

AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE MAGAZINE SPRING 1991

From the desk of
REXINE REYNOLDS CO

When you ask
about pictures
taken during the
War, I said
"Sure, I must have some!" and
when I got home I realized that
there was not a single photo
taken between 1940 and 1945.
Not one! Isn't it strange
that we didn't have film and
never missed it at all? I guess
that priorities vary during
times and you don't realize it —



Catching the long, green stem of the hydrangea in the curved blade of his hand-snips, Charles Williams makes a quick, clean cut. He thins a few lush blossoms then thoughtfully moves on through the Alumnae Garden. Spring is a time for thinning bushes, for trimming skinny, up-turned water shoots and lopping off deadwood, he says. His nimble fingers pull down a low-hanging tree limb. "This is overgrown." Near a joint, he carefully snips. The leafy pruned portion flops onto the ground, the limb, now lighter, snaps up into place. Then Williams stands back. Bright eyes peering from under the rim of his baseball cap survey the effect of that small adjustment on the overall tree. Williams has been planting and pruning for 20 years now. Four of those years he's been at Agnes Scott. He smiles slightly and pushes the red-plastic handled hand snips into a back holder. "Till I knew more about it," admits Williams, "I thought it must hurt the plant to prune it.



ART LASSER PHOTO

Spring Pruning

"But I learned it's all in the way you cut."

Fiscal pruning is not a phrase Gerald Whittington, ASC's vice president for business and finance, would choose to describe the staff's foray into zero-based budgeting for 1991-92. He does say, "Anything you cut seems traumatic." But after several years of what Whittington terms "incremental growth," he believed it was time to bring into sharper focus the priorities and needs of the College. He initiated modified zero-based budgeting, asking managers to review their operations, then set goals and objectives in the light of the mission of the College.

"Basically," he says, "we asked our managers the question, 'Is this fundamental to the college: Is it *fundamental* for us to convert our library to the Library of Congress system? Is it *fundamental* to provide transportation to take students to other

campuses for coursework and social interaction? Is it *fundamental* that we have a variety of foods in the dining hall or could we all eat peanut butter sandwiches every day?'"

As members of the budget work group later reviewed requests for funds to support fundamental activities, they compared and consolidated duplicate efforts, established priorities and explored new directions. The effect of the budgeting process was to cut back a branch or two in order to support growth elsewhere. Says Whittington, "We tried to do it as painlessly as possible."

Converting the ASC library to the Library of Congress system and providing a pilot inter-campus transportation system for students will be possible now, in part, because other units cut back. Trimmed from the publications budget for 1991-92 is the equivalent of one *Alumnae Magazine*. Instead of three 32-page issues, during this fiscal year, look for fall and spring magazines, plus the President's Report. (*Main Events* will arrive on its normal fall-winter-spring schedule.)

On our walk back toward my office, Gardener Williams notes that pruning helps a plant breathe. It's all a matter of selecting the right branch, he says. I think I know what he means. Prudent trimming here and there is the constant choice of good stewardship. It is also the job of the editor whose pencil can bring sharp focus to an unwieldy sentence or give form to overly exuberant or lethargic publications. For 20 years now, I've been planting and pruning—as writer and editor on various books, magazines, newspapers and video productions.

"Pruning," Williams tells me, "lets in light."

Celeste Pennington

Editor: Celeste Pennington. **Editorial Assistant:** Kathy Choy. **Archivist:** Lee Sayrs. **Design:** Harold Waller and Everett Hullum.

Student Assistants: April Cornish '91, Willa Hendrickson '94, Hawa Meskinyar '94.

Publications Advisory Board: George Brown, Christine Cozzens, Steven Guthrie, Bonnie Brown Johnson '70, Randy Jones '70, Kay Parkerson O'Briant '70, Becky Prophet, Dudley Sanders, Edmund Sheehy, Lucia Howard Sizemore '65.

Copyright © 1991, Agnes Scott College. Published three times a year by the Office of Publications, Agnes Scott College, Buttrick Hall, 141 E. College Ave., Decatur, GA 30030, 404/371-6315. The magazine is published for alumnae and friends of the College. Postmaster: Send address changes to Office of Development and Public Affairs, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, GA 30030. Like other content of the magazine, this article reflects the opinion of the writer and not the viewpoint of the College, its trustees, or administration.

As we read the article, "A Meeting of the Minds," about the scholarship and dedicated teaching of Dr. Richard Parry, we learn just how supportive women can be of a man who has dedicated his life to teaching women at a women's college.

*Sarah Legg Schoon '65
St. Louis, MO*

Thanks for sending the magazine copies. It's a beautiful publication. I thoroughly enjoyed your piece on Professor Parry—my undergraduate degree at William and Mary was in philosophy, so the story hit me where I live.

Again, thanks for noticing the Karen Gearreald piece and using it in your magazine.

*Mike D'Orso
The Virginian Pilot and
The Ledger Star
Norfolk, VA*

I just finished the Fall issue. *Beautiful*. I highlighted passages from the Rosalynn Carter article to include in an upcoming speech I'll be making. . . .

*Leisa Hammett-Goad
Stone Mountain, GA*

In efforts to improve our alumni magazine here at Kalamazoo College, we are trying to review outstanding college publications around the country. I noticed the *Agnes Scott Alumnae Magazine* won a Gold Medal in the CASE Periodicals Special Issues category this year (congratulations!). Do you by chance have an extra copy?

*Sandy Fugate
Director of Publications
Kalamazoo, MI*

AGNES SCOTT

Spring 1991 Volume 69, Number 1

Page 4

A woman with a past

by Stacey Noiles



U.N. staffer, now Adeline Arnold Loridans Professor of French, Regine Reynolds-Cornell reminds us of the power of communication.

Page 14

Clyde Edgerton puckers up

by Bill Bangham

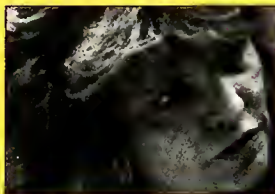


A glimpse of ASC's mercurial bestselling author-in-residence, on stage and off.

Page 20

When the victim must testify

by Barbara Thompson



Judy Taylor Smith '73 intervenes so the judicial process is not just a second assault on victims of violence.

Page 28

Working for nothing

by Judy Bouvier



Bottom line: experts say experience through externships and interships makes THE smart career investment.

Lifestyle Page 2

Martha A. Truett '67 – Developing antiviral AIDS treatment • Cathy Zurek '83 – A scent of success

Classic Page 41

The Spring Formal

Finale Page 42

*Geraldine M. Meroney dies
Best Shots/ASC Photo Contest announced*

Brown-belt Truett: breaking boards— and diseases

It's such a kick." That's what *tae kwon do* brown belt Martha A. Truett '67 says about breaking boards with her feet. It is a requirement for each *tae kwon do* belt rank qualification. But Truett admits she and others in her all-women's class "sometimes break boards because we feel like doing it."

"I love breaking boards."

Truett, Ph.D., derives similar pleasure in her work as projects manager with Berlex Laboratories in Alameda, Calif. Over the past several years she has been responsible for the development of pharmaceu-

ticals for the tough diseases ranging from AIDS to hepatitis B.

As project manager, she takes a product from research through marketing, with full responsibility for strategy, budget, in- or out-licensing and any legal issues. "I oversee the entire course of events."

Last year she managed the development of AZDU, a chemically synthesized antiviral agent (similar to AZT) for treatment of AIDS. That compound is now in clinical trials, awaiting FDA approval. "It will be used in place of other therapy [which has not worked successfully for certain patients]. It is new hope for these patients, basically."



As project manager for a California pharmaceuticals company, Martha Truett takes new drugs from research to marketing.

Her current projects include the development of FEAU, a chemically synthesized antiviral agent used in the treatment of chronic active hepatitis B. Alpha interferon is the licensed product now on the market. "It's also treated by acupuncture, by vitamins. They don't have a very good therapy for it," she says. Alpha interferon is injected. "FEAU would not be."

Prior to working at Berlex, Truett was principle scientist at Chiron Corporation in Emoryville, Calif., where for eight years she was involved in research, development and manufacturing for vaccines, for therapeutic and diagnostic products. She also worked with law firms on product patents.

"I like being able to move from strictly research to a marketable product."

"I've been extremely fortunate that I've been able to pick and choose what I've done—and with a little planning have been able to do things that I find really challenging. . . ."

"In my work, a person tackles problems without knowing if they will be tractable or not. You have to have persistence, tenacity."

Those qualities, she admits, are critical to the martial arts.

"I like *tae kwon do* because I never thought I would be good at it. I am not a good runner. I was never good at softball."

She laughs.

"To be able to do this and do it well—it's mind-boggling." **ASC**

Chemist Zurek: Enjoying the sweet smells of success

Every day, Cathy Zurek '83 is surrounded by a mix of chemicals in her Bogota, Colombia, lab.

But she is no ordinary scientist poring over 2,000 bottled ingredients. The test tubes in her lab contain synthetic chemicals and natural oils of plants and flowers.

Zurek is a junior perfumer for Givaudan, second-largest perfume company in the world. The Swiss-based multi-national company's U.S. clients have such household names as Colgate-Palmolive and Proctor & Gamble. So one day, Agnes Scott grads could be among those shampooing or perfuming with a fragrance concocted by Zurek.

Zurek admits that becoming a perfumer was not a career goal upon graduation with a chemistry degree from Agnes Scott.

"My family has a soft drink company in Cartagena, and everyone assumed that after I graduated I would go to work for them," says Zurek.

Initially she did.

Givaudan's flavor division in Zurich provided the flavors for her family business, Laboratorios Roman. Company officials invited her as a client to taste the latest soft drink syrups at their headquarters. She learned the basics of the flavor trade, then later was asked to join their perfume division.

In December, Zurek received certification.

Perfumery involves both the *art* of combining ingredients to achieve a pleasing fragrance and the *science* of mixing components that will remain chemically stable.

"Sometimes you can make a wonderful-smelling fragrance, but you can't wear it," admits Zurek.

"On the other hand you could have a perfect technical mixture, without the desired scent."

Ultimately her job is to develop fragrances that will satisfy the cultural preferences of her home country. "What they like in Switzerland might be different from what they like here," she said.

Some of the natural essences she handles aren't always pleasing to the senses.

"A few of the animal derivatives smell like I couldn't even tell you," said Zurek. "Everybody always knows where I've been at the end of the day because I stink. I could wash my hands ten



Cathy Zurek is combining the art and the science of fragrance creation to become a perfumer.

times and it wouldn't go away."

She wears no perfume or other fragrance on the job since it interferes with her work.

Perhaps she was testing the finer scents of rose oil or

jasmine when she first met her husband, Felipe Lopez, who heads sales and marketing for Givaudan Bogota.

Zurek's goal is to advance to the levels of perfumer and senior perfumer in the company which recently nosed

out the competition for a contract to produce a new perfume for a major cosmetics firm. The fragrance campaign will be launched later this year. The name, she says, is a secret. **ASC**
—Karen Young '84

Paxton brings history alive for students

A standing ovation greeted Mercedes Vasilos Paxton '74, when she was named National Outstanding American History Teacher of the Year in Washington, D.C.

She called the award, "the icing on the cake."

Paxton, who has taught social studies and history at Lakeside High School in DeKalb County, Ga., for

almost 20 years, says she tries to relate history to events occurring today.

She teaches the advanced and gifted classes in history. Her students score in the 96th percentile on IQ tests.

Last year Paxton was named DeKalb County Teacher of the Year; this year she was a semi-finalist for the 1991 Georgia Teacher of the Year. She has been selected a STAR teacher four times. Five times students elected her "Distin-

guished Teacher."

"Mrs. Paxton brings history alive for students and helps them learn how to think," wrote Lakeside principal Thomas S. Beuglas in nominating Mrs. Paxton for the state title. "She teaches students to read, interpret, analyze, synthesize and communicate. She teaches research and critical thinking.

"Mrs. Paxton takes a personal interest in the students and is friend, teacher and counselor."

While a student at Agnes Scott, Paxton considered careers in law or research. "My love for teaching really clicked after student teaching [during] my senior year."

Paxton called this latest award "a wonderful honor." It is made annually by the National Society of Daughters of the American Revolution for a teacher performing outstanding services in stimulating a deeper understanding and appreciation of American history. **ASC**

A Woman With a Past

Linguist Regine Reynolds-Cornell reminds us the end of language has never been perfect elocution, but to understand and to be understood.

By Stacey Noiles



With my friends Jonathan and Michael,
two of my boss' three sons. Big brother
David was away (boarding school) - A
number of people in Mogadiscio thought
that they were my children -

When Regine Reynolds-Cornell was a child, the Germans marched into France. "It seems to be gray and cold all the time, in my memory," she recalls wearily. "I don't seem to remember the summers." What she remembers clearly is the pro-German music teacher who called Regine and the other children the "offspring of defeated adults." The next time the students gathered for choir practice, their pockets were full of subway tickets cut in the shapes of V's and crosses.

"The crosses were the symbol of Free French forces led by General Charles de Gaulle," she says. "The V's were for victory.

"As we sang, we slowly emptied our pockets.

"Hundreds and hundreds of V's and crosses fell around us."

When class was over, the children departed, as usual. But notes Reynolds-Cornell: "We left our message on the ground."

Reynolds-Cornell, now Agnes Scott College Adeline Arnold Loridans Professor of French, brings to her classes a deep understanding of human relationships borne of childhood's gray remembrances and a series of richly colored careers that span continents and cultures, wars and peace.

Images of war-torn Somalia flicker through tonight's evening news. She was once there, working as cryptographer and administrative assistant in charge of the diplomatic pouch (classified material) on assignment for the United Nations. With tart description and yellowed photos from an old album, Reynolds-Cornell reviews the places and the people she encountered when she was part of the Trusteeship Council preparing the colony for independence. "I learned a great deal about others," she muses, "and far more about myself."

Today the U.N. Security Council grapples with the after-



The United Nations, Fall 1957.
 To work at the seat of power for
 the Governments of the World was a
 challenging and thrilling experience.

math of crises in the Middle East. She's worked there.

As a U.N. staff member first assigned to Political Affairs and the Security Council, she took notes of speeches and typed synopses in French. At that time the Suez Canal was the focus of a mideastern crisis and during heated council sessions Reynolds-Cornell says she wrote fast and "watched the feathers fly." She remembers the ambassador from Egypt had a heart attack on the U.N. floor and died a few hours later.

Messages—non-verbal or artfully expressed—symbols and words powerfully link her various experiences from searching for gems of history when she was a student of Renaissance literature to coding and decoding U.N. communications to teaching students of French.

With a group of students gathered recently for an informal session of "Don't Quote Me," red-haired Reynolds-Cornell

quoted an ancient passage which shows the importance of communication and, perhaps, the wide-ranging effects of a mere mispronunciation. From Judges 12:5-6, she read, *And the Gileadites took the passage of Jordan before the Ephraimites. And it was so that when those Ephraimites which were escaped said unto them, "Let me go over" that the men of Gilead said unto him, "Art thou an Ephraimite?" If he said, "Nay," then said they unto him, "Say now Shibboleth" and he said, "Sibboleth," for he could not frame his lips to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passage of Jordan. And there fell at that time of the Ephraimites forty and two thousand men.*

"We are more lenient in the French Department," she says and laughs.

"Having visited a good number of countries and lived in seven, I can get along very well with people in most places,"



During a trip to Brava, Somalia.
Toto is holding onto "Mom". He
had just sunk his teeth into some-
one's thumb - (Truly an accident:
he was extremely gentle!)

she notes. "The first step toward communication is a frame of mind that is accepting."

A child of war and the only daughter of a pharmacist and his wife, Reynolds-Cornell recalls that regardless of luxuries the family possessed before the German occupation, they suffered the shortages and discomforts known to the rest of the French population. Wood for shoe soles replaced valuable leather (which the Germans took for their own use). The wood rubbed blisters. "We pinned newspapers inside our coats for the long walk from unheated homes. Soap became a luxury." Germans allowed Parisians gas for heating three times a day, an hour at a time, and electricity only from nightfall till dawn. So "soaking in a warm bathtub,"

says Reynolds-Cornell, "became a distant memory."

Still, Reynolds-Cornell gleans humor from predicaments in which the citizens of occupied France found themselves. Since wheat flour was scarce, bakers substituted corn flour in France's fragrant loaves. "You had to eat it when it was very fresh, before it became hard," she recalls. A smile dances at the corner of her mouth. Failing that, she says, "you could kill your neighbor with it."

She studied at the Lycée Jules Ferry. Scholarship was rigorous. "There was a great deal of self-discipline and a vast amount of homework." French students crammed an equivalent of two years of American education into one. She learned English and Spanish.

Her knowledge and facility with language later served her well when she applied for work with international organiza-



Outdoor reception at the Yacht Club. Yes, the floor is sand! Around this table: two Americans, two Italians, one Swiss, one Belgian and one French. I remember this dress: it was "Dior Blue", a tad darker than Bleu Sèvres.

tions. She was required to take tests in French, English and Spanish. Before the first test, the proctor told applicants: "Accuracy is more important than speed." Reynolds-Cornell had never seen a multiple choice test before. She thought instructions meant to fill in the boxes beside the correct answers with great care. "I wasted an incredible amount of time filling in completely those little rectangles," she says, laughing. "It turns out I tested almost mentally retarded in French."

Three red-bound albums of photos hint at the diversity of Reynolds-Cornell's eight years working for the United Nations.

In one photo she sits at a long table, wearing headset, bent intently over her writing—around and above her in the U.N.'s familiar curving tiers of desks are diplomats also wearing headsets and dark suits, seated in alphabetical order by country:

Australia, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, Burma, Byelorussia . . .

In another photo, young Reynolds-Cornell stoops in the sand to bottle-feed a lion cub. In another the voluminous net skirt of her formal gown sweeps across a marble dance floor in Mogadiscio, Somalia. Her partner's dark hair is slicked back. He wears a crisp dinner jacket and black tie.

Among the most compelling images are the photos she took of the Somali marketplaces: erect women gracefully draped in floral fabrics; thatched villages and tall palms and long-necked camels led by bare-chested herdsman with long twists of white fabric about their loins.

It was in Somalia that Reynolds-Cornell first experienced teaching. "There was a young American there who was in love with a gorgeous Italian girl who spoke no English," the professor explains. "After they became engaged, I gave her English



During a field trip. Young Somali women with their heads covered had reached puberty. Little girls have the back of their heads shaved. None wear the veil that is compulsory for strict Moslem—

lessons. I had to start from scratch. I took her in my house from room to room to teach her vocabulary. Then we started short sentences with verbs. I found that teaching could be fun.”

In 1964, Reynolds-Cornell served as a language instructor for the Peace Corps, leading intensive training sessions for pre-medical and nursing students headed for West Africa. That same year, on return from Chile, she moved west to become a research assistant in the departments of Spanish and Portuguese at the University of Texas and begin serious study of Renaissance literature. Her love affair with Renaissance literature and history had begun as a young student in France. “The 16th century was a time when great minds were exploring everything. They were not making rules yet, just exploring. I very often wished I

could be invisible and spend a week in those days of the Renaissance,” she muses, then smiles at the thought of a 20th-century woman in times still restrictive for women. “I probably would have been burned at the stake and never made it back.”

Her special interest was women authors from that period. “Women authors were totally neglected—never mentioned anywhere, except for their beauty.” As a doctoral candidate she selected Renaissance author Marguerite of Navarre as the subject of her dissertation. Her adviser chided her for not choosing a “major writer.” Reynolds-Cornell prevailed. “I am glad I did.” Marguerite “is now the subject of many dissertations, many works.” A professor at the Sorbonne asked for permission to use her dissertation in his class. “He told me he felt that a woman would understand this woman far better than he and his male colleagues did.” Marguerite, sister of King Francis I of



Candy and smiles seem to have a universal language of their own; there was no need to converse: we communicated quite well without words.

France, was a prolific writer from the 16th century whose book, *Mirror of the Sinful Soul*, a meditation in verse on death and redemption, was later copied in longhand by the 11-year-old princess Elizabeth—later queen of England.

After Marguerite's marriage to a poorly educated nobleman, the Duke of Alençon, courtiers at the wedding reported that there was "weeping enough to hollow out a stone"—Isn't that a lovely phrase?" asks Reynolds-Cornell.

Finding historical and literary gems such as these keeps the professor pursuing 16th-century women authors, whom even some female colleagues deride as "second-rate."

"Second-rate is all a matter of opinion," Reynolds-Cornell counters. "My favorite author is a man, Montaigne, but for my personal research, I'd rather explore a little bit."

Perfect elocution is not the end of language, Reynolds-

Cornell tells students. Mutual understanding is. If Reynolds-Cornell concerns herself with language, she has also considered the impact of non-verbal communication and has written papers on the rhetoric of silence. "Silence," she says, "can be more eloquent than speech." The message silence conveys may be indifference, hatred, scorn. "It is a double-edged sword."

Her world brought her into contact with wordsmiths and great communicators. In New York, she lived in a fifth-floor walk-up (living room-dining room-kitchen) in Greenwich Village, on St. Mark's Place. She remembers often "seeing this ugly old man who lived in the next building." He wore shoes like bedroom slippers. The man was poet W. H. Auden.

At work she saw Dag Hammarskjöld, who served as Secretary General of the United Nations; Indira Gandhi, the first woman to chair the general assembly. "They had to hold a



Growing up in Paris, I never dreamed that I would ever feed a baby lion. This one, in Maladiscio, was not quite ready for a European or an American Zoo. I'm not really so brave: he was still playful and charming -

meeting to decide what to call her." They decided, Madame Chairman.

She also experienced the brokenness of worlds without understanding.

She lived with it in Somalia, as armed guards patrolled the U.N. compound where she lived right after the Mau Mau uprising in nearby Kenya.

She lived with it in Texas, too, where she taught French and chaired the department of foreign languages for 12 years at Southwestern University.

Her two small sons had traveled extensively the first few years of their lives. They had black friends and brown friends. Because of this they frequently were the objects of verbal and physical abuse at school. Reynolds-Cornell even recounts a bit of abuse directed at herself. One day a woman called Reynolds-

Cornell. "We don't need no hippies like you," the woman told Cornell, a housewife and mother.

Says Reynolds-Cornell, "I don't know if we will ever learn."

Back when Reynolds-Cornell was a member of the U.N. Trusteeship Council in Somalia, she and her team had opportunities to explore the country. She traveled with a colleague from the World Health Organization by Land Rover (loaded with cots, mosquito nets and supplies), to vocational schools, to agricultural pilot projects, to a leper colony. "The Somalis are gorgeous people, very friendly," she says. Some were unaccustomed to, even afraid of, the camera's eye. And those of the nomadic tribes could grow to adulthood without glimpsing a white person.



