to teach environmental stewardship, she says, and Swarthmore ought to model that behavior.

In recent years, she's been encouraged by the willingness of the College to consider the well-being of the woods and watershed when planning new projects. The arboretum has followed the Andropogon recommendations "within the limits of our resources," but stormwater runoff and erosion are continuing problems, she says.

Yet in the next five years, the College will find room for a net expansion of 60,000 square feet of the science facilities and add a new residence hall. "We don't have any intention of building in the woods," Larry says. However, he's getting low on open space, and the idea of eventually moving some athletic fields to the far side of the creek might come up again someday.



If and when that happens, here's one spot where the footbridge to the fields will not go, Roger says. We've reached Skunk-Cabbage Hollow, familiar to generations as the marshy spot along the woods route to Mary Lyon. Janet Williams of the Biology Department, who tracks avian matters in the Crum, has told Roger this is the best place to see migrating birds resting up for the next leg of their journey.

Roger is fond of the spot for its trees. He points across the creek toward a stand of the regionally rarest species known in the Crum so far: southern red oaks at the extreme

northern rim of their range. These may be the last survivors of an ancient stand. He also points out a substantial tree with smooth gray bark sporting occasional clusters of nightmarish spines, each several inches long with wicked zig-zags and multiple prongs. Nurseries around the country sell varieties derived from a spineless mutant of this native honey locust tree, and many of Roger's students have never met the untamed version.

The poor skunk-cabbages themselves have a lot more charm than

their name bespeaks, and I remember them fondly for their optimistic blooming in gloomy midwinter. For each improbable blossom, a pear-shaped outer covering, slightly glossy like dark streaked plastic, pokes several inches through the snow.

Roger turns the conversation to the Crum as an outdoor laboratory. He's accumulated quite a list of teachers who use this great resource: Randall Exon as well as other studio art professors take their drawing and painting classes outside. Sara Hiebert '79, who teaches animal physiology and does much of her research on hummingbirds, finds many instructive creatures, including native ruby-throated hummingbirds. Professor of Biology Rachel Merz has guided students in her biomechanics seminar through individual research projects on such marvels as the waterstriders that scuttle along the top of the creek.

I've talked to Janet and Tim Williams '64, who revived the ornithology program on campus, starting in 1976. With the burgeoning development in the region, "the Crum is extremely important," Tim says. The bird checklist they hand out to students reports past sightings of bald eagles migrating and great horned owls nesting. It's the only place in the Swarthmore area they've

seen pileated woodpeckers. These big redheads with pile-driver beaks are not really the size of a pterodactyl but can still give a casual hiker quite a start on a lucky day.

The creek itself contributes mightily to the bird quality of the woods, Tim says. For example, he and Janet are able to show students wood ducks, “probably the most spectacular of our native ducks,” nesting in logs near the water’s edge. A really lucky class gets to see ducklings leave their log nest with free-fall plops into water if the nest permits. A hard landing is OK too, Williams hastily assures me. “They bounce.”

The less charming parts of the Crum also have their value, according to Colin Purrington, assistant professor of biology, who teaches plant physiology. “It’s really wonderful to have a field site right outside my laboratory, so I send my students there to learn the fun of field biology. On good days, they return to the lab with stories featuring poison ivy, nettles, and mosquitoes,” Purrington says. “But, on bad days, they tell how their experiments were ruined by foraging deer and flash floods, or both.” Purrington says he’ll keep sending them out there.

The nearness of the woods makes fieldwork so much easier at Swarthmore than at schools that must transport students to woods reserves at some distance from the campus. Those schools, by the way, include Bowdoin, Grinnell, Oberlin, Vassar, and Williams.

As Roger and I make our way out of the woods, I think about the alumni who have sent me such vivid memories of the Crum. (See the *Bulletin* Web site for a sample.) There’s extracurricular high jinx, some of it printable, but there are also bits of up-close learn-

ing that have endured for years. I easily think of three people who e-mailed me about botanizing in the Crum for some long-ago class. The most distant of these reminiscences (see *Bulletin* Web site), complete with Latin name and ecological context, seemed as well preserved as any botanical specimen—71 years later.

As the light fades, Roger and I end up (where else) in the Scott Amphitheater. Roger’s own graduating class faced the dreaded rain for Commencement and the resulting folding chairs in the field house. At the last minute, his class procession went AWOL en masse, leaving family and friends in suspense indoors. The Class of 1983 marched uphill into the soggy, drippy amphitheater, and President David Fraser proclaimed them graduates on the spot. Then they retired to dry ground for individual handshakes and diplomas.

Part of the power of any place comes from the strength with which it pulls at our heartstrings, and the Crum has pulled long and hard today. In the gathering darkness, it seems to me more a symbol than a place—a marker of some powerful aspect of Swarthmore and my education there, where the head and the heart came together, an experience, a memory, a walk in the woods.

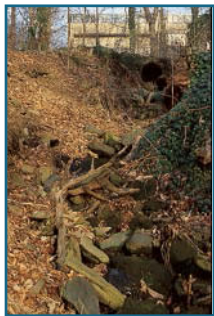
Then I remember something else about symbolism that speaks to the potential of the College and its precious Crum: “The best way to teach stewardship,” Roger said, “is by example.” ☞

Susan Milius '75, a former Scott Foundation intern, writes for Science News, a weekly news magazine about science and research.

THREATS TO THE CRUM

Threats to the Crum Woods include both man-made problems and botanical invaders, including species from other parts of the world—or even from different ecosystems in North America.

- **Common reed** (*Phragmites australis*)—Very aggressive reed that forms clumps with great feathery tan tops



EROSION

- **English ivy** (*Hedera helix*)—Smothering creeper that does not stay on those ivied halls. (Actually, ivy attacks buildings, too.) Volunteers work to remove it from trees.

- **Erosion**—Development on campus creates



TERRY WILD

GRAFFITI

and a spike of white flowers; monopolizes habitats of such beloved spring favorites as Dutchman’s britches and trilliums

- **Goutweed** (*Aegopodium podagraria*)—Eurasian perennial herb that escapes gardens to form swaths of invasive, jagged-edged foliage; leaving even a small piece of root when trying to dig out a patch renews the invasion.

- **Graffiti**—Painted on rocks and carved on trees, graffiti and other forms of vandalism are age-old problems in the woods.

more runoff, causing erosion on the slopes leading to the creek. The gully behind the Lang Music Building is nearly 6 feet deep.

- **Garlic-mustard** (*Alliaria petiolata*)—Biennial member of the mustard family with coarse leaves

- **Japanese knotweed** (*Polygonum cuspidatum*)—An East Asian member of the buckwheat family that can shoot higher than 10 feet

- **Lesser celandine** (*Ranunculus ficaria*)—Eurasian buttercup with tubers that sprout low glossy leaves in forbidding patches, well before native spring flowers try to take advantage of early-season sunlight

- **Multiflora rose** (*Rosa multiflora*)—Can climb or grow freestanding into an airy, prickly shrub



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NORWAY MAPLES

- **Norway maple** (*Acer platanoides*)—European tree whose dense shade creates “Norways-only” zones. Removal is the only way to fight the invader.

—S.M.

More Than 15 Seconds of Fame

GAME SHOW CONTESTANTS WIN BIG—
BEYOND MONEY AND NATIONAL ATTENTION

By Andrea Hammer



MARIA MELIN/ABC

Final Answer?

Question: Put these office supplies in the order that they were created, starting with the earliest:

- Answers:** A. Xerox photocopy machine
B. Post-it notes
C. Pocket calculator
D. Liquid paper

As one of the “fastest-finger” contestants trying to land in the “hot seat” on *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?* William Berry '73 punched in “A-D-C-B” with confidence.

“I ... sat back, pretty sure I had gotten it right and wondered if anyone else had, too,” he said. “When the results went up on the board, and mine was the only name in green, it was an astounding moment—a moment of pure, unadulterated triumph and of excitement about what might happen in the next half hour.” The show was taped for about two hours on Feb. 24, 2000, and was edited to about 45 minutes for airing on March 1, 2000.

Berry, who lives in Norcross, Ga., with wife Roberta Eck Berry '76 and their three sons, discovered the show by accident one night. “After watching it for about 10 minutes, I thought, ‘This is right up my alley—I have to try to get on this.’” His family down-

loaded the 30 pages of rules from the Web that evening.

An avid lifetime reader who has edited approximately 30 books during the past 5 years, Berry continued to read a “wide range of topics” after graduating from the College. “My favorite thing at Swarthmore was the great McCabe Library and its glorious open stacks. I gobbled down as much of its contents as I could and have been building on that foundation ever since,” he said.

With a “sticky memory” for “detailed knowledge”—a phrase that Berry finds more accurate and complimentary than the dismissive word “trivia”—the political science major tested his spongelike absorption of details. Berry started calling the *Millionaire's* toll-free number nightly; after as many as 40 busy signals and redials, he persisted and successfully connected with the show's computer to answer three questions correctly to qualify for the second round. “Making the nightly call became a fun game for the whole family. After each one, Tommy (then 10) and Richie (then 6) would yell, ‘How'd you do?’ and I would say, ‘I got 'em all right!’ or ‘Aw, I missed the third one,’ and we'd go over each question.”

Berry was determined to keep making nightly calls; after calling in 15 times and answering all 3 questions right 8 times, he made it through the random drawing into the second round twice. For this

BILL BERRY MADE IT TO THE “HOT SEAT” ON *WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE?* AND WON \$64,000. HE SAID THAT REGIS PHILBIN TOOK EXTRA CARE TO LEARN CONTESTANTS' NAMES, WHICH HE FOUND “TOUCHING.”

round, he was playing against 480 people for the 10 spots on a scheduled show. Berry now had to answer 5 questions correctly, each within 10 seconds.

"The first question was an easy giveaway, but the last four were pretty tough," Berry recalled. "One was: 'Put the following four countries in geographic order from north to south: A. Nicaragua; B. Belize; C. Panama; and D. Honduras.' I was able to answer this one only because I had, about two decades earlier, read a magazine article about Americans living in Belize that described the country as 'tucked up against Mexico,' so I assumed it was the northernmost of the four, which it is. Another was: 'Place the following four tennis players in the order in which they first won the men's singles Wimbledon championship, from earliest to latest: A. Pete Sampras; B. John Newcombe; C. Andre Agassi; and D. Arthur Ashe. The tricky thing about this one is that Agassi won the year before Sampras started his great run."

Berry felt optimistic about all of his responses, so he wasn't shocked when an associate producer called about an hour later with the good news. As a stay-at-home father earning a part-time income while his wife completed four years of full-time graduate study, Berry was thrilled to tell his family about the *Millionaire* opportunity.

In keeping with the free phone calls, all travel expenses for the New York taping were paid by the producers. The contestants arrived on the previous afternoon for a brief orientation at the show's rented hotel suite. At 8 a.m. the next morning, they were bussed a short distance to the studio, where they were always accompanied by security-conscious staff.

After another orientation tour of the set, each of the contestants practiced walking to and sitting in the hot seat—acutely aware that only two or three would have the actual experience, whereas the others would leave with a souvenir T-shirt and \$150 for expenses. Before the taping, the contestants also sat in their assigned semi-circle seats at the edge of the set and played five practice games. "The questions were all quite easy, and I was always a second to a second and a half behind the fastest contestants, which concerned me a bit," Berry said.

With resolve just to focus on correct answers rather than speed, Berry developed a successful strategy. After winning the fastest-finger question, he was given a few minutes to calm down from the rush of adrenaline and emotion during a break. "All I remember of those first couple of minutes after shaking hands with Regis was jumping up and down—literally—in the entranceway between the audience risers, shouting, 'I can't believe it! A week ago, I was punching numbers on the phone on my kitchen counter, and now I'm going to be in the hot seat!' All the while, a nice young show staffer stood smiling at my side, repeating, in a very reassuring manner, 'Yes, yes, that's right, you did great; you're going to do great.'" Once in the "hot seat," Berry felt that he was in his "natural arena." He was relaxed and comfortable, feeling none of the tension of the fastest-finger rounds. "I felt like I was finally playing a game on my home court; I never wanted to leave. I felt like Ted Williams

at the plate: You throw 'em; I'll hit 'em." And Berry did exactly that, progressing to the \$32,000 level by knowing that Dr. Kenneth Cooper coined the word "aerobics" in 1968 and that Anna Sui and Michael Kors are fashion designers—not Nobel Prize winners, classical musicians, or modern dancers.

Berry said: "The \$64,000 question was tough for me; it asked what a hockey player named Craig MacTavish had been the last NHL player to do. After burning my last two lifelines, I made an educated guess that he was the last NHL player to play without a helmet, which was correct. The \$125,000 question asked how Dr. Doolittle got his ability to talk to the animals. I didn't have any

idea, was out of lifelines, was facing three plausible answers, and, with

\$64,000 in hand, was quite risk averse; so I retired on that one."

After the show, Berry mostly felt relief that he did not "mess up" and happiness that he had "come through" for his family. Now, look-

ing back, Berry's *Millionaire* experience has

also washed away any sense of previous "missed opportunities." He said, "Every bad break I might have had in my life has been more than outweighed by this; I end up in life being, to my surprise, a very lucky fellow. Even more, I see that in a life taken as a whole, luck doesn't matter: I see that luck does happen—some good, some bad—but that in the arc of a long life, the breaks pretty much even out, and your entire life course ends up approximating rather closely what you actually are. You are what you are, not what happens to you."

Since his appearance on the show, three strangers have recognized him. When he deposited the prize check, which will actually amount to about \$40,000 after taxes, it caused a "minor uproar" at Berry's bank. Now, the bank personnel smile and greet him by name. Every time he deposits a check, the funds are immediately available rather than the five days he previously had to wait for a check to clear. "No huge deal but nice," he said.

"For myself, it's given me a boost in confidence. I wouldn't say that it's justified my life, but it has, in a sense, justified my *approach* to life, which has involved spending a lot of time gathering knowledge for no immediate, careerist purpose," added Berry, who ranks this high point right behind his marriage and the birth of his three children.

By appearing on the *Millionaire* show, Berry fulfilled a lifelong dream that was first inspired by Swarthmore's *College Bowl* team. "One of the reasons I chose to attend Swarthmore was that its *College Bowl* team, led by Nancy Bekavac '69, was spectacularly good in the 1968–69 season, winning five consecutive shows and retiring undefeated. I can still hear the moderator calling out, 'Swarthmore, Bekavac!' over and over again," Berry said.

When he arrived at Swarthmore, Berry inquired about getting on the *College Bowl* team and was disappointed to find out that the show had gone off the air. "Thus, appearing on the *Millionaire* show allowed me to revisit and fulfill a desire so old that I had forgotten it had existed, which made the experience even sweeter than it would otherwise have been."

**"IN
A LIFE TAKEN AS A WHOLE,
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RATHER CLOSELY WHAT YOU ACTUALLY ARE.
YOU ARE WHAT YOU ARE, NOT WHAT
HAPPENS TO YOU."**

Undeafated Champions

Question: What is the most valuable in “When I was one and twenty....”?

Answer: “Guineas.”

Nancy Bekavac '69, the captain of Swarthmore's *College Bowl* team, interrupted with the correct response. “I'd memorized the poem when I was about 10,” she said, still reciting: “When I was one and twenty / I heard a wise man say / Give crowns and pounds and guineas / But not your heart away.”

Bekavac, now the president of Scripps College in Claremont, Calif., and a Swarthmore Board member, was an English major and aspiring poet at the time. “It always seemed to me that those questions, and some others, were practically designed for the way my mind works.” Even though Bekavac initially

did not want to try out for the

College Bowl team,

Professor Charles Raff,

the coach, bugged

her to do so by

repeatedly mention-

ing her overdue

Descartes paper for his

Modern Philosophy seminar.

“I didn't want to try out at all—I was

sort of embarrassed that ‘general knowledge’ was always

my strength, as opposed to knowing something that was useful.”

In high school, Bekavac tried to appear “normal” as a cheerleader and yearbook editor. “Like all bright American teenagers, I had to find a way to be and a role for myself at a time—even in the Dark Ages—when being ‘popular’ or athletic or, for girls, ‘cute’ was given a much higher value than knowing who Belisarius was,” she said of the Byzantine general who lived around 505 to 565.

Bekavac's experiences at Swarthmore, where women were expected to be intelligent and do their best, were pivotal—allowing her to come out from under cover. “Certainly, the experience of meeting real intellectuals who were women—Dean Susan Cobbs, Professor Susan Snyder, Professor Helen North, Professor Nan Keohane—was a huge influence. Then, when I went to law school [at Yale, where she first met Bill and Hillary Clinton and was later appointed chair of the Commission on White House Fellowships in 1993] and found a profession where gobs of random knowledge ... could help in a case, I realized I'd found an outlet for lots of things. But not all,” she said.

“I wanted what I knew (bits of poetry, numbers theories, names of Renaissance preachers and divines, the Krebs Cycle) to help me do something more important. It turns out that being president of a small college is the thing—from breakfast talks on NCAA athletics to African proverbs to interviews with biochemist candidates or French intellectual historians, my grab bag of data enlarges my sympathies and makes the day more interesting,” said Bekavac, who was formerly the executive director of the Thomas J. Watson Foundation. She was also a recipient of a \$6,000 Watson fellow-



COURTESY OF FRIENDS HISTORICAL LIBRARY

ship in 1969–70 that enabled her to travel the world—from Western Europe to Russia, Yugoslavia, Israel, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, and Nepal—and write poetry. Bekavac also went to South Vietnam, where she worked for two months as a stringer for *Metromedia News* and *Catholic Welfare News*.

