Occasionally alumnis send class notes containing photos we wish to feature prominently. Here are two examples, taken by Marvi Lacar ’98 and Tom Taylor ’75. Marvi sojourned several months in Kenya working on a number of photo documentary projects. She spent several days with infant orphaned elephants and snapped a picture of two. Tom and his wife, Linda (Temple) Taylor ’75, M.D., took a trip to the Himalayan kingdom of Bhutan where Tom (whose photographic work previously has been featured in LuxEsto) took many pictures of the landscape and the people. Class notes on Marvi and Tom and Linda appear in this issue.

World (and world-class) Photographs

© Robert Kopecky

1972 Graduate Bob Kopecky’s glimpse of Africa then, and glimpse of the glimpse now.
When he was a junior at Kalamazoo College, Clinton David ’77 (left) studied in Aix-en-Provence, France, during the 1975-76 fall and winter quarters. He lived with a wonderful family headed by his “French Mother,” Marie-Jeanne (Miam) Parmentier (center), who “helped make my experience in Aix the wonderful time that it was.” In 1992 Clinton and his wife, Suzanne, visited Miam, and they have corresponded regularly ever since.

Fast forward to the present, when Clinton’s daughter, Drew (right), a junior and French minor at Vanderbilt University, decides to study abroad at Vandy’s one and only foreign study location: Aix-en-Provence! A coincidence, Clinton thought, demanding bold action. During Drew’s study abroad, Clinton and his wife rented a home for several weeks in Cotignac, a gorgeous little village about 45 minutes from Aix. “We explored the countryside and had the time of our lives. Each weekend we would stay in Aix to visit Drew and, of course, Miam. Drew and Miam had enjoyed several lunches together prior to our arrival and had become wonderful friends. During Thanksgiving week, Miam invited our family over for a wonderful lunch, with plenty of Cote de Provence wine. I had brushed up on my French for about two months prior to arrival and was able to carry on discussions with Miam, just like we did 31 years ago. I thank Kalamazoo College for my foreign study experience—one I’ll never forget—which continues to pay off to this very day. I could relate to the experience my daughter was gaining by living in the French culture and the impact it was having on her life.”
“How Much Did the Old Sow Weigh?”

Wondering about the weight of a pig can be a way to “run home,” if only “for an hour or two.” And it may have been such a portal for Kalamazoo College student Nathan Church, alone in his dorm room on a winter’s Saturday evening, writing a letter (see sidebar on next page) to his family. The year was 1858.

One hundred years later, in 1958, Marlene Crandall Francis graduated from Kalamazoo College. More recently she “met” Nathan Church while searching the College archives. Marlene is writing a comprehensive history of Kalamazoo College, in part to help celebrate its 175th birthday in April of 2008. That birthday will mark the release of Marlene’s book, A Fellowship in Learning: Kalamazoo College 1833-2008, a narrative with unexpected tendrils. Of course the book will focus on key events and important persons in the story of Kalamazoo College. But it will also feature people like Nathan Church.

The teenager walked most of the way (a journey of some 120 miles) from his family’s farm in Ithaca (Mich.) to attend Kalamazoo College. His letter shows how much college life has changed and stayed the same. Homesickness, what to do on a Saturday night, roommate difficulties, how to make ends meet. 1858 or 2008?

In her book, Marlene writes: “Nathan lived in the Upper College Building (occupied in 1850) and paid $1.50 per ten-week quarter for his room. He had to furnish his own food, heat, light, and furniture (Nathan paid his roommate $1 for use of his bed, table, and chair. There were several options for board: Nathan could board with a family in town for about $1.50 per week; he could find a room with a cookstove and cook for himself for about a $1 a week; or he could try to live on cold food in his room.”

Nathan Church attended Kalamazoo College for one year. Perhaps expenses precluded his immediate return (he may not have earned the $30 he alludes to in his letter), and before he could come back his life would become engulfed in the Civil War. After his first year of college he returned to the farm in Ithaca, and he taught in the local school. In 1861 he enlisted in the Union Army, in which he served with distinction.

He rose to the rank of Lt. Colonel on the staff of General Nelson A. Miles, whom history later credits with the capture of the famed Apache leader, Goyathlay, whom the Mexicans and Americans called Geronimo. But that was 20 years after Miles served as custodian for Jefferson Davis, the captured former president of the Confederacy, during his imprisonment at Fort Monroe, Va.

Miles assigned Nathan Church the search of the prisoner Davis and his belongings. And here’s one of those details—a seemingly insignificant particular—that makes history come alive. Church discovered—or perhaps Davis shared it with him—a verse Davis had underscored in his Bible: Luke 20, verse 43: “Until I make your enemies a footstool for your feet.”

According to his niece, Church felt that Davis considered the image in that verse an apt metaphor for his condition in 1866. However, in context, the verse (Jesus quoting a portion of Psalm 110, verse 1, to a gathering of Sadducees) may have meant something quite different to Davis. Who knows?

We do know that Church went on to serve Kalamazoo College as a member of its Board of Trustees from 1891 to 1895. He had reached the rank of General by that time.
Dear Folks,

I am alone this evening. My chum has gone out into the country a few miles to stay with some acquaintance of his over the Sabbath. I would like it pretty well if I could just run home for an hour or two. I think of you all very often, and especially do I miss the cupboard. I have been boarding myself since I have been here, have lived pretty slim...cold graham bread with a little butter and short allowance at that. I can get boarded in a family for about $1.50 per week. I shall try it next week for I am growing poor too fast on my present diet. It will cost some more than it would if I boarded myself, but I can't stand this cold weather without anything warm. I want you to put away at least 10 pounds of lard and one of the "Old Sow" hams till I come home, which will be about the last days of June if nothing prevents. If William Nelson comes here we can go into a room that has got a cookstove in it and board ourselves for about $1.00 per week tolerably well. I wish he would come for I don't like my roommate any too well. He is a cross looking fellow. (Looks as near like William Davis of Wheatland as anything can). I won't say anything more about him for I may be mistaken, but I would not stay with him if I had any furniture or bedding. I pay him $1.00 for the use of his bed and table chairs, etc., etc. I don't have much to say to him. I don't think I ever talked as little in four months before, since I can remember. I heard one say "that if it was not for Dell's (my chum) religion he would be an awful mean man." I can get along with him, but he is not much company to suit me. I have got acquainted with some that I like first rate. Two of the students were baptized last Sabbath. I like the school well. I don't study any kind of mathematics. I wanted to have studied algebra but they thought that I had better let that alone now, for I could learn that at some other time. I am pitching into grammar and geography with all my might, the class that I am in started ______ quarter, before I did, but I have caught up with them and expect to understand it pretty well by next vacation. I guess I will try and go to school next winter if I can get about thirty dollars ___ a month. You must have plenty of work for me to do when I come home so that I can make up for what I am now spending. I suppose A____ has got to be a good boy, now there is no one to plague him. Julia will forget all about me "I reckon." Mother must be careful and not get sick for I could not bear to stay away if I thought any of you was dangerous. Last Friday night the Lunatic Asylum was burned. It was the largest building in Michigan, cost $200,000. The ______ part only was burned. The ________, which reaches off about two rods was separated and saved. It was set on fire by someone unknown as yet.

I got your letters of the ______ last Saturday but as I had just written I did not answer them. I was glad to hear from home and shall always be. I want you to write as often as you can, write all about everything. Is Roger Blinn at work for you yet? How much did the Old Sow weigh? And anything else that you can think of will be interesting.

My room rent and tuition will amount to $12.00. My board will depend upon circumstances. If you are getting along and have any money to spare I shall not starve myself. If you are not I shall be as sparing as possible. I can get a chance to saw wood now and then. But while I live on graham bread or such food I don't feel much like work. I think I would like some maple molasses about as much as anything I can think of. I think of it every time I eat. I shall have to buy me a few clothes before long. You need not send me any more money very soon unless you can spare it as well as not.

I don't think of any thing more to write now. I thought when I commenced that I could fill this sheet but I have written it so close that it lacks some of it. I don't make it look very well. My pen is none the best. Have you sold the oats yet or made any kind of trade, write all about what you are doing, etc. Good bye,

for this time, Nathan Church
A fellowship in learning: at home in the world

DOUBLE VISION
by Zinta Aistars

More than 35 years ago Bob Kopecky and a friend split off from their Kenya foreign study classmates for a three-country sojourn and unplanned adventure. Bob took some photos that he uses now and then to see the experience for the first time again. (See page 11)

FEATURES

5 Campus Notables
Transitions, recognitions, and the dynamic turning that is Kalamazoo College—including Just as Well, Festival Playhouse’s 2007-2008 season.

16 The Science of Art
by David Campbell ’71

The second of the “Feast” series, essays by members of the College community on subjects that matter.

Plus, an explosion of Class Notes; a sampler from Marlene Crandall Francis’ upcoming history of Kalamazoo College, a book that will tell the College’s 175-year story just in time for its April birthday; some reunion photos; some letters to the editor and others; and tributes to a remarkable teacher and gentleman.

CORRECTIONS: We inaccurately reported the postgraduate degree earned by Lori Bowen Ayre ’81 (Winter 2007). She earned a Masters in Library and Information Science (MLIS) from San Jose State University.

The puzzle in the spring issue contained an error: the first number in the second row should have been a 6. Also in that issue we reported (“Careers for the Common Good”) that the College’s Summer Math Camp for low-income, Kalamazoo-area youth was funded by the Turn 2 Foundation. The Howard Hughes Medical Institute funds that program. We apologize for these errors.
To the Editor:

My wife and I were delighted to read "At Home in the World: Kalamazoo College and the Peace Corps" (Winter 2007). We recently returned from serving two years as Peace Corps Volunteers in Paraguay. We had a wonderful experience that was undoubtedly enhanced by our "K" education. We are thrilled to see so many of our classmates shared in serving others abroad, and highly recommend the Peace Corps for "K" alums looking at overseas service opportunities.

