



Halcyon

Gip



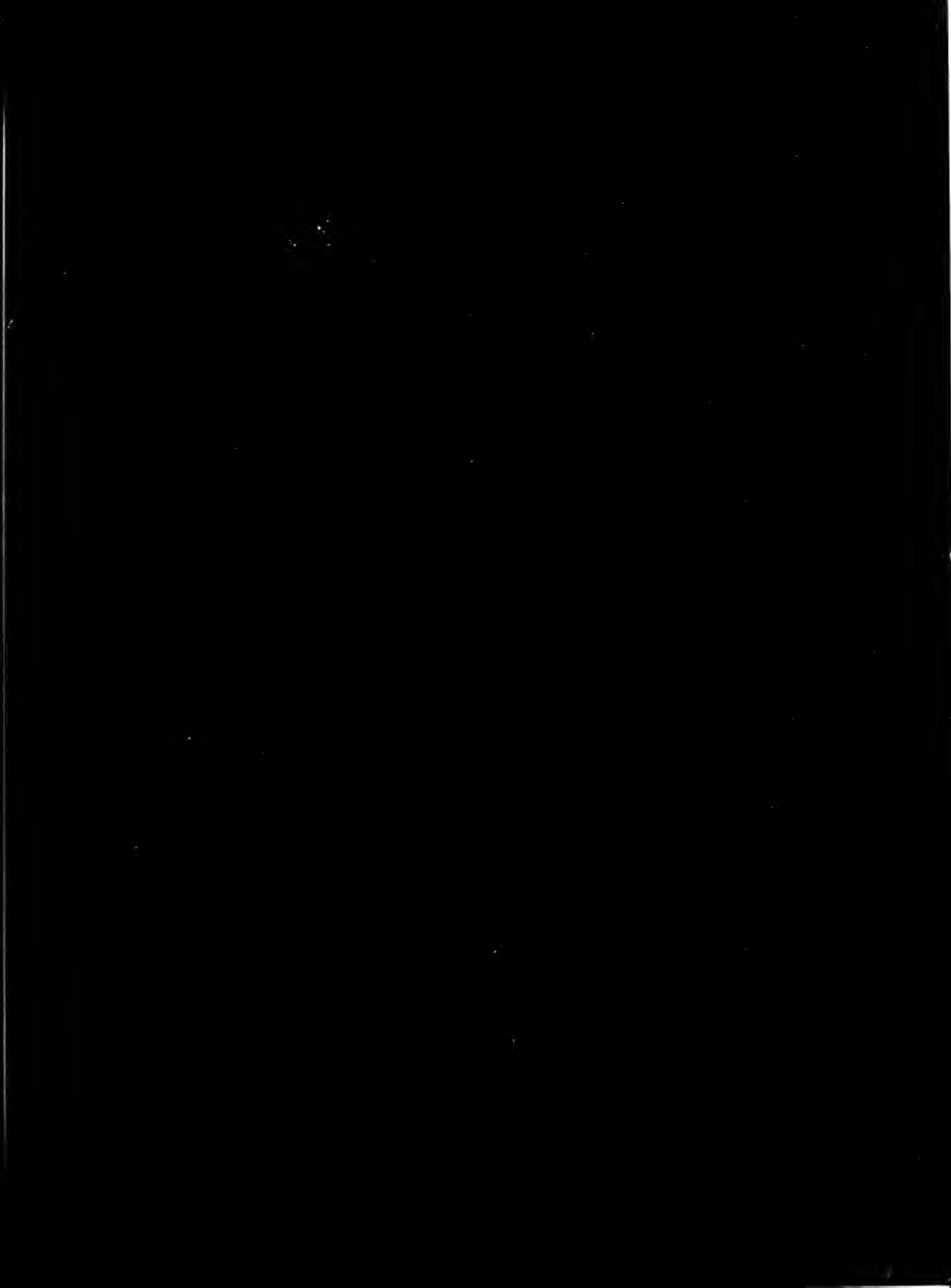
FROM

ALUMNI OFFICE

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

SWARTHMORE, - PENNSYLVANIA 19081

Swarthmore
PHILA.







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Halcyon

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

1974

4	Perspective
6	A Day in the Life
40	1973-74
42	What If . . .
46	Elements of Style
74	Metamorphosis
84	Attitudes on the Population Crisis At a Small Liberal-Arts College
88	Habitat
120	People You Should Know
130	People You Should Remember

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PERSPECTIVE

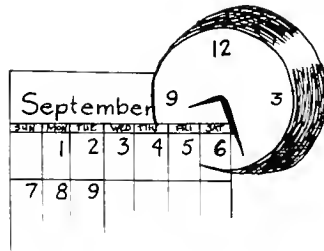
That old business about the eye of the beholder:
It all depends on how you see it
From where you lie.

Idyllic respite crushed by the competition
Peaceful/lonely
Blunder/blessing
Investigation of local grass for Plant Tax,

How many eyes will see
And decide for themselves?

Some struggle to see the world through many eyes.
Others vigorously proclaim the clarity of their own vision.
Foresight, hindsight, maybe one of these days
We'll see.

Jonathan Caldwell



A Day In The Life

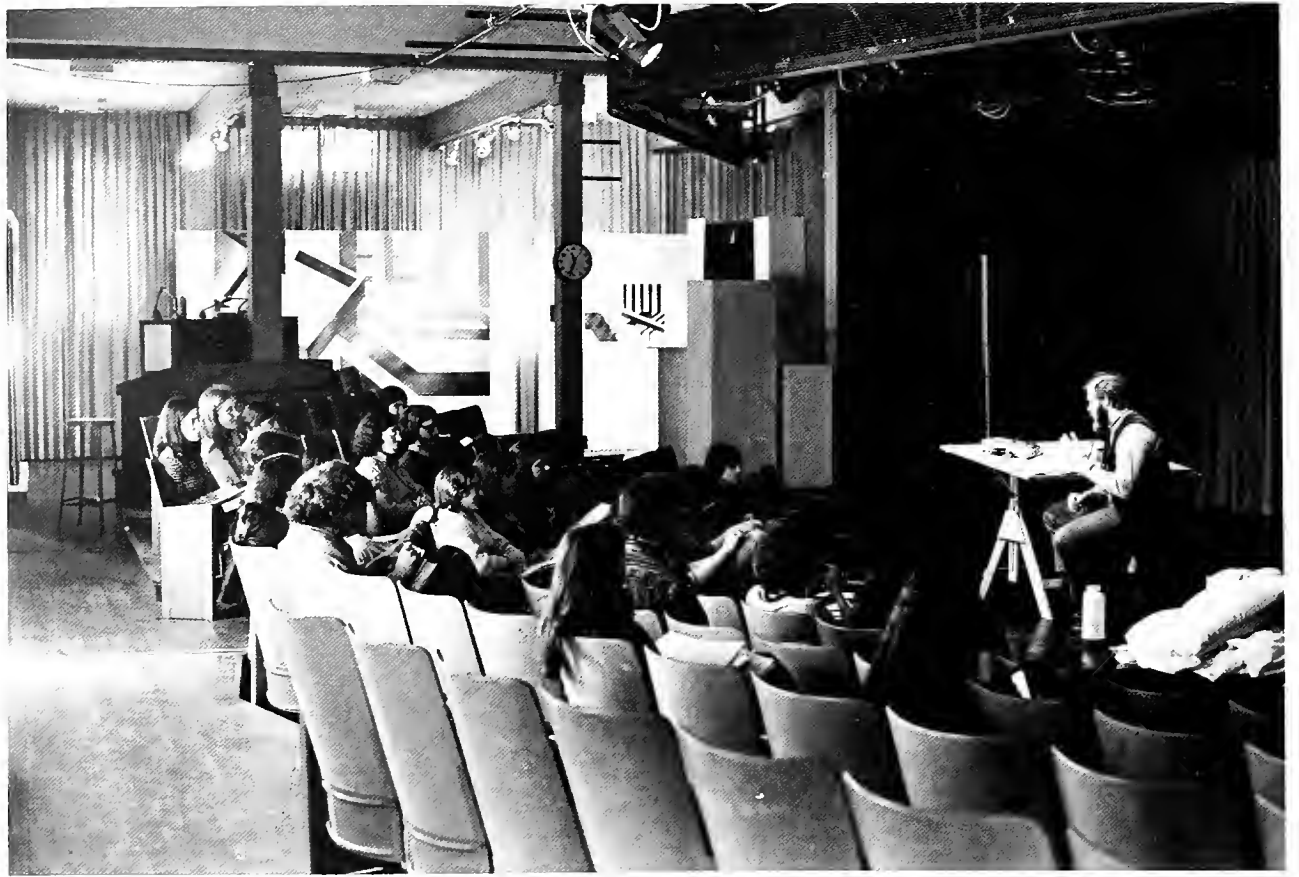
8:19am	Jody Branse
12:20pm	Rob Lippincott
1:51pm	Jody Branse
4:45pm	Wally Harrington
6:35pm	Jody Branse
10:55pm	Rob Lippincott
12:02am	Jon Caldwell
2:30am	Jenny Cook
8:10am	John Schubert





8:19am: Here we have a typical Swarthmore student starting her morning with the daily coffee confrontation. Note the look of fiery determination in her eye—she will finish that cup of coffee. Mixed with determination is the ever-present fear that this time, the coffee will finish her.











12:20 pm: Upon arriving at the port of the Isles of Shambles, Omphalos is greeted reproachfully by several unwashed representatives of King Marcus of the Naturally Constipated Laborious Concommitants who all evidently exhibit a certain solidarity and more evidently expect all others to as well. Many of the blessed possessed are engrossed in harassing each pilgrim as he passes their posts with loudspeakers . . . "How do you stand on the worldly fool's crisis?" they yell like a Greek chorus.



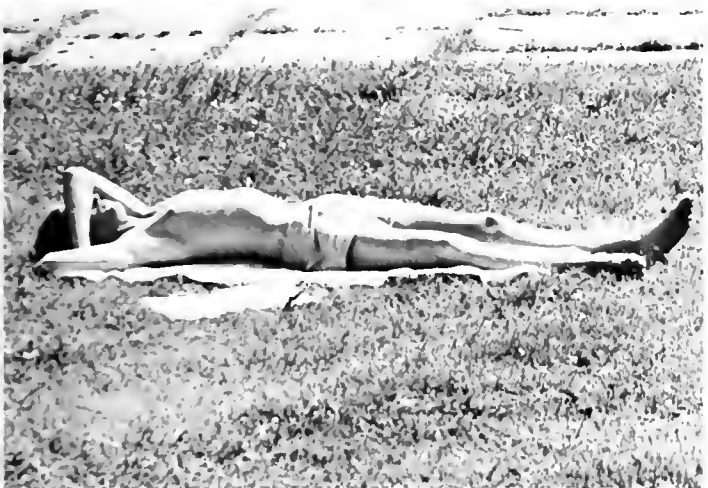




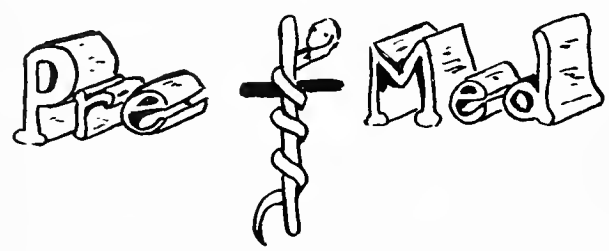
1:51pm: Memo to a Pennsy conductor: I've always admired your performances on the hop from Swarthmore to 30th Street. Your masterful grasp of Newton's first law of motion, evidenced in your ability to keep from lurching backward and forward with the train's starts and stops, is ever a source of wonder. And I'm always amazed at your ability to call out the names of the stations on the line so as to make them all sound the same. As a token of my esteem, I would like to offer you a mnemonic of the stops on the Media line all the way from Media to Philadelphia: My Mother's Warts Stink; My Sister's, Putrescent and Cancerous, Grow Longitudinally; Father's Are of Forty-nine Phyla.







Norman Tarkus
with Darryl;
"friend of man"



Gip-

Darry, it's all over! I got A- in that Professor Mark P. Rican's stupid English class. That brings my average down to a 3.8. I'll never get into med school now.



The sky's blue, you've got things to see . . .

The grass is green, and it's a soft place to sit. What more do you need, eh?



Look, kid, Norm, you've got the wrong outlook on life.



Darryl, you're right. I'm wasting my time busting tail for a lousy 3.8. I've got a whole world to see, and I'm going to do it . . .



right after I study organic. Damn Bird!



6:35pm: One of the great agonies of S. Moron's life was cigarette smoke. In concentrated doses, over a long enough period, he found that it paralyzed him mentally and physically. He knew he had to find some way to ball up his courage and face those rude clods who insisted on puffing in public. But he was hardly a reformer, and he saw no justification for spoiling the pleasure of people if their smoke did not particularly disturb him. He developed an intuitive hierarchy of categories as a guide to when he might and might not protest. In planes and the nonsmoking cars of trains he was always self-righteous in demanding that his air not be fouled. He was equally adamant when someone joined him at a table in Sharples and made a move to light up a cigarette. But other situations were not so clear cut. S. felt that if he joined a friend whom he knew to be a smoker, he would thereby obligate himself to put up with the smoke. His solution to that problem was to avoid those friends. And what if he joined a table where there were several people he didn't know who turned out to be smokers? S. decided that in that instance silent suffering was in order. And he had never mustered up the courage to ask a certain professor to snuff out his pipe during class.

Unfortunately, S.'s was a strictly rational formulation, not built on an awareness of how the people he berated might respond in any given situation; and so it was not foolproof. One morning, awaiting the start of a lecture, S. detected some obnoxious fumes. Turning around, he saw that the seat behind him had been taken by a blank-faced Amazon who was simultaneously chewing gum and smoking like a chimney. Feeling very confident about this particular situation, S. said, "Excuse me, but would you put your cigarette out?" "When class starts," smiled Ms. Chimney. "But the smoke is bothering me now," whined S. Moron. "So move," snarled the adversary. Dutifully S. collected his books and shuffled to the back of the room.



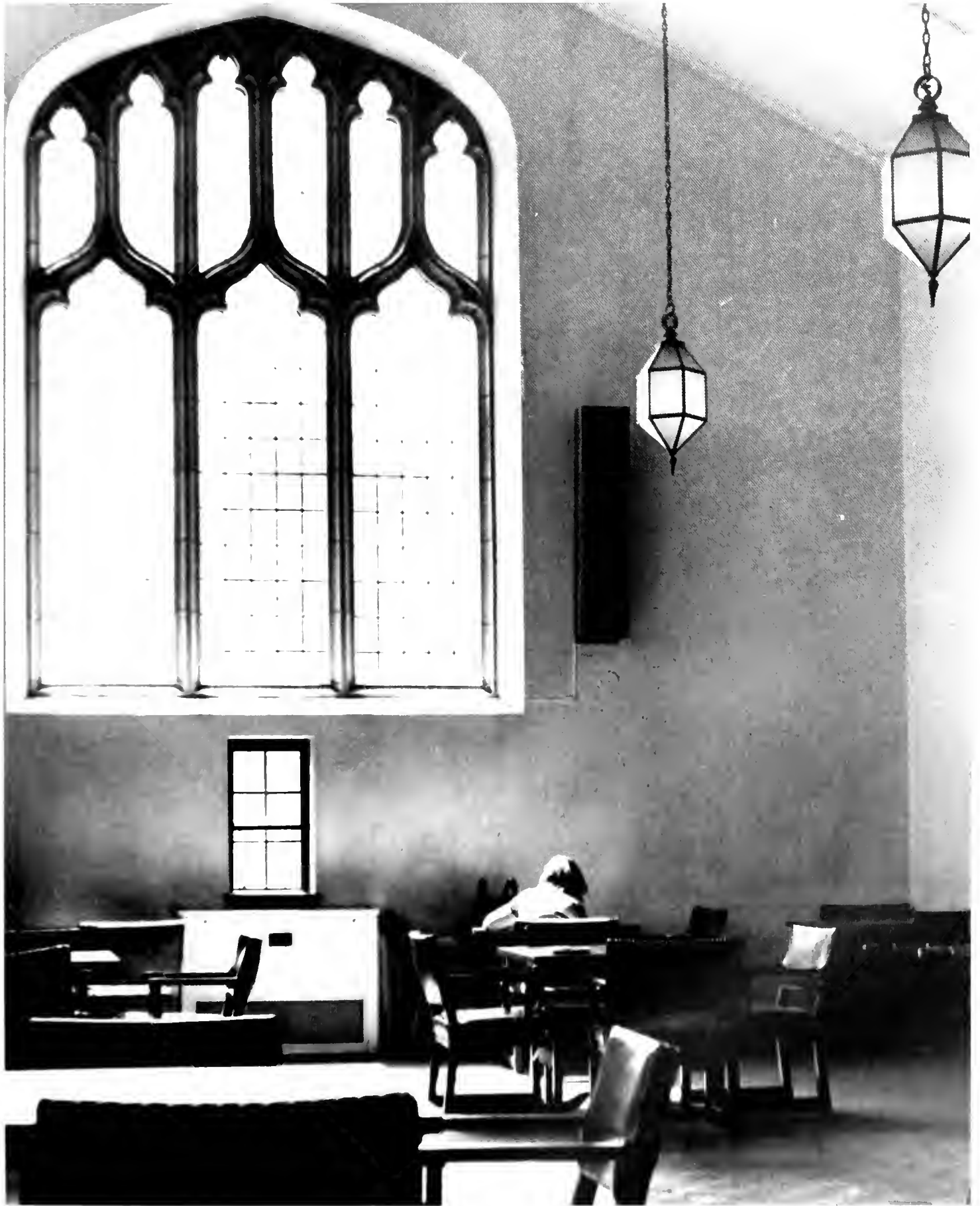






10:55pm: Soon they hear the enticing chimes of the island's cathedral. These chimes herald the advance of time, the bells ringing out fifteen minutes ahead of the main army, each minute a platoon of sixty swift and evil seconds, armed to the teeth, ready to rob anyone of a seemingly insignificant part of his life. This is an army of devastating warriors who, quicker than you can unbutton your codpiece, would have silently escaped with an irretrievable portion of your precious time, depleting your own supply, lengthening your voyages, extending your travail, postponing achievement, precluding success. Championed by General Procrastination, the army captures all the unfortunates who wander near, lured by distraction, overtaken by Moe Lassus the sluggard, or driven by perturbation and exertion.