Even in the midst of the 1960s turmoil of Vietnam, the civil rights movement, and the farmworkers labor dispute, Bekavac and *College*

Bowl teammates Michael

Hattersley '69, now a writer in

Provincetown, Mass.; Michael Miller '69, a

deputy planning director for the state government in Napa, Calif.; and William Holt '70, an orthopedic surgeon in Quincy, Ill., kept their perspective on what really mattered—despite their national exposure and success as five-time winners who retired undefeated.

The *College Bowl* members decided to donate their \$19,500 winnings to a scholarship fund in memory of then-President Courtney Smith, who died from a heart attack after a *College* sit-in—halfway through their five television appearances. “We thought a scholarship in his name was absolutely the right thing. We didn't know what to say to all those people who had loved him, so we hoped that the scholarship would express how we felt and help someone else study at Swarthmore, carrying on the kind of learning in which he believed,” said Bekavac, who gave a moving eulogy during one of their *College Bowl* appearances. “Later, after he died, it comforted me a little to know that he took pride in our team.”

Because of their televised *College Bowl* appearance, other teammates also received extensive attention from viewers. Hattersley, who is still in touch with Bekavac, “received an astonishing amount of mail,” ranging from marriage proposals to haircut offers, he said. “Apparently, I was the first male to appear on the *College Bowl* with hair below my ears.”

Hattersley recalled that Bekavac was chosen team captain by

NANCY BEKAVAC WAS THE CAPTAIN OF SWARTHMORE'S 1969 COLLEGE BOWL TEAM. “MY JOB WAS TO ANSWER AS MANY TOSS-UPS AS I COULD AND, ON THE MULTIPART QUESTIONS, HUDDLE WITH MY TEAMMATES TO FORMULATE THE BEST ANSWER.... WE WERE REALLY ANXIOUS TO WIN, SO WE COOPERATED LIKE PISTONS,” SHE SAID.

lot—"the right choice, by chance, and a born leader." Bekavac, who viewed the experience with "comic relief," said: "I was glad that my talent for reading and retaining odd and obscure facts turned into something useful at what was a fairly critical time of my life. Looking back, it built confidence, exposed me to a certain level of pressure, encouraged teamwork, and was a lark on the whole. In the smallest of ways, it helped both my hometown and high school, and it helped the college I loved."

Life Questions

Answer: I wanted the most people possible to win.

Question: Why did you bet to tie, attempting to enable two champions to return for the next round?

Cigus Vanni '72 caused a stir as a five-time *Jeopardy* winner in 1988, when fellow contestants and viewers noticed his altruistic betting style. Vanni, who had just left Swarthmore after working as assistant dean under Janet Dickerson from 1984 to 1988, attributed his desire to have others also win to his Catholic-Quaker education.

As an English and psychology major, Vanni's thirst for knowledge was stimulated by the "extraordinarily bright and curious community" on campus. "I consequently found my natural drive to know challenged and affirmed daily by classmates, professors, and staff. Having been expected as a student to be thorough, well informed, and current in my work, it was not difficult to transfer these qualities over to game show preparation—especially in light of the good fit between a liberal arts education and the *Jeopardy* range of categories."

In the late summer of 1988, Vanni went to Southern California to try out for *Jeopardy*. He entered the studio with 150 others and took a 50-question "general knowledge" test. He passed with 8 others, ultimately trusting his long-term memory to avoid "displacing secure knowledge by cramming. I read a lot ... and I am fortunate to have a good memory for what I encounter," Vanni said.

"Contestant coordinators were clearly looking for panache and spirit at that point.... I had a great time telling jokes in the audition—I think that was one of the reasons they took me for the show. But on the set itself in the late '80s, there was a definite sense of highbrow decorum to be followed."

So Vanni left the humor to Trebek, focusing on giving correct responses during each round. Finally drawing on his Civil War knowledge, Vanni hit the jackpot on the final *Jeopardy* answer: "These two Northern states were invaded by the Confederate

Army." He bet \$4,000 of \$4,800 in winnings on his question: "What are Pennsylvania and Maryland?" The Canadian opponent didn't know this bit of American history, and Vanni won.

Now director of student personnel services at Bishop Eustace Preparatory School in Pennsauken, N.J., Vanni also worked as a part-time admissions counselor at Swarthmore in the early 1990s. He had previously taught classes in counseling at the College from 1981 to 1984 and added a course in childhood psychopathology that was cross-listed in the Education and Psychology departments.

As a five-time winner on *Jeopardy*, Vanni qualified for the November 1989 "Tournament of Champions" (TC), with potential prize money of \$100,000. He won the first game, placing him in the semifinals. "The TC was exhilarating and humbling," Vanni said. He was eliminated in the second round—receiving \$5,000 in addition to his previous \$40,400, which actually amounted to \$24,000 after taxes.

"I really enjoyed the experience of playing the game, meeting some ... people from all around the country, getting some time in Southern California—and honestly, the fact that I won was a secondary but not unimportant issue," he said.

"It did not change my life," Vanni added. "I also [think] that even if the dollar amount were substantially higher, I would not be significantly altered.... I have always lived simply—used cars, recycled everything, thrift store purchases, no clothing bought at retail—and I actually wonder what a big infusion of money would do for me—or to me."

After his *Jeopardy* appearance, Vanni put some of the money into a CD for his son, who was 1 year old at the time; purchased a car; and bought some professional books in

psychology and education. Vanni has also established "a wild and wonderful relationship with some of the guys at my local Acme meat department and cashier corps who were trivia buffs," he said.

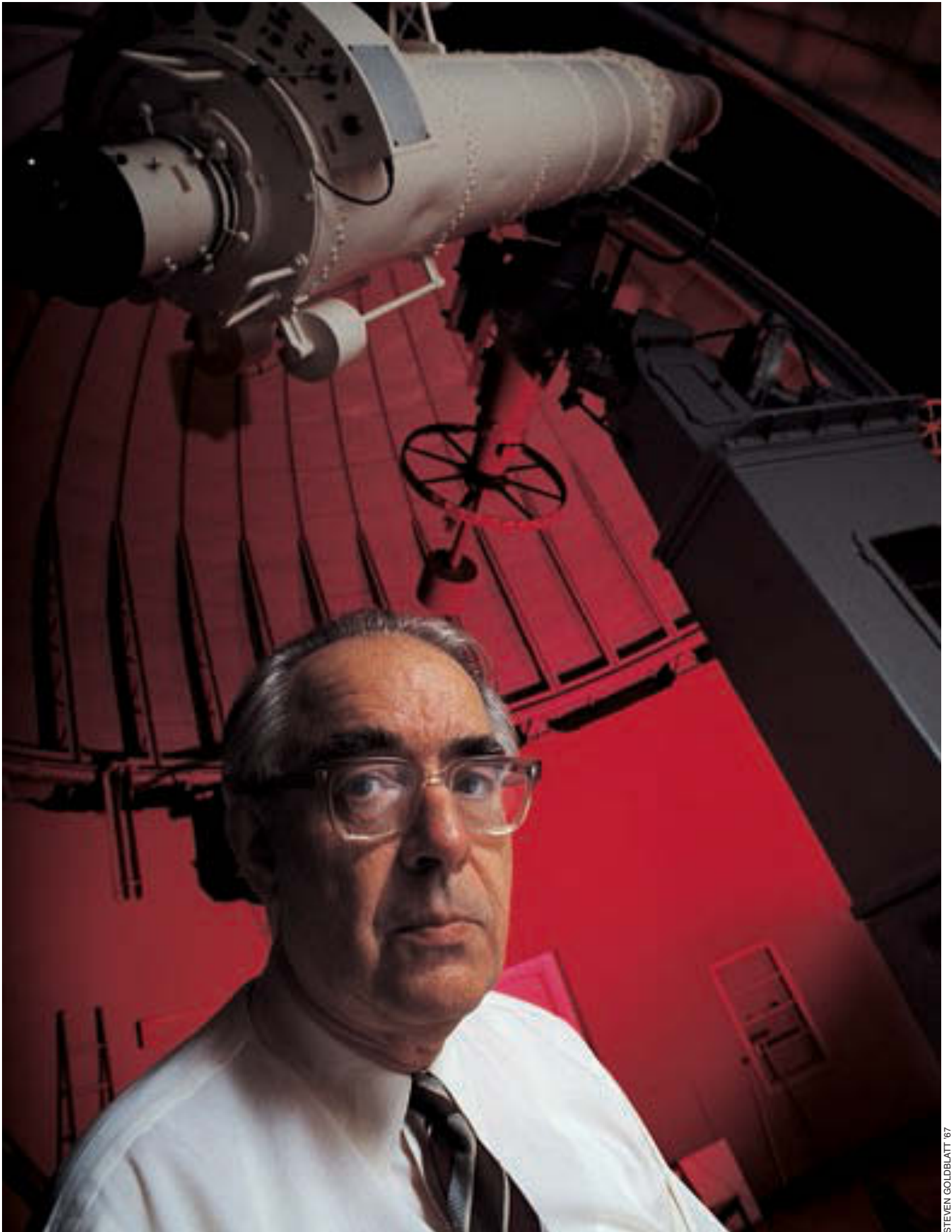
His *Jeopardy* experience has been a "real jump-start to some of the relationships I have with my present students, who think it is really cool that I have accomplished such a feat," Vanni added. In addition, a few old friends also got back in touch with him after his television appearance. "Among the people who re-established contact were a couple of Swat buddies, and one of those restored relationships continues to this day." ☞

CIGUS VANNI, WHO RECEIVED THE SWARTHMORE WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION NICEST LEGS ON THE FIELD AWARD FOR THREE CONSECUTIVE YEARS, APPEARED ON JEOPARDY WITH ALEX TREBEK. STEFANIE WULFESTIEG '92, NOW A NEW MEDIA ACCOUNT MANAGER AT NETDECISIONS IN LONDON, AND DAVID GRAHAM '92, AN AUTOMOTIVE CONSULTANT AT A.T. KEARNEY IN SOUTHFIELD, MICH., ARE TWO OF THE OTHER ALUMNI WHO HAVE APPEARED ON THE GAME SHOW.



COURTESY OF CIGUS VANNI

"IT WAS GREAT FUN TO BE RECOGNIZED IN THE ACME PARKING LOT AND IN THE ELEMENTARY AND HIGH SCHOOLS WHERE I WORKED. BUT CERTAINLY IT DID NOT CHANGE—AND SHOULD NOT HAVE CHANGED—MY LIFE."



STEVEN GOLDBLATT '67

Every aspiring scientist learns that the path of discovery is paved with opposition—especially when an assumption, belief, or notion that everyone thinks of as true is proven false.

In our hi-tech world, much of this opposition remains comfortably in the past. No religious leader has forced a modern-day Galileo to recant his findings, and no 20th-century scientist suffered like the monk Giordano Bruno, who, in 1600, was burned at the stake for suggesting that the universe could contain an infinite number of stars with planets whirling around them.

But there remains within the field of scientific endeavor a risk almost as perilous, whose consequences can have devastating results: the possibility that, after years of searching for—and thinking you have found—the truth, a colleague comes to you with results that question your findings.

It is almost ironic that just such a series of events occurred almost 40 years ago at Swarthmore in the Department of Astronomy.

Barnard's Wobble

Was it a planet?

Probably,
said legendary
Swarthmore
astronomer
Peter Van de Kamp.

Likely not,
said his chosen
successor,
Wulff Heintz.

By Bill Kent



What happened at Swarthmore between Peter Van de Kamp and Wulff Heintz is very significant within the astronomical world because it underscored the unpredictable consequences inherent in all serious research,” says Paul Halpern, a physics professor at the University of the Sciences in Philadelphia, who wrote about the two Swarthmore astronomers in his 1997 book *The Quest for Alien Planets: Exploring Worlds Outside the Solar System*. “Stories like this happen often in science, but you don’t hear about them much because, let’s face it, people like to hear about the upside in making important discoveries, not the downside.”

Indeed, the scientific world responded with nothing but praise in 1963, when Van de Kamp, now deceased but then a professor of astronomy and director of the Sproul Observatory, announced that he had sufficient evidence to suggest that he had found a planetary system beyond the solar system.

Though scientists and science fiction writers had assumed that other such systems existed in the universe, the actual discovery of one was like finding astronomy’s Holy Grail. The 1963 announcement made Van de Kamp, already a beloved figure on the Swarthmore campus, one of the most famous astronomers in the world.

Sarah Lippincott Zimmerman ’42, professor emerita of astronomy and director emerita of the Sproul Observatory, who was Van de Kamp’s research associate and later director of the Sproul Observatory, remembers him as “a charming man, interested in a great many things outside of astronomy.”

A native of Holland, Van de Kamp came to Swarthmore in 1937 and rapidly established himself as a witty, charismatic personality and virtuoso pianist. He conducted the College orchestra in the 1950s and hosted “Charlie Chaplin Seminars” in Clothier Hall, where he showed films from his collection of Chaplin silent comedies while performing the piano accompaniment. A fan of both classical and American popular music, he composed tunes that he named after the stars he observed. Musical satirist Peter Schickele ’57 composed “The Easy Goin’ P.V.D.K. Ever-Lovin’ Rag” for Van de Kamp’s 70th birthday. During his

life, many accolades included the naming of an asteroid for Van de Kamp in 1980 by the International Astronomical Union as well as several professional honors.

“He was this wonderfully energetic Dutchman,” remembers John Gaustad, the Edward Hicks Magill Professor Emeritus of Astronomy. “He was well known in the field for the work he’d done at Swarthmore in astrometry—the precise measurement of the positions of stars—all of which was excellent and quite reliable. But he was best known for the work he did on Barnard’s Star.”

The star Van de Kamp chose for his planetary quest was a rather faint red dwarf called Barnard’s Star after the astronomer who first charted its rapid motion, Edward Barnard. It is a mere six light years away from Earth and had been previously photographed at the Sproul Observatory as far back as 1916. Beginning in 1937, Van de Kamp took tens of thousands of photographic plate exposures of Barnard’s Star as it moved across the night sky. He studied these images, looking for a small perturbation, known as a “wobble,” in the star’s path. Such a deviation could be caused by the gravitational pull of one or more planets orbiting around the star.

In 1963, after 26 years of research, Van de Kamp announced that a planet about one-and-a-half times the mass of Jupiter was orbiting around Barnard’s Star. After announcing his discovery, Van de Kamp, by then 64, went on an international search for a scientist who would teach more astronomy courses at Swarthmore, continue the observatory’s long-term astrometric mission of mapping stars, and further his work on Barnard’s Star.

The successor Van de Kamp found, Professor Emeritus of Astronomy Wulff Heintz, was almost his opposite in style

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and temperament. According to Gaustad, Van de Kamp thought that the quiet, serious German research astronomer would faithfully carry on his work. “He never expected the criticism he later got from Heintz, which he considered very disloyal.”

Born in Würzburg, Germany, in 1930, Heintz had an early interest in math and science. “I used to love the blackouts during the bombing runs [of World War II] because they made it so much easier to see the stars.”

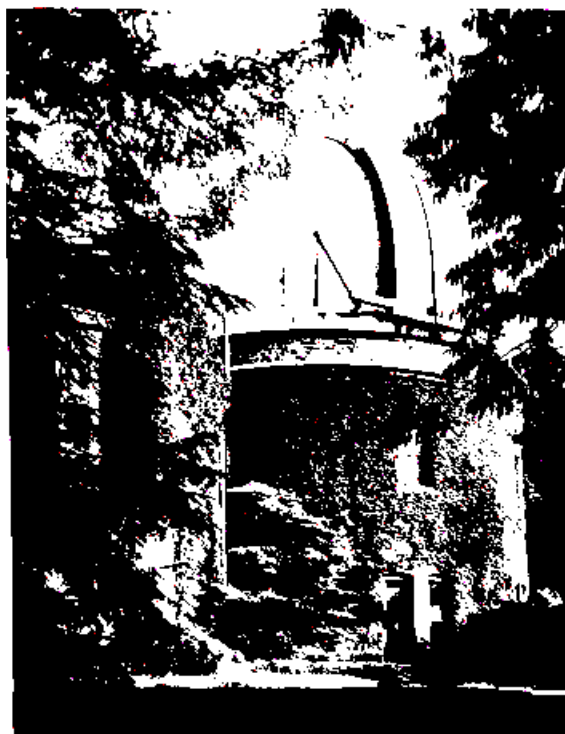
He also developed a profound skepticism when his father, a physician, was persecuted by the Nazis merely because he was employed in a Jewish-run hospital. “The Nazis were liars and bullies. I learned to question everything until I could be sure of the truth with my own eyes and my own mind.”

At the University of Munich, Heintz became well known within the field for his work in astrometry, especially in the identification of double stars (to date, he has found some 900 of them and has done significant work in the identification of barely luminous “brown dwarf” stars). He was also eager to teach courses in cosmology—the study of the origin of the universe—and other aspects of astronomy that had not been offered before. “It seemed a perfect fit for me,” recalls Heintz, whose office is now in the observatory’s former darkroom. “I had my own studies that I could pursue. I was looking forward to teaching in America.

