‘Aha!’ The professors who change students’ lives

Special fiction excerpt: a Russian-flavored thriller

Macalester’s mission and the Carnegie Report
LETTERS

We welcome readers' opinions of recent articles. Please send letters intended for publication to Letters to the Editor, Macalester Today, Public Relations and Publications Department, Macalester College, 1600 Grand Ave., Saint Paul, MN 55105. We reserve the right to edit letters for conciseness and clarity.

Good design keeps us afloat

Congratulations on your outstanding new alumni magazine! I recently saw a copy floating around my office and was very impressed both with the content and the quality. My special compliments to your designer on a job well done.

John Eue
Director, Publications and Printing
Saint John's University
Collegeville, Minn.

Careers and the liberal arts

Congratulations on the new Macalester Today. The colorful picture of Kari Nelson on the front cover and the brief excerpts were an enticement to open it up.

The articles about new grads were well done. It is always interesting to hear of the wide variety of careers that liberal-arts graduates are good at.

The article on the admissions picture was encouraging to read. The mix of other articles was good. Keep up the good work.

Jeanne Robinson '52
Minneapolis

New image is too glitzy

Gee, this was never the Mac that I knew. Your decision to feature Kari Nelson in the November issue showed me a new Mac, invented, it almost seems, for this glitzy new publication. ROTC news. Football spirit. Hereditary admissions policies. All this is wrapped up in stars and stripes. Has Reader's Digest finally bought the influence it always wanted?

I'm wondering now what kind of diploma I got if it certifies the same educational program that someone else is using to unabashedly indulge the appetite of corporate greed. (I know four or five people who could really use Ms. Nelson's $40,000 a year even if they had to split it: They live under the Wabasha Street bridge and eat out of dumpsters.) How could the Mac that I knew intentionally choose to glorify the values embodied in such gluttony?

Even the Chuck Bean profile, which gave you ample opportunity to explore a contrasting set of values, was two and a half pages of mush. Instead of writing about this "politically committed" graduate's politics, you safely chose to bury them under religious feelings. Even after re-reading the article, I could get no indication of Bean's political beliefs.

Needless to say, I am very disappointed with Macalester's slick new image. It stands precisely for so much of what this graduate is working to change.

Thomas Welna '86
Saint Paul

Hey, good-lookin'…

Terrific look to your November 1986 issue! Your publication mirrors the quality of the graduates and the school.

Tim Murray '82
Field Marketing
IDS Financial Services
Minneapolis

Good timing

The November Macalester Today is an outstanding issue.

I respect William Raspberry's journalistic skills and was very impressed by what he had to say regarding a liberal-arts education. Only this weekend I had been discussing what determines the rating of a college or university, so Randi Lyders' article on admissions was well timed.

Rebecca Ganzel's articles on C. Bean, K. Nelson, M. Mertens, and V. Raymond were excellent. I am convinced Macalester offers a vital dimension that many colleges haven't begun to match. (Makes me wish I could start my education at Mac over again, I'd get so much more out of it.) Surely this issue will be a great boost in promoting Macalester.

Marcia Mittelsted Maguire '58
Stone Mountain, Ga.

Professional appeal

Congratulations on the beautiful new look and magazine format for Macalester Today! As a Macite and editing colleague, I was impressed.

Carolyn Schmidt '62
Director of Publications
Coe College
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
At Macalester
Interim offerings, sports reports, and a calendar of upcoming events.

In Depth
How does Macalester's academic program stack up against recent findings by the prestigious Carnegie Foundation?
by Robert M. Gavin, Jr.

Born to Teach
Four professors whose enthusiasm for learning is highly contagious.
by Rebecca Ganzel

Taking Us Literally
Notable books by members of Macalester's faculty.
by Randi Lynn Lyders '83

The Red Encounter
The suspense stretches from Leningrad to Minneapolis in this excerpt from a recently published thriller.
by R.D. Zimmerman '75

A Flourishing Tradition
Alumni writers carry a torch for social concern.
by Kristi Wheeler '69

Alumni News
Close encounters in Tucson, plus Macalester's own high-energy career workshops.

Alumni Profiles
Meet a sports-medicine pioneer, a muscle-bound musician, and more.

Class Notes
Yes, Steve Pitkin has finally tied the knot.
From Zen to forensics, 
Interim retains appeal

Macalester students had a variety of choices last month to fulfill the requirements of Interim term, the month-long intensive study of a single subject that forms the “1” in Macalester’s 4-1-4 schedule. Interim offers each student a chance to explore a topic outside his or her regular studies, or to pursue a project in considerable depth for a month. Four Interim classes or projects are required for graduation from Macalester.

Last month, as usual, most students chose to take one of the special Interim courses offered, which fell into several categories: courses with and without prerequisites, faculty research courses, and individually or jointly supervised projects.

Courses with no prerequisites, the largest group, included studies in Sanskrit, gender roles, filmmaking, literature, computer programming, and mineralogy. A perennial favorite is “Taoism and Zen,” co-taught by Beverly and David White (the former an instructor in the music department, the latter professor of philosophy), an intense study of the effects of Taoist and Zen thought on the cultures of Japan and China.

Courses with prerequisites—usually consisting of the approval of the instructor—included a residency at the state mental hospital in Anoka, studies of 20th-century democracy, an in-depth look at adolescence and emotional development, and a class in building a telescope after Newton’s design. For students whose tight schedules preclude involvement in debate the rest of the year, an advanced study of debate theory and skills was offered by Richard Lesicko, assistant director of the forensics program.

Two faculty research courses were part of the 1987 Interim. Janet Carlson, assistant professor of chemistry, led a study of the laboratory techniques used in organic chemistry, and Martin Gunderson, acting chair of philosophy, researched the philosophical and legal issues surrounding restriction and protection of free speech.

Independent courses, in which students design individual Interim projects subject to faculty approval, were available in many departments, running the gamut from art and music to both political and social science.

Students in “International Music,” an Interim seminar taught by associate music professor Carleton Macy, try out the yang chin, a traditional Chinese instrument.

Moving farther afield, many Macalester students enrolled in the off-campus courses offered by either Macalester or the Upper Midwest Association for Inter-cultural Education. For a month, students could study cultural values in Japan, history in the Soviet Union, language in Paris, art and architecture in Greece, modernization in China, cultural diversity in Peru, or law or theater in London. And in Kenya, a group of students examined East African ecological systems last month.

—Derick LaVine ’89

Who was that Mac man?

In the November issue, the photograph on the top left-hand corner of page 26 was incorrectly identified. That’s Ronald A. Eisenberg ’75, not Mark R. Lindner ’69, standing with Matthew E. Flora ’74. We offer our apologies to all parties involved.

In that same issue, many of you have asked who the cute little kid on page 2 is. This correction actually should go under the heading of “Missed Alumni Opportunities,” because young Lauren Dickinson is the daughter of Macalester’s physical-plant director, Mark D. Dickinson ’76. Holding her in the photograph is Mark’s father, Selden Dickinson.

Wallace Conference described in national Bicentennial report


The conference, “The Constitution, Freedom of Expression, and the Liberal Arts,” was opened by former chief justice Warren Burger. It was one of the first official events in the national observance of the Constitution’s 200th birthday.

Live snakes played a role in Macalester’s highly successful fall theater production, Romulus Linney’s Holy Ghosts, which ran Nov. 7-15 in the Janet Wallace Fine Arts Center. Directed by Sears Eldredge, professor and chair of dramatic arts, the play focuses on members of an Appalachian snake-handling sect who desperately seek an intense religious experience. Following two of the performances, David Hopper, professor of religious studies, and Harley Henry, professor of English, each led an audience discussion of the play.
What's happening:
On-campus events
liven up spring

So you need an excuse to visit the Macalester campus? Not really, but it always helps. Here is a partial listing of events here in the coming months. All are open to the public and some are free; call to get ticket prices.

A word of caution: Although all these events were confirmed at press time, this schedule is subject to last-minute changes, and we urge you to double-check dates and times before making plans. The numbers to call? We list them whenever possible. In addition, an M in the listing indicates the music department, 612/696-6382; T, the theater box office, 612/696-6359; D, dance, 612/696-6329; and C, the campus programs office, 612/696-6297.

Feb 7, 8 a.m.—1:30 p.m.
Writers conference sponsored by English department, 612/696-6387 (Humanities building)

Feb. 8, 7:30 p.m.
Saint Paul Civic Symphony (Concert Hall) M

Feb. 8, 7:30 p.m.
Alison Jaggar speaks on “The Feminist Challenge to Traditional Scholarship,” sponsored by gender studies program, 612/696-6172 (Chapel)

Feb. 10, 7:30 p.m.
The Macalester Trio (Concert Hall) M

Feb. 10, 7:30 p.m.
Michael Harcourt, mayor of Vancouver, B.C., speaks; Mayor's Forum sponsored by geography department, 612/696-6291 (Chapel)

Feb. 13, 8 p.m.
Civic Orchestra of Minneapolis (Concert Hall) M

Feb. 15, 8 p.m.
The Macalester Trio (Concert Hall) M

March 7, 9 a.m.—6 p.m.
Conference on women and citizenship sponsored by Women Historians of Minnesota, 612/696-6225 (Chapel)

March 7, 8 p.m.
New-music concert: saxophone, violin, and piano (Concert Hall) M

March 8, 3 p.m.
Music by Steve Heitzig of the Minnesota Composers Forum (Concert Hall) M

March 11–14, 8 p.m.
March 15, 2 p.m.
The Dining Room by A.R. Gurney, Jr. (Theater) T

March 14, 8 p.m.
Dierdre McCalla performs, sponsored by Women's Collective, 612/696-6248 (Chapel)

March 20, 3:30–10 p.m.
March 21, 9:30–11:30 a.m.
High-school science fair sponsored by chemistry department, 612/696-6271 (Fri in Olin 200, Sat in Chapel)

April 4, 8 p.m.
Mac Jazz and Carleton College Jazz Band (Concert Hall) M

April 8, 7:30 p.m.
Ruth Bleier speaks on “Gender Ideology in the Making of Science,” sponsored by gender studies program (Chapel)

April 10, 8 p.m.
Civic Orchestra of Minneapolis (Concert Hall) M

April 10—11, 8 p.m.
Spring dance concert (Theater) D

April 10—11, call for time
Small College Computing Symposium (Student Union) C

April 11, 7 a.m.—6 p.m.
April 25, 7 a.m.—6 p.m.
Piano competitions sponsored by Schubert Club, Saint Paul, 612/292-3267 (Concert Hall)

April 12, 7:30 p.m.
Saint Paul Civic Symphony (Concert Hall) M

April 24, 8 p.m.
Buttermilk Hill, sponsored by Women's Collective (Concert Hall) M

April 24—26, 8 p.m.
Small College Computing Symposium (Student Union) C

April 26, 3 p.m.
The Macalester Trio (Concert Hall) M

April 26, 8 p.m.
The Macalester Trio (Concert Hall) M

May 2, 8 p.m.
May 3, 8 p.m.
Macalester Concert Choir (Concert Hall) M

May 2, call for time
Scottish Country Fair (Shaw Field) C

May 3, 3 p.m.
May 3, 3 p.m.
Macalester Symphony Orchestra (Concert Hall) M

May 8, 8 p.m.
Mac Jazz (Concert Hall) M

May 9, 9 a.m.—midnight
SpringFest (Chapel, Student Union, Gym, Shaw Field) C

May 9, 8 p.m.
May 10, 4 p.m.
Festival Chorale (Concert Hall) M

May 10, 8 p.m.
Macalester Symphonic Band (Concert Hall) M
Strong football season leads Macalester in fall-season sports

Under the direction of head coach Thomas E. Hosier, the Macalester football program has become one of the finest in the Minnesota Intercollegiate Athletic Conference (MIAC) and is a growing power on the national scene as well.

In the season finale on Nov. 8, the Scots took a 21-0 lead into the fourth quarter and then held off a furious Saint Thomas rally to score an exciting 21-20 victory over the host Tommies. The win boosted the Scots into sole possession of second place in the final MIAC standings. The team ended the season with a 7-2-1 record, tying the 1960 school record for most wins in one season.

"It's always fun to win the last game, because that's the one that you seem to remember the most when you look back over the season," Hosier says. "It's especially a treat to beat a team with such great talent. It's not so much that we beat Saint Thomas for the first time since 1969, but the fact is that we defeated one heck of an outstanding football team."

