

THE
PITZER

PARTICIPANT

Spring 1973



"Destinations"

Tivolo

Alumni Issue

"Destinations"

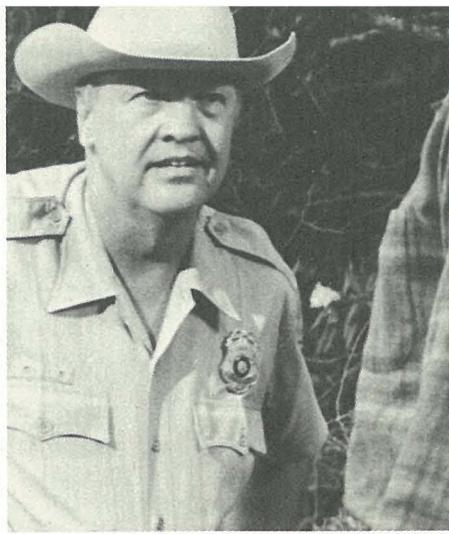
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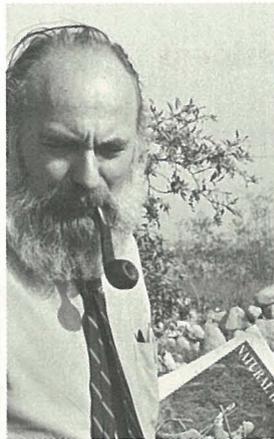
OUR CONTRIBUTORS

James Dickey, noted poet, is the author of the best selling novel, *Deliverance*, and the screenplay of the same name. His latest book, *Sorties*, is published by Doubleday and Company, New York.



James Dickey

Carl Hertel



Carl Hertel, professor of art, co-teaches an interdisciplinary colloquium, "The Experience of Nature". He is working with students on developing the northern end of the Pitzer campus, and producing a film.



Rocco Caporale

Rocco Caporale, associate professor of sociology, is editor of *The Culture of Unbelief*, and Consultant to the Vatican Secretariat. On leave from Pitzer College this spring, he received a \$125,000 contract from the city of New York to research the safety and health conditions of the Fire, Police, and Correction Departments of that city.



Marilyn Lester



Eugenie Yaryan

Eugenie Yaryan graduated from Pitzer in 1970 and since that time, has had her poetry published in *Kayak*, *Bachy*, *Laureate*, and *West Coast Poetry Review*. In June she expects to have her M.A. from San Francisco State University.

John Atherton was an English professor, poet, and short story writer when he was asked to head Pitzer College as its founding president in 1963. After six years, he resigned to accept a position as head of the English Department of the State University of New York at Brockport.

Heidi Scheuber was active in Four College Players drama productions until her graduation in 1968. She played minor roles in such movies as *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?* and *Petula*. Now in New York, she is earning a living as a speed typist (120 words per minute) while working with her agent to obtain acting jobs. She and her artist-mother are writing a book, *Heidi's Horses*.

Printha Berry Platt holds a B.A. in psychology from Pitzer College. After her graduation in 1969, she married **Charles "Buzz" Platt**, professor of physical education at Pomona College, and departed for northern California.



John Atherton



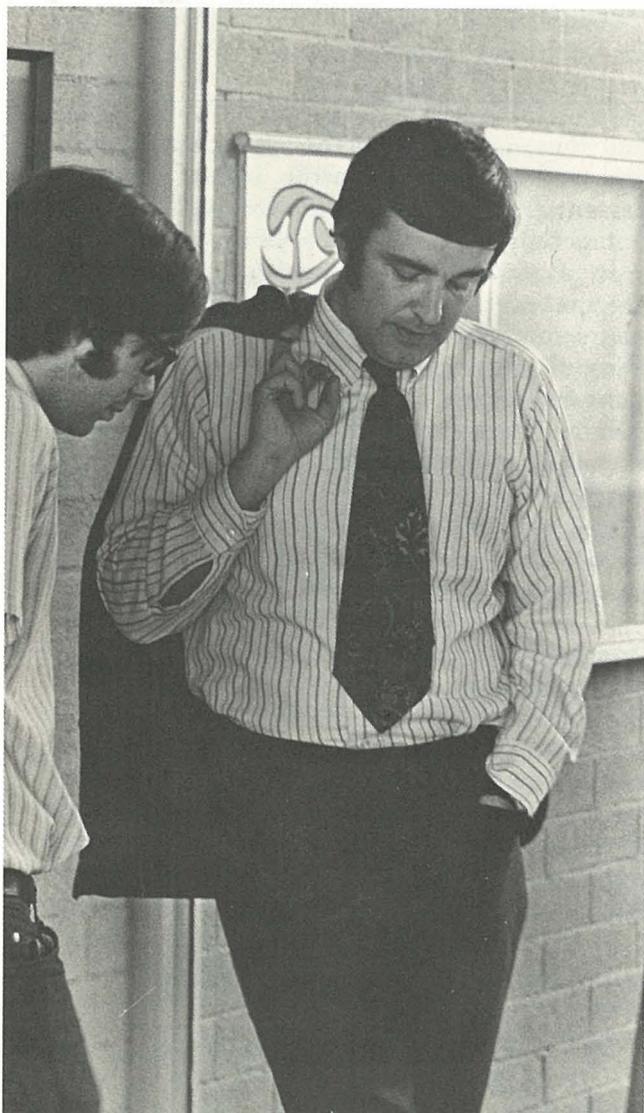
Heidi Scheuber



Printha Platt

Marilyn Lester graduated from Pitzer College in 1970 with a degree in sociology, and expects to earn a Ph.D. within the year.

Ed Miracle of Laguna Beach is responsible for the drawing on the cover. His work, which usually has a whimsical touch, has been exhibited in over eighty art galleries and thirty-five art shows, including the New York Corning Museum.



Letter from the President

It is fitting that The Participant deal with the matter of diverse life styles and destinations. Our society has not always been known for its tolerance of social diversity, and one of the encouraging developments of recent years is a somewhat greater willingness to tolerate patterns of living in others that one might not choose for one's self. The gray-flannel-suit-and-striped-tie-set may be show-

ing some signs of tolerating the long hair and jeans of the young and there are signs that the tolerance is reciprocal. Dress is at one and the same time the "uniform" and the symbol of the underlying social position of each sub-culture.

Like the Pitzer curriculum, Pitzer students have always been characterized by diversity in their styles of living and learning. Some good students, more traditional, direct their efforts toward graduate schools and professional education. Others place a priority on understanding themselves and building a kind of personal integrity for their lives.

At Pitzer, there is a place for many priorities. We seek a diverse student body through the admissions process, and we encourage it through various educational programs, and in the dormitory living arrangements. An example of the latter is the food cooperative for students who prefer to do their own cooking. A Yoga suite was formed for students interested in this kind of spiritual fulfillment.

The curriculum offers many traditional courses one would expect to find in an institution from which a large number of students go on to graduate school and other professional training. It also offers programs which enable students to explore unconventional paths.

A leading example is the external studies course, "Bay Area Work Alternatives". A course in "The Forms of Folklore" and a Freshman Seminar on "Homo Sapiens, Homo Ludens, Homo Venus" are somewhat randomly-selected examples of courses that deal with topics not directly related to the more conventional educational goals.

In view of these opportunities, it is not surprising then that our graduates are arriving at various kinds of destinations, both personally and professionally, that they are succeeding in unusual as well as usual ways. This issue recounts the experiences of some of these individuals.

Robert Atwell

A Private Brinksmanship

Mr. Dickey delivered the following address to Pitzer's first graduating class in 1965, and has kindly revised it for *The Participant*.

Just *this* time, on this afternoon of all our human lives, under just these circumstances, we've come here. Even I find it strange that I should want to begin what I am going to say by making a few remarks about . . . horse-meat.

I have only eaten horse-meat once, but both the taste of it and the occasion on which I ate it have stayed with me, and I am sure will continue to do so. It was when I first went to teach at Reed College in Portland, Oregon, a school for devoted students, political activists and dedicated folk-singers: a school where, as someone remarked, everybody has a beard except one or two of the girls. The second night I was in Portland a solemn, bearded student called on me and asked if I would like to have dinner with him and several of his friends. I accepted, and went with him into one of the poorer sections of Portland, where we climbed some of the most rickety stairs I have ever trembled with fear upon, and came into a room with six or seven young men and women who belonged together. We ate horse-meat, not usually recommended for human consumption but purchased because it was cheap and the students were poor. Before the evening was over I felt that it was a distinct privilege to be there. The talk was fluid, serious and utterly open to any and all new ideas. The minds of the people in the room seemed to be *tuned* to each other's wave-lengths; the receptivity and creativity, the passionate interest as well as the reasonableness on all sides of me were remarkable, *felt* remarkable. It was a good place, good company, a good feeling. Since

that time, I have often tried to isolate what it was in that room . . . in the lives of all those present . . . that made up the feeling I describe. But perhaps it is not capable of isolation, or even of explanation. But one thing is clear: the life that we lived—and lived well—for a few hours in that nondescript, vital room was a thing that emerged from the people in it; it came from their orientation toward existence; it came from certain attitudes implicit in the way they took themselves and others.

Like most Americans—a predictable, pragmatic breed—I am usually reluctant to believe in imponderables; some Europeans are less reluctant. This passage from Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's *Letter to a Hostage* is the best description I have found of the state of mind and community that, to me, will forever have the gamy, grainy, complicated taste of horse-meat, the same sense of community, the same strange and necessary use of human time.

This happened one day before the war, on the banks of the Saône, to one side of Tournus. We had chosen for dinner a restaurant whose plank balcony overhung the river. Propped on our elbows on a very simple table, knife-hacked with the initials of customers, we asked for two Pernods. Your doctor had forbidden alcohol to you, but one fudges a little on big occasions, and this was one. We didn't know why, but it was one. The thing that caused us to rejoice was more impalpable than the quality of the light. And, as two sailors a few yards away were unloading a barge, we asked them to join us. We signalled them from the balcony, and they came: came very simply. I think we found it natural to do this because of the invisible festivity going on in us, and they responded.

The sun was good. Its warm honey bathed the poplars on the far shore, and the fields all the way to the horizon. We were gayer and gayer, without knowing why. The sun reassured us that it would shine, the river that it would run, the meal that it would be a meal, the sailors that they surely had responded to

our invitation, the waitress that she would serve us with a kind of happy gentleness, as though she were taking part in an eternal celebration. We were fully at peace, in our own haven from the disorder of civilization. We felt ourselves pure, upright, luminous and indulgent. We couldn't have said what truth appeared so plainly to us that it needed no examination or explanation. But the feeling that we had above all others was that of certitude: a certitude almost prideful. The main thing was that we agreed. But on what? On the Pernod? On the meaning of life? On the gentleness of the day? We couldn't have said. But that agreement was so full, so final, so solidly established in human depth, that we would have fortified that insignificant little balcony, would have undergone a siege there, would have died behind machine guns to preserve what we had together.

That is an extreme and beautiful statement, I think. Times such as Saint-Exupéry describes are infinitely fragile and infinitely enduring, but above all they are necessary: they explain us and are us as we wish to be, as we exist at those times when we seem to ourselves to be existing as we were meant to. Nothing in life is as important as these states of being, and they must be guarded at all costs, against whatever things threaten them. They must be individually maintained, and one must develop one's personal strategies for maintaining them.