Jules DePorre '02 and Julia (Kistka) DePorre '02 Peace Corps Volunteers, Paraguay, 2005-2007

Dear Editor:

Last week I was in Miami. I met with Paula Casas '89 who is manager of marketing programs and services for InterContinental Hotels (which include InterContinental, Holiday Inn, Holiday Inn Express, and others). She is responsible for 60 properties in South and Central American countries that cover 3 languages. I also met with Corrina Keller '92 who handles all major ad accounts (Nike, Coke, Chrysler, etc) in Latin America for MTV. She will be with all of these clients at the MTV Latin American Video awards in October. And I met with Jennifer West, who is a staff attorney with Interval, the second largest timeshare company in the world. She handles Latin America for them. I was not able to meet with David Minkus '78, who sets up very large call centers in India, Philippines, Utah, and South America for his company. All of the people travel throughout their territories, and most have an excellent working knowledge of Spanish. Kalamazoo College's distinctiveness in international/intercultural matters is evident in many good ways, and these people are just good examples of that.

Fred Jackson '60

Vivien Pybus, Associate Professor of Biology

I wanted to let you know the following items of good news.

I am attaching a recent document released by the Independent Colleges Office (ICO) titled "An Investment in the National Interest: NSF Support for STEM Education in the Nation's Select Liberal Arts Colleges" and prepared for congressional staffers lobbying for federal funds to support undergraduate research. Please see pages 26-27, a double-page spread on Kalamazoo College, which features some of the research I have done with students on campus since I have been at Kalamazoo College, much of which has been supported by my current NIH grant. I would like to acknowledge the work of Anne Dueweke '84, who compiled the information I sent her to put this feature together. Importantly, I sent a copy of this report to my NIH Grants Officer who replied immediately with the following:

As an undergrad, I spent a year in the lab as part of an Independent Study Program at Trenton State College (now known as The College of New Jersey), working on cloning genes out of Haemophilus influenzae. From the minute I started, I was hooked and never looked back. So I really know the value of such experiences.

I strongly believe in the value of the research experiences that we give our students on campus (I regard this as a very special kind of one-on-one teaching) and also off campus via internships and externships. Indeed, so far this quarter I have sent 25 letters of support on behalf of 14 students seeking to participate in research programs in some of the finest laboratories and medical schools in the country. I know how life-changing these experiences can be for them and am aware of the doors they open to the future.

Senior biology major Sara Belglavec '07 and I have just had an abstract accepted for a poster presentation at the 107th General Meeting of the American Society for Microbiology to be held in Toronto. The poster will also feature work of my former SIP students Ben Busman '05 and Kelsey Johnson '06.

Homer Smathers '38
David Barclay, the Margaret and Roger Scholten Professor of International Studies, recently completed the “the most extraordinary personal and intellectual experience” he’s ever had. From January to June he was the George H.W. Bush/Axel Springer Fellow at the American Academy in Berlin. The Academy was founded in 1998 by Richard Holbrooke and Henry Kissinger. Holbrooke is chair of the board; Kissinger sits on the board. Each semester 11 people, including academics, artists, journalists, musicians, and novelists, are invited to be resident fellows at the Academy. While in residence, David worked on his next project, a history of West Berlin in the larger cultural and political context of the Cold War. He delivered the 2007 George H.W. Bush/Axel Springer lecture titled: “Personlichkeit als Symbol: Ernst Reuter und die Sonderfunktion West-Berlins im Kalten Krieg.” That presentation was moderated by Klaus Schütz, the former Governing Mayor of Berlin. The American Academy fellows, and David, received a great deal of notice in major national German newspapers. And David discovered Kalamazoo College connections among his fellow Fellows and among the Academy’s distinguished visitors and visiting speakers. He wrote: “One of the current fellows is Julie Mehretu ’92, recipient of a MacArthur ‘genius grant’ and surely one of the most important young American artists of our time. She just had a big opening in Hannover this weekend. Last week, Amory Lovins, the ‘green’ entrepreneur/engineer/economist who was profiled in The New Yorker, was here and reminisced fondly about his Kalamazoo College honorary degree. Another Fellow is Jonathan Safran Foer, author of Everything Is Illuminated, which was the College’s summer common reading selection last fall.” On February 12, the Fellows were formally introduced to 160 invited guests from journalism, the arts, academic organizations, politics, and big business, and Kalamazoo College was mentioned in various contexts. The day before that meeting, the Academy sponsored a Sunday reception in connection with the Berlinale Film Festival. David talked briefly with Robert DeNiro and much more extensively with actor Matt Damon, with whom he is pictured.

Siu-Lan Tan, Psychology, received the Michigan Campus Compact (MCC) Faculty/Staff Community Service-Learning Award, the highest honor MCC bestows on faculty and staff in the State of Michigan. Siu-Lan was designated by peers as the faculty/staff person on campus who has made the most outstanding contributions in service-learning and community service. Her service-learning courses, particularly “Developmental Psychology,” were seminal in establishing a 10-year-old partnership between Kalamazoo College and the Woodward School for Technology and Research, an elementary school that is part of Kalamazoo Public Schools.

Olga Bonfiglio, Education, presented a paper titled “Adopting the Warrior Archetype as a Strategy for Dealing With a Dangerously Volatile World” at the First North American Global Radicalism Conference. The conference occurred at Michigan State University in January. The paper was based on the work of Jungian psychoanalysts James Hillman and Edward Tick and examined the characteristics and dynamics of the warrior archetype. Olga recently published two articles: “Another Man From Galilee “ (America, November 3, 2006), about the life and work of Archbishop Elias Chacour of Israel; and “Local Calls for an End to the War” (Z Magazine, September 2006) about the Kalamazoo City Commission’s vote to end the war in Iraq.

Philanthropy Award
Bernard Palchick, surrounded by his wife, Dean of Libraries and Information Services Lisa Palchick (left), and Director of Alumni Relations Kim Aldrich ’80, received the Benjamin Franklin Award on National Philanthropy Day. The Association of Fundraising Professionals-West Michigan Chapter presents the award for excellence as a fundraising executive. Bernard recently returned to Kalamazoo College as a leadership gift officer after a year-long painting sabbatical. He’s served the College in many roles, most recently as vice president for advancement and acting president. For many years he was the Jo-Ann and Robert Stewart Professor of Art.
Senior Leaders

Twenty-eight students were honored with the Kalamazoo College 2007 Senior Leadership Recognition Award. Each was nominated by a professor or staff member on the basis of exemplary leadership in academic or extracurricular endeavors or both. Some of these seniors are athletes and captains of their teams; others have created or restored student organizations; many are involved in service learning and work diligently to improve the lives of others. They were feted with a recognition awards dinner that featured remarks by President Eileen B. Wilson-Oyelaran, Vice President for Student Development and Dean of Students Sarah Westfall, and Associate Deans of Students Dana Jansma and Karen Joshua-Wathel. Pictured are (l-r): front row—Dorian T. Jones, Caitlen E. Frank, Bristol J. Day, Timasha A. Woods, Rebecca Y. Bornstein, Rachael A. Rehberg, Kristin M. McBurnes, second row—Kyle J. Fletke, Jessica K. Scott, Lauren E. Waltersdorf, Lindsey E. Smith, Andrew W. Bayci, Megan M. Chuhran, Christopher D. Lee, Luke J. Marker, back row—Ashley M. Loyd, Timothy W. Krause, Timothy R. Harlan-Marks, Chris D. Werme, Jared M. Randall, Timothy B. Kaselitz, Thomas E. Greer, and Andrea H. Visco. Not pictured are Jennifer A. Thomson, Erin M. Mazzoni, Emily R. Cornwell, Scena Jolly, and Chelsea Keenan.

Just and Well in Just as Well

Nothing’s rotten in the state of Festival Playhouse’s 44th season: an array of great plays that combines themes of wellness and justice. Main stage performances include Shakespeare’s Hamlet (an all-female version), the Midwest premier of Well (written by Broadway playwright, actress, and Kalamazoo College alumna Lisa Kron), and Tony Kushner’s Angels in America, Part One: Millennium Approaches. The College’s Dungeon Theatre will stage Waiting for Godot, by Samuel Beckett, and SubUrbia, by Eric Bogosian. The season also features the annual “Senior Performance Series” in which students direct a series of one-act plays. Main stage performances are held in the Nelda K. Balch Playhouse, and tickets for opening nights are $1 at the door only. All other performances are $15 for adults, $10 for students and senior citizens. Dungeon Theatre ticket prices are $5 at the door only. For more information, call 269.337.7333 or visit www.kzoo.edu/theatre.

FALL QUARTER

Waiting for Godot
by Samuel Beckett
Directed by Guest Artist Todd Espeland
November 2-4, 2007
Dungeon Theatre

Hamlet
by William Shakespeare
All-female cast directed by Associate Professor of Arts Karen Berthel
November 15-18, 2007
Nelda K. Balch Playhouse

WINTER QUARTER

SubUrbia
by Eric Bogosian
Directed by Senior Theatre Arts Major Paul Whitehouse
February 15-17, 2008
Dungeon Theatre

Well
by Lisa Kron
Directed by Professor of Theatre Arts Ed Menta
Produced in Collaboration with The Whole Art Theatre Featuring Guest Artist and Professional Actress Sharon Williams
February 28 - March 1, 2008
Nelda K. Balch Playhouse

SPRING QUARTER

Senior Performance Series
May 2-4, 2008
Dungeon Theatre

Angels in America
Part One: The Millennium Approaches
by Tony Kushner
Directed by Rebecca Patterson, Co-founder and Artistic Director, The Queen’s Company, New York City
May 15-19, 2008
Nelda K. Balch Playhouse
Guoqi Xu, History, is on the threshold of a number of publications. His book China Game: the Role of Sports in the Chinese Search for National Identity and Internationalization, 1895-2008 will be published by Harvard University Press next spring. A second book, Chinese Laborers in France During the Great War, will be published in three languages (English, French, and Chinese) this November. And his book China and the Great War will be published in China in early 2008. In January Dr. Xu gave a series of lectures on U.S.-China relations at the University of Michigan. In March he delivered a major research lecture to the Center for Chinese Studies, University of Michigan. The title of that talk was “Olympics and Chinese National Representation.”