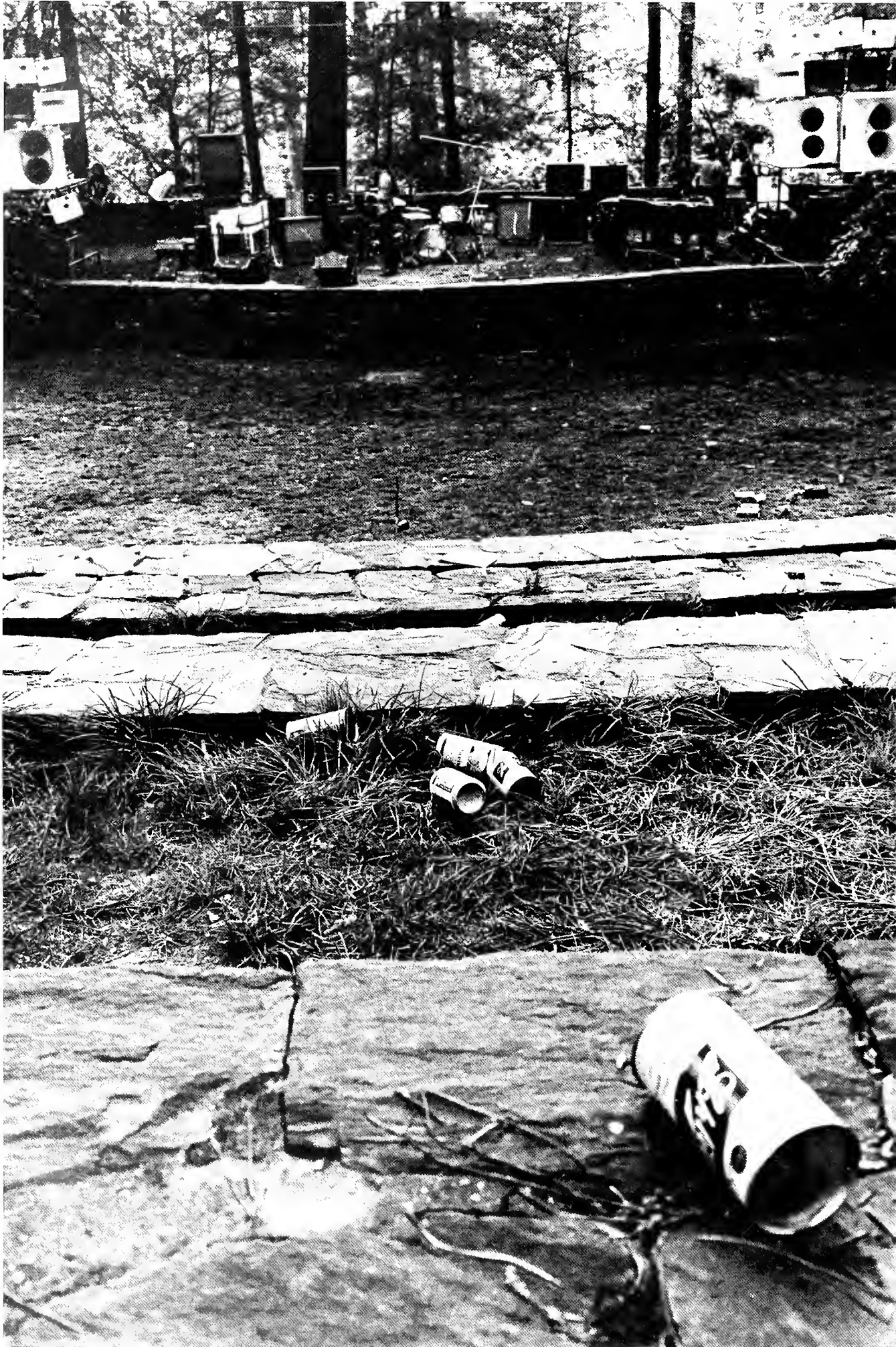


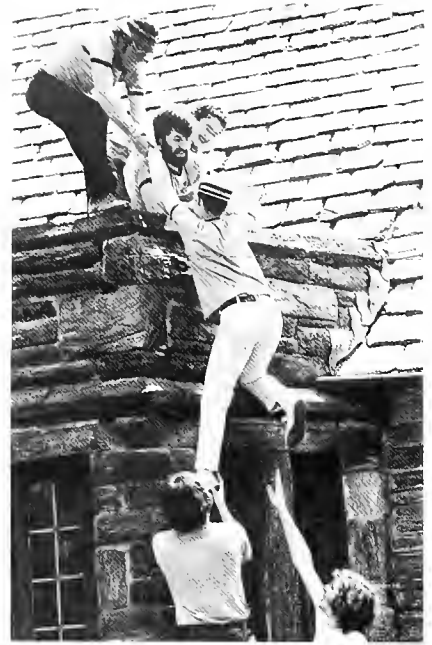
2:30am:

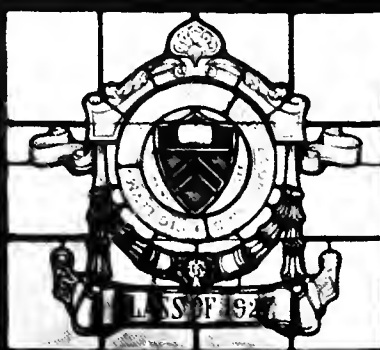
In this keystone state on the estern shore,
Looms a renowned colleges cleped Swarthmore.
From this monumente of higher learninge,
One sees Philadelphie's entrails burning.
Yet the Swarthmore womb is beset above,
Thilke ryot citee of brotherly love.
But now to turne to our truer purpose,
E'en at the riske of soundynge too verbose,
I'll speke of this Garden's under-rated,
Who to their fair bokes are deadiated.
Of this campagnie I am truly one,
So weigh nat my wordes that they rech a ton.
My entencioun is nat to devyse,
Detayles of this yonghede's sondry wyse,
And sith precieuse tyme is wexen late,
I shal only of these stout wits relate.
For to speke of trouthe, honour and curteisie,
Is a task too straunge and eek beyond me.
Bifil it one nighte lying ill at ease,
Reading thoughts **from the desk of Socrates**,
I gan to fall into a troubled sleep,
For my eyen wolden no longer focus deep.
A dreame swept over the shore of my mind,
And eke as imagerie speaks to the blynde,
So this vision framed in living color,
Brought me face to face with a car motor.
A hot, bothered head peered out of the door,
Askyngue if I was the one he'd called for.
The man closely resemblynge a Van Eyck
Stepped forth on tarmac of Baltimore Pyke.
Demanding sodeynly to make hasten,
For he did not have all nite to wasten.
He gripped my arme and shoutinge in my ear,
Sayde, "Now do your job, you'll have nocht to fear."
Speakyngue simple wordes with which I've been blest,
Quoth I kindly: "Hominus liber esty"
At that he yelled some vituperation,
Referring to effects of libation.

Than quoth he, "Disport yow me? Away, get lost,
 But wait, it semeth as I yow accost,
 That in yonder herd you surely belong."
 Pointynge he sayde, "Am I righten or wrong?"
 I turnd round and saw all clothed in jeans blue,
 Swarthmorons marching abreast two by two,
 And row upon row they came wending their whey,
 Towards Dunkin Donaughts, their nightly mainstay.
 But once arrived here they cared not to eat,
 Food was a subtle thought in a conceit.
 In thilke manere their mindes wolde woe not,
 Enraptur'd in concepts of the Donut.
 I followed them in as discourse beagan,
 Close sat they togedre as in a clan.
 Unconcerned were they with mundane matere,
 This colde one telle from the grease of their heer.
 Up spak the first one requestynge that all,
 Should look at the donut up on the wall.
 Surmised he then if a hole there be
 Inherent in apparent entitee,
 Then wholeness ad infinitum ceases,
 And philosphiie crumbles to pieces.
 Forsooth then a rumblynge colde be herd,
 As ech of hem gan to speken a word.
 Those more inclined to an aesthetique bent,
 Chose six honey-dips and gan hem to rente,
 Forming ellipsoid curves in triangle
 Convinced participles wolde nat dangle.
 The Emeritus at this sad display,
 Cryde out in a vois of utter dismay:
 "Nay wot is a donut without a hole
 But empirical food: we speke of soul."
 This forsful rhetoric so did I admire,
 That exiting from my dream's quagmire,
 In body entire, mind pure and free,
 I sang to the tunes of W I B G.

finis





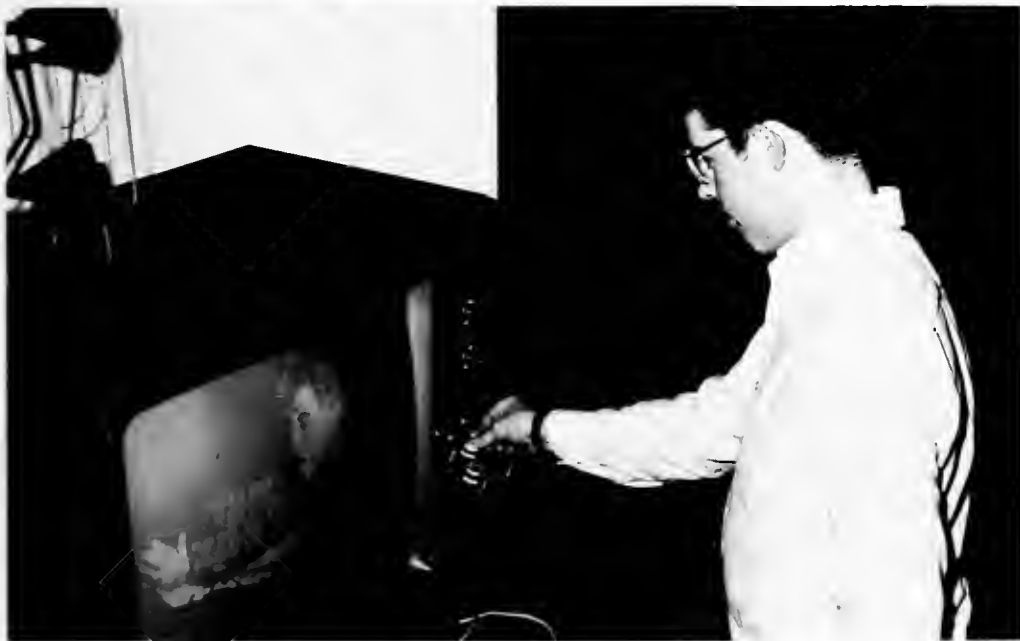






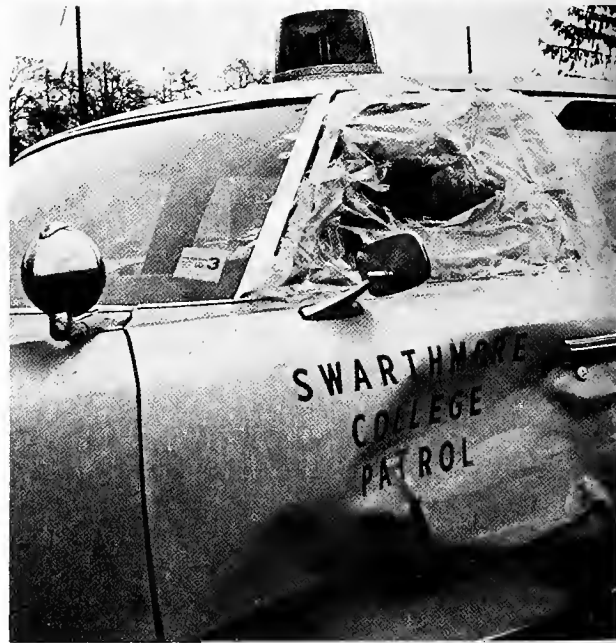








8:10am: A lot of people here will tell you that they feel under pressure. Pressure has a few sources: it's self-induced among mentally unstable high achievement oriented people. It's a status symbol ("Oh, man, I stayed up all night three nights in a row and wrote five papers and now I've got three exams to study for." We don't want to hear how neurotic you are.) of questionable value. It's a legacy from ten or twenty years ago. Back then everybody really did run around like rats in a cage, working their tails off as freshmen and sophs so that they could get into honors, because if they didn't get into honors and had to stay in course they'd be the niggers of the campus. When people transferred out, it was because they "couldn't stand the pressure" (nowadays, a more usual reason is to study something not offered here). Virtually everyone went to grad school. Career planning, studio arts, and an air-conditioned library were nonexistent. Rules were strict and lives were regimented.





John Hananaka



WORLD

"This is the comet Kohoutek;
See how it glimmers and waves.
These are the masses of earth-folk,
Scourged by its gases and flames."

In spite of Longfellow's apocalyptic pronouncement, the comet Kohoutek was one of the year's grander disappointments. We came back from Christmas vacation expecting that in a few days we'd be able to study by the light of the sky-spanning ball. Let's not mince words—Kohoutek was a dud. The only people who got a charge out of it were the guys in the Skylab.

—JODY BRANSE

POLITICS



CURRICULUM

This was a year of almost-good as far as things went but with concrete objectives once again postponed. Here and there individual commitment resulted in considerable artistic development:

"Christy, I'm tired. I want to go home!
BUT I WANT TO MAKE A PICTURE!"

These scattered few felt hampered by limited possibilities for exchange with other artists and college indifference to their work.

"Hey look! There's a real artist.
We must be in New York!"

Please see Page 114

SOCIETY

By 1973-74 most of us at Swarthmore were ready to admit that women are discriminated against in the economic and domestic worlds, but that admission of oppression was limited rather strictly to lives lived outside the college. Life within the college was generally perceived as egalitarian, with both men and women being treated with due respect. Specific, unavoidable issues such as physical education inequalities or health care inadequacies were isolated as inequities disassociated from any greater pattern of discrimination against women. Oppression, implying as it does an intensity and depth of negative experience, was not taken by many to be an accurate description of the experience of Swarthmore women.

Please see Page 116

What If...

Refreshingly irreverent musings
by Cathy Cockrell

You were dreaming!

No I swear I saw it . . . it said
"Swarthmore
COLLEGE BULLETIN, ALUMNI ISSUE."



That's a nice realistic detail. But those articles! Dancers at the Rendezvous! I wasn't born yesterday, you know.

It's true! It said in an introduction how the alumni magazine editors recognized that certain aspects of Swarthmore life have consistently been neglected in the past—alums in med school and as travelers in Alaska and that other wholesome stuff is only a fraction of what goes on—and how this issue would compensate for the past imbalance.

It covered all sorts of topics that normally get blacked-out. First there was a photo essay on dancing at the Rendezvous as the off-campus employment of Swarthmore women. And there was a complementary piece, a very short one, on the S.C.I.N. Streak for Impeachment . . .

To show how politically conscious the campus still is, right?



As a matter of fact, it did say something about that. Then there was a thing about a student's early pursuit of a career, title, "Future Pharmacist Increases Drug Sales On Campus" . . .

Heh, I bet I know who it featured!

Yeah, well after that there was an article on the health center. There was a picture of Judy Eaves displaying a fat purple wrist after she broke it in that game, caption, "Aspirin works wonders!"

That's true enough. Judy told me about that . . .



But wait, that wasn't all about the health center! They printed a copy of some freshman's file from the psychiatrist's office. The kid apparently was being assigned 2000 pages of reading a week and cracking up because of it.

Heh, I like that idea. That would really communicate a sense of the "Swarthmore Experience." And maybe an alum would contribute the money for a speed reading program . . . What else was there?

Well, the rest of the issue was mainly about administration and workers . . .

Yeah?



Uh huh. The whole section was called "Behind Closed Doors." One of the most interesting parts was a transcription of tapes made in Cratsley's office about the financial dealings of the college. It was a bit hard to follow in places, though, because of the blanks where the recorder stopped during the power-out.

How weird. I live in Parrish and I don't remember a power-out.

. . . And then there was an in-depth feature on life as a worker at Swarthmore College, including workers' views on why the unionization effort failed.

Sounds like a good idea. But did it give the administration equal time? I don't think it's fair if . . .



Yeah, it did. There was a picture of an administrator bear-hugging a worker, caption, "We have no paternalism at Mother Swarthmore."

Dig it!

And say! This one is gonna knock you out! Did you see the Dick Cavatt show when Vice-President Gerald Ford conducted a tour of his living room for the entire program? Well, the alumni magazine offered a descriptive tour of President Friend's closet.

Fantastic! Any skeletons?