The life that we lived – and lived well – for a few hours in that nondescript, vital room, was a thing that emerged from the people in it.

About ten years ago I went into the advertising business, and worked in New York and Atlanta, first as a copy-writer, then as a copy chief, then as a creative director for a large southern agency. I hated office work, a kind of genteel hell of absolute inconsequence, and every day I used to take a book of poems with me just to touch, every now and then, or as a reminder of the world where I lived most deeply and consequentially. And I remember also the very distinct sense of danger I felt when carrying the book through the acres of desks where typists typed five carbons of the Tony Bennett Record Promotion: the distinct and

delicious sense of subversiveness and danger in carrying a book or the manuscript of a new poem as if it were a bomb, here in this place that had no need of it, that would be embarrassed and nonplussed by it, that would finally destroy it by its enormous weight of organized indifference. But for me the main thing was the sense of danger and the sense of pride, the delicious sense of a personally necessary secrecy.

The French novelist Henry de Montherlant once said that if you get bored with your life, risk it. My situation was not quite that extreme, but in a way it was, after all. I was risking in a very strange way not only the good will of my superiors (one of whom once told me I should have been reading sales reports at lunch) but at the same time defended the thing in me which was most living; for when that dies, one is like—well, like the others.

This is not another diatribe against the supermarkets, against conformity, against the *status quo* and the split-level ranch house. No; I'm talking about the forces that threatened the individual sense of being quite as much in Thebes and Periclean Athens and Renaissance Florence as it does now in New York or Los Angeles. We know those forces too well for me to spend much time talking about them. They are, essentially, anti-life forces, and anti-life in the name of efficiency and has-to-be-done. What I would emphasize is rather the individual ways of defending against them, like the little intellectual boy in Robie Macauley's novel, *The Disguises of Love*, who reads Nietzsche behind a comic book, instead of the other way around. The heroes of this address are like that little boy buried deep in *Beyond Good and Evil*, consummately protected from the scorn of his schoolmates by Batman and Robin.

Nothing in life is as important as these states of being, and they must be guarded at all costs, and against whatever things threaten them.

The heroes that I would praise are those delicate and diligent defenders of the essential self in ways that are quite original, some of them, as the things they defend. These private brinksmen, these devious and unsung battlers

for the fragile treasure of personal meaning, are the subject-heroes of this afternoon, as I would have you remember it. Diarists and journal-keepers, letter-writers to the self, are among the best brinksmen we have, and for this reason I am a great reader of diaries, journals, notebooks and such; most of them are better than novels, for one feels more often the genuine concern for the essentials of a life, and less the concern for artistic effect, for the conventions of a form. This is, for example, the man who wrote under the name of W.N.P. Barbellion, a young English zoologist dying of multiple sclerosis: the bravest man I have ever encountered, in print or out.

The heroes that I would praise are those delicate and diligent defenders of the essential self . . .

His defenses, his ruses, are not so much against the crassness of the world but against death itself, and his knowledge of its certain proximity. "I keep this journal to tell the truth," he says. "Life has always oppressed and tormented me. And now I turn and hit it in the belly." And again: "I must have some music or I shall hear the paralysis creeping. That is why I lie in bed and whistle." The courage and originality of that takes the breath: the dying man, hardly more than a boy, lying there defending himself against death, the last, the only enemy worthy of the name, by whistling.

Again, Alun Lewis, one of the finest poets of our century, killed in Burma in 1944, writes from the sick green inferno of jungle warfare: "My life belongs to the world. I will do what I can." Just that; no more.

On this mortal afternoon, we are here, really, to honor the graduating class of Pitzer College. But more importantly, we are here to honor *these* graduates. We have an unusual chance to do this, for there are only three of them. The first thing to note about them is that these are girls who took it upon themselves to invite, as commencement speaker, not a retired bank president or an educator or J. Edgar Hoover, but the kind of man Santayana once characterized himself as being: "an ignorant man, almost a poet." These are, plainly, ex-

traordinary girls, and they have, now, in their keeping, as they sit here, the kind of qualities I am talking about: *they* are my best instances and examples of what must be protected and confirmed.

There is first the girl who is gravitating, seriously and with great dignity, toward a quiet farm life. Poets like to describe things, and I could describe that kind of life for a long time, for I know it well. A farm is something like a kind of practical Eden, and though I may never see this girl again, it will do me good to imagine her very womanly hands doing farm things and woman things, and of her watching the different greens at the different parts of the day and of the seasons, and the intimate and infinitely rewarding work with animals, and the constellations arranging themselves, each night, in the patterns they have always had, as the great silent evening of farms comes over another warm and hard-working isolated human house.

Another of these girls wants to go to India and teach. She has been there before, and has connected in deep and creative ways with the land and its people. I see those enormous masses of people, and I see also this frail, snapping-eyed witty girl humorously and patiently and lovingly doing whatever she can, wherever she is, and that is a good thing to see.

Then there is the girl who will be going into the creative world, the world of the architect, the musician, the intellectual, the life of the mind, the frustration and the soaring joy beside which the soaring of these mountains is nothing: of the three this one is the one most capable of the savage wildness of ecstasy and creation, the occasional certitude that she has made a thing that could not have existed if it had not first happened, tentatively and delicately, in one out of all those human minds: if it had not first secretly happened to her.

Here they are, then, the quiet and profound young wife and mother dreaming of farms, the serious and witty traveler and teacher among far peoples, and the ebullient young artist and intellectual. Let us for a long moment honor them as they sit here for the last time together before going where they

have to go—where they *will* go—with their own strategies for defending those things in themselves that make them what they are, what they were intended to be.

Develop your private brinksmanship, your strategies, your ruses, your delightful and desperate games of inner survival.

This is a lovely, frail moment, and if, in it, I could say one thing to them, it would be this: remember that the sense of imperilment, the sense of danger, the sense of your values and your best selves being threatened at every moment by indifference, by coarseness, by apathy and necessity, is in fact your greatest stimulant and your greatest ally. It is against these forces, the great multitudinous anonymous modern abyss, that your personal values are defined as what they are: it is at the edge, on the brink, that your essences show themselves as they must be. So I say, develop your private brinksmanship, your strategies, your ruses, your delightful and desperate games of inner survival, whether they take the form of Batman Comics or whistling Handel's Water Music. What I most hope for is that these strategies will *work* for you: that you will come up with some good ones, ones that will enable you to live perpetually at the edge, but there very much on your own ground, and to live there with personal *style*, with dash and verve and a distinct and exhilarating sense of existing on your own terms as they develop, or as they become, with time, more and more what they have always been. This is what is meant by "having something to give," by "having a self to give." It is exactly on these terms, and no others, that one can say, when the time comes to say it, "My life belongs to the world. I have done what I could."

James Dickey

SUM ERGO COGITO

*Starting at the bottom,
Working up;
First we eat the dinner,
Then drain the cup.*

*Beginning at the top
And sliding down;
We all start out together—
End alone.*

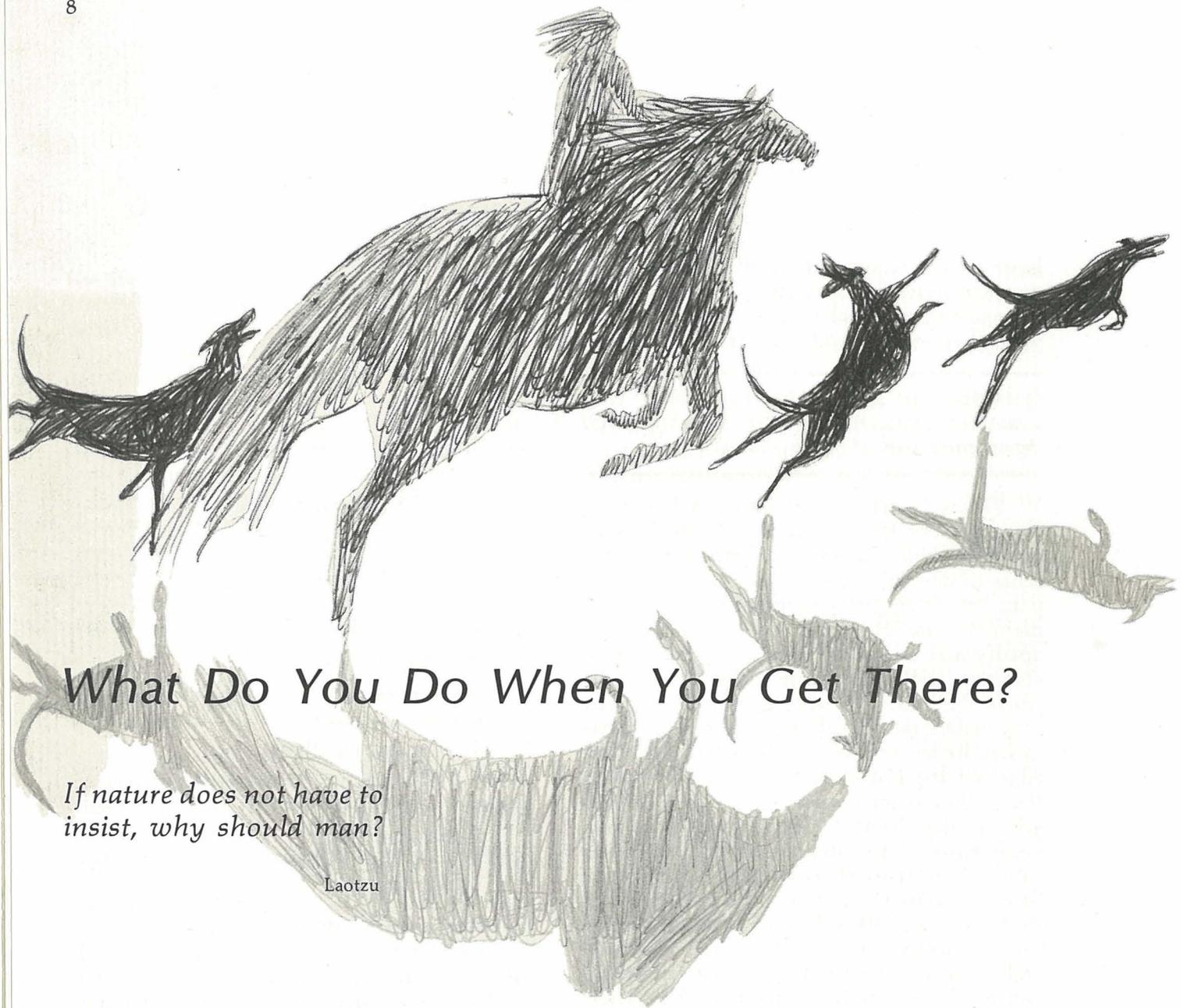
*Hidden on the inside,
Bursting out;
First there is the doubter,
Then the doubt.*

*Standing on the outside,
Looking in;
First we catch the sinner,
Then invent the sin.*

*Open up the door,
Lift the steaming lid,
On top we see the ego,
Underneath—the id.*

*But if while we are playing
Death should drop around—
Gently lift the stone up,
Gently dig the ground,
And first we'll bury body,
Then remember mind:
We cannot snuff the stars out
By drawing down the blind.*

John Atherton



What Do You Do When You Get There?

If nature does not have to insist, why should man?