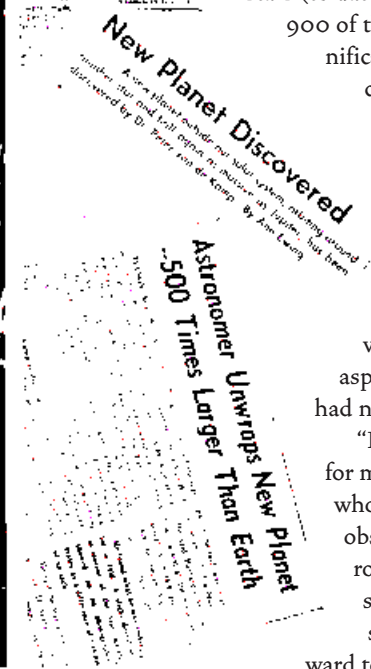
All of this I was very excited to do.”

Heintz came with his family to Swarthmore in 1967, where, he says, he and Van de Kamp were close friends until 1970, when Van de Kamp asked him to continue the Barnard’s Star observations and gather more data.

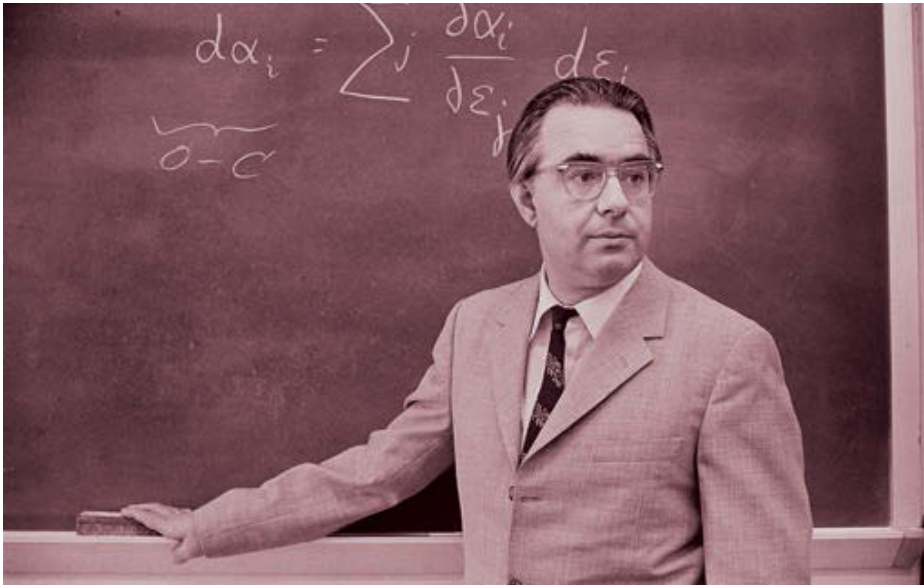
Heintz recalls that Van de Kamp kept the evaluation of the photographic plates largely to himself, but the younger astronomer “suspected there might be a



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VAN DE KAMP ANNOUNCED IN 1963 THAT MEASUREMENTS TAKEN OVER NEARLY 30 YEARS AT SPROUL OBSERVATORY SHOWED A “WOBBLE” IN THE PATH OF BARNARD’S STAR THAT COULD BE CAUSED ONLY BY AN UNSEEN PLANET.



MARTIN NATVIG

problem with the results.”

Heintz found minute variations in the sensitivity of the plates, causing the sizes of the images of Barnard’s Star and the stars with which Barnard’s was being compared to vary slightly. He also questioned the precomputer mathematical methods that Van de Kamp had used to interpret his data—methods that Heintz claims were “too crude to remove small optical imaging errors.” Given that the margin of error in determining a deviation was very narrow—within 2 microns (far less than the diameter of a hair)—was it possible to conclude that a wobble existed at all?

Heintz began to duplicate Van de Kamp’s comparison studies and found other variations in plates taken in the 1940s and 1950s. He noted that, in 1949, the telescope had been disassembled and cleaned. Could the changes in the positions of the lenses make it more likely for a wobble to appear? In 1973, an astronomer visiting the Sproul Observatory showed that, in fact, this could have occurred.

The most embarrassing challenge did not come from Swarthmore but from other observatories, which were following scientific custom by attempting to duplicate Van de Kamp’s work. After a decade of observing Barnard’s Star, none of these observatories found evidence of a planet.

When Heintz mentioned to Van de Kamp that he, too, was having difficulty duplicating Van de Kamp’s work, “I was denounced among his friends—including top administrators—as a nasty character and probably mentally disturbed,” Heintz

**VAN DE KAMP THOUGHT
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“I CAN TELL YOU,” SAYS HEINTZ (SHOWN ABOVE IN 1979), “I DID NOT WANT TO EMBARRASS A COLLEAGUE. I WAS NOT COMFORTABLE AS THE [BEARER] OF BAD NEWS. THERE WAS NO SATISFACTION IN IT. I TOOK REFUGE IN MY OWN STUDIES, IN MY TEACHING, AND WITH THE TELESCOPE. IT’S STILL QUITE A USEFUL INSTRUMENT.” THE 24-INCH REFRACTOR IS NOW USED FOR VARIABLE STAR RESEARCH.

remembers. “I was told that I should do nothing about it, and that his observations would eventually be confirmed. This I could not believe because, with the variations in the exposures alone, there did not seem to be enough to make any conclusion either way.”

Any friendship between the two scientists ended when Heintz published the first of a series of scientific papers on the subject in 1976. The papers shed the first public doubts on the accuracy of Van de Kamp’s methods.

“It was the interpretation that was at fault,” said Gaustad. “The effect he thought he saw was so small that it could not be distinguished from the ‘noise’ in the measurement.

“Van de Kamp felt betrayed. For the remainder of his life, he insisted that his results were correct and that he had found a planet. It’s important to keep in mind, though, that, in terms of the rest of Van de Kamp’s career, he did very important, accurate work, and that the field of astronomy is richer for it.”

Still believing that he would one day be vindicated, Van de Kamp returned to Holland in 1981. He died in 1995, a year after Heintz published his final word on the subject. After extensive remeasurements of the Sproul plates and comparison with other telescopes’ results, Heintz declared in the *Astronomical Journal* that Van de Kamp had been wrong.

“Nowadays, when you hear about Barnard’s Star,” adds author Halpern, “it’s almost like a warning that things that can’t be wrong just might be wrong. In retrospect, what happened at Swarthmore took some of the sting out of admitting a mistake.” In 1991, when British astronomer Andrew Lyne said—in error—that he’d discovered a planet orbiting a pulsar, he announced his mistake at a meeting of the American Astronomical Society soon afterward and was given a standing ovation.

“What I did,” Heintz says, “was show that you can’t use photography to look for planets.”

In the past decade, using entirely different methods and instruments, scientists have found some 30 stars with planets orbiting around them. ☼

Journalist and novelist Bill Kent is a frequent contributor to the Bulletin.



COURTESY OF ELIOT ASINOF

Ninth Man Out

OUTSIDERS, OUTCASTS, AND
ELIOT ASINOF '40

By Jeffrey Lott

Occasionally, you discover a new author, and you just can't get enough. You read everything you can get your hands on, putting down one book and immediately picking up the next. You start seeing into a writer's mind—apart from the subjects and characters in his books—and you want to know more.

I came across the books of Eliot Asinof about a year ago. A Florida newspaper ran a brief profile on the publication of his latest book, *Off-Season*, a novel about a major league baseball star who returns to his hometown to find—and fight—racism and corruption. As a baseball fan, I wanted to

read the novel, especially when I learned that Asinof had previously written *Eight Men Out*, a baseball book I had read and admired some years ago.

According to Swarthmore's computerized library catalog, a dozen of Asinof's books were in McCabe Library. Who was this person with 6 novels and 8 nonfiction works to his credit? I started reading, and, before long, I knew I wanted to meet him.

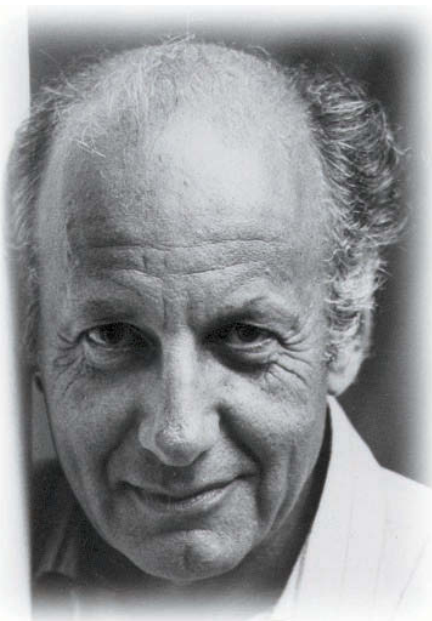
We talked last summer in a dark Sixth Avenue bar in New York. Tucked under his arm, neatly boxed and tied, was the original manuscript of *Eight Men Out*,

his best-known and most successful book. As he showed this treasure to me, Asinof said that his next appointment was with an auctioneer of sports memorabilia who might buy it. But now there was time for a brandy and soda and a couple hours of conversation about his life and work.

We swapped baseball stories. I knew he was a New York-born Yankee fan; although I'm a Yankee hater from way back, I admired the current World Champs from the Bronx. Only three of Asinof's books are about baseball, but I knew that playing the sport was how he defined himself as a youth.

“When I grew up, it was *the* game,” he said. “Every kid had a glove.” He spent his early years playing pickup games in New York’s Central Park and later captained both his high school team on Long Island and the Swarthmore squad. At Swarthmore (where he transferred after a year at Williams), he encountered George Earnshaw, former Philadelphia Athletics star pitcher, then fire chief in the Ville.

“In his fading years as a ballplayer,” said Asinof, “George threw half-speed batting practice for the College team to keep his arm in shape, and on Sundays he went up to New York to pitch for the Brooklyn Bushwicks for \$200 a week. This is a guy who had pitched to Ruth and Gehrig, and I



ELI WALLACH

ONLY THREE OF ELIOT ASINOF’S (LEFT) 14 BOOKS ARE ABOUT BASEBALL, BUT THE SPORT PLAYED A CENTRAL ROLE IN HIS YOUTH. AFTER SWARTHMORE, HE PLAYED IN THE MINOR LEAGUES FOR TWO YEARS. HE’S IN THE FRONT ROW, SECOND FROM LEFT, IN THE PHOTO (OPPOSITE PAGE) OF THE 1940 ST. ALBANS [VT.] GIANTS. ASINOF’S BEST-KNOWN BOOK IS *EIGHT MEN OUT*, THE STORY OF THE 1919 “BLACK SOX” SCANDAL, LATER THE SUBJECT OF A FILM.

“I PLAYED FOR JOY, NOT FOR AMBITION. THE LONG, BATTERING BUS RIDES AFTER NIGHT GAMES, THE INADEQUATE LIGHTS, GRUBBY LOCKER ROOMS, SLEAZY HOTEL ROOMS, TERRIBLE FOOD, LOW PAY ... NOTHING BOTHERED US, FOR WE WERE PLAYING BALL.”

used to challenge him to throw me his best stuff. I could hit it all right—until he’d smile and fool me with an off-speed breaking pitch.”

Asinof couldn’t get enough baseball and soon found himself playing twilight ball for a semipro team in Chester, Pa., assuming the name Johnny Elliott to protect his college eligibility. Earnshaw thought the young first baseman might have the talent to play professionally after college and arranged for him to play summer ball in a New York–New England college league sponsored by the Big Leagues. There he became friends with Mickey Rutner, a solid player who would later get a shot at the majors—and who became the main character in *Man on Spikes*, Asinof’s first book (1955).

The day he graduated from Swarthmore with Honors in history, Asinof signed a contract with the Philadelphia Phillies. He played two seasons in the minor leagues before joining the Army after the start of World War II.

“I played for joy, not for ambition,” he later wrote. “The long, battering bus rides after night games, the inadequate lights,

grubby locker rooms, sleazy hotel rooms, terrible food, low pay ... nothing bothered us, for we were playing ball.”

Along the way, there were cruel, despotic managers and anti-Semitic obscenities from opposing players and fans. “It was, in many ways, a hate-ridden, competitive world, but in the end, the game was the thing, the only thing.... Baseball was played with a bat and a glove, not with a mouth.”

His former teammate Mickey Rutner had taught him how to cope:

“F— ‘em all, big and small,’ Mickey used to say. This became the philosophical premise of my existence. Sometimes, you face situations where you are at the mercy of forces beyond your control, and if you try to reach a logical solution, you’re gonna go crazy. So how do you save your ass? Say, ‘F— ‘em all, big and small.’ It gives you a sense of liberation.”

Much of Asinof’s work is about people who find themselves in situations like this, who struggle to hold on to their dignity and power.

There’s Laurence Blutchter (*People vs. Blutchter*, 1970), a young black man whose

entanglements with a brutal and corrupt criminal justice system become a poignant indictment of racism in America. There are Craig Badiali and Joan Fox (*Craig and Joan*, 1971), two New Jersey teens who commit suicide in 1969 as a protest against the Vietnam War—kids whose lives in an uptight suburb seem hopeless and beyond their control. *The Fox Is Crazy Too* (1976) is a portrait of Garrett Trapnell, a bank robber and con man who manipulates the insanity defense—which Asinof abhors—to evade prison.

It’s the same in Asinof’s fiction. *Say It Ain’t So, Gordon Littlefield* (1977) recasts the Black Sox story as a dark but zany plot to throw the Super Bowl. The hero of his latest novel, *Off Season*, is a major-league ballplayer named John Cagle who confronts some demons from his past and recognizes that certain responsibilities go with his fame and fortune.

And then there’s “Shoeless” Joe Jackson. Some say that *Eight Men Out* is the best baseball book ever written. As every fan knows, eight members of the 1919 Chicago White Sox took small-time money from big-time gamblers to throw that fall’s World

Series. When widespread rumors of a fix led to an investigation, the suspected players were hauled before a grand jury, where they confessed. All were banned from baseball by the team owners and their newly appointed enforcer, Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Neither the gamblers who ruined the players' careers nor the owners who manipulated the scandal to further enslave their chattels were ever made to account for their actions.

Eight Men Out is the definitive book on the scandal. Asinof's sympathy lies with the players—men whose livelihood was controlled lock, stock, and jockstrap by the team owners and who became pawns in a big-money game. Joe Jackson is a particular hero, whereas the venal owners and their racetrack friends get rough treatment. An uneducated millhand—and prodigious slugger—from South Carolina, the vulnerable Jackson was first seduced by the conspirators and later forced to sign a confession that he couldn't even read. Jackson tried for years to return to baseball, playing at times under assumed names. But the ban held, and a promising career was lost.

For an author, such a book should be something to celebrate, but ultimately it taught Asinof some tough lessons about being a pawn himself. From the time he first became interested in the story, it seemed like the fix was in.

The Black Sox story was almost untouchable even before he tackled it. Asinof's first attempt came in a play he was commissioned to write for live television in 1960, but the production was killed before airtime by its sponsor, the DuPont Company. Apparently, then—Commissioner of Baseball Ford Frick told company and network executives that airing the Black Sox story would be “bad for baseball.”

A *New York Times* report about Frick's censorship led to a call from an editor at Putnam's—and a book contract for Asinof. He set about reading everything that had been written about the scandal and covered thousands of miles tracking down surviving members of the team, many of whom would not talk about the 1919 World Series. When it was published in 1963, baseball fans embraced *Eight Men Out*, and it sold steadily—though not spectacularly—in the years that followed. Asinof

IN EIGHT MEN OUT, ASINOF'S SYMPATHY LIES WITH THE PLAYERS—MEN WHOSE LIVELIHOODS WERE CONTROLLED LOCK, STOCK, AND JOCKSTRAP BY THE TEAM OWNERS.



BETTMANN/CORBIS

optioned the movie rights several times. But surprisingly for such a dramatic story, no film was made for 25 years.

By the mid-1970s, after Asinof had written a half-dozen other books, he learned that David Susskind's Talent Associates was readying a show about the Black Sox for NBC-TV. Because he could not claim a copyright on history—historical events are considered to be in the public domain—Asinof says he thought little of the Susskind project until he also learned that Susskind had told the program's sponsor, IBM, that Talent Associates owned the rights to *Eight Men Out*.

Asinof strenuously objected. He didn't even own the rights himself, he told IBM; they were then held by a California producer—and certainly not by David Susskind. To its credit, IBM ordered NBC to stop the project, whereupon Susskind slapped Asinof with a \$1.75 million lawsuit. It took many months—and many thousands of dollars—to defend himself, but Asinof finally prevailed. Later, he wrote an angry book about the Susskind affair, *Bleeding Between the Lines* (1979).

Eight Men Out languished after that, a tainted property. The rights returned to Asinof, and he managed to option them again in the early 1980s for \$30,000.

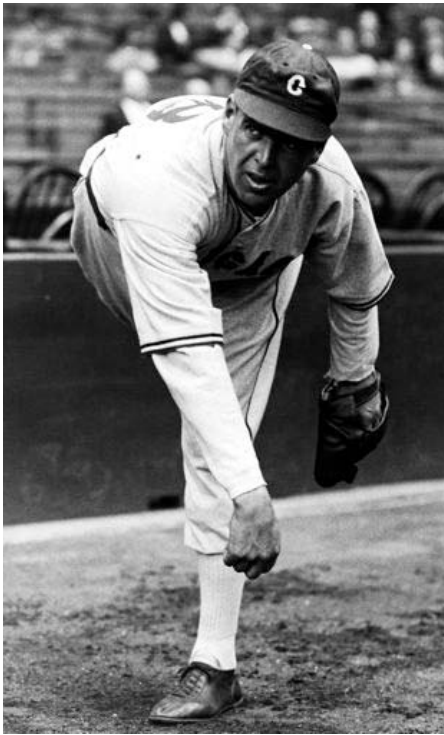
“Not only had I not made any money on the book,” he says, “but defending myself had cost me money and sapped my energies as a writer. At the time, [the \$30,000] was a lot of money—a year's income—and it got me out of hock.”

