

(This is a pseudo-subversive alternative  
to your freshman orientation handbook.)

The Committee to make Togetherness Omnipresent

CO

TO MA

T

O

(CoTomato)

proudly presents

# DOWN EAST SMOGGY AIR <sup>AND</sup> DIRTY GRUM CREAK BLUEZ

in sincere hopes of answering for you questions that we could  
never find answers to when we were freshmen.

Cynical, jaded opinions expressed herein aren't meant to brainwash  
or indoctrinate you, but rather to give you something to think  
about—and start you on the way to figuring out what you think.  
(That's true of the glowing optimistic opinions too.)

(CoTomato wishes to thank those from whom we plagiarized  
freely under the guise of spreading knowledge.)

Welcome to Sweatmore College. You probably don't know quite what to make of this place, so I'll unnerve you with the great truth: nobody else knows either. Upwardly mobile children of the chic American professional class wander onto this campus after high school, spend about four years leading peculiarly specialized lives, and go away with a sigh of relief. Years later, nostalgia overcomes them and they return to give money and/or get a job teaching.

We wish that the whole process were a lot more deliberate than that. Please forgive the overdone metaphor, but people who wander blindly stub their toes a lot. Your happiness here depends on your finding better things to do than wander. Many people before you have found that the college is neither very fun nor very educational when they lean back and say "Massage my brain, please." The more you think in terms of this place doing something to you (as opposed to your doing something yourself), the less you'll like it, and the less effort you'll invest to reap positive results.

So think positively about the power you have over your life and your liberal education. To get your money's worth out of school, you have to remember that the job of making school seem worthwhile is left up to you. You're stuck with figuring out why the work you do is interesting, or valuable, or vocationally useful (this quality the faculty try to avoid). You may just think that your work is something you want to do without knowing why, which is cool as long as you're not using that as a self-misleading excuse for not getting your ass in gear and doing something else. If college doesn't seem worthwhile, you really should drop out, go do whatever else you really would rather do, and come back when you're good and ready to hit that Chaucer. Huge numbers of students drop out with complete approval of the administration; some go home and rest, some travel, some work, some intern at job situations. Most are back after a semester or two, but a few don't return for years. The great majority say that time spent away is beneficial.

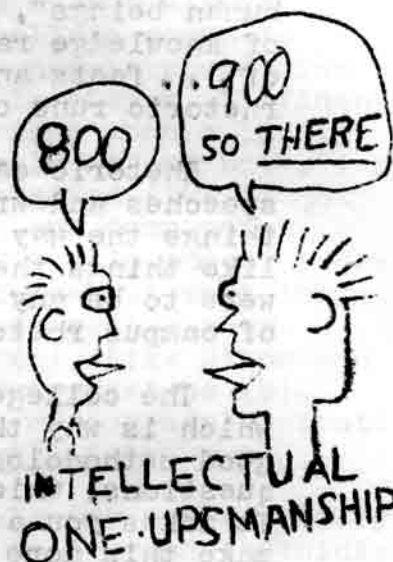


Do you already think you've made a mistake? Go harass the deans RIGHT NOW and tell them that you want to leave. Don't be shy. You may even still be able to get your money back. Wanna try it for a little while first? Good, you're like most of us. Read on.

## About your orientation week

We of the CoTomato Steering Committee look upon your orientation with painful reminiscing of our own. You're all supposed to have fun together, doing all sorts of groovy things like square dancing and having dorn parties and getting chest X-rays, but - admit it - you're all scared shitless. You're probably wondering about all those other people here—are they the nuclear physicist/concert pianist/football quarterback/mr/ms Everything type people that your guidance counselor said go here? Well, no. They're human beings like you. You wouldn't be here if the college hadn't made damn sure that you could handle the place with ease. This is at least mostly true, and we are trying to get you to believe that it is entirely true, so that you will have some self-confidence and won't need to participate in

INTELLECTUAL ONE-UPSMANSHIP, which is a disease of Swarthmore orientations. Some of you may feel nervous about your ego, and be tempted to try extra hard to convince your peers that you're really smart too. Relax and just remember that you don't have to. When you're tempted to bullshit about how you were stoned when you took your boards but got 800's anyway, or casually use all those big words you quick looked up in the dictionary the other day, don't bother, because really, nobody's interested—especially the people who didn't get such high board scores. (By the way, the big wheels here in college are often people who weren't such big wheels in high school, and 800's don't matter a damn now that you've been accepted into college.) So just take it easy and remember to act like a normal human bean.