Laotzu

One afternoon I chanced to tell Dick Barnes and Bertie Rodgers about the father of a friend who had invented prefabricated roads which are selling like hotcakes in Australia. Bertie (W. R. Rodgers, late Poet-in-Residence at Pitzer and member of the Irish Academy) looked forward pensively and uttered between his teeth, "Ahhh . . . and what a shame it is we can't have prefabricated destinations too." Indeed, judging from the dominant tendencies within our culture, it may come to pass that we will all have destinations like those roads unrolled across the outback. But let us hope not. This is not to say we should eschew destinations. If my so-called lifestyle has any distinguished aspects it is the inevitability of destinations and the creating of a *Way* based on natural models to achieve them.

In this regard, the meaning and imagery at-

taching to one's dwelling place act as signifiers of one's *Way* and provide glimpses of approaching destinations. When Sue and I were first married we lived in the oldest house in Upland. It was on 25th Street and was known to natives as "the haunted house". Jack, who ran Stinky's at Mountain and Highway 66, where the Bank of America is now, said that when he was a boy, he and his friends used to lie up on the Baldy Road ridge above that house and listen to it groan and sigh in the wind and scare the hell out of themselves. A man from Vermont brought all the lumber around the horn to build the house for his tubercular wife. She died before it was finished. It was a grand old place in many ways, but for purposes of our argument I shall recall what a great feeling it was to be able to glimpse it a mile or more up the road through

the trees and hills as one curved up Mountain Avenue toward home. It was a qualitatively different space, a true destination. Some place. What made it that way may have been very complex. Suffice it to say here that it possessed intrinsic qualities which made it especially appropriate for our mode of living.

Except for the rent, it certainly wasn't very practical. Its fourteen foot-high ceilings made the four downstairs rooms we occupied impossible to heat. It was overfenestrated and we could not afford materials for curtains. This resulted in the sometimes delicious, but sometimes embarrassing, interpenetration of inside and outside spaces. Dry rot was eroding the sills and foundation framing. Much of the ornate trim had long since been removed. It did moan in the wind as Jack said, turning on its dumb-waiter shaft as if on an axis. It was set back and "environed" by the landscape comprised of foothills, orange groves, avocado groves and ornamentals flowering amidst the chaparral. Although it was distinctly individual and certainly a man-made environmental intervention, it still *became* the natural setting. It was an object, but it was also a sign, a signal of integration. That man from Vermont knew how to locate a dwelling place against the foothills without trying to dominate the lay of the land. It was a veritable "Gothic Shining Brow", if you can imagine such a thing.

What we need is to be at home—wherever we are. As long as it is perpetually somewhere else there will be no question of participation. Architecture, therefore, need do no more than assist man's home-coming I like to think of it as the constructed counter-form of perpetual home-coming.

Aldo van Eyck

After several years and one and one-half babies, we had to move. There wasn't enough room for all those human beings, dogs, chickens, cats, and our landlady, too. We searched for over a year for another destination. Again it was old. Historicity plays its role for us. I would like to focus more specifically on our lifestyle and the kinds of spaces in our present home in the foothills above Glendora. Sue and

I gravitate toward environing ourselves in spaces and things artistic (a round living room, arches, many vistas, art objects, artifacts, colors, textures, rugs, baskets, etc.) as well as spaces and things natural (stone, wood, dirt, gardens, trees, vines, dogs, cats, horses, goats, chickens, rabbits, rats, etc.) Dick Barnes calls our lifestyle "neo-bohemian". Nina de Crefft Ward calls it "elegant squalor". As for the place, the former owner (the fifth in ninety-five years) called it Sky Top Ranch. We call it Barking Dogs. In any event, it is certainly quasi-rural and sub-urban.

If I were asked to isolate the primary characteristics we value at Barking Dogs as opposed to those of the efficiency-lifestyle dominating our culture, I suppose it would be that of electing natural rhythms as models over technocratic electronic ones. Natural rhythms are inexorable, whereas electronic ones blow fuses and pollute sacred places. One hastens to add that it is useless to pursue the romantic notion of going back to the lifestyle of the Chumash Indians as it was in these same foothills over a century ago. For one thing, there aren't enough acorns to go around and time *has* passed. I do maintain, however, that there are archaic values which pertain to human existence in the late twentieth century technocracy.

For the sake of expediency, let us say that these values are encompassed in what Eliade is referring to when he states:

It follows that every construction or fabrication has the cosmogony as paradigmatic model. The creation of the world becomes the archetype of every creative human gesture, whatever its plane of reference may be.

Dwelling places and home-coming places thus defined become elements of great import and seriousness. So much so that it may seem to exceed the limits of reasonable expectation in the context of urban-intensive America. One would only note that history abounds in models for the efficacy of such an orientation. Furthermore, I have it on good authority that there are bars in Tokyo with thresholds and entries barely three feet by five feet which

provide an exquisitely beautiful 'trip' from one environment to another. From the aesthetic perspective (which characterizes an important sector of the entire non-western world) space and time are apprehended on quite another basis than that to which we are accustomed. Viewed from the perspective of miniaturization-of-world cosmos the differential in scale between my 3.7 acres and that Tokyo bar's fifteen square feet is negligible.

But let us return to the "natural rhythms" at Barking Dogs. The most obvious of these are the diurnal rhythms generated by the rotation of the earth on its axis, hardly an extraordinary situation. However, when such rhythms are forcefully raised by a large number of natural relationships to a level of consciousness strongly affecting behavior, then we are provided with routinization predicated upon so-called biological time clocks. In such a situation early to bed and early to rise does make one healthy, wealthy and wise (and some say holy). Albeit domesticated, the animals powerfully reinforce the effects of diurnal rhythms. Dogs return from night-hills and coyote frolics. Nocturnal cats curl in warm corners. The chicken-killing-owl's space is assumed by circling red-tail hawks. Cocks crow. Horses whinny and kick feeding bins. Goats bleat a new beginning. All of this as inexorable as night and day, quite candidly, I do not respond as quickly as I might to such signals; but my wife and daughter have been up since pre-dawn chanting in the vibratory silence of those spiritual hours preparing themselves for this beginning of our natural period of activity. Additional rhythms reinforce this circadian dance. Goats have to be milked. Young kids must be fed, weanling foals allowed brief respite after a long, motherless night. Manure must be raked, birds checked, and eggs gathered. The garden needs water in season. Of course, children are up, washed, dressed, fed, and off to school. Their circadian rhythms promise incredible activity, touching, listening, handling, hearing, smelling, seven hours hence, when the animal cycles are repeated as well. In the meantime, man and wife go to work. Ah, this is the rub — we are participating in what sometimes feels like two worlds.

Fortunately, the forces of our lifestyle are irrepressible. The multi-sensory, pluralistic, energetic and seemingly acausal flow of it all *imprints* the psyche. Furthermore, as artists, Sue and I are fortunate to be "working" in an apparently natural human endeavor predicated upon replicating in diverse ways what I am not embarrassed to call cosmic rhythms. Hence, our art provides further amplification of natural rhythms.

Metaphor, the revealer of nature, is the very substance of poetry (and art). The beauty and freedom of the observed world furnish a model, and life is pregnant with art . . . art and poetry deal with the concrete of nature, not with rows of separate 'particulars' for such rows do not exist.

Ezra Pound

Sunset, and back to the dwelling-place. It is north of the highway, up a small single lane road, through the remains of a gate marked by our totem and numbers and a sign, "Beware of dogs". (An entrance to a busy place, as Scott Nearing put it, "We served no iced tea on the terrace while telling or listening to life histories"). A somewhat mysterious destination. A deeper, untamed charisma. A perfect sequence of approach, threshold, entry into the circular "living room" resonant with the oracle of our current life, children's twilight pandemonium. Only later, still, dark, resonant with the oracle of silence. Rhythms of sleep and the nocturnal ones: owls and peacocks calling in the moonlight.

Needless to say, there *are* problems. My Aunt Minna in Pasadena says it costs too much to feed all those animals. Some neighbors are appalled at the extravagant depreciation of our capital investment. A few friends attack our crumbling "baronial estate" on the wrong side of the foothills as degenerate and hopelessly bourgeois. Others are repelled by certain unsanitary-seeming aspects of our existence. Rationalists tend to regard us as romantics. The roof leaks and there are termites. Developers want the land. Taxes are outrageous. Insurance rates are unbelievable. (Even with both of us working our economic status is precarious). Cesspools don't always work. The TV does work and the-other-value-

system intrudes in youthful and older minds alike. Also there are ordeals. For example, when someone leaves a gate open in the springtime and twelve horses plunder neighbors' gardens. Or when fire decimates thousands of adjacent acres.

And with all the life around us there is also death, perhaps one of the most difficult moments in our rhythms. Yet, we continue to flow on unimpeded because moments of birth maintain the momentum and dynamism of any natural process.

All of what has been written above could be subsumed under a title like "Reflections on Dwelling Places and Destinations", however, that is not very expressive. It could be called simply, "The Joys of Living."

*Spirit takes delight in matter
Lusting for form as the swan after Leda
And vice versa
The palpable, various, colored, weighted
world*

*Is filled with Heaven's hunger
And its own—
God forever wanting to be born,
Making Himself into things,
And welcomed!
Heaven and nature sing and dance.
Our dogs, my daughter says, bark just
like angels.*

*In the hills after the first rain,
The sky on the road looking up from the
puddles,
On a purple horse,
His rocking legs lifting against the
sucking mud,
Centered upon his spine, I felt a line
Of symmetry
Dissecting kidneys, lungs, nostrils, eyes—
God's puppet moving in bliss.
We are aligned
On radii to God, conductors of the current,
Virgins at birth,
And the dogs, my daughter says, bark
just like angels.*

Susan Hertel

Carl Hertel



From the Pitzer Catalog

The following courses are among those offered at Pitzer College in the 1972-73 academic year:

Anthropology 108 — MAN'S ECOLOGICAL RELATIONSHIPS. An examination of modes of cultural adaptation to the natural environment. The ideological and social strategies for making out in a limited environment will be discussed. The ecological basis of warfare and aggression will be considered.

English 166 — VICTORIANS AND AMERICANS. A study of the relationships between several prominent nineteenth century English and American writers to illuminate the texts of each through comparison. We will explore the aesthetic, philosophical and actual ties between such writers as Melville and Conrad, Mark Twain and Charles Dickens, and Nathaniel Hawthorne and George Eliot.

German 150 — GERMANY'S "ANGRY YOUNG MEN": The Post-War Novel. Prose writings of the generation which emerged from the collapse of the Third Reich and critically evaluated the recent past. The novels depict the political and social conditions in Germany during the war years, military occupation, and recovery. Lectures and discussions in English; all works available in German and in translation.

Psychology 183 — THE STUDY OF LIVES. A seminar on the intensive study of individual lives as a way of understanding clinical approaches to behavior and personality configuration. Each student will write a life history on an individual person on the basis of his own interviews. Examination and supervision of interview techniques will be a focal point of the course. Seminar discussions will compare the lives under study and propose directions of inquiry. Readings will be selected according to the problems which emerge from the lives under study.

Political Studies 166 — THE YEAR 2000: UTOPIA OR OBLIVION? This course will investigate projections of the future from various vantage points — science, philosophy, science fiction and pataphysics, and will focus on specific conceptions of time, space, leisure, community and authority.

DEC 20 1965

FORM **1**



Pitzer
College

Claremont, California



FINAL APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION

I am applying for an early decision yes / no (If yes, you must provide the Committee with a separate statement that Pitzer is your first-choice college.)

