

# Participant

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*Pitzer College*

*Fall, 1989*

*Pitzer College*  
*The Grove House*





# In This Issue

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### Cover

*For Alumni Only: It was 10 years ago that the Zetterberg house was moved to Pitzer from its original location. As its story has evolved over the years, the House reflects community investment in Pitzer's future as many groups worked to turn it into a unique student center.*

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## Letter from the President

*Knowing the Past, Mindful of the Future: Founding President and Life Trustee John W. Atherton; President Frank L. Ellsworth; former Chairman of the Board of Trustees Odell S. McConnell; and Chairman of the Board of Trustees Peter S. Gold.*



One of my most pleasant responsibilities is to welcome students and their parents to Pitzer. During my address to the Class of 1993, at the August 1989 Orientation, I asked students to pause for a moment and reflect on the relationship between freedom and responsibility. As graduates of Pitzer, you know better than anyone that this theme is at the core of our College's identity.

My message to the Class of 1993 argued that we are here today because someone in our past took social responsibility—even if it meant paying a heavy price, which was usually the case. Maybe it was paid by an Irish family who left their home to escape the potato famine in the 1840s. Perhaps it was paid by those Eastern Europeans who came via Ellis Island. Or by Asians who as a matter of law had to wait for decades for their mates to join them. It may have been Africans who survived the insufferable journey from Africa and the conditions in which they were eventually placed.

Now it is our turn to give back to our fellow human beings—regardless of whether we are teachers, students, lawyers, entrepreneurs, doctors, entertainers, surfers or poets—and eradicate injustice through love. It calls us to move beyond the prejudices inherent in our human nature and learn how to recognize and respect the differences between individuals and peoples. This learning, I believe, is not something separate from the pursuit of the liberal arts. On the contrary, it is *essential*. When ideas are not related to human action

and interaction, they are diminished in their essence and validity.

By evaluating the effects of our individual actions, including the ethical implications, we learn to take responsibility for making the world we live in a better place. In recent months Pitzer students have done just that: they have participated in the development of our "Wellness Program"; drafted our alcohol policy and our judicial code; collected food and clothing for the Red Cross; expressed their views on public policies in Nicaragua, the Philippines, El Salvador; spoken out on nuclear issues and clean water; volunteered at the House of Ruth and Project Sister; worked this past summer to assist the oil spill cleanup in Alaska. These are just a few of our students' contributions toward making the world a better place through social responsibility.

As we enter the 1990s I am happy to say that Pitzer continues to provide an uncommon opportunity to explore the freedom and responsibility which give rise to that which is known as education. This tradition, I believe, is a fine investment in the future of our society.

Frank L. Ellsworth  
President and Professor  
of Political Studies

## Ink Spot

### Engrossed in Ethnology

Donald Brenneis, professor of anthropology, has been selected as editor of *American Ethnologist*, the journal of the American Ethnological Society, considered the leading American journal of social and cultural anthropology.

Published quarterly, *American Ethnologist* contains articles, book reviews and critical commentary focusing on a broad range of ethnological issues in such areas as ecology, social organization, ethnicity, politics and symbolism, among others.

Brenneis' four-year term as editor began in July 1989. In addition to editing the journal, Brenneis will be responsible for soliciting pertinent articles and reviews, for evaluation and ultimate acceptance or rejection of articles, as well as overseeing production of the journal.

### Women at Work

In the 10 years since the first edition of *Women Working* came out, women's participation in the workforce has continued to rise and some of the problems women face in the work force, such as lack of child care, have been exacerbated.

Those are some of the areas explored in the second (1988) edition of *Women Working*, co-edited by Pitzer Professor of Sociology Ann Stromberg and published by Mayfield Publishing Co. Coedited by University of Kansas Associate Professor of Sociology Shirley Harkess, *Women Working* attempts to answer the questions of why women work, where they work, what work means to them, and how women's participation in the labor force is changing.

Stromberg said the second edition is a complete rewrite of the 1978 edition, a rewrite necessitated by the "huge new volumes of literature, theory and data on women and work."

Stromberg is also a coeditor of the *Women and Work* book series by Sage Publications, with Laurie Larwood, formerly of Claremont

McKenna College, now at State University of New York, Albany; and Barbara Gutek, formerly of Claremont Graduate School. Gutek is now at the University of Arizona.

The third volume was published in 1988. The series brings together research, critical analyses and review articles on the topic of working women. At least three more volumes will be published.

Professor Stromberg plans to spend her fall sabbatical in Washington, D.C., where she and husband Rudi Volti, Pitzer professor of sociology, will both be on professional leave. Volti was awarded a senior fellowship by the Smithsonian Institution, where he will be spending his sabbatical. Stromberg plans to do advocacy work on behalf of children with the Children's Defense Fund and to conduct an exploratory study with foster parents.

### Eminents Are People Too

Why it is important to see the gifted as human beings is the subject of the recently published "How High Should One Climb to Reach Common Ground?" in *Creativity Research Journal*, 1988, Vol. 1, by Pitzer Professor of Psychology Robert Albert.

Another of Albert's works, "Identity, Experience and Career Choice Among the Exceptionally Gifted and Eminent," edited with Mark A. Runco, a Claremont McKenna College graduate who taught at Pitzer spring term, is in preparation to be published by Sage Press in *Perspectives on Creativity*. It's about why the first legitimate creative decision is our sense of identity.

"Identity precedes all other critical life decisions," Albert explained.

These two works are based on a long-term study of the development of 54 boys from pre-adolescence through adulthood, investigating the influences of the family, education and career experience on their development.

The second edition of *Genius and Eminence: The Social Psychology of Creativity and Exceptional Achievement*, a collection of writings edited by Albert, is in preparation for spring publication by Pergamon Press. The first edition appeared in 1983.

Albert planned to take special courses on longitudinal studies during July and October 1989 at Radcliffe College in Cambridge, Mass.

### Explaining Scientific Theories

Among Pitzer Professor of Philosophy Jim Bogen's most recent publications is "Saving the Phenomena," with co-author James Woodward, professor of philosophy at California Institute of Technology, in the July 1988 issue of *Philosophical Review*. Bogen says many people believe scientific theories predict and explain things that are observed.

"Woodward and I argue [in "Saving the Phenomena"] that typical scientific observations are only of raw data which scientists typically cannot and don't want to explain or to predict," Bogen said. "Instead scientists try to explain and predict unobserved things detected through the use of what is observed."

Another recent Bogen publication is "Coherentist Theories of Knowledge Don't Apply to Enough Outside Science and Don't Give the Right Results When Applied to Science," in *The Current State of the Coherence Theory: Critical Essays on the Epistemic Theories of Keith Lehrer and Laurence Bonjour, with Replies*, edited by University of Ohio Professor of Philosophy John Bender, published by Kluwer Academic Publications in 1989.

Bogen also wrote a paper on Aristotelian contraries for a conference on predication at the University of California, Irvine, in August. Contraries are pairs of features (like hot and cold, dark and pale, heavy and light) that Aristotle believed were crucial to the scientific understanding of change, generation and destruction.

"My paper asks whether contrariety is a logical relation according to Aristotle's theory," Bogen said.

Meanwhile, Bogen's band, the Real Time Jazz Band, plays every Thursday, and sporadically on Saturdays at Nick's Caffè Trevi in Claremont, and once every other Wednesday at Rose's Caffè Luna in Rancho Cucamonga.



Ann Stromberg



Andrew Zanella



Alan Jones



Leah Light

### **Why Aren't There More Women Magicians?**

Professor of Sociology Peter Nardi has been conjuring up publication credits again. His article on women magicians, "The Social World of Magicians: Gender and Conjuring," appeared in the December 1988 issue of *Sex Roles*. The paper discusses the relationship of gender to magic. It explores sociological and social-psychological reasons, both historically and in contemporary society, for the dearth of women magicians. Nardi argues that the foremost reason women were virtually absent from conjuring circles before the mid-19th century can be traced to the association of women with witchcraft.

An earlier version of the paper was presented at the American Sociological Association meetings in Washington, D.C., in August 1985.

### **The Transfer of Wealth**

*Trading Technology: Europe and Japan in the Middle East*, by Pitzer Professor of Political Studies Thomas Ilgen and T. J. Pempel of Cornell University, offers insight to both industrial suppliers and Third World importers on the lessons in international trade in technology to be learned from the 1970s.

The book argues that when the boom in oil prices transferred wealth from oil-consuming to oil-producing countries, the oil-producing countries used their new riches to purchase technology and the West took advantage of the situation by expanding their technology sales by investment and trade.

The book was published by Praeger Publishers in 1987. Ilgen's co-author is a professor of government and adjunct professor in the Johnson School of Management at Cornell University in Ithaca, N.Y.

