



Blackfriars'
*Search for Signs
of Intelligent Life*

- Child Violence
- Mother's Mink

AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE MAGAZINE • SUMMER 1995

EDITOR'S NOTE

Through its connections, Agnes Scott links learning with life, the campus with the world beyond. That may be its ultimate measure of effectiveness.

Student laughter rang out on the Quad one April day in between the gentle shower of cherry tree petals and the full bloom of dogwoods. For an hour or so students spontaneously romped, then lingered in our halcyon spring.

It was one of many beautiful days at Agnes Scott that stir in me a sense of poignancy as I cross the grassy threshold of campus. During the hour-long drive home—tuned into National Public Radio—I am more aware of the leap into a less perfect world: the Bolshoi ballerinas on strike in Russia and neighbor Mexico in the throes of economic crisis; Rwandan Hutus massacred by Tutsi countrymen and a bomb blast in Oklahoma City in late April killed more than 160 adults—and children.

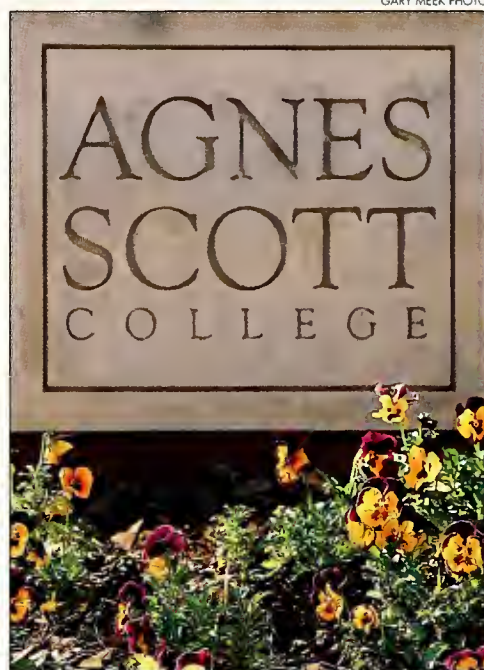
The days when I pause at the brink of less tranquil prospects, words from English poet William Wordsworth remind that it is recollections of life's beautiful landscapes that serve to refresh and inspire, perhaps to lighten that burden of the mystery of "all this unintelligible world."

It's the connections we make with the world beyond our boundaries that offer a clear measure of the institution.

Traditionally Agnes Scott students have developed connections through volunteer work, through cultural exchanges and global experiences in places like South Africa and Soviet Georgia, through internships and externships.

Enriched pedagogical and curricular learning with experiential learning are vital to academia says Dean of the College Sarah Blanshei. She notes that the College will soon take that tradition a step further as it develops a new network of relationships, beginning with the Atlanta Semester (loosely patterned after American University's Washington Semester) and an overarching program of Women, Leadership and Social Change. "A lot of institutions work with individual aspects of this, like writing across the curriculum or study abroad. But we are taking a holistic approach of connectedness throughout the institution," says Blanshei.

The Atlanta Semester will consist of a four-hour semi-



nar; a two-hour speaker's forum (open to the College and featuring leaders and faculty from across the country); a three-hour research project; and a four-hour, supervised internship with a community organization (such as The Carter Center) or with a community service branch of business or corporation. The program will combine academic research and scholarship and bring that to bear on the community, explains Blanshei. As students explore how learning interconnects, they will also form bonds throughout the city. "The theoretical and the experiential are a two-way street. What happens during the

experience can change theory—and theory can inform experience."

Virtual travel by computer through time and space makes it as easy for students at Agnes Scott to network with scholars across the Atlantic Ocean as in Atlanta. Today's communications technology actually makes ours a world with myriad landscapes—and few boundaries.

That was demonstrated so powerfully in late April, when television transmitted the indelible image of a lifeless child cradled in the arms of an Oklahoma rescue worker. Days later as I lamented the bombing deaths of 19 children, National Public Radio reported that five infants/children die each day (almost 2,000 a year) at the hands of parents or caretakers. What happens to children, believes law professor Lucy Schow McGough '62, is "the most important sociological issue" facing our nation. McGough is one of many alumnae—several featured in this magazine ("A Prayer for Children," page 18)—who stand as strong, articulate advocates for children, especially children in crisis. Interviews for that story remind me that the ultimate measure of this institution is how it prepares its graduates to cross the threshold of campus, to combine learning with life and work in the worlds beyond Agnes Scott.

Alceste Leanington

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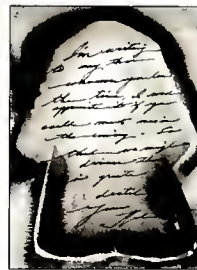
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COVER AND ABOVE: Osjha Anderson stars as Trudy, the bag lady, in Blackfriars winter production. She will compete in the Miss Georgia Pageant in June. PHOTOS BY MARILYN SURIANI

ON CAMPUS

ASC intern at The Carter Center, answers to questions about old posture pictures, Olympics on campus, CD-ROM award and more.

AMU'S GLOBAL AWARENESS

As Nigeria is faced with an increasingly defiant military government, Ngozi Amu '95, an intern at The Carter Center, talks frequently to the U.S. State Department, scans daily updates and monitors hotspots throughout Africa: Nigeria, Ghana and Kenya.

Amu assists Ahuma Adodoadji, acting director of the African Governance Program at The Carter Center in Atlanta. Among her duties are briefings about Africa for former President Jimmy Carter, who is preparing for a visit to Africa.

"Amu reads and quickly summarizes situations," notes Adodoadji. "She is a good writer and because of her Nigerian heritage, she understands the factors involved there."

Agrees Amu: "As a person of two nationalities, Swedish and Nigerian, I have always felt a need to contribute to cultural understanding and communication



Carter Center intern Ngozi Amu '95 of Sweden blends an international outlook with a strong focus on human rights.

between peoples of different nations."

Amu grew up in Goteborg, a port city wedged between Denmark and Norway along Sweden's Gold Coast. Her father is a Nigerian businessman; her mother is Swedish.

She is fluent in three languages, and will graduate from Agnes Scott this spring with a double major in International Relations and French. She aspires to a career in international diplomacy and law.

She participated in the Global Awareness Program during the winter of 1993,

visiting in South Africa and Botswana where she lived with a black African family and gained insight into the life and culture.

She has also studied in France at the Sorbonne and the University of La Rochelle.

"I am particularly interested in democracy and human rights issues," says Amu. "I'd like to work with the educational development of African children, and to affect policy and promote cultural diversity and understanding."

—Carolyn Blunk is a freelance writer.

POSTURE PHOTOS

A scandal of sorts erupted when a 1994 article in *The New York Times Magazine* disclosed that batches of nude posture photos from Northeast colleges had been released for research and were at the Smithsonian Institution.

That disclosure prompted pointed questions from one or two ASC alumnae who remember posture photos taken when they were first-year students.

A tradition among many private colleges from the 1930s through 1970, posture photos were designed to help students identify and correct spinal problems such as scoliosis. At least that was the purpose at ASC, says Kate McKemie, physical education instructor with the College from 1956 to 1988 who took posture photos. "We checked for postural curves and did find some atypical postures, and students were counseled on measures to improve."

Lucia Sizemore '65, director of alumnae affairs, remembers that the Agnes Scott photos were taken as

privately and tastefully as possible, with students dressed in underwear. She also remembers that students disliked the practice enough to feature skits about posture photos during Black Cat high-jinx.

Even though the ASC physical education department quit making posture photos in the late 1960s, McKemie says questions about posture photos continue to circulate during class reunions with at least one or two alumnae fretting, "Where are my posture pictures?"

That question has been put to rest for those whose photos ended up at the Smithsonian. Recently, under the

watchful eyes of Yale University officials, the Smithsonian burned its posture pictures. For the record, McKemie does admit that those Agnes Scott posture pictures she took, as well as older posture photos that

she located in the basement of Presser Hall, were burned more than two decades ago. McKemie will probably continue to bedevil inquiring alumnae with her mischievous reply: "I burned everyone's posture picture . . . except yours."

—Teresa Kelly '94
MAT student



ASC CULTURAL OLYMPIAD

Agnes Scott will host the kick-off event for the Cultural Olympiad's Olympic Summer Festival on June 2–9, as part of the 100th anniversary celebration of the 1996 Olympic Games in Atlanta.

The multidisciplinary summer festival, scheduled for June 2–Aug. 3, will feature more than 25 exhibits and 200 performances in 30 venues.

The Conference on Southern Literature, hosted by the College, will include discussions by European scholars of Southern literature and public readings by a number of major and up-and-coming Southern authors. The conference will include a book fair.

Agnes Scott's size and location also make it a desirable site for housing

key Olympic Games personnel and for sports training. From early July through the Olympic Games, teams in synchronized swimming, volleyball and soccer will practice in the ASC sports complex.

A delegation of Irish dignitaries will be housed in the Anna Young Alumnae House. The Irish selected Decatur as a base of operations during the Olympics.

The College also is negotiating with the Atlanta Olympic Organizing Committee (ACOG) for additional Olympic-related activity.

The Paralympic organization has also expressed serious interest in using the campus in August after the Olympic Games.

Normally during the summer break, Agnes Scott facilities are used for camps, conferences and meetings. The Olympic Games participation will

interrupt that schedule and delay the College's 1996 fall semester, which will begin in September rather than late August.

Agnes Scott's participation will benefit the College both in name recognition and as a "valued institutional partner with the Olympics," adds Carolyn Wynens, manager of community relations and special events.

—Audrey Arthur

GIRL'S EDUCATION ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN

The Women's College Coalition and the Advertising Council, Inc., have joined forces to promote "Expect the Best from a Girl," a public service campaign on behalf of girls' and women's achievements in education. Designed to encourage girls to acquire



MARK SANDLIN PHOTO

the skills and competencies necessary to succeed in today's world, the campaign began with television advertisements in mid-August.

The Women's College Coalition (ASC is a member) estimates the campaign will generate \$25 million a year in free public service time and ad space.

Targeting parents of fifth- through ninth-grade girls, this 15-year campaign encourages parents to become advocates for their daughters at school. The ads also appeal to teachers,

who can help empower girls, and to the girls themselves, who will be making choices that affect their lives.

As the first-ever gender-specific campaign, the ads recognize that underachievement in girls and women is a national problem. Girls who underachieve in school (often influenced by gender bias) may experience low levels of achievement throughout their lives and careers.

The campaign begins with television ads; print ads will follow in the fall.

ANNUAL FUND DONORS UP

As Agnes Scott prepares to welcome Mary Brown Bullock '66 as its seventh president, "the best gift the College can give her is a fully funded annual operating budget," believes Adelia P. Huffines, director of major gifts. "The best indication of support her fellow alumnae can give is to generously participate in the Annual Fund campaign."

The number of donors is up for the 1994-95 campaign compared to this time last year, but the total dollars are down.

As of late March, 2,119 donors had given a total of \$722,982 to all funds. "With roughly two months remaining in the College's fiscal year, we need assistance in reaching our important goal of \$1.2 million," continues Huffines.

Former Agnes Scott College Director of Development Jean Kennedy recently joined Brenau University as director of alumnae affairs.

Sarah Cave, a Wake Forest graduate associated with the ASC development office since 1994, was recently named acting director of the Annual Fund.



HABITAT HOME BODIES

Eleven members of the class of '97 worked during Spring Break at the headquarters of Habitat for Humanity in Americus, Ga., a nonprofit Christian organization that provides housing for the poor. The Americus headquarters builds 60 to 80 houses per year, compared to the 15 to 18 built by affiliate volunteers. Volunteers began each day with a group devotional. During the week, students split into workgroups and helped with roofing, painting, laying plywood or tile for floors and hanging sheetrock. Chaplain Paige McRight led the devotion Thursday morning, and all volunteers were honored in a final service with thank-you mementos. —Samantha Stavely '97

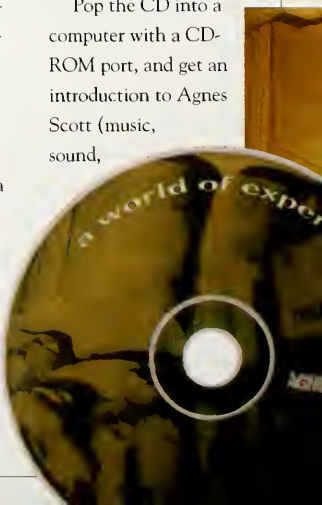
CD-ROM "ONE OF THE BEST"

After a New York education/media consultant browsed through Agnes Scott's interactive multimedia recruitment presentation on compact disk (CD), he typed back a note on the Internet: I have seen CDs from other institutions and this is one of the best in the country.

The ASC CD, which recently won the top national CASE competition award for interactive

multimedia presentation, was made for prospective students and parents.

Pop the CD into a computer with a CD-ROM port, and get an introduction to Agnes Scott (music, sound,



dazzling still and moving pictures, animated graphics and type, to literally place the College on the map). Then access information on more than 30 topics or questions about the College from academics to residence halls, from alumnae to financial aid and application deadlines. Among the questions the CD answers is, "Why choose a liberal arts college?"

For instance, select the residence halls option and take a visual walk through a real student room via sound and images from a hand-held video camera.

The CD's fine audio and visual details often surprise students. But technical gimmickry is not what pushes this product to the cutting edge. Communication does. The program is easy to interface;

it's truly multimedia (not just a slide-show on computer); and it dovetails with, but does not repeat verbatim, information in ASC's printed admission recruitment pieces.

"We wanted to take this a step further than any college CD programs we had seen," notes Jenifer Cooper of Melia Design Group in Atlanta who worked with the College to produce the program. "We wanted it to be fun and visually exciting."

A viewer who explores every menu option spends about an hour learning about Agnes Scott.

Donald Sharkus, father of Virginia applicant Astrid Sharkus, has used the College's multimedia CD. "What I saw con-

firmed my expectations of Agnes Scott" which he had gleaned from sources such as the *Princeton Review* and the *Fiske Guide to Colleges*. "You can accomplish in an interactive CD things you cannot in a video" he says.

"The first 300 CDs, for Macintosh computers, were distributed by admission staff during the fall 1994 travel season," reports Stephanie Balmer, director of admission. "More high schools than we had predicted had the technology to use compact disk." Questionnaire responses indicated an overwhelming interest; even rural schools have the technological capabilities because they receive grants for computers that

include CD-ROMs.

Now the College admission office has moved into phase two, mailing 1,500 additional copies of the CDs—for use on either Macintosh or IBM computers—to prospective students who request the program and to guidance counselors.

Portions of the program also are being used to create "Agnes Scott on the World Wide Web," via the Internet (see page 30), and being included in multimedia programs produced by several college guidebook companies.

□ *Alumnae interested in obtaining a copy of the CD to share with a prospective student or school guidance office may contact the ASC Office of Admission at 1-800-868-8602.*

THIRD CONSECUTIVE FULBRIGHT SCHOLAR

For the third successive year, an Agnes Scott senior has been awarded a Fulbright Scholarship. Katie Stromberg of Erwin, Tenn., will continue her ASC independent study at Martin Luther University in Halle, Germany.

With an interdisciplinary major in art history and German, Stromberg '95 has studied sculpture of the cathedral in Naumburg, Germany, and 20th century texts written about the sculpture. She is interested in furthering her investigation

of sculpture in the 13th-century cathedral in Naumburg, near Halle, by attending seminars and researching general German history and theory of art.

Both Halle and Naumburg are located in what was previously East Germany.

Stromberg follows ASC Fulbright Scholars Jennifer Jenkins '94, who is studying European politics in Frankfurt, Germany, and Laura Barlament '93, who investigated German literature at the University of Constance in 1993-94. **ASC**



IS IT SOUP OR IS IT ART?

By Mary Alma Durrett
Photos by Marilyn Suriani

The Blackfriars cook up a witty theatrical production that feeds the soul.

"Fifteen minutes to places."

The smell of hair spray perfumes the air. Jennie Albritton '97 of Paducah, Kentucky, digs through a small green chest and offers an actor advice, "I really don't think you need black lipstick." A dozen young women huddle before a long, lighted mirror, putting the finishing touches on makeup and costumes. The miracle of wigs and aerosol color transforms shades of blonde and brown hair to black and red. With greasepaint, collegiate women are transmogrified into housewives, hookers and homeless bag ladies. It is a scene further colored by long-stemmed roses from fathers and boyfriends, the language of the night and the energy of youth. Various show tunes rise up from their tender lungs. Assistant stage manager Erica Lent '98 appears at the dressing room doorway to announce the impending opening of the Blackfriars' production. The group's anxiety and volume take a measurable leap.

"Chloé, I can hear you out front."

A stage hand admonishes the acting troupe and Chloé Sehr '98 of San Francisco—who's readying herself for her part as a 15-year-old performance artist—to be quiet. It appears that their weeks of work in Winter Theatre and the creative publicity are paying off. The house has twice as many

people as it had for opening night of the previous play, *The Visit*.

It's opening night for *The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe* by Jane Wagner. The play scrutinizes life in much the same way the character Truly scrutinizes a can of Campbell's soup and an Andy Warhol painting of a can of Campbell's soup.

Backstage, Lucrèce van den Huevel '98 and Christina Rinaldi '98 carefully tag and place props on tables in the wings. Lent crouches at the curtain's edge with a dim flashlight reviewing the prompt book. Brook Partner '98 tiptoes behind the stage with her shoes in her hand, mouthing the lines of character Kate, a bored socialite.

"Ten minutes to places."

Converging in the Green Room, the group offers a collective "thank you" to the barker at the door. At the center of the room is a big basket of Hershey's Hugs and Kisses with a note of support to the cast and crew from director, N.J. Stanley.

All actors are preparing for their entrances—many dip into the chocolate for good luck. Costumed students are scattered about. Some pace, some stare silently, some read, some in headsets listen to music. Others discuss school, the O.J. Simpson trial, family members in the audience. "They came all the way from Asheville!"

Upstairs in the booth, beneath the cool blue glow of a few tiny lamps, Jennifer Parker '97 and Emily Pender '95 stand ready for the lighting cues; Alicia Quirk (an exchange student from Mills College), the sound designer, sits alert at the controls, headset firmly clamped down over her ears. They mumble to one another in low voices.

Out front, in the lobby of Dana Fine Arts, is a line at the box office that pleases house manager Cecelia Heit '97. Blackfriars used e-mail and voice-mail messages from characters in the play to invite attendance. Fliers with such teasers as "What is Reality?

On opening night, Director N.J. Stanley offers final words of encouragement and advice in the Green Room.





Emily Pender '95 (left) and Wendy Wheless '95 control light and action.

Trudy knows," paper the residence halls and cafeteria. Two-for-one ticket coupons were passed out to strategic campus offices.

Osjha Anderson '96, who plays the lead, bops into the Green Room covered in Post-it notes. The actors are amused and their volume level again rises. Stanley offers Anderson a few final words of critique. "Let's see your hands. The dirt is good. Let's see the back. Good."

Dudley Sanders, associate professor and scene designer, gives the group a final "shush!" As if preparing for a marathon, Anderson shakes out her legs and quietly paces.

"Places."

Stanley gives Anderson a hug and sends her to the curtained edge of the stage wing. The Green Room grows silent. In unison the group leans toward the electronic speaker that pipes in sound from



sound from the stage.

From the booth above the audience, assistant director and stage manager Wendy Wheless '95 gives the verbal go-ahead.

"Start the show."

Trudy comes to life as the centerpiece in Wagner's feminist production, *The Search for Signs*. From out of the darkness the aging bag lady shuffles on to the stage, her "negotiable" hair juts Medusa-like toward the spotlights.

Here we are, standing on the corner of Walk, Don't Walk.

You look away from me, tryin' not to catch my eye, but you didn't turn fast enough, did you? . . . Look at me. . .

I'm not just talking to myself, I'm talking to you, too.

Scratching, pointing, pontificating, she turns her contorted mug toward the audience and dispenses kernels of Truth from the yellow Post-it note files that decorate her recycled frock.

It's my belief we all, at one time or another, secretly ask ourselves the question, "Am I crazy?" In my case, the answer came back: A resounding YES!

The character Trudy, a former marketing

Chloé Sehr '98 is transformed into 15-year-old Agnus.



ASC's version of *The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe* departed from actress Lily Tomlin's one-woman Broadway performance by using 14 different artists to flesh out an array of characters.

Brandy: "Did you ever see a stray dog on the streets? I can tell just like that which ones will survive and which ones won't."



BRANDY CARY '98 (LEFT) AND LORIE SUMMERS '98 PORTRAY PROSTITUTES BRANDY AND TINA.

Chrissy: "All my life I wanted to be somebody. But I see now I should have been more specific."



RUTH WHITE '98 PLAYS THE AIDS AIDS INSTRUCTOR CHRISSEY.



Trudy: "They find it hard to grasp some things that come easy to us. . . . I show 'em this can of Campbell's tomato soup, then I show 'em a picture of Andy Warhol's painting of a can of Campbell's tomato soup. 'This is soup. This is art.'"

OSJHA ANDERSON '96 IS THE BAG LADY TRUDY.

Agnus: "No
matter how much
contempt I have
for society, it's
nothing compared
with the contempt
society has for
me"



CHLOÉ SEHR '98 SPEWS THE
ANGST OF AGNUS, THE TEENAGE
PERFORMANCE ARTIST



Agnus: "I'm getting my act together and I'm throwing it in your face."



Lyn: "[Edie] thinks Marge and I are too middle-of-the-road, and maybe we are. But I have marched and rallied till I'm bleary-eyed."

JENNIFER NETTLES '97 PLAYS EVERY WOMAN IN LYN.



Jennie Albritton '97 helps Brook Partner '98 prepare for her role as Kate.

"*Search for Signs* is a perfect case in point with no traditional beginning, middle or end. It's very open-ended. There's revelation but not necessarily resolution."

whiz who skidded off the edge of reality some time in the late '70s, is the smelly, disheveled, off-kilter personification of human weakness and optimism. She's a roving paradox, if you will, with the ability to "tune

in" to other people's lives through her self-described mental "dial switching." Trudy's talent also affords her the privilege of ushering a contingent of "space chums" through the theatrical parade route of life.

Immediately, laughter rises from the audience. Relieved, a thespian in the Green Room pronounces: "It's a good crowd." On this opening night, Nov. 2, the crowd falls in love with Trudy. It is a polished performance from a young woman who two months earlier hadn't the slightest notion she would be accepting the lead role.

"J. always jokes that she cast me because of my hair," says Anderson, a native of Glennville, Ga., in a pre-production interview. Trudy was the "last role in the entire play that I thought she would cast me for. It is so opposite to my own character. I'm normally real contained."

I refuse to be intimidated by reality anymore. After all, what is reality anyway? Nothin' but a collective hunch.

Trudy is far from contained. She moves across the stage, sweeps through the audience, up into the balcony, talking and gesturing non-stop. During the play she allows her space chums and the audience to peek in on the lives of 13 other characters who run the gamut from a frustrated housewife to a narcissistic jock to an anguished teenager.

"Superficially, all the characters are stereotypical," comments Stanley. "The challenge is to flesh them out and make them complex."

The human mind is kind of like a piñata. When it breaks open, there're a lot of surprises inside.

The streets of New York City are Trudy's stage. Anderson won the role through her ability to convey the strengths and weaknesses of humanity. Director Stanley, assistant professor of theatre since 1993, says for Trudy and all the other roles, she was look-

ing for the stage presence and energy to "fill the stage." In Trudy's case, the character must fill the theatre. Stanley's ability to recognize potential in these actors is intuition honed by experience. She's directed 26 plays including *Search*, has a Ph.D. in theatre from Indiana University and has worked in theatre since before her undergraduate days at Louisiana State University. Stanley asks Blackfriars to submit to the same sort of auditions as "real world" actors.

"The first night of auditions, I require a prepared monologue. I prefer that it not be from the play we will produce. This is standard procedure in professional theatre," says the director. For *Search*, auditions began in September, just days after the students returned to campus. "The second night involves cold readings. I assign people a scene (I chose 15 from *Search for Signs*) and usually have them read two or three parts. I always see everyone twice."

Once cast, the 14 actors—all of whom have prior theatrical experience—begin long rehearsals squeezed in between classes, study, club meetings and occasional eating and sleeping. In less than six weeks, the troupe must move from choppy distinct performances of 14 separate characters, to a fluid, theatrical soup.

The multi-actor approach to *Search* (chosen in order to involve many student actors) is a marked departure from Lily Tomlin's Broadway version, performed as a one-woman show. Although play publishers could not confirm it, Stanley believes that Blackfriars is mounting the first such rendering. The risk is that segmenting the play could undermine a central message—the "connectedness" of the universe—which Trudy artfully interprets: "Every particle affects every other particle everywhere."

"Conceptually, Tomlin performed with no props and very little scenery; this allowed Lily, by the transformation of her body and face, to just stand there. We had to create sequences, opportunities for people to come off and on stage," notes the director. The script had no instructions for blocking movement around the stage. "I was starting with a completely clean slate. It was scary at first, making all these choices and watching it all gel."

My space chums think my unique hookup with humanity could be evolution's awkward attempt to jump-start itself up again.

Risky, too, was the play selection, full of adult language. In the afterword to the printed version of *Search*, critic Marilyn French hails the piece as “the first work I know that simply takes it as a given that a mass audience will accept feminist attitudes, that proceeds on the assumption these attitudes are shared and that, therefore, does not lecture, hector or even underline.” Says Stanley: “I don’t like plays that simply entertain. The writing [in *Search*] is witty and intelligent. It’s spiritual in a universal sense. In a very optimistic way, Trudy celebrates humanity.”

*If evolution was worth its salt,
by now it should’ve evolved into something
better than survival of the fittest . . .*

*I think a better idea would be
survival of the wittiest . . . That way,
the creatures that didn’t survive
could’ve died laughing.*

Search is the kind of work Stanley and others have in mind for the theatre and dance department. “We are trying to create a justifiable vision now (as we go through our academic review). There are two driving forces: to increase commitment to addressing the contributions of women in theatre by producing plays that focus on women’s lives and are written by women, and in the realm of curriculum, to further explore women theatre artists and their innovations,” says director Stanley.