The Scots took advantage of five Augsburg turnovers to score a 30-6 victory on Homecoming (Oct. 18), making 1986 the second straight year of a Scots Homecoming victory.

Heading the team's assault on the record books this year were national records for forced turnovers (58, all divisions), turnovers per game (5.8, all divisions), and turnover ratio per game (+2.9, Division III only).

"We took advantage of other teams' mistakes and minimized our own," Hosier says. "In some ways I'm more excited about the positive national publicity for breaking the old turnover records... than I am with winning seven games and finishing second in the league. It's very satisfying. That is really a team achievement."

When the team's eight seniors—Tad Carter, Rob Dahlin, Blaine Kunze, Dean Larson, Mario Lee, Tom Lindell, Joel Moore and Mark Rauzi—came to Macalester, the college had not had a winning season since 1969. The Scots proceeded to reel off four straight winning seasons: 6-4 in 1983, 6-5 in 1984, 6-4 in 1984, and now 7-2-1, a feat which last took place at Macalester in 1938-41. Among other schools in the MIAC, only Saint Thomas has a similar record for the past four years.

"It says something for their conviction," Hosier says. "I think [the seniors] chose Macalester for the right reason—to get a great education. And they also proved themselves on the football field. There's no question that we'll miss them."

Cross-country

In other sports, women's cross-country led the way. During the Nov. 1 MIAC championship at Saint Olaf College, Julia Kirtland '87 took command of the race near the halfway point and won, leading the Scots to a seventh-place finish in the team standings. Kirtland thus became the only three-time winner of the fall classic; the five-time national champion and 12-time All-American has now captured 16 MIAC championships in her brilliant career. Liz Goto '88 finished in the seventh position to earn her second All-MIAC certificate.

Kevin Corliss '87 raced to a ninth-place finish to garner All-MIAC honors and lead the men's cross-country squad to fourth place in the team standings at the MIAC championships.

Volleyball

After going 6-5 in regular-season league play, the Scots entered the MIAC volleyball tournament on Nov. 7-8 with high hopes. But the tournament's fourth seed dropped three straight matches in Friday's pool play before bouncing back to take ninth place in the tourney and eighth in the overall conference standings.Setter Mary Schlick '87 was named to the All-MIAC squad for the second consecutive year.

Soccer

Despite a lackluster 4-10-2 record, the men's soccer team scored 37 goals this season, setting a new school record. Highlighting the season were back-to-back shutouts against North Central Bible College (10-0) on Oct. 10, and against Saint Paul Bible College (7-0) on Oct. 13. The women's team recorded a 7-10-3 mark this fall, including a 4-0 whitewashing of Augsburg in the Nov. 3 season finale.

Marc Ryan

Psychologist Robert Jay Lifton discussed the nuclear age and its effect on modern humans with a group of Macalester students. Lifton was one of five leading scholars to visit Macalester for several days each fall as part of the DeWitt Wallace Distinguished Visitors program; each had earlier participated in September's Wallace Conference on the Liberal Arts. Lifton spoke with students and faculty members on a variety of other topics, including the significance of the failed summit negotiations in Iceland, thought control in totalitarian regimes, and his recent book, Nazis Doctors, which details his psychological studies of physicians who had participated in Nazi atrocities during the Hitler era.
How Macalester stacks up to Carnegie standards

Just What the Professor Ordered

by Robert M. Gavin, Jr.

Are our nation's colleges and universities doing their job? No, according to extensive research by Ernest L. Boyer. Boyer, who is president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching (and a 1985 speaker at Macalester), gives this answer—and recommendations for improvement—in a controversial report released last October and published by Harper & Row this year.

"Driven by careerism and overshadowed by graduate and professional education," Boyer writes, American institutions have been more successful in supplying credentials "than in providing a quality education for their students... Many undergraduate colleges have lost their sense of mission."

Boyer's report, College: The Undergraduate Experience in America, outlines many steps for improving colleges and universities. It criticizes some large research universities for ignoring the undergraduate, and some colleges for overemphasizing vocational training. But as Boyer has pointed out in subsequent interviews, our nation's many and varied college-level institutions can't all be described in a single sweep.

How does Macalester College stack up in light of the Boyer report?

In these pages, Macalester President Robert M. Gavin, Jr., notes that Boyer's recommendations are largely consistent with Macalester's own goals and strengths, and that they identify some areas in which Macalester is striving to improve.

Most recent national studies of education have pointed to serious deficiencies and have recommended radical change. The latest, College: The Undergraduate Experience in America by Ernest Boyer, is no exception. After interviewing over 500 faculty members, a like number of students, and 1,000 administrators during a three-year study of colleges and universities by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, Boyer calls for a serious revamping of many aspects of undergraduate education. And the kind of education and educational atmosphere being recommended by Ernie Boyer is just what we have been working to achieve at Macalester.

A radical departure from the status quo may be required at many universities. But for us, "improvement" should mean rededication to the directions and educational philosophy which have been important to us since our earliest days. We can do better, and the report contains a number of thoughtful suggestions for us to consider. However, the most important message I get from the report is that we should continue to work to improve our performance relative to our lofty goals, not that we should change the goals.

College has already generated considerable attention and will likely be a major document in the debate over the future of undergraduate education. Those who heard Ernie Boyer speak at Macalester last year in the Centennial lecture series, "Educating for the 21st Century," will find many of the same themes which he emphasized in his talk. He insisted on a commitment to values, a need to emphasize language and culture, and a need to integrate the total educational experience inside and outside the classroom.

College discusses eight points of tension in higher education: the transition from school to college, the goals and curriculum of education, the priorities of the faculty, the condition of teaching and learning, the quality of campus life, the governing of the college, measuring the outcome, and the connection between the campus and the world.

The report then goes on to make 83 major recommendations to improve the undergraduate experience. Several have been highlighted in the popular press. We do not claim to be perfect in these areas, and we do not agree fully with Boyer on
how to achieve the goals in each area, but
the general thrust and direction recom-
mended is what a Macalester education
has been and continues to be all about.
I would like to paraphrase Boyer's rec-
mendations and to illustrate how Mac-
alester fits in this picture.

- Faculties should make a commit-
tment to undergraduate education.

Macalester remains committed to
undergraduate education solely, rejecting
moves to add graduate programs. The
reasons are numerous. Chief among them
is our desire to keep undergraduate edu-
cation as our primary focus, undiluted by
the needs that a graduate program gener-
ates. In addition, we feel it is important
to provide an excellent education in a lim-
ited area rather than offer a broader but
lower-quality program of graduate study.

- Regular members of the teaching
faculty should teach undergradu-
ates at all levels, freshman
through senior.

Our record is clear on the importance
of teaching. Macalester faculty members
teach undergraduates at all levels, from
introductory courses to senior seminars.
Our faculty has received national recogni-
tion for excellence in teaching. No one
receives tenure here unless excellence in
teaching is demonstrated.

- General education and core
requirements should be strength-
ened.

Students are required to take courses
in all four divisions of the college: human-
ities, fine arts, natural science, and social
science. Most students take far more
than the minimum required. In my opin-
ion, we need to strengthen our distribu-
tion requirements, but we have an
excellent start.

The faculty has been discussing
strengthening the general requirements in
much the same manner as recom-
ended in the report. In addition, there
is active discussion of the need for a com-
mon experience in the Macalester educa-
tion—a need that, even though the
Boyer report does not emphasize it, will
be the next step for forward-thinking col-
leges. I am sure the Macalester faculty
will lead the way in taking that step.

- All seniors should write and
defend a senior thesis.

Many departments now have a
required senior thesis, and more are
moving to the policy each year. The cur-
riculum committee stopped short of
requiring a senior thesis in each depart-
ment last year, but the lively discussion
then will lead more departments to insti-
tute this practice. In addition, about 50
seniors take part in the honors program,
which requires a thesis based on their
creative work.

- Senior seminars should be de-
developed to integrate the history and
social uses of the discipline.

Again, at Macalester, many depart-
ments have excellent senior seminars.
We do need to consider carefully the rec-
ommendation that these seminars cover
historical and ethical aspects of the dis-
pline. This is especially important at Mac-
alester because of our emphasis on a
value base for our education.

The products of scholarship
are translated into our curriculum at a
remarkable rate

- Faculty scholarship—not just
publication—should be empha-
sized.

One hundred years ago, our founder,
Edward Duffield Neill, called for the
establishment of "the highest standards
for scholarship" on the part of Macalester
faculty and students. College has been
described in some reports as calling for
less scholarship and more teaching. This
is not the way I read the report, nor is it
what Boyer said in his talk at Macalester.
In College, Boyer calls for faculty to be
"first-rate scholars... on the cutting edge
of the profession, knowing the literature
in one's field and skillfully communicating
such information to students." The report
goes on to recommend less emphasis on
scholarly publication and more on other
areas of scholarship.

Our best teachers are also very active
scholars. Not only do they publish text-
books and present papers at professional
meetings, but many also contribute excel-
ent scholarly books and articles to their
disciplines.

The difference at Macalester, and a dif-
ference which I do not think many per-
sons fully appreciate, is that the products
of scholarship are translated into our cur-
rriculum at a remarkable rate. Because
teaching is their reason for being at Mac-
alester, faculty members want to share
their life work with their students.

We do have teacher-scholars of the
first rank. They do not see their scholarly
publications as activities that take them
from teaching, but rather as work that
makes them better teachers. To be at
the "cutting edge," as recommended by
Boyer, the faculty must not only be pas-
sive readers of the literature; they must
be contributors to the dialogue in the dis-
pline. Just as our professors expect
Macalester students to go beyond simply
reading the text or memorizing the facts,
they themselves enter the dialogue of
their disciplines through publication.

When the publication gets in the way of
the teaching function or does not inform
that function, then it is out of place at an
undergraduate institution. However, for
gility to become passive spectators in
their disciplines is no more desirable than
for students to become passive receivers
of information in the classroom.

- Residential life should be inte-
grated with classroom learning.

Boyer calls for colleges to find a new
middle ground between the old order, in
which the college stood in for the par-
tents, and the uncertainty that has
replaced "in loco parentis." The college
president should take an active interest in
planning and programming for residence
halls, Boyer says, and there should be an
active program to foster a sense of com-
community. Also, private space for students
should be respected and honored by
peers ("loud noise should not be
allowed"), and colleges should affirm the
laws on drinking age, rather than ignore
them. Macalester is facing each of these
issues right now, and, although these are
all problems that need improvement, the
important point is that our philosophy is
much in accord with the recommenda-
tions.

There is much food for thought in
these suggestions. There are many
points on which there will be considerable
controversy and disagreement. Overall,
the direction which Boyer is recom-
pending is just what we have been empha-
sizing here at Macalester.
FACTOR

Each of us can remember the mental "Aha!" we experienced when a chance observation in a classroom lecture suddenly flooded our minds with light. That "Aha!" often changes a student's life, leading to a lasting fascination with a particular subject. And we never forget the teacher who made it happen.

The four professors we talk about here—Janet Serie in biology, Emily and Norman Rosenberg in history, and David McCurdy in anthropology—are all high in what we might call the Aha! factor. All bring to their subjects a special spark of interest that infuses students and fellow scholars alike. All are active in their own fields of research. And all inspire warm and appreciative memories in their students.

These four people are not chosen to represent Macalester's best or most popular professors. Rather, they are examples of what happens in classrooms every day when the seeds of informed enthusiasm are sown in receptive minds.

by REBECCA GANZEL
'This Is What I Was Born to Do'

How a leading light on Macalester's faculty—a woman who finds biology nothing short of miraculous—found her calling in classroom and laboratory.

Blood is the subject of today's human-physiology lecture, and Janet R. Serie attacks the topic with characteristic gusto. With a few words, she sets the stage: Your veins and arteries form a super-highway system with a cast of travellers that, as Serie paints them, would find Jack Kerouac tame company. Each character gets a vivid phrase that fixes it in the minds of her listeners. Of the five varieties of leukocytes, neutrophil "looks like a mutated dumbbell"; the basophils are "some of the most gorgeous cells in the body"; and the "intelligent" lymphocytes, clearly Serie's favorites, are army generals "whose purpose in life is to kill everything that isn't you."

The 10 students clustered in the front rows of the lecture hall listen intently, and no wonder. "These cells are alive. They're living things," Serie tells the class. "These things right now are marching around your own body, putting their membranes up against other membranes and saying, 'Friend—or foe?' When they find something foreign, they call in the troops. You are inhabited." For more on the subject, she refers students to her upper-level immunology course.

