

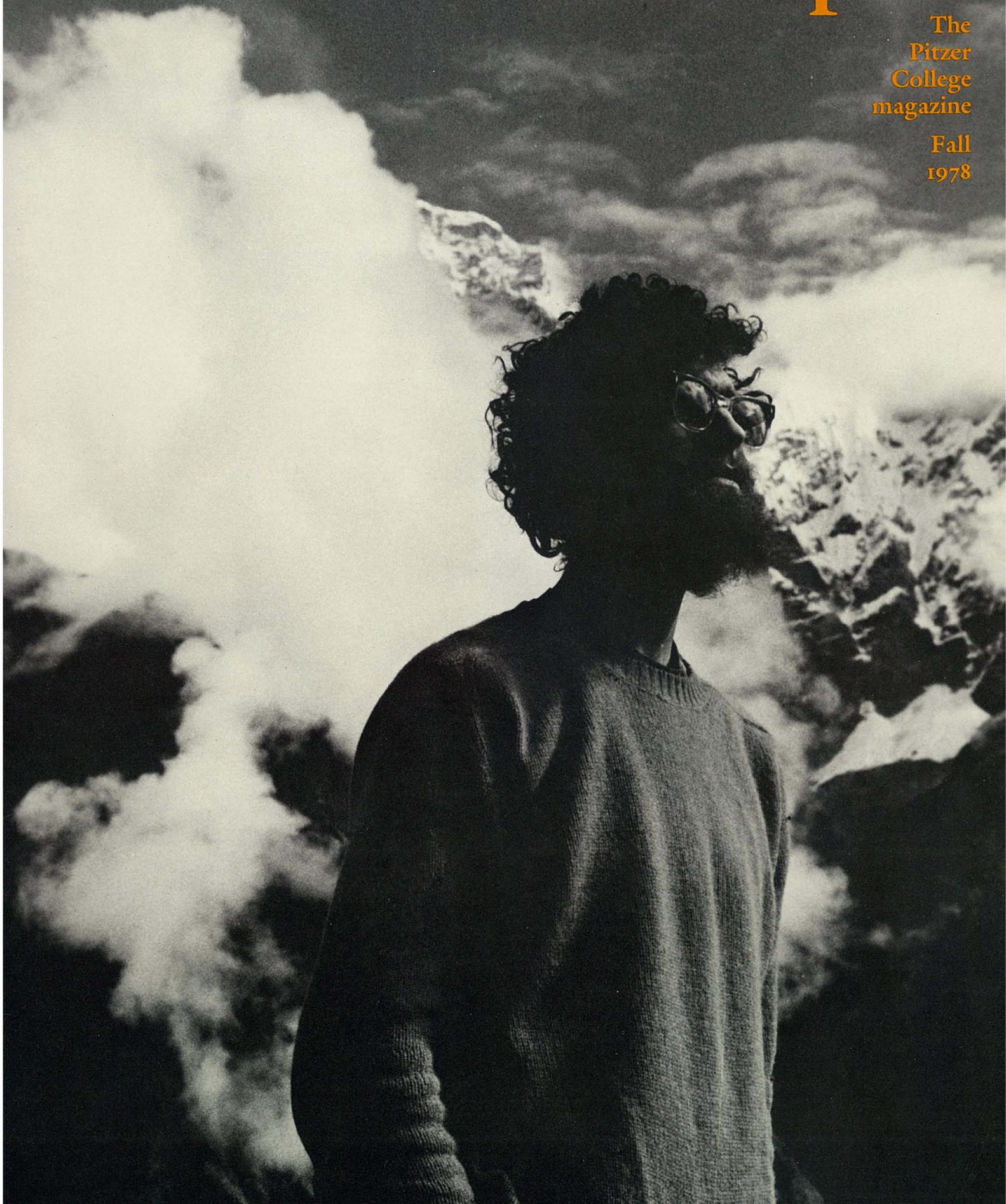
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# Participant

The  
Pitzer  
College  
magazine

Fall  
1978



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Oscar Wilde, the Irish playwright, poet and wit once remarked, "education is an admirable thing, but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing that is worth knowing can be taught." ■ One may disagree with Wilde's statement, but we must admit that many of life's great lessons are learned in places other than a classroom. ■ This issue of *Participant* deals with the unique learning experiences of Pitzer people which occurred in such places as Rome, Nepal, India, Fiji . . . and Pomona, California. Succeeding issues will focus on themes related to independent higher education highlighting the people, activities and programs of Pitzer College. ■ I hope you find this issue of *Participant* enlightening, for off-campus learning experiences are an important part of a Pitzer-style education.

*Lee A. Jackman*

The Participant is planned around general themes related to education and features articles about the faculty, students, alumni and programs of Pitzer College.

The magazine is mailed on a complimentary basis to parents, alumni, and other friends of the College.

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# Notes on a Voyage

by Earl Hamner

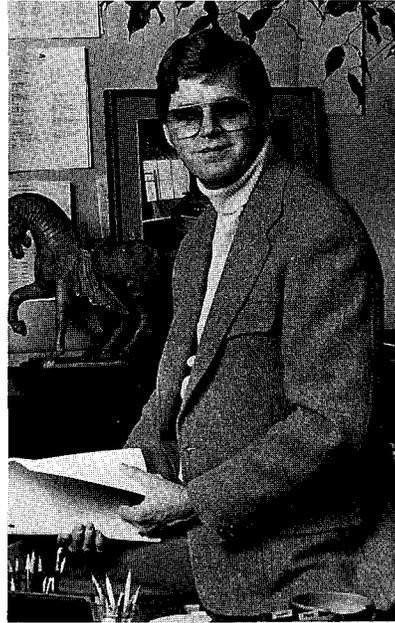
Emmy-winning Earl Hamner, whose novels gave birth to "The Waltons," Lorimar Productions' award-winning series, derives his Walton stories from his boyhood recollections of his own family life in his Blue Ridge birthplace, Schuyler, Virginia, near Charlottesville. "The Waltons" came into being as a direct result of the tremendous success of a CBS-TV 1971 Christmas film special, "The Homecoming," based on Hamner's fourth novel, published in 1970.

In addition to the Peabody, six Emmys, the UPI Critics Consensus and many other awards for "The Waltons," co-produced by Hamner and by Lee Rich, head of Lorimar Productions, Hamner has acquired many personal awards.

He has been made an honorary Doctor of Letters by his alma mater, the University of Richmond and in the summer of 1973 was chosen Virginian of the Year by the Virginia Press Association. Subsequently he has received three other honorary degrees, has been received at The White House by President Ford and is listed in "Who's Who in America."

His novels include "Fifty Roads to Town" (1953) and "Spencer's Mountain" (1960), and he has written for virtually every major television series, film or otherwise. In 1972, he gained two of the most sought-after film assignments Hollywood has had to offer in years, adaptations of the E.B. White classic "Charlotte's Web," and of the Vera and William Cleaver book "Where the Lilies Bloom."

Despite his film assignments, the scripts he writes for "The Waltons"



and his duties with the series, Hamner is close to completing his fifth novel.

He lives in the Hollywood Hills with his wife and two children and a clutch of turtles imported from Schuyler, Virginia, guinea pigs, quail, two dogs, a blue jay who flies into the kitchen every morning, and one confused rooster, who has to sleep in a box each night lest his early morning crowing disturb the Hollywood Hills.

A friend of mine, well known for his enthusiastic drinking habit, once capsuled his recent trip to Europe with the statement: "Had taken some bourbon with me, but finished it in London. Found the French beer weak, but discovered a great white wine at Eperney. Scotch was more expensive in Edinburgh than it is here. And boy, does that Greek ouzo get to you fast!"

He had drunk his way across the continent and had perceived each country from the point of view of his one consuming interest.

I think of my friend now, as my daughter, Caroline, prepares to depart for Pitzer College's Semester in Rome. Not that I expect her to booze her way from Perugia to Piraeus, but what consuming interest of Caroline's will color her semester of study abroad? What impressions will she bring home, and what significance will the next four months have on her life?

Caroline is a sensitive young woman, keenly attuned to people. She senses moods. She anticipates needs. She comforts the weary, the lost and bewildered traveler. She experiences life intensely, yet there is a part of her which stands aside and observes with the eye of a writer. She has a bright and inquiring intelligence. She is a loving, caring person. She is quite beautiful.

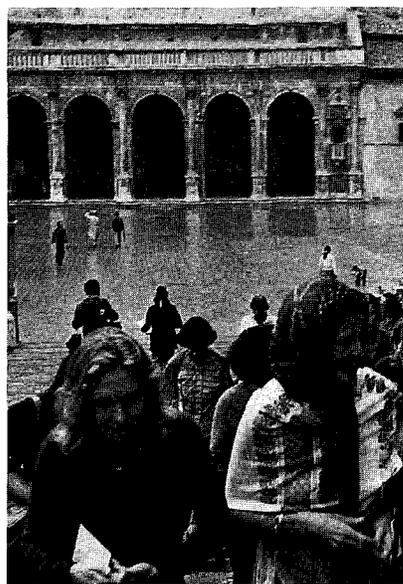
But what is her consuming passion? I believe that it is to reach that final realization of self, to achieve independence, and so while she is making a journey to an alien and foreign place, she will also be making a journey of exploration into self.

Perspective comes not only when we are in the forest, but at a distance from it. Only then can we see the trees clearly, and so it is with ourselves. Caroline's journey into self will begin the moment she lifts off from the airport and distance begins to be felt from family, friends and familiar landscapes.

Caroline's first foreign landscape will be Paris where she will lay over a few days before going on to Perugia. If I have any envy over her experience it would be this segment of her trip for I remember what it is like to be young and full of a sense of wonder and awe and to discover

Paris in September. Paris expands the soul, surely no small landmark on a voyage of self discovery.

From Paris, she will go by train to Perugia. Here she will have her first intensive study in the language of Dante, Boccaccio and Moravia. While staying at the Pensione Sartoetto she will attend the Università Per Stranieri where twice a day she will receive instruction from Professor Enzo Amorini. In between classes she will have the opportunity to put her new language to work. Grazie. Prego.



Per favore. That is the extent of my Italian. Let's hope that Caroline's command of the language will be richer than her father's.

It is fashionable today to visit one's roots. Should Caroline have the time while she is at Perugia, I hope she will visit the close-by province of Lucca where one of her forebears lived before immigrating to eighteenth century Albemarle County, Virginia with his grape cuttings and the alien name of Gianinni. The grapes did not thrive in the red Virginia clay, but the

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Gianinni family did, and Caroline is descended from them. To touch the earth that was tilled by our ancestors, to see the ancient vistas, the timeless landscapes, the eternal skies they knew and left behind is a moving experience. Afterwards we know ourselves better. Our present is more lucidly seen for having glimpsed the past.

Finally, hopefully proficient in

Italian, her journey will lead to Rome. There, in a hotel which was surely named by Tennessee Williams, Il Paradiso, she will take up residence for the next three and a half months.

Shortly, I expect her to come down with a gigantic case of homesickness. She will miss Skip, her mother, her brother, me, and her dog, Chloe. I hope she calls home, and I hope I will have the wisdom to tell her that voyages are not all fun. They can be painful, and sometimes filled with anxiety, loneliness, compromise, crises, and surprise. And that out of such travel one can grow and expand so that we dare to take other voyages until our universe has horizons that constantly beckon to new and challenging experiences.