Associate Professor of Chemistry Laura Furge is an artist at involving her undergraduate students in meaningful research experiences. Biochemistry and Molecular Biology Education recently accepted for publication the Senior Individualized Project of Kyle Fletke ’07. He performed his SIP in Dr. Furge’s laboratory last summer. Fletke adapted into a laboratory experience for undergraduates a simple, noninvasive approach for determining activity in humans of an enzyme (cytochrome P450 1A2) involved in the metabolism of some medicines and environmental carcinogens. The approach offers students the opportunity to design their own experiment and learn about issues in individualized medicine and metabolism. It also introduces them to important aspects of research with human subjects. Fletke and Dr. Furge’s other summer SIP student, Brendan Butler ’07, presented the results of their SIPs in separate sessions at the annual meeting of the American Society for Biochemistry and Molecular Biology in Washington, D.C., in May. Butler’s SIP helped achieve understanding of the mechanism of inhibition of another enzyme (cytochrome P450 2D6) involved in drug metabolism. Dr. Furge has long been interested in what might be described as “the Tao of science education” for all. Last fall Chemical and Engineering News, the trade journal of the American Chemical Society, published her “Letter to the Editor” recognizing the strengths of study abroad for Kalamazoo College science students and for science pedagogy. In May, she gave an invited presentation on science courses for non-majors (based on her Kalamazoo College course, “Toxicology and Carcinogenesis”) at the Enriching the Academic Experience of College Science Students Conference at the University of Michigan. Not surprisingly, Dr. Furge is a strong advocate for international scientific collaboration. This summer she is involved in a scientific exchange that partners the National Cancer Center in Singapore with the Van Andel Research Institute (VARI) in Grand Rapids, Mich. The transnational program will help elucidate the biology behind varying drug responses in Asian versus non-Asian patients with specific types of cancer.

Richard Berman resigned his post as Dean of Experiential Education and Director of the Center for Career Development (CCD) to become Director of the Career Center at Carleton College. Under Richard’s leadership the CCD shaped a developmental model of career readiness that combined pathway identification, hands-on world of work experiences, and transition assistance. During his tenure the College created and grew the nationally recognized Discovery Externship Program, a series of career-related immersive field experiences in which students work with and often live with alumni.

Hannah McKinney, Economics and Business, was the keynote speaker at “Blessings in the World: Celebrating International Women’s Day.” The annual event occurs on March 6, International Women’s Day, at the Transformations Spirituality Center at Nazareth in Kalamazoo.

Amy Elman, Political Science, is chair of the 2007 American Political Science Association’s Victoria Schuck Award Committee, which decides upon the year’s best book published on women and politics. She recently traveled to Stockholm, Sweden, to deliver the opening address at an international conference on the rights of women with disabilities. She combined her earlier research on the sexual abuse of women with disabilities with her forthcoming work on European Union integration and anti-discrimination law, and she addressed the shortcomings and strengths of the EU’s endorsement of the UN Treaty on Disability Rights.

Tenure Appointments
During its March meeting, the Kalamazoo College Board of Trustees awarded tenure and promoted to associate professor five members of the faculty. They are: Karen Berthel, M.F.A., Theatre Arts; Patrik Hultberg, Ph.D., Economics; James E. Lewis Jr., Ph.D., History; D. Blaine Moore, Ph.D., Biology; and Michael J. Sosulski, Ph.D., German Studies. A feature article on the five will appear in an upcoming issue of LuxEsto.
Ka lamazoo C ollege’s com - mittment to developing a sense of global citizenship in all of its students was the focus of a cover feature story in the Winter 2007 issue of Compact Current, the newsletter of Campus Compact, a national organization supporting civic education and community building. The article is titled “Mod eling G lobal Citiz enship” and features an interview with President Eileen W ilson-O yelaran. In the interview, President Wilson-Oyelaran describes the synergistic effect of elements of the Kalamazoo Plan and the programs of the Mary Jane Underwood Stryker Institute for Service-Learning. The result of this combination is the preparation of “critical thinkers, problem solvers, and ethical leaders committed to improving the human condition,” said President W ilson-Oyelaran. “To do that,” she added, “students must develop a commitment to civic engagement and a deep understanding of social issues. We talk about it as being at home in the world—an ability to cross the boundaries of culture, inequality, and geography.”

The Kalamazoo Regional Chamber of Commerce bestowed its 2007 Environmental Award upon Ka lamazoo C ollege. The chamber cited the College’s recycling operation and its Hicks Student Center renovation project as two examples of its commitment to sustainability and environmental stewardship. The recycling operation is in its 20th year, and the department’s efforts have placed Kalamazoo College among an elite group of national leaders in terms of the percentage of campus waste being diverted from landfills. When its renovation is complete, the Hicks Student Center will be the first LEED (Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design) certified building in the city of Kalamazoo. Accepting the award on behalf of the College were President Eileen B. W ilson-O yelaran and Paul M ans trom and Rob T ownsend, who both work for the College’s facilities management operation.

J eff B artz , Chemistry, devised the perfect equation for community building: the Greater Dow Open—a miniature golf tournament played at the beautiful grounds of the Dow Golf Course, a.k.a. Dow Science Building. Last March, students formed foursomes that included at least one chemistry major, biology or health sciences major, and first-year student. Faculty and staff converted Dow into a putt-putt range, and showed considerable ingenuity in doing so (see photo for some unique golf hazards, chemical-style). A variety of College organizations and individuals sponsored holes and donated prizes. These sponsors included, among others, Facilities Management, Student Development, Sodexho, Center for Career Development, Mary Jane Underwood Stryker Institute for Service-Learning, Athletics, Business Office, Recycling, Chemistry, Biology, Health Sciences, and Admission. A strong field of 72 participants brandished highly accurate putters. Or, maybe not so accurate. Regardless, if one were to chemically convert this golf outing into an elixir of fun, one might name it “Eau de Hole-in-One.”

T om E vans, associate professor of music and director of bands at Kalamazoo College, is also the conductor of the Kalamazoo Concert Band (KCB), a community ensemble of more than 100 members (www.kzoocb.org). Last December he led the band’s annual Christmas concert, T idings of C omfort and J oy with K athy Ma ttea, in Miller Auditorium. More than 3,500 people attended. In February KCB performed a concert titled Movie M usic Magic: C elebrating J ohn Williams’ 75th B irthday to an audience of more than 1,500. Special guest star at this performance was Kalamazoo College’s recently retired Professor of Music Barry Ross, who performed the “Theme from Schindler’s List.” In March Tom led the KCB in accompaniment to several soloists at the Midwest Regional Tuba Conference at Western Michigan University. That same month he served as guest lecturer at Western Michigan University on the subject of the history of jazz.
Music Man

Kalamazoo College paused early this spring to honor the 33-year opus magnum of Barry Ross, the professor of music who retired last year. His career was a work of art celebrating music, teaching, and the better angels of the human spirit. And so it was fitting that members of the Kalamazoo College community, and the Kalamazoo community, gathered for a recital that featured Barry playing the violin, followed by a reception during which all could thank him for the grace and joy that characterized his work. In addition to his teaching duties, Barry served for 32 years as concertmaster for the Kalamazoo Symphony Orchestra. He created, and for 11 years conducted, the Kalamazoo College and Community Orchestra, the 65 members of which include students and Southwest Michigan residents. Near the end of his teaching career he brought to fruition another of his dreams, the Kalamazoo College Chamber Orchestra. That group shared its live performances with audiences that do not have the means to attend regular concerts by performing in assisted living and senior centers. The chamber orchestra performed the world premier of Elizabeth Star’s “Echoes” for residents of the Kalamazoo County Juvenile Home. Barry taught much more than music. He said, “When students leave campus and meaningfully touch the lives of others through music, they realize that what they are learning at Kalamazoo College has meaning and relevance to their future lives, to their families, to society in general.”

Provost Changes

Gregory Mahler, Ph.D., accepted the position of Vice President for Academic Affairs and Dean of the College at Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana. His duties at Earlham began in July. Jan Tobochnik, Ph.D., professor of physics, assumed the post of acting provost of Kalamazoo College on July 1.

Dr. Mahler began his duties as provost at Kalamazoo College in July 1997. His tenure in that position was characterized by growth of the faculty (from 84 to more than 100 full-time positions); an increase in faculty development funds; new initiatives to improve teaching, advising, and the internationalization of the campus; new programs in the Center for Career Development and the Center for International Programs; and much success in highly competitive grants programs. He also taught courses in the College’s political science program and continued his research in comparative politics and politics in the Middle East, Canada, and the developing world (he is the author or editor of more than two dozen books and dozens of journal articles and book chapters).

Professor Tobochnik began teaching physics at Kalamazoo College in 1985. He earned his bachelor’s degree at Amherst College and his Ph.D. from Cornell. He held post-doctorate positions at Rutgers University and Worcester Polytechnic Institute prior to coming to “K.” He was Kalamazoo College’s first Dow Distinguished Professor of Natural Science. His areas of expertise—condensed matter physics, computer simulations, and complex systems—allowed him to teach in the computer science department as well as in the physics department when he first arrived at Kalamazoo College. He also serves as editor of The American Journal of Physics, the international journal of the American Association of Physics Teachers.