### **The Case of the Soupy Lake**

What makes two adjacent lakes south of Mammoth Mountain look so different from each other is the subject of "A Hypothesis to Explain the Colloidal Differences Between the Upper and Lower

Inyo Crater Lakes," published in *Proceedings of the International Association for Theoretical and Applied Limnology*, by Pitzer Professor of Biology Clyde Eriksen, Pitzer Professor of Chemistry Andrew Zanella, and Claremont McKenna student Mark Nys '85. Published January 1988, the article is about two lakes formed 500-600 years ago by volcanic eruption. One of them has a pea-soup consistency and color while the other one is a more normal-looking lake.

Zanella said the pea soup-colored lake is much deeper and steeper and a lot of debris is eroding down the side of the crater into the lake.

"Although both are subjected to input of pumice, we think the upper lake has some way, involving acid generated by organisms that causes pumice particles to coagulate and drop out, [of] giving a clearer appearance to the upper lake."

Professor Eriksen presented the paper at an international conference in New Zealand in 1988. Zanella did fieldwork along with the other authors.

Zanella also teamed up with Pitzer Associate Professor of Biology Newton Copp to write "Wind Turbines," published in 1989 in *The New Liberal Arts News*. It's about a project from their course, "Principles and Applications of Science." The theme of the second semester is energy, and during the last four weeks, students form three- or four-person teams and build a table-top windmill. They have to build the whole thing from scratch, including the generator and rotor, and get it to generate electric power.

"The whole idea is to have some hands-on experience with energy conversion," Zanella said. "One of the reasons we chose wind turbines is this is an important alternative energy in California."

Copp and Zanella have also submitted "Principles and Applications of Science: A New Approach in Teaching Science for Nonscience Students" to *The Weaver of Information and Perspectives on Technological Literacy*. The article is a description of their course, "Principles and

### **Rat Fat**

Alan Jones, assistant professor of psychology, presented a paper last fall at the Neuroscience Society meetings in Toronto, Canada. The paper, "Maternal Insulin Manipulation and the Development of Obesity," has since been submitted to *Science* magazine. His co-author is Michelle Dayries, a biochemistry major at Claremont McKenna College who graduated in 1988.

"It's been known that steroid hormones can have major effects on how a fetus' brain gets wired up. Until very recently, no one's looked at other factors. I've been looking at metabolic hormones," Jones said.

He found that when pregnant rats were exposed to insulin during gestation, their offspring were obese and overate for the rest of their lives.

Jones was also working with former Pitzer Assistant Professor of Psychology Steve Edelson at Lanterman Developmental Center, looking at biochemical causes of self-abusive incidents in autistic patients.

"Self-abuse is a common symptom of autism," he said. Working with him are Curt Sandman, vice chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of California, Irvine, and Don Dean, director of research activities at Lanterman.

### **Shedding Light on Old Age**

Pitzer Professor of Psychology Leah Light joined forces with Pomona College Associate Professor of Psychology Deborah M. Burke to write *Language, Memory and Aging*, about the relationship between language comprehension and memory. It was published in 1988 by Cambridge University Press.

Light presented a paper in Finland in July at the International Society for the Study of Behavioural Development on direct and indirect measures of memory in old age.

# A House, a Garden, a Philosophy: Pitzer Completes Restoration of the Grove House

by Marianne Aiken

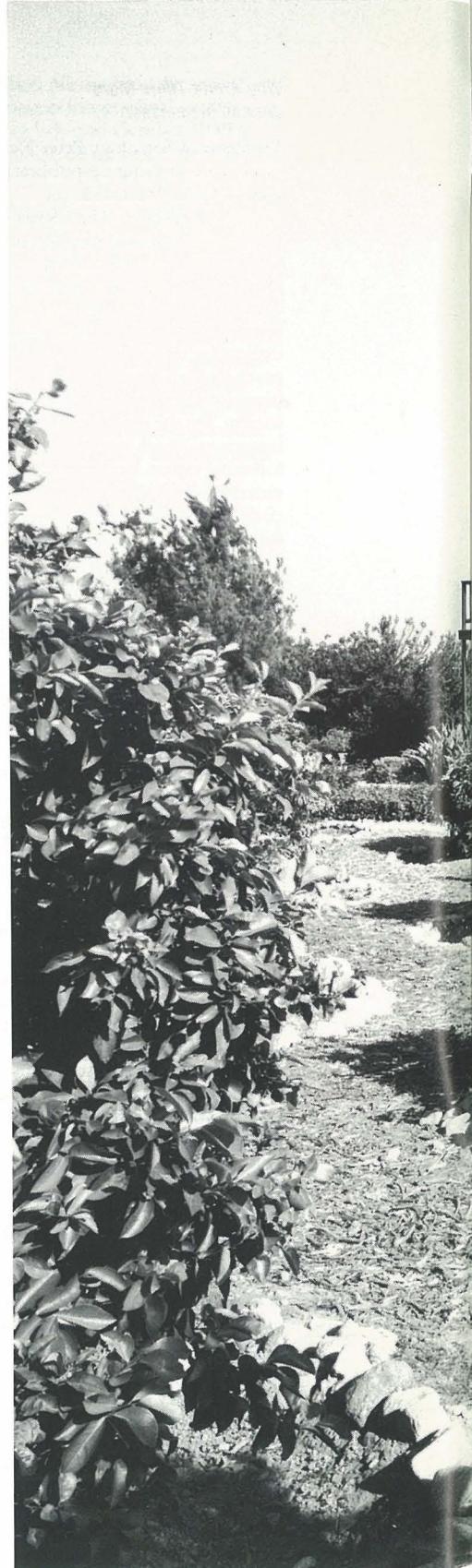
HENRY DAVID THOREAU

***I had three chairs in my house: one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society.***

Thoreau knew that while life, for most, is lived in community, the need for solitude must be safeguarded. It's a lesson Pitzer has committed itself to teaching its students. By restoring the historic Grove House and surrounding it by exquisite gardens, Pitzer hopes that students will learn there is more to the residential college experience than dorm living and dining halls. Indeed, just as Thoreau had his Walden, the Grove House is meant to provide a respite for all members of Pitzer's community from the hustle and bustle of the academic treadmill.

Every day, there are people in the house and its gardens. Some sit in quiet conversations with friends; others in solitude under a tree with a book; still others come to sample the culinary creations of the Grove House chef. Professors discuss poetry with their students while sipping mocha concoctions in an informal class setting at tables under the trees on the south side of the house; upstairs, visitors tour the student-operated art gallery.

It was 10 years ago that the Zetterberg House, a Craftsman-style bungalow, was moved to its current resting place just north of Mead Hall at the northeast corner of the Pitzer campus. The old Zetterberg home, named after longtime residents the Arvid P. Zetterbergs, was first moved from its 721 Harrison Ave. location in Claremont to Pitzer in 1977 and was moved again—this time just a short distance—in 1979. It's a link to local history and for many the most recognizable landmark on the Pitzer campus.



*The Grove House, a Craftsman-style Bungalow relocated to Pitzer's campus in 1979, provides a home away from home—a respite from daily concerns and academic pressures.*



*Under the night's protective mantle,  
the Grove House is brought to the  
campus in 1977 as students' fund-  
raising efforts pay off.*





H.D.T.

***If one advances confidently  
in the direction of his  
dreams, and endeavors to  
live the life which he has  
imagined, he will meet  
with a success unexpected  
in common hours.***

That the Grove House and its gardens exist is something of a miracle; its history is about as rocky as the soil on which it stands. The story started in 1975 when Professor Barry Sanders' class, The Arts and Crafts Movement in America, 1876 to 1916, wanted to do a project instead of a term paper. The project they chose was to move a historic house onto campus for use as a student center. College officials approved on the condition that students themselves raise the money for the move and renovation.

Funding for the project was obtained from the John A. McCarthy Foundation of Los Angeles, the Zetterberg family, Stanley Ross, the Avery Foundation, and the Samuel and Harold Shapiro Foundation. Smaller donations came from members of the community. From all of these sources, and with the help of Pitzer College trustees, students raised the \$50,000 needed to move the house and then pledged—out of their own activity fees—the additional amount needed to bring it up to safety code standards.

One autumn night in 1977, Pitzer moved the house to campus only to have it set down 12 feet off its intended location. Three years

passed. Pitzer trustees had actually voted to terminate the project because of escalating costs when the persistence of college-wide committees and a Pitzer parent saved the house. R. Crosby Kemper, father of Sheila Kemper Dietrich '78, pledged \$100,000 to move the Grove House and completely restore and refurbish it. The grant also covered some of the ongoing maintenance costs after work was completed. The only stipulation to the gift, recalled Sanders, was that there would always be a women's study center at the house. That promise has been kept.

