



Swarthmore

JUNE 2005

COLLEGE BULLETIN

Justice and Mercy

A JUROR'S STORY



TAKE

CARE

Features

14 : 101 Ways to Be a Swarthmorean

A to-do list from the Class of 2005

By Elizabeth Redden '05

20 : Seek Justice, Love Mercy

Finding guilt or innocence in a heart-breaking homicide case was more than an intellectual exercise.

By Elizabeth Probasco Kutchai '66

24 : Cultural Omnivore

Read Schuchardt '93, a "media ecologist," launched *metaphilm.com*.

By Andrea Hammer

26 : Jung Love

The Myers-Briggs Personality Indicator—invented in Swarthmore by an alumna—is either a useful test or a parlor game.

By Paul Wachter '97

Departments

3 : Letters

Readers' reactions

4 : Collection

Science center dedicated

30 : Connections

Alumni Council Scholarship

32 : Class Notes

Classmates' stories

37 : Deaths

Friends remembered

56 : In My Life

Art spills into life.

By Phillip Stern '84

60 : Books + Arts

William Cohen '85 and Ryan Johnson edit the collection of essays *Filth: Dirt, Disgust, and Modern Life*.

72 : Q + A

Heather Dumigan, computer Help Desk honcho, is the calmest person on campus.

By Jeffrey Lott

Profiles

46 : Undiscovered Voices

"Anonymous was a woman," says soprano and voice teacher Mary Dunlevy Sindoni '55.

By Carol Brévarat-Demm

54 : Making Markets Safer

Arthur Gabinet '79 of the Securities and Exchange Commission follows the money.

By Todd Mason

67 : This Old Inn

Ethan Devine '99 restores a Nantucket landmark to its former glory.

By Patricia Maloney

On the cover: One man was dead, and Elizabeth Probasco Kutchai '66 had to help decide the fate of another. Story on page 20. Photograph by Jen Fariello.

Opposite: Sculptor Jake Beckman '05, who created (among other works) the giant Adirondack chair on Parrish lawn, left this parting note for his classmates "pinned" to the side of Parrish Hall (*right*) on the day of their Commencement. Photograph by Eleftherios Kostans.



The idea of making more than one of something has always appealed to me, so, at an early age, I became fascinated by printing. As a child, I sold subscriptions—I think at \$1 a year—to a weekly neighborhood “newspaper” that I produced on a toy press. Each rubber letter had to be set with tweezers. I’m not sure how many issues I actually produced, but an extant copy hangs in my Swarthmore office. It measures 3½ by 7 inches and has two one-sentence stories—one news and one sports—for a total of 25 words.

I was 16 the first time I set foot inside an actual print shop, and (this will date me) the smell of ink and hot metal lingers in my mind to this day. The shop was on the second floor of an old building in East Liberty, a busy commercial section of Pittsburgh—a city where molten metal wasn’t uncommon at the time. One of the seniors and I, a sophomore, had gone to the press to look at proofs of our high school newspaper, a six-page tabloid that was typeset on a clattering Linotype machine and printed on a massive flatbed letterpress. It was a mysterious, thrilling place. I was hooked.

When I later became editor of the paper, I invented reasons to make extra trips to the printer, partly because it allowed my friend (who had a car) and me to leave school early but also because I loved the oily machinery and

Even in the digital age, the language of printing has its roots in molten metal.

chain-smoking men who spoke the special language of the trade—“picas,” “kerning,” “leading,” “galleys,” “slugs,” and “fonts.” How different it is today, when these pages are composed on a Macintosh computer and transmitted to the printer over the Internet. Yet many of the terms are still used.

In fact, you may notice that this issue of the *Bulletin* has a new font—a term that is now widely known through personal computers. Our art director, Suzanne DeMott Gaadt, has chosen one named “Foundry” to set our headlines and has given our pages a fresh look. I love that both “font” and “foundry” are

both derived from the Latin *fundere*, “to pour.” Even in the digital age, the language of printing has its roots in molten metal—and therein lies another of the threads of my life.

As a studio art major at Middlebury College, I gravitated to intaglio printmaking, spending hours with ink up to my elbows, hand printing my etchings and engravings in editions of 12. And, because my best friend was editor of the literary magazine, I also tried my hand at doing the layout—and got to visit the magazine’s printer in nearby Burlington, Vt. Thirty-five years later, the same company, Lane Press, prints the *Bulletin*, and I still make occasional trips to Burlington. The best part remains visiting the roaring pressroom, where rolls of paper stream through offset presses a half-block long, emerging as neat stacks of signatures and the smell of ink and the heat of the drying ovens touches something deep in me. Our press run for this issue of the *Bulletin* is 24,000—more than one indeed.

—Jeffrey Lott



Swarthmore COLLEGE BULLETIN

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ETHERIDGE RINGS TRUE

I'm so glad Clinton Etheridge '69 chose to share his tale with us in "The Crucible of Character" (*March Bulletin*). It was good, at long last, to have a clear picture of what happened on campus in 1969. And, given what I know now (with 35 years of hindsight and also a greater insight into what forces move—or don't move—the College) Etheridge's interpretation rings very true.

The memoir cleared up several very important things for me. I knew and admired President Courtney Smith, and I had always thought that the sit-in was the proximate cause of his death—as did many of my peers. We blamed the sit-in because we did not know about the postmortem examination disclosed in the recent biography of Smith by Darwin '69 and Donna Stapleton. It now seems fairly evident that Smith's heart was a walking time bomb that might just as easily have exploded from the excitement of beating Haverford in overtime.

Perhaps more important, many alumni believed what we heard or read in the newspapers in 1969—that the whole incident was fomented and led by outside agitators who had infiltrated the campus. In some ways, this was more distressing than what the truth appears to be because it led us to believe that, if only Swarthmore had been left alone to work out its own problems, the whole situation would have been resolved without a crisis.

How much better it is to know the details of what really happened and to see exactly how the situation evolved—totally within the confines of the College community and in an understandable fashion, given the times and personalities involved.

ROBERT FREEDMAN '58
New York

SWARTHMORE TRANSFORMED

As one of the three African American males in the Class of 1972, I was transported back to my freshman year by reading "The Crucible of Character." I had been involved in other protests before coming to Swarthmore, but this was the first time I found myself involved in a rational, well conceived, and historically significant action.

Too often, we romanticize about the past and our role in it, but Clinton Etheridge did none of that. As I read his account, I remembered my feelings upon

seeing the [Admissions Office] report placed in the library and realizing how easy it was to identify myself in that report. I recall the takeover and lockup of the rear doors to the Admissions Office. I remember being told that one of the campus fraternities was planning to drag us out—and how unafraid I was because we were a family committed to a cause.

I also recall how we felt at the news of President Smith's death. We wondered if it was true, or was it a trick to get us to leave the office? And when we verified it, I remember that there was no question in our minds that it was time to leave. I also remember fondly how, once we left, the black community took us in, fed us, and protected us. There were difficult days following the death of Smith, but because leaders like Clinton and others in SASS maintained the strength of their convictions, Swarthmore was forever transformed.

MICHAEL HUCLES '72
Virginia Beach, Va.

A THRILLER

Thanks for a very impressive explanation for a controversial action. It changed my recollection of these events—at least as they are recalled by one of the major participants. Etheridge's writing was like a thriller that I could not put down.

TONY JOSEPH '58
Sarasota, Fla.

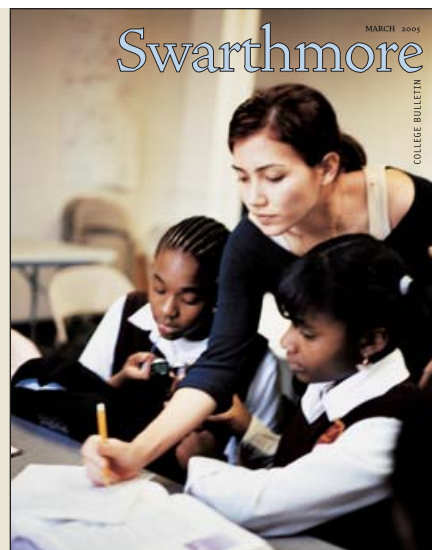
HONEST AND LOVING

Thanks for "The Crucible of Character." I was a freshman that year and had left the campus to comfort a friend who had had an abortion in Japan (!), so I was gone the week that President Smith died.

The article—and Etheridge's clarity, wisdom, and heart—gave me a picture that I could never have gained otherwise. Having had breast cancer and two other serious health challenges recently, I am grateful for his willingness to dig up a painful past, in part, so we can all redeem it by getting honest and loving before we die.

I assume that Etheridge has been through a lot of harassment for his role at Swarthmore, but I, for one, deeply appreciate what he did.

MAGGIE KNOWLES '72
Seattle



IMAGINATIVE ACTION, 1943

We read with interest Clinton Etheridge's account of the crisis in 1969 involving the Swarthmore African-American Student Society (SASS). Perhaps more recent alumni would be interested in knowing about the first successful attempt to bring black students to the College.

In 1942–1943, Sam Hays was part of a committee of students organized to consider how to persuade the College to begin admitting black students. The administration told them that the Board of Managers thought the college was not ready for such a move. So the students decided to talk separately with each member of the Board. The answer from each individual was essentially the same: "I would gladly support such a move, but I think there are members on the Board who would object."

Having received such positive responses from each Board member, the student group went to a full meeting of the Board of Managers and presented their findings. This move led to the admission of a black student, Walter White Jr., the next academic year. He was well accepted as a student, but his skin was so light that he easily could have passed as white. By 1944, the freshman class included Betty Hunter '48, a student whose black heritage was more obvious. She, too, was well accepted. The rest is history. Change comes slowly, but, in this case, with the imaginative action of a group of concerned students.

SAMUEL HAYS '48
BARBARA DARROW HAYS '48
Seattle

For additional letters, please turn to page 70.

Soaring



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

SCIENCE

SWARTHMORE CELEBRATES SCIENCE EDUCATION AT THE DEDICATION OF A NEW CENTER

In his keynote address at the dedication of the College's new science center on May 6, Nobel laureate David Baltimore '60 called on American higher education to turn out more graduates trained in science and engineering and commended his alma mater for its leadership in science education.

Baltimore, president of the California Institute of Technology, noted that many engineering companies are establishing research centers in China, "where their most creative development work is being done." Research and technology energy is also moving to such countries as India, Russia, and Poland, he added—and away from the United States.

"In America today, our great universities are not turning out the number of graduates trained in science and engineering that we need," Baltimore said. "I say this because I hear it from people who run technology-intensive companies. We have made up the gap over the last decades by importing graduate students and postdoctoral trainees from abroad. But that source is becoming more difficult to depend upon, what with stricter immigration rules, the recruiting activities of universities abroad, and the increasing quality of institutions in China and India."

Although liberal arts colleges do not have graduate programs, Baltimore praised Swarthmore and its peer institutions for contributing to the nation's technical talent base by turning out "particularly broadly trained scientists and engineers."

"For Swarthmore, education is the main goal, with research an important but ancillary activity," Baltimore said. "But science is about research, so if Swarthmore is to continue to turn out the terrific scientists that it has produced for so long, it is crucial that research opportunities be available. Thus, the focus on laboratory science represented by this building is so vital to Swarthmore continuing to serve the critical educational role in the sciences that it has served for so long."

Baltimore, a microbiologist, shared the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1975 with Howard Temin '55 for their work on the interaction between tumor viruses and cells. A seminar room in the Martin Biological Laboratory in the new center was also dedicated on May 6 in their honor.

The \$74 million center, a top priority of Swarthmore's current \$230 million fund-raising campaign, consists of 160,000 square feet of space, 80,000 of which is new construction. Major improvements include more laboratory space for students and faculty members, flexible offices and classrooms, state-of-the-art lecture halls, and labs designed for paperless note taking. Safety is also a major component of the center's design, which includes much-needed improvements to laboratory air-quality and ventilation.

The project was designed by Helfand Architecture in association with Einhorn Yaffee Prescott Architecture and Engineering. Construction management was provided by Skanska USA Building Inc.

—Alisa Giardinelli and Tom Krattenmaker



SCIENCE CENTER PHOTOGRAPHS © JEFF GOLDBERG/ESTO

The butterfly roof of the science center (*opposite and above*) collects rain water and channels it to a huge underground cistern, where it is stored for irrigation—reducing runoff into Crum Creek. After being summoned to the May 6 ceremony (*insets, left to right*) by the Swarthmore Taiko Ensemble, Janet Talvacchia, professor of mathematics and chair of the division of natural sciences, cuts the ribbon. With her are the chairs of the Engineering, Chemistry, Biology, Physics and Astronomy, and Computer Science departments—all housed in the \$74 million complex.

Also on May 6, Rayla Temin, widow of the late Howard Temin '55 shared the honors with David Baltimore '60 as they dedicated the Baltimore-Temin Seminar Room in the Martin Biological Laboratory. J. Woodland Hastings '47 was applauded by family and friends as he unveiled a plaque in the new Hastings Biochemical Resource Room.

Farewell to This Wise, Good Man

GILMORE STOTT DIES AT AGE 91.

The Swarthmore community is deeply saddened by the death of Associate Provost Emeritus and Special Assistant to the President Gilmore “Gil” Stott on May 4. He was 91 years old on May 2 and had been a beloved member of the College staff for 55 years.

“Gil embodied the intellectual and humane values of this community and, over more than five decades as teacher, dean, administrator, and beloved friend and mentor, sustained and nurtured the continuity of those values. His wisdom, kindness, and warmth will be greatly missed,” President Alfred H. Bloom said.

After World War II, while a doctoral candidate at Princeton University, Stott was an assistant to Frank Aydelotte, a former Swarthmore president and then director of Princeton’s Institute for Advanced Study and American Secretary to the Rhodes Trustees. Stott, who had attended Balliol College at Oxford University as a Rhodes Scholar in 1938, remained an administrator to the American Rhodes Scholarship Program until 1975.

After obtaining a Ph.D. in philosophy in 1950, Stott came to Swarthmore as assistant dean of men. For the next 50 years, he served the College in numerous capacities—director of financial aid, registrar, dean of advising and counseling, and associate provost. He chaired the College’s Upward Bound Program, assisting low-income high school students in preparing for college.

For almost 30 years, Stott taught a course on ethics that scores of students cite as a major influence on their lives. He was known as an astute teacher with high academic standards, whose lengthy, single-spaced, typed critiques of students’ papers were legendary. But he was also a caring and kindly mentor, who “had a great gift for saying the right thing at the right time,” says David Wright ’69, a musician who, in a period of self-doubt, had found comfort in Stott’s words. “He was the warm heart of the College,” Wright adds. “He loved life, poetry, and music, and he instilled that not only in his family but also in us students. We were like his extended family. His influence radiated throughout the campus.”

Stott was a key figure during the College’s crisis of 1969—the death of then President Courtney Smith during the occupation of the Admissions Office by students demanding that the College admit



Swarthmore mourns the loss of teacher, counselor, administrator, and friend Gilmore Stott, who died on May 4.

more black students. Stott’s involvement in negotiations, including meeting with students the night before the sit-in began, helped Swarthmore avoid the violence that characterized similar student-led occupations at campuses around the country at that time. As special assistant to the president, he was at Smith’s side when he died.

Although Stott officially retired 20 years ago, he remained a constant presence in the Dean’s Office in Parrish Hall. Up until 2 years ago, as chair of the Committee for Fellowships and Prizes, he continued to advise students, including Rhodes Scholars Jacob Krich ’01 and Matthew Landreman ’03.

Members of the College orchestra since their arrival on campus, Stott and his wife, the late Mary Roelofs Stott ’40, encouraged not only their own children to join but also countless Swarthmore students along the way. They welcomed generations of them into their home. In a letter to the editor (September 1998 *Bulletin*), Bennett Lorber ’64 wrote: “Two weeks into my first year at Swarthmore, I found a note in my mailbox, inviting me to ‘stop by the house for a cool

glass of cider after chemistry lab.’ The Stott home was my fantasy of college life come true: dark, wood-paneled rooms, the fragrance of bread baking, musical instruments everywhere, pillows made of old carpets, happy children, invigorating conversation, and so much laughter. I was invited to stay for dinner, and there began a friendship that I treasure to this day.”

Stott’s influence extended beyond the campus. In 1968, during his work with the Rhodes Scholarship Program, he hosted in his home Rhodes Scholar and then future President William Clinton, who wrote, in a letter to the editor (September 1998 *Bulletin*), “Thus began 30 years of correspondence with this wise, good man—a relationship that has enriched my life and been a constant source of encouragement.”

Stott’s legacy is large. “To me, Gil represented Swarthmore at its most meaningful best,” Eugene Lang ’38 said. “The environment of Swarthmore and the purpose of any gathering was truly elevated by his presence.”

And Lorber spoke for generations of Swarthmoreans, when he said: “I am a better person, thanks to his friendship. As a human being, he was a model of the best we can aspire to.”

—Carol Brévar-Demm and Alisa Giardinelli

WRITE YOUR OWN TRIBUTE

The College has set up a Web site for alumni and friends to contribute their own remembrances of Stott. Read other people’s tributes, and add your own at <http://rememberinggilstott.blogspot.com/>. Readers without Internet access may send their memorials by mail to the *Bulletin* editor. A selection of Stott tributes will be published in the September issue.

Professorial Promotions

Four faculty members were recently promoted from assistant to associate professors with continuous tenure in the following departments: Garikai Campbell '90, Mathematics and Statistics; Thomas Dee '90, Economics; Cheryl Grood, Mathematics and Statistics; and Tia Newhall, Computer Science.

Promotion from associate to full professorship was awarded to Karen Borbee, Physical Education and Athletics; Philip Jefferson, Economics; and Robert Paley, Chemistry and Biochemistry.

Hail Fellows

In his report to the Board of Managers in May, President Alfred H. Bloom said that "2005 has been an exceptional year in student and alumni competition for prestigious external fellowships." Among the awards mentioned by Bloom were a Goldwater Scholarship (Vernon Chaplin '07); a Luce Scholarship (Charles Mayer '98); a Mitchell Scholarship (Liza Anderson '05—see March *Bulletin*); three Watson Fellowships (see page 9); three Truman Scholarships (Matthew Fiedler '06, James Madden '06, and Jayanti Owens '06); and a Rhodes Scholarship (Tafadzwa Muguwe '05—see March *Bulletin*).

Fees Top \$40,000

Student charges for a year at Swarthmore have crossed the \$40,000 barrier. In February, the Board of Managers approved a budget for fiscal 2005–2006 that calls for total charges of \$41,280 for tuition, room, board, and a student activities fee. About half of Swarthmore students receives need-based assistance in the form of scholarships, loans, and work opportunities. The average award in 2004–2005 was \$26,878.

According to Vice President for Finance and Treasurer Suzanne Welsh, "Swarthmore's student charges are in the middle of our comparison group." But, Welsh said, "the quality of our program as measured in spending per student is higher than our peers because of support from the College's endowment," which provides the largest portion of Swarthmore's budget—about 48 percent in the year ahead.

Photos That Think They're Paintings

Justin Belmont '05, an honors art history major, has founded and manages a successful on-line art gallery that specializes in limited-edition prints of digital photographs—mounted on stretched canvas like paintings. Under the trademark "Photos That Think They're Paintings," the works in Belmont's gallery are created using the *giclée* technique, allowing digital photographs to be "painted" onto artist's canvas. "Up to now, *giclée* has been essentially confined to fine-art reproduction. I thought it would be great to use the medium in the creation of original artwork," Belmont says.

Belmont's Web site, www.artocity.com, exhibits both his own work and that of an international selection of award-winning photographers from all over the world, including Iranian Babak Habibi, Barcelona-based Damian Bartoncello, and



Belmont creates pictures such as *The Red Hat* using the *giclée* technique, allowing digital photographs to be "painted" onto artist's canvas.