Serie, who has taught biology at Macalester since 1983, addresses about 80 students a week in this manner in the two courses she teaches this semester. But she reaches a far wider audience—in fact, millions—through the nationally televised "Newton's Apple," a weekly show produced by the Twin Cities public-television station KTCA-TV. As one of the show's resident scientists, Serie regularly conducts what she calls "audience chats," explaining the nature of frostbite, for instance, or why bruises are black and blue. With her sidekick skeleton Dead Earnest (borrowed from the University of Minnesota's anatomy department), she has been part of the six-year-old show from the beginning.

To everything she does, Serie brings a kind of zeal for excellence. During her three-year post at the College of Saint Catherine, she won two teaching awards, one (in 1983) as "Teacher of the Year." At Macalester, "she has to be one of the best lec-
turers on campus," says a former student, David Warland '85. "I had not taken any biology in my life, not even in high school, and she was extremely encouraging. She can relate biology to someone who's new to the subject and really get in depth—and that's unusual."

"She is an exemplary teacher," says Jack Bernard '88, a junior psychology major who took an interim class from Serie last year. "She has wonderful classroom rapport—she makes difficult material fun and appealing."

"I wouldn't have this job if it weren't for her," says Kristen Sueppel '86, now working with a University of Minnesota professor on transplant research. Before she took Serie's human-physiology class her junior year, she says, she was set on a career as a doctor; now, she plans to enroll in a Ph.D. program in biology next fall.

Teaching and research go hand in hand for Serie, who is one of the most active researchers on Macalester's faculty. The American Diabetes Association has given her four grants since 1982; its most recent grant provides her $25,000 a year for two years to study tissue grafts in mice. In addition to her Macalester position (assistant professor of biology) and her work on "Newton's Apple," Serie is an adjunct assistant professor with the University of Minnesota's department of cell biology and neuroanatomy. She has published 10 articles in the past three years, and presented four papers at conferences—most recently to a meeting of the Transplantation Society in Helsinki.

Her research—conducted partly in a laboratory behind her Macalester office, and partly at the University of Minnesota—involves transplanting insulin-secreting cells in mice, trying to see if she can fool the mouse's immune system (the lymphocytes mentioned above) into accepting the foreign tissue. Until recently, she says, biologists believed that the body would reject any foreign implant, but now it's been found that only one kind of cell in the implant triggers rejection. "And if you can just get rid of this provoker, this bully, this loudmouth, before you transplant," Serie says, "the rest of the cells don't let the immune system know that they're there."

Serie's research, she finds, often spills over into the classroom. Because of it, "I'm a much more insightful classroom teacher," she says. "I'm willing to point out what we don't know, which I think is really important for students. Otherwise, they get the feeling that the discipline has been delivered on stone tablets."

"I was one of those kids in high school who could have done anything they wanted to do," Serie says. "I was one of the only girls in my chemistry class, I was one of the only girls in the higher mathematics classes... but there wasn't anybody in the school system who thought that a girl was worth bothering with."

Only her father, who had always wanted to be a chemistry professor (he had dropped out after one year in college), encouraged Serie's ambitions. "I was the apple of his eye," she says.

Her father insisted—"absolutely insisted"—that Serie go to college. And in 1970, Serie won a full scholarship to the College of Saint Benedict in Saint Joseph, Minn. Almost immediately, a biologist was born.

"I remember the day; I remember the lecture," Serie says. "I was taking biology from a woman by the name of Sister Dunstan Plantenberg. She was talking about the cell, how it engulfs things, and how the cell knows, if you will, what to bring in and what not to bring in. And I had, at that particular moment, in that classroom, the closest thing to a religious experience I have ever had in my life. I realized that the living cell is simply a very complicated chemical system, and that we are composed of 50 trillion of these little chemical systems that all function according to the laws of physics and chemistry. And the miraculousness of that idea—that physics and chemistry and the laws of thermodynamics can produce life as we know it on this planet—that idea just absolutely—I was awestruck. This woman plucked my mind from the morass and made me a biologist overnight."

On the strength of that awe ("It remains to this day the driving force in my life," she says), Serie began to prepare for a career as a doctor, taking many biology and chemistry courses but still, as she says, not quite committing herself to entering such a male-dominated profession. "I never had anyone say that I actually could be a doctor," she says. "All I heard was how hard it was to get into medical school—and my grade-point average was 3.8! When I would tell my professors that I was interested in being a doctor; they would just shrug. It was nuts. I just cannot imagine that if I had been a male that somebody wouldn't have come along and said, Of course you can be a physician."

She gives a wry smile. "I compensate now by making sure that all my students who are good get a little chat with me about how good they are."

Indeed, Serie spends a lot of time at Macalester counseling students about available scholarships and research-assistant posts. "It's part of our job to help the kids with their careers," she says—"not just to help them understand how cells divide."

David Warland, now working toward his Ph.D. in biophysics at the University of California at Berkeley, agrees. "She was always there to help me out," he says, when, the year after he graduated from Macalester with a double major in physics and mathematics—and no biology—he decided that..."
biophysics was the field for him. "She said, People who have come into biology from other disciplines have made the greatest contribution to the field." As he applied to graduate schools, Warland sought Serie's advice several times—her schedule is always posted on her door, with room for students to sign up. "You always felt better when you left her office," Warland says.

But in the mid-1970s, there were no such role models for Serie herself. "I had never even seen a female physician in my life," she says. "I really needed somebody to say, You can be a doctor. But nobody did."

Instead, somebody—a student at Saint Benedict's "brother" school, Saint John's University—asked her to marry him. And at the end of her junior year, Serie dropped out of school and moved to Minneapolis with her new husband, who had enrolled at Metropolitan State University.

"I was trying to be a good female; I was trying to be what I thought women were," she says. "And this career business seemed sort of selfish, like something out of a novel—it didn't seem like something real people did." Becoming a doctor was out.

In Minneapolis, Serie took the first job that came along, as a switchboard operator at a children's clinic, to put her husband through school. Her second job, as a laboratory technician at Honeywell, went better. "I liked working for industry a lot," Serie says. "I liked the emphasis on productivity; that fit my personality real well. I liked being promoted, and I liked managing, although I was too young" (she was 22) "to be in those managerial positions." But the memory of Sister Dunstan Plantenberg's pivotal lecture left an intellectual hunger. "I had this burning desire to be associated with biology," she says. So after a year and a half at Honeywell, Serie decided to finish her undergraduate degree and enroll in a Ph.D. program in biology.

Serie worked her way through the Ph.D. program as a teaching assistant, learning along the way that she was a natural teacher. "People would comment about how well I explained things, and how enthusiastic I was," she says. "And I did enjoy teaching very, very much.... I was very interested in the philosophical underpinnings of my discipline: the intellectual methodology of how you design experiments, and what science can and can't tell you."

In 1980, she finished up her dissertation (on autoimmunity in diabetes), started a new job at the College of Saint Catherine—and left her husband. (She has been married since 1983 to Robert Schmitt, an independent financial planner whom she met at the University of Minnesota.)

"I've described it to people as 'slipping into place,'" Serie says now. "When I walked into the classroom, something happened. I really understand what religious people say when they say they've been called, that they have a vocation. I have been called to teaching; I know that."

The job at Saint Catherine began as a one-year appointment, but it stretched into three; Serie left in 1983 when a tenure-track position opened up at Macalester. Although it would seem that her present job is, by her own admission, an "ideal" combination of subject, locale, and calling, Serie is still not quite satisfied. "It's too much to do—it's simply too much to do," she says. "I feel as though I'm just barely adequate at everything I do, because I don't have enough time.... The problem is not that you work very hard; I'd work very hard in anything I did. I like to work. The problem is that there's this feeling of inadequacy, that every single thing you do is just thrown together at the last minute."

"It's a continual tension," she adds. "I love my job, but I just would like half of it."

Back in the classroom, Serie is winding up 50 minutes of a lecture on blood, and you know that this woman belongs here. She moves to the blackboard to explain a point, then walks back to the seated cluster of students to answer a question. Every gesture, every word evokes a new way of looking at the homely stuff running in your veins, the basis for your life. Watching her, you remember her earlier words comparing her profession to a religious vocation.

"I walk into the classroom," she says, "and it's like a piece of me falls into place. This is what I was born and bred to do, and I have found it."
Together, They Test Historical Convention

Meet a working couple who share a job, a family, and a passion for history.

On paper, they seem more counterpart than complement. Both Emily S. Rosenberg and Norman L. Rosenberg, joint professors of history, are gifted teachers with impressive scholarly records, specializing in American history. Both received bachelor's degrees in history, Phi Beta Kappa and with distinction, from the University of Nebraska, two years apart. Both got their Ph.D.s at the same New York state university. They've written together and taught together. And they're married.

But anyone who has read their books or heard them lecture knows they are distinctly different people. The Rosenbergs have carved out separate areas within the field of American history: Emily in American foreign policy, Norman in legal constitutional history (with a strong interest in popular culture). Emily points out, a little proudly, that they never took a class together as undergraduate or graduate students.

They are alike, however, in the fresh approach they bring to their subject matter.

For Emily, the study of American foreign relations involves much more than diplomacy or official government policy. "I don't focus narrowly on foreign policy, but more broadly on foreign relations," she says. "An exclusive focus on government-to-government relations just doesn't explain how the United States relates to the rest of the world."

Recently, this has led her to look more closely at how the U.S. banking industry, through loans to other countries, has influenced foreign policy over the years—a relatively untouched historical field. "I want to uncover new perspectives on things left out and ignored," Emily says.

Financial history, to Emily, is no longer the exclusive territory of economists. In the same way, Norman is taking legal history out of the hands of lawyers.

"I try to go against the old notion that law is a special, mysterious secret," he says. "Most of all, I want to make legal history fun."

To aid his cause, he liberally uses parallels from modern popular culture in his classes. Students in
Time does not stay compartmentalized for the Rosenbergs. Students tend to become friends, and thus to take over their home as well as their professional life.

his “American Legal Culture” seminar, for example, are required to read hard-boiled detective novels and to discuss baseball.

Baseball? Of course. Professional wrestling, too.

“Images of law are relayed to people through popular sports,” Norman says, obviously on familiar ground. “Ultimately, wrestling is about justice—and so is baseball. Sports is part of the cultural lens through which we see what is order and what is disorder.”

Through sheer adaptability and strong egalitarian principles, the Rosenbergs keep domestic disorder at bay. They live the notion that husband and wife should equally shoulder the responsibilities of home, family, and work.

Their offices, which face each other across a narrow hallway on the third floor of Old Main, are strewn with mementos—like the “Hi, Mom!” on Emily's blackboard—of 14-year-old Sarah, 10-year-old Molly and Ruth, and 8-year-old Joseph.

Emily and Norman are both technically half-time professors—which, Norman joked, means they each work only 40 hours a week, instead of the usual 80. Theoretically, the other “half” of their time is spent with their children or at their desks writing.

But time does not stay compartmentalized for the Rosenbergs. Students tend to become friends, and thus to take over their home as well as their professional life—one 1977 graduate remembers camping out in their attic for a week while he finished his senior honors paper. And writing eats up most of what would otherwise be their free time, Emily says.

Not surprisingly for two people who often finish each other’s sentences, the Rosenbergs have jointly written one book, In Our Times (Prentice-Hall, 1976), and coedited another, Postwar America (Prentice-Hall, 1976). (In Our Times, which they believe have been the first-ever history textbook covering the period of 1945 to the present, is now in its third edition.) Their article on financial advising in Latin America has been accepted for publication this summer by the prestigious Journal of American History. This winter, they signed a contract with Harcourt Brace Jovanovich to jointly contribute to another American-history survey text, this one to be published in 1992.

Even when one writes separately, Emily says, the other is a part of the process. “We always write together—one paragraph here, another there,” she says. Emily has 11 scholarly articles to her name, and her highly praised 1982 textbook Spreading the American Dream, which she describes as “a broad overview of foreign relations,” is still in print; Norman, with nine articles, has just published Protecting the Best Men, a book examining the history of libel.

The Rosenbergs limit their joint teaching to an occasional seminar together. Their teaching styles lend themselves to sharp contrast, which clearly amuses them.

“She's organized, and I'm anarchistic,” Norman says.

“We have a regular pattern,” Emily says. “Norm will go on and on about something, and then I’ll say, The point here is—’”

Norman, modestly: “Things suggest themselves.”

