Peter Schickele ’57
Conservator of “history’s most justifiably neglected composer”

College moves to divest South African stocks, see page 22.
Wherein self-described “Spike Jones freak” Peter Schickele '57 relates his discovery of the dubious parentage, curious career, and shameless plagiarisms of P.D.Q. Bach.

Editor's Note: Last year, amid the festivals, fireworks, galas, and otherwise general beatification of Johann Sebastian Bach on the occasion of the 300th anniversary of his birth, another Bach anniversary came and went virtually unnoticed. Twenty years had passed since the first formal public performance of a piece composed by P.D.Q. Bach (1807–1742?), alleged by his biographer Peter Schickele '57 to be J. S. Bach’s twenty-first child and much less gifted musical heir. In an effort to atone for ours and others' neglect of this musical milestone, we have printed below an abridged transcript of an interview with Schickele conducted by Terry Gross on “Fresh Air,” a program broadcast live on March 26, 1985, by WHYY-FM, the National Public Radio affiliate in Philadelphia.

Terry Gross: P.D.Q. Bach is the creation of my guest Peter Schickele ['57], who has passed on P.D.Q. Bach's legacy in concert and in his work as the head of the department of musical pathology at the University of Southern North Dakota in Hoople. Schickele's classical music satires, the “Toot Suite,” “The Erotica Variations,” “Iphigenia in Brooklyn,” and the “Pervertimento for Bagpipes, Bicycle and Balloons,” have been amusing concert goers and record listeners since the mid-'60s. For serious scholars of P.D.Q. Bach, he's even written a book titled The Definitive Biography of P.D.Q. Bach.

Schickele grew up in Ames, Iowa, and Fargo, N.D. He studied at Swarthmore College and Juilliard. By the way, also in celebration of Bach's 300th, Schickele has written the introduction to the book, Happy Birthday Bach [by Segmour Chwast]. Peter Schickele, welcome to “Fresh Air.” It's a great pleasure to meet you.

Peter Schickele: Thank you. A great pleasure for me.

T.G.: How did you celebrate Bach's birthday?

P.S.: Well, as is often the lot of the professional musician I celebrated it by going from one city to another on an airplane and having a rehearsal. Oddly enough, I performed the night before his birthday and the night after his birthday, the first being in New York City and the second in Buffalo, N.Y. But the actual day was spent really in transit and in rehearsal. This is probably what he did on his birthday.

T.G.: Peter Schickele, since you're the
biographer of P.D.Q. Bach, and since you really discovered him and have perpetuated his legacy, so to speak, let's talk a little bit about the man and his music. How did you first discover the work of P.D.Q. Bach?

P.S.: Well, I'm glad to hear that you've amended your earlier approach of referring to me as the creator of P.D.Q. Bach. I don't like to take on these quasi-religious overtones. As far as I'm concerned there's only one creator of all of us. I am the sole discoverer of the music of P.D.Q. Bach. I first ran across his music when I was looking for lost Johann Sebastian Bach cantatas, of which there are many, and I was traveling around Europe and I found, in a castle in southern Bavaria, the Castle of the Leaking Roof, being used as a strainer in the coffee-maker belonging to the caretaker, a manuscript of the "Sanka Cantata" by P.D.Q. Bach. I'd heard of the "Coffee Cantata" by Johann Sebastian Bach, one of his rare, perhaps fortunately rare attempts at humor, but I had never heard of the "Sanka Cantata." nor had I heard of P.D.Q. Bach. So I took the manuscript back to the University of Southern North Dakota at Hoople and had it performed. Hearing the performance explained the atrocious taste of the coffee but not who this enigmatic composer was. That was in 1954. Since then I have discovered over sixty works by P.D.Q. Bach—everything from small things such as "The Three Teeny Preludes to Piano" right up to a full-scale opera, "The Abduction of Figaro." So there seems to be no form he left unsullied and, in general, it's been something that's just completely gotten out of bounds.

T.G.: Is there any musical justification for the obscurity that he's faced?

P.S.: Well, I think that's a very interesting question. He was, of course, born into a family whose name was quite literally synonymous with music in the 18th century. You would say in those days somebody was a real Bach the way you might say a wonderful actor was a real Olivier these days. And so to have a son, if you were Johann Sebastian Bach, to have a son who was incapable of carrying a tune, was a severe embarrassment. It's perhaps understandable that the Bach family destroyed letters, did everything they could to try to make it seem as if he never existed. But I think it's important, historically speaking, to realize that there were incompetent clods writing music just as much then as there are now and I think that it's important not to suppress P.D.Q. Bach and leave this impression that Johann Sebastian Bach could do no wrong whatsoever. I think it's important to show the whole rounded picture, the unseemly underbelly. Also, the more of P.D.Q. Bach's music that's discovered the more it's becoming apparent that he actually deserves a lot of credit that has been given to other people. His music was very forward-looking, for whatever reason. I think much of the credit given Bill Monroe for the development of the Bluegrass sound obviously, since the discovery of the cantata "Blaus Gras," belongs to P.D.Q. Bach. Similarly, there are a lot of licks, as we might call them now, that sound very much like jazz or rock or something that indicate that P.D.Q. Bach was ahead of his time, in fact one of the biggest heads of his time.

T.G.: What do the initials stand for?

P.S.: Well, the initials themselves stand for nothing, which could be said of P.D.Q. himself for most of his life. Johann Sebastian Bach had already had twenty children and in those days they didn't have very many names, they just worked with the same four or five names and rearranged them in different orders. By the time he had twenty children, Bach announced that he'd run out of names and from here on in it was just going to be initials. So, P.D.Q. wouldn't even have gotten those if Wilhelm Friedemann—one of the few members of the family who was friendly to P.D.Q.—hadn't insisted when P.D.Q. was five that his father give him some sort of appellation. I mean, up until then, he was just called "Boy," just sort of kicked around under foot. Wilhelm Friedemann thought that he should have some sort of name, some sort of an appellation, and so they went to a particular well in town where they got water and you looked down into the well and saw the shape of a name. It was known as the "Appellation Spring." And they went there and saw the initials P.D.Q. in the water and that was how he got his name.

T.G.: Now, how do you find all this out? You must have done an incredible amount of research into his past.

P.S.: Well, I have. Ever since the discovery of that first piece I've done everything I can to find more and I must say I do seem to have a propensity, a knack, for running across these pieces. It takes something like that because you won't find them in your typical library or museum. It's no surprise that there were no P.D.Q. Bach manuscripts found in that recent trove that included thirty-three chorale preludes by his father, Johann Sebastian. Or were there? Now, that's an interesting question. Actually, I think maybe there was something in there that typically enough was suppressed by the AMJ because ever since I first started bringing out P.D.Q. Bach music, the American Musicological Junta has been quite active in trying to suppress my activities just as the family did 200 years ago with the original composer.

T.G.: When a musicologist such as you devotes his life to the study of one composer, I imagine the influence of that composer's life and writing begins to wear off on you. Has it affected you in any way?

P.S.: Well, I have to admit that it has. One of the characteristics that's most often associated with P.D.Q. Bach is that characteristic that has been called manic plagiarism. And that certainly seems to have worn off on me. I've written several works—"The Unbegun Symphony," "The Quodibet," the "Choconne a Son Gout," "The Eine Kleinle Nachtinusk"—that seem to consist entirely of themes that other composers thought up as well. I think that this is due to the fact that I spend so much time with the music of P.D.Q. Bach.

T.G.: Have you thought about when the movie is made celebrating his life who will play the leading role?

P.S.: I certainly have thought about that because I hope very much that someday P.D.Q. Bach's life will be the subject of a movie. Naturally, I can't pretend not to have certain hopes in that direction myself even though, of course, I'm not really an actor, I'm a musicologist. But since I am associated so much with P.D.Q. Bach, people have even noticed a certain facial resemblance between myself and P.D.Q., which is actually why I grew a beard.

T.G.: Peter Schickele, let's talk a little bit about you. Why do you focus so much on 18th-century music in your satire? Were you going to play music influenced by that style yourself?

P.S.: Well, no, basically what I am is a composer and I think that P.D.Q. Bach grew very gradually. It did not start with a career in mind at all. It was something that started with friends in a living room in Fargo, N.D., and then it started semi-publicly as concerts put on at Juilliard and also at Aspen in the summer for fellow faculty and students. And then finally in 1965 came the first public performance. It was never planned, you know, it just sort of happened. But in retrospect, it seems very obvious to me that this is a prime example of the thing that has always seemed true to me and that is that most satirists make fun of what they like, not what they don't like.

I was a Spike Jones freak when I was a kid—the water he swam in was in the '30s and '40s big-band style dance band kind of thing. He even put out records with his other orchestra that were straight, without comedy. And when rock and roll came along in the '50s he hated it. He said rock and roll sounds like a parody of itself already, and to me it's no surprise that he wasn't as good at doing take-offs of rock and roll as he was on the music that he loved. Since Bach and
Mozart are two of my absolute favorite composers and there's an affinity there, a stylistic affinity, that is the only reason that decades later I'm still having fun doing this. Otherwise I would have run out of ideas a long time ago.