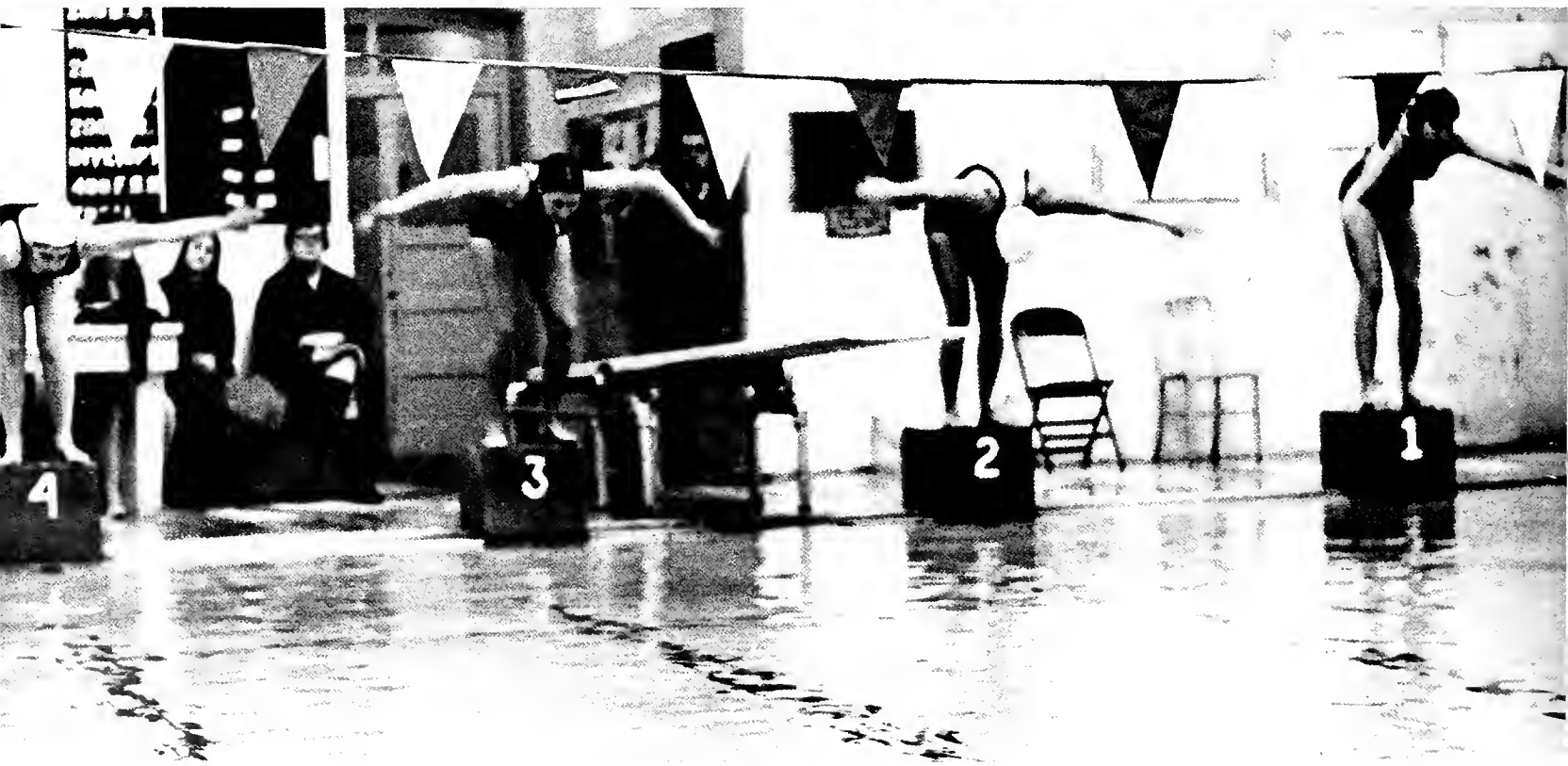
I don't know. I forgot to finish the article because I got interested in Class Notes on the opposite page.

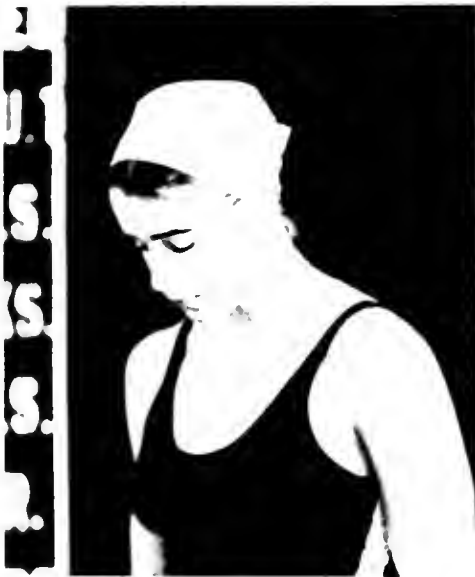
You've got to be kidding! You stopped reading that to read those boring old Class Notes?!