New Yorker Alan Little. Paintings are sold to both private and corporate clients, who can choose canvas sizes from 15 by 10 to 40 by 60 inches, with prices ranging from \$49 to \$675.

In March, an exhibit of some of these works took place at the Kitao Gallery on campus. The profit from sales at the show was donated to the student-run Genocide Intervention Fund.

—Carol Brévert-Demm

Larry Schall Named President of Oglethorpe University

College Vice President Lawrence Schall '75 has been named the new president of Oglethorpe University in Atlanta. Schall leaves Swarthmore after 15 years of service as associate vice president for facilities and services and, more recently, as vice president for administration.



Larry Schall

Praising Schall's appointment, President Alfred H. Bloom said: "Larry oversaw the physical transformation of the College, addressing decades of deferred maintenance; coordinating the design and construction of Kohlberg Hall, the Mullan Tennis Center, and the science center; renovating Trotter and Parrish halls; renewing our utility systems; laying our technological infrastructure; and making the campus broadly accessible to the physically disabled. He shaped an environment and services that make possible the joy and

quality of teaching, learning, and living on this campus and built a terrific team that will sustain that accomplishment."

Schall, who received both a J.D. and Ed.D. from the University of Pennsylvania, is a former civil rights lawyer. In addition to his duties at Swarthmore, Schall has served as co-director of the Executive Doctorate Program in Higher Education Management at the University of Pennsylvania.

Oglethorpe, chartered in 1835, is a selective co-educational college of approximately 1,100 undergraduates.

—Jeffrey Lott

Launce Flemister Dies

Launcelot Flemister Jr., professor emeritus of zoology, died on Feb. 17 in St. Augustine, Fla. He taught comparative physiology at the College from 1947 to 1979. Flemister was born in 1913 in Atlanta and educated at Duke University, where he received a Ph.D. in 1941. He was a fellow of the American Academy for the Advancement of Science and a member of the American Physiological Society and the American Society of Zoologists. He is survived by his wife Mildred Beckham Flemister. His first wife, Sarah, died in 1990.



Swarthmore and the World

COURTESY OF SAED ATSHAN '06

While in Beirut this spring, Saed Atshan attended numerous protests, some of which garnered crowds of a million people. He took this photo in front of the national parliament building.

Dispatch from the Middle East

Editor's Note: Saed Atshan, a double major in political science and Middle Eastern Studies, is a junior from Ramallah, Palestine, where he attended Quaker schools. With support from the Lang Center for Civic and Social Responsibility last summer, he accepted an internship from the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) to work with the Immigrant's Rights Project in California. That decision ultimately led to his serving as an interpreter for investigators into torture cases at Abu Ghraib, an experience he offered to share with the *Bulletin*. He wrote to us this spring from Lebanon, where he was studying at the American University of Beirut. Atshan has subsequently been chosen as a Lang Opportunity Scholar and will intern at Human Rights Watch in Washington, D.C., this summer.

I will never forget seeing some of the Abu Ghraib prison photographs when they first appeared in the international press. Like most people across the globe, I was shocked and horrified and tried to rationalize how humans can treat other humans so inhumanely. I also remember feeling helpless and powerless. So many of us had assumed that the days of Saddam Hussein and torture were over, yet we now had to confront the ironic reality that the pain and agony of the Iraqi people was not going to end anytime soon.

When Cecilia Wang, an ACLU attorney that I worked very closely with, asked me to

assist with the Abu Ghraib case, I did not even hesitate to agree. As a Palestinian, it is difficult to be optimistic when it comes to the current state of the world and the direction that the Middle East is headed in, but the ACLU internship really provided me with a door of hope. It made me so excited to feel like I could actually help make a difference by giving a voice to—and pursuing justice for—those who are oppressed.

When we initially began to contact the torture victims, I did not know what to expect. At first, all I heard was the voices of strangers, but I soon discovered that they were voices filled with trauma and pain. When we interviewed the victims, we had to relay our sympathy and frame our questions with the utmost sensitivity. Recalling the torture they endured was painful for them, especially when they narrated episodes of sexual humiliation. When I interpreted, it was not acceptable to translate verbatim. I often had to offer condolences at times or words and sounds of comfort. Most of the plaintiffs were extremely skeptical of who we were and what we were doing, but they eventually sensed that we empathized with them. As a Palestinian, I have also experienced life under military occupation and have family members who suffered in Israeli prisons. I believe this helped me connect well with the Iraqis.

Abdel-Rahman, the main plaintiff,

would never answer the phone, but his wife or daughter always would. They looked forward to our calls and often complained about the sweltering summer heat in Iraq and the lack of water and electricity. When I met them in person, I got to know them better. Abdel-Rahman even told me that I had become a member of the family. I was really touched. Later that fall, we received news that Abdel-Rahman was shot and killed in front of his home in Baghdad. No one knows who was responsible for his death.

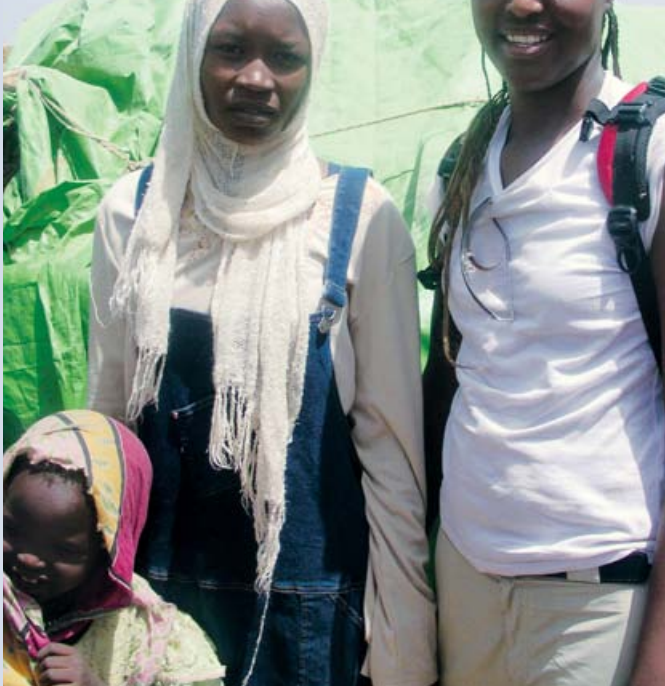
I am still in touch with some of the clients, particularly with the youngest one, who is afraid of revealing his name. He was 19 last summer, only 1 year younger than me, and I connected with him the most. Meeting him made me so grateful, especially as a Palestinian, for my life's direction when juxtaposed to his.

I grew extremely close to the clients, and it broke my heart when time came to depart. Hearing their stories in person and having to look them in the eyes, made crying very difficult to resist at times.

The ACLU, in partnership with Human Rights First, filed the case on March 1 on behalf of both Iraqis and Afghans tortured in U.S. custody. There are four named plaintiffs from each country. Trials are currently taking place, and all we can do is hope that justice will ultimately prevail.

—Saed Atshan '06

A 15-year-old girl (center), living alone in a tent and sleeping on sand with a couple of blankets, told Nyombayire (right) that she had been raped and had watched her parents being murdered.



MTVU PHOTO USED WITH PERMISSION FROM MTVU, © 2005 MTV NETWORKS

Shocked Into Action

“The most shocking thing was the sight of the tents, stretching as far as you could see, set up in the middle of nowhere,” says Stephanie Nyombayire '08 of her visit to the Chad-Sudan border earlier this year as a correspondent for mtvU, MTV's campus television network. A Rwandan native, Nyombayire traveled to Chad with two other students, from Georgetown and Boston universities, to film a documentary and report on the crisis in Sudan.

The five camps they visited sheltered anywhere from 16,000 to 100,000 refugees each. Nyombayire says that many of the refugees told similar stories—of being chased by militia or planes dropping bombs. One 15-year-old girl she met at a food distribution center was living alone in a tent, sleeping on sand with a couple of blankets.

“You couldn't imagine how a 15-year-old could live like that,” Nyombayire says. “She wept as she talked of watching her parents being murdered and then having to walk alone and without food for 40 days to safety.”

Nyombayire thinks of the mtvU team's role as that of messenger, bringing the people's stories to the attention of the media and the government. During the 1994 Rwanda genocide, Nyombayire was living in Congo but returned when she was 8 to find that both her maternal grandparents, her mother's brother, and other family members and friends had perished. Nyombayire serves as the outreach director of the College's student-led Genocide Intervention Fund.

—Carol Brévert-Demm

Artists Abroad

Of the 50 Thomas J. Watson Fellowships awarded nationwide this year, three were garnered by Swarthmore seniors Rebecca Monarrez, Emiliano Rodriguez, and Derrick Wansom. They will receive funding for a year of independent study and travel abroad.

Monarrez, an art major and English literature minor, will study landscape painting in Mexico, Spain, and France. She plans to research the Mexican painter Diego Rivera, tracking his development from an artist whose formal artistic training was based in European traditions to one whose works have become iconic of Mexican nationality. “I want to examine the way that space/place is created in landscape paintings and how the colonial relationship between Europe and Mexico affected the depiction of land. I'll be able to devote an entire year to painting and traveling. As an emerging artist, that is an exceptional opportunity,” she says.

Honors political science major and philosophy minor Rodriguez, also an accomplished cellist, plans to study nationalist music in Spain, Argentina, and Brazil. He says: “I know very little about the styles and composers in these countries, so I'm just aiming to soak up as much music as I can in four months. I looked for countries that had formal classical music traditions that were influenced by folk music.”

Wansom, an honors Chinese language and literature major and honors biology minor, will also follow a musical path, exploring hip-hop cultures in Japan, China, and Korea. He is excited about devoting a whole year to the music, dance, art, and lifestyle of hip-hop, an important part of his life since elementary school. “Not only will I be living and learning hip-hop,” he says, “but I'll be doing it in the entirely different context of East Asia. I want to see how each culture adapts, internalizes, and redefines hip-hop, meet the innovators of new styles, and meet people who share my passion.”

—Carol Brévert-Demm



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

Graduating seniors Emiliano Rodriguez, Rebecca Monarrez, and Derrick Wansom (left to right) will pursue their artistic interests abroad next year as Watson Fellows.



JIM GRAHAM

A Legacy of Change

When Charles “Chuck” James was appointed associate professor of English literature in 1973, Swarthmore had just two other African American faculty members on campus—Professors Kathryn Morgan, now Sara Lawrence Lightfoot Professor Emerita of History, and Jerome Wood, both in the History Department. Arriving just a few years after the black admissions crisis of 1969, James remembers the sense of urgency among the African American students, faculty, and staff to establish a greater identity on campus. He was the first African American faculty member to receive tenure at Swarthmore, first to serve as chair of a department and the Division of the Humanities, and first to be elected to many College committees.

In 1983, James became professor of English literature and, in 1997, was appointed to the Sara Lawrence Lightfoot Professorship in the Humanities. He retires this spring, to be followed in December by his wife of 45 years, Jane James, academic computing coordinator in Information Technology Services.

Since his arrival at Swarthmore, James has worked tirelessly to expand the African American presence on campus. Currently, the College employs 11 African American faculty members, all of whom are tenured. Thanks, in large part, to James, “today, the Black Studies Program has more concentrators than some departments here,” Professor of English Literature and Department Chair Peter Schmidt says.

James has taught courses on African American and Black African literature and writing, satire and irony, autobiography, and realism as well as the seminars *Modern Black Fiction*, which examines Caribbean and African literatures, and *The Harlem Renaissance*.

Recipient of numerous awards and prolific author of articles and books on African American literature, including the critical anthology *From the Roots: Short Stories by Black Americans*, James was honored April 14 with a lecture by Daphne Lamothe, professor of Afro-American studies at Smith College.

“Chuck is known for his kindness to students and his quiet leadership,” Schmidt says. “He broadened and diversified the literature curriculum, grew black studies, and was the single most important leader for the Mellon [now Mellon Mays] Minority Undergraduate Fellowship Program—it is quite a legacy.”

—Carol Brévart-Demm



CAROL BRÉVART-DEMM

Music Man

Music librarian George Huber, retiring this year, works in an office whose walls and 300 square feet of floor space are filled with his collections of kaleidoscopes, original paintings, framed pieces of his own handmade, patterned paper, books, and stacks of CDs. The 14-foot square window looks out into the Crum—one of the loveliest views on campus.

When Huber first came to Swarthmore in 1964 as an assistant in the circulation department of the main library, books were housed in three-story, freestanding stacks, anchored to a concrete base. The floors consisted of semi-opaque glass, square blocks that extended to the edge of the stacks but didn’t quite touch them. “There was a space,” he says, “between where the floor stopped and the stacks began. Occasionally, books would fall through from one floor to the other, and the dim shadow of feet crossing on the floor above could be perceived, along with the sound of shoes walking on glass. Notes could be passed through the cracks, from one student to another.”

That was 41 years ago. In 1974, Huber was appointed librarian of the Daniel Underhill Music Library in Lang Music Building, which had opened in 1973. The library houses more than 20,000 volumes on music and dance, and music faculty members trust Huber to buy what they want. “They hardly make suggestions any more because they know I’ve already bought it,” he says.

He is also devoted to helping the students. “That’s the sad part about leaving,” he says. Students often need assistance using the catalog in a music library because there are so many editions of the same piece. “We have 83 Haydn quartets, with more than one edition of a lot of them—then there are all the different recordings—and they’re all quartets. Music is the only subject that has this problem.”

Huber praises the tricollege cooperation with Haverford and Bryn Mawr colleges, greatly facilitated by a shared database. “We’re trying to make, in theory, a kind of university library by combining the [holdings of the three] and not duplicating what each has.”

As a theater, music, and book lover, Huber is not worried about filling his retirement years with activities. “I’m thinking, OK, I’ve been here 40 years. I might as well go and give somebody else a chance.”

—Carol Brévart-Demm

spring sports

Women's tennis (12-6, 10-0) Swarthmore ranked No. 25 in Division III and won its third Centennial Conference (CC) Championship in five seasons. Swarthmore completed the conference Triple Crown as Sonya Reynolds '07 won her first CC singles' championship, and the tandem of Elli Suzuki '06 and Sara Sargent '07 won the CC doubles' title. The women qualified for the NCAA Tournament for the third consecutive year but fell 9-0 in the first round to third-ranked Washington & Lee in Lexington, Va.

Men's tennis (8-11) The Garnet ranked 14th in Division III and advanced to the NCAA Tournament for the 29th time in 30 years. Swarthmore was selected to host the first two rounds of the Atlantic South Regional, and the Garnet advanced into the second round by outlasting Washington College 4-3. In round two, the team fell to the No. 16 ranked Mary Washington, 4-1. Freshman Jon Lo picked up the lone Swarthmore point at fourth singles.

Baseball (5-23, 3-15) Jared Leiderman '05 was named to the first team All-Conference squad for leading the Garnet pitching staff. The workhorse right-hander threw a conference-leading 80.1 innings with 84 strikeouts, for a career total of 225 K's, the fifth highest in conference history and second best in Swarthmore history. Outfielder Scott Young '06 led the team with 28 hits and a .286 batting average. Second baseman Patrick Christmas '08 (.261 average) provided quality play in the infield.

Golf (sixth at CC Championship) Swarthmore's golf team claimed victories at the Wilmington Invitational and the Rutgers-Camden Invitational, stringing together five wins in eight matches in the month of April. The Garnet ranked fourth in the CC in stroke average (325.29). Eric Zwick '07 finished sixth at the conference championships hosted at par-71 Heritage Hills in York, Pa., carding a 3-day total of 233 (82-75-76). The Garnet shot 323 on the final day to finish sixth overall with a 969. Mike Cullinan '06 shot a 242 total to place 14th overall, and Matt Draper '05 shot 80 in his final collegiate round, posting a total of 249.

Men's lacrosse (6-8, 2-6) Tri-captains Tim Chryssikos '05, an attackman, and Charlie Sussman '05, a defenseman, were



Zach Rodd '06 keeps his head down as Brian Park '06 serves during a doubles match against Washington College in the first round of the Atlantic South Regionals, held at Swarthmore in May.

selected to the All-Conference squad. Chryssikos, a second-team selection, led the Garnet with 26 goals and 26 assists, ranking third in the CC in assists and fourth in scoring with 3.71 points per game. Senior midfielder and tri-captain Tom Coughlin finished second on the team this season with 30 points, scoring 16 goals to go along with 14 assists.

Women's lacrosse (9-8, 2-7) Cara Tigue '06, the team's top defender, earned second-team All-Conference honors for the second consecutive year, and Lindsay Roth '07 directed the offensive attack, scoring a team-leading 35 goals and 6 assists for 41 points. Roth ranked ninth in the CC in goals per game (2.25). Senior attacker Eleanor Forbes had her best college season in 2005, finishing second on the team with 24 goals and 31 points.

Softball (10-26, 4-12) Centerfielder Mary Mintel '05 proved vital to the Garnet offense once again, leading the team in batting (.324), slugging (.529), hits (33), runs (16), home runs (4), and RBIs (15). Catcher Christina Procacci '06 broke the CC record for walks (35), posting a team—and conference—leading .518 on-base percentage. Freshman shortstop Katie Gold was fourth in the CC with 12 stolen bases. Pitcher Marianne Klingaman '07 led the team with five wins (including a pair of 1-0 complete game shutouts), and posted a 2.45 earned-run average. The team accumulated double-digit wins in consecutive seasons for the first time since 1992.

Men's track and field (ninth at CC Championship) At the conference meet, Swarthmore's 4x800 relay team of Paul Thibodeau '06, Duncan Gromko '07, Keefe Keeley '06, and Vernon Chaplin '07 finished in 7:58.84 to win the bronze medal. Chaplin also won a bronze in the 1,500-meter run, running a time of 4:01.54 to pace the Garnet to a ninth-place finish. Garrett Ash '05 ran fourth in the 10,000 with a time of 32:29.82, and Matt Singleton '07 finished fifth in the pole vault, clearing 12'6".

Women's track and field (10th at CC Championship) The 4x800 relay won gold for the second straight year at the CC meet as the quartet of Debbie Farrelly '06, Sarah Hobbs '06, Kavita Hardy '08, and Elizabeth Gardner '05 ran the relay in a time of 9:36.21. Samantha Graffeo '07 won the silver medal in the shot put with a toss of 35' 11½" pacing the Garnet to a 10th-place finish. Rebecca Burrow '08 set a school record in the pole vault by clearing 9'¼" to place fourth and Jessica Zagory '05 set a personal best in the high jump, leaping 5'½" to finish in fourth place.

—Kyle Leach

Inside Parrish Hall

As construction workers, painters, and technicians swarmed throughout Parrish Hall in May, a 1-year effort to claim a \$1 million challenge grant from the Kresge Foundation was nearing its halfway mark. Dan West, vice president for alumni, development, and public relations, announced in June that the fund drive for renovation of the historic building had raised nearly \$1.8 million on its way to \$4 million needed by Dec. 31 to obtain the Kresge match.

More than 50 volunteers are asking their fellow alumni for help with the challenge (see box). Volunteers were saddened by the May 4 death of Gilmore Stott, honorary chairman of the effort (see page 6). But Jack Riggs '64, committee co-chair, said "meeting this challenge and completing the Parrish project were important to Gil. He worked for more than 50 years in this building, and it held a lot of memories for him—as it does for all of us."

The College is bringing the building up to modern standards for safety, accessibility, and communications. New exit stairwells and eleva-

A TIME OF RENEWAL AND CHALLENGE



BOB KRIST

tors are being installed. A new College post office and student lounge will open in September in the former Admissions Office. (Admissions will move to the second floor.) Also on the building's ground floor will be student services such as the Dean's, Financial Aid, and Career Services offices. Halls are getting improved lighting and bulletin boards, and Parrish Parlors will be refurbished and returned to traditional uses as a place for studying and informal meetings. In recognition of its aesthetic and symbolic value, few changes will be made to the building's exterior. And Parrish will continue as a desirable residence hall, accommodating 112 students on the third and fourth floors.