T.G.: Did the character come to you fully sprung?

P.S.: Not really. That also was very casual. As a matter of fact, my brother was the one who came up with the three creative periods: The Initial Plunge, The Soused Period, and Contrition. He did that before anything was public. We were just fooling around.

The first public concert was in 1965, and in '66 I signed a contract with Random House to do a book on P.D.Q. Bach. Well, it took me ten years to actually get the book done. I just am basically a composer. I would sit down at home with the typewriter and within half an hour I'd be over at the piano writing a song or a piece or something like that instead of doing what I was supposed to be doing. Finally I got re-inspired about 1975 about a whole new look for the book, of having a lot more graphics than I intended to originally and the only way I could get it done was by renting an office where there was nothing to do but work on the book. No piano. But what is interesting looking back is that I think the book is much better having been written in 1975-76 than it would have been if I had done it right at the beginning there because the whole character had become richer, he had a lot more history by then and to me the focus is very much the music. The piece comes first and then the biographical data accrues around it. I think it's one of those things that worked out for the best even though the reason at the time felt like procrastination.

T.G.: You grew up in Ames, Iowa, and in Fargo, N.D. Was there much of a classical music scene in either of those two places?

P.S.: We moved from Ames when I was eight years old. I don't have any particular memory of that. I wasn't particularly interested in music yet. I was not a prodigy at all. I didn't get into music really at all until I was eight years old. I don't have any particular focus. I think was very much nurtured by the education I got at Swarthmore.

T.G.: Did the character come to you fully sprung?

P.S.: Well, I assumed that I would end up being a college teacher or something and writing. I mean I knew what I wanted to do was write. It's sort of the way you make your living in those days if you were going to be a composer.

In addition to classical music, I've always loved all sorts of folk and jazz and rock and ethnic music from around the world and I've tried to keep myself open to that. I use that expression "open" very particularly because I think that just wanting to combine musical styles is different from actually being able to do it convincingly.

What's happened over the decades is that gradually those different kinds of music have had their influence on me. I now might write a piece that is a regular chamber music piece in terms of its instrumentation or in general form but I'll have a lot of jazz or rock kinds of things in it. I use drones a lot which partially came from listening to a lot of Indian music in the '60s and partially from drone instruments such as the bagpipe and the mountain dulcimer. When I was in high school I used to play in dance bands and square dance bands, as well as the classical music kinds of thing.
Very often people don’t know that I do anything serious, which is understandable,” says Peter Schickele ’57.
T.G.: When you were at Juilliard were you exposed to a lot of pretensions since part of what you do in your concerts is parody those pretensions? You must be pretty well acquainted with them.

P.S.: Yes, although some of the things are not as direct as they might seem. In other words, some of the whole lecture part of it refers as much to some lecture courses I’ve had in other subjects. For instance, at Swarthmore there was an art history lecture. It happens to have been a very good course. It was your standard, basic art history course that exposed you to the standard, basic things. But for somebody like me who had never been exposed to all that stuff, it was very exciting. I thought it was a tremendous course. But the way the professor lectured using slides is something I have incorporated in the Intimate P.D.Q. Bach program, a self-contained four-man show, that includes a twenty-minute slide-illustrated lecture on the life and times of P.D.Q. Bach. A lot of the things come from courses like that, not just music courses.

T.G.: Do you think that there are any classical composers that we treat a little too sanctimoniously?

P.S.: Yes, I think that a lot of people don’t realize that the people who wrote the music weren’t as stuffy as the atmosphere of concert halls suggests they were. Concerts could be a lot less stuffy but that doesn’t mean I think we ought to have slide shows with symphonies or try to jazz them up some other way to get people interested. I certainly love hearing the Swingle Singers do Bach, even though it doesn’t take the place of the original. But I do feel the atmosphere surrounding music in the 18th century was probably closer to the atmosphere that we’re familiar with now in terms of, let’s say, a jazz group or something—that is, very serious in preparing its music but often more light-hearted in its presentation.

I like getting myself completely engrossed in a piece. I don’t like audiences that make noise. But I think you pay a price. We have this thing now that you shouldn’t applaud after movements. In the 19th century, if the audience liked the movement they applauded sometimes to the point where they had to play the movement over again. Now you can say that destroys the architecture of the symphony but it’s also something that comes out of a tremendous spontaneous enthusiasm.

Mozart wrote home when he did the Paris Symphony, the last movement of which starts not with a big tutti, a big loud thing right away that everybody usually expects in a symphony, but it starts with just the first and second violins scurrying around and then finally ten seconds into it or whatever it is, the whole orchestra comes blazing in. Apparently the audience was delighted and burst into applause right then when the orchestra came in and Mozart wrote that home proudly because he’d obviously got
it, the whole persona, the whole atmosphere
a half or two minutes and P.D.Q. Bach
context is part of what makes it work.

T.G.: Speaking of serious approaches, do you
want to describe some of the entrances
you've made for your concerts?
P.S.: These, of course, are in P.D.Q. Bach
concerts. The professor does have the
habit of not being able to find the stage door
of auditoriums, so I've been known to end up
in the balcony and the only way I can get
down quickly to the orchestra floor is by
swinging down a rope from the balcony to
the aisle or swinging in from in front of the
balcony like Tarzan. It's true that this has
happened. But I think to do that in a concert
of Peter Schickele music would be to raise
false expectations so I try to find the right
door in that case.

T.G.: Did you ever hurt yourself doing it?
P.S.: Never seriously. I bruise myself up
once in a while, and chipped a tooth once,
but I've never seriously injured myself.

I give concerts annually in New York City
in the last week in December. It's been
going on for twenty years now and we often try
to have something a little bit strange besides the
concert going on. We once had a quartet out
in the lobby of Carnegie Hall playing "Eine
Kleine Nachtmusik" on four saxophones.

Years ago we had live music in the men's
room and the ladies room. Instead of Musak,
we figured why not live players, so we had a
string quartet in the ladies room. We once
had a harpist being carted around: she was
dressed in white and playing. And one of the
nicest things was the one year the audience
dressed in white and playing. And one of the
things was the one year the audience
came into Carnegie Hall and over the P.A.

The other is a P.D.Q. Bach opera, his
officially recognized full-length, three-act opera,
called "The Abduction of Figaro." It was
given its premier by the Minnesota Opera in
April '84 and it is scheduled for release on
videocassette in the spring of 1986.
"Como Tejas, no hay otro"

"Como Tejas, no hay otro," says one of the characters in James A. Michener's ('29) novel Texas. Swarthmoreans living in Texas agree: "There's no place like Texas!"

President David W. Fraser visited three Texas cities—Houston, Austin, Dallas—in November to attend parties for alumni and parents and to develop contacts with business and industry there. Accompanying him from the College were Vice President Kendall Landis '48, Associate Vice President Maralyn Orbison Gillespie '49, and Dean of Admissions Robert A. Barr, Jr. '56.

From this outreach to Texas some ninety alumni and parents learned about educational issues on campus now and met each other; alumni in Houston are organizing a Houston Connection, the first Swarthmore Connection in the Southwest; and funding for a Swarthmore scholarship for Texas students is under way.

In addition a modest questionnaire to alumni who attended the parties elicited the following insights into the genus Swarthmoriense Texanum (a genus predominantly introduced into Texas; only one percent of the respondents are native to the state—or republic).

Alumni immigrants to Texas describe it as conservative and friendly, a place where people talk about the weather and wear their wealth on their sleeves. "Texas is the last of the great American frontiers, a place of great opportunities where individuals are accepted for their abilities and accomplishments and people do their own thing, and Texas is a place where you drive everywhere."

Specimens of the rare native genus Texanum, on the other hand, described their experiences at Swarthmore:

"... the 'Yankees' were much more friendly than I had expected and the work load much harder."

"I had no idea I'd be teased for my Texas accent."

"The main illusion that was shattered was the weather. I expected snow on the ground all winter long. I never thought it would get at all hot in spring, fall, or summer."

"Swarthmore is a great opportunity to know a completely different part of the country. It's different up yonder, y'all!"
What do you find distinctive about Texas:

Roadrunners and bluebonnets... The huge size of the state and the variety which it encompasses—from the delicate coastal lagoons and beaches of South Padre Island to the rugged Chisos mountains of Big Bend, from the vast open spaces (some empty except for oil wells), to the metropoles of Houston and Dallas-Fort Worth... The population density is so low that you can really be by yourself. On the highway, although you can often see for ten miles in every direction, you may not see a single vehicle.

You can’t talk about Texas without mentioning the weather. A pleasing combination of cowboy and southern hospitality coupled with northern sophistication.

At Swarthmore I had the opportunity to meet people from many foreign countries. In Texas I have the chance to live in one of them.

Texans seem to have forgotten that they rejoined the Union; Texas is still a republic, and Texans inform you that no matter what your experiences are in other parts of the U.S., in Texas it’s different... and better!

Most distinctive thing about living in Dallas (can’t speak for Texas) has been the marked change over the past twenty years in interest in the arts, theater, and music. While it is still a “bank-vault,” church-choir, Dallas Cowboys culture, the shift in atmosphere has been remarkable.