Upperclassmen may try to snow you with their wisdom (guess in what spirit this book is being written). This is especially true of upperclass males who are trying to snow frosh females, in more ways than one. The potential dangers of this are described in "mind-fucking" in the glossary at the end of the book.

The sad thing about orientation is that you are scared, of this place and of each other, and don't have much in the way of common experience to talk about with other freshman. So go get some. Find somebody with interests like yours (bulletin boards are useful) and go do something. Beyond that, CoTomato can only suggest that you act extroverted and sincere. That way, you'll have made a number of good friends by the end of the week. If you run into signs of aloofness and unfriendliness, don't worry about it. People who are that way feel guilty about it (really! We have proof) and will admire you for being otherwise, even if they don't admit it.



## College as a set of lofty principles

To most of us, high school education was nuttin' more than readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic. Here at Sweatmost college, education has a new "R"—rhetoric. Rhetoric is philosophical double-talk so complicated that it heads you off at the pass shortly after you both started talking in opposite directions. It never says anything, at least not in a reasonable number of words. The college catalogue has some primitive attempts at rhetoric, such as "The purpose of Swarthmore College is to make its students more valuable human beings", and "competence in a field than simply...mastery of knowledge rather of...facts and interpretations", but real rhetoric runs circles around this stuff.

Rhetoric can be speeches and writings things the way they like things the way were to be any different of campus rhetoric



### STUDENT LEARNING A METHODOLOGY

The college wants which is why they good methodology posits questions, which is It makes you a more make this more fun, the a major that appeals to you among the many offered. Purists about liberal education don't care what you major in, insofar as the benefit to your head is concerned. You learn what subjects you dig most and get your intellectual p.e. no matter what.

A methodology is supposed to have some sort of apocalyptic vision tying it all together, sort of like a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. In high school, it's called "understanding the big picture", but that's not a fancy enough name for Sweatmore. But that pot of gold—PhD's know all about it, and BA's are said at least to know it's there. But usually, the only pot of gold to be found is each scholar's internal interpretation of a pattern underlying a morass of facts. Striving to make this interpretation as well-defined and articulate as possible, the college wants your vast body of facts and interpretations to be holistic. You want to have some idea of how everything in the world fits together, and always be able to internalize new data. Some disciplines have external holisms, such as Marxism (which pertains to history, economics, sociology, and more), but anybody who relies on an external holism to do all his thinking for him runs a big risk of being too indiscriminate.

WHAT THE COLLEGE THINKS AIN'T  
NECESSARILY SO

Because the college thinks that such comprehensive vision can come only from immersion in one department, the college hates to let its students have interdisciplinary majors (e.g. Black Studies American Studies, etc.) which, they fear, allow the student to pursue his interests without ever having a chance of attaining

his apocalyptic vision. It is true that interdisciplinary majors sometimes boil down to being just lots of intro courses, and are thus apt to be short-sighted.

One question which often gets asked is "Where did this apocalyptic vision go?", since it never materializes for some students—who then wish that they could have had an interdisciplinary major. Is something so obscure and hard to pinpoint worth striving so hard for? Another good question to ask is "Hence the arbitrary limits on what subjects are good enough for Swarthmore?" (lotsa things worth learning aren't taught here.) The answer always given is financial limitations, although the college seems to fritter away a fair amount of money which some people would like to see channeled differently. The real answer is either (a) financial priorities ("A football team is more important than a lively studio arts program, but it'd be nice if we could afford both,") or (b) true disinterest in the activity being contested ("We'll get diamond-studded football helmets before we buy one damn paint brush, and to hell with those stupid art-farts."). In recent years, laconic administrators didn't bother to say much about what they thought about important campus issues, so nobody really knew whether they were thinking in terms of (a) or (b). Like Nixon and his tapes, they made people think that the answer must be (b). However, recent turnover in the upper echelons of the administration makes us very optimistic that this situation will improve.