Dr. Tobochnik will serve as acting provost until the position is filled. The search process is underway and the search committee that will work with President Wilson-Oyelaran includes: Leslie Tung, Professor of Music, Chair; Paul Sutherland, Professor of Biology; Alyce Brady, Associate Professor of Mathematics and Computer Science and Acting Registrar; Binney Girdler, Assistant Professor of Biology; Siu-Lan Tan, Associate Professor of Psychology, representing the Faculty Executive Committee; Greg Diment, Director of Computing, Information Services; Sarah Westfall, Vice President for Student Development and Dean of Students, representing President’s Staff; Robert McNabb ‘08, representing students; and William Richardson, trustee.

Tim Fischell, M.D., director of cardiac research at the Borgess Center for Excellence, gave a lecture on medicine, business, and entrepreneurship on campus in January. Dr. Fischell is a prolific inventor of medical devices, with 60 patents granted or pending. He pioneered the world’s first radioisotope stent and is the co-inventor of the Johnson & Johnson BX Velocity Stent. He is a frequent international lecturer and the author of more than 60 articles in peer reviewed scientific journals, 20 book chapters, and 80 abstracts. The Cornell University graduate is a professor of medicine at Michigan State University.
When I told my parents that I wanted to study for a Ph.D. in Jewish History, my mother smiled and politely inquired, “What are you going to do with that?” My father looked at me silently, with a shocked expression that seemed to ask, “Are you ever going to move out of my house?”

Eighteen months ago, I arrived on the vibrant Kalamazoo College campus to begin building a Jewish Studies program. Since then, I have encountered different versions of my mother’s question numerous times, by Jews and non-Jews alike; most commonly, why should a small liberal arts college offer Jewish Studies courses, and why should anyone other than the most devout want to take them?

First, Jewish Studies enables students of all backgrounds to understand the world more fully. Kalamazoo College prides itself on its international focus and commitment to broadening its students’ intellectual and cultural horizons. Most of my students are non-Jews with little prior knowledge of Jewish subjects, but who crave the opportunity to learn about the ways Jews live and respond to their different historical, cultural, and religious settings. Jewish Studies classes also compel students to confront important ethical issues such as majority/minority relations, identity formation, and the relationship between the religious and the secular. They also learn to read texts closely while thinking beyond the page and to consider the broad impact of the written word. In all of these ways Jewish Studies encourages students to become more thoughtful scholars and more morally aware human beings.

The Jewish Studies program has also sparked greater interest in and awareness of Jews on the campus. In addition to my courses, other faculty are now teaching or considering courses related to Jewish subjects, ranging from German Jewish literature to French literature based on the Hebrew Bible to the Jewish philosophers Walter Benjamin and Herman Cohen. I have lectured on Jews in my colleagues’ classes, and discussions over lunch or coffee have resulted in whole units on Jews being introduced into courses where they were not previously found.

By supporting Jewish Studies, the College has committed itself to welcoming and nurturing a more prominent Jewish presence on campus. Kalamazoo College has an active Jewish Student Organization (JSO) for which I serve as faculty adviser. Working with the Office of Multicultural Affairs, the College Chaplain, and other campus organizations, these students (who are simply fantastic) have adopted a more assertive profile, raising awareness about how to make Kalamazoo College a more comfortable place for Jewish students. Issues particular to Jewish life—such as stocking Passover-friendly foods in the cafeteria, or making academic provisions for High Holiday observance—are now addressed in meaningful and successful ways. For the past two years the JSO students have organized a campus-wide Passover seder that has attracted students, faculty, and administrators alike; this past fall they built a sukkah in the center of campus. They have also planned several public lectures on Israeli affairs and have co-sponsored programs on the genocide in Darfur. Through classes and extra-curricular activities many Jewish students from interfaith or marginally affiliated households have begun to explore their Jewish heritage and perhaps to identify themselves as Jews for the first time.

Although it’s in its infancy, the Jewish Studies program at Kalamazoo College has already had a significant impact both inside and outside of the classroom. And so, this is what I do with my degree: through Jewish Studies I teach young people about a group they may not know very well; about the world in which they live; and hopefully more about themselves in the process. Even my mother would be satisfied with that! ☺
Shoeboxes do not always contain shoes. Sometimes they contain black and white photos, seeds of memories of entire countries. Pull out the box and it all comes back: South Africa in December 1970, the city of Johannesburg, and the eye peering through the camera belonged to Robert Kopecky ’72.

Bob Kopecky then (1970) and now (2008), and study abroad is vital to both.
Bob was on study abroad in Nairobi, Kenya, when he and a classmate, Richard Leslie ‘72, separated from half a dozen other Kalamazoo College students and decided to see what they could see over Christmas break. They would fly to Johannesburg, perhaps hitchhike to take in the sights, work their way back to Nairobi, and find an adventure or two. The hitchhiking didn’t turn out to be a good idea—nobody seemed to want to give them a ride—but they found the adventure or two.

“Johannesburg was not the friendliest place I’ve ever been,” Bob remembers, looking again at the photos, which by now have been dusted off and brought into the light, several of them framed and hanging on the walls of his living room. “Put it this way: it was a very guarded place in the 70s. Whites were a minority there, and they seemed to feel threatened. People were cautious, not open to strangers.”

The black and white photos show individuals, sometimes groups, sometimes an individual in a crowd. A bench is painted with large block letters admonishing that only Europeans may rest there. All others, move on. A homeless man lies in the grass beneath a tree, notepad balanced against his thigh, his pencil sketching what appears to be his own lined and weary face.

Bob had taken the photos from the shoebox to show a friend, who had been immediately struck by the images. These were not photos that belonged in old boxes, she said. These belonged on walls, exhibited somewhere. Bob, a successful civil litigation attorney in Chicago, was tempted to wave off the idea, but it grew on him. Maybe his friend was right. After all these years, seeing the photographs again brought back an experience that did not appear to be life transforming, and yet…

“It was one thing to hear about what goes on in the world. Another thing to experience it yourself,” Bob says. “In the 1970s, a deepening awareness of racial injustice and a refusal to stand silently by were accruing in both the U.S. and South Africa. But like many, even though in my family I was raised to see all people and races as equal, I grew up in a white neighborhood and had little understanding of any culture beyond my own backyard.”
The greatest lesson of study abroad for Bob, as it was for his classmates, was not to be found in textbooks, but began when textbooks were put aside. He was immersed in a culture that was sometimes disturbing, other times wonderful, often uncomfortable, but always enlightening. The undergraduate connection to his current career in law may not be immediately apparent—he was a physics major at Kalamazoo College—but the sense of his acquired “worldliness” has been an important ingredient of success.

The search for adventure from Nairobi to Johannesburg in 1970 came from a desire to push the envelope of experience. That was something he felt he had little opportunity to do back in his native Chicago. Because of Africa he would be much more at ease stretching himself and his capabilities in whatever career he chose.

“The 1970s were the height (or depths) of white domination in South Africa, embodied in the policy of apartheid,” he says. “These photographs, however, were not intended to be a photo essay, or a political statement, or social commentary on that policy. They simply reflect what I saw, the people and the buildings and sights at which I chose to point my camera, a kid from a homogenous Chicago suburb walking through the streets and parks of Johannesburg. Looking at the pictures today, I am struck by several things: the faces of the people, the ways they stood and moved, the mixture of resignation and hope, and finally the shamelessness of apartheid.”

The two classmates, Bob and Richard, attempted to thumb a ride to Durban on the Indian Ocean, and figured everything would fall into place. They had almost no money in their pockets and no experience and little knowledge of this area of the world, but they did possess a youthful, naive faith that all would work out in the end.

“Richard and I stood on the roadside, thumbs up, all day, trying to get out of Johannesburg. Car after car passed us by. By late afternoon, no one had picked us up. We were stuck.”
But not worried. They figured something would turn up. Johannesburg was the largest and most populous (more than eight million people) city in South Africa, located in the wealthiest province, and, well, the two young men were white. The color of privilege. Bob brought the camera lens up to his eye and recorded what he saw. As a result of the subservient role the ruling white minority in South Africa had forced upon the non-white majority, many black Africans who worked in the city lived as migrants, commuting between their homes and their jobs. They lived in overcrowded barracks outside the city. They were not allowed to remain in designated white areas more than 72 hours. The use of public parks, benches, and toilets were restricted or segregated.

Bob’s camera recorded the man lying in the grass instead of sitting on the bench; two black nannies resting beside the expensive strollers with white babies sleeping inside; a man and his shadow wandering an empty railroad track; the bustle of a crowd of hardened lonely faces.

The two young men eventually travelled to Malawi, a thin sliver of land sandwiched between Zambia and Mozambique, where they were forced to spend a week, due to the (in)frequency with which flights departed that country. A former British colony, Malawi was a repressive society, says Bob, to women especially, who were required to cover their bodies head-to-toe despite the intense heat and humidity.

Bob says, “We had only a little Kenyan currency with us, which turned out to be worthless in Malawi. Richard and I went over to the United States Embassy, thinking, ‘Hey, we’re Americans. Surely they will help us out!’” But there was no help. The two friends were stranded, broke, and it was Christmas. They were told at the Embassy that nothing could be done to get them back to Nairobi, but they were free to wire for money. They looked at each other: Your family or mine?

“Apparently, the Ambassador overheard our story and took pity on us. We were invited to
his home for Christmas dinner.” A very nice home, Bob recalls, and a very large and delicious holiday turkey dinner. Various ambassadors and delegates mingled in the room. The two friends were out of their league, but left well-fed and happy.

But their journey was hardly over. New Year’s Eve found them in Tanzania, where Bob’s camera was confiscated by local police. “It was one of the few countries with close ties to Communist China at that time,” he said, “and I was snapping photos of Chinese ships in the harbor. The next thing I knew, someone had taken my camera out of my hands. We were asked for whom we were working. I got my camera back but not the film.”