Walking into the house is like entering another era. It's a deceptively large house of about 4,500 square feet, with 12 rooms unfolding within two stories. There is oak panelling everywhere, hardwood floors, leaded glass windows, brass fixtures and hand-carved wood details. An outdoor staircase reaches to the upper rooms, which are accessible from a balcony that overlooks the citrus garden. The Mission Oak-style furniture found and restored by Sanders makes a comfortable conversation spot in the living room, with a couch nestled against a picture window encircled by chairs.

Sanders hunted down more than 100 pieces of the historic furniture through "pickers" on the East Coast, "people who actually go from barn to barn and yard sale to yard sale and auction to auction looking for furniture to sell to collectors and dealers," he said. Much of the then-70-year-old furniture needed to be re-glued and re-sanded when it arrived on campus. Thousands of hours of work were put into the project. "It was myself, two or three students and my wife who brought it back to life," Sanders said.

The architecture and furniture of the house are deliberately of the same period. The heavy furniture suggests stability and was popular in America from 1898 to 1920.

"It's built according to a certain kind of philosophy, a philosophy that we want to permeate the whole house, which is quality," Sanders said. The furniture is made in the mortise and tenon fashion of joining pieces without nails. It expands and contracts at the same rate, contains no chemical stains and is rock solid, even after 80 years. "There was an integrity about it," Sanders said.

H.D.T.

***Talk of mysteries! Think of  
our life in nature—daily to  
be shown matter, to come  
in contact with it—rocks,  
trees, wind on our cheeks!  
The solid earth! the actual  
world! common sense!***

Similar care has been taken to place the house in an environment in keeping with the project's philosophy. Woody Dike, the husband of Diana Ross Dike '68, designed the initial landscape plan. For the past four years, however, the gardens have been lovingly tended by Pitzer Professor of Political Studies and Environmental Studies John Rodman. Rodman crafted the outdoor surroundings on his own time and largely with his own hands.

"I didn't know I was getting into this as a new career," Rodman commented. "I thought at some point I'd just turn this over to the grounds staff. My garden at home

The real work began after the move as Pitzer undertook interior restoration of the House.



is terrible. It doesn't get any attention whatsoever. I didn't know I would be spending part of my time [at Pitzer] diagnosing the ills of agapanthus."

But in July the effect is spectacular when the blue agapanthus and yellow day lilies frame the entry to the house. The beauty of the garden does not go unappreciated the rest of the year, either. "John Rodman has made the garden so beautiful that people simply want to go out there and be in it," said Sanders.

Today, the arboretum is maintained both for aesthetic and teaching purposes. Established in the spring of 1988, it includes the tree and shrub strip on the border between Pitzer and Harvey Mudd College, stretching from Mills Avenue to the Grove House; the gardens around the Grove House; the two berms bordering the south and east sides of the Harvey Mudd College soccer field; and the northern half of the undeveloped brush.

And while the Grove House itself is rich with history, there's also a history project going on outdoors. Rodman wants to conduct an authentic ecological restoration in the northern half of the outback, the rectangle of undeveloped land owned by the College stretching from Ninth Street to Foothill Boulevard and the Pitzer Service Road to Claremont Boulevard. This will involve removing non-native plants and restoring some of the plants that can be found in similar sandy environments but are no longer here. He has found

evidence of mountain mahogany and ceanothus in other parts of the same wash, and has sought out some old folks in the area, asking them what kind of plants used to be here.

"Twenty years from now we're going to have one of the few areas of alluvial [sediment deposited by flowing water] scrub left in the world," he said. "It's becoming a very scarce vegetation."

The best way to see the arboretum is to have Rodman give you a tour. He'll tell you that the natural local ecology is a combination of coastal sage and chaparral vegetation assisted by the San Gabriel mountains, which over the years have washed down sand and gravel through the San Antonio Canyon in a great fan shape.

H.D.T.

### *The tree is full of poetry.*

The grove itself, which was planted to recreate the house's historic agricultural setting, differs from traditional ones in that it's very much a mixed collection. Growing all along the north side of the house are tangelos, tangerines, grapefruit, blood oranges and a few lime trees in the back. Limeade made fresh from the grove's own limes is served inside.

Rodman says one of the objectives here is to manage fruit trees and gardens with a minimum of pesticides and a minimum of commercial fertilizer. To that end, the plants are nurtured with a homemade mulch, born out of twigs, leaves and other natural materials that are tossed into a shredder and then into bins. To demonstrate, Rodman thrusts a fist into a bin and overturns a

handful of the mixture swarming with worms. This rich mulch not only puts organic material back into the environment, but helps to achieve one of the other goals of the garden: to conserve water by locking in moisture. The drip irrigation system that snakes throughout the arboretum is the main tool, however, in the fight to save water; the abundance of drought-tolerant plants facilitates this.

An herb garden has been conveniently planted outside the kitchen door, its harvest to be used for teamaking and savory cooking. A fragrance garden filled with lemon verbena, lavender, sagebrush and yarrow borders the herbs; some day there will be a sign there reading "please fondle the foliage."

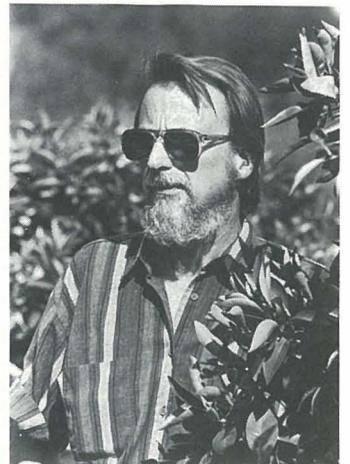
Walk further down the crunchy gravel path. If you listen closely you'll hear the song of birds. House finches live in the eaves of the Grove House and on a quiet afternoon you can spot one of the two dozen quail that live next to the brush. Take the time to rest a while with someone you like in the swing facing the mountains. Here and there lizards dart on the path. One of them sneaks a drink from the spaghetti tubing of the drip irrigation system; rabbits jump on the berm that separates the garden from the soccer field to the north.

Rodman stops to point out one of his favorite plants, the quailbrush. He loves it for its gray color and its aroma. Quail love it for its cover and seed. Nearby, a sycamore tree serves as a natural greenhouse where Rodman stores plants, pots trees and makes cuttings.

*Mission Oak-style furniture found and restored by Professor Barry Sanders, with the help of students, graces the interior.*



*Professor John Rodman, director of the Arboretum, has created beauty and a sound ecology in the Grove House surrounds.*





*The cactus garden, which boasts plants from Australia, southern Africa and the Mediterranean as well as California native varieties, draws student researchers.*

“You’re about to enter the desert,” he says, stepping into the next area of the arboretum.

The desert preserve at the rear corner of the garden is guarded with a sign which warns visitors that it’s a protected area. Someday there will be a student-written guide to the several hundred plants in the preserve. There is more than cacti here: the garden includes agave, aloes, yucca, euphorbia (which is full of latex, producing a milky juice) and ocotillo. “There are plants from Australia, part of southern Africa and the rim of the Mediterranean that are quite happy here,” Rodman said.

With 17 inches of rainfall each year, Pitzer is not quite a desert, but parts of it can look like one during the long, rainless summers. This is no lush suburban garden watered twice a day by a sprinkler system. This is a place where nature takes its course and many of the plants turn brown at certain times of the year.

“That’s the way they handle the drought every summer,” Rodman explains. “Then they green up again when it starts raining in October and November.”

On the other hand, the garden’s chaparral species, like the laurel sumac, tend to stay green all year. “You’ve got this blend, a sort of overlap of species here,” Rodman enthuses.

Near the end of the tour, Rodman points out another one of his favorite plants, the Mexican palo verde. “The whole tree does photosynthesis,” he comments, touching the green branches. “I think it’s a beautiful tree. I liked it so much I got two more.”

Keeping the arboretum alive is a time-consuming task. One

member of the College grounds crew works with Rodman two days a week. Two students also work with him on the grounds part time, plus “an occasional colleague who lends a hand.” Rodman would like to see more students get involved in the restoration project.

H.D.T.

***I think that there is nothing, not even crime, more opposed to poetry, to philosophy, ay, to life itself than this incessant business.***

The Grove House dedication took place in 1980, nearly five years after the project was first announced. Rooms upstairs were dedicated to the memory of people who probably would have loved the newly improved Grove House had they lived to see it.

The art gallery was named after the late Barbara Hinshaw, a Scripps College student who graduated in 1975. Another room upstairs, the Bert Meyers Poetry Room, was dedicated to a poet and professor of English at Pitzer from 1967 until he died in April 1979. Bert Meyers, Sanders remembers, “wanted to gather images, smoke Sherman cigarettes, think and write poetry. Most of the poetry books up in that room belong to him.”

It’s a room that inspires poems. Professor of Philosophy Jim Bogen tells a story about Pitzer student Dana Levin ’87, who went into that room and sat with the picture of Bert Meyers staring down at her from the wall, his books surrounding her.