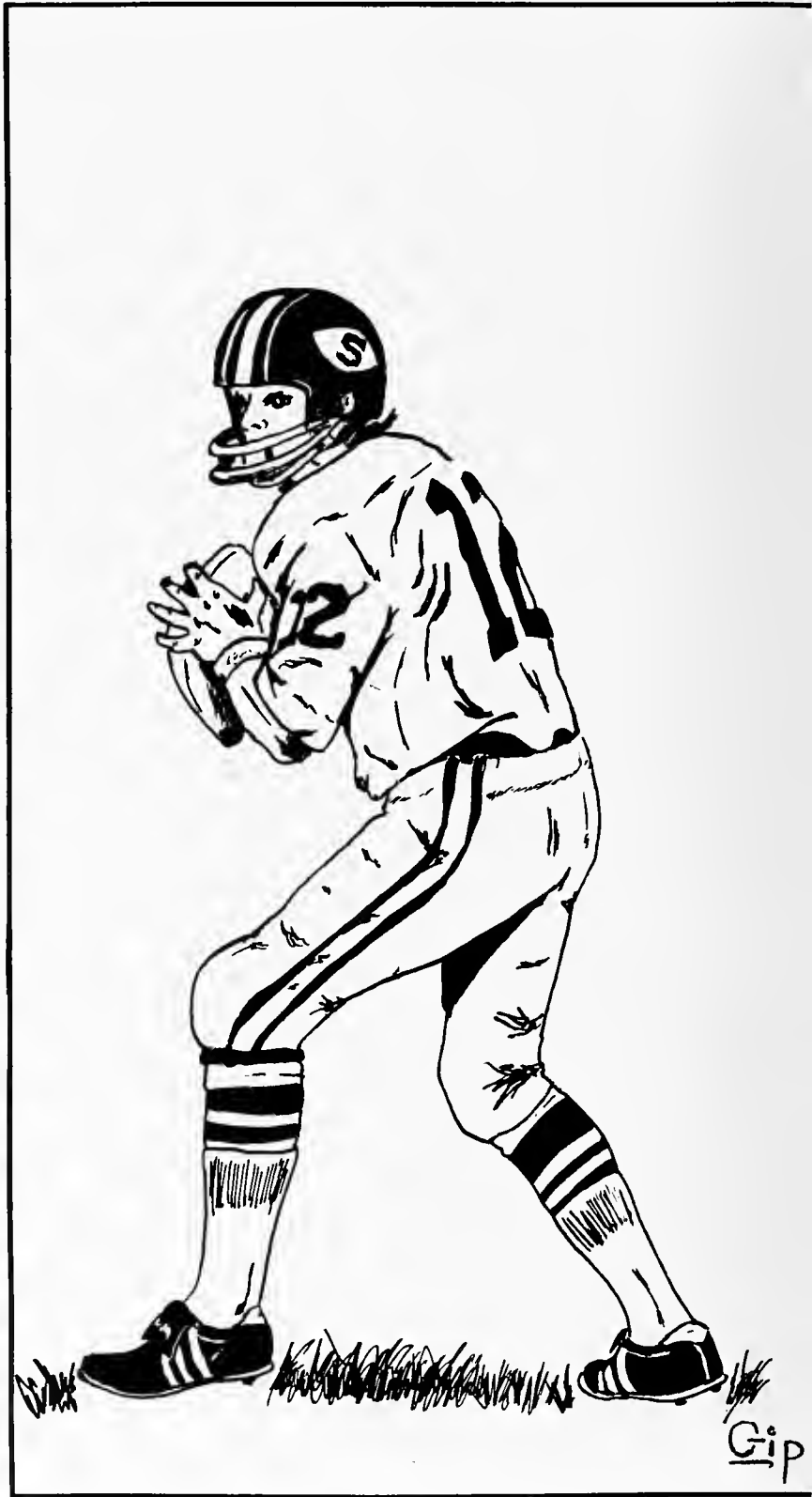
ELEMENTS OF STYLE















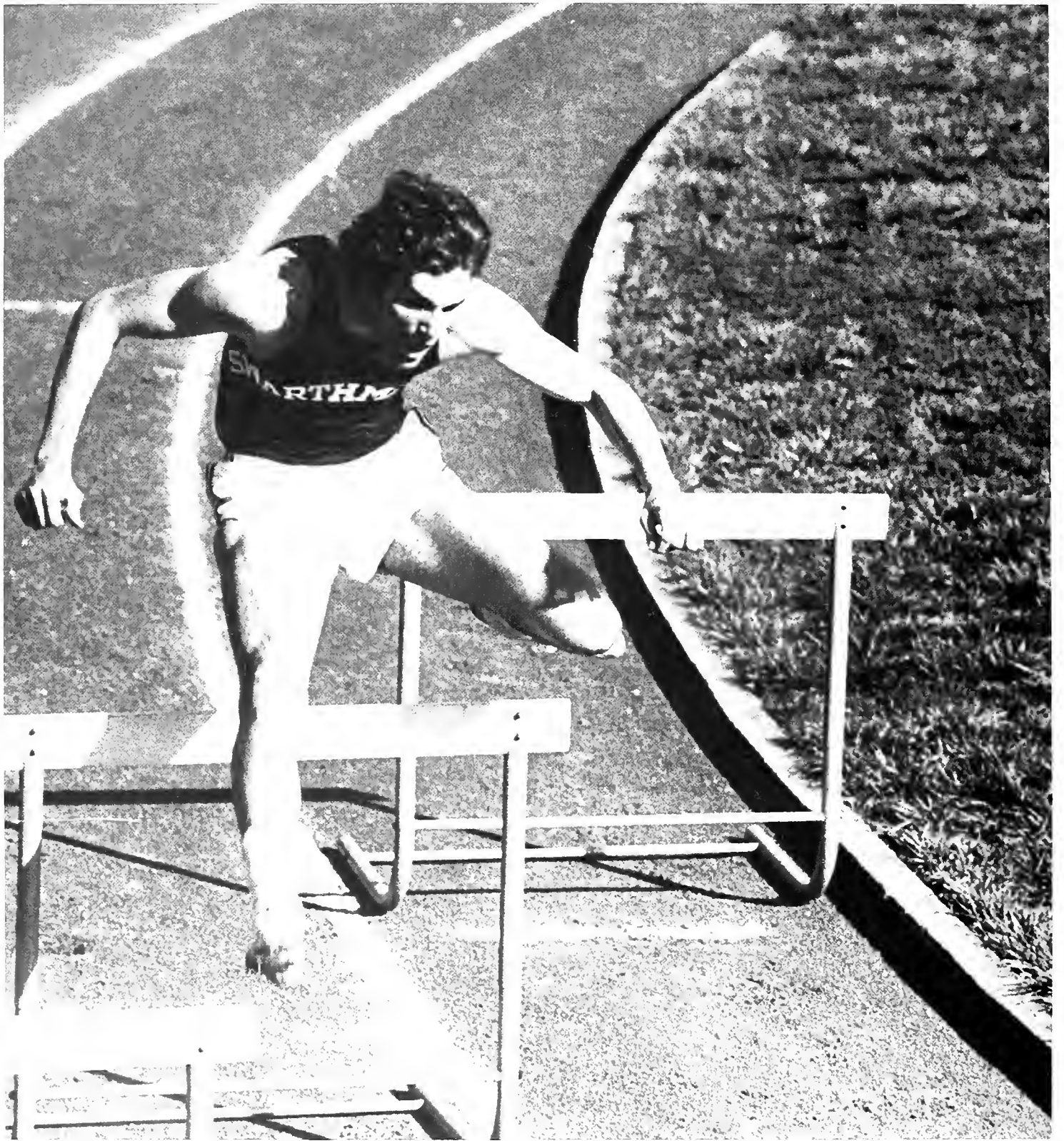


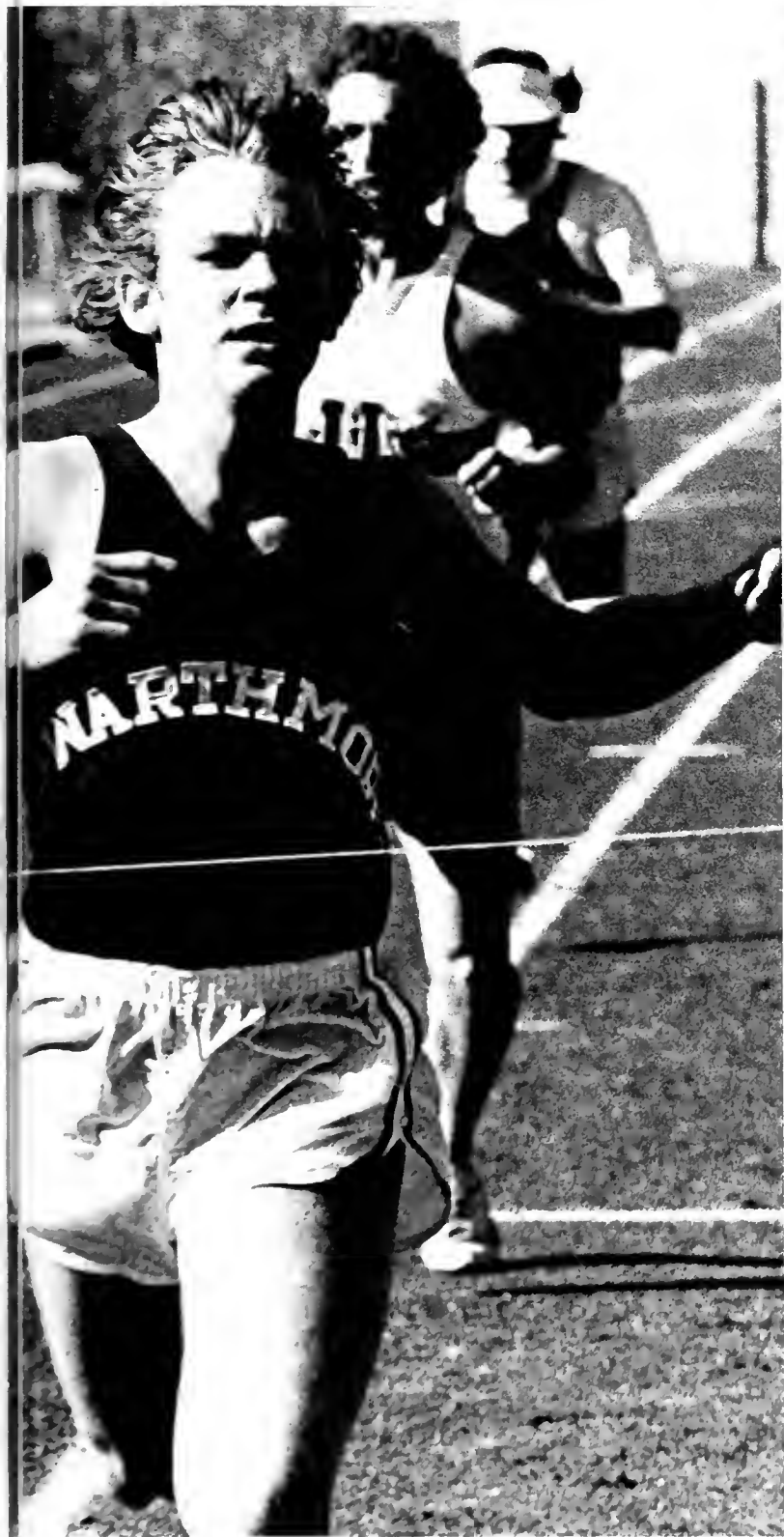


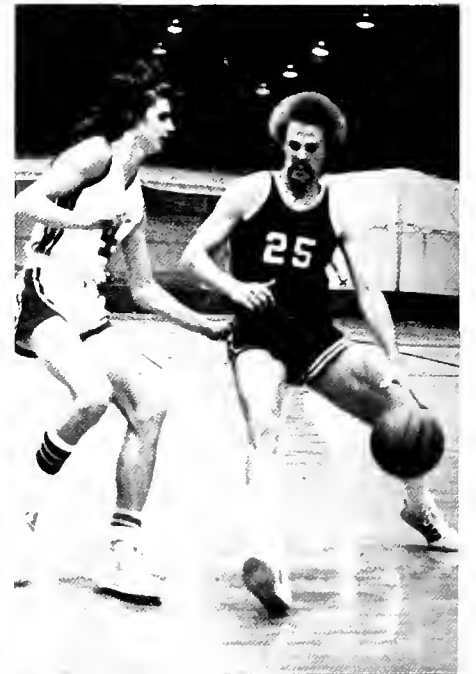


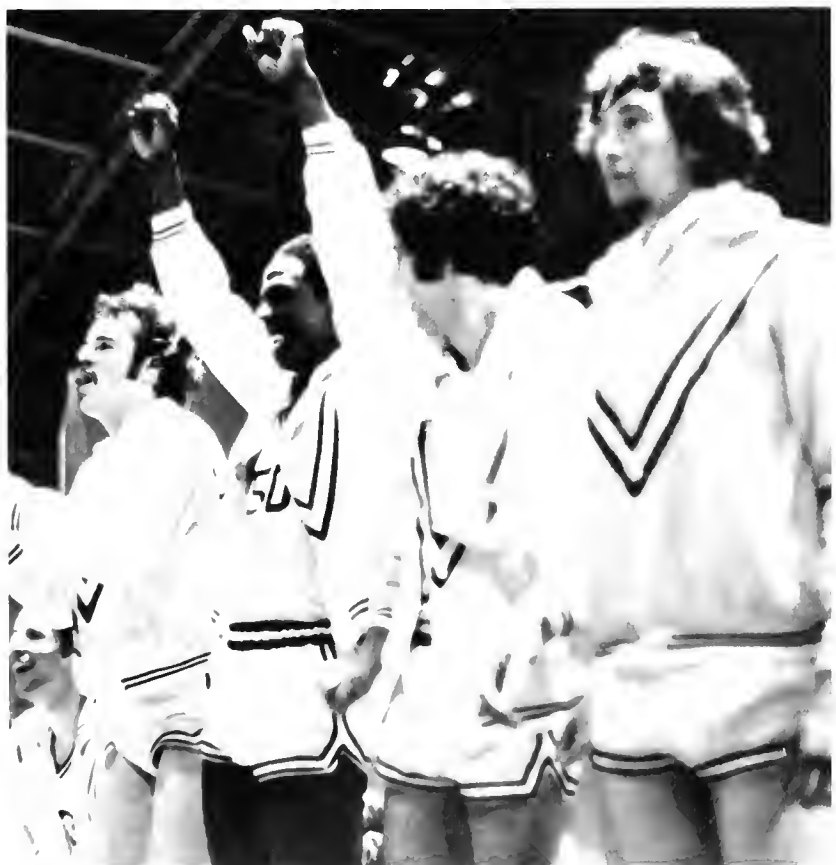














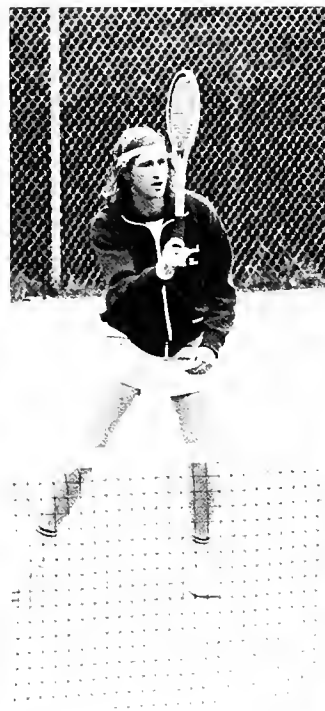
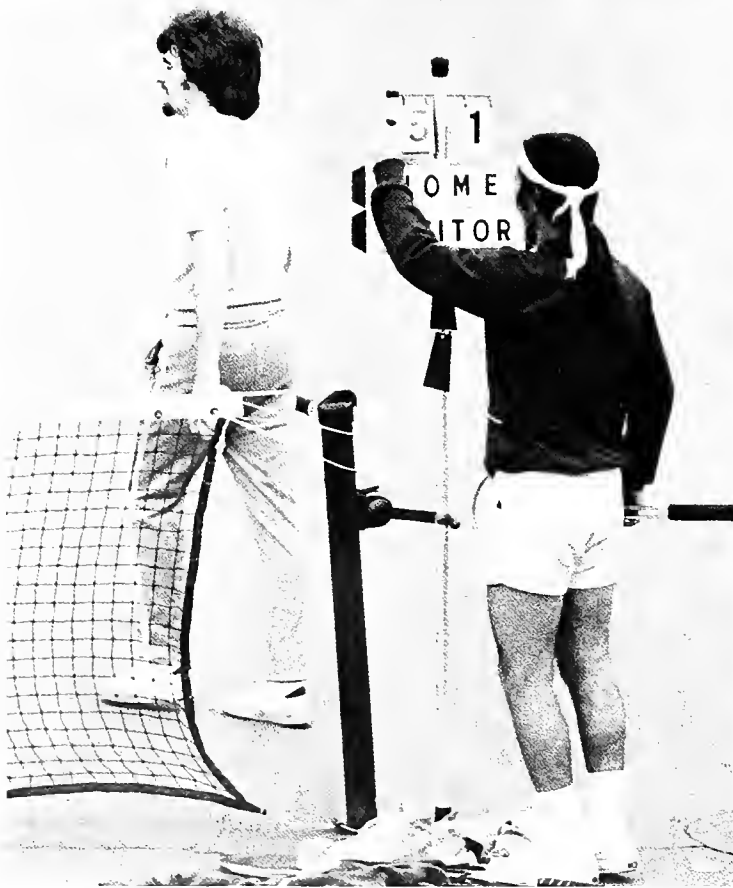




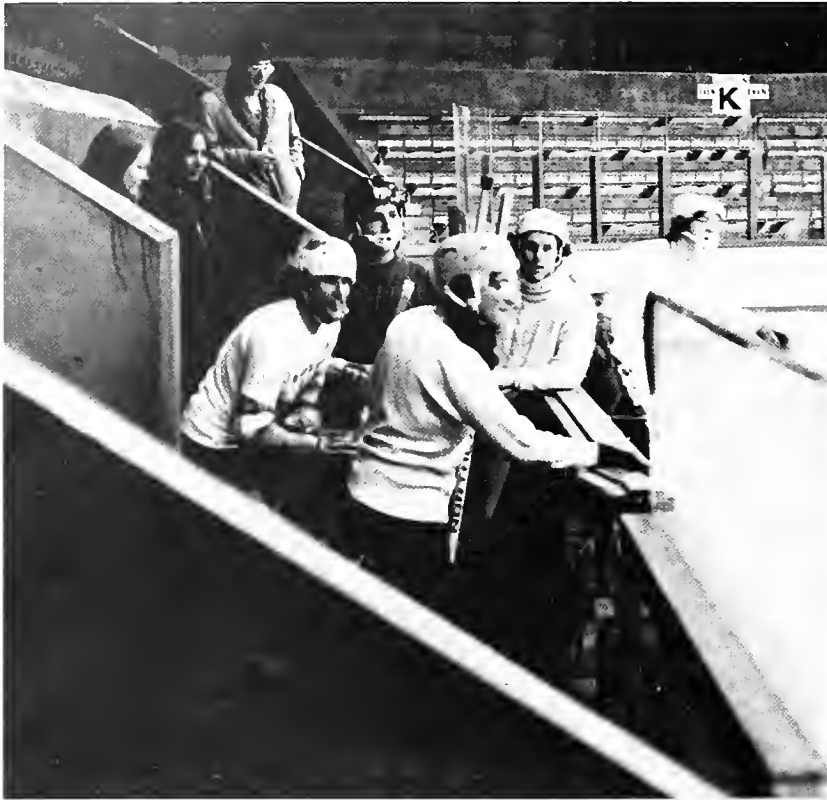


















METAMORPHOSIS

Carla
Neuhauser



Coats buttoned high against the clear strong force of the north wind, the group laughs and skips its way to dinner. Their hair is loose and wild, Indian shirts top high boots and kinky patched jeans, or a long quilted skirt. Or there's bangs framing a cautiously chiseled face, feet tramping in hiking shoes as though in response to the pack settled on the shoulders. They move in self-consciousness, but not yet with consciousness of self. They're women. They're freshmen.

Two more emerge from the archway of Worth I section. Loosely and easily they start up the walk into the chill of the setting November sun. Their hair is long and they're probably in jeans too, but their dress is not a statement, it is rather a complement and a continuity of their bodies. Heads high in easy assurance, their voices fall into the tone of familiarity and accustomed intimacy. In awareness of themselves, they move with the freedom and firmness of unself-consciousness. They are precious and apart. They are senior women.





There's something about being at Swarthmore. In spite of the many obvious motions and actualities aimed at in the pursuit of self-development that are realized here, we are engulfed in subtleties—consciousness that binds us with gossamer threads. The freshmen cut loose, joyous in the freedom that they'd been denied in high school, and happily define their lives in the delicate but tenacious framework that imperceptibly surrounds them. So they are freaky or serious, exuberant or cautious, all in the web of their new status as Swarthmore students.





And there's something about being a woman at Swarthmore. The college has always been co-ed, women are of its tradition. Valid efforts, directed at ensuring equality, govern many college policies. But our environment is more than the sum of the laws and guides that administer the college. Our own attitudes and histories pull us into patterns that gently bind our bodies and ourselves, so that we are scarcely sensitive to the bond. Will we speak in class, to contradict the arrogant and assured male who just made an ass of himself? Or will we unwittingly seek his attention outside class, perhaps at the expense of communication among ourselves? Romance still holds an intrigue and a security that we've not learned to cultivate in friendships.



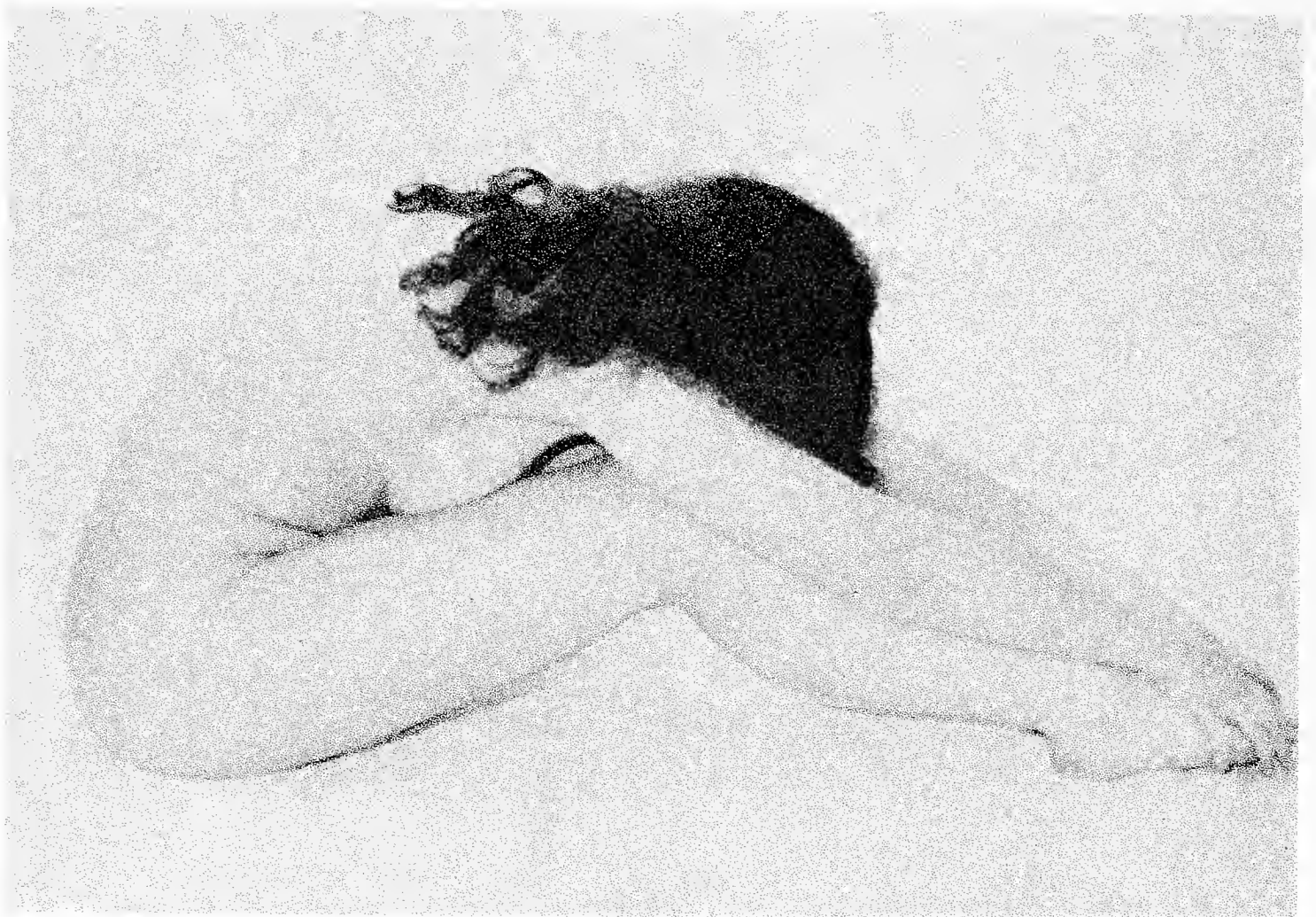




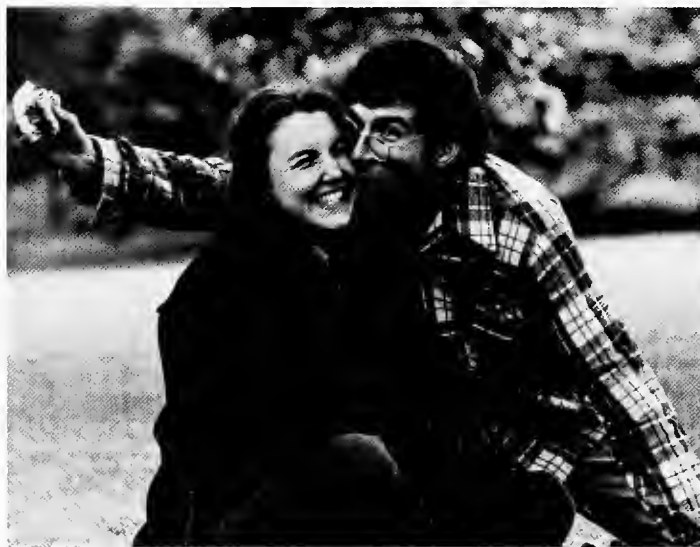
It often takes four years at Swarthmore to arrive at the realization that you can live here without being bound here. Men have never been confined in the same emotional traps to which women are, of nature and of social history, vulnerable. They need not undertake the struggle nor experience the release of getting out from under the peculiar and delicate burden that women carry. A senior woman has, however, undergone that trial, and her triumph is that presence and direction that sets her apart from the others here. And although her drive to excel may continue, and she is still a regular at all the dances, and spends a lot of time in the library, she may no longer be swept, helpless, in the current of competition, her social life is not defined by social "progress" made at parties, nor does she live in the shadow of McCabe. She has come out, looked at herself, and seen that it is good. That can take four years.

It does happen, though, in four years. So somehow, it is true that Swarthmore is the source of both the burden and of the means for shaking it off. The mere passage of four years, of course, makes a difference, but not that much difference. Something here can grant a senior woman not only a degree but also a togetherness of mind, body, and direction that is almost tangible.





Many of us, when we arrived here, were virgins; or perhaps more accurately, sexually naive. Our bodies weren't really ours, we didn't know them well at all, and they probably caused us a bit of anxiety. Although couples weren't exactly encouraged to sleep together, some of us may have anyway, and most of us somehow resolved the mystery or dilemma of our own sexuality. Our relationships and intimacies, then no longer initiate with fear or explosion, but rather evolve from a sense of personal security and worth. Swarthmore, in its matchbox sort of way, is a setting offering the opportunity for the sort of intimacies that a woman receives and savors (not with desperation), but with pleasure.

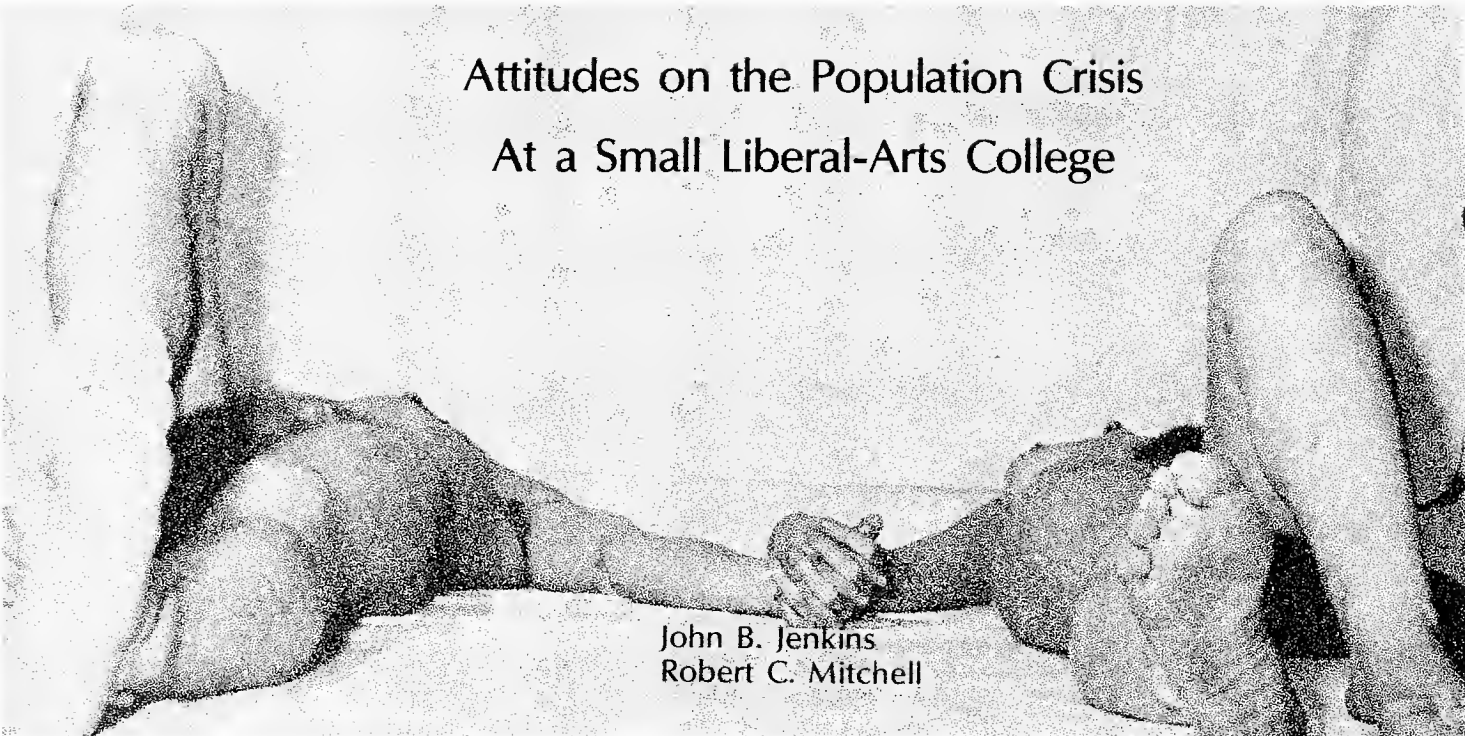


The personal togetherness that comes from bodily awareness can affect not only relationships with men, but also, and perhaps more significantly, those with women. When you see yourself as a complete person, you are more capable of responding to the completeness of others. The interest in people that may formerly have been kindled by the intrigue of romance can also develop in important relationships with women. Senior women don't travel in packs for security, neither need they demand male company for a meaningful exchange—another woman, another person generates complete concern.