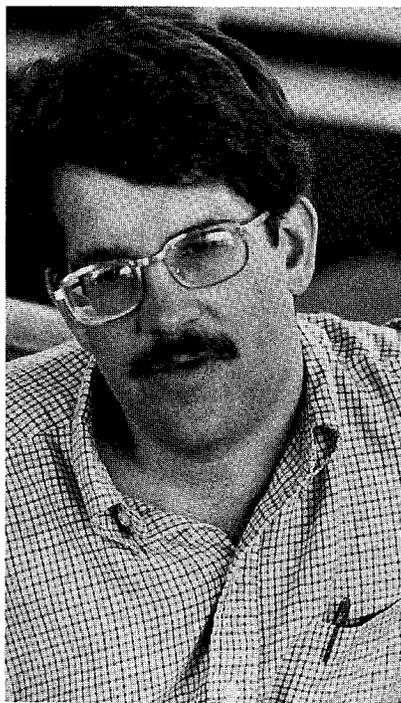
Armed with my wisdom and her own seeking intelligence, I hope that Caroline will open herself to the majesty of a civilization which has endured with brilliance from 753 B.C. To a young person who was raised in what until 1925 was an orange grove in California, a certain amount of culture shock is predictable. But through study,

*continued on page 24*

# Digging up the Present

by Zaner Faust

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Donald Brenneis

A recent professional paper by Donald Brenneis, a Pitzer social anthropologist, is entitled "Fighting Words: Play and Purpose in Verbal Dueling." The title is apt. Not only does it accurately describe the contents of the piece itself, it sums up one very important aspect of the professor's lifelong research interests. In paper after paper, Brenneis, either on his own or in collaboration with others, has put down his findings which reflect his specialties: the anthropology of law and conflict, sociolinguistics, and the ethnography of communication.

In "Fighting Words" which appeared in the British publication *New Scientist* earlier in the year, Brenneis observes that words are deeds — "they delight, persuade, instruct, and offend." Fair enough. This is something we all know, even though we rarely bother to think about it. What we may not know is that in some cultures, words, whether used in dueling, contest singing and rhyming or some other form of verbal confrontation, become a ritualistic substitute for a good old-fashioned kick in the pants.

The practice thrives in some cultures and is unknown in others, Brenneis says, but where it does exist it goes back a long way. Practitioners are usually male; they can be juveniles, adolescents, or adults, and styles are customarily different for each age group. Performances vary, too, ranging from the salacious, the mildly suggestive, or downright bawdy, to "scurrilous attacks that lay bare the most sensitive tissue of a community." Yet despite their sometimes outrageous content, verbal encounters of the prearranged sort are by no means free-for-alls; performances follow strict rules of convention. Audiences are highly critical; they expect a nice blend of abuse with artistry. If they don't get it, Brenneis has had occasion to observe, reaction by the onlookers can be a pretty good performance in itself.

The Pitzer anthropologist explains verbal dueling as "the competitive exchange of insults between at least two parties, whether individuals or groups." Although he cites the work

of other anthropologists, folklorists, and literary scholars who have dug into the past, and refers to contemporaries who have explored present-day cultures in various parts of the world, his own digging has been concentrated for the most part among children of western Massachusetts, and among the descendants of east Indian immigrants in Fiji. Brenneis seems to have staked out a claim in a small village in Fiji he calls "Bhatgaon" to observe these personal, community, political and religious conflicts.

In Bhatgaon, Brenneis has struck a rich vein of materials, and he has mined it with sympathy, understanding, and scientific accuracy. His findings provided him with the subject of his doctoral dissertation "Conflict and Communication in a Fiji Indian Community." They have since spilled over into a series of papers for presentation before professional groups and for published articles. "'About Those Scoundrels I'll Let Everyone Know': Challenging Singing in a Fiji Indian Community," written with the research help of Ram Padarath, a

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**What we may not know is that in some cultures, words, whether used in dueling, contest singing and rhyming or some other form of verbal confrontation, become a ritualistic substitute for a good old-fashioned kick in the pants.**

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native schoolteacher friend, is one. "Scoundrels" is a fascinating piece; it was originally presented at the 1974 annual meeting of the California Folklore Society, and later published in its finished form by the *Journal of American Folklore*.

Song challenges take place at social gatherings. This does not mean that they conform to our ideas of vocal fare for similar occasions. In Fiji, Brenneis points out, such get-togethers provide the platform for the airing of "personal enmities or secular political concerns." Members of differing religious sects extol the virtues of their bias.

Sensitive issues are dealt with. The “villagers’ deep concern with sexual morality and male prestige” can be openly voiced. Here, with someone causing a vocal disturbance at a social gathering, we might be inclined to call the cops. There, song challenges are eagerly looked forward to. They expose grievances or grudges; if they don’t end amicably, with the participants becoming angry or belligerent, performers usually suffer no physical damage but they do incur a social stigma. Their prestige is greatly diminished.

In another recent paper, written with Laura Lein, Brenneis and his colleague have investigated children’s arguments in three dissimilar geographic and cultural areas, among Black American children in a small New England town, among Black American children of migrant farm workers between Florida and New York, and rural, Hindi-speaking Fiji Indian children. The title: “Children’s Disputes in Three Speech Communities.” The authors give extensive recorded examples from each of three cultures, showing certain similarities of content and style in argument.

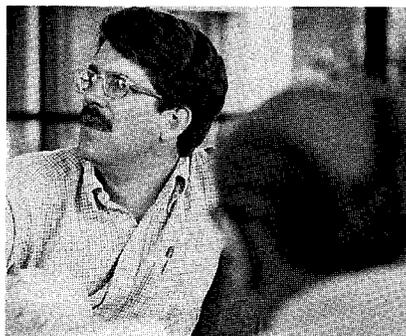
There has been considerable work done on child discourse, Brenneis says, but very little controlled cross-cultural work. No matter the ethnic background, all children are natural role-players. The researchers were able to capitalize on this trait in their investigations.

Children, being less tied to reality in argument than their adult

counterparts, repeat themselves endlessly, piling one fantasy on top of another, with each successive speaker turning up the volume. They are free with insults. They use special voices when it serves their purpose. Volume, speed, and stress were found to be important elements in all three speech communities, the researchers discovered, but were used quite differently in each.

In normal conversation, we take turns; one speaks, another listens until his turn comes around. Among children during their disputes, the same rules apply, at least among the whites and Blacks under investigation. Among Fiji Indian children there was much overlap. All children, however, were attentive to the impression they were making, and followed each other’s performances very closely.

It would appear that our own recollections of childhood — “My father is stronger than your father! My father is five times stronger than your father! *Ten* times!” — has as much currency today as it did then, and no matter where. Children remain children. An interesting



sidelight to the Brenneis-Lein “Children’s Disputes” is that the collaborators’ analytical tools used in the study had been developed for dealing with white American interactions exclusively. As it turned out, they proved to be equally appropriate for dealing with whites, Blacks, and Fiji Indian children.

Don Brenneis may not have a franchise on anthropological research among the east Indians of Fiji, but he has done rather well by them. They have done well by him, too, in proving to be a primary resource for his professional interests. But why Fiji? Is it because anthropologists traditionally have gone to the ends of the earth to conduct their studies, seeking out the exotic, the “different,” and the little known?

“As a matter of fact, anthropologists work anywhere,” Brenneis said in conversation not long ago. “It’s true they used to go pretty far afield to conduct their studies, at least those known by the general public. But there was a reason.”

The reason is fairly obvious. “It used to be thought that someone better get out there before certain

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**It used to be thought that someone better get out there before certain cultures disappeared.**

**Cultures turned out to be hardier than most scientists believed.**

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cultures disappeared,” Brenneis said. “Of course it didn’t happen quite that way.” Cultures turned out to be far hardier than most scientists believed. Susceptible to erosion, perhaps, but hardy. Wars, pestilence, change, progress, whatever you want to call the transition from one age to another, exact a toll. “Still, ethnic cultures are remarkably resilient,” is the way he put it. “In most cultures, groups take what they want from outside influences and discard what they can of the rest.”

In looking about his office, Brenneis pointed to a collection of

Nepali artifacts and wall hangings.

"The Nepalis are a good example of what I mean," he said. "Nepalis will continue to be Nepalis no matter the pressures brought to bear on them." Closer home, there is another example; the Pueblo Indians of the American Southwest have been reasonably successful in retaining their native culture.

"We were talking about Margaret Mead and her work in New Guinea, Levi-Strauss, and others, all of whom made their early reputations in far places," Brenneis went on. "Some of those places don't seem so far today. Yet you know it was Margaret Mead who was among the first to suggest that anthropologists go out and discover Americans. She promoted the idea that really good work could be done right here in the United States. And of course she was right."

Much depends upon what sort of anthropologist you are, what interests you most about man and the society in which he functions and relates to; these factors combined with personal goals dictate to a large extent where you can do your best work, Brenneis says. The Levi-Strauss whose classic "Tristes Tropiques" made him known to the general public would have found little to engage his interest in Appalachia, for example, for he was on the lookout for a human society reduced to its most basic expression. The quest took him to the primitive tribes in the upland jungles of Brazil. A Don Brenneis, on the other hand, is interested in issues that can be studied in any kind of society, including both "primitive" and ethnically diverse.



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"Basically, I've always been interested in how people use language," he said, in explaining his own background. Not literary language with its convoluted styles of expression; not the mannered speech of educated and sophisticated conversationalists; Brenneis is interested in how "natural" communicators apply language to argument, politics, law, and everyday verbal confrontations between individuals and groups. He has found his niche.

Don Brenneis was fortunate in his upbringing. He had a free hand to explore a variety of interests in his growing-up years, more so than some. Among other things, his father enjoyed his job, and, unlike the majority, was not tied to an eight-to-five desk job in the city. He was a supervisor with the U.S. Forest Service.

"We lived near San Francisco to begin with. But my father's work took him away from the city," Brenneis said. "Doing the work he did meant that he was on the go a lot. We got around."

After San Francisco it was Philadelphia. Here again it was not city life that intrigued the child but the rural farm and wooded countryside of eastern Pennsylvania which held the most attraction for the future anthropologist.

"The next move was Albuquerque, and New Mexico is where I really grew up. New Mexico is home. It was great country to be in, it still is," Brenneis says. "A combination of mountains, Indians, the pueblos, a different way of life, is a great place to be when you're young, or even when you are no longer young." The scholar speaks glowingly of the Southwest. "And of course there was Taos. We used to go there often, and at Christmastime Taos Pueblo was a great place to be."

The Taos of Brenneis' day had reverted to the old Taos, the quiet Indian village with its average complement of tourists and permanent cadre of writers and painters. Gone was the hectic Taos of the late 1920s, when D.H. Lawrence and his stable of camp followers had attracted hordes of would-be creative types. Once the soon-to-be-dead and deified man of letters and his entourage moved on, Taos quieted down. Not so today. Within the past decade the town has mushroomed.

Growing up in New Mexico, the Land of Enchantment, as the state's tourist board dubbed it year's ago, had distinct advantages over either of the country's coasts, at least for an active, outdoors youth. Don Brenneis appears to have made the most of the experience. But Stanford, which had become his goal, is in Palo Alto, not Albuquerque, so that when it came time to enter college, he had no choice but to return to his native California. The year was 1963. From that date to the present, the Brenneis vita sheet, or resume, takes on a much accelerated, almost explosive, life.

As a Stanford undergraduate, the Brenneis timetable reads something like this: four years' hard work in the classroom and out; became an exchange student (1964) at Keio University, Tokyo; spent a spring and summer with 90 fellow classmates (1965) as a student in

Vienna; organized and directed vacation community work projects (1966-67) for other Stanford students in Hayward; did field research in Hayward (1967) evaluating a community action program in a Mexican-American neighborhood; was awarded a bachelor's degree (1967) in anthropology and the humanities honors program.