Stanley’s “Female Identity and the Making of Theatre” class studies feminist theory in terms of “how it has expanded our understanding of how theatre works. Women, especially in the last 20 years, have been creating new forms of theatre. Women writers have disregarded traditional play (climactic) structure, creating new kinds of structure. *Search for Signs* is a perfect case in point with no traditional beginning, middle or end. It’s very open-ended. There’s revelation but not necessarily resolution.”

Performance art as it has come to be known in the past 20 years is “the place for women to control their own work—to speak their own words with their own voices. A lot of it is autobiographical.”

Chloé Sehr, as character Agnus, demonstrates the form on stage. Appearing against a red backdrop at the definitely declassé Un Club, Agnus, a 15-year-old, writhes tie-died and chain-draped on the floor. In pseudo-exhibitionist style, the woman-child trashes

her father, her grandparents, all of society and its social conventions.

*I’m getting my act
together and I’m
throwing it in your face!*

Misunderstood and starving for attention, Agnus is angry with the world. She telephones her problems to a radio “shrink”: “. . . the court gave me to my dad. He’s a gene-splicer, a bio-businessman at this research lab of misapplied science, where he’s working on some new bio-form he thinks he’ll be able to patent. He doesn’t get that I am a new bio-form.”

Personifying the angst of her age, Agnus spews:

*No matter how much
contempt I have for
society, it’s nothing
compared to the contempt
society has for me.*

“Clearly, we had to have someone in the part with enough ‘oomph’ to deliver that performance,” notes Stanley. “Fortunately Chloé wanted Agnus and she got Agnus.” Sehr was one of the actors who developed the character herself, choreographing her own Un Club performance. “Young actors get caught up on the idea that they’re a vessel and I’m supposed to fill them,” explains Stanley. “In the real world, the actor begins the process first” and brings the character interpretation to the stage. With *Search for Signs*, some students did, some didn’t.

Dealing with a cast virtually the same age (average age: 20) presents unique challenges for the director as does the rehearsal schedule. Nearly every actor runs through her lines and movement separate from any other (with a couple of exceptions) until roughly a week before the plays opens. Since most of the character performances are monologue vignettes, Stanley feels this approach will allow one-on-one direction with every cast member.

For major characters this proves beneficial. In her earliest rehearsals, young Anderson plays Trudy as a palsied grandmother who speaks in a falsetto. “I’ve got to work on the voice,” admits Anderson in a moment of frustration during a mid-October run through.

“You’ve a lot of things to keep up with,”



Ashley Seaman '95 applies makeup as she and Lisa Hayes '98 (right) become the characters Edie and Marge.

consoles Stanley, who offers direction on timing, movement and vocal range. "Right now, virtually none of your movements have motivation. Trudy as a true eccentric can do anything just because she feels like it. We're going to do some exercises."

Stanley climbs from the darkness of the empty "house" that night and joins Anderson on the lighted rehearsal stage.



Director Stanley watches Osjha Anderson '96 apply finishing touches to her makeup.

"Imagine that the body is not a straight line held together by a spine," she gestures erectly. "It's a rubber band." She coaxes Anderson to follow her through a host of outrageous movements and sounds. They work in what seems a chaos on stage: crawling, stamping, shoving, yelling, pacing.

Anderson becomes Trudy; her delivery continues with more physical emphasis.

*I never could've done stuff like
that when I was in my right mind.
I'd be worried people would think
I was crazy. When I think of the fun I
missed, I try not to be bitter.*

Stanley's oral instruction continues: "I want you to think of your face and what you can do with your face. Think about things that you've never been able to do with yourself in conventional theatre—slurping, sucking, burping, cooing, growling."

Anderson obliges with a sort of monkey face contortion adding dabs of twitching and itching. Yells Stanley from the darkness of the house, "You may never have this chance again. You are in this tiny little box called 'realistic theatre.' You don't have to be. I release you." Trudy takes her cue.

*Never underestimate the power
of the human mind to forget. The other
day, I forgot where I put my house keys—
looked everywhere, then I remembered
I don't have a house.*

Stanley acknowledges Anderson's headway at the rehearsal yet pushes her further. "You're making baby steps. There's no time for baby steps. We've got to make quantum leaps. I want Trudy to burst through space."

Anderson tries again, this time making a

new outrageous gesture or turn every time the director yells "move." It is a breakthrough moment.

I love to do this old joke: I wait for some music-loving tourist from one of the hotels on Central Park to go up and ask someone, "How do I get to Carnegie Hall?" Then I run up and yell, "Practice!"

Trudy has arrived, she is completely off the edge and actor Anderson knows it. "That felt so much better."

The character is an admitted "stretch" for Anderson. "I have had little to draw on. I took MARTA and watched a bag lady. She was really the first woman street person that I've seen." Mimicking some of the bag lady's motions and heeding Stanley's direction, Anderson moves Trudy toward a true eccentric. "Every night I get looser and looser. J. helped me knock down some inhibitions."

Among the most challenging characters to create is Lyn, portrayed by Jennifer Nettles '97 of Douglas, Georgia. Lyn as Everywoman, dominates the stage in a 45-minute monologue and ties together many loose ends that other characters leave hanging. "I feel really connected with Lyn; we have a lot of the same opinions," notes the Spanish/sociology-anthropology major, who's never seen the Lily Tomlin version of her character. "If I had seen it I would have thought that's how Lily did it, that's the right way. The hardest part for me was that Lyn's age ran from my age to her 40s. I haven't been through a lot of the things she's been through."

Yet Nettles has taken Lyn beyond the director's expectations. "I think she's made Lyn a lot more interesting than I remember Lily's portrayal," observes Stanley. "She did a lot of preliminary work, defining Lyn's emotional and psychological state."

Stanley's style as a director is "not to stroke our egos," offers Ashley Seaman '95, of Gainesville, Florida. At the same time the director has succeeded in coaxing the brazen, lesbian feminist, Edie, out of the even-tempered, agreeable Seaman.

"I wasn't sure I could do it," confides the anthropology/religion major. "I began [gaining insight] by studying feminists and feminist theologians and began to identify with Edie's anger. She is a separatist, which I identify with and is happy with herself. But to call myself a lesbian and have a lover kind of took my breath away. At first I felt

like I was risking Ashley's reputation in some way. What will people think?"

Yet since Seaman donned the camouflage fatigues, ribbed tank shirt, Birkenstocks and, yes, arm-pit hair, she felt "very powerful," fully capable of doing a real live fight-the-power-style Edie. There's much to be learned from these characters, stresses Seaman. "The only person in the play that becomes jaded is Marge. Even the prostitutes [played by Bayo Cary '98 and Lorie Summers '98] don't become jaded. For the most part, there is a sense of optimism throughout, that there's something just around the corner. Maybe that is Wagner's message."

While Seaman and other actors breathe life into their characters, theatre associate professor Dudley Sanders and a handful of students have designed and constructed the austere set for *Search*. Following Stanley's style notes, Sanders created a space reflecting the "curvilinear flow of outer and inner space . . . a streamlined universe where story takes precedence over theatrical effect." To accomplish this, Sanders built two connected black ramps that converge against a black backdrop. Through an elaborate array of lighting (designed by Sanders) and sound cues (by Quirk), the audience can leap with the characters through time and space, from the corner of "Walk and Don't Walk" in New York City today, to Los Angeles in the sixties, to Stonehenge, to an Indianapolis International House of Pancakes, two weeks ago.

On opening night, diminutive Quirk must occasionally rise from her seat in the control booth and peek over the sizable sound board to see the precise movement on stage. Strategically, she hits the white-hot electrical sound button—zzzzit—which ushers in Trudy's latest dial-switching experience. Pender, at the light board, alters the background color of the stage as a device for changing course (time and place) in Lyn's lengthy monologue or for moving Agnus from her grandparents' house to her gig at the Un Club. With a steady hand, Valerie Case '98 follows Trudy with a spotlight; she crisscrosses the stage, climbs stairs, transverses the balcony. Props are sparse and costumes are off-the-rack sixties, seventies, eighties styles, so lighting and sound are the key effects. With 124 light and sound cues, Stanley jokes, "It's looking like a musical."

*Awe, sweet mystery of life,
at last I've found thee.*

Trudy belts out a big one, crooner style, as part of the final farewell to her space chums and reflects on the many revelations about life that she has found during the transcontinental travelogue—most notably, the final goose-bump experience that the original audience was afforded at the Shubert Theatre: Trudy ascends the ramp one last time, hauling her shopping bags and admiring the stars that swirl around her.

*Maybe we should stop trying
to figure out the meaning of life, sit back
and enjoy the mystery of lifeASC*

For the most part, there is a sense of optimism throughout, that there's something just around the corner.

The Behind-the-Scenes Legend of ASC Stage

The primary stage for Blackfriars' productions is the Winter Theatre, housed in the Dana Fine Arts Building designed by John Portman. The theatre was named for Roberta Powers Winter '27 upon her retirement in 1974.

Winter was a major force in Agnes Scott's drama department for 35 years, serving as assistant professor, then associate professor, 1939-67, and ultimately as the Annie

Louise Harrison Waterman Professor of Speech and Drama from 1967 until 1974. A demanding and prolific director, Winter staged 49 productions during her tenure.

Two of her own plays were published, *Bishop Whipple's Memorial* in 1927 and *Bridal Chorus: A Comedy in Three Acts* in 1935. Winter received a degree in mathematics from ASC, was a member of HOSAC (predecessor

to Mortar Board), Phi Beta Kappa and performed many male parts as a student in Blackfriars productions. She completed her M.A. and Ed.D. degrees in education from New York University in 1939 and 1953, respectively, and studied play writing at Yale University under George Pierce Baker.

She died in 1991 at the age of 85, in Berryville, Va.

Winter teaching at ASC.



MOTHER'S MINK

By Christine S. Cozzens

Illustration by Ralph Gilbert

What do you do with a fur coat you could never wear, yet is—and always will be—a priceless memory?

In the cool shadows of the vault at I. Magnin's in Northbrook Court, my mother's mink coat hangs on a rack, its thick folds still, its silken lining silent. A smell of cedar fills the airless chamber, where rows of coats and jackets and stoles encased in their plastic wrappers await the flurry of movement that disturbs the vault each fall when wraps are ushered out to eager owners, and again in late spring, when the garments are bundled back into their numbered cells. Some eccentrics slip in and out at odd times, their owners just back from a trip abroad or stirred at last to collect their coats by the opening of the opera season or a holiday invitation. Then, stillness and silence set in once again in the cold dark heart of the swarming shopping mall.

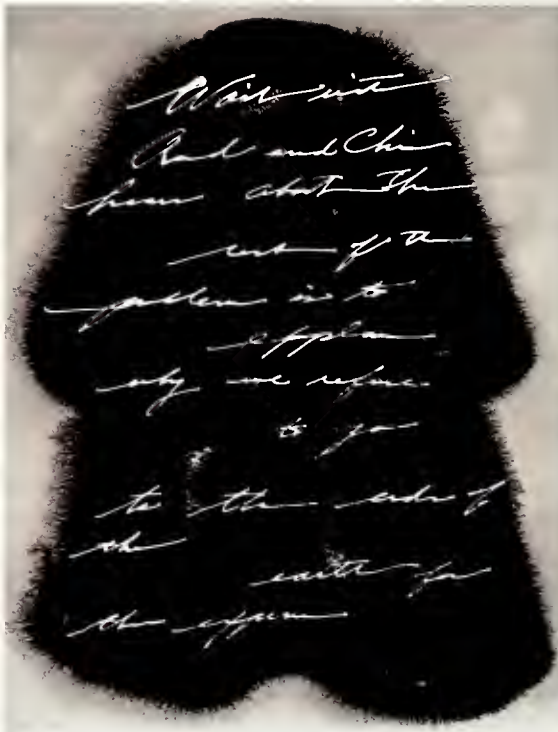
From time to time, when he's in a reflective and especially cranky mood, my father calls me up to rehearse a litany of family business—do I know where the stock certificates are, have we increased our life insurance, have I talked to my brothers—and always ends by asking in exasperation, "And what am I going to do about that coat?" as if it were some nagging relative, forever making demands.

We are agreed that we can't sell the coat. "She would have rather had me give it to a new girlfriend," Dad says, only half joking.

"You're right," I say, cringing, because had I been able to do what she wanted me to do—for once—we wouldn't be having this conversation. For I am the oldest, the only daughter, and mother's mink coat was to have been mine.

"I'm doing this for you, you know," my mother said defiantly when she first took me

to the fur salon to witness a fitting. In my T-shirt, Indian print skirt, and sandals, I was hardly a candidate for black willow mink lined with monogrammed satin, and we both burst out laughing at the thought. Two years later to the week, when Mom was lying in a hospital bed surrounded by machinery—her arms so thin and bruised from IVs that they had to give her the morphine in her



thigh—the mink coat helped her acknowledge that she was dying. Gulping oxygen with every word, she pleaded with me in the private language that families share, "Don't let your father take the pads off the dining room table"—they had been arguing for years about how to preserve its inlaid surface, my father claiming that a "natural patina" was the only solution.

A little later, having approached the abyss, she continued, her voice weak and muffled by the mask, "I want you to have my mink coat."

In one of our what-shall-we-do-about-

the-coat conversations, I proposed to Dad that we offer it for a charity auction at the hospital where my mother had worked after the youngest of us had left home. It was, after all, the money she earned from that job and the sense of entitlement it gave her that enabled her finally to achieve her dream of owning a full-length mink coat. Would an auction bring in anything like the coat's real value, Dad and I asked each other, privately wondering if people would pay money for a chance to own a dead woman's coat. (I have since discovered that "preowned" is the trade euphemism for this circumstance.)

I remember how shocked I was that steamy summer day when Mom whispered the price to me in the salon. "Ten thousand dollars!"

I gasped.

"Shhhhhhh!" she hissed, looking around uneasily, embarrassed for me as she had often been. That was August 1984, ten months after the mastectomy. Now that unspeakable sum seems a small price to have paid for the confidence in the future that purchasing the coat must have given her. Or was it a kind of bargain with fate—I can't die as long as I've got so much invested in life?

For a while, Dad and I tried to give the coat to my sister-in-law, wife of my brother the brain surgeon. Dad had been to a couple of hospital parties where all the doctors' wives were swathed in mink and thought maybe she secretly aspired to the image. But she turned us down. Though it would fit her and she has the delicate looks for it, the mink coat is too heavy a burden, even for a daughter-in-law.

"Are you sure you don't want it?" Dad asks me every now and then, but he doesn't wait for an answer.

Even if there were enough give in the seams to make the coat several sizes larger, I'm afraid I would look like some hairy behemoth in all that black fur.

"Where would I wear it?" I say to dispel this image.

Atlanta winters can be cold enough for fur, but people dress down for the parties I attend, bringing their children and carrying sloppy casseroles up the driveway from cars bearing the latest environmental slogans. No one in the family has ever seriously imagined me wearing mother's mink. I am viewed as a sort of an unglamorous sixties Jane Fonda—harsh, strident, a defender of trendy radical causes.

"You're always mad at someone," Mom would say, her voice rising to a pitch of frustration, "be nice for a change!"

I try to imagine even one situation in which I could unselfconsciously wear a full-length black willow mink coat.

Like a coat packed away in storage awaiting its owner, this story about my mother's mink lay in my drawer for almost four years awaiting an ending. Last month my sister-in-law told me, that my dad's housekeeper told her, that he had given the coat to his girlfriend, a nice widow who gardens and paints and thinks everything is marvelous. In mistaken allegiance to me, my relatives grumble behind Dad's back about this arrangement, but as I suspect Dad knows, I'm glad that the coat will be worn and enjoyed by someone who understands it as a coat and not a burden.

I would like to have been able to wear my mother's mink coat, to have done that one small thing for her. Instead, I read the books she kept by her bedside and wrote her name in—P.G. Wodehouse, Jane Austen, E.F. Benson, Barbara Pym—remember the crossword puzzles she taught me with words like ogee and adit, and write the story she would have read with care, about the importance of a mother's mink coat. **ASC**

—Cozzens, associate professor of English, teaches writing and directs the Women's Studies Program at Agnes Scott College.

I would like to have been able to wear my mother's mink coat, to have



done that one small thing for her. Instead, I read the books she kept at her bedside and write a story she would have read with care.

A PRAYER FOR CHILDREN

By Ina Jones Hughs '63

We pray for children

who put chocolate fingers everywhere,
who like to be tickled,
who stomp in puddles and ruin their new pants,
who sneak Popsicles before supper,
who erase holes in math workbooks,
who can never find their shoes.



And we pray for those

who stare at photographers from behind barbed wires,
who've never squeaked across the floor in new sneakers,
who never "counted potatoes,"
who are born in places we wouldn't be caught dead,
who never go to the circus,
who live in an X-rated world.

We pray for children

who bring us sticky kisses and fistfuls of dandelions,
who sleep with the dog and bury goldfish,
who hug us in a hurry and forget their lunch money,
who cover themselves with Band-Aids and sing off-key,
who squeeze toothpaste all over the sink,
who slurp their soup.

And we pray for those

who never get dessert,
who watch their parents watch them die,
who have no safe blanket to drag behind,
who can't find any bread to steal,
who don't have any rooms to clean up,
whose pictures aren't on anybody's dresser,
whose monsters are real.





We pray for children

who spend all their allowances before Tuesday,
 who throw tantrums in the grocery store
 and who pick at their food,
 who like ghost stories,
 who shove dirty clothes under the bed
 and never rinse out the tub,
 who get visits from the tooth fairy,
 who don't like to be kissed in front of the car pool,
 who squirm in church and scream in the phone,
 whose tears we sometimes laugh at
 and whose smiles can make us cry.

And we pray for those

whose nightmares come in the daytime,
 who will eat anything,
 who have never seen a dentist,
 who aren't spoiled by anybody,
 who go to bed hungry and cry themselves to sleep,
 who live and move, but have no being.



We pray for children

who want to be carried
 and for those who must.
 For those we never give up on,
 and for those who don't get a chance.
 For those we smother,
 and for those who will grab the hand of anybody
 kind enough to offer.

At a time when violence threatens to rob youngsters of their innocence, Agnes Scott alumnae and students are working to bring hope into the chaos.

By Celeste Pennington



Two Waterton, Connecticut, day-care employees stopped to check at the apartment of a two-year-old girl who had been absent for two days and could not be reached by telephone. At the sound of her teacher's voice, the toddler greeted them at the front door. The little girl was covered with blood. The body of her slain father was on the kitchen floor. According to one of the workers, the child had "thrown a blanket on her father's body" and had kept vigil through the night, sitting in a pool of blood.

From this tragic scene for one child emerges a disquieting paradox for us all: The child, as English poet William Wordsworth wrote, is the father of the man. We may derive hope in the care and love this two-year-old child lavished on her parent, notes Agnes Scott College Psychology Professor Emerita Miriam K. Drucker. Yet in a world with too many blood-stained children, the poetic contradiction may also serve as a warning. Childhood—and so our adult world—seems to be losing its protective veil.

At-risk children are on the hearts and minds of a number of Agnes Scott students and alumnae including Eileen Altman '85 who serves as a youth initiatives coordinator for the Illinois Council for Prevention of Violence. Describing how violence has turned the child's world upside down, she says, "In Chicago, we hear about parents who put their kids to bed in the bathtub to protect them from gunfire. Lying in bed can be dangerous."

Even more unfathomable to Altman and to Milling Kinard '62 who is doing post-doctoral research on child abuse at the Family Research Laboratory at the University of New Hampshire, are children at risk in the hands of those who should be their first line of defense: acquaintances and family members. An astonishing number of youngsters are beaten, maimed, molested and murdered by parents, relatives or babysitters, writes Ronald Henkoff

in *Fortune* magazine. For hundreds of thousands of children, not even the womb provides a safe haven according to Nelba Chavez, administrator of Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration, who reports that more than 300,000 children have been exposed to drugs, in utero.

These at-risk children are no longer the anomaly of one or two inner-city neighborhoods. At-risk is the way veteran primary school teacher Ginger Westlund '66 describes roughly one-third to one-half of the children in each of the multi-grade classrooms at Pointe South Elementary, Clayton County, Georgia, where she serves as a special instructional assistant. "In the past 20 years we have seen so much change. The family structure has changed. We have 19-year-old parents bringing to school their five-year-old children; we have more single-parent families and fewer extended families. We see children who have been abused. We see the effects of parental drug and alcohol use. We see children with developmental delays. Since birth, some children have not had a lot of healthy stimulation—the television is a baby sitter. Then there is the influence of the media. Kids today have seen so much more violence."

For years, professionals like Westlund have warned adults to stem the steady stream of entertainment violence flowing into the home—from TV to pop music to video games. The effects are evident in the increasing number of incidents of adolescent violence, observes Drucker—"All you have to do is listen to the news." Backed by longitudinal research, the American Psychological Association's Commission on Youth and Violence warns, "The images that populate mass media actually have the longest-lasting impact of all contributors to violence." Meanwhile, more and more youth and children bring violence into their playgrounds and school rooms. Each day 6,250 teachers are threatened with injury and 260 are assaulted. Julie Weisberg, assistant professor of education at Agnes Scott, points out the number of threats and assaults should be placed in the perspective of the number of schools, nationwide. "Of course," she relents, "those numbers should be zero."

In their increasingly violence-charged world, children and youth are becoming perpetrators of heinous crimes. "Children have always fought," admits Mark Rosenberg, director of the National Center of Injury Prevention for The Centers for Disease Control, who notes that today children as young as five have been found carrying guns to school, "but now fights are more likely to be fatal." Laments an editorial writer for *Der Spiegel*, a German news-magazine, "When children, the symbol of innocence, commit the severest of crimes, then something must be going wrong with society."

At the Tenth Annual Rosalynn Carter Symposium on Mental Health Policy, Chavez said, "By kindergarten, this generation of children has had enough."

Chavez—and Altman, Westlund and Kinard—are among a growing number of professionals who know that children suffer because, as Chavez says, adults have not taken action "to keep the social fabric from unraveling. Some people believe we do not have a prayer."



"When children, the symbol of innocence, commit the severest of crimes, then something must be going wrong with society."



LIFE IN ATLANTA'S WEST END

By Ashley Wright '96

Leon, 5, seemed to be doing so well, even though we had observed his need for special attention. Then all of a sudden, it seemed, he was uncontrollable. Over the next few Saturdays, his behavior grew wild and his attitude progressively worse until finally we had to send him home. It was not until later that we learned his mother had started taking drugs again. We felt naive, never suspecting that young Leon's problems ran deeper than unruly behavior.

Drugs, shootings, rapes and murder are a part of life in Atlanta's West End government housing. In the midst of that turmoil stands West End Baptist Chapel. Every Saturday, children of the community flock there to enjoy lessons and activities. On those mornings, four of my friends from Agnes Scott and I come together with students from Georgia Tech and Emory to lead a program called JAM (Jesus And Me). I have been working with the children for almost a year, but for two or three years other students have spent Saturdays at West End, offering songs, Bible stories, crafts and games to about 20 rambunctious children.

The children recognize our cars now and some mornings run out to meet us. Little boys' faces light up with excitement as Tech guys throw them over their shoulders. Little girls run over to us and begin playing beauty parlor with our hair. Little hands reach out to be held and arms reach up for a hug. The children remember our absence from the week before, and they want to know why. They want us to be a constant in their lives, if nothing else is. All children need love and when these youngsters do not receive it at home, they need it even more from us. Love is what we try to provide with JAM.

We are not so unrealistic to think that a group of college students could change the world, so we think smaller. If we could change even one child's life and give some hope for a better future, then we feel we have done our job. Each Saturday is a challenge. It is easy for us to feel discouraged sometimes, as in the case of Leon. But when a seven-year-old girl hugs my neck and tells me she loves me, discouragement just melts away and a good feeling that I am doing something positive for children fills its place.



The children of West End "want us to be a constant in their lives. All children need love and when these youngsters do not receive it at home, they need it even more from us. Love is what we try to provide."



Ina Jones Hughs '63

A couple of times a week, Ina Jones Hughs '63 gets requests from a wide range of people for permission to use her "A Prayer for Children" (pages 18-19). Last Christmas, Charles Gibson read it on "Good Morning, America." Marian Wright Edleman, president of the Children's Defense Fund, often quotes it. The prayer was read during UNICEF's World Summit for Children in 1990. And during a presidential campaign sweep through Tennessee, Hillary Clinton concluded her speech with it.

The idea for the prayer which Hughs wrote for a newspaper column in *The Charlotte Observer* came to her as she was preparing Thanksgiving dinner and noted a public television commercial with a disadvantaged child.

"It made me think the world is divided basically between two kinds of children, the ones who are cared for and the ones brushed aside."

The prayer is included in *A Sense of Human*, a collection of her columns published by the *Knoxville News-Sentinel*, and lends its title to her latest book, *A Prayer for Children*, which she signed at ASC in May.

While Hughs, a 22-year veteran award-winning newspaper columnist, believes that "A Prayer for Children" is not her best work, she feels pleased with the thousands of permission requests that have poured in. "The thing that encourages me is that we have a wide-sweeping concern for children.

"Of course," she acknowledges, "words are the easy part."



Ellen Granum '62

As educator Ellen Granum '62 and parishioners of St. Columba's Episcopal Church (near American University) considered ways to make a difference in Washington, D.C., through a project that would involve helping families, they looked closely at helping inner-city youth.

One parishioner had served on an "I Have a Dream" project that began in the late 1980s with a challenge to a class of seventh graders that they finish high school in exchange for fully paid college tuition. "If you offered to pay their tuition, the thinking went, city kids would study hard," the *Washingtonian* magazine summed up expectations. But sponsors quickly discovered that youngsters needed more: a safe place, full stomachs, help with homework, encouragement, discipline, hope, "someone getting involved in their lives."

The parishioners considered mentoring inner-city youth but as they fleshed out details, Granum says they made an adjustment. "We decided to start with children who had not experienced a lot of failure, who still had positive feelings about themselves and the adults in their lives. We wanted to work with children before they had developed a lot of anger. That's why we decided to start with kindergarten."

After careful study and a year to establish a partnership with urban Truesdell Elementary School, St. Columba's initiated a mentoring program with 60 children in the school's three kindergarten classes.

Granum, whose expertise is early child-

hood education (see Fall '94 ASC ALUMNAE MAGAZINE, page 2), volunteers as one of two mentors assigned each day to each of the three classrooms.