“She said she started writing and she wrote a poem very quickly,” Bogen said. “She felt that poem had been given to her, somehow, that she was transcribing it. Then when she looked at it, she noticed that it was a kind of poem that Bert could have written. She thinks that was a direct result of the night she spent working in that room.”

While the house provided an inspiring nest for writers, artists and musicians—live performances take place there regularly—gastronomes had to fulfill their needs elsewhere until 1989, when the renovation was completed. In the early days Sanders’ wife, Grace, cooked delicious food in the Grove House kitchen. But in 1981 health department officials placed limits on the operation, reducing the menu to sandwiches, juices and bagels. Once again, Pitzer parents rallied in support of the Grove House. John Campo, father of Lisa Campo ’87, made a timely contribution in 1985 toward the house’s construction. In March 1986, the Mattel Foundation, through the late former Pitzer trustee Glenn A. Hastings, pledged \$70,000 over four years to assist with the renovation of the Grove House kitchen. Hastings’ daughter, Terry Hastings Powers ’86, was a big fan of the Grove House, Sanders said.

The Mattel gift paved the way for work to begin on the kitchen, which finally re-opened in February 1989. It’s no fast-food outlet, however, and some students have bemoaned the fact that nachos coated with synthetic cheese are absent from the menu.

Instead, the offerings from the kitchen are an extension of the

Grove House philosophy—earthy, simple and personal—with a minimum of fried foods, sugar or white flour.

H.D.T.

***That man is richest whose pleasures are the cheapest.***

All these things lend an air of intimacy to the place, Bogen said. He believes the Grove House plays a critical role in the cultural life of the College.

“It’s important for [students] to have a chance to spend time in—if not work in—a garden like the one John Rodman has produced. Or to hear or to play music in a place like the Grove House living room. I think it’s bad for the minds and the school work of Pitzer students not to use—if not work on—the furniture like the furniture Barry Sanders got for the house.”

The house is a home away from home, a refuge from dormitory living for many students. Bogen recalled one of the reasons the house was brought onto the campus was to provide a student center in hopes of reducing Pitzer’s attrition rate. Bogen believes the house fulfills that mission.

“From the first year that house was open, I had a lot of students who were able to stay here because they could be in that house,” he said. “A lot of students find the dorms impossible places to be. They can’t study there, they feel uncomfortable there, they can’t sleep there; so for people like that who want some sort of humane surroundings, the Grove House is the only game in town.”

But the Grove House is not popular with everyone on campus.

Some criticize it as being a gathering place for elitists and don’t encourage others to go there. “It’s actually sort of a minority interest right now, and a very fragile one,” Bogen said.

There’s no predicting which way the tides of campus opinion will turn when it comes to the Grove House, but Bogen says there’s one thing he knows for sure. There’s nothing like it at other colleges.

“A few years ago I visited Ohio State University in Columbus for a term,” he said. “There was this huge room with TVs every few yards going full blast. The whole room was filled with students who were drinking the sleaziest kind of coffee you can get from an automatic machine, and watching this stuff on TV—watching the soaps, watching videos and so forth. This room with the TVs was their student center!”

H.D.T.

***I think that we may safely trust a good deal more than we do.***

Sanders said he believes the Grove House holds a place of respect in the community, citing as evidence the fact that since it opened, it has never been touched by vandals. Neither does he know of anything being stolen or destroyed. He likes to tell a story to make his point: Before the Grove House opened, while its future was still in doubt, the light fixtures on the porch disappeared. Later, when it was clear the house wouldn’t be destroyed, a paper bag appeared on the front porch containing the light fixtures with a note saying “I had these light fixtures in my room because I thought the house wasn’t going to last.”

The fact that students have participated in making the Grove

House what it is today also makes them respect it, Sanders said. Students did the boulder work around the house; they help keep the place polished and they decide what kind of food is served there. The house is governed by committee, and Sanders gives credit to Pitzer Dean of Students Jack Ling for allowing students to make decisions and take risks.

“When people feel they’ve played a part in something, they don’t muck around with it, they don’t destroy it,” he said. “It’s different than placing them in a dorm and sticking plastic furniture in there and saying, ‘here, go live.’”

The community continues to show its support in tangible ways. Trustee Phyllis T. Horton, Pitzer President Frank L. Ellsworth, and Gwen Rodman, wife of John Rodman, have all given generously toward the development of the arboretum. And the Class of 1988’s senior class gift was used to renovate the interior’s wood floors.

Sanders said he believes the Grove House will always be part of the Pitzer landscape, not only because it’s a part of Claremont history, but because it’s in people’s imaginations.

“Once it’s in your imagination, you can never destroy it. I don’t think the actual building matters as much as people’s imaginations and the conversations they’ve had there. That’s what will make it stay. Plus,” Sanders says, “they’ve got some good food there now.”

H.D.T.

***... unless we do more than simply learn the trade of our time, we are but apprentices, and not yet masters of the art of life.***



*The tranquil environment of the Grove House attracts students for reading and quiet conversations.*



## David Meets Goliath, or, Pitzer Travels to Harvard for the Model United Nations Conference

Fifteen Pitzer students went to the Model United Nations Conference in Boston in February with the motto, "play hard, feel honored, have fun," and came back with a fistful of awards.

It was more intense than finals week . . . and more rewarding, too. Months of study—without academic credit—paid off in polished public speaking skills, increased self-confidence and a better understanding of international relations as the Pitzer delegation walked away with four individual awards. Students Ben Goren '90, Sandy Hamilton (New Resources), Gregg Sanders '89 and Julius Terrell '89 each received "honorable mention" awards for their work during the conference. Not bad, considering that only 150 awards were spread among the 1,800 participants.

"It was such a positive experience," said New Resources student Sandy Hamilton. "My first impression when I came back, was 'hey, I'm going to do this again.'"

They walked into a strange new world of rules and international relations, a world that mimics the United Nations right down to the dress code. They went up against students from the best schools in the nation. Like David facing Goliath, they found it is possible to compete with giants and win.

Ben Goren '90 led Pitzer's MUN team for 1989, the second time he participated. He said that facing the "enemy" his first year at MUN was an intimidating experience. Recalling his feelings at the time, he remembered he thought, "these are all the schools I couldn't get into."

Goren said his idea that students at East Coast Ivy League schools are much more intelligent than Pitzer students was "basically false."

"There's no truth whatsoever in it that these are superior schools to ours," he said. "We have the best education money can buy."

Hamilton said she had similar sentiments. During the hour-long opening ceremony, she was getting nervous, looking at the students from Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins and the University of Chicago.

"But once I got into committee and I heard a couple of people open their mouths, I thought, we have nothing to worry about," she said. "I didn't feel intimidated at all by anybody in my committee because I felt that I was as prepared, or more so, than anybody else."

Getting on the MUN team is no easy task. Students have to go through an interview and, once accepted, agree to follow strict rules—rules made up by students—to keep their place on the team.

Preparation was the key to the group's success. There were interviews the first week of October, and within a week the group had its first meeting. The team was not assigned a country to represent until November, which made it difficult to start research, so the students worked on speaking skills. At the first meeting, each team member was given a topic and assigned to come back next time and give a short, persuasive speech on the topic.

Team members also had to face a critique by the group.

"Every time we had meetings," Goren said, "we made people speak clearly and concisely. It is an important thing throughout life to be able to speak well in public. But in this situation it is a necessity, an absolute necessity."

When the group found out it had been assigned the country of Belize, it was a disappointment. The year before, Pitzer was assigned Costa Rica, and after coming away with awards from that experience, the team was ready for bigger fish.

"Belize was not on our top 10 list of countries," Goren said.

"Belize was probably on our *last* 10 list of countries. It was not one of the big countries we thought we could handle after such a successful first year."

Nevertheless, the group dug into its task.

"I can't tell you how many hours I put into it," Goren said. "You have to be incredibly well-versed on the information, because everybody [else] is."

The point is not only to do the research but to understand the information, he said. But even taking the first step, of getting that

information, is difficult.

"There are so many UN documents that you can't have all of them at your disposal," Goren said.

There's no way to bone up on every detail about a country, and bluffing is acceptable if you fall short on preparation, he said. During the 1988 MUN Conference Goren was asked about the literacy rate of Costa Rica. He pulled a number out of the air—94 percent.

"That's another necessity. If you don't know something you b.s. it," he said. "If someone tries to catch you off guard, you can wade through it without breaking down. Avoid the question, tell them what they want to hear. I mean, that is what you have to do, make it up on the spot."

James Rianhard '91, who is slated to be the next MUN student leader, said the weekly meetings paid off in that there were no surprises when he got there. The Pitzer team prepped on parliamentary procedure and held a three-hour mock session before heading off to the East Coast.

"For our delegation this year there was a lot of pressure," he said. "A lot of the people were first-year people. There were 1,800-2,000 students there, all good at what they do. The pressure to leave a good impression was very high."