Eventually the two made it back to Nairobi and the university. The spartan accommodations they had shared with a stream of transients, however, were no longer tenable, so “home” became the Nairobi YMCA. Classes at university continued to reveal an interesting blend of cultures. Local Africans, living still under the British influence, wore white shirts and ties, British style, and kept their hair short-cropped. The African-American students in the Kalamazoo College group wore Afros and colorful clothing styles. A literature professor, one of Bob’s favorites, was a Masai tribesman. During the week, he stood in front of class in white shirt and tie; on the weekends he returned to his village and its hunter-warrior culture.

“Study abroad provides an incredibly wide array of educational experiences,” says Bob. “I was glad to get home, but I also had a sense of confidence about handling life ahead of me I had never had before. These are memories for life.”

Memories captured on film and now available to others. Bob took his friend’s advice and brought the shoebox of photos to Oak Park Library, near his home and law office. When he had called for an appointment, they did not seem enthused. When he showed up with his photos, they took one look and set a date for a month-long exhibit. Bob watched his photos go up on the wall and the crowds mill about and study them, talking among themselves about the powerful images they were seeing. He still doesn’t see himself as a photographer. But a result of a liberal arts education is a person who is many people. Part of Bob’s self are the images of South Africans he photographed years ago.
LuxEsto is honored to present the second “Feast”—the series of essays written by members of the Kalamazoo College community, past and present, speaking about subjects that seem to them urgent or arresting. Larry Barrett’s “The Feast at Agathon’s House” appeared in the Fall 2006 LuxEsto. The current issue features “The Science of Art,” by David Campbell ’71, who writes on a topic he explicates, in part, with the assistance of a horseshoe crab caught in flagrante delicto leaving her world (though the diminutive crustacean would likely never have been seen at all absent the light reflected from Apollo 11, in which humankind left its world).

We learned of this essay from another alumnus, Jim Lindberg ’62, a longtime professor (chemistry) at Drake University and then Grinnell College. Like Barrett’s “Feast,” Campbell’s essay was originally delivered as a speech, in this case at a convocation titled “The Liberal Arts and Vocation.” Lindberg heard the talk and suggested that LuxEsto publish it. We do so with permission of the author.

When he’s not potential jaguar prey (which may not be often enough), Campbell is the Henry R. Luce Professor of Nations and the Global Environment and Professor of Biology at Grinnell College. He is the author of four books of literary natural history. The Crystal Desert: Summers in Antarctica won the Burroughs Medal, the PEN Martha Albrand Award for Nonfiction, and the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award. The New York Times Book Review named it one of the “Best Books of 1993.” Campbell’s latest book, A Land of Ghosts: The Braided Lives of People and the Forest in Far Western Amazonia, won the prestigious 2005 Lannan Literary Award for Nonfiction.
A few years ago, deep in the forests of western Brasil on the edge of the Rio Azul, a tributary of a tributary of a tributary of the Amazon River, I was conducting a survey of trees with some Brasilian colleagues. We were in what I call cathedral forest: high-vaulted, dark and almost devoid of understory. My friend Tarzan (yes, that's his real name—but that's another story) and I were collecting some fungus on a log when a tendril of aroma crossed our path. I'm sure that it was no more than a few molecules, but enough to stop us in our tracks. It was cadaverine: the fascinating sweet smell of decomposition, the bouquet that results from the digestion of protein by bacteria. It's a molecule as ancient as dying, as renewal. Necessarily it portends danger, and therefore its receptors are older than thought. Every mammal's brain has them. Yours does too, even if you haven't discovered it yet. Just a whiff, and instinct takes over: pupils dilate, nostrils flare, breathing stops short.

Soon we found the corpse—of a brocket deer tucked neatly between the buttresses of a tree. His muzzle had been crushed—the characteristic work of a jaguar—and he had been disembowled, the good, soft insides spilled onto the earth. Tarzan lifted the safety on his rifle, rested it on his arm. Wordlessly, we walked back to camp, carefully parsing and interpreting every sound, dissecting what was important from the shuffling wind, the distant thunder. The tendrils of my senses threaded the dark corners of the forest and reached into the wind itself.

Back at camp, we lit a raging fire and huddled by its side, just as hundreds of thousands of our ancestors had done in the savannas and forests of Africa and the caves of glaciated Europe. For weeks, the jaguar patrolled the perimeter of our camp. One night she declared her territory by digging rasp marks three meters high on the bole of a tree (we could hear her claws tugging the bark), and left soft pug marks near a rain puddle, melting into the mud like an Escher pattern. Our everyday tasks became dangerous. Something as mundane as going to the bathroom in the woods had become life-threatening. But I learned to cope. Tarzan taught me the taxonomy of aromas and stenches. I learned to sniffle and taste every scent that crossed my path: to recognize the fetid musk of a band of peccaries, the residual b.o. of the troop of howler monkeys that had passed overhead a while back, a whiff of urine, now, where a cat had sprayed a log. I learned to recognize the uric acid excreta of a snake—that skill may have saved my life years later, in Belize.
By day, I learned to use the monkeys as my eyes and ears...when they fell silent, danger was near. And the night sounds. Slowly, lying in my hammock those nights, I learned to differentiate acoustical patterns...the frogs, nightjars, leaping fish, and the extravagant diversity of insects. One night I counted 17 separate sounds before losing track.

I’d been working in the Amazon for 10 years, but I'd never before noticed all these details. My life had never been as rich.

In my journal I wrote: “The jaguar had presented us with a gift: the marvelous, alert perspicacity of a prey species. To be hunted, I’ve learned, is to feel so alive. You really can’t understand this place until it turns malevolent and you’re forced to observe its details and nuances. You can’t understand these frontier people until you have to depend on them for survival, and they on you.” And I wondered, “Why can’t I be aware like this all the time? I should listen to these moments when all of my senses are switched on, singular events when the passage of time seems to be arrested, when we have a momentary focus that is unforgettable.”

The jaguar had presented us with a gift: the marvelous, alert perspicacity of a prey species.

“Vocation and the Liberal Arts?” the charge of giving this convocation has troubled me all summer. The American Heritage Dictionary defines vocation as “an urge or predisposition to undertake a certain kind of work, especially a religious career; a calling.” The word is derived from the Middle English vocacioun, “a divine call to religious life.” A vocation is not necessarily your work, not necessarily your career, but a gift that comes at you unexpectedly from out of the blue. As the historian of religion, Joseph Campbell, would have put it, an invitation “to follow your bliss.”

My best teachers have been uneducated and marginally illiterate: a rubber trapper, a Bahamian fisherman named John McQueen (you’ll learn more about him later). You’ve already met Tarzan. The first two have died, and Tarzan lives on a frontier so remote that I don’t know whether he’s dead or alive. None of them would consider themselves formally religious, although all would consider themselves to be—to a degree—spiritual. All of them had to work—not just for a living, but for everyday survival. They led lives of toil and danger. They lost children and grandchildren to disease and hunger. They were born into these tasks. To pursue a vocation—at least in its conventional sense of it being independent from one’s career—wasn't an option for them; to pursue a calling was, perhaps, to starve. And so, you may ask, what do the stories of these people have to offer this forum on the liberal arts and vocation, at a privileged college surrounded by hundreds of miles of food in every direction, where literacy is given, and our only reason for being is to learn?

Let me say I’ve never known people who were more aware of their environments than these, who were better biologists, more proficient masters of animal behavior, of human behavior; or who were better humanists; who were more generous, materially and from the heart, more beloved by their family and neighbors; who had a more personal relationship with their world. In short, I’ve never known people who have lived more fulfilling lives.

And I suppose that’s what we’re talking about, isn’t it? The path to a rich and fulfilling life that engages all your senses, that binds you to your environment and community.

Grinnell College, or any of life's grand institutions for that matter, may teach you the tools of a trade, a career. And, if you’re lucky, it may even fan the embers of wonder and passion. But in truth, I think a lot of formal education trains you to drift away from your vocation, your bliss. After all, you'll forget most of what you learn here.

What makes Grinnell College different from the big state schools, for example, is that the liberal arts don't prematurely snuff the possibilities. You can indulge both halves of your brain for a little while longer. Consider, by contrast, what our European and Japanese neighbors do to their children, tracking them from age 12, forcing them to sit an exam, compelling them on dutiful careers before their brains have stopped developing. This, in my opinion, is child abuse.

The worse case scenario is that Grinnell College will simply delay the inevitable crunch time.
Most of you will live like nomads, moving from job to job, never building a sense of community. Each of you will spend at least a decade watching TV screens—a poor surrogate for living. The demands of family and children may manacle you to a disagreeable profession, or one that isolates you from the good earth and the giving community. You may seek a profession for no other reason than predictability, the bland pap of security. Imagine this: most of you will actually look forward to retirement. Currently, most of my generation does. What kind of indictment will that be of the lives you will have led?

Peter Matthiessen wrote “we are forever getting-ready-for-life instead of living it every day.” Of course, that's what you're doing, here at Grinnell College, isn't it? And the big question in your lives right now is getting ready for what? Matthiessen observed that most of us lack “the courage-to-be, right here and now and nowhere else.” And courage is the right word; it's so seductive and easy to drift through life lazy and comfy. Security, you know, is the opiate of the masses.

Why can't we all have the liberty to follow our bliss? To have a vocation? I think that the reason is a tragic consequence of the alienation of our society from the wellsprings of sustenance, physical and spiritual. So many vocations are simply a way of recapturing what we've lost. The notion of vocation as being a calling, apart from everyday life, would be a treat to Tarzan. I think that people who live on survival's edge, who must pay close attention to the details of where their food comes from, how their predators think, are already blessed with these gifts.

When I was a boy I lived on the Island of Eleuthera, one of the out islands of the Bahamas, where my father was assistant manager of what was at the time the fourth largest chicken farm in the world. We were so isolated that the veterinarian served as my pediatrician. Imagine: a quarter million free-range roosters and hens, enough to supply all the Bahamas and south Florida. We lived and breathed chickens, and when the wind blew off the land—they call that the undertaker's wind in the Bahamas—the stench was nauseating.