The shallowness and conventionality of culture; the inferiority complex vis-à-vis New York, the prevalence of sports, the skies, the violent weather, the inconvenience (no Sunday shopping, everything dependent upon the automobile, the segregation of living from shopping).
What expectations did you have about Texas?

I had low expectations: bigotry, heat, uninteresting environs. Largely, my experiences have borne out these expectations, but the people are friendlier than anticipated, and the heat is worse.

I expected Texans to be tall, gangly, and slow talking. I pictured them being free-spirited and laid-back. For the most part, my expectations did not bear out. I was surprised at how many Northerners were in Houston and how liberal it was.

I didn’t expect Texas to be so warm and friendly—even to us folks who speak so funny.

One of the things I like best about Texas is the “can do” attitude of the people. It is probably due to the oil $s that abound. People think big, act big, and consequently achieve a lot. . . . I was glad to attend a Swarthmore reunion so I could speak fast again and have people follow me.

Were there any surprises?

The biggest surprise was the impact of one million illegal aliens on society; they have influenced culture, education, and economics.

I’ve lived in Austin, Amarillo, and Houston; they are like three different states!

I’m surprised I haven’t seen an armadillo yet!
A writer’s life at The New Yorker

By Larry Elveru

The day after she graduated from college, Isabel Ann Logan ’42 realized the dream of countless aspiring young writers. She went to work for The New Yorker magazine.

"I suppose it was a classic dream even in those days," Logan acknowledges. "But you have to remember that The New Yorker was only seventeen years old then ... and people didn’t go into journalism in the droves that they do now. I just wrote them a letter and during my spring vacation I came here for an interview with William Shawn, who was then the managing editor. He said, ‘Call us when you’re out of school.’ So I did and he said, ‘All right, come in tomorrow.’"

It should not be supposed, though, that Logan merely strolled into The New Yorker offices one day and was taken on as a staff writer. When she applied for the job, "Andy"—as she was known to her classmates—already was a seasoned journalist and had made a name for herself as a short-story writer, too.

During her first year at Swarthmore, Logan won a Redbook magazine award and an O. Henry prize for a short story entitled, "The Visit." The same story later was included in two literary anthologies edited by W. Somerset Maugham, An Introduction to Modern English and American Literature and Great Modern Reading. Meanwhile, Logan became the second woman ever to edit The Phoenix, the Swarthmore student newspaper, and she spent her summers working for her hometown newspaper in Asheville, N.C. Still, to hear her explain how she landed a job at The New Yorker one day out of college, you would think the editors had no choice in the matter.

"I was the first woman ‘Talk of the Town’ reporter. In 1942, all the men were being drafted, or were afraid of being drafted, so my getting the job had nothing to do with my being such a brilliant candidate," Logan insists. "They had no choice. They had to hire a woman reporter.

"The first two weeks I was on trial at $25 a week," she recalls. "I had never lived in New York before and had not been here too many times. One of my first assignments was in Brooklyn. Someone was keeping bees in his backyard there to beat the [wartime] sugar shortage. Then I went to a vacant lot at 52nd Street and Sixth Avenue where someone was growing tomatoes. I didn’t know it at the time, but they’d sent a male reporter there before me and he’d come back and said: ‘There’s no story. That guy won’t talk.’"

"But I went there and kind of sidled up to that tomato grower, you know. Apparently he liked women. I certainly didn’t pull up my skirt or anything, but I got through to him. The other reporter detested me for that; he told me years later, after we had become great friends."

Since that auspicious beginning, Logan has written for nearly every section of the magazine, including "Profiles," "That Was New York," "Onward and Upward with the

Arts," the annual "Christmas Toy List," and "Far-Flung Correspondence" from Germany and southeastern Europe in the late 1940s. She also has written fiction and even light verse for The New Yorker, but she gave up on the latter, she says, because the poetry editor seemed prejudiced against it. "His standards [for light verse], I have complained, are much higher than they are for poetry generally. There probably have been written only fifty really good pieces of light verse throughout history, but he wants perfection."

Logan’s first assignments as a "Talk of the Town" reporter seem an ideal apprenticeship for a new staff writer. The "Talk of the Town" section is a pastiche of commentary, short essays, and offbeat news items found on the opening pages of each issue beneath the quill and supercilious gaze of dandy Eustace Tilley, the magazine’s mascot and trademark. The news items, written in the first-person plural, are a perennial target of parodists because the use of the royal "we" lends them an affected and occasionally condescending air. Learning how and when to use this parched and slightly arch tone is important when writing for a magazine that clearly is not intended for everyone. Harold Ross, who created The New Yorker in 1925 and edited it until his death in 1951, had a very definite audience in mind for his very urbane magazine.

"What Ross said was: ‘We’re not writing for the little old lady in Dubuque.’ It was a very snobby remark," Logan avers. "The funny thing is that a couple of years ago somebody from the business department made a speech up in Connecticut about The New Yorker and apparently there was a young reporter from the local newspaper there taking notes. But when his story came out he quoted Ross as having said that The New Yorker is ‘not for the little old lady in the Buick.’"

Unlike Ross, Logan says she has no such clear-cut vision of her readers. Since 1969,
Logan has written a more-or-less monthly column on municipal politics called "Around City Hall." The letters she has received in response to that column from throughout the United States have convinced her that The New Yorker's appeal is broader than many people suspect.

"There is a theory that we don't reach farmers or many small-town people," Logan says, "but I get letters from those people. It's especially pleasant for me, of course, since I know they don't know much about municipal government in New York City, or have any reason to worry about it. Very often they'll write, 'I don't care what happens to [Mayor] Ed Koch, or the city of New York, for that matter,' while saying that they enjoyed reading this or that. If they are interested or amused by something I write, it means a lot more to me than when someone in politics sends me a note."

What induces citizens of Dayton, Dallas, Durham, Denver, and even Dubuque to read Logan's four- to six-page essays about such things as garbage collection and municipal elections in Manhattan? For one thing, Logan has been covering city hall for nearly eighteen consecutive years—longer than any other reporter in town. Her perspective on city government goes back much farther than that, though. When Edward Koch compares himself with Fiorello LaGuardia, New York's legendary mayor of the 1940s, Logan knows from firsthand experience if Koch is blowing smoke her way. Following Koch's election to a third term in November, for example, Logan noted in her column that the mayor may meet with reporters seven or eight times a day. LaGuardia's news conferences, at their most frequent, were held only every few months.

While Mayor Koch obviously enjoys basking in television camera lights before the assembled representatives of the news media, he often questions the credibility and motives of journalists, including Logan, who have been critical of his administration. In an effort to chasten reporters, some of whom he has accused of misquoting him, Koch

Even before she graduated, Isabel Ann "Andy" Logan '42 had firmly established her credentials as a writer. "The Visit," first published in a student literary magazine, won both a Redbook magazine award and an O. Henry short-story prize. Logan edited The Phoenix in her junior year. An April Fool's story on co-ed dorms (opposite) foreshadowed a change in College social rules she later saw through as a member of the Board of Managers.

The winner of Redbook's Award of 1940 for the best short story written by an undergraduate and published in a college magazine.

BY

ANDY LOGAN

Reprinted from "The Swarthmore Dodo"
SWARTHMORE PHOENIX

Tri-College Agreement Severed

Closed Scholarship Awards
Reflect New Change of Policy

Split Postpones White Elephant
And Bake Sales

And Meritocracy as the watchful,
farming all the estate on the table

MARY DROPPLEKLOPP...and many others

Droppeklopp to Discuss
Place of Modern Woman

Parlor, Body, Flavor

Miss Parks, who seems to have been
fishing of something just at the time
that referred to make no comment,
and as conversation the

Why, Not?

To go to war now would be one
of the greatest follies in the histor-
done, the history department in

Anderson States
Pacifist Views

Speaker for IRC Calls
For Moral Reranium
To Solve Present Crisis

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Logan, by all accounts, including her own, usually finds herself on the wrong side of Koch's love-hate relationship with the press. When asked if she's ever uneasy about being one of his least favorite reporters, Logan suggests that she is more concerned about the way her work is regarded by her colleagues in the press room at city hall than she is about the opinions of those in the mayor's office. "If I hadn't worked in Room 9 [the press room] for a long time and didn't have a lot of friends in city hall, including some in the Koch administration, then it could be very uncomfortable," Logan acknowledges.

While drawing the ire of Koch and other city officials, Logan's column "has won admiration from colleagues and Koch-watchers alike for its keen insight and crystalline prose," Daniel Akst reported last April in <i>Crain's New York Business</i>. Geoffrey Stokes, press critic for <i>The Village Voice</i>, told Akst that Logan has "all The New Yorker virtues—doggedness and completeness—without the vices, the interminable sifting of tiny grains of sand. She isn't afraid to assert a meaning."

Logan's prose is carefully crafted, understated, often elegant, and occasionally convoluted. Her sentences commonly run from forty to more than 100 words in length. (One has been discovered that encompassed 244 words and occupied forty lines of type.) Nonetheless, few readers lose their way because Logan knows exactly where she is taking them. She drives home her points with carefully observed detail, historical background, telling vignettes, wry observations, rich irony, and infrequent caustic comments.