I am applying for admission as a freshman / transfer in / February / September / 1960

Print name in full <u>Marilyn Jo Lester</u> <small>(UNDERLINE NAME ORDINARILY USED)</small>	FOR OFFICE USE ONLY A 12-20-65 WG
Home address <u>731 East Myrna Drive</u> <u>Pasadena</u> Telephone <u>83135</u>	
Mailing address (if different from home)	

Birth: Year 1948 Month September Date 25 Place Santa Monica

Are you a citizen of the United States? YES NO If no, what country?

ALUMNA PROFILE: MARILYN LESTER

In all fairness I should say at the outset that my life as a graduate student is not and should not be taken as any kind of prototypical case, for reasons which will become apparent.

The University of California at Santa Barbara — the campus by the sea where the bank burned down. That's where I've been for the last two and a half years. When I was in high school, no one serious about academic work would have thought of coming here for graduate school — it was a surfers' paradise in those days, a haven for dumb, rich kids.

But in 1969-1970, my last year at Pitzer, something happened — UCSB became one of the most politicized campuses in the country. Students, mostly living in Isla Vista, a community of 14,000, arose in indignation over autocratic policies in the universities, over U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia, and over the intimate ties between the university and the military-industrial complex.

I came to the sociology department in the fall of 1970, just a few months after three major riots in Isla Vista. In many ways no one would have known that anything had happened. Compared to Pitzer, UCSB seemed reactionary. Classes for undergraduates are mammoth (I have helped to teach classes of 900 students). Some departments were fighting student participation and representation in academic affairs which, I had assumed to be natural and normal events in the 1960's.

While in most departments across the country, sociologists are "number crunching" or "data dredging", at UCSB, what is most prestigious, accepted and praised, are very different sociologies. There is a group of male political sociologists who are concerned with large scale societal issues (most departments are lucky if they have one such "freak"). We have an animal behaviorist in the department, which is now becoming a hot area across the country. And most interesting, we are one of two or three schools in the nation that is teaching ethnomethodology. Ethnomethodology is a new field in sociology, with totally different premises, different goals, and different methods. In fact, most conventional sociological premises are turned on their heads in this new paradigm.

I spent my first year and a half working in political sociology and in collective behavior. Along with another professor, we developed a field which we call public events. It was an offshoot of the idea that accidents — like the Santa Barbara oil spill, the death of sheep at Dubway Proving Ground from an accidental release of nerve gas, and the Ted Kennedy car accident — provide both lay and professional investigators with information about politics in America that is normally kept far removed from the public domain. Accidents were seen to be quite in contrast to what we term "routine events" — what we mainly read in the newspaper — prepackaged events, sold to the American people in many shapes and sizes.

We have done both empirical and theoretical work in the area. My master's thesis was concerned with developing theoretically the area of public events, and culminated in both an M.A. degree in July 1971 and a paper given at the American Sociological Association meetings in New Orleans last August. The study of accidents, in contrast to routine events, is a new way to study decision-making and the role of various people in shaping public policy.

Then, quite by accident, I took a reading course where I learned some ethnomethodology, and the paper which I wrote for that course radically changed my life. The paper translated the theory of public events into ethnomethodological terms, casting the whole enterprise in a completely different light, making it an even more exciting topic.

At this point, I have just completed one of my two Ph.D. exams. It focused on synthesizing ethnomethodology and some elements of political sociology. The exam was almost exciting, which I gather is a unique graduate experience. I was able to make up my own reading list and submit questions for the exam. It was also my first opportunity to spell out what I was striving for.

I also just finished teaching my first course, an upper division sociology course in social change. After my second exam, which will be in collective behavior and political sociology, I will be knee-deep in a dissertation. The dissertation will use the study of accidents and routine events as a focus for trying to develop ethnomethodology and political sociology as a theoretical enterprise. My goal will be to head ethnomethodology in a new direction and also to add some sophistication to political sociology provided by an ethnomethodological perspective. I am vaguely on the job market for next February, but not seriously until the following September.

My living conditions are also unique. This year, I am living in a political collective, which we call Das Institut, named after an Institute for Critical Studies attached to Frankfurt University in Germany. Das Institut was born last spring among some of us who felt that we were leading double lives — talking about

social change, but basically living the life of "contemplation." We felt the need to combine theory and practice. Seventeen of us, nine sociologists and eight community "activists" took over an abandoned fraternity house in Isla Vista. We live in one part of the building. There is also a huge auditorium and several meeting rooms which provide a meeting place for the community. This quarter we have organized a series of seminars and special programs not attainable in the university. Das Institut, in combination with over 50 other groups in the Santa Barbara area, meet here to try to coordinate all of the community-organizing efforts in the area, to share knowledge and resources and hopefully to help turn Santa Barbara-Goleta-Isla Vista into a dynamic place.

In both Das Institut and in the University, a small number of us are struggling to establish a different kind of identity from that of most academics. We are continually asking ourselves questions like, "How can we be careerist intellectuals and simultaneously work for social change?" "How can men and women work together effectively, given the need of women to establish their own existences?" "How can we teach our classes in non-authoritarian manners, without them becoming rap sessions?" "What does it mean to be a responsible intellectual in the 1970's?" "How can we meet the contingencies set up by those in powerful positions (i.e. the publish or perish syndrome) and still live out our lives in some kind of movement activity?"

The answers aren't written anywhere. We talk, we criticize each other's practice, fumble around with different alternatives. Each of us tries one kind of solution in one direction, finds that it doesn't meet hopes and expectations, then switches directions for awhile.

I don't feel that I have any one identity, lifestyle, life plan. Maybe in fact, a life of no clear direction, of no single transsituational identity is the only life possible given the contradictions which exist in this society, given the seemingly immovable forces which work to prevent a different kind of existence for human beings.

Marilyn Lester

Return of the Native: Or Beyond Pluralism

The "cultural revolution" of China a decade ago will long be associated with Chairman Mao's aphorism, "Let a thousand flowers bloom". They did, and China will never be the same. The paradox of planned diversity in a land of monolithic sameness is symptomatic of the times the world over. It seems as if primitive man, afire with inventiveness and self-assertion, is struggling to re-emerge from the debris of operational man, and leap into new levels of consciousness.

A person's life-challenge invariably culminates in the ultimate confrontation with the task of finding one's self, in the accomplishment of the full measure of one's potential. By implication, however, the organization of self overflows into a quasi-cosmic act: for man has the ability to re-create the universe in his own image, through his symbolic power. This plastic quality of reality has been easily realized by poets, seers, prophets, philosophers, scientists and innovators of all varieties. And so, historically, reality has been continuously redefined to reflect the "weltanshaugen" of the most powerful minds and the geniuses of mankind.

But once formulated and shared, a new world view ceases to be generative of exciting responses: the new vision gradually jells into stable, uniform systems of values and beliefs objectified in institutions. While they represent useful inventions, aimed to preserve the best product of social life, institutions also operate to effectively constrain further innovation and differentiation. In the long run, however, counterproduction steps in. In the interstitial ground of conflicting institutional claims, there lies a source of counterbalance, by which, unwittingly, institutions become

liberating structures through which the individual person may assert his power to refashion the world in his image once more.

This process describes most closely that area of life that deals primarily with beliefs and values about the nature of reality, the interconnection of life components, the ultimates of meanings and the ground of one's own being. It is around these notions that personal lifestyles differ most widely.

Historically, we observe three basic models of such innermost lifestyles: a. *the tribal model*, where systems of meanings are naturally and uniformly shared by members of the collective, which constitute the source of meaning; b. *the pluralistic model*, characterized by a limited number of diverse (and sometimes conflicting) systems of values and beliefs available to individuals; and, finally, c. *the personalistic model*, in which each person becomes "a church unto itself" by developing a personal and unique system of meanings and world view. The three models broadly overlap chronologically and geographically, as they may coexist in the same person, or may succeed themselves in the lifetime of a person.

But more crucial is the fact that the three stages are based on three radically different conceptions of life-meanings, as exemplified by their central component, religion. In the tribal stage, religion is basically the effervescence of kind, the sharing in the corporate destinies of the group and in its mythical patrimony, the religious *revelation*. At the pluralistic stage, religion acts as the catalyst to generate objectivised systems of *beliefs*, symbolically expressed in the creeds of various denominations. In the personalistic stage,

religion moves away from belief and organization toward *experience* and awareness. The focus of the three stages shifts from the single, all-claiming collectivity to the voluntary group appurtenance, to the awareness of the meaningfulness of the self's innermost creativeness.

Thus by way of a long detour, contemporary person appears headed full circle back to what conceivably might have been the experience of primeval 'homo sapiens', a being uncontaminated by the warping experience of human consortium.

Challenged by the hostility of his environment, devoid of support of a collectivity, unrestrained by institutions and legal claims, primitive man must have enjoyed, however unknowingly, the widest opportunity to develop his own lifestyle and formulate his absolutely unique "view of the world". However ephemeral and unchronicled, his life experiences represent a vigorous, cosmic invention, meaningful to him in terms of direct survival.

This pristine innocence, if ever there was such, is never to occur again. But the historical cycle appears to be nearing completion, upgrading itself into a higher developmental spiral that recaptures some of the features of past ages. In a way, the personalistic strain of primitive man percolates human history and emerges from time to time in however sophisticated garbs, from the Socratic experience, to Buddha's quiet revolution, to Machiavelli's pragmatic prince, to the rugged individualist of the frontier, to the curandero of the Sonoran desert.

The paradox of our times appears to be that like primitive man out of the ashes of a multiplicity of demanding institutions, post-institutional man can rebuild a world unto his own image and regain a degree of autonomy and uniqueness in the way he fashions the style of his value, and beliefs. That this has become a much more widespread instance than ever before in history is beyond doubt. What is more difficult to grasp is the implications this has for our way of life. Notions such as

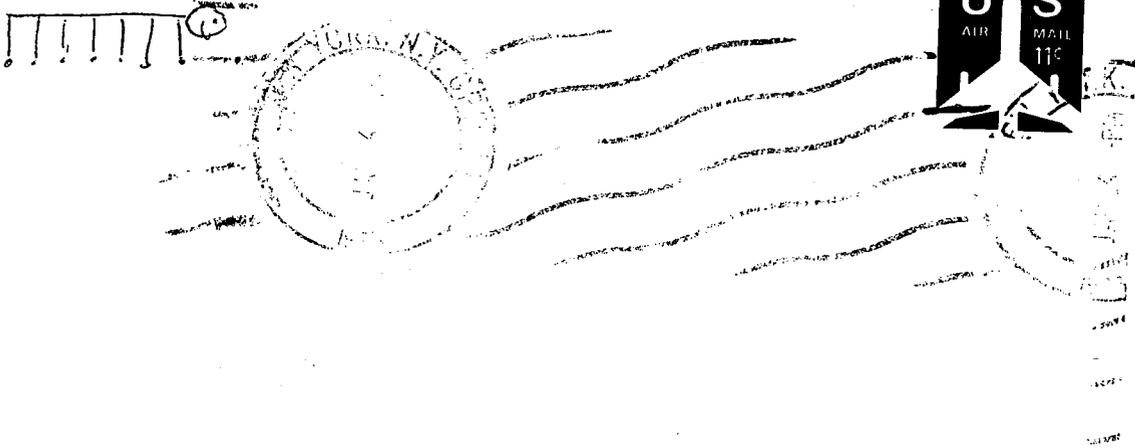
tolerance and pluralism are part of a situation on the wane: what is emerging is a climate far beyond our compartmentalized stereotypes, a genuine expectation of finding "differences" before we find similarities in what people believe in, and live by, the innermost structure of their personal identity. Shattered are our expectations, by which we assumed we knew enough about a person if we knew his name, rank and serial number (ethnic, religious belonging, social class, age and sex). It comes as no surprise that much of the theoretical network of roles and mutualities postulated by social scientists has been under attack in the past few years by the so-called "sociology of the absurd", a new approach to the problem of "how is social order possible". The new sociology asserts that all systems of belief . . . are arbitrary. Alienation and insecurity are fundamental conditions of life . . . and regular rehumanization of man is every man's task. Free from the deterministic prejudices of conventional social beliefs, the new believer is on his way to make sense of an apparently meaningless world, by beginning with the acceptance of meaninglessness in life, from the only meaningful viewpoint: oneself.