The person I admired most on Eleuthera was an old man named John McQueen, who lived in a shack by the sea in the village of Alice Town. Mr. McQueen couldn't swim, but he was regarded as the most gifted fisherman in the village. He didn't even have a boat; didn't need one. Everybody wanted to take Mr. McQueen fishing because they knew that he could feed a family for a year on the fish he could catch in a week. Mr. McQueen had a preternatural sense of where the fish were, could read the colors of shaggy reefs of the Atlantic side of the island. He knew the holes full of Nassau grouper; the exact geometry of the coral wall that attracted the pelagic horse eye jacks; when and exactly where the green turtles would crawl ashore and lay their eggs in the sand; when the gray snappers were hungry; where the mutton snappers congregated to breed on the deep reef at the full moons of May and June, releasing trillions of eggs; he could sense the exact moment of the slack tide.

Mr. McQueen taught me that the big, mature barracudas from the outside of the reef were full of ciguatera toxin, but the juveniles from the lagoon were safe to eat.

Once, while we were drifting over the reef in a dinghy, Mr. McQueen snapped his fingers in the water to mimic the sounds of snapping shrimp, and the curious groupers came right to the boat.

“How did you learn all these things?” I once asked him.

“I don’ know, David. Nobody tat me. I jus watch de sea, pay atten'shun to de little ting, and it cam into my head.”

Peter Matthiessen observed this type of awareness, near the end of a journey through the Himalayas to gather data on the behavior of wild blue sheep. “It helps,” he wrote, “to pay minute attention to details—a shard of rose quartz, a cinnamon fern with spores, a companionable mound of pony dung,” to revel in a “wonderful immersion in pure sheep-ness.”

Mr. McQueen once told me that he could hear the fish in the water. I immediately discounted it as a prank, designed to make me stick my head in the water and make a fool of myself.
“No, David,” he insisted, “listen to de water, put you ear to de tide, and you will understand all of its voices. The sea sing, yuh know. You can hear it on de still day wan de wind drop. A school of parrotfish gripe like a mon snoring.”

One morning, Mr. McQueen heard the parrotfish calling from the still sea in the predawn light. He ran to the stone dock and put his head in the water, listened, and roused all Alice Town’s fishermen to drag the seine across the flats. They must have netted 50 before breakfast. By noon, the pastel fish were split, salted, and hung to dry on lines throughout the village, like prayer flags.

Years later, after I had taken up SCUBA diving, I heard the sound myself, just as Mr. McQueen had described: a school of spotlight parrotfish swarming a reef, wooly with algae. There must have been hundreds, like a herd of wildebeest on the Serengeti: a strange, directionless grinding sound that seemed to come from nowhere—and everywhere. I checked the literature on parrotfish (which is extensive) and learned that they use their beaks to bite off whole chunks of coral rock, grinding it in their mouths and spitting out the algae.

One evening the other children of Alice Town and I sat around the kerosene lamp in Mr. McQueen’s house. Outside the palms shuffled in a Doctor wind—that’s one that blows from the dark sea bringing all of the interesting scents and clues as to what’s out there. Mr. McQueen told stories, of hurricanes, of adventures on the turtle banks, sometimes of cays I’d never heard of, sometimes about the mundane things in Alice Town.

Mr. McQueen turned to me, “David, these be important stories. I will tell dem to my granchildren, and perhaps dey will remember and tell dem to dey chil-ren. But I want you, David, to write em down—maybe the story of you an’ me—and to give me a copy. I will keep it and know that people in cities on de other side of de sea, in Nassau, pah’haps, will be able to read about us.”

Storytelling…a craft as old as the campfire, as old as the cave. It would be tidy to declare that old Mr. McQueen showed me the way to a vocation as storyteller. It would have made a good story. Likewise, it would be tidy to declare that he showed me the way toward biology. After all, Mr. McQueen was one of the best naturalists I’ve known. But these are callings in me, and callings don’t originate anywhere but in one’s heart. Life’s grand decisions are never that simple. I, like so many of you in this chapel today, couldn’t make up my mind until I was in my 20’s. I loved both writing and science. And like you, I used the liberal arts to defer the crunch time when I had to decide. All this came to a resolution during the spring and summer quarters of 1969, my best ones at Kalamazoo College. I remember long, halcyon mornings spent in large measure reading under the oaks. Music: I was a thrall of Mozart, especially his Sinfonia Concertante, with its strangely discordant violas. I can still conduct it in my brain. I was headed to Kenya in the fall, would spend a year there, and so was learning Swahili, a language of unfamiliar roots and sounds and, for that reason alone, an adventure.

And literature. Words, I’d learned, had the power to induce those same singularities, when the minutes of one’s life became so rich that the author and the reader became transparent. They were almost as good as a jaguar. They slowed me down, made me pause and observe, to become acutely aware of my surroundings in astonishing detail. I read A Midsummer Night’s Dream over and over on those midsummer nights, until I dreamed the words myself. The story was silly, but the words: I didn’t understand how a mortal, like me, could craft that kind of language. Their orogeny, I thought, was as unfathomable as a starry night.

Words. Weightless, immortal entities that travel at the speed of light, enter the thickest skull. They’re about as weird as neutrinos. They can plow you into despair. Release histamines. Choke you up. Inhibit serotonin. Cause the secretion of endorphins…that’s known as love, folks. Induce
tachycardia, bradycardia. Soothe a child. Words can kill; can start a war.

According to the physical anthropologists and paleontologists who have examined our ancestors’ hyoid apparatus (that is, our cartilaginous voice box), words have only been around for a couple of hundred thousand years, upstart little things. We haven’t had much time to practice.

I thought: what an astonishing event in the 14 billion year history of matter in the Universe, let alone life on Earth, for an assemblage of insensate atoms... Sodium, Potassium, Phosphorus, Iron... just about all the elements lighter than iron... to stand up and describe their journey from the Big Bang to today. We have become intelligent matter... little anti-entropic clusters of debris that contemplate ourselves.

At Grinnell College, we teach literature, of course, but I hope we teach it as miraculous.

And there was science in my life in 1969. Limnology: long afternoons carrying a net, waist deep in the various tepid lakes of western Michigan. I was doing research on the distribution and abundance of the spotted turtle—the conditions of pond succession and chemistry that determined its range—teaching myself to think like a spotted turtle, to anticipate where they'd be. After a couple of weeks of thinking like a turtle, I caught one. It surprised me, at last, to have one of those coveted animals in my net. I held it for awhile, contemplated every scute on its carapace, its long fingernails (which the male flutters in the face of his intended like a geisha with a fan), its black eye (which is refracted to see both underwater and in the air), the handy little nictitating membrane, every smooth scale on its head. The yellow spots fretted on its deep blue carapace seemed like a little cosmos. From that moment, I understood spotted turtles. As Peter Matthiessen would say, I was steeped on spotted-turtleness.

True, there was a war going on the other side of the world, and boys my age were fighting and dying there because I was not, because I had a college deferment. Mine were stolen pleasures. But they were mine. I was a typical liberal arts student: privileged, smitten by words, by language, and by science. I couldn't pick between them, and didn't have to.

I searched the televised faces of the astronauts for any sign of epiphany, but found none. How...
is it possible, I wondered, that mortals could go into space and not be changed? The most that I got out of them were PR statements like, “Wow, we’re sure carrying the bacon,” and, in the nadir of astral descriptive prowess, from Charles Conrad as he walked over a lunar marium, “Dum de dum de dum de dum de dum….”

But that's jumping ahead a bit. Back in 1969, I wanted to be present at that moment which comes only once in the history of a planet, when its life forms first leave their natalsphere for another. Nothing of this magnitude had occurred since the late Devonian, four hundred millions years ago when the first marine animal—whether arthropod or lungfish—tentatively crawled from the sea onto the shoreline of a continent that has long since vanished. And so I decided to join the press corps, the easiest way I knew to get a ringside seat. I figured that it would be like being at quayside when the Nina, Pinta, and Santa Maria departed from Palos de la Frontera some five hundred years earlier.

It wasn’t hard. NASA was desperate for publicity. I had learned, by then, that I could write my way into A’s and A-’s on first draft, with a little bit of white-out. (We didn’t have computers then, and to type halfway down a white sheet of paper was a commitment). I managed to convince the editor of a miniscule weekly newspaper in Rotan, Texas, to request a press pass from NASA for me, and that I could meet his deadlines. NASA didn’t blink, and the authorization came in time for Apollo 10, the second flight to the Moon and the dress rehearsal for the landing.

I flew to Orlando, hitched a ride down the Bee-Line Highway, across the wide St. John’s River and the buggy coastal mangroves, to Cape Canaveral, a spit of sand that was trussed up from the sea during the Pleistocene. The rambling buildings and gantries of the Cape—the launch sites of Explorer I (which discovered the Van Allen belts), of Alan Shepard, of John Glenn, of Surveyor (which made the first soft landing on the moon)—were scattered along the beach like the toys of a careless and spoiled child. The wind tumbled off the sea, and the salt spray was slowly dissolving the structures, their histories. But to me it seemed like a solar wind blew through that place. It was one of two spots (the other was Baikonur, in Soviet Kazakhstan) where earthly life was leaving its natal planet.

A few days after the launch of Apollo 10, the next Saturn 5 was rolled to the pad. That was Apollo 11, which made the first landing on the Moon. That night there was a “photo opportunity” in a field across a still bayou from Pad 39A, where stood the next moon rocket. Although I had no camera, I bluff my way aboard the photographers’ bus by carrying a tripod and empty suitcase. I sat next to an old man, a veteran of many historic events, and a household word for his time. I was making my first voyage to the edge of history. The old writer was making, perhaps, his last. Across the bayou, the Saturn 5 (which was 360 feet tall) was pinned in the crossed beams of arc lights, slightly inconstant in the humid air, giving the white rocket a subtle living texture, almost as if it had skin. It seemed to be as insubstantial as light. Michael Collins wrote that when he was atop that fully fueled rocket, he could feel it sway in the sea wind, and shift and groan under the weight of its own fuel.