Another component of the program is developing relationships, family to family. Every other Saturday, a St. Columba's bus gathers up Truesdell kindergartners, their siblings and parents who connect with volunteer adults and their children at church for breakfast and lunch, games, music and three theme-related projects (science, art and cooking). One Saturday featured fish—children found out how fish swim, they made colorful prints with fish and baked trout-shaped cookies. The program offers an enriching environment—"an alternative to television," says Granum and it encourages the parents who want to provide healthy experiences for their children.

To highlight Saturday programs and to provide an update on classwork, St. Columba's also publishes a weekly newsletter for parents, Truesdell Elementary School Kindergarten News.

"When children have violence in their lives, they don't learn to trust," notes Granum who along with others at St. Columba's is listening, learning and forming friendships. "We are treading lightly."

St. Columba's bold commitment is to mentor these same children for the next 12 years—through their high school graduation. The church has also begun a college trust fund for the children. Says Granum, "Our purpose is to fill a vacuum with hope."

"We wanted to work with children before they had developed a lot of anger. That's why we decided to start with kindergarten."



Marni Arnall Broach McGee '65

"When people read this story, they seem to have a moment of feeling very safe."



In her third book, *Forest Child*, ASC alumna Marni McGee has crafted a story that, like all books, "has a life of its own and, somehow, [it seems] more than most."

Kids are tough. I am shy. So when I talk to children, I get someone to go with me—someone whose lip does not tremble," explains soft-spoken Marni Arnall Broach McGee '65 of Santa Barbara, California.

That someone is her alter ego, puppet Earl. Years before the puppet and his friend, McGee, accepted speaking invitations, she was absorbed in the solitary task of writing for children. Between the time McGee sent

learned through my grandfather how a person can speak without words."

Her next book, *Diego Columbus: Adventures in the High Seas*, published by Revell, was picked up by the *Weekly Reader* Home Book Club and has sold 55,000 copies. This carefully researched historical fiction for 7- to 13-year olds explores the relationship between Christopher Columbus and son Diego. "My premise: if I were a 12-year-old child of Columbus, what would I want? To be with my father. But a good father would have to say, absolutely no. Diego's mother died in 1485. I have a scene early in the book in which Diego says, 'I will be with you when you go.' That is historical. Columbus answers, 'I loved your mother and I lost her. How could I risk losing you?'"

McGee wrote the first draft of what she calls her miracle book, *Forest Child*, in just a matter of hours. Her writing was an intense response to learning about children in crisis.

"The words," says McGee, "seemed to flow from my fingers as tears had flowed from my eyes." Three weeks after receiving the manuscript, her agent sold *Forest Child* to Green Tiger Press, a division of Simon & Schuster.

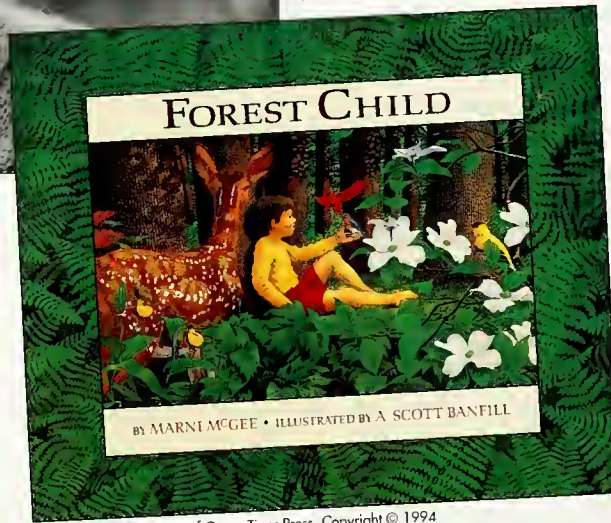
Six weeks after the first

printing, the book sold out. "When people read this story," says McGee, "they seem to have a moment of feeling very safe."

Forest Child is a mystical story of animals that help a boy who ventures into the woods. Late last year, the book provided the basis for a program for 550 children in Winston-Salem who listened to the story, then made themselves masks patterned after the characters. More recently, a woman composer set the words to music to be performed in a ballet for children in Houston this spring. "Books do have a life of their own," says McGee, "and this one, somehow, more than most."

her first manuscript to Athenaeum and received her very first acceptance letter 15 years later from Athenaeum, she admits having developed an appreciation for the nuances of rejection. A form postcard from publishers is the worst, then a form letter (unless it includes a hand-scrawled note at the bottom, like "keep on trying" or "send us more"). "When you get a personal letter of rejection," says McGee, "you are tempted to celebrate."

She jokes that her first book, *The Quiet Farmer*, published by Athenaeum, took 45 years to write. It is based on experience: McGee padding behind her grandfather on his farm in LaGrange, Georgia. "He was a very gentle man who seemed to give a loving blessing to the world around him. I



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E. Milling Kinard '62

That abuse and family violence takes its toll on the child is no question for E. Milling Kinard, Ph.D., a post-doctoral research fellow at the Family Research Laboratory (FRL) at the University of New Hampshire in Durham, a pioneer in research on the effects of family violence. Earlier Kinard conducted a large-scale study of behavior and school performance of abused children at the New England Research Institute in Watertown, Mass.

Kinard's research includes mother-teacher assessments of behavior problems in abused children, assessment of social support for abused children and their mothers and the academic performance in abused children. "Both mothers and teachers rated abused children as having more behavioral problems than non-abused children," she says.

From a sample of 165 abused children and their mothers and a matched comparison group of 169 nonabused children and their mothers (interviewed twice, with the interviews coming a year apart), Kinard found that abuse significantly predicted lower achievement test scores.

Abused children were also more likely than non-abused children to have lower grades in academic subjects, placement in special education programs, retention in grade, more days of absence and generally more problems in school.

Kinard points out that resources to serve abused children are often limited.

She deplores insufficient or abusive foster care—and the reluctance of the court to sever abusive parent/child ties in favor of adoption. "I have often thought that the system should not let children languish for years in foster care waiting for something good to happen to their families. If parents are not changing or not meeting the goals, it is time for the child to be adopted. The child needs a family."

Kinard, who has conducted research on children and abused children for 20 years, also sees the toll that child abuse research takes on her large team of research assistants and interviewers. "They think about these child abuse cases when they get home," she reports. "They dream about them."

"I have learned that the research team needs support. It helps them to talk over what they are finding."



MONICA MADDO PHOTO

Eileen Altman '85

Counseling adolescent survivors of gunshot injury was among the duties Eileen Altman '85 had during a year-long internship at Chicago's Cook County Hospital.

One of those sessions changed Altman. In the midst of counseling, a young man said, point blank: "You know I am going to die. I know I am going to die. Lady, why are you bothering with me anyway?"

This is evil, Altman remembers thinking. What have we done as a society so that this young man has no hope?

In 1994, after completing her doctorate, Altman joined the Illinois Council for the Prevention of Violence, where she serves as youth initiatives coordinator and manages "Peacing It Together," a violence prevention project for Illinois schools.

Altman taps school programs statewide and helps recommend resources for violence prevention. She addresses faculty and parent groups and organizes regional forums for Youth Violence Prevention.

She also helps draft state legislation that promotes inter-agency cooperation and gives "every agency a piece of the pie."

To care for children at risk, Altman advises each community to define "what we can do, together" to curb violence.

The roots of violence are in the home, so Altman suggests that parents model conflict resolution and screen media violence and "stop violence before it starts." Her programs that teach violence prevention are "really fun for kids," says Altman, and good for adults. "They learn to exercise a different kind of power."

Eileen Altman helps draft legislation for violence prevention. She speaks regularly to parent groups, urging them to "stop violence before it starts."

Altman believes parents are a key to stopping violence before it starts. But many parents don't realize they are the problem, rather than the solution.





McGough ranks what happens to the next generation of children as “the most important” social concern.

Law Professor Lucy McGough found child and family concerns were “what mattered most.”

Lucy Schow McGough '62

Thousands of children take the witness stand each day in communities across the country, drawn into legal controversies ranging from criminal prosecutions to dependency/abuse proceedings.

Often the court struggles with how to discern the reliability of children as witnesses: Is a child more disposed to fantasy or memory-fade than an adult? The court also struggles with certain applications of the law. The Constitution provides for the accused to confront the accuser. Is this effective—or is there potential for further abuse—when the accuser is a child?

Lucy Schow McGough '62, a specialist in family law and Vinson and Elkins Professor of Law at Louisiana State University, has explored the vulnerabilities of children in the American adversarial legal system in *Child Witnesses: Fragile Voices in the American Legal System*, published last year by Yale University Press.

The book offers a striking transdisciplinary discussion of legal processes and rules of evidence and of social science's assessment of the developmental skills and potential reliability of children as witnesses. McGough notes significant efforts for reform and proposes statutes like recollection-recorded videotapes of children's statements to ensure reliability of the testimony.

McGough ranks what happens to the next generation of children as “the most important” social concern. Yet as she accumulated data for *Child Witnesses*, she began to realize that issues related to childhood development were underexplored.

“Women have always led the way in this area, but it took a while for my generation to see this as the cutting edge. When I graduated from Agnes Scott, children and family issues seemed to be more traditional concerns for women,” says McGough, “but in truth, it turned out to be what mattered most to me.”

Child Witnesses has been nominated for the Robert F. Kennedy Book Award, the Gavel Award of the American Bar Association and The Order of Coif of the Association of American Law Schools. McGough has also written *Benchbook* for Louisiana Juvenile Court judges.

Ginger Westlund '66

Ginger Westlund wears a gold pin formed from the words “Children First.” Children and their ability to learn are the focus of education at Pointe South Elementary School, a Georgia School of Excellence in Riverdale, near Atlanta.

Children First also frames Westlund's philosophy honed over 20 years in primary education. “Every child can learn, even a child with a multitude of problems,” insists Westlund, now a special instructional assistant who identifies at-risk children in the school's lower grades.

Westlund helped Pointe South set up multi-age classrooms for children in kindergarten through grade two—with 10 at-risk youngsters integrated into each class. All children are exposed to the concepts only second graders are expected to master. The second graders become role models of behavior and learning for the rest.

Learning-rich is how teachers describe the environment. “The room is a teacher,” says Westlund. Children's art and creative work cover the walls. In different learning centers are Lego letters for spelling, a computer, saw, hammer, nails and 2x4s, an overhead projector that the children can operate, artist easels, blocks, measuring cups and spoons. Each room also has shelves of books.

“These children are not just reading boring little stories,” notes Pointe South Principal Judy Robinson. “They are reading about history and insects and aircraft. They



BILLY HOWARD PHOTO, USED BY PERMISSION OF EMORY UNIVERSITY



Her "Cat-in-the-Hat" students are the reasons for Ginger Westlund's Children First motto.

study about space, dinosaurs, toys—a Georgia Tech student of robotics brought a robot for them to examine."

Children appear to interact without deference to age. Westlund calls these classrooms a true, heterogeneous group: multi-ethnic, young and old, middle-class and impoverished, at-risk and gifted.

Westlund's job is not only to identify all of the at-risk youngsters, but also to assess each child's progress.

A crucial component of the Special Instructional Assistance (SIA) program is parent education. Teachers at Pointe South confer with parents on a regular basis. But Westlund believes that to be effective, the intervention must reach children before they enter kindergarten.

An early intervention program in 19 schools in Clayton County teaches parents of four-year-olds about everything from nutrition to age-appropriate games, from toys to reading. "Parents sign a promise that they will come to these meetings—if they miss without an excuse the child is dropped. So far, I believe only one child has been dropped from the program. It is so strong,

we have parents of children who are not at risk who also want to be part of it."

Children in the early intervention program, for instance, keep a nightly reading log which the parent signs. "We just want to plant the seed, you need to read to this child—from birth."

Poverty is a primary factor in children at risk. "We have our eyes open for the child who is without a coat or who is not fed, for the child who is being abused," says Westlund who also notes at-risk children come from wealthy homes offering little interaction between parent and child.

"In my more than 20 years of teaching, I have seen an increase of learning disabilities and behavior disorders. We have children coming in who are emotionally battered, who seem to act without conscience, who are hyperactive, who have been affected by fetal alcohol syndrome and drugs, who are totally out of control. We in education are doing what we can to help these children."

Children First is a pin Westlund might like to stick in every parent's lapel. "We try to let parents know that they are the most important teacher in their child's life." **ASC**

"Every child can learn, even a child with a multitude of problems," believes Westlund.



TEACHING NONVIOLENCE IN A VIOLENT WORLD

A Gandhian View

By Plamthodathil S. Jacob

In a violent world, walking the path of nonviolence may be costly—as the lives of Jesus Christ, Gandhi and Martin Luther King Jr. prove. It is a path for the courageous and strong-willed.

In spite of the rapid progress that humankind has made in science and technology, we are living in a far more violent world. Through progress, we have sought to control the material world, but we have failed to control our inner selves.

Mahatma Gandhi, an apostle of nonviolence (*ahimsa*), understood that nonviolence should and could be practiced in a violent world. He also found that nonviolence could become a successful political strategy which he used against the British Empire at the zenith of its universal power.

The Gandhian concept of nonviolence requires a gradual process of self-purification through self-restraint. It is based on Gandhi's embrace of Truth (*satya*) as the ultimate reality and on the practice of abstinence from greed and covetousness. He believed that only through inner control that thwarts the persistent driving force of human wants and through an unfailing commitment to hold to truth (*satyagraha*) will the individual grow fit for the practice of nonviolence.

Gandhi emphasized that nonviolence is not a characteristic of the weak and it cannot be accomplished without one's building a reservoir of spiritual strength. To practice nonviolence, he knew, requires inexhaustible inner strength.

A Gandhian view offers these guidelines for moving toward a life of nonviolence:

Cultivate the inner strength

Gandhi found that religious faith and faith in the goodness of humanity gave him courage and confidence, his own building blocks of inner strength. Such faith brought him a calmness, a peacefulness of mind, a sense of tranquillity.

To cultivate inner strength, one should set aside a time for meditation and the practice of sending out mental "love waves" to individuals, incidents and activity of a violent nature.

One should practice simple acts of courage and faith—within the family, school and workplace. At first, such an exercise may leave one feeling exhausted and weak.

Gandhi also suggested the daily practice of certain simple tasks associated with self-discipline. He arose early, read inspirational material, engaged in meditational prayer and learned to control his wants. He encouraged each person to modify and work out little acts of daily discipline.

Cure the sickness of your own soul

The South Asian concept of God as Truth, Goodness and Beauty (*satyam, sivam and sundaram*) serves as a reminder of the need for those qualities within every soul. Violence reflects a lack of those qualities and confirms a sickness within the soul. The practice of nonviolence is impossible for a person with such a sickness.

Violence destroys the inner being and it destroys the individual, the group and the environment. Getting rid of violence restores creation as it was first visualized by the creator. Purging violence occurs as one works through daily spiritual exercises.

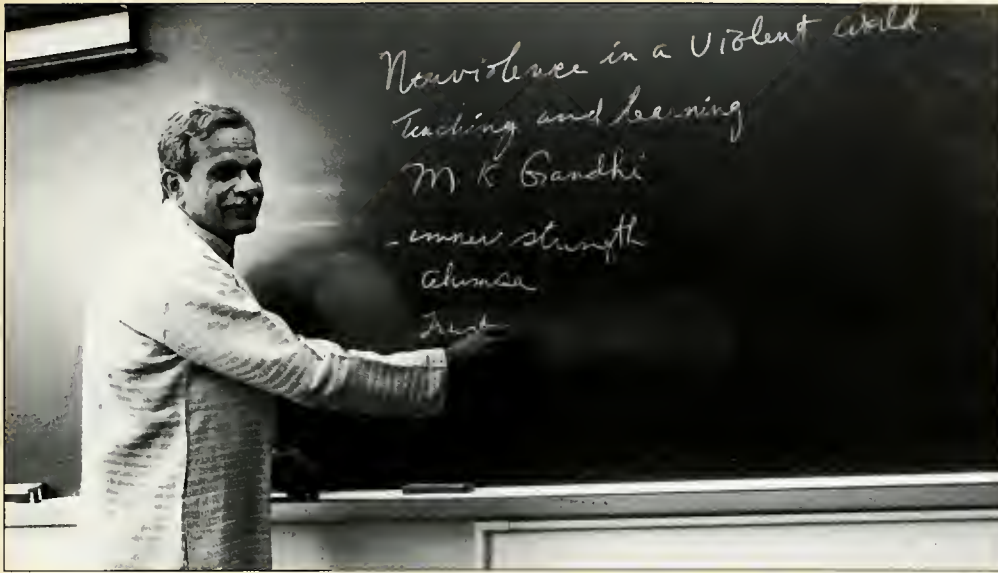
Strengthen your faith in the goodness of others

The practice of nonviolence is based on the assumption that God has placed the potential for nonviolence in all human beings, including those who are violent. Gandhi believed that only those who have such faith and who make that appeal (even in a violent world) will have the potential for awakening the quality in others.

Some appeals for nonviolence may fall on deaf ears. But even then, one must sustain the hope and belief that the deaf will learn the sign language of nonviolence and will be won over by its message.

Be ready to pay the price

In a violent world, walking the path of



Plamthodathil S. Jacob serves as a part-time professor of Bible and religion at Agnes Scott College and visiting professor of philosophy and religion at Emory University.

nonviolence may prove costly; it is a path for the courageous and strong-willed. Apostles of nonviolence—Jesus Christ, Gandhi, Martin Luther King Jr.—became victims of violence. Suffering and setbacks, even death, may be encountered. Gandhi visualized that a cadre of volunteers in every society would, out of conviction, take the risks. From their selfless service to the cause would grow the message of nonviolence.

Establish a perfectly balanced mind

An agitated mind is unstable and potentially violent. Gandhi used prayer, fasting, meditation and holding firmly to truth as a way to fortify his mind with peacefulness.

The state of the balanced mind must be like a firm rock, insisting, "I will not be moved." The Indian philosophical term is *sthithaprajna* which in this context may be translated "unshakable, immovable wisdom." The intimidating posture of violence will be unable to disturb such an outlook.

One must remember that practicing nonviolence in a violent world is no ordinary task. It requires great soul-force.

Even the person who is not ready to become an apostle of nonviolence may wish to participate in nonviolent work. Here are several things I suggest:

- ✓ Organize a voluntary corps or cell of nonviolence in your family, neighborhood, school campus, church or city. Do not expect to attract a large group. Even two or three are enough for a good beginning. Personal interaction is a key, so if you do

find a large number of people interested in nonviolence, divide them into small groups. Each group should make every effort to understand the urgency of the message, the challenges and opportunities for its practice. Practicing nonviolence, discipline, self-study and meditation should be the objective.

- ✓ Project nonviolence as a viable answer to violence. Gandhi advised his Christian friends to practice the directives of the Sermon on the Mount. He believed that walking the second mile or turning the other cheek—both teachings of Jesus Christ—offered clear examples of reconciling acts in a violent world.

- ✓ Identify specific acts of violence in your immediate area. The news media cover the most sensational violent acts but neglect others. Remember that heinous acts often build on the ordinary acts of violence.

- ✓ Address existing violence by developing a suitable program of reconciliation or peacemaking. Programs begun at local levels may become state, national—even international—programs of nonviolence.

Leaders in our pluralistic, modern world have succeeded in reducing the proliferation of nuclear weapons. Yet persisting violent practices affect all earthly life, from insects to plants, animals and humankind. The acceptance of violence at any level as an ordinary expression of human nature sets the stage for a wider world of violence.

Beginning with one's inner self, let each individual become an immovable force for reconciliation and peaceful coexistence. **ASC**

The acceptance of violence at any level as an ordinary expression of human nature sets the stage for a wider world of violence.

ASC WORLD WIDE WEB CONNECTIONS

By Audrey Arthur

Illustration by Richard Hicks

ASC students now have access to the sounds and sights of distant places, thanks to a College link with "the Web." And teachers are weaving the Web into their curriculum.

Imagine being able to see the Egyptian pyramids along the banks of the Nile, or dropping in on an exhibit at the Louvre—without packing a suitcase.

Virtual travel is now possible at Agnes Scott, using a new passport, World Wide Web (WWW or Web).

Through the Web, student users may sit down at a computer, link up with Internet—a network of computer networks—and by pointing and clicking a pointer on pictures or text, access not only text but also sounds, sophisticated graphics and video clips communicated by computers in far-flung destinations. Virtual visitors from cyberspace may drop in on the Agnes Scott campus Web document as well.

"The Web is the latest way to navigate the Internet," explains Tom Maier, director of information technology services. "There is tremendous potential to use it internally and externally." Publishing College research or magazines that include text and graphics, joining international discussion groups, observing virtual surgery or exploring the world's libraries and museums may be done with the click of a computer mouse.

The Web document is referred to as a page, and is organized similar to a page in a book.

Internet Lingo

BBS: Bulletin Board System that offers a range of goods and services such as electronic mail, games and live chat.

Flaming: Electronic insults

Lurking: Reading a forum or conference conversation to be sure your comments are relevant.

Netsurfer: Person who visits different areas of the Internet.

Usenet: Collection of discussion groups on a specific subject.

Agnes Scott is in the process of developing its own Web home page (like a table of contents), accessed through the campus network ScottLan. ASC's home page will provide linkage to information regarding admission, the Office of Technology Services, alumnae affairs, public relations and the McCain Library catalog.

Larry Riddle, associate professor of mathematics, and Alberto Sadun, associate professor of physics/astronomy, have incorporated the Web into their curriculum.

Riddle's linear algebra class is compiling biographies of female mathematicians that may be accessed through the menu in the departmental Web page.

"Usually, only individual faculty members read student assignments, but with this project, thousands of people from all over the world will read the students' work," says Riddle.

"This is a way of promoting women in mathematics, and letting others, particularly girls in high school, know about the contributions women have made in mathematics," says Riddle who notes that while mathematician biographies are available on the Web, Agnes Scott's project offers a focus on the contributions of women.

Sadun's students are

conducting a study of astronomy resources available around the world. The data and graphics gathered from their research will eventually be placed on Agnes Scott's





home page. Maier points out that one advantage for the College is that educational institutions do not pay for Web software; there is minimal cost to install the Web and the College already pays a flat fee for access to Internet and has completed an upgrade that increased the Internet connection speed 30-fold.

"We received good support from the institution and trustees and as a result have

made progress rapidly," he observes. "We were well behind most institutions in terms of our technical capabilities. Agnes Scott is now close to the leading edge, but, it's never over. . . . There has to be a continued commitment to stay current because Internet and the Web are such fast developing areas."

Those with an Internet account and access to a browser such as Mosaic or NetScape may reach Agnes Scott's developing World Wide Web home page at:

[HTTP:www.scottlan.edu](http://www.scottlan.edu)

ASC

"Agnes Scott is now close to the leading edge in computer communications technology, but, it's never over. . . ."

The Endeavor Link

Son of ASC's Information Technology Services director questions astronaut in space

From his father's office in Agnes Scott's Information Technology Services, young Thomas Maier Jr. located the World Wide Web site set up for NASA's Space Shuttle Endeavor mission in March and submitted a question for the crew.

Thomas likes to wake up in time to watch each space shuttle lift off, so he asked: "Why is blast off scheduled for 2 a.m.? That is well past my bed-time. I am 9 years old."

Out of curiosity, the next day Tom Maier, director of information technology services, checked the computer for a NASA response and found nothing.

However, a few days later the Maier family got a call—NBC-TV wanted an interview with Thomas—

NASA had chosen his question, and an astronaut had answered it, in-flight. That evening, father and son went to the ASC office and Thomas logged onto the Web. First he checked NASA's responses to questions for the day. Next Thomas selected responses from the crew where he found his name in "big letters" along with a digitized audio clip from space.

Astronaut Tamara Jernigan read Thomas' question, then explained that NASA had decided on an earlier than normal lift off to avoid a magnetic field that would have interfered with their view of stars and quasars located near the edge of the universe.

"Nice . . . and scary," is how Thomas describes his idea of being an astronaut

and exploring the universe for himself one day.

Interviews with Thomas were aired on NBC Nightly News with Tom Brokaw and on Atlanta's WSB radio. Unfazed is how Maier describes his son's reaction both to the media attention and his computer linkup with the Endeavor crew. On the other hand, Maier expressed considerable pleasure. "I was glad," he says, "to see that Thomas was willing to ask questions and not to be reserved about it."

Thomas first learned about the change in lift-off schedule during an open house at ASC's Bradley Observatory. The 15½-day Astro-2 space voyage was dedicated to astronomy with the astronauts peering deep into space.

LIFESTYLES

Healers exploring the ancient arts; clergy married to clergy; and therapeutic horseback riding for youngsters with disabilities

JOURNEYS TOWARD HEALING

Acupuncturist Marijke de Vries '56 and nurse therapist Anneke Corbett '63

Sisters, they journeyed west from the Netherlands to the United States—and to Agnes Scott College. Eventually they settled on opposite ends of the United States, where both practice ancient Eastern medicine.

Graduate school, marriage and then children followed both Marijke Schepman de Vries' and Anneke Schepman Corbett's graduation.

De Vries '56 was a stay-at-home mother in New Jersey for 14 years before returning to school and earning a graduate degree in biochemistry. Then five years into her new career as a research chemist, she broke her neck in a car crash. Hospitalized for two months and unable to work for three-and-a-half more, she visited an acupuncturist. After one treatment, she regained use of the pectoral muscle, which connects the top of



Marijke de Vries found a career in acupuncture after receiving acupuncture treatments for pain resulting from a car wreck.

the arm to the breast.

Five treatments later, de Vries felt better but, she says, "being a scientist I didn't believe my feelings." Within two years of the car accident which crushed the fifth vertebra in her neck, de Vries was free of pain, rid of pills, done with muscle relaxers and studying acupuncture.

By the early 1980s, she was working as a biochemist and volunteering on weekends as an acupuncturist at a physician-supervised clinic in the South Bronx. De Vries says with acupuncture she

is able to help diminish a patient's obesity and high blood pressure or to detox drug addicts.

"I decided maybe the car accident had to do with my not choosing to be a researcher, but getting into healthcare, which I had dreamed of since I was six years old."