Emily: “It's like a collage. Norm has a whole bunch of interesting things to say, so I can take an idea and just throw it at him and let him go on. I'm freed from having to remember facts, which is hard for me, and Norm is freed from having to follow an outline.”

“Norm is very laid-back, very funny,” says one former student. “He's not well-organized, but he manages to present the material by sheer energy.”

Separately or together, their teaching wins high praise from students.

“IT was the best class I've ever taken in my life—and that includes law school,” says James H. Levin '80 of Emily's “U.S. Foreign Relations in the 20th Century” class. The legal-culture course he took the next semester from Norman cemented his friendship with the two, and it is Norm that Levin credits with “push[ing] me into law school” a few years after he graduated from Macalester. He's now an associate in a three-person law firm in Saint Paul. “They've both been tremendously supportive of everything I’ve done,” Levin says.

Norman also played a role in the career of Walter F. Hatch '77, now the state-government reporter for the Seattle Times. “The whole reason I’m in journalism has a lot to do with Norm,” Hatch says. The two met in 1975, when Norman was in his first year teaching at Macalester and Hatch was a prospective transfer student who wanted to make sure Macalester would be a happier place for him than his previous college. “He was excited about what he was teaching in a way I had never seen before,” Hatch says. “It was in his blood. He and I just hit it off philosophically.”

At Norman's urging, Hatch joined the Mac Weekly as co-editor. “It was Norm's coaxing and his—his impatience that got me into journalism,” Hatch says. “He just pushed me off the edge and said, Do it.”

Jonathan L. Eisenberg '76, now a litigation attorney for the Pillsbury Company, remembers Norman for his enthusiasm and intelligence. “I like him a lot,” he says. “He really cares about the students he works with, and he's willing to take the time to talk to them. That makes a big difference.”

Emily Schlaht and Norman Rosenberg married in 1966. They had met at the University of Nebraska two years before, when Emily was an undergraduate history major and Norman was in his first and only year of law school. (“History was more fun,”
In 1967, both enrolled in graduate programs at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. Recently opened at the time, this was one of the few schools in the country that accepted Emily on an equal basis with Norman, scholastically and financially. Since Emily was a woman married to another scholar in the same field, all the other universities they applied to assumed that she was simply following her husband to graduate school. Even the people at Stony Brook, she says, were skeptical of her abilities—"supportive but skeptical."

"Everyone was under the assumption that one of us was the brain, and the other was just tagging along," Emily says. Norman agrees. "Over the years, opinions varied on who was which, but everybody always wanted to know, 'Who's the turkey?'" he says.

About the time of Emily's M.A., they agreed that the ideal teaching position for them would be a joint one. But when it actually came time to be hired, Emily says, "we couldn't convince anyone else." Institutions' rules against nepotism (now largely gone by the wayside) and what Norman calls "the turkey syndrome" conspired against them, and, in 1971, they had to settle for a full-time teaching job for Norman at Central Michigan University while Emily finished her dissertation, had their first daughter, Sarah, and eventually took a part-time teaching job at the university.

Three years later, times had changed in the academic job market. "All of a sudden," Emily remembers, "people were eager to hire women. But it was the kiss of death at interviews to say you had a husband who was a historian. All the people who interviewed you were men, and all they could think about was, 'What are we going to do with him?'

There was one exception: Macalester, which interviewed Emily for an assistant professorship. "Macalester never mentioned my marital status once during the interview," Emily says. "It was the only place that didn't."

And so, in 1974, the Rosenberg family settled in Saint Paul. While Emily taught, Norman finished writing their jointly authored textbook In Our Times, taught part-time in Hamline University's sociology department, and (mostly) took care of Sarah. Friends and neighbors found his househusband role "really weird," Emily says—"everyone except our next-door neighbors, who thought Norm was the cat's meow."

Macalester's history department proved receptive to the idea of jointly hiring the two, although neither Rosenberg can remember who first suggested the arrangement: "It evolved as a mutual understanding," Emily says. "They knew we'd be gypsying around until we found [a joint position], and everyone in the department thought it would be great if they could get both of us instead of one of us—"

"Or none of us," Norman adds.

The Rosenbergs have stayed flexible over the years, keeping up with their scholarly fields and adapting to students' needs. But some things haven't changed. Emily still holds an occasional seminar in their house, for instance, just as she did when she came here 12 years ago. And Norman still wears Western boots and plays popular music (like Bruce Springsteen's "Nebraska") in class. His interest in baseball and professional wrestling is as avid as ever—from a scholarly point of view, he insists.

"I enjoy sports, but I'm not a fanatic. I don't immerse myself in them the way I do in rock 'n' roll," he says. "Now that's important."
DAVID McCURDY

Folk Terms, Banjos, and ‘Mind-Blowing’ Papers

Macalester's first anthropologist looks back on two decades' study of his favorite subject: people.

A favorite cartoon of David W. McCurdy's, from Gary Larson's "Far Side," has the Devil showing a classical musician his eternal living quarters. With a flourish, he throws open the door: "Your room is right in here, Maestro!" Inside, McCurdy says, are "about 12 happy banjo players."

McCurdy laughs uproariously. "That's an inside joke in the music world—they just hate banjos. As Steve Martin has pointed out, the banjo is not a subtle instrument."

That McCurdy, professor of anthropology at Macalester, has a passion for that iconoclastic instrument is perhaps a sign of his approach to life. A member of the Twin Cities' musicians' union, he performs with the Mouldy Figs Jazz Band as well as several other groups, including one that plays every Sunday at a Mendota restaurant. And as the recently elected secretary-treasurer of the general-anthropology division of the American Anthropological Association, he has been known to bring his banjo along to national meetings; at the last one, he recalls with relish, his banjo-playing got him thrown out of two parties. "Okay, so I'm a little embarrassed about that," he says, a grin belying his words.

Despite his offhand irreverence for his profession, McCurdy is a highly successful anthropologist. In his 20 years at the college, he has established the Macalester anthropology department as one of the best undergraduate programs in the country. In an unusual approach, which McCurdy credits to the late anthropology professor James P. Spradley, students at Macalester hit the streets to get first-hand exposure to other cultures. At other institutions, such research is reserved for graduate students, with a thorough grounding in theory as a prerequisite. "I've had lectures from anthropologists telling me that undergraduates cannot do it," McCurdy says. "I just smile at them."

From the moment they enroll in a beginning anthropology course, Macalester students are immersed in something called ethnosemantics—not invented at Macalester, but pioneered here by Spradley. "It's a way to interview people that uses..."
language," McCurdy explains. "What you do is try to capture folk terms and find out what they mean. It's more complex than that, but it's a neat way to interview—much more powerful than anything I'd done."

The idea is to choose an "American microculture"—that is, a culture within American society, like law or waitressing or stockbroking or pan-handling—find someone knowledgeable in that culture, and interview him or her about the rules of the culture. "You look for groups of people who have their own way of doing things," explains Christine Hartelt '87, an English major who calls McCurdy's beginning-level anthropology course, which she took her freshman year, one of the best classes she's taken here. "You get hands-on experience with anthropology" in addition to textbooks and films.

Students use the resulting interviews to write detailed papers—some hundreds of pages long. "I've had some absolutely mind-blowing papers on what looks like pretty plebian stuff," McCurdy says. "One guy studied a dance instructor at Arthur Murray, and that paper ended up as an honors thesis called 'Cracking the Oaks.'"

Students catch on quickly, McCurdy says. In fact, he makes a point of promising them not only that they can do it, but "that it will change their lives." And it does.

"I can't think of anything that's affected my life more," says Donna F. Carlson '72, who went on to major in the subject after she took her first anthropology class to meet distribution requirements her freshman year. Now a senior management consultant in product planning and market development at Control Data Corp., Carlson considers anthropological thinking the key to her management style. "I use the anthropological approach to everything—it's at the foundation of how I think and analyze," she says. "The way I approached my career was that business was just another culture I needed to learn the language of.... People say, 'How can you do that?' I've had some absolutely mind-blowing papers on what looks like pretty plebian stuff," McCurdy says. "One guy studied a dance instructor at Arthur Murray, and that paper ended up as an honors thesis called 'Cracking the Oaks.'"

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McCurdy says. “We have a course in cultural life history”—Spradley’s invention—“where you write about the cultural rules in your own family when you were growing up. Eight, nine hundred pages of your own life history! It’s a personally important thing, and it’s also good anthropology. For the students who’ve gone through it, I’ve heard many of them say it was the best thing they ever did.”

Spradley died in 1982 of leukemia. “He was only 48,” McCurdy says. “It was a great blow to us.” They worked as a team for so long that now, just over four years later, McCurdy still measures himself by the standards of his longtime colleague. “He ran about 600 percent more than I can run. And he was just a superb writer. He stayed [at Macalester] even though he could have gone anywhere—he had offers from everybody.”

The ethnosemantic approach that Spradley and McCurdy pioneered is still one hallmark of the department, now grown to four full-time faculty members. A strong American slant is still there too, but McCurdy says international anthropology is making a comeback after some years out of favor with students; recent Interim programs have included anthropological expeditions to Belize and Bolivia, for instance.

But the idea that anthropological data is all around you, not just in far-off countries in South America and Africa, is central to McCurdy’s own approach.

The American approach caught on at Macalester, McCurdy says, because it captured students’ concerns in the early 1970s: “The Vietnam War pretty well depressed interest in other places,” he says. India had been McCurdy’s area of expertise—his 15½ months in a Bhil tribal village had been the basis for his Ph.D. dissertation at Cornell—but his course on India just “quit drawing” in about 1972. “Urban Anthropology,” on the other hand (a class created by Spradley and still taught today) proved quite popular.

Furthermore, since the combination of a limited number of faculty and a heavy teaching load precluded lengthy sabbaticals to exotic locales, McCurdy got into the habit of researching “alien” cultures close to home himself, using the same techniques he teaches his students. His short study on a Jehovah’s Witness (“the guy lived around the corner”) found its way into The Cultural Perspective, as did his analysis of the protest against the then-unbuilt nuclear-power plant in Monticello, Minn. A longer study on a Minneapolis stockbroking firm, which occupied McCurdy’s time for seven months in 1980, has not yet been published.

But American studies aside, McCurdy’s first anthropological love is India. It’s hard to understand why, since the primitive conditions he, Carolyn, and their baby daughter Victoria lived under in 1961–63, when he was a graduate student at Cornell, are not the stuff of conventional fond memories. In fact, it took David more than a year to recover from the amoebic dysentery he picked up there. But as he describes the village they lived in (“my village,” he calls it, laughing at the possessive), it is clear that what draws him back are the people he met there, the villagers whose supposedly alien culture he was studying.

“For the first time in 23 years, I got back two years ago for a month,” he says. “It was just wonderful. I had made a lot of friends, and most of them are still alive. I spent some time talking to them, mostly about stuff I’d been dying to know for 23 years—you know, the basic structures of life, were they still like that?” In 1963, the village had a three-grade school “with one teacher and 25 students,” and literacy was virtually nil; now the school offers eight grades, and many of its 150 students go on to high school.

McCurdy views this progress with mixed feelings. “Certainly from their perspective, if you like to live longer and eat better and have a little bit more money, there’s no question that they’re better off. Of course, my perspective—and this is just personal—is that with all this has come a worldliness, a loss of innocence. It’s what happened to all of us, too; we’re more cynical.”

McCurdy is on sabbatical leave this year, and if his visa comes through, he’ll be back in India’s Rajasthan province this month, revisiting friends and interviewing them for a follow-up study to his Ph.D. dissertation. He’s looking forward to the trip: “I’ll get back during wedding season,” he says. Will he take his banjo to India? No. “It’s too much of a hassle, and the people there don’t really understand it anyway,” McCurdy says. “[Western music] just doesn’t sound right to them.”
Faculty books take publishing by storm

by Randi Lynn Lyders '83

How did an upper-class Boston lawyer become the greatest orator of his time?

How can managers and professionals cut the cost of business meetings in half?

How has the development of libel law been shaped by forces outside the legal system?

And how, indeed, did a Caribbean island fishing village transform itself from subsistence to affluence in just ten years?

Teacher-scholars at Macalester answered these questions and many others last year as, in the words of President Robert M. Gavin, Jr., they "enter[ed] the dialogue of their disciplines through publication." Of 125 full-time faculty members, eight published new books in 1986; four of those books are highlighted here.

Underscoring elements of the Macalester tradition—including the college’s involvement in the surrounding urban area and interaction with the world at large—these professors studied such sources as Twin Cities multinational corporations, distant cultures, and previously unexamined papers for their findings.