While the photographers arranged their tripods all in a row, like a firing squad all snapping the same scene (which has now become a photographic cliché) the old writer and I moseyed down to the edge of the bayou. It was pocked with concentric rings made by pilchards that came to the surface in the safety of the night to feed on gnats and mosquitoes. Now and then a mullet would splash in the shallows.

And on the small sand beach in front of us, bathed in the reflected light of Apollo 11, a female horseshoe crab was crawling ashore with a coterie of males clasped to her stiff tail, in love’s embrace. Nobody else in the press pool noticed...
leaving her natal sea to deposit her eggs on the land, just as our ancestors had done, for the first time three billion lunar cycles ago. She timed her exodus according to the moon-drawn tides, leaving her tracings in the alien sand: the rosettes of her feet, the long mark of her tail. It was one of those moments when everything seemed to murmur of beauty and purpose, when the Earth made a spontaneous and eloquent gesture that transcended even language, and that, observed, is never forgotten and becomes part of you. We were transfixed, literally and figuratively mired in the life-endowing muck of this planet, just as three men, strapped on top of a tower of potential energy, were about to leave it for a sterile and deadly orb in the sky.

Finally, the old reporter spoke from the darkness.

“Thank you, for showing me this. Oh, it is so new and lovely. It makes all of the wonderful things that I have seen—the London blitz, Normandy, Gandhi’s funeral with its ululating masses—seem inconsequential by comparison.”

“Why do you call those things ‘wonderful?’” I asked.

“It didn’t matter whether it was creative or destructive. I had no control over that. It only mattered that I was there. But tonight transcends any of those moments. Because I feel that I am watching the process of planetary life.”

“Will you write about this?” I asked.

“No. My editor doesn’t care about these things. Maybe you should write about it.”

“You’ve witnessed the great events of this century,” I said. “How satisfying that must be.”

“Oh no,” he replied. “As reporters, we sit on the sidelines and watch. Professional vicariates, we discover nothing. I’d trade it all to be on the other side of that bayou.”

From that moment, I knew that vicariance wouldn’t be enough. I wanted to be a discoverer. I wanted to be a participant in knowing. The science of biology seemed the clear choice. After all, the virtue of this planet, which distinguishes it from most, if not all, of the rest of the cold, indifferent universe, is life. Earth, I think, would be better named Vita. And as a biologist I celebrate life—such obvious employment, given where I live.

Let me define what I mean by science. I’m not talking about bean-or-bird counting, or of tiresome description in arcane language of a tissue, or the statistical manipulation used by a biositute to advocate the construction of a golf course in a mangrove swamp. None of those things is science any more than an accountant’s ledger, a list of ingredients on a Wheaties box, or an advertisement for Marlboros is literature. I’m talking about Western experimental science, the core of which is the testing of falsifiable hypotheses. There’s nothing special here. Unless we suffer from the surety of zealotry, we all operate, day-to-day, from working hypotheses.

It seems incongruous to me that many on this campus, both students and faculty, should feel alienated by science. After all, through science we have acquired the power of our ancestors’ gods, those of the ancient Greeks, for example. We fly between the planets, make primordial fire, divine patterns of latitudinal diversity.

Some would argue that all this science and technology have pushed back the frontier of mystery. The lovely commonplace awe has become harder to achieve. I disagree. Ignorance is never bliss. Whenever a storm front reaches Iowa, I first switch on the weather channel to check the radar map. Then I step into the earth-scented rain, and I know from whose farm the dirt was lifted.

Ah, you may ask, isn’t most of science as plodding and dull as ledger keeping? I admit, data management, for sure, is sometimes tedious.

But hypotheses are born in inspiration. You need a sense of wonder to craft an elegant experiment. It often, I think, springs from epiphany, what a religious person would call an act of faith, derived from an understanding of process, contingency, the beautiful rules of the game. A good hypothesis is a covenant between its originator and the universe, a declaration that we think that we understand how things work, and that we think we can prove it.

A few years ago my wife, Karen Lowell ’76, met Gordon Svoboda, the natural products chemist at Eli Lilly who discovered that the alkaloids of *Catharanthus rosaea* (the Madagascar periwinkle)
can cure childhood leukemias. Svoboda’s discovery has saved hundreds of thousands of lives—certainly the most important event in his field since curare. By any measure, it’s one of the great achievements of modern science. Karen was puzzled as to how Svoboda came to test this hypothesis. She knew that he had been studying *Catharanthus alkaloids*, not as therapeutic agents for leukemia, but for diabetes.

Svoboda’s answer may surprise many of you, but I’d bet none of you who are scientists. He said that his experiments often occurred to him in dreams.

I think that when you’re drawn passionately to something—to a vocation, perhaps—that your mind celebrates it day and night, consciously and unconsciously, if for no other reason than the joy of it all. Most scientists I know keep a notepad and pencil at their bedside, a behavior that pervades our profession. Much of scientific inspiration, very simply, occurs fleetingly in the middle of the night.

I submit that science, by the very inspirational nature of devising a hypothesis, is a calling. It’s the archetypical vocation.

I came to the River for science. But I stayed for its gifts: the immediacy of everyday living on the frontier. The memory of the species I found—each an invocation of sunlight and water and minerals, no more—the play of the light in the canopy, the night sounds, aromas, and textures of the forest, the time and space I shared with my friends on the frontier—people who lived in a state of intimacy with their environments and their communities that I am just beginning to understand. These weave a tapestry of experience so rich that, years later and thousands of kilometers away, they imbue my papery life with dimension and perspective.

And the River took me back into the spell of words. I always knew that one day I would write down the stories of the place, of these people who have become my friends, teachers, nemeses, and heroes, to let the world know that they lived and died. The book, titled *River of Light*, will appear in 2004.*

Will it be a work of art? Will it transmit the gifts of the jaguar? Of the horseshoe crab? I don’t know.

But I submit that to embark on an artistic endeavor is as much of an adventure as any scientific one. No, I’m not going to quote C.P. Snow’s tedious declaration of the two worlds of science and the humanities and then try to convince you of some sort of consilience. There’s nothing to reconcile, in my view.

The artist and the scientist are both explorers who have the particular courage to get to the places on the tapered ends of normal experience, those thin terrains where rare things happen, or the strange beauty occurs.

And I would submit that art, like science, is a kind of hypothesis testing, which is precisely why each work of art, music, or literature is a little experiment, and short of expressing it to the world, there is no way to know how it will affect an individual, let alone a populace (opaquely? translucently? subliminally?), no way to know whether it resonates in our culture.

The essayist Barry Lopez once observed, “Every story is an act of trust between a writer and a reader; each story, in the end, is social.”

The gift of the artist and writer and the scientist, too, is that innate understanding of the odds. These people share a covenant with the natural world, or with the human world, and have the courage to test it experimentally, to take a chance, or make an educated guess. How will this stroke of turquoise, this particular word, soothe or sting? The artist, therefore, is as much an experimenter as any biologist. The writer, therefore, is a scientist. Both are engaged in the same life-affirming process. We who know how the molecules dance; how the colors work; how the jaguar smells; why the fish bite.

We who know how the words work. ☑

—September 12, 2002

*The book was published as *A Land of Ghosts: The Braided Lives of People and the Forest in Far Western Amazonia*. The paperback version was released April 2007.
As a naïve freshman in 1958, I was in awe of Dr. Waring's knowledge of literature, his confidence as a teacher, and, yes, his movie-star looks. A year or two later I was in another of his classes and was late one day because, passing the TV lounge in Trowbridge, I noticed a broadcast of the final game of the World Series. I couldn't help myself—I had to watch, which made me late. I remember rushing, breathless, into Dr. Waring's class in Bowen and bursting out, “The Pirates won the pennant!” Instead of chilling me with an icy glare, as some might have done, he grinned, said, “That’s great,” and resumed his discussion.

In 1971 I returned to Kalamazoo College as a non-traditional student to complete my B.A. and became immersed in Dr. Waring's Shakespeare courses, which were fascinating, multi-media expositions. I knew that I would become an English teacher but realized I had a lot of work to do. My first Shakespeare paper was a C-, and I remember the devastating feeling that after 10 years away from “K,” I didn’t have the mettle to handle the work. But I did have the sense to go in and talk with Dr. Waring, who went over the paper with me and gave me an opportunity to rewrite it. The next draft was vastly improved, and I gained confidence I could handle the work.

After I was hired by the Kalamazoo Public Schools to teach English I continued to drop in on the Shakespeare classes during the summer in order to get a “tune up” and inspiration for the next school year. Walter and I had become friends, and his wife, Mary, was also a friend. We lived in the same neighborhood, and two of his daughters even did some babysitting for us.

Many people may not know about the wonderful bread that Walter baked regularly during those years, and after much discussion of recipes and methods he invited me to his house one afternoon to watch him bake the weekly whole wheat loaves. As with his teaching, he was knowledgeable, calm, and totally involved in the process. I can still see him mixing dough in a huge aluminum bowl, and I treasure the recipe he gave me.

Over the years we often saw each other at College and community functions, and I shared my joy of teaching English and, in particular, how things were going in my British Literature classes.

Walter taught me what it takes to be a good teacher: love of subject, stamina, concern for students, fearlessness, and the willingness to encourage a timid and frustrated student whose self confidence needed a boost. I will forever picture him standing at the front of the lecture hall, nattily dressed, smoke curling around him, his velvet voice bringing literature to life; and in his kitchen, elbow deep in bread dough, always the teacher.