But, as Asinof points out, a piece of writing is “just like a painting. A painter sells his work for \$100, and every guy who owns it after that sells it for more. The rights I sold for \$30,000 ended up being bought by Orion Pictures for \$125,000.”

So it's no surprise that, according to Asinof, his first encounter on the set with independent filmmaker John Sayles went like this:

“You're on the rumor mill, El,” said Sayles. “Everybody in the movie business

ASINOF WROTE ABOUT “SHOELESS” JOE JACKSON (LEFT) IN *EIGHT MEN OUT*, HIS BEST-KNOWN BOOK. FORMER MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHER GEORGE EARNSHAW (RIGHT) THREW BATTING PRACTICE TO SWARTHMORE PLAYERS IN THE LATE 1930S.



BETTMANN/CORBIS

baseball becomes the apotheosis of segregation and race war, with one all-white league and one all-black:

All games, then, will be a racial clash. I have a dream, Roomie, of high-flying spikes, of pitchers decking hitters, of body-crashing drama at home plate, of violence and rumors of violence.... Baseball will become the heart and soul of racist America, bringing in crowds beyond the greediest club owner's dream. The World Series, then, would be a modern reprise of the Civil War itself. I have a dream, Roomie, where the

wrote. "No one ever blamed anyone for taking the money.... It was a phrase that could wear a man down, whittling away at his resistance until the wound was raw, the spirit infected.... It might take a man half a lifetime to develop his powers to resist—and less than an hour to sell them out."

Eliot Asinof hasn't bought in, and he hasn't sold out. An upper-middle class kid, a top student, a star athlete, he was by his own admission a "straight arrow." When he and some friends got caught painting a red "S" on a Haverford College building on the eve of a football game, he

HIS BOOKS ARE PEOPLED WITH OUTSIDERS, OUTLAWS, AND OUTCASTS—AND HE DOESN'T MIND IF YOU THINK OF HIM THAT WAY TOO.

thinks you're a troublemaker."

"Why did you hire me, then?" shot back Asinof.

"I hired you because of it."

Sayles and Asinof became close friends. Asinof calls Sayles' film "a reaffirmation. Suddenly, here comes a first-class guy who surrounds himself with first-class people. He knew what the movie business is like. Making that picture was a lot of fun at a time when I had a tendency to become cynical."

But Asinof's problems weren't over. The movie should have provided a golden opportunity for the first best-seller of Asinof's 40-year writing career. "But on the day the film opened," he says, "there was not one copy of my book in the City of New York," nor anywhere else in the country. Despite months of advance notice from Asinof about the movie, his publisher neglected to bring out a new printing to coincide with the release of the film.

In many of Asinof's books, you find a speech or passage that is clearly in the author's voice—usually a cry against hypocrisy or injustice. In *Off-Season*, protagonist Cagle's black roommate, Corky, makes an angry "I Have a Dream" speech about the future of race in America. In this ballplayer's dream—a nightmare really—

bullshit hypocrisy of America's quest for racial amity will once and for all be abandoned.

"Is this you? Your voice in Corky's speech?" I asked Asinof. "Do you think that the quest for racial amity is false?"

"Yes," he said quietly. "That's me. That's absolutely me.... Any black will tell you that—except those who buy in to the white world. The big leaguers now, they're all buying in."

"But you have to understand," he says. "Part of my education as a writer was the impact of all my lefty friends. In [the 1930s], that was respectable, at least until the McCarthy period, when they all went to jail or got blacklisted. You identified with the outsider because that's what you are—an alienated character in American society. It still exists in my work. In a world of people who buy in, I'm always trying to resist."

Asinof spent the late 1950s in Hollywood, married for a time to Marlon Brando's sister, but returned to New York in 1959. "I got out of LA by luck," he says. It reminded me of a passage about the film industry from his book *Bleeding Between the Lines*.

"Take the money. Take the money. Unquestionably, it was the sine qua non of survival in the entertainment business," he

says Dean Everett Hunt was almost in shock to find him among the miscreants.

But Swarthmore changed him. His books are peopled with outsiders, outlaws, and outcasts—and he doesn't mind if you think of him that way too. He's the self-styled ninth man out, the uncompromising tough guy of a professional ballplayer, complete with the "F— 'em all" attitude. Yet in his work, there's intelligence and compassion; he celebrates the individual's ability to fight life's battles, to stand in against the high, tight fastball.

He remembers exactly when the light went on in his head—the crucial moment in his education—in a seminar with legendary Professor of Economics Clare Wilcox.

"One night we went to his home for the seminar, and he said, 'Leave all your stuff here—we're going into Philadelphia.' Seven or eight of us drove into Philadelphia to see John Steinbeck's movie *Grapes of Wrath*.

"Then we came back to his house—it was close to midnight, but his wife made tea and served cookies—and he spent the next hour talking about the economics of *Grapes of Wrath*. I learned a lot about what America was like that night.

"I've never forgotten that," he said quietly. ☞

Connections

SWARTHMORE GATHERINGS NEAR YOU

UPCOMING EVENTS

Metro DC/Baltimore: This Connection will join Christmas in April in Washington, D.C., to renovate the house of an elderly or disabled homeowner in the district on Saturday, April 28. Volunteers with all levels of experience and skill are needed. If you would like to help this year, contact Kay Gottesman '60 at (301) 530-5504, or e-mail kgottes@attglobal.net.

Philadelphia: Supper Club le Swarthmore—An informal monthly meeting of our Philadelphia alumni for a variety of tasty cuisine and friendly social interchange. The group usually meets on a Wednesday evening after 6 p.m. Everyone is welcome. Check the Alumni Events Web site for the date and time of the next supper, or contact Connection chairs Bruce Gould '54 at brucegould54@hotmail.com or (215) 563-4811 or Jim Moskowitz '88 at (610) 604-0669. If you sign up for the Philadelphia Connection listserv, you will be informed electronically.

Pittsburgh: Join Connection members at the HYP Pittsburgh Club, 619 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on the third Thursday of the month for an informal lunch. These “Third Thursday Luncheons” are open to all Swarthmore College alumni, friends, and family and offer an opportunity to meet new people and establish new friendships. Contact Melissa Kelley '80 at kellyma@bipc.com or (412) 562-1593 for more information.

RECENT EVENTS

Charlottesville: The first event of the new Charlottesville Connection took place in February at the Charlottesville Ice Park, followed by a warm-up at a local soup spot. Connection chair Alison Meloy '94 wants to plan a warm-weather event and is looking for ideas and volunteers to help. If you are interested, con-

tact Alison at ameloy@virginia.edu or (804) 974-9506. The Charlottesville Connection has a new listserv; go to <http://listservs.swarthmore.edu>, and sign up. We can keep you posted on upcoming events electronically.

Chicago: Alumni and parents enjoyed a unique look behind the scenes at The Lyric Opera of Chicago—one of the world's leading opera companies—arranged by Connection Chair Marilee Roberg '73. The group visited the wardrobe area, the wigs and makeup departments, the scenery-handling facility, the armory and prop rooms, the orchestra pit, and the main stage.



DON SWEARER, PROFESSOR OF RELIGION, ENTERTAINED SWARTHMORE ALUMS WHO ARE ATTENDING THE HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL, WHERE HE IS TEACHING WHILE ON LEAVE. SWATTIES INCLUDED NANCY BENSON-NICOL '98, JESSICA MCFARLAND '98, AND OTAVIA PROPPER '00 (BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT); CAMERON DAVID WARNER '97, DON SWEARER, SARAH AZARANSKY '97, AND GREGORY WHITE '93 (TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT).

Iowa: Melissa Edwards Mohammed '90 made arrangements for alums and their children/grandchildren to visit the Iowa Children's Museum in January.

Philadelphia: This Connection is always on the go. Co-Chairs Bruce Gould '54 and Jim Moskowitz '88 organized several well-attended events. In early January, Bruce planned a trip to the Philadelphia Museum of Art to see the *Van Gogh: Face*

to Face exhibit; in February, Jim hosted U.S. Representative Rush Holt (D-N.J.), who presented “A Swarthmore Perspective on Congress” with lively discussion regarding the election of 2000. In early March, the Connection went to the Philadelphia Flower Show and to the Curtis Institute of Music to hear Lynn Harrell, a renowned cellist.

Philadelphia—Recent Graduates: Geoff Cline '96, Kristen Lockwood Cline '96, and Ben Stern '96 recently launched this subset of the Philadelphia Connection with a program at the Philadelphia Museum of Art in February. All Connection members are invited to participate in future events!

Pittsburgh: In January, the Connection went to the NHL Penguins–Flyers Game and watched the Flyers defeat the Penguins 5–1. In attendance were Frank Beldecos '50, Jennifer Gross '98, Kent James '84, Joseph Wilson '68, and parents Susan and Fred Schultz and Chitra and Pradip Teredesai. In February, the Pittsburgh Connection visited Dreadnought Wines to taste the Rhone region's wonderful red and white wines. Owner Mike Gonz, a self-described “wine educator and speaker,” addressed the group.

Twin Cities—Martha Easton '89 organized the first annual Twin Cities Swarthmore Progressive Dinner in January. It was quite a success, and plans

are under way for additional Twin Cities events. If you are interested in planning or participating, contact Martha Easton through the Alumni Office.

Seattle: Connection Chair Deb Read '87 arranged for a private wine tasting at Esquin Wine Merchants, the premier wine merchant in Seattle, in February. The outing featured Gianfranco D'Aniello's entertaining and educational presentation on Italian wines.

Calling all entrepreneurs

What do Microsoft, *CNN Headline News*, Priceline.com, Sony Online Entertainment, and MSNBC have in common? Mark Benerofe '81 worked with each of these organizations and, through his entrepreneurial vision, made substantial contributions to their collective success.

Benerofe will be the keynote speaker at the 2001 Lax Conference on Entrepreneurship, to be held on campus on Sunday, April 1. He will share his extensive experience in the organization and implementation of Internet start-up companies with students and members of the Swarthmore community. Mark is currently on leave from Walker Digital, where he serves as chief marketing officer as well as executive vice president of corporate development of Priceline.com.

In addition to the keynote-speaker presentation, two panel discussions are planned. One will encourage the sharing of entrepreneurial experiences and expertise among the participants. The second panel will address how Swarthmore prepares individuals for entrepreneurial and leadership positions in the new century. Panel participants will include Shola Abidoye '97, Stuart Cornew '80, Andy Dailey '91, Ingeborg Daniels '93, David Goodman '83, Dan Kohn '94, Susanna Levin '85, and Curtis Roberts '75. The Lax Conference on Entrepreneurship and Economic Anthropology was established in memory of Jonathan Lax '71. Lax graduated with a B.A. in sociology and anthropology. He later served the College as class agent



STEPHEN DANIELIAN

MARK BENEROFE '81 WILL KEYNOTE THE SECOND ANNUAL LAX CONFERENCE ON ENTREPRENEURSHIP.

and reunion leader.

Lax was active in the management of SGL Industries, Inc., his family's manufacturing firm, for 10 years. In the mid-1980s, he followed his own entrepreneurial spirit and founded the Philadelphia-based market research and consulting company, Marketing Audit.

The 2001 conference is also made possible through the generosity of the Charles Boone Houston II Endowment. It is co-sponsored by the Swarthmore Business Society, the Office of Career Planning and Placement, and the Office of Alumni Relations. For additional information, call the Lax Lecture Response Line (voice mail) at (610) 690-6887, or visit the conference Web site at <http://lax.swarthmore.edu>.

What is a listserv?

Simply stated, a listserv is a group e-mail list. A listserv can be created for a related group of people (e.g., a particular class, a particular interest, or geographical group). The Alumni Office has created many listservs, and once you have registered (which you can do at <http://listservs.swarthmore.edu> by following the easy directions), you can then send one e-mail to the listserv, which will be automatically distributed to all of the people who have registered. You can send e-mails about Alumni Weekend, Class Notes, general information—or just to say hello. It is an easy way to communicate with classmates, but you have to register to participate in a listserv.

Check those old platters

Check your attic! WSRN, the College radio station, recorded many folk concerts, student folk singers, Hamburg Shows, and other concerts in the 1940s and 1950s, but these old 16-inch recordings are deteriorating rapidly. The alumni group Swarthmore Folk, having discov-

Reflections on Education and Social Justice

**A Special Alumni Event
Celebrating Swarthmore's
Program in Education**

**Friday, Oct. 26 and
Saturday, Oct. 27, 2001**

Save the date! This special event is for all alumni involved in education—past or present. The two-day event will feature keynote speaker Herb Kohl (author of *36 Children* and *The Discipline of Hope*) and other workshops, panels, and discussions. Read more information, and register on the Web at <http://www.swarthmore.edu/Home/Alumni/Events/index.html> or by phone at (610) 328-8655 (press "2," and leave your address on voice mail).

ered the trove last year with the help of Kevin Schlottmann '00, station manager, believe that much of this material deserves to be archived digitally in the Friends Historical Library.

Twelve-inch 78-rpm and LP copies were made and sold to students on campus at the time and may be in better condition than the original recordings. If you have any such records in playable condition, and would be willing to lend them for this project, contact Anne Matthews Rawson '50 at (610) 544-5175, or e-mail arawson1@swarthmore.edu. *Do not send records*; just let her know what you have.



**UPCOMING
CAMPUS
EVENTS**

**Black Alumni
Weekend**
March 23–25

**Family
Weekend**
March 30–April 1

**Alumni
Weekend**
June 8–10



A New Alma Mater for Swarthmore?

I
As we leave old Swarthmore College
and this campus fair,
Join the fight for racial justice,
show the world you care!

You will be remembered one day,
not for wealth or power,
But your work for all the people—
that's your finest hour.

II
There's a need for more crusaders;
give your heart and soul;
Fight against the special interests;
that should be your goal.

We must get along together,
with all peoples too;
Differences should be respected
and their points of view.

III
Mother Earth needs conservation—
can't you hear her cry?
We must work for preservation,
or the earth will die.

Peace and freedom for all nations;
feed and house the poor.
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
Hail, All Hail, Swarthmore!

Ken Hechler '35 must have some extra time on his hands now that he's retired after 16 years as West Virginia's secretary of state, because he's penned new lyrics for Swarthmore's alma mater. The old song isn't sung much these days—it's even missing from Commencement in recent years. Perhaps, speculates Ken, this new version will find more favor at the College of the 21st century.

Hechler, who organized the College band in the early 1930s (see "It's the Team that Wears the Garnet," May 1993), went on to become an Army historian with the rank of major, an assistant to President Harry Truman, and he served nine terms as a member of the House of Representatives from West Virginia. He's currently a "distinguished visiting professor" at West Virginia State College. He's the subject of the biography *Ken Hechler, Maverick Public Servant* by Charles Moffat.

Direct your comments on these lyrics—or your own attempt at Swarthmore songsmithing—to the editors.

Finding an End to Rollovers

JOSEPH KIMMEL'S "K INDEX" HELPS DETERMINE VEHICLE ROLLOVER PROBABILITIES.

Joseph Kimmel '44 has become a widely recognized expert on vehicle rollovers since he developed his K Rollover Stability Index.

The K Index is a mathematical formula for determining a vehicle's probability for rolling over in an accident. After it was endorsed by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA), leading experts, and the Center for Auto Safety, a consumer advocacy organization, the K Index received national attention in an extensive *USA Today* article last July 17.

Kimmel's interest in the rollover issue was sparked after reading that NHTSA, in the early 1990s, was concerned about the issue. Statistics from NHTSA in 1998 show that 9,771 people were killed in rollovers.

Kimmel's K Index algorithm is primarily based on a vehicle's height, weight, and track width, which is the distance between tires measured from the center of one to the center of the other on the opposite side. Wider, heavier, and lower vehicles have the lowest probability of rollover.

However, Kimmel says other factors, including road conditions, speed, and even the state in which the car is driven, must also be considered. He says 70 percent of rollovers are related to a vehicle's dimensions, and 30 percent are related to drivers and the driving environment. Rollovers become a factor because of traffic congestion and driver demographics.

Kimmel says statistics show that bureaucrats tend to drive more conservatively. "A lot of bureaucrats live in the Maryland suburbs just outside of Washington, D.C., and Baltimore, and there's a lower incidence of rollovers there," he says. "The Beltway around Washington, D.C., moves very slowly much of the time because of traffic congestion."

Kimmel analyzed 189 popular model-year 2000 vehicles last year, exclusively for *USA Today*. Using the K Index, it was determined that 55 of those vehicles would roll over in at least 20 percent of accidents. According to the article, of the 55 vehicles most prone to roll over, about 80 percent were sport utility vehicles (SUVs).

SUVs that received the worst ratings—



RYAN RICHARDS

JOSEPH KIMMEL'S PREDICTIONS ON AUTO ROLLOVERS HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED IN *USA TODAY*. SPORT UTILITY VEHICLES RECEIVED THE WORST RATINGS. WHAT DOES KIMMEL DRIVE? A MERCEDES AND AN AUDI.

showing a probability of rolling over in 38 to 43.9 percent of accidents—were the Chevrolet Tracker, Suzuki Vitara, and Toyota RAV4. The SUV least likely to rollover: the Ford Excursion. It had a probability of rollover in 13 percent of accidents.