The \$18.4 million project also includes remodeling Sproul Observatory as an alumni center and endowing the future maintenance of both Parrish and the College's new Alice Paul '05 Residence Hall. All funds raised to claim the Kresge match—and the challenge itself—will be counted as part of The Meaning of Swarthmore, the College's 7-year, \$230 million comprehensive campaign.

Still the "Hub of the Swarthmore Universe"

PARRISH HALL IN THE MID-1950S WAS—as it still is today—the hub of the Swarthmore universe. In addition to women's residence halls and administration offices, it housed the bookstore, the post office, the women's infirmary and laundry, some classrooms, and—hidden away at the very top—WSRN Radio.

Dominating the second floor was Commons, a smoky hangout for serious bridge players. And dominating the space beneath it on the first floor—filling what later became admissions and will soon be the post office and lounge—was the dining hall.

Except for Clothier Memorial Hall during mandatory weekly Collection, no other campus facility was as effective as the dining hall at bringing students together. Few cars were allowed on campus, a snack bar in Somerville (where McCabe Library now stands) was a sometime thing, Baltimore Pike was still semirural, and the Ville didn't cater to hungry collegians.

Access to the steam tables required lining up in the first-floor hall until doorkeepers Catherine or Mildred gave the OK.



1955 HALCYON

Peter Schickele plays the piano in Parrish Parlor (ca. 1955). A new piano will be placed in the renovated Parlors.

People in the queue would chat, read, study—anything to ease the boredom. When they got lucky, the Schickele brothers—Peter '57 and David '58—came to the rescue with entertainment so lively that some students gave up their places near the door to hear the whole performance.

With Peter at the old upright in the east parlor, both did the vocals. Especially memorable were their Homer & Jethro takeoffs on Shakespeare, as Louis Armstrong might have sung them: "To beeeee or not to beeeee-[rasp/growl] Tha's the question!" and "O, I wish I were a glove on that fair hand" as a breezy fox-trot.

The Schickeles got supercreative with the heavy fire hose hanging nearby, coaxing not-so-dulcet tones from its long brass nozzle. Years later, after Peter had become the world's leading authority on P.D.Q. Bach, one had to wonder if that humble fire hose helped inspire the immortal *Concerto for Horn and Hardart*.

—Barbara Haddad Ryan '59

Parrish Challenge Committee

The Parrish Challenge Committee is an alumni committee formed to oversee fund-raising for Parrish Hall. Representation is broad based, ranging from the Class of 1944 to the Class of 2001 and including every geographic region of the United States. It is the single largest volunteer fund-raising effort undertaken for The Meaning of Swarthmore.

Honorary Chair

Gilmore Stott (1914–2005)

Co-Chairs

Barbara Jahnel Dingfield '66

Asahi Maziwa Pompey '94

John Riggs '64

J. Lawrence Shane '56

Committee

Richard Barasch '75

Joann Bodurtha '74

Mary Callahan '77

John Colaianni '93

Mark Dingfield '01

William Dominick II '55

Gordon Follett Jr. '56

Morgan Frankel '76

Donald Fujihira '69

Martha Salzmans Gay '79

John Gillmor '59

Cynthia Graae '62

Neil Grabois '57

Julie Lange Hall '55

Samuel Hayes III '57

Anne Batman Holder '89

Maximilian Johnson '96

Herbert Kaiser '49

Joy Sundgaard Kaiser '51

Giles Kemp '72

Louis Kislik '52

Lillian Kraemer '61

Michael Kuh '94

Frederick Kyle '54

Kendall Landis '48

Christopher Leinberger '72

Tanisha Little '97

G. Stephen Lloyd '57

Shannon O'Neill Loudon '85

T. Michael Mather '65

Jay Ochroch '54

Anna Orgera '83

Yongsoo Park '94

Winnifred Poland Pierce '45

William Baxter Sailer '82

Andrew Sallay '94

Stephen Schwartz '84

Margretta Reed Seashore '61

David Singleton '68

Eleanor Maloney Smergel '73

William Stott '75

Terry Armstrong Thompson '57

Ann Pike Ulrey '44

Pamela Taylor Wetzels '52

David Wright '69

Lesley Wright '79

Jeffery Zinn '92

JIM GRAHAM

The roof of Parrish Hall was temporarily open while construction workers removed the west-center stairwell to make room for new exit stairs and an elevator. This view shows four stories of the historic structure, which was completed in 1869 and rebuilt entirely after an 1881 fire. The current renovations will be completed in the fall.

101 Ways to Be a Swarthmorean

Consider this a “purity test” (see No. 99).

Just how “tainted” have you been by your Swarthmore experience? Subtract from 101 as you go down the list, checking off each item that you did, that you think you might

have done, that rings some familiar bell in your mind, that maybe your roommate did during freshman orientation. Wait, did she—or was it you?

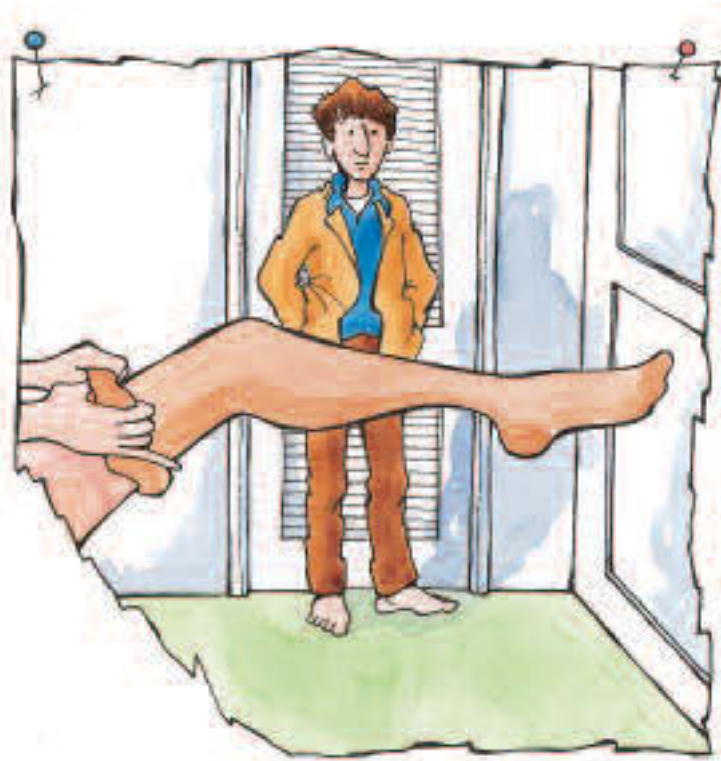
This list, collected by surveying members of the Class of 2005, is about what they did, should have done, or wished they had done before they graduated. Admittedly, the list is on the contemporary side. Swarthmore is quirky, and its quirks change as classes come and go, but some things don’t change. We hope you’ll find comfort in the items that sound familiar to you—and that you’ll smile at the ones that don’t.

A TO-DO LIST FROM THE CLASS OF 2005

By Elizabeth Redden '05

Illustrations by Jenny Campbell

- 1 Start classes each semester on a national holiday: Labor Day in the fall, Martin Luther King Jr. Day in the spring.
- 2 Play misery poker: “I’ll see your two seminar papers and raise you one lab report and a dance performance.”
- 3 Watch *The Graduate*.
- 4 Make s’mores at a bonfire in Crum Meadow.
- 5 Sneak into the faculty lounge. (The code is the year of Swarthmore’s founding, just so you know.)
- 6 Make friends with the shuttle driver on the way to Bryn Mawr.
- 7 Use the word “heteronormative” during a lunchtime conversation.
- 8 Get locked into a library overnight.
- 9 Have drinks with a professor, and get him to spill all the hot department gossip.
- 10 Make out on the whispering bench outside the president’s house.
- 11 Walk through Crum Woods after the first snow.
- 12 Hit “the beach.”
- 13 Wander South Street on a Friday night.
- 14 Wait in line 10 minutes for the pasta bar every Wednesday and Sunday night for 4 years.
- 15 Try “pasta wrestling” at Pub Night, Swarthmore’s Thursday-night answer to one of Ireland’s great institutions. (Try to forget this when you line up on Sunday to repeat No. 14.)
- 16 Run the McCabe Mile—18 laps around the McCabe Library basement to win a roll of Scott toilet paper.



life that meshes with your dreams—are fundamental to the conversations about ethical intelligence and social responsibility that characterize a Swarthmore education. How do we all fit into society as productive and happy individuals in our public and private lives? How do we, as Thoreau writes, “live the life you have imagined?”

And, besides, the whole Benjamin/Mrs. Robinson affair is so awkward. It’s hard not to laugh.

12 Hit “the beach.”

It’s the best we’ve got. There’s no ocean, no sand, no good-looking lifeguards—but who needs all that when you have homegrown Swarthmore beach bums lying out in their bathing suits on Parrish lawn?

The beach comes alive on the first warm days of spring. The Adirondack chairs reappear—including the giant one created by



3 Watch *The Graduate*.

“I want to say one word to you. Just one word,” Mr. McGuire earnestly tells Benjamin Braddock. “Plastics.”

Seniors scream wildly. For them, the much-mocked fate hits home like never before: Maybe I won’t find a job in anything else next year. Maybe I’ll end up doing the antithesis of everything I ever dreamed. What good is a liberal arts education anyway?

The freshmen look around and wonder just what they got themselves into.

Each year, on the eve of fall semester, students from all four classes jam the Lang Performing Arts Center Cinema to bond over the movie that defines young angst. Students learn to scream at all the right times—at “plastics,” whenever the word “future” is mentioned, and when Benjamin says, “Mrs. Robinson, you’re trying to seduce me, aren’t you?”

At other times they’re quiet, reflective. The questions raised by *The Graduate*—how to find meaningful work and love, how to live a

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| 17 Lie in the grass, and listen to the “Worthstock” concert the weekend after classes end each spring. | abstract, “save the world” kind of way. | 25 Try to get 8 hours of sleep one night a week. | 29 Eat a phoenix while reading <i>The Phoenix</i> . |
| 18 Yell, “safety school!” at a Haverford-Swarthmore basketball game. | 21 Snuggle with friends at an outdoor movie night on Parrish Beach. | 26 Dance in Terpsichore, a dance recital in which students choreograph pieces for other students. No experience required. | 30 Tell someone you go to Swarthmore. Be asked, “Oh? Where is that?” |
| 19 Share a “dirty sundae” (brownie and ice cream) with a friend at the student-run Paces Café. | 22 Assemble a costume at Goodwill, and hit the Mary Lyon Halloween party. | 27 Be silent at Meeting for Worship at the Swarthmore Friends Meetinghouse. | 31 Learn that it’s OK to get an A- (or a B+ or a B). |
| 20 Be clueless about what you want to do after you graduate—except in an | 23 Read Foucault. | 28 Do the “Swarthmore swivel” to make sure the person you’re about to talk about isn’t right behind you. | 32 Eat soul food, and listen to spoken word at the Black Cultural Center’s Soul Shack. |
| | 24 Sail—or sink—your homemade boat at the Crum Regatta. | | 33 Get to know a professor well. |



Jake Beckman '05—and groups of friends sit around, while others lie out in the sun by themselves. People invariably bring reading. Sometimes they do it; many times they don't.

On Friday afternoons, music blares from Parrish windows. There's a Frisbee in the air, sometimes even a softball. Students jump from group to group, bang on drums, and turn their faces to the sun. They lie back in the grass with their significant others, their best friends, their books tucked safely into their bags, as untouched as their sunscreen, and the vibe of Swarthmore is never more beautiful.

33 Get to know a professor well.

It's almost an admissions office cliché: What distinguishes a liberal arts education at a small college is the opportunity to form close professor/student relationships. But what does that really mean?

It means a lot of things, actually. You can do research with a professor, even as an underclassman. During your first semester on campus you can take freshman seminars—which were dramatically

expanded last fall across the Swarthmore curriculum—with only 10 to 12 other students. And you can cap off your education in junior and senior years with honors seminars as small or even smaller.

You can create your own personal class with an independent study or directed reading with a professor. You'll be invited to dinner at your professor's house at the end of your honors seminar, and you'll meet her family. You might even baby-sit the kids or walk the dog, if you're interested in that sort of thing. You'll have long conversations about whether you should go to graduate school and why your paper is good and why it actually *was* important to do last week's secondary reading. You'll discuss something scarily akin to "the meaning of life" with one of your professors at some point, someday, somehow.

If you do Swarthmore right, you'll graduate with at least one good professor friend, more if you're lucky.

42 Drop everything at 4:30, and go to practice.

Swarthmore isn't as renowned for its athletes as for its student athletes, but the distinction is not one to gloss over. Swarthmore athletic teams are a mixed bag, a strong team here, a rebuilding one there. Regardless of whether they're on a team that goes to nationals or one that struggles to break .500 in the Centennial Conference, student athletes are committed to their sports. It is a volunteer job, a culture, and a passion.

Twenty-two percent of students participated in varsity sports in 2003–2004. They devoted 20-plus hours each week to practices, games, and locker-room bonding. They are Division III athletes in a conference nicknamed "Egghead"—competitors include Haverford, Bryn Mawr, and Johns Hopkins—and they struggle to balance academic demands with sports and a desire to be involved in a dozen other extracurriculars. They play for love of the sport, for preseason bonding, for the competition, for Saturday-night "preparties" and after-practice dinners with their teammates. They play because they have always been student athletes and relish the opportunity that Swarthmore offers them to remain as such.

Yet Swarthmore's teams are disproportionately populated with underclassmen. Priorities shift, and competing opportunities abound. So, in the interest of balanced reporting, see No. 43.

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| 34 Shamelessly score condoms from Worth Health Center for 20 cents apiece. | 39 Randomly run into other Swarthmoreans in exotic locales around the world. | 43 Quit your varsity sport. | 48 Have breakfast in the Mary Lyon breakfast room. |
| 35 Have an instant message conversation with your roommate while he sits right next to you. | 40 Interview a candidate for a teaching position at the College. | 44 Read, write, or dream about "deconstruction." | 49 Be "sexiled" when your roommate (plus one) locks you out. |
| 36 Leave a party early to do homework. | 41 Run through the introductory course circuit: Education 014, Economics 001, Biology 002, Psychology 001, Chemistry 010. | 45 Fall onto the ice—or slap the puck into the net—at a Motherpuckers game. | 50 Let out a "primal scream"—along with everyone else on campus—at midnight on the first day of finals. |
| 37 Read Edward Said's <i>Orientalism</i> . | 42 Drop everything at 4:30, and go to practice. | 46 Attend a strange new play in the Frear Ensemble Theatre, a "black-box" experimental studio. | 51 Kiss one of your friends. Joke for the rest of the year about how incestuous your group of friends is. |
| 38 Eat sushi at the science center coffee bar. | | 47 Freak out about your high housing lottery number. | |



kill some werewolves, orcs, or dactyl guards (all of whom are killed and kill according to different and very specific rules), you'll eventually obtain enough money to purchase a pterodactyl hunting license. Then—and only then—can you go after the pterodactyl. If you beat him (and avoid his lethal “spit,” otherwise known as water-gun spray), you'll get a gift certificate for pizza. It's clearly the perfect feast to end a pterodactyl hunter's night.

According to campus lore, the Folk Dance Club came up with the idea in 1982. In 1984, the Swarthmore Warders of Imaginative Literature adopted the pterodactyl hunt as their own. It can hardly be called a cult event, though, as about 200 students have participated in recent hunts. The student body *talks* about pterodactyls, if only in passing, one weekend every October.

It's a fleeting fantasy world. It's a great place to be.

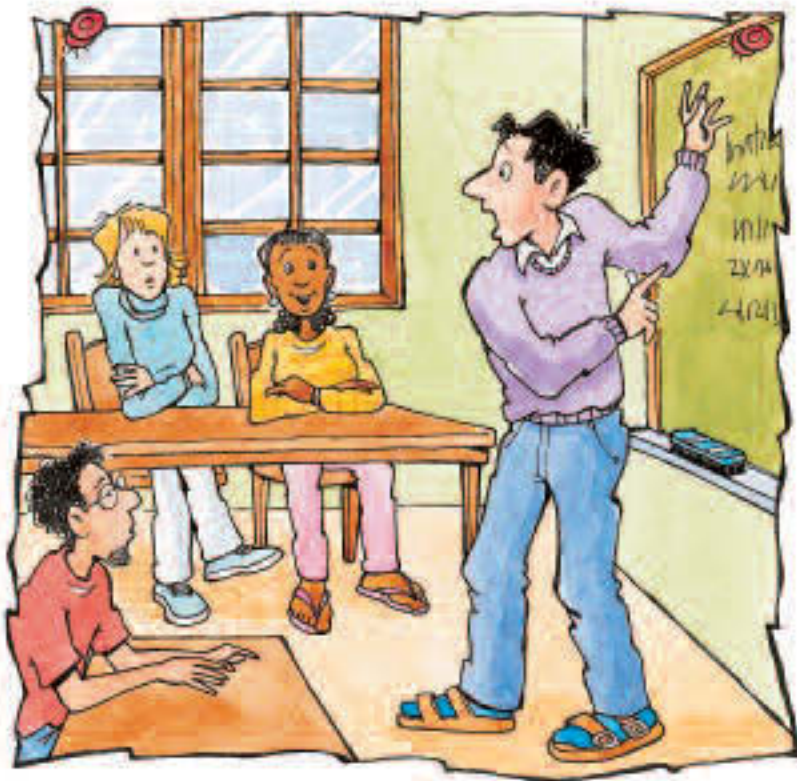


62 Wield foam bats for the pterodactyl hunt.

The whole point is to push the pterodactyls back into extinction. First, though, you have to kill a lot of other monsters. Bear with me on this. You duel the monsters with foam bats (but don't hit them on the head—that's illegal). The monsters are elaborately costumed. The combatants run around the lawn below Sharples wearing trash bags. A human-sized cat roams the field for no obvious reason. It's a little like an elementary school gym class held in the dark, with less fancy pinnies.

Say you slay a monster. (Sometimes it kills you, but then you just go to Hunt Central and sneak back into the game a few minutes later, so that's not a direction to explore.) So, say you slay a monster. It gives you some (fake) money as a reward, and you and your teammates go on to kill more monsters. If you resist the temptation to waste your reward on fake fish to throw around and successfully

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| <p>52 Ask for an extension on a paper.</p> <p>53 Ask for an extension on the extension.</p> <p>54 Climb onto the roof of at least one building (Parrish, Mary Lyon, Willets, Kohlberg, Ware Pool, Martin, etc.).</p> <p>55 Get “screwed” at the Screw Your Roommate blind-date dance.</p> <p>56 Be a gaping bystander as the men's and women's</p> | <p>rugby teams run naked through Parrish during the Dash for Cash.</p> <p>57 Play rugby for at least one season. Run in the Dash.</p> <p>58 Borrow a Sharples tray, and sled down the hill from the bell tower.</p> <p>59 Make friends with people who are even more weird than you.</p> <p>60 Be in a class discussion that runs more than 4 (or 5 or 6) hours.</p> | <p>61 Go to the gender-bending Sager dance in clothes your parents wouldn't like.</p> <p>62 Wield foam bats for the pterodactyl hunt.</p> <p>63 Go <i>Cygnets</i> shopping—checking out the cute first-years in the facebook.</p> <p>64 Take an honors seminar whether you're in honors or not.</p> <p>65 Periodically repeat Dean of the College Bob Gross' ['62] freshman orientation</p> | <p>mantra: “No matter what you say or do to me, I'm still a worthwhile person.”</p> <p>66 Spend a miserable night sipping chicken broth in Worth Health Center.</p> <p>67 Sing all the words to Madonna's “Like a Prayer” at a party.</p> <p>68 Study abroad junior spring or fall.</p> <p>69 Buy 14 candy bars and five chairs on the last day of finals to use up your meal</p> |
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78 Take an amazing class.