The local café, dance hall, honky-tonk in Meafodisco, the only place in town for impromptu parties - the clientele was totally integrated. That evening, for a birthday party, we simply joined the regular customers -

She describes one significant encounter. "On this trip we met one of the small, nomadic extended families that moves with its cattle—with its houses packed on camels."

Her own skin was tanned, but still fair, her hair bleached by the equatorial sun. As she got out of the Land Rover, she noticed that the tribe women "stared at me and began giggling.

"For a few seconds," she remembers, "I felt offended. I wondered what in the world was so funny?"

Then she quickly recalled her reaction upon first seeing Somali men. They wore elaborately wrapped loincloths, "a little bit like a diaper, but backwards." Their sphinx-like haircuts completed the picture. "Deep down, I had to admit, I felt they looked a little funny."

It was then, she realized, "here I was this person with short, straight hair bleached orange-ish by the sun, wearing a short-

sleeved white shirt and khaki skirt. To them I was, indeed, really funny, too. We giggled together for a moment and had a good time."

She gave candy to the children. The women gathered around her to touch her arms, her hair. "We communicated without a word.

"We accepted one another."

The barriers, she says: social, economic, religious, racial, ethnic, sexual differences, "can only fall if we deal with each person on an individual, personal level, one by one."

"And each of us," Reynolds-Cornell reminds students, "is alone in his/her own struggle to understand others and to be understood." **ASC**

Noiles is a former editor of Agnes Scott College's Main Events.

Teaching for Learning

ASC's Reynolds-Cornell brings "energy, life and a good mood" to the classroom—and to her co-workers.

"In the long run, we are really nothing more than the sum of our actions and the effect they have on other people." —Regine Reynolds-Cornell

The College's Adeline Arnold Loridans Professor of French came to Agnes Scott in 1986. Associate professor Huguette Chatagnier recalls, "We saw something in her you don't find very often. This was a person able to do so many things—from teaching first year French to seminars—she was involved in the life of the students."

Chatagnier calls Reynolds-Cornell "dynamic and demanding—but not an excess. She brings energy, life and a good mood to the department. It's a quality that's appreciated day after day."

Departments often ask strong candidates to teach a "test" class. Reynolds-Cornell was asked to teach a 17th-century literature class. "Her teaching was pleasant, but systematic—the students loved that," Chatagnier recalls. "The day we hired her was one of those good days."

By most standards, Reynolds-Cornell's plate is full with her teaching schedule and responsibilities as department chair. Still, she finds time to consult with The College Board on advanced placement tests and has worked with the Educational Testing Service since 1977. She is president of ASC's Phi Beta Kappa chapter.

The College expects an endowed chair to publish, but Reynolds-Cornell has her own compelling reasons for doing so. "If you don't do research, you not only don't grow, you stultify a little bit—your field keeps growing and you're left behind." She has published numerous articles and is one of an international team of Renaissance literature specialists working on a 15-volume series about Renaissance theatre to be printed in 1992. She has also organized an international colloquium that will draw professors from prestigious universities to ASC for the 500th anniversary of the birth of French author Marguerite of Navarre.

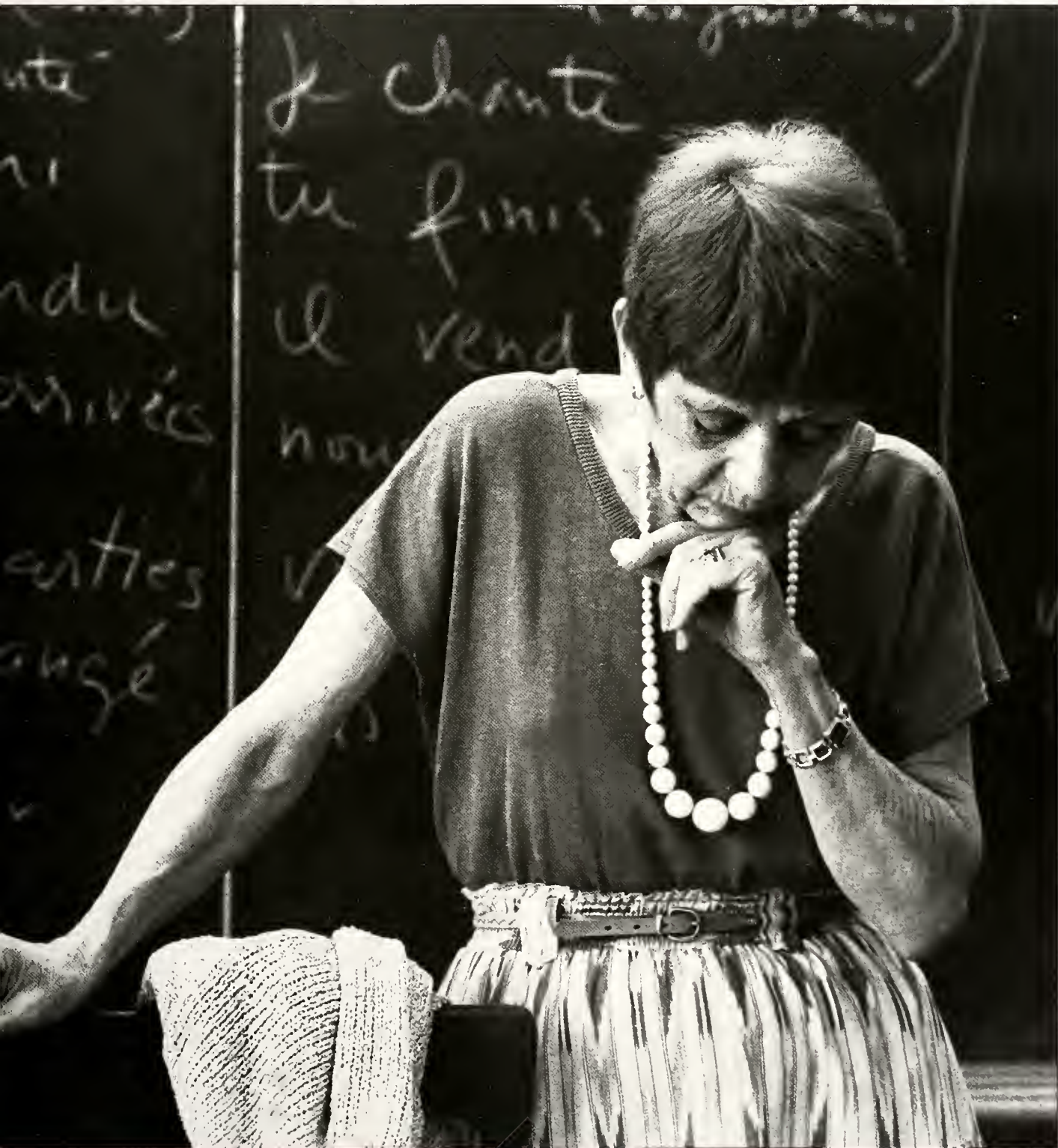
Despite this abundance of extra-curricular activities, teaching remains her main focus. Not content to leave the majority of her duties to a teaching assistant, she instructs her three first-year French classes four days a week and spends most evenings grading papers.

"I love to teach first-year French," the professor admits. "If you can convey your enthusiasm to them, some get excited about it. It also makes them more aware of their own language."

Confirms April Van Mansfield '92, "Even if she is busy, she will find the time to help. She's not just teaching French, she wants you to learn it." **ASC**

Despite other duties as author and department chair, Dr. Reynolds-Cornell still stresses classroom teaching.







CLYDE EDGERTON PUCKERS UP

By Bill Bangham
Photos by Paul Obregón

The stage is bare but for piano and stool. The audience sighs, eyes one another and waits for a moment of magic. A slender, graying man steps into the lights and delivers. With a pucker of lips he disappears into the wheedling voice of a young woman arguing God with her newlywed husband. It's a Southern thing, delivered like sorghum on white bread—a promise going down smooth and guaranteed to stick in your throat—filled with all the sound and fury of simple truths, long-held and dear, clashing with new and confusing cosmopolitan complexities. It's a snoot rooting in a well-watered

garden of the mind; an Eden remembered. Though heathens from the North long ago meddled and ruined a wonderful way of life, this is still the land of cotton.

Even Yankees little versed in Old South-New South rhetoric, regional political posturing and pious preachments delivered in polyester can appreciate the imbroglia wrapped in this petite and prim daughter of the land struggling with a new marriage and a new life in a new time with old tools.

Suddenly, in the midst of laughter and well-rubbed eyes, she's gone.

Only piano and stool and man remain, pucker replaced with a grin.

This is Clyde Edgerton at his best—novelist, storyteller, musician—reading from his first three novels, *Raney*, *Walking Across Egypt* and *The Floatplane Notebooks*, and recently published fourth, *Killer Diller*, as he parades a line of characters across the stage in Agnes Scott's Charles A. Dana Fine Arts Center.

There is *Raney*, the bride, pitting Fundamentalist Baptist-bred absolutes against her uncertainties.

Then, *Mattie Ross*, who once got stuck in a cane-bottom rocker and has as much business taking in a stray dog or Wesley Benfield, as she has in walking across Egypt.

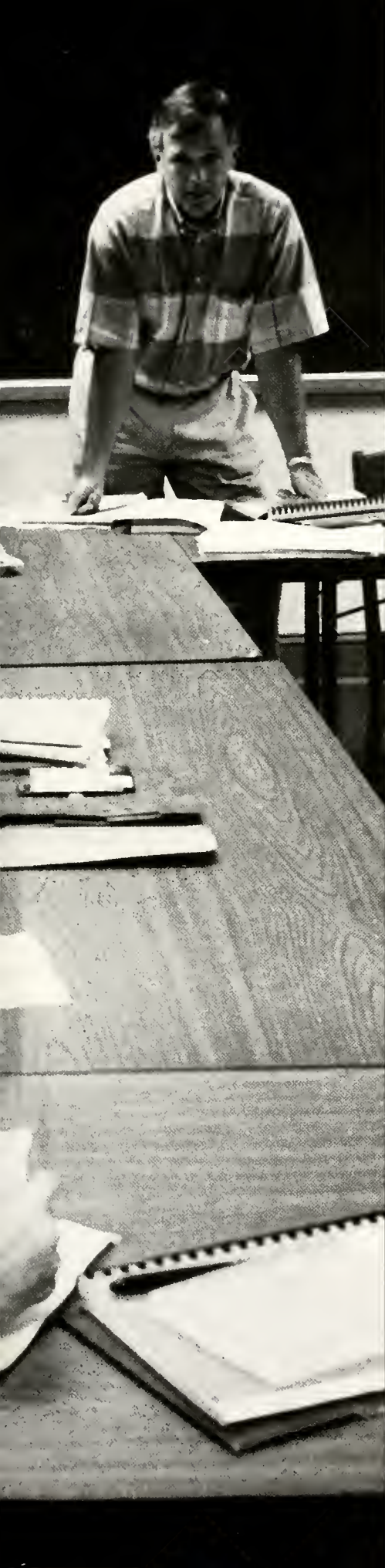
And *Mark Oakley*, an Air Force pilot on a reconnaissance flight over Southeast Asia, recognizing, in a figure along the Ho Chi Minh Trail, himself walking a dusty North Carolina road.

And *Wesley* again, older now, in *Killer Diller*, living in a halfway house, learning to play the bottleneck dobro, working at a small Baptist college, attending church and ferreting sexually explicit passages from the Bible.

Edgerton was a musician long before he became a writer. So there is music in the writing and on stage. *Raney* likes traditional tunes; *Wesley*, John Prin. Edgerton plunks them from a banjo and hammers them out on the piano.

There's a certain frustration in attempting to describe Edgerton's characters. "You can talk about them," he says, "but they're really not reducible. They have their own meaning.





"If they could be reduced to one or two sentences, I would have just written them and not spent two years writing a novel."

They have depth, humor, familiarity, lives filled with found moments. We feel like we know them, that they are real, and we look for them in our own lives. There's a feeling that if they aren't there, they should be.

It's part of the magic.

Edgerton's storytelling and humor come from his mother's side of the family. When he was a child, she was always telling funny stories—some about people he had never met, who for him only existed in those stories. In that environment, he says, he couldn't help but develop a strong sense of story and humor—humor that gives his stories particular twists.

"It's not difficult," he says. "I think it's a consequence of coming up with characters that are not predictable, a little shaky." Like Raney, who with aggressive naiveté, on hearing about third world countries, asks, "You mean on another planet?"

Or Mattie stuck in the cane bottom rocker, hoping someone will find her, worrying through interior monologue that whoever it is will notice her lunch dishes aren't done and suspect the truth—that she's been watching her favorite soap opera.

"I learned a secret about humor with my last novel," says Edgerton. "I always put my characters in a predicament."

Predicaments and situations do more than generate humor. They are the found moments, kernels that produce stories.

Edgerton's mother was once stuck in a chair—though he is quick to state Mattie Ross is not his mother; "Mattie may have some of my mother's characteristics, but I have never known enough about a real person to write about them like I do my

Edgerton lecturing a class at Agnes Scott. "I learned a secret about humor with my last novel," says Edgerton. "I always put my characters in a predicament."

characters"—and a soft spot in the floor in front of the refrigerator led to his first short story.

He investigated a spot and found an open well beneath it. Wouldn't it be funny, he thought, if someone fell through that spot and got out OK? "Natural Suspension" was the result of that thought. Eleven years later it became a humorous and memorable incident in his third novel, *The Floatplane Notebooks*.

At 33, Edgerton finished his first story, "Natural Suspension." While he had started writing several times before, nothing had clicked. He attributes this to being busy with other things. He had been a U.S.

Air Force pilot, earned a couple of graduate degrees and pretty much figured out what it takes to teach on the college level when he walked into his home one afternoon. The television was on; Eudora Welty was reading her short story, "Living at the P.O."

It was a story he had used to teach literary technique to his students, one he was familiar with. But this reading was different. As he listened to Welty reading her own words he thought, "That's what I want to do."

Until this past year he has continued to teach. A Guggenheim fellowship has given him a year off from the classroom. But his presence on this campus marks more than a literary reading. Agnes Scott is a place where Edgerton feels comfortable and familiar. His wife, Susan, is a 1970 graduate of the college. "She's always known more about everything than I do, so I've always felt good about Agnes Scott," he says.

He's been here for the fall term, teaching a fiction writing class.

It's an unusual class. Edgerton is on campus one week a month, commuting from his home in North Carolina. During that week there are class meetings and individual conferences with each of the 12 students. The rest of the month they all maintain contact through correspondence.

It's a real-world situation, he says. "I'm treating them like fiction writers, acting as their editor—reading, responding."

In addition, he's helping them analyze fiction. "That's coming at the story from the outside, where as a fiction writer they're coming at it from the inside." Through this approach he hopes his students find a voice and a story they can write.

"I don't think you can teach creative writing," he says.

"You can recognize and encourage

gifts, teach some short cuts, help them avoid distractions, but that's all."

As for himself, Edgerton finished reading the final galley of *Killer Diller* during his first week on campus. It was printed in early 1991. But beyond that, "There's nothing barking at me right now. There's a spell in there between books where I have to be patient," he says.

"Fiction comes from experience, obser-

vation and imagination," he continues.

"The problem is, 'How do you get them to work together?'"

"I think it comes from a split personality, a psychotic disorder that allows you to get away with it where normal people can't.

"And you have fiction." **ASC**

Clyde Edgerton pauses between lectures at ASC. Perhaps pondering a plot for his next novel?

Excerpts from Edgerton

"Charles, why didn't you do something? You've got all the answers. Now you've got all the answers. Charles, I can't believe you're saying all this."

"Listen, Raney. I haven't said I have all the answers. I have tried to say things. God knows I've tried. And I give up. I couldn't care less. Your family is a brick wall. I couldn't care less. Why should I waste my time beating my head against a brick wall?"

He was standing there holding a pack of frozen hamburger to fix chili with, getting more and more intense. I was so mad I couldn't stand it. I knew it was coming. We had had a big argument every day—four days in a row. My cheeks got hot and my chest hurt and I felt ice water between my skin and rib cage. "Charles, I can't live with this. You think Mama murdered Uncle Nate!"

"No. No. Now, Raney, don't be ridiculous. It wasn't murder. It was a whole family's refusal to look for alternatives to a . . . way of life. To read—to become educated about a problem staring you in the face. Given the self-righteousness of . . . fundamental Christianity in this family, your Uncle Nate didn't have a chance."

Something snapped in my head . . .

© 1985 by Clyde Edgerton. Reprinted from **Raney** by Clyde Edgerton, Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, 1985. Used by permission.



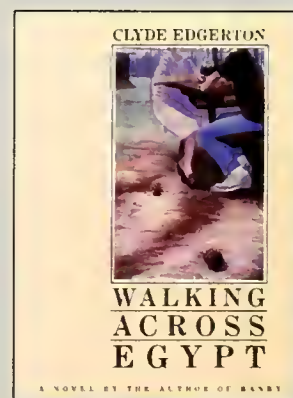
It was one o'clock on the dot. Mattie walked into the den, bent over and clicked the TV on. She slowly walked backward, still bending over, toward the rocker. Her left hand reached behind her to find the chair arm. Ah, the commercial—New Blue Cheer—was still on. She had started sitting down when a mental picture flashed into her head: *the chair without a bottom*. But her leg muscles had already gone lax. She was on the way down. Gravity was doing its job. She continued past the customary stopping place, her eyes fastened to the New Blue Cheer box on the TV screen, her mind screaming no,

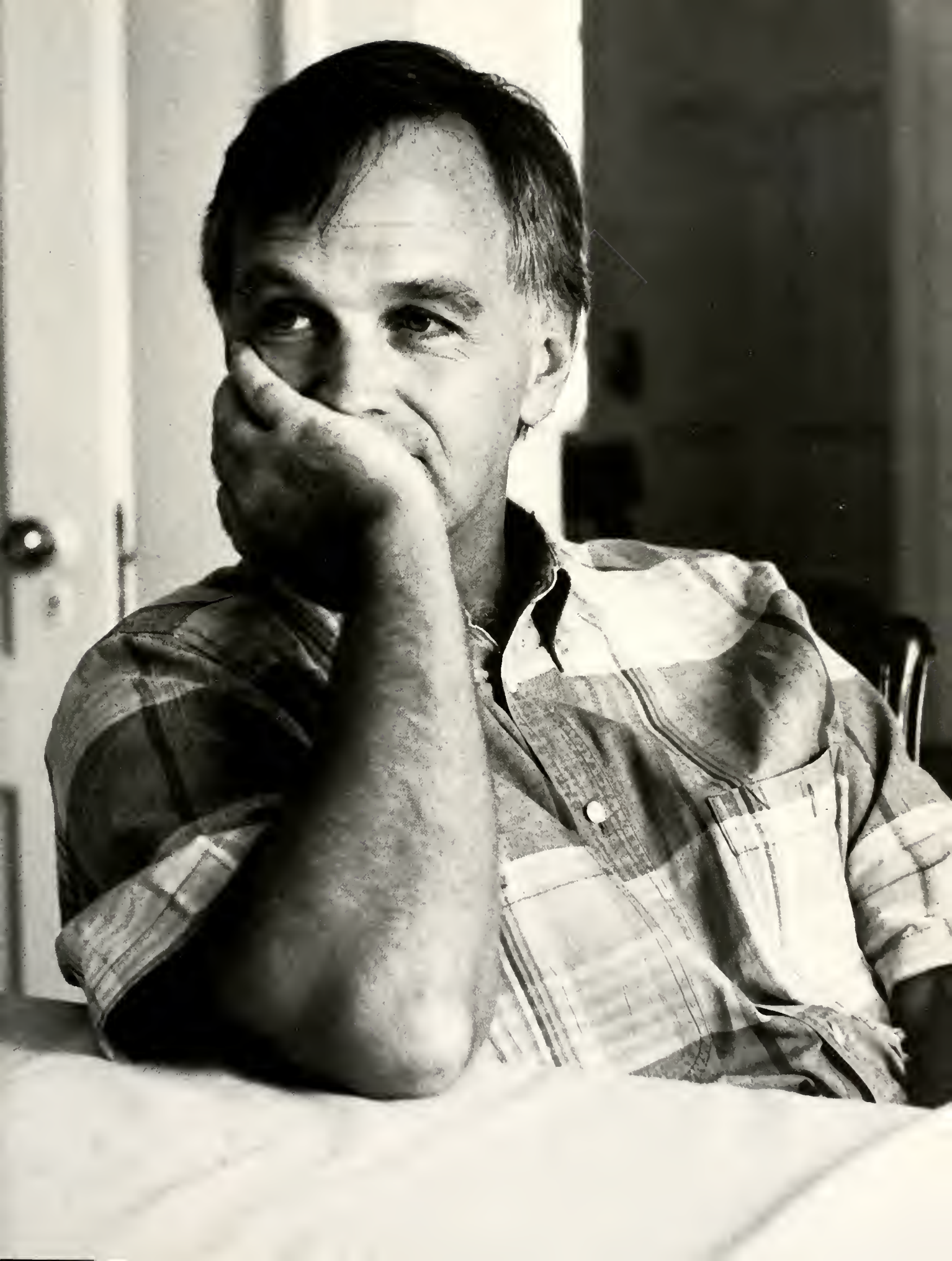
wondering what bones she might break, wondering how long she was going to keep on going down, down, down.

When she jolted to a stop the backs of her thighs and a spot just below her shoulders were pinched together tightly. Her arms were over her head. Her bottom was one inch from the floor. Nothing hurt except the backs of her legs, and that seemed to be only from the pressure. How *could* she have forgotten? she thought. . . .

What if Alora comes in the back door and sees me watching this program? What in the world will I say? Well, I'll just say I was sitting down to watch the news when I fell through, and so of course I couldn't get up to turn off that silly soap opera. That's what I'll tell her.

© 1987 by Clyde Edgerton. Reprinted from **Walking Across Egypt** by Clyde Edgerton, Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, 1987. Used by permission.





WHEN THE VICTIM MUST **TESTIFY**

by Barbara R. Thompson
illustration by Thomas Gonzalez
photographs by Laura Sikes

OUR ONLY HOPE WILL LIE IN THE FRAIL WEB OF UNDER-
STANDING OF ONE PERSON FOR THE PAIN OF ANOTHER.