Sally Lange Padley ‘62
I'm so sorry to hear of the death of Dr. Waring. I was just this week rereading Joyce's *Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man*, and my copy is autographed (I don't remember why) by Dr. Waring. The inscription is from the book: "A few last figures in distant pools – Stephen." It must have been the fall semester of 1960, the first class I ever took in the novel and one which began to open up the intellectual paths my life would follow.

Susan Helgeson '63

Walt Waring was one of the truly great teachers at Kalamazoo College. He taught us what wisdom he had. He told us what he knew, whether from personal account or through stories, not because he knew we all loved stories, but because he knew it was a good way, perhaps the only way, to connect with students. It was pure kindness and grace. His articles were always brilliant and evocative. Who can forget his "cultural options" theories? Who had a better awareness of what was "literary" and what was not? His deportment, because of his physical stature and manners, was always that of a true southern gentleman, though he was not from the South. When John Crowe Ransom came to Kalamazoo College in 1965, it seemed redundant. We already had Walt Waring.

Geoffrey Gall '65

Walt played a part in my gaining admission to Kalamazoo in 1963. He was the second member of the English department that I met in those hectic early freshman days and, right off the bat, was one of the primary reasons I was glad that I had come.

Those of us who were privileged to be his students and friends have a wealth of "Walt stories" I am sure. He was an inspired teacher and wry raconteur. And when he and Mrs. Waring and all the girls attended, *en famille*, a recital or a play on campus, the radiance from their location in the audience was more luminous than that upon the stage.

Jim Donaldson '67

What an amazing man Dr. Waring was. He had an enormous influence on my development as a writer and a critical thinker. And he had such a great sense of humor, so approachable and easy-going. I have such fond memories of his large and small lectures.

Jennifer (Dill) Ovink '73

I had to take "Science Fiction" my freshman fall because it was the only English credit that "fit" my schedule. I really didn't enjoy the reading material, and my papers must have reflected that fact. I received a "C" as my final mark—the first in my life! I requested a meeting with Dr. Waring to discuss where I had gone wrong. He told me that I wasn't being honest in my papers; that he could tell that I was trying to give him what I thought he wanted in my writings rather than my true reactions to the material we had read. He told me that I would get a lot more out of literature and out of life in general if I would "lay my cards on the table" and be completely honest in my reactions, no matter how ignorant or naïve my thoughts might seem. The important thing, he said, was to think enough of myself—and how far I'd come in life to that point—that I would react honestly based on that point in my experience. Of course, he added, that point would change with growth and experience. My reactions to literature, and to life, would change as I changed.

This is a wonderful point of view—typical Waring, I guess. I went on to enjoy his two Shakespeare classes and learned a great deal in both. I can say that my "Dr. Waring experience" was the most valuable lesson I learned at Kalamazoo College.

Linda (Leithauser) Milne '73

Sometime after he retired, Dr. Waring decided to lead a small seminar for Kalamazoo College English majors. Four other students and I would gather in an office in the English department's house for afternoons filled with cigarette smoke and discussion of books. He'd returned because he did not like being away from talking about literature. He'd certainly continued studying books that mattered to him and had kept abreast of contemporary scholarship. He had a way of making reading, thinking about reading, writing about reading, and talking about all of it seem the best way to spend one's time.

Dr. Waring agreed to oversee an independent study project I was doing. It was devoted to the novels of James Joyce, works that subsequently became the focus of my senior project. He was always willing to extend the discussion beyond the allotted time, and I would often (without his knowledge) skip my Spanish class, preferring to ponder life along the River Liffey and a day in the life of "a cultured allroundman" who in *Ulysses* meets a young artist from an earlier novel. I ended up having to repeat that Spanish course, but I've never regretted it.

John Rodwan, Jr. '91
When my son, John, and Walter Waring first met, John told Dr. Waring that I also had been his student. “I remember your mother,” Dr. Waring responded. “She never did understand Ulysses.”

Dr. Waring may not have been able to teach me much about Ulysses, but he did teach me many things I hold dear. One lesson in particular came to mind on the recent day when I learned of his death.

In the early 1960s, I took a modern poetry class from Dr. Waring. One day he gave us a surprise in-class writing assignment. The next time the class met, he walked into the classroom and slammed our papers down on his desk. “These are the worst papers I have ever read, and almost everyone got an ‘F,’” he said, as he turned and left the room. We students sat in stunned silence. How had we made this courtly, soft-spoken man so mad? Over the years, as I thought about that class, I came to realize that Dr. Waring was telling us that we must be serious about the things that are important in life. Poetry was important to him, and he honored his students by wanting poetry to be important to us. Thank you for that, Dr. Waring.

Gail Rodwan '63

I remember Dr. Waring fondly as a dashing young man with a black moustache and a soft-spoken gentlemanly way about him,

I remember him playing the coronet, very well, in the Kalamazoo College ensemble.

He was certainly very open and fair with his students. I had him as a professor of English only for a short time, and my other contacts with him were limited to casual meetings on the campus. He was always friendly and interested in student opinions, and his passing fills me with great sadness.

David H. Jackson '62

Time causes us to forget many important issues, and people, in life. But no one can forget the contribution of Dr. Waring.

Vic Braden '51

I recall the contentiousness of the times during my undergraduate years, with the Vietnam war, feminism, black power, strikes and demonstrations. Everyone had an opinion, often chanted or shouted, and it wasn’t uncommon to see people greet one another with the salute of a raised fist.

Dr. Waring’s answer to all of that was a patient, forbearing smile, at a time when forbearance was at a premium. Certainly he was passionate about his subject—you couldn’t teach as well as he did without being passionate. But it was tempered with perspective, or perhaps what Dr. Bogart and Norman Mailer would call cool. The only things I remember Dr. Waring really getting fired up about were the concrete tile roof on his house and his acquaintance with both Bill Shakespeares—the fishing rod maker and the other one. No one more lived up to the commonplace of “a scholar and a gentleman.”

Steven Eckerstrom '73

During my time at Kalamazoo College (1965-1969), I took as many classes as I could from Dr. Waring, and I managed to wrangle a switch in my student job assignment so I could work for him in the English Department. I remember Larry Barrett’s comment, after Dr. Waring’s retirement, that Walt regularly discovered a new way to understand Shakespeare. This was absolutely true. I remember Dr. Waring used The Territorial Imperative as a way to get at a core meaning of the plays. He was eager to explore new ideas and to connect them in novel ways. He said his mother always told him to clean out his mind every so often—and he did.

When I worked for him, he was writing his book about Thomas Carlyle. I learned everything I know about Carlyle from typing those book chapters—and what a good way to learn!

He was a great teacher and a first-class intellectual.

Elizabeth (Lindemann) Malone '69

Dr. Waring was one of my very favorite professors during my years at Kalamazoo College. I was fortunate to take courses in Shakespeare and Humanities from him. During the Humanities class, which was held in a small room in Upjohn Library, a non-traditional student (Clara Buckley) whispered to me that he was the only person for whom she would tolerate smoking in her presence. (Dr. Waring was a chain smoker, and smoking was allowed in class in those days.) We laughed, because I felt exactly the same way. Dr. Waring was a dear man, a superb educator, and had the sexiest voice on campus!

Frances (VerHey) Glass '79

I was a chemistry major and not very much interested in the arts, but because of the Kalamazoo Plan I had to take English. I took English Literature, hoping it would prove the most painless of my options, with little need to pay close attention or study hard. Dr. Waring soon (after our first paper) disabused our minds about that way of thinking. I came to enjoy English Literature so much that I took another quarter of it. I surprised myself. Dr. Waring’s love for teaching and for the subject has made me a lifelong lover of Shakespearean and English plays and movies. I took two courses from him in 1978, my first year in America, my first year anywhere outside Africa.

Dr. Orakwao Dowuona '80
When he was a junior at Kalamazoo College, Clinton David ’77 (left) studied in Aix-en-Provence, France, during the 1975-76 fall and winter quarters. He lived with a wonderful family headed by his “French Mother,” Marie-Jeanne (“Miam”) Parmentier (center), who “helped make my experience in Aix the wonderful time that it was.” In 1992 Clinton and his wife, Suzanne, visited Miam, and they have corresponded regularly ever since.

Fast forward to the present, when Clinton’s daughter, Drew (right), a junior and French minor at Vanderbilt University, decides to study abroad at Vandy’s one and only foreign study location: Aix-en-Provence! A coincidence, Clinton thought, demanding bold action. During Drew’s study abroad, Clinton and his wife rented a home for several weeks in Cotignac, a gorgeous little village about 45 minutes from Aix. “We explored the countryside and had the time of our lives. Each weekend we would stay in Aix to visit Drew and, of course, Miam. Drew and Miam had enjoyed several lunches together prior to our arrival and had become wonderful friends. During Thanksgiving week, Miam invited our family over for a wonderful lunch, with plenty of Côtes du Provençal wine. I had brushed up on my French for about two months prior to arrival and was able to carry on discussions with Miam, just like we did 31 years ago. I thank Kalamazoo College for my foreign study experience—one I’ll never forget—which continues to pay off to this very day. I could relate to the experience my daughter was gaining by living in the French culture and the impact it was having on her life.”

Nathan Church: Kalamazoo College student, Civil War officer, and College Trustee

Foreign Study: Generation Next
Occasionally alumni send class note photos we wish to feature prominently. Here are two examples, taken by Marvi Lacar ’98 and Tom Taylor ’75. Marvi sojourned several months in Kenya working on a number of photo documentary projects. She spent several days with infant orphaned elephants and snapped a picture of two. Tom and his wife, Linda (Temple) Taylor ’75, M.D., took a trip to the Himalayan kingdom of Bhutan where Tom (whose photographic work previously has been featured in Lux Esto) took many pictures of the landscape and the people. Class notes on Marvi and Tom and Linda appear in this issue.

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SEEING STUDY ABROAD

1972 Graduate Bob Kopecky’s glimpse of Africa then, and glimpse of the glimpse now