There are classes you just have to take. Practical Wisdom with Barry Schwartz and Ken Sharpe, Introduction to Philosophy with Richard Schuldenfrei, Social Psychology with Andrew Ward, Urban Education with Eva Travers, Modern Comparative Literature with Philip Weinstein, Marine Biology with Rachel Merz, International Politics with James Kurth, and Developmental Biology with Scott Gilbert. Then, there are the classes you struggle through and learn more than you thought possible: Organic Chemistry with Paul Rablen and Robert Paley (and Chaos, Paley's dog); Mechanics with Faruq Siddiqui, and Intermediate Microeconomics with Larry Westphal. These are the academic experiences you came to Swarthmore for. These are the discussions, the papers, the pages, that stay with you.

88 Stay in Sharples from lunch through dinner.

Sharples Dining Hall, McCabe Library, parties at Paces Café in Clothier Memorial Hall—these are the social hot spots on campus (yes, the library, too). But Sharples takes top prize. This ski lodge of a dining hall, on being airlifted in 1964 from Aspen to the Alps, dropped smack into the heart of Swarthmore's social scene and has stayed there ever since.

What's surprising to visitors is that Sharples actually serves good food. So why do students complain so much about it? Try eating there every day, for 14 or 17 or 20 meals a week. The menu rotates on a 4-week cycle, and it doesn't take long to memorize it: Falafel bar is followed by Greek bar is followed by Asian bar.

But there's no question: Miss too many meals in a row at Sharples, and you soon feel out of step with the greater Swarthmore dynamic. It's where you can walk in alone and find friends sitting around at 12:25 p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and



- 70 Get an internship that makes your humanities major more marketable after graduation.
- 71 Go to first and last Collection in the amphitheater. Appreciate closure.
- 72 Ruin your health with a 4 a.m. "blue-ribbon special" at Tom Jones—\$2.79 for two eggs, two pancakes, two pieces of toast, two strips of bacon, two sausage patties, coffee, and juice.
- 73 Take a course in a department you never thought you could excel in.
- 74 Write a paper about a book you didn't actually read.
- 75 Chase a Ping-Pong ball across a frat-house floor during a Beirut match.
- 76 Use the word "hegemony." All the time.
- 77 Chalk the sidewalks around campus with socially responsible propaganda.
- 78 Take an amazing class.
- 79 Have a picnic in the Dean Bond Rose Garden. Wonder, "Who was Dean Bond?"
- 80 Bring your paper to a student writing associate (WA) to get "WA'd."
- 81 Play your favorite music, and gossip into the microphone on your own WSRN show.
- 82 Go to a lecture on "The Element of Surprise in Egyptian Art"—just because you can.
- 83 Pull an all-nighter to finish (start?) tomorrow's paper, due at 10 a.m. Skip your 10:30 a.m. class to sleep.
- 84 Go to Jamboree, a 3-hour a cappella concert held

Fridays, 12:40 p.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and 6 p.m. any day of the week. It's where you pick up a tray decorated by a student who spent the whole afternoon in Sharples, and where you also spend far too much time. It's where you run into your crush, your ex-girlfriend, and the girl you wish you never had kissed—all in the same meal.

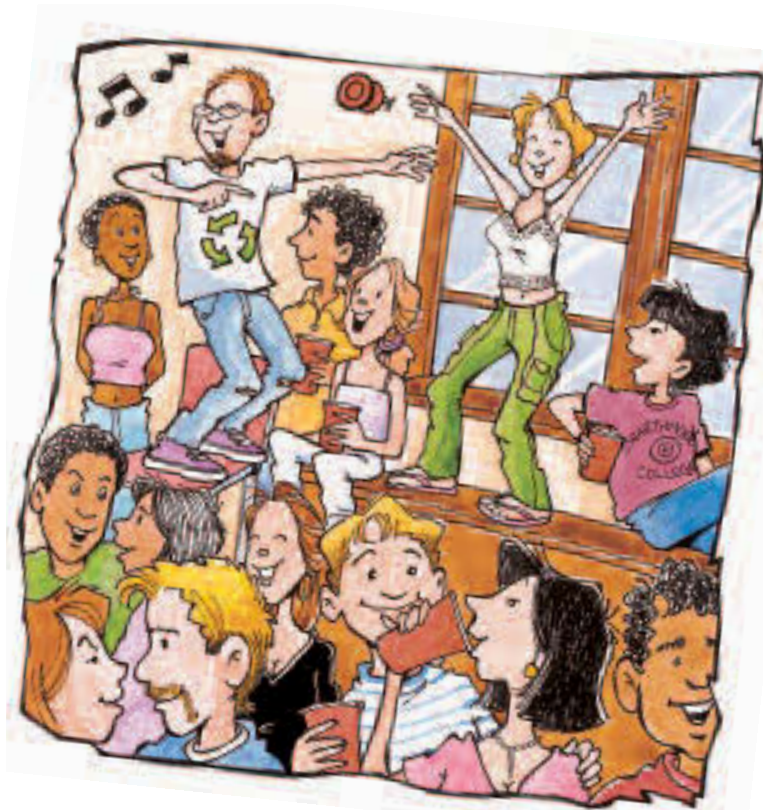
Sharples is the place you most want to get away from when you leave Swarthmore. And it's the place that most brings you back.

96 Live and love the SAC party scene.

Who would have thought that the formal-sounding Student Activities Committee (SAC) would be the gateway to throwing great parties? And that some of the best parties are thrown by such groups as the Society of Women Engineers; the Swarthmore Queer Union; the Hispanic Organization for Latin American Awareness; Students of Caribbean Ancestry; the Swarthmore African Students Association; The International Club; the Sexual Health Counselors; Swarthmore Asian Organization; the Frisbee, swim, and rugby teams; and, yes, the school's two fraternities—Delta Upsilon and Phi Psi?

"Gotta go, Mom. I'm headed out to the engineers' party." It's a statement to warm any mother's heart. Nothing to worry about there.

It sounds more innocent than it is. The SAC parties are all-campus events where the food, decorations, and refreshments are paid for by the activities fee that's tacked onto everyone's tuition bill. Interest in the party scene typically wanes in junior and senior years, but for freshmen and sophomores, a Saturday night SAC party at Paces, Olde Club, or a frat is something to build your weekend around. Friends start by dancing in big groups that are quickly fractured as others crowd in and people pair off, dancing closely to Madonna, hip-hop, or techno, holding their red plastic cups in hand. People squeeze by, sometimes get sloshed upon, in search of someone to dance with—and maybe more. There's a sense of magic in your first few SAC parties: Because of Swarthmore's policy of funding the parties so long as they are open and free to all students, anyone could be there. It is a unique system that puts all



students on a par with one another for the night—any student with valid tricollege identification can show up, regardless of popularity, income, or class year. It's anybody's game for the night. ☺

Elizabeth Redden, who says she can check off 71 items on this list, is a McCabe Scholar and English literature major who graduated with high honors on May 29. She thanks the following classmates who contributed ideas for this article: Begum Adalet, Jorge Aguilar, Tanya Aydelott, Carmen Barron, Sam Bell, Justin Belmont, Sarah Bryan, An Bui, Laura Carballo, Jeremy Cristol, Chelsea Ferrell, Jody Fisher, David Gentry, Adam Gerber, James Golden, Randy Goldstein, Chelain Goodman, Marty Griffith, Cat Hildebrand, Bojun Hu, Jawaad Hussain, Adriana Hyams, Lola Irele, Qian Li, Joanne Lipson, David Mann, Jessie Martin, Katie McAlister, Elizabeth McDonald, Joy Mills, Eugene Palatulan, Julia Pompetti, Joe Raciti, Lillian Ray, Katherine Reid, Emiliano Rodriguez, Gabe Rogers, Alex Sastre, Katie Schlesinger, Lauren Sippel, Jared Thompson, and Jacob Wallace.

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|--|--|---|--|
| each semester, because you have a friend in each of the eight groups performing. | 89 Shower postpractice with 12 of your closest friends. | 93 Sing by yourself in the bell tower. Don't you sound great? | 98 Be awakened by the buzzer signaling closing time in McCabe Library. |
| 85 Point out the "inherent contradictions" in an author's argument. | 90 Reevaluate your basic assumptions about the world. | 94 Read Plato. | 99 Find out how sexually "pure" you are on a scale of 1 to 100 (100 meaning you're saintly, 1 meaning that you should be in jail) at a "purity test" study break. |
| 86 Learn the pizza man's life story. | 91 Call Public Safety to let you into your room after your roommate locks you out during your shower. | 95 Pet the dogs that people walk around campus. Coo at the babies. | 100 Watch the sun set over the amphitheater. |
| 87 Take a "walk of shame" after spending the night in a dorm far across campus. | 92 Take a dance class for academic credit: African, Kathak, tap, yoga, ballet, modern, or flamenco. | 96 Live and love the SAC party scene. | 101 Do something good for the world. |
| 88 Stay in Sharples from lunch through dinner. | | 97 Hunt for eels in the Crum Creek at night. | |

seek justice, love mercy



TWO SETS OF PARENTS SAT IN THE FRONT ROWS OF THE COURTROOM. ONE HAD LOST THEIR ONLY SON. I WAS IN SHOCK WHEN I WAS ASKED TO SIT DOWN WITH 12 OTHER PEOPLE AND START LISTENING TO THE CASE.

By Elizabeth Probasco
Kutchai '66

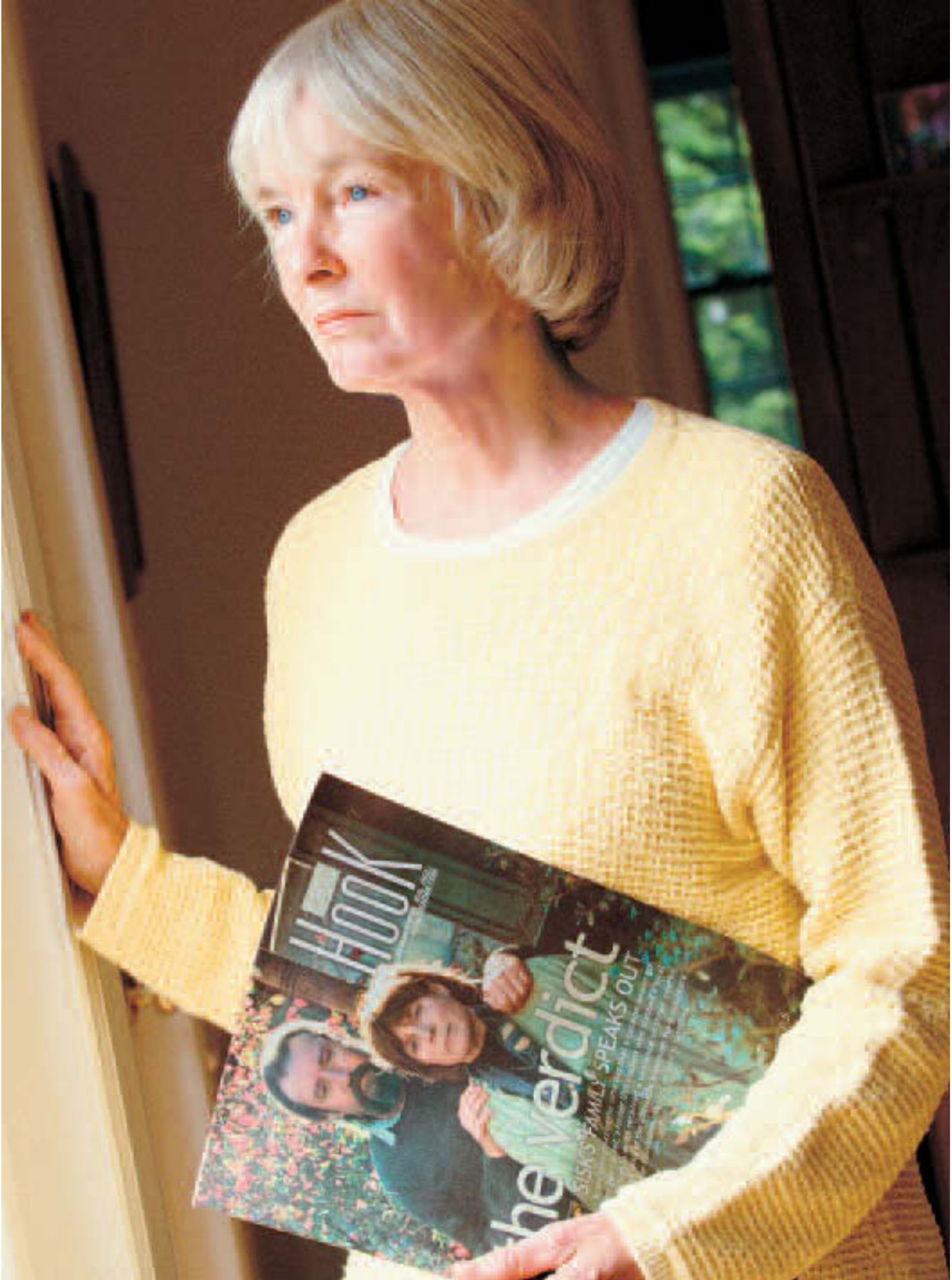
Jury duty, again. This was the second time I'd been called in the last four years, the fourth time I'd been called in the 30 years I've lived in Charlottesville, Va. This time I wasn't worried, though. For one thing, I'm retired, and I had nothing pressing on my schedule in November 2004. For another, there was my track record: On all previous occasions, I had not been needed or had not been chosen to serve.

It's easy to avoid serving on a jury. If you happen to be selected as a possible juror, you will be asked a bunch of questions. All you have to do is give some indication that you might have some attitude toward something they are asking about, and—poof—they politely excuse you. Each time that has happened to me, though, I've felt vaguely disappointed. Do I really come across as opinionated and biased the minute I open my mouth? I'd *like* to serve on a jury, to do my civic duty, to participate in our great system of justice. But it would probably never happen.

This time, they asked a lot of questions. It clearly was a really big case. The nice thing about being a Quaker in a situation like this is that Quakers are required to be truthful at all times. So no matter how much I might have wanted to serve or to be relieved of the burden of serving, I answered every question truthfully. Yes, I read all the local newspapers. Yes, I remember reading about an incident in which a local volunteer firefighter was stabbed to death by a University of Virginia student late one night about a year earlier. Well, that should do it. Rejected again, for sure.

I was in total shock when, around 3 p.m., I was asked to sit down with 12 other people and start listening to the case. One of us,

Liz Kutchai never thought she would be chosen as a juror in a homicide case. "The case was just heartbreaking," she says. "It was one of the hardest things I have ever done."



JEN FARELLO

known only to the judge, was the alternate. For the next 6 days, the 13 of us—nine men and four women—sat with our backs to the judge, in chairs that faced the spectators in the courtroom, and listened intently to the commonwealth’s attorney, the defense attorney, their assistants, and a long parade of witnesses. Outside of the courtroom, we were not allowed to talk about the case to each other or to anyone else. Everyone obeyed.

It was one of the hardest things I have ever done. Even in second-year calculus class, I could let my mind wander from time to time. In court, you can’t let your attention waver for even a few seconds, or you’ll miss something. And you aren’t allowed to ask questions, which was torture for someone who went to Swarthmore. Mercifully, they let us take notes, although we were not allowed to keep them or use them to influence other jurors. After hours of intense concentration, I would go home exhausted and then sleep only fitfully.

The case was just heartbreaking. Two groups of young men spilled out onto the street as the bars closed. Everyone was drunk as a skunk. Epithets were exchanged; name calling escalated into a physical confrontation; one young man pulled out a knife, and, in seconds, another young man lay bleeding to death on the sidewalk. Two sets of parents sat in the front rows of the courtroom, each surrounded by family and friends. One set of parents had lost their only son. Their grief seemed to fill the room.

I couldn’t let myself react emotionally to any of this. I had to *listen* to every word from every witness and lawyer, take what notes I could, and try to remember all that I heard. I tried to deal with it as an intellectual problem. There would be time later, after the trial, to try to process it all at the emotional and spiritual levels.

During our many breaks in the jury room, as the lawyers wrangled with each other and the judge about what we would be allowed to hear, we got to know each other—superficially, as we weren’t allowed to talk about the gut-wrenching things we were hearing in court. At 60, I was the second-oldest juror. Several of the jurors were young men—or at least they seemed young to me. Some had advanced degrees, several were teachers, some were mothers. One man drove a forklift for a local paving company. A soft-spoken black man sat in a corner and crocheted an afghan. We did crossword puzzles. We went out to lunch together.

In the courtroom, we saw the adversarial nature of our legal system at its very worst. The prosecution painted a picture of a vicious, violent act—18 stab wounds, many of them in the victim’s back—followed by flight and an attempt to cover up the crime. This was a clear-cut case of second-degree murder. The defendant’s family had hired a portly, bearded attorney from northern Virginia, a man best known for successfully defending Lorena Bobbitt, the woman who cut off her husband’s penis. He pulled out all the stops in this case. The victim was a nice guy when he was sober, but

everyone knew he was a mean drunk. When the terrified defendant, cornered, pulled out his knife, the victim grabbed it and, in the ensuing struggle, stabbed *himself* 18 times—a scenario reenacted in the courtroom by two professional aikido instructors.

Each side put dozens of people on the witness stand. The commonwealth’s medical examiner testified in detail about the length, width, and depth of each stab wound. Police officers described the chaotic crime scene in the first hours after the stabbing. Drops of blood around the perimeter of an asphalt parking lot (how could they see them in the darkness?) led to the apartment where the defendant and his friend were hiding. Two eyewitnesses who stayed at the crime scene and cooperated with the police—one a friend of the deceased, the other a friend of the defendant—were subjected to grueling cross-examination designed to undermine their credibility: “You just testified that you had a beer at that bar, but a year ago, you said it was a *couple* of beers.”

When it came time for the defense to put people on the stand, no expense was spared. Knowing how much good lawyers charge, I couldn’t help trying to add up the cost to the defendant’s parents. They even flew in a man from Skagway, Alaska, to testify that the

victim, who had worked for the man in summer 2004, had gotten drunk and broken the windows of his employer’s car.

During the 5 days that it took to try the case, I had to gaze out on the packed courtroom. Right in front were the grieving parents of the 22-year-old volunteer firefighter who had died of a

stab wound that pierced his heart. How could they sit there and listen to these graphic descriptions? The parents of the 21-year-old university student could at least see their child sitting a few feet away from them. He’d been incarcerated for a year already, but they could visit him and talk to him on the phone, and they could look forward to future Thanksgivings and Christmases together.

So many things I heard during the trial stunned me. They shouldn’t have. I’ve lived next to the University of Virginia for 30 years. But knowing about binge drinking in the abstract isn’t the same as hearing about it in detail. The firefighter and his friends had visited *five* bars that evening. The student and his friends had started out “shotgunning” beers at his apartment, then had gone on to two different bars where they had had rounds of “beer and shots”; the shots were something called Jaegermeister. When I asked, in the jury room, “What is Jaegermeister?” all the young men on the jury could tell me. Even my 24-year-old daughter knew about “shotgunning” and Jaegermeister.

A young woman who lived across the street from the crime scene was put on the witness stand. She and her girlfriends were sitting on the front porch when the young men were staggering up 14th Street calling each other names and getting into an altercation. This sort of behavior is so normal for a Friday night/Saturday morning when the bars on The Corner empty out that they *didn’t even look up*.

There was the legal definition of malice, and then there was our own everyday definition. Could someone falling-down drunk have malice?

It was only when the victim was lying on the sidewalk bleeding and two young men were yelling for help that they paid any attention.

One evening, well into the trial, my husband asked me how I would feel if it turned out that I was the alternate juror. My immediate answer: "Relieved." I had complete confidence in the other 12 jurors. I sensed that every single one of them was committed to seeking justice.