With a freshly-minted B.A. degree in hand, Brenneis volunteered for the Peace Corps (1967-68) and was sent to the southern part of Nepal, that subtropical area of one of the most ecologically diverse nations on

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earth, which borders on India. There he worked with Nepalis at the district level in self-help projects, especially in the design and construction of village drinking water systems. There, too, he was able to speak and improve his Nepali and Hindi, the two closely related languages of the region, but even more to the point, in living and working among the Nepalis, Brenneis had the opportunity during his Peace Corps months of

soaking up at first-hand his long-standing intellectual interest in south Asian history and culture.

To the stay-at-home Westerner, Nepal is a far place and only dimly known. Unless the homebody has come in contact with the Nepali youth who come to this country in some numbers to study at American colleges and universities, including Claremont, the country is principally known for its startling Himalayas. Nepal, to outsiders, is Everest and the Annapurnas, gilded temples, open-air bazaars, the smiling Sherpas of the high country, and the Gurkhas, who descended from the pages of Kipling to distinguish themselves for their fighting spirit in two of the West's greatest conflicts, World Wars I and II. Nowadays, of course, Nepal is not just source material for the *National Geographic*; packaged tours make regular flights into this still remote and exotic land, bringing the country within reach of anyone who can afford the price of such a vacation. To the specialist in many fields, and to Western students, Nepal is anything but a tourist stopover; it is a place of great antiquity where east Asian cultures have come together for centuries past.

The country would appear to be entirely perpendicular and much of it is, the highest in the world, yet its most populous valley in which is situated the capital city of Kathmandu is less high than Denver. The country is about the size of Iowa, which it resembles not at all; it is long and fairly narrow, lying on a northwest-southeast axis; it is bordered on the north by Tibet — a Tibet which on some maps has already disappeared in name to be absorbed both cartographically and politically by the People's Republic of China — on the east by Sikkim, that tiny Indian state; and on the south by the Indian states of Bihar and Uttar Pradesh.

"In my Peace Corps district of Dhanukha, Indian influence was naturally pronounced," Brenneis said, "but then Nepal has always been subject to the influence of its neighbors." One reason is that neighbors either moved into the country, or, over a period of years,

the country expanded its borders to include tribes already established in areas that became part of Nepal. "The ancient past is made up of fact, legend, and tradition," Brenneis continued. "What is known is that at some point in history there was a substantial influx of Rajputs from India, people driven from their homes by the Muslims. They intermingled with local tribes. In the north there were the Tibetans."

Today, an admixture of various peoples prevails throughout the country. Any country's borders are only political lines of demarcation, not ethnic or religious ones; customs, a way of life, family or tribal practices, change only gradually, if at all. In Nepal, change has occurred at a slow pace: topography doesn't lend itself to explosive change and commercialization. Nor do the people.

"The people of the lower valleys are Brahmans and Chetris," Brenneis said, "descendants of those dispossessed Indians and native tribes. Both are strict adherents of the Hindu religion. Higher up the mountain slopes are Magars and Gurungs, two tribes of Mongoloid origin. In the hills surrounding the Kathmandu Valley are Tamangs; farther east are Rais, Sunwars, and Limbus. The Magars practice the Hindu faith, the Tamangs the Buddhist, with some variation. Those other hill people have their own priests, their own rites and ceremonies; they are more inclined toward Buddhism than they are to Hinduism. "Then the Sherpas." Brenneis hesitated. "Sherpas are probably best known among Westerners. They've accompanied and made possible about every Himalayan expedition you ever heard of. Sherpas are of Tibetan stock if not true Tibetans; they've been in the country for generations; their looks, customs, and culture are barely distinguishable from their neighbors across the border."

But Nepalis, whether native to the lower valleys, the hill country, or the higher ranges, are friendly, hospitable people. They know how to live on the land that nurtured them, and they endure.

"Everyone who stays in the

country for any length of time can't help but be impressed by Nepalis," Brenneis said. "Our Pitzer students have found their lives enriched by such associations. At least most of them."

The professor's reference was to the college's Semester in Nepal program, one of the many special programs the college sponsors to provide a learning experience away from campus, living among other peoples, different cultures, and varying societies. Pitzer also engages in exchange programs with other colleges and universities.

"Naturally, some students get more out of the off-campus experience than others," Brenneis continued. "Everyone's different, people adjust at a different rate, or they don't adjust at all. It's the same right here on the home front. We have no control over the makeup of the individual; what we do have some control over is to select only those persons with the highest potential for making the most of their experience."

This is done in a variety of ways. Not just any student who wants to get away is selected. Little is left to chance either in preparation or in the screening process. Any student going abroad must first put in a semester's concentration at the Pitzer end of the line. Not everyone makes it. Not everyone can, no matter how well qualified, for quotas are necessarily small. This year, for example, there were only eight places available for 16 qualified candidates for the Semester in Nepal.

"We think that preparation pays

off," Brenneis went on. "It's different when students go abroad as a group, and remain together as a group, the way we Stanford undergraduates did in Vienna. All sorts of colleges sponsor overseas study." Brenneis did not say so, but group study abroad is akin to group tours, where everything is prearranged; misadventures in a totally foreign environment can be anticipated and averted. Except for experimenting with language and occasionally the food, group members are insulated against the insecurity of being aliens in a strange land. "With us," he continued, "it's just the opposite. After indoctrination and briefing, our students are very much on their own. They have neither their English nor their Stateside friends to fall back on, except in emergency."

Once in Nepal, the individual Pitzer student takes up residence with a native family. There they do as the Nepalis do, broaden their knowledge of the language through constant use; they study the history and background of the country, visit historic sites, and take part in area studies seminars in Kathmandu, all the while working on their own research projects. Later, or during the experience, they turn out papers.

"Of course there's more to it than that," Brenneis has said. He and two of his colleagues, Professors Allen Greenberger and Susan Seymour, are directors of this particular overseas program. "It can be fairly traumatic, switching from the safety of an American campus to a Hindu household, despite the preparation. There are no McDonald's down the block. Our students eat Nepali food, they lead Nepali lives; what else is there? Some may find it hard to take, but the majority make out extremely well. They learn, among other things, that what they've always taken for granted back home, the conveniences, the ease of making it from one day to the next, is not all that easy. Nor, possibly, all that important. You'd be surprised what kind of an awakening it is for many of our students; they grow up, some really find themselves; but whether they do or not, they change."

It is Fiji, not Nepal, however, where Don Brenneis has

concentrated much of his professional research, and there he returned — in manuscript, at least — in 1977 to turn out two lengthy research papers. The titles: "The Matter of Talk: Political Performances in Bhatgaon," and "Strategies of Offense Choice: Malice and Mischief in Bhatgaon." Here again the titles are accurate distillations of content. Both use the by-now familiar people of the village of Bhatgaon as subjects. Both are anthropological studies, which, with revision, might appear in general magazines, and be of interest to laymen and fellow professionals alike. After all, they deal with people, people different from ourselves through the accident of birth, ethnic origin, heritage, and place. But they have language, the same as we have; they employ it adroitly to further their own ends, to



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gain points against real and imagined adversaries, even as we.

About Fiji. Brenneis seems to be equally as familiar and at home in Fiji as he is in Nepal or the Pitzer campus. The islands were first sighted by a Dutch navigator by the name of Abel Tasman in 1643. Captain James Cook, who knew his way around the vastness of the Pacific better than most in his day, stopped off in 1774. Next came Captain Bligh in 1792. This was several years after the event which a century and a half later would propel him and his crew to instant celebrity through a fictionalized account of

mutiny on the high seas. Following William Bligh's discovery of 39 islands in the Fiji archipelago, American trading vessels began visiting the islands; they continued with increased profit throughout much of the 19th century. By the middle of the last century, the native population, made up of Melanesians and Polynesians, had been long accustomed to outsiders, who were there as planters, tradesmen, barterers, or savers of souls. Christian missions had established a beachhead on the islands as early as 1835.

The Fiji of Brenneis' anthropological interest dates from a much later period, the present, to be exact, among the descendants of south Asians — north Indians — who came to Fiji between 1879 and 1919 as indentured plantation workers. Indians make up a surprising 50-plus percent of the population, with Fijians accounting for no more than 44 percent. The rest are Europeans, Chinese, and a handful of Americans.

How did Don Brenneis get from volunteer work in Nepal to Fiji? Not overnight, not in a single transitional phase; it took a combination of planning, work, and the implementation of professional goals. It is here that the personal timetable picks up again. Discharged from the Peace Corps, back home, having completed rewarding work among the Nepalis, Brenneis spent six months as a social welfare family case worker in Roxbury, Mass., married a former classmate at Stanford, Wynne Scott Furth (she is now a practicing

attorney in Pomona, California), and took the next step up the educational ladder by enrolling in a graduate program at Harvard. Conveniently, his wife was a Harvard Law School student. The year was 1969. In 1970 Brenneis did two things to lay the foundation for his future career in anthropology: first, he made a sociolinguistic study of children's arguments in Amherst and Shutesbury, Massachusetts, which resulted in published papers, as has been noted; second he went off to Fiji for the first time to spend the summer doing preliminary field research which would establish the groundwork for his Ph.D. dissertation. Too, he received his initial academic appointment; Harvard made him a teaching fellow, which is about the same as a teaching assistant elsewhere. In any case, he had the opportunity to help out with two courses, and the subject, naturally enough, was the anthropology of law and conflict.

Brenneis returned to Fiji for the second time and an extended period (1971-72), under foundation grants, to pursue his studies of dispute settlement and dispute management in an overseas Indian community. He at the same time supervised similar research projects being undertaken by students at the University of South Pacific, Suva. Upon his return, loaded down with primary source materials, Harvard made him an assistant in teaching an introductory course in social anthropology. In the following year, things happened fast: he was awarded his Ph.D. in social anthropology (1974), and he was appointed assistant professor at Pitzer College, but first, before coming to Claremont, there was an overlap in activity. Brenneis spent an academic year (1973-74) at UC Berkeley serving as a post-doctoral fellow at the Center for the Study of Law and Society. One more peripatetic maneuver must be mentioned; he returned to Fiji for the third time (1975) to spend a summer adding to his store of original field research.

"My Fiji Indian community is almost the perfect laboratory for my kind of studies," Brenneis said recently. "It's rural, small, and has

remained more or less intact for the past 20 years. Few persons move out, few persons move in, although a couple of the older ones I knew have died since I started my research there in 1970."

Bhatgaon is on the northern side of Vanua Levu, one of the two largest islands in the Dominion of Fiji. Most families lease land from the government, where they grow rice, and the men sometimes work as cane-cutters or take other outside seasonal jobs. Because their leaseholds are small, villagers never can expect to become wealthy, but they do maintain their economic independence by growing their own vegetables, and sometimes they are able to sell the surplus.

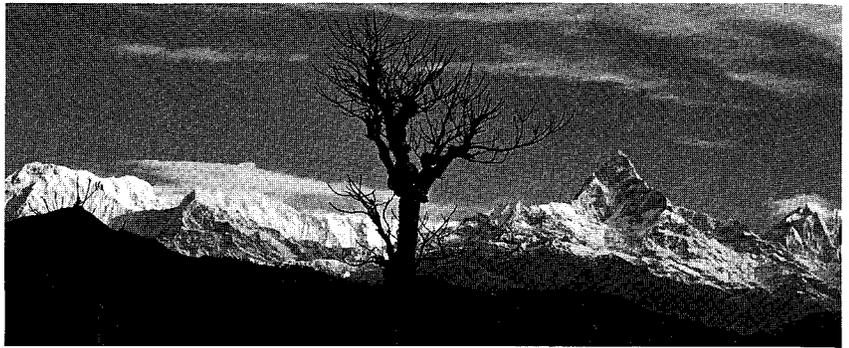
"From the outset I was lucky," Brenneis continued. "It's not always possible for an outsider to observe village life, especially when you come equipped with tape recorder and notepad. It takes some sort of introduction. In my case, I had Peace Corps volunteers to pave the way. Also, the village is Hindi-speaking, and I speak Hindi. But the luckiest part of all were the people themselves. I found the people of Bhatgaon remarkably open, hospitable, and generous. Working with them was a delight."