Much of what informs her observations on politics, Logan says, derives from "the great lesson of disrespect" she learned while working on <i>The Phoenix</i> at Swarthmore. "College authorities often complained that we were irreverent boat-rockers: For many of us that became a lifelong condition," Logan told students and alumni during the celebration of <i>The Phoenix</i>'s 100th anniversary in September 1979. As a student journalist, Logan was such a boat-rocker that she was called onto the presidential carpet by John W. Nason, who was not amused by a bogus April Fool's Day story in <i>The Phoenix</i> reporting that the Student Council had voted to make Swarthmore dormitories co-ed. To ensure that no one off campus would take the story seriously, Nason ordered the words "April Fool" to be printed across the front page before any copies were mailed to subscribers.

Ironically, twenty-three years later Andy Logan was elected to the Board of Managers. She served twelve years, from 1964 through 1976, during one of the most turbulent periods in the College's history.

"We changed a great many things," Logan recalls. "The attitudes toward students and many of the College's social rules changed during those years. There were people on the Board who were very unsettled by the social changes going on across the country then, but by the time I left, it finally was agreed that it would not be the end of the world if Swarthmore did have co-ed dormitories.... It was a very exhilarating time, as well as depressing."

Besides serving on the Board of Managers and pursuing her full-time career at <i>The New Yorker</i>, Logan has managed a full-time family life, too. She and her husband, Charles S. Lyon '37, a New York University law professor, have raised six children. Logan credits Harold Ross and William Shawn, the two editors of <i>The New Yorker</i> under whom she has worked, with allowing her enough latitude in her work to accommodate changing circumstances in her life. She became a foreign correspondent for <i>The New Yorker</i> in postwar Europe, for instance, when her husband went to Germany to work as a prosecutor at the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials. With the encouragement of her editors, Logan has found time also to lecture on political journalism at Fordham University and the Columbia School of Journalism, and to write two critically acclaimed nonfiction books.

Her first book, <i>The Man Who Robbed the Robber Barons</i>, was published in 1965. It details the techniques Colonel William d'Alton Mann, editor and publisher of the influential magazine <i>Town Topics</i>, the <i>Journal of Society</i>, used to blackmail members of New York's high society set around the turn of the century. Rather than see their indiscretions described in print by Mann, many pillars of society paid handsomely for his silence.

Logan's second book, <i>Against the Evidence: The Becker-Rosenthal Affair</i>, was nominated for a National Book Award in 1971. It is an exhaustive study of a famous 1912 murder case in which a corrupt New York City police lieutenant was convicted and executed during a "feverish crusade against police grafters" for a crime he did not commit. Publication of the book's cautionary tale coincided with a new wave of investigations into police corruption in New York during the early 1970s.

While she is appreciative of her editors at <i>The New Yorker</i>, Logan doesn't hesitate to voice her reservations about their practice of publishing serialized books on scientific subjects in the magazine. "We should ask ourselves," Logan suggests, "if people really want to read four- and five-part pieces on heavy scientific subjects, or would they settle for one part and then buy the book. My pieces, of course, are by nature short. They aren't four and five parts long and my view as a writer may color my view of what's important."

When asked whether she has ever considered working for a magazine other than <i>The New Yorker</i>, Logan says: "I guess I've not thought about it a great deal. It is a remarkable thing to have worked for a magazine that has had just two editors since 1925, and both truly brilliant.... I know from people who have moved on or moved away that there is a grave danger on many publications that what you write will be altered without your consent or knowledge. That does not happen here. Of course, they do look at your work sometimes and say, 'That really doesn't make sense' or 'I couldn't understand that,' but then I'll go back and revise it. That's the great advantage of working with people whose opinions you respect. Writers are well treated here."
A cache of unpublished love letters from one of the most distinguished families in the United States helps illuminate a void in the social history of eighteenth-century France.

Pierre Du Pont* had no regular employment and no real prospect of any when he met Marie Le Dée in Nemours, France, in 1762, at the home of an older cousin of Marie's, Mme. Doré, with whom Marie was living. At the time, Mme. Doré, a substitute mother for the young girl who had lost her own mother when a child, was trying to arrange a suitable marriage for Marie with a 55-year-old widower. It must have come as a shock to her when Pierre, first of all, objected to this marriage and then, finally, offered himself as a prospective husband.

Knowing that he could not support a family right away, the forefather of the Du Pont family of Delaware asked for a two-year delay. Marie was absolutely delighted and finally won Mme. Doré's approval, although her father was not informed of the arrangement.

Pierre was a welcome visitor at the Le Dée home for about a year and a half, but M. Le Dée labored under the impression that Pierre was a friend of Mme. Lebrun, another one of their frequent visitors. Since Pierre and Marie could not speak openly in the presence of her father, they resorted to two tactics. Marie's former governess, who now acted as her companion, arranged to let Pierre into the house to see Marie alone when M. Le Dée was either out of the house or safely closeted in his office. Second, they started an amazing correspondence, writing to each other almost every day and using two go-betweens to carry their letters back and forth, even though they were seeing each other on a regular basis.

Although few of Pierre's letters to Marie have survived, about 1,000 letters from Marie to him are preserved intact in the archives of the Du Pont family at the Hagley Library near Wilmington, Del. I came across these letters while I was working on my forthcoming book, The Physiocrats and the French Enlightenment. Pierre du Pont was a member of this early economic group. As a specialist in French literature in the eighteenth century, I feel fortunate to have been given access to these unpublished letters, of a purely private nature, dating from 1763 to 1784, intended for reading by Pierre only.

Eighteenth-century France was a Catholic country, and Catholic women were not in the habit of keeping diaries or writing autobiographies. The only sets of correspondence written by women are those of such intellectuals as Mme. Du Châtelet or of writers such as Mme. de Sévigné. For the most part these letters were written with the understanding that they would be widely circulated and thus they contain little of a personal nature. Social historians of this period are frustrated too in the lack of family experiences recorded in the *livres de raison*, the account books kept by most families of the Old Régime. Few French documents exist that correspond to the numerous diaries, autobiographies, and sets of correspondence that exist in such abundance for English history.

In view of this lacuna in French social history, Marie's letters to Pierre through their courtship, their early and struggling years of

*Du Pont was the eighteenth-century form of the name. In the nineteenth century the family changed it to du Pont to cover up its lower-middle-class origins.
marriage in Paris, and their subsequent prosperity—with accommodations for him at Versailles, a place in Paris, and a country estate—are a treasure-trove of information. They give us a glimpse of courtship practices, married love, the role of women in the family, child-raising practices, family budgeting, emotional responses to family crises including the death of an infant, domestic servants, eating habits, medical treatment, and so on. This article is limited to themes of sexuality, broadly defined. Most of my quotations will be taken from letters written before and shortly after their marriage.

When Pierre first met Marie, he had decided he would make his fortune by his pen. He wrote a number of poems and songs, but his real strength lay in his interest in economic questions. He first broke into print in July 1763 with a thirty-two-page response to a book by Rousset de la Tour, La Richesse de l’Etat. This pamphlet attracted the attention of the Marquis de Mirabeau, who introduced Du Pont to the leading physiocrat, Doctor Quesnay, the personal physician of Mme. de Pompadour. This connection with an eminent person at the court increased Du Pont’s prestige at the Le Dee establishment. Unfortunately for him, Mme. de Pompadour died in April 1764, and the impact of this death was clearly understood by his young fiancée, who wrote to him on April 16 as follows:

We were assured this morning that we have lost our Marquise and now the whole of Paris is saying it. What a terrible blow for ta petite. I confess to you that I have spent the saddest and the most mortifying day of my life having had to hide almost all my grief, which gave me much pain. But what gave me pleasure is the fact that Papa immediately thought of mon petit and was only affected by this news because it would perhaps upset his prospects and the position that is really due him. And it was a great joy for ta petite to see that her Papa esteems and likes son petit. But underneath it all she was really more upset. So do come, petit, as soon as you can to console this Fanfan [a nickname], who is impatient to know all that you will doubtless have to tell her about your affairs.

Her estimation of the loss of the protection and patronage of Mme. de Pompadour is substantiated in a later letter in which she reports a conversation with Mme. Dore, by now convinced that her cousin should not marry the impecunious Du Pont. Mme. Dore claimed that Pierre “had lost everything with the Marquise and that from that moment we were separated.”

On Aug. 25, 1764, M. Le Deé discovered that his daughter had been meeting Pierre Du Pont clandestinely and immediately forbade her to see him ever again. Marie’s immediate reaction was despair:

Mon cher ami, M. Dore will have told you all the grief I have been suffering since ten o’clock this morning. My Papa talked to M. Dore. He knows everything, mon chou, and I must make the greatest sacrifice for him. I think you know me well enough to approve what I cannot refuse to do for a loving father who has spent his whole life doing a hundred times more than is possible for his children and who has never been harsh in view of the docility I showed on my part and that I owe him. I promised him everything he wishes. … Ah, I am in despair. I love you, mon petit ami. I hope God will protect us in our ordeal.