—JOHN DOS PASOS



AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE MAGAZINE
READERSHIP SURVEY

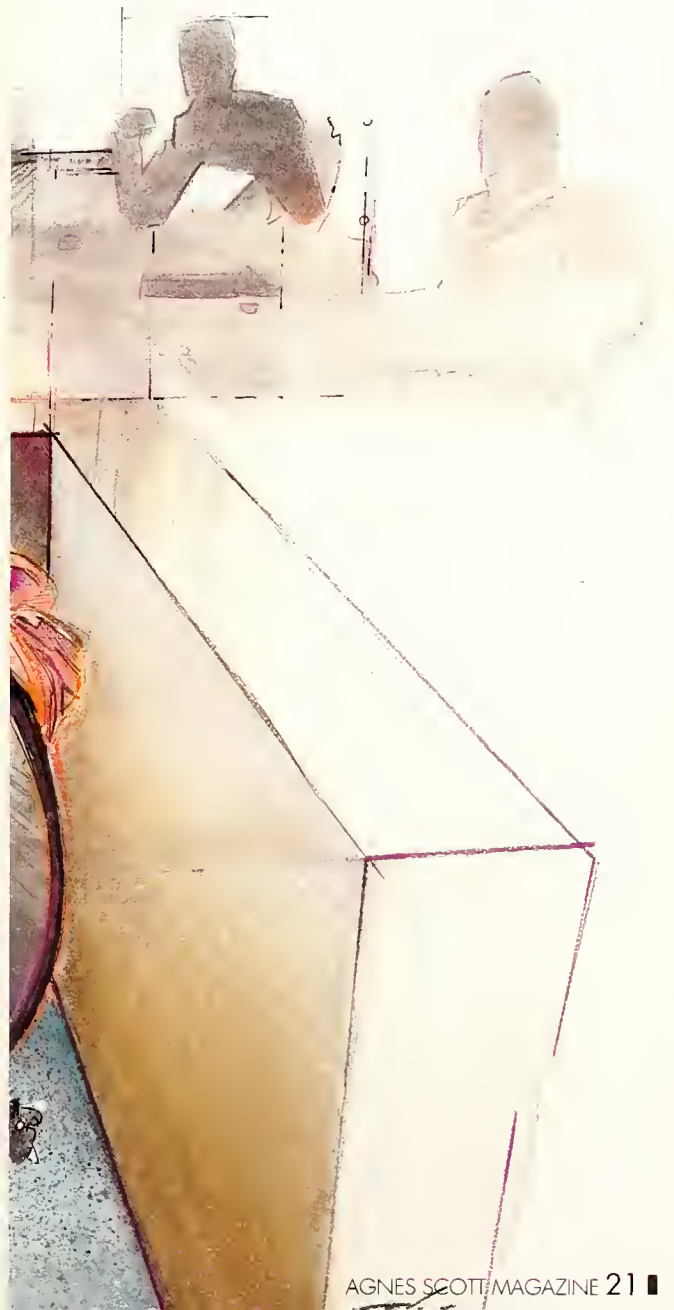
1. What is your relationship to Agnes Scott College?
 alumna
 faculty/administration
 student
 other (please specify): _____
2. If you are an alumna of ASC, please indicate your class year: _____
3. Which of the following best describes how you read the magazine? (Choose only one.)
 I do not read the magazine at all
 I look primarily at the pictures
 I look primarily at titles and headings
 I sometimes read an article or two
 I usually read an article from each issue
 I usually read several articles from each issue
 I read almost all of every issue
4. How long (total time) do you usually spend reading ASC magazines?
 two or three hours
 one or two hours
 one-half to one hour.
 less than one-half hour.
5. What do you do with the magazine once you receive it?
 keep it 6 months or more
 keep it 1-6 months
 throw it away after 2 weeks or less
 throw it away immediately
6. If you do not read the magazine or do so only seldomly, please indicate why. (Check all that apply.)
 not interested in subject matter
 do not have enough time to read it
 do not like the format of the magazine
 do not agree with the editorial approach
 articles are too long
 articles are too short and superficial
 articles are poorly written
 other (please specify): _____

7. How many times would you say you pick up each issue of the magazine?
 none
 once
 twice
 three times
 four or more times

Contrary to custom, her to wear into nifer speaks she e hat to block her : is a creative cop- re more poignant / 10 years old. any victims of vio- und a compas- Smith '73, the first Witness program

for the northeastern judicial circuit of Georgia. Smith enables victims like Jennifer to be effective witnesses in a courtroom setting and helps them find the social services they need for individual and family recovery.

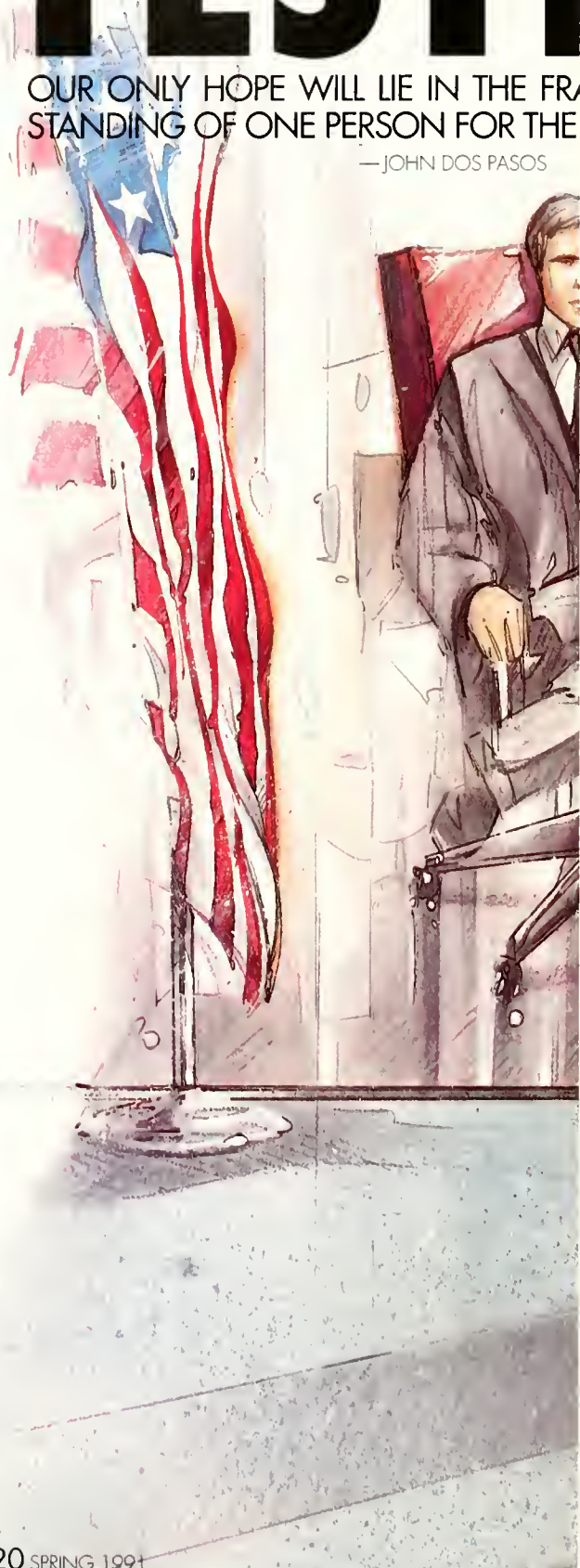
Before "victims" are called upon to testify, Judy Smith often talks to them, quietly easing their fears and tensions. Says Judge John Girardeau: "Judy helps make human a system too often known for its lack of humanness. I hope someday all courts will have someone like Judy to let victims of crime know we care about them, too."



WHEN THE VICT TESTI

OUR ONLY HOPE WILL LIE IN THE FR
STANDING OF ONE PERSON FOR THE

—JOHN DOS PASOS



8. Have you ever been featured in an article?

yes

no

If so, please indicate the issue(s): _____

9. What do you read first?

Choice 1: _____

Choice 2: _____

10. What do you read last?

Why? _____

11. Do you prefer to read:

a few major articles (5-7 pages each)

many short articles (1-3 pages each)

12. Do you have any suggestions on features or articles you would like to see added?

Choice 1: _____

Choice 2: _____

13. Which types of articles would you like to see less frequently in the magazine?

Choice 1: _____

Choice 2: _____

14. Length of the magazine

reduce number of pages

increase number of pages

keep the magazine about the same size

15. Physical dimensions of magazine (height and width)

make the magazine smaller

keep it the same size

make the magazine larger

16. Type size

make letters larger

present size is fine

use smaller letters

17. Photographs

use fewer photographs

keep about the same number

use more photographs

18. Type of photographs

- use more color photographs
- present use of photographs is fine
- use fewer color photographs

19. Content of articles

- make articles more informative and in-depth
- articles are fine as they are
- make articles brief and more concise

20. Which types of articles would you like to see in the magazine? (Check all that apply.)

- ASC news
- ASC structure and organization
- book reviews
- contemporary issues
- contemporary student life
- features about administration
- features about alumnae
- features about faculty
- features about staff
- features about students
- historical material
- home economics
- how-to articles
- management
- ministry
- trends that affect higher education

21. Which of these types of articles would you like to see less?

- ASC structure and organization
- ASC news
- book reviews
- contemporary issues
- contemporary student life
- features about alumnae
- features about faculty
- features about administration
- features about staff
- features about students
- historical material
- how-to articles
- trends that affect higher education

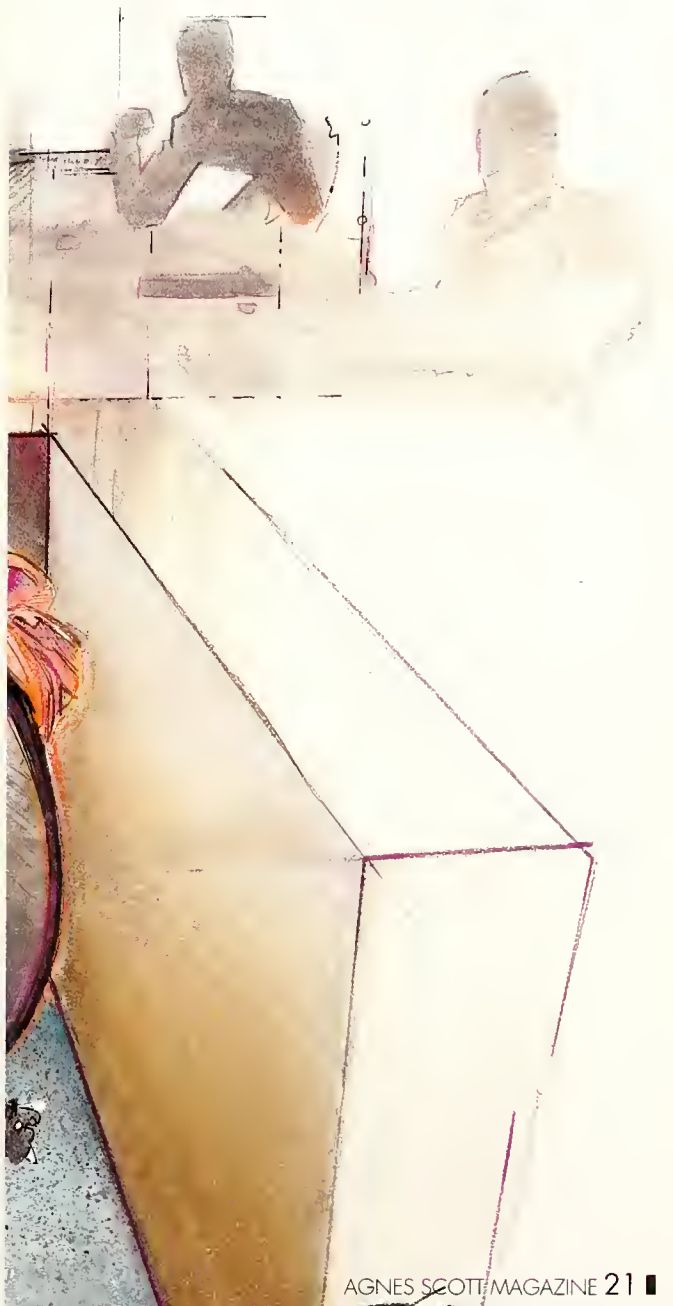
22. What sort of a picture of ASC does the magazine give you?

- positive
- negative
- balanced and informative
- not clear
- other: _____
- _____
- _____

ontrary to custom, her to wear into rifer speaks she e hat to block her is a creative cop- re more poignant y 10 years old. any victims of vio- ound a compas- Smith '73, the first Witness program

for the northeastern judicial circuit of Georgia. Smith enables victims like Jennifer to be effective witnesses in a courtroom setting and helps them find the social services they need for individual and family recovery.

Before "victims" are called upon to testify, Judy Smith often talks to them, quietly easing their fears and tensions. Says Judge John Girardeau: "Judy helps make human a system too often known for its lack of humanness. I hope someday all courts will have someone like Judy to let victims of crime know we care about them, too."



WHEN THE VICT TESTI

OUR ONLY HOPE WILL LIE IN THE FR
STANDING OF ONE PERSON FOR THE

—JOHN DOS PASOS



23. What three magazines do you read most frequently?

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

24. What is your age?

- 24 or younger
- 25-39
- 40-54
- 55-64
- 65 and up

25. Which best describes your occupation?

(Check only one.)

- agriculture
- arts
- education
- entertainment
- government
- homemaker/volunteer
- production
- professional
- retail/ wholesale
- retired
- skilled trade
- social service
- technical/secretarial

Please send your responses to:

Agnes Scott College
Office of Publications
141 E. College Avenue
Decatur, Georgia 30030



Jennifer* sits on the witness stand, calmly answering questions from a prosecuting attorney. The jury listens intently to her testimony; the defendant stares at the floor. Jennifer is a prime witness in a child murder case, and she has been sexually assaulted numerous times by the man on trial.

The only sign of Jennifer's fear is an

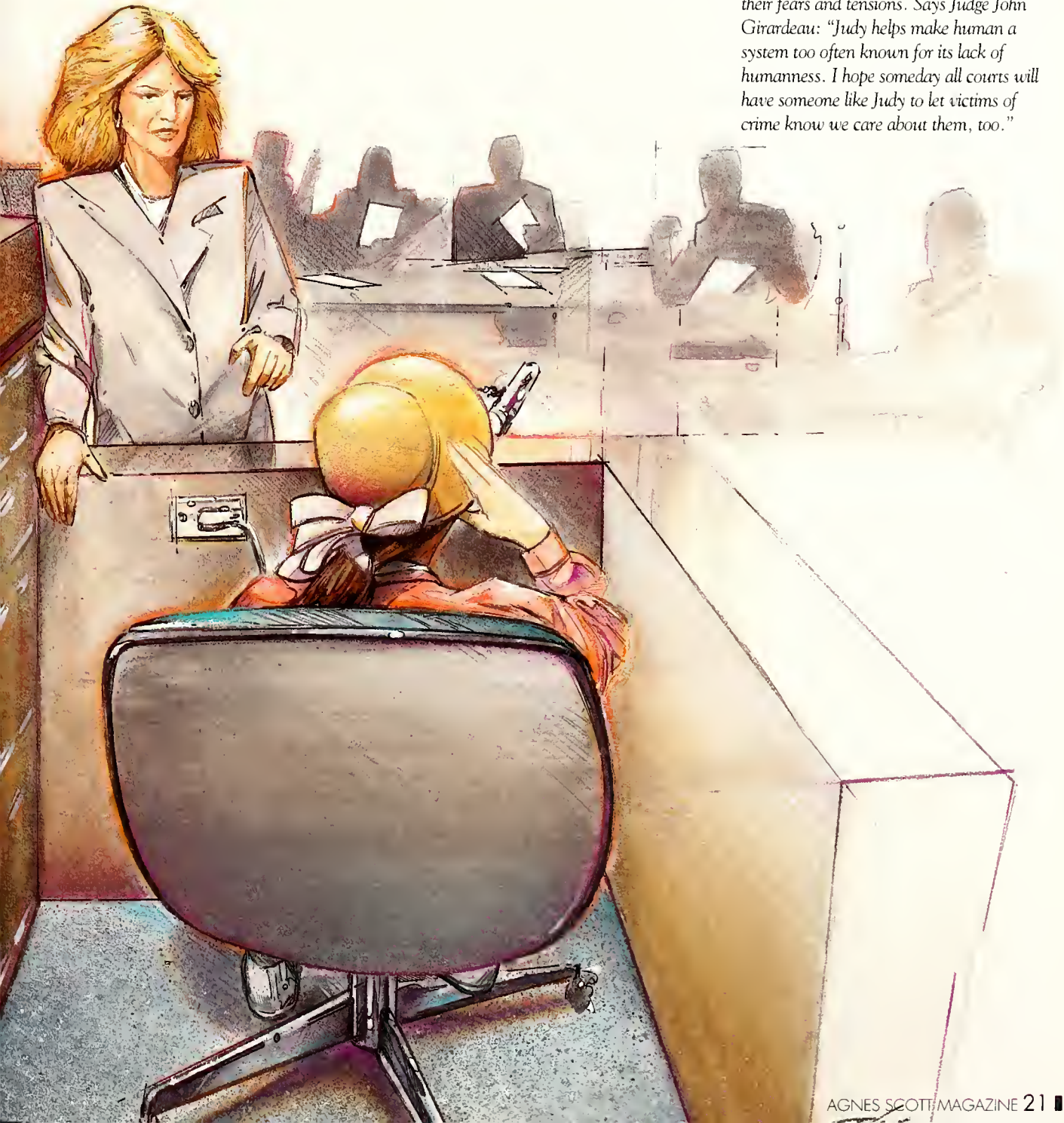
Easter bonnet which, contrary to custom, the judge has allowed her to wear into the courtroom. As Jennifer speaks she tilts her head, using the hat to block her view of her assailant. It is a creative coping strategy made all the more poignant because Jennifer is only 10 years old.

Jennifer is one of many victims of violent crime who have found a compassionate ally in Judy T. Smith '73, the first director of the Victim/Witness program

for the northeastern judicial circuit of Georgia. Smith enables victims like Jennifer to be effective witnesses in a courtroom setting and helps them find the social services they need for individual and family recovery.

*Name has been changed

Before "victims" are called upon to testify, Judy Smith often talks to them, quietly easing their fears and tensions. Says Judge John Girardeau: "Judy helps make human a system too often known for its lack of humanness. I hope someday all courts will have someone like Judy to let victims of crime know we care about them, too."



Nationwide, there are an estimated 15,000,000 victims of crime each year. For many of these individuals, the judicial process itself can become a “second assault,” a confusing journey through a complicated and slow-moving system that seems insensitive to the needs of the victims.

“There is so much in our legal system—and justly so—which protects the rights of people accused of crimes,” notes Smith, a striking blond who moves with the calm self-assurance of a corporate executive. “But over the years, the rights of the victims often have been overlooked.”

She saw first hand the problems of crime victims during the 11 years she worked as a case worker for child protective services. Her first incest case was a 17-year-old teenager who had been sexually abused by her father since the age of seven.

“We didn’t have adequate treatment for the victim, and after she disclosed the abuse, she was ostracized by the rest of her family. Eventually she was forced to leave home.

“I realized then there must be better ways to help victims of violent crime—and their families,” remembers Smith.

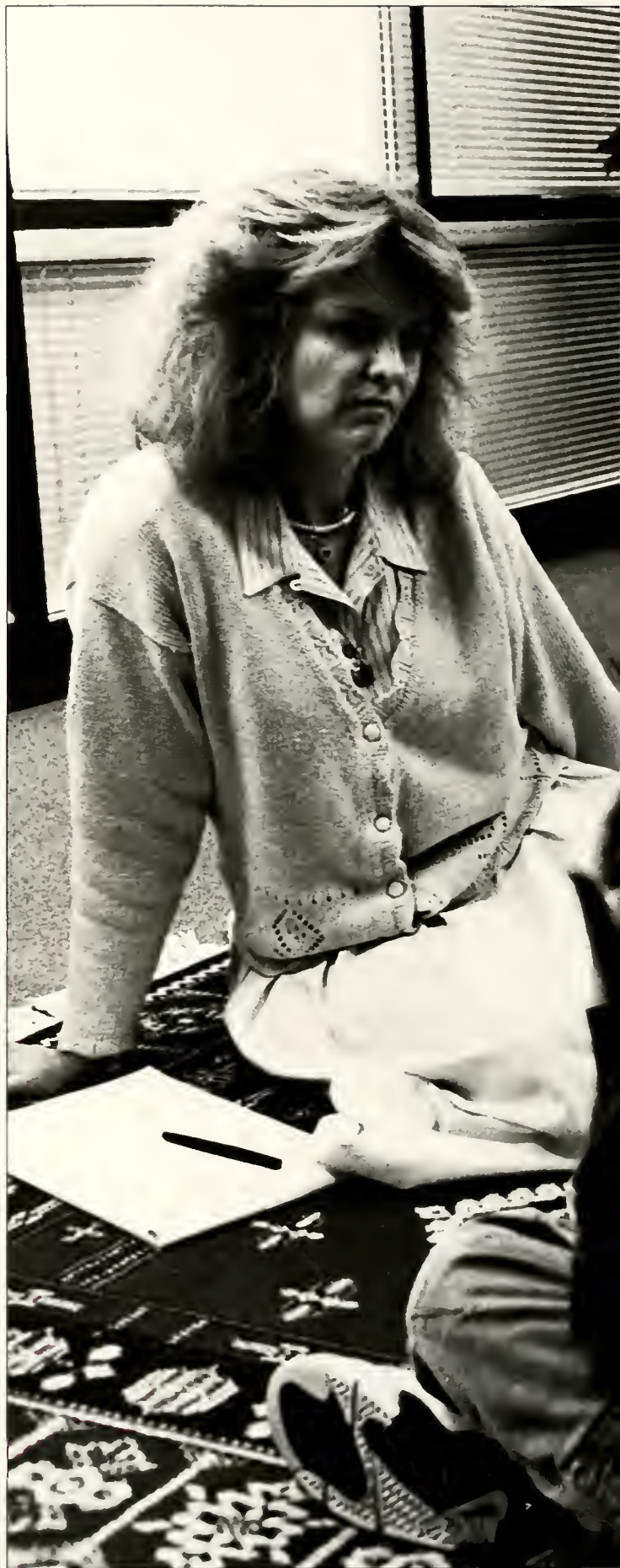
So she began coordinating services between law enforcement agencies and social service organizations. In 1987, she became the full-time director of the region’s Victim Witness Program.

Her introduction to the complexities of social work began at Agnes Scott, where she was a psychology major. As a student intern, she worked at Scottish Rite Children’s Medical Center.

She was also deeply influenced by now retired professors Dr. Miriam Drucker of psychology and Dr. John

District Attorney Andy Fuller has worked with Smith on many difficult cases, often beginning with pre-trial “relaxation” sessions with Smith and the victim child (right). Fuller finds her to be, “an integral part of the prosecution team. Without her support, many victims would not be able to testify and their testimony is almost always critical to our successful prosecution of the criminal.”

In 1986, Judy Smith became the first victim witness director for the northeast Georgia DA’s office. It’s not an easy job “helping victims regain control of their lives.”