According to the article, Kimmel found that traditional passenger cars most likely to roll over, in 18 to 21.9 percent of accidents, are the Chevrolet Metro, Suzuki Swift and Toyota Echo. Among the cars least likely to roll over, in 1 to 3.9 percent of accidents, are the Acura 3.5RL; Audi A6 Avant; Bentley; BMW 740, 528; Dodge Viper and Ford Crown Victoria. Kimmel's findings for 2001 vehicles are expected to be published in *USA Today* in the near future.

A personal experience drew Kimmel to the issue and the decision to help solve the problem. "In 1933, I was 12 and holding my sister's 3-month-old son in a two-door Ford V-8 car. My sister lost control of the car on a gravel road, and we rolled end over end. The roof was crushed. We had to climb out of the shattered windows. Fortunately, everyone was OK. Cars were very lightweight back then compared with now," says Kimmel, who owns two cars—a 1989 420 SEL Mercedes ("It's 4,800 pounds and has a 122-inch wheel base") and a 1999 Audi A42.8 ("It's all-wheel drive and can go anywhere").

In January, NHTSA announced its own rating system for determining a vehicle's

probability for rolling over. "The government's rating system has just five steps. Mine is more precise with 10 gradations," says Kimmel. He also states that the government's figures are too gross and don't account for different rates in different states.

To develop his K Index, Kimmel, an industrial economist, used his statistics background. He majored in economics at Swarthmore and has a master's in economics from the University of Pittsburgh. He operates two businesses: JWK Associates, a management consulting company, and Transportation Analysis Institute. Clients of his consulting services have included the Red Cross, Citibank, and the federal government, where he helped reorganize Social Security's supplemental security income and disability insurance operations for the Department of Health and Human Services.

Kimmel and his wife, Elizabeth Blackburn Kimmel '44, have lived in Radnor, Pa., since 1953. In addition to his businesses, Kimmel is active in local Republican politics. He was the founder of the Republican New Look, a reform group that ended Republican patronage in the township's government workforce, and for 10 years, he has written a weekly political column for the local *Suburban and Wayne Times* newspaper.

Looking to the future, Kimmel sees a notable reduction in the number of vehicle rollovers with the increased use of vehicle stability systems. Stability systems, now widely available on high-end cars, work by controlling the skid, which is often what precedes a roll over.

According to Tier One, a market research organization for the automotive industry, it's predicted that by 2008 more than 21 percent of all North American built vehicles will come with some form of a stability-enhancing system. That's a huge increase from just 3 percent last year.

"The stability system is tied into the braking system. It will stop a skid by alternating the braking pressure on each wheel," Kimmel says. "I think having them in more vehicles is a very good idea. They're very effective."

—Audree Penner

Childbirth Choices

PRENATAL TESTING AND DISABILITY RIGHTS

Erik Parens and Adrienne Asch '69 (eds.),
Prenatal Testing and Disability Rights,
Georgetown University Press, 2000

The title of this wonderful book gives no indication of how broad an audience will enjoy and profit from it. The title suggests that it is either a “how-to” (or “whether-to”) book for prospective parents or an “applied philosophy” or political book discussing a specific issue of rights. In fact, it is those things and much more. It is a wonderful microcosm of many pressing personal and cultural issues of the broadest interest, and it is completely accessible to people with no special preparation in biology, politics, or philosophy.

The book is a collection of articles from a conference. It includes excellently written scholarly work from specialists at the leading edge of their field, but these are complemented by first-person accounts of decisions of whether to have prenatal testing done—some very moving—plus straightforward discussions of the history of such testing, the legal status of the issues, and policy proposals.

And what is the issue? At one level, it is simply what the title says, but the book narrows its focus in an extremely useful way, presenting the argument made by some disability advocates that prenatal testing for disabilities—with a view to the possibility of terminating a pregnancy if a disability is detected—is wrong. It is wrong, at least in part, because it may imply that life itself is not worthwhile for a disabled person, and this is an unacceptable insult to disabled people.

The immediate and personal significance of this issue is pretty clear. A friend of mine with a child whose disability can easily be mistaken for a congenital one reports being

asked on several occasions why the pregnancy was not terminated. And which of us does not know someone who has agonized over whether to have amniocentesis? But when we start considering the arguments about the issue, it broadens extremely quickly and interestingly.

One focus of the arguments—and a recurrent theme—is whether disability is a

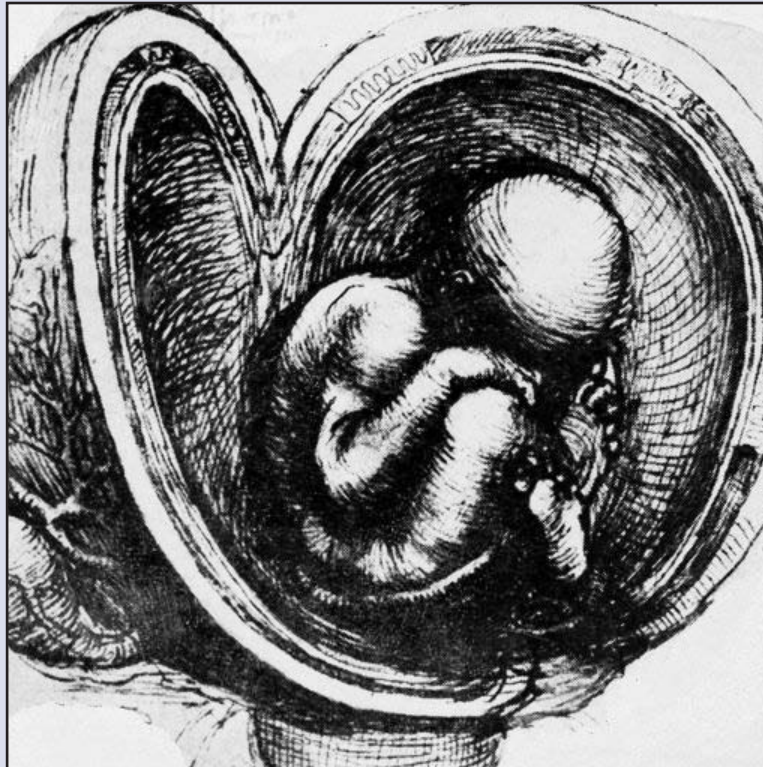
“good” versus “bad” is now thought of as mere “difference” that has been “socially constructed” as good or bad. A similar argument is considered throughout this book regarding the disabled. Is blindness a neutral condition, merely different from sightedness except for the social construction of inferiority? Does that imply that curing blindness or causing blindness in a child are

no worse or better than bringing it to be raised in a different culture? Unlike when the issue comes up in the political arena, glib language and mere political rhetoric will not do here. The issues must be confronted and the nuances respected. This book is an excellent start.

For instance, if contributors to the book do not object to terminating a pregnancy on grounds of general inconvenience to the mother, how can some of them oppose terminating a pregnancy on grounds of the particular inconvenience of having a disabled child? Co-editor, contributor, and summarizer Adrienne Asch's point is that the latter, but not the former, impugns the worth of the

life of the living disabled. But is such a personal decision the sort of thing that this sort of offense to a third person should influence? If one person chooses not to marry another because of, say, a sexual disability such as impotence, we might want to criticize them, but would we do so on grounds of its effect on other sexually disabled people? And, on a different tack, would the argument imply that we should not terminate pregnancies that are the result of rape or incest because of the implications for living people conceived in that way?

Even these issues pale in significance in light of deeper issues that simmer in this book. We see here some of our most cher-



DRAWING BY LEONARDO DA VINCI—UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD/CORBIS

“social construction.” Now, the issue of social construction is at the heart of virtually all topics in the humanities and social sciences these days. But the term “social construction” is often used quite cavalierly in ways that suggest that the phenomenon it describes could be usefully wiped off our cognitive maps if we merely decided to do so. The personal and urgent nature of the matter forces us to recognize that the blind and deaf remain significantly different from the seeing and hearing, regardless of how we “socially construct” them.

“Difference” also is at the heart of all discussions in the humanities and social sciences these days. Much of what we might once have thought was characterizable as

ished values being taken to extremes that force us to reflect on them. Politically, we have taken it as unquestioned that when no one else's welfare is concerned, we should have the widest possible range of choices. But do we want to live with the consequences of such choices if it means a world with no disabled people in it? How about if parents overwhelmingly choose to have children of the same sex? Even more broadly, we have strived for centuries to increase our control over our lives, not just politically, but technologically. There was very little complaint when that control did not, despite our efforts, amount to very much. But it is amounting to more and more, and the question of whether we want so much choice and control cannot be put off much longer. I can frankly think of no better place to begin that consideration than with this book.

—Richard Schuldenfrei
Professor of Philosophy

Other Recent Books

Emilie Amt '82 (ed.), *Medieval England 1000–1500: A Reader*, Broadview Press, 2001. This collection of documents provides a broad overview of life in Medieval England, from local writings about the daily lives of common people to well-known political texts such as the Magna Carta.

David Bennahum '57 (ed.), *Managed Care: Financial, Legal, and Ethical Issues*, The Pilgrim Press, 1999. This book examines the issues facing managed care today by assembling the viewpoints of key decision makers in the Albuquerque, N.M., health care area, from the chief executive officer of a hospital system to the director of managed care, a home health care specialist, a lawyer, chaplains, and professors at a medical school.

Ninotchka Bennahum '86, *Antonia Mercé: "La Argentina": Flamenco and the Spanish Avant Garde*, Wesleyan University Press/University Press of New England,

AN EXPANDED SECTION

With this issue of the *Bulletin*, "Books & Arts" enlarges "Books & Authors." We have expanded the scope of this section beyond books to include compact disks, films, videos, Web sites, art shows, musical compositions, and public performances. Let us know of your latest public creative endeavor. Books, videos, and CDs will be donated to the College Library after being reviewed or noted in these pages. Send your work to: Books & Arts, *Swarthmore College Bulletin*, 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore PA 19081-1390. Or e-mail news of your latest creation to bulletin@swarthmore.edu.

2000. Of great value to music and dance historians, this evaluation of Antonia Mercé, the most celebrated Spanish dancer of the early 20th century whose stage name was "La Argentina," reveals her importance as an artistic symbol for contemporary Spain and its culture.

Peter Berkowitz '81 (ed.), *Virtue and the Making of Modern Liberalism*, Princeton University Press, 1999. This book offers an analysis of the debate over virtue within modern liberal theory and practice and an accounting of the role of virtue in the classical liberal tradition.

Paul Brodwin '81 (ed.), *Biotechnology and Culture: Bodies, Anxieties, Ethics*, Indiana University Press, 2001. In this book, experts from various disciplines examine the controversies arising from advances in biotechnology, blurring the dividing lines of genres and breaching disciplinary conventions as they variously analyze such issues as cloning, surrogacy, and organ transplantation.

T. Alan Broughton '62, *The Origin of Green*, Carnegie Mellon University Press, 2001. In this moving collection of poems including "Dawn Mosaic," "Praise," and "The Color Is Green," Broughton expresses his feelings

and memories about family, relationships, nature, and writing.

Steven Epstein '74, *Speaking of Slavery: Color, Ethnicity, & Human Bondage in Italy*, Cornell University Press, 2001. In this work, Epstein shows that the ways Italians use words and think about race and labor are significantly influenced by medieval Italian language to sustain a system of slavery.

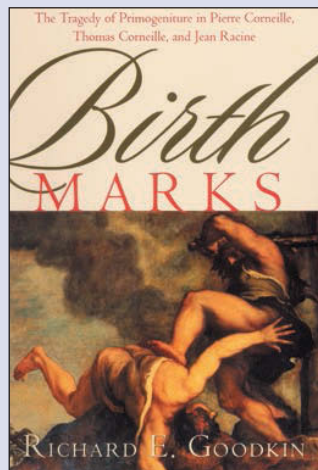
Michele Ruth Gamburd '87, *The Kitchen Spoon's Handle: Transnationalism and Sri Lanka's Migrant Housemaids*, Cornell University Press, 2000. Gamburd illustrates the effects of female migration from Sri Lanka through stories and memories of returned migrants and their families and interviews with government officials, recruiting agents, and moneylenders.

Richard Goodkin '75, *Birth Marks: The Tragedy of Primogeniture in Pierre Corneille, Thomas Corneille, and Jean Racine*, University of Pennsylvania Press, 2000. This book re-examines French classical tragedy in terms of recent theories about the sibling bond, particularly with respect to birth order.

Joan (Friendly) Goodman '56 and Howard Lesnick, *The Moral Stake in Education: Contested Premises and Practices*, Longman, 2001. This text, designed for both professional reading and courses in the ethics and philosophy of education, offers both preservice and in-service teachers several philosophies on ways to teach morality.

Alan Gordon '81, *Jester Leaps In: A Medieval Mystery*, St. Martin's/Minotaur, 2001. Gordon, a lawyer working with the Legal Aid Society in New York City who has written a previous novel and sev-

eral short stories, offers another mystery, including jester, jugglers, and knaves in the midst of political turmoil in 13th-century Europe.



RICHARD GOODKIN, AUTHOR OF *BIRTH MARKS*, TEACHES FRENCH AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

Books

Jim Huang '82 (ed.), *100 Favorite Mysteries of the Century*, The Crum Creek Press, 2000. This list, selected by the Independent Mystery Booksellers Association, features cherished books and reviews from booksellers across the United States and Canada, with additional personal recommendations and comments.

Joan (Moffitt) Larkin '60 (ed.), *A Woman Like That: Lesbian and Bisexual Writers Tell Their Coming Out Stories*, Avon Books, 1999. Extending from the 1940s to the present day, the stories in this anthology reveal the social mores related to the lesbian and bisexual experience in the United States during the past half-century.

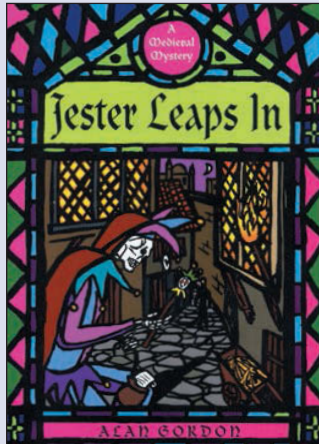
Susan Signe Morrison '81, *Women Pilgrims in Late Medieval England: Private Piety as Public Performance*, Routledge, 2000. This book explores the phenomenon of women and pilgrimage in the late Middle Ages, examining the medieval perceptions of gender and space.

Stephen Nathanson '65, *Should We Consent to Be Governed? A Short Introduction to Political Philosophy* (2nd ed.), Wadsworth/Thomas Learning, 2001. In this introduction to political philosophy, Nathanson presents the central themes of political philosophy and the views of several significant thinkers.

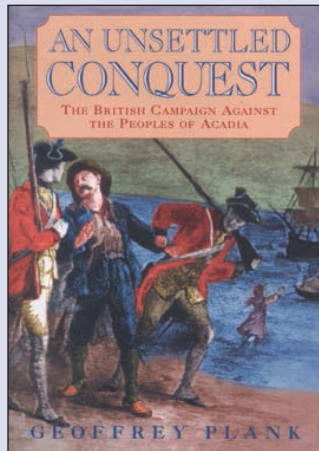
Geoffrey Plank '80, *An Unsettled Conquest: The British Campaign Against the Peoples of Acadia*, University of Pennsylvania Press, 2001. Plank gives an in-depth account of the removal of the Acadians, the ancestors of the Louisiana Cajuns, and the subsequent oppression of the Mi'kmaq.

Nicole (Fischer) Hahn Rafter '62, *Encyclopedia of Women and Crime*, Oryx Press, 2000. Criminologist Rafter provides a resource that explores the role of women as offenders, victims, criminologists, lawyers, reformers, and workers in the criminal justice system.

Donald Kennedy and John Riggs '64 (eds.), *U.S. Policy and the Global Environment: Memos to the President*, The Aspen



ABOVE: LAWYER ALAN GORDON HAS WRITTEN *JESTER LEAPS IN: A MEDIEVAL MYSTERY*. RIGHT: ERIC SCHATZBERG, AUTHOR OF *WINGS OF WOOD, WINGS OF METAL*, TEACHES THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN. BELOW: GEOFFREY PLANK, WHO WROTE *AN UNSETTLED CONQUEST*, TEACHES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI.



Institute, 2000. This set of policy memos was written by a group of science, business, and environment experts at the Aspen Institute as members of a hypothetical committee to advise the new president on global environmental policy.

Micheal Emery, Edwin Emery, and Nancy Roberts '76, *The Press and America: An Interpretive History of the Mass Media* (9th ed.), Allyn and Bacon, 2000. Roberts, a professor of journalism and mass commu-

nication at the University of Minnesota, updated this comprehensive history of journalism—fulfilling a promise to co-authors Edwin Emery, her doctoral advisor and colleague, and his son Michael, a professor of journalism at California State University, after their deaths.

Eric Schatzberg '79, *Wings of Wood, Wings of Metal: Culture and Technical Choice in American Airplane Materials, 1914–1945*, Princeton University Press, 1999. Schatzberg shows that culture and ideology help

determine the most basic characteristics of modern industrial technologies as well as the influence of the military on 20th-century technology.

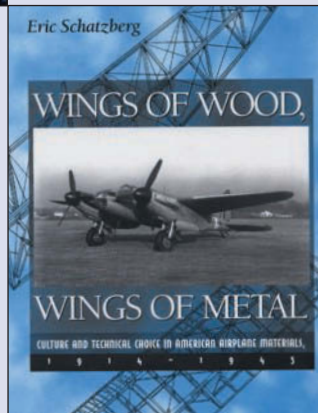
Hasia Diner, Jeffrey Shandler '78, and Beth Wenger (eds.), *Remembering the Lower East Side: American Jewish Reflections*, Indiana University Press, 2001. This collection of essays explores

the dynamics of Lower East Side memory, examining the changing ways that the neighborhood has been embraced by American Jews over a century.