The same kind of togetherness governs a senior woman's intellectual pursuits as directs her personal relationships, and for much the same reasons. In an environment that encourages and fosters academic growth and self-expression, a woman needs to overcome any residual hangups from high school that might lead her to play down her intellectual prowess or be intimidated by men. At first, she may go slightly overboard in assertion with an obsession of making sure that you know just how intellectual she really is. But after several years, we are more sure of our capabilities, and either happier with or resigned to our directions, and from this sense of security, intellectuality for its own sake is the subject of a game that it is no longer necessary to play.

The senior women are precious and apart. It may be that the most important function that Swarthmore performs is that of a setting conducive to growth, an environment in which, during four years, we do not so much age, as evolve.





Attitudes on the Population Crisis
At a Small Liberal-Arts College

John B. Jenkins
Robert C. Mitchell

Excerpt from article appearing in THE AMERICAN BIOLOGY TEACHER,
Vol. 35, No. 4, April 1973
Copyright 1973 by the National Association of Biology Teachers

In this report we present the results of a replication of the Cornell study. It was carried out at Swarthmore College, a small liberal-arts institution near Philadelphia.

Ignorance and Control Methods

The Cornell researchers found widespread ignorance and misunderstanding about the consequences of sterilization

even among biology students at Swarthmore. This was disturbing because, they said, "ignorance on the part of the educated is likely to be indicative of even greater ignorance on the part of the population at large, and this throws into question the entire sex education system and its effectiveness" (van Tienhoven et al., 1977).

The Cornell researchers distinguished two kinds of ignorance, "actual" and "professed." Each of these was measured by the Cornell researchers sought to determine the degree of knowledge or experience with various birth-control methods.

1. Actual ignorance was measured by asking the respondents to identify the correct procedure for each method.

2. Professed ignorance was measured by asking the respondents to indicate whether they "knew how it worked" or "didn't know how it worked."

The Cornell researchers also permitted the respondents to indicate that they "didn't know" or "didn't know how it worked." The Cornell researchers noted that the Swarthmore data may represent a different attitude; Swarthmore's highly selective student body may be something of a weathervane. Some support for this notion is given by the available data on the analogous issue of abortion: the Swarthmore sample seems to have been less prejudiced against abortion than the Cornell sample. There is recent evidence to the effect that attitudes toward abortion are rapidly changing in the United States, becoming more liberal, especially among college-educated people. The data shows a strong educational gradient: the higher the education, the more liberal the attitudes toward the legalization of abortion.

Table 2. Professed ignorance of various birth-control techniques in percentages of two total samples. "Professed ignorance" was defined as combining percentages of those who answered "I don't know how it works" and "Don't know how it works." Swarthmore respondents who chose the "no information" response to this question, a response not on the Cornell questionnaire—were added to the Swarthmore total.

Technique	Swarthmore	Cornell
Condom	15%	20%
Diaphragm	22	19
Intrauterine Device (IUD)	34	30
Abstinence	9	15
Pill for men	1	1
Vasectomy	1	1
Tubal ligation	23	20
Rhythm	12	14
Withdrawal	11	14
Abortion	7	7
Emergency contraceptive pills	28	25

and ignorance of the side effects of vasectomy and tubal ligation, in particular, in the Cornell study. "Actual ignorance" was measured by asking the respondents to identify the correct procedure for each method. "Professed ignorance" was measured by asking the respondents to indicate whether they "knew how it worked" or "didn't know how it worked." The Cornell researchers noted that the Swarthmore data may represent a different attitude; Swarthmore's highly selective student body may be something of a weathervane. Some support for this notion is given by the available data on the analogous issue of abortion: the Swarthmore sample seems to have been less prejudiced against abortion than the Cornell sample. There is recent evidence to the effect that attitudes toward abortion are rapidly changing in the United States, becoming more liberal, especially among college-educated people. The data shows a strong educational gradient: the higher the education, the more liberal the attitudes toward the legalization of abortion.

Group	CORNELL		SWARTHMORE	
	% Vasectomy	% Tubal	% Vasectomy	% Tubal
All men	55%	51	47%	61
All female	48	41	47	63
Biology majors	47	56	31	33
Biology majors	61	69	56	60
Biology majors	62	56	46	67
Biology majors	58	73	51	72

9. Do you have political objections to birth control, whatever method is used?
 1 Strong objections 2 Mild objections 3 No objections



10. Do you want to limit the size of your family?
 1 Definitely yes 2 Yes 3 Neither yes nor no 4 No 5 Definitely not 6 DK

11. If the answer to Question 10 is "yes", what number of children would you and your spouse desire to produce?—

12. What is the degree of knowledge or experience with the following birth control measures. Circle the lowest number for each item that applies.

	Have used (or partner has used)	Know how to use	Know how it works	Not quite certain how it works	Don't know how it works	No information
Condoms	1	2	3	4	5	6
Diaphragm	1	2	3	4	5	6
Intrauterine contraceptive device (IUD)	1	2	3	4	5	6
Abstinence	1	2	3	4	5	6
Contraceptive pill for women	1	2	3	4	5	6
Vasectomy*	1	2	3	4	5	6
Cutting of oviduct (Fallopian tube)	1	2	3	4	5	6
Rhythm method	1	2	3	4	5	6
Withdrawal method (coitus interruptus)	1	2	3	4	5	6
Abortion (as a birth control measure)	1	2	3	4	5	6
Spermicidal foams or jellies	1	2	3	4	5	6
Other**	1	2	3	4	5	6



*Vasectomy is a minor operation involving the cutting of the ductus deferens (vas deferens) which leads from the testes to the penis.

**Specify if you wish:—

13. Once you have had the desired number of children or if you prefer not to have children, what would be your preference with respect to these birth control measures:

	Prefer Above all others	As alternative	No strong preference	Would use as last resort	Would never use
Condoms	1	2	3	4	5
Diaphragm	1	2	3	4	5
IUD	1	2	3	4	5
Abstinence	1	2	3	4	5
Contraceptive pill	1	2	3	4	5
Vasectomy	1	2	3	4	5
Cutting of oviduct	1	2	3	4	5
Rhythm method	1	2	3	4	5
Withdrawal	1	2	3	4	5
Abortion	1	2	3	4	5
Spermicidal foams or jellies	1	2	3	4	5
Other (specify)	1	2	3	4	5





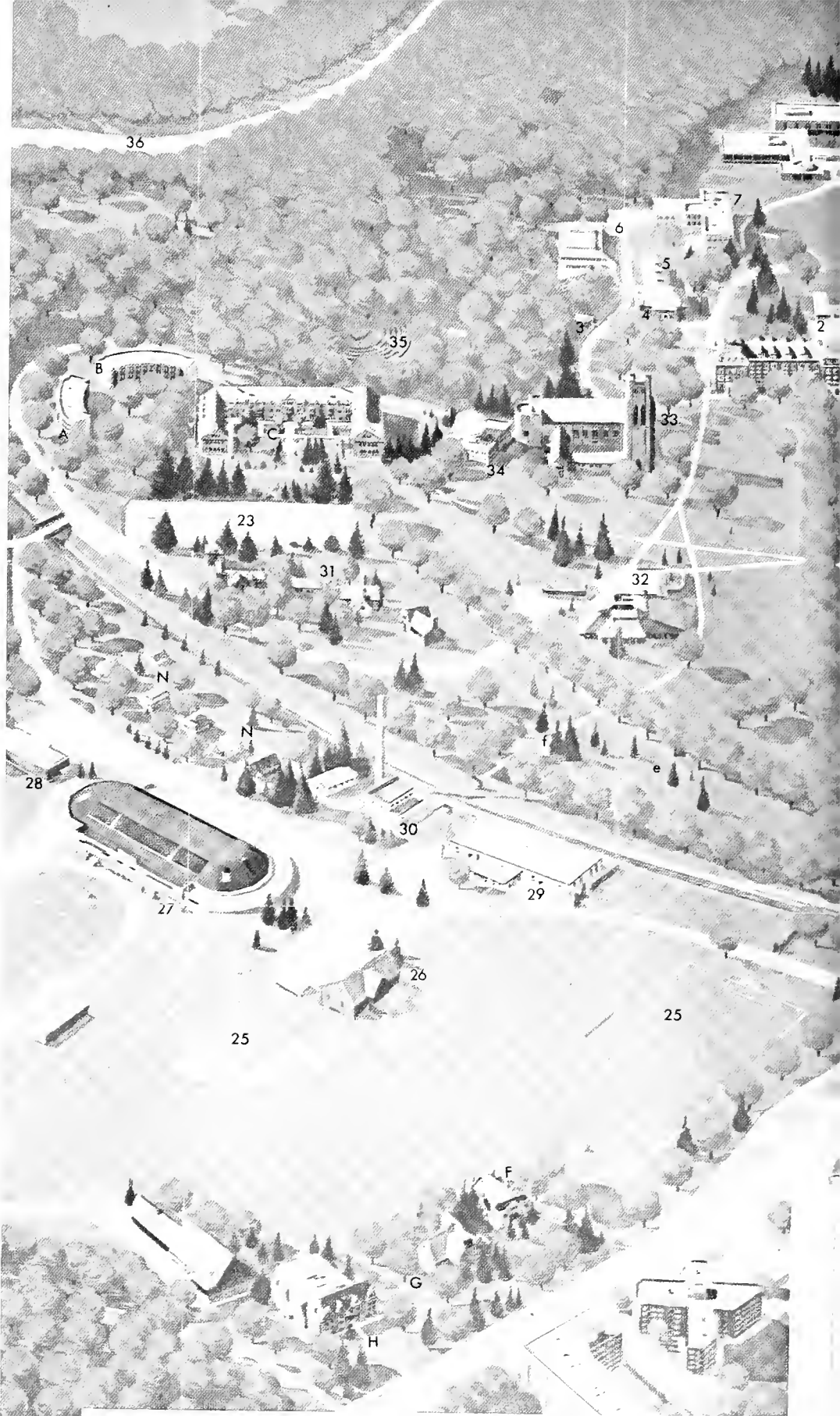
habitant



**NO GUNNING
OR TRAPPING**

**SWARTHMORE COLLEGE
PRIVATE PROPERTY**

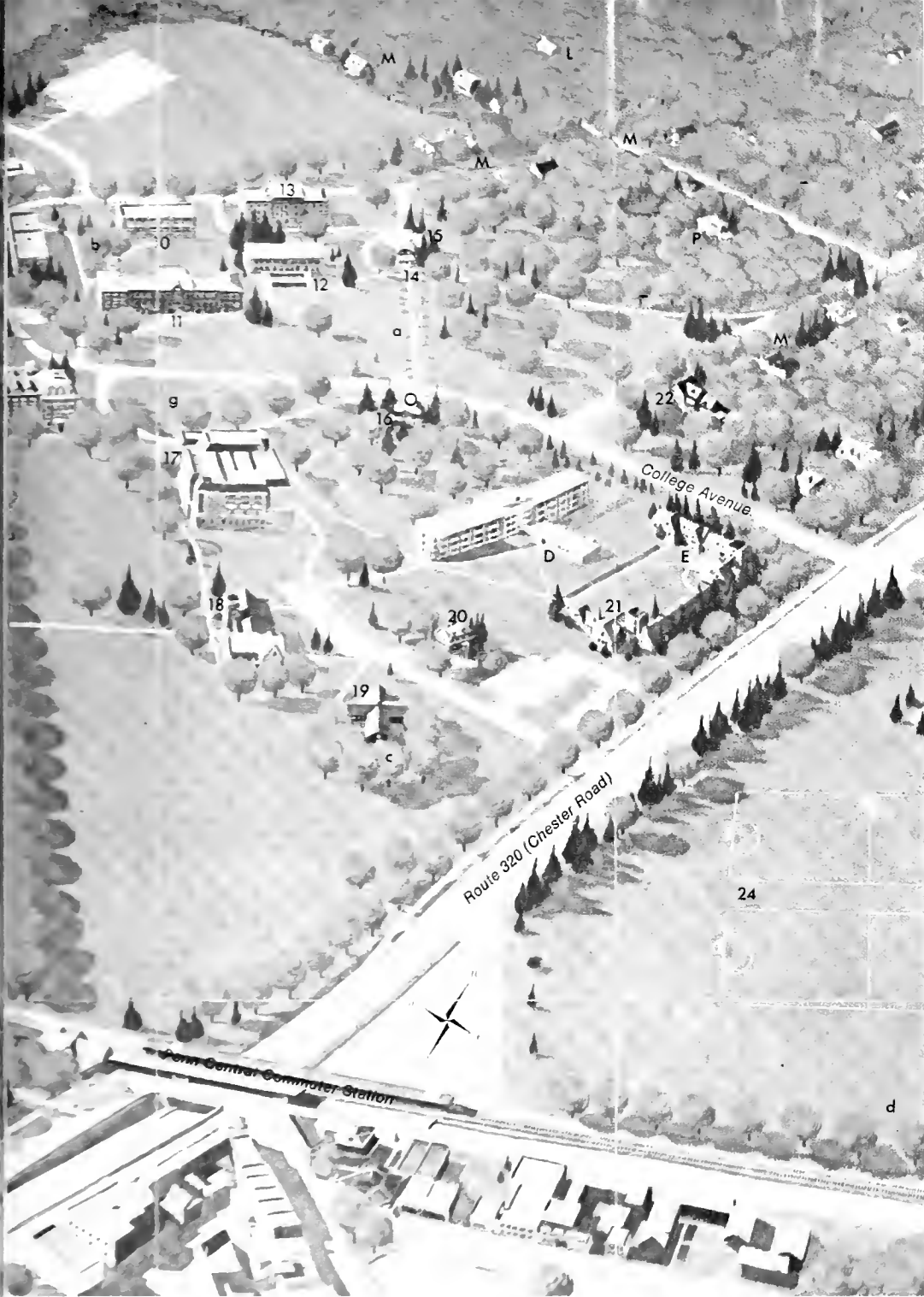
Removal and Destruction of Trees
and Shrubbery Prohibited



Swarthmore College Campus

SCALE IN FEET (APPROXIMATE)





Key to the Map

- | | | |
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| 1. Perry | o. Prætorium | A. Dana Dormitory |
| 2. Adams | p. Phagelodites and azaleas | B. Hollowell Dormitory |
| 3. ... | q. Dea - Bird Poole Garden | C. Wharton Hall |
| 4. H.C. | r. Scott Foundation Nursery and test plots | D. Willett Dormitory |
| 5. ... | s. M. Coe Library | E. Worth Dormitory |
| 6. ... | t. ... Garden | F. Palmer Hall |
| 7. ... | u. ... House | G. Pittenger Hall |
| 8. ... | v. ... House | H. Roberts Hall |
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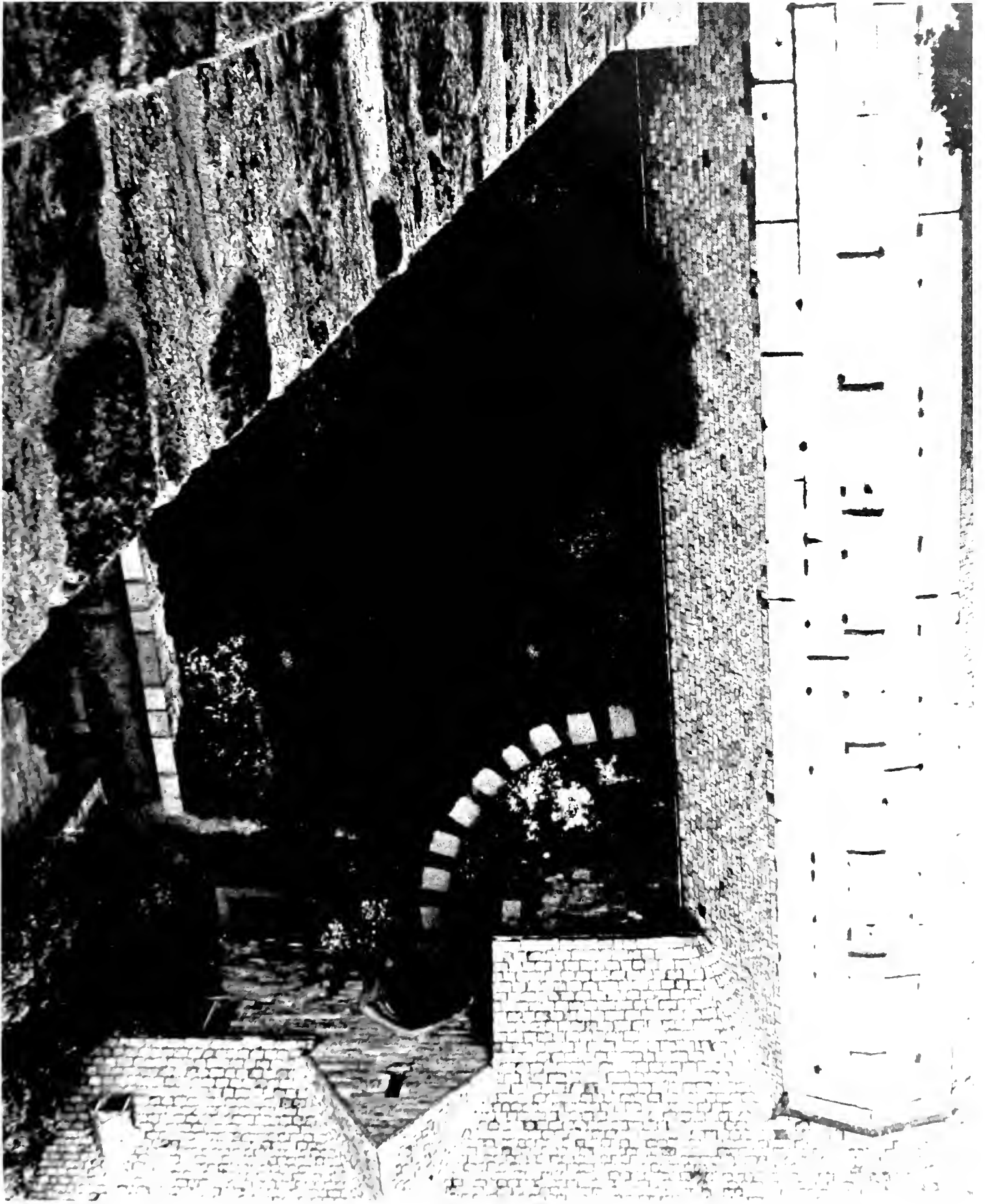


















my hammock swings me
in suspension
within it too swings the jungle
the scent of damp earth
the lick of humid air
the image that burns itself into my eyes
 of green
the hidden green
embraced by the branches of winter