After further studies and a degree in acupuncture, de Vries moved to Albuquerque where she has a private practice. Her patients "run the gamut" from women who are able to avoid hysterectomies to people relieved of

migraines, to homeless recovering drug addicts at the half-way house.

De Vries explains that detoxification via acupuncture is simple to perform and more effective than the usual treatments. Up to 75 percent of the patients who receive the acupuncture administered via five needles in their ear, do not relapse.

"Acupuncture is a medium that sends energy to the organs to strengthen them," she says. It complements Western medicine. "As long as we've termed it alternative medicine, we put an either/or perspective on things. I wouldn't be here if not for western medicine," she says referring to her near-fatal car crash.

Anneke Schepman Corbett '63 agrees with her sister and borrows from Eastern and Western medical thought in her work as a registered nurse and massage therapist. Whereas deVries practices the Chinese art of acupuncture, Corbett uses the Japanese version: Shiatsu, a massage technique performed without needles.

A single parent of two

children, she became a nurse 10 years ago as "a step out of a lower wage scale." Inspired by her sister, she began studying Chinese medicine where she lives in North Hampton, Mass. Later, she switched to the Japanense art. After three years of study and a degree, she opened a part-time Shiatsu practice and continues part time as a nurse.

Recently she wrote a grant proposal to practice the technique at the hospital, where she is a favorite of coworkers. "Hospitals are so stressful; people get headaches. I work with a lot of nurses who appreciate that a five-minute back rub can alleviate stress symptoms."

Corbett takes pride that amid nursing routines she can comfort a distressed cancer patient or ease the muscle tension of a person recovering from surgery.

"I find Shiatsu incredibly gratifying. It's an art as well as a science," she says. "It's poetic. I have pictures in my mind of what will happen to the part of the body I am working on." The ASC art major whose medium was sculpture admits, "Shiatsu fulfills me in a way art fulfilled—but in a richer more experiential way."

CLERGY MARRIED CLERGY

Ministers Mary Boyd Sugg Click '73, Dusty Kenyon Fiedler '70 and Ann Fitzgerald Aichinger '85

Two-career couples typically juggle work schedules, extra-curricular activities and day care.

Three Scotties have added another dynamic to the modern marriage. Mary Boyd "Tig" Sugg Click '73, Dusty Kenyon Fiedler '70 and Ann Fitzgerald Aichinger '85 are ministers married to ministers.

All three Presbyterian clergy note advantages and disadvantages to their marriages' shared profession. "We both had to wrestle with it before we married," says Ann Aichinger of her relationship with husband Frank, a church pastor in Fort Myers, Fla. "What did it mean for our lives, for the future, for our future children? How do two people discern God's calling?"

Aichinger attended Princeton Seminary and was a minister for two-and-a-half years then began further graduate work at Columbia Seminary where she met her future husband.

Seminary is a breeding ground for romance, she jests.

Their first try at a same-profession marriage found them each with a church—Aichinger with a 65-mile commute. She characterizes the arrangement as "extra stress." More compatible, they've found, is her position as a youth ministry consultant with a Presbytery of the surrounding 250-mile region that includes 40 churches. She is also a parish associate at her husband's church. She says the honorary title recognizes her as "Rev. Ann Aichinger," a minister also versus being "the preacher's wife."

The couple continually reflects on their dual calling, mindful that one spouse's ministry doesn't take precedence over the other's. Give and take on a daily basis means, among other things, Frank cooks dinner on days when Aichinger comes home only to leave again for a nighttime meeting. On other nights, she wears the chef's hat.

"We protect ourselves. We need time for

refreshment. We go to the beach every Friday to be with each other in nature, to have solitude and be in the presence of God."

Click met her husband, Jay, at Richmond's Union Theological Seminary. He is pastor of a church in Springfield, Va.; she is interim pastor with a possible permanent position.

Click used to think their same-career marriage was unusual, but learned that other couples holding full-time jobs have the same demands of carpooling, meeting children's schedules, et cetera. "It is as unique as two lawyers or two doctors married to each other—which is still rare," she admits.

"What is different is night meetings when you have children. There must be someone covering home base." Click worked part time when her children, now 10 and 12, were younger.

"The advantage of our both being ministers is that we can share on a meaningful level what each other's going through. The joys and frustrations. We can be more understanding."

It's easier to balance home life, she has found, when one spouse has a smaller church and the

other, a larger one. They both encourage their congregations to have lots of meals. The more meals, the more their congregations will see the entire Click family—and neither minister will have to cook.

Clemmons Presbyterian Church, Clemmons, N.C., is the second church that Fiedler and husband Bob have served as co-pastors. Both work part time, or as she explains, two-thirds time.

After seminary both served different churches and decided against the arrangement. When their second child was born, they moved to another church and became co-pastors. Working as a team, life became a little simpler when, for example, a child became sick on Saturday night. And the "relentless return of the Sunday" is a little less relentless since they alternate preaching each week.

In addition to sharing ministerial duties, the Fiedlers are "equally parenting" their children, ages 10 and 13. Both ministers work at their church in the mornings, hiring childcare during summer mornings. Each parent takes turns meeting their children when the school



The Rev. Mary Sugg Click: The advantage of husband and wife "both being ministers is that we can share on a meaningful level."

bus arrives and spending the afternoon at home.

"I'm grateful my husband was willing to do this equally," says Fiedler. "It says a lot."

HORSE SENSE

Riding therapist Irene Knox Brock '68

Irene Knox Brock has two passions: horses and children. As a dedicated volunteer, she fulfills her need for both.

Brock teaches therapeutic riding to children with disabilities. Seventy percent of her juvenile pupils—she also teaches adults once a week—are confined to wheelchairs, many due to multiple scler-

osis, cerebral palsy or head injury. "Children in wheelchairs have no sense of freedom or mobility," she explains. "This therapy opens a whole world of sensations to them."

Often students, including adults, begin riding "like a sack of potatoes." Gradually posture changes as riding exercises the student's trunk. Unlike traditional physical therapy, the therapeutic riding works all of the muscles.

During a typical session, the student is helped up on the horse with a walker on either side, and four volunteers assisting. The walking motion of the horse moves the pupil from side to side, backward and forward. In the process of reaching for the reins or stroking the horse's mane, the student also bends at the waist and stretches both calf and foot muscles.

Other exercises include two children atop horses tossing a ball to one another or performing a number of movements designed to strengthen hand and eye coordination. Children are also taught colors. "It's tactile, mental and emotional stimulation. It's physical and fun," says Brock. "You would not believe the

number of things we come up with in using the horses. We look so stupid out there," jokes Brock, who breeds and trains championship horses.

Many children with disabilities never learned to crawl, which many educators believe is essential for developing language. Brock, a psychology major at Agnes Scott who taught at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, participated in an experimental program in which researchers discovered a horse could be trained to walk a four-beat gait—in the same pattern an infant learns to crawl.

Often physicians warn parents that children who cannot crawl will never talk. To her pleasure, Brock has heard some of these same children in riding therapy excitedly say a horse's name as his or her first word.

Brock lives in Roanoke, Va., with husband Tom, a General Electric Company vice president. His job transfers (every four years) have enabled her to assist the National Therapeutic Riding Association and other similar programs in several Eastern cities. **ASC**

—Leisa Hammet-Goad is a freelance writer based in Nashville, Tenn.

CLASSIC

The Presser dogwood is alive and well . . . at least in alumnae memories.

I read with a pang the article in the fall ALUMNAE MAGAZINE about the Presser Dogwood and its nearing end. One of my fondest memories of my time at Agnes Scott is borne by that tree.

The spring day had been hot, and the concert of medieval music by the New York Pro Musica scheduled for the evening promised to be well-attended. In the days before air conditioning in Presser Hall (this was, I think, in the spring of 1968 or 1969), all that could be done was to open the windows of Gaines Auditorium and hope for a breeze. Nine hundred warm bodies on a warm evening were going to get warm indeed!

My friends Elizabeth Jones '71 and Tricia Johnston '72 and I were determined to get the best seats we could for the concert, so we arrived about 6:30. The windows were open already, but the breeze was barely there, high above our heads, on the first or second row. People came in. The room grew warmer. The concert began with its timeless music and we forgot the



This spring, a new dogwood is planted near the aging Presser Dogwood.

heat, for a while. By intermission time, it was nearly miserable. We looked at the windows, dark now after the late twilight of spring, and saw the dogwood blossoms nodding slightly in the barely-moving air. The tree!

Abandoning our precious seats, we went outside into the cooling air and climbed up into the dogwood's branches. We couldn't climb high enough to see the stage, but we found perches and settled in. The second half of the concert was a dream of time suspended: music hundreds of years old, the strong arms of the old tree, the quadrangle's lamplight filtered through the big white flowers, the com-

panionship of close friends.

I'm not sure life offers much that is sweeter. I shall miss the old tree.

The Rev. Mollie

Douglas Pollitt '70
Clarksville, Ga.

Poetic Inspiration

It occurred to me that it might be of interest to you for Arbor Day that the Presser dogwood inspired the imagery in two love poems I wrote as an English and music student.

As a West Texas girl, I was overwhelmed by the beauty of our campus in the spring.

"... a highlight [of my working life] was being garden editor of *House &*

Garden, a career that may have grown out of my first dazzling spring in Georgia, 1945. The Presser dogwood seemed big to us even then.

Marybeth Little

Weston Lobdell, '48
Armonk, N.Y.

A Resting Place

I remember the first time I read about how the tree was saved from being cut down. My admiration for Agnes Scott College immediately soared higher!

There were times especially during exam week when our brains were so tired! My roommate, Wendy Boatwright, and I would climb up in that tree and just rest.

It really helped.

Once I was "stir crazy" from sitting in a room and memorizing lines of Shakespeare for Dr. George Hayes' class. But it helped my nerves to go sit in the tree.

One night Wendy and I found out that one of our favorite upperclassmen was out walking with her date and heading in the direction of the tree. So we ran and got up in there just in time to see him kiss her! She found out about it, and of course she was furious with us!

After I graduated and got married, I lived in Atlanta for two years. When spring came I knew I had to go see the tree. So we packed a picnic lunch and took our little boy and a quilt, and we had a wonderful afternoon beside the tree.

Many years later and many miles away I still remembered it, almost as a friend that I missed seeing. So I took a picture of it to an artist friend and asked her to do a watercolor for me. She chose to paint a branch rather than the whole tree. It's lovely, and it hangs in my living room today.

Emily Parker
McGuirt, '60
Camden, S.C.

Pros and cons of harassment; 50th remembered again.

■ Several lines in the story, "Stopping the Nightmare," [Fall 1994 AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE] epitomize why I continue to exclude Agnes Scott College from any financial gifts. Specifically, on page 16 the author [Jane Zanca] asserts:

"It's maddening but true: More than half of the women who report harassment find that nothing happens to the one who harasses.

Indeed, Clarence Thomas got a Supreme appointment."

This suggests that accusation of harassment is equivalent to guilt. Such a notion—while certainly acceptable in today's trendy feminist circles—does not belong in a publication of a college that prides itself on a high level of scholarship. Moreover, it suggests that Clarence Thomas, rather than Anita Hill, lied. Beyond a public opinion poll, Ms. Zanca offers no evidence for such a claim.

Ms. Zanca failed to point out that Ms. Hill profited greatly from her accusation. Prior to the accusation, she was an unknown law professor at a third-rate law school; her scholarship was, at best, mediocre. Since the accusation, however, she has been nominated for an endowed chair, secured a lucrative book contract and is being well compensated on the lecture circuit.

I guess this part of the accusation didn't fit into Zanca's story, did it?

I wish that some of the funds I contribute to religious, educational and charitable organizations could go to Agnes Scott. However, the fact that things like the above crop up regularly in the alumnae publications makes me wonder whether the College has strayed from its commitment to scholarship. I hope this changes with the new president. Should I hold my breath?

Susan Smith
Van Cott '67
Selma, Ind.

■ I read with great interest and empathy Jane Zanca's article on sexual harassment. During the 20 years I spent in corporate America, I have run the gamut of being told outright that if I wanted the order I would have to "work for it" to having one member of my board of directors tell another director that my picture was in the paper on Page 8B only to discover a local nightclub's ad. . . .

But the most provocative statement came from my then-10-year-old son. As I was explaining why it was important for boys to handle a household, my son, the product of an emancipated man and woman, boldly stated that he didn't need to know about cooking and cleaning, "that's why you have a wife!"

ASC graduates/mothers of today and tomorrow should not assume that their liberated attitudes toward the role of women in modern society will naturally develop in your chauvinist-by-nature male offspring. As in all aspects of developing humanity in human beings, the training must begin at home early and be reinforced often.

Thanks for a terrific magazine!
Jamie Osgood
Shepard '74
Panama City, Fla.

■ Congratulations on another fine issue. I loved your handsome layout for my article, "Fifty Years Ago—A Remembrance" [Fall 1994, pages 30-33].

Alas, a couple of print mistakes slipped in. My roommate was Nancy Geer, not Greer, and our graduation year was '48 not '49. . . .

Marybeth Weston
Lobdell '48
Armonk, NY

■ I just finished reading the new magazine and I am still sniffing. I truly enjoyed Marybeth Lobdell's touching piece on 1944 and the article on the Presser Dogwood (sigh). Adele Clements' views on life as a Decatur firefighter and the details of Mary Jordan's white-hot career track were very well conveyed also.

Congratulations!
Andrea Swilley '90
Loganville, Ga.

GIVING ALUMNA

"I had such a great experience at ASC, I want to give something back."



GARY MEYER PHOTO

Laura Bynum '81: Agnes Scott prepared her both for her job and for being a mother and wife.

LAURA BYNUM '81

Home: Atlanta, Ga.

Age: 36

Occupation: Vice President, NationsBanc Capital Markets Group

Husband: James Jordan Bynum III, architect, Nix, Mann and Associates

Hobbies: Strolling with daughter Hays, age 1

One of the youngest charter members of the Frances Winship Walters Society, Laura Bynum is an Annual Fund contributor at the Tower Circle level, a former Annual Fund chair, a past Alumnae Board member, and a "perpetual" class chair. Ever since graduating from

Agnes Scott with a degree in psychology, Laura has given to the College.

"Working as a class chair, I learned how important it is to give," says Laura. "At first I gave just \$5 or \$10 or \$15—I thought at least that will help the College pay for postage or electricity or something." As Laura has

matured and advanced through the ranks at NationsBanc Capital Markets Group (a subsidiary of NationsBank), she has increased her giving. "When you have a baby, and as your life changes, you think more about how you want to take care of things. I'm sure that has affected my decision to give to the College."

Giving to Agnes Scott continues a relationship that began when she was a seventh grader from Memphis visiting the Agnes Scott campus. "My mother and aunt went to

college here and I saw the relationships they had made through the College. I liked the fact that Agnes Scott had that to offer as well as an education. Once I saw Agnes Scott, I fell in love with it."

Laura appreciates the "friends for a lifetime" she made while at ASC and the personalized academic attention that helped build her self-esteem. "Agnes Scott prepared me for what I do in my job and for being a mother and wife. My education has made me successful and I feel an obligation to give something back." **ASC**

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GARY MECK PHOTO



FALL GAMES ON THE HOCKEY FIELD ARE A SURE SIGN OF SPRING.

SPRING HAS SPRUNG

Baseball, the national pastime and sure harbinger of spring may have let us down on a national level this year, but at Agnes Scott, pick-up softball games on the hockey field are still in evidence. There are other signs of spring and the upcoming summer, too: enrollment and admission concerns are "On Campus" and we continue to remember (if not revive) the Presser Dogwood "Classic." Your "Lifestyles" speak of new life: alumnae who've changed careers and practice renewal. We include a report on child violence and ways alumnae and students are offering hope to its startlingly large number of victims. And that may be a "spring" message, too.

AGNES SCOTT



ALUMNAE MAGAZINE
FALL 1995

A New President At Agnes Scott

- Baring the Breast-Cancer Myths
- A Foil to Danger
- Please Pass the . . . Rootenanny?

EDITOR'S NOTE

In the present and in the past sleeps the purpose of the future: the new president brings an unfolding vision, a world-view to Agnes Scott College.

President Mary Brown Bullock '66 opened her first convocation address to the Agnes Scott College community with a quote from T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*, lines from "Burnt Norton":

*Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past. . . .
But to what purpose
Disturbing the dust on a bowl of rose-leaves
I do not know.*

Disturbing the dust—pondering the journey that has brought her once again to Agnes Scott—Bullock explored the meaning of "time future contained in time past" both for the College and for herself. The pageantry of the day's convocation procession, the academic regalia, she said, are colored by the medieval origins of the university and by the variety of alma maters represented by the ASC faculty. Along with the splendor of this universal scene, "more than a century of Agnes Scott's own traditions" continue.

Bullock's connections with the College date back almost a century to when her great-aunt Mary Thompson was a student here. The president's mother, Mardia Hopper Brown, graduated from Agnes Scott in 1943. More recently, Bullock's brother, George Brown, served as a director of the Global Awareness program for the College. "Long forgotten metaphors of time and place haunted me," said Bullock, as she prepared late this summer for her transition from Washington, D.C., (where she directed the Asia Program for The Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars), back to Agnes Scott.

During the address, Bullock expressed gratitude to those from Agnes Scott's past. "Ruth Schmidt's determination to forge a multicultural, aesthetically beautiful and technologically up-to-date campus

transformed this community. Sally Mahoney found much to celebrate during her year as interim president. She and I shared a special Stanford bond, and I pledge to continue encouraging Agnes Scott's renewal as a community of civility, collegiality, intellectual vitality, warmth and good humor."

Out of the old forms and patterns, out of successes, mistakes and lessons, she said, emerge opportunities for new beginnings at the College. "We are at a crossroads," she said, "the future is before us, looming, beckoning, challenging."

As institutions face "their own beginnings and endings," Bullock envisioned an Agnes Scott College that will survive and become great: as it develops strong links with the world, as it responds to the needs of women and their changing roles, as it continues to engender in students the joy of learning, and as it embraces all people.

"Transitions" was the title Mary Brown Bullock chose for her first formal conversation with the Agnes Scott community.

To express the wonder of that circle made of endings and beginnings, she turned again to a passage from Eliot's remarkable *Four Quartets*, "Little Gidding":

*What we call the beginning is often the end
And to make an end is to make a beginning.
The end is where we start from. . . .
We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started.
And to know the place for the first time.*



Mary Brown Bullock '66

Elaine Leanington

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By Tish Young McCutchen '73
Photos by Laura Sikes

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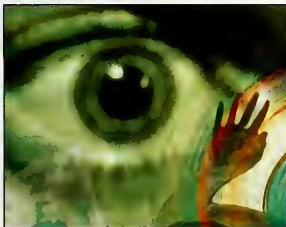


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Hush and Eat Your Rootenanny

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Illustration by Mac Evans

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ON CAMPUS

A Cultural Olympics, collaborative research and PEACH, tree tour, high marks in science and math, ads for girls, finding the unexpected and more.

ASC OPENS CULTURAL OLYMPIAD

With nine months and counting, plans are taking shape for the International Conference on Southern Literature to be hosted by Agnes Scott College. It is the kick-off event for the Cultural Olympiad's Olympic Summer Festival scheduled for June 2-9, part of the 100th anniversary celebration of the 1996 Olympic Games in Atlanta.

With the slate of writers yet to be announced, spokesman Tom McHaney, director of graduate studies and English at Georgia State University, says the conference will bring together "three generations of writers"—established writers, writers of promise and writers heretofore overlooked.

"The idea is to bring half of the writers from the Southern states and to invite people from around the world who translate, publish, write and talk about Southern writing and its influence on their culture," says McHaney.

The event will include

book signings, a book fair, readings and one-person shows along with conference panel discussions.

—Audrey Arthur

A PEACH OF AN IDEA

As Washington wrestles with welfare reform, PEACH (Positive Employment and Community Help) is Georgia's nearly decade-old answer for those who receive Aid to Families with Dependent Children to move from welfare to work.

Last semester five ASC students helped document the progress of 17 women involved in DeKalb's PEACH program.

One outcome: students like Christina Costes '95 gained an insight into the lives of PEACH women who juggle child care, GED or college classwork and on-the-job training in order to prepare for, and to establish, careers. Costes was assigned to Charemon Shanks, a mother of five (ages 2 to 16) who is earning a degree in social work from Georgia State University and who serves on the Georgia Welfare

STROLL THROUGH THE TREES

Agnes Scott College is one of a few areas in Decatur where the trees have remained relatively undisturbed for more than a century. Recently the College has produced a self-guided tour of trees (with

Through the Trees at Agnes Scott" provides pictures and profiles of a number of the largest and oldest trees in ASC's urban forest including DeKalb County's champion black gum tree, the second largest magnolia in the county (on a campus that boasts 72 magnolias), and a white ash that predates the Civil War. The tour also includes more

recently planted specimens like a spectacular pair of gingoes added by biology professor S. Leonard Doerpinghaus, among about 30 trees he planted around campus.

recently planted specimens like a spectacular pair of gingoes added by biology professor S. Leonard Doerpinghaus, among about 30 trees he planted around campus.

Reform Task Force.

"Sometimes we have stereotypical images. Students found it exciting to interview women who

are working to provide a better quality of life for their children and who are taking control of their lives," notes Brenda Hoke,



ASC assistant professor of sociology.

Hoke designed the project to connect sociology research theory and practice, and to provide ASC students an opportunity to work with her, collaboratively.

For the project, students created a set of questions which Hoke helped refine "so that it was like a

professional instrument."

Students conducted interviews with a sample of PEACH participants and published the information in a spiral-bound *PEACH Family Album* complete with profiles and photos of each of the women.

Out of the experience, ASC students established a Saturday morning tutorial to assist PEACH women in

math, science, economics and social studies.

The pilot project was noted both by PEACH Fulton County staff who have talked to Hoke about creating a similar publication and establishing a tutorial, and by Georgia's First Lady Shirley Miller (wife of Gov. Zell Miller), who has a strong interest in adult education.

HIGH MARKS IN SCIENCES AND MATH

Agnes Scott College has been identified by *Peterson's Guides* as one of 200 colleges and universities in the United States that "offer an outstanding undergraduate program in the sciences and mathematics." As such, ASC

EXPANDING LANGUAGE ACROSS THE CURRICULUM

Agnes Scott is expanding its multi disciplinary Language Across the Curriculum program which pairs humanities (or fine arts or social sciences) with language studies. The pilot project (begun in the fall of 1992 for students with at least two years of German) paired European History 1914-1945 taught by Associate Professor of History Katherine Kennedy with a German language component taught by Professor of German Ingrid Wieshofer.

The College now offers these additional LAC courses: European History since 1945 with a German component; Medieval Art and the History of Art with French components; Native Peoples of the Americas and the African Diaspora and Women in Latin America with Spanish components.

The College plans to develop two more courses over the next two years, Women in Music with a

German component and the Church in Latin America with a Spanish component.

"You get a deeper understanding when you study German history in German," notes Martha Bailey '97 whose study of European History since 1945 included reading the German constitution and German journal entries written during World War II and viewing contemporary German films. "The native language authenticates the material. There are no English or American overlays of bias. Language puts you inside the culture."

Funded by a \$152,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the program is designed to enrich the study of humanities disciplines through established links with foreign language skills. The funds support course development work for the two-teacher teams and provide the language faculty release time to

attend the humanities course.

The grant money also supports an intensive language study for humanities faculty who want to upgrade language skills.

Benefits to students are an enhanced understanding of a discipline based upon the opportunities to discuss and read authentic texts in the original language and to improve their foreign language skills with an additional course hour each week.

Students involved in the LAC programs have gone on to use their improved language skills in various ways, including one woman who spent a semester abroad studying in Germany and another who recently completed a six-week scholarship at the Goethe Institute.

At the close of the grant, the College will offer an invitational symposium (April 1996) for institutions in the Southeast considering a similar program.

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION FOR WOMEN HISTORIANS MOVES TO AGNES SCOTT

Agnes Scott College will be the new home of the 500-member Southern Association for Women Historians (SAWH), a professional organization for academicians who research the history of Southern women. Agnes Scott Assistant Professor of History Michele Gillespie, a member of the association since 1988, assumes the duties of secretary/treasurer for a three-year term beginning in December. She will also serve as managing editor of an organizational newsletter.

The Southern Association for Women Historians was founded in the early 1970s to foster the status of women as historians in the South and to promote the research of Southern women's history, especially across racial lines. The membership, a subgroup of the Southern Historical Association, produces volumes of research on Southern women's history following its regular conferences every three years.

Gillespie's relationship with Agnes Scott was fortunate for SAWH's officers, who selected Agnes Scott, an historic women's college in the South, as their new center. Gillespie believes the College's association with SAWH will dovetail nicely with Agnes Scott's new program for Women in Leadership and Social Change.

The association had been housed at the University of Arkansas and at Clemson University in South Carolina.

will be included in a book, *Top Colleges for Science—Leading Programs in the Biological, Chemical, Geological, Mathematical, and Physical Sciences*, due out in early 1996.

ASC was selected from among 1,500 four-year colleges and universities identified through the 1994 Carnegie Classification of Institutions of Higher

Education. The schools were analyzed according to the number and percentage of baccalaureate alumnae having earned degrees in science and math between 1988 and 1992; and the number and percentage of baccalaureate alumnae having been awarded National Science Foundation Fellowships 1990-94.

WCC UNVEILS AD CAMPAIGN

Expect the best from a girl. That's what you'll get.

If a 15-year, multi million dollar ad campaign works the way the Women's College Coalition and the Ad Council hope it will, this slogan will become as familiar as the American Negro College Fund's slogan, "A mind is a terrible thing to waste."

The two organizations invited Mary Brown Bullock '66 and the presidents of many of the nation's 84 women's colleges to Washington, D.C., for the launch of the national campaign to raise expectations about girls' competence and abilities and to encourage girls to perform at their maximum level of potential.

"Today, women like Madeline Albright, our ambassador to the U.N., and Sadako Ogato, U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees, are providing international leadership," said Bullock. "Our future world will need more women like these to be engaged in solving the problems of the next century. The campaign we unveil today will have a positive impact in equipping girls and women with

tools and confidence to be their successors."