Tumblin of sociology. "Both of them are the kind of role models a student would be glad to choose for herself," recalls Smith. "They pushed you to look below the surface, to analyze issues and ideas."

This training Smith drew from as she designed her program for victims of violent crime. "My task is to help victims regain as much control of their lives as possible," she explains.

As soon as the crime is reported, Smith contacts victims and their families. At this stage they are often in shock and need support to work through feelings of denial and helplessness.

After that Smith begins the process of helping the victim learn to be an effective and confident witness.

"One of the first questions I ask victims is what kind of court shows they watch on television," she says. "Almost without exception the answer is 'People's Court.' They see the courtroom as a dangerous place, where people are out of control and yelling at each other.

"My first job is to help victims see the court as a place of safety."

The adult victims of rape often have the hardest time feeling safe in a courtroom—or anywhere. "I've seen strong, capable women whose world is dramatically altered by a sexual assault. They may suffer a trauma reaction and be afraid to go out of the house to work."

For such victims, the court experience can be as traumatizing as the actual assault. They suffer not only the fear of facing their attacker, but also the pain of recounting intimate details of their victimization to a courtroom of strangers.

So these victims can be effective witnesses under intense personal pressure, Smith provides practical information about the judicial process. "When you

Smith faces a dramatic increase in her case load. "We live in an increasingly dysfunctional society. Crimes against persons are a byproduct of this."





give people information, you help them gain control," she explains.

During pre-trial preparation, Smith notifies victim-witnesses of court dates for preliminary hearings, helps them understand courtroom procedure and legal terminology, and even teaches them relaxation techniques to use before courtroom appearances.

Pre-trial support is equally important to children. In Jennifer's case, Smith made numerous visits to her and her family over a period of 10 months. She assisted the family in finding a therapist and helped Jennifer understand her role as a witness. Jennifer met the district attorney, took a private tour of the courtroom, and learned a simplified version of courtroom procedure.

Like most child victims, Jennifer needed constant reassurance that her attacker would not be able to hurt her in the courtroom.

"Being a court witness is hard for an adult," reflects Smith.

"But it's even harder when you are a child and the victim."

Despite the potential trauma of being a court witness, Smith believes it is generally better for the child to testify in person than to rely on videotaped testimony.

"It is empowering for children to testify against their assailant," she notes. "The defendant has put them in a position where they couldn't resist. Now they can say, 'No, you can't hurt me again.'"

Although giving court testimony is an important step for victims, it is seldom the cathartic experience for which they hope. "Victims often believe they will be able to put the experience behind them when the trial ends," reflects Smith. "But usually this only begins the healing process. Victims must still work toward the day when the crime is not a motivating factor in their life."

The beginning of Jennifer's healing was expressed in a drawing she did during therapy. The picture shows a monster-

like creature and a heroic queen, separated by a small coffin with a child inside. Angels hover over the child and around the queen.

"When Jennifer gave me this picture she said, 'These are the angels helping us.'" remembers Smith. "Even at her young age, it was important for her to see something made right out of such a tragic situation."

Through years of dealing with victim-witnesses, Smith has learned that people's capacity for recovery depends largely on their individual coping systems, effective therapy, and the support of family and loved ones. "I am amazed at what individuals can experience and still survive," Smith muses. "My own life has been deeply enriched by the remarkable people I have met in the most tragic of circumstances."

She draws her own support from deep religious faith and from the cooperative spirit that exists between different community agencies in her region.

Recently she has also felt encouraged by new Georgia legislation which protects victim's rights. This legislation includes an exception to the hearsay law, enabling witnesses to testify about what they have heard from children.

Effective victim advocacy for Smith, however, remains a matter of learning to work within the slow and often cumbersome court environment. "It's a hurry up and wait system," she says. "It will always be intricate, and you have to find ways to compensate."

Like Victim Witness advocates around the country, Smith is experiencing a dramatic increase in case loads. The number of people referred to her office has tripled in the past year. She attributes this growth not only to an expanding population base but to deepening currents of social disorder. "We live in an increasingly dysfunctional society," she says. "Crimes against persons are a byproduct of this."

By recruiting volunteers and intensifying training of law enforcement officials, Smith hopes to expand her program to meet the need. "If we can make victims feel valued, if we can help them through the system and enable them to take positive action, we will continue to make an important contribution." **ASC**

Smith and DA Fuller often confer over testimony during court recesses. Constant vigilance is required to protect victim's rights.



Working for Nothing for Something

To all job applicants:

Straight A's are not enough. Résumés must include internships, externships and other work experience



MARK SANFUS PHOTO

Colleges around the country agree it's more than getting a foot in the door.

By Judy Bouvier

In Palo Alto a student rolls out of bed, goes to his computer, and accesses opportunities to work for nothing.

In Boston, companies dip from a pool of 2,000 prospective student employees poring over non-paying job openings listed in catalogs at Boston University.

In Fort Worth, a career homemaker calls a public relations firm to ask if she might be considered for uncompensated work in any capacity.

In Atlanta, an Agnes Scott sophomore spends a week of her semester break working without pay in the office of a regional publisher.

What's going on? National madness? No. But a willingness to work "for free" to gain experience may mark a national trend, a change in the way America views professions—and how to prepare for them.

Medicine, teaching and a handful of other professions have for years required internships: on-site, pre-employment training.

Yet for American employers in general, and for middle-age baby-boomers now far removed from college campuses, the concept may seem new.

Interning is an umbrella for a range of short-term work experiences which may include externships and "shadowing." Amy Schmidt, Agnes Scott director for career planning, says 60 students signed up this year for

week-long externships.

In the past few years interning generally has *burgeoned* according to career planning and placement counselors in colleges across the country and experts studying the phenomenon.

"Internships have been around for a long time," notes Barbara Baker, program associate for the National Society for Internships and Experiential Education (NSIEE). What's new is the scope: Schmidt says Agnes Scott College offers a broad range of extern placements in all major fields, from business to science to the arts.

What's also new, according to Baker, is thinking about internship "as something that everybody does."

Baker says that her organization has seen a tremendous increase in membership just in the past five years—along with a proportionate increase in calls from students and parents looking specifically for schools offering internships. More and more schools require them.

Once in college, students are going to greater lengths to get intern experience.

"They might have to work double time or have no vacation for a couple of years," says Baker of students whose financial situation prevents the luxury of an unpaid summer or semester. "Some are taking an extra [academic] term so they can have time to do one. Also some are doing them after graduation." Baker also finds more and more people doing

mid-career internships—such as women returning to the work force or middle-aged people who have lost jobs or who seek new career directions.

Multiple factors have contributed to the upsurge in internships, according to NSIEE: more students participating in the programs, more schools requiring internships, more former interns in positions to hire others. Says Baker, "As more people are involved, it creates a cycle where there's more expectation that you would have experience when you get out of school."

Tim Stanton, associate director of the Haas Center for Public Service at Stanford University and author of *The Experienced Hand*, a widely-used guide to successful interning, agrees that there has been a powerful re-emergence in the past three to five years of the trend, which actually started in the late '60s and early '70s. But with a new wrinkle. "The interest is deeper now," he says. "In the '70s the idea was just get them off campus in some way or another. Now there's a deep interest in how experiential learning connects with academics, especially in public service areas."

It's an echo, Baker concurs, of the cry for relevance in education heard during the first round of widespread internships, especially as it connected with social problems. She cites an increased emphasis on ethics in educa-

ASC found work for 60 externs in January. While the pay's not great, the long-term benefits can be.

tion, "having students think about how they use what they learn," as one of the main reasons.

From a sampling of other career planning and placement offices, however, were cited other, perhaps stronger factors. "Most students do it so they can put it on their résumés," says Aaron Galus, director of Boston University's internship program, which helps 2,000 students seeking internships each year.

Marilyn Bowles, director of the intern program at Mills, a small liberal arts college for women outside Oakland, agrees and adds that career sampling is equally important. "It gives students a chance to keep from making a mistake. To see what they really want to do." Hiawatha Morrow, internship coordinator at the University of Georgia, adds, "The increase in internships in the past few years is a result of the changing job market—it's more competitive."

Whatever reasons for the

phenomenon, supervised practical experience as a necessary stepping stone to employment is definitely on the upswing, taking different forms in different institutions around the country.

The program at Agnes Scott is more developed and formalized than some. In addition to the standard semester or summer internships, externships (one week) and shadowing (half-day) work

experiences are available.

During her winter break, sophomore Anna Crofts, who is considering a career in law, spent her week as an extern working with Superior Court of Fulton County Judge Leah Sears-Collins.

"It's not like 'L.A. Law,'" comments Crofts, who observed a case in which a grandmother with no previous offenses faced a possible 60-year prison sentence. To

be responsible for such a judgment Crofts found "scary." Yet the externship helped reinforce her career choice. "I thought I wanted to go to law school before. Now I know it definitely."

ASC's Schmidt notes an internship or externship furnishes a graduating senior with talk material for interviews and an established network for job contacts and

recommendations.

"I was well prepared for a stress interview and knew how to handle it," says Jenny Gruber, a recent ASC graduate now working in personnel for the Georgia Merit System. During college she participated in a series of extern-intern placements.

The internship or externship may even result in a direct job placement with the extern sponsor. Frequently an ASC externship develops into part-time or summer employment. Occasionally it opens the door to a full-time position after college. "Anyone who has the get-up-and-go to pursue an externship has the qualities we're looking for," comments Kathy Landwehr, publicist of Peachtree Publisher, Ltd. of Atlanta. "I've seen plenty of interns get in and create their own positions."

NSIEE's program associate Sally Migliore insists that "more and more employers are interested in candidates who have some kind of documented work experience."

Randy Siegel, vice president and general manager of Fleishman-Hillard, an Atlanta public relations agency underscores that. "I won't hire a kid out of school who has not had an internship," he says. "With the number of résumés I get, a 4.0 average isn't enough for me." **ASC**

Barbie Stitt's extern experiences working with children offer her an insight into possible careers after her graduation from ASC.



The partnership between alumnae employers and ASC externs often provides opportunities for creative interaction

By Leisa Hammett-Goad

Across a fog-shrouded pasture, a rooster crows. It's day three of Barbie Stitt's externship with the Mother Nature program of High Meadows School and Camp in Roswell, Ga. While her alumna supervisor Burnette "Bunny" Sheffield '69, a.k.a. "Mother Nature," starts a fire in her cabin classroom's wood stove, Stitt routinely

tary school on 48 acres of farm and woodlands—enticed Stitt, a history and biology major. She is interested in developing educational programs for museums.

But she is also a junior ready to investigate a number of career options.

Unlike some externships, the criteria for this was "love of nature and sunny

Sheffield introduced her to a group of preschoolers, they stared, speechless and wide-eyed. "I was nervous that the kids wouldn't accept me," admits Stitt. "I had to gain their confidence. It's really a shame that by Friday, when I'll be leaving, they will have warmed up to me."

Red-haired 11-year-old Annalysa Carpenter warmed quickly, though. As she said,

in botany class—when children discovered several of the odd, smoke-filled Puff Ball Mushroom.

Mushrooms and wildlife became measurements of success for Stitt. "If I've helped children get the most out of what's going on around them by sharing my knowledge, then I've been successful."

Stitt and Holden agree

Barbie Stitt '92 Bachelor of Arts,

Major: English literature/Creative writing

Externships: High Meadows School, January 1991

Internships: Historic Preservation Consulting, Summer 1990
Historic Oakland, Spring 1991

fills two birdfeeders. She casually rattles off the birds' names: Chickadees. Bluebirds. And Tufted Titmice.

Before the children arrive, Stitt grabs her camera. The sun peeking above scalloped clouds is a picture this student newspaper photo editor can't resist. The setting of the externship—a private, alternative elemen-

disposition." Stitt felt she fit the description. "I chose this externship because it sounded fun."

It was also an opportunity for Stitt, a native of Chattanooga, to stay in Sheffield's home, to observe her at work and to help with the school's 300 children.

Her first day she recalls as "nerve wracking"—when

"It's nice to know that someone's interested in us."

Jody Holden, High Meadows founder and owner, says, "The way externs relate to children is nice. They're unsullied. They have a vitality that the children love. They bring a glimpse of the outside world, what's going on in the teaching profession. It makes us look at what we're doing with a fresh perspective.

"Externs," she also notes, "are more free to enjoy themselves than practice teachers who have the responsibility of making a good grade."

Stitt's externship experiences are impossible to grade: observing wildlife, making peace with an ornery sheep named Woolly B and sharing knowledge—learned

For extern Stitt, work with Mother Nature was fun and practical.



MONIKA NINORE PHOTOS



that Sheffield provides a model for success. "Bunny was our first multi-age primary teacher," says Holden. "She's innovated and implemented a lot of steps we've taken. Agnes Scott can be very proud of her." She was also a good extern supervisor. "Bunny welcomed Barbie as a partner," says Holden. "She's added an extra dimension to her week so that she

can use Barbie and she will not be just an observer."

Sheffield hopes that Barbie's experience has "invigorated her for teaching—or, helped her decide not to pursue teaching. By getting acquainted and spending time with different adults, an extern sees perspectives and available choices."

What made Stitt most nervous about the week was

actually staying in Sheffield's home. "I didn't know what to expect." What Stitt found was an open-arms reception from the Sheffields and their 14-year-old daughter.

"I'm playing racquetball with Mother Nature's husband this week. I'm going to church with her tonight and to a town recycling meeting tomorrow night—they recycle *ev-ry-thing*."

Stitt habitually runs a hand through her thick, black mass of natural curls. "I used to be apathetic about the environment. . . .

"Yeah, Mother Nature's definitely been a role model for me." **ASC**

Bunny Sheffield '69, Stitt's extern supervisor, explains how the children, like the penguin, can huddle to keep warm.



Externships provide a network for job contacts, a career overview, a realistic sense of work

By Judy Bouvier

In a little windowless back room at the offices of Peachtree Publishers, Ltd., Agnes Scott extern Tonya Smith stands at a photocopier feeding pages of a 700 page manuscript. Not one of the more glamorous duties in a small publishing company but, surprisingly enough, a vital one.

"No matter how simple a task here," says company president Margaret Quinlin, "it's linked to something larger. All kinds of complexities can arise for an extern. It's a window to business."

It's a business that has sometimes been romanti-

Aspiring writer Tonya Smith found working in a publisher's office prepared her for "what will happen when I submit my own work for publication."

cized, admits staff member Jill Smith. But, she says, "It's hard, hard work. Most people here have packed boxes. That sort of thing dispels any romantic notion."

times. You have to be ready for rejection."

After a week of organizing and copy-editing unsolicited manuscripts, filing book reviews, observing

though, I would enjoy."

Smith also was able to make some of those ties in the complex and interrelated areas of the business that Margaret Quinlin men-

Tonya Smith '93 Bachelor of Arts

Major: English literature/Creative writing

Externship: Peachtree Publishers, January 1991.

Tonya Smith chose this particular externship because she is an aspiring science fiction writer. The brief experience helped her face realities of many aspects of publishing. "I know the procedure now and I know that my first novel will probably get sent back a hundred

layout in the production department, and running an adding machine in accounting, Smith narrowed her publishing career focus.

"Certain things I definitely don't want to do," she says. "Like production. Mainly because I don't like working with computers. Editing,

tioned. The connection, for example, between the creative side of making a book and the practical side of marketing it.

"I learned from the sales department," she says, "that sometimes even a wonderful novel can't be published because it won't sell."



A placement often offers an eye-opening opportunity for a student

By Kathy Choy

She gained experience from just being part of the publishing milieu. "It was informal but not unprofessional. Everyone seemed so creative and open-minded." This atmosphere enabled Smith to absorb more by simply observing and asking questions, a practice the Peachtree staff encouraged.

"People were wonderful," Smith says. "Kathy bent over backwards for me." Publicist Kathy Landwehr returned the compliment. Smith, she said, "was great. She catches on quick."

Editor Susan Thurmond believes the externship "gives a student a really good overview of the field before jumping into it . . . it looks very good on a résumé," she continues. "It also helps you find a network." Taking it one step further, Jill Smith, vice president and director of sales, says: "It's a way to get a foot in the door."

Margaret Quinlin sums it up. "Publishing's a very demanding business. Every single person here matters. Externs can be just marvelous. It becomes a symbiotic relationship. Good for us and good for them."

And has it been good for Tonya Smith?

"I know that if I do another externship in publishing," she says, "I want it to be in editing. But this has also reinforced for me the fact that I don't want to be in an office at all looking at other people's books. I want to be out writing my own." **ASC**



MONIKA NIRORE PHOTO

The room is dark. Britt Brewton is staring straight ahead. Pinpoints of light quickly appear and disappear within her range of vision. Each time she sees a flash, she presses a button.

boy. She took a close look at his cornea and lens.

Then Thomas walked Brewton through the case history of a glaucoma patient. "He explained the tests and computer printouts and how he interpreted the informa-

nized office with five secretaries and assistants. The doctors are constantly booked. Still, each took some time to involve Brewton in the work of the office. She did more than clean contact lenses and help patients pick out frames.

She learned to test patients' optical power with an auto refractor. She learned to use a skills machine to detect problems connected with distance vision, depth perception and color blindness.

Brewton became the tester rather than the testee in a visual fields test. As patients were willing, the Reagins let her sit in on several eye

Britt Brewton '94 Bachelor of Arts

Major: Biology/Pre-med

Externships: Reagin Optometrics, January 1991

Shadow: Crawford Long Hospital, Pathology Dept., Spring 1991

When the test results are in, Brewton, Agnes Scott extern with the Reagin Optometric Group, learns she does not have glaucoma.

It's not that Dr. Wallis Reagin and his optometrists Thomas and Richard suspected that she did. But the doctors wanted her externship to include experiences from the patient's as well as the professional's point of view.

Working from the other side of the "throne," (examination chair), Richard invited Brewton to participate in the eye examination of a young

tion," says Brewton. "Thomas told more than what was done. He told me how and why it was done."

Such attention to detail is typical of Reagin's practice. Waiting rooms are comfortable and homey rather than high tech—offices are housed in what was once a private residence.

In addition to the usual magazines, one corner of the waiting room is reserved for children.

The relaxed atmosphere here belies a well orga-

examinations.

But watching the doctors give therapy to children with learning disabilities was the real eye opener for Brewton. "It was an area of optometry that I would never have guessed existed," she says. "The doctors work hard to make it fun for the children so they won't be afraid."

Brewton got a crash course in optometry. Any frustration she experienced centered around the fact that most of her week-long externship was spent filing. She admits: "I wanted to spend

more time with the doctors, following them around and discussing case histories. But they were so busy it was hard to work me in."

Thomas concurs. "You can't teach a great deal in that amount of time." He notes, "Watching an eye exam is exciting but important things are done in the office, too. If you don't learn how to run a business, it's going to be hard for you to deliver health care."

Brewton does feel the week was well spent. "I got a good general view of optometry and that's what I came for," she concludes. "It was a very valuable learning experience and it reinforces my decision to go on with pre-med."

Reagin is convinced that the benefits work both ways. "When you show someone what you do, it makes you take another look at things," he observes. "You think, why am I doing this? You don't want to get in a rut."

His son Thomas agrees. "We derive benefit from interacting with bright young people like Britt. We would like for Britt to learn to be human when she's engaged in her profession so both she and her patient can enjoy the experience as they address the problem. We hope she never loses sight of the patient as an individual."

If this is accomplished, he says, "this experience will have done the student and the medical profession a service." **ASC**

Brewton's experiences ranged from observing eye exams to reading prescriptions for glasses.

MONIKA NIXON PHOTO





Reaching out now may confirm— or reject—an extern's life-long goals

By Mark Sandlin

Miss Ashley, piece of paper. Miss Ashley, cookie. Miss Ashley, color. Miss Ashley, Miss Ashley. . . .”

“Miss Ashley”—ASC senior Ashley Barnes—has a

Area Psychoeducational Program are severely emotionally disturbed. The school is a community-based day treatment program for birth through 18 years. It is one of 24 centers comprising the Georgia Psychoeduca-

in understanding.

Like almost half of the externships, this marks a partnership of Agnes Scott and its alumnae. Debby Daniel Bryant '79, associate psychologist for the center, has offered ASC externships

Ashley Barnes '91 Bachelor of Arts

Major: Psychology with teaching certification

Externships: Griffin Area Psychoeducational Center, January 1991

Atlanta Speech School, January 1989

Wesley Chapel Psychoeducational Center, January 1988

three-year-old constantly seeking her attention. She listens, watches and responds mindfully.

Whether the children sing songs, listen to stories or play with toys, Barnes joins in.

Most children at Griffin

tional Center Network.

The program also administers Project REACH, which provides for the special needs of children, ages 3-5, with moderate to severe difficulty in seeing, hearing, moving, talking or

since the program's inception.

“Everyone on the staff says ‘hurrah’ when we announce the externs are coming,” says Bryant.

Agrees Brenda Folk, a Project REACH teacher: “Not only do they [externs] provide a fresh face for the children, but they are an extra set of hands for us.”

This year, along with Ashley's help, the center has gained two additional sets of hands with externs Lisa Anderson, a junior, and Elizabeth Isaacs, a sophomore.

One extern helps a youngster write his name within the lines. Another helps a student just trying to draw a line across the paper.

Working with youngsters who need almost constant attention can be demanding. Yet extern Barnes discovered her calling was “definitely this kind of work” with special-needs kids.



MARK SANDLIN PHOTOS





Externships benefit the student, the employer, and, usually, the “clients”

Those one-on-one encounters add a depth of experience for children, center staff and externs.

“This is a training facility, so we are supposed to always be training people,” notes Bryant. “We receive credit

The one-on-one encounters offered by externs add a depth of experience needed by emotionally disturbed children.

from the state for having trained the students the week they are here.”

This externship offers ASC students contact with professionals. “The externship is a good opportunity to see what is available in the job market before committing to a school or a job,” explains Bryant. “It allows the student to talk with different people and get

ideas for further studies and possible careers.”

The week’s constant opportunity for extern interaction with young students, observes Folk, provides: “a good feel for the psycho-educational program and the type of child we serve. . . .

“I have seen people come here straight out of college and become completely lost. They just didn’t realize the

severity of the problems we deal with here.”

The involvement has been critical to Barnes who found that she likes the challenge of working with older autistic children.

“I definitely will do this type of work,” Barnes has decided. “Now it is just working with the time frame, getting a master’s degree and being certified.” **ASC**



The FORMAL: May Day was a time for more than beauty queens

She stands there: bare arms. Delicate feet. Hands hidden beneath a bouquet of spring flowers. A stiff collar framing her face, lace cascades hinting at the form beneath. All is carefully contrived. Caught in a moment on a yearbook page.

Yet her glance makes this more than a moment. There is someone off to the side. Someone she sees, distracting her from the pageant this portrait would make of her. And we know.