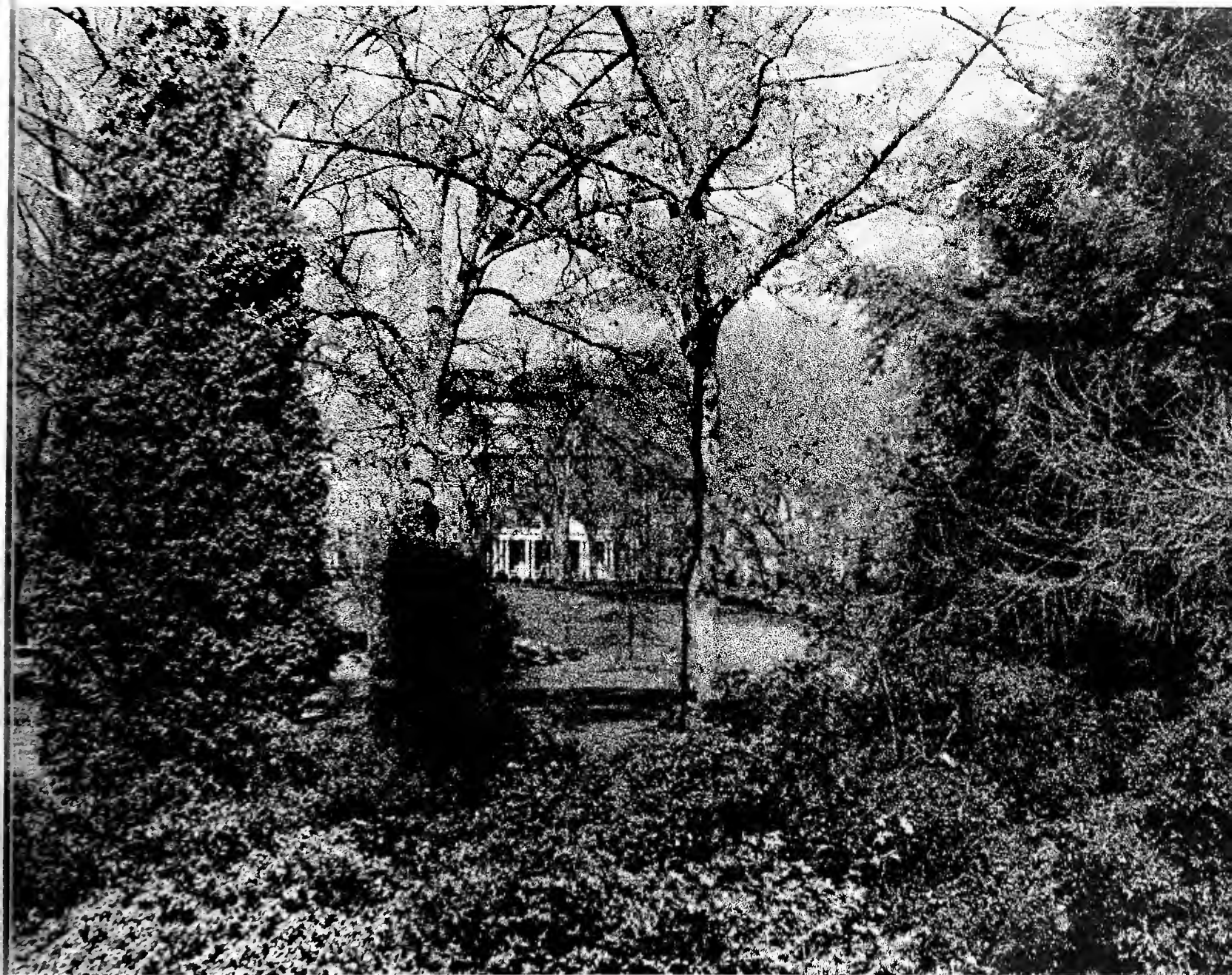
my hammock swings me
in flight
to return to the window
a cold and barren door
 on the winter

and it jolts my memory—
what joy in knowing the seasons of earth!—
that, after all, in waiting
lies the green.

gold—green of weeping willows
first-born in cold, dry air
silver—green of cedars
shedding snow with exploding clusters of new needles
earth—green of narcissus
perennially sprouting with the first warm rain
clear—green of maples
showering the walks with delicate flowers
grey—green of lilacs
in the most heavy warmth of early morning
and grass—green of grass
bursting through the winter hay
that carpets the meadow
devouring the lawn, embracing the stone
and steeping the lazy hot air
in the aroma of green.