Barbara Calkins Swartout '53, *Building Canandaigua: A Collection*, Ontario County Historical Society, 1997. In this work, which began as an inventory of historic structures and neighborhoods, the author explores the history of Canandaigua, N.Y.

Nina de Angeli Walls '62, *Art, Industry, and Women's Education in Philadelphia*, Bergin & Garvey, 2001. This book, created because the traditions of Moore College of Art and Design intrigued the author, includes chapters on "Designing Women as Students," "Managing a Women's Art School," and "Moore College in the Twentieth Century."

Barbara Winne '41, *Singular Shadow*, self-published, 2000. In this collection of poems, Winne uses vivid imagery to reflect on memories and relationships from throughout her life.



Film

David Linde '82, producer of *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, wowed moviegoers across the nation this winter with the hit Chinese action-adventure blend of kung fu and romanticism. At press time, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* had received 10 Academy Award nominations.

Nancy Cole and Liza Xydis '86 completed the docu-comedy *Small Metal Glasses*, which aired on *Through the Lens* (WYBe Television, Jan. 23). The following description about the award-winning film was posted on the Web site http://www.docfestival.gr/2000/stories__uk.html: "In a series of interviews with various eyeglass-wearers as well as with two opticians who sell eyewear, the film comments on the issues of medical necessity, superficial accessory, [and] the judgements we make based on appearances."

DAVID LINDE, WHO PRODUCED *CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON* (RIGHT), IS A NATIVE OREGONIAN WHO SPENT TWO FORMATIVE YEARS BEFORE SWARTHMORE IN EUROPEAN BOARDING SCHOOLS, WHERE HE ACQUIRED LANGUAGE SKILLS THAT HAVE CONTINUED TO BE USEFUL IN HIS CAREER.



CHAN KAM CHUEN



KATHRYN SMITH

MEGHAN HAYES STARTED WRITING SONGS BEFORE ATTENDING SWARTHMORE, WHERE SHE FIRST PERFORMED LIVE. SHE HAS PLAYED IN CLUBS AND COFFEE-HOUSES IN THE MID-ATLANTIC, NORTHEAST, AND WASHINGTON, D.C., AREAS AT VENUES LIKE THE BLACK CAT, LUNA PARK GRILLE, IOTA, AND CAFFE.

Music

Meghan Hayes '93, who suggested expanding this section to "Books & Arts" (see box on call for submissions), opened for Capitol Records recording artist Amy Correira at the Tin Angel in Philadelphia on Feb. 2. Hayes' CD, *Snow on the Waves*, released in September, explores her travels through the United States and the Czech Republic as well as themes of love and fear. After graduating, she supported her music by teaching in Brno, Czech Republic, and then working for consumer advocate Ralph Nader, who led Hayes to an accidental singing appearance on National Public Radio's *E-Town*. In addition to writing, singing, and playing acoustic guitar for the 12 tracks of folk, rock, alternative country, and melodic pop songs, Hayes produced the recording with David McKittrick.

Patrick Runkle '98 released his first CD, *After the Fall*, with the "80s-style synthpop" duo Ganymede. As reported in the *Lancaster New Era*, Ganymede evokes a spacey, other-worldly mood and is on the racks at independent music stores in California. *Electroage* describes it as "Addictive-like Elegant Machinery, cheerful-like Cosmicity, and pleasurable-like early Anything Box; Ganymede brilliantly plays in the old-school synthpop field without a sense of déjà-vu." ☞

Sticking With the Union

J. STANNARD BAKER '68 HELPED SPARK VERMONT'S CIVIL UNIONS ACT.

In June 1997, J. Stannard Baker and his partner, Peter Harrigan, went to the town clerk's office in Shelburne, Vt., and requested a marriage license. The clerk politely refused. Baker, a child and family therapist and director of a mental health agency in Middlebury, and Harrigan, a tenured professor of theater at St. Michael's College, along with two lesbian couples, filed the Vermont lawsuit that ultimately led to the history-making Civil Unions Act, which allows same-sex couples the same legal rights, privileges, and responsibilities as married heterosexual couples. The lawsuit, referred to as the *Baker Case*, led to one of the most significant gains for the gay and lesbian rights movement in 30 years.

Although Baker was already active in Vermont gay politics, when he was asked by a friend to narrate a promotional video for The Freedom to Marry Task Force, he also became involved in the issue. Two Vermont attorneys had been preparing background material for the suit, and several lesbian couples had agreed to be plaintiffs, but no gay men had stepped forward. "Peter and I spoke to our families and colleagues, and they all supported our decision," says Baker. With secure jobs at institutions with nondiscrimination policies that included sexual orientation, they felt the risks would be minimal. "I also did it because I fell in love with Peter," says Baker. "Because I had been in a previous heterosexual marriage for 20 years, I also knew how powerful those legal and social supports could be to our relationship."

The lawsuit was filed in July 1997 and, by November 1998, the case had moved up to the state Supreme Court. After 13 months of deliberating, the justices came to a unanimous ruling on the *Baker Case*. Chief Justice Jeffrey Amestoy, a Republican, read the court's statement: "The extension of the Common Benefits Clause [of the Vermont Constitution] to acknowledge the plaintiffs as Vermonters who seek nothing more, nor less,



STAN BAKER (LEFT) AND HIS PARTNER, PETER HARRIGAN, CELEBRATED THEIR LEGAL UNION AT A BOAT RECEPTION ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN. THEY FILED A VERMONT LAWSUIT THAT LED TO THE HISTORY-MAKING CIVIL UNIONS ACT.

than legal protection and security for their avowed commitment to an intimate and lasting human relationship is simply, when all is said and done, a recognition of our common humanity." Baker and Harrigan were elated.

The court left it to the Vermont Legislature to decide how to grant full rights and benefits to same-sex couples. The legislature spent the 2000 session debating and holding public hearings in the House of Representatives and Senate. Baker was in the public spotlight, traveling around the state speaking to church groups and civic groups every week. "Our purpose as plaintiffs was to put a personal face on the issue," he says. "It was 'Peter and Stan,' not 'those gay people.' After a sometimes bitter battle, the Legislature voted to create an institution called civil union, affording same-sex couples the same rights under the law as married couples.

Baker and Harrigan married on Aug. 13 in an Episcopal Church with a choir, a priest, and 270 guests. "It was more than just a ceremony of our commitment; it is a legal union," says Baker, who adds, "Having the rights of marriage includes having to go through a lot of bureaucratic hoops if we ever wanted to dissolve it—just like heterosexual couples."

But there was a shadow looming over the festivities. While Baker was celebrating his marriage, large amounts of money were flowing in from out-of-state conservative groups to fund a highly visible campaign to overturn the Civil Unions Act. "Take Back Vermont" signs appeared in stores and in farmer's fields throughout the state. Baker's neighbors put up their own signs, "Move Vermont Forward," and "Keep Vermont Civil." He and Harrigan were grateful for the support.

On election day, Baker and Harrigan anxiously watched the local election returns and breathed a sigh of relief when opponents of civil unions failed to unseat the governor and take over Vermont government. Not only that, exit polls showed a strong majority of Vermonters supporting civil unions.

While five more states are now considering civil union legislation, the battle continues in Vermont, albeit somewhat more calmly. "I believe," says Baker, "that as we go into the most powerful and fundamental institution of our culture—marriage—and ask it to apply to same-sex couples, we tell young people they have a choice. Justice is the best antidote to despair."

—Laura Markowitz '85

A Hit of Poetry

A NEW POET DAILY AT DON SELBY'S ['74] POEMS.COM



GARY STOTTELMER

DON SELBY RUNS *POETRY DAILY* AT WWW.POEMS.COM, A NONPROFIT COMPANY FEATURING THE WORK OF A DIFFERENT CONTEMPORARY POET DAILY.

When he graduated from Swarthmore, Don Selby had no idea that 25 years later he'd be running what is probably the most popular Web site around devoted entirely to contemporary poetry.

Poetry Daily (PD), at www.poems.com (or www.poetrydaily.org), is a nonprofit company that features the work of a different contemporary poet each day. It also keeps an archive of poets, provides links to articles about poetry published in major print-media outlets, and is linked to Amazon.com—so visitors can order books by featured poets with a couple of clicks of the mouse. *PD*, funded almost entirely by individuals' donations (don't let the ".dot.com" fool you!), boasts 45 million yearly hits and 3 million yearly "visits" (a measure of the number of people who stay at the Web site for any length of time). It has 19,000 subscribers to its weekly e-mail newsletter. "Poets, students, academics, and wannabes," says Selby, who founded the site with two partners, Diane Boller and Rob Anderson, in 1997, "but also heavy equipment operators, designers, military men and women, software professionals,

unemployed persons, and lawyers and doctors who tell us they sign on to redeem their day! We get mail from South Dakota! India! Even a research ship in Antarctica!"

PD's stated mission: "To make it easier for people to find poets and poetry they like, and to help publishers bring news of their books, magazines, and journals to more people." A self-described "last-minute English major" in college, Selby is not a poet himself. "My last effort was for my junior high magazine. No way to surpass that accomplishment, so I gave it up."

From Swarthmore, he went directly to the University of Virginia's law school but never practiced law. Instead, he got a job with a small Charlottesville legal publishing company, which eventually became part of LEXIS-NEXIS, the massive on- and off-line law-and-business publications company. Toward the end of his 20-year tenure there, he got to talking with an employee—Boller—who was interested in contemporary poetry. They had both noticed how difficult it was to find contemporary poetry collections and journals even in the best bookstores. "We started talk-

ing about what could happen for poetry, how we could get it a wider audience," says Selby. "And that's how *Poetry Daily* began."

Selby, who is currently the site's only full-time employee, says they have not done much self-promotion. "But we were on-line early, and it turns out poetry is one of the most searched-for things on the Web. We got our URL early enough that we got "poems.com," and we had experience designing sites, so we knew how to make it easy for search engines to find us. Early on, cultural editors at newspapers were browsing around to see what was happening on the Web. *The New York Times*, the *Times* of London, and the *Wall Street Journal* found us and did articles." *PD* is now on most poetry book and journal publishers' review copy lists, and every time the site features a poet, "we immediately get a gigantic new network of their friends, family, and fellow poets."

Now, says Selby, the only problem is what to do with the massive mountain of poetry books piling up in his basement, with dozens more coming in weekly.

—Daisy Fried '89

Sky Dancing

AMELIA RUDOLPH '86 COMBINES TWO PASSIONS: MOUNTAINEERING AND MODERN DANCE.

Swarthmore has produced some notable choreographers and dancers, but Amelia Rudolph may be the only one who often performs several hundred feet above ground. A performance by Project Bandaloop—the group Rudolph founded nearly a decade ago—is not easily forgotten.

Bandaloop was recently featured on PBS and in *Smithsonian Magazine*, performing a dance called “Luminescent Flights” off the face of a 2,400-foot granite cliff in Yosemite National Park.

It’s an appropriate title, considering that Bandaloop’s specialty is equal parts flight and modern dance, rappelling and gymnastics—a sort of sophisticated high-wire act without the net. Rudolph’s group has performed on such “stages” as Seattle’s Space Needle, the Vasco da Gama Tower in Lisbon, Portugal, and the Pacific cliffs of California.

“Dancing while rappelling has its limitations in terms of choreography, but solving those problems is what intrigues me,” says Rudolph, who lives in Oakland, Calif. Although they often perform on the ground, it’s the hybrid of mountaineering and dance that drives Project Bandaloop.

Rudolph came to Swarthmore from Chicago’s Hubbard School of Dance. Although she majored in comparative religion, she took a lot of dance. “The dance program at Swarthmore is incredible in its ability to bring amazing people in to work with the students,” she recalls. “That made it very transformative for me.”

After graduation, she performed with prominent modern dance artists such as Mark Morris. But after a knee injury, she returned to comparative religion, this time at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley. While preparing her thesis on “American modern dance as ritual,” she began working with four of the dancers who now make up Project Bandaloop. All were avid climbers, a passion Rudolph discovered at 25.

Together, the group developed their suspended-dance technique. Hanging from anchored ropes, they wear climbing harnesses and use self-locking devices to descend and hold their positions while they dance. Like the rest of the company, Rudolph is a skilled mountaineer as well as a world-class dancer.



AMELIA RUDOLPH '86 (RIGHT) AND HEATHER BAER PERFORM WITH PROJECT BANDALOOP ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST, NORTH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

On top of the rigors of dancing, they have to traverse cliff walls considered challenging even to career climbers.

“The reason I chose this, rather than a more traditional track, has everything to do with rock climbing,” Rudolph explains. “My experience of nature was—and is—profound. Being in the mountains gave me a powerful incentive to create art. It’s a continuing theme throughout what I do.” So is her interest in religion. “I think modern North American culture is lacking in meaningful rituals that bring us together as a community and lift our spirits. A good performance of gravity-skewing dance can do that.”

Most dances Bandaloop performs—even those on city skyscrapers—focus on “capturing the experience of the mountains.” Performances have a heart-stopping effect on audiences, but Rudolph insists, it’s not as dangerous as it looks. The company employs two professional riggers. “We are extremely safety conscious,” she says.

It takes a lot to frighten her these days. “I don’t even register 150 feet or a 10-story building anymore,” she admits, “but when we

went out a 23-story window in downtown Houston last year, I was scared—something about seeing those tiny cars below! We’re all aware in that moment that there is no going back until we’re on the ground. On a building, you can’t even find a root to hold onto. But once we start rehearsing, we become completely focused on the choreography.”

One drawback to choreographing at such dizzying heights, she says, is that audiences are often so distracted by the perceived danger that they miss the subtleties of the dance. “I want people to ignore the sweaty palms and enjoy the work,” she says. “I don’t deny that there’s an incredible feeling when you first go out a 23rd-story window or over the edge of a cliff. But my motivation is the creative ways that I can explore movement, enabled by these unusual situations.”

Meanwhile, there are plenty of impressive vertical stages left to dance on, both natural and man-made. And there’s one wall that holds particular attractions for Rudolph: “It would be so cool to perform on Clothier Tower!”

—Cathleen McCarthy

Bath Time

AN HOUR AT THE *ONSEN* ISN'T ENOUGH.

By Marc Pachon '96

Kyoko and I arrived at the Mawaki *onsen* (public bath) at 5:50 p.m. We walked past it up a covered, wooden path that stretched up to the hotel at the top of the mountain. In the empty restaurant, we were greeted by a young woman in the hotel's uniform. She informed us that the restaurant wouldn't be officially open for another 5 minutes, but we were free to sit at a table and look at the menus. We took the table closest to the entrance because of its view of the bay, and I was glad we had arrived while it was still daylight.

The prices were higher than we had remembered—twice what I was used to paying. But it was the only restaurant around that did not specialize in noodles, so we ordered and then started talking about nothing. A group of six old men came into the restaurant and started smoking and talking loudly at their table right behind us. The smoke bothered me more than the noise because I'm used to blocking out the constant conversations around me I can't understand yet. The food arrived, and we ate quickly—Kyoko getting my pickles and I snagging some of her cooked fish. It was a good meal, but I knew I'd be hungry again after the *onsen*.

We finished an hour after arriving, having slowed down later in the meal to discuss bigger nothings. I told Kyoko about my dream house design, which sidetracked into a discussion of how I would change if I had the money to build it. Kyoko likes me the way I am, and I'm not sure that I do. I feel like I have some huge change in personality approaching, but I don't know when or what it will be. Maybe Kyoko sensed it, too, and was afraid about its implications. I'm not too worried about my future with her, though. *Uso*. After eating, I paid, and we left for the baths.

I carried her piggyback down the pathway for no good reason, and we arrived at the *onsen* laughing. Kyoko pointed out the moon, now just above the tree line. It was in one of those phases where the crescent is illuminated, but the rest of the sphere looks darker than the surrounding sky. We bought tickets at the machine and looked at the clock: 7:02.

"Let's meet at 8," I said.

"Mmmm ... 8:15, *yo*," she said in a bilingual mix.

"An hour's good enough, *ne*?"

"But I have the stone side, *yo*." She smiled at me. We both think that the stone side of the *onsen* is better than the wood side. This *onsen* is divided by sex, and which gender is on which side changes every week. Unfortunately for me, the last three times we've come, I've had the wood side. Kyoko isn't exactly crushed for me.

"Well, I'll be here in an hour," I say, playing my typical games. "We'll see how strong your feelings for me are.... You know,

IN THE POOLS, MY
MIND SLOWS DOWN.
IN THE SAUNA, MY
HEART STARTS TO
RACE, AND EVERY
BREATH, EVERY
SECOND GOES BY
FULLY REALIZED.

whether you'd make me wait miserably out here while you enjoy the stone side for a few more minutes."

She wrinkled her face. "8:15, *yo*, since I don't want to rush." Point, Kyoko.

"Tell you what, 8:15, but you owe me a favor."

"Like what?"

"Don't know yet. I'll cash it in at my leisure."

She glanced at the clock. "Now it's 7:08, so *yappari*, it's only an hour."

"Too bad. You'll still owe me."

We kissed and went to our respective sides. A wooden porch with matching wooden shelves marked the "shoes-off" boundary, and I removed mine and placed them

on one of the shelves. There were little key lockers available, but I like to give humanity the benefit of the doubt. Not only do I feel pretty sure about my possessions in rural Japan, but my shoe size is also an inch larger than most Japanese brands go.