By Aug. 28 she had recovered sufficiently to write Pierre a six-page letter telling him in minute detail what had happened in the interim. According to her, her father had no real objections to Pierre as a person but was displeased with their conduct:

… Fortunately he acted with all the goodness and tenderness of a real father. He was in despair, and basically he does not hate you, but it was all the remarks that everyone in the household made about us and the fear that all these people [tous ces petits gens] might assume that I had acted badly on the basis of rather poor appearances. He was especially upset to know that during his illness you came every evening and stayed sometimes until ten or eleven o’clock.

Fortunately for them, and us, her father was not aware of their correspondence; Mme. Dore had already brought Marie a letter from Pierre, and Marie took it upon herself to make arrangements for their letters to be delivered by the Le Deés’ gardener, Berget. In order to make sure of their separation, Marie was sent down to Nemours, where she stayed until the middle of November. The correspondence continued both from Nemours and in Paris upon her return. New go-betweens come into the picture. When Marie’s brother was in Paris, he delivered letters for them. In July 1765 Marie cultivated the friendship of a woman who had a small shop in the neighborhood. By December they were exchanging letters every day.

In January 1765 Marie’s initial submission to her father’s decree broke down, and she arranged to meet Pierre in the gardener’s room. By the following May, she had rebelled sufficiently to make arrangements with her brother to have Pierre meet her once again in her own home during her father’s absence or after he was asleep. In the middle of July, Pierre was named editor of the Journal d’agriculture, which assured him of a modest income and good prospects for the future. On this basis he again asked for Marie’s hand in marriage, this time addressing himself to her father. Marie’s aunt intervened in her behalf as did her brother.

The major obstacle appeared to be the fact that the Du Pont family was Huguenot, but eventually Pierre persuaded M. Le Deé that “he was not a Protestant,” not mentioning the fact that he was not a Catholic either. After much consultation M. Le Deé finally agreed to the marriage, stipulating that their children should be brought up as Catholics. This did not please Pierre’s father, and, since Pierre was only twenty-five, he could not get married without his father’s consent (French law required a man to be 30 years old to marry without parental consent). Other members of the Du Pont family finally prevailed on M. Du Pont; the marriage contract was signed on Jan. 26, 1766, and the wedding took place two days later.

The leading French scholar, Jean-Louis Flandrin, notes in a recent article that there are two approaches to the evolution of sexuality:

Some … believe that an “eroticization” of behavior has been occurring in the West over several centuries. Others think that, at least until the beginning of the twentieth century, our sexual drives have been subject to an increasingly effective repression … I believe … that what has occurred has been both a certain intensification of repression and a certain eroticization.

This combination of eroticization and repression is nicely illustrated in the courtship of Marie and Pierre. Contrary to the accepted practices of the time, they were meeting by themselves with no chaperones in attendance. It was this circumstance that so upset her father, and, judging by some of Marie’s letters, he was probably quite correct in his fears. As early as 1763 she speaks of “the fires of youth” and of the necessity to be on guard against them. By April 1764 she is appealing to her obedience to the church as an explanation for her reserve:

A man and a woman should only become one in submission to the church whose laws I will always respect whatever mon petit may think or
say. He is always surprised and upset by my way of loving which will not change, since I do not want and am not willing to do anything to give my friend pleasure except what is above suspicion and would not make me blush or put me in a position of saying disagreeable things to him.

Evidently Pierre continued to complain about her reserve; indeed this is reflected some thirty years later in his memoirs in which he describes Marie as not being passionate and of always following “her imperturbable reason.”

It is fascinating to realize that in the very same letter in which she describes her father’s fears about her reputation, she also refers to the repulsion she feels for “the furor that mon chou puts into his caresses.” Once her father had decreed their separation and she was exiled to Nemours, Marie played upon Pierre’s erotic imagination by constantly remarking on the fact that she was sleeping in the very same bed in which he had slept two years ago. As she writes on Sept. 29, 1764:

Goodnight cher ami, here are two kisses, not too many, not really enough. I feel like giving one to mon petit, one to mon chou, one to my best beloved, and one to my lover, in sum that is a total of four . . . and now goodnight to everything I love best . . . I think I will find the bed just fine, not really because I am upset but because it used to be the bed of the person I really love.

After they started seeing each other again in 1765, Pierre evidently became even more importunate. The month of February must have been a difficult one for Marie. They were meeting at least once a week for an hour or two in the gardener’s room, and Marie makes many references to Pierre’s “indiscreet demands” which she has evidently rebuffed. She denies that this refusal is a sign that she does not love him as much as he loves her, claiming to be “a virtuous woman who understands her religion and who ought to want to put it into practice.” In a long letter written over a three-day period at the end of February, Marie outlines her religious beliefs and insists that she will always follow the dictates of the Catholic Church: Mass every Sunday and feast days, all the services on the really important holidays like Easter, and confession at least once a year.

You will say that is only prejudice but these beliefs are mine in accordance with my upbringing. So, petit chou, I would like to sacrifice everything to love, to the esteem and confidence you have inspired in me and that I have for you, the only person that I love, but despite you and your desires I exclude ce lien conjugal [this conjugal tie] which would only bring trouble and which would not assure us any more than we already are of spending the rest of our lives together and we would not be any happier during this long period of separation that we must put up with, on the contrary. So let’s be patient, petit chou, and hope for and desire what could unite us totally in the eyes of the whole world, that is the sacrament of marriage which is absolutely necessary to open the door to happiness to the hearts of those who, like us, love virtue.

After this stern rebuff, Pierre changed his tactics and asked her to sign a written statement of her intention to marry him eventually. This she refused on the grounds that it would be meaningless and might indeed harm their case if her father ever came to know of it. Shortly after this exchange, Pierre was appointed to his new position and arrangements went forward that eventually led to their marriage.

Ironically, the announcement of their engagement placed an additional barrier in their way because now they no longer saw each other by themselves but always in the presence of someone else. In the eighteenth century, young engaged couples did not kiss each other or embrace openly, and Marie obviously found this a
real deprivation. Even their correspondence suffered, since Papa Le Dèe now expected to read all the letters his daughter received. There is one amusing letter written in a formal tone, quite different from the familiar and conversational tone of most of Marie's letters. On the back of the sheet she scribbled a post script:

Quick a kiss—for mon chou. Petit amant, I just read your letter to Papa so that he would realize I had to send you this response which I also read to him. Goodbye chou, I love you very tenderly.

Once the parents had given their consent, arrangements went forward according to the customs of the times. No marriages were performed during Advent or Lent; statistical studies have shown that the peak seasons for weddings in eighteenth-century France were January and February, and then November. There was not enough time to get everything settled before Advent so the couple had to wait until January. Before the actual ceremony, the two sets of families met in the presence of witnesses to sign the marriage contract. The choice of witnesses shows the growing importance of Pierre in the world of finance: Laverdy, the comptroller general, Trudaine de Montigny, intendant of finance; and Méliand, intendant of Soissons, as well as Pierre's uncle and aunt. On the Le Dèe side there was a farmer general by the name of Mazières.

The contract itself is a fairly traditional one, placing all their current goods and savings into a single “community” but protecting any future gifts or legacies from joint ownership. This clause is spelled out in some detail, requiring an inventory of everything owned jointly upon the death of either party. The survivor was entitled to take out up to 3,000 livres immediately and, after the accounting, could claim up to 10,000 livres. In addition, if Marie survived Pierre, he guaranteed her a sum of at least 300 livres per annum. In view of their impecunious condition in 1766, all these clauses seem rather futile, but the inventory taken immediately after Marie's death in 1784 shows them to have been good precautions.

According to French practice, the wedding took place within a few days of the signing of the marriage contract. We do not have a description of Marie's wedding but her brother got married in 1773, and we do have a letter describing those festivities. The ceremony was scheduled for six o'clock in the morning but was delayed because the carriage ordered by the Du Ponts was late in arriving. Immediately after the ceremony, the groom dashed off to the office to put in a morning's work! During that time the rest of the party joined two cloistered aunts at their convent for a light meal. In the afternoon, once the groom had rejoined them, they had a very large and elegant meal served at the home of a friend. At five o'clock two musicians arrived and dancing went on until ten o'clock that evening. At that point, Marie, who was acting as a surrogate mother to the bride, took her away to undress her and prepare her for the night. Two days later the whole group got together for the day at her brother's house, and the bride produced a very satisfactory meal, the traditional retour de noces.

Marie relied heavily on her brother during her husband's absences. As was customary, Marie always refers to her new sister-in-law as “my sister,” and, since she uses the same term for Pierre's sister, her letter's are sometimes a little confusing, to the extent that Pierre has to ask her to clear up a misunderstanding about which one of the two was thought to be pregnant.

The issue of pregnancy brings me to the last section of this article. During the second half of the eighteenth century, there was a noticeable drop in the birth rate in France. Families that a hundred years earlier would have had six or seven children began

Marie complains that Pierre's absences are very hard on her since she and Pierre do not have the opportunity to tell each other everything as they are accustomed to doing.
to limit their families to two or three. How and why this was accomplished is a matter of considerable speculation. To address the problem of method first, some scholars argue that the methods that had been developed for illicit relations, primarily coitus interruptus, were transferred to the marriage bed, while others suggest that abstinence may have played a larger role.