Some of the conference literature the team received noted that if you've never been to a Model United Nations before, your first impression is likely to be that it's a place of total chaos. Each committee meets over five or six sessions for a total of 20 hours. Committee time is divided between formal debate and caucus. During formal debate, delegates have the opportunity to share their views with the entire committee. When a recess is called during the session, the committee is in caucus. Caucus periods are kept to 20 minutes.

Hamilton conquered her fear of going before the crowd by putting her name on her committee's speaking list right away.

"Once I got that initial shot in front of the committee over with,

*Tom Ilgen, top, hands the credit for Pitzer's success at the recent Model United Nations Conference to the students involved. James Rianhard '91, Sandy Hamilton (New Resources) and Ben Goren '90 were three of last year's participants.*



it didn't bother me at all," she said. "[Before that], even though I knew that we had done everything we could do, and we had spent a lot of time, I was thinking, well, they just may get up there and blow you away, and it wasn't like that at all. It was very relaxed."

Rianhard said the experience sharpened his public speaking and organizational skills.

"I had a horrible time organizing myself," Rianhard said. "I really improved dramatically. It seemed maybe even hopeless in the beginning."

The MUN experience taught the team members things they never could have learned in a classroom, Goren said.

"You learn negotiation, you learn about general human nature, you learn about power plays, you learn quite a bit about true international relations," he said.

The delegation's faculty advisor, Professor of Political Studies Thomas L. Ilgen, hands the credit for the group's success to the students. His philosophy in guiding MUN students, during the four years he's been at Pitzer and several years previously at Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass., has been to make it a student activity, dependent on the students for its success or failure.

"I am there really to make sure that the bills get paid and forms [are] sent in on time and so forth. But the actual preparation is something that is very much a student-initiated activity," Ilgen said. "I think students have also taken seriously the notion of representing Pitzer effectively, of putting Pitzer on the map."

Ilgen said two years ago the College decided to stop giving academic credit and grades for Model United Nations participation in order to weed out those who might not be doing it for the right reasons.

"We have tried to pick people who are very seriously interested in doing a good job, representing the school effectively, as well as learning a lot from the experience."

Not all the students who make it onto the MUN team are interested

in political studies or international relations. Often they have an interest in international affairs, Ilgen said, "but they can also be interested in things like debate, or other forms of oral expression that aren't necessarily connected with the subject matter that they are dealing with."

Ilgen applauded Harvard and especially its students for putting on a well-organized conference. At Harvard, MUN is a student-run activity, not an institution-sponsored conference, Ilgen emphasized.

"This is a group of students who are very committed to essentially international education," he said. "And it is an enormous amount of work. If you think of trying to manage 1,800 college students over a four-day weekend, in any context, it is not an easy chore."

Ilgen and Rianhard sent letters requesting an assignment outside the region to which Pitzer has been assigned for the past two years.

If you can get these posh assignments, Rianhard said, "you go up against the best public speakers in the country."

Pitzer has applied to represent Indonesia, Cuba and Iran, plus countries in Europe and Eastern Europe. If such an assignment comes through, it would diversify the experience for the returning delegates, especially in terms of preparation, Rianhard said.

The more challenging countries require a minimum delegation of 19. Rianhard's goal is to generate a lot of interest in MUN so 30-50 Pitzer students show up for interviews.

No matter what country the team is assigned, Rianhard is confident that his year as team leader will go well.

"Pitzer leaves its mark there in positive ways," he said.

— Marianne Aiken



## Brave New Class

**This Year's Entering Frosh Prove Pitzer Is No Longer the Best-Kept Secret in Claremont**

For some years now, educators and statisticians alike have predicted a shrinking college applicant pool and foretold the dire consequences for colleges which fail to fill their classes. Institutions across the country have braced themselves ever since for the crunch to follow. There will be fewer students to go around, conventional wisdom holds, and more colleges recruiting them. Meanwhile, the rising cost of education will limit the choices of many, making public institutions ever more attractive and leaving the small, private colleges struggling.

And to many colleges, last year's recruitment picture proved gloomy indeed. "Virtually every selective college in the U.S. had to go into its waiting list to fill its class," said Pitzer Vice President of Admissions and College Relations Paul Ranslow. Nationally, schools and colleges reported a five to 10 percent decline in applications, according to the *New York Times*, and a few saw as much as a 30 percent decline.

There is at least one notable exception to this bleak picture: at 175 students, Pitzer's entering

class this year is not only slightly larger than anticipated; but, with a median combined SAT score of 1090 and average GPA of 3.33, it's among the very best classes the College has seen yet.

It's also one of the most diverse classes. "We're very pleased that the class is 30 percent minority and approximately half women and half men. Also, we will have students from at least 25 states and five foreign countries represented," said Ranslow. Many states previously thought to be underrepresented, such as Tennessee, Florida and Wisconsin, are present in the class, he added.

Rounding out the class are 30 transfer students selected from 142 applicants and 25 new students enrolled in the New Resources Program. Typically, New Resources students are 26 years old or older and bring to the campus a wide variety of life experiences that lend an unusual form of diversity to the College, said Ranslow.

This group also differs in that a full 49 percent of the Class of 1993 attended public high school, 48 percent attended private and three percent attended parochial school.

In previous years, the greater majority of students came from public schools.

So how does Pitzer come to prosper in these hard admission times? Ranslow gives credit to those working outside the Admission Office as well as in it. "We're indebted to our colleagues across the country who contribute to our efforts to attract and select students," he said. "The assistance and support of alums and other friends of Pitzer has been critical in bringing in an interesting, diverse class."

And as if that weren't enough good news, last year Pitzer moved into the next highest category of colleges, from "very competitive" to "highly competitive." As determined by the National Association of Schools and Colleges, these rankings weight everything from SAT scores and GPA to the average salary of the faculty and the quality of the academic programs. Of more than 2,700 schools eligible, the top 250 are categorized either "very selective," "highly competitive" or "most selective." Pitzer's jump puts the College in the same

category as Claremont McKenna College, Occidental College in Los Angeles, Reed College in Portland, Ore., and Colby College in Maine.

Of course, facts and figures do not represent the sum total of the kind of student Pitzer wants to attract. "We won't ever lose the kind of student who wants to go out and save the world," predicts Assistant Director of Admissions Hector Martinez '87, "but other elements are represented now. This class tends to be the most well-rounded class ever, as far as interests go.

"And while it wouldn't be right to say that the class is more conservative," Martinez concludes, "it is more of a picture of what the good college student is today in the U.S. They are interested in a variety of things, but also in succeeding and in making a difference."

This year, for the first time, the Admission Office will publish a profile of Pitzer's entering class. For a copy of the report, contact Paul Ranslow in the Pitzer College Admission Office, 1050 N. Mills Ave., Claremont, CA 91711.

— Elisabeth Duran



## Commencement 1989: Putting Pitzer in History

**Pitzer celebrated its 25th Commencement last May by inviting John Atherton, founding president, professor of English and life trustee, to give the commencement address. The senior class speaker was Laura Kerman, a graduate in political psychology from Portland, Ore., while Joseph C. Chatham, a graduate in political studies from Granada Hills, Calif., presented the senior class gift—a wide-screen television for the McConnell Pit.**

**President Frank L. Ellsworth presided over his 10th commencement. "Today we honor individuals who we hope will be both participating and contributing members of society," he told the assembled seniors, faculty, and friends and family. "Perhaps the most central object of a liberal arts education is to help our students learn how to participate in the world around them, particularly in terms of developing concern with the social consequences and ethical implications of their knowledge and their actions. Each of us here today must continue to learn how to evaluate the effects of our individual actions and our social policies in order that we take responsibility for making the world we live in a better place."**

**Ellsworth then introduced honored guest Benjamin Charny, noting it is now three years since several students launched a campaign to obtain the release of Charny, a Soviet mathematician, and his wife, Yadviga—both refuseniks denied permission to emigrate. "Benjamin Charny came to represent someone very special to our community," said Ellsworth, "as students, staff and faculty rallied together in this cause of emancipation." (Participant, Fall 1988.) Charny stood to sustained applause before thanking Pitzer and offering a few comments (see side bar).**

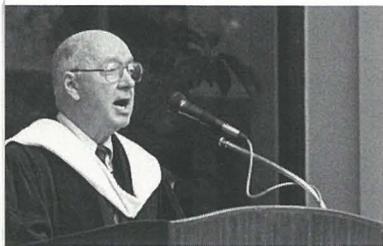
**John Atherton then took center stage, in an address titled "Putting Pitzer in History." The following are excerpts of his speech and a last look at the Class of 1989 as they marked the passage from student to graduate.**

I invite all of you, Pitzer seniors, the College community, Dr. Charny, parents, grandparents, good friends, to visualize for just a moment the Pitzer seal, the spreading orange tree, on its white background, together with the Latin words *Provida Futuri—Mindful of the Future*. Certainly a very wise admonition for seniors, academicians, even for politicians. But, somehow, as [Professor of Classics] Steve Glass has reminded me, half of the originally proposed motto never appeared on our seal. The complete motto...read *Praeterita Sciens, Provida Futuri—Knowing the Past, Mindful of the Future*. Somehow, in the excitement of Pitzer's first year, *Knowing the Past* disappeared, and only the warning, to be *Mindful of the Future*, remains on our seal.