I ducked under the split-cloth curtain and opened the wooden sliding door to the changing room. Like most *onsen* changing



MICHAEL S. YAMASHITA/CORBIS

rooms, it consisted of a sink/mirror area for post-bath primping and a series of wooden cabinets and shelves for possessions. The shelves had large wicker baskets on them, and I stripped quickly and placed everything in one of them. Another sliding door led to the indoor section of the baths, and I entered armed with only a small blue towel and my glasses.

The first stop was the shower area. “You need to be clean to enter the baths,” I once told my friends visiting from LA. I soaped, shampooed, and rinsed in about 15 minutes. I try to take a little longer in this stage than the Japanese around me, a small contribution to the fight against stereotypes of the dirty foreigner. This hygienically and culturally cleansing activity finished, I proceeded to one of the actual baths.

The indoor pools in *onsens* are typically much hotter than the outdoor ones. This particular *onsen* had three indoor pools, two of which were moderately hot, and the third—the pool that fed water to the other two—barely tolerable. I sat in the uncomfortable one for about 5 minutes and allowed most of my muscles to melt out through my pores. Aaahhhhhh.

I moved outside, to the salted pools. I will, at some point, find out what they put into these treated pools, but I am currently ignorant. It gives a yellow tint to the water and has a salty taste. The wood side of Mawaki *onsen* had four outdoor pools, two of them treated. In each case, a small, hot, elevated pool served as a feeder to a more shallow but much larger pool.

I slid into the shallow treated pool and lay back, using my towel as a pillow. The water in the pool was almost perfect body temperature. This was the part of the *onsen* that I loved. To my right, a raspy speaker was attempting to play radio music. I let the static and the Japanese lyrics run together into a meditative white noise and scanned



BOB KRIST/CORBIS



MICHAEL S. YAMASHITA/CORBIS

“YOU NEED TO BE CLEAN TO ENTER THE BATHS,” MARC PACHON TOLD A FRIEND. EVERY *ONSEN* IS DIFFERENT. THESE PHOTOGRAPHS HINT AT THE VARIETY OF EXPERIENCES TO BE FOUND IN THE JAPANESE BATH.

the sky. In one of life’s perfect moments, my ears picked up the voice of an old man in the deeper pool singing at the same time that my eyes locked on to the comet. The moon was in front of me, black and white against the navy sky, and a few degrees to its right was Hale-Bopp at its brightest, a speckled teardrop half the size of the moon. The elderly bather’s scratchy voice traced over a Japanese folk song and perfected the mood. I had no job to complete, no meeting to go to, and the *onsen* provided the perfect excuse to do nothing and enjoy it. Some of my friends smoke to achieve this state, others hang out at coffee bars. The Japanese have the *onsen*.

For about 20 minutes, I watched the moon slowly descend from view. Around the same time it disappeared behind the small building housing the sauna, a group of college-aged men entered the outdoor area. They entered the pool I was in and started talking loudly to each other. One of them pointed to the comet and shifted the conversation. The Japanese pronounced it “*Hey-bup*,” in two quick syllables. I left the pool and entered the sauna.

The sauna is the polar opposite of the *onsen* pools. In the pools, my mind slows down, and the world gels into a few very mellow observations. In the sauna, my heart starts to race, and every

breath, every second goes by fully realized. Thoughts rush through my mind, trying to distract me from the heat, but my consciousness keeps returning to the intense discomfort of the room. I don’t know how much hotter Japanese saunas are, but I’ve never counted the seconds in a U.S. sauna. After five minutes by the little egg timer next to the entrance, I left to enter the cold pool.

It’s outside, next to the sauna, and the near-freezing water provides an experience I’ve always imagined akin to a lightning strike. My mind cleared like a jostled Etch-a-Sketch, and simple bodily activities like blood flow and heart pumping suddenly became the focus of my existence. I usually enter, then hold my breath under water for

as long as possible. (Two-and-a-half minutes is my record.) This marked the end of my *onsen* routine. I emerged from my cold dip, imagining icicles forming on my body as I walked across the outdoor area and re-entered the building. Inside, I returned to one of the shower stalls and rinsed off my body quickly, removing salt and sweat that the cold dip didn’t take care of. I also rinsed out my towel, which I then used to towel the water off myself. I checked the clock: 8:05.

Putting on my clothes and hand combing my hair back to a semblance of order took another five minutes, and I left the men’s side of the *onsen* five minutes early. Kyoko was waiting for me, a little smile of triumph on her face.

“*Osoi, yo.*” She tapped her watch and raised an eyebrow.

“I guess I owe you a favor.” I smiled, put my arm around her, and we left the baths. ☺

Marc Pachon taught at Kanazawa City Schools in Ishikawa Prefecture, Japan. He is now a first-year law student at Northwestern University.

Letters

continued from page 3

old football tradition. It is a failure of leadership in meeting the challenge of fulfilling Swarthmore's mission. We have formed an organization to try to reverse this trend. Please see our Web site, www.mindthe-light.com, for more analysis of the decision and its consequences.

The essence of the Quaker tradition of decision making is patience, active listening, and a determination to understand all opinions and to find an accommodation that preserves the spirit and the health of the community. It is an expression of love and mutual respect.

Tragically, this tradition was not maintained in making this decision. Unlike the debate about Swarthmore's investment policies toward South Africa, which took eight years of full and open discussion to reach a conclusion, this decision was made in one day without a written report and verifiable data to substantiate the Athletics Review Committee's recommendation. No attempt was made to engage the talents of the full Swarthmore community to discuss the recommendation. Students, alumni, faculty, and parents were not consulted.

The aftermath of this decision and the way it was made have been the destruction of Swarthmore's sense of community. Two Board members and many class agents have resigned to date, and many more are deeply disturbed by this decision. Hundreds of alumni and College community members—athletes and nonathletes, men and women—have joined the Mind the Light organization to fight for a restoration of Swarthmore's traditional values and decision process.

The only way to restore

the College's sense of community is to go back to basics and study the issue in an open manner, drawing on our best talents and our mutual love of Swarthmore. Even if, over time, the uproar diminishes, without this commitment it will mean that a large segment of the community will have given up on the College, their love replaced with indifference.

WILLIAM ROBINSON '60
Westlake Village, Calif.

THE VIEW FROM DIVISION I

I write to support and applaud the College's decision to limit the number of recruited athletes to 15 percent of the student body and, consequently, to cut some athletics programs. I have a different perspective on this question than most members of the College community because I teach at the University of Virginia (UVA), an excellent academic school but also a National Collegiate Athletic Association Division I school with a large sports program and dedicated athletic scholarships.

I imagine most people associated with Swarthmore would agree that UVA is the last sort of place they would want to use as a model for the role of sports on campus, but, in my view, the risk of compromising educational programs is, in fact, far greater at Swarthmore than it is here. The central issue is size: Despite having more than 11,000 undergraduates, UVA supports just 24 varsity sports (12 each for men and women)—three more than Swarthmore plans to support in its reconfigured program. According to figures I recently received from our Athletic Department, only about 4 percent of UVA students receive athletics scholarships, and fewer than 6 percent participate in varsity sports. Although Swarth-

more's student-athletes doubtless have a stronger academic profile than UVA's, Swarthmore will still be reserving, in proportional terms, three times the number of athlete slots in each entering class, even after eliminating football.

As an educator, it astounds and disturbs me that some in the College community think it would do no harm to push the number of recruited athletes to 20 percent or higher. Even at the Division III level, athletics recruiting significantly alters—and in many cases weakens—the academic profile of the student body. If that were not the case, there would be no controversy, and all the teams could be filled with walk-ons. Swarthmore is, and will remain, in many ways more invested in its sports programs than “football schools” like UVA. The College's decision to limit athletics recruitment is wise, responsible, and the only decision for an academically serious institution.

JOSHUA DIENSTAG '86
Charlottesville, Va.

SHORT-SIGHTED DECISION

I find the College's decision to eliminate certain intercollegiate sports, particularly football, to be extremely shortsighted and certainly to the detriment of the College; student body; and, shortly, Swarthmore's reputation as a well-rounded academic institution. From the publicity given this action, I can only conclude that the agendas of a few thoroughly trampled the desires and wishes of many.

RICHARD KERSEY '58
Trumbull, Conn.

LOVE SWARTHMORE, LOATHE DECISION

I love Swarthmore. But I loathe your decision to abandon the football program.

As a former lacrosse player, theoretically I should applaud the ostensible goal of recruiting more lacrosse players (with the now-available football slots). But some of the very best lacrosse players on our very best lacrosse team (1982) never played the sport until [former coach] Jim Noyes went to the football team after its season and gave anyone who wanted one a lacrosse stick. And thus were born Eddie Meehan, John Hiros, all the Walsh brothers, and so many other great Swarthmore lacrosse players.

ADAM REEVES '85
New York

THE ATHLETICS DECISION AND QUAKER PROCESS

I write in order to present one Quaker Board member's perspective on Friends' decision-making processes and the decisions made at the meeting of the Board of Managers on Dec. 2.

When decisions are made by groups of Quakers both in their meetings (monthly, quarterly, and yearly) and in the nonprofit organizations that they oversee, deliberations are carried out during what is called a Meeting for Worship for Business. At these meetings—which are fundamentally religious in character—Friends are expected to meditate, pray, and seek God's will in reaching what Friends refer to as “the sense of the meeting.” That is what is meant by “minding the Light.” All who gather are experienced in the process of seeking God's will, all are committed to the centrality of the spiritual and religious bases of decision making, and all accept the premise that there can be no decision until the sense of the meeting is reached.

In organizations governed by Friends whose boards include non-Friends (generally fewer than half), training in and commitment to these principles is expected. As a lifelong Friend and a participant in and clerk of many Quaker groups and organizations, I have a deep conviction about the power of this kind of decision making.

Since my student days at Swarthmore in the 1960s, however, I have understood that Swarthmore College is not fundamentally a religious institution and that most people who become associated with it have had little contact with Friends. At the same time, I have been impressed that the College has maintained the Friends' traditions of commitment to peace and justice, a commitment to service to the community and social change, and a belief in minimizing the material and upholding moral and ethical goals.

One aspect of the Friends' tradition that has continued at Swarthmore has been the practice of the Board of Managers of making decisions without taking votes. Indeed, in the 12 years I served, the Dec. 2 meeting was the only time the process of voting was used. At no time during my years, on the other hand, were decisions made according to the manner of Friends.

Meetings of the Board of Managers are

not considered to be Meetings for Worship. There is no common sense of seeking God's will, nor is there any provision in the charter or the bylaws—as there would be in a Quaker organization—about the requirements for making decisions according to the sense of the meeting. Rather, there has been an understanding that consensual decisions are valuable because they do not create a victorious majority and a defeated minority, because the expectation of consensual decision making often disciplines members to explore all the alternatives and arguments in the greatest depth, and because a decision behind which people are able to unite is usually more powerful in conveying the will of the group than decisions made in other ways. It is my understanding that the practice of consensual decision making is now commonly thought to be the most effective method in many nonprofit organizations.

The decision before the Board of Managers last December was a complex and difficult one in many ways. The factors under consideration by the Board had been developing for 20 or 30 years, not only at Swarthmore but also across the country at our sister schools. Unfortunately, the Board and administration did not fully understand the urgency of these issues for our mission and policies until the fall of 1999. At the December 1999 meeting, President Alfred H. Bloom brought to the Board's attention the need to consider and resolve the twin problems of athletes' and coaches' increasing dissatisfaction with their experience of intercollegiate athletic competition at Swarthmore and the increasing pressures from athletic recruitment on admissions. For not recognizing the great importance of the developing issues 5 or 10 years ago, we must all take responsibility.

After hearing from the president, the Board moved quickly to ask the administration to form an Athletics Review Committee (ARC). The goal of the Board was to have all the information it would need for a thorough deliberation of the issues. We did not ask the ARC to determine what was the most popular decision among any group, whether students, faculty, or alumni, but rather to include the whole range of perspectives in their material and recommendations.

At this point, those of us on the Board made a second mistake. We extended the

date set for a decision from December 2000 to May 2001 without taking sufficiently into account the seasons of the College year and the implications of a delay of a decision on our part on the lives of students, coaches, and potential students.

Just prior to the Board meeting in December, many suggested that making a decision the following May was tantamount to making an immediate decision to end football, in particular, because of the timing. The Admissions Office clearly stated that it was unprofessional and unethical for them to recruit athletes for teams whose futures were unclear.

Moved by these arguments, the Board at its December meeting decided that there were compelling reasons to make the decision in December. This issue was deeply engaged, with many Board members speaking to the question. After a period of discussion, it was clear that those with widely varying opinions on the specific recommendations of the ARC were in firm agreement that the worst possible option was to postpone the decision. This decision was made by consensus, with no one standing aside from it and with the passionate support of many Board members who disagreed with each other on the recommendations.

Yet at the moment that we decided through consensus that an immediate decision was necessary, we knew that we might not be able to decide on the specific recommendations of the ARC by consensus. Although a large majority favored the ARC recommendations, several members continued to believe strongly that the recommendations were wrong, and that other paths would be best for the College. As this division became clearer, Chairman Shane asked each of us to indicate where we stood. We realized that several people disagreed with the majority, but that they had not raised enough questions in the minds of the majority to change their views. It was also clear that the majority would not be able to change the minds of at least some of those in the minority. At that point, having agreed on the importance of reaching a decision at this meeting, we reached a consensus that we should let the division stand—and that we would, for the record, consider the decision about the recommendations to have been made by a vote. Had we believed that we could have delayed the decision, we

would have agreed to continue the discussion at later meetings, in hopes of reaching consensus.

During the December meeting, we all understood that the circumstances that led us to a vote were unfortunate but unavoidable. Not being required to make every decision by consensus, we made an exception for what we believed were compelling reasons. We also believed, however, that we were creating the wisest possible process, given the circumstances, and that we were acting in the best interests of the College.

Throughout this difficult process, I have perceived members of the Board to be in agreement that consensual decision making is the preferred practice, that this instance was an exception to our traditional method, and that we felt a sense of deep regret about finding ourselves facing the necessity of a divided decision. As much as it is possible and appropriate for a secular institution with a Quaker tradition to be, I believe that Swarthmore College and its Board of Managers keeps the inspiration and good practices of the Society of Friends before them as they strive to carry out the mission of the College in their policies and decisions.

DULANY OGDEN BENNETT '66
Portland, Ore.

Bennett's term on the Board of Managers ended in December after 12 years of service.

UNSTATED SUBTEXT

The arguments put forth by the Athletics Review Committee to explain the decisions made about the complex issues of athletics at Swarthmore appear to be rational. However, there exists an unstated subtext that requires further analysis and open discussion. This subtext is the consistent view held by many in the academic community of Swarthmore that sports are a waste of time and that intellect is all. A barely hidden battle has taken place for decades between those who hold this position and others who believe that intercollegiate competition has a vital place in the life of the school. It may well be that proponents of the former view have seen their opportunity, grasped it, and triumphed.

I find it hard to believe that in the eastern half of the United States our college cannot find eight other schools with football teams that recruit athletes within the limits that Swarthmore finds appropriate

and that would provide competition more or less equal to what we can offer.

Swarthmore's reputation as an effete institution is not its strongest asset. This decision makes it worse and is especially troublesome if it was made for the wrong—and as yet unacknowledged—reasons.

PHILIP BRICKNER '50
New York City

AGAINST COMPETITION

What value is obtained from intercollegiate sports that cannot equally be found in intramurals—except competition? But since when has competition as such been a value in the Swarthmore community's philosophy? Possibly these things run in cycles, and, some day not too far off, we will recover our detachment and humor and rediscover athletics as wonderful recreation—no more and no less.

I am pleased that the Board could not reach consensus on this issue. I trust that was because at least some could not support the idea of supporting 21 (!) intercollegiate sports.

ROBERT HILLEGASS '49
Greenfield, N.H.

ATHLETES COMPETING IN CLASSROOMS

It is simply a fallacy to believe that [athletics] recruitment efforts are synonymous with allocation of admissions spaces for undeserving applicants.

I state this strongly because of my experiences as a member of the men's soccer team during the years between 1989 to 1993. During this period, our team was highly competitive, not only locally but nationally. We won our division 3 times, advanced to the Mid-Atlantic Conference semifinals twice, qualified for the National Championships twice, and advanced to the final 16 in the country once. And, concurrent with these athletic achievements, my teammates were succeeding at similar rates in the classroom.

To use an admittedly simplistic yardstick of the academic credentials of my teammates during those four years, I quickly count eight who have received Ph.D.s (in economics, mathematics, psychology, chemistry, classics, and philosophy), four who have received M.D.s, three who have received M.A.s, and one who received a J.D. Undoubtedly, there are others who have

chosen not to receive advanced degrees but are faring well in the world.

ESTEBAN CARDEMIL '93
Providence, R.I.

“NEGATIVE PATHOLOGIES”

I write not to support the decision to drop football (as the College asserted on its Web site) but to point out that the issue is far more complex than either side's public comments admit.

Looking at Swarthmore's won-lost records since the 1960s—when the National Collegiate Athletic Association allowed two-platoon football, making it impossible to compete with a team of 30 players—it is clear that most Swarthmore football teams endured losing records and the pain that goes with them. Even those who experienced winning seasons felt marginalized as mainstream male athletes on Swarthmore's campus. One of my ex-players commented on the Board's decision, “at least kids won't have to suffer what we did”—and this young man played on teams with winning records 3 of his 4 years at Swarthmore! Many negative pathologies develop on losing teams and in environments where people feel like outcasts.