Role models for the WCC-Ad Council ads—depicted in childhood photos—include Julie Willey, director of the Delaware State Police Crime Lab; Lauren Lazin, award-winning documentary filmmaker; and Nicole Lang, pediatrician.

Regional campaign launches occurred simultaneously throughout the United States, including one at Spelman College in Atlanta, hosted by WCC members: Spelman, Agnes Scott College, Wesleyan College in Macon and Brenau University in Gainesville.

WCC member colleges will serve as resource for programs that foster the participation of girls and women in the classroom.

COMPARISON OF WOMEN IN ECONOMICS

Women's colleges produce proportionately more female economics majors than do co-ed liberal arts institutions. That's one of the findings of Associate Professor of Economics Rosemary Cunningham in her study "Undergraduate Women in Economics: A

Comparison of Women's and Coeducational Liberal Arts Colleges" presented at the International Association for Feminist Economics Conference in Tours, France, this past summer.

Results indicate that women's colleges average 31 economics majors per year, compared with 11.9 female economics majors a year at co-ed institutions. The number of female majors who enter a graduate economics program is higher at women's colleges (4.6 compared with 2.1). Women's colleges also employed more female economics faculty, 35 percent compared with 23 percent at co-ed colleges.

Cunningham began her study when economists became concerned that fewer undergraduates, especially women, were majoring in economics. Cunningham built her study on previous research linking women's colleges and female faculty members with the success of their graduates. She surveyed 40 women's colleges with degree programs in economics and 58 highly ranked co-ed institutions with fewer than 5,000 students. Fifty percent of the women's colleges and 65 percent of the co-ed institutions responded.

Next, Cunningham plans to research why there are fewer economics majors of either sex in this country than at any other time since 1979, and why women's colleges are successful in attracting and training women in economics.

COMPUTER LITERATES

With a \$2,500 grant from BellSouth to the College, Associate Professor of Economics Rosemary Cunningham devised a way to become an Economics 306 "coach" instead of lecturer by developing a microeconomics course that helps students solve economics problems in a computer lab rather than in a traditional classroom.

Cunningham designed the course in order to train students to work collaboratively in small groups, using different types of computer technology to gather data, and using the Excel spreadsheet program for seeing solutions.

Cunningham hopes the course will produce more active learners. She also notes the importance of integrating computers with course materials. "Computer skills are not just an add-on anymore."



Agnes Scott Assistant Professor Juan Allende spent the summer researching the growth of evangelical religion in Chile, his traditionally Catholic homeland.

REMAIN WATCHFUL, FOR GOD'S OTHER NAME IS SURPRISE

From a meditation for First Friday Community Worship by Juan Allende

Summer is as much a state of mind—an attitude—as it is a season. I began my summer with certain expectations about what I would find returning to Chile, the country where I grew up; expectations of winter in summer—remember, Chile is in the Southern hemisphere and the seasons are reversed; and, finally, expectations about my research.

You see, I go to Chile to visit family and to continue my research which often costs me a chunk of my summer, both in sunshine and in leisure. The topic of my research is evangelical

movements, and as the word "movements" suggests, I learned early on that this was not a topic that one can approach as one would the study of minerals.

No, to study evangelicals, one has to be willing to participate actively in the life of evangelical communities, and that is always a challenge for the research self—the so-called objective observer.

Let me explain this with a story.

As part of my research, I traveled 300 miles south from Santiago to Coronel, a small town that sits in a depressed economic area once famous for its coal

and textiles—industries that no longer exist. This is an area where the number of evangelicals is very large.

One afternoon, I was invited to a meeting of evangelical women. I was expecting to find three or four stern women-pastors. Instead, I walked into a tiny room in a house so poor that the roof could not stop the rain from coming in. There I discovered 20 or 25 women sitting close to each other, heating the cold, damp room with their bodies, while clapping hands, singing and sharing their experiences of hard living.

I felt uncomfortable in my American clothes. I didn't know what to do or say.

But these evangelical

women sat me between two matrons, let me peek in their open Bibles and hymnals, hugged me, touched me, and brought me into the circle. I forgot why I was there: with my research-self gone, I joined them in prayer and praise, and soon I felt in my well-trained, skeptical soul the unexpected presence of God.

So much for objectivity. So much for expectations.

Back in the States, I read in *Sojourners*—a magazine of faith, politics and culture—another story of encountering the unexpected, this one told by Daniel Goering. He writes:

I was walking north on 15th Street in Washington, D.C., when I ran into one of my former clients from the food distribution program. It

was 6:15 a.m., and there were signs he had already been drinking.

I was heading to the

to the 7-Eleven for coffee, to drown one of those "I-don't-want-to-get-up-and-go-to-work mornings" in an ocean of caffeine.

"How you doing?" I asked him.

"Fine," he answered.

"How you doing?" His words were very slurred.

"Man, I am not doing well at all. I didn't feel like getting up this morning. I wish I were still giving out food with you guys." Having initiated my little pity party, I continued to complain.

"Hold up, man," he said. "You woke up this morning, right?"

"Yes. . ."

"You're going to a job, right?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Well, you're all right then! What are you complaining for?"

Having been thus restored to my senses, I realized that I really was all right, and that, moreover, I had met God that morning.

How many of us got up this morning with an "I-don't-want-to-get-up-and-go-to-work" attitude?

How many of us came back to school still in a summer state of mind?

How many

of us think we know just what to expect from our semesters here?

How many of us are ready to take refuge in our research-selves—objective, analytical, rational?

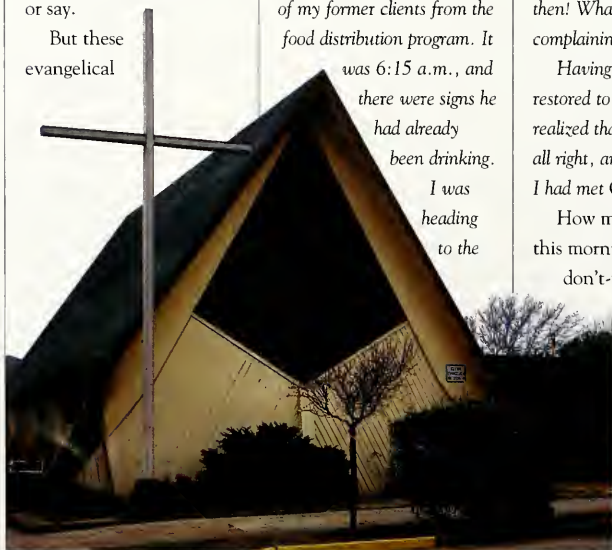
These stories point to another reality, the reality of encountering the unexpected, the strange, the other—like finding winter weather in summer's season. But, as someone said, "God's other name is surprise."

Our task, I think, is to remember—amid the books and the computers and the teachers and students who drive us crazy—that the unexpected is out there, too.

Surprise awaits us always. God is among the stacks in the McCain Library, as surely as God was in that damp little room in Chile and was walking the streets of Washington, D.C.

In our daily routines, may we be ready, willing and able to let the unexpected in and to receive what it is teaching. And may we all be so attuned to creation that we come to see God everywhere.

—Juan Allende is assistant professor of political science at Agnes Scott College



WELCOME HOME

By Tish McCutchen '73

Photographs by Laura Sikes



Mary Brown Bullock—ASC's first alumna president—takes office, bringing to the College a new vision drawn from her international background and experience, and promising to meet the challenges of women's education in the century ahead.

The year is 1952. The scene is Asia, a continent still wracked by the vestiges of World War II, by ongoing civil war and by the struggle to find its place in the second half of the 20th century. A dark-haired, 8-year-old girl—along with her mother, father and brothers, 7 and 1—disembarks after the journey from America. Her family has arrived with a dream: to bring the good news of Christianity to the people of Asia.

Skip to 1995. In Washington, D.C., a city filled with people struggling to find their place in the last years of the 20th century, a dark-haired woman—with husband, son, 19, and daughter, 15—bids farewell to friends and supporters before embarking on another journey. The woman—the child of missionaries, Dr. Mary Brown Bullock '66—will soon move to Decatur to become the first alumna president of Agnes Scott College.

In anticipation of her new challenge, this evening Bullock greets well wishers gathered at the U.S. Capitol—ASC alumnae and old Washington friends here to celebrate at the invitation of the Washington Alumnae chapter, Senator Sam Nunn (D-Ga.) and Speaker of the House Newt Gingrich (R-Ga.). Outside, the U.S. Marine Corps Band is winding down a summer evening concert. "The Man of La Mancha" highlights this week's performance, and as Bullock's friends wander out of the Capitol and into the warm Washington dusk, the band plays: "To dream the impossible dream . . . to reach the unreachable star."

Bullock's family has often reached for distant stars. Her parents, and grandparents before them—certainly following that road less traveled—devoted their lives to missionary work in Asia. "I grew up on my grandfather's romantic stories of fleeing from the warlords in China," she says. "His capture by

the Communists in 1949 and then his dramatic release is one of my earliest childhood memories."

Interest in China, the focus of Bullock's graduate study at Stanford University, led her to Washington, D.C., where in 1973 she became a staff member and, four years later, director of the Committee on Scholarly Communication with the People's Republic of China (sponsored by the National Academy of Sciences, the American Council of Learned Societies and the Social Science Research Council). She helped plan the first scholarly exchange program which during its first year sponsored 10 American students—and now includes hundreds of American and thousands of Chinese participants each year.

In 1988, she joined The Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars as director of the Asia Program, housed in the Smithsonian Institution. Among other duties, Bullock (a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship holder, 1966–67 and a Wilson Center Fellow 1983–84) nurtured scholars from an area reaching from Afghanistan to Japan. "Mary has been marvelous, much better than any other person at the center, at dealing with the Fellows," notes Center Director Charles Blitzer. "We don't have undergraduates, but she has certainly been deeply involved in the care and feeding of scholars. That's true of her whole career."

Professional priorities during that time have included teaching and serving on numerous academic advisory/trustee boards. Since 1991 Bullock has served as a professorial lecturer with The Johns Hopkins University School for Advanced International Studies (in 1992 she was ranked among the top 10 of Johns Hopkins SAIS faculty). For many years she has been a trustee of the United Board for Christian Higher Education in Asia. Since 1992 she has served on



In 1952, Mary and George Brown posed with their mother, Mardia Hopper Brown '43, at the Emperor's Grounds in Tokyo (above). The children studied in Japan at the international school there. Mary Brown Bullock (right) pauses outside her offices at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., prior to moving to Atlanta.





the executive committee of the board of directors of the National Committee for U.S.-China Relations.

Her recent academic/conference travel includes Korea, Japan, Taiwan, India, Sri Lanka, Thailand and Europe.

"Mary is at home in a very broad world," notes Interim ASC President Sally Mahoney.

Bullock's great-aunt, Mary Thompson, was the first family member to make herself at home in this wider world. After attending Agnes Scott from 1903 to 1905, she went directly from Atlanta to China as a pioneer missionary. Two years later Mary's paternal grandmother, Charlotte, joined her. She met her husband, Frank Brown, in China. Meanwhile, Mary's maternal grandparents headed for Korea, and in the early 1920s Mary's mother, Mardia Hopper, was born in Korea.

Fast forward 20 years, and Mardia Hopper has become Mardia Brown '43, an Agnes Scott graduate wooed and won beside the Alumnae Garden pond. She and China-born husband Tommy began both a family and their plans to make their way back to Asia. While he attended seminary, she concentrated on rearing young Mary and George.

After Mary finished second grade in Gastonia, N.C., the young family packed up their household goods and made the arduous journey to Japan.

For two years, Mary and her brother took a train every day to an international school. When Mary was 10, her family moved across the Sea of Japan to South Korea, settling in Kwangju, a city of a quarter million in the south. "It was the provincial capital," Mary Bullock recalls, "but it was the capital of the least developed area of Korea. The Korean War had just ended. I remember an impression of grinding poverty . . . of riding the train and looking out onto houses with beer-can roofs." Mary's father began his work at a seminary for Korean ministers, and their family grew to include Charlotte and Bruce (14 years younger than Mary). No mission school existed in Kwangju, so Mardia taught Mary and George along with the other missionary children, using the Calvert home-schooling method. By the end of seventh grade, Mary had exhausted the Calvert method, so her parents sent her and George to Japan, to the Canadian Academy in Kobe.

"Travel in those days was very difficult,"

"My whole world view had been influenced by the East, and this trip through Europe gave me a chance to see what most Americans grew up much more familiar with. I think it helped me make the transition."

Bullock says. "It took us three days to get from Kwangju to Kobe . . . overnight trains to the Korean coast, then a small ferry across the strait to Japan, then more trains. A few times we were able to make the trip by air."

At the Canadian Academy, Mary Brown studied in the company of both missionary children and children of the small but growing number of businessmen beginning to explore the Asian markets.

Over the next several years she made infrequent trips back to Korea. "George and

I had an aunt and uncle living in Osaka, and cousins at the same school, so we really weren't on our own," she recalls.

Her mother sees it differently.

"Basically, Mary has been on her own since she was 14," Mardia Brown says.

"I think that—com-

bined with the fact that she was the oldest child, and I depended on her for so much—helps explain why she is capable of doing anything."

When it was time to consider college, Bullock was familiar with her mother's alma mater. "My parents did want me to go to a church-related college. I looked through the college bulletins and eventually applied to Agnes Scott 'early decision.' I think the early decision part was my dad's idea, and I went along with it because Agnes Scott was in a big city."

With a significant detour, Bullock made her way to Agnes Scott College.

"I traveled through Europe with my aunt and uncle on the way back to the States. That was wonderful for me, because I saw for the first time what Western civilization was all about. My whole world view had been influenced by the East, and this trip through Europe gave me a chance to see what most Americans grew up much more familiar with. I think it helped me make the transition."

The pace, the campus with its American Gothic architecture and the prevailing bobby-sox-and-Elvis youth culture posed an adjustment for Bullock that September 1962.

"I came from a cosmopolitan environment into college, and at that time Agnes Scott was a pretty provincial place." That experience, she later discovered, was shared by other Canadian Academy graduates. "It definitely wasn't just me and Agnes Scott—it was a universal experience for all of us coming back to the States."

Bullock quickly made a name for herself on campus—"the girl from Korea"—and confused a few students by her non-Asian appearance. Agnes Scott College Director of Alumnae Affairs Lucia Howard Sizemore '65 remembers. "I'm sure she got tired of being called 'the girl from Korea,'" says Sizemore. "In fact, I think she was almost grateful when she had some problem with one of her knees and became 'the girl in the cast' instead."

Dean of Students Gué Hudson '68 recalls walking across the quadrangle with a group of students including Bullock, who veered off into some newly sprouted grass in flagrant violation of a sign: "Caution—New Grass." When her companions asked what in the world she was doing, Bullock replied that in Japan and Korea grass was rarely seen and even more rarely walked on—and she thought it wonderful that the college groundskeepers were actually inviting students to walk on the grass, albeit warning them to do so with caution.

During the turbulent 1960s, other signs of culture shock must have sprung up along the young missionary daughter's path. As she noted in 1989 during a Mortar Board address as Centennial Distinguished Lecturer, "No one was talking about the Pacific Century in the mid-1960s, especially not in Atlanta. The big issues were closer to home: my freshman year, the Cuban missile crisis; my sophomore year, Kennedy's assassination; my junior year, civil rights and the Selma march. By my senior year, the war in Vietnam began to loom on our horizon, but if anyone thought about China it was as a closed, radical, communist regime under Mao Tsetung."

Somewhat sheepishly, Martha Thompson '66, a classmate, recalls, "Mary tried so hard to have us just one night a week sit in Letitia Pate [dining hall] at a table and discuss international events. She had no takers."

In fact, says Thompson, "We really did not get too far beyond the confines of the college—physically or in any other way. I knew one way into Atlanta, one way to



The "young girl" who went with her missionary family to Asia 40 years ago has changed over the years. But her abiding "world view" will add to that dimension of the College as it moves into the 21st century.

Lenox Square. Mary kept trying, and some of us took courses at Emory. But for the most part, we were in our own small world."

That Bullock was processing current events and seeking her own course of response was evident in 1965 during a bus ride to Montreat, N.C., to visit relatives. She picked up a *Time* magazine and read about an upcoming civil rights march in Alabama. "It just seemed like something we should be involved in," she says.

Returning to campus, she persuaded several other Scott students to join her. "We signed out to go on a picnic," she recalls. "That was when you had to sign out whenever you left campus. But Dean Scandrett caught us before we could get away, and she knew something was up."

Dean of Students Carrie Scandrett told the students that if they wanted to participate in the march, they must have parental permission. That eliminated a good number of students. But Mary Brown slipped through that net: "I didn't have time to get a request to my parents and hear back from them," she says. "I just went."

Before they left, Professor Mary Boney gave them her support and one piece of advice. "Look like real women," she said. "So," says Bullock, "we put on dresses and makeup and drove to Birmingham for the final stage of the now-famous Selma march."

"We must have looked so out of place the marchers ended up putting us in the middle of the group; we were so clearly different. I guess they wanted to protect us from the observers lining the streets. I'll never forget the stone-faced people we saw."

The Agnes Scott students left before the end of the march and drove—with many mixed emotions—back to Decatur to greet general disinterest in what had just taken place. "I don't remember anyone asking anything about it," says Bullock. "It seemed to be a non-event."

During her last two years at ASC, Bullock helped organize a week-long exchange program with Spelman College. She served as president of Christian Association, was a member of Mortar Board and was named to Phi Beta Kappa. She decided to attend Stanford University to study Chinese history and was awarded the first of her two Woodrow Wilson fellowships.

"Agnes Scott was fortunate to have

Dr. Kwai Sing Chang in the Bible department, and I took his courses in Oriental religion and Oriental philosophy," she recalled in her 1989 mortar board address. "The entire history department under Dr. Walter Posey, and two members in particular—Penny Campbell and Koenraad Swart—believed in me enough to supervise independent study and direct reading in Chinese history."

"I chose graduate study at Stanford partly because I wanted to go West, and partly because it had a better climate. But also it had women undergraduates, and at that time Yale and Harvard did not. I thought it might be a better environment in a lot of ways."

Several Agnes Scott graduates were studying at Stanford at the same time as Bullock, living in a house in Palo Alto. When Martha Thompson visited them in California, she met Bullock's future husband, George, also a Stanford graduate student. "I was the only one who would go with him to a rally for Nixon," recalls Thompson.

At Stanford, Mary Brown began intensive study of Chinese history—at a time when scholars had little notion that within a few years they would be able to study the country and its culture from the inside. The door to China, closed since 1949 when Bullock's grandfather was among those Westerners ejected, seemed firmly bolted shut during the mid-to-late 1960s. "I arrived at Stanford well-prepared to begin my graduate career—just as the Cultural Revolution and Mao's Red Guards threw China into a convulsive paroxysm from which many wondered if she [China] would ever recover," Bullock recalled in 1989.

In 1968, she earned a master's degree, in 1969, married George Bullock (after making all the arrangements herself, since her parents were still in Korea) and headed off to Dallas, Texas, where George was teaching at Southern Methodist University. But soon they were moving North to the University of Alaska—"the first place among the hundreds of universities we wrote to that offered positions to both George and me," she says.



Prior to moving to Asia with her family, Mary (left) and a friend play in Japanese kimonos. "I grew up on my grandfather's romantic stories of fleeing the warlords in China," Mary remembers.



For much of her childhood, Mary Brown was a student in a student body of siblings, taught by their mother Mardia Hopper Brown '43. Now she comes to direct the instruction of more than 600 students at Agnes Scott College. The College "has potential and prospects" that are different from Mary's student days, says ASC interim president Sally Mahoney. "It looks outward at a much broader world, and Mary looks outward at a much broader world."



After a year in Alaska, George's work drew them to Washington, D.C. As the great, closed doors of China began to crack open, Bullock finished her doctorate and began work at the Committee on Scholarly Communication with the People's Republic of China—the "China Committee." Housed and sponsored by the National Academy of Sciences, the China Committee spearheaded the revival of decades-dormant academic relations with China, establishing training and research programs for American graduate students and faculty in China as well as for Chinese students in the United States. First as a staff member, then for 11 years as director, Mary Bullock says that she was "in the right place at the right time." Her dissertation and later book on American medicine in China provided the background for her work in scientific exchanges.

During those years, Bullock honed her skill as a bridge builder: between nations, between institutions and, perhaps most difficult, between her very public life and her family life. She and George and two children, Graham and Ashley, moved from young-couple digs on Capitol Hill to a house in northwest Washington, where George immediately began to organize a neighborhood baseball team so his children would learn the true American sport.

Meanwhile, his wife was telephoning Beijing in the morning and cheering at the ballpark in the evening—and giving each responsibility the attention it deserved.

"It's kind of amazing to me that Mary has traveled so far and wide, she goes to Asia, she makes speeches and does research, yet on Friday night at 6 o'clock she's at the kids' Little League games," notes classmate Thompson. "She is able to have a foot in a very ordinary life and in an exotic, scholarly other kind of life too."

Thompson tells of going to a neighborhood bookstore one evening and hearing that a famed China scholar from Yale was expected momentarily to discuss his new book and the current situation in Asia. She phoned the Bullocks' house, knowing that Mary would be interested in what the man had to say, and found that Mary and Graham were already on their way. "Graham and I sat on the front row, and Mary sat way in the back," recalls Thompson. "And throughout the evening, the speaker deferred to Mary. In his eyes, she was the expert."

Bullock embarked on a new challenge in

1988 when she accepted the position as director of the Asia program at the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars. The center was established by an act of Congress in 1968 as the nation's memorial to President Wilson—one of only two university presidents (along with Dwight Eisenhower) to serve as president of the United States. "Congress decided to make it a living memorial rather than a statue," notes Center Director Charles Blitzer. "We've already got a lot of statues."

Through an international competition, the nonprofit research institution selects fellows each year to study under the aegis of one of the center's programs: Asia, Europe, Russia, Latin America or the United States. About his former Asia program director, Blitzer says, "When I had to say a few words at her going-away party, I decided to risk being sexist and said she was motherly. She would do things like take her Chinese fellows out to dinner . . . things that none of her colleagues think of very often."

Bullock continued to nurture scholars; do research, publish a book and several essays and articles; and shepherd her own children into adolescence. Then she received a call from the presidential search committee for Agnes Scott College.

"I always wanted to be a college president," Bullock says. "I think I must have inherited that interest from my dad. He has been an institution-builder, and I guess I have some of the same qualities. To take an institution, and the people that make up the institution, and help them to fulfill their potential, is an incredibly exciting challenge. And to be doing this at my own alma mater is a great honor."

So Bullock brought her family—George, a government relations professional who works with investor-owned utilities; Graham, a sophomore at Princeton, and Ashley, a student at The Paideia School—to the president's house, which has not had teenagers in residence for almost 30 years (and has undergone extensive renovation to make it family-friendly, dog-friendly and capable of housing the Bullocks' 5,000 books).

Bullock brings her wide perspective to the Decatur campus. "When she looks at the institution, she talks about internationalization," says Dean of the College Sarah Blanshei, "not about the international relations program that the

ASIA READING LIST

Here are some of President Bullock's favorite recently-read books on Asia. Almost all are available in paperback.

Jung Chang, *Wild Swans: Three Daughters of China*. (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1991)

Shusako Endo, *The Samurai*. (Viking, 1978)

Kenneth Lieberthal, *Governing China: From Revolution through Reform*. (Norton, 1995)

The Mahabharata, retold by R. K. Narayan (Vision, 1987)

Vikram Seth, *A Suitable Boy*. (Harper Collins, 1993)

Nancy Tucker, *Taiwan, Hong Kong, and the United States*. (Macmillan, 1994)

College has in place—we're not talking about specific curriculum here. What Mary Bullock has because of her particular international experiences is the ability to appreciate the importance of internationalization now and for the next decade."

Notes Interim President Mahoney, "I think Mary will help the College move from the two or three percent international students back to the eight or nine percent that Agnes Scott had at one time."

Bullock is not the first in her family to guide Agnes Scott through the global maze; her brother George is former director of the Global Awareness program, which was



The First Family surround restaurateur Rai Shao outside a favorite eating spot in Washington, D.C. George, (left) a native of California who met Mary while both were students at Stanford, works as a consultant. Ashley is a student at The Paideia School. Graham is a sophomore at Princeton.

designed to provide all students with the opportunity to study abroad sometime during their four years here. If the program were fully funded, all students would be able to participate. Currently, the College has two global destinations a year, with an average of 25 students participating. "Over 50 percent of our students have had some kind of international experience before they leave," reports Dean Blanshei. "Just through Global Awareness, almost 25 percent of any graduating class has gone abroad. That's a phenomenal statistic."

Bullock believes an international perspective is "absolutely essential to anyone graduating from Agnes Scott—or any other college—today. All the clichés about the global village, the shrinking world, are true. One of the major emphases of higher education today is for each institution to find its way to deliver that perspective."

To define its major emphases, the College spent much of the past year in an academic review. The result is "an enormously powerful document," believes Mahoney. It involves a strategic agenda and statement of values: a series of commitments to women, to the liberal arts, to teaching and to learning that focuses on collaborative learning between faculty and students, to diversity, and to community life based on honor and integrity. It addresses the challenge of curriculum in a small school, which has to be selective about what it does, and emphasizes connections—connected learning through curriculum, pedagogy and a tighter academic organization.

"It's a good foundation document on which Mary can build and provide leadership in areas of her own interest," says Mahoney. "She will bring insights, contacts and opportunities. The faculty can chew on the review and continue the dialogue with her."

The immediate challenge facing the College—and Bullock as its new chief executive—is an anemic enrollment. While Agnes Scott is by no means the only prestigious institution facing that dilemma—"We're in a bad place in good company," says Mahoney—its small size may make the task harder. With completion of the academic review and corresponding administrative review—and with a student life review in the works—the College has taken steps to figure out how to make its size an asset, not a liability.

Another challenge faces Bullock—her status as the College's first alumna president. "The people who remember Mary Brown from their school days," says Mahoney, "will inevitably find a different, deeper person . . . a woman whose person and profession have evolved in the 30 years since she was a student here."

"She is coming to an institution that she knows has changed over the years. It has potential and prospects that it may not have had when she was here, in part because Atlanta is a different kind of place, more cosmopolitan than it was in 1966. It looks outward at a much broader world, and Mary looks outward at a much broader world."