As with all immigrants in a new world, the east Indians retained their culture in Fiji. They had no reason to become assimilated, as many other nationals did in America. Too, their coming into a strange land had not been a movement of choice but of necessity.

*continued on page 23*

# A Nepali Portfolio

Photos and text  
by Mike Donahue



*Mike Donahue, a Pomona College graduate in botany, is currently serving as Pitzer's in-country coordinator for the College's Semester in Nepal. In 1975*

*Mike was a student member of that earlier Pitzer group. While there he kept a journal and took hundreds of photos, both in color and black and white. He, like other members of the group, lived with a Nepali family in Kathmandu, while pursuing his studies and research. But Mike elected to remain in Nepal at the conclusion of the program, determined to investigate the high country and to experience village life among the Sherpas. He spent ten months in Nepal. The pictures in these pages represent a typical sampling of what he saw and experienced there, in a country basically unchanged over the centuries. His comments have been excerpted from materials he left behind before taking over his Pitzer assignment abroad.*

Most visitors to Nepal fly in from Calcutta over the dry Northern India plains. Our first sight of the country that afternoon in 1975 was, not unexpectedly, Everest, a black pyramid trailing a plume of snow several miles long. I was able to identify the South Col, that notch between Everest and Lhotse, until we banked and came over the flat Terai and Siwalik hills far below. Eventually we crossed the Mahabharat Lekh with its boulder-strewn gorges, reminiscent of the San Gabriels back home, except that here were hundreds of tiny cultivated terraces clinging to the slopes. We began to let down over the Kathmandu Valley, describing wide circles between surrounding hills, preparatory to landing at the capital city's airport on the outskirts of town.

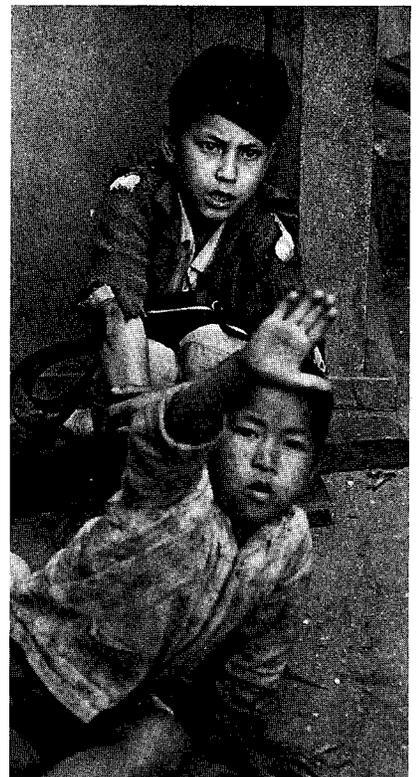
From that initial sighting of this ancient land, until I left some ten months later, my admiration for the Nepalis and their way of life, grew. This, in very small part, is a pictorial odyssey of that experience.

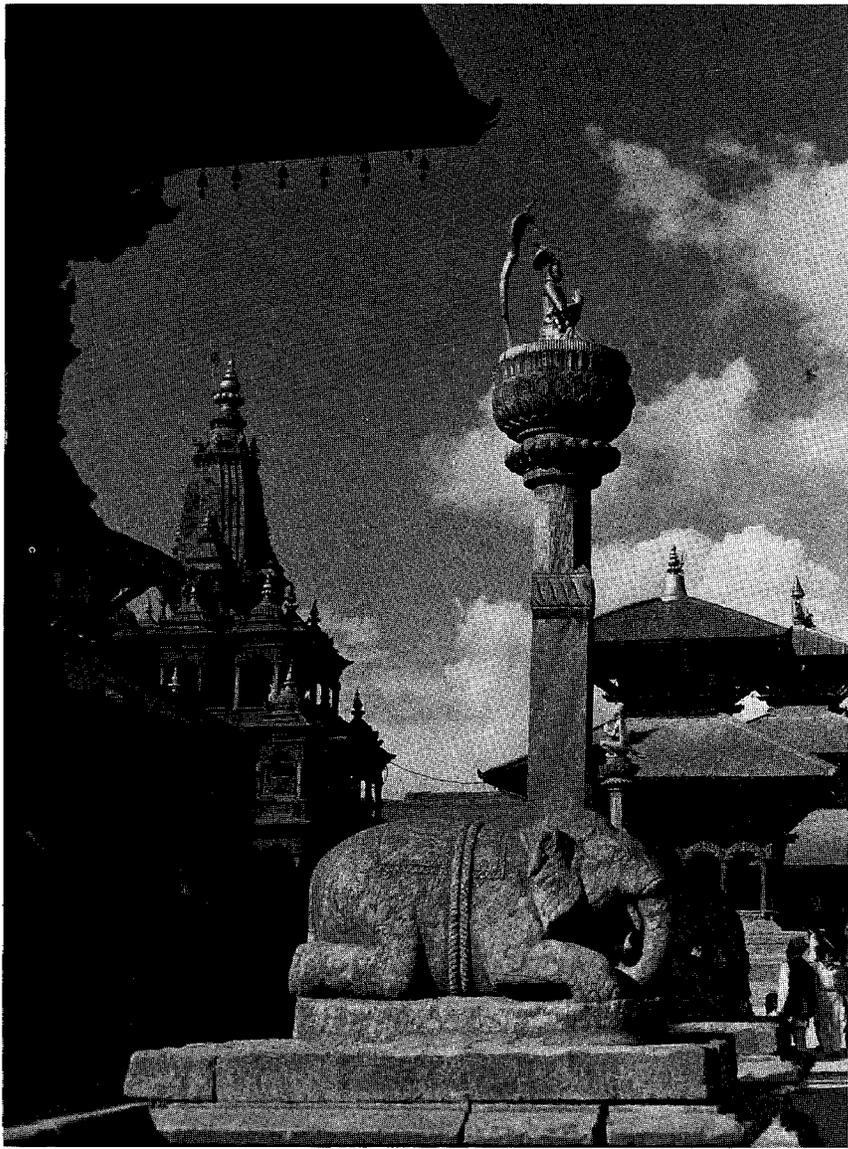
My Nepali family's home, where I was dropped off after five intensive and exhaustive days of orientation, was a kind of shocker. It was a mud and brick affair, two stories high, with an inner court, a balcony, a couple of miles outside Kathmandu on the road to Mahaankal and Sundarijal. My first impression was one of kids peering from doorways looking over the new tenant. That and the noise, the flies, and the smells gave me pause, but not for long; I was installed in the best room in the house, on the second floor, over the latrine.

The family, I found out in short order, was a delight. They made me feel welcome, as sketchy as our communication was. These good people were Brahmans of the lower

caste, and obviously poor. They had names that sit right on the tongue, and I must mention them: Krishna Subedi, the father; Aamaa, the mother; three children, Basundara, Arun, and Rabindra. Basundara [1] was the married daughter with three children of her own, Benita, Bindu, and Bipin.

Truly, my Kathmandu family did a good job of initiating me into the ways of the Nepali. It wasn't long before I preferred sitting with them in the kitchen, watching the women prepare meals, [2] performing the Hindu rite of purification, which consists of scrubbing the floor with a mixture of mud and cow dung, [3] everything about the cow being pure and sacred. The family was generous to a fault. Aamaa gave me her best floor mat the first day I was in her



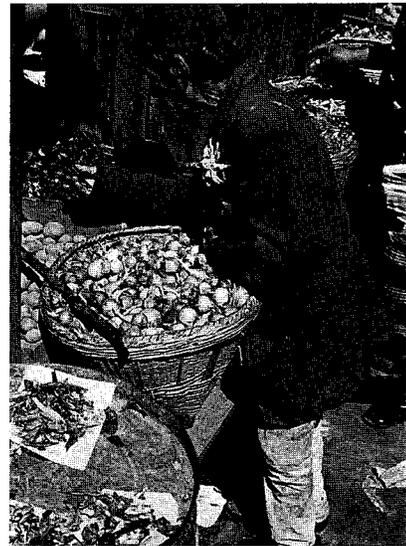


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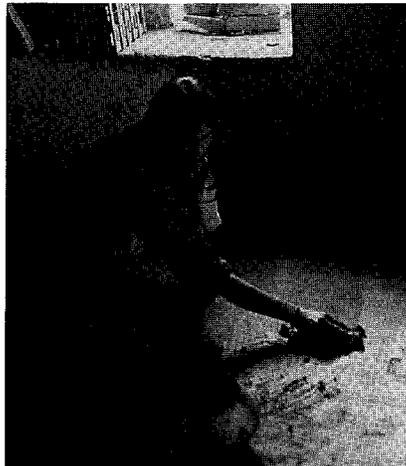
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house; Basundara took the only chair from her own room and gave it to me. All the children, regardless of age, became my friends; I taught them games; they taught me something I have no name for other than patience. It was a good, busy life, a useful transitional period.

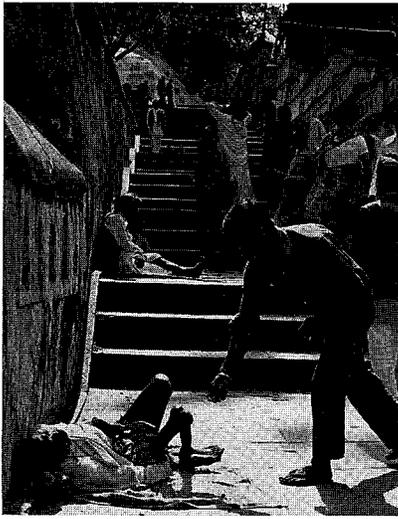
Once shed of Western hangups, I could enjoy every encounter in Nepal, both in the cities or on the road as a lone traveler, or among the Sherpas. I found willing subjects to photograph. Sometimes I knew the subject or the significance of the rite I was trying to capture on film; frequently I had only the vaguest idea; no matter. The old man shopping [4] at a food stall was, to me, just as significant as a water buffalo sacrifice, [5] where blood is offered to one of the sacred gods or goddesses. Or a typical shot in Darbar Square in Patan, [6] one of the three principal cities in the Kathmandu Valley.