Now that we have reached the ripe old age of 25 and built a glorious and enviable tradition in the Claremont Colleges and across the nation, I'd like to make amends and invite you to assist me in restoring Pitzer's past. Certainly, for us to be properly mindful of the future, we ought to remember where we came from and how we arrived together at this anniversary ceremony on the Pellisier Mall in the Year of our Lord, 1989.

1964. Just where we are sitting now, the newest member of the Claremont academic family is taking on life. Pitzer College is being born. Scott and Sanborn Halls, gifts from our founder, Russell K. Pitzer, are under construction. The abandoned city dump of Claremont is about to flower into an academic experiment in the social and behavioral sciences. An invitation has been sent across the country inviting young women to participate in creating their own education—with some tiny bit of help from the faculty. Oh yes, we already had a seal and a motto, *Provida Futuri*. Even the roman numerals were correct, thanks to Steve Glass's watchful classic eye.

1964. This first Pitzer entering class: 153 brave young women from 16 states and five foreign countries needed all the help they



Founding President John W. Atherton delivers the 25th Commencement Address.





*Linda Indaburu and Senior Class Speaker Laura Kerman await the walk across the stage.*

*A crowd of thousands was on hand to cheer the new graduates.*



*Registrar Ann Maberry, Chairman of the Board of Trustees Peter S. Gold and President Frank Ellsworth in action as Farouq Al-Sayhati receives his diploma.*

could get from parents and grandparents. Their education at Pitzer this first year was going to cost them \$2,500 for room, board and tuition. What a bargain! This would entitle them not only to Pitzer's new offerings in anthropology, sociology and psychology, but also access to all courses in the arts and sciences in the other Claremont Colleges.

What was this world of 1964 into which this fledgling college was born? In California's grape-growing valleys, Cesar Chavez was starting to organize the migrant pickers. In Washington, President Johnson signed the most comprehensive Civil Rights Bill in American history. In Hollywood, Rex Harrison received an Oscar for his work in *My Fair Lady*. The televised awards were seen and heard around the globe. These awards were sponsored by Honda motorcycles of Japan, whose eight million products were also seen

and heard around the globe. . . Ronald Reagan appeared on the networks endorsing Goldwater for president, and at the end of the year, the Berkeley Police arrested 635 protestors at Sproul Hall. . . At the Institute of Automation and Instrument-Making in Moscow, a brilliant young mathematician named Benjamin Charny was completing his doctoral thesis in applied mathematics.

What a future lay ahead of this first Pitzer class! Twenty-five years! Race riots in Watts. Medicare. The Voting Rights Act. Martin Luther King shot in Memphis. Robert Kennedy dead in Los Angeles. Armstrong and Aldrin walk on the moon. Joan Baez and Bob Dylan sing *We Shall Overcome*. Withdrawal from Vietnam. The Apple computer. Watergate. Sadat addresses the Knesset. American hostages in Teheran. Pitzer's Dean

An end, a beginning.



The Class of 1989.

Ron Macaulay trades his Peugeot for a Honda. The leveraged buy out. Chernobyl. President Reagan in Moscow. The Nuclear Arms Treaty. Iran-Contra. Gorbachev and *perestroika*. A kinder, gentler nation.

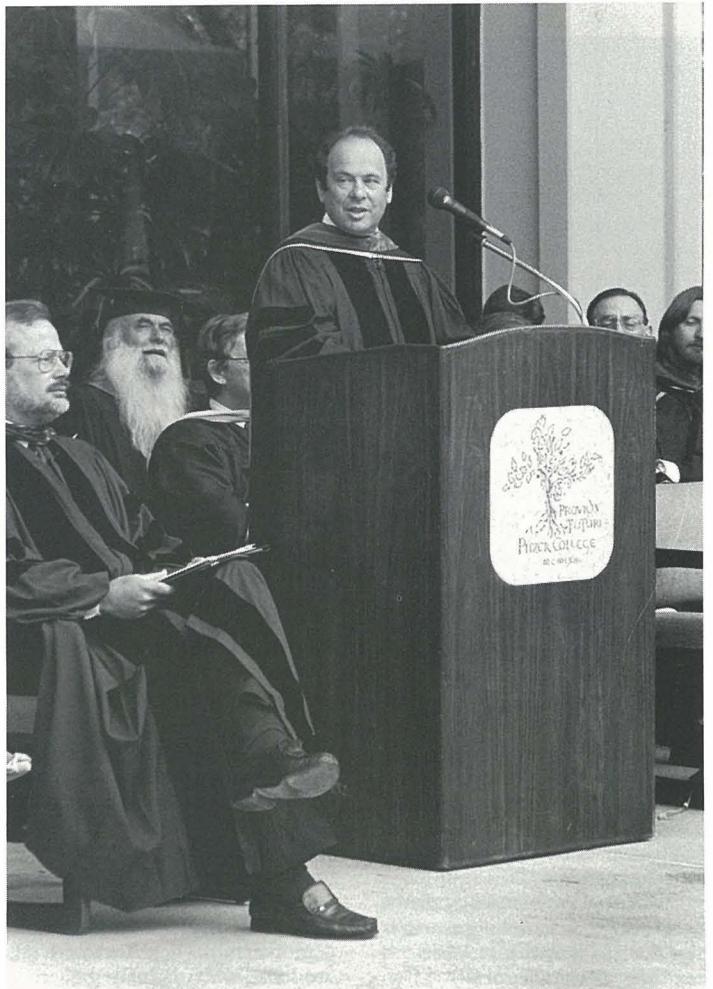
*Praetervita Sciens—Knowing the Past.* So we are back in Claremont, today, Mother's Day, May 14, 1989. On Pitzer's Board of Trustees sit a son and grandson of our founder, Russell K. Pitzer. The College is graduating 172 seniors. And Benjamin Charny is here with us in America.

You young men and women sitting on this platform represent a diversity of race, color and creed undreamt of in [those early days]. You, or your parents, or the Pitzer Scholarship Fund, have paid each year almost \$17,000 for room, board and tuition. What a bargain! You have had the freedom to design your own courses of study—with a little help from the faculty—taking concentrations ranging from art to zoology, from Asian studies to

some obscure reason, none of you has majored in applied mathematics.

To support and enrich your program at Pitzer, you freely registered for a third of your courses in the other Claremont Colleges. You took liberal advantage of the external studies program and experienced new cultural vistas in China, Japan, Israel, Sweden, Spain and Nepal. Many of you have been actively engaged in helping the homeless in Los Angeles, assisting in the work of the Central American Council, and working with the Admission Office to increase the diversity of the student body.

And above all, through all your four years at Pitzer, with the help and example of a dedicated faculty, each of you has come to understand how you can shape history, not become its victim. Perhaps that fundamental realization is what a liberal education is all about. *Provida Futuri*. The future of this world depends on it.



***Benjamin Charny, former Soviet refusenik, attended the May 19 commencement as an honored guest of the College. He had these brief, compelling words for the Class of 1989:***

I am extraordinarily honored to speak to you on this very special day. And I am happy that I am able to do this at a college which did so much for my release. You helped me to get [the] freedom you have had for all your life. And this excellent college taught you what academic freedom is and how to use it—I can tell you that what you have is really a treasure. I can assure you that in the Soviet Union, students and teachers don't have even a resemblance of this freedom. Without special permission of Soviet authorities, they cannot travel abroad, cannot meet with their foreign colleagues—even now with [Soviet leader Mikhail] Gorbachev and *glasnost*. They cannot express their political views if they are different from the official ones. So please keep the treasure you possess and keep helping those who are still not free.