The long-lasting relationships they began in the classroom were continued in the following teacher-student collaborations, books marked by early recognition of the scholarly and practical needs they will fill.

After 27 years as communications consultant to General Motors, IBM, SDC/Burroughs (now Unisys), Honeywell, and other firms at home and abroad—working with, he estimates, 25,000 managers and professionals—Roger K. Mosvick '52, professor of speech communication, had heard it everywhere: There were too many meetings, they were too long, and nothing was ever accomplished.

Moreover, since 1980 or so, the veteran faculty member (his three decades at Macalester include 11 years as chair of the speech communications and dramatic arts department) had noted a steady, alarming growth in the number and length of meetings at all ranks of management.

Mosvick found that managers today, trying to cope with recurring reorganization and the trend toward participative management, spend an average of nearly one-fourth of their work life in meetings (a percentage he suspects will increase). At the same time, he determined that a corresponding decrease in group productivity was responsible for major financial losses in even the most highly regarded organizations.

At this point, Mosvick contacted former advisee Robert B. Nelson '78, whose Macalester diploma had been followed by an advanced degree from the University of California at Berkeley and a career as a management trainer and author of related books. Writing a new chapter in what Nelson calls "an ongoing adviser-advisee relationship," the two collaborated on _We've Got to Start Meeting Like This!: A Guide to Successful Business Meeting Management_ (Scott, Foresman and Company, 1986). Drawing on years of interviews and surveys by Mosvick of more than 1,000 managers and professionals, the book seeks to answer two basic questions: How have meeting-managers and attitudes changed in recent years? And how can a group efficiently make high-quality decisions?

Despite the collective time invested in meetings, Mosvick and Nelson write, "meeting management may be the most undeveloped management skill among current business professionals." Finding less than 50 percent efficiency among business meetings nationwide, they report that the annual cost of such unproductive sessions in just one unnamed American high-technology corporation totals $54 million. At a time when nations are hotly contesting their relative economic position, they conclude, "few companies have even begun to take a serious look at the largest remaining item of containable costs in most organizations."

After this diagnosis, Mosvick and Nelson explain how the typical meeting works, exploring the "billiard ball effect" of information processing, and the hidden rules of interaction control—"speak early, speak frequently, speak at some length." They analyze how groups make decisions, and show how hidden variables influence a meeting. Finally, they present a plan for designing "business meetings that work." (One suggestion: "A well-designed meeting orientation speech by the chairperson cuts time in half.")

Later devoting a chapter to survey results of the most common mistakes made in meetings, the authors posit a future meeting environment of electronic conference tools.

Three years ago, when 10 students led by Anne Sutherland, associate professor of anthropology, stepped onto a Caribbean island 20 miles east of Belize, they knew their assignment. In less than one month, each was to collect field data on a particular aspect of this unfamiliar culture from the point of view of the islanders themselves.

Earlier, observing the activities of Twin Citians from antique-photograph collectors to army recruiters, the students had mastered the stuff of ethnographic research. Through painstakingly cultivated relationships, they had first disc-
Success in a Belizcan Fishing Village had been strengthened by her mother’s repeated involvement in tourism, through which she says; thus, their achievement “is not accidental” but rather a result of their efforts and maintain as many options as possible; the pattern of local control in the fishing business is now held by a native of the island, guided by a visiting professor of history.

Over the next two years, the group gradually developed contacts and confirmed their hypotheses. Their work resulted in a book, "Success in a Belizcan Fishing Village," which was important for their research into the fishing community.

In the mid-1970s, when activity was at its peak, several key figures emerged from the community. Historical circumstances combined with tolerance of individual differences and social organization have emerged from the school, the fishing co-operative—comprising egalitarian cooperatives of several key features. First, through an unusual study of the fishing co-operative's history, the group was able to understand the role of the co-operative in the community.

Second, strong nuclear family ties, combined with individual lobster fishermen negotiating directly with international market buyers, have helped create a sense of common ownership and responsibility for the island's resources.

Finally, Sutherland demonstrates, that the fishery business is now held by a native of the island, guided by a visiting professor of history.
Minneapolis

Let me get this straight," he said, his voice already flat with acceptance. "You want me to spy on them."

A few years ago Nick Miller would have bristled with disgust and shot back an immediate no. He'd worked in the Soviet Union since then—as a guide for an American exhibition—and his life had nearly fallen apart there. The KGB had arrested and charged him with murdering the Russian woman he'd been dating.

"Yes, Mr. Miller," answered Theodore Hughes. "We would."

Nick ran his hand through his light brown hair. It was a habit similar to his inability to hide what he was thinking. Now his expressive, angular face was frowning.

"We?"

The FBI. That's who they were. And Nick was now exposed enough to the realities of the political world to know that this grandfatherly-looking man with the white hair and ruddy face had a file on him that was every bit as thick as the KGB's.

So when Hughes had telephoned several days before and asked to see him, Nick knew immediately that it was in regard to his present work. To satisfy his curiosity, he'd finally agreed to meet Hughes, and now they sat in a small room on the twentieth floor of the Government Center. The room, which had two chairs, a plain desk, and no windows, belonged to no one.

Theodore Hughes clasped his hands together, set them on the desk, and leaned forward. He had a disarming smile, one that left people grinning in his wake.

"Mr. Miller," he said. "We have a very serious problem. I came from Washington specifically to talk to you."

Nick, mad at himself for coming, said, "So talk."

"Very well. But this matter is quite confidential. I have to ask that you repeat our conversation to no one."

"All right." He looked away. "We had a stringer in Moscow who was very helpful to us. His name was Volodya. He was a cryptologist at one of the ministries. A very smart young man who spoke English quite well. He approached one of our embassy personnel four months ago and delivered a complete list of American high-tech items the Soviets had stolen in the last year. Com-
Nick looked at the floor. "Actually, I'm not sure I want to hear this. I had enough of this stuff in the Soyuz." He used the slang term—Union—for the U.S.S.R.

"Please, just listen. Last month Volodya contacted us again. He spoke to the same person at the embassy and delivered another list. He said he'd also heard that plans were being made to obtain the documentation of, well...."

Hughes paused. "Let's just say something terribly advanced. Volodya also said that one of the new emigrants was an agent of the KGB. One of the Jewish emigrants coming to America this summer."

Nick looked up. "You mean here, don't you? Here, in Minneapolis? S—, so that's what all this is about."

Nodding, the older man said, "It does make sense. This is the fourth, maybe third, largest concentration of technology in the country. The East and West coasts have had their run-ins with industrial espionage—they're a bit more protective now—but Minneapolis and St. Paul are, you might say, virgin territory."

"Yeah, pure and untouched," Nick said coldly.

Hughes continued. "Volodya, however, held on to a good deal of information. He thought the KGB was on to him, and he wanted to defect. He said he'd only tell us everything after we got him out of the U.S.S.R. Unfortunately, we didn't act soon enough. We have reason to believe that Volodya was on his way to the embassy when the KGB picked him up." Hughes shrugged and added, "A woman at the embassy saw a man answering Volodya's description being pulled into a car. So either Volodya is in jail or—"

"But you don't understand," interrupted Nick, his throat dry and his mind racing. "They're my clients, my friends too. You want me to...to watch them?"

"That's right. You're the only resettlement counselor at the Jewish Family Service who speaks Russian." Mr. Hughes stroked the other side of his mustache. "Not to mention the security clearance you received for the National Security Agency."

After he returned from the Soviet Union, Nick didn't know where to go, what to do, so he applied for the only job he could find requiring Russian. It was at the NSA writing reports on political articles in Pravda. He was offered the position immediately and was due to start as soon as he received security clearance. Then he heard about the job working with Soviet Jewish immigrants in Minneapolis and accepted that instead. Anything, he figured, was better than sitting in a cubicle on an American military base reading Soviet newspapers.

Nick slowly shook his head. "I don't like what I'm hearing. You see, I'm working for them, helping them get settled, not—"

"I want to emphasize that the theft of American technology is no small problem. Without doing any of the research and at a minimal expense, the Soviet Union is literally harvesting our computers, our microchips, our lasers...." He lowered his voice and it became more gentle than ever. "You're an intelligent young man. All we're asking is that you be our local eyes."

Nick was at a loss. He was bitter about the Soviet Union—as much for the false murder charges against him as for reducing their people to the lowest common denominator and then proclaiming Utopia. But wouldn't spying on Russian immigrants here mean that he had gone full circle?

"I...I don't get what this is all about. I mean, what's at stake? Video games or...or artificial hearts or...?"

Hughes sat in silence, two fingers resting on his lips. Moments passed before he shifted in his chair.

"All right, I'll tell you, but again this is highly confidential and I must ask that you repeat this to no one."

Nick knew Hughes would have to tell him eventually. "What's going on?"

"This is confidential."

"Yeah, sure." All part of the game, Nick thought.

Hughes studied Nick's face, then said, "We have strong reason to believe the Soviet Union is after a new and extremely fast computer—the fastest ever built. It's called the GALA-1 and is to be the nervous system behind the space-weapons program. It's the first all-gallium arsenide supercomputer."

"What in the hell's gallium arsenide?"

"Silicon overheats and simply evaporates at the speed the Defense Department needs in a computer, but gallium arsenide doesn't. It's the basis for a new chip, six to eight times faster than silicon will ever be able to go."

"Wait a minute," said Nick. "I thought the space-weapons program was on hold or—"

"Everything's in negotiations with the Russians, and not even the President knows the final status. We're going ahead with the research, however, just to make sure we have the basic technology in place. You can't have a space-weapons program without something as fast as the GALA-1 to calculate missile trajectories. And six years ago the Defense Department awarded a secret contract to Thomas Lichton, head and senior designer of DataResearch. A Minneapolis company."

Wishing he were anywhere but here, Nick said, "I don't like this. This really isn't my kind of—"

Hughes reached into his pocket. "Here's my card. Just think about it overnight. Then call me. You wouldn't have to do much. We just want to know about any odd behavior by immigrants—too much money, odd work habits, and so on."

Grabbing the card, Nick saw that there was no name on it, only a seven-digit telephone number. He shook his head, slid back his chair, and started for the door.

"We need your decision as soon as possible," said Hughes. "Will you call tomorrow?"

"I suppose."

"You realize, don't you, that we'll reimburse you?"

Nick froze with his hand only inches from the doorknob. "Excuse me?"

"We'll pay you for your time."

Dragging one hand through his hair, he swung open the door. "Oh no you won't. If I do it—and I wouldn't put your rubles on it—I'm not taking any money. The last thing I want to be is a paid informant of the FBI. You can give me an apple pie, perhaps, but kapoosti—nyet." No cabbage.
Leningrad

Vera Karansky wasn't surprised when the KGB began ruining her life, because she'd been thoroughly briefed. As soon as she applied to emigrate with her son and mother, she had expected the denunciation that took place at work and at home. She arranged to have extra money, too, because she'd been told she would lose her job as a computer-systems analyst. Anticipating that she would also lose their small apartment, Vera found a room in a communal building. By the time they were forced to move, she had sold everything except what they could carry in four suitcases.

Vera, however, hadn't expected the pain to be so deeply. She thought she knew the steps as well as any actress knew her role, thought she had rehearsed the scenes enough to know how they would end. Still she was shocked when friends refused to speak to her, was appalled at the bribes the customs officials demanded. And she had by no means anticipated the humiliation and depression, even though she guessed that, too, was exactly what the KGB wanted. In the end, she repeated like a chant, it would be worth all this.

Now, three lives were reduced to a few heaps in a room without furniture. Vera sat on the floor with her six-year-old son. "Vika, why did they do this to us?"

"Mom, it's all over. We won't see you again."

"I know, dear. So much to do."

Vera gently slid her hands over her son's ears. "What's going on the plane now?"

Vera, however, hadn't expected the pain to bite so deeply. She thought she knew the steps as well as any actress knew her role, thought she had rehearsed the scenes enough to know how they would end. Still she was shocked when friends refused to speak to her, was appalled at the bribes the customs officials demanded. And she had by no means anticipated the humiliation and depression, even though she guessed that, too, was exactly what the KGB wanted. In the end, she repeated like a chant, it would be worth all this.

Now, three lives were reduced to a few heaps in a room without furniture. Vera sat on the floor with her six-year-old son's head in her lap. It was almost time. Their luggage had already been taken to customs at the airport. After so many years of waiting, they were about to leave for America. She had been told these last few hours were the most difficult. And they were.