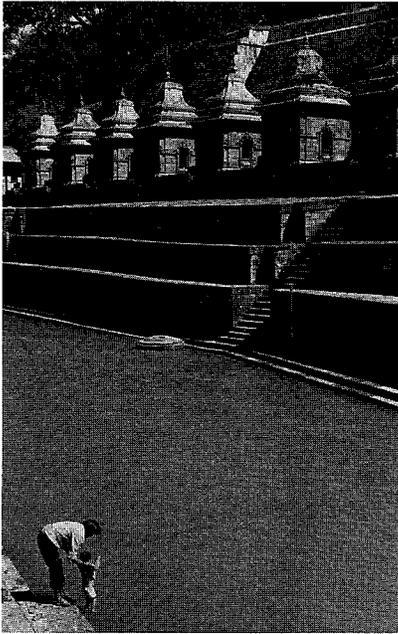
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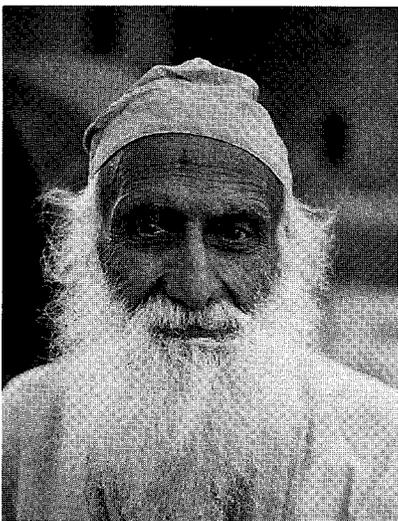
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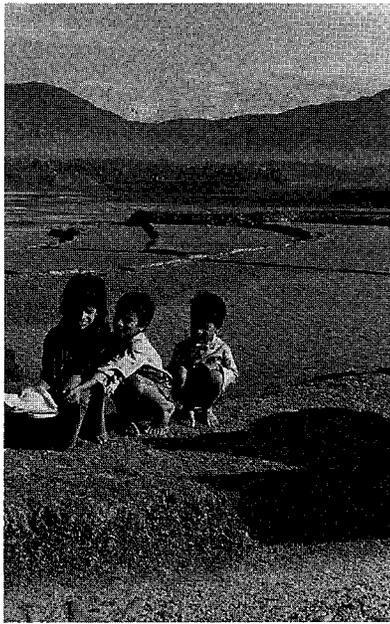
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until very recently. In Nepal, the cripples, the malformed, even the lepers circulate freely in society. Some are given tasks to perform within their competence; others beg. No odium is attached to the practice. [8] The people generally, however, whether young or old, are handsome; perhaps not handsome in the superficial sense of the term; the young show a guilelessness [9] and openness; the old, character.

On one of my expeditions I encountered an old, old man, a very distinguished-looking man with full white beard and hair. He was sitting under a tree with its inevitable rock wall built around it (these walls are at just the proper height so that the weary can rest their backpacks on

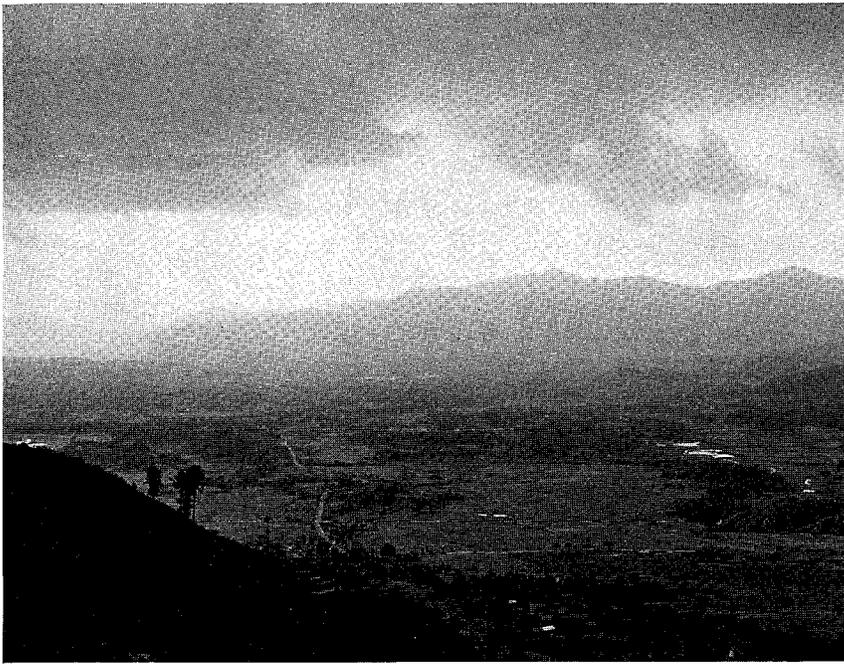
Most rivers that flow through the Valley are sacred, and the most sacred of all is Bagmati [7] the one that flows through the city of Kathmandu itself. Travelers from all over the country make annual pilgrimages to bathe in the river, to immerse their animals. The dead are cremated along the river banks, their ashes scattered upon the sacred waters. Temples lining this or any river are places of meditation, prayer, and purification. One way to bless a child is to dip its ankles in the water.

Here at home, we tend to put away and keep out of sight our most deformed or cruelly crippled, or did

them), and he was watching me. Giving him the respect that was due him, I asked in my best Nepali if I might take his picture. In perfect Victorian English he replied that I could. I did. There was something vaguely familiar about him.

"You wouldn't happen to have a relative in America, would you?" I asked. With a twinkle in his eye, he replied with a question: "You wouldn't happen to be from Pitzer College, would you?"

Out in the middle of Nepal! Incredibly, his grandson, Jyoti Sharma, in America to earn a Ph.D. in political science, had been one of our instructors in language as we prepared for our semester abroad! The name of the distinguished gentleman [10] is Dharni Dhar Sharmg Koirola, a well-known Nepali scholar.

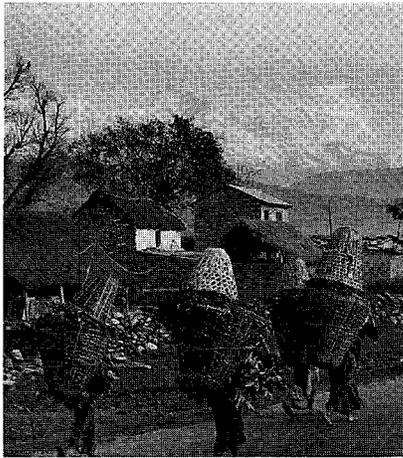


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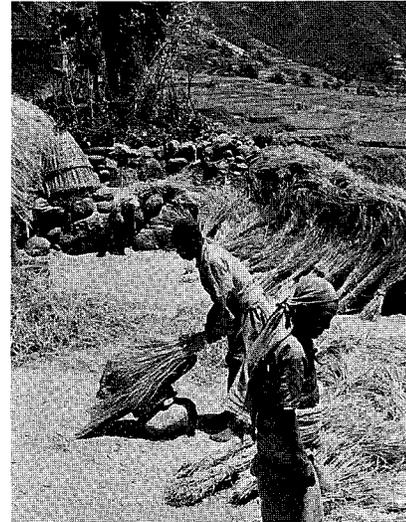
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Children, oddly, have few games as we know them; they fly kites [11] and they swing. Sports, particularly those involving playing catch, which American youngsters do as soon as they can walk, are unheard of. There is good reason. In this most perpendicular of countries, where level spots are either nonexistent or small, any ball knocked or thrown out of bounds is apt to plunge 6,000 feet or more into an abyss.

Towns and villages [12, 13] in the Kathmandu Valley are all similar, yet are all very different. I liked to wander about in them, photographing, talking to people; life seemed so totally unhurried. My favorite time of day was late afternoon. [14] As the sun was about to disappear over the distant hills, a golden glow seemed to permeate everything, faces, buildings, trees, the fields and meadows, it was something I was never aware of back home. It was a time when the world seemed to come to a halt, a time for reflection. Workers in the field must have had the same feeling, for I used to notice the harvesters, busy cutting the wheat and bundling it [15] before thrashing it by hand; they would also pause about 4 or 5 o'clock. Everyone, including the children [16] who carried ricks twice their size, knew instinctively when the hour approached that the day's work was done.

In the lowlands or valleys (the Kathmandu Valley is generally about 4,000 feet), Nepal has fairly passable



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roads. There is so little vehicular traffic it makes little difference; people walk. Roads disappear entirely as one starts going up into the hills. In their place are trails, well-familiar trails made passable by centuries of foot travel. Trails are means of communication from one level to the next, [17] even to the highest.

After the monsoons in June 1975 I set out for the high country in an effort to find a village where the people farmed and herded animals over a wide range of zones, from the

riverbottom subtropics to the alpine area. After days of hiking, and meeting with Gurungs, Brahmans, and Tamangs, either on the trail or in their villages, I found the sort of village I was looking for, and a Sherpa family willing to take me in and let me work with them. My village was called Simigaun, it was at about 6,500 feet, not more than a day's walk south of the Tibetan border.

Here I stayed for over three months. My Sherpa family and friends grew rice on the terraces at a lower level than that of the village proper; they grew potatoes, grains and vegetables; in the high pastureland (14,200 feet), they herded their yaks and chaurris, [18] the chaurri being a cross between a Tibetan yak and an upland cow. Village life centered around crops and

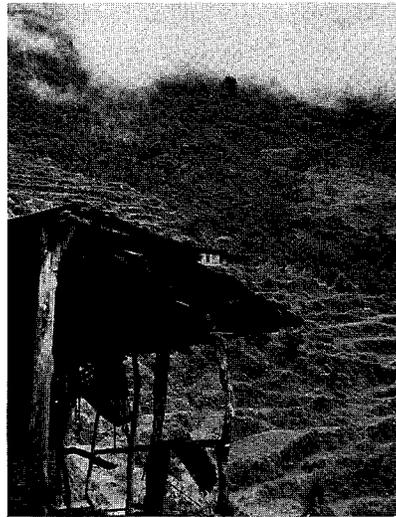


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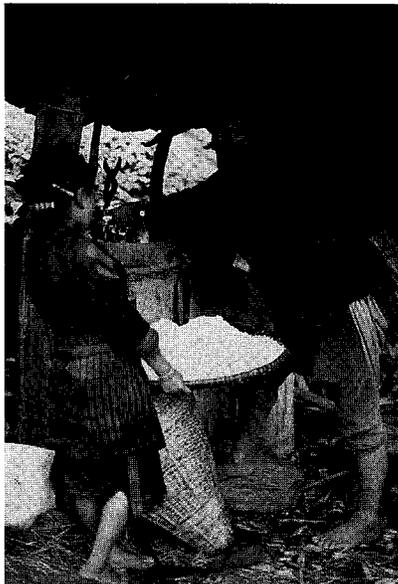


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animals, nothing more; it's a family activity and everyone takes part, from the youngest to the eldest. The houses are snug enough, but pretty rudimentary. Not only here but elsewhere throughout Nepal, the hill people provide accommodation for the wayfarer on their porches. [19] There is a place for the traveler to spread his sleeping mat, and an earthen hearth or a little mud stove where he can cook his rice. Anyone who has no other place is welcome. The hospitality of these mountain people is a remembrance that remained with me long after I had left them and returned to a more conventional life in another hemisphere.

Life at 14,000 feet is rugged, hard, reduced to essentials, and as magnificent as anything I ever experienced. Imagine a pastureland as high as all of Colorado's highest peaks; nearly as high as Mt. Whitney. Here the women of the village look after the herds, the women and children, during the forage season before the snows come. They live in temporary shacks, while their men go back down to the lower level to work the fields. Sometimes they commute from one level to the other.

An interesting thing about the chaurri, or half yak, half cow, is their devotion to human beings. They



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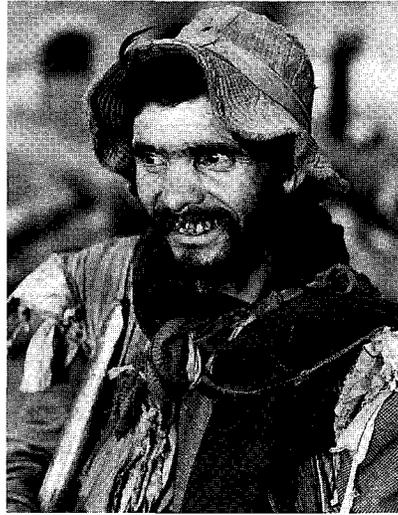


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recognize one milker only. The first woman to milk a chaurri after it has calved [20] is the only milker the chaurri will permit to come near it in future. If for some reason she can't perform the chore and the man of the house is there, the woman must touch the chaurri, usually by holding its head, before it will give its milk to a stranger.