This is for fun.

Few would accuse May Day Queen, 1929, of exploiting her sexuality.

Agnes Scott never was a college where such shenanigans paid much premium. Life here has always held higher purpose.

May Day celebrations, first held in 1903, would last with few interruptions until 1960.

In one sense, May Day was a spring formal held without men. Any who attended were incidental, purely spectators. In 1903 all co-ed activity—what little there was—was carefully chaperoned, including streetcar rides into Atlanta. It was a practice that would continue with the decades, the fence once encompassing the campus said to be built to discourage passage of stray dogs and loose men.

"There weren't many things they let us do with boys in those days," says Anne Equen '45. May Day



Charlotte Hunter '29: *The formal was wonderful fun.*

was for the women.

It was a chance to be formal when there were few opportunities to do so. It was a chance at a moment to look back on, an opportunity to be seen young and beautiful in a spectacular way, and remember.

"It all seems so trivial," says Adelaide Benson Campbell, when she reflects on May Day festivities in 1939, the year she was crowned queen. Yet so significant.

The pageantry was spec-

tacular, the costumes stunning. While May Day centered on the presentation of a queen and her court, there was also the writing of a script and an elaborate thematic dance production involving numbers of students.

One year the theme was Elizabethan, another Grecian. Once, Peter Pan swung through the trees of the May Day Dell. And one year there was the marriage of a mouse.

In the center was queen and court, dancers swirling

about them in twilight pastels. Dionysus in the Dell, loveliness suspended in a cloud of orange and organza gliding gracefully through the dance.

May Day disappeared into a fine arts festival in the 60s. Then one year a committee of students and faculty simply voted both out of existence.

There was a hiatus of anything recognizable as formal lasting through the 70s— an era of kegers and T.G.I.F. parties. In 1980 the formal returned with a dance tacked on to a round of parties known as Spring Fling. Not as formal as May Day celebrations of the past, but with men this time. And once again with formal dresses.

What to wear, where to find it was the conversation on campus for weeks this spring, says first-year student Willa Hendrickson '94.

For her it was a square-necked, mid-calf, puffed-sleeve, white-on-white-floral pattern, lace-trimmed, Victorian.

The night before the formal her boyfriend arrived from MIT. The day of the dance, she traded several hours shampooing hair as payment for henna and a cut from her long-time hairdresser. It seemed an old-fashioned thing to do, the henna; the hint of red, something from another age.

But then, so was this.

The formal is a moment, even more a moment for the future, perhaps, than the present. **ASC**
—Bill Bangham

A former student remembers professor Geraldine Meroney

You're not teaching the material; you're teaching the students," Professor Geraldine M. Meroney once remarked when we were discussing how I should lecture on a particularly difficult 18th-century novel.

Her comment reflects many of the traits that students valued most in Meroney: the originality and complexity of her perspectives; the precision of her intellect in salient definition; and, above all, her un-failing ability to integrate mind and heart, to translate intellectual abstractions into directly human terms.

Meroney loved humane learning, and she could inspire this love in her students because she under-

stood them as individuals as well as she understood her subject matter. Like the Renaissance humanists she admired, she educated the whole human being.

Meroney's own research was in the colonial history of South Carolina and Georgia. She achieved national recognition for her work on the Southern Loyalists during the Revolutionary War.

However, the scope of her knowledge enabled her to range through history seemingly at will, from Aquinas to Marx, from the Norman Conquest to the Vietnam War, from the Acropolis to the U.S. Senate.

But Meroney was so very fine a historian because she was so much more than an historian. When on her retirement students and friends established the

Meroney Prizes for juniors and seniors at Agnes Scott, her intellectual breadth made it fitting that these awards were given not in history but for the work in all disciplines of the humanities.

A voracious reader, Meroney knew literature, philosophy and theology as well as history. And her vast knowledge was always for use, not ostentation, whether she was explaining the lineage of the Plantagenet kings to a medieval history class or constructing the intricate genealogy of her beloved champion poodle.

Like most scholars who are wise as well as learned, Meroney's knowledge had not come only from books. A fiercely loyal Texan, she had travelled widely and had lived in Oregon, in Ireland, and in the Midwest before

she finally settled in Atlanta.

She achieved the rank of lieutenant in the U.S. Navy during World War II; she served as the administrative assistant to the Chancellor of Vanderbilt University; she had wide experience at educational institutions as diverse as the University of Oregon and Earlham College before she joined the Agnes Scott faculty.

Students listened to her and believed her because she carried the convictions of experience far beyond narrow academic boundaries.

Wide scholarly accomplishments, thorough professionalism, practical knowledge of life itself, and deep human sympathy are a rare enough combination.

But even together they do not entirely explain the impact that Meroney had on her students and on those who knew her well. The key was her integrity, her unwillingness and indeed inability to compromise herself, her beliefs, or her relationships to other people.

Geraldine M. Meroney was among the very few scholars in any generation who, because of their own caliber as human beings, because of what they are as well as what they know, mold lives along with minds.
—by Martine Watson Brownley



For ASC history professor Geraldine Meroney (second from right with her students), the goal of teaching was to educate the whole human being.

Grant gives ASC opportunity to focus on women's college, gender-based issues,

Agnes Scott College is one of seven women's colleges recently awarded a grant in the amount of \$350,000 from the Jessie Ball duPont Fund.

To be used to expand scholarly research pertaining to women's colleges and gender-based issues in higher education, it is believed to be the largest grant offered for exploration of the purpose and contributions of women's colleges.

The seven women's colleges received the grant jointly on behalf of the Women's College Coalition.

Along with Agnes Scott College in Decatur, recipients are Virginia colleges Hollins in Roanoke, Mary Baldwin in Staunton and Sweet Briar in Sweet Briar; Meredith College in Raleigh, N.C.; and Stephens College in Columbia, Mo.

Terms of the grant are for the hiring of a research director, funding of research initiatives and honoraria, organizing a research council and disseminating of studies and reports.

The grant will support scholars from both women's colleges and coeducational institutions who are studying gender issues in higher education. It will cover a three-year period beginning this spring. **ASC**

GIVE US YOUR BEST SHOT . . .

of Agnes Scott's faces and places, moments and moods. It's the Agnes Scott's Best Shots Photo Contest. So reach for your camera. And capture college life.

Alumnae, students, faculty and staff are eligible to enter.

1. Send us 8x10 black and white prints or color slides taken after January 1, 1991.

2. Enclose your name, address and phone number with each entry and include the names of all identifiable people appearing in the photograph.

3. All entries should be submitted no later than December 31, 1991. Entries will be considered the property of Agnes Scott and cannot be returned.

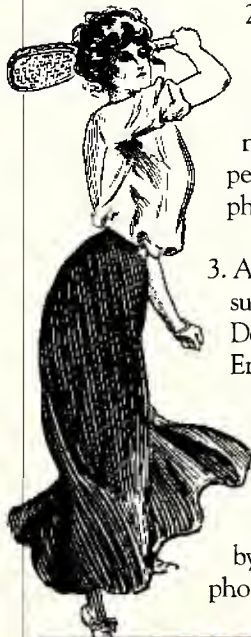
Entries will be judged by a panel of professional photographers who have

worked with Agnes Scott College and are familiar with our campus.

The first place winner will be awarded \$200, second place \$100, third place \$50. Winning entries will be published in the SPRING 1992, AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE

Send us your best shot.

FIRE AWAY!



Agnes Scott College
141 E. College Avenue
Decatur, Georgia 30030

Nonprofit Organization
U.S. Postage
PAID
Decatur, GA 30030
Permit No. 469



Previewing the Fall 1991

AGNES SCOTT

Alumnae Magazine

The "Naba"—chief—of Domesma was the next-door neighbor of Della McMillan '75, when she first came to the village to do research related to river blindness. McMillan's research moved into environmental issues, and she now works as a consultant for the Burkina Faso government "in the dence of foreign funding"—trying to bring outside resources to the developing African nation. Read more about her work in our next issue.

AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE MAGAZINE

FALL 1991

Welcome
to the
Class of
'95



A vestige of 1990 Black Cat competition between the classes remains on a restroom stall door, second floor, Buttrick Hall. It's hand-lettered, on a scrap of green paper: "HELP SAVE

THE EARTH—Please use biodegradable paper products. Thanks, Class of 1991." For that week last October, related messages littered campus: SAVE ENERGY over light switch panels, RECYCLE ALUMINUM CANS on vending machines.

Help save the earth.

Several students at Agnes Scott have taken the issue seriously. They collect recyclables. They collapse cardboard boxes. They sort mixed glass and paper, and bag soft drink cans.

This concern for the environment marks a clear instance, notes ASC assistant professor of math Myrtle Lewin, in which "the young are teaching the old."

Other colleges report a similar groundswell: young activists instigated the Environmental Lobby (and recycling) at Hollins College. Two years ago Georgia Tech students approached officials about recycling—now the state provides program support. Junior Rebecca Wholley helps coordinate Harvard's recycling. This will be an "experimental year," reports Wholley, as Harvard examines ways to develop the program.

Says Lewin, emphatically: "We recycle because it is morally right." That level of commitment (last year Lewin devoted 10 hours a week) has moved the College to recycling's cutting edge. With no budget and only volunteer labor, Agnes Scott Recycling now collects 10 items: corrugated board, glass, five grades of paper, two kinds of plastics, styrofoam packing and aluminum cans.

"It's nobody's job," quips Lewin. "Everybody's responsibility." That's how she and many staff and faculty assess ASC recycling.

Victoria Lambert, for one, started recycling green waste when

she became landscape supervisor in 1986. Grounds crews dump, then smooth grass clippings and leaves over an area covering more than half a city block. They later turn and retrieve "that wonderful

rich black earth to put back on campus." ASC transforms dead tree limbs into wood chips for mulch with a used chipper purchased last year.

Computer services began recycling paper several years ago. Most faculty and staff recycle office paper. For the past three years, Annual Fund drive materials have been printed on recycled stock.

In March, Lambert, now manager of campus services, introduced products to be used campus-wide: toilet paper dispensed in jumbo rolls (to reduce packaging, cardboard tubes, lining and packing by 35%); unbleached paper towels on rolls to replace white multifold hand towels ("bleach contaminates streams with diox-

ins—rolls save 62% in paper packaging").

A student assistant set up a recycling station in our office. Now we're experimenting with recycled papers for College publications, including this and the Spring 1991 ALUMNAE MAGAZINE. (Paper stock used in this issue is from both manufacturing and post-consumer waste. Sludge from recycling byproducts such as paper coating, the paper mill uses in the production of multi-ply paperboard.)

A week after Black Cat 1990, the cleanup crews had removed the balloons, posters, streamers and the small, handscrawled note taped to our publications office shingle: HELP SAVE THE EARTH—RECYCLE PAPER. But clearly, the message stuck.

Thanks, Class of 1991.

Celeste Pennington



Art Loser Photo

College Ecology

Editor: Celeste Pennington. **Contributing Editor:** Mary Alma Durrett. **Editorial Assistant:** Audrey Arthur.
Design: Harold Waller and Everett Hullum. **Student Assistants:** Photenie Avgeropoulos '95, Elizabeth Cherry '95, Tonya Smith '93, Willa Hendrickson '94, Josie Hoilman '94, Helen Nash '93.
Publications Advisory Board: Christine Cozzens, Steven Guthrie, Bonnie Brown Johnson '70, Randy Jones '70, Kay Parkerson O'Briant '70, Becky Prophet, Dudley Sanders, Edmund Sheehy, Lucia Howard Sizemore '65.

Copyright © 1991, Agnes Scott College. Published three times a year by the Office of Publications, Agnes Scott College, Buttrick Hall, 141 E. College Ave., Decatur, GA 30030, 404/371-6315. The magazine is published for alumnae and friends of the College. Postmaster: Send address changes to Office of Development and Public Affairs, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, GA 30030. Like other content of the magazine, this article reflects the opinion of the writer and not the viewpoint of the College, its trustees, or administration.

AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE is printed on recycled paper using vegetable- rather than petroleum-based inks.

Cover photo: Monika Nikore.

Thanks for the beautiful picture of my old friend, Charlotte Hunter [Spring 1991 issue]. Incidentally, she became associate dean of students of ASC, dean at Austin and Converse colleges and president of a school; she wasn't *just* a beauty.

Also, May Day was mainly a production of the dance department and was in no sense a "formal." Many people worked hard and seriously on it.

Please don't patronize antique efforts.

Movies of May Day, shown to prospective students, nearly kept us from coming to ASC; they looked too silly; but as a student (not involved in it, except one year as writer), I came to respect the professionalism of Harriette Hayes Lapp and the disciplined performance of her students.

Eleanor Newman Hutchens '40
Huntsville, Alabama

... I have one major suggestion and that is that there be a more complete identification of authors. ...

I know Martine [Tina] Brownley, but it would add to the article about Professor Meroney to have said when Tina graduated, that she has a Ph.D., from Harvard and that she is a member of the Emory faculty.

I have seen several comparable periodicals which give a little blurb about the authors and about those featured. ... This would add to the pleasure one finds in reading the AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE.

Julia T. Gary
Decatur, Georgia

AGNES SCOTT

Fall 1991 Volume 69, Number 2

Page 5

In and out of Africa
by Jeff Worley



Anthropologist and Southerner Della McMillan '75 dances an intricate dance of foreign funding in the West African Sahel.

Page 14

The rapture of self-expression
by Terry McGehee



An artist's sketchbook designed to stir up the shining moments, the deep-colored memories and the creativity within.

Page 20

The odyssey of discovery
by Celeste Pennington



It's a four-year odyssey into life at Agnes Scott with Texan Estella Matheu from the Class of '95.

Page 30

Agnes Scott goes Hollywood
by Mary Alma Durrett



Move over Kim Basinger and Julia Roberts—a little paint and bright lights transform yet another demure Southerner into a star.

Lifestyle Page 2
Rhodes Scholar Ila Burdette after 10 years • Susan Morton, forensic biologist • Marsha Norman's Secret Garden

Readership survey Page 39
What you like and don't like

Classic Page 40
The gazebo

Finale Page 41
Best Shots/ASC Photo Contest; Milton Scott remembers

Norman: ASC's tough, tender, Tony-award playwright

At a recent performance of the Tony-award winning Broadway musical, *The Secret Garden*, two designer-dressed matrons, flashing pseudo sophistication and real gemstones, were overheard during intermission sharing production stories. "They brought Marsha Norman in to do the script," one explained to the other, "because she's a tough, caustic sort and could be counted on to keep the story from getting too sweet and sentimental."

Marsha Norman is also vulnerable, humorous, warm, an artist who embraced the *Garden* project from its outset. Designer Heidi Landesman had relayed her interest in a musical version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's children's classic and invited Marsha to collaborate.

No question, though, Marsha Norman is tough. She's already survived impressive levels of success and failure. Now, highly visible as a consequence of winning her second major honor — the 1991 Tony for her scripting of this new musical — Norman seems poised to pursue musical theater. This is less a departure for her than it may seem to those who have sampled the serious plays of her early career.

When Marsha Norman was awarded the 1983 Pulitzer Prize for her drama, *'night, Mother*,

the Agnes Scott campus was stirred: we were pleased to remember the young playwright had been a student at the college in the late sixties.

At that point, we had little first-hand information about her. Those who had witnessed Atlanta's Academy Theatre



Norman's Tony for *Secret Garden* adds to her earlier Pulitzer.

production of *Getting Out* were exposed to Norman's provocative first drama about a woman confronting the challenges of her release from prison. But few anecdotes of her personal history were flying across campus. As a philosophy major at Agnes Scott, the then Marsha Williams had been closest to Professor Merle Walker, and she died before her student came to prominence.

We were amused, therefore,

when the laurel-crowned Norman returned to Agnes Scott in April of 1984 for the English department's Writers' Festival and declared that she had been "invisible" as a student. She had left after her junior year to marry; and although she completed her undergraduate and graduate degrees at the University of Louisville, nothing, she insisted, quite compensated for abandoning the ASC degree — until she won the Pulitzer. Be sure you have a Pulitzer in your future, she warned would-be transfer students: that is

Susan Johnson 1991

April instructed us that she was already thinking of the Pulitzer as a liability; in later interviews, she characterized it as a "curse." Her play, *Traveler in the Dark*, had opened at the American Repertory Theatre in Cambridge in February, 1984, and the Pulitzer had hardly guaranteed its success. In Norman's view, that had almost invited its failure. Still pained by critical rejection, the artist, in her talk to her Agnes Scott audience, shaped her own determination to use failure to provoke her growth as a playwright.

Norman went through one of her periods of relative "invisibility." She abandoned theater briefly to write a novel, *The Fortune Teller*, and she eventually developed a cautious workshop production of *Sarah and Abraham* with the Actors' Theatre of Louisville, the company which had nurtured her talents with *Getting Out*. The new play

focused on the disintegration of the longest marriage on record. At the same time, Norman changed her personal life dramatically.

Realizing a lifelong passion to live by the sea, she and her new husband, artist Tim Dykeman, moved to a beach house on Long Island. At age 40 she became the mother of Angus and entered gratefully into a time which she regards as one of her most creative and satisfying.

The Secret Garden opened in May of 1991



Bob Marshak Photo

the only way you'll feel all right about yourself again.

However, her droll talk that

to reviews that were sufficiently favorable to give the work momentum; the three Tonys

garnered by the show — Norman's, Heidi Landesman's for dazzling sets, and eleven-year-old Daisy Egan's for her creation of Mary Lennox — will likely extend its life through albums and touring.

The play, lavish and lovely with its Victorian setting and graceful costuming, is poignant in its reminders of a time when love and death were inextricably locked in exquisite extremes of passion — when convictions held that love and life could indeed prevail over darkness and death.

Mandy Patinkin creates the character of the grieving uncle Archibald Craven, who must be reawakened to life by young Mary; and Patinkin's gorgeous voice deepens the aural pleasures of the piece almost to the depths of tears.

But this musical is most impressive for celebrating the talents of the four women who brought the \$6.2 million production into being: Norman and Landesman, director Susan H. Schulman, and composer Lucy Simon, who wrote the hauntingly beautiful music.

When Norman ran for office at Agnes Scott back in 1967, she wrote in *The Profile* about the risks of action getting stymied by reassessment, evaluation, analysis: "By experimenting, working, changing, we can discover ways to vitalize our commitments."

Her life to date has proved the validity of her early advice; her talents along with her resilience and flexibility have been honored by a Pulitzer and a Tony. But "invisibility" in any sphere for Marsha Norman is no longer an option.

—Linda Hubert '62

Burdette: From Rhodes Scholar to scholarly architect

I la Burdette '81 politely requests a telephone interview rather than meeting face to face in her office. She prefers that the photographer postpone his shooting session until after hours or the weekend, so as not to disrupt the daily routine at Nix, Mann & Associates of Atlanta. Burdette appears uneasy about being in the spotlight, like she'd much rather blend in with the 60 to 70 other architects and designers who fill the drafting tables and cubicles at her Peachtree Street office.

So why draw her into the spotlight? Well, she'll probably always have notoriety in Agnes Scott's eyes. In 1981, as a senior in mathematics at Agnes Scott, Burdette became the College's first Rhodes Scholar and Georgia's first woman to gain that distinction. This year marks the 10th anniversary of her award and the end of her first full year of professional work in Georgia — milestones that beg for reverie and retrospection, particularly when you learn that her life could have turned out quite differently.

"After my freshman year at Scott, I began to seriously consider architecture as a career," recalls Burdette. "So that summer, I enrolled in Georgia Tech for two semesters. Arthur Frank Beckum was my professor and I began to seek his advice about whether I should stick with that program or go back to Scott. He said go back and get your liberal arts degree and go after the technical stuff later. So I did and started working



PAUL OBERGON PHOTO

Burdette a decade after her experiences as a Rhodes Scholar.

with [Nix, Mann] on summer jobs thereafter."

But even with her career choice settled and her math direction mapped out, Burdette was a lover of words and her English teacher coaxed her toward the Rhodes. "I took all the English I could on the side. Mrs. Margaret Pepperdene — I was really her girl. There were about 12 of us, and she believed in all of us." Burdette almost didn't apply for the scholarship, "but Mrs. Pepperdene said, 'Do this for me,' and I did."

She completed two years of English study at Oxford University, attaining a master's degree, and went on to an even-less-likely third year

Rhodes Scholarship, gaining a diploma in art history.

"I lived in a room that Oliver Cromwell occupied [during the siege]. It was freezing but it didn't matter because everything was an adventure. And by the time you got there, there had been so many interviews that everyone knew so much about you that you didn't have to introduce yourself."

The tutorial format was much to the Georgian's liking. "Once a week you would appear at your tutor's door. You would read to him your essays of the week. He would interrupt and ask questions and then continue, and he would give you the next reading and essay assignments, about two essays a week for three years."

Americans were not very popular in England at the time, but the British were not unkind to the Rhodes Scholars who, as Burdette explains, worked and lived outside of any established "class" of people. By the time the very small group completed a third year of study at Oxford, "we were the dinosaurs." It was time to return home and begin her advanced study in architecture at Princeton.

One of her Princeton professors led her to the Philadelphia firm Kieran, Timberlake and Harris, where she gained experience on historic projects: Philadelphia's Eastern State Penitentiary, an 1829 structure designed by John Haviland; the Church of the Ascension in New York City, designed 1840 and 1885 by Richard Upjohn and Stanford White; and the Church of the Covenant in New York, designed by J.C. Cady 1871; and the famous Frank Furness Boathouse Row,

Philadelphia. "I climbed a lot of church steeples," jokes the young architect. The stint also allowed her experience on a number of contemporary projects, including the Powelton Gardens Housing for the Homeless and a Rider College building.

Family, friends and a longing for Georgia led her back home, and to the familiar offices of Nix, Mann, where she's a member of the team designing the \$25 million Sarasota Memorial Hospital. Says firm President Lewis Nix of Ila's work, "I can only speak of her in the highest superlatives. When Ila [was still in school], we thought she could become the head of General Motors — why does she want to become an architect?"

To Nix, Mann's advantage, says the president, she chose architecture. "The work that she had done in Philadelphia was very impressive and her credentials were far beyond what we normally see. The great thing to me about Ila is her everyday personable attitude. She's completely unassuming. She represents the firm well, and will probably end up in a managerial position."

What advice would Burdette offer others who are considering a Rhodes Scholarship?

"I'm answering from two spots now," she says, explaining her membership on the American Association of Rhodes Scholars Board. "Don't think of it as a stepping stone to something else or as a competitive [thing to attain]. If you can, treat it as a gift that miraculously happens, then even the interviews can be fun."

—Mary Alma Durrett

Forensic biologist Morton is a "loops and swirls" detective

Susan E. Morton '71 takes a single finger print, enlarges it, carefully traces it, then enters that image into her computer.