Leaving the outskirts of Leningrad behind, Vera focused on the red sign plastered on the side of the bridge: GLORY TO THE DECISION OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY! The taxi whizzed beneath, and Vera turned around. The sign on the other side read: GLORY TO LENIN!

Let us be gone, thought Vera. Let us be out of here. There was so much ahead waiting to be done.

She wrapped her arm around Vladik, and the boy snuggled up to her. On the other side of her son, Luba sat engulfed in her winter coat with the fur collar because it could not be crammed into the one carry-on.

Breaking the silence, the taxi driver glanced in the mirror and said, "Kike faces. All three of you got 'em."

Vera gently slid her hands over her son's ears.

"That's what you are, huh? Kikes. A bunch of kikes going to America?"

Something burned in her stomach. She clutched her waist.

"Well, you're going to America, aren't you?" said the driver, a curious grin on his face. "Leaving the Motherland and going to America?"

"No." She clung to the story she was told to repeat no matter what happened. "We have family in Israel. First-degree relatives in Jerusalem. We are going there to be reunited with them and with our natural Jewish homeland: Israel."

"Ah, I ------- your mother!" The driver laughed.

She let her eyes fall shut. Focus on the pain in your stom-

ach, she told herself. That man is not KGB. He is a simple man. He has to be. And he's not interfering. He's just voicing his simple mind.

When she opened her eyes again, the taxi was pulling up to the second level of the airport terminal. The driver stopped in front of the Intourist office, the Soviet organization that oversaw foreign visitors and foreign travel.

"Mama," said six-year-old Vladik, sitting up, "are we going on the plane now?"

"We're at the airport, but we're not going on the plane for a few more hours. They had to be there four hours before the ten o'clock flight. Soon, dear. Soon." Vera kissed him on the forehead.

Luba opened the door and climbed out. Wordless, she stood on the curb in her winter coat, the warm morning sun on her back.

"You go to Baba Luba, dear, while I pay the driver."

Vladik crawled across the seat and got out, taking his grandmother's hand and huddling against her.

The taxi driver turned around and, with a sly grin, said, "Oh, silly me. I forgot to turn on the meter."

"You what?" Vera lurched forward. The meter was blank.

"I forgot to turn on the meter. But we can settle this nice and friendly," he said, as if he had planned it all along. "We don't want to cause a problem, do we? There's no need for the police. Let's see, why don't we just call it...?"

Her eyes met his as if they were in a bread store about to choose the same loaf. At once, the cab driver lowered his head and shook it.

"Ah, forget it," he said, ashamed of himself. "Just go and be happy."

"You... you mean...?"

"There's no charge." An idea came to him and he looked up. "Wait, yes there is. You can repay me by...by telling everyone in the West that we don't want war. We want peace. We are not a country of warmongering capitalists. All we want to do is live in peace." He turned around and, raising a finger, said, "But we will fight back."

"Yes, yes, I'll tell everyone."

Quickly, before the man changed his mind, Vera grabbed her purse and carry-on bag and made her way out of the taxi. What people said was true. Russia was a country that made good people better and bad people worse.

As the taxi drove off, Vera, her son, and her mother headed into the terminal. Bowing her head for an instant, Vera wondered how Jews prayed.

Minneapolis

Anatoly, you're full of s-------."

Nick was good at his job because he didn't put up with any of the Russians' games. Anatoly Volshevetz, one of the most successful immigrants, was refusing to offer any financial assistance to his mother and sister.

"Nick, please," said Anatoly, in the front hall of his house. He was a sturdy man of thirty-five with a big face made that much larger by a receding hairline. "Why do you get so upset like this? There's no need."

It was almost 10 p.m., and for over an hour they had been seated at the dinette table in Anatoly's New Hope
split-level home. They had been arguing about who was going to pay for Luba and Vera's apartment, food, and medical needs for the first four months. When Anatoly conceded that he would buy them a color television and nothing more, Nick got up to leave.

"What do you think—the Jewish Family Service is made out of money? Why can't you believe that it's donated money and there's just not that much?" Nick never hid his feelings from a Russian, mostly because they never hid theirs from him. "You know, you Russians are a real pain in the ass. You don't know anything about putting back into the pot. You only know how to take."

"But I told you, Nick," said Anatoly, gesturing almost frantically, "I just started a new job. What's going to happen if I lose it? How will I pay for my house? Believe me, I'll help them as soon as I can."

Of all the immigrants, Nick found Anatoly one of the most difficult. He and his bleached-blond wife, Larissa, had arrived two years ago with only three suitcases and a scant knowledge of English. Since then, they had passed completely through and then way beyond what Nick called the "rites of immigration": elation, designer jeans, driver's licenses, a big, old Oldsmobile that broke down, depression, a minor auto accident, no American friends, unemployment, disdain for the lack of culture in America, nostalgia for Mother Russia, a $30,000-per-year job, a house in a treeless suburb.

But it was hopeless. Nick knew that tonight there wasn't any more ground to gain than a color television.

"Listen, your mother and sister are going to be here in a little less than a month. And if you don't help them—with money or English lessons or whatever—then we're not going to either. Clear?"

"Don't worry. English and money isn't going to be a problem for them," he said with confidence. "My sister speaks English very nicely, and my mother does okay. And they'll be working in no time. Vera knows computers like no one else, and Mama was the best chemical engineer in Leningrad."

"Oh, brother," muttered Nick. He turned away and leaned down the half-flight of stairs to the family room. In the far corner, Larissa sat glued to the large-screen TV.

"Good night."

"Bye, Nick," she called without turning around.

He opened the door and glanced out into the dark evening. His rusted-out Nova was parked behind their two shiny cars.

"You know, you should just sell some of this crap."

"Good night, Nick," said Anatoly, stifling a yawn as he checked his new prize, a Rolex watch. "Time for bed."

Nick nodded and stepped out. As he walked to his car, he guessed that their problem was that they had charged every cent they possibly could, yet were barely able to pay the interest alone on their debts.

He considered mentioning Anatoly, along with his computer background and his spending habits, to the FBI. It would be Nick's first report since he had met with Hughes a month ago.

The idea, however, quickly left him. Anatoly's mother and sister were to arrive in a few weeks, and they deserved a clean start. Educated and with marketable professions, Vera and Luba were probably as ambitious and motivated as every other Russian immigrant. If Nick reported Anatoly to the FBI, they might also put the two women under surveillance and jeopardize their opportunities. Besides, Nick

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**Literary tradition flourishes in alumni writers**

**by Kristi Wheeler '69**

Macalester authors have reason to celebrate! Their productions and publications have appeared in theaters, on television, and in bookstores throughout the country.


It has been a decade of literary accomplishment by alumni authors. To name only a few, Freya Manfred '66 was included in *Modern American Women Poets* in 1984, the same year Chamberlain's play *Scheherazade* won a CBS New Play Award; "Harmony of the World" by Charles Baxter '69 was selected for *Best American Short Stories of 1982*; and *Harmony of the World* by Charles Baxter '69 was selected for *Best American Short Stories of 1982*; and *Tim O'Brien '68* won the 1979 National Book Award for his novel *Going After Cacciato*.

Last June, during Alumni Weekend, Macalester authors gathered in Weyerhaeuser Chapel to commemorate the college's Centennial with an evening of readings and fellowship—not all Macalester's literary graduates by any means, but a representative sampling. Among the 30 authors who attended the event were writers of fiction, nonfiction, and films; poets; playwrights; and a critic. Readers included Baldwin, Chamberlain, Manfred, Zimmerman, Brian Cronwall '72, Pj Doyle '68 (whom classmates may remember as Paula Jean Coburn), Sara Hunter '59, Wendy Knox '73, Roy McBride '71, Nancy Rotenberry '54, Bradley Steffens '74, Burke Strickland '69, Zilla Way '50, and Kristi Wheeler '69.

Their writing reflects the social concern for which Macalester men and women have always been known. Issues of war and peace, overabundance and poverty, appear in their work, along with interest in the rights of minorities and the survival of the family. McBride, founder of the Minneapolis-based Poetry for the People...
The Red Encounter

was certain a seasoned Soviet agent wouldn't be as obvious with his money as was Anatoly.

Then abruptly he saw their front lights go out. The next moment, in the glow from the neighboring houses, Nick saw a large black car, its headlights off, move up the street. It glided to a silent halt in front of Anatoly's. Almost instantaneously, a figure emerged from the side of the house. Even in the dark, Nick could recognize Anatoly.

A security light posed on the side of the church cast a faint glow, and Nick could clearly make out the figure of Anatoly and, on the hood of the car, a fat envelope. The driver of the car that had picked him up remained behind the steering wheel. Facing Anatoly, as if in confrontation, were two other men. Sovs. They had to be by the looks of their tight clothes and protruding bellies. Russian fat just looked different from American. It was all that lard they had eaten. Nick could identify a Sov body anywhere.

Voices in Russian rose in the night air. Typical. Even if they were doing something illegal, they were arguing. No, haggling. Anatoly reached for the envelope, but one of the other men, the shorter one, snatched it back. His partner nodded in agreement. Then in disgust the short one threw the envelope at Anatoly, who seized it and began counting its contents.

Nick sighed and peered back to the lot. Anatoly was throwing the envelope into the bushes; the other men were getting into their vehicle. Without further exchange, the two cars started and pulled out. Nick slipped around the tree as first one, then the other reached the main road and sped away.

Nick stepped into the deep grass, certain that whatever was being exchanged—dope, icons, hot stereos, or computer specifications—was the key to Anatoly's Saab, Prelude, and split-level home. Visa and Master Charge could not do it all. Nick knew it now. Anatoly was making bucks on the side.

The envelope was torn, crumpled, and empty. He lifted it out of the leaves and flattened the paper over his knee. The back of it was plain, unmarked, offering not a clue. Then he turned it over.

There, in the upper left corner and printed in slick horizontal bands of ink, was the return address: DataResearch.

R.D. Zimmerman '75 ("I was known as 'Bob' at Macalester, but now everyone calls me 'R.D.,'" he says) attended Macalester for two years, earning his degree in Russian language from Michigan State University in 1976. Although he wasn't aware at the time that he was conducting literary research, he has visited the USSR twice: in the summer of 1976, when he studied Russian at Leningrad State University, and for eight months in 1978, when he traveled with an agricultural exhibition as a guide and interpreter for the U.S. Information Agency. Since then, he has published two Russian-related thrillers: The Cross and the Sickle (Zebra Books, 1984), and The Red Encounter, just published by Avon Books.

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reading ensemble, recently had his work published in The Butterfly Tree (New Rivers Press, 1986), an anthology of black poetry.

Baldwin's work-in-progress, What Has Become, is a memoir of the Vietnam era—a war in which her brother was a soldier, she a resister.

Manfred is both personal and universal in "Family Falling Apart," which was included in American Roads (Overlook/Viking, 1980).

In the early years of Macalester, Doyle said in her introductory speech at Macalester, student writers had had high ideals but a low budget. Literary magazines were published only once or twice a year, cost 10 cents a copy, and often were discontinued after only a few issues. She read the dedication to the April 1917 Gateway, the college's first literary magazine:

_There is no one in all the world so poor but that on some subject at least is a poet.... In every one of us is that longing for self-expression, the longing to show the world the best of which we are capable, so that all the world will see and understand us as we really are, or rather, perhaps, as we believe ourselves to be._

She also read from The Chanter, which appeared in November 1957 as Macalester's first literary quarterly. In it, then-president Charles Turck wrote, "Imaginative writers are nearly always critical of the economy which produces them. If they were satisfied with their society, they would not bother to write. Consequently, we should expect more jeremiads than eulogies in The Chanter."

Throughout the evening, the authors remembered the English professors who had inspired them as students: Glenn Clark, who taught from 1912 to 1942; Earl Ward, who taught 1926-62; Ray Livingston, who taught 1956-67; C.W. Truesdale, who taught 1962-67; and present-day professors Roger Blakely, Alvin Greenberg, Susan Allen Toth, and Robert Warde.

In Macalester's first 100 years, its authors have given, in the words of The Gateway, the best that they could give. In this spirit, they plan to meet in the chapel every Alumni Weekend.

In the meantime, we can look forward to the public appearance of these alumni works-in-progress: Baldwin's memoir What Has Become; Chamberlain's play Angels; Baxter's novel Broken Symmetry; Huebner's new mystery The Black Rose; Manfred's poetry collection Highfield; Peace Child, a book of poetry by Deborah Bowman Keenan '72; and The Rock Princess, a novel by Arthur ("Buff") Bradley '66.