Mary Brown Bullock, that little girl who set her sights toward the East more than 40 years ago, has come a long way.

—Tish Young McCutchen '73
is a freelance writer in Lufkin, Texas

THE FIRST FAMILY

By Audrey Arthur

Among George Bullock's most treasured mementos are his autographed baseballs from his college-playing days. His anecdotes of starting the Capital City Little League while living in Washington with wife Mary, son Graham and daughter Ashley also reveal a deep commitment to baseball—and to family.

Ashley caught the baseball fever early and now plays varsity softball at The Paideia School. "My dad taught me how to play when I was six or seven," Ashley says. "When he attends my games, it's encouraging; it makes me work harder—he knows whether I do my best."

Both parents have tried to arrange work and travel schedules to include their children's ballgames and they have shared responsibilities for raising their children.

"George has always been the one who has taken the children to the doctor and dentist. He has cooked as much as I have. He pitches in and does everything. He does not see gender roles within the family," says ASC President Mary Bullock '66.

Bullock met Mary while the two were graduate students at Stanford University. After his graduation, Bullock taught at Southern Methodist University (SMU) in Dallas while Mary finished her graduate work at Stanford. SMU had a strong policy against nepotism, so after the couple married, they searched for a university where they could both teach. They accepted positions at the University of Alaska, where Bullock taught American history and Mary taught Asian history.

While in Alaska, Bullock appeared on television and radio and wrote for newspapers. His work gained the attention of Alaska's U.S. Senator Ted Stevens, who asked Bullock "out of the blue" to run his senate office in Washington, D.C.

"Given my interest in American government, I decided what better place to be than Washington."

In the early 70s, Bullock served as a senior policy adviser on performance contracting, government reorganization and revenue sharing in President Richard Nixon's administration. "When Nixon went out, I felt it was time for me to go back to

teaching, but instead, I got a job running the D.C. office of Washington State Gov. Daniel Evans."

Evans did not seek a fourth term in 1976, so in 1977 Bullock was hired by Michigan Gov. William Milliken to set up a procurement program to assist Michigan-based companies to vie competitively for federal government contracts. In 1980, he began directing the D.C. office of Wisconsin, under Gov. Lee Sherman Dreyfus.

That experience later translated well into consulting for businesses seeking representation in Washington, D.C. "Some companies were interested in lobbying on legislation to make sure they were protected in Congress on tax-related matters or legislation that vitally affected their doing business. Others were interested in selling to the government. I was either influencing the course of legislation or selling products to the government," Bullock explains.

Currently, Bullock works for the Washington-based Edison Electric Institute, a trade association for 180 investor-owned electric utility operating companies in the United States, including Georgia Power. "Investor-owned utilities have an interest in the activities of state government. I assist these companies in their dealings with state legislators who make laws that set parameters for the public service commissions for each state that impact the electric utilities."

Bullock is a native San Franciscan, but he essentially grew up in Portland, Ore. His father, who died in 1971, was in the construction business and his mother was a homemaker. He has a brother who lives in Japan; his sister and mother remain in the San Francisco Bay area.

Out of Mary's first six weeks at Agnes Scott, Bullock was at home for only two. However, he plans to travel less during this period of adjustment, to oversee the final phase of the renovation of the President's home and to organize his office and library.

Modest and humorous is the way Ashley characterizes the first husband of an Agnes Scott president. Mary agrees: "George is outgoing, jovial, opinionated, very family-oriented—and supportive of my career. We see this as a job we will do together."

From the early days of their marriage, the Bullocks have supported each other's career development. George's willingness to move to Atlanta is just the latest in a series of moves that have brought out the strengths of both.

HUSH AND EAT YOUR ROOTENANNY

By Jane A. Zanca

Illustration by Mac Evans



If food geneticists mate cucumbers and sugar cane, will the result be sweet pickles?

What do you get if you cross soybeans and apples? A cash crop that grows on trees?

Apparently that's just what the food industry hopes will be the outcome of using genetic technology to develop the perfect food.

So what is the perfect food? It will have its own, built-in defenses against infestation and disease. It will grow abundantly, year-round, in poor soil, through dry spells and floods. It will look luscious and stay fresh, until you get it home and put it on the windowsill, where it will go directly from rock-hard to rot (this is called the keep-them-coming-back feature and is being tested in markets across the country).

The bottom line is: the perfect food will increase profits down on the old corporate farm.

While we know that our foods are, to some degree, contaminated with pesticides and other unsavory things, the thought of orchards a-dangle with genetic mutations stops us in our tracks. If it's true that

"you are what you eat," what will we be in 2025?

If food geneticists mate cucumbers and sugar cane, will the result be sweet pickles? If they jumble the genes of rutabagas and bananas, will the result be a rootenanny? And even though it's easier to peel, will the kids still refuse to eat it?

Not long ago, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, the agency charged with overseeing the safety of foods, drugs, biologicals and medical devices, said in *Science* that we're fretting over nothing. Americans have been eating such products for years, says the FDA; for example, the kiwi was once a small Asian berry, until plant breeders bloated it to an egg-sized, nutritious fruit.

That may be so, but how much harm can a kiwi do, if you take it off the cheesecake before you eat it? Besides, the difference between what was done to the kiwi and what experimenters would like to do in future transformations is the approach: Instead of breeding selectively or hybridizing, it is now possible to play with genetic constituents of the plant.

And who's going to monitor such experiments? FDA says it's going to be

watching. Well, most of the time. For the same reason that a shopper wouldn't try on six shirts that differed only in color, FDA feels it "would waste its resources and would not advance public health" if it formally reviewed all new plant varieties. The agency will concentrate on changes in protein, carbohydrate, fat and oil components.

Changes that affect nutrition, such as a new variety of tomato that lacks vitamin C, would be dealt with by "appropriate labeling." But why would anyone purchase a tomato if it has no nutritional value?

This image problem will be left to the marketing experts, already aglow with the concept of cucamonga, a leafy-bumpy-crunchy-silky vegetable produced by mixing cucumber, celery, lettuce and avocado genes (using the fine blade in the food processor, presumably) and splicing them with the corn genes that encode for stalks. Rumors are that several famous franchisers are ready to chuck the burger business for exclusive rights to this fashionable Cob Salad.

Maybe the government agencies involved in food and nutrition should sit down and talk to each other about this. Certainly, the National Cancer Institute, which not long ago announced its "Five-A-Day for Better Health Program," would have appreciated a forewarning from FDA about the vitamin-C-less tomato of the future.

Not that anyone pays attention to any of these agencies. By the NCI's own accounting, 34 percent of American adults think that one serving of vegetables or fruit per day is sufficient for good health. Only 8 percent think that "five or more" would ensure good health, and half of those later rescinded their responses when they realized the questions were about diet, not fry-it.

Ironically, if our worst suspicions about genetically altered foods come true, the one-fruit-a-day group may fare best. Those smug, vegan guerrillas from the Diet for a Small Planet era may have a little trouble fitting six mutated toes into those clunky wooden clogs they persist in wearing.

Could genetically altered foods make you sick? FDA assures us that toxic or potentially toxic substances in genetically altered foods would be given "closer inquiry." Besides, says FDA, those corporate food developers will

be doing lots of testing to

assure the safety of their products. You know. Sort of like the toymakers do.

One promising aspect of the genetic approach to the labors of our fruit is that lots of new jobs will open up, especially as burnout rises among nutritionists who have enough trouble explaining the difference between high-density and low-density lipoproteins. The ranks of nomenclaturists—persons who come up with appealing names for new foods—will surely swell.

Will bananas plus onions equal bunions, a tear-free, easy-to-peel product for pungent splits and sweet liverwurst sandwiches? Or is that name already taken?

Nevertheless, in a country that is still reeling from the trauma of learning that Classic Coke isn't really the real thing (the company replaced sugar with corn syrup years ago), the acceptability of mutant food seems highly dubious. I hope the FDA remembers what happened to New Coke.

Nutrition-minded Americans, unite. Stick together, keeping food as American as apple pie—real apple pie, with apples that smell sweet and wormy, with peeling that responds to mistreatment by bruising, crunch that's wet and giving, flesh that turns brown when exposed, and slices that won't fit together into photogenic, geometric patterns.

People laughed when Woody Allen proposed that, in the future, science would determine that hot fudge sundaes are good for our health.

Maybe we should stop laughing and look at the facts.

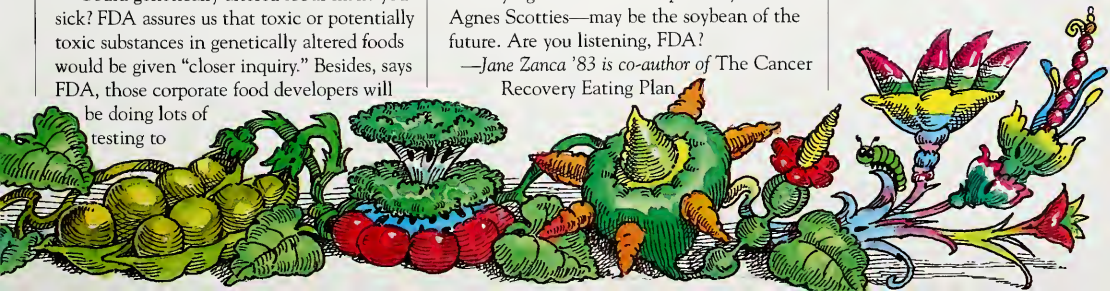
We know that sugar causes cavities and weight gain, but that's about it. If sugar weren't safe, would it be in cat food? Of course not.

We also know that fat causes . . . well, fat.

Ergo, sugar and fat could well be the most honest, unassailable foods on the planet. So, if the new American alternatives are amber-grain-that-only-waves-when-you-honk and genetically fruited plains and fancies, it's not at all preposterous that Krispy Kreme donuts—long recognized as the secret underlying the academic superiority of Agnes Scotties—may be the soybean of the future. Are you listening, FDA?

—Jane Zanca '83 is co-author of *The Cancer Recovery Eating Plan*.

If they jumble the genes of rutabagas and bananas, will the result be a rootenanny?



BARING THE BREAST

A WRITER'S JOURNEY

By Carol Willey '80

Photographs by Laura Sikes

An alumna writer and a New York artist reveal—through potent analysis and arresting self-portraits—the scars of this malignancy.

S ometime during my years at Agnes Scott, perhaps when I was 22, 20 or younger, a mysterious transformation began in my right breast. For a complex series of reasons that medical science does not understand, healthy cells mutated into cancer cells and formed a minuscule region of disease. By the time I was 28, a lump, hard as bone, had emerged. When I was diagnosed with breast cancer at 29, the tumor was revealed to be a genetically complex little world unto itself, established and aggressive. It had reached into a microscopic portion of one of the lymph nodes near my breast and was poised to spread through my body.

Eight years later, after surgery and chemotherapy, I have survived. I will not be one of over 46,000 American women expected to die of breast cancer this year¹—but the emotional wounds left by breast cancer will shadow my life.

Breast cancer is a curious phenomenon. In a culture of commercialized medicine, it has its own publicists. Women are taught to fear it and to fight their fears with trips to luxuriously appointed “breast centers” that have sprung up in hospitals, marketed now as “medical centers.” In October, Breast Cancer Awareness Month, we read a fusillade of stories about the disease and profiles of the heroic women who have survived and the heroic women who have died. These martyrs will be canonized as the cancer, a silent disorder of the cells, is clothed in loud sentimentality. We are told that breast cancer is evil and that the fight is good. Perhaps, for some, these simplistic messages make it easier to manage.

Sentimentality is polite and practical in comparison to the authentic emotions—fear, grief, rage and despair.

Our cultural understanding seems caught in the second century, when medicine was more superstition than science. It was then that the Roman physician Galen postulated the four-humor theory of disease and gave cancer its name, Latin for crab. Aside from occasionally cutting the crustacea-resembling tumors, there was not much Galen could do for his doomed patients. He theorized that cancer resulted from an imbalance of black bile, the humor of melancholia, and observed that “melancholy women” were more likely to develop breast cancer. After a near fatal bout with breast cancer almost 20 years ago, writer Susan Sontag described cancer's still pervasive myths and their historical roots in *Illness as Metaphor*. For the 20th century and a society uncomfortable with moral concepts, Sontag explains, cancer is a compelling surrogate for evil. “And conventions of treating cancer as no mere disease but a demonic enemy make cancer not just a lethal disease but a shameful one.” Those of us diagnosed with breast cancer are both idealized and blamed. We are urged by best-selling authors like Dr. Bernie Siegel to be “exceptional.” To “survive” we need that all important “positive attitude.”

Medical science has been cast as the righteous warrior since 1971, when Congress passed the Conquest of Cancer Act. Yet, since my diagnosis, medical practice has become more blatantly absorbed into what Dr. Arnold S. Relman, the former editor in chief of *The New England Journal of Medicine* and a professor emeritus of the Harvard

CANCER MYTHS



AN ARTIST'S IMAGES

It's around noon. Matuschka offers to share the noodle and vegetable dish she's steamed!—no fat—in a small iron skillet. It looks pure and simple yet exotic. The meal she moves to her sleek, stainless steel-topped dining table which she says is worth the price of a car and cats, beautifully, right from the pen with chopsticks. As she talks she quickly peels fresh green husks from two ears of steamed corn, rubs them between her fingers with brown *amibushi* paste (salted plum butter). After 10 minutes here it seems that in her hands anything may become a work of art.

Behind her, rows of framed photographs and books, perfectly arranged, climb up the wall to the 10-foot ceiling. Hardwood floors lead to her living space that's also full of her art: hand-crafted furniture,

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© 1993 MARUSCHKA/SKARRATT/BEAUTY OUT OF DAMAGE

rompe l'oeil painting on the woodwork and walls. Her artist's studio/home of 21 years is gorgeous, full of natural elements, bold and creative as can be.

My eye returns to the famous photograph that brought me here, discreetly placed on the bottom left corner of the grouping, a 16 x 20 color print, Maruschka's self-portrait which through its sheer beauty dominates the wall. First appearing on the cover of *The New York Times Magazine* in 1993 to illustrate a story on breast cancer, the color photograph has been published internationally, received numerous awards, a Pulitzer nomination and serves as an icon for breast cancer awareness.

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Medical School, describes as "the medical industrial complex," a wandering maze of financial interests—supporting drug companies, the health insurance industry, medical equipment manufacturers, hospitals and a growing cadre of pencil pushers, marketers and administrators.

An estimated 24 percent of all medical costs now go to cover administrative services associated with private health insurance and an annual \$2 billion is spent on advertising and marketing for hospital services, according to Dr. David Himmelstein, an associate professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School. Marketing, traditionally an ethically questionable practice in medicine, has become widespread within the last 10 to 15 years. The \$2 billion in hospital costs does not account for the marketing of HMOs, pharmaceutical products or physicians' services, Himmelstein says, adding that a comprehensive figure for marketing costs in American medicine would be much higher. In 1995, federal breast cancer research funding will total less than one fourth of hospital marketing costs at \$497.7 million, while \$6.6 billion will be spent on increasingly expensive breast cancer treatment and care, according to the National Institutes of Health.

For those of us who live with the disease, breast cancer encompasses difficult ambiguities—of life and of death, of dignity and stigma, and of medical care and medical economics. It punctures our carefully nurtured 20th century delusion of immortality, assaults feminine identity and requires entrance into the unnatural world of medical technology. At diagnosis my survival became dependent on medical care. This was particularly troubling for me because in 1987 I was employed in a job I planned to leave. Breast cancer locked me in for health insurance benefits. At 29, with what should have been bright prospects ahead, this felt like being forced into a grave. My experience is not unique. Health insurance status is a constant source of stress for cancer patients and lack of insurance has been implicated as a factor in unfavorable breast cancer outcomes. In a Harvard Medical School study, published in a 1993 issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine*, researchers found that women who did not have private health insurance were significantly more vulnerable to breast cancer. The uninsured had a 49 percent higher risk of death.

FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS, because health insurance discrimination for pre-existing conditions is legal in Georgia and I cannot afford a limited plan that would be of any use, I have been uninsured. In 1993, the hardships and risks to my health fostered by my insurance status became dramatically apparent.

After more than two years of feeling unhealthy and consulting my doctors about recurring throat pain, a thyroid tumor was discovered during a regular breast cancer follow-up examination. The tumor had been denting my trachea, obstructing my breathing so that I sometimes feared that the cells from my breast cancer might have spread to my lungs. Hypothyroidism (low thyroid) had contributed to my weariness and depression. Although the tumor was a suspected cancer, the surgical oncologist I had regarded as the orchestrator of my breast cancer treatment and follow-up, hesitated to schedule surgery with me because I was uninsured. Throughout my six-year relationship with him, he had been paid handsomely and on time. At his insistence, I called Medicaid and a state program but I was not eligible for help. After a crisis of fear, greatly enhanced by the surgeon's reluctance to help me, I had surgery. The tumor was benign. I was not able to forget, however, the surgeon's hesitation over my insurance status.

I learned that a possible relationship between thyroid disease and breast cancer has been explored in the medical literature for over 30 years.¹ It also became apparent that every woman I knew, diagnosed with breast cancer before the age of 35, all had thyroid problems. When I confronted the surgeon with my concerns, both that the hypothyroidism might be related to my breast cancer and my horror that it had gone undiagnosed for years, he patronized me. I began to feel that he was not qualified to provide follow-up services and cancer screening adequate to my needs. An arduous search has led me to what I hope is reliable medical care—but my trust in professional medicine is broken.

My experience is typical of women seeking help in a medical world that, in my view, does not clearly understand or recognize women's health problems. Thyroid disease is overwhelmingly found in women. And, as with breast cancer, medical science has only a limited understanding of it. I cannot entirely blame my physicians:

although researchers have looked for a relationship between thyroid disease and breast cancer, none has been established. Perhaps for women, the answer for dilemmas like mine may be found in a new movement for a women's specialty in medicine.

"Traditionally in medicine, women's health has been thought of as reproductive health, but reproduction is only one component. You find that many specialists are oblivious or unknowledgeable where larger body function is concerned. Physicians just don't have the training or expertise to diagnose and address women's problems correctly. Often, women have to do a lot of their own problem solving and a lot of footwork to find teams of specialists who can address simple issues. It is not fair: women should not have to bear this burden; many find that they just can not do it," says Dr. Karen Johnson, a psychiatrist with a background in family medicine, who is part of a nationwide effort among physicians of various specialties to structure a medical specialty that focuses on women's care. Johnson, affiliated with the University of California at San Francisco Medical School and a clinical scholar at the Institute for Research in Women's Health at Stanford University, observes that as is often the case in women's illness, breast cancer is not recognized as a disease that affects the whole woman.

IN THE YEARS SINCE MY DIAGNOSIS, as the American healthcare crisis had its day in the first years of the Clinton administration and faded into political obscurity again, breast cancer has remained a recalcitrant mystery, difficult to treat because it is not simply a disease of the breast. Before a palpable tumor forms, cells have been involved in the process of malignancy for up to 10 years. By diagnosis, the cancer is usually mature enough to spread or metastasize. Relapse may occur as long as 25 to 30 years after the tumor is removed. Ninety-four percent of women will survive the first five years after diagnosis, but only 64 percent will survive 10 years and, by 15 years, survival falls to 56 percent, according to the American Cancer Society.

Cancer is a subtle disease of the cells. Only within the past 30 years, as the sciences of molecular biology and genetics have advanced, has the possibility of a real

Breast cancer embraces onerous ambiguities of life and death, of dignity and stigma. It assaults our feminine identity.

After long, solitary walks by the ocean, and time spent in prayer, I realized that it was most important for me to do everything I could to save my life.

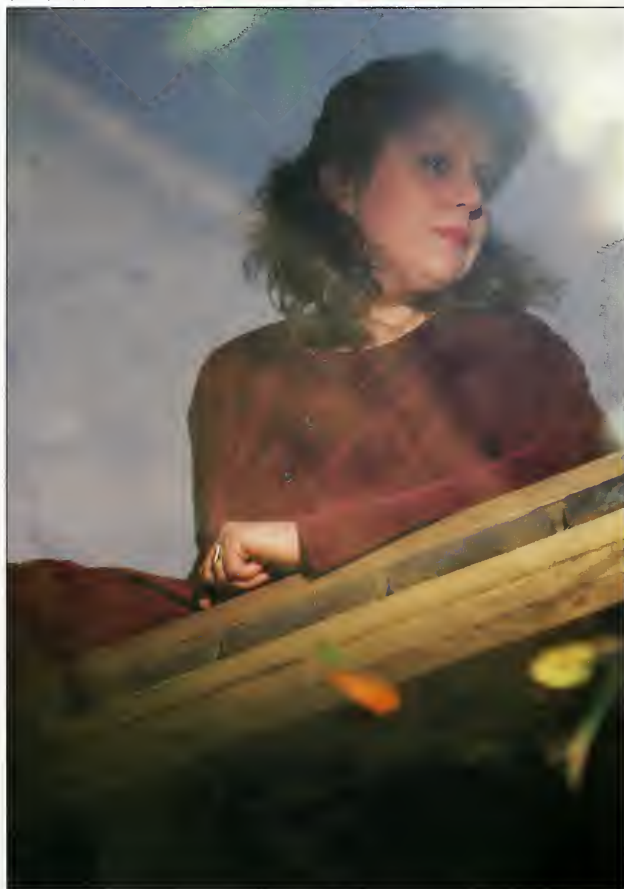
answer emerged. Many discoveries of the past five years have been especially promising. After years of work with families afflicted by a rare familial breast cancer, researchers in 1994 identified BRCA1, an inherited genetic defect that predisposes women to breast and ovarian cancer. BRCA1, on chromosome 17, and BRCA2, mapped to chromosome 13 and expected to be identified soon, are discoveries that promise to help uncover breast cancer's means of forming at the molecular level. Whether or not it is hereditary—some cases are, most are not—breast cancer is a disease that arises from miscues in genetic coding that transform healthy cells into malignant

cells. Genetic therapies, arising from discoveries such as BRCA1, BRCA2 and *nm23*, a gene believed to play an important natural role in the suppression of breast cancer metastasis, probably hold the ultimate promise for effective treatment.

Eventually, genetic tests may reveal breast cancer in women before it has advanced to the stage that it can be found on a mammogram. A test for genetic susceptibility, based on the BRCA1 research, has already been used within afflicted families. And, sophisticated gene therapy may repair genetic codes scrambled into cancer before they manifest as disease. According to Dr. Patricia Steeg, the molecular biologist who discovered the *nm23* gene, genetic therapies are in sight, but far away. In her work at the National Cancer Institute laboratories in Bethesda, Md., she is conducting experiments in mice, trying to find a way to harness *nm23* to suppress breast cancer metastasis. In research so far, tumors with less *nm23* are more advanced; *nm23* apparently impedes the last step in tumor maturity and ability to colonize. The discovery and the work are exciting and promising, says Steeg, but actual applications for women with breast cancer will require more time and work than is comfortable to consider. Steeg will not venture a guess as to when genetic therapy for breast cancer with *nm23* may become reality.

In the meantime, adjuvant (or assisting) chemotherapy and hormonal therapy have shown the most promise for prolonging breast cancer remission. The first chemotherapy was developed nearly 50 years ago when research chemists recognized that mustard gas, used as a weapon in World War I, poisoned cells. Drugs that were toxic to tumors were developed and used successfully in the treatment of a number of cancers. Adjuvant chemotherapy for breast cancer was conceptualized 35 years ago, when it was confirmed that advanced breast cancer, though eventually lethal, did respond to chemotherapy drugs. It was thought that using the drugs before metastasis occurred might prevent spread of the disease. For some tumors, where hormonal influences on tumor growth are found to be present, hormonal medications like tamoxifen are used to prevent recurrence. In 1992, an extensive survey of women treated before 1985, confirmed that those who undergo adjuvant chemotherapy, therapy with hormonal medications, or

GARY MEER PHOTO



In a moment of reflection, Carol Willey '80, diagnosed with breast cancer at age 29, says the emotional wounds will always shadow her.

both have significantly longer survival.⁵

News of the 1992 study was an enormous relief to me because my own experience with chemotherapy was a source of tremendous personal conflict. Before diagnosis, I had been in excellent health. Afterward, I understood that I had a deadly illness—but its treatment was the source of all my pain and discomfort. Chemotherapy was only of theoretical benefit; it caused tangible fatigue and nausea and possible long-term effects. The loss of my hair was devastating. My life was threatened by cancer, and I was trapped in a meaningless job that, in combination with the chemotherapy, took all of my energy—leaving little psychic space for emotional healing. It took a lot of faith to undergo the wrenching six months of treatment. I often thought of the animal's basic response to poisoning: to crawl off somewhere to die.

Even worse, chemotherapy had been presented in a manner that threatened my femininity in a more primal way than mastectomy. After deciding on my surgery over a sleepless 24 hours in June of 1987, I underwent a series of two operations to remove and restore my breast. Diagnosed on Wednesday, my decisions were final Thursday, and I was admitted for surgery Sunday night. In the hospital a few days later, reeling from the surgical assaults, I was confronted with a pathology report revealing that the tumor was aggressive and likely to recur.

No one had bothered to tell me that there would be a pathology report to consider. And soon after my surgeon recommended chemotherapy, a medical oncologist I had never met came into my room to tell me about clinical trials, a good manner of obtaining care in which participants are followed over the course of many years to evaluate treatment protocols.

I WAS ALONE, without the support of a family member or friend, as she hurriedly presented information. In the material she provided, the effect of chemotherapy on ovarian function was mentioned. I asked her about it. She told me that chemotherapy caused menopause—that it would likely cause menopause in me. Grief-stricken by the sacrifice of my breast, I couldn't imagine risking such a horrible consequence, even to save my life. I refused to consider

chemotherapy for the next week and, insisting on a vacation from the breast cancer ordeal, went to the beach.

After long, solitary walks by the ocean, and time spent in prayer, I realized that it was most important for me to do everything I could to save my life. In consultations with two other medical oncologists the next week, I learned that the chemotherapy that they recommended did not cause menopause in women my age. But the first medical oncologist had planted a destructive image at a time when I was vulnerable and traumatized. Her careless remarks continue to haunt me.