It was a surprise to me, when we finally were allowed to go into the jury room and begin deliberations, how differently each of us reacted to the case. Some of us were horrified by the 18 stab wounds. I couldn't imagine any situation that would call for pulling out a knife. Others on the jury could easily see themselves in the defendant's shoes: If a very large, very drunk, belligerent-sounding guy is coming toward me, I'll pull out my knife—and it might take 18 stabs to subdue the guy. No one believed the aikido ballet. It was clear after just a few minutes that, although we had all heard the same testimony with open, unprejudiced minds, we saw the events through very different filters.

We had been given 16 pages of legal instructions. We could find the defendant guilty of second-degree murder or of voluntary manslaughter. The difference between the two was malice, and we had a page explaining what malice was legally. We could find the defendant had acted in self-defense and was therefore not guilty, and we had two pages of legalese about that. For 5½ hours we struggled to make the case, as each of us saw it, conform to these legal instructions. We read each page over and over again, parsing every sentence. There was the legal definition of malice, and then there was our own everyday definition. Could someone falling-down drunk have malice?

And then, once we had eliminated malice, we turned to self-defense. The law was very complicated. We couldn't decide which of two pages we should be reading. One said, if you think the defendant had *no part* in starting the altercation and furthermore you believe A and B and C (each was a long string of words), then you must find him not guilty. The other page said, if you think the defendant had even a small part in starting the altercation and furthermore you believe A and B and C and D and E (adding two more long strings of words, all of which I have mercifully forgotten), then you must find him not guilty. We spent a long time trying to decide which page to use (when, exactly, did the altercation start—with the name calling or the knife?) until someone had the bright idea to look closely at A and B and C. We had to believe all three of them in either case, and we didn't.

At 9:30 p.m., we sent word that we were ready. We waited in the jury room until the more than 100 spectators came back into court and filled the benches. Then we filed in. Our foreman, the quiet afghan maker, announced our verdict: voluntary manslaughter.

I fell into bed that night like a zombie, but I had to be back in court the next morning because, in Virginia, the jury also decides the sentence. This was a surprise to all of us. Now, it was the defense

attorney's turn to put a long string of character witnesses on the stand, including two Catholic priests. Then, we retreated to the jury room with what amounted to one instruction: Pick a number from 1 to 10.

Once again, we were all over the map. Those of us who had been horrified at the violence of the attack were inclined to go with 10 years, and those who had wanted to believe in self-defense were inclined to go with 1 or 2. And the Catholic priests had had a powerful effect on a couple of jurors. We had such a difficult time picking a number of years that we finally resorted to a sort of brainstorming session, asking ourselves, "What are the reasons for incarceration?" and putting every reason we could think of up on a whiteboard. Justice made the list; vengeance did not. Few of us were happy with the number we finally agreed on: 3 years.

Our jury had been sharply divided, yet we came together in the way Quakers do—with mutual respect and a deep commitment to find common ground.

The newspapers, which I read after it was all over, were brutal: This was a gross miscarriage of justice. A young firefighter's life had been taken by a privileged kid from out of state, and the rich kid gets 3 years? Even my husband was appalled. A reporter from *The Hook* newspaper in Charlottesville called me. She omitted from her article the things I said about everyone on the jury being committed to seeking justice, but she did quote me as saying that I was profoundly sad.

I sank into grief. I could barely function. I replayed every moment of the trial in my head, trying to process it. I couldn't get some details out of my head, like the medical examiner's response to a question about the blood seeping from the victim's heart: "It wouldn't seep; it would gently pour." It



seemed I was awake most of the night.

What helped? My husband, who said to me, as I wept, "None of those people listened to every single word the way you and the other jurors did." And the Bible, which I seldom read but had to

Please turn to page 71.

Cultural Omnivore

READ SCHUCHARDT '93, A "MEDIA ECOLOGIST," LAUNCHED METAPHILM.COM.

By Andrea Hammer

Raising their children outside the United States for at least part of their childhood has been a long-held dream of Read Schuchardt and his wife, Rachel Guy '94. In August, the Schuchardts—and their six kids—will move to Lugano, Switzerland, where he will become assistant professor of international communications at Franklin College.

Both Rachel and Read were raised overseas. She grew up in Singapore, Malaysia, and the Philippines. He was raised on the Caribbean island of St. Martin—without a television, telephone, daily newspaper, or weekly magazine.

"The sum total of my electronic media diet was my mother's record collection, a weekly viewing of *Have Gun Will Travel* at the hot dog stand on Paradise Peak, and the occasional movie at the drive-in theater," he recalls of outings with his mother, Ann Mercer Klein '61, and stepfather, Jeffrey.

"I was so 'unmediated' that each movie for me stood out as a sort of horrifying three-dimensional reality. I remember watching Sinbad fighting some monster and hiding under the seat of the van as the monster came closer to the camera—I had no idea he wasn't actually going to come off the screen and eat me. And I remember weeping endlessly after watching one of the *Airport* disaster movies in which a rescuer plummets to his death. That it was 'just a movie' offered no consolation to my 7-year-old self," Schuchardt says.

Star Wars was perhaps his first taste of a "liberal education." This film sparked a love of science fiction, plastic model building, comparative religion, and cultural storytelling.

"I'm fairly convinced that science fiction

is the purest contemporary form of religious allegory, and that interest continues today," he adds.

After Swarthmore, where he was an English literature major, Schuchardt pursued a master's degree in media ecology at New York University (NYU), which he completed in 1996. "I decided on media ecology to understand the history and impact and psychic effects of mass media on individuals and cultures," he says. Marshall McLuhan, a mass communication pop icon considered the father of the electronic age, coined the phrase "media ecology"; the late Neil Postman, Schuchardt's doctoral adviser until his death in October 2003, founded and chaired NYU's graduate program of the same name.

"I didn't know what I wanted to do with my life, but I knew I had to study under this man," says Schuchardt, who now teaches film, media criticism, and theory himself.

"The irony of this development in my life is that at the end of my time at Swarthmore, I actually wrote my last *Phoenix* article claiming that 'the one thing Swarthmore taught me was that I would never go back to school again.' Now, I'm a statistic not only of the Quaker matchbox but also of the ridiculously high percentage of Swatties who go on to get a Ph.D.," says Schuchardt, whose first child was born in 1994.

"Back then, I thought I was the kind of guy who wanted to marry at 30; have two kids starting at 35; and live a nice, comfortable middle-class life. And then I met Rachel. I knew she wouldn't wait around, so I jumped. She jumped. That was more than 12 years and six children ago," Schuchardt says.

"As many from that time recall, Rachel

not only finished college, she graduated Phi Beta Kappa and walked in the graduation ceremony with 6-month-old Constance in her arms. Constance is now 11 and playing violin as a seasoned 7-year veteran and teaching herself Greek."

Schuchardt says he didn't make a decision to marry and have children; rather, he simply did what he couldn't imagine not doing. To this day, his family is the central force in all of his pursuits.

"Having kids meant considering their education, their time at home with parents, and how much time I could be with them as a father. That drove both the decision to home school, the decision to become a professor, and the decision to have so many kids. That has also meant, by default, that we've lived in relative poverty ever since, supporting our growing family on my one salary in the most expensive region of the country," says Schuchardt, who has been living with his family in Jersey City, N.J., while he taught, until the end of June, at Marymount Manhattan College in New York City.



Schuchardt, wife Rachel, and their six children at The Gates (above) and as photo models (right) in a magazine ad.

"If time is the currency of love, then we're a very rich family," Schuchardt says.

"But if time is the currency of love, then we're a very rich family indeed, and that is something my own children have that most of their friends do not have—and something I hope they will value as they come of age."

After 10 years, Schuchardt has completed his dissertation, which examines the evolution of corporate iconography from the structure and hierarchy of the medieval Catholic symbol system. Underneath that history, Schuchardt believes, lies the story of how the values of economic life have come to supersede those of spiritual life. His father, John Schuchardt '61, is a former lawyer and antinuclear activist who inspired him to write a fairly "snotty" letter to George Bush Sr. during the first Gulf War in 1990–1991 while he was a sophomore at Swarthmore.

"I received a hand-written response from Bush who did, in fact, acknowledge that the war was about oil, among other things, and that's probably when I lost my political naïveté," Schuchardt says. "Ever since then, I've listened more carefully to the substructure of cultural debates and issues of the moment and have, thanks to my father, a fairly good critical eye for seeing 'through' various media deceptions. A lot of it had to do with both my parents' shared value of never owning a television, something I still don't have in my own household."

With a research focus on media, culture, and religion, Schuchardt has six books at various stages of completion. *Metaphilm: Seers of the Silver Screen* and *The Disappearance of Women: Technology, Pornography, and the Obsolescence of Gender* are forthcoming. In addition, he publishes widely in the scholarly and popular press.

Schuchardt, a contributing editor at *The New Pantagruel*, is also the publisher of Metaphilm.com, a Web site dedicated to

interpreting rather than simply reviewing films. The site grew out of his essay on *The Matrix*, which he posted on Cleave.com—his other Web site focusing on "the levels of manipulation and deception required for advertising to do its job well." Schuchardt worked as an advertising, marketing, and public relations copywriter while attending graduate school at night.

From April to November 1999, Cleave.com was the No. 1 return for a Google search on "What is *The Matrix*?" So, realizing that a market existed, he and a graduate school colleague launched Metaphilm.com in July 2001. "Cinema is for us the highest medium of electronic culture, the medium to which and from which all other media derive their inspiration.... I think cinema is the new cathedral of electronic culture," Schuchardt says.

"We intentionally started out with the editorial policy of assuming the reader's education—never speaking to them in language that felt alienating," he adds. In 2003, he received The Spiritus Award for Metaphilm at the City of Angels Film Festival in Los Angeles.

"In truth, I bit off more than I could chew as a very young man and have been racing to catch up with myself ever since. The real drive for 'doing so much' is simply love and desperation. I have a huge family to support, and I'm very eager that we should not be put into debtor's prison. To be honest, what I've done has been at a snail's pace and only very painfully," he says. "So much of the time, I feel like I'm hardly doing enough to justify my existence. What I do accomplish is teach four classes each semester, participate in collegewide committee work, and keep up with conference presentations and publications for the scholarly and popular press."

Schuchardt's national lectures have included ones at Swarthmore titled "1999 as the Year of God and Film," "Deconstructing *The Matrix Trilogy*" in 2003, and "God and Gandalf: Religious Symbolism in the *Lord of the Rings*" this spring.

"I was incredibly impressed all the times I've come to campus to give a talk since graduating. Perhaps it's just age, but my impression the last time was that the



campus really was a genuinely liberal arts campus that contained a real spectrum of viewpoints and opinions," says Schuchardt, whose *Phoenix* training cut his teeth on "real" writing.

"Unlike academic work as a student, in which you are writing for an audience of one, *The Phoenix* was terrifying because it meant that you had to be willing to take on a whole campus worth of rebuttals, which my pieces—other than the straight news or humor pieces—evoked at the time," he says. "Back then, I was eager for the argument—and perhaps a little too eager to bash my opponents. Subsequent to that experience, I've mellowed a little in that I'm no longer as intentionally combative in writing, but I still don't shrink from a good healthy debate."

In retrospect, Schuchardt thinks that the opposition he experienced at the College was profoundly meaningful in his growth.

"I think Swarthmore fulfilled its mission by making me into something of a cultural omnivore, which I think they then described as instilling a sense of 'serious curiosity' in students. I'm now, unfortunately, fascinated by almost anything, which also drives my multitasking and incompleteness of so many projects," he says.

"But, more important, Swarthmore also showed me, by example, how to go from reaction to reflection and how to actually begin listening. I'm still working on that, and it's a humbling process." ❧

Junglove

THE MYERS-BRIGGS PERSONALITY INDICATOR—
INVENTED IN SWARTHMORE BY AN ALUMNA—
IS EITHER A USEFUL TEST OR A PARLOR GAME.

By Paul Wachter '97

It was early 1942, several weeks after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, when Swarthmore resident Isabel Briggs Myers '19 saw an article in *Reader's Digest*. "Fitting the Worker to the Job" described the Humm-Wadsworth Temperament Scale as "a device to place the worker in the proper niche, keep him happy, and increase production." Myers realized that such a test could be indispensable to the war effort.

"My mother thought it could help match women—who traditionally had been homemakers—with the industry jobs left by the men fighting overseas," recalled Peter Myers, Isabel's son.

Isabel volunteered at a local bank that used the Humm test, but, after analyzing the employees' answers, she determined it "not useful." She decided to develop her own scale and, with an unflappable single-mindedness during the next three decades, that's what she did. The result—the Myers-Briggs Type Indicator (MBTI)—is one of the most popular personality tests in the world.

Each year, about three million Americans take the MBTI. Eighty-nine companies of the Fortune 100 use it to hire and train employees. The indicator has been translated into 16 languages. And it has spawned countless imitators—try a quick Internet search—that promise, with a few easy questions, to reveal what kind of person you are. Yet for all its popularity, Isabel's creation generally is ridiculed by academic psychologists, who deride both the theory and methodology of the indicator, which is based on Carl Jung's notions of psychological types.

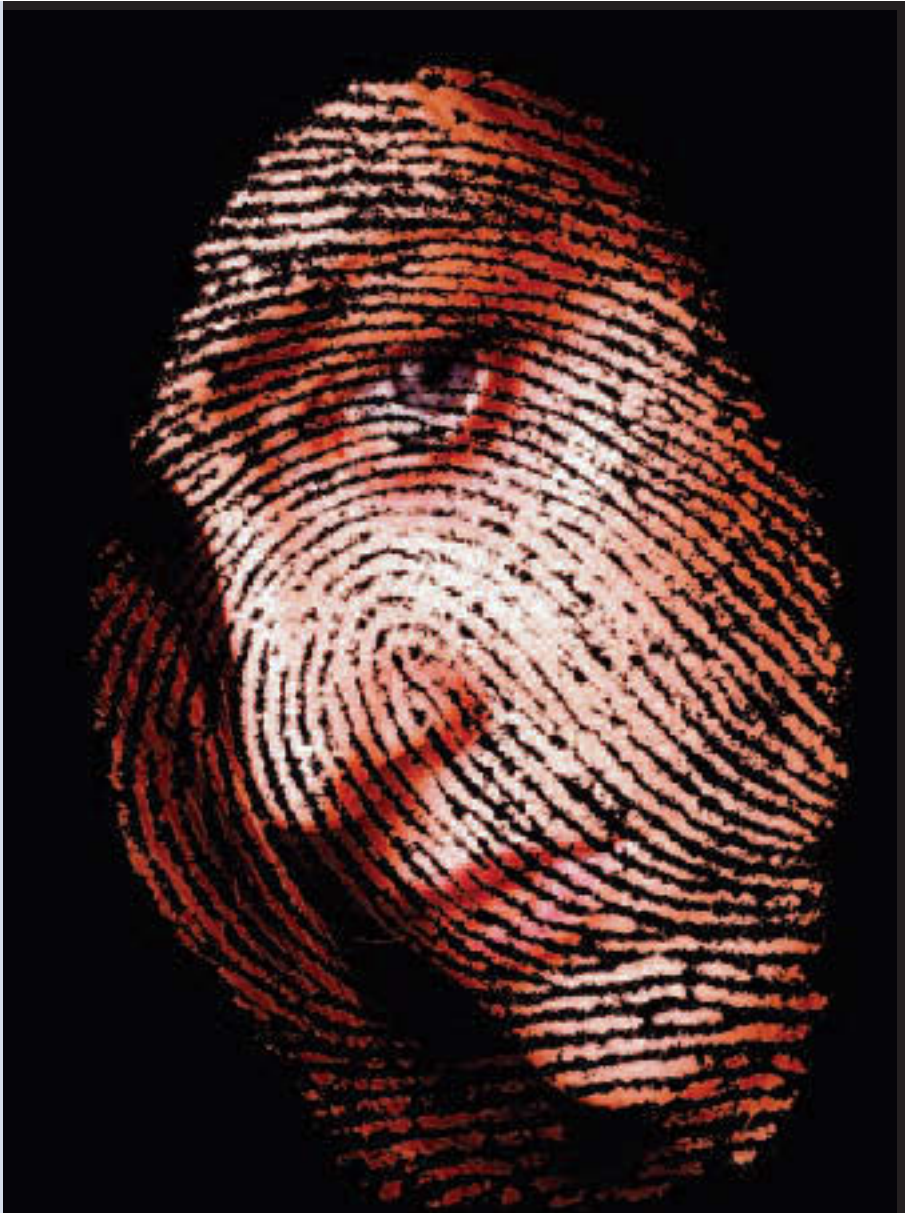
"I know it's popular, but it's not at all considered relevant in psychology," said Jack Block, professor emeritus of psychology at the University of California—Berkeley. "It's a great scam cooked up by one old lady and her daughter."

ISABEL MYERS WAS BORN ON OCT. 18, 1897, to Lyman Briggs and Katharine Cook Briggs. Isabel grew up in Washington, D.C., where her father worked as a physicist and her mother oversaw her education. It was a family of academic overachievers. Lyman and Katharine had finished first and second in their class at Michigan Agricultural College (which later became Michigan State).

Isabel was just as intelligent, a diligent reader who learned Latin, German, and French at an early age. Katharine kept a meticulous diary chronicling her daughter's development, excerpts of which were published in *The Ladies Home Journal*. The magazine also accepted "A Little Girl's Letter" from young Isabel; she was a published author at 15.

Isabel arrived at Swarthmore College in 1915, a time when it was one of the country's few coeducational institutions. From her Parrish Hall room, she wrote to her mother almost daily. During her first year, at a school dance, Isabel met her future husband, Clarence Gates Myers '17, an aspiring lawyer. But when Isabel later introduced him to her family, her mother was perplexed.

Katharine liked "Chief," as Clarence was known to friends—but he was logical, whereas her daughter was imaginative. Their personalities didn't seem to match.



DON BONSEY/GETTY IMAGES

Come,” which employed the theory of psychological type. It won first prize, became a best-seller, and was translated into five languages. After several less successful attempts at playwriting and a brief stint as a local real-estate developer, Isabel devoted all her energies to her children. However, the 1942 *Reader’s Digest* article prompted her return to the study of type.

THE STUDY OF PERSONALITY HAS OCCUPIED MANKIND throughout the ages. The ancient practice of astrology sought to explain differences among people by looking to the stars. Socrates proposed a state ruled according to the innate abilities of its citizens, whom he divided into classes named after metals. The physician Galen thought

To Carl Jung's pairs of personality opposites—introverted-extroverted, sensing-intuiting, and thinking-feeling—Myers added a fourth: judging-perceiving.

Intrigued, Katharine determined to learn all she could about personality. Meanwhile, the couple married, and after Isabel graduated (with typical academic distinction) and Chief finished a stint in the Army Air Corps, they settled in Swarthmore, where they would live out their lives and raise two children, Peter and Ann.

In 1923, Katharine came upon the first English translation of Carl Jung’s *Psychological Types*. “This is it!” she told her daughter. Jung identified several categories

with which to describe someone’s personality. There were thinking types, like himself (and Lyman and Chief), and feeling types (Katharine and Isabel). People could be further categorized into introverts and extroverts, sensation types and intuitives. Jung’s work so profoundly struck Katharine that she burned her own years of research.

Isabel shared her mother’s enthusiasm. Answering a 1928 *New McClure’s* magazine advertisement for a mystery-writing competition, she submitted “Murder Yet to

the key to understanding human beings was the “humors,” or fluids, that ran through our bodies. Personality, or character, is the engine of literature. “That brought him to consider his character. What sort of character was it?” pondered Moses Herzog, the late Saul Bellow’s finest creation. “As people, we want to know more about ourselves and others,” said Professor Block.

For Isabel Myers, Jung’s categories provided the key. To the introverted-extroverted, sensing-intuiting, and thinking-feeling

pairs of opposites, she added a fourth: judging-perceiving. Thus, a person was assigned a four-part type; Isabel herself was introverted-intuitive-feeling-perceiving, or an INFP (“intuitive” was labeled *N*).