The Sherpas drink less milk than might be expected; instead, they make butter, which has cash value in the valleys, and the by-product of butter is something called moi, a kind of buttermilk. This is boiled down in a big vat and produces a product known as churken, which is about the same as our cottage cheese. [21] It can be eaten fresh, just as it is, and it is delicious. Or it can be smoked in a process that makes it rock-hard; this is something the Sherpas carry with them on their trading trips, or into the high Himalaya. Dissolved in hot water it makes a quick pick-me-up packed with protein. A third use is to seal the stuff in a vat where no air can reach it; after an appropriate length of time the Sherpas open the vat and have themselves a delicacy that is the most vile smelling stuff I ever came across. They love it. They mix it with vegetables and make soup; it would kill anyone less hardy than a Sherpa. [22] The sights and sounds, cloud

formations — clouds below you, clouds above and all around you — up in the high country are experiences you find nowhere else on earth. Even at that altitude, and we frequently went up to 18,000 feet or more, tiny alpine flowers bloom briefly. It is as though nature is determined to put on a display before the snows come, and people and animals have to retreat to the more habitable levels below.

I mentioned sounds. I remember a river at the bottom of a deep canyon, about 4,000 feet down from the pastureland. It was far away but the sound of water rushing over the boulders far below was distinct; I went up another 2,000 feet to perch on a high promontory, and still I heard the river. [23] Sometimes the sounds are more ominous, like thunder, but instead of thunder, quite often it is the muffled boom of distant avalanches. When one occurs, everything is perfectly still, man and beast, alike even the sighing in the trees stops, then begins again once the rumble has died away.

Back in Kathmandu, during the early days of my ten-months stay in Nepal, I used often to think of finding a Shangri La in the high country of the Himalaya. Eventually, up there on the south side of the Rolwaling Khola, I guess maybe I found it. [24]

# The Teacher as a Traveling Student

by Paul Shepard

*Paul Shepard, Avery Professor of Natural Philosophy and Human Ecology at Pitzer College and Claremont Graduate School, is considered an authority in environmental and ecological studies. He is a natural philosopher, interested in the ecology of man and the evolution of human intelligence. Dr. Shepard bases his thinking on the premise that there is a cultural basis to the environmental crisis, leading him and others to examine the various facets of our history. In addition to teaching and researching, Dr. Shepard has published numerous articles and several books, his latest Thinking Animals. The book represents an entirely new approach to the question of why we must preserve animals. In his book, Dr. Shepard connects man's existence with animals, believing that the development of the human mind has been through watching and mimicking animals—that they are essential for personal development. Dr. Shepard has taught at Pitzer since 1970 and holds a Ph.D. from Yale University.*

As young blades professors have a new-forged glint to their performance that often takes some years to wear off. But wear it does, and they get dull, tedious in the classroom, a known quantity to their colleagues, tiresome even to themselves.

One remedy is a leave or sabbatical, a measure widely suspected by non-academics as being prodigal if not sheer dissipation. After all, *that* and summer too. The outsider's skepticism about the need for all that leisure (in the Soviet Union the scholar is officially regarded as an "intellectual worker") is in part the fault of the professors themselves. They seldom explain or even examine the peculiar chemistry of their own mettle. In spite of the various purposes or tasks to which their leave is dedicated, the nature of renewal seems taken for granted.

One of its most potent forms is residence or travel in a foreign country. Recently I spent three months in India, the experience of which was so unexpected that I wondered whether something like surprise or contradiction were not close to the heart of renewal.

As a student of the interface between human and non-human I was exposed to a series of shocks, like sudden views from a mountain road, which demolished some of my oldest assumptions. I went doubting that the Hindus could teach me much about the Western experience of nature, expecting to find depression and despair because of scarcity and crowding, supposing that the sacred cow evoked a reverent attitude, looking for a society yearning for Western machines, and imagining a place so devoid of wild things as to be relatively uninteresting to me personally. Perhaps, most dramatically, I had projected upon India the Christian's extravagant notion of incipient catastrophe, the kind of spectacular calamity that might be orchestrated by Tchaikovsky.

It is not just that my preconceptions were wrong, but spectacularly misplaced. Take the last point, for instance. Looking for a debacle of operatic or symphonic type I got instead a *raga* of demise

and persistence. I learned that the environment in India was not about to come down like the front of an old building, burying its occupants, but that disaster was an ongoing process. I needed to be reminded that ecosystems are not like a row of standing dominos, but more like old trees which, broken by adversity, dying even, are green anyway. The calamity I perceived was both more remote and more fearful, less yet greater than I had thought, full of ambivalence and ambiguity.

Less in the sense that it is not a holocaust, greater because it is mostly invisible to those living it. Beyond that, to my utter surprise, impoverished people in stripped-down ecosystems can seem as happy, friendly, even secure as people anywhere. When I reflected on their more complicated view of the human/non-human relationship, set with it the discovery of wild things at hand, the genial and familial quality — rather than awesomeness — of the sacredness of creatures, the similarities of garden symbolism with Europe and the peculiar nature of modern progress in the Indian mode, I had grist for months of reconsideration.

What happens to professors, I think, is that, being the most relentless verbalizers, they not only create word-models of the world but progressively simplify and ornament them. Being forced to listen to their own lectures repeatedly, they finally confuse the models with reality. At that stage their thought and language have become blunt tools.

So, pay no attention to whatever it is they *say* they are going to do on leave. Wish them Godspeed and urge them to get out of town. The result will probably be something quite different and much better than they expected. In any case, it will help them to forget some of that rubbish they had been repeating ■

# Internships: Pitzer's Off-Campus Laboratories

by Katharine M.  
Morsberger

*Katharine M. Morsberger has been publicity writer for the Office of Communications since 1977. In addition to her work at Pitzer, she does free-lance writing and occasional teaching in her specialty, science fiction.*

"I can't get a job without experience, and I can't get experience without a job," is a perennial problem for anyone entering the job market. But for Pitzer juniors and seniors who are taking field work courses in psychology, organizational studies, and public policy, work experience is a course requirement. Field work for these courses is an internship designed to give the student "real world" experience integrated with classroom learning. Students from many majors take advantage of the program, either through field work courses or supervised independent study projects.



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**I can't get a job without experience, and I can't get experience without a job.**

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Opportunities since the program was developed have included work with organizations and businesses such as La Verne Open Door; City of Claremont Human Resources Program and Community Services Department; Project SISTER; Firehouse Free Clinic; Pomona Family Services; San Bernardino Mental Health Advisory Board; Los Angeles Superior Court; Democratic Party of Southern

California; WNET; ABC; Norris Industries; Los Angeles Times; United Farm Workers; Pacific State Hospital; Casa Colina Rehabilitation Hospital; Pomona Legal Aid; Claremont Unified School District; and the Los Angeles County Personnel Department.

"The most valuable thing about the experience," said Tom Osgood, economics and biology major from Seattle, "was getting out and applying what I had learned." At the Firehouse Free Clinic in Montclair, Tom worked as an aide, taking medical histories and helping patients understand prescriptions and counseling clients after they had seen the doctor. Initially interested in medical school, he initiated an independent study project to explore the realities of medical work. He found valuable insights into the world of medicine, but saw other career possibilities in medicine as well. "I still want to go to medical school. But I'm keeping my other options open."

Professor Ann Stromberg, medical sociologist and supervisor of many of the internships in health services, agrees that these opportunities have opened students' eyes to careers in health other than medicine. Former interns have embarked on graduate programs and careers in nursing, dance therapy, public health, and health services/hospital administration.

In the very real world of jobhunting, students found the internship experience a decided asset. Diane Ratkovich, junior English major from Chicago, Illinois, with an interest in women's studies, worked for Project SISTER, a rape clinic. "It took me another step toward my professional goal - working with women's groups. It also led me to my job." Diane is working as a counselor in

the West End Women's Center. Warren Higa, '78 graduate in sociology from Seattle, Washington, found that his work as a counselor at the Firehouse Free Clinic was "an important factor in being selected from among 55 applicants for the job I have now." He is a case worker with Big Brother of Seattle and King County.

Richard Tsujimoto, assistant professor of psychology, commented, "Several of my students were offered jobs at their fieldwork settings, and field work experiences have helped a large number of my students gain admission to MA and PhD programs."

"Getting another view of society," was also a valuable part of the experience for many students. Work at the California Rehabilitation Center at Corona plunged Linda Reszetylo, second semester junior psychology major from Ambridge, Pennsylvania, into "a whole different culture with a different language." She spent at least one day a week for two semesters counseling drug addicts convicted of drug-related crimes. "So many people are oblivious to the drug problem, don't understand the language, the heaviness, the harshness of the drug culture."

Amy Gerstler, '78 psychology graduate from West Los Angeles, California, worked for Planned Parenthood with no credit and no pay in order to gain a new perspective. "I'm really a child psychology major interested in working with handicapped children. I'd never worked with teenagers or adults," she explained. "I got to work with teenagers and adults, black, white, Chicano, women with families — a whole spectrum of society." She worked with orienting new patients and sat in on pregnancy counseling as women were given the results of

their tests. "It was hard for them to have to share such an intimate moment with strangers," Amy said. "Some of them were very happy and some of them were in tears."

Students also welcomed the chance to be of service. Carol Krudenier, '78 graduate in organizational studies and psychology from Pomona, California, and Pamela Gillis, '78 graduate in organizational studies and psychology from Los Angeles, California, worked for the La Verne Open Door program, serving as counselors for young people choosing counseling rather than juvenile hall. They led a group counseling program, and found that for these students, "the most important thing was to give them a sense of being wanted and cared about." Pamela and Carol continued the project for the remainder of the year on their own, feeling that "we owed it to them to give them a sense of continuity."

Betsey Keeler, '78 graduate in sociology from Wayland, Massachusetts, found an area of society most people are unaware of at the Pomona Valley Workshop, a vocational evaluation and rehabilitation center for the developmentally disabled, particularly the mentally retarded and those with cerebral palsy.

"Working with a supervisor, I drew up work plans for some of the clients, keeping individual records, noting progress and helping them with problems on the job. The fact that my contribution to the Workshop was so enthusiastically accepted by the clients as well as the counselors alleviated all hesitations I originally had about working with the mentally retarded." Betsey, in fact, found the work rewarding enough that, "after a brief vacation, I'll be back looking for a permanent job. The staff at the Workshop will help place me."

Professor Peter Nardi observed, "So much of what we teach in the classroom is of a theoretical nature, as it should be. Yet, we are always trying to bring in numerous empirical and concrete examples to illustrate these abstract concepts. The best example, however, often comes with working in the field where students can experience the various theories and ideas actually taking place."

During her work as counselor for the California Rehabilitation Center, Linda Reszetylo also discovered that "as far as I was concerned, I was there to maintain an individual, not an institution." The experience confirmed her decision to do individual counseling. She is now keeping in

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**And in some cases, field work experience has helped a student realize that a particular field is not appropriate for him or her.**

**Relating the job to the classroom was of great value to many, particularly organizational studies majors.**

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touch as much as she can with her "graduates" — women on parole. "It's hard enough just to stay off heroin, let alone being an ex-convict on top of that. And some of them live so far from here — the facility serves the whole state."