The Du Pont letters are unlikely to produce any concrete evidence about such a delicate matter. However, it is perfectly clear that Marie and Pierre did practice some contraceptive method. They were married in January 1766 and their first child was born in October 1767, having been conceived just about a year after the marriage. This is not too far from eighteenth-century standards, since most first babies appeared within eighteen months of the wedding date. We know that Marie and Pierre slept in the same bed during the early years of their marriage, since during his absence their youngest son would visit his mother in bed, saying that he was not crowding her since he was only occupying his father's space. A second child was born in December 1769, twenty-seven months later. This baby died within two months, and their third child was born on June 24, 1771, eighteen months later. After this there were no more children, although Marie was still not yet thirty. There is no indication that she was in failing health or had lost interest in her family. On the contrary, she gives the impression of being an absolutely doting mother.

If we examine the period between the births of the first child and the second, we come a little closer to understanding the ways in which family limitation was accomplished. During 1768 Pierre was away from the beginning of August until the end of November. Victor was just under a year old, toddling about rather unsteadily, saying a few words, and teething. The interesting thing is that Marie was breast-feeding the child. Even in the 1760s this was not customary in Paris; the famous report of Lenor in 1780 estimates that of 21,000 infants in Paris only 1,000 were being breast-fed by their own mothers. Rousseau's advocacy of breast-feeding had not had much effect upon the wet-nurse industry. But Du Pont was an avid reader of Rousseau, and he obviously encouraged his wife to follow Rousseau's advice. In his memoirs Pierre remarks on the fact that he himself had been put out to a wet nurse when his father refused to allow his mother to breast-feed him, since the family needed the income she earned making watch hands. This almost resulted in his death at a very early age.

The idea that nursing delays ovulation appeared in medical writings only towards the beginning of the eighteenth century. According to the concepts of the time, "the accepted line of causation was, therefore, avoid intercourse to avoid ovulation and hence pregnancy." If the Du Ponts did indeed follow this medical advice, the conception of their second child sometime in March of 1769 would have occurred almost immediately after Victor was weaned, thereby permitting the resumption of the conjugal ties. The inventory of their country estate and their Paris home taken after Marie's death in 1784 shows that the couple occupied separate bedrooms in the last years of their marriage.

The question of why contraceptive practices started to be used by married couples in the eighteenth century is also controversial. By 1771 Pierre had managed to make a real place for himself in Paris. He was the editor of the principal journal of the Physiocrats; he had published a number of books; his income was increased by gifts from the Margrave of Baden and the King of Sweden. He was clearly a rising young man of letters. And he was very concerned about his two sons. Tutors were hired as soon as the boys learned to read and write, and the children were expected to perform properly at their studies. This kind of careful attention would not have been possible with a large number of children. Their decision not to have any more fits in well with the theory of the increasing importance of children within the family structure. The way Marie viewed marriage also conforms to theories which stress the changing nature of marriage itself. The term coined by one social historian, "the egalitarian marriage," although applied to a very different social milieu from the one I am investigating, certainly fits the Du Pont household. Marie complains that Pierre's absences are very hard on her since she and Pierre do not have the opportunity to tell each other everything as they are accustomed to doing.

What is really annoying is being able to chat only by letter. This is no good for it is impossible to tell each other everything. I would like to know everything, to give you my advice whether it is good or bad. That would mean that we would be happy, and our problems would not be any worse. In any case, mon cher, that is impossible but I can't help thinking about it with sadness.

In addition, it is clear that, as a watchmaker's son who eventually became an important government official with a patent of nobility without title (that gave him certain fiscal privileges), Pierre Du Pont was socially ambitious. Among his papers there is a record of one rather curious ceremony. When each of the boys reached the age of twelve, his father presented him with a sword and took advantage of the occasion to harangue him on his duties to humanity and to his country. Votre noblement was one of Pierre's ambitions, and he wished to instill the same ethic in his children. The social ambitions of the bourgeoisie did play a role in the declining birth rate.

The whole issue of the church's attitude towards contraception, whether in the form of abstinence or coitus interruptus, is a complicated one, but it is perfectly possible that many practicing Catholics would not have been aware of the church's doctrinal prohibition on family limitation. Penitential guides often instructed the priest not to bring up the question during confession unless the individual did so. The argument was that bringing such practices to the attention of the innocent is not a good idea; and, if indeed married couples were indulging in such practices without realizing that they were sinning in doing so, pointing this out to them would transform an unwitting sin into a mortal one. In view of the fact that Marie expected to go to confession only once a year, she might well not have been aware of the church's attitude towards such a private activity. Her husband, having been brought up in a Protestant household and espousing a rather vague form of deism, would have had no such moral inhibitions.

A careful reading of the letters in the last decade of Marie's life may bring to light more information on this touchy topic, but it is unlikely that Marie would discuss such matters in letters that could easily be read by other people. She carefully instructs her husband to be sure to keep her letters in a safe place and to burn them if necessary. These later letters help reconstruct some of the material aspects of running a household.

If these letters yield so much on such intimate subjects as love, marriage, and sex, they will be even more helpful in a reconstruction of everyday domestic life during this period of rapid social change. Marie talks about everything in her letters: illnesses, meals, children, servants, relatives, and so on. I intend to pursue a series of such topics, using the evidence from the correspondence to bolster the various speculative theories of more quantitatively inclined historians. It is hard to overemphasize the importance of such a cache of documentation that enables twentieth-century readers to get a glimpse of ordinary life in the eighteenth century.
MAKING CONTACT

By Roger Youman '53

About Men

My wife noticed it while we were walking in Florence in May. "You don't see men holding hands in Italy anymore," she said. "You still see women walking hand in hand, or arm in arm, but not men. Peccato."

We were in Italy for a few weeks last spring, as we have been every year or so since one of our daughters took up residence in Florence. We have gotten to know Florence well, and our Vibram soles have carried us through the streets of enough other cities and hill towns to discover that what we saw in Florence is also true elsewhere in Italy. (And we have managed to learn enough Italian to know that peccato means "too bad").

My wife's observation was based on these experiences—recent, limited in scope, and certainly unscientific. Readers will have to look elsewhere if they are seeking an anthropological treatise on male hand-holding, complete with footnotes. I can offer only a few handnotes.

Such as: When they walk down the street, Italian children habitually hold hands, males and males, females and females, males and females. Italian women frequently hold hands, or link arms, or walk with arms around one another. Italian men rarely do so. Very rarely.

This was not always the case. My wife and I both recall earlier visits to Europe, as college students in the 1950s, when it was not at all unusual to see men walking hand in hand or arm in arm in Italy and certain other countries. My recollections of this are still vivid because it was such an exotic sight to young American eyes. For a heterosexual American male, holding hands with another young American eyes. For a heterosexual man was out of the question. It still is.

Now, it appears, this is true in Italy, too. Is this a result of exposure to American visitors and American movies and television programs? Has the emergence of homosexual men from their closets had, as a byproduct, a chilling effect on heterosexual males' willingness to be seen touching one another in public? I don't know the answers, but I do know what I feel: that something has been lost, something Italian men had that was worth saving: the ability and the freedom to express an emotional bond in un-self-conscious and sexually innocent physical terms. They still do so in other ways. Male friends and relatives are not reluctant to embrace and kiss when they meet and when they part. Italian fathers kiss and hug their adolescent and postadolescent sons as frequently and as lovingly as they do their daughters.

Of course, some Americans do, too. I know men—theatrical types, mostly—who customarily kiss other men when they greet them. I have male friends who always give me a warm hug when we meet. And I know American fathers and adult sons who still kiss one another, as their immigrant fathers and grandfathers did.

I was not one of those sons, even though my father was the son of immigrants. His daily actions demonstrated his love eloquently and tenderly in every way except the one I am writing about here: Physical expressions of affection between males were not in his repertory. For him, a firm handshake was the proper greeting for a proper father and son, once that son entered his teens and, thus, became "a man."

His was definitely not the "Let it all hang out" generation. "Keep it all in" was more my father's style. And so, I learned very little from him about what it had been like growing up poor as a child of Russian-Jewish immigrants. He was too busy being "a good provider," pulling himself up the ladder to a comfortable middle-class rung and striving to give his children an easier start in life than he had had. He had gone to work in his teens, become a successful traveling salesman and businessman, then suffered business setbacks that kept him from slowing down and getting a really juicy taste of the fruits of his labor. At the age of 75 he was still overworking himself, until one morning eleven years ago, when his damaged and over-taxed heart gave out.

He had left the customs of his father's world far behind as he had become a man of substance, a gentleman, in the New World. There was no place in that world for affectionate physical contact between men. It wasn't something he ever talked about or, I suspect, thought about. He simply took it for granted that it was both unmanly and ungentlemanly.

So did I, until I got out on my own, saw more of the world, and got married. To my wife, marriage, parenthood, and friendship are all contact sports. The loving touch, the affectionate touch, the friendly touch, the sympathetic touch, the joyful touch, as well as the spontaneous kiss and hug, have always come naturally to her. And, through the years, her irrepressible warmth has partially thawed my inbred reserve. But you will still not find me strolling through Rockefeller Plaza—or the Piazza della Signoria—hand in hand with my teen- age sons, and certainly not with any of my middle-age male doctor or lawyer friends. I will always have too much cool American Gothic in my makeup and not enough warm Italian Renaissance—or Russian immigrant—to indulge in such unbuttoned displays of affection.