I would like to see this development as a sign of maturity: Man come of age, who, like Castaneda's Don Juan, has managed to transcend every known conventional understanding of the world and still make sense and be fascinating. Centuries ago, with undisguised individualistic bias, the Oracle of Delphi repeated, "Know thyself." Across a continent, Lord Buddha echoed, "You are the masters of your destinies: work out your own salvation with diligence." The teacher of Galilea rejoined, "The Kingdom of God is within yourself." More shrewdly, Machiavelli insisted, "Everybody sees what you seem to be, but few really feel what you are." Augustine summed it up, "I have realized that I am nothing but a living question."

Lifestyles of times to come: the cosmic question asked again in a thousand new ways, Let a thousand flowers bloom?

Rocco Caporale

Scheuber



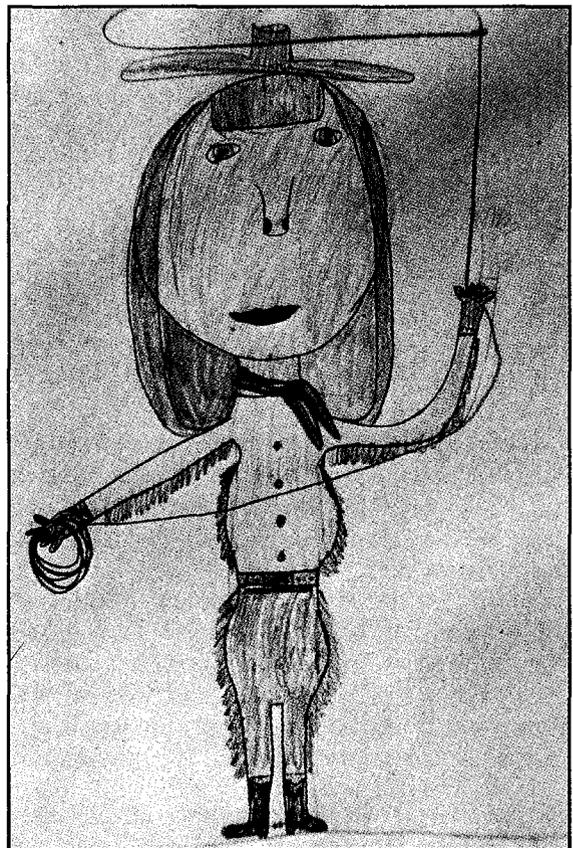
THOSE IN GREEN

*He is prehistoric green
 The bird with the bones in his wings
 That travel a tinkertoy arc
 Of knots and tendon.
 Feet dangle like dead hands
 With stopped blood in swollen veins.
 An eardrum membrane for a wing body,
 Tight, with threaded nerves in it.
 Painful looking bird.
 Eats fish, flesh, plants
 With a long nutcracker beak,
 And sees from a hooded head with
 Buried eyes.*

Heidi Scheuber

*Walking through a wet forest.
 A disturbed branch cascades
 cold tears.
 Like pins.*

8½ years



THE GIRL WHO WENT IN TO GET HER
MUSTACHE REMOVED BY ELECTROLYSIS

*The girl who went in to get her
mustache removed by electrolysis.
She had treatments every two weeks
for over two years.
It was only a small mustache
and made her look like she was
smiling all the time.
The electrolysis had effects on her
personality: People began to see she wasn't
smiling all the time; She began to feel
more beautiful.
Outside, of course, many millions of people
who would never see her,
had other things to think about.
Not that, thrown together, everything
wouldn't have turned out the same.
It just happened that way.*

Eugénie Yaryan

STORY

*Published in *Bachy*, Summer '72

ANGELS AND DEVILS

*Every morning
brush in the devil's tail.
This, my friend tells me, allows
angels to leave by taxi.
My friend's intention is good:
angels need comfort,
ins and outs,
an exit by responsible hands.*

*My friend and I agree
there is little understanding
in the world. We have been
drinking
all night,
and have been touched
by many things.*

Eugénie Yaryan

*Last bite and furry rime,
the old woman spits at her finger
to hold words on the page.
A pint of milk.
A pint of milk will last three days.*

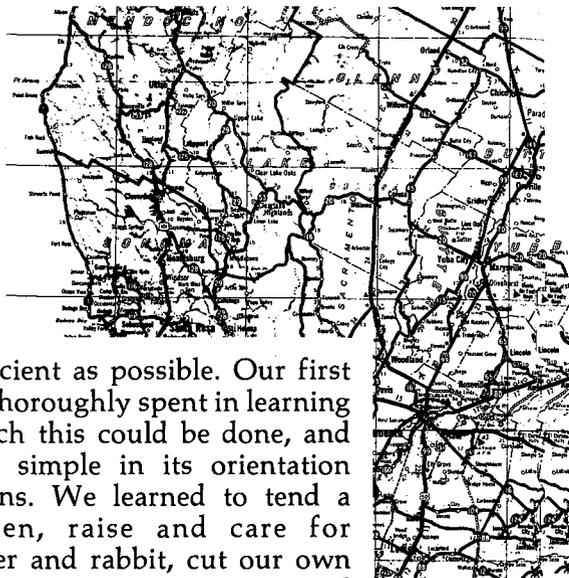
*The pepper tree is twenty years older
and still grows. The lawn died two years ago.
She cannot understand: the tree is already
taller than the house.*

*My legs needle when I stand too long.
After my walk, today my blood started popping.
I either sit or not;
I can't do both.*

*The cards she can hardly read
smell like the cedar chest. The poems of
Rupert Brooke
she can feel across her legs.
I am vain. She thinks, but it comforts me.
I am sad, she says to the cat,
and find I have grown used to it.*

Eugénie Yaryan

Destination: Point Arena



In early summer of 1970, we found ourselves ready to leave Claremont with no real destination other than "north," which we all understood to mean anywhere along the coast north of San Francisco. Each of us had a definite idea of the lifestyle we were approaching. No two the same, these visions supported each of us through the transition to the unknown. Buzz, leaving his position at Pomona College, was looking forward to life as a commercial fisherman. Printha, the new wife and mother, romantically envisioned a hillside farmhouse overlooking the fishing port. Dan had ten-year old fantasies of dropping a fishing pole out of the back door, and Benjy, just eight, firmly clutched to his dream of herding sheep on the north coast hillsides.

Now, almost three years later, we find ourselves well-rooted and thriving in the small coastal town of Point Arena. With a population of less than 500 and its major land holdings belonging to only several old-time families, Point Arena did not have the reputation of an open-minded community. Although we could not yet clearly define our reasons for coming, we knew, within the context of contemporary polarity, that we definitely were not a part of the "back to the land" movement. If anything, we merely wanted to settle, make a living, raise our family, and wished to be socially categorized as independent.

It is not easy to settle into an area that regards forty-year residents still as outsiders. We unknowingly had some points in our favor which aligned us with these outsiders, at least. We were a family whose children went to school regularly, who immediately found work, and who maintained a reputation of willingness to work and learn various kinds of work. Since our arrival, Buzz has worked as a ranch hand, orchard tender, mechanic, woodsman, carpenter, saw sharpener, and commercial fisherman. Printha has been a teacher's assistant, yogurt maker, craftsman, tutor, typist, cleaning lady, and commercial fisherman.

Our way of life changed tremendously as we settled in, but our convictions and philosophies became more clearly recognizable and sound. Out of necessity, we had to make our-

selves as self-sufficient as possible. Our first year's energy was thoroughly spent in learning the means by which this could be done, and our life-style was simple in its orientation around these means. We learned to tend a year-round garden, raise and care for chickens, hunt deer and rabbit, cut our own wood, and economize in consumption and household maintenance. We all learned to take care of things ourselves, and discovered unknown abilities and interests as we worked together to survive in an area that increasingly appealed to us.

We merely wanted to settle, make a living, raise our family, and be socially categorized as independent.

There came a time, however, when our odd-jobbing careers hit a non-directional plateau. Knowing we could survive, we sensed the lack of something greater and more fulfilling. We realized that we had become trapped in a dependence on others and the work and wage they provided. Thus, our lifestyle and level of subsistence had become the direct result of this dependence by necessity, not choice. It was time for us to provide for ourselves, to find a livelihood we could depend on. We dusted off the memory of our original intentions, polished the structure of our philosophy and found that they molded together perfectly for us. Our life as a commercial fishing family had begun.

As a result of the kinds of work we have learned in this environment, we have realized that we thoroughly enjoy a life of physical labor. Our daily activities have been built on a personal work ethic which has evolved and crystallized over the period of our lives. Involvement of body and mind co-operatively with the natural environment is challenging, and the results of this effort are clear and immediate. We find this effort greatly satisfying, and can therefore, also thoroughly enjoy our leisure. We prefer none of our work conditions to be so totally commanding that we cannot be interrupted to talk with a friend, have a smoke and coffee, help a neighbor, or take time to recognize, respect and communicate with our surroundings.

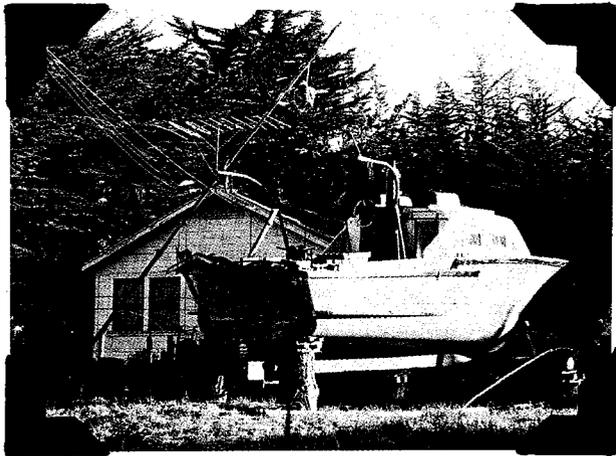
When working under the supervision of another, no such spontaneity exists, and labor becomes menial, directed, dictated. Expectations are projected which are not usually intrinsic to the job itself. Inevitably, the work situation becomes unfair as the work is subjected to evaluation apart from individual satisfaction, and in meeting this evaluation, creativity and challenge are lost. Independent labor eliminates this sacrifice and its rationalizations. Judgment is final and only the independent can be held responsible for success or failure; and if he is truly independent, only he should be the judge.