When confronted with some kinds of proposals for new and nifty programs of study, the college doesn't bother to pretend it thinks they might be nice. Any course of study which emphasizes learning skills and techniques instead of a great holistic methodology doesn't mesh with the college's educational goals. The faculty often say, "We don't want to become a trade school," because they'd rather tackle the amorphous task of imparting wisdom to you than the easier task of imparting skills and techniques. This certainly has merits, but it still may leave you wondering,

WELL, THEN, WHAT THE HELL GOOD DOES IT DO ME TO HAVE A DEGREE FROM HERE WHEN I GO LOOK FOR A JOB? There are those unreachable cynics who say that it does no good at all. The job market is poor, and there's a glut on liberally-educated people who haven't ever worked a day in their lives. But even still, it's possible for a Swarthmore diploma to help you in a number of ways. First of all, people who consider themselves in the know have often (maybe even usually) heard of the college. They've either heard that it's full of communists (that's what the locals say, and it's not true) or that it's the only college except for MIT where people actually do some work. This is partially true. Swarthmore's reputation may well impress people that you must be a hard worker, and that you were carefully chosen to come here originally. A liberal education, they may even think, does what it's supposed to here, but not many other places. Then again, most employers don't have any job openings, so it doesn't matter what they think of you.

For most jobs that traditionally require a liberal education, there is no way to test whether the job applicant has the necessary

ability. If such tests existed, they would be used and relied upon. But instead, qualifications for a job boil down to how much time was spent at an accredited institution trying to acquire that ability.

Another thing to remember is that success in the job market depends on your having more than a degree to offer. Any dullard can go to a fancy-pants college for four years and study Greek history and spend his summers sun-tanning on the Jersey shore, but that doesn't give him impressive credentials. If you have vocational interests, by all means pursue them both on- and off-campus, and during the summer too. That way, employers will have some indication that you're not just some dilettante idiot. The college, you will find, is pretty negligent about helping you in this direction. You can make up for this simply by remembering that the college doesn't provide adequate impetus, and you have to make up the difference yourself.

There is substantial eagerness for improvement in this area, and Mrs. Katz, the career planning counselor, is helpful and innovative. But she's overworked, and tends to ignore freshmen in favor of desperate seniors.

### College as it really is (to hell with lofty principles)

You've probably heard a lot of scare stories about how everybody here works all the time and the pressure is unbearable. The only reason you hear this is that (1) it was pretty true 10 or 20 years ago, and (2) people repeat things mindlessly, year after year. Will it make you feel any better if I tell you that you don't have to do any significant amount of work and you can still manage to pass your courses? It's true, so heave your sigh of relief. But keep in mind that not doing any work doesn't mean that you'll be having fun.

A lot of people here will tell you that they feel under pressure, though. Pressure has a few sources: It's self-induced among mentally unstable high-achievement oriented people. It's a status symbol ("Oh, man, I stayed up all night three nights in a row and wrote five papers and now I've got three exams to study for." Fuck you! We don't want to hear how neurotic you are.) of questionable value. It's a legacy from the aforementioned 10 or 20 years ago. Back then everybody really did run around like rats in a cage, working their asses off as freshmen and sophs so that they could get into honors, because if they didn't get into honors and had to stay in course they'd be the niggers of the campus. When people transferred out, it was because they "couldn't stand the pressure" (nowadays, a more usual reason is to study something





not offered here). Virtually everyone went to grad school. Career planning, studio arts, and an air-conditioned library were non-existent. Rules were strict and lives were regimented.