Olga Young, '78 graduate in psychology and sociology from Ontario, California, worked as a counselor at Park Continuation School in Pomona, a high school for students with special problems. "I worked under supervision, but once I had to work with a severely disturbed student for two hours before professional help arrived. I'm very happy to report," she added, "that I went on working with her, and a great number of counseling sessions and home visits later, she's now back in regular school."

"Our whole job at Project SISTER," said Diane Ratkovich, "was doing anything we could to help rape victims, from going with

them to the courts and hospitals, to going to their homes and just being available to talk.”

“Field work in psychology,” elaborated Dr. Tsujimoto, “often involves not only training in the practices of a field but also experience in systematic evaluation of those practices. Skills in evaluation research are becoming increasingly important in the marketplace for professionals in mental health. And,” he added, “in some cases, field work experience has helped a student realize that a particular field is *not* appropriate for him or her.”

Relating the job to the classroom was of great value to many, particularly organizational studies majors. “Please tell *Participant*

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**Please tell Participant readers about organizational studies. People don’t understand what it is.**

**To understand how organizations behave is crucial to effectively pursuing both social and personal goals.**

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you did nothing but keep house and do volunteer work — not that I don’t intend to do a lot more,” she added. Carol found that she was more capable in her work for La Verne Open Door as she studied the way the counseling center was organized and her role in it.



readers about organizational studies,” Carol Krudener recommended. “People don’t understand what it *is*, even, and what a terrific major it can be. It’s the study of components of an organization and how they relate to each other. You’re forced to take a broad spectrum of courses, for you’re studying political, social and business organizations among many others. You’re constantly working hard to evaluate and integrate experiences, and you *have* to get out and do your field work — it’s required. It’s an excellent background for business, but the training would be invaluable even if

Joan Hartman, Coordinator for the Organizational Studies Internship Program, commented that Pitzer’s organizational studies program is one of few such programs in the country. “Most organizational studies internships,” she observed, “deal with administration or management; for example, the student will work with an administrator as a special assistant, helping on special projects, attending professional meetings, getting a sense of the profession and of how the particular organization functions.” The program is quite valuable, she states, particularly in the wide variety of experience the students have to evaluate their choice of profession.

“Formal organizations,” Ms. Hartman concluded, “are the instruments through which people in modern society accomplish their goals. To understand how organizations behave is crucial to

effectively pursuing both social and personal goals.”

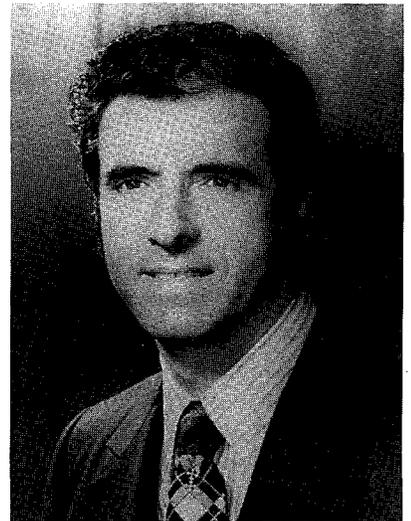
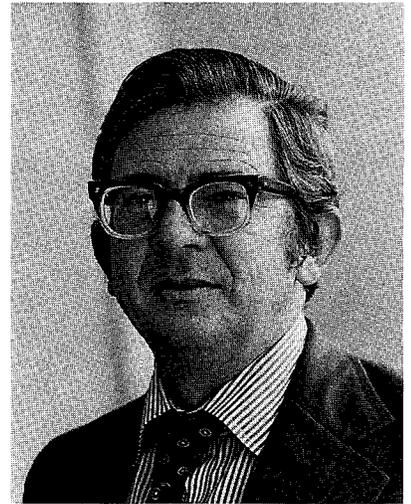
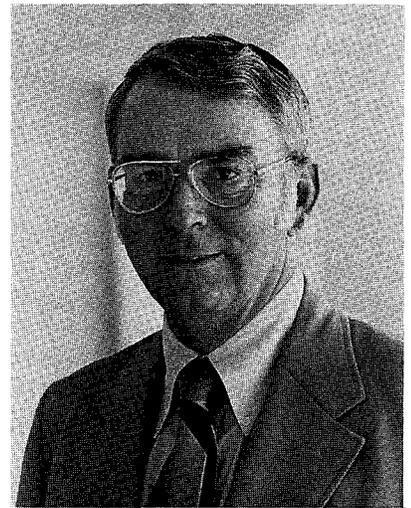
Nadine Goodman, junior majoring in psychology from Chappaqua, New York, and Olga Young both worked for the San Bernardino Mental Health Advisory Board. Olga was taking an organizational studies course; Nadine worked for one semester in an independent study project with Professor Stromberg and a second semester for a psychology course. “A phenomenal opportunity,” Nadine explained, “for getting an overview of the whole mental health field. I think the most important thing I learned was the importance of community participation in this area, the interaction between community and professionals.” The Advisory Board meetings are open to the public who are encouraged to participate. “Equally important is the interaction between the academic community and the surrounding communities.” “Even though we were listeners only at the meetings,” Olga explained, “we were expected to offer feedback after each session, so we learned a great deal.”

David Yale, a freshman organizational studies major from Claremont, California, was admitted to an organizational studies seminar in public policy during the second semester. Already interested in educational administration from his background as student representative on the Claremont Unified School District Advisory Board, he chose to analyze the application of AB 65, which, among other provisions, mandates testing of high school seniors in reading, writing, and mathematics. “The bill is quite vague in defining the standards and procedures for these tests,” he explained. “The

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# Participating

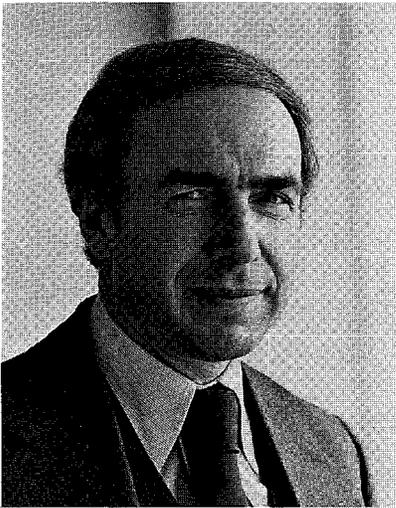
Eight new members were added to the Pitzer College Board of Trustees during 1977-78. Pitzer welcomed **Dudley C. Mecum**, vice chairman/Western regional partner for Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co.; **Raymond G. Marshall**, chairman of the board and founder of the Acapulco y Los Arcos Restaurantes; **Harold J. Meyers**, president and chief executive officer for MacDonald, Krieger, Bowyer & Beyanka, Inc.; **Giles W. Mead**, director of the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County; **Wallace W. Booth**, president and



*Above, Dudley C. Mecum  
Center, Judith Jennings Treas  
Top right, Wallace W. Booth  
Center right, Giles W. Mead  
Bottom right, Joseph F. Alibrandi  
Opposite top, Raymond F. Marshall  
Opposite bottom, Harold J. Meyers  
Not Shown, Ann Lawson Bilodeau*

chief executive officer of Ducommun Incorporated; **Joseph F. Alibrandi**, president of Whittaker Corporation; **Judith Jennings Treas '69**, assistant professor of sociology at the University of Southern California, alumni representative to the Board of Trustees; and **Ann Lawson Bilodeau '69**, director of the Engineering Fund at Stanford University and past-president of The Pitzer College Alumni Association.

1977-78 also saw the completion of the five-year review by a commission for the Western Association of Schools and Colleges (WASC). The WASC report says Pitzer has developed "a tradition based on its innovative purposes and aims . . . dedicated to the social idealism that characterized its early years," and a unique governance structure where



“the trustees, the administration, the faculty and the students work together in a complex and effective system of participatory democracy.”

The WASC report also compliments Pitzer’s “unusually open atmosphere of cooperation between segments of the College’s population” and puts its finger on one of the most important hallmarks of the College. “Pitzer’s system of academic advising is excellent, and in the opinion of the visitors (commission members), the high quality of advising makes (general education) requirements unnecessary.”

**Rod Fujita ’78**, a biology major, is one of 70 nationwide graduates selected for the Thomas J. Watson Fellowship, awarded to seniors in private institutions for research or independent study abroad during the year following graduation. Rod will use the \$7,000 for marine biological research in Japan, specifically to explore ways to increase the yield of fish and other marine organisms at Japanese “fish farms.”

English and philosophy graduate **Kevin Cope ’78**, has been awarded an \$11,000 grant from Harvard Graduate School to study English and American language and literature at Harvard University. One of 17 students accepted for the program out of 450 applicants worldwide, Kevin began his doctoral studies in September. The grant covers full tuition, fees, and a living stipend and is renewable for four years.

Other fellowships include a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship for **John Douglass ’78**, in history at UC Santa Barbara; a Dean’s Fellowship in classics for **Charles Hedrick, Jr. ’78**, at the University of Pennsylvania; a DuPont Fellowship for **Doreen Byrd ’78**, in clinical and child psychology at the University of Virginia; and both a Lilly Foundation and an American Political Science Association — Black Graduate Fellowship for **Deborah Shelton ’78**, in political studies at the University of Chicago.

**Stephen L. Glass** has been appointed the John A. McCarthy Professor of Classics, the first

fully-endowed professorship at Pitzer. The professorship was made possible by matching grants from the John A. McCarthy Foundation and from the James Irvine Foundation.

Dr. Glass, a distinguished scholar whose area of specialization is classical art and archaeology, is one of the founding faculty members of Pitzer. The joint classics program, offered in conjunction with Scripps and Pomona colleges is among the finest and most comprehensive classics programs in the country.

“By far the greatest consequence of the chair, however, and the one in which I take the most satisfaction is that, despite changing pedagogical fashions and the ever-shifting vicissitudes of student and faculty intellectual allegiances, there will always be a professor of classics at Pitzer,” said Dr. Glass.

Pitzer College professors **Ruth H. Munroe** (psychology) and **Robert L. Munroe** (anthropology) have been awarded a two-year grant for \$110,073 by the National Science Foundation (NSF) to carry out research on “Socio-Behavioral Factors in Role Determination Across Cultures.”

The Munroes will spend two years studying children’s acquisition of appropriate sex role behavior in Africa, Central America, New Mexico, and Samoa, chosen for their different mixture of cultural factors. “While men undertake the entire set of subsistence activities in one society, the women are responsible for subsistence in another, and the sexes share these activities in the other two societies. Men and women are socially active together in two of the societies chosen but are separated and occupy different spheres in the two others.”

Authors of *Cross-cultural Human Development*, (Brooks/Cole Publishing Company, 1975), which focuses in part on their current field of study, the Munroes have previously carried out field research in British Honduras and Kenya. They are Pitzer founding faculty members.

**Ronald K. S. Macaulay**, professor of linguistics, is the author of a sociolinguistic study, "Language, Social Class, and Education," published in February by the Edinburgh University Press. The study, based on research Dr. Macaulay did while on sabbatical in 1973 in Glasgow, Scotland, was funded by the Social Science Research Council in London.

Describing his research, Dr. Macaulay said, "I spent six months in Glasgow investigating the way people speak, how their background and education affects this, how the way they speak affects their education, and how important the way they speak is for their chances of desirable employment."

Spring semester Dr. Macaulay returned to Scotland to continue his research as visiting scholar at the University of Edinburgh.

*Thinking Animals*, by **Paul Shepard**, Avery Professor of Natural Philosophy and Human Ecology, was published in April by Viking Press of New York.