The nitty-gritty of independence is the aloneness of man. Man, in our case, the family, must come to recognize and accept this aloneness when working in and with the natural environment. Its elements can be kind, ruthless, gentle, or violent, but they are always honest at any given time. Their unpredictability does not allow any expectations. Instead, they demand respect from the individual and reward accordingly, allowing a mutual working relationship. To talk with the ocean, you must first have something to talk about.

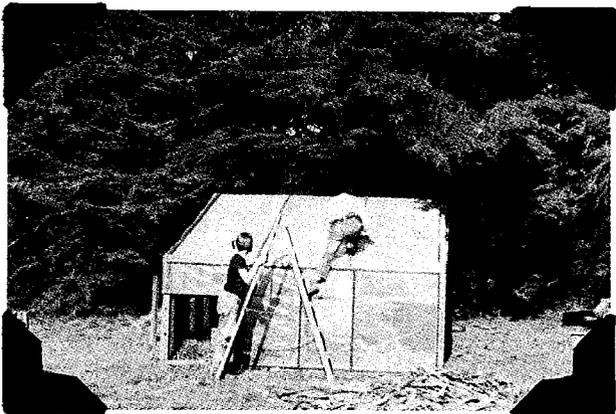
We are physical people. Physical people need physical work in a physical environment, and physical results to sustain their energies. With this orientation, we find our life becoming more simplified and complete (not to be confused with mundane and inert). We are attaining a level of daily living which we strive for and covet. In each day, we complete more circles as we recognize and activate cause and effect. If the wood is chopped, we are warm; if not, we are cold. If we hunt well, we eat well. The garden demands care; care rewards with abundance; neglect rewards nothing, except perhaps some enlightenment. The fantasies of our previous lives are gradually being replaced by the realities of our daily living.

So we live, somewhat determining our lives, but also allowing our lives to be somewhat determined by the tides, rains, winds, sun and land. We find each day new in its challenge. The sea beckons, we respond: we laugh, cry, shout, whisper, cuss, or pray, and the ocean knows our moods. Thus, so do we know.

Buzz and Printha Platt



Our first fishing boat, dry docked for winter repairs after the first salmon season 1972 (summer & fall.)



Building our greenhouse.



The garden & chicken yard.

Class Notes

1965

Marlene Bates. Editor of Pembroke Newsletter in Birmingham, Michigan. Mother of three children, 8, 5, and 2 years.

Nicole Scheel Buser. "I hope this year to get into a psychology course in Basel University, Switzerland. Weil is in a fantastic location for hiking, for cultural events, for travel. It's a small, nicely personal town, right near the Autobahn, which takes you quickly in all directions."

Katherine Gibbs Gengoux. "Life here (France) is very expensive, building costs are double California costs. As we live in the country (not yet suburbs) I must wait till my two boys are old enough for school full-time in order to work. Part-time jobs, particularly in architecture and city planning just don't exist."

1966

Frances Sibal Short is working on a master's degree in biology at Northern Arizona University.

Sara Smith Tripp is looking into an obstetrical assistant's program at the University of Colorado medical school.

Fusako Takemasa. "Presently I work at the American Embassy in Tokyo with the hope to contribute to two countries to which I greatly love. Now I am in the Exchange of Persons Branch. Please let me know if there is anything I can do in Tokyo."

1967

Susan Woenne. "We are in the process of expanding James' Westralian Computer Consultants Party, Ltd., which means a computer and lots of peripheral stuff. I have finished 13 months of glorious field work 500 miles west of Alice Springs in the Northern Territory, and am now preparing my thesis for a Ph.D. I hope to finish writing the middle of next year. I am waiting anxiously to hear whether I and an associate have been awarded a very beefy grant to continue and expand a computerized set of programmes for a Dictionary of the Western Desert Language of Australia."

Ross Dianne Syford. Assistant to the Director of the United Arts Council of Puget Sound.

1968

Kathleen Wyatt Laughery. "Stevenson, Oregon, is a town of 950 people, with a very rural way of life. My husband is the county doctor for two years while he serves in the National Health Service Corps."

Jamie Young. Foreign Affairs Officer, U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

Sandra Lee Douglas Boyd. Research Analyst, State of Wisconsin.

Elizabeth McGuire Wolf. Research Assistant, U.S.C. Medical School.

Eunice Ann Miles Maioroff. Instructor, Palomar College, San Marcos.

Diane G. Mooney Frisby. "Enid, Oklahoma is a relatively small, conservative, mid-west town where people take care of their own. Housing is high, pay is low, and jobs are scarce."

Sarah Oakie Eppenbach. "Juneau, Alaska, offers a charming life to those who can cope with its isolation and very high costs of living. The majority of its residents (13,000) are employed by either the Federal or Alaska State Governments. Except for government work, employment opportunities are few, though more is available of traditional woman-type employment than for men. In other words, there are a lot of secretaries and clerks. It must be said, however, that because the Alaskan government is young, vigorous, healthy, innovative, and much wealthier than that of other states, working for the state can be a very exciting experience."

Carolyn F. Reznikoff. Social Worker I, University of Oregon Medical School. Holds an MSW from San Diego State College.

Abbey Klein Sikes. Day Care Director, Maud Booth Family Center. In graduate study, Human Development, Pacific Oaks College.

Linda Tremelling Landau. Library Assistant, Werner Management Consultants.

Penny Sue Sutton Johnson. Elementary School Teacher, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Kirsten Gronbjorg Suttles. Lecturer, Hofstra University, and a Ph.D. candidate in Sociology, University of Chicago.

Betty J. Greenwood. Executive Secretary, Arthur Andersen & Co., Belgium.

Kay Gerard. Associate Director, Community Referral and Information Service, Laguna Beach.

Maggi Dunn Wargin. Ph.D. candidate in Psychology, University of Missouri.

Iris Levine Shuey. Student in Medical School, New York.

Suzanne Silverman Zetterberg. Teaching high school art, Royal Oak High School, Covina.

Karen Cummins Freeburg. Attorney for City of Los Angeles.

Deborah Deutsch Smith. Doctoral fellow, Teaching Assistant, Experimental, University of Washington.

Sarah Baker Munro. Working toward M.A. in Folklore at University of California at Berkeley. "Still writing my thesis on Basque-American Folklore. I'm thinking of teaching, but mostly of museum work."

Ruth Dudleston Robarts. Completing M.A. in Political Science, University of Chicago.

Lynn Thompson. Operating a non-profit, public corporation known as Groupways, which sponsors group homes for adolescents in Boston's South End.

Edith Schwartz Brannon. "After two years of living in Mexico City, doing nothing but learning, living, and loving, I ran out of money and came back to the States. I am presently buying fashion accessories, gourmet foods and candy for a department store. I still get to travel, as markets are in New York. The work is hard, the pressures unreal, as we fight for sales figures every day, but it is always a challenge. I am married to a buyer from Atlanta. I guess I was destined for a retailing job, and it does pay rather well if one can get the chance at merchandising."

Gayle Carlsmith Palmer. Typing theses and dissertations at home.

Linda Carmona Monroe. Eligibility Supervisor, L.A. County. Attending Loyola Law School at night.

Suzanne Beal Henkel. Completing an M.S. in Library Science.

Barbara Bowen Splain. Working as a community consultant to parents' groups on Federal feeding programs, especially the National School Lunch Program: Field Director, Children's Foundation, Washington, D.C.

Lindsey Brashear Cleveland. Coordinator, Educational Resources, Pitzer College.

Louise Beaudette. Administrative Assistant/Office Manager at San Marino Medical Management Company. "It's a great job, if you like detail (which I do) and it has great potential — including going back to school to learn more about the business of selling life insurance and possibly, even becoming a licensed C.L.U. (Certified Life Underwriter)."

1969

Susan Robertson. "By June, I shall have completed all course requirements for a certificate, and all but two courses for an M.S. in occupational therapy."

Anne Vogel Brubaker. Teaching first grade at Margarita School in Montclair, California.

Catherine Wallace White. Head Librarian, Irell & Manell Law Firm, Los Angeles.

Linda Witwer Whitehurst. Library Technician, City of San Francisco.

Margaret Yao Crusey. Teacher, Passaic Board of Education, New Jersey.

Laurel Weight Quady. Graduate student in accounting, Cal State Sacramento.



Nancy Martin Hinckley. Ph.D. candidate in Biology, Harvard University.

Wendy Jane Carrel. Completing graduate studies at U.C. Berkeley. "I have been a reporter for John Howard and Associates, Press Feature Service, London, Paris, Rome, Athens and New York. I manned the Rome office in the fall of 1970 chasing stars and starlets and writing gossip columns about their private lives. I got bored very quickly and returned to the University of California, Berkeley, in a more serious attempt to learn about journalism. As soon as I complete a documentary film about the Pit River Indian Land Claim I shall receive my M.A. I trust that will happen around the middle of October. I shall work first as an electrolgist in my mother's San Jose office. I need to pay back the money I borrowed to attend Pitzer."

Gayle Breitbard Lieberman. Taking care of her six month old baby.

Barbara Berman. Teaching in bilingual kindergarten, Fountain Valley Schools.

Deborah Patton Hughes. Senior Merchandising Coordinator, *Seventeen* Magazine. "New York City speaks for itself, I think. I love it for its freedom and absolute diversity. It's a good place for a working couple (both people, that is) because there's so much to do, see and eat! Social life here generally comes through relationships at or through work. It would be a drag to come here single and friendless. Housing costs are generally absurdly high, but then salaries here compensate for the cost of living."

Joan Kimball Humberger. Director-Teacher, Chapel Hill Cooperative Preschool. In graduate study, Early Childhood Education, School of Education, University of North Carolina.

Susan Hall Patron. Children's Librarian, Los Angeles Public Library.

Tina Hehmeyer Dykstra. Lawyer with Isham, Lincoln & Beale Law Firm, Chicago, Illinois.

Beryl Herzberg Druker. French Teacher, Arcadia High School.

Marcia L. Green. Assistant Planner, Planning Commission, Sacramento. Earned the M.S.W. in June 1972.

Christine Keedy Reeder. Reference Librarian, City of Commerce Public Library.

Robin Hall Leason. "I have spent the past year as a sales and service representative for the Diagnostic Division of Smith, Kline and French Laboratories for the greater Los Angeles territory which covers the cities between Long Beach and Pomona south to Newport Beach. It's been great fun but I am planning on retiring soon as Jack and I expect our first child in July."

Lauren Arnold Brannen. Associate Editor for *Teenage* magazine (Petersen Publishing Co.).

Sarah Lothrop Schantz. Works in Customer Service for Motorola.

Norma Moore Field. Graduate student in East Asian Languages and Literature, Indiana University.

Elizabeth F. Mueller. Practicing, studying and teaching Yoga. "Yogaville West is a community oriented around the practices and study of Yoga. Those living here on a permanent basis live communally, giving all earnings towards the growth of the community."

Carrie Bostrom Glauthier. "I'm helping maintain a co-op nursery school which Jim and I started last year, working as a volunteer assistant to the minister of our church — Unitarian."

1970

Jody Zacharias. Dance Therapist, Bronx Children's Psychiatric Hospital.

Marian McDevitt. Working toward M.F.A., Claremont Graduate School.

Mary Ann Macnulty. Substitute teacher, San Diego City Schools.

Marilyn Masquelier Adams. Secretary, William Todd Claim Service.

Nancy Martin Hinckley. Ph.D. candidate in Biology, Harvard University.

Iiona Missler. X-Ray Technician Apprentice, U.C.L.A. Hospital.