Kristi Wheeler, who writes historical films and fiction, was chair of the Centennial reunion readings.
Alumni club events range from Seattle cruise to British 'walkabout'

Macalester alumni seem to enjoy meeting and working together wherever they find themselves, and the past six months have been no exception! Recent alumni-club gatherings have included the following:

- **Chicago** alumni and parents celebrated the end of summer at Ravinia Theater for the Performing Arts. Hostess Magda Krance '76 arranged a gourmet picnic and a starry night as background for the superb music of Pinchas Zukerman and the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra.

- Across the ocean in **England**, the U.K. alumni club met for dinner at Saint Catherine's College, Cambridge, in September. Activities the next day included a "walkabout" with John K. Rose '50.

- Alumni from around the country returned to **Macalester** on Oct. 18 for a best-ever Homecoming tailgate and football weekend. Beautiful fall weather, a terrific football team, an alumni reception hosted by President Robert M. Gavin, Jr., and lively football-reunion dinners made it a very special weekend.

- Alumni director Karen McConkey and director of capital giving Gordon Olson cruised Lakes Washington and Union with **Seattle** alumni. Ruth Halford '72, who organized this fun event, located several "missing" local alums who are now happily back in the Macalester family.

- In early November, the **Tucson** club gathered at the home of Joyce Crooks Dimond '51 and John Dimond to explore "Close Encounters of an Interspecies Kind." William L. Roberts '49 and his wife, Ann, provided the program, which aimed to expand the boundaries of intimacy.

- The **New York** Macalester club hosted Gavin, vice president for development Catherine Day, and McConkey at a fall cocktail party. Michael Corby '77 planned this gala event, which was held at the home of Susan Thomas '75 and Robert Winborne.

- The association's active alumni board, comprising 38 committed alumni of many ages and classes, enjoyed an early-November dinner meeting at Macalester's Alumni House. Under the energetic leadership of Christina Baldwin '68, board committees are revising the association bylaws, planning a midwinter seminar series on career change, working on a stronger alumni-club network, and looking for help on the June 11-14 Reunion weekend.

- Deb Haggerty '69, an alumna from **Randolph**, N.J., is surveying Macalester people in the Morristown, Mount Freedom, and Princeton areas to start a New Jersey club. If you live in the area, write Deb at 34 Ash Lane, Randolph, NJ 07869.

- Hermine De Boer Makman '58 of the **Boston** alumni advisory council gave a fall dinner to introduce Deb Fish '72, director of development, to council members. Boston members are planning an innovative videotape project to show the difference that Macalester has made in the lives and values of its graduates.

- In **San Francisco**, Mark Linder '69 gathered Macalester alumni to hear Gavin tell what's new at the college.

- **Twin Cities** alumni club members enjoyed lunches with speaker Christina Baldwin '68 at the Minneapolis Athletic Club and the Saint Paul Athletic Club. Baldwin, author of *One to One: Self-Understanding through Journal Writing*, has helped many people use journals for personal introspection and insight.

- Members of the **Macalester** student alumni association "thawed out" in a variety of fun activities to beat the January blues.

**Students available for summer employment**

If your firm hires summer employees, or if you hear of a good summer job, why not share the information with a current Macalester student? You can do so through the Macalester career-development center, 612/696-6384. Students have many talents to offer employers, and they depend on their summer earnings to help cover college expenses.
Macalester's Alumni Association sponsors programs designed to serve alumni, and to help alumni serve the college in such areas as student recruitment, career networking, and fund-raising. The association's board is exploring ways to better represent and serve alumni across the country; recommendations are expected soon. Current board members:


Mark your calendar!

Alumni and parents who live in these areas will receive invitations to these events by mail. Please mark your calendars and plan to attend!

**Boston, Mass./Feb. 6–8**
Winter alumni weekend.

**Tucson, Ariz./March 9**
Alumni club reception for President and Mrs. Gavin.

**Phoenix, Ariz./March 10**
Alumni event for President and Mrs. Gavin.

**Washington, D.C./April 6**
Alumni club faculty evening.

**Saint Paul, Minn./June 11–14**
Reunion weekend: “Macalester Around the World.”

### Career workshops slated through May

Are you are “between jobs”? Thinking about a new career? Wondering how to make your current job more rewarding? Come to Macalester for “Renewal in Work,” a five-part series held in the coming months on the Macalester campus. Individual sessions are $6; for reservations, call the alumni office at 612/696-6295.

**“Getting Started”**  
Feb. 21, 9 a.m. — noon  
Nancy Tellett-Royce, Macalester’s career development specialist, offers a practical workshop on goal-setting, resumes, interviews, and the job market.

**“Risk Taking in Work”**  
March 26, 7–9 p.m.  
Author and organization-development consultant John Cowan explores how to design your own job or get promoted—without so-called “credentials.”

**“Fine Tuning a Career Change”**  
April 18, 9 a.m. — noon  
Tellett-Royce’s workshop keeps your career-change momentum in high gear.

**“Negotiating Strategies”**  
May 14, 7–9 p.m.  
Joni Marie Kelly Bennett ’78, an attorney who is executive director of the Minnesota Justice Foundation, leads a panel of Macalester alumni in a discussion of personal and professional issues.
Sports-medicine pioneer is doctor to the stars

by Terry Andrews

By the age of nine, John William Perry '41 knew that he wanted to be a doctor. He was also, in his own words, nuts about sports, all sports.

So it was that Dr. John Perry pioneered a relatively new and uncharted field—sports medicine.

Perry, now 67, grew up in Saint Paul not far from Macalester, where he enrolled in 1937. He settled on Macalester, he remembers, because of O.T. Walter, professor and chair until 1963 of what is now the biology department. "He was the number-one zoology professor in Minnesota then," Perry says. "More of his students got into medical school than any other professor's."

On top of that, Perry had a full-tuition scholarship for his freshman year. How much was tuition then? "Thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents a semester," he says. "But that was a lot of money then."

Perry was a doer and joiner even in college. At Macalester he was president of the junior class, and he helped take the hockey team to its 1938-39 conference co-championship (with Saint Olaf College). "I got involved socially, like I always do," Perry says. "I'm a person who believes in becoming involved in school and community and charitable affairs."

That statement is perhaps the key to understanding Perry, who has gone on to become involved in a wide variety of activities. He helped found the California Special Olympics and is the medical director of the organization. He was the chief medical officer for swimming, diving, and synchronized swimming for the 1984 Olympic Games. He has been tournament physician for the L.A. Open golf tournament since 1975. And for 17 years he was the physician for the NFL Pro Bowl game in Los Angeles.

Perry settled in Los Angeles in 1949 after getting his medical degree. That fall, he became the West Coast team physician for the Washington Redskins, who then trained in California. "In the late '30s and early '40s, sports medicine was nothing like we know it today," Perry recalls. "Once in a while a coach would get a doctor in to advise the players, but not till the late '40s did the field begin to take shape."

As the Redskins' team physician, Perry began to institute procedures that have since become standard: physical exams for the players when they arrived for spring training, medical evaluations of their condition, and medical histories. For the next 13 years, until the Redskins stopped training in California, Perry saw to their ups and downs and tears and breaks. He also began to travel with them for their exhibition games. "That was a very exciting part, to be the first team physician in the country to travel with the NFL," he says.

In 1964, two years after his affiliation with the Redskins ended, Perry became the team physician for the Los Angeles Rams, a position he held for the next four years.

The field of sports medicine has changed enormously since Perry's introduction to it. "There's a fantastic amount of knowledge we have now of muscle physiology, and how tendons and joints become injured, and the healing process. When I started, football was a five-month sport and there was pre-season conditioning. Now it's a seven-month sport and the players stay in condition year-round. So it's a full-time job."

Advances in medicine have affected the treatment of sports injuries. "You can now look inside a joint with a scope and repair it with surgery and get the player back in a few weeks. Years ago, he might have been out for the whole season, locked in a cast."

His current Hollywood practice is devoted to both internal medicine and sports medicine. Perry, who has been on the staff of Hollywood Presbyterian Medical Center since 1950, treats players from area college teams, professional athletes and former pros, and spectators—those of us injured in our own backyards. He has tended football standouts like Sammy Baugh, Deacon Jones, and Rosie Grier. (In his glory days, Perry says, the team required Grier to be down to 285 pounds every Thursday. "Often he'd be 315," Perry recalls. "I had to work with him to get his weight down. He'd be fined $100 for every pound he was over.")

He has also treated stars of television and the silver screen, like James Arness, Stephanie Powers, Dorothy Lamour and William Powell. Richard Pryor, a recent patient, asked Perry for the name of his favorite charity, then sent him a $5,000 check made out to the California Special Olympics.

If all that isn't enough, he is in the process of writing two medical books (on sports medicine and emergency medicine) as well as a book about his 22 years in the NFL. "I may have to cut my practice down so I can write," he says. "I have so many things to say, but I'm still working full-time."

He loves golf and deep-sea fishing, and working around the house on "carpentry and mechanical things," he says. "It's a great change from medicine." And he's an inveterate collector. Memorabilia related to his career fill both of his homes—he has one in Hollywood and one in Huntington Beach. "I have 50 or 60 autographed footballs and more plaques than you can believe, and pins from the Super Bowls." (In 20 years he's never missed a Super Bowl, and at press time he was making plans for his 21st.)

One memento is the trophy the Macalester hockey team received in 1939. Another is the "M"-embazoned sweater he keeps to this day.

"I owe an awful lot to Macalester," he says. "It was really the start of my career."
A western writer with a difference

by Christine Hartelt '87

Feliz Guthrie '68, a writer, artist, and teacher, has put the things she loves most in her first published book. The Last Californian (Quintessence Publications, 1987), a western about prejudice against Hispanics, combines her lifelong interests in the Southwest, creative writing, history, art, and the outdoors.

In The Last Californian, Guthrie uses the aftermath of a 19th-century store robbery to explain why so few Hispanics live in her northern-California county today. According to Guthrie, "after two decades of idyllic living" prior to the Gold Rush, the Spaniards—a people with "their own culture, their own way of doing things,"—were surrounded by people who did not speak their language and took over their land." The Spaniards saw the Anglos as invaders, while the Anglos considered all Hispanics, including the California aristocracy, "greasers."

Thus in 1855, when twelve Mexican bandits killed six or seven people after robbing a store in Rancheria, Calif., an atmosphere of volatile prejudice prompted widespread retaliation by Americans against Hispanics, even those unconnected with the so-called "Rancheria Massacre." Some were murdered, others driven off their gold claims and even out of the Mother Lode, the gold-rich foothills of the Sierra Nevadas. This incident forms the core of Guthrie's book.

While not personally a victim of the prejudice she describes—she is not Hispanic—Guthrie has seen prejudice as a Spanish teacher in a California high school. She teaches in the predominately white Amador City (pop. 210).

"In a community where there are not many Hispanics, it's difficult to make inroads [against prejudice]," Guthrie says, but she tries to fight the ethnocentric attitudes she finds in her students. "When I came to California, I had the shock of my life. I thought I'd come to the Spanish Nirvana; instead, I discovered things Spanish were second-class." She was appalled to find that her students didn't know that "Sacramento" means "sacrament" in Spanish, and that San Francisco is named after Saint Francis.

Of English, Irish, and Scottish descent, Guthrie was born in Iowa City, Iowa, and grew up in Winona, Minn. She has loved the Old West since she was a child. When she was about 10, she remembers, her family piled all their camping gear on top of their old Mercury and traveled through the Badlands and the Black Hills to California, Arizona, New Mexico and Utah. And since, as she says, "you can't love the Old West without loving things Spanish," her interest in the Old West naturally led her to major in Spanish at Macalester.

Although she took art classes at Macalester, Guthrie says she learned to draw "from the comics." Her unconventionally bright primary colors are reminiscent of Mexican bark paintings. She illustrated The Last Californian with pencil sketches and created the oil painting on the dust jacket. In the painting's background stands the National Hotel, still a working hotel in Amador City; she notes that its proprietors sell postcard reproductions of the dust jacket.

Like her love of the Old West, Guthrie's passion for writing developed when she was a child. At age five she wrote her first book. "I dedicated it to my father," she remembers. "He wrote it down and I illustrated it." She was especially prolific from age nine to twelve, and sometimes wrote stories with her older brother, Bruce. She says she has retained her childhood creativity "because I'm a loner," and she writes mostly to entertain herself.