Isabel, who had no formal training in psychology, tested everyone she could. She wrote out forced-choice questions on index cards, which Peter and Ann took to Swarthmore High School and tried out on their classmates. Some of these first questions survive on the current indicator, such as “Does the idea of making a list of what you should do over the weekend appeal to you or leave you cold?” and “Do you let your head rule your heart or your heart rule your head?”

In 1956, Isabel’s Indicator—a 20-minute test of forced choices—caught the eye of Henry Chauncey, head of the Educational Testing Service (ETS), publisher of the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT). In 1962, ETS published the indicator, but it was intended to be used in only research endeavors and was overshadowed by the far more popular college-entrance test. Thirteen years later, ETS dropped the indicator.

But this did not deter Isabel, who was devoted almost obsessively to her creation. “My mother was single focused, not a social person,” Peter Myers said. “Growing up, if we had a problem or needed to talk, she’d drop what she was doing, but as soon as she had attended to us, she was back at the indicator, sitting in the corner of the living room with her typewriter and Monroe calculator.”

The indicator had received some attention from college counselors and industrial psychologists in Japan. In 1968, Mary McCauley, a psychology professor at the University of Florida, discovered that the indicator resonated with her students and contacted Isabel. Four years later, the two women founded the Center of Applications of Psychological Type in Florida. In 1975, a new firm, Consulting Psychologists Press, agreed to distribute the test, and sales took off. In 1979, the Association for Psychological Type, a membership society that now spans the globe, was founded. By the time of Isabel’s death in May 1980, the indicator was selling one million copies each year. (For a fuller, if scrupulously uncritical, account of the making of the MBTI, see France Wright Saunders’ biography,



CENTER FOR APPLICATIONS OF PSYCHOLOGICAL TYPE

A political science major, Isabel Briggs married Clarence Myers during her junior year. As a researcher and author, she wrote two mystery books, *Murder Yet to Come* and *Give Me Death*, and *Gifts Differing*, a summation of her psychological research. In 2001, she received posthumously an honorary degree from Hartwick College in Oneonta, N.Y. Briggs Myers lived on Dickinson Avenue in Swarthmore and died in 1980, at age 82. *Katharine and Isabel.*)

LAST YEAR, 24 YEARS AFTER MBTI’S SALES PEAKED, there appeared, to much critical acclaim, a book called *The Cult of Personality*, a devastating critique of personality tests. Its author, former *Psychology Today* editor Annie Murphy Paul, attacks the scientific legitimacy of such tests; bemoans their extensive use in corporations and courtrooms; and, most fundamentally, questions whether the reductions they employ hinder more than help our understanding of personality.

Paul’s indictment begins with phrenology, a personality test based on interpreting bumps on the skull whose 19th-century advocates included Walt Whitman, and ends with the “Big Five”—a test popular with a significant contingent of academic psychologists that reduces people’s personality to five factors: neuroticism, extroversion, openness to experience, agreeableness, and conscientiousness.

Though the story of the MBTI occupies but one chapter of Paul’s book, it’s the indicator’s defenders—the “type community”—

who have mounted the most vigorous counterattack, posting ripostes on the Internet and penning angry letters to magazines that favorably reviewed the book.

“By far, the most e-mail I got was from the MBTI faithful, both professionals and regular folks who have an emotional investment in the test and what it told them,” Paul said.

Paul’s indictment draws on the criticisms by mainstream academic psychology, which never has had much good to say about the MBTI. Jung’s typologies are no longer in vogue; moreover, MBTI critics say, the indicator is based on a misunderstanding of his work.

“Even Jung realized that life is a process of development, that people and their personalities change,” said Kenneth Gergen, Swarthmore’s Gil and Frank Mustin Professor of Psychology. “The MBTI doesn’t recognize this type of development.” Nor, he said, does it consider that someone can be an introvert in one particular setting and an extrovert in another.

Curiously, studies have shown that when test takers retook the indicator, between 39 to 76 percent were labeled a different type. And there is an inherent problem with all self-reported tests. Although the MBTI literature insists that there are “no right or wrong answers,” when the indicator is used to make hiring decisions or even as a corporate training tool, test takers inevitably are tempted to answer according to what they perceive as their employers’ preferences.

“The MBTI’s whole notion of traits is arbitrary,” said Dan McAdams, a professor of psychology at Northwestern University. “What if you were trying to measure height? A test like the MBTI would say that if you’re above 5 feet 9 inches, you’re tall. If you’re below, you’re short. Now, in measuring height, no one would settle for this.

“If you look at all the respected academic psychology journals, you’ll hardly ever see a reference to the MBTI—and if you do, it’s dismissive,” McAdams continued. “It’s just not a credible test.”

MBTI PROPONENTS SAY CRITICS ARE CONFUSING the indicator’s use with its misuse. “My mother was always ambivalent about the indicator’s use in business,” Peter Myers said—a position difficult to square with the glossy Center for Applications of Psycholog-

ical Type (CAPT) brochures that boast of the indicator's use by such well-known companies as AT&T, ExxonMobil, and Sears.

"She cautioned against using it for hiring or any sort of selection," said Myers, who along with his former wife, Katharine Downing Myers, was entrusted with the copyright of the MBTI and its stewardship after Isabel died. (Although divorced, Peter and Katherine Myers still coordinate closely on MBTI-related projects. In 1999, they founded the Myers & Briggs Foundation, a non-profit devoted to increasing/expanding the indicator's popularity.)

It's not as if extroverts never act as introverts, or "feeling" people aren't "thinking" when they're balancing their checkbooks,

left-handed and right-handed. There are no degrees, and even if you can use your less-dominant hand, it's not as comfortable. That's how type should be understood."

Rejection by academics has always been a sore point for MBTI proponents. For Isabel's family and friends, this dismissal struck a personal chord in 1979, one year before her death. Isabel's friends lobbied Swarthmore College to give her an honorary degree at that year's Commencement. Although it was her husband more than Isabel who kept close ties with their alma mater—taking the children to Quaker meeting, music programs, and movies at Clothier Memorial Hall—Isabel's friends thought the gesture would mean a lot to her.

ation's admirers would be underwhelmed by this assessment, which falls well short of faint praise. But in branding the MBTI "relatively harmless," Paul echoed the thinking of Jung, whose theories inspired the indicator. "This type of classification is nothing but a childish parlor game," Jung wrote, bemoaning the focus on his typological terminology without reference to his nuanced and heavily qualified thinking behind it.

Parlor game or not, the MBTI continues to prosper. Part of the indicator's appeal is that the characteristics it identifies are painted in the best-possible light. People are described as "enthusiastic," "perceptive," "independent" or "personable," to name just a few of the characteristics listed in a

Eighty-nine companies of the Fortune 100 use the Myers-Briggs test to hire and train employees, yet for all its popularity, it generally is ridiculed by academic psychologists.

MBTI proponents say. "Each of us uses all eight of the types to some degree," said Randall Ruppert, president of New Leaf Consulting, a New York-based firm that administers the MBTI for corporate clients. Ruppert, whose doctoral dissertation at New York University focused on the indicator and the Roman Catholic Church (one of the early employers of the test), said that although the MBTI shouldn't be used in hiring situations, it can be helpful to understanding group dynamics in the workplace.

"In business, you find a lot of extroverts, and you'll often find introverts trying to play that role, and it drains them," he said. "Where the MBTI can help is to show people what their natural personality is. You might tell an introverted team leader that he or she should carve out some personal time during the day, to do some paperwork alone or go for a walk."

Still, MBTI proponents insist that once an extroverted-intuitive-thinking-judging (ENTJ) type, always an ENTJ. "A good analogy is being right-handed or left-handed," Katharine Myers said. "This is an innate predisposition. If I'm left-handed, I could be forced to do things with my right hand, but it wouldn't be natural." Peter Myers employed the same analogy: "It's like being

But Isabel never received her honorarium. Her children said they suspect the Psychology Department scuttled the nomination, not wanting to give the College's blessing to the indicator. From interviews with psychology professors teaching at the time, it is unclear where there is any merit to the Myers' suspicions. (One professor confirmed their theory, whereas two others denied any departmental involvement.) Either way, the Myers felt snubbed. "It was a sore point with our family and friends," Peter Myers said, although he quickly added that his mother was not affected. "Swarthmore had always been a refuge for my parents, an outstanding example of progressive education. And so much of what went into the indicator was what she had learned at Swarthmore."

IN THE YEAR SINCE *The Cult of Personality* WAS PUBLISHED, Annie Paul has not backed away from her charge that personality tests, in general, are pernicious. But she no longer considers the MBTI "so worrying." Unlike other tests, such as the discredited Rorschach, used first with the mentally ill but then to overpathologize healthy people, the MBTI is "relatively harmless," Paul said. No doubt, Isabel Briggs Myers and her cre-

CAPT brochure. Psychologists refer to this as the "Barnum effect," named for P.T. Barnum's aphorism that a circus should include "a little something for everybody." But in its sunny prescriptions, its encouragement to "view differences constructively," the indicator provides countless people with a way to make sense of their lives. In this sense, as Paul points out, the indicator "is not so much diagnostic as therapeutic." Isabel Myers identified the "aha" reaction that test takers experience when they recognize the characteristics of their personality laid bare by the indicator. Indeed, its proponents often speak of the test in deeply personal terms.

"I was a good student, played sports, and had friends, but I always felt a bit out of place in this extroverted community," Katharine Myers said of her high school days, when she was first exposed to Isabel's theories. The feelings she took away from the test, echoed by countless others, may not be scientifically valid. But they are no less real. "After I discovered I was introverted, an INFP, I finally felt that my life was OK," Myers said. "I realized I could go out in the world and be comfortable with who I am."

SWARTHMORE EVENTS

Chicago: Marilee Roberg '73 arranged for a Swarthmore group to attend a performance of P.G. Wodehouse's *Pigs Have Wings* at City Lit Theater Company in May. The group met for dinner before the show.

London: In May, Connection Chair Abby Honeywell '85 arranged for a tour of the National Library of the United Kingdom led by Matthew Shaw SP. William R. Kenan Jr. Professor of Political Science Kenneth Sharpe is planning to visit in January 2006—watch your mail for information.

Metro DC/Baltimore: Connection Chair Jacqueline Easley '96 launched the first Swarthmore Film Series this winter. An introductory lecture was delivered by Patricia White, associate professor of English Literature and chair of film and media studies. The theme of the series is "Voyeurism: Returning the Gaze." If you are interested in joining the film group, which meets monthly at various locations,

contact Jacqueline at jacqueasley@yahoo.com.

Philadelphia: Connection Chair Jim Moskowitz '88 writes: "The Philadelphia Connection attended a taping of two episodes of *Justice Talking*, the NPR program devoted to issues of law, government, and society. The programs concerned the FDA's drug-approval process and Social Security reform. Each featured two panelists with diverging viewpoints and moderator Margot Adler, who led their discussion and took numerous questions from the studio audience, including most of the Swarthmore alumni present. Between the tapings, we had dinner and discussed the issues further. The event was a great combination of expert knowledge, intelligent debate, and camaraderie. We'll definitely do this again next year." Once aired, *Justice Talking* programs are available for on-line listening at <http://justicetalking.org>.

LIFELONG LEARNING FALL 2005 COURSES

Lifelong Learning at Swarthmore offers small, seminar-style classes taught by senior or emeriti members of the Swarthmore faculty—no grades, no credit, just learning for learning's sake. For more information or to register, visit swarthmore.edu/alumni/life_learning.html.

ON CAMPUS

Law and Economics, Mark Kuperberg, professor of economics, Wednesdays, Sept. 14 to Nov. 9, 7 to 9 p.m.

NEW YORK CITY

(11 Penn Plaza, 31st Street and 7th Avenue, 5th floor)

Vergil and Ovid: Heroic Epic and Its Antithesis, Gil Rose, Susan Lippincott Professor Emeritus of Modern and Classical Languages, Thursdays, Sept. 15 to Nov. 10, 7 to 9 p.m.

Power and Moral Leadership in Islamic History, Stephen Bensch, professor of history, Wednesdays, Sept. 14 to Nov. 9, 6:45 to 9 p.m.

Meet Joseph Lample '07, Alumni Council Scholar



PATRICIA MALONEY

Joseph Lample '07 (right), recipient of the 2004–2005 Alumni Council Scholarship, endowed by contributions from members of the council, and David Wright '69 (left), co-chair of the Boston Swarthmore Connection

"I certainly have an affinity for languages," writes Joseph Lample '07, the latest recipient of the Alumni Council Scholarship.

He's taking Spanish and Arabic this year and spending "a considerable amount of my time" in the Department of Sociology and Anthropology.

While living in Israel ("a central location," he says) for 8 years, he visited Ghana, Kenya, Ethiopia, Ecuador, Colombia, Panama, Jordan, Greece, Cyprus, and India, among others. Recently, he spent a month in Uganda filming a documentary about an adult literacy project.

Lample is the second student supported with funds donated by present and past members of the Alumni Council, an elected body that provides services and fosters communications between the college and its alumni. The scholarship was established in 2001 as a way for the Council to collectively participate in the College's current capital-fund-raising campaign.

Lample, who was selected as the Alumni

Council Scholar for the 2004–2005 academic years, plans to do his thesis work in South America "on cultural change and the ways in which indigenous communities implement and deal with it."

After Swarthmore, he plans on gaining work experience before going on to pursue graduate studies in international development.

Catherine Danh '04 was the scholarship's first recipient, receiving it during her junior and senior years. Swarthmore's Financial Aid Office selects the recipient and awards the roughly \$5,000 annual scholarship as part of the student's need-based regular financial aid package.

Fund-raising for the scholarship kicked off with a one-to-one matching challenge to raise \$50,000. The program met that goal and kept going; as of April, it had raised more than \$103,000 in gifts and pledges from 100 Council members in addition to the match.

—David Wright '69



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

At Alumni Weekend Collection, Alumni Council President Anna Orgera '83 (right) passed the gavel to the new president, Seth Brenzel '94. For the past two years, Orgera led the Council with skill and a healthy dose of humor. Highlights of her 2-year term included a tremendous increase in the size of the Extern Program, many new on-line capabilities for alumni, and the completion of initial funding for the endowed Alumni Council Scholarship. Brenzel has taken over leadership of the council, and we welcome him in his new role. For more photos of Alumni Weekend, visit the Alumni Office Web site at www.swarthmore.edu/alumni. Look for additional reunion coverage in the September *Bulletin*.

—Lisa Lee '81, director of alumni relations

SAVE THE DATE

Reflections on Education and Social Change

On Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, the Department of Educational Studies will host a conference called “Reflections on Education and Social Change.” Participants in this event, which is sponsored by the Cooper Foundation, will reflect on philosophical issues and current themes in education, with a focus on the role of education in contributing to social justice. The program will provide opportunities for alums, students, faculty, and local educators to share experiences, become re-energized and focused in their work, and to generate ideas and networks for future projects.

The keynote speaker will be Linda Darling-Hammond, the Charles E. Ducommun Professor of Education at Stanford University, where she is faculty sponsor for the Stanford Teacher Education Program and principal investigator for the School Redesign Network and the Stanford Educational Leadership Institute. Her research, teaching, and policy work focus on issues of school restructuring, teacher education, and educational equity.

Darling-Hammond is author or editor of 11 books, including *The Right to Learn: A Blueprint for Creating Schools that Work*, which was awarded the Outstanding Book Award from the American Educational Research Association in 1998, and more than 200 journal articles, book chapters, and monographs on issues of policy and practice.

This conference is dedicated to Eva Travers, who will be retiring at the end of the 2005–2006 academic year. During her more than 30 years at Swarthmore, Eva has developed and maintained a rigorous and respected educational program. As a teacher and mentor, she has also touched the lives of many alumni. Please join us to recognize her work and care. For additional information or to register, please visit <http://www.swarthmore.edu/alumni/edsite/>, or call (610) 328-8404.

—Patricia Maloney,
assistant director of alumni relations

HONORARY DEGREE NOMINATIONS SOUGHT

Would you like to nominate someone to receive an honorary degree from Swarthmore?

The College would like to have your recommendations for alumni or other individuals who might join the 2005 award recipients author Jonathan Franzen '81, poet and educator Daniel Hoffman, and physician Anne Schuchat '80.

The Honorary Degree Committee uses these criteria in choosing recipients:

- Distinction, leadership, or originality in significant human endeavor
- Someone in the ascent or at the peak of distinction, with a preference to the less honored over those who have received multiple degrees
- Ability, as a Commencement speaker, to serve as a role model for graduating seniors
- Preference (but not a requirement)

for individuals who have an existing affiliation with or some connection to Swarthmore

In addition, the committee seeks to balance choices over the years from a variety of categories such as careers, gender, academic discipline, race, ethnicity, and public service.

If you know a worthy candidate, please submit background information, including your own reasons for choosing this individual, by Oct. 1, to the Honorary Degree Committee, Vice President's Office, Swarthmore College, 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore PA 19081-1390; or e-mail Vice President Maurice Eldridge '61 at meldrid1@swarthmore.edu.

All nominations are confidential; please do not inform the nominee. The committee will forward its recommendations to the faculty in mid-November.



IAN BRADSHAW

THE MEANING OF
SWARTHMORE

A Campaign for Swarthmore's Future

TREES AND OPINIONS

“At Swarthmore, I was surrounded by trees and opinions, increasing my respect for both. These trees, wearing their own name tags, had witnessed many debates in the shade of their boughs, and their discreet silence softened those exchanges of opinions. In the dining hall and in dormitories, where the debates were not moderated by trees—or teachers—the exchanges were more heated, and I was challenged from many directions. The result was my realization that the world was more complex than I had thought and that one’s views benefit by being checked against those of others.”

—*Iqbal Quadir '81*

Undiscovered Voices

"ANONYMOUS WAS A WOMAN," SAYS SOPRANO AND VOICE TEACHER MARA DUNLEVY SINDONI '55.

Mara Sindoni spends her life not only raising her own voice in song but also ensuring that others do, too. As a voice teacher at the Performing Arts School of Worcester, Mass., she gives private lessons to all who desire to sing—teenagers, seniors approaching retirement and fearing boredom, women in their 30s and 40s who had always wanted to sing but never had the opportunity as well as professionals and those headed for a career.

Sindoni's students sing all types of music—show tunes, art songs, church solos, folk, and opera. She includes Spanish and Latino songs and light opera works, zarzuelas, which she believes offer a feasible alternative to Italian opera, especially for students from the large Latino population in Worcester. "Just as Italian has long, open vowels, so does Spanish, so these people have a head start; they can understand the texts, and they already tend toward a more bel canto—type vocal production," she says.

Student recitals with this mix of music are used as a teaching tool for both students and audiences. She is, she says, "a very good popularizer—I've had people come to a program of opera scenes, who've said they only like rock 'n' roll, claiming, 'I thought I was gonna hate this—I only came because Lisa made me—but I like it. When's the next concert?'"

Despite being a lifelong music lover and singer, Sindoni's own singing career did not begin until she was in her 30s. After graduating from Swarthmore, she worked for a while as an advertising copywriter, then pursued a master's in musicology at Boston University, where an interest in researching historical music manuscripts developed. After some surgery and the birth of a child, "All of a sudden, I had three times the voice," she says.

Because of the age requirements, Sindoni was able to audition for the Metropolitan Opera only once, receiving an honorable mention. A master's in voice from the New England Conservatory of Music followed. When marriage and maternal duties obliged her to stay in Boston, while performing the works of contemporary composers, she began to research the lives of female musi-



COURTESY OF MARA SINDONI

Sindoni discovered, compiled, and performed "A Living Memorial: Songs by Composers the Nazis Silenced," representing composers who perished in the Holocaust and whose music was censored but who may have emigrated and survived World War II.

cians who, for reasons of gender, had been unable to pursue their musical careers as composers or had been forbidden to have their work published or performed. "Scouting around" in libraries in Boston; New York; and Washington, D.C.; as well as in college libraries, she unearthed compositions by women from the past. "I'd read a biography of Alma Mahler, and I went and

found the music in the Library of Congress. Nobody in the United States had ever performed it—that's how I got started." She later recorded a CD titled *Lieder of Alma Mahler and Juli Nunlist*.