Susan Patricia Nemer. Graduate study, Psychology, University of California, Santa Barbara.

Elizabeth Newton Caton. Writer for Gloria Zigler & Associates, Inc.

Minh-Linh Nguyen. Working toward M.S. in Business Administration, U.C.L.A.

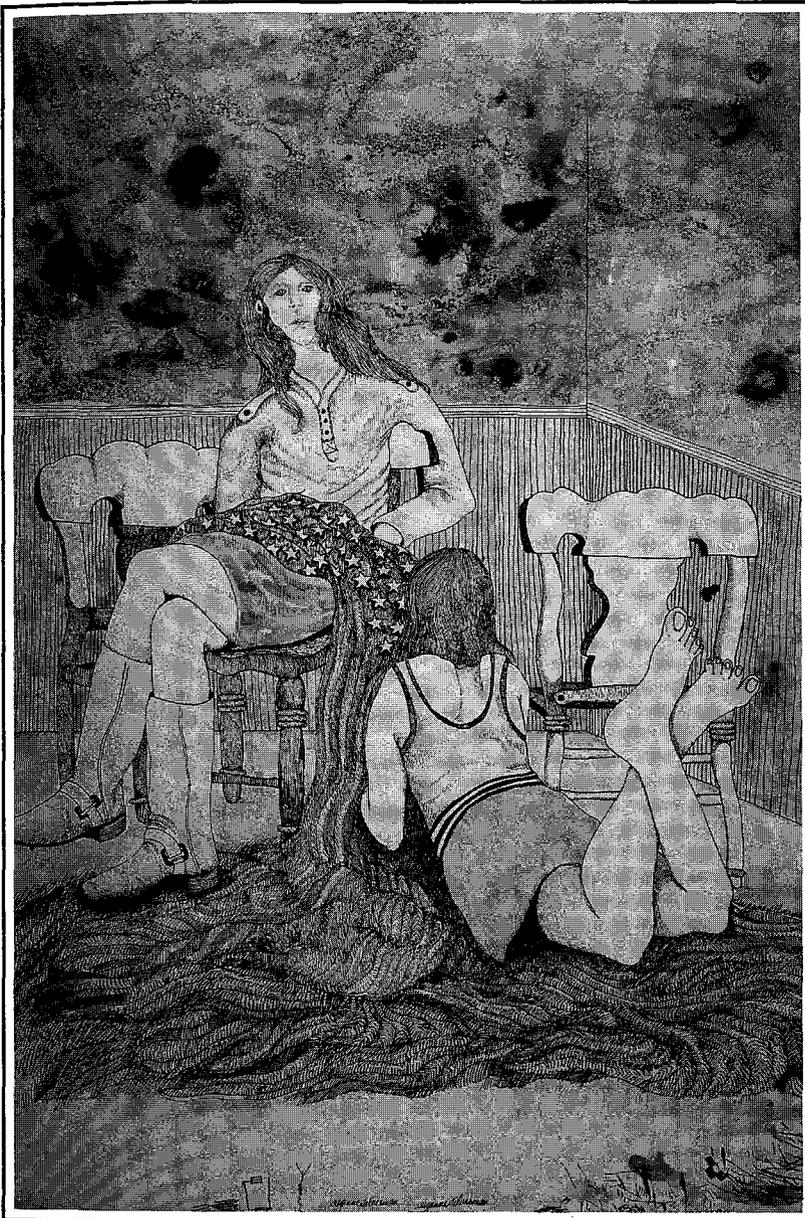
Virginia Nichols Morrill. Administrative Assistant, City of Los Angeles.

Susan Putnam Guiney. Materials Aide Clerk, Walnut High School Library.

Susan C. Price. Junior Staff Analyst, State Department Social Welfare.

Cornelia Reynolds. Secretary, Barry O'Neill & Diercks, San Francisco. Studying to be an insurance broker.

Tamar Lane. Special Education Teacher, Inglewood Unified School District. "After graduation, I rafted down the Rio Grande in Texas and climbed mountains in New Mexico and generally enjoyed nine months off before returning to graduate school."



Marianne Smith. Studying Creative Writing at San Francisco State College.

Rebecca Z. Sokol. "Medical School (U.S.C.) is very interesting and enjoyable this year. We are learning about mechanisms of disease, and it is very fascinating."

Susan Tannehill. Teacher, Central School District.

Martha Stockton Flournoy. Learning Disabilities Teacher, Rowland Unified School District.

Leslie Storey Struble. Research Chemist, California Portland Cement Company.

Ann Stanton Snipper. Ph.D. candidate in Human Development, Cornell University.

Ann Hudelson Bartlett. Working toward a B.S. in nursing from the University of Texas.

Julie Graham. Assistant Director of Admissions, Loyola University, Chicago.

Daphne Ann Bowen. Curator of Photographs, Southwest Museum.

Linda Cole. Graduate study in Educational Psychology, U.C. Berkeley. Ph.D. candidate for School Psychologist.

Leslie Dashew. Psychiatric Social Worker, Jewish Family and Children's Service. Holds MSW from University of Michigan.

Susan Haywood. "Just returned from 17 months on the road — often on coal trucks or sitting on petroleum drums. In Tanzania I helped lead the snow-bound down 32 miles of rocky Mt. Kilimanjaro, then went on to enjoy the game reserves, where we camped in the open one night and were encircled by wild wart hogs doing a snorting routine.

My last stop, after a long and stormy nine days at sea in Greece, was India — a depressing country — amazingly overcrowded. After five weeks of dysentery I decided to fly home via London instead of through the Orient (my original intention)."

Lynn Feher. Teacher, Etiwanda School District.

Sally Miller. "Since May, 1971, the Cook County Department of Public Aid has employed me as a caseworker. Our district office is on the west side. Anais Nin has enchanted me through the winter. A night school course in trig and algebra has reopened academia."

Setha M. Low. "I am taking my Ph.D. orals in Anthropology at the University of California, Berkeley. Then I will go to Costa Rica on a NIMH awarded traineeship to study the concept of family health in San Jose, Costa Rica as my doctoral field work."

Lee Ann Arnold Morris. Teaching 3rd grade in Oregon Consolidated Schools.

Susan Brock. "I'm in a Ph.D. program in educational counseling at the University of Minnesota."

Jo Deana Zalay. "I am teaching the deaf adult basic education at Valley Vocational Center, City of Industry. V.V.C. is the largest training facility for adult deaf students in California. We recently received the H.E.W. award for best educational facility in the area of 1) adult basic education, 2) Manpower Development Training, 3) Vocational Training for Adults. I'm very proud — 1st time in history a school has won all *three* awards from H.E.W."

Janet Sheingold. Working toward an elementary teaching credential at University of Southern California.

Connie Weller. Teacher. Whittier Union High School District.

1971

Lauri L. Devine. Assistant Director of Licensing, Arizona Racing Commission.

Barbara Horosko Manderbach. Graduate Study in painting, University of New Mexico.

Eileen Edmundson Brown. "Isla Vista, right next to University of California, Santa Barbara is a great community to live in as there are many young people concerned about how things ought to be."

Suzanne Shelton. Coro Foundation Intern, working with the Economic Research Associates.

Diantha Lynn Douglas. Ensign, United States Naval Reserve (Active Duty). "If anyone would have said I would be here 1½ years ago I would have laughed. But here I am and I have mixed feelings about getting out and going to grad school."

Alice Bremer Moersch. Kindergarten teacher, Etiwanda School District.

Laura Smith. Research Assistant, Avalanche Control Research, University of Washington.

Maya M. Tsuji. Secretary, Institute of Medical Sciences. Will start graduate school in the fall.

Kristen Mendenhall. Recreation Counselor, Devereux School.

Michele Morris. Kindergarten Teacher, Etiwanda School District.

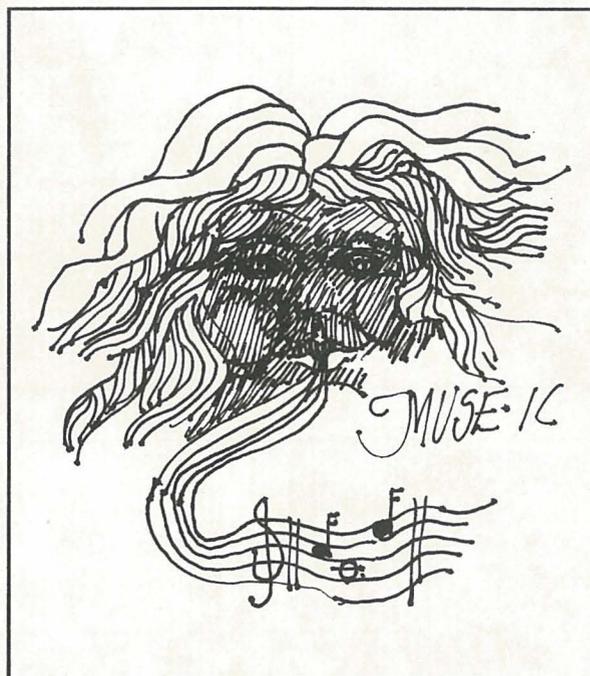
Kathryn Rupp Haas. Looking for a teaching position.

Camille Gayle Lombardo. Assistant Field Director, Grey Advertising, New York City. "I expected to be working, but I never dreamed I'd end up in New York City. I came to the east to live in a small New England town, but there is no work in small New England towns. So I did the practical thing; got a job in the city which allows me to travel to small, medium, and large towns all over the country (Grey pays all expenses!), and an apartment in the suburbs."

Clydie Lynn Connolly. Graduate study in nursing, College of Marin.

Carolyn Bergson O'Brien. Research Assistant on Infant Studies, (Frank Porter Graham Child Development Center) University of North Carolina.

Sally Stroud Ruben. Data Control Clerk, GTE Sylvania, part-time ski instructor in winter.



Diane Moskowitz Keppel and Bill Keppel. "I've been teaching since August at the Fruit and Flower Day Nursery. I have a class of 5 year olds. It's a full time day care situation. It's an exhausting job, but I'm very satisfied with the work I'm doing. Bill has been working for the past four months on building a house. He's doing *all* the work himself."

Marianne Iwasa Rothstein. Clerk Flexewriter, Veterans Administration. "Honolulu is a typical American city. A great number of high-rises, other buildings and roads nearly obscure the beauty one used to be able to see 10 or 15 years ago. Also expensive. I'd rather shop at Alpha Beta and Stater Brothers any time! Jobs are scarce. The political climate tends toward conservatism. Racism, though diminishing, is still present in spite of what the Hawaii Visitors' Bureau would have one believe."

Gayle Gubman. Graduate study, Sociology, University of California, Santa Barbara.

Sylvia Haas Keady. Ph.D. candidate in German and American Literature at Stanford University.

Sharon L. Hawkins Cockroft. Teaching high school English for Peace Corps in Iran.

Michele Dale Heimsoth. Teacher, Central School District, Cucamonga.

Nancy Murray Tkacheff. "We are now settled in New York City in an art loft in Chinatown. Peter is in his second year at the Columbia Graduate School of Fine Arts, going for his Master of Fine Arts

degree. As for me, last year I was in New York also, working for Condé Nast Publications. I was in charge of the technical side of book production; copyreading, editing, checking to see that the photos were in good shape. I am in the process of being interviewed by different departments at the NBC studios in the field of documentary television. If I'm lucky, I'll be employed."