The data is expressed as a grid pattern—then through a series of queries, compared with millions of fingerprints stored in a network of law enforcement computers throughout the western United States.

"It narrows the field from six million [suspects] to ten," she jokes.

She compares the fine details of those 10 fingerprints and follows up the closest match. "We have solved several cases that otherwise had no leads, no hope of solving," she notes. "Criminals hate it."

Morton, a biology graduate of Agnes Scott, is a forensic biologist working in the crime laboratory of the U.S. Postal Inspection Service, San Francisco, Calif. She is senior documentation analyst serving the western region.

"In a way, it's detective work," Morton explains.

She mulls over evidence from illegal operations involving counterfeiting, drugs, forgery, burglary, weapons, then prepares that evidence for presentation in court. "I make charts. I show the jury what I've seen. I try to make it so clear that

they believe the evidence themselves."

For the first five years after graduation, Morton was an expert in paper evidence (involving counterfeiting and forgery) for the Georgia Bureau of Investigation. She testified in cases all over the state. One involved a master forger who impersonated a physician and emptied the doctor's bank account of \$100,000. "He was so good at forgery, even the doctor couldn't tell the difference in the signatures." By comparing things like relative heights of letters, Morton was able to prove the forgery.

Today she handles many kinds of criminal evidence, from shoe prints and footprints to letters on computer or typewriter ribbons. Some cases require extensive puzzling and research. Others she finds practically solve themselves. Recently she was helping track

a gang of expert counterfeiters — all Chinese, just arrived in the United States and still unfamiliar with English.

The first member was caught in a department store attempting to purchase several expensive watches with a stolen credit card and faked i.d. "He was confused. He had his own picture on the i.d. to prove who he was," says Morton. But it didn't take an expert to call his hand. The name he faked was *Elizabeth Selby*.

The rest of the gang was rounded up later, attempting to break into a relay box with a counterfeited key. The San Francisco post office had anticipated the visit with a time-lapse video camera and a key grabber.

"We had quite a little scene out there about 2 a.m.," says Morton. A member of the gang ran to get the leader when the key grabber held on to the faked box key. "Then the head of the gang came out. He thought his minions were being incompetent. So he began yanking on the key. We got all this on videotape.

"Videotape is wonderful. It may cost a lot of money to set up, but it's cheaper than hiring a person to wait on the suspect. And after it's over, who can argue with it?" **ASC**

Did you hear about the Chinese counterfeiter named "Elizabeth"? As a forensic biologist, ASC's Susan Morton helps solve Postal Service crimes.



IN AND OUT OF

AFRICA



For years Della McMillan '75 has moved between the Southern U.S. and famine-ravaged rural West Africa, an anthropologist caught in the intricate "dance of foreign funding"
BY JEFF WORLEY

MORNING AFTER MORNING,

Della E. McMillan '75 awakened to the booming cadence of Damesma women pounding grain for millet, while others returned from the village well, balancing their daily supply of water in heavy vessels on their heads. In those early hours, McMillan, Ph.D., during her first long-term fieldwork in Sub-Saharan Africa, worked on her field notes and brewed tea. "Mornings were wonderful — my quiet time."

With her home next to the chief's, that early calm was frequently interrupted. "You're never alone in a compound," explains McMillan, now an independent consultant out of Gainesville, Fla. "You learn to work

with lots of people coming in and out." She made her tea strong, dark and sweet, serving up to 10 pots a day to women who drifted in. Everyone drank from the same bowl, according to custom. And as they talked, McMillan gleaned information.

For almost 14 years, this native Georgian has worn, alternately, the richly patterned Burkinabè dress and the scholar's robes, dividing her time between the United States and the plateaus of Burkina

Faso as well as Ghana, Togo, Mali and Nigeria in the Sudano-Sahelian regions of West Africa. She's an anthropologist who traded an academic position for a chance to use her expertise to help set national

policy and attract foreign funding for projects in the West African Sahel. "An anthropologist loves to go into villages and study things. Getting things done," she says with a smile, "steps across the line into policy making."

Her initial field research (from 1978 to 1980) focused first on a Burkina "home" village in the densely populated Mossi Plateau, later on the agricultural practices of several families who left home to help settle and farm a once disease-infested river valley.

For more than a half century, villagers along that fertile river had been forced out of their homes by

onchocerciasis (river blindness). Parasites (passed through the bites of black flies) grew under the victims' skin and produced millions of microscopic offspring that eventually attacked the hosts' eyes. As a result, as many as 60 percent of the river

Della McMillan and friends in Burkina Faso. She recently was made an alumnae member of Agnes Scott College Phi Beta Kappa in recognition of her work and her PhD.



HER FIRST STUDY INVOLVED NEW SETTLERS IN A REGION ONCE DECIMATED BY A PARASITE-BORN DISEASE CALLED RIVER BLINDNESS.





villagers over the age of 55 had become partially or totally blind.

McMillan's research studied the social and economic impact of a control program involving insecticide sprayed over area rivers and the free distribution of an oral prophylactic which protected villagers from resurgence of the disease.

"In one fell swoop," says McMillan, "they opened up all this land. River blindness control changed everything." Once abandoned villages — and fallow land — are springing to life as government-sponsored settlers institute modern farming methods: fertilizing, rotating crops.

Carefully McMillan watched and recorded whether these families were following government guidelines — and why. She also compared some spontaneous settlers with those settled by the government.

By day, she talked with visitors and extension agents. Each evening, with notebook and a lamp in hand, she ventured past village cotton fields to families. "First I worked with 20 farmers in the 'traditional' home village and 24 in two neighboring villages," she says. "I ended up getting two years' data on 36 farm families."

Crucial to the entire study were relationships, beginning with the *Naba* (the Damesma chief who represents a long line of traditional rulers who remain a political force in the region) and his several wives.

"As I got to know the chief in the home village better, he opened networks for me to move into the valley with the re-settled farmers." From the *Naba's* point of view, "It was very prestigious to have an anthropologist living in his village."

She found herself at home among the people. Yet in the beginning, she admits, "I made every mistake you could make" — including a decision to build her house next door to the *Naba*. She laughs. "Every field manual tells you: *Never build your house right next to the chief.*"

THE RED EARTH

of Burkina has seemed like home to McMillan whose roots grow deep in Georgia clay. Acquaintances unaware of that strong cultural tie sometimes kid about her career choice: "You look like a Southern belle, talk like a Southern belle, act like a

Southern belle. . . ." She notes that for a while she was "directionless—and a Southern belle without direction can be a dangerous animal." Yet she believes her Southern experience prepared her to relate to the Burkina people and understand their culture. "There are a lot of similarities between rural Southerners and Burkinabès."

McMillan grew up on St. Simons Island. "In 1959, it was like a small village, with a marsh on one side and the ocean on the other."



OFTEN, AS SHE
DRIVES THE BURKINA
COUNTRYSIDE,
SHE IS REMINDED OF HER
RURAL GEORGIA
EXPERIENCES.
THERE ARE SIMILARITIES
BESIDES GEOGRAPHY.

As children, she and her brothers spent time on their grandfather's rural Georgia farm near Athens where they rode ponies bareback down winding, red-dirt roads and cattle paths.

Her grandfather, an executive with Southern Bell, maintained a weekend farm in Greene County where he had grown up. He loved and collected the simple tools of turn-of-the-century Georgia agriculture. "There was no TV, no telephone on his

farm. He taught us how to churn butter, make candles, soap and bullets," she says. "This is where I got interested in traditional farming methods."

Her grandfather taught her that sophisticated tools like tractors were useless for farming small areas. "He said, 'They use gas and break down all the time.' My grandfather had quite a collection of plows, some very much like those that the more advanced farmers now use in Burkina Faso."

McMillan's first connection with Western Africa occurred in 1973 while she was at Agnes Scott, an undergraduate enrolled in one of Penny Campbell's courses on African history. "Around this time I sat down and thought, 'What are the most exciting things going on in the world?' To me, it all centered around the West discovering Africa."

Forty-plus new African nations were being formed. "It was exciting to contemplate," says McMillan, "what those countries were going to do in the world order by the year 2000."

As a junior she experienced Africa, spending the summer in Togo and visiting Benin and Ghana in 1974.

"I owe basically what I am today to two Agnes Scott professors—Penny Campbell and John Tumblin. Penny's African history course pulled it all together for me. This is where I got hooked and found a sense of direction." She recalls writing a paper on Togo based on interviews conducted during the summer of 1974, as well as an intensive review of literature. She worked more than two months on the assignment. "Then," she recalls, "I turned it in without proofing it — it had 32 typographical errors. Penny gave me a 'B.' But she said, 'Della, you just don't turn in 32 typographical errors.' (I rewrote the paper and submitted it as part of my application to Northwestern.)

"I took John Tumblin's anthropology course and loved it. He basically put a bit in my mouth and nudged me and said, 'You're on the right track, go!' " Muses Tumblin, "In spite of the pummeling she took from us, Della is still wide-eyed, excited and amazed at the world around

Solemone, a son in the family with whom McMillan lived on the AVV project, takes animals to market. Soon afterwards, he left the village to seek his fortune on the Côte d'Ivoire (Ivory Coast). Top left: A Damesma woman with a bowl of seeds she's about to plant.



her. She still has a healthy sense of wonder. She came to us with a lot of resources which she expanded at Agnes Scott. She's been a thoroughbred all along. Agnes Scott simply served as a place she could run."

She earned her master's degree (1976) and her doctorate (1983) in anthropology at Northwestern University and served as assistant professor in anthropology at the University of Kentucky (1986-88).

As she narrowed her focus on Africa, McMillan slowly gained a fresh perspective of the world. "I feel that African history distilled European history, Third-World history and even Asian history because you're dealing with all those influences."

And, she believes, "If you objectively examine the history of the South, it opens your eyes to understanding Africa."

She smiles. "During rainy season, riding through many parts of Burkina is like riding from Macon to Atlanta. The red clay. The mix of soft wood and hardwoods. The climate, the crops."

Cotton, once Georgia's staple, today is Burkina's cash crop. "If you travel west of the capital, you are in the cotton boom area and it's spreading rapidly with positive economic consequences for the region. But," she warns, "production techniques may cause the same kinds of troubles that plagued Southern farms."

In poor countries like Burkina Faso, as many as 80-90 percent of the people live in rural areas. And, she believes, "Rural people all over the world have certain core values and attitudes, which persist for several generations after they become urban-

ized. Until recently, the southern United States has been highly rural."

TO RURAL BURKINABÈS,

family means power. "They perceive their country as an abstraction without much significance. They see their family as the unit to be improved." Historically, Southerners have valued close family ties. "We use family," she draws the parallel. "Black and white Southerners alike know that until recently, family was the avenue to success—as well as the beneficiary of one's success—both social success and political success."

Upward mobility for rural Burkina may require a move away from home. As in the American South, "If you are an ambitious young man from rural villages, the way to make money has been to migrate to the coast and make it there.

"Historically," she continues, "Burkina is *un réservoir d'hommes* (a reservoir of men), strong, hard-working people who could be drained for military

service. . . . The Southern United States has been the *reservoir d'hommes* for the United States military and northern industrial growth. We were its cheap labor. Since World War I, men and women of both cul-

Contrasts stand out vividly in developing nations. By 1987, some settlers had earned enough to rent tractors. Nevertheless, many still relied on the two oxen and a plow given them when they immigrated to the valley.

Della McMillan Photos



"IF YOU OBJECTIVELY EXAMINE THE HISTORY OF THE SOUTH, IT OPENS YOUR EYES TO UNDERSTANDING AFRICA." TWO PARALLELS ARE RURAL LIFE AND FAMILY.





tures have been attracted to the military as an avenue of upward mobility.”

War has influenced the destinies of each. Africa’s “reconstituting” by numerous cultures — French, British, Germans — has developed in it an “overlay of colonial culture.” Like Africans, she says, “Georgians know what it feels like to be a conquered people. We know that after a war, reconstruction is hard. We know what it means to be the victim of policies made by non-related peoples living generations in faraway geographical regions. Like Africans, we know that Civil Wars can leave scars for generations.”

McMillan says both Burkina and the Southern United States have good weather, cheap land and cheap taxes.

“If you really scratch beneath the surface, Southerners should be more sensitive to the plight of the Third-World countries than anyone in the United States. I think it is no accident that [former President and Georgian] Jimmy Carter has taken an interest in the Third World, that his mother Lillian served as a Peace Corps volunteer. Carter is still widely loved in Africa.”

FOR YEARS,

McMillan worked African outposts, venturing into cities only occasionally. Now her work is primarily in metropolitan circles. Her dwelling is in high-rise hotels; she travels by chauffeur-driven cars from boardroom to government office; she has served on various national and international teams designing projects for the World Bank and the United Nations. She says the stakes are high.

On one hand, McMillan is drawn to this challenge. “There is a certain headiness in dealing with governments. There is an intoxication of being where decisions are made.” Yet she admits to feeling unschooled for the task. “As an anthropologist, you know in your gut what works. Being direct, saying exactly what I think, has worked well for me until now. But in the diplomatic mode, you must negotiate.

“My eyes have been opened to the huge complexity of policy making. This is a different culture—the culture of donors and national government administrators.”

The civil servants working for bilateral agencies like USAID and the Dutch government, or the multilaterals like the UN

and World Bank, must promote programs that are consistent with their governments’ and/or agency’s policies. For instance, a U.S. or Dutch aid program must consistently address women’s issues “or it will be shot down at home.”

African officials operate under their own peculiar constraints. Most represent young governments that rely on urban minorities (rather than rural majorities) to stay in power — “they simply cannot adopt policies that would weaken those allies’

Della McMillan Photos



SOUTHERNERS,
MORE THAN OTHER
AMERICANS,
SHOULD BE
SENSITIVE TO
THE PLIGHT OF AFRICA
TODAY.

positions, even if it would be better for the whole country.” To keep donations flowing, these officials “must also whistle Dixie” to the United States, the European Economic Community, the Russians.

Donors like the World Bank and national governments are constrained and encouraged by policies or concerns of their constituencies. One country may give money earmarked for education, another for health or agricultural development.

Tension mounts as each group tries to meet the Burkinabès’ needs and at the same time respond to constraints of all the other constituencies.

“I became more empathetic with the Burkina government and why they seem to design policies that don’t always benefit their own people. They are forced to answer to the donors and to the urban Burkinabè.

“My job,” adds McMillan, “is usually to try to get all of these groups moving together in a positive direction, to dance the dance of foreign funding.”

For her, that job can be frustrating, even tough, especially when the design for funding seems impractical, its application not workable at the grassroots level. “You know what the local officials say they want. You know what the data has taught you. You know what a particular donor will fund. You know what has worked and not worked in other areas of the world. There are these constraints, but also the opportunities, of the dance. As an anthropologist you can say it’s useless, I can’t accomplish anything. They won’t listen to what the rural constituent really needs.

“You can throw up your hands. You can walk away. You can write a paper. You can even get an endowed chair at a university writing papers on how the world system works against grassroots development.

“Or,” she says, “you can get in there and learn a whole new set of skills that no one teaches you in grad school—diplomacy.

“This requires you to be a whole different person. You are not in the village learning and beloved and non-threatening. For me it’s much easier to go out and do a study. It’s much harder to determine what’s doable, then push what you think is good as far as you think you can.”

This past summer McMillan worked on behalf of the United Nations Development Program in Nigeria, then spent six weeks in Washington, D.C., and Uganda, coordinating a conference on Involuntary Resettlement in the Environment for the Environmental Division of the World Bank. “Now I must argue a position,” she admits and grins.

“To me, it’s a lot more fun to sit around and drink tea.” **ASC**

Jeff Worley is a freelance writer in Lexington, Ky., and former assistant professor of English, Pennsylvania State University.



MCMILLAN
ON EDUCATION:
THINK GLOBAL IN SCOPE,
PREPARE WOMEN
FOR LEADERSHIP

The July day Della McMillan '75 stopped by Agnes Scott, she was on her way to make a presentation to the World Bank. During those moments, she expressed her concerns for contemporary training of women who will one day assume roles of leadership in the world.

In successful presentations and negotiations — “the trick,” she says, “is to make what you know easily understandable and quickly usable.” She laments that her early training did not require courses in public presentation and notes additional gaps.

“I see one of the challenges of women’s education — whether in college or high school — is to give women the chance for leadership roles that are very different from the overarching sex roles in the society. This is where the game gets most difficult: I am used to being very direct, saying exactly what I think.

“My Achilles heel is I don’t respond in meetings in the most professional ways: tonalities, facial expressions, body language. That will cause people not to take a person seriously. I do wish someone earlier in my career had helped me work on this. Maybe I should have played Little League baseball.”

McMillan urges students to explore cultures outside their own. “I think it is crucial that curriculum at the university level provide courses about Third World countries. Teachers, people in military, businesspeople all need this perspective.”

And finally, advises McMillan, “If I were 18, today, I would be learning Chinese or Japanese or one of the Eastern European languages.

“I would be turning my eyes toward Asia or the former USSR.”

The Rapture of Self-Expression



EVERYTHING BY TERRY McGEHEE

What is creativity? Where does it come from? Do some of us have it . . . but not others? Must it be mysterious and remote?

Guess what? In the second grade, I was the one who drew the “better” cat. One evening, when I was supposed to be practicing my reading, I drew a CAT. The next day, when I carried it to school, I was DISCOVERED.

On that day in the second grade I was labeled ARTIST. And from that day on, I received encouragement concerning my creativity.

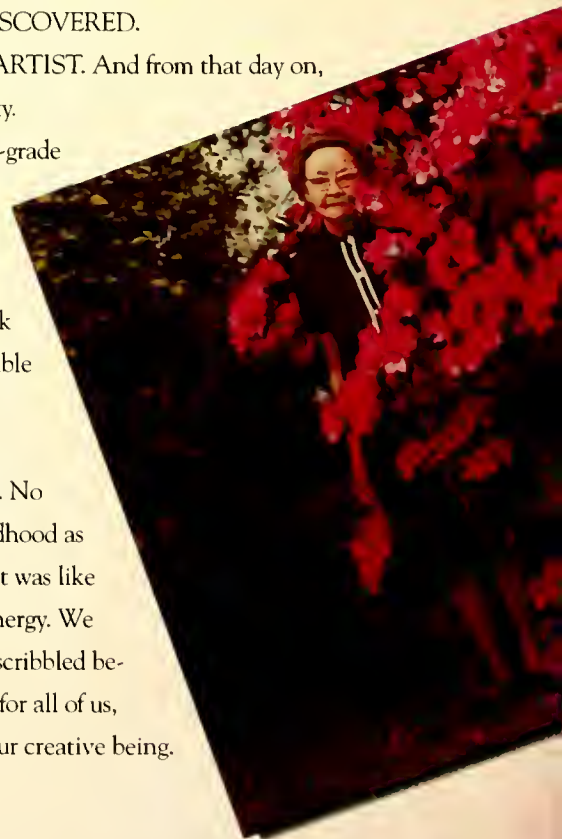
But many others, who did not share my second-grade experience of affirmation, cease to believe in their own ability to create. The myth that creativity had been placed outside their boundaries dampened that creative spark and made the process of art-making inaccessible and therefore, beyond possible achievement.

I wish to dispel that myth.

We come into this world with creative abilities. No matter what country or culture, we spend our childhood as creative entities. Many of us have forgotten what it was like to be a freewheeling, ever-inquisitive bundles of energy. We sang before we knew we couldn't carry a tune; we scribbled before we knew we couldn't draw. There was a time, for all of us, when we did not know there were limitations to our creative being.

What happened?

When did creative atrophy begin?



grandmother "Mi Mi"
Maxianna, Florida

that color
in sky is depends
on what planets you
live on
Call
Saban





My grandmother instilled in me a strong sense of freedom - to explore, to dream. She would have liked the series of drawings, "I AM A CHAIR" begun in 1985. (I titled the series long before I actually believed they were self-portraits.)



I AM A CHAIR



doo-ba daba doo-ba daba
doo-ba daba doo-ba daba



Making art is like camping out - it's hard work, uncomfortable, yet wonderful. It puts you back in touch with nature.



Deer Tracks



Tent Site



Studio #5

When did we begin to say, "Someday I want to take a painting class or music lessons or knitting or gardening or . . . or . . . or . . . ?"

For the past 15 years, my challenge has been to balance the demands of teaching with my sincere interest in making art. The foundation of both areas is the belief that self-expression is essential to the realization of our potential as human beings.

Conscious participation in creative activity is a goal worthy of our serious consideration. The positive results of self-fulfillment are reminders in this technological, out-of-time, out-of-touch world that we are still alive.

We live in a time and place in which we have lost sight of meaning and often lack feeling because of our inability to tell content from form. We look to "information" for answers: the TV, billboards, newspapers, books, magazines, education, malls. . . . We move faster between and among objects that we possess and our worlds are so cluttered we do not notice the possessions anymore. Our expectations are so high for gadgets that will make our lives more efficient so we can accomplish more.

But what more do we need to accomplish outside of ourselves?