Guthrie lives a quiet life on 18 acres with her dog, four cats, and two horses. She says she is uncomfortable in big groups "unless I'm in a group with a function—like teaching." She doesn't coach student activities, and she's not a spectator at sports events or plays. But she welcomes students who come to talk to her. "I have good relationships with students at school," she says. "How they feel is important to me." Guthrie believes such one-on-one conferences allow greater depth. "When people are in groups, conversation gets less and less interesting," she says—"it tends to stay on the surface."

Because she doesn't care for groups, Guthrie says, she wasn't a part of the '60s protests, even though they were a prime characteristic of Macalester life at the time. She describes herself as a liberal, but she "didn't find original thinking" among masses of protesters. "My kind of rebellion has never been to join a group of rebels."

Scotland is the setting of Guthrie's four previous books, all unpublished. Castles on Scotland's west coast form the setting for two of them. One of these, a historical novel in blank verse "about the man who would have been king in 1306," she considers a personal masterpiece.

Although Guthrie tried to get The Last Californian published by a well-known publisher, it fits her personality that she's using a local company, Quintessence Publications of Amador City. With a big company, she says, a writer has no control over the book's title, editing, illustrations, promotion, or even the blurbs inside the jacket. With Quintessence, editing was minimal.

Guthrie will go on writing, she says, because "writing is as necessary as eating and breathing." Her next book, set primarily in the city of Saint Paul during the War of 1812, centers on Robert Dickson, a Scottish fur trader and Indian interpreter who married a member of the Dakota Sioux tribe. Like The Last Californian, it is based on historical fact; in the 1920s, the descendants of the couple's seven children were still living on a reservation in South Dakota. This story, like the Rancheria Massacre, she says, is "another one of those things people haven't heard about and ought to."
Smoking advocate thrives on controversy

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by Peter S. Canellos

When he carries the pro-tobacco flag into battle on television or the speaker's platform, Scott E. Stapf '80 — the leading national spokesman for the tobacco industry — does not smoke. But back in his office, he often lights up as he settles down to the day's paperwork.

The paperwork at hand was a report to the Tobacco Institute's member companies about his recent activities. And on a recent day in August, Stapf had plenty of good news to relay. He had just pulled off a major public-relations coup.

For Stapf and his employers, 1986 hasn't been exactly the best of times. There's been a proposed ban on cigarette advertising, controversy over allegedly misleading commercials by tobacco companies, proposed bans on smoking in federal and many private offices, and a rash of lawsuits by lung-cancer victims against cigarette manufacturers. Now, this morning, the National Academy of Sciences (NAS) was releasing a report recommending a ban on cigarette smoking on domestic airliners. But Stapf had beaten the academy to the punch.

Six days earlier, he had obtained a leaked copy of the NAS report, and that had allowed him to go on the offensive. For almost a week, Stapf had memorized his arguments and honed his phrasing for maximum quotability. Smokers were already on "the back of the bus" in airplanes; "the NAS panel report admits that they did not do any in-air testing to confirm their suspicions that tobacco smoke is a problem in airline cabins"; according to a study by the tobacco industry, "you'd have to do eight round trips from New York to Tokyo to be exposed to the nicotine equivalent of one cigarette," and, according to a tobacco-industry survey, 82 percent of the flying public is satisfied with the current smoking-nonsmoking system.

He had unveiled these arguments (all of which are disputed by smoking opponents) at a press conference the day before NAS had scheduled one of its own. By revealing news of the proposed ban on airliner smoking, Stapf had gotten big play in newspapers across the country. Moreover, reporters, lacking copies of the NAS report, had drawn largely on the information he provided.

On the day of the NAS press conference, he had already been on "Good Morning America" and "The CBS Morning News" before heading off to the NAS press conference to keep pressing his side of the dispute; and in the evening he would appear on "The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour" and "Larry King Live."

At 28, Stapf is something of a PR prodigy, a newcomer to the profession with the shrewd instincts and almost inhuman self-control of a natural.

Beneath the smooth surface, Stapf has many of the common attributes of a Washington whiz kid: boundless energy, a love for his job, and a barely concealed pride that his smarts could bring such rewards in such a short time in so grand a theater.

Sitting in his large, plush office ("almost as big as my apartment"), a copy of Tom Goldstein's The News at Any Cost: How Journalists Compromise Their Ethics to Shape the News on his coffee table, Stapf traces his skill to his own days as a state government reporter for the Bismarck (N.D.) Tribune. "I never took a course in PR," he said. "What I've learned is what I've learned from reporting: what reporters want, what they need, what's good enough for them and what isn't, deadlines...."

"I liked being a reporter," he added. "Most of my friends are reporters. In a way, my career has gone from looking for good sources to being a good source."

At the Tribune, Stapf is remembered as an astute reporter who knew his way around state government. "He was extremely bright and mature beyond his years," said the paper's assistant editor, Larry Johnson. "I knew he'd do well, and I guess I was right."

His PR training actually began well before he got his first newspaper job. Stapf spent many of his high school and college years practicing speech and debate.

At Macalester, he worked as a stringer for the Winona Daily News, and he began writing full time immediately after graduation. But he left journalism when his wife, Laurie L. Boeder '79, got a job as press secretary to Sen. Quentin Burdick, D-N.D., and the couple moved to Washington. After "combing the want ads" for several months, he landed an entry-level position at the PR-consulting firm of Rosapepe, Powers and Spanos.

He was hired as one of four roving spokesmen for the Tobacco Institute about a year ago, and was so effective that he became director of media relations in May. He describes his political views as middle-of-the-road "with a bit of a libertarian streak." And indeed, it's the libertarian in him that seems to speak most eloquently when Stapf approaches a microphone.

He rarely misses a chance to compare the current assault on smoking with Prohibition, and he has a Tobacco Institute researcher combing the National Archives for old footage of prudish, Bible-thumping Prohibitionists.

"These types of people have always raked me — the moralists, the preachers, the bluenoses," Stapf said. "I'm not saying they aren't sincere, but it's the way they operate that I find very objectionable, the idea that they don't like something, so it should be a point of law, that no one else should be able to do something they object to."

As for his own beliefs about smoking, Stapf insists that he personally agrees with everything he's ever said on behalf of the Tobacco Institute. He acknowledges that studies show higher-than-normal incidences of certain diseases among smokers, but he maintains that there is no evidence to show that smoking actually causes disease.

He denies, however, that his comments either persuade people to start smoking or discourage them from quitting. "I frankly am not convinced that what I say to express the industry position causes people to click off their TVs and run out and buy cigarettes," he said, setting up the debater's straw man. "As a legal industry, we have every right in the world to respond to criticism."

"I feel like I'm accomplishing something here," he said. "It's a really challenging job under what are on a day-to-day basis very trying circumstances. I really thrive on it, the energy I run into every day. There is clash and there is controversy and there is energy."
Music and muscles occupy gifted conductor

by Suzanne Paul '86

Gary D. Hines '74 delights in short-circuiting stereotypes. A composer in his mid-30s who directs an award-winning, nationally known choir, Hines has the powerful physique of a competition bodybuilder—he is a former Mr. Minnesota. He is soft-spoken and articulate, well accustomed to interviewing and being interviewed. In addition to directing the Sounds of Blackness, a 35-voice ensemble based in the Twin Cities, he works full-time for the Minnesota Department of Human Rights.

Hines' diverse daily schedule starts at his home in Minneapolis. “A typical day finds me at the office from 8 to 4:30, working out until 6:30, and rehearsing from 7 to 9:30 in the evening,” he says. “It doesn't give me the freedom to just decide to go out for dinner and a movie.” Hines says the pace has taken its toll on his response to precious free time: “I forget how to relax—this craziness is so routinized that now it’s normal.”

To diminish the feeling of schizophrenia, Hines has found common ground between his musical activity and bodybuilding: “They’re complementary in that they are sensuous—of the senses,” he says. “They’re what I call the iron and the ivory; I’m sure that lifting has helped my wrist and finger strength at the piano. Both music and weights address physical, mental and spiritual aspects of myself. And, like my work in the department, while they’re exhausting, they’re also invigorating.”

Hines can’t recall a time when he wasn’t immersed in a combination of “something musical, something muscle”; he played drums as a boy in Yonkers, New York, was active in football and track, and participated in student government throughout his school days.

Both the founding of the Sounds of Blackness and Hines’ arrival at Macalester had their origins in Macalester’s Equal Educational Opportunity (EEO) program. Begun in 1969, the program recruited talented inner-city minority high-school graduates. One of these was Hines. The influx of more than 200 gifted blacks through the early 1970s created an ideal environment for extracurricular black-oriented activities, including a drama group, a dance troupe, and a choir. The Macalester College Black Choir performed primarily gospel music—and it was good.

“Something musical, something muscle”: Gary Hines '74 at a recent rehearsal of his vocal group, Sounds of Blackness.

It generated such a professional reputation, in fact, that it drew black singers, the best in the area, from other local colleges in 1972.

When Hines entered Macalester, the high percentage of blacks at the college proved very important to him. Hines was a sociology major (“the all-inclusive science”), but he was most inspired by a black professor of history, Mahmoud El-Kati, who is still on the Macalester faculty. “He was one of the mentors for developing a frame of reference,” Hines recalls. “He gave the music a context, a historical and political perspective. There’s been a lot of imitation, replication, and noise going on in today’s music based on what had been black expression: a lot of people don’t realize where those roots are.”

Hines and the Macalester College Black Choir graduated from the college at about the same time. Reincreated as the Sounds of Blackness, the choir retains a core of about 12 original members and has had nonprofit status since 1975. The group’s repertoire has matured as well, and embraces a much broader range of musical genres: jazz, blues, rhythm and blues, and a Hines-arranged medley tribute to the Motown phenomenon of the 1960s. In 1979, the choir won the Woolco-sponsored College Choral Competition in Atlanta.

Describing the rewards of working with the choir, Hines says, “There’s that high that music brings, but parallel to that is a dedication to promoting the full extent and richness of black American music.” That dedication has produced an all-black musical version of “'Twas the Night Before Christmas,” composed by Hines and performed every December at Minneapolis’s Guthrie Theater.

Upon leaving Macalester, Hines acted briefly as community liaison for the University of Minnesota’s Afro-American studies program before joining the state department of human rights in 1976. He took on the job as a discrimination-claims investigator because of a “commitment to civil rights. That sounds noble, but it happened to be true. I’m a native New Yorker, and I grew up in a community whose orientation was toward the march on Washington.”

Now Hines works toward conciliation between parties once a discrimination claim has been upheld. “Contrary to popular belief,” Hines explains, “this is an impartial, investigatory department, not an advocacy agency. So most of my work is legal research, more objective than what most people imagine. Also, the majority of complaints are made by Caucasians who feel they’ve been discriminated against on the basis of sex, age, or disability. It’s not just racial minorities who request our services. After all, everyone has a protected class: an age, a gender.”

Hines’ schedule is made more complicated by daily workouts and his participation in amateur bodybuilding competitions. He was Mr. Minnesota in 1982, and he took time off from the department last September to train for the Mr. America competition in Dallas, in which he took sixth place. The Mr. Universe title is on Hines’ agenda of things he’d like to accomplish.

Also on that list is getting black entertainers and promoters like Redd Foxx and Bill Cosby interested in sponsoring a television appearance for “'Twas the Night.” And although he has seen much of the continental U.S. on tour with the “Sounds of Blackness,” travel is one activity that Hines says he hasn’t pursued as thoroughly as he would like.

Hines laughs at this: “It sounds as if I’m really after a vacation.”
WHEN IS A YEAR NOT A YEAR?

When it's 1986-87 annual fund time for Macalester College.

We have only three more months to meet this year's annual fund goal! Overall, we have three months less than last year.

Why?

Until now, the college's fund year and its fiscal year have begun and ended on different dates. To be more efficient, we're bringing the two together. As a result this year's fund year is only nine months. The new annual fund deadline, this year and future years: May 31.

We count on your annual support to help sustain the college's excellent teaching programs, facilities, equipment, and services. Every year, your support makes a difference...you provide that margin of excellence that marks a Macalester education.

So please remember that during 1986-87, you have less time than usual to make your annual gift to Macalester. This year, our year is just nine months long.
Enjoy an international weekend—at Macalester!

Join former classmates and faculty members June 11–14 for an Alumni Weekend with an international focus—"Macalester Around the World."

Special features: short courses on international topics, international program for children, special programming for non-reunion-year alumni, and much more.

Plan now to attend; watch for brochure in April. For information: 612/696-6295.

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