## China Spring

*Pitzer Professor of Sociology Peter Nardi was one of thousands of Americans travelling in mainland China when rioting broke out last May. Nardi was in China under a grant from the Durfee Foundation to study Chinese magic and magicians. "While I was able to investigate a lot of what I proposed," he reports, "I also ended up investigating the nature and process of revolutions." In Shanghai, Nardi's first stop, his mobility around the city was curtailed by massive student demonstrations. "Strikes, cancellation of transportation and other inconveniences prevented me on a few occasions from doing a little bit more," Nardi says, "but nothing matched what was to happen next: Tian An Men Square massacre."*

*Nardi arrived in Beijing 14 hours after the massacre. At that point, he was travelling with a group of American tourists; their Chinese tour guide helped them to get out of Beijing, and then China. "My project became one of understanding the*

*political and economic turmoil in China," he says. Interviews with students, faculty and other Chinese people over the next few days, Nardi says, turned out to be one of the most fascinating and powerful experiences of his adventure.*

*"It is difficult for me to put into words all that I experienced: it was passionate, intellectual, emotional and invigorating," says Nardi. "I learned so much about the Chinese people, their history, the current situation and their feelings. I experienced Shanghai on May 18, the day a million people converged in Beijing and hundreds of thousands converged in Shanghai.*

*"I was regularly approached by people to talk, to shake hands, to share a 'V' for 'Victory' sign. I have never experienced such a large and passionate crowd. I was much more excited than frightened. It was an adventure to last a lifetime. It was history."*

A 60-year-old man, carrying his parakeet in a bamboo cage, struggles across the vast square and is shot dead by soldiers. This is the first person killed in the bloody June 4 massacre in Tian An Men Square. Or so we are told by the local tour guide in Beijing as we hear the shocking news for the first time. The guide then describes the murder of a pregnant woman, a nine-year-old girl and hundreds, maybe thousands, of students. Within hours of the killings, mythologies already begin to unfold and with them the elevation of martyrs.

The imagery of a caged bird and an old man, however, has become a more appropriate symbol of what is happening in China today than the metaphors of rebirth and growth which were prevalent in the weeks leading up to the military action.

On May 28, I was surrounded by 50 or 60 excited young Chinese people at the "English Corner" section of Shanghai's largest park, Remin Park or the People's Park. Every Sunday, crowds of English-speaking Chinese gather at the Shanghai Library-side of the park to practice their English.

This day they had a lot to talk about. Exactly 40 years ago, on May 28, 1949, the People's Liberation Army arrived in

Shanghai, transforming control of the city from foreign hands to the new China. And now these young people were talking about the prospects of democracy and freedom for a newer China.

Just 10 days earlier, China and the world witnessed the largest demonstrations held anywhere. Students, who originally gathered in Beijing to mourn the death of former Party General Secretary Hu Yaobang, began to chant for democracy and freedom. Soon, however, the millions who rallied in Beijing, and the hundreds of thousands who marched in Shanghai, were calling for Prime Minister Li Peng to resign and for all the old leaders to step down. A "China Spring" was happening.

People have often asked why these huge demonstrations seem to occur during the spring: Prague in 1968, Paris in 1968 and now China. Perhaps the answer really is as simple and cynical as the observation that it's more convenient to demonstrate during warmer weather. However, Joseph Campbell [the late scholar of mythology] might have argued that spring is traditionally a time for rebirth and renewal, for planting seeds for later harvest.

This was the imagery in my mind as I spoke with the people of Shanghai on that particular Sunday in May. While their

dreams may have been for immediate results, their realism about social change led them to see the recent demonstrations as a planting for later fruition. The sense of rising expectations—typically the conditions under which revolutions are more likely to occur—came through loud and clear as I stood for two hours among the Shanghai people, who were eager not only to practice their English, but also eager for information.

My arrival in the park was immediately acknowledged as the English speakers quickly formed a huddle around me, four-deep and anxious to talk. Clearly, and often in good English, the mostly young people competed to ask me questions, first about my opinions of the mass demonstrations, then about the economics of capitalism and the politics of democracy.

Despite some attempts by me to change the topic to other social issues as new faces entered the growing circle, the questions continued in the same vein. What questions they asked and how they phrased them points out concisely their central concerns.

"Is it true that the U.S. government doesn't own any farms or factories? Can someone appear on TV, criticize the government, and not get arrested? Are local leaders, like mayors,



*Pitzer Professor of Sociology Peter Nardi in Wuxi, in the province of Jiangsu, China.*

*May 18, 1989: Nardi witnessed hundreds of thousands of students and workers marching through the streets of Shanghai.*



appointed by the central government? Can you choose where to live and what work you do? Did Americans support the demonstrations? What do you think will happen to China and its leaders? Are demonstrations an effective way to change society? How do you remove leaders from office if you don't approve of what they do?"

These young Shanghai people devoured any and all information about American politics and economics. My 15 minutes of fame at the center of attention became two hours as we discussed these issues. They showed a remarkable familiarity with the American system, even correcting me at one point on the eligibility requirements to run for a congressional seat. Much of their news comes from the Voice of America and the BBC, they said. I wondered how many young Americans would say they regularly listened to the news or would have been able to discuss similar questions about their own country with as much depth as these Chinese people were doing.

Although I felt as if I were the defender of the American system, my answers were not simplistic patriotism about democracy and capitalism. I tempered my remarks by pointing out some of the

criticisms: for instance, power in our society typically resides in the hands of rich, white males. As I pointed out some of the flaws of our economic apartheid, we collectively agreed that all systems have flaws and that corruption often goes with power regardless of the model.

We concluded that the issue becomes not what economic and political models will eliminate corruption and inequality, but under what flawed system people can attain the most freedom and have the most effective voices in determining their own lives. What they wanted was some new system which combined the best aspects of capitalism and the strengths of socialism.

These discussions, on a late spring afternoon in Shanghai, generated ideas and topics which might one day come to bloom in China. Their passion and fervor for change are indescribable: it can only be experienced by standing in the middle of a crowd, completely surrounded on all sides, and listening to their voices cry out in unison.

On that Sunday, the 40th anniversary of liberation from foreign control, these young people spoke about a newer liberation. They were sure that although the old, conservative leadership was maintaining its

hegemony, China couldn't possibly go backwards any longer. The Chinese people said they were witnessing the future: joint ventures with Western values and styles appear throughout the country; Hong Kong's economic system and lifestyles are familiar to the mainland Chinese as they discuss the impact of the 1997 return; and television, rapidly diffusing throughout the country, brings them ever closer to the global village for relative comparisons. It is in this context, they said, that their calls for democracy and freedom evolved.

But this was one week to the day before the massacre in Tian An Men Square. As our tour bus drove to the hotel, past smoldering trucks and convoys of soldiers with guns, I reflected on my conversations with the people in the park. The seeds planted by student unrest and dissatisfaction did not bring an early harvest of change, only a harvest of shame. Spring's image of the little bird, often a symbol of freedom, welcoming the new season with his calls, has been replaced—this time with a caged bird surrounded by bloodstains.

— Peter M. Nardi  
Professor of Sociology

## Italian Journey

The summer of 1944 was particularly sweet in the Tuscan countryside. The narrow roads, through hedgerows and past garden walls, were deserted, as if everyone had gone to the seashore, to Viareggio. Only occasionally a cart drawn by white oxen would come rumbling along Via delle Campora; the rattle of the steelhooped wheels would echo from the shuttered villas standing in olive groves amidst cypress trees and stone pines on the ridge overlooking the valley of the Arno.

We were all waiting. Two nights earlier there had been partisans in the courtyard. We had spied them from our upstairs windows; they looked like hunters in the faint light from the kitchen, with their satchels over their shoulders.

Our grandmother had warned us not to say anything to anyone about those men. But then we were used to keeping secrets, like not telling about Signorina Strauss in the tower.

We are not allowed to go down into Florence, but news from the city reached us every day. *Il postino*, the mailman, still came in the afternoon and stood at the bottom of the stairs yelling: “*Posta, posta!*” He was quite mad and wore a short, black cape that made it seem as if he had just flown in through the great double doors.

“Quick,” grandmother yelled, “take him an apple,” or a piece of bread, or some cheese. She was convinced that unless the mailman was given his daily ration he would tear up the mail, or burn it somewhere along the road—it had happened before—one could read about these things in the *Nazione*. And after all, the mail was her only link with her war-dispersed family.

We would scamper down the broad stairs and the *postino* would be standing in the hall, looking mercurial and wind-blown as if he had just landed. He would stretch out his hand: first the apple, then the mail.

And he would bring the news mixed in with his own, so that we were never sure what was truth and what was invention. His wife, he said, was a duchess. The Germans shot twenty men on the steps of Santa Maria Novella. The Australians were in Siena, and when the war ended he would immediately be promoted to the post office in Piazza Davanzati.

Perhaps it was true that the Allies were in Siena, because at night we could hear a distant thunder, like trunks being bounced down the stairs from the attic.

Maybe the Germans were going to retreat across the Arno, because on one of those long afternoons, when we were supposed to be lying down for our siesta and the shutters of the great windows were three-quarters closed, and when we knew that our grandmother was up in the tower, taking food to Signorina Strauss, we heard the unmistakable tramp of boots on the cobblestones of Via delle Campora.

Whoever was marching stopped in the little square in front of our house and after a while we heard the *campanello*—the house-bell, pulled by a string—being rung insistently. We were paralyzed by fear, having heard many stories of the Germans who had carried off people. Perhaps they were coming for us. Or for our grandmother. Or Signorina Strauss, who was hiding from the Germans in a little attic room in the tower and whom our grandmother was protecting and feeding, giving up some of her own rations.