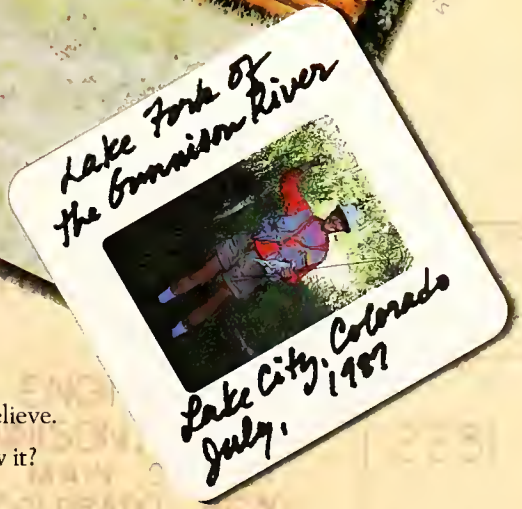
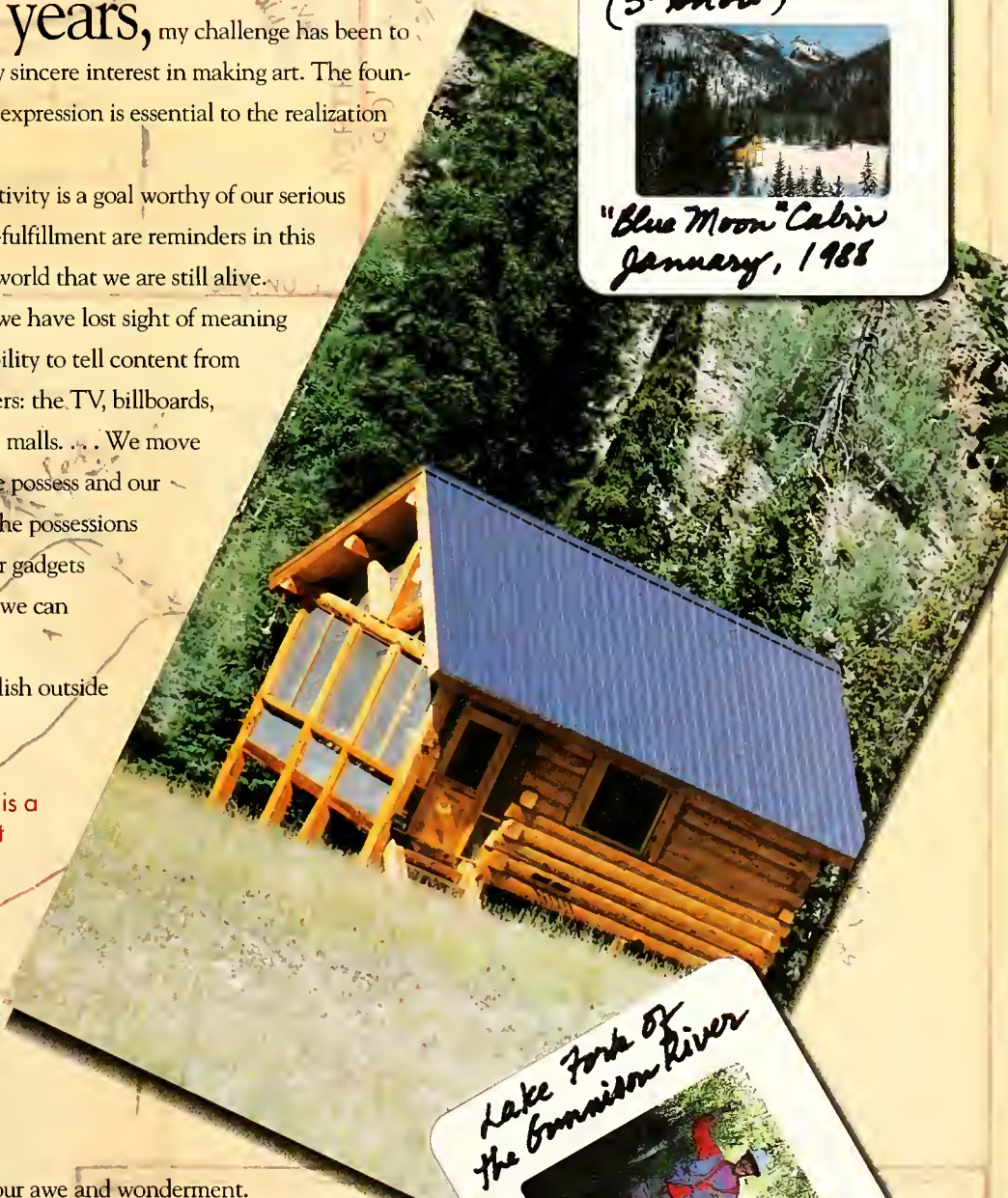
"People say that what we're all seeking is a meaning for life. I don't think that's what we're really seeking. I think that what we're seeking is an experience of being alive, so that our life experiences on the purely physical plane will have resonances within our innermost being and reality, so that we actually feel the rapture of being alive." —Joseph Campbell, *Myth and the Modern World*

I believe we live in a universe worthy of our awe and wonderment.

Yet when did we last feel rapture? Where have we placed the subjective, the intuitive, the mysterious, the accidental? Is it "God"-centered and outward, self-oriented and inward, some combination, or have we lost touch with the spiritual?

I think we are closer to experiencing the rapture of being alive than most of us believe. But how do we get in touch with it? How far are we away from it? How will we know it?

I believe self-expression is a major player in being fully alive.



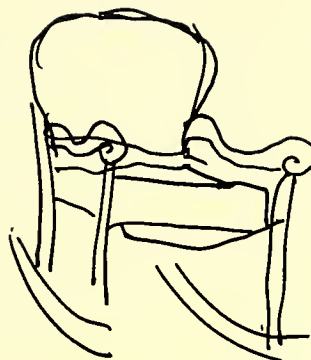


My sculptural furniture is a balance of nature and nurture. I embrace natural form yet strive to bring good design principles to its side.



What are we doing with our lives and when have we assessed our dreams?

I once taught an evening art class—people of all ages, with different training in art and very different needs. Four women in their 60s had signed up; each said she wouldn't have taken it alone. One of the women was very intent on painting a purple orchid. "Honey," she exclaimed to me, "if you can teach me how to paint an orchid, I will be indebted to you forever." . . .



Intuitively I realized she was asking for skills, not knowledge; she knew more about orchids than I would ever know, but she could not make the translation from knowledge to form. I began to ask her about orchids. She "painted" the orchid in words. Every question I asked, she could answer. Then we talked about color, light, texture and brushstroke. And soon she was able to paint her orchid to great satisfaction.



I never touched her canvas.

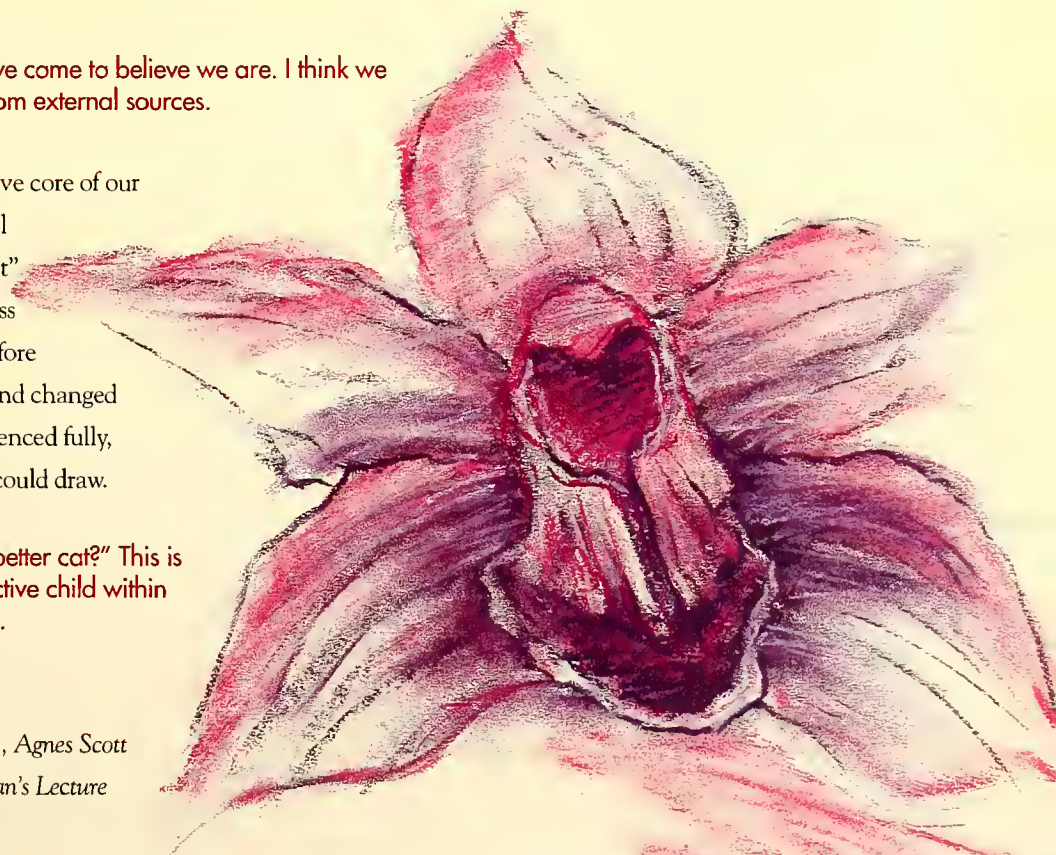
She refused to take the appropriate credit for her knowledge and continued to support the "great artist myth" by suggesting I had unusual powers as an artist. She saw me in a grocery store years later and spoke, with great devotion, of what I had done for her.

I believe we are much more than we have come to believe we are. I think we possess many of the answers we seek from external sources.

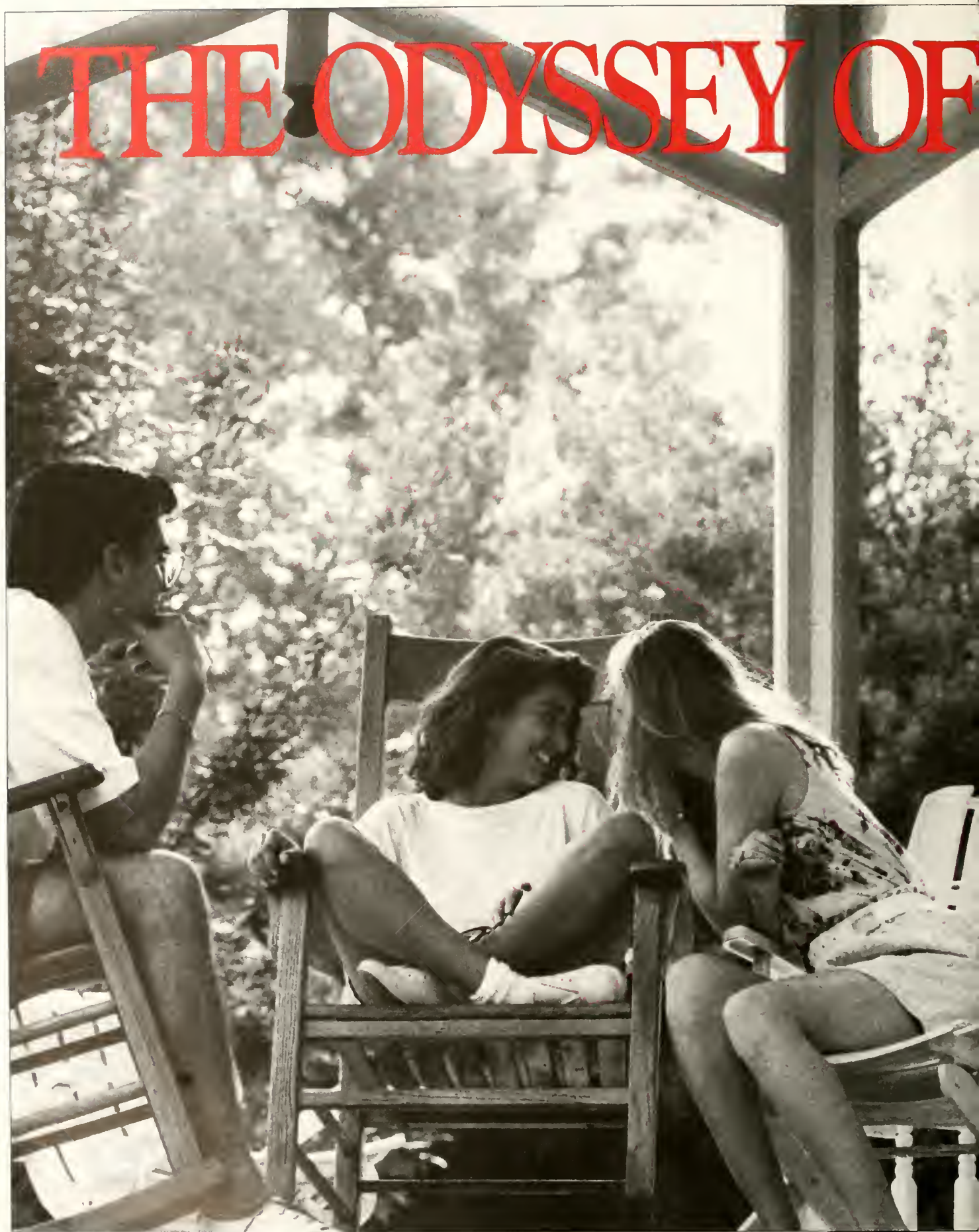
But to rediscover the creative self-expressive core of our beings; to express ourselves freely; to dispel the debilitating fears that "I have no talent" (or "what will it look like?") we must access our memory. We must go back in time, before institutions and value systems interfered and changed our world, back to the memory last experienced fully, when we were children, and believed we could draw.

Ask yourself, "What if I had drawn the better cat?" This is the first step toward reclaiming the creative child within and it holds the hope of being fully alive.

Terry McGehee is chair of the art department, Agnes Scott College. The article is excerpted from her Dean's Lecture delivered in the spring.



THE ODYSSEY OF



DISCOVERY

Written by Celeste Pennington
Photographed by Monika Nikore



A MIXTURE OF EMOTION
AND RATIONALITY, ESTELLA
MATHEU BEGINS LIFE AT ASC

If fresh tee-shirt and white sneakers make Estella Matheu blend with other first-year students at Agnes Scott, what sets her apart is easy, light-hearted laughter.

It surrounds her like afternoon sun as she and roommate Kathy Durkee sit with two new friends in the gazebo. It follows her into the night as neighbors take a break from studies for a romp through Walters halls.

She keeps a teddy bear on her bed. "I am very emotional," she admits. But stark against the wide white wall above her bed is a curved black and silver stethoscope. She smiles. "I am also very rational." Estella is 19, a biology major from Houston, Texas. She plans to be a pediatrician. Her special interest is in infants with AIDS.

Setting aside a bias for women's colleges long enough to visit a half-dozen schools, she chose Agnes Scott based on its small classes, academic reputation, campus, dorm life and "the kindness of its people."

It was, she concludes, "custom-made for me."



Of a record total 684 (527 first-year) student applicants, Estella Matheu is among the 152 newly matriculated first year students at ASC. Beginning this issue, AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE will document four years of contemporary student life, following Matheu and the Class of 1995 from orientation through graduation.

First-year students Estella Matheu and roommate Kathy Durkee with Emory freshmen Andrew Groelinger and Brian Lenzie, new friends they've made since arriving at ASC.

AS TIME COMES TO LEAVE, ESTELLA'S PARENTS ADMIT, "WE FEEL GOOD. BUT WE WORRY, TOO."

Estella's father, Walter, reaches into a sack and gingerly pulls out a small package wrapped with a pink bow. "This is for her roommate," he says as he places it on the dresser.

It's 10:30 a.m., Saturday. In muggy August 24th heat, Walter and wife Teresa — like hundreds of parents — have already hauled boxes, duffle bag, laundry detergent, dresses and luggage

under the Welcome Scotties banner and up to their daughter's third-floor room. While Estella empties suitcases into a closet and chest of drawers, her parents make her bed.

Then they look around. Her lamp is on the desk. Her jeans, shoes and short formals are in the closet. Her "pet" plant sits in its tiny glass vase on the windowsill.

Their work here is almost complete.

"We are feeling good," her mother

insists. "But we worry, too." Walter stares out of the dorm window, then teases his daughter to beware of any Romeo who might try to scale the walls. She says not to worry, then giggles. She will throw the pet plant on any intruder.

"When she is little, we always take care of her — we never leave her with a babysitter because we did not want to leave her with strangers," explains Teresa. Walter holds up his

index finger and says just two words: "One daughter."

These immediate family ties are strong. All but one member of their extended families — Italian French-speaking and Italian Spanish-speaking — reside in Argentina and Uruguay. Estella is their only child.

"She is our life," says Teresa.

On the Monday after orientation, Walter and Teresa talk about that long ride back to their home in the Spring Branch suburb of Houston. As the three finally head down the sidewalk leading to the parking lot and the family car, Teresa stops and reaches for Estella. If they walk on to the car, she says they may cry.

"I think," Teresa tells them, "the best way we can say goodbye is right here."



Which way to Decatur? Upperclass students provide informal orientation.



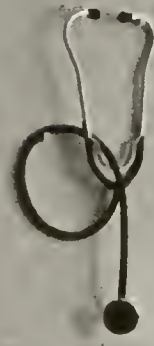


Estella's parents Teresa and Walter help her move in to the third-floor Walters residence hall (far left). "My mother didn't want me to go this far away to school, but she was as impressed with Agnes Scott as I was." After first-year student orientation, Estella says goodbye to her parents (above). "If we cry it is because we will miss her — but also because we are happy for her," says mom Teresa. "It's the best way we can feel."

HER STETHOSCOPE HANGING
ON THE WALL, PREMED STUDENT
ESTELLA AWAITS HER ROOMMATE.

By noon on Saturday only about 50 percent of first-year students have checked in to residence halls.

They do not know roommate assignments until they move in. Names are posted on doors. A green book with senior pictures identifies names with faces. Estella sits, anxiously waiting: "Roommate, where are you?" she wonders, and sighs: "I'm not excited any more. I'm going to lunch." She looks for her orientation schedule. "When is lunch???"





Estella: "I'm a little homesick for my old room, my friends, talking on the telephone. I used to talk on the phone to my friends all night. My parents are passing my phone number to my friends so I can get some phone calls. It feels so good to talk to anybody on the phone."

Teresa: "I can picture her studying. I can imagine her with her friends. For a parent, this is peace of mind. We miss her a lot. But every day we thank God she is happy. She is a woman. Soon she will be 20 years old. She has to open her little wings and fly."

Estella: "My parents have sacrificed so much for me."

Tall mirrors catch and multiply reflections of students in tights and leotards making quick, crisp motions with arched feet, pointed toes. "Very nice," encourages professor of PE Marilyn Darling. "Other side. . ."

Serious, graceful, erect, Estella is accustomed to the discipline of dance.

During high school she juggled studies with a part-time job in a medical clinic and social life. She brings to ASC honors biology. She understands Spanish, some Portuguese and Italian. She's taken six years of French. "My parents have encouraged me to be whatever I want," she says. "I am really ambitious—and nervous."



THE HURRIED, HARRIED FIRST WEEK PROVIDES A BACKDROP FOR, AND AN INSIGHT INTO, ESTELLA'S FIRST SEMESTER



Long before Estella sat down with Frances Kennedy, her advisor, she read the academic catalog and then deliberately worked out a detailed schedule of classes for each semester for four full years at Agnes Scott.

"Are you a morning person?" inquires Kennedy. "I don't want to be, but I can be," Matheu answers with a laugh.

They start with English 101, 8:30 a.m. . . . and work down through biology, math, psychology, PE and 200-level French.

Kennedy stops: "This schedule leaves only 10 minutes for lunch. . . ."

Estella's dream of college collides with reality in a relentless succession of early classes, focus groups, part-time library job, mandatory convocations, residence hall meetings, an



honor code mock trial, laundry, ironing, after-hours Black Cat planning, reading, research papers, study for tests—which starts all over the next day with a hurried bagel breakfast.

Immediately classes — such as French (above)—prove challenging and stimulating. "I have to really sit down and

concentrate," says Estella. "Studying is not that easy for me. As far as biology and psychology are concerned, I have such a love for them, so learning does not seem that hard." Ballet (far left) and fitness exercise (left) also

prove taxing, rewarding. "I was scared. I thought they might make me take folk dancing. That's just not me."



ATLANTA OFFERS ESTELLA AND ASC FRIENDS A WORLD OF DISCOVERY OFF CAMPUS



In her first letter from home, "My Dad said how much he missed me. They said they were glad I was going to such a fine school and to behave. . . . My parents are very caring people. They have high expectations for me."

Before classes started, seven ASC students packed into a white Yugo, looking for Emory University — that and an Alumnae Association sponsored-MARTA ride to learn about Atlanta's mass transit system — helped introduce Estella to life off-campus.

With roommate Kathy Durkee, a lanky blonde from Jacksonville, Fla.,

who's become a surprising "soul mate," Estella has quickly learned to enjoy the city.

Kathy is as free and easy as Estella is carefully focused. "My Mom said they don't custom-make roommates," notes Estella, who asked for an outgoing, non-smoking roommate. "Mollie Merrick [associate dean of students who makes room assignments] did such a good job," she concludes. "My roomie and I are perfectly matched."

Getting away from it all is part of what they like to do together. "We went out last night," says Estella and giggles. "We didn't know we could have so much fun." **ASC**



Underground Atlanta, the Wreck Room in Midtown, excursions to Emory University, parties and football at Georgia Tech—of course, Lenox Square—and Braves baseball (with a winning season) are favorite off campus places and activities. "I've never hung out with sorority women," says Estella. The associations are proving rewarding. "I didn't expect to be so at home here," she says. "To be so cozy."



AGNES SCOTT GOES Hollywood

By Mary Alma Durrett Photography by Monika Nikore

The demure 'lady' we've known for years has become the courted star of many a movie

A team of men scurry up from the Physical Plant Office and quietly set about disassembling all the modern light fixtures that dot the College quadrangle. They collect the goods and dash out of sight. No evidence of 1991 remains. Vintage cars appear along Buttrick Drive and a gaggle of folks, triggred in 1950s fashions, pour onto the quadrangle and colonnade. A mammoth camera dolly springs up in Rebekah Scott Hall's front flower bed. Cameras, lights, reflectors, makeup artists, sound experts, grips and gaffers file in, setting the place abuzz.

The actors and director take their positions. "Quiet on the set."

"Roll the film."

The clapboard's heavy edge slaps down on its base.

Scene one, take one.

"Action."

Agnes Scott becomes the University of Alabama in 1955; the magic and lucrative business of movie making begins.

Agnes Scott's campus is transformed in the summer months—sometimes into several worlds in one season, depending on how many film makers want the Agnes Scott look. This past summer, ASC was the setting for *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle*

Fried Green Tomatoes, one of three movies shot on the campus this past summer, transformed ASC into the University of Alabama in 1955.





Stop Cafe; White Lie, a cable TV movie starring Gregory Hines; and *The Nightman*, an NBC television movie starring Joanna Kerns. *Fried Green Tomatoes*, starring Jessica Tandy, Kathy Bates and Cicely Tyson, is due out during the holiday season

The three projects combined netted more than \$30,000 for the College's coffers, a significant boost to the \$25,000 netted through summer workshops and seminars on campus. Says Gerald Whittington, vice president for business and finance, "In

spite of the hassle, we made money, good money.

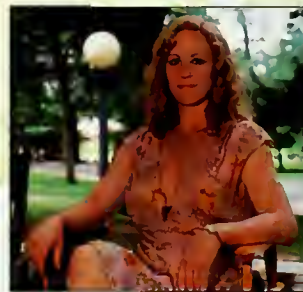
"In order to put it in perspective," continues Whittington, "for movies to be a significant money generator, we'd have to do 30 movies a year. However,

when you wedge them in between projects in down-times, they're perfect things to do. It will never be meat and potatoes though."

Movie making remains relatively "easy" money when weighed against cash outlay,

time and workers required to generate it. The film companies assume all additional line item costs for things such as unexpected electrical power use, additional security personnel, repairs needed to restore sections of the campus to their original form if sets have prompted change. During the shooting of *The*

Richard Falber Photo © 1991 Universal City Studio



Cicely Tyson (far left) and Joanna Kerns are among the Hollywood personalities who have been filmed on campus. Others include Gregory Hines, Kathy Bates, Mary Stuart Masterson and Jessica Tandy.