Ann Hicks Sacks. Teacher, Kantoul City Schools.

1972

Bella Hopkinson. "I find there is a lack of opportunity for graduates; but my problem is really a personal lack of ambition. I haven't yet decided what to do with my life, but hopefully, the next year will help me decide."

Shelley Donaldson Lafler. Graduate study in Education, Claremont Graduate School.

Kathleen Louise Spangler Spinner. "I would like to find a job dealing with children and psychology without having to go to graduate school right away."

Alan Erenberg. Model Maker, Frank Gehry and Associates.

Roland Dumas. Graduate work in Psychology, Stanford University.

Terri Walsh. Hospital Social Worker, Kaiser Hospital.

Ann Marie Sweet. Teacher, retarded children and adults.

Nancy Klein Abell. Junior Administrative Assistant, Los Angeles City Personnel Department.

Bill Schnapp. Affiliated with Good and Associates, which is associated with Good Financial Corporation of Houston.

Ann L. Matthews. Coordinator, Tacoma Model Cities Program. Graduate studies in Law, University of Puget Sound.

Sheila Sussman Lynch. In graduate study for teaching credential.

Carol Stansbury. Senior Clerk Typist at Raytheon Company.

Sue Mellers Williams. Clerk, Pacific Gas and Electric.

Nancy Palmer. Graduate Assistant, University of San Diego, and working for M.A. in education, University of San Diego.

Joan L. Haussler. Claims Adjuster, State Compensation Insurance Fund.

Elizabeth Wilson. Self employed photographer, specializing in portraits of children. "I'm preparing to leave for a year in London to study at the St. Nicholas Training Centre for Montessori teaching."

Johanna Yerby Kropp. Attending Loyola Law School, Los Angeles.

Victoria Sturtevant. Research Coordinator, Pitzer College.

Jeannie R. Wakeland. In graduate study of Journalism, University of Oregon.

Joan Karlin Resnick. Secretary, Bank of America.

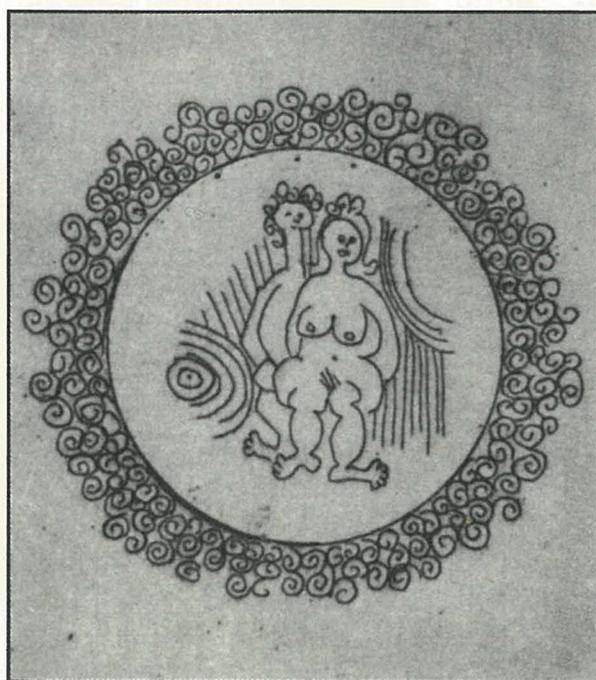
Lisa A. Lieberman. Eligibility Worker I, San Diego County Welfare Department.

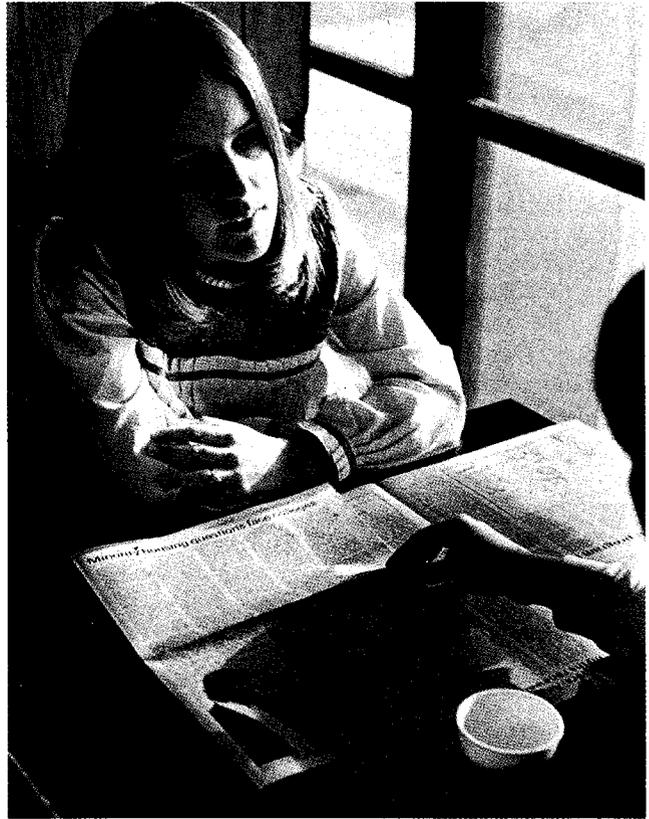
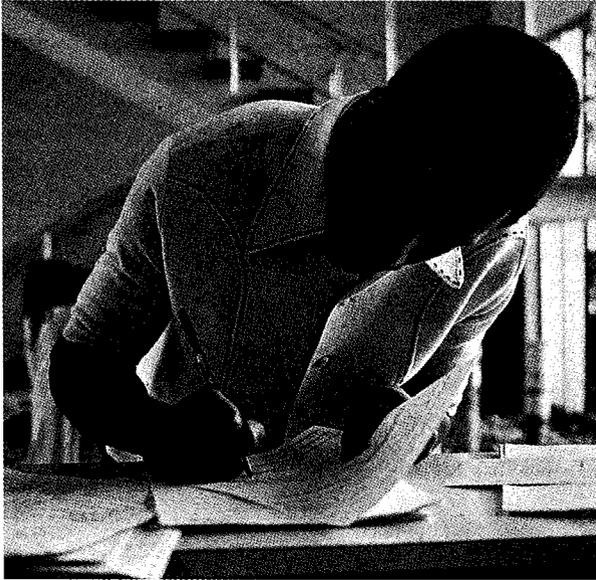
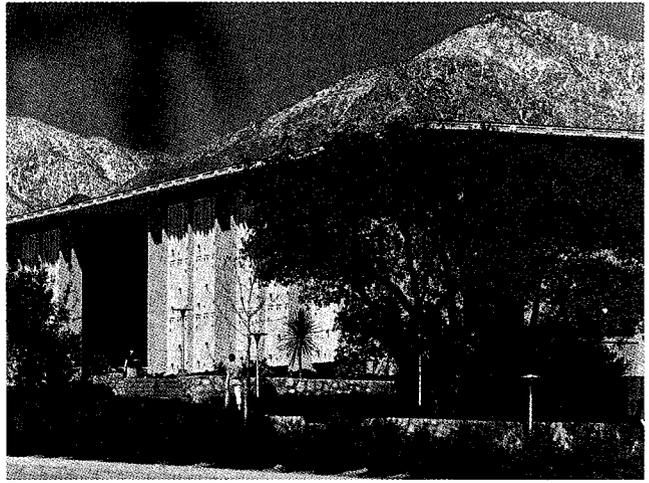
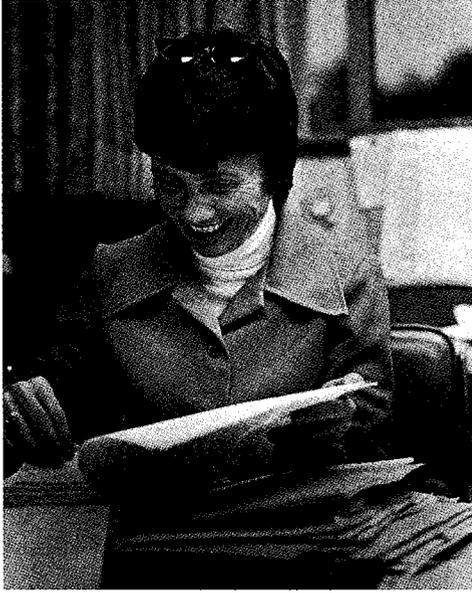
Judy Bloom. Graduate study, University of Washington.

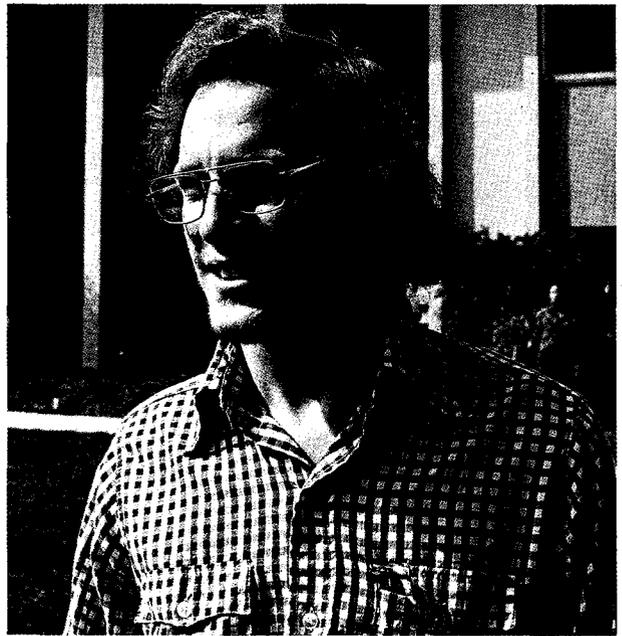
Kathleen Blunt Jacobson. Graduate study in Public Health, Harvard University.

Elizabeth Brown Braun. Teacher, Henrietta Endore Nursery School. Graduate study in Human Development at Pacific Oaks College.

Nancy Buell. Community worker/counselor at drop-in drug abuse center under auspices of Palo Alto Community Drug Abuse Board.









LETTERS

Dear Editor:

The factual feminist emphasis struck strongly responsive chords in this middle-aged, middle-class, educated, and insecure working mother. One reason, no doubt, is what Inge Powell Bell described in her article as the need "to have oneself and one's experiences verified . . ." But now I wonder how your male readers react.

Sincerely yours,
Elizabeth N. Munger
Chicago.

Dear Editor:

I found the recent issue of *The Participant* most interesting devoted as it was to a discussion of the interests of women. I am pleased to see that Pitzer College takes education for women seriously.

I think many businessmen like myself find that they are meeting more and more women in professional exchange. It seems to me we also hear a lot of nonsense about the women's movement. I thought the unusually high quality material which came out of *The Participant* has, for a change, thrown a little light on the subject.

Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
H. Harold Moore
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading the first issue of the new *Participant*. It struck me as I read, that in its own very special way, this issue of *The Participant* whispers to all who may read it what I believe to be the most fundamental message of both the Pitzer community and the women's movement:

that the ways are simply a ways,
and that the a ways in their multiplicity
are singularly precious.

I am really looking forward to issue two!

Lynn Thompson

Dear Editor:

When I saw that the new *Participant* carried the tired theme, "The Emerging Woman", my initial interest flagged. At this point, I am tired of reading about the problems of the exploited woman, the disadvantaged woman, even the emerging woman.

Anonymous

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