Nor do I intend to suggest that if the Soviet leader Gorbachev gives President Reagan a Russian bear hug when they meet in Geneva—as he very well may—it will solve any of the terrifying problems of a planet whose political leaders (including the few who are women) seem to believe that their first priority is to prove manhood. Nevertheless, at a time when the survival of the human race may depend on the willingness of men to walk hand in hand metaphorically, I see evidence that they are drawing farther apart physically. I take that as an ominous sign.

These thoughts began to come together shortly after our return from Italy last spring, as I stood in the middle of a football field, surrounded by young men and women—one of them my 17-year-old son—who had just received their high-school diplomas. They were jubilantly hugging one another and throwing arms around friends' shoulders as they posed for parents' cameras.

Filled with pride and love for my son, I reached for his shoulder with the intention of giving him a fatherly hug. I felt him stiffen and pull back from me. Not, I am sure, because of any lack of love or of the capacity to show it—which, like my father, he does in every other way—but simply because we were men. And men just don't act that way in public. Peccato.

Roger Youman '53 is co-editor of TV Guide. (Copyright © 1985 by the New York Times Company. Reprinted by permission.)
Three new managers elected to the Board

Three new members have been elected to the Swarthmore Board of Managers: J. Martin Cornell '55, Eleanor Duguid Craig '60, and Ramon L. Posel '50. Cornell and Craig were nominated by the Alumni Association and are known as Alumni Managers. Re-elected at the December Board meeting was J. Lawrence Shane '56, who had previously been a member from 1970 to 1981 and again in 1984-85.

Cornell, an attorney with the firm of Doig, Cornell and Mandel in New City, N.Y., and Cornell and Cornell in Central Valley, N.Y., earned his law degree from the University of Michigan Law School. He is presently serving as a commissioner of the Palisades Interstate Park Commission, to which he was appointed by New York Gov. Mario Cuomo.

A member of the New York state and New York City Bar Associations, Cornell is past president of the Rockland County (N.Y.) Bar Association. He is active in civic affairs, serving on the boards of the historical society, the mental health association, and the Girl Scout Council of Rockland County. He is also legal advisor to the county Audubon Society.

An associate professor of economics at the University of Delaware, Craig is an expert on state finance and taxation issues. She has served as advisor to current Delaware Gov. M. N. Castle and to former Gov. Pierre S. du Pont IV. She also chairs the governor's Economic and Financial Tax Association, and is a member of the board of directors of the National Tax Association and the Bank of Delaware.

A member of the faculty at the University of Delaware since 1962, she was twice named “Outstanding Teacher” by the College Council of Business and Economics.

Posel, a leader in Philadelphia business and cultural affairs, is owner of the Ritz Five movie theater on Society Hill, considered by many to be the best showcase for films in the Philadelphia area. A graduate of Harvard Law School, he was an attorney for the firm of Wolf, Block, Schorr and Solis-Cohen for several years before starting his own business, Posel Enterprises.

Posel is a trustee of the Philadelphia chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, and serves on the boards of the Likoff Cardiovascular Institute and the Walnut Street Theatre. He served as a special consultant to the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development in 1967-68.
Men's soccer takes MAC south title

*Five Garnet teams post winning records*

**Men's Cross Country (9-3):** Led by senior co-captains Kirk Swenson and Carl Palmer, the Garnet harriers' season included an impressive team win at the Dickinson College Invitational and a Homecoming victory over Ursinus that marked head coach Joe Stefanowicz' 125th career win.

The Garnet's only losses came at the hands of Division I Drexel University (by one point), perennial powerhouse and national qualifier Haverford, and a painful five-point defeat by a strong Philadelphia Textile squad. The team was led all season by Kirk Swenson, who was defeated in only two dual meets and finished third overall in leading the team to victory at Dickinson.

The team will sorely feel the loss through graduation of Swenson and his co-captain, Palmer, who was consistently in the top five for the team. But the squad will return sophomore Wolfram Urbanek, this season's number two man, and frosh sensation Bob Fortner. In all, the Garnet will bring back five of the 1985 varsity seven.

Both Swenson and Palmer were selected to the Middle Atlantic Conference (MAC) fall All-Academic team, which included the sixteen premier student-athletes from the conference's six sports. They were the only Swarthmore athletes to receive the honor.

**Women's Cross Country (9-5):** The young women's team—four frosh, four sophomores, and one junior—set one school record and tied another in 1985. The squad set a new record for consecutive victories, eight, and tied the record for the most victories in a season, set last year, at nine.

Leading the team throughout the season was Hannah Elsing '89. Elsing won top-ten honors in each of the invitational meets she ran this year, proving herself to be one of the top Division III runners in the Mid-Atlantic region.

Pam Pierce '88 took time between field hockey games and practices to run several spectacular races for the Garnet. Pierce won the alumnae race in September with the eighth fastest time ever run on the course. Despite running consistently well throughout the season, Pierce saved her best race for last as she finished twentieth in the conference meet.

The high point of the season was unquestionably the “Neverending Day,” Oct. 5, when the Garnet competed in two meets, one home and one away, due to scheduling conflicts. In the morning, they hosted Al-bright and Bryn Mawr, beating both by scores of 21-37 and 18-41 respectively. After a brief celebration, the team drove to Delaware Valley College. There the enlarged squad, made up of the original members plus the team manager and several members of the field hockey and soccer teams, tallied two more wins—one over Del Val, 23-34, and the other over Pharmacy, 15-48. The four wins that day, accounted for almost half the season's victories.

**Field Hockey (9-4-2):** The Swarthmore field hockey team, under the guidance of first-year head coach Gaile Rockey, won nine of its last ten games and was crowned All-College Tournament Champions.

In winning the end-of-season All-College Tournament, hosted by Swarthmore, the Garnet won all three of its games (three wins not included in their 9-4-2 season record) over opponents that it had either lost to or tied in the regular season. The team also garnered a third-place finish at the Seven Sisters Tournament, held this year at Smith College, and finished the season ranked ninth in the NCAA Regional Poll.

Barb Hayslett '87 led a well-balanced Swarthmore scoring attack with ten goals and two assists. She was followed by Annie Fetter '88 and Lee Fineman '89, who scored six goals apiece. In fact, ten of the sixteen varsity players contributed goals during the season.

Midfielder Pam Pierce '88 and sweeper Sue Swearer '87 were named to the Philadelphia Association of Intercollegiate Athletics for Women (PAIAW) Division III All-Star team, as selected by the member schools' coaches.

**Football (4-5):** The loss of three Pizza Hut All-Americans, the Centennial Conference Most Valuable Player, and ten seniors from 1984's 8-1 squad took its toll on the Garnet as it dropped its first five games of the 1985 season. The team got back on track in game six with a Homecoming win over Dickinson and finished the season with four wins in a row.

The Garnet followed its Dickinson win with an upset victory over the Centennial Conference co-leaders at the time, the Diplomats of Franklin and Marshall. They were sparked to victory in that contest by a conference record 94-yard punt return by Jay Peichel '89.

Several other Swarthmore players had noteworthy performances during the season, including junior Jeff Shralow's opening day outing against Randolph-Macon College in which he grabbed seven pass receptions for a school-record 184 yards. Defensive tackle

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Garnet harriers (left to right) Will McCabe '88, David Malaxos '89, Stephen DeBruyn Kops '86, Brian Sostek '88, and David Root '89 heading for a Homecoming victory over Ursinus on Oct. 26.
team's 2-1 loss to St. Joseph's, Fowler made goalie Michele Fowler, who recorded an incredible 168 saves in thirteen games. In the team's record included heartbreaking Smoyer while Smoyer was on sabbatical, coach Tom Richards, who filled in for Dave 3-2 victory over Haverford.

The season included exciting wins over Division I opponents Villanova and Princeton, nationally ranked Drew University, and a do-or-die 2-1 win over Haverford. The Garnet hadn't beaten the Fords since 1977. The team followed the Haverford win with a 1-0 southeast title playoff win over Ursinus and defeated Gettysburg 3-1 to win the MAC south. Unfortunately, its momentum didn't carry all the way through the championship game against a powerful Scranton team: The Garnet lost the championship game 4-1.

Doug Gramiak '87 was Swarthmore's leading scorer, chalking up six goals and four assists. Four other Garnet players recorded five goals apiece. Swarthmore had ten players who scored during the season.

Several members of the squad received post-season honors. Jerry Hood '86, the backbone of Swarthmore's strong defense, was named to the MAC Southern Division All-Star Team as a back. Four other Garnet booters received honorable mention, forwards Gramiak and Tim Watkins '87 and back sacks, as the Garnet held Dickinson to just sixteen yards rushing.

Gandia was named to the post-season All Centennial Conference First Team along with tight end Mike Dennis '86, one of Swarthmore's tri-captains. Guard Bruce Squire '87 was named an Honorable Mention selection.