As I went through the ordeal of thyroid surgery in 1993, Hillary Clinton was organizing a national bid for healthcare reform that would have provided universal accessibility. I was hopeful that some sort of reform would take place—and that I would no longer be a medical untouchable. When the initiative failed, with insurance companies maintaining their hold on American medicine, I was amazed. Although there is a multi-million dollar publicity push for breast cancer early detection every October, the problems of accessibility to healthcare for women with breast cancer are rarely addressed. A lot has been done to make mammograms more accessible—but treatment and quality of life issues for women after diagnosis are not significantly considered. All of the multitudes of articles in the women's magazines are aimed at women who have never had breast cancer, as if those of us who have had it are beyond the pale.

Since 1993, accessibility problems have grown more widespread. In 1992–93, an estimated 37 million Americans were uninsured. That figure now stands at around 40 million, and 6 million have been added to the Medicaid rolls, according to Himmelstein of Harvard Medical School. For that reason, the figures don't completely illustrate the magnitude of accessibility problems, he says. "Insurance companies are shutting more people out with pre-existing clauses and higher prices—and private insurance is becoming harder and harder to come by. Businesses are offering insurance coverage less and less frequently to their employees," he says.

Ultimately, people who are ill are dependent on the professional expertise of physicians, according to Relman of Harvard Medical School. He maintains



MARUSCHKA TORSO

It took a lot of faith to undergo the wrenching six months of treatment. I often thought of the animal's basic response to poisoning: to crawl off somewhere to die.

Believing artists are messengers, Matuschka has a commitment to other women who face mastectomy. Most of the photographs she has seen dealing with the issue have always hid the damaged breast or covered or chopped

off the model's head. With her photographs, she wanted to be honest, to return dignity to this painful experience.

Matuschka at 13 lost her own mother to breast cancer. I believe her mother would be proud of daughter Joanne, a young New York artist who in face of the health risks decided against reconstructive surgery after her mastectomy at age 37.

Her body had been the focus of her work and soon after her mastectomy in 1991 she resumed self-portraiture.

In that acclaimed self-portrait, "Beauty Out of Damage," she wears a simply elegant dress, one side cut away to reveal her mastectomy scar. The idea for the dress occurred when her doctor recommended reconstructive surgery. "Ah," she told him, "I was thinking of going topless on that side."

Through personal courage, determination—and her art—Matuschka has shed her clear light on breast cancer and created a lasting image for women.

Matuschka has given breast cancer a face. A brave and dignified face. A beautiful face.

—Written by Laura Sikes, a photographer



that physicians, from the dawn of history, have viewed their responsibility to patients as more important than their own financial interests, but in an environment in which medicine has become driven by the market values of the American medical industrial complex, medical practice has taken on much of the mien of commerce. Until very recently, the commercial advertising and marketing of medical practice that is so common today, was considered unethical. Physicians, says Relman, have also become involved in medical entrepreneurialism, imperiling professional objectivity and causing unnecessary expense and unfortunate outcomes for patients. Relman feels that medical care should be delivered on a not-for-profit basis and that physicians should not be in private practice, but salaried. He is an advocate of not-for-profit HMOs, such as those sponsored by the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota and Florida.

PHYSICIANS are not necessarily faring well either. A notable American College of Physicians research poll, published in a 1991 issue of the *Annals of Internal Medicine*, found that physicians are frustrated with the "loss of autonomy and control over clinical decision making" and the "increase in administrative burdens" necessitated by the great variety of insurance and other health financing provisions that patients bring to the doctor-patient relationship. Forty percent of those surveyed were so frustrated and concerned about the future of their profession they indicated that they discouraged students from pursuing careers in medicine. Only 39 percent said they would pursue a career in medicine, if they had the choice to make over.

As a child in the 1960s and 1970s, I sometimes accompanied my father, an imaginative, enthusiastic young man, to the places where he practiced medicine. In many of our conversations, he spoke of the joy of his "art." The hospitals and offices where he practiced were modest, of the unpretentious institutional architecture of the early and mid-20th century. He often spoke of the earlier location of the hospital where I had my mastectomy and reconstruction in 1987. In the 1960s, it was in downtown Atlanta. Now that it is located in the northern suburbs, the hospital has an austere and corporate feel. Its new, adjoin-

ing building for physician's offices is luxurious, reminiscent of Phipps Plaza Mall, a palace of commerce in affluent Buckhead. From the upper floors is an impressive view of the old suburban forest of my childhood, giving way to skyscrapers, pavement and pretentious cluster housing—the spec mansions of Sandy Springs. Over the eight years following my diagnosis and treatment, as I visited physicians in their shining corporate suites, medical costs rose 65 percent. As a young woman saddled with breast cancer's stain of death, I did not experience comparable growth of income.

Coming full circle for yet another of many emergency mammograms this summer, I returned to the hospital (now a “medical center”), where I had my first mammogram in 1987. Still centered in its modest 1960s architecture, the complex has begun to take on corporate airs with new, more imposing buildings and multi-level parking decks. There, where the introductory question deals with the dark issue of insurance coverage, is now a luxurious “breast center” with vivid interior decoration to complement colorful paintings, vases, pottery and wall-hangings. Yet in my view, patient care should be the work of art.

Of course, I am fortunate to have lived. And there were mercies in my treatment and medical care. The plastic surgeon I worked with is a brilliant, internationally known innovator of breast reconstruction, and I continue to be pleased with his work. He performed the tram-flap, a technique that harvests abdominal tissues to form a new breast. Much of the external surface of my breast was preserved—I do not have a mastectomy scar. The hospital where my thyroid surgery was performed did eventually forgive my bill. Of course, I was very frightened undergoing surgery there, facing the ambiguities of my insurance status along with the unknown of a potentially malignant thyroid tumor. Within the past year, I have found physicians and an institution willing to work with me. For my breast cancer follow-up care, I now go to an out-of-state comprehensive cancer center, partly funded by the National Cancer Institute.

OTH^{ER} WOMEN have lost more than I can imagine. I know many who are not here to raise their children, see careers to fruition, or complete relationships. Early this sum-

mer, I learned of Meredith Winter Mabry's death in March. After graduating with the class of 1982, Merry became a prominent graphic artist, known for her outstanding work for the 1996 Atlanta Olympics. I remember her well from the late 1970s when she first came to Agnes Scott and from our earlier lives as students at The Lovett School in Atlanta. Dark-haired and unassuming, vivacious Merry had special presence and charm. She left two young children, a husband, family and friends.

Coming back to the Agnes Scott campus for my 15-year class reunion this spring, I felt the presence of the girl I once was. I have not lived happily ever after nor died a noble early death. I was not able to find a corporate job with insurance benefits—or that other avenue—a husband with insurance benefits. The medical publishing company I worked with in the early 1990s was savvy, but no early comer to the trend of hiring freelancers and contract workers in order to avoid paying health insurance benefits. At a freelance corporate editing assignment last year, I witnessed the breakdown of an important company division—lots of people were abandoned by their former “corporate daddy” and his health insurance benefits.

The daughter, granddaughter and great-granddaughter of physicians, I was raised to be a Southern lady by my honey-voiced mother and grandmothers. This made me particularly ill-prepared to face today's dishonorable world of medicine. This year, thanks to breast cancer, I have found a new and mysterious register in my own voice. After eight years, I have learned to rave and scream.



Having been raised the daughter, granddaughter and great-granddaughter of physicians, I am ill-prepared to face today's dishonorable world of medicine.



Writer Carol Willey tucked in the arm of her physician father, L.W. Willey Jr., and pictured (above) in the Agnes Scott yearbook, 1979.

BREAST-CANCER REFORM

MEDICAL REFORM, a failed political cause for the Clinton administration, is nevertheless a thriving reality where breast cancer is concerned. Since the 1970s, a multi-faceted movement has driven important changes. Harriet Miller '61 and Return-to-College sophomore Jane Green, board members of the Atlanta chapter of the Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation, belong to a strong tradition of positive reform brought about by women who refuse to accept the unacceptable.

Journalist Rose Kushner fired the first shot in 1974 when she rejected the brutal one-step mastectomy and insisted on having a say in her treatment. In the one-step mastectomy procedure, a woman submits to surgery without knowing if she will have a breast after the procedure is over. A biopsy is performed while the patient is anesthetized; if the results are positive, a mastectomy is completed as she sleeps.

Up to 15 years ago, women expecting a minor procedure awoke to find they had undergone the radical Halsted mastectomy, a maiming operation that removes pectoral muscles and other structures along with the breast. When Kushner refused the one-step and arranged a biopsy followed by a modified radical mastectomy, which removes the breast and lymph nodes but leaves pectoral muscles intact, she set up a hue and cry that eventually led to the one-step's near extinction.

Before 1974, when public figures like First Lady Betty Ford, who had the Halsted mastectomy, and the Vice President's wife, Happy Rockefeller, were diagnosed and went public with their experiences, women suffered in silence. Breast cancer was a closely guarded, shameful secret like out-of-wedlock pregnancy. Women like Ford, Rockefeller, Kushner and journalist Betty Rollin, author of the 1976 best-selling breast cancer memoir *First You Cry*, opened a new world for breast cancer patients and survivors.

Physicians, in the 1970s, when 90 percent of the mastectomies performed were radical Halsted, and in the 1980s, were encouraged toward the less disfiguring, modified radical mastectomy and the

breast-preserving lumpectomy by patient demand and research confirmation that the procedures were just as safe as the Halsted.^{6,7} Cancer specialists and plastic surgeons developed better approaches to surgery, treatment and breast reconstruction. With chemotherapy drugs, and hormonal medications, a new era of medical treatment was launched. Women now work with a team of physicians—which, depending on the type of cancer, includes a surgical oncologist, medical oncologist, radiologist or plastic surgeon.

By the time National Alumnae President Lowrie Fraser '56, underwent her mastectomy in 1981, Atlanta physicians used sophisticated techniques. She had a modified radical mastectomy and reconstruction with a silicone implant. "I immediately decided that I wanted to have reconstruction," she says. "It absolutely held me together."

Openness about her experience was also an important coping tool. "I was open from the first. I think that enabled me to get more support, especially at work." When she was diagnosed at 45, Fraser was the mother of three adolescents and was a career educator, adjusting to an exciting new role as innovator of the magnet schools program for the City of Atlanta Public Schools.

"When I was treated, breast cancer was not regarded as such a systemic disease. It was a disease of the breast. Women did not have chemo and radiation as they do now. Years later, I've occasionally wished that I had had it—but I didn't. The main thing that occupied me was getting healed from surgery," says Fraser.

With the dawn of the 1990s and the example of AIDS activists, a new, more political breed of breast cancer activism began to emerge. In 1991, frustrated with the relative lack of attention to breast cancer as a public health issue, lawyer Fran Visco and prominent breast surgeon Dr. Susan Love formed the National Breast Cancer Coalition, a grass-roots movement and lobbying organization. The coalition brought a more political tone to advocacy efforts as it increased federal funding for breast cancer research and began to lobby

Activists among Agnes Scott's alumnae and students have joined forces with others to call attention to the ravages of breast cancer and to push for funds for research.

for greater treatment and follow-up availability.

Over the course of four years, 300 breast cancer advocacy groups from throughout the country have joined in the coalition. So far, its efforts have brought \$325 million in government funding to researchers. The New Jersey Breast Cancer Coalition was instrumental in enacting statewide health insurance reform in 1994. Now insurance companies can no longer discriminate based on pre-existing conditions. The coalition is the descendant of older groups, developed in the 1970s and 1980s, when new treatment options and the need for support inspired Y-ME, a 17-year-old information and counseling service based in Chicago, and the Dallas-based Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation, founded 12 years ago.

Susan Komen was a Midwestern woman who died at the age of 36 after she failed to receive the aggressive treatment that her breast cancer required. Komen foundation founder, Nancy Brinker, Komen's sister, survived the same deadly type of premenopausal cancer, armed with better information about breast cancer and treatment options. Still in remission, Brinker has fought to inform women and to build funding for research since her sister's death. The national foundation has contributed \$28.5 million in funding for research over 12 years and has raised breast cancer awareness with innovative early detection and fundraising efforts such as the annual *Race for the Cure* held in cities across the United States, including Atlanta.

ASC's Miller and Green are glad to be involved. After a lumpectomy, Miller decided to become active with the fledgling Atlanta chapter—founded in 1991—as she underwent radiation treatments.

Stepping into that volunteer role was therapy, and Miller, a long-time Atlantan, was able to garner important corporate support. From 1991 to 1994, the Atlanta chapter raised approximately \$500,000. Now a thriving presence, the group expects to raise another \$500,000 in 1995.

An ASC chemistry major, Green, whose 64-year-old mother was treated for breast cancer last year, works in the medical field in cancer care and research as president of the American Research Institute. "Women have got to demand better treatment. An incredible number are affected," says Green, adding that she is at risk, due to family his-

tory and the fact that the primary predictor for developing breast cancer is simply being a woman. Of 182,000 new cases expected in 1995, 60 percent will be diagnosed in women with no specific risk factors.^{8,9}

Many women with breast cancer band together in support groups, over Internet lines, and nationwide informal networking groups like Y-ME. Some learn how to read medical papers and conduct Medline searches for the latest clinical studies and opinions. Some haunt medical libraries and show up at conferences. After surviving diagnosis and treatment decisions, emerging information becomes a sort of life-line—oddly comforting in its familiar welter of numbers and medical terminology.

"Research is at an exciting place—and, with so many lives at stake, it is important to see that it proceeds as expeditiously as possible," says Miller. "Women's involvement is important. We need to be heard."

—Carol Willey '80 is a freelance writer living in Atlanta

"Women have got to demand better treatment," says ASC's Green whose mother was diagnosed with breast cancer.

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A FOIL TO DANGER

By Mary Alma Durrett

Photo illustrations by Monika Nikore

Across America, crime has emerged as an issue of common concern. While dangers exist at Agnes Scott, Public Safety officers work to make the campus a safe environment.

As shades of red and pink and orange sink below the horizon, the sky repaints itself in darkening shades of blackish blue. Night comes to Agnes Scott in typical fall fashion with leaves and students blowing in and out of Evans, McCain Library and Buttrick, and whirling about the quadrangle. Visible is the white blur of a bike helmet as Officer Dana Patterson whizzes across campus on pedal patrol, checking door locks at Walters and Winship and the other residence halls. Steps quicken along the brick pathway and a dozen street lamps pour hundreds of watts of light out onto the darkness of the central campus. The pulse of the campus calms as students drift off to take refuge in Main and Inman for study and later, sleep.

In one glowing corner of Rebekah, a public safety dispatcher huddles over a transmitter, receiving updates from the beat officers, calmly repeating the familiar response, "10-4." Across the quad, a small group of women gathers in the aerobics room of Alston Center, listening intently to a martial artist whose self-defense instruction reaches to their very core. "It doesn't do you any good to learn how to rip off somebody's lower lip or gouge out their eyes if you aren't going to use the techniques," chides instructor Paul Guerrucci, a part-time public safety officer who attained fourth-degree Black Belt proficiency.

These are not pretty thoughts by anyone's standards and some students are noticeably disturbed. But uglier are current statistics that one rape occurs every five minutes or that every other woman in America (literally one of two) will be confronted by a sexual predator during her life time. Add to that the overall escalation in violent crime in recent years and the picture worsens.

"You've got to decide what you are willing to do," stresses Guerrucci. "Self

defense is a state of mind as much as a physical ability."

While class members momentarily deal with the mental exercise, Guerrucci moves on to their physical preparation in his semester-long self-defense course held weekly from September through December. Since Guerrucci began instruction in 1989, more than 150 Agnes Scott students have perfected twists, turns, punches and kicks.

"What do you want to learn from this class?" he queries the group, which responds predictably: "To be able to get away from an attacker. To feel more secure."

Gone are the days when ASC President Wallace Alston could stand on the front porch of his house and shoo away potential intruders.

Atlanta, though attractive culturally, demonstrates the same crime excesses as other major cities, with property and violent crime in the five figures. Agnes Scott has worked hard to hold down its property crime to around 25 and violent crime to two or less, annually, over the past three years. The Agnes Scott self-defense class is just one component in the College's very deliberate efforts.

Rus Drew, ASC's public safety director of 10 years, heads a team of 10 full-time, state-certified police officers and two part-time officers. With a minimum of two officers on duty at all times, ASC's officer-to-service-community ratio is 1 to 400, better than twice the national average (1 to 1,000). Its response time, tracked by the year-old Automated Records Management System (A.R.M.S.) software, is 4.8 minutes on service calls and less than 3 minutes on emergency calls, also better than average.

ASC's public safety department has primary policing responsibility for more than the 50-acre campus; its full jurisdiction (bounded by King's Highway, Columbia Drive, Ponce de Leon, Kirk Road and



Some students are sensitive to the issues of crime but most are not. Often people this age have a sense of invincibility.



Oakview Road) extends 500 yards beyond the 50 rental properties owned by the College, which encircle the campus. And in September, the campus of Columbia Theological Seminary was added to its watch.

Public Safety provides escorts at night to individual students, faculty or staff who feel insecure about walking alone between buildings, to and from parking lots, and to and from the MARTA Station in Decatur. Phones strategically located at three remote

sites on campus and telephones located outside of each residence hall, are part of Agnes Scott's plan for self defense.

Last year the ASC police department also offered 13 distinct crime prevention programs on campus. Beginning with programs during orientation weekend for first-year students and their families, public safety launched a series of lectures and demonstrations dealing with general crime prevention, self-defense, acquaintance rape and defensive chemical sprays (such as pepper spray). Overall awareness and education are critical to each student's safety.

"Some students are sensitive to the issues of crime but most aren't," admits Lt. Amy Lanier '72, on ASC's force since 1991. "People the age of the traditional students have a sense of invincibility. Being the victim of a crime is not an overriding concern."

For instance, during orientation public safety encourages parents to remind their daughters to call for escorts or to walk in groups on campus in the evening, but, Lanier laments, "A lot of students don't take it to heart."

However, both Lanier and Drew (who earned his degree in criminology from Auburn University and worked two years for the Marietta Police Department before joining the staff at Agnes Scott) recall several instances in which students have deftly turned around potentially dangerous situations. For example, a few years ago, Drew

Emotional Havens

Even as the Department of Public Safety works to keep both campuses secure, Margaret Shirley '81, ASC counselor, has a part in helping students find their own emotional "safe place" in this increasingly violent world. Often she walks students through a series of anxiety reduction exercises when their feelings of fear become overwhelming. At other times she must remind students that self defense is, ultimately, a state of mind.

"Having been a student myself, I know it's real easy to get on this campus and not think about being in the real world. So I'm all for telling students to pay attention. No place is completely safe."

says, a man in the Hopkins parking lot “followed two students and forced himself into the car with them—we don’t know if he was going to try to assault the students or try to take the car.” Together, the students attacked the man who fled the scene. “We weren’t able to apprehend him but we were very proud of the way they dealt with it—and the students were proud of themselves.”

As a state-certified law enforcement agency (since 1983) and a recipient of federal funds, Agnes Scott compiles, publishes and distributes campus crime statistics, in compliance with the Campus Security Act of 1990. Through a “Playing it Safe” handbook, notices in the student newspaper and the campus-wide newsletter, *Campus Connection*, and through reminders posted in the residence halls and in other buildings around campus, students receive updated information about crime and crime prevention.

During the summer months, when fewer students remain on campus, public safety turns more attention to the surrounding community. From about 6 p.m. to dusk the bike patrol is active, with officers talking to neighbors of the College and listening to their concerns.

“For some reason,” says Drew, “people—particularly kids—just want to come up and talk to you when you’re on a bike. That’s been a wonderful tool. It also provides greater flexibility for our patrol in parking lots. Officers are able to move in and out, pretty much unnoticed. Again this year, the number of incidents occurring in parking areas has steadily declined.”

Agnes Scott is hoping to have a similar effect as it handles security for the Columbia Seminary campus.

“Since we are so close in proximity to the

CRIME AT ASC

As a state certified law enforcement agency since 1983 the Agnes Scott Department of Public Safety reports campus crime statistics to the Georgia Bureau of Investigation which in turn is reported to the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Charge	YEAR		
	94/ 95	93/ 94	92/ 93
Burglary	3	4	2
Criminal Property Damage	5	2	2
Harassing Phone Calls	7	0	3
Motor Vehicle Theft	0	0	2
Rape	0	0	1
Sexual Battery	0	2	0
Theft by Taking	20	6	20
Underage Alcohol	2	4	0

The above is partial list of crimes reported to the GBI and FBI.

seminary and have faculty and staff who live in the area, as well as students who walk, jog and baby sit in those areas, we felt it important to expand,” Drew says of that decision.

The one-year renewable agreement between the two campuses calls for ASC to patrol seminary campus buildings, parking areas and on-campus housing, as well as provide motor vehicle assistance and escort services, after hours, to on-campus personnel.

According to Drew, the seminary provided funds for hiring four officers and purchasing two vehicles primarily for use on the seminary campus. However, through this year the Decatur Police Department will remain Columbia’s primary policing agency.

“For some reason,” says Drew, “people—particularly kids—just want to come up and talk to you when you’re on a bike. That’s been a wonderful [crime prevention] tool.”

CRIME AND COMMUNITY

A look at *Crime in the United States 1993, Uniform Crime Reports*
(Rapes are a subgroup of the violent crimes total.)

Location	Property Crime	Violent Crime	(Rapes)
Atlanta MSA (19 counties)	209,778	29,321	1,336
Atlanta (city)	53,633	16,281	492
DeKalb (county)	43,334	3,836	217
Decatur	1,244	185	4
Agnes Scott College	27	1	0

EXCERPTS

Silver Rights . . . A true story of the civil rights struggle in the South

TAKE CARE OF MY KIDS

From Chapter 2

News of the enrollment of the Carter children spread like wildfire through Sunflower County, and Mae Bertha felt sure that someone from the school superintendent's office had called Mr. Thornton, the plantation overseer. Early the next morning, Thornton drove up in his pickup truck and blew his horn in front of the Carters' house.

"Mary," Matthew said softly over his shoulder, using his special name for Mae Bertha, "it's starting." He went outside to the

waiting truck.

Thornton's mission was simple. He told Matthew that he'd heard about the enrollment and he believed that the best thing for Matthew and Mae Bertha would be to go back to Drew and withdraw the children. He believed they could get a better education at the black school. He explained to Matthew that the children would have no friends at the white school. Neither black folks nor white folks would have anything to do with the Carters anymore.

Those poor whites who lived over on federal land near the Carters would cause them a lot of trouble. He offered to go to Drew

with Matthew and help "withdraw 'em out." Matthew said that he didn't need the help and that if he decided to withdraw the children, he would go himself.

Mae Bertha, who had been standing on the porch listening, went into the house. She came out a few minutes later carrying a chair, a single record, and a little record player. She set the player carefully on the chair, close to the porch door so the cord could reach an outlet in the living room, and she put on the record. It was the June 11, 1963, speech that President Kennedy had given on national radio and television calling for

the Civil Rights Act. The speech was delivered only a few hours before the Mississippi NAACP leader Medgar Evers was murdered outside his Jackson home just after midnight on June 12. Mae Bertha's son Man had sent her the record, and it was one of her greatest treasures. Mae Bertha started the record player and turned the volume way up:

"And when Americans are sent to Vietnam or West Berlin, we do not ask for whites only. It ought to be possible, therefore, for American students of any color to attend any public institution they select without having to be backed up by troops. . . . We are con-

ABOUT THE BOOK AND THE AUTHOR

From 1964 to 1975, Constance Curry '55 worked as a field representative for the American Friends Service Committee, assigned to the Mississippi Delta to help the family of Mae Bertha and Matthew Carter and others involved in desegregation mandated by Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. *Silver Rights*, released this month, grew out of Curry's relationship with the Carters who in 1965 enrolled seven school-age children in a formerly all-white school in Drew, Sunflower County, Mississippi. Curry was at the family's side through several troubled years, which included their eviction from the plantation on which they were sharecroppers, nightriders' gunfire into their cabin and harassment from the community and school. The book is based on Curry's personal observations, later inter-

views with the family and correspondence with Mae Bertha Carter, a mother fiercely determined that her children would have the best possible education.

FRANK TEEPLE PHOTO



Curry studied abroad as a Fulbright Scholar after graduation from Agnes Scott with a degree in history. She holds a post-doctoral fellowship at the University of Virginia's Center for Civil Rights and a fellowship in Women's Studies at Emory University. She has a law degree from Woodrow Wilson College of Law. From 1975 until 1990 she served as Director of Human Services for the City of Atlanta.

Kirkus Reviews has described *Silver Rights* as "a solid contribution to the literature of recent political history . . . a moving story of a family's unforeseen contribution to the civil-rights struggle in America."

fronted primarily with a moral issue. It is as old as the Scriptures and as clear as the American Constitution."

I can imagine Mae Bertha standing by her front door, firm and proud, arms folded, as John Kennedy's voice spilled across the early morning silence—talking about what it was like to be a black person in America, and about the great opportunities available to all except black children. Mae Bertha let the record play on as Matthew stood out by the truck. Finally Thornton said he would go down to the barn to give Matthew time to talk to Mae Bertha.

Mae Bertha remembered what she had then said to Matthew. "You go out there, to the barn," she had told him, "and you tell Mr. Thornton that I am a grown woman. I birthed those children and bore the pain. He cannot tell me what to do about my children, like withdrawing my children out. And I'd be a fool to try and tell him where to send his kids."

Matthew answered, "Well, Mary, I'm not going to tell him all that."

They told Thornton simply that they had decided to keep their children in the white school.

The morning after the shots were fired into the house, a neighbor took Mae Bertha to Cleveland, Miss., to see Amzie Moore, a black businessman and NAACP leader, and Charles McLaurin, the



The Carter children, books in hand, await the schoolbus.

Sunflower County project director for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. When Mae Bertha finished telling her story, Moore and McLaurin called the FBI in Jackson. The next day the Deputy Sheriff John Sidney Parker received a call at his home from the county sheriff's office in Indianola, five miles away. Parker was asked to go to Drew to join an FBI agent to investigate the shooting at the Carters'. The agent was from FBI headquarters in Washington; he had flown in because local FBI agents were on other assignments. He and Parker drove in separate cars to Busylene. When they reached the Carters' house, the agent's first question to Mae Bertha was, why had she gone all the way to Cleveland to call when she could have gone to some of the white people's houses nearby?