Dr. Shepard began publishing in the field of human ecology as early as 1957, and has written *Man in the Landscape: A Historic View of the Esthetics of Nature* and *The Tender Carnivore and the Sacred Game*.

Dr. Shepard also had a significant article, "Place in American Culture," in the Fall 1977 issue of *North American Review*.

**Ann Stromberg**, assistant professor of sociology, in collaboration with Shirley Harkness, associate professor of sociology at the University of Kansas, edited *Women Working: Theories and Facts in Perspective*, published in October by the Mayfield Publishing Company.

The collection of eighteen essays, all but four of which were originally researched and written for *Women Working* by noted sociologists, economists, and other professionals, offers an up-to-date, myth-debunking description of women's labor force participation. The volume gives special emphasis to groups often overlooked in studies of women's work, such as minority women, women in blue collar and service jobs, women in female-dominated professions, and

housewives. It also shows how the work experience of men and women differs due to different socialization, education, life cycles, and location in organizational hierarchies.

**Patsy Sampson**, dean of faculty, will be serving on the Board of Directors of the American Conference of Academic Deans, an informal support group for individual deans in four-year liberal arts colleges and colleges of arts and sciences.

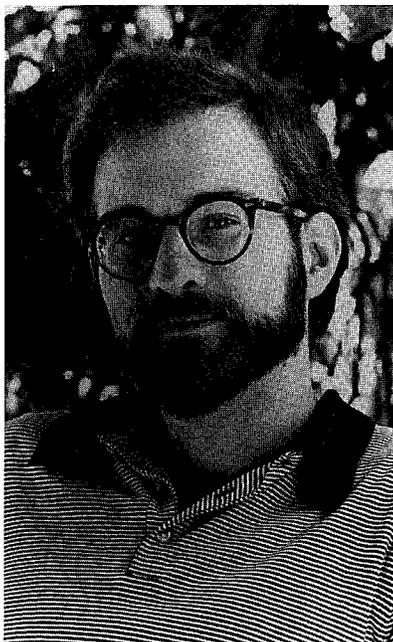
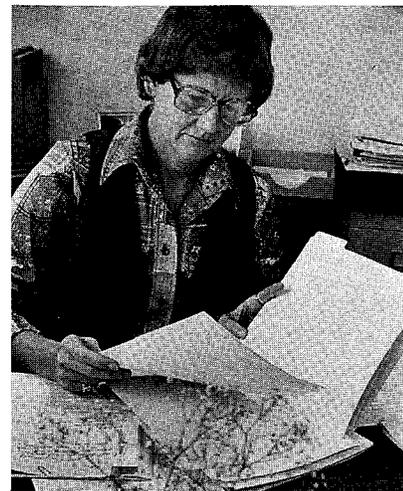
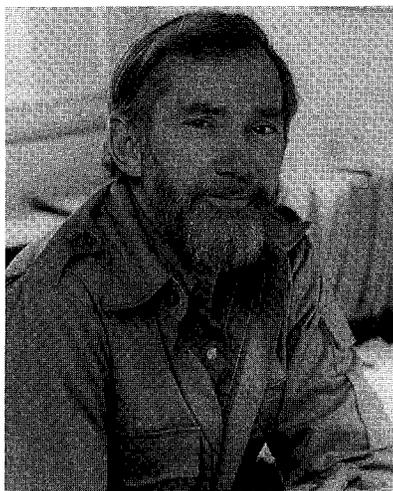
Also a member of the Board of Directors is Anne Havens Fuller, dean of faculty at Scripps College. Dr. Sampson and Dr. Fuller are the only women to be elected to the Board of Directors.

**Joseph Mark**, Dean of Students, came to Pitzer August 1 from his position as Clinical Psychologist for

Community Programs and Assistant Professor of Psychology at Hobart & William Smith Colleges, Geneva, New York. Dr. Mark received his Ph.D. in clinical psychology from the University of Rochester.

"I am personally quite committed to the integration of learning and living," said Dr. Mark. "A good residential college can help students develop their intellectual potential as a part of a total growth experience, so that critical reflection, analysis and creative problem solving become mainstays of one's ethical, social, political, economic, as well as personal life."

Married with two daughters, Dr. Mark's favorite pastimes include cycling, about which he is "very serious," jogging, sailing, cross-country skiing, backpacking and canoeing.



Top left, Paul Shepard  
Bottom, Joseph Mark  
Top right, Patsy Sampson

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## Digging up the Present

*continued from page 9*

They had been imported to make up for labor shortages on cotton and cane-growing plantations.

"In those days, nearly a hundred years ago," Brenneis said, "workers had the option to return to India after serving five years. Few did. They kept their cultural ties with India, but they remained. Gradually, some of the old ways died out. Caste, at this late date, is almost a thing of the past. My villagers like to say that here everyone is equal, but," Brenneis is quick to add, "just as in *Animal Farm*, some are more equal than others."

It is a near-perfect place for the social anthropologist. For it is a self-contained society, without being subject to undue outside

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**But the luckiest part of all were the people themselves. I found the people of Bhatgaon remarkably open, hospitable, and generous. Working with them was a delight.**

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influences. Conflict, as Brenneis points out in "Political Performances in Bhatgaon," is the concern of the contending parties alone. Here he captures the essence of the nature of conflict:

Villagers are quite sensitive to perceived attempts by others to lower their reputations. They are also attuned to the successes of others; too much success is seen by many as both a personal affront and a violation of egalitarian sentiment. In disputes, reputation management is a constant concern, for conflict often arises from apparent insult, and the remedy lies in the public rebalancing of one's reputation with his opponent's.

Disputes in Bhatgaon are by no means confined to personal affronts, but even in his analysis of two types of performances depicted in this paper, religious speeches and song challenges, personal conflict appears to be a motivating factor.

Coreligionists may begin with moderate songs about their own

religion. Sooner or later, though, Brenneis points out, they escalate their performances into abusive and personal attacks upon members of another group. Audiences are either swayed by the virtuosity of the performers, or the public affirmation of their own prejudice. In whichever case, animosities are ameliorated. Until the next time around.

Bhatgaon may be the near-perfect setting for the social anthropologist to go about his investigations, but it is far from being a South Seas Eden. Brenneis says it best in providing the physical background for his "Malice and Mischief in Bhatgaon."

The major crop is rice. Seventy-three households raise rice primarily, while seven have contracts to produce cane for the sugar milling company. All land in Bhatgaon is rented on long-term leases; villagers lease their fields and homesites from either the Government of Fiji or the Native Lands Trust Board, which administers lands owned by Fijian kinship groups. Farms average five-and-one-half acres in size. With such relatively small holdings, neither crop is very profitable; some farming families must buy additional rice to supplement their own produce. Members of the remaining ten households either teach in the local grammar school or work as cane-cutters or manual laborers on the cane railway across the river. Seventy-five percent of the adult males work outside the community for wages. Many are employed in Labasa, the district center 30 miles away, and return to Bhatgaon only on weekends.

In this insular setting, tensions are bound to occur. Disputes arise. Frequently, Brenneis says at the outset, villagers deliberately commit an offense, or accuse their opponents of committing them. It may be difficult for the Western mind to comprehend, but the villagers fully understand the modes of redress available for the different types of offense. Brenneis, in his paper, analyzes two: offenses against religion, and those that come under the heading of mischief. In the former, arbitration by a council of fellow villagers prevails. In the latter, police prosecution may result, but usually the parties involved simply avoid each other. At the root of so many conflicts which engage the attention of the Fiji Indian villagers is a universal human trait, envy and jealousy. Their word for it is *jalan*, and that it permeates the lives of that far-off society can be attributed to the fact that "Bhatgaon lacks the diversified economic, occupational and political structures associated with stratified societies."

Next year, in 1979, the Fiji Indians celebrate their centennial. One hundred years will have passed since the first indentured laborers arrived in the islands to work the cane and cotton fields.

"What sort of celebration it will be," Don Brenneis said not long ago, "it is too soon to say. It may be an all-out bash with government backing. Then again, it may be put  
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## Notes on a Voyage

*continued from page 3*

osmosis and familiarity (to get to the Colosseum take the 181 bus) the vastness of time and greatness will become credible and meaningful in one of the oldest and greatest cities in the western world, the center of western civilization. The very names of the landmarks reflect the march of history and grandeur: The Forum, The Pantheon, Basilica of Saint Peter (take bus #62 down Corso Vitt. Emanuele and across the bridge to the first stop), The Catacombs, Galleria Borghese, or the Piazzale del Colosseo where according to legend the city was founded.

I hope she does not spend all of her time in classical pursuits. I would like to think of her "hanging out" with other students at the Piazza di Spagna, or sampling "the best ice cream in the world" at the Bar Tre Scalini. I hope she goes dancing at the Jackie-O or The Scaraboccio. I hope she becomes friends with Franco and Marie who run the bar on Largo Chiavari. They are friendly to American students, and I hope from them and others she will learn the texture of life in present day Rome.

Friends have asked me how I can permit my daughter to go to Italy at a time when there is political unrest there. My answer has been that political unrest exists everywhere today, and that if you seek to avoid it in Syracuse you will find it in Samara. In addition, I am comforted by Jim Jamieson's assurance that David and Joan Colin are extraordinary people who will be surrogate parents, if that is what my daughter wants, or good friends, if that is what she needs during her stay in Rome.

These are but a few of the thoughts I have as Caroline packs the kind of clothing she is unaccustomed to wearing in Southern California. Wool suits. A rain coat. Heavy

socks. Already the future is mysterious and preparing for it is an unsure time.

Some things *are* certain. From a distance she can observe her life dispassionately. She can learn and grow and expand her universe. She can find that part of her which we all need to find to be truly independent and which comes by putting aside the old habitual dependences. In the next four months she will undergo a profoundly rewarding experience which will remain with her for the rest of her life ■

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## Internships

*continued from page 19*

districts must fund their own programs, with the result that the law may not correct all the inequities it was designed to do." Comparing Claremont's program with three other districts, he concluded that Claremont was "making the best progress of the four because it is a relatively wealthy district."

"The internship program benefits everyone involved," summed up Bylle Whedbee, Associate Dean for Career Planning. Students, she commented, not only are able to relate actual work experience to their studies and have a chance to evaluate a career choice, but "the experience matures them greatly." And, added Karin Meiselman, assistant professor of psychology, "It is growing increasingly difficult to enter graduate school in mental health fields without field work experience. Therefore the internships are of great value for our students who tend to go on for graduate study."

Employers, explained Ms. Whedbee, gain highly motivated and bright employees with fresh ideas and viewpoints and have a chance to get to know potential employees with minimum commitment. Faculty and staff keep up with current business developments in their fields. The college gains a good experiential learning laboratory and improves placement of graduates. And for both the college and the employer, further town-gown understanding results ■

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## Digging up the Present

*continued from page 23*

on by the various Indian societies themselves."

The more than 300 islands which lie sprawled across the southwestern Pacific just west of the International Date Line have long had political and economic ties with Britain. In 1858 the first British consul arrived, but it wasn't until 1874 that the native chiefs finally deeded sovereignty of their domain to the white chief across the water, Queen Victoria, and Fiji became a crown colony. Now, in the latter half of the 20th century, Fiji, like almost all of Britain's former overseas empire, has become independent. The British Solomons followed suit as recently as July 1978.

The centennial celebration, whether extravagant or modest, will be of interest to south Asians throughout the world, and of particular interest to the friends of Fiji Indians. Both Don Brenneis and his wife Wynne hope to be there. This time, if it comes to pass, the trip will not be undertaken on anthropological grounds, but on the less professional ones of renewing old friendships ■

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