Three years of research in the huge, uncataloged sheet music collection at the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester resulted in a lecture-recital, "A Quilt of Songs for Parlor, Music Hall, and Church by American Women (1790–1890)." It included sentimental songs, military and Civil War songs, songs carrying the message of temperance or abolition, hymns, and bel canto arias.

Women wrote in all the genres," she says. "They did exactly what the men did, nothing different. It's appalling. Felix Mendelsohn published Fanny Mendelsohn's songs under his name. Some of Clara Schumann's pieces were published under Robert's name. Some women published under pseudonyms, others using the first initial of their first names—and Anonymous was a woman."

Presenting lecture-recitals, which she calls "Women Composers of Past and Present," of works by undiscovered female composers from medieval times through the 20th century, Sindoni made both the public and the music world more aware of their existence. "It was like planting a seed," she says.

Sindoni is especially proud of her most recent lecture-recital, "A Living Memorial: Songs by Composers the Nazis Silenced," representing two groups of composers: those who died in the Holocaust, including some from Terezin, who were exploited before being murdered; and those of "Entartete Musik," whose music was censored and who may or may not have emigrated and survived World War II. It includes U.S. premieres of works by Svenk and Schulhoff (in Czech), Krasa and Krenek (in German), Ullmann (Yiddish), and Klein (Hebrew). Sindoni sings in 13 languages.

"It's very healthy to sing. It lowers your blood pressure, aids breathing, and helps you emotionally," Sindoni says. "For me, it's a spiritual necessity, and I have to learn new music every day. I feed on it."

—Carol Brévart-Demm

Making Markets Safer

ARTHUR GABINET '79 FOLLOWS THE MONEY.

Arthur “Ari” Gabinet, 47, wasn’t the obvious choice in 2003 to revitalize the Philadelphia office of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC). He had no management or government experience.

What his new bosses liked about the weekend rock climber and motorcycle racer, whom a former colleague at the law firm Dechert LLP had recommended, was his extraordinary energy level.

Two years after taking the job, Gabinet—whose name rhymes with cabernet—is thriving as the agency’s district administrator, and so is the Philadelphia office.

“He is responsible for bringing some excellent, excellent cases,” said Stephen Cutler, director of enforcement and Gabinet’s boss in Washington, D.C. Guided by the office’s 68 examiners—an unusually large complement thanks to the size of the area’s investment industry—Gabinet’s 30 enforcement lawyers have followed the money, searching out hidden payments in many corners of the securities industry. The markets are rife with what is known euphemistically as “revenue sharing.”

Being a risk taker, whether on a rock face or in a conference room, “is mostly about control—or the illusion of control,” said Gabinet, who was a litigator at Dechert. Trial lawyers tend to believe that their skills alone mean victory or loss.

Eliot Spitzer’s bombshell cases spurred the SEC to become more activist, said Richard Levan, a Philadelphia securities lawyer formerly with the SEC. Spitzer, New York’s crusading U.S. Attorney, laid open the mutual-fund scandal in September 2003, eight months after Gabinet joined the SEC.

Gabinet met his first challenge, which was simply to keep pace. In November 2003, Spitzer and Gabinet filed simultaneous lawsuits against fund pioneers Gary Pilgrim and



MICHAEL BRYANT/THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

“I want to leave the markets safer than when I found them,” Ari Gabinet said. As district administrator of the Philadelphia office of the Securities and Exchange Commission, he also wants his office to be recognized as a top performer within the SEC.

Harold Baxter, alleging that they had granted special trading access to insiders in ways that harmed ordinary investors.

Pilgrim and Baxter settled last year for \$80 million each, the largest payment by individuals in a fund case to date.

Gabinet and his examiners also took the initiative on abuses outside Spitzer’s probe. In an examination of Morgan Stanley DW Inc.’s office in Cherry Hill, N.J., in early 2003, they discovered that extra commissions were being paid to brokers who steered clients to a list of favored mutual funds. Although not illegal, directed brokerage, as the practice is called, enabled fund advisers to shift their marketing costs to investors in the form of trade-execution fees.

The SEC banned directed brokerage in 2004, but Gabinet had seen a way to challenge the practice a year earlier: enforce the

SEC’s basic mission of ensuring that investors have all the information they need.

Gabinet is winning respect from his peers. “He is not afraid of taking a course of action just because it hasn’t been done before,” said Harold Degenhardt, who heads the SEC’s office in Fort Worth, Texas. “He doesn’t suffer the bureaucrats.”

Gabinet grew up in Shaker Heights, Ohio, where his father, a Polish immigrant, was a tax law specialist and professor of law at Case Western Reserve University. After Swarthmore, where he majored in philosophy, Gabinet attended the University of Pennsylvania Law School.

Members of the Class of 1979 remember him as lead singer for the Dead Bears and a veteran of late-night bridge games and dorm debates.

Many say he was also eager to help. Andrew Schultz, ’79 a lawyer in Albuquerque, N.M., recalled that Gabinet swept him up in dorm life in his first week on campus, just as he was about

to decide that Swarthmore was too much for a boy from New Mexico.

Gabinet’s future wife, Christina Paxson ’82, stopped him on campus once to ask him for help on a paper. “He sat down and taught me how to write,” said Paxson, now an economics professor at Princeton. “He is a great teacher.”

Paxson said she accepts his rock climbing, even though, in a fall in 1988, he broke seven ribs and suffered a collapsed lung. She doesn’t like the motorcycles, which he rides on “club days” on area tracks such as Pocono Raceway rather than in formal races.

“What am I going to do?” she asked. Her husband can’t change, she said, adding that he has never been happier on the job.

—© Todd Mason, *The Philadelphia Inquirer* (March 14, 2005); reprinted with permission

Art spills into life

A BUSY ARTIST FINDS DYNAMIC EQUILIBRIUM.

By Phillip Stern '84



How does one survive as an artist? It's not a question of using art to put bread on the table. Like most artists, I'm not exactly doing my art for a living, but if I can come home from my day job, feed the kids, do the chores, and still feel excited about what I'm doing in the studio when and if I get in there at 9 or 10 at night, I think I'm in pretty good shape. I guess the real question in my mind is: how to continue through the thick and thin of practical life to be passionate about art, making it ever more personal—honing in on what you and only you were meant to do.

In college and the ensuing years, I had vast stretches of time to do art, or so I thought. I came to Swarthmore in 1979, thinking I would be a physics major—an idea I dropped like a ton of bricks, confronted with the problems on the freshman physics midterm exam. I left the College twice with the idea of “just being” an artist and never coming back.

Seeing me at the dining-room table at tax time this year amid neat piles of receipts, my wife, Tamar Chansky '84, reminded me wistfully about how I used to waltz into our literature class unfashionably late every day with half a cup of coffee in hand and find my way into the discussion. I had been busy with other things—like wrestling small boulders out of Crum Creek and steel girders out of junkyards for sculptures, taking long walks in the middle of the night, carving a totem pole for a rite of

I realize that my willingness to explore and define art broadly—to work wherever my skills were needed—helped foster my artistic vitality.



PHOTOS COURTESY OF PHILLIP STERN

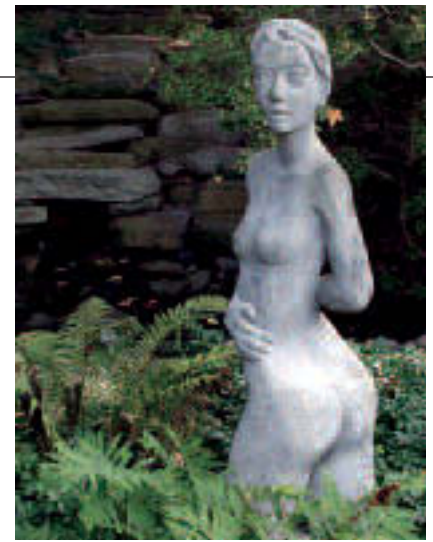
Stern's *Just Enough* (cement, copper, and Arizona dirt, 2005); Phil, Tamar, Meredith, and Raia. For Stern, it's not always clear what's alive and what's not.

spring, or staging an officially unsanctioned art “happening” in the heat tunnels. As an art major with a studio concentration (second one in the history of the College), it wasn't any academic requirement that kept me working in the studio late Saturday nights.

I was a freewheeling, profoundly impractical guy, at least through the end of graduate school in 1993. But soon after that, something changed, and I decided there was no reason why I could not use my skills as an artist to make at least part of a living. So off I went to work as a freelance sculptor. I made cast furniture prototypes (i.e., table pedestals with angels and grapevines), cartoon figures for toy trade-show exhibits, scale models like an 8-foot sneaker and a cutaway of a human heart large enough to climb in, and a giant joker for an Atlantic City casino game marquee.

At the same time, I taught myself computer graphics software for advertising jobs, knowing that I would need some other source of income in the down time between sculpting projects. I soon learned that I could operate well out in the real world—cold calling, networking, and following leads wherever they might have taken me—from factories in urban industrial areas to corporate headquarters in the suburbs.

I realize now that my willingness to explore and define art broadly—to work wherever my skills were needed—helped foster my artistic vitality. This meant having



The evolution of Stern's work is evident in (left to right) *The Sower* (plaster, copper, and acrylic/tempera) 2003; *Joker* (shown in progress) 1999; *Angel* (foam, prototype for vacuum-formed plastic replicas) 1997; *Crucifixion* (foam and epoxy clay), 1997; and *Eurydice* (concrete), 1991.

to push my own creations to the side of the studio to make room for commercial art contracts, but they brought me fresh energy in the form of new images, aesthetic styles, and materials. With a variety of demands, from cartooning, to realistic rendering, and technical replication, these projects transformed the way I think about sculpture from a fascination with antiquity to a commentary on the strangeness of modern life.

In any endeavor where the limits are unclear, you have to get in over your head *before* you realize you've gone too far. For me, it was a commission by Sight and Sound Entertainment Center, an evangelical theater in Lancaster County, to carve a crucified Christ. Essentially a mannequin, the figure was needed to double for the actor at the climactic moment in their passion play. The technical director explained to me that although the figure would be painted and fitted with a wig to resemble the actor, it wouldn't hurt if I made the face look a bit Jewish—not to be blunt, but it could even *look like me*. Because I couldn't fathom trying to interpolate my identity into Jesus', I just focused all my concentration on making a believable piece of stagecraft.

After 4 weeks—studying medieval crucifixes at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, brushing up on anatomy, carving foam and coating it with resin clay—I loaded the completed carving into my red Toyota

Corolla, feet in the trunk and arms wedged between the two doorjambs, and drove out to the country. Gliding past windmills and silos on a beautiful spring day, I felt both exhilarated and profoundly uncomfortable. The project had allowed me to connect with an ancient artistic tradition, but I sensed that the figure was lacking in warmth—an infraction of the artist's code upon which the Muse would surely frown. In short, it *wasn't me*.

I don't know if this experience had a dampening effect, or if the bursting of the economic bubble caused art budgets to shrivel, but toward 2000, I started running out of sculpting projects. Instead, I worked primarily as a graphic artist at corporations like Wyeth Pharmaceuticals and Angelo Lighting, where I felt really out of place, much as I tried to fit in with people who mow their lawns the *same way* every time. Then, in September 2000, I got a job at Swarthmore, drawn back by a sense that something here was particularly meant for me to do. I was thrilled that, after two years, the job morphed into an in-house graphic designer position.

One memory of my student days at Swarthmore really stands out as a cornerstone. I had just finished assembling a found-metal sculpture, using equipment in the engineering department machine shop. Composed of steel ribbons, a rim, and an auto spring, looking like some strange prehistoric bird, the piece (titled *Phoenix*

partly in response to the mini-culture war it sparked in the school paper of the same name) straddled the entire welding table. An engineering professor wandered in to the room and stood silently for a few minutes, regarding the work. Then, he smiled and said in a kindly way, "We'll make an engineer out of you yet!"

As I strive to make all the parts of my life work together, maybe that prediction has come true. With our two kids, my job at the College, helping Tamar manage her busy psychology practice, an old house with a large yard that begs to be worked on, and my sculpture, nothing but an engineer's sense of dynamic equilibrium could keep my life in one piece.

In addition, my understanding of art has changed and altered my life. It is no longer something that I must escape to do. It inundates everything: Many a room of our house is a study in color or curvature; Meredith, who is 12, loves to draw, write, and sing; I illustrate Tamar's psychology books; Raia, 3 years old, explores language to shape her blossoming thoughts; at work, it's the continuous interplay of medium and message that keeps me inventive.

What's really interesting is that the more I put on my plate, the more art spills over into everyday life. This, in turn, makes the sculptures seem more alive, so that when I go back to the studio, I get the funny feeling that they are making themselves without me. ☞

Sewage and Social Order

William Cohen '85 and Ryan Johnson (eds.), *Filth: Dirt, Disgust, and Modern Life*, University of Minnesota Press, 2005

After reading a collection of essays on filth and modernity, which William Cohen '85 and Ryan Johnson edited, I couldn't help but think that this was some good shit. Literally as well as figuratively.

For anyone who thinks about it for a moment, cleanliness, sanitation, filth, and various bodily functions have a history. According to the famous *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* joke, you could spot a king in medieval society because he's the only one who hasn't got shit all over him.

The history of filth is something that most of us think of in strictly Whiggish terms: that the past was smelly, unsanitary, and dirty and that we have, in successive stages, overcome that legacy with modern plumbing, personal cleanliness, and the like.

Cohen and Johnson's collection takes advantage of a wave of scholarly studies of hygiene, sanitation, odor, and dirt but extends that scholarship in a variety of ways. The emerging scholarly consensus on these subjects doesn't exactly contradict the everyday understanding of a dirty past and a clean present, but it reveals how complex and multisided that progression has been. Modern forms of cleanliness and sanitation did not simply emerge naturally as a side effect of scientific and social progress. The shift involved intricate, intense, and sometimes strikingly coercive social and political projects, which just as strikingly dropped from public memory after their successful completion. Sanitary committees or boards were remarkably powerful political entities in 19th- and early 20th-century modern societies, extending their influence into many surprising and unexpected domains but especially in the evolution of urban life.

More important, early modern or medieval European societies had their own ideas about dirt, filth, hygiene, and bodily secretions. In this respect, Cohen and Johnson's collection is heavily influenced by key works like Alain Corbin's *The Foul and the Fragrant*, a history of odor in early modern France that argues that strong, pungent, and organic smells were actively appreciated and admired before the coming of modern hygienic sensibilities.

The authors in the collection do not just restrict themselves to a historical presentation of the subject matter: Many of the essays also touch on anthropological, psychoanalytic, literary, philosophical, and political approaches to filth, pollution, dirt, and sanitation. Most of the essays focus on the Victorian era and the cities of London and Paris, but other topics are covered, such as imperial hygiene in India and the curious imagination of a German intellectual who embarked on a project of scatological inquiry and thought in 1938, in rather obvious tension with the Nazi obsession with purity.

Some might wonder why any of this matters or look at the anthology as more confirmation of the disconnection of academics from sensible public discourse. Terentius' famous quote is apt: "I am



FROM LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON POOR (1861–1862); REPRINTED NEW YORK: DOVER, 1968

William Cohen, one of the editors of *Filth*, is associate professor of English at the University of Maryland and the author of *Sex Scandal: The Private Parts of Victorian Fiction*. One essay in *Filth* is by David Pike '85, who examines "Sewage Treatments: Vertical Space and Waste in 19th-Century Paris and London." This illustration from Pike's essay is an example of what he calls "the iconography of filth: degraded but free."

human, and nothing human is foreign to me." How can we fail to be interested in filth, dirt, disgust, bodily secretions and odors, and sanitation? They are as much a part of our everyday lives as eating, breathing, or sleeping; as much a part of the functioning of modern communities as skyscrapers, houses, or landscaping. You can't understand Victorian societies, the development of modernity, or modern literature and culture without knowing something about filth and hygiene, dirt, and cleanliness.

A few of the essays overlap their hand in some respect, sometimes through florid deployments of critical theory, sometimes by placing excessive explanatory weight on their topics. Occasionally, the tone grows so overly serious and ostentatious that it loses a general sense of proportionality. For example, although David Barnes and David Pike offer in two essays empirically and theoretically rich descriptions of sewage, odor, and social order in 19th-century London and Paris, Benjamin Lazier's "Abject Academy" teeters perilously on humorlessness (even when it plainly intends to be witty) in its description of the deliberately humorous scatological imagination of Josef Feinhals, a German intellectual, sliding toward an overinflation of the importance or centrality of abjection or filth that occasionally pops up in other essays in the volume.

That notwithstanding, this interesting, frequently engaging collection of articles is recommended for anyone who subscribes to Terentius' credo.

—Timothy Burke, professor of history

Books

Jean-Jacques Fouché; David Sices and **James Atkinson '56** (trans.); Jay Winter (intro.), *Massacre at Oradour France, 1944: Coming to Grips With Terror*, Northern Illinois University Press, 2005. Exploring a massacre in World War II France, this book shows the impact of memory on processing the past.

Linda Rosenstock, Mark Cullen, **Carl Brodtkin '79**, Carrie Redlich, *Textbook of Clinical Occupational and Environmental Medicine*, 2nd ed., 2004. International experts offer in-depth guidance on clinical problems as well as the legal and regulatory issues impacting the practice of occupational and environmental medicine today.

Wendy Cadge '97, *Heartwood: The First Generation of Theravada Buddhism in America*, University of Chicago Press 2005. Cadge, assistant professor of sociology at Bowdoin College, examines "how Buddhism arrived in the United States and is ... adapting" to its new context.

Deborah Cumming '63; Gabriel Cumming '00 (epilogue), *Recovering From Mortality: Essays From a Cancer Limbo Time*, Novello Festival Press, 2005. The author, who died in 2003, started to write these essays when she began improving from treatment and ended them as the cancer progressed; son Gabriel writes, "The essays offer us a way of seeing and telling stories, characterized by attentiveness, irreverence, and honesty."

Peter Filene '60, *The Joy of Teaching: A Practical Guide for New College Instructors*, Uni-

versity of North Carolina Press, 2005. Gathering concepts and techniques from outstanding college professors, the author provides guidance for new instructors developing and teaching their first college courses.

Ramsay Ravenel, **Ilmi Granoff '99**, Carrie Magee (eds.), *Illegal Logging in the Tropics: Strategies for Cutting Crime*, Haworth Press, 2004. This book takes an interdisciplinary approach to analyzing forest crime, providing a theoretical foundation for understanding the problem.

Victor Navasky '54, *A Matter of Opinion*, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2005. The publisher of *The Nation* explores how we encourage and protect public discourse and what function magazines serve in helping citizens to think for themselves.

Susan Okie '72, *Fed Up! Winning the War Against Childhood Obesity*, Joseph Henry Press, 2005. The author, a family physician and award-winning medical journalist, presents the dangers of childhood obesity, a health threat that may shorten life expectancy.

William Rosenblum '57, *Genes, Judaism, and Western Ethics: Ethical Genius or God's Voice*, Xlibris, 2003. This book describes the origin of Western ethics in the teachings of the Hebrew Scriptures, voiced by biblical figures claiming to receive messages from God.

Film & Video

Marshall Curry '92, *Street Fight*, 2005. This documentary, with its New York premiere at the Tribeca film festival on April 29 to May 1, focuses on the Newark, N.J., 2002 mayoral election, in which Cory Booker challenged the longtime incumbent Sharpe James.

Richard Wolfson '69, *Physics in Your Life*, The Teaching Company, 2004. This 36-lecture video course introduces principles of physics through their application to everyday life, with interplay between "how things work" and the underlying physics principles.