Mae Bertha chuckled at the memory of her response. "Go where?" she answered the agent. "Let me tell you one thing, man, I ain't got confidence in any white man living in Mississippi. I can't be going

to no white folks' house calling, 'cause that's probably the ones who shot into my house."

Parker and the FBI agent inspected the Carters' house carefully. Mr. Thornton, the plantation overseer, was present as well, and helped them take each of the bullets out of the walls. The Washington agent took the bullets with him as evidence, and that was the last the Carters heard from the FBI or anyone else about the shooting. The story circulated in the white community was that the Carters, prompted by black militants eager for publicity, had done the shooting themselves . . .

[But African-Americans knew the dangers facing the Carters. Recalls one, "I believe I made three or four trips out there and was scared every time. I thought about we had already had Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman murdered by these patrolling Klansmen, and every trip I thought that one might be right around the corner somewhere. And I was supposed to be the

brave one, you know."

As the first day of school drew near, life for the Carters proceeded as usual, for the most part. The older children picked cotton, but they talked among themselves about the changes that would soon take place. Matthew had extra work in the evenings sewing underwear for the girls from cotton sacks and hemming dresses. The children remember the day he announced, "Mary, I have stopped smoking. We need money too much to send these children."

The only money the Carters had in August 1965 was \$40 hidden in a mattress, saved in case Mae Bertha needed to go to Toledo to see her mother, Luvenia. Matthew knew that Mae Bertha missed Luvenia and he had insisted that they save the bus fare.

The sharecropping system of buying food and supplies on credit from the plantation store, paying when there was a little money, and always being

beholden to the plantation owner and in debt to his store was still very much in effect at Pemble Plantation. A few days after enrolling his children in the white schools, Matthew Carter went to Bob's, the store that usually gave him credit. Had he heard right? the owner asked. Had Matthew been over to Drew and enrolled his kids in the all-white school? When Matthew nodded, he was told he had until three o' clock that day to take the children out of the school. Matthew went home with only a package of food in his hands, rather than the weekly order of staples needed to feed ten people. Mae Bertha took the \$40 bus fare from under the mattress and gave it to Matthew, who drove to Cleveland to buy food.

For several days it seemed that the enrollment of the children and the night shooting had never occurred. No one came to the house. But the bullet holes had made the truth clear for the Carters. The family slept on the floor for three nights after the shooting.

Mae Bertha told me what she thought about during those tense days; she remembered what a preacher in Cleveland had said once: "Everybody's afraid and it's okay to be afraid but you can't let it stop you." She explained to me that the "covering" she had felt first as a young girl came over her during those days and she felt confident that her family was protected. On the fourth night after the shooting, the family moved off the floor and back into its beds and never slept on the floor again. Mae Bertha told Matthew that she was calling to the Lord.

Mae Bertha has forgotten none of the details of Sept. 3, 1965, the first day of school in Drew. Miss. Matthew was up at 5:30 a.m. to get water from the pump, heat up the kettle and the big dishpan on the stove and fill the tub in the bedroom. He bathed and dressed Deborah and Beverly, the two youngest girls. The older ones got themselves ready. Mae Bertha remembers how mute they were. She also

remembers how she lay in bed wondering if she had the strength and will to get up and face the fear that pressed in upon her.

It was the first day in Drew history that black children would attend public school with white children. Those black children were hers. They would be desegregating both Drew High School and A. W. James Elementary School. But the principles of "freedom and choice" and "desegregation" seemed high-flown and irrelevant as Mae Bertha imagined the day that stretched ahead of Gloria, Deborah, Beverly, Pearl, Stanley, Larry and Ruth.

After breakfast, the children, each with a quarter for lunch, went out on the porch with Mae Bertha to wait for the school bus. By 7:30, the sun was out in strength. The heavy wet heat of late summer settled over the cotton fields. Would the new bus driver know where to stop for the Carters? Would they be the first ones on the bus? Where would they sit? How would they know where to go when they got to school?

A newly painted yellow school bus was spotted turning onto Busyline. In silence Mae Bertha and the children watched its slow passage down the rutted dirt road. Finally the bus stopped at the house and the children stepped down from the porch and one by one climbed in to discover that they were indeed the first to be picked up. They sat two by two near the front of the bus, with Ruth

taking a seat by herself.

Mae Bertha stayed on the porch and watched until the bus was out of sight. Her eyes filled and she took the baby, Carl, back into the house. She later wrote Jean Fairfax:

"When the bus pulled off, I went in and fell down cross the bed and prayed. I stayed on that bed and didn't do no work that day. No 'covering' in sight this time. I didn't feel good and stayed cross the bed and when I heard the bus coming, I went back to the porch. When they came off one by one, then I was released until the next morning. But the next morning I felt the same way, depressed, nervous, praying to God. I wasn't saying a whole lot of words; just saying, 'take care of my kids'—no time for all those words. And I didn't do housecleaning until the children came home. After about a month, I started easing up a little bit. I had prayed to God so much! I had been going to church and talking about trusting in Jesus, but never trusted Jesus until my children went to that all-white school. That school sure brought me to God!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Carter children graduated from high school in Drew and enrolled in the University of Mississippi; all seven earned their undergraduate degrees.*

Silver Rights: A True Story from the Front Lines of the Civil Rights Struggle. By Constance Curry. Algonquin Books (258 pp.) \$21.95, Oct. 1995. ISBN: 1-56512-095-7. Reprinted with permission. Copyright © 1995 by Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, a division of Workman Publishing Company N.Y., N.Y.



Mae Bertha Carter and Constance Curry '55

Horsing around with country music; Atlanta Project volunteer, medicine for migrants, eat your veggies, a grand hike, Shakespeare & company

COWPATTYS: TAKING THE STAGE WEST

*Performer Joy
Cunningham '77*

If you ain't heard us, you ain't heard shее-ut," goes the promotional slogan for the original "western, almost vaudeville-style comedy" CowPattys, co-written by and starring Joy Cunningham '77.

Cunningham and three singer and actor friends created the "country-and-western ha ha capella" production at a party several years ago. Since 1994, the four "wild, nutty an' sassy" cowgirls named Patty Cake, Crash Patty (Cunningham), Patty Addy and Patty Lorraine LaWanda Louise Linda Letisha LaBelle, have taken their popular show nationwide.

Decked in boots, fringe and other outrageous cowgirl wear, the four open their show with Shero, a musical story of a cowgirl who starts out low and ends her career as head of 45 men on the range. Another tune in the "moosic, cowmedy and brahma" is "Cowgirls put



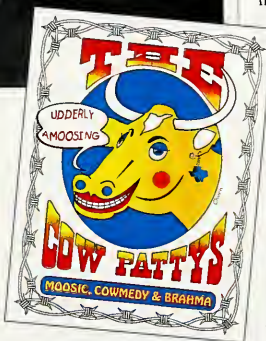
The "Udderly Amoozing" CowPattys, started by Cunningham (second from right) and friends as a lark, is growing in popularity with appearances set nationwide.

the "W" in Wrangler."

"And Wrangler put the Oooow! in cowgirls," go the words to the song about tight jeans.

CowPattys' extreme parody, "Stand By Your Fan," laments hot Texas weather — their music meshes while meshing the styles of Gregorian chants, country and rap.

CowPattys delights audiences with visions of



the new West where "the only weapons carried are congealed weapons, the children play cowboys and Native American Indians and where the rodeo uses only animals who volunteer to participate."

Making its debut at benefits, CowPattys has opened for the Smothers Brothers, performed for the

Trout Fishing in America organization and are booked for multiple weeks in theaters from its home state of Texas west to California and east to Virginia. CowPattys also made news in the August issue of *Texas Monthly*.

To ride the range with her cowgirl cohorts, Cunningham left her job teaching writing at Austin Community College. She notes with some disbelief that she's actually making a living. "Not many people get to make their living as a performer," she says.

Her travels have also changed her role from creator and director of "The Girl Project" to adviser. The ASC English and history major conceived the theater workshop program after reading Harvard psychologist Carol Gilligan's ground-breaking book *A Different Voice*. The book highlights the immense loss of self-esteem suffered by American girls aged 10 to 18.

Cunningham received two grants for the program, which "gleans girls' stories, taking raw material in an

improvisational manner and turning it all into a combination of movement, scenes and dance for performance."

Impressed with Cunningham's idea, Gilligan plans to start the program at Harvard.

VOLUNTEER HERITAGE

Margaret "Maggy" Harms '63

The Atlanta Project, former President

Jimmy Carter's vision for healing urban ills, was Margaret "Maggy" Harms' dream job—the one the Class of '63 graduate says she was "born and bred for" by her own committed volunteer parents.

However, it took the financial analyst/manager two years to persuade the Kansas City-based corporate office of Sprint, her employer, to "loan" her as an adviser to the West Fulton cluster, an inner-city area of 8,000 predominantly black residents.

Sprint feared lack of participation on the part of its relatively small (1,500 employees) Atlanta office. But Harms and her two co-advisers from Emory University and The Carter Center found the volunteers. Their mighty task: to reduce poverty and hopelessness and empower urban communities to solve as many problems and take advantage of as many existing programs and opportunities as possible.

One successful program resulting from their work targets middle school students needing tutoring and help with homework. The program aims to "interest girls in staying in school, to keep them from getting pregnant and going on welfare rolls," explains Harms.

She adds that during her Atlanta Project involvement, her cluster—the Bankhead Highway region of Atlanta—has had no reports of violence.

Recognized several years ago as an Outstanding

THE BEST MEDICINE

Jimmie Ann Collins '51

It could have been a scenario from the movies. High on a primitive village hillside. Rugged and muddy terrain. At last, a drenching, tropical rain brings afternoon relief. Amid the downpour, a rustic, 15-passenger bus, carrying a busload of Americans maneuvers down the rain-slick hillside, begins slipping and sliding and nearly spins out of control. Another curve in the unpaved road is rounded; and again the native driver loses control, this time sliding further, finally stopping at the brink of a 20-foot drop.

That was when Jimmie Ann McGhee Collings '51 and her Baptist Medical Dental Fellowship co-volunteers decided they would skip the bus ride and walk the rest of the way.

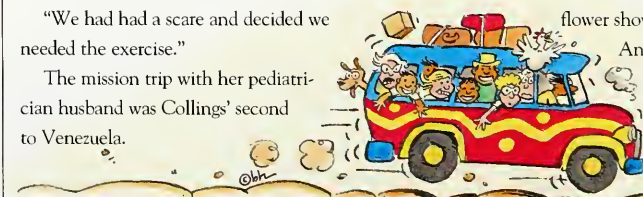
"We had had a scare and decided we needed the exercise."

The mission trip with her pediatrician husband was Collings' second to Venezuela.

At various points in the countryside, the medical team set up clinics. Using one-room buildings with bed sheets as partitions, the volunteers staffed a pharmacy, a dental office and offices for a nurse practitioner and Collings' husband, Tom. Poor and anxious villagers lined the street waiting for care.

Stateside, the Collingses work with migrants in East Tennessee, teaching Sunday School and English-as-a-Second-Language. Jimmie Ann, who says she is a "practicing Christian," works to show God's love and kindness to the migrants, most of whom are from Mexico. "They are economically persecuted and their children are shoved around by their peers in school."

Other travels take the Greenville, Tenn., resident to flower shows nationwide with daughter Sharon Ann Collings '77, a sculptor/potter. Where Jimmie Ann is a Master Flower Show judge, she also demonstrates flower arranging in Sharon Ann's unique flower vessels.



Atlanta for her volunteer work, Harms plans to keep alive the bonds formed with her cluster community. Her daytime attention, however, will soon be directed at the Auditory Education Center, a non-profit United Way agency that has named her executive director. The center works with hearing-impaired children and adults.

A RECIPE FOR RECOVERY

Jane Zanca '83

When Jane Zanca '83 decided to co-author *The Cancer Recovery Eating Plan* with Daniel W. Nixon, M.D., she was unsure about some of the oncologist's concepts. But as she researched and wrote, she too became a believer in the cancer-preventing powers of a high-fiber, low-fat diet.

The 450-page book, published by Times Books/Random House, was written for people who have had cancer and want to "take charge and prevent its recurrence."

Nixon had the medical and nutritional expertise;



Author Jane Zanca has written a "warm and friendly" book on the nutritional approach to cancer prevention and cure. Eat your veggies.

Zanca, a medical writer for the American Cancer Society, possessed the ability to present the data to the lay public, to make it "warm and fuzzy, friendly and enjoyable. There are not a lot of things to enjoy when you're recovering from cancer," she says.

Zanca knows.

Three of her family members died of cancer. The ASC English literature and creative writing major drew from experiences of her loved ones and from her own struggle with a chronic illness. The mother of two "twenty-somethings" says she knows the feeling of having "chunks" of her life taken away. Diagnosed a few years ago with a form of rheumatoid arthritis, she empathizes with the some-

times scary feelings of her book's readers: "I'm going to lose my life, or have to sell my house, live in a one-room efficiency and sit in a wheelchair."

For 15 months, Zanca slept, ate and breathed her freelance assignment. No television, no pleasure reading. "I wrote a good bit of the book in my sleep," Zanca says and laughs. She also worked with nutritionists, a chef and other experts in nutrition and cancer, editing recipes and massaging the material. She's excited and proud that the book empowers her readers to become full partners in their health and explains how they can cope with the side effects of cancer treatment.

Zanca adds, "One of the many impacts of cancer and its treatment is that

the patient feels lousy about food. Cooking is hard, especially when you are so fatigued. One of the best ways to help a person experiencing cancer is to provide meals."

BECKONED BY THE BARD

Evelyn Sears Schneider '39, Mary Ann Gregory Dean '63, Jeanne Addison Roberts '46, Mary Price Coulling '49 and Giddy Erwin Dyer '38

In a lecture called "The Brou-ha-ha of Hamlet," Evelyn Sears Schneider '39 explained that the centuries-old play is the Mona Lisa of literature. "It has puzzled everyone more than any Shakespeare play."

And it has captured the imaginations of more than a few Scotties.

Schneider delivered her lecture in conjunction with last year's production of *Hamlet* by the Orlando Shakespeare Festival. (Mary Ann Gregory Dean '63 is the annual Festival's new executive director.) Twice, eager audiences heard the retired professor of literature share her views on "what all the ruckus surrounding Hamlet is about," once at

Schneider's church, First Unitarian of Oakland, and also at the Unitarian Universalist Society. Schneider hypothesizes that "Shakespeare knew that life is not always black and white. . . . [He] did not choose to dictate definite answers to the questions he raises. Instead, he invites us to come up with our own conclusions."

As presiding judge of The Elsinore Appeal: People vs. Hamlet, a mock trial hosted by the New York City Bar Association, Jeanne Addison Roberts '46 drew her own set of conclusions. Three-hundred people attended the trial which acquitted Hamlet of Ophelia's murder but found him guilty of murdering Laertes, Claudius, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Before retirement, Roberts, a Shakespearean, taught literature—including many years of *Hamlet*—at American University. The professor had observed similar Shakespeare trials, which are becoming popular, and was invited by a former student to participate in the New York trial.

She has authored two books on the Bard, including *The Shakespearean Wild*, highlighting the women in Shakespeare's writings.

Roberts has presented two lectures on Shakespeare for the Washington, D.C., Agnes Scott alumnae. For the first, alumnae read and discussed *Winter's Tale* with the professor.

Love of Shakespeare enticed two more Scotties, Mary Price Coulling '49 and Giddy Erwin Dyer '38, to embark on a "Hamlet to Hardy" cruise.

Coulling's husband teaches English at Washington & Lee University, the cruise sponsor, and Dyer is married to a W&L alumnus. Cruise participants sailed the North Sea from Copenhagen to Elsinore, the assumed castle of Hamlet. From there they journeyed north to Scotland, the setting of Macbeth. On they went to the Scottish Islands, and in between England and Ireland, where they ventured to Thomas Hardy's country and literary Dublin.

Before the cruise launch, participants dined with the American ambassador to Denmark. Dyer and Coulling were pleasantly surprised to learn the ambassador's wife is Susie Goodman Elson '59.

All of these graduates except Gregory studied Shakespeare under professor George P. Hayes. And all believe that Shake-

peare authored *Hamlet* and other works, a view disputed by some scholars.

SEEKING NEW HEIGHTS (AND LOWS)

Emily Evans Robison, Joanna Russell Hogan, Vivian "Biba" Conner Parker and Jan Whitfield Huguen, '62

The typical visitor to Arizona's Grand Canyon stands on a fenced-off cliff and gazes at the beauty of the natural wonder. Not good enough for four soul mates from the class of '62.

Emily Evans Robison, Joanna Russell Hogan, Vivian "Biba" Conner Parker and Jan Whitfield Huguen donned their hiking boots, polished their walking sticks and hiked

the canyon from its northern to its southern rims. Twenty-six friends and family members (including Robison's sister, Becky Evans Callahan '60), ranging in age from 15 to 60, joined the summer '94 expedition. Day one was a 14-mile hot-and-dry hike "down, down, down," recalls Hogan. Night was spent along the Colorado River at Phantom Ranch, a rustic lodge that once slept Teddy Roosevelt. Day two was a nine-mile trek "up, up, up" malodorous and dusty trails littered with mule dung.

Parker, Hogan and an assortment of 10 friends went on to higher sights during the fall of '94. The group began their hike in the rice patties of Nepal at an elevation of 1,500 feet. They averaged six to 10 miles daily, up and down



Intrepid hikers from the class of '62: (l-r) Emily Robison, Joanna Hogan, Becky Callahan, Jan Huguen, Biba Parker.

the Himalayas, criss-crossing hundreds of trails. Their destination was 14,000 feet, in the shadow of Mount Everest. In total, the two Scotties and clan walked 127 miles and climbed 44,000 feet in altitude. "A lot of up and down," admits Hogan.

The venture was much more strenuous than fitness buffs Hogan or Parker anticipated. There were no roads. Anything other than the clothing they wore was carried on their backs, by Sherpa guides or by yaks. They tottered across suspension bridges, bamboo bridges, stones in a stream amid hot, humid weather. The group also waded through leech-swarming rice patties. Five mornings they awoke shivering in their tents as temperatures plummeted to 20 below zero, so cold that among other things, their

wash cloths froze.

During their journey they saw people who "in 1995 live the way people lived 200 years ago, with no roads, electricity or water," recalls Hogan.

The two Scotties, plus Hughen and Robison are among a "nucleus" of 14 class of '62 graduates who have remained in contact. The group gathered at Sea Island the year they turned 30 and again at age 40. At 50 they went to Nantucket, where Parker declared they were getting older and wouldn't have too many more decades. This year, she hosted the gang, who celebrated 55, at her part-time home in Jackson Hole.

"We were lucky to have stayed in touch," says



Kitsie Riggall works to sell Wall Street on the value of Turner Broadcasting stock.

Hogan, who recalls somewhat sheepishly that smoking at "The Hub" was the 14 graduates' drawing point at Agnes Scott. "We all liked to smoke. That was back when smoking was cool. We gravitated toward The Hub (a former student center). None of us smokes anymore."

It's a good thing. Next spring, Parker and Hogan plan a 20-day New Zealand hike.

—Leisa Hammett-Goad is a freelancer in Nashville, Tenn.

TAKING STOCK

Kitsie Bassett Riggall '83

Kitsie Bassett Riggall's days swirl around Wall Street and the value

of stock of Turner Broadcasting System (TBS), the company she serves as vice president of financial communications and director of investor relations.

"Investor relations is really marketing the company's stock—making sure that the market has the

right information to fairly value the stock," says Riggall.

To monitor the perception of Turner in the news, her office overlooking the interior of Cable News Network (CNN) Center is filled with everything from the *Wall Street Journal* to trade publications like *Cable World* and *Variety*.

Riggall's own view of TBS has been formed from the inside, out. She began her career at the Turner subsidiary CNN as an intern during her senior year at Agnes Scott. Just after graduation, she was offered a full-time job.

"I publicized CNN's coverage of major news events," says Riggall. "That was back in the days when CNN was still trying to establish itself as a credible news source." It involved heady days of working in the media camp of the '88



Backdropped by Mt. Everest (on left) and Ama Dablam (on right), Joanna Russell Hogan and Biba Conner Parker relax before their trek up, up and up.

Democratic National Convention in Atlanta and the Reagan-Gorbachev summit.

In 1989 she left CNN as senior manager of public relations. From there she became director of corporate communications for Turner.

She served a nearly two-year stint as vice president of Turner's entertainment division which required frequent flights between Atlanta and Los Angeles. "A large portion of our publicity efforts was focusing on the original movies that TNT produced," says Riggall, "so there was a real Hollywood angle."

Today, the red-haired Riggall assesses the impact of changes that will occur at Turner in the face of the late September announcement that Time-Warner would acquire the company.

In the meantime, Riggall has the "perfect liberal arts job," she says, one that requires both strong analytical skills and excellent writing.

"At 25, I don't know that I would have thought that dealing with Wall Street analysts was for me. At 34, I think the work is incredibly interesting."

—Karen Young '84

Harassment is a state of mind; memorializing mink.

Congratulations on a very interesting summer issue of ASC ALUMNAE MAGAZINE. I sent copies of several articles and the poem to a number of people—and the whole issue to a cousin who does community theatre in North Carolina.

Mary Anne Kernan '38
Nashville, Tenn.

I was pleased as I am surprised to see that you published the letter from Susan Smith Van Cott in the summer issue. There are others of us who feel the same way.

I spent four years at ASC learning to think for myself. It would appear that today's students are being taught to let the liberal media do their thinking for them.

It seems to me that "liberated" women should be as capable of defending themselves from harassment as we were back then. I find it rather ironic that they need government protection in personal relationships. For some reason, Anita Hill reminds me of a neighbor who had an obscene phone call that lasted 45 minutes!

Frances Vandiver
Puckett '52
Jacksonville, Fla.

I was shocked, shocked SHOCKED, to read in this distinguished publication that a grown woman does not know what a mink coat is for. . . .

Pay attention to what I

am going to tell you.

A mink coat is not something to wear. It is the outward and visible symbol of the wild, extravagant, luxuriant, sensual love of beauty streaming from the heart of every woman. It is your soul sister, your trusted accomplice, financial commiserator, counselor, love advisor, supreme fashion visionary, friend, healer, ally!

And you keep such a being locked up in a cold vault in a stuck-up place like Northbrook Court? Now a Dallas woman would do that, but here in Houston we understand MINK. After all, this is the drive it or wear it city.

A mink coat is not something you save for cold weather. If you put your mink in the vault in summertime, you couldn't turn the air conditioning down way low and sleep nude snuggled up under it. You can't put it on to pay the bills. You cannot weep into its thick folds and silken lining when life's hurts assault your heart. . . .

There are plenty of places to wear your mink when it does get a little chilly, you know, under 75 degrees Fahrenheit. With boots and jeans, wear your mink to the grocery store, to the car wash, to drop the kids off at school, to the Oilers games (the Astrodome is air-conditioned, after all), and on all airline flights. Also, wear it when you go out in

the morning to pick up the newspaper. . . .

On holidays, wear your mink: on Halloween (bleach your hair, get big earrings and go out as a Dallas woman) and Christmas, at all parties whether formal or informal. Remember: mink is a state of mind.

There is nothing more extravagant and luxurious than a mother's love for her daughter.

It is true that one day we all have to give our mothers up. But we do not have to lock away their glorious love for us. We revel in it and pass it freely to our own daughters.

Many thanks for sharing your feelings about your beloved mom. I bet I know exactly how she felt about you.

Sonja Nelson '66
Sugar Land, Texas

Re: the article on violence to children. My wife is too modest to send this [a Birmingham News article featuring lawyer Wendy Brooks Crew '80, founder of Street Law, a program for 2nd–12th graders taught by students at the Cumberland School of Law—it helps prevent juvenile crime by teaching young people subjects from the basics of conflict management to the consequences of crime], but I'm not!

Thought you might like to see this.

Richard D. Crew
Birmingham, Ala.

GIVING ALUMNA

"ASC is one of the best investments I can make in the future I won't see."



ASC fundraiser Dorothy "Dot" Addison '43: "How we use our money says a lot about what we think is important."

DOT ADDISON '43

Home: Atlanta, Ga.

Age: 72

Occupation: Homemaker

Husband: Thomas E. Addison Jr., retired from the

Addison Corp, wholesale building materials

Children: Two, one grandchild

For a student who might never have attended Agnes Scott College, Dorothy "Dot" Addison has made quite a mark on her alma mater. (Addison's parents were convinced that all good women's colleges were in her home state of Virginia—until she chose Agnes Scott.)

A trustee for 10 years, she has served as a member of the development com-

mittee for much of that time, although at first her heart was not in fundraising. "It was the life of the mind I wanted to talk about," explains Addison. "As I got into it, though, I found fundraising to be important. How we use our money says a lot about what we think is important."

Addison has contributed to some of the most important fundraising initiatives

at ASC in recent years, holding positions in the Centennial and Campbell Science Hall campaigns, serving as fund chair for the Alumnae Association and establishing, with former Board Chair Betty Cameron '43, the Laney Fund in memory of English Professor Emma Mae Laney. In addition to being a Founders' Club donor, Addison is a charter member of the Frances Winship Walters Society.

"Agnes Scott is one of the best investments I can make in the future," Addison believes. "I give in gratitude, as well, because I've been conscious all my

life of what ASC gave me."

While travel and a new granddaughter ("she is my hobby; she gives me a new lease on life . . .") add joy to her life, these days, Peachtree Road United Methodist Church benefits most from her volunteer service.

Addison also takes great pleasure in playing duplicate bridge with her husband Tom. "I have all my support systems right around me," she concludes. "From my Peachtree Road apartment, I can see the steeple of my church, the tower of Main at Agnes Scott and my husband at the breakfast table."

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LAURA SIKES THE TOP



WOMEN WHO SURVIVE

More than 46,000 American women will die of breast cancer this year. Among the survivors is Matuschka—a New York artist (above)—who has continued to create immutable self-portraits *after* she underwent a mastectomy. In this issue, Matuschka and another breast cancer survivor, alumna writer Carol Willey '80, team up to bare many of our breast cancer myths.