Time has changed much of that, but the college does have its heritage. Rules are pretty much all gone (the most important rule is that when you're doing something that could reflect badly on the college, you damn well oughtta have sense enough to be discreet about it.) and the physical plant of the college has become a lot more posh, all of which makes life more luxuriant. Since jobs as academic types are hard to get, the road to grad school has become a blind alley, and students are less excited about it. The market for other jobs is pretty catch-as-catch-can, so it's a drag, too. Now that the college is such a country club, people aren't as excited about changing it either. The result of all this lack of excitement is LETHARGY, which is the student body's biggest problem. Students still work hard, not quite as hard as in the old days, with not as much conviction, because they're unconvinced about the meaning of it all. Still, with nothing better to do, they carry on with some of the tradition of neurotic ass-busting that made this school famous. There's no need for anybody to engage in this listless masochism if he has his ass in gear and decides what he wants to do with himself while he's here. **IDEALLY, this'd mean hard work with GUSTO and PURPOSE.**

#### College as the entertainment capital of the world

Aside from the myriad activities that go on during orientation week, the college offers more pleasant diversions than any one student has time to go to all of. It has some serious extracurricular endeavors, too.

For diversions, there are two or three movies every weekend (chosen by the art-fart film freaks on movie committee so that they don't always appeal to the Walt Disney mentality), excellent coffee-house style concerts in the ratskeller (that posh room in the basement of tarbles, in the end furthest from Parrish), dances in Tarbles or the dining hall, usually with a depressingly large stag line, all-college parties hosted by each of the fraternities, art shows (go to the openings; they're fantastic fun), pinball tournaments, athletic events (women's volleyball vs Bryn Mawr is the best), concerts of all kinds (even Pete Seeger came here last year), and more.

Extracurriculars include an FM radio station that can be heard way the hell over in Haddonfield, New Jersey on a clear night, a weaving club, a sailing club, a legion of potters in the art building, a very wealthy debate club (due to an earmarked donation to the college, they have all kinds of funds to go on trips and things. If debating is your bag, this is the place.), an outing club that will help subsidize your camping adventures if you don't decide in advance who you're willing to have along on the trip, a twice-per-week newspaper (the Phoenix), a yearbook (The Halcyon), a literary magazine (Unsung), and other things that you can easily discover if your interest carries you there.

If something fun-to-do doesn't exist and you want it, talk to people on Student Council and ask for money to start it up with. Council has \$50,000 to spend on student whims and indulgences, so let your whims be known.

### Community Life

Community life is generally pretty restrained here, as students don't usually feel any great big bond between themselves and the rest of the college. This might change (and for the better) on account of recent changes in the administration which promise to set an example of more communication (the key to all community life) and less insularity, which means that there will be more good feelings floating around.

Some things about life at Sweatmore are unusually good. One is that women's liberation has made much better-than-average headway here, perhaps because Swarthmore students had always known that female grinds were just as smart as male grinds. At Vassar College, a few guys moved in and took over the place. Here, things are pretty equally divided in terms of high student offices held, intellectual honors, and general esteem. Another good thing is that the fraternity scene is pretty low-key, to the point where fraternities are beneficial to their members without harming anyone else, which makes it unnecessary for non-fraternity members to act condescending and spiteful towards the fraternities. (Sadly, this spitefulness does exist, because people react to the connotations that institutions used to have without stopping to see if those institutions still have those connotations.) Still another good thing is that athletics on campus are very un-spectator oriented, perhaps part because there's no place for spectators to be in many of the athletic fields/courts. The campus is divided into those people who keep themselves physically fit in any of a number of ways (Women even go to the field house to lift weights and nobody bats an eyelash) and those who don't, and very few of the second group get voyeuristic thrills from watching the first group.

Nobody here goes on dates, but lots of people pair up. Some of you will already be paired up by the end of the week, but have good taste and don't make a race of it. Also, a romance created to provide its members with constant company and friendship in the midst of the college's vague social structure isn't a very healthy relationship. Unless you're really sure that you've found Mr./Ms. Right, you may find it better to learn to handle yourself and your friendships here alone before you get out in the meat market looking for romance. You have a very good opportunity here to get to know lots of people very well in an informal way before you put your moves on anybody. Enough said?