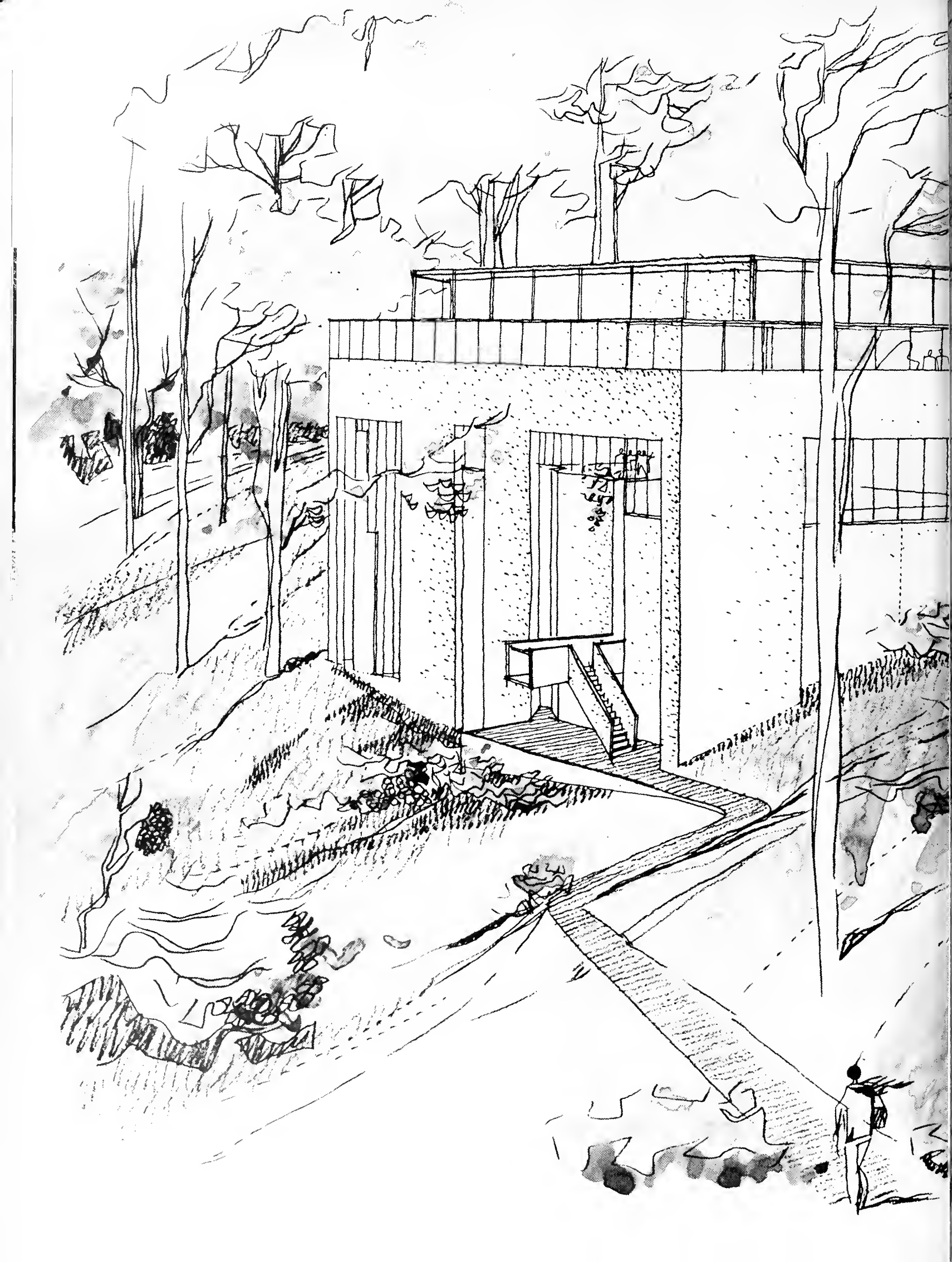
CARLA NEUHAUSER

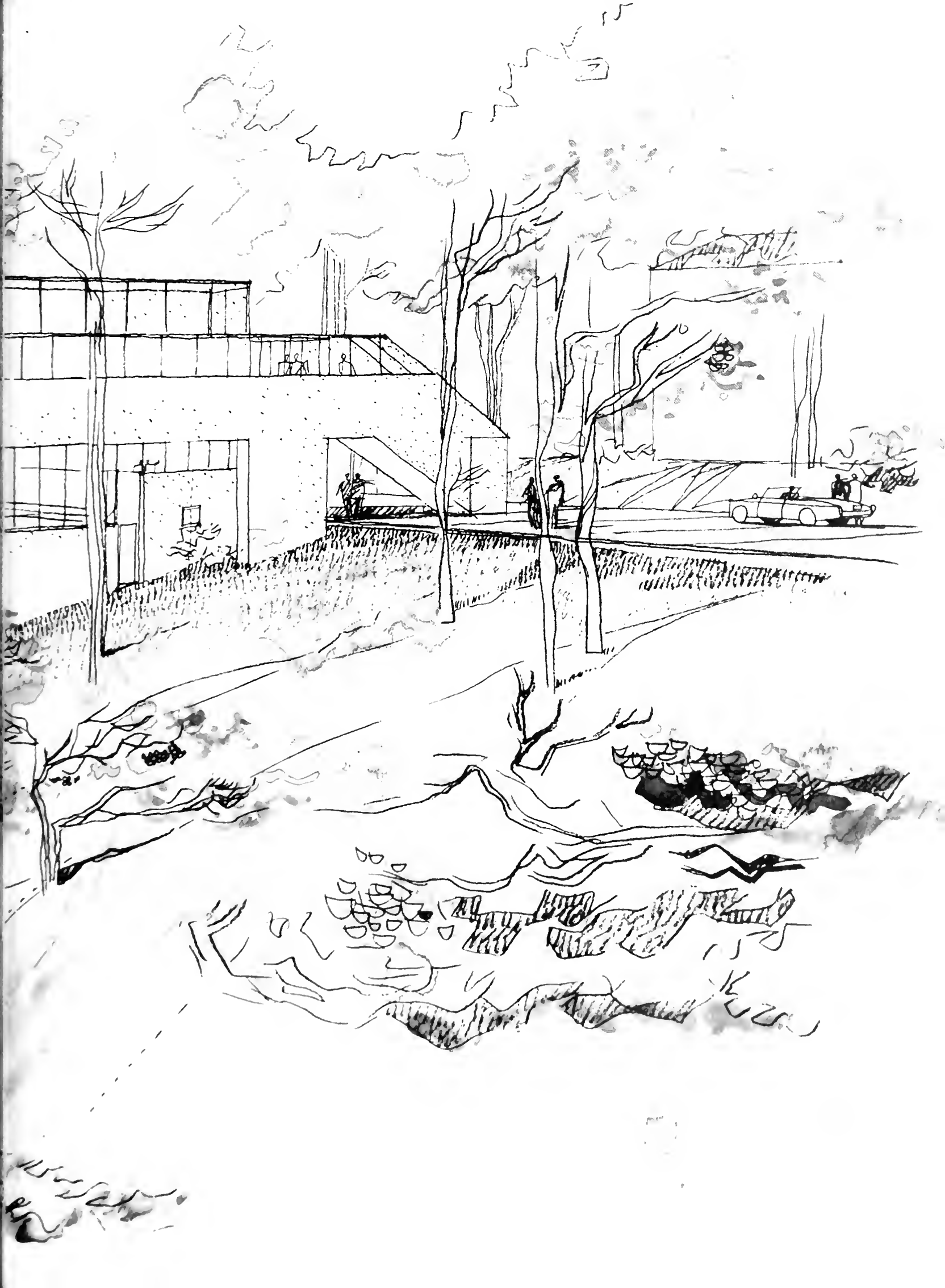


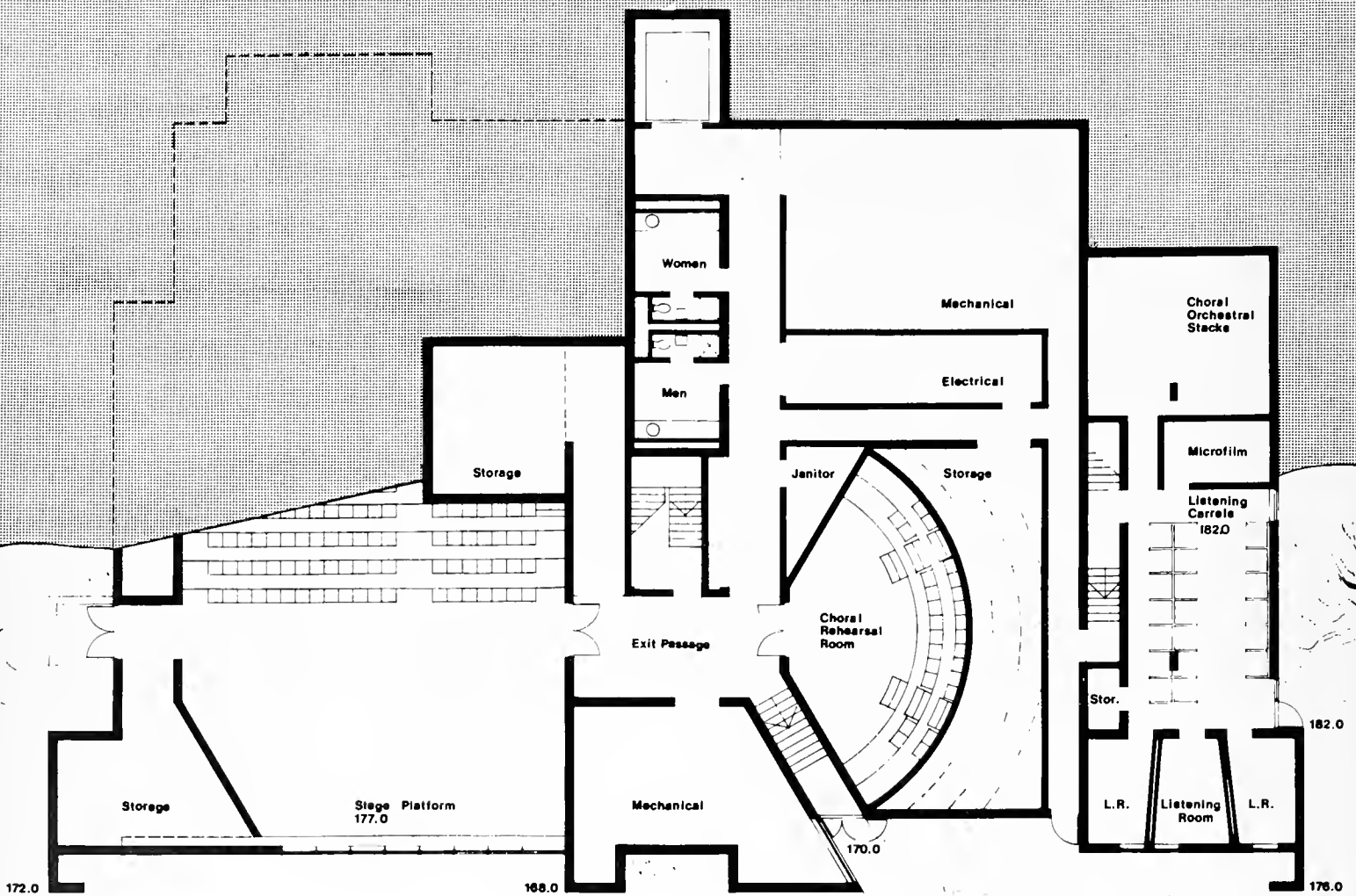




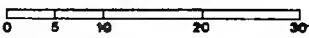




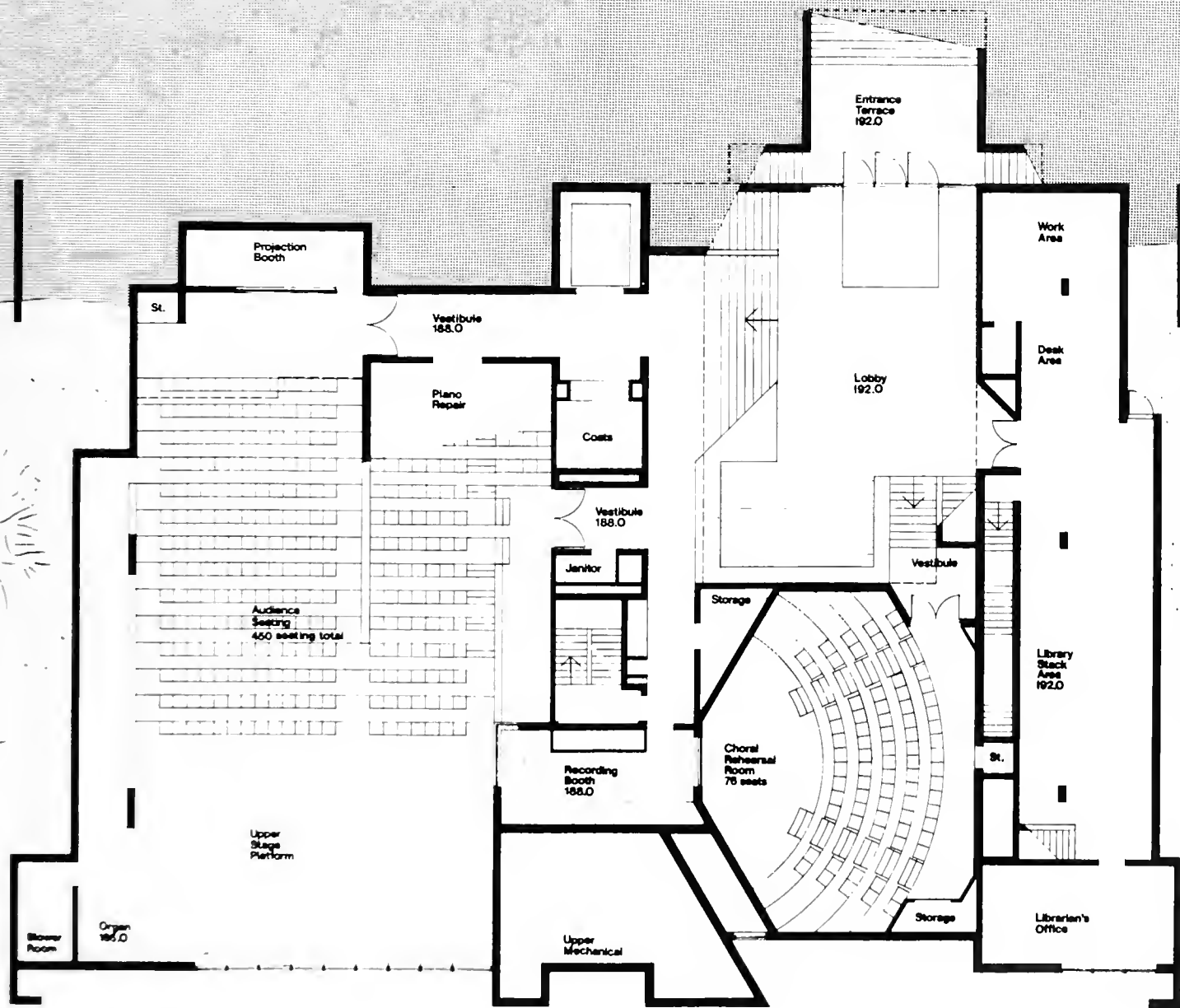




Lower Level Plan

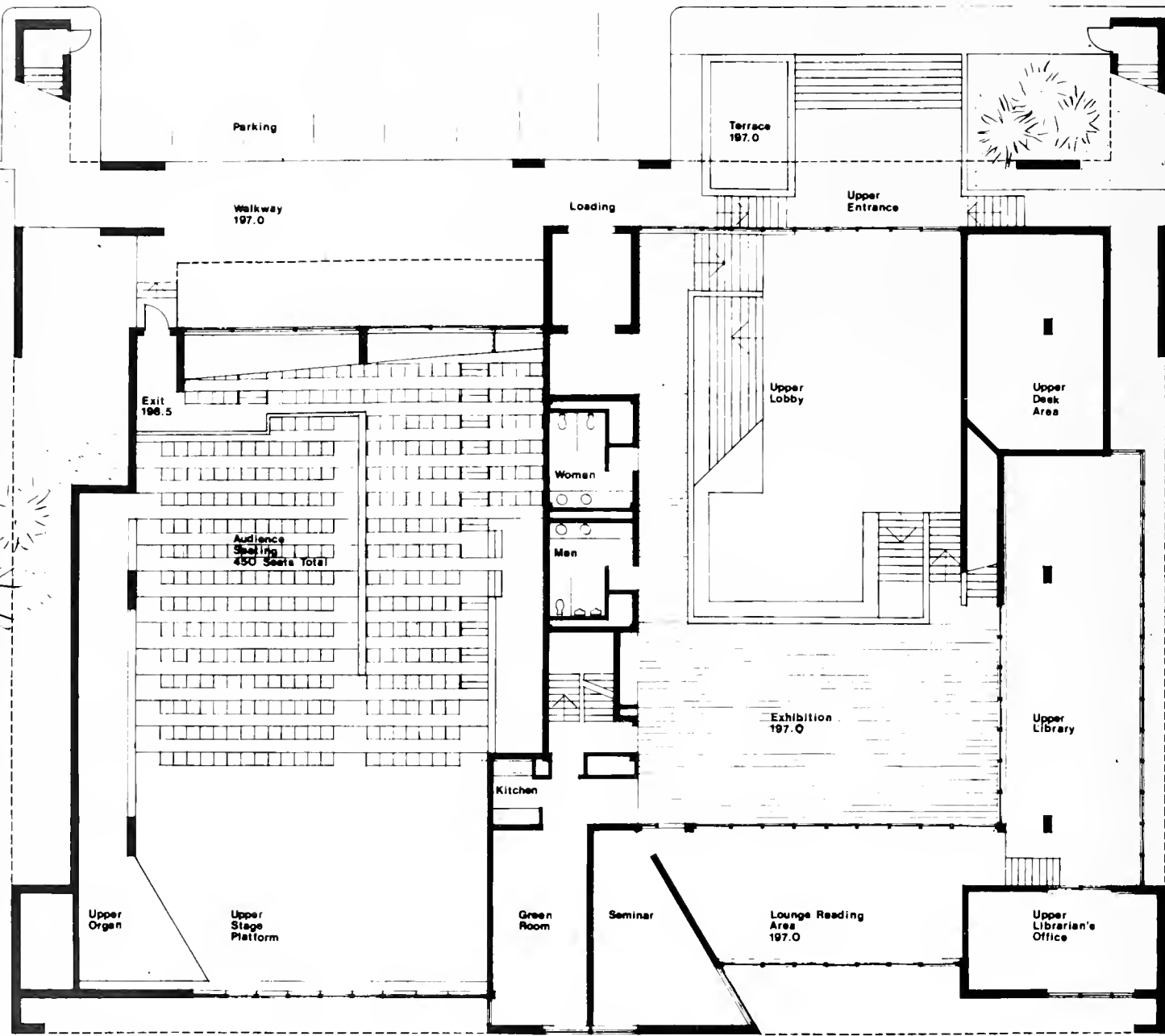


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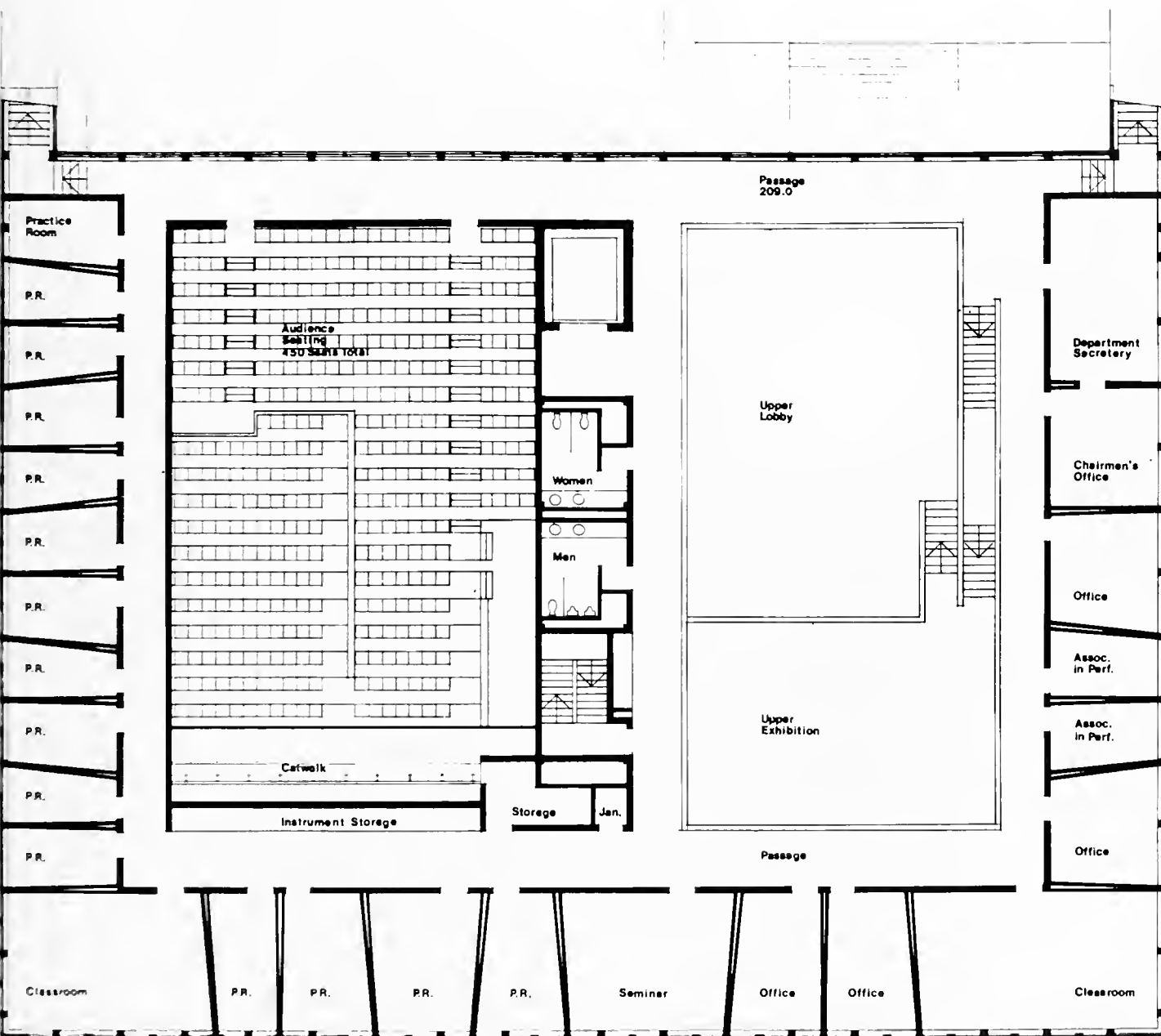
Lobby Level Plan

0 5 10 20 30



Mezzanine Level Plan





Upper Level Plan



CURRICULUM

Many of them attempted to acquaint the general college with their needs and accomplishments and demonstrate their essential roles in the community.

"But what if there were no art?"
"What's eating you? What's the fuss?"



This hopeful exchange peaked at the visit of the evaluating committee. In the excitement of their encouraging support a student art committee was born.

"You don't talk to each other?"

This committee is slowly succeeding in getting student artwork displayed in Tarbles, perhaps Lang Parrish and Sharples.

The visiting committee recommended an expansion of the credit allowance and institution of a studio arts major as well as more far-reaching reforms in departmental philosophy, balance and spatial set-up. Nothing has been heard from the administration since.



Sometimes people wander between separate rooms and learn techniques from each other. Then again, sometimes they're just looking for the radio.

—LYNN GRAVES

SOCIETY



However, also by 1973-74, a group of committed feminists had decided to reorganize to give Swarthmore Women's Liberation a structure and proportionally increase the efficiency of the organization. The one hundred-and-some people who expressed interest in the women's movement provided a broad base of support for the few women who felt strongly enough about the movement to invest large amounts of time and energy in organizational work. For these women the experience of oppression was real and definable: the fieldhouse/Hall gym dichotomy was only part of a complex of attitudes about women athletes which was in turn only a part of the great polarization of "masculine" and "feminine." Women's experience at Swarthmore was seen as one aspect of women's experience at large, and that experience is one of oppression.



With this sort of connective point of view, the feminists began to formulate a proposal for a Women's Center which would facilitate centralization of information and material, and, just as importantly, would provide a designated place where women could contact each other to share ideas and work together on projects. The significant fact about the Center with regard to the college as institution was the redefinition of the student's relationship to the non-academic world.



This was not a Center for women students, but for women; the implication was that the college is responsible to those without as well as within, and the underlying assumption was that Swarthmore women and men do not erase their sexist attitudes simply by coming on campus. With persistent pressure and the spread of correct information about the Center money was appropriated by the Student Council.





Nearly all the social commentators of this time are observing a return to a cynical complacency. Swarthmore, though perhaps somewhat less cynical and less complacent, has followed the apolitical trend ever since the activist 1960's. The women's movement seems to be the one most vital political approach to the world—which still needs changing as badly as it did in 1968-69. Changes have been precipitated at Swarthmore, with the existence of a Women's Center being one very specific instance of progress. Most importantly, though, and of greatest significance for the future, is the altered way people are beginning to see themselves and each other and their intimate relationships and their institutional relationships. Women are starting to make connections—which is the basis of a political view of life—and once that process starts, it can't be easily stopped. Oh yes.

—TINA CROSBY



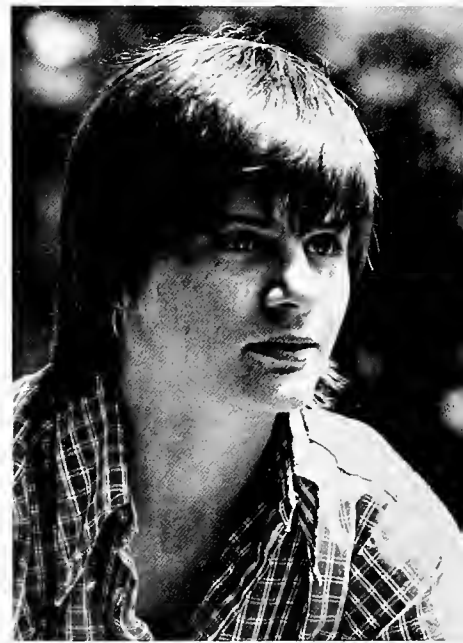
**people
people
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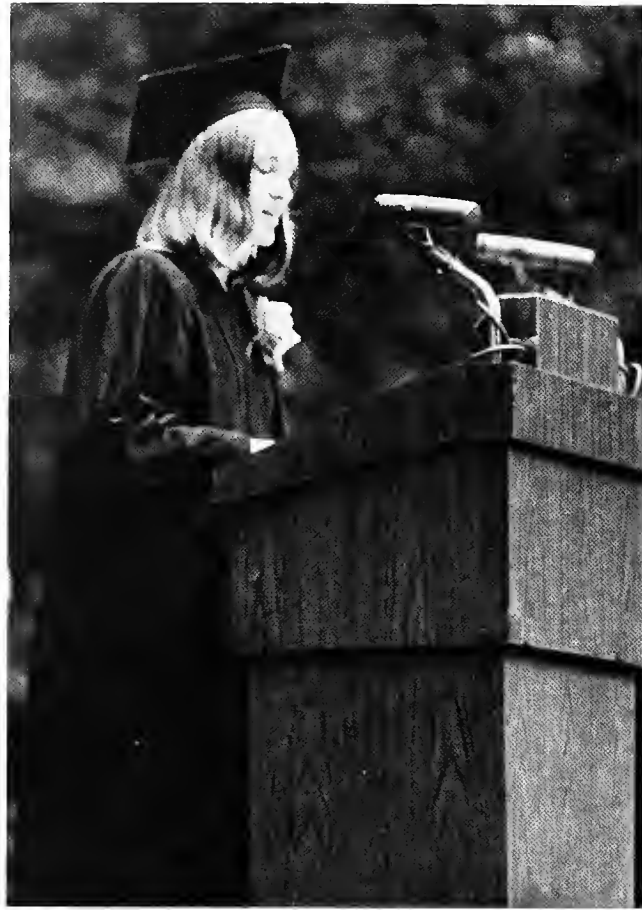