The bell rang again and we heard the heavy footsteps of Concetta, our cook, going down the stairs to open the front door. Murmur of voices, then her peremptory call: “Signora, Signora!” which could shatter windowpanes. And then the light but determined footsteps of our grandmother. She was a very small lady in her seventies, daughter of one of those North German Hanseatic families whose decadence Thomas Mann has chronicled. But there was nothing decadent about her. She had retained the tough, almost nut-like quality of her ancestors; even the color of her fine skin had a nutty-brown tinge to it. She had come to Italy as a young girl (undoubtedly inspired by Goethe’s *Italian Journey*), had fallen in love with Italy, Tuscany, Florence—and with a young Florentine professor of German. The war had dispersed her family, but she was determined to maintain the proud ancestral palazzo crowned by its little tower, and to take care of her grandchildren, until the family could be reunited.

We could hear the murmur of voices in the *salotto*, but did not dare rise from our beds. In a moment the door opened and our grandmother stood before us, more determined than ever.

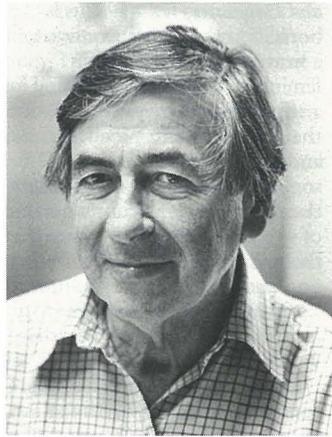
“Now listen to me carefully. This is very important. I want you to come and stand with me in the *salotto*. But not a word, you understand, not a word.”

We did understand, because she had used us before in various crises with the authorities as a sort of backdrop, as a silent chorus of orphans for whose sake. . .

So we followed her obediently in our stocking feet into that grand room where *putti* were circling the twenty foot ceiling.

In the middle of the room stood two German officers. I remember

This short story, written by Professor of Political Studies Lucian Marquis, appeared recently in *The North American Review*.



one was young and very handsome; I don't remember the other one at all.

"These are my grandchildren," my grandmother said, "orphans of the war."

We bowed and curtsied, and stood decorously against the wall.

"These gentlemen," my grandmother said in her precise High German, "want us to leave our house."

The handsome officer spoke: "You must understand that because we are going to retreat across the Arno all those positions which the enemy can use for observation must be eliminated. We will only destroy the tower, the rest of the building will suffer little damage." He stopped, perhaps because our horror must have been plainly visible on our faces.

Our grandmother gave us a look which would have closed our mouths forever.

"Young man," my grandmother said, "do you have any idea who has lived in this tower?"

The officers looked confused. My God, I thought, is she going to tell about Signorina Strauss after all?

"Do you realize"—my grandmother now spoke with absolutely firm conviction—"do you realize that Johann Wolfgang von Goethe lived in this tower and wrote part of *Italian Journey* here. You cannot destroy a German national treasure."

The handsome young officer (later our grandmother told us that he had been a student of literature at Heidelberg) straightened himself, almost as if he were going to snap to attention. He went to the other end of the *salotto* and talked for quite a long time *sotto voce* to the other officer. What else my grandmother may have said I do

not know, for having served our purpose we were dismissed and sent back to our siesta.

But we stood behind the windows, trying to peer out to the street. We could hear the murmur of voices in the house and the impatient scraping of the soldiers' boots in the courtyard. And then, after a long time, we heard footsteps on the stairs, the great doors opening and closing, a sharp command, that metallic clang of a troop of soldiers standing at attention—and then the tramp of boots going down towards the city.

The door opened and our grandmother stood there in her widow's weeds, all black and brown. She did not smile, but in a grave voice said: "*Tutto va bene.*" All is well.

I remember that was the quietest night of the war. We had all gone to the cellar: my grandmother, Concetta, the farmer and his family. Only Signorina Strauss was left in the tower. There was not a sound, not a footstep, on the road leading down to Florence. But we sat up, waiting. And then we heard, not so distant, the dull boom of the explosions. Concetta said, "Madonna, they are blowing up the bridges." And my grandmother put her hands over her face and called out the names of the bridges: "Ponte alla Carraia, Ponte Trinita, Ponte Vecchio, Ponte alle Grazie," as if she were calling the names of her children. That was the only time I saw my grandmother cry.

— Lucian Marquis  
Professor of Political Studies

## Karen Payne '73

**Author, Film Maker, Peace Activist—  
But Still Not Ready for a 'Real Job'**

“One of the things that Pitzer didn’t do for me is train me for a nine-to-five job,” said Karen Payne ’73. “I haven’t worked like that in 14 years. I’ve worked plenty of 20-hour days, but not nine to five!”

Payne’s career has so far taken her from the San Francisco Bay Area to London, England, where she wrote and published a best-selling book; to Zambia, Africa, as an assistant director on a feature film; and to the Soviet Union as producer of a documentary film.

But in 1969, Payne was a freshman from Houston, Texas, studying English and philosophy. She remembers vividly the 1970 invasion of Cambodia. She was one of many students, she says, who stopped going to classes in order to join protest movements against the war. Payne then spent a semester teaching, counseling and involving herself in political activities, which can be loosely described as an “internship in activism.”

Payne says “divine inspiration” led her to Claremont in the first place, but the support of many, including former Pitzer President Robert Atwell, kept her there. “I was drawn to the interdisciplinary programs and various aspects of the unconventional approach to education, grounded in social responsibility,” she said. “It was the perfect place for me to be.”

However, her nostalgia for the past does not color her opinion of Pitzer today, which she visited last spring. “I really felt incredibly impressed after talking with [President] Frank Ellsworth and [Dean of Faculty] Al Bloom,” she says. “I thought, ‘My God, there were some wonderful ideals when I was there, and now those ideals are being put into practice in more and more ways.’ It was a different climate, very much one of political activism when I was there, but I feel Pitzer has matured in the ways that a lot of us have. You have your idealism in your

adolescence—you find applications of it in your maturity.

“Conventional wisdom today holds that students wouldn’t respond the way we did to Vietnam, but I don’t know. I think students all over the country are different from students then. That’s a reflection on students, not on Pitzer. It wasn’t utopia when I was there. It was great, but it wasn’t perfect!”

After graduation in 1973, Payne moved to the Bay Area to work, because, she says, “all girls living in Southern California dream that when they grow up, they’ll live there.” The move to England was more scientifically considered: at the time, Payne was applying to the graduate program in philosophy at the University of California at Berkeley. A gambler friend of hers laid her 10-1 odds on \$100 that she would get in. She didn’t, and used the winnings instead to visit her college roommate, Sandra Mitchell ’73, who was in England studying at the London School of Economics. A three-week visit grew longer and longer as Payne decided to study philosophy at Oxford University. Her plan was to audit courses.

“I didn’t know that in England, you don’t audit classes. They didn’t know what to do with my request to audit except to say yes. . . they were too polite to say no,” she said. “So I audited classes at Oxford, and started working with a group of union shop stewards for a big arms manufacturing facility. They were conducting an economic conversion study of what their factory could produce if they didn’t produce arms.

“I went to England for three weeks and ended up staying nine years!”

She was editing a book about the acquisition of the F16 fighter plane when her career took on a new focus. The book, an examination of the lack of democratic process in acquiring weapons, was written by academicians. While Payne believed the subject matter was important, she was frustrated because “I knew no one would ever read it—no one but a small in-

crowd. I decided I wanted to do something that was not preaching to the converted. I also wanted to do something on women.”

And so the idea for *Between Ourselves: Letters Between Mothers and Daughters, 1750-1982* was born. “At the time there was quite a heavy-handed polemic in feminist writing. I was looking for a voice not so heavy-handed, one that would reach a broader audience. I wanted to do something that would emphasize the positive, life-affirming qualities of women’s liberation, rather than the negative side of women’s oppression. It occurred to me that some would say it in a letter to a mother—and say it in a way she would understand.”

Payne, who confesses her own family is comprised of “hopeless correspondents,” acknowledges that letter writing may be something of a lost art today—but not entirely. “There are times when people choose letters over the telephone,” she argues, “when they have a particular thing to say, something they want to sink in, or really want the reader to think about, rather than respond to.”

Five years and countless hours of research later the book was published. It is a mixture of the famous and the obscure writer: Helen Keller, Florence Nightingale and Amelia Earhart share thoughts along with Mairead Nugent, a member of the Irish Republican Army, and Lela Secor, a journalist and peace activist during the first World War. Some of the letters were obtained through orthodox academic research; others came to her in strange and mysterious ways, such as the letters from Nugent to her mother.

As luck would have it, Payne was in the middle of her research when a photographer friend showed her some contact sheets from a recent photoshoot in Northern Ireland. One of the shots was a photograph of two letters, written on single sheets of toilet paper, wrapped in cellophane and smuggled out of prison in the vagina of a female visitor. They were letters written