Theater

Simon Harding '99, **Kate Hurster '03**, **Adrienne Mackey '04**, and others appeared in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by William Shakespeare at Mum Puppettheatre in April. James Murphy, manager of operations in the College's Lang Performing Arts Cen-



JULIE SHAPIRO '92

Pig Iron Theater Company Artistic Directors Dito van Reigersberg '94, Gabriel Quinn Bauriedel '94, and Dan Rothenberg '95 (left to right) accepted an OBIE Award—Off-Broadway's highest honor—for the production of *Hell Meets Henry Halfway* in May.

ter (LPAC) handled the lighting, and Susan Smythe, former LPAC managing director, worked on the costumes.

Jamie Stiehm's ['82] play, *King George the Second*, puts the George Bush father-son presidencies into a tragic Shakespearean framework with characters such as Prince Jeb, Lord Cheney, and Lady Condoleezza. After staged readings last summer and fall in New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, the play, directed by Gavin Witt, had a sell-out reading at Washington, D.C.'s Warehouse Theater in February.



Steven Swartz '78, *gListen*, Bar/None Records, 2004. The second album by Songs From A Random House, an "avant-folk" band, has received accolades from *The New Yorker*, *The Boston Globe*, and *Billboard*.



Meghan Hayes '93, *Go and Give the Guard a Break*, Cranky Heartburn Music, 2004. This collaborative effort includes songs titled "I'm Not Leaving," "Voice Like Mine," "Simple," and "The Brighter They Come."

This Old Inn

ETHAN DEVINE '99 RESTORES A NANTUCKET LANDMARK TO ITS FORMER GLORY

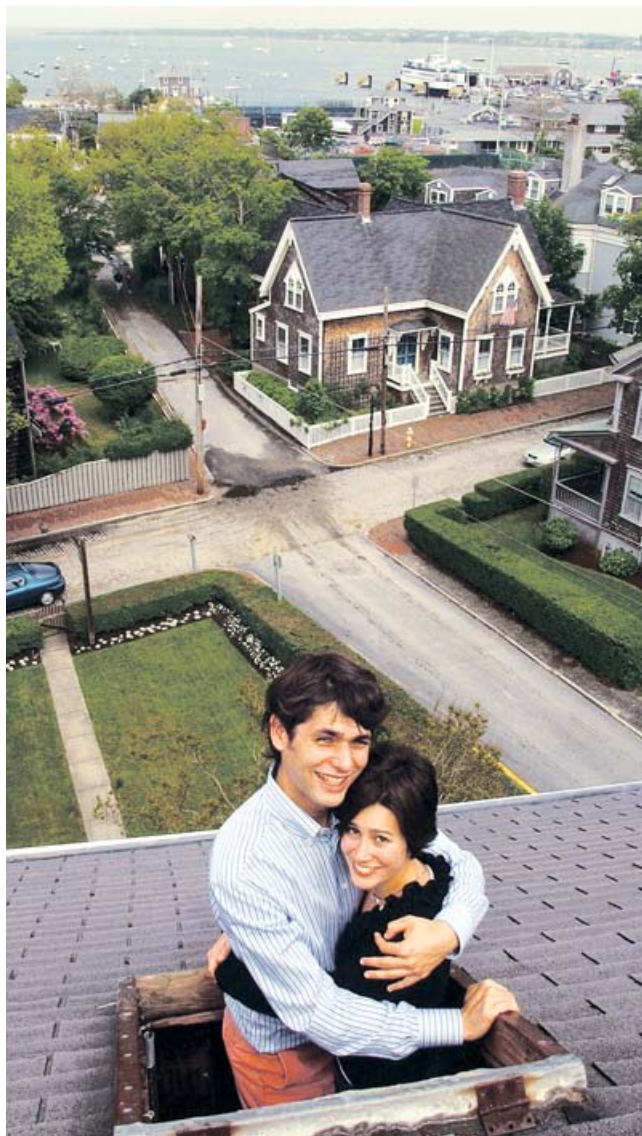
One of the many lessons that Ethan Devine learned at Swarthmore was the fine art of “multitasking.” He works during the week at New York City–based Indus Capital Partners LLC, a hedge fund investing in Asian Stocks, and then travels to Nantucket Island every weekend, where he trades making money for making hospital corners on the beds of his hotel, The Veranda House.

Devine’s family has owned and operated the Veranda House since 1945. His grandparents bought the house, renamed it Overlook Hotel, and restored it to its 1800s glory. It had a distinctive Victorian style with the traditional Nantucket gray-shingle and white-trim exterior. When Devine and his wife, Alexis, inherited the 24-room guesthouse in 2002, they knew the place needed some costly modernization to keep up with the changing tastes of island visitors.

“I inherited the building but no money for restoration. I had to convince the Nantucket Bank that they should lend a lot of money to a 25 year old with no experience in running a hotel,” Devine says. “I could have sold the property, but I could not bear to do that after it had been in the family for so long. I felt I had to give it a go,” he says.

From January through May 2003, Devine and Alexis began renovations so they could open the house under its original name in time for the summer season. Devine took three months off from his job at Indus to work on the hotel. Alexis then managed the project full time to completion. Island craftspeople and laborers, used to wealthy clients with deep pockets, were too expensive to hire on a limited budget. So, Devine, a Spanish major at Swarthmore, hired a team of Spanish and Portuguese–speaking laborers from “off island.”

Devine had no problems with the Nan-



Ethan and Alexis Devine check out the view from the Veranda House’s skylight. To learn more about the historic Nantucket guest house, visit www.theverandahouse.com.

tucket Historic District Commission, which is fiercely protective of the integrity of properties on the island. His grandmother had kept images of the house—including glass-plate photos and line drawings—from the 1800s, which clearly indicated that they were restoring the property’s original look.

“The house was still very Victorian in style when we got it, and, with the help of freelance designers, we were able to update the look by doing things like removing the

carpet to expose hardwood wide-plank pine flooring that probably came over to the island on whaling ships,” Devine says. “The first summer was great—we tripled business—but it was a lot of hard work, more than I had imagined.”

The Veranda House not only serves as a wonderful respite for vacationers, it is also a classroom. Alexis created what is called the Veranda House Exchange, an exchange student program with students from De La Salle University in the Philippines. Each season, five students come to work at the hotel.

“My wife runs the program; she interviews the applicants and oversees their work. We both really enjoy doing this, and our guests love the students,” Devine says. “Enrollment at the school in the Philippines has quadrupled because students know that through this program they will have the chance to come to the United States and interact with international guests and learn a lot about running a hotel.”

The Devines have no plans to become full-time hoteliers any time soon. Devine’s work with Indus requires him to travel abroad for several months each year. Both he and Alexis would like to go back to school in the future. The Devines hired a general manager to run the hotel this season, but they will still be involved in its operation and will be on-site most weekends. The

hotel is currently undergoing a second stage of renovation to upgrade the bathrooms and mechanical systems, which should be completed when the hotel opens in May.

Devine said his life at the College was equally busy. “My years at Swarthmore were the defining years of my life. The experience allowed me to do a lot of the things I was interested in at the same time,” Devine said.

Clearly, he learned his lessons well.

—Patricia Maloney

Continued from page 3

REMEMBERING SAM SHEPHERD

“The Crucible of Character” meant a lot to me because it mentioned my father, the late Sam Shepherd ’68, who was the first president of SASS. I think my father should be recognized along with Clinton Etheridge as one of the central figures in Swarthmore history.

I was 12 when my father died. I am now looking into creating an oral history about him and the challenges that he and other African American men faced while attending predominately white universities such as Swarthmore and later Princeton. I would welcome any letters or reminiscences about my father and his years at Swarthmore.

KIRA SHEPHERD
Philadelphia
kshepherd@asc.upenn.edu

CLOSING THE CIRCLE

“The Crucible of Character” is a remarkable contribution to College history—accurate, humane, passionate, intelligent, competent, and often inspiring. Indeed, it is much like Clinton Etheridge himself. At the time, even in the roils of conflict, he carried a sense of dignity that compelled one to engage with him.

Etheridge’s analysis of the role of Dean of Admissions Fred Hargadon is more direct than I recall having seen elsewhere but goes a long way to understand how things got to the Christmas impasse. His portrait of President Courtney Smith illustrates the tension between control and coping that I continue to believe had led Smith to announce his resignation from what he knew was becoming an ever-hotter seat. His recognition that the “Merry Christmas” letter struck a tone that unsettled many potential allies—and would have (I believe) rung sour in an ear like Martin Luther King’s—is a welcome move toward reconsideration.

There are still issues to be explored, such as the reasons behind SASS’s elevation of young men to leadership roles at that time. Sam Shepherd ’68 was a fine fellow but could not have struck the dignified public image that Clinton achieved. Don Mizell ’71 was certainly able, but among the “seven sisters” were several young women who could have served SASS’s means and

ends more effectively had one been granted the vice chair. But the black movement of the time was almost always dominated by men.

I wonder if Hargadon would be willing to offer a similarly open and reflective set of observations regarding the issues as he saw them at the time. Such a piece, if offered not in defense but in further search for truth, might continue the process the *Bulletin* has taken of closing an important circle in Swarthmore’s past.

JON VAN TIL ’61
Swarthmore

Editor’s note: *Van Til was assistant professor of sociology from 1966 to 1972.*

OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE

The March *Bulletin* item in “Collection” announcing seven new alumni members of the Board of Managers stopped me cold. When I read their impressive resumes, I found a CEO of a financial corporation, a marketing manager for a giant technology company, a CEO of a hedge fund, a senior vice president of a financial consulting firm, an investment banker, an associate at another investment-banking house, and a financial-services expert.

I respect what these alumni have accomplished and do not doubt that each of them is capable of making a valuable contribution to the governance of the College—as well as to its bottom line. But where is the vibrant diversity that I found elsewhere in that issue of the magazine and that fills the pages of every other issue? Where are the scientists, writers, artists, musicians, educators, providers of human and community services, defenders of social justice, innovators, visionaries, and helping hands—the alumni who are making their mark outside the bubble of high finance? This is the Board of Managers of Swarthmore College, not of an industrial corporation. Does the narrowness of the range of these appointments represent the new meaning of Swarthmore?

ROGER YOUMAN ’53
Wayne, Pa.

Editor’s note: *Among the College’s current Managers are a television producer, a physician, the CEO of a mail-order business, a former U.S. Attorney, two retired college presi-*

dents, a journalism professor, a federal judge, a theater director, two heads of secondary schools, and a former mayor of Pasadena, Calif. Maurice Eldridge ’61, vice president for College and community relations and executive assistant to the president, welcomes nominations.

**WHITE HOUSE—
OR BANANA HOUSE?**

Professor of Political Science Kenneth Sharpe is dismayed by the “unaccountable, dangerous, and unchecked” foreign policy of the current administration (“Q + A,” March *Bulletin*). Perhaps he prefers the more “prudent” policy of the past that has left people to the tender mercies of Saddam Hussein and his like in the Middle East.

We are free in America because we fought against tyranny from without and within. If we can help others to be free—either through our direct efforts or by giving them the courage to fight—then that is an accomplishment to be commended.

Some may damn these efforts as reckless, but they have led, at least in part, to the greatest birth of democratic governments and popular pressure for the same in many years.

Who is the serious man here, the one in the White House or the one in the Banana House?

JOEL GALES ’77
Alexandria, Va.

ULTIMATE AUTHORITY

The recent 1937 Class Notes mentioned publication of F.A. Hayek’s *The Road to Serfdom*. Hayek’s political philosophy was divided, with one side emphasizing central planning and direction and the other emphasizing individual ordered freedom under the law. The events of 1944 recounted in the note were clarified for me in Whittaker Chambers’ *Witness*, first published 50-odd years ago. Chambers, a youthful communist and mature Quaker, put the divide in starker terms, with either man as the ultimate authority—or God.

THOMAS SPENCER ’37
St. Augustine, Fla.

FOR THE RECORD

Former Maine Senator George Mitchell, for whom the Mitchell Scholarship is named (“Collection,” March *Bulletin*) is alive and well, serving as chairman of the Disney Corp.

seek justice, love mercy

continued from page 23

memorize bits of as a child: “What doth the Lord require of thee, but to seek justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?” Seeking justice. Loving mercy. Being humble. We knew, all of us, that nothing we did in the jury room could bring back the son of those grieving parents.

One sleepless night, it occurred to me that if I could tell a reporter that I was profoundly sad, I could and should tell those grieving parents that I was grieving, too. I sat down and wrote to them. Not being sure whether this was allowed, I sent the letter to the commonwealth’s attorney, asking him to use his judgment. A month later, I ran into him on the street, and he told me he had sent my letter. A month after that, I ran into the victim’s father, who thanked me for writing. This was the beginning of my healing.

Now, 6 months after the trial, I think a lot about healing.

Our adversarial system of justice does a good job of determining guilt but does nothing to promote healing. Because of the vigorous prosecution, which painted the defendant as a vicious sociopath, and the even more vigorous defense, which left the defendant feeling unjustly convicted, the 5-day trial left the community outraged and the two families feeling worse than before. Can anything be done?

In 2003, I helped gather data on our courts for the League of Women Voters of Virginia, which was conducting a study of restorative justice. Most of the members of

Our adversarial system of justice does a good job of determining guilt but does nothing to promote healing.



our local league, who are well-informed folks, had no idea what “restorative justice” meant. In brief, our court system is focused on finding out who is guilty and punishing that person. Restorative justice focuses on the damage to the victims and to the community and seeks to repair and heal. I came to understand how restorative justice worked in cases of robbery and vandalism, but how can it work when someone loses his life?

I thought of my brief letter to the parents of the victim: “Please know that I am grieving.” It had helped. I can’t speak for my fellow jurors, but I am convinced that they are caring people and that they were grieving, too. Could there be a way for us to communicate our feelings not only to the victim’s family but also to the wider community?

For true healing to occur, the defendant needs to atone for his behavior. I’m sure he is convinced that he acted in self-defense. Without giving up that belief, he can accept the fact that if he had not pulled out his knife, the victim would not have bled to death on the sidewalk. Which is not to say that the victim would still be alive. Both young men were very drunk and were heading back to their vehicles to drive home.

At the formal sentencing, the judge said, with despair in his voice, “When will this binge drinking stop?” But I focused on the only positive I could find in this tragedy: Incarceration may give the defendant the chance to gain control of his drinking and his anger. Indeed, it may just save his life.

I find myself praying daily that the victim’s parents will eventually find some peace. I’m also praying that the defendant will come to accept responsibility and will reach out to the victim’s family and say, “I’m sorry.” ☺

A chemistry major at Swarthmore, Liz Kutchai hung up her lab coat in 1999 after 30 years of teaching Boyle’s law to high school students.



Help, I Need Some

NOT JUST ANYBODY—HEATHER DUMIGAN OF SWARTHMORE'S HELP DESK

By Jeffrey Lott

Sad to say, but Heather Dumigan didn't know much about computers until her brother, David Coates '88, died in an accident in August 1989. She ended up with his almost-new Macintosh SE30—the first Mac with an internal hard drive.

"I didn't know anything about computers," she says, "so I got a couple of books and started playing around with it."

Now, she is one of four full-time professionals at the College who—along with dozens of student "techsters"—respond each year to more than 10,000 cries for computer help from Swarthmore students, faculty, and staff.

Callers to the Help Desk in Information Technology Services are often frustrated, sometimes angry, and always in a hurry to fix their problem and get back to work. "People get upset when their computers don't work," Dumigan says. "We never take any of it personally."

Dumigan is the calmest person on campus. Her soft voice—it's sweet but never saccharine—soothes as she asks questions and suggests solutions. (Rebooting is the most common, although savvy users have tried that before dialing H-E-L-P). If Heather can't help you on the phone, you'll hear the magic words: "We'll send someone over to take a look." By then, your blood pressure should be back to normal. Take a few minutes to read your paper mail while friendly techsters walk over from Beardsley. You sure appreciate their being 'round.

How many computers are there at Swarthmore?

The College maintains about 1,350, but it's hard to estimate how many others are owned by individuals. If you count all the student-owned computers—98 percent have one of their own and a good number have more than one—and all the department-owned laptops etc., there are probably more than 3,000 machines on campus. It's crazy.

Ten years ago, this was mostly a Macintosh campus. What happened?

The faculty is still about 75 percent Mac, but when we introduced new administrative software in the mid-1990s, most of the administrative side of the College had to switch to PCs. Most students also bring Windows machines. That's what they have at home because that's what most of their parents use at work. It's too bad because PCs have a lot more problems, especially with viruses and spyware.

If you had to confiscate all the Macs on campus, whose cold, dead hands would you have to pry the last one out of?

John Boccio in physics.

What would life be like without computers?

Probably easier. The pace would be less hectic. And because there would be no Help Desk, I'd probably be home painting.

Painting?

I'm into an early American folk art called theorem painting. It's a technique that uses stencils and oil paints on cotton velvet. I do still lifes, mostly fruit and flowers.

What's the most frequent Help Desk call?

People asking to have their passwords reset. For security reasons, we require all passwords to change every 90 days. And if you

change your e-mail password on Friday, you might not remember the new one by Monday. I've done it myself.

Why not just write it down?

That's a really, really bad thing. We've walked into offices and seen passwords lying around—or on Post-it notes stuck to the monitor. Really bad.

Any other regular problems?

Laptops with beverages spilled into them. We see one or two a week. When that happens, the worst thing you can do is turn the computer on. Once you hear the sizzle, it's all over. Coffee and computers don't mix—I know, I fried one of mine the same way.

How do you deal with people who are angry when their computers don't work?

Someone once said to me, "Everything I needed to know to work at the Help Desk, I learned waiting on tables." It's all about customer service. You understand that they are just trying to get a job done, and the computer is not behaving the way they want. I just speak calmly. If you get upset back at them, that just escalates matters. Keeping a happy tone really disarms people.

Are there any faculty members who still don't use a computer?

There's just one I know of, although we weren't aware of him until about 2 years ago. Someone called to say he was having trouble e-mailing this professor. I was shocked—I had no idea—but he never calls the Help Desk, so why would I?

body !



If stranded on a desert island, Help Desk honcho Heather Dumigan would want to take her 17-inch Mac Powerbook G4—as long as there was wireless Internet access.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM GRAHAM

2006

Swarthmore Alumni College Abroad

Faculty director: Steven Hopkins, associate professor of religion

A country of profound natural beauty, Vietnam is rich with tradition. We will explore the religion, art, and history of a country that is rapidly opening up to the outside world. The underground village of Cu Chi, the fourth-century Champa site of My Son, the Thien Mu pagoda, and the Old Quarter of Hanoi are only some of the sites we will visit. Professor Hopkins' talks on Buddhism and the religious history of Vietnam—including discussions of readings on Buddhist doctrine and practice, meditation, temples, indigenous spirit cults, and the veneration of ancestors—will be supplemented with local experts speaking on the art, culture, politics, and history of this enchanting country.

THE WONDERS OF VIETNAM

January 10–25,
2006



PETER TURNLEY/CORBIS

CEZANNE AND VAN GOGH: PAINTERS OF LIGHT IN PROVENCE

June 17–25, 2006

SIEMER & HAND TRAVEL

*Faculty director: Constance Hungerford, provost and
Mari S. Michener Professor of Art History*

In the year of Cézanne's centennial, visit the sun-filled landscapes of Provence that he celebrated in his art as well as Arles, the city where Van Gogh lived from February 1888 to May 1889, discovering there subjects for some of his most famous paintings. We will explore the special Cézanne Centennial exhibit at the Musée Granet in Aix-en-Provence, where 120 works are being assembled. After touring the Aix region and visiting Arles, our final stop is Avignon, where we will see the elegant architecture of the city's 3-mile-long ramparts and its many prestigious 17th- and 18th-century mansions. Professor Hungerford, a veteran of several Alumni Colleges Abroad, will share her passion for the art of 19th-century France.