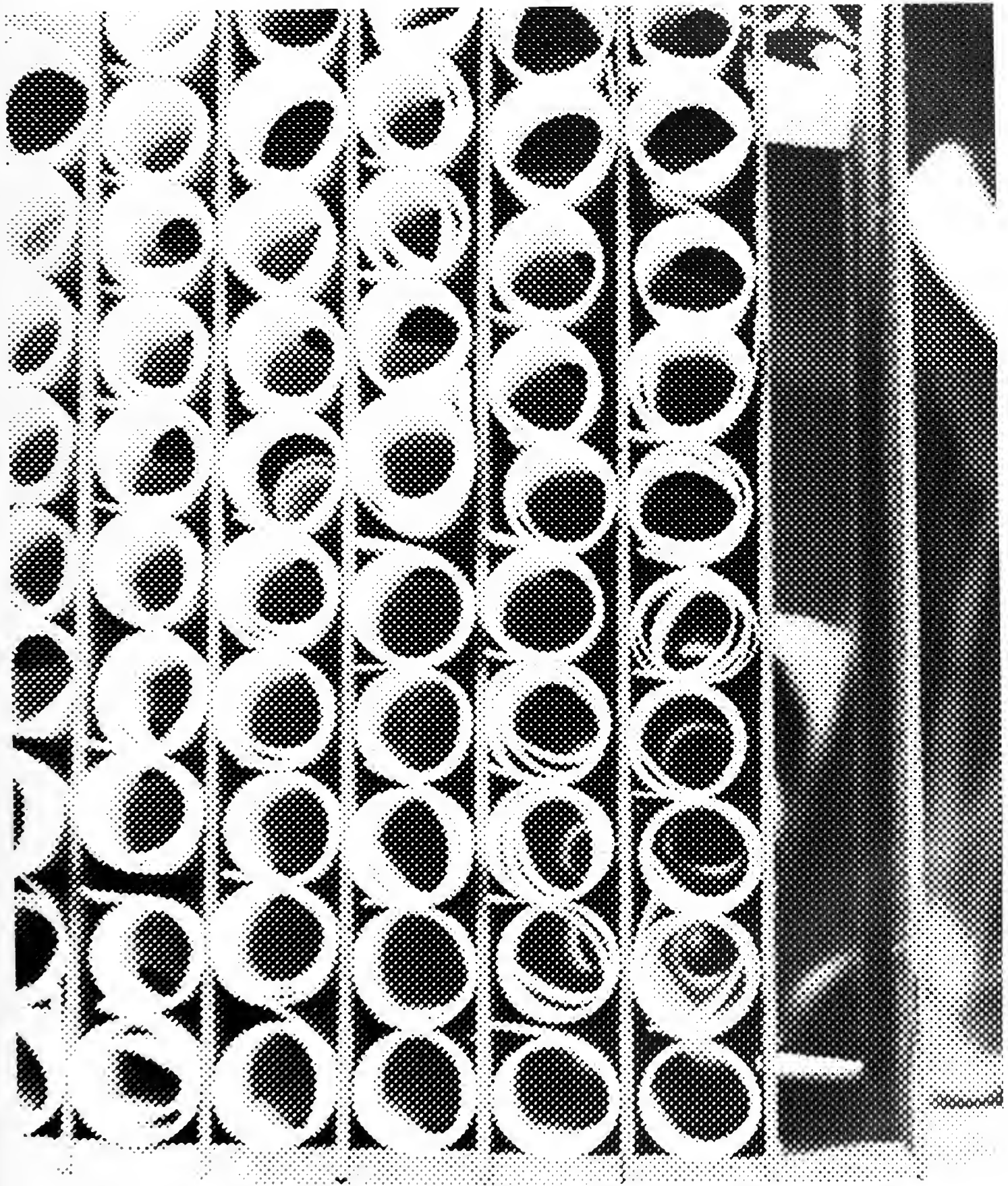




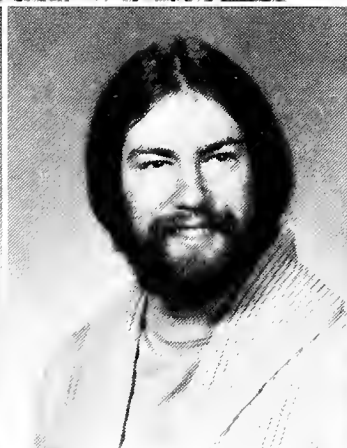
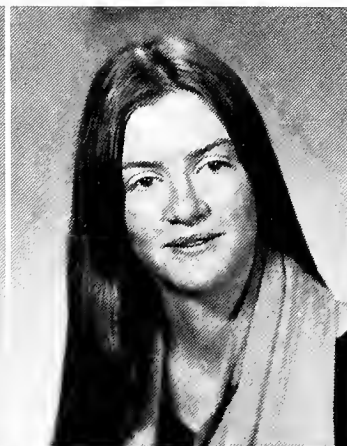
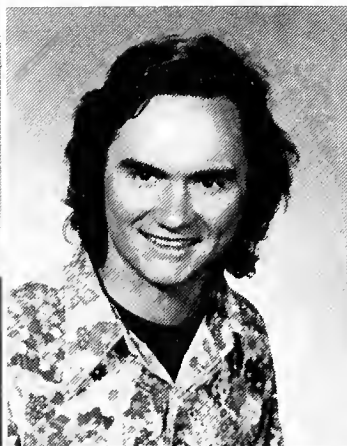
PEOPLE

You Should Remember





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Becky Bushnell

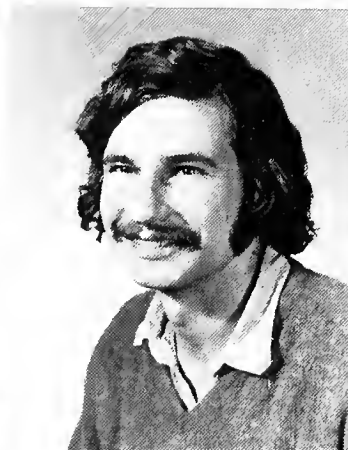
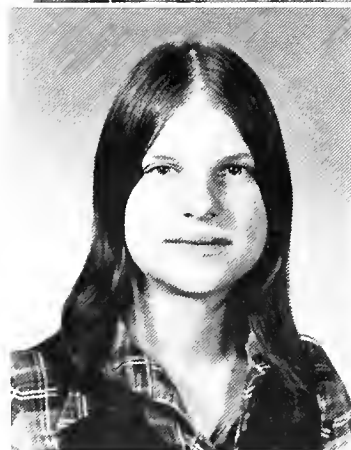
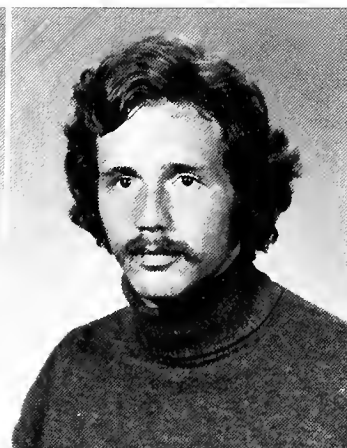


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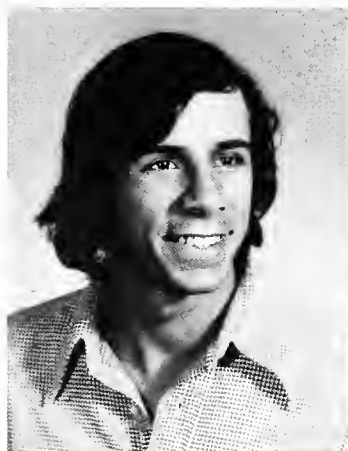
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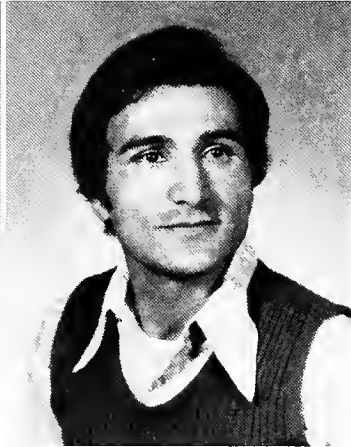
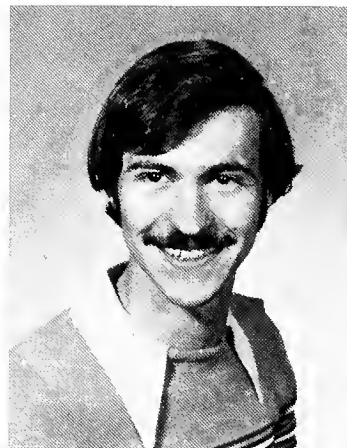
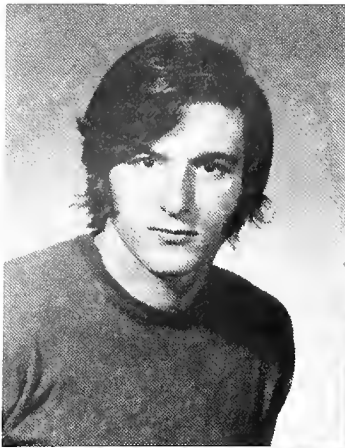
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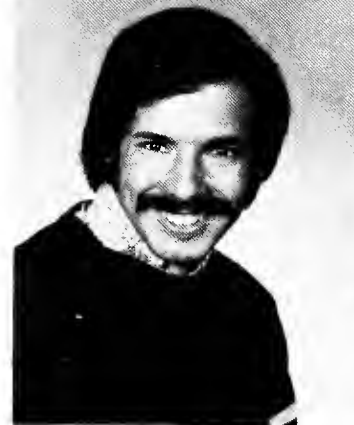


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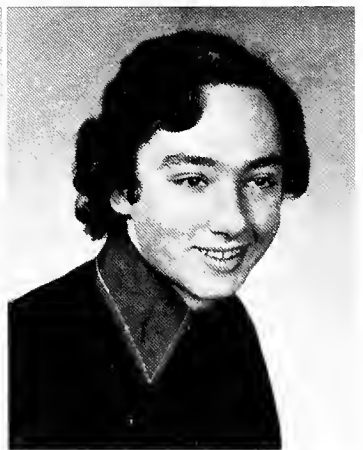


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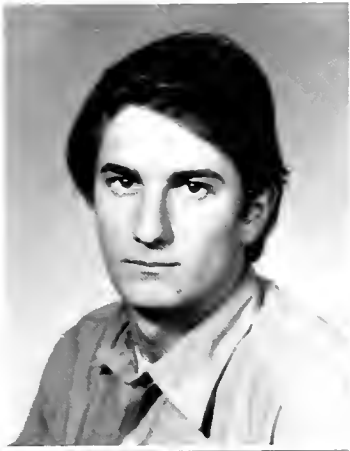


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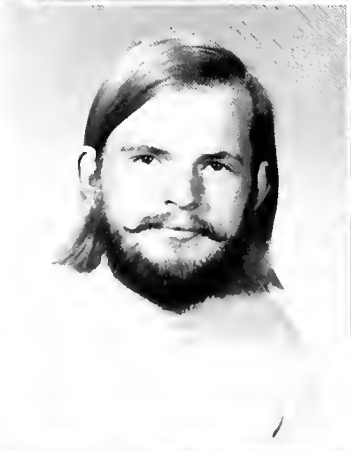
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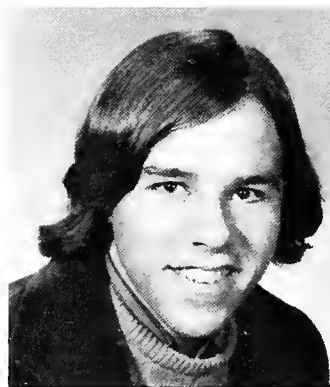
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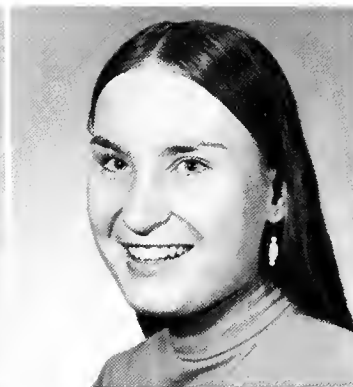
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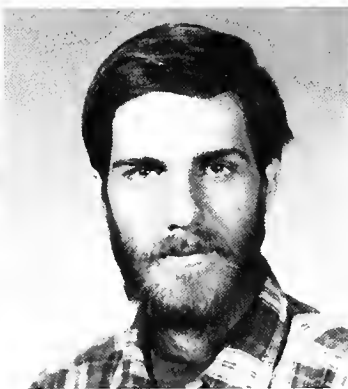
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Claudia Kawas



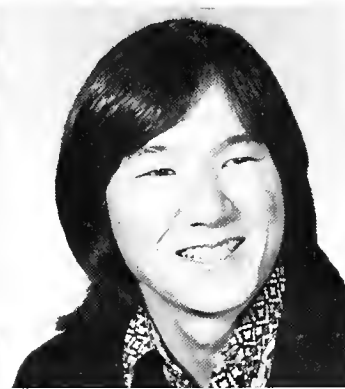
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Dave Mallott



Michelle Palmer



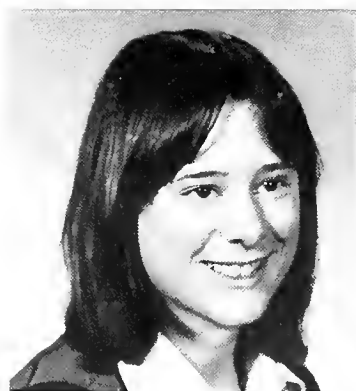
Paul Roose



Joe Takahashi



Katrina Robeck



Anne Lawrence



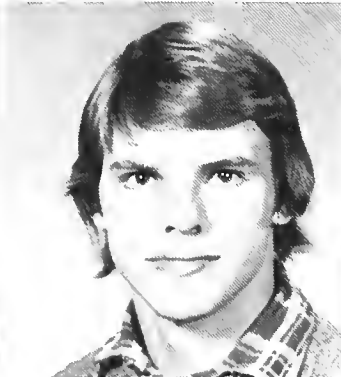
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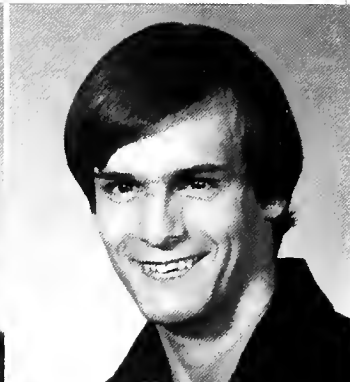
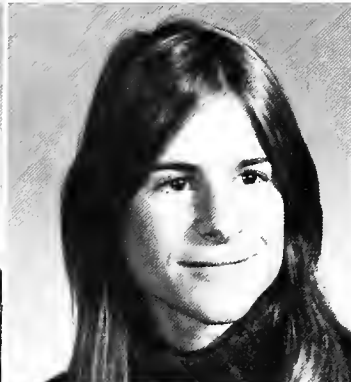
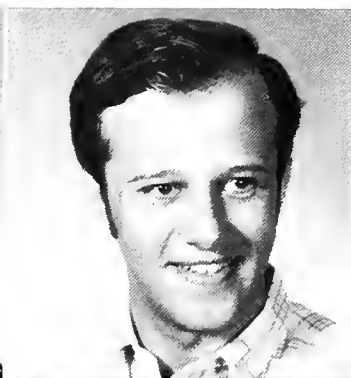
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Davia Temin



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Jon Young
Joan Brown



Uma Kuchibhotla



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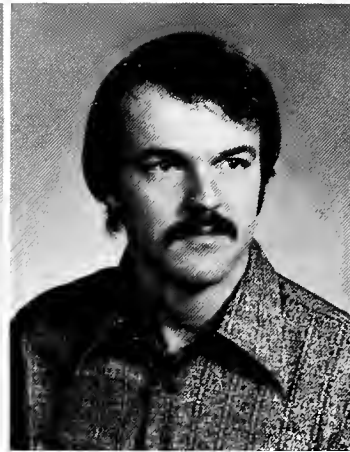
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Warren Allen



Anna Fisher



Wayne Gregg



Quita Davidson



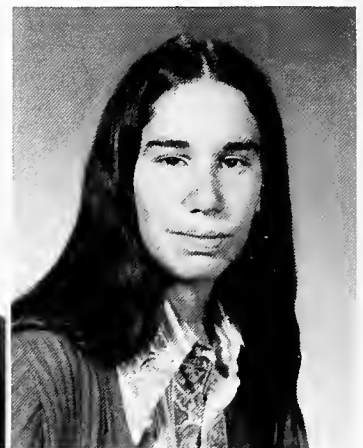
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Jeff Apfelbaum	136	Karen Genkins	
Heather Argyle	132	Jeff Gertler	141
Adam Asch	143	Dan Gibbon	
Emmy Atkinson	144	San Gidas	134
Robin Barber	137	Alan Glaseroff	
Lisa Barsky	136	Marc Goldberg	132
David Baskin	139	Ted Gordon	
Jim Becker	140	Wayne Gregg	146
Shelley Bedell		Randall Grometstein	132
Herb Bedolfe		Tiziano Guerra	133
Sherry Bellamy	134	Maggie Habib	
Caryn Bern	146	Marc Halley	147
Lynn Bernstein	137	Ted Hannon	139
Mickey Black	133	Tori Haring	140
Ted Blew	147	Mark Harmeling	143
Alice Bodley	141	Wally Harrington	138
Joann Bodurtha	145	Janet Hart	134
Barb Boehm		Betsy Hastedt	142
Rosa Boldman	136	Louie Heavenrich	146
Gino Bottino	142	Pat Heidtmann	139
Steve Bowers		Klaus Hein	137
Dan Brenner		Andy Henderson	137
Betsy Sanders Bressoud	138	Neil Heskell	147
Hank Brodnicki	147	Hunt Hobbs	
Byron Brown	135	Leslie Hogben	137
Jean Brown	143	Roger Holstein	
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Kitty Bryant		Dave Hoyt	145
Armond Budish	142	John Humphrie	135
Darryl Burke	133	Lynette Hunkins	136
Babette Addona Burns		Debbie Hunt	140
Becky Bushnell	132	Frank Huntington	139
Kathy Buttolph	135	Joanna Hynes	141
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Marion Emanuelson	132	Keith Layton	
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Steve Epstein		Deb Levin	134
Jon Erb	147	Donata Lewandowski	133
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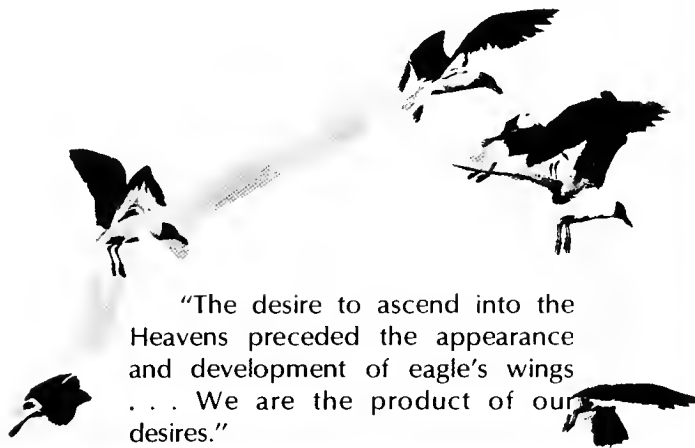
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 Ed Polochick 136
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 Drew Reynolds 133
 Katharina Robeck 140
 Don Roberson 142
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 Barb Rudolph
 Shalom Saar 136
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 Sam Taylor 147
 Davia Temin 144
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 Marjorie Thompson 143
 David Thurber
 Tex Trammel 132
 Elizabeth Traversi
 Matt Ullman 141
 Marya Ursin
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 Don Venes 133
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