Nightman, one corner of the Quadrangle was transformed into a fenced yard, complete with clothes line, mud holes and chickens.

No ingenue to filmdom, the College has been the setting for at least portions of 14 feature-length films or made-for-television movies, beginning with *A Man Called Peter* in 1955 (based on the book by Agnes Scott alumna Catherine Marshall). The past 20 years however have been the most

prolific, bringing forth: *The Double McGuffin* (1978), *The Four Seasons* starring Alan Alda (1980), *The Bear* starring Gary Busey (1983), *One Terrific Guy* (CBS, 1985), *From Father To Son* (1987), *The Unconquered* (CBS, 1988), *A Father's Homecoming* (NBC, 1988), *Murder in Mississippi* starring Tom Hulce (1989), *Driving Miss Daisy* starring Jessica Tandy (1989), *Decoration Day* (Hallmark Hall of Fame, 1990).

"I think the [College] learned an awful lot about

film making on *The Bear*," comments Karen Whipple, a 1981 graduate of Agnes Scott, who returned as assistant film editor for *Fried Green Tomatoes*. "I'm sure there are lots of stories from Agnes Scott people about that [*The Bear*]. They trashed the place, absolutely trashed the place and filmed for five weeks all over campus. . . . They'd used it for *The Four Seasons* while I was a student and for some other things, but not for that long.

"On that picture they learned a lot about what not to let people do."

What makes Agnes Scott so attractive is the look, says Whipple. Carolyn Wynens, community relations coordinator and chief negotiator of contracts with production companies, agrees. "When the location scouts call to look at the campus, they've generally seen photos of it, probably [secured] through the state film office. They say they like Agnes Scott because it looks most like an Ivy League college and its proximity to Atlanta helps too [where there's a pool of professional and technical talent to support film projects]. We've done a good job of keeping the interiors of our buildings in the period in which they were constructed," says Wynens, thanks in large part to the more than \$20 million, pre-centennial celebration restoration work. Agnes Scott's scaled-down size also makes the campus attractive. With less territory and fewer variables to control, film projects are more manageable.

The first inquiries of most scouts Wynens takes "with a grain of salt." If they come back a third or fourth time, then serious talk begins. All interested parties learn from the first that the school has to read and approve of the script in advance so as not to compromise its integrity; the rate structure, though negotiable, generally runs between \$1,500 and \$2,000 per day (depending on indoor/outdoor shooting needs); and, as Wynens states emphatically, "the needs of the campus, first and foremost the academics of the College and campus life, take priority."

Wynens gives interested companies a tour of the

ASC's voice on the set is Carolyn Wynens, coordinator of community relations, who reads all scripts and makes sure production companies leave campus in the same condition they find it. "The needs of the campus come first and foremost," she says.



grounds. "I do a little commercial for the College and I listen *hard* as they [generally the producer, the production designer and the location scout] talk among themselves. As they see the campus, they talk about what they want to do and I keep quiet. I find out more about a project that way."

Often, prospects are eliminated right away — for instance, when a company needs to shoot inside the library for four weeks in October.

And even if the production companies are given the OK, film details do change. "Film companies are notorious for a camel-in-the-tent analogy," observes Whittington. "They get in here and start expanding into everywhere. We have gotten better and better at saying, 'No, you cannot do that.' It's a technique they use to get you into the sweep of being 'a part of Hollywood.' We've kept our hassle factor down and our cost to a minimum. We make sure that they don't set a foot on the campus until we have their insurance policy certificates."

The Nightman filming required actors to engage in elaborate acrobatics, including one close-up scene that





required Joanna Kerns to land face-down in a mud puddle. Afterward, production folks appeared aghast that the College wouldn't allow her to go into Main to take a shower.

"She understood completely and would not have considered entering the building muddy," says Wynens. "We gave her a hose to rinse off with, then I took her up for a shower."

When film crews are on campus, Wynens is the College's presence on the set. With walkie-talkie in hand, she is a mobile "mission control" on-line with the College's security crew. Often, traffic is the easiest thing to control. The hard parts, says Wynens, arise when the city of Decatur decides to cut the grass on the railroad right-of-way within earshot of the film set or a train whistle blows in the middle of a crucial scene or the number of jets flying overhead seems to triple. "And then there are the times when somebody stumbles into a building [even though they've been asked not to] with a cigarette and sets the smoke alarm off." But those moments are rare.

The Nightman's crew was "one of the best we've ever worked with. The organization of people was good and the schedule was tight — shots were thought through and planned out by the director," says Wynens.

Because of our cumulative knowledge, other colleges are calling ASC for advice on

handling movie inquiries.

The added benefits are that College folks get to know some celebrities. "When they were filming *Murder In Mississippi*, starring Tom Hulce, there were two children on the set who were big fans of [Hulce's earlier movie character] *Amadeus*. When he found out that they wanted to meet him, he said, 'Where are they, where are they?' It was a privilege for him to meet them."

When *Driving Miss Daisy* was being filmed, Jessica Tandy was waiting inside Buttrick for her scenes. Recalls Wynens, "It was such a cute sight to see her kneeling down to read the low-to-



Vintage cars such as this Thunderbird lined Buttrick Drive to create a 1955 scene in *Fried Green Tomatoes* at the Whistle Stop Cafe.

the-ground press clippings about the College that are posted outside the public relations office."

While sequences shot on campus don't always make it into the final film, the fun and the magical moments linger, Wynens concludes. "Plus, it's great public relations for the school. When movie shoots are going on, the campus becomes a focal point in the community." **ASC**





ON BECOMING A Cut-up

Karen Whipple '81, spent a good part of this past August sitting in a dark little room in Senoia, Ga., watching someone cut up *Fried Green Tomatoes*. Not exactly your garden variety work.

Maybe some explanation is in order. Whipple has been working as assistant film editor on the movie version of *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*, an adaptation of Fannie Flagg's book about life, friendships and changing times in a rural Alabama restaurant. She has been tagging and cataloguing every foot of rough film shot and cut, including the commencement scenes that brought the project to Agnes Scott's campus for two days.

"I handle syncing the dailies. I do not cut. I handle all the paperwork, more organizational-level things. Every trim, every piece of film that's been shot and cut [I record] so we can find where it is, without even looking at the film. I won't start cutting until I get to the 'associate' level," says the Georgia native who majored in theater at ASC.

The *Tomatoes* project brought Whipple full circle — back to the turf where she did her first film work. Following graduate study in theatrical technical design at Northwestern University, Whipple returned to Atlanta. "I got involved in production of *The Bear*," a biographical film of University of Alabama Coach Paul "Bear" Bryant. Agnes Scott "became" the University of Alabama from 1933 to the 1950s for *The Bear*.

When the movie crews "trashed" the campus, Whipple, who aided in set "dressing," was "very much caught in the middle because the film people would say, 'Let's do this,' and I'd be saying, 'We better ask somebody first.'"

She was baptized into the fellowship of diplomacy.

"That's why they brought me on; they wanted someone as a go-between who would have some experience. I hadn't gone over into post production yet, what I'm doing now. The more I worked in production, the more I thought there were other aspects of it that were appealing. You work more with the director, more with the idea people. When you are in the art department, you're out there in the mud, painting houses in the rain. It's less fun than it looks."

Since that transition, Whipple's clipped off a list of film projects, adding seven titles to her resume. *Fast Food*, *Goin' to Chicago* and *Constant Reminders*, were all filmed



ASC's Karen Whipple: a film career that's "at lot of fun."

in 1989 and Whipple served as either apprentice film editor or assistant film editor; *From My Grandmother's Grandmother Unto Me*, *Sensini Na? (What Have We Done)* and *Once in a Blue Moon*, followed in 1990; and *Talkin' Dirty After Dark* in early 1991. On all but *Senzini Na?*, she worked as assistant film editor.

"I got involved with that one about two weeks after I moved to Los Angeles. I was the sound editor for it," she says. The film, nominated for an Academy Award, is based in South Africa. It's the story of a black man who is mistaken for a African National Congress organizer. He's pulled off a bus and beaten and questioned. "Then they realize that they have the wrong man and say, 'Very sorry,' and they're gone. Obviously, he's changed by the experience," says Whipple. "I had to place the sound, do a lot of research, about what would be native to that area. When we did background voices, we were careful to use Zulu only."

Her favorite movie to date was *Grandmother*. "It was a stage play, a one-woman show, [that had been] touring the Southeast for about three years. John Allen brought me in [after almost all of it had been shot] and we started reworking it. It's difficult making a theater piece into a film because it doesn't cross over well, but that was a good crossover for me, because I understood the theater end of it so well. It was a lot of fun, very much a woman's story, talking about Appalachian women through the ages." —Mary Alma Durrett

Our Readers Write

What you like and what you don't

For the past couple of months I've looked forward to the late morning mail—my chance for a sack lunch break and a word from ALUMNAE MAGAZINE readers. It took less than a week after mailing the Spring 1991 AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE—responses to the readership survey began pouring in.

Ninety percent of those who filled out surveys are alumnae. Ages run from early 20s to mid-90s. Most are avid readers with tastes ranging from news magazines to *The Nation*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Southern Living* and *Grandparents* to *The American Journal of Dance Therapy*. "I read over 30 magazines a month and four newspapers a day," notes a respondent from the class of '68. Those handwritten comments, filling the spaces provided and sometimes running along the bottom or sides of the survey form, offered the most interesting insights.

According to the survey, almost 75 percent read from "several" to "all" of the articles in the magazine. (Less than one percent confessed to tossing the magazine without reading it.) Some readers skip around, reading shorter articles first. Many more claimed, as did a member of the class of '50, "I read AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE from kiver to kiver." About 75 percent hang onto each issue from one to six months. A number of readers pass their copies to others: family members, students—even alumnae of other women's colleges.

Most of you are fairly clear on what you like—and what you don't.

"I want more about alumnae and faculty," requests a reader from the class of '48.

"I like articles that transport me back to the ASC I knew or keep me up to date with what's happening now," from the class of '69.

"Use less shiny paper. The reflection is hard on old eyes," says an alumna from the class of '40.

"I want to know more about the controversies, not just the positives," notes a reader from the class of '37.

"Visually, this magazine is gorgeous," says another.

Ninety percent of the survey respondents indicated they are pleased with magazine format (size, length, and type size). Between 70 and 80 percent approved of photo use and article content. Almost 90 percent believe the magazine offers a positive and/or balanced and informative view of Agnes Scott.

Generally, readers asked for more alumnae and College news, particularly related to faculty and students. You also are interested in trends in higher education, College history, contemporary issues and contemporary student life, in that order.

Readers also asked for unvarnished truth. "It's a little overly slick, like a PR piece. No one ever seems to have any problems," complains one. Most surveyed don't like how-to articles or reviews of books not written by Agnes Scott faculty, students and staff. Some expressed concern about the costs of producing the magazine.

Already, we are shaping magazine content to reflect more in-depth coverage of alumnae faculty, contemporary student life—and history of the College. Because readers are busy with careers and family, our mix of articles will continue to include several shorter pieces. And we are constantly looking for cost-saving measures for production. "Cover Return-to-College students," one requests.

We will.

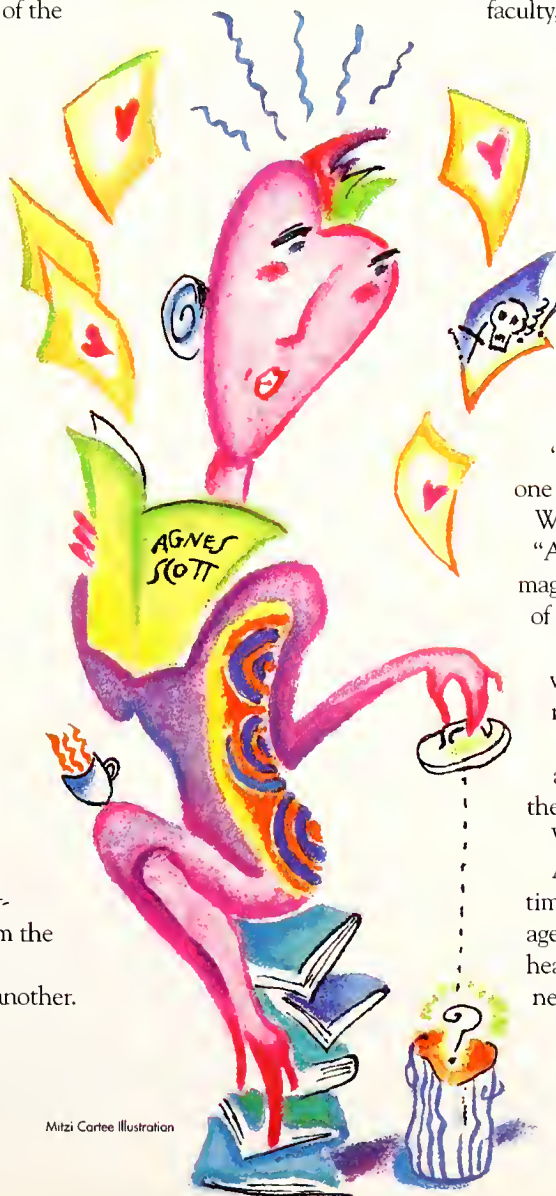
"Are you using recycled paper for the magazine?" asks a member of the class of '55.

We are. We are also experimenting with both dull and glossy paper for reproduction and readability.

"Keep the magazine geared to our audience," admonishes a reader from the class of '66.

We'll try.

And thanks to you who took the time to fill out the survey and the postage to mail it. I'd like to continue to hear from you. So don't wait until the next readership survey to write. . . . **ASC**



Mitzi Cortee Illustration

The Gazebo: Linking ASC's Past with Her Tomorrow

To the side of Woodruff Quadrangle, the Agnes Scott gazebo stands, a conundrum from another age. The word gazebo is derived from the 18th century mock-Latin formation of the English "gaze" with the Latin suffix *ebo*, meaning "I shall." To understand the gazebo as more than an architectural embellishment, perhaps, would be to value contemplation. A glance over the shoulder rather than a gaze seems to fit our 1990s, fast-forward style.

Once, the Agnes Scott gazebo stood surrounded by a small brick patio in front of Main, near College Avenue. Students called it the Summer House. It served as a cover for the College well. While documentation is sketchy, the well was closed around 1909 when as many as 30 students fell ill with typhoid and the source of the disease was discovered—sewage seeping into the well. The well was capped that year. But the gazebo stayed.

In the 1920s, a circular drive proposed for the front of the campus eliminated that space for the gazebo. Frances Gilliland Stukes '24 remembers an effort to preserve the painted white structure: an alumna wrote President James Ross McCain threatening never to return to campus if the gazebo were destroyed.

The gazebo was moved west of Rebekah Scott Hall. With the move it took on a new appearance and a new name. The sides were enclosed and benches were built around the inside. Students began calling it the Round House. Caroline McKinney Clark '27 says a pink rose vine covered the outside. "It was a nice place to collapse,"



she notes.

For the next 60 years it remained in that location and served a number of functions: day room for students who commuted to class, prayer room, memorial chapel, Christian Association center, even an office of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. One senses the old structure struggling for a rightful place and identity.

Some alumnae vow that while they never visited the gazebo, they were fond of its

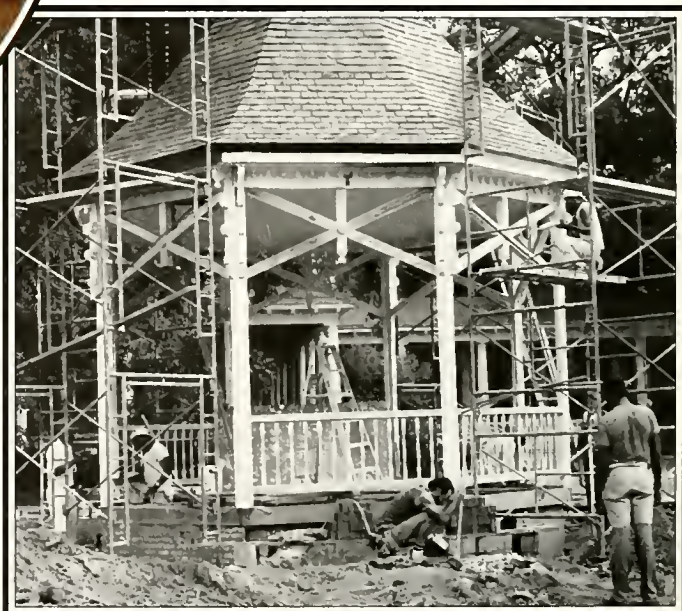
presence. Others remember it as a place to take a date. Rumors circulate about more than one marriage proposal happening there. For a few it was a place of retreat from classes and the dorm. For Martha Davis Rosselot '58, it took on a great significance late in her senior year. "I was struggling with what to do with my life," she remembers. It was in the quiet moments within the gazebo prayer room that she made a decision to take a job in Indianapolis with a Methodist church. She remains in Christian education today.

Just four years ago the Round House became a gazebo once more, moved to its current location on the quadrangle and renovated to its original 1890s appearance. Often at Christmas

it's decorated with bows and evergreen boughs. In Spring, classes sometimes meet there. But for a few it's just a peaceful place to push back and forth on old wooden rocking chairs beneath its pointed roof.

April Cornish '91 says she likes the gazebo because it gives her a sense of history and continuity with students who came before. "From the gazebo," also notes Cornish, "you can take one sweeping look at the campus."

In a society which places a premium on purpose quickly followed by action, there is need for a place to draw away from the center and view life with more than a glance. Perhaps the Agnes Scott gazebo has now found its proper place. —Bill Bangham is a magazine editor and freelance writer. He wrote about best-selling author Clyde Edgerton in the Spring AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE.



Once nicknamed the "Round House," the gazebo's renovation and restoration in 1987 turned into a beautiful focal point of campus.

Picture This. . .

Appealing? Enter Agnes Scott's "Best Shots" Photo Contest and you'll have the best shot at getting your hands on the \$200 first place prize, \$100 second place prize or \$50 third place prize. If you've captured that irreplaceable slice-of-life moment on film since Jan. 1, 1991, now is the time to bring it out and prop it up against the competition. The contest is open to all alumnae, students, faculty and staff of Agnes Scott College.

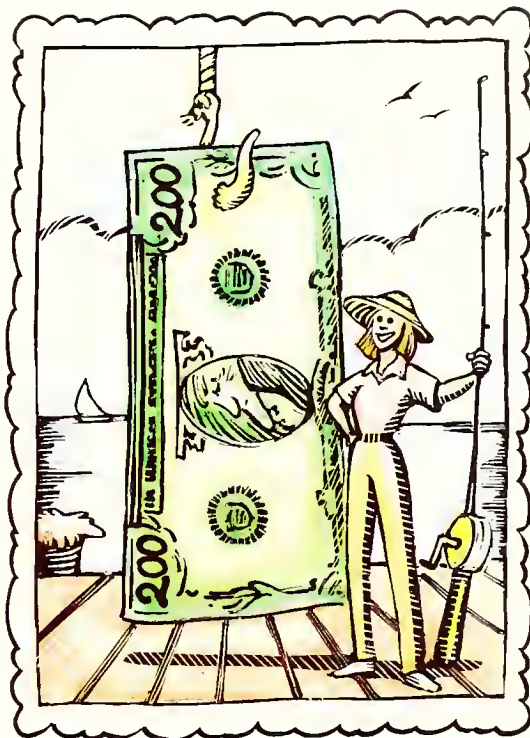
But remember, you've got to play by the rules. Here they are:

- 1 Send your 8 X 10 black and white prints or color slides taken after Jan. 1, (repeat after Jan. 1, 1991).
- 2 Enclose your name, address and phone number with each entry and include the names of all identifiable people appearing in the photograph.
- 3 All entries must be received in the Publications Office, Agnes Scott College, Buttrick Hall, 141 E. College Ave., Decatur, GA 30030, no later than Dec. 31, 1991 (better make it fast).

Entries will be considered the property of Agnes Scott and cannot be returned. Entries will be judged by a panel of professional photographers who have worked with Agnes Scott College and are familiar with our campus.

Winning entries will be published in the spring 1992 edition of AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE.

Go ahead, give it your best shot!



Barbara Finnema Illustration

This could be you getting close to \$200 in cash

Living history for ASC: Milton Scott remembers

Milton Scott, 95, remembers it vividly. It was past the dusk curfew. He was a young man walking through the Agnes Scott College campus after a longer than normal lecture here. The path to the Scott family home led him past Agnes Scott President Frank Gaines' house—(where the Letitia Pate Evans Dining Hall now stands). Gaines caught and chided Scott, grandson of College founder George Washington Scott, "mistakenly" on campus past nightfall. Scott took little comfort in knowing

that this remonstrance was not so severe as those Gaines delivered to a contemporary who persisted in after-hours banjo serenades to ASC women.

As part of a series of "History and Tradition in Winnona Park" talks hosted by the organization in September, Scott recounted a range of historical anecdotes, including the zeal with which Gaines policed the campus for those breaking the curfew (1896-1923). The meeting was part of a regular gathering of the Winnona Park Neighborhood Association at the Winnona Park School.

The Scott family developed Winnona Park, a residential project on a section of their

expansive land holdings. Scott told of buttermilk and strawberry parties at the family homeplace, of skinny-dipping in a branch that traversed the rolling property, of plans to develop a golf course that were shelved long ago, and of the Scott family's migration into Georgia. On that subject, Milton Scott's daughter, Betty Scott Noble (a current member of Agnes Scott College's Board of Trustees) added detail.

Milton's grandfather, George Washington Scott, a veteran officer of the War Between the States, had moved to Decatur in 1875 from Tallahassee, Fla., following a yellow fever epidemic. Ill health had

driven him south from his native Pennsylvania, where his mother, Agnes Irvine Scott (the namesake of the College) had been brought by her mother in 1816. The young Agnes Irvine, as she was known then, had rather reluctantly journeyed from Northern Ireland to the United States. Noble explained that Agnes Irvine was afraid of both being scalped by Indians and of being frowned upon by Presbyterians in America who disapproved of dancing. Noble said that Agnes came nonetheless, married leather worker John Scott in 1821 and lived the rest of her life in Pennsylvania. —Mary Alma Durrett

Agnes Scott College
141 E. College Avenue
Decatur, Georgia 30030

Nonprofit Organization
U.S. Postage
PAID
Decatur, GA 30030
Permit No. 469

HAVE YOU GIVEN US YOUR BEST SHOT?



Monika Nikore did when she photographed Estella Mathew and the Class of '95 for this issue. But she's not eligible for our photo contest. *And you are!* The contest runs until the end of the year. For more information, see our story on page 41.