All members of the Board should also be honest concerning their role in the deterioration of traditional team sports at the College. Several teams (including football, with a 7–3 record in 1990 and a 5–3–1 second-place Conference finish in 1992; and basketball, with an Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference playoff team in 1991) enjoyed success in the last years of Bob Barr's [56] tenure as dean of admissions.

When the Board hired Al Bloom and approved his policies to increase diversity while also increasing the academic rigor of the entering class, it set in motion the demise of football. By the mid-1990s, almost all team sports were laughably bad, and the traditional male team sports were anemic. It was at that point that the Board “discovered” the crisis and attempted the heroic rescue of football that has been ended by last December's decision.

Since 1992, the Bloom administration made clear that its mission was to make Swarthmore more uniquely Swarthmorean. Although there was no overt desire to harm athletics, it was a case of malevolent neglect. At a school where the successful teams oper-

ated on such a small margin, the new admissions emphases (without any corresponding role for athletics) spelled doom. The Board of Managers and its tradition of consensus (or, more precisely, its inability to reach a consensus on either eliminating football or supporting it properly) produced a negative situation where players failed to enjoy the positive aspects of the sport and where coaches had their careers short-circuited—or else retired embittered. Perhaps a few powerful alumni “preserved” football but at what human cost?

Although the Board's action was traumatic for the current coaches and players, what has been done to them follows the history of Swarthmore College. Many players and coaches who loved the school and their sport have had their hearts broken by failure predestined by the College's admissions policies. Like me in 1990, they were foolish enough to believe that they had a chance to do what had never been done since the 1960s—to make football a long-standing, successful program. Should we all have known better? Probably so, but hope can blind even the smartest people.

KARL MIRAN
Swarthmore, Pa.

Miran was head football coach from 1990 until 1998.

CHANGING THE COLLEGE'S CULTURE

I write as a former member of the Board of Managers and a fellow educator to express my deepest concern about the abolition of football at Swarthmore. I believe this decision would, first, be disastrous for Swarthmore; second, alter the ethos of the campus; and, third, be socially irresponsible.

Swarthmore's deserved reputation among undergraduate liberal arts colleges stems from its decades-long, successful pursuit of two interrelated goals: academic excellence and diversity among its student body. Abandonment or significant narrowing of its current intercollegiate athletics program (of which football is the flagship program because of the unique historical and cultural role it has played in the history of American higher education) would signal that the college has decided to abandon its previous commitment to recruit a diverse student body.

Abandonment of football would signal that instead of considering Williams, Wes-

leyan, Amherst, Oberlin, Lawrence, Pomona, or Carleton as our peer institutions, Swarthmore would be configuring itself to compete with Bennington, Antioch, Haverford, Sarah Lawrence, Vassar, or Brandeis.

The absence of football would tell applicants who wish to be part of a well-rounded student body: You'll be happier elsewhere because at Swarthmore your class will not contain a total range of classmates with whom you can interact; this college excludes and does not esteem the physically robust who enjoy teamwork and vigorous athletic competition.

Retention of a diverse student body is a social responsibility of the College. Swarthmore is unique in the education it provides—especially the social ethic it transmits. Perhaps unique among American colleges, its Quaker tradition encourages its students to select socially meaningful careers and to assist the less fortunate in our society. And I think our nation would be the poorer if, 20 years and more from now, Swarthmore's influence would no longer be as strongly felt among our nation's leaders in commerce, politics, law, and even academics. Such people are frequently scholar-athletes.

Instead of an institution with a future-oriented mission, Swarthmore will have transformed itself into a college that exists solely to serve a special kind of contemporary clientele. It will have become a precious little community of the like-minded that has little sense of its responsibility to educate and influence the nation's future leaders.

MICHEL OKSENBERG '60
Atherton, Calif.

This letter was written in the days before the Board of Managers' decision on athletics. Sadly, Michel Oksenberg died on Feb. 22.



CORRECTIONS

Thanks to Nell Lancaster '74 for pointing out that the quotation attributed to Nelson Mandela on the January 2001 page of the Swarthmore calendar is actually from a poem by Mary Ann Williamson. Mandela used it in his inaugural address, and it is frequently misattributed to him.

Also, the photos of Lea Haravon Collins '89 (December “In My Life”) were taken by Jane Martin, not Linda Kahlbaugh.

Friends for Life

SWARTHMORE CONNECTIONS WITHSTAND THE TEST OF TIME.

By Andrea Hammer

The power of Swarthmore friendships, tended over many decades, is palpable. At campus gatherings, chatting friends visibly soak up the pleasure of each other's company. Three elderly women in matching pink jackets whisper to each other as they did during College; a quartet of men, at first intently debating a point, pat each other on the back.

Still central to their lives, Swarthmore friendships remain a guiding force despite the challenges of time. Several groups from the 1940s—a fraction of innumerable lifetime friends from Swarthmore—illuminate the mysteries of keeping these lifelong links connected.

Parallel Lives Mirrored in Modesty

Inseparable at alumni events, Lyn Purdy Jones '40 and Mary Lois Broomell Eberle '40 mirror each other in quiet modesty: crowns of white hair framing rosy cheeks, bashful giggles still percolating from their 20s, and exchanged looks of instant understanding from a golden friend. Jones, current class secretary, and Eberle, current class agent and class president, first met in 1936 as freshmen on the same hall in Parrish Fourth West—they said simultaneously. As roommates in their senior year, their friendship bloomed.

"Our brothers also became roommates at the College," Eberle said. "It just happened," Jones marveled.

Their common interests at Swarthmore have kept their steps in sync. Both were French majors, members of the Women's Student Government Association, and field hockey players who joined Gwimp—the sports managers group. After graduation, Jones and Eberle both also taught at Philadelphia's Friends Central School.

Continuing in rhythm, both married their College sweethearts in 1941 and "were in each other's weddings," Jones said. She betrothed Edmund '39, now a senior partner with Jones, Strohm, Crain & Guthrie, and had four children. Eberle wedded Charles "Buzz" Eberle '40, an avid



MARY LO BROOMELL EBERLE (LEFT) AND LYN PURDY JONES GRADUATED TOGETHER IN 1940. DURING VOLUNTEER LEADERSHIP WEEKEND THIS YEAR, THEY STILL STOOD SIDE BY SIDE IN FRIENDSHIP.

STEVEN GOLDBLATT '87

athlete and class president who died in 1986; she also had 4 children and 13 grandchildren to rally her—in addition to long-time friends. Soon after her husband's death, Eberle wrote: "One doesn't realize how important friends are until something like this happens. My Swarthmore friends are my oldest and best."

In memory of her husband, who was active with Friends of Athletics at the College, Eberle supported the Eberle Internship Program for interns training to write about sports. In 1965, Jones and her husband also created the Edmund A. Jones Scholarship—keeping the spirit of their deceased son, Ted, alive by helping dozens of talented area scholars attend Swarthmore.

These lifetime friends have both been dedicated to community service activities. "We are both members of the League of Women Voters," said Jones, an active Swarthmore Friends Meeting member. Similarly, Eberle has given time and energy to the Unitarian Society of Germantown.

The College recognized their outstanding service to the College by bestowing the Joseph P. Shane Award on Eberle in 1990 and Jones in 1992. Both have taken turns as class secretary, class agent, and Alumni Council members.

In between writing Class Notes, which Jones hand delivers on deadline without fail, she shares Eberle's interest in Alumni College Abroad trips. "I've been on 25 of them," said Eberle, who has relished these opportunities to "learn from excellent professors and achieve a close feeling between Swarthmore alumni."

When they're not traveling, you can find Jones and Eberle sitting side by side at

campus events like Volunteer Leadership Weekend, when they enjoyed bagged lunches together on a Kohlberg Hall bench. Their eyes sparkle with a shared zest for life, magnetizing two friends who radiate 60 years of common connections—with Swarthmore at the center.

Psychological Proximity Despite Geographic Distance

Now living worlds apart, Don Smith '47 of Long Island, N.Y.; Phil Gilbert '48 of Kennett Square, Pa.; and Si Goudsmit '48 of Amsterdam, the Netherlands, have maintained a strong connection across the miles and years. In addition to e-mail and snail mail, they have never hesitated to stay in touch by telephone internationally.

"There may have been geographic distance," Gilbert said, "but psychologically, we always live around the corner from each other."

Gilbert and Goudsmit were first pulled together on campus when Smith drew the best Wharton suite and invited them in as suitemates. "In the beginning, I much appreciated Phil's cheerful disposition," Goudsmit said. "My family lived in Holland, and Phil soon introduced me to his parents, who made me welcome when I visited them."

As a chemistry major who later received a master's in business administration from Adelphi University, Gilbert also learned many lessons from his friends over the years. "Don introduced me to Quakerism; Si introduced me to international affairs," he said. Now, "I am the same garrulous character. Don and Si are the same deep, quiet fellows. But I learned better and better to listen when they spoke, learning that

whatever they said had thought behind it.”

Goudsmit was an economics major at Swarthmore, who received a master’s in business administration from Harvard. “Phil says that I am a private person, and that is probably true. But there are people with whom I intuitively connect and feel comfortable,” he said. “In this type of relationship, years and distance are irrelevant: the friendship will stay constant.”

As part of Swarthmore’s Quaker matchbox, Don married Jane Ann Jones ’48, and Phil committed himself to Alice Higley ’48. In 1950, Si returned to Holland and married Dona Carrington ’50. “Soon Alice and Phil paid a visit to Amsterdam, one of the many European trips that they took over the next 50 years,” Si said.

On one trip, they were walking through one of the massive flower shows that are “regular fare in the Netherlands,” Goudsmit said. “I noticed that every time I was thinking of making a turn, right or left, I found Si taking that turn,” Gilbert said. Recently, the Goudsmits were able to visit the Gilberts, still sharing their interest in fine gardens.

Reflecting on the strength of the trio’s lasting friendship, Gilbert added: “Most important, there has been nothing to come between us. We are three men, each married to the same women for 50-plus years, each rather successful in our careers, and none putting unreasonable demands on the others.”

Round Robin Keeps Circle Connected

In November 1944, in the waning days of World War II, 15 members of the Class of 1948 formed a lifelong group. They started out as freshmen together on Parrish Second East, when the class had only 10

“My Swarthmore friends are my oldest and best.”

men plus a shipload of Navy V12 sailors in Wharton. Sticking together as they moved to other floors—most to Third East as sophomores—they scattered during the next two, with about half rooming nearby. As seniors, many were reunited in Worth.

“We spent a lot of time with each other,” said Lois Ledwith Frost, the Round Robin organizer. “We shared meals and late-night gab sessions, agonizing over exams and papers and visiting in each other’s homes over the holidays.”

Now hailing from North Carolina to California and beyond, the same pattern continues—with the diverse group reconnecting during five-year reunions, mini-gatherings, and Round Robin letters. Frost sends a note to the group members, each responds to her, and then the entire package is circulated.

Winnie Muir Martinek, another Robin in Connecticut, said she eagerly anticipates the package. “When the Round Robin arrives each year, I drop everything to sit down and read!”

Before their 40th reunion in 1988, they decided to meet privately first—



without husbands or children. The group was still hungry for more time together, so members met again for field trips to the Barnes Foundation in Merion, Pa., during 1990 and the Gardner Museum in Boston during 1992.

“A memorable [gathering] was in 1996,” said Frost, “when all 15 of us met at the Media Inn for a weekend, chartered a bus to go to the *Cézanne Exhibit*, and had a wonderful time.” Martinek also has vivid memories of the gathering, when they exchanged photos and reviewed their lives. “It was like being back on Second East, sitting around in our pj’s, reminiscing about old times,” she said.

As genuine friends who share joy as well as sorrow, they support each other uncon-

ditionally. “We have a telephone tree when tragedy strikes. Although we’ve been pretty fortunate, we have lost two husbands and a grown son—and there have been many divorces, both ours and our children’s, to weather. In earlier days, we went to each other’s weddings, which were always happy times,” Frost said. Of the 15, 10 originally married Swarthmore men.

Nancy Burnholz Rawson—another member in Massachusetts, was a recipient of the group’s strength on both ends of the spectrum. “When my husband, Ed ’48, died in 1986, the Robins provided incredible support. Of course, they had all known Ed as long as I had. They shared our courtship, so somehow it lives on in a way it wouldn’t otherwise. A couple of them had



ABOVE: SOME OF THE ROUND ROBINS—PATTY INGLESBY THOMAS, ISABEL BROWN GALLIGAN, MAGGIE CLOUGH SCHWERTNER, GERALDINE FINK WASSERMAN, LOIS LEDWITH FROST, AND PAT PLANK DICKINSON (LEFT TO RIGHT)—APPEAR AT THE COLLEGE IN 1945. LEFT: THE ROBINS WERE REUNITED AT A 1996 MINI-REUNION.

even dated him before I did! We all have a long history. In happy times, we share each other’s joys,” she said.

Martinek also received help from fellow member and accomplished potter Susie McEldowney Dean, who lives in Fairbanks, Alaska. When the stepson of Martinek’s daughter, Barbara, was in a car accident in Denali Park and flown to a hospital in Fairbanks, “Susie and her husband helped.... It was an act of kindness on Susie’s part that I am most grateful for,” she said.

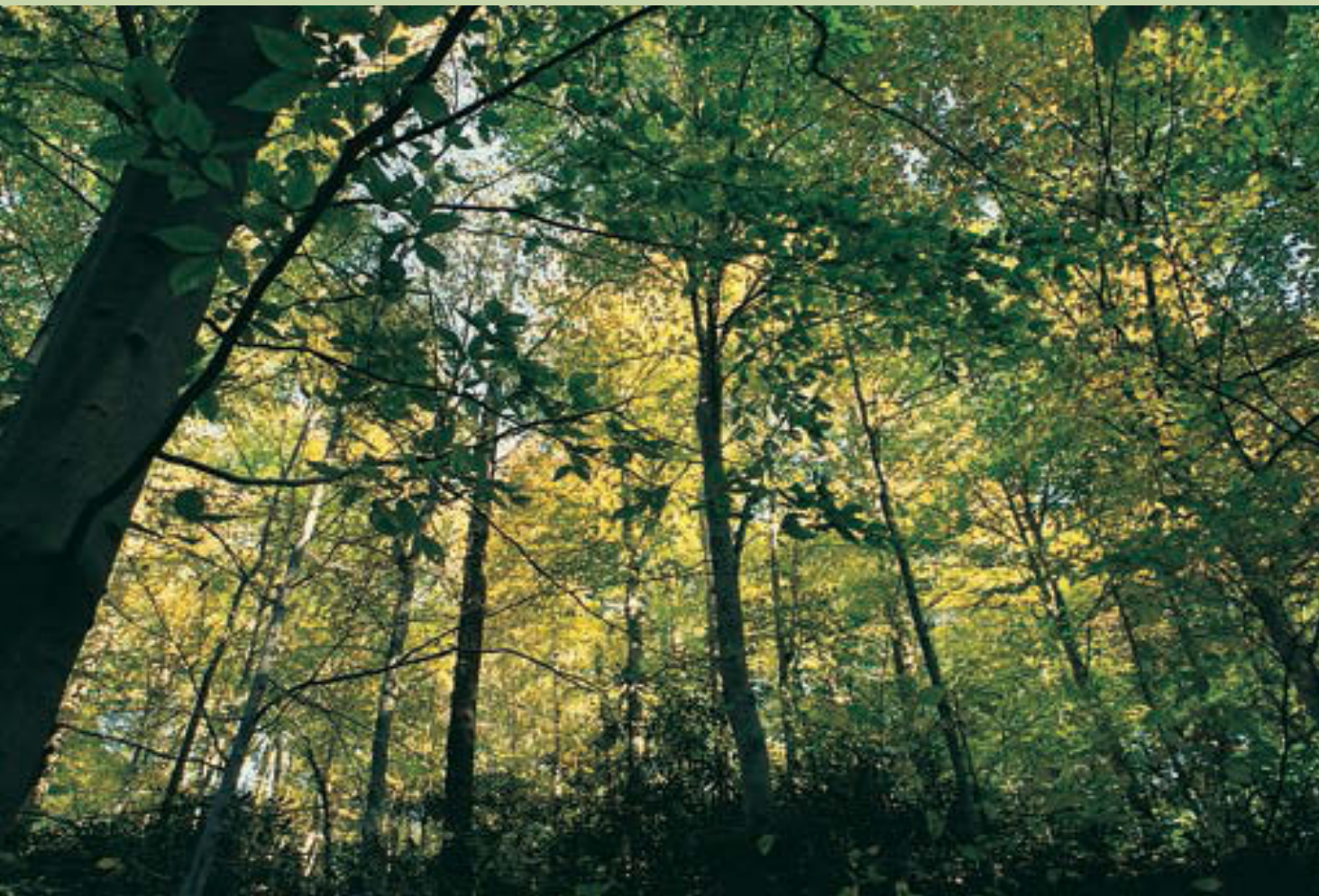
The Round Robins—from a psychiatrist to an avid gardener to an Antarctic traveler—thrive on their varied interests. “We’re a diverse bunch, with a lot of different interests, which is why it’s such fun to get together,” Frost said. ☺



PHIL GILBERT '48, SI GOUDSMIT '48, AND DON SMITH '47 (TOP TO BOTTOM) HAVE MAINTAINED A LIFELONG LINK.

HALCYON

RETURN TO THE WOODS



TERRY WILD

Alumni Weekend
June 8–10, 2001

Swarthmore's lush campus is an integral part of the College experience. We invite you to explore the beauty of Swarthmore today. Join us for Alumni Weekend, and make plans now to return to the woods.