Men's Soccer (14-5-1): Three years ago, the men's soccer team finished the regular season 3-10-1. This year, for the first time since 1977, the Garnet advanced all the way to the championship game of the MAC.

The outlook for the spring is promising, although the team will lose Alice Esselen '86, the number-one player during the fall.

Volleyball (15-15): The Swarthmore spikers had reason to be a bit apprehensive at the start of the season in September. With loss of four starters from the 1984 team, the new line-up had to get accustomed to playing together. In addition, 1985 was the first season of MAC volleyball competition. The team shot out to a powerful start, winning its first four matches, but fell victim to a mid-season slump. Two tournaments, the Elizabethtown Tournament and the Seven Sisters Tournament, featured tough competition. But the team got back on track and captured eight of its last nine non-tournament matches.

In the Cabrini Classic Tournament, the spikers won six of eight games and came home with a third-place trophy. The squad also qualified for an appearance in the MAC tournament, an impressive accomplishment in its first season of league play. Rebecca Kaufman '86 was named to the All-Southeast League team by the MAC, and Margaret Dougherty '87 and Jennifer Heister '88 were selected to the PAIAW All-Star squad.

College equal opportunity statement amended to prohibit discrimination based on sexual preference

The College's corporate statement on equal opportunity has been amended to prohibit discrimination on the basis of sexual preference. The College's statement will now read: "Swarthmore College is committed to the principle of equal opportunity for all qualified persons without discrimination against any person by reason of sex, race, color, age, religion, national origin, handicap or sexual preference."

The amendment, approved by the College's Board of Managers in its December meeting, was proposed to the board by a student subcommittee of the Equal Opportunity Advisory Committee after it had spent a year studying the issue and surveying the policies of other colleges.

"Nothing but good could come out of adding the phrase," said President David W. Fraser. "The board recognized that unfair discrimination does occur in our society and that changing the corporate statement would be helpful."

Since 1980, a statement protecting the rights of homosexuals had been included in the Student Handbook, but was not included in the corporate statement on equal opportunity.

Laurence Lafore '38 dies; class members begin a scholarship in his memory

Laurence Lafore '38, who taught at the College for twenty-three years and was professor emeritus of history at the University of Iowa, died at his home in Iowa City in November.

A prolific author, Lafore worked for the U.S. State Department during World War II before returning to Swarthmore to teach in 1946. He remained at the College until 1969, when he joined the faculty at the University of Iowa. He retired in May and was working on a history of the university.

To honor his memory, members of the Class of 1938 are starting a scholarship fund in his name with a goal of $50,000. If this goal is reached, the entire amount will be matched from the Wolverton Scholarship Challenge fund. Members of the class wishing to contribute will also benefit from having their gifts count toward their 50th Reunion fund. Gifts to the Lafore Scholarship Fund should be sent to the Fund Office, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

Eleanor Keighton '21 dies

Eleanor M. Paxson Keighton '21, medical illustrator and free-lance artist, died on Jan. 15 at Taylor Hospital in Ridley Park, Pa. She was the widow of Walter B. Keighton '23, emeritus professor of chemistry.

Mrs. Keighton was born in Swarthmore and lived nearly her entire life in the borough. She was a strong supporter of the women's swimming team at the College.

She is survived by four sons, including Robert L. Keighton '53 and James D. Keighton '60, and numbered many other College graduates among her relatives.
Board agrees on phased divestment of all South African investments

The Swarthmore College Board of Managers announced March 1 that it will move in stages toward full divestment of its South Africa-related investments, but only if it can find a prudent way to do it and if apartheid has not yet been dismantled.

A committee of Board members has been formed to seek a way to divest that will limit financial damage to the College, President David Fraser reported. The committee, he said, will develop a timetable and a proposal for divestment that will be presented for approval at the Board’s next meeting, May 6. Once a plan is adopted, Fraser explained, the decision to sell and the process of divestment will be under continuing review as part of the Board’s fiduciary responsibility. If the Board finds there is no prudent way to divest, it will not divest, he added.

Meanwhile, the Board has unconditionally authorized the sale of equity holdings in five companies that do not meet the criteria for categories I and II of the Sullivan Principles, which deal with the equal treatment of blacks by employers in South Africa. The Board also has authorized investment of $2 million in a South Africa-free portfolio. This investment is scheduled to be made in April.

The divestment of stocks not falling into categories I and II of the Sullivan Principles is a tightening of the criteria the College has used to monitor its South Africa-related stocks since 1978. Since then, it has sold more than $3 million of investments in four separate divestment actions.

The College’s total endowment is now valued at $195 million. Of that figure, about $42.5 million is invested in forty-one companies doing a small fraction of their business in South Africa.

The divestment decision came less than three weeks after the faculty adopted a resolution urging the Board to fully divest all its holdings in corporations operating in South Africa. The resolution, written by Department of Philosophy Chairman Hans Oberdiek, called for a “clear and binding timetable leading to total divestment by Martin Luther King, Jr.’s birthday on Jan. 20, 1987.” Although that deadline is unlikely to be met, most faculty members and students greeted news of the Board’s unexpected decision with enthusiasm.

Nearly 79 percent of students voting in a campus referendum last April supported total divestment of all South Africa-related College investments, rather than continuing the Board’s policy of selective divestment. Fall semester student protests favoring full divestment prompted the closing of the Admissions Office for several hours during a sit-in on Oct. 8 and precipitated an abrupt adjournment of the Dec. 7 Board meeting.

On Dec. 11, a group of students began an eight-day occupation of President Fraser’s office (during his absence) to protest the Board’s inaction on the divestment question and press demands that the College more aggressively recruit black students and faculty members. The students left peacefully after the faculty and administration agreed to address their concerns immediately at the beginning of spring semester.

Professor Emeritus Klees dies

Frederic Klees, professor emeritus of English and a member of the Department of English Literature from 1927 to 1966, died on Dec. 3.

Klees, whose teaching focused on early English literature and the biography, served as acting chairman of the department in 1956-57 and 1963-64.

He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1925 and was a Rhodes Scholar in 1925 and 1926.
The original gray stone train station in its prime, circa 1900.

A landmark blossoms....

As promised in your 1986 engagement calendar, here are some further scenes of the refurbished train station. Totally gutted and rebuilt, the Victorian landmark has been fully restored to its former charm.

Sagging porches, peeling paint, and crumbling stonework were repaired and a deck added to accommodate the new restaurant, Sidetracks.

One of three businesses leasing space in the station, Sidetracks offers a quick coffee and croissant menu for busy commuters.

The waiting room, smaller than the original, provides a sunny locale for riders as well as a haven during the winter months for Sidetrack's customers.

Swarthmore station, one of twenty-eight originally put up for lease by SEPTA, is no longer an eyesore—to the delight of the entire community.
Kathryn “Kay” Bassett ’35, 1912-86 “Her high standards, her sense of the College, her encyclopedic knowledge of its alumni and her devotion to it and them were inspiring.”

President David Fraser’s words reflect the thoughts of many who worked with and loved Kay Bassett. She died on Jan. 21 at Metropolitan Hospital in Springfield, Pa., after suffering cardiac arrest at her desk Dec. 31. Although Kay officially retired as director of the College’s Alumni and Fund Offices in 1975, she had continued to work part-time as class notes editor.

To many at the College, Kay’s memory of people and events associated with the school served as an unofficial, but unfailing, reference library. Her devotion to alumni has inspired them to keep in touch with the school and to be generous to it. She gave generously of herself to the College, attended home football games, participated in every homecoming and Alumni Weekend event, and traveled several times with the Alumni College Abroad program.

Kay joined the College staff in 1937 as secretary to members of the Chemistry Department. In 1943 she transferred to the Alumni Office as assistant to Carl K. Dellmuth ’31, alumni executive secretary and director of physical education and athletics. She became director of the Alumni and Fund Offices in 1953 under Joseph B. Shane ’25, then vice president for public relations and alumni affairs.

Kay’s ties to Swarthmore College and to the Borough of Swarthmore were strong. She was born, and continued to live, in the family home near the campus. A member of the Class of 1935, she counted eighteen members of her family as Swarthmore alumni, including aunts, uncles, and cousins; her parents, Edward Morris ’05 and Ellie Simons Bassett ’10; her brother, Edward M. “Morrie” Bassett, Jr. ’43; and her nephew, Edward M. Bassett III ’72. For thirty-three years her sister, Elizabeth Bassett, was a secretary in the Athletic Department.
Swarthmore

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Cover: “It's music you can't get out of your head,” says Peter Schickele '57—sole discoverer and only interpreter of the works of P.D.Q. Bach, “history's most justifiably neglected composer.” Schickele has, to date, unearthed more than seventy-five compositions by this last, but least, of Johann Sebastian's children. Photo by Peter Schaaf.

Page 6: An informal survey of Texas alumni elicits wide-ranging appraisals of the Lone Star state.

Page 9: The day after she graduated, Isabel Ann Logan '42 went to work for The New Yorker and never looked back.


Page 1: Peter Schickele '57 reflects on his twenty-year career as P.D.Q. Bach's conservator.

Come join your friends!
Alumni weekend, June 6, 7, 8.