The dining hall is generally considered to be the center of social activity here. There are pre-established stereotypes as to what kinds of people eat in which dining rooms, but they aren't worth repeating. One thing about the dining room is worth mention-



ing, altho it doesn't reflect on the college too well. About 40% of the food taken from the serving line is sent back down the dish-belt where, by state law, it must be thrown away. Due to the nature of the food company's contract with the college, they would be required to upgrade the quality of the food they served if they didn't have to spend all that money to serve all that food that just gets thrown away. Thus, students have both aesthetic and self-seeking reasons to not waste food. Furthermore, Nixon's food shortage makes the situation a lot more acute this year. Get a job scraping plates on the dishbelt once so that you get sickened by all the waste that goes on (one iron-stomached Colomato steering committee member used to work dishbelt and feed himself lunch entirely on the waste food from trays that came toward him. Hamburger after untouched hamburger, full glass of milk after untouched orange, etc.) and don't waste any food yourself.

The health center has pretty complete facilities, and it's free unless you have to stay many many days. They have a couple doctors, a shrink, a psychologist (both of which you don't need to give your name to get an appointment to see, and they think more students should stop trying to walk on water and go see them), a gynecologist, an orthopedic surgeon waiting in the wings, and a number of nurses. Don't avoid them. The aforementioned specialists generally show up once per week or so. If the waiting time to see the gynecologist rises to several weeks, as it often does, and you have a pressing problem, they keep an emergency time spot reserved each day that she's here.. If your problem is even more pressing, or not pressing but not one that you want to wait a month to solve, you can visit Planned Parenthood in Chester, at 400 Welsh Street. For less dramatic problems, i.e. injuries and physical ailments of all kinds, very excellent treatment is available in the field house from Doug Weiss, the college physical therapist. If your knees feel funny or anything like that, don't hesitate to go see him. Unfortunately, vestigial elements of male chauvensim dictate that women students must stay away from Doug after 1:00 PM so that he can get busy taping up the male athletes for their afternoon practices (as if female athletes didn't need to get taped up too).

Drugs on campus are getting less and less noticable. If you're new to the psychedelic rip-off, Colomato has a directory for you:

- (a) Grass Philadelphia-area marijuana traffic is controlled by organized crime, which is almost as good a reason to avoid it as its inherent worthlessness. But it is harmless stuff, or so everyone says.
- (b) Mescaline The closest thing you'll get is a pill full of strychnine (which makes you feel like you've taken something weird), but the guys who sell it to you will tell you it's mescaline. They don't deserve your money either.
- (c) Dexadrine Do you have 72 hours worth of work to do in the next hour?
- (d) Methadrine Do you have two years worth of work to do in the next hour and nothing to do after that?
- (e) Heroin Do you have nothing to do in the next hour and nothing to do after that either?
- (f) Alcohol is where it's at on the Swarthmore Campus.

## Jobs

If you think the earning power of a college graduate is poor, wait'll you see what's available to you right now. You can work on campus, usually for a starvation \$1.60/hour and almost never for more than \$1.80/hour, in the dining hall, library, snack bar, or someplace else. You can substitute for people who work regularly but want to go do something else; check the bulletin board across from the mail room. Other low-pay jobs include babysitting in the ville (but make sure you know your employer, because people try to molest young women on the pretext of hiring them as babysitters) and waitressing in local restaurants. A few hours per week of low-paying job can be useful, however, as it keeps your spending money in a state of equilibrium and gives you a false pretense to think that you identify with the working class.

If you want to earn big money, you have to either work a lot of hours or find a more exotic job. Modeling in the raw at art schools, driving a taxicab, mowing lawns, working as a mechanic and tutoring have all made Swarthmorens rich in the past.

## Dire Warnings

Time was when you could be a trusting soul. That all ended when apples were added to the human diet, so there are a few things you need to know.

Some of the biggest assholes in the world go to Swarthmore College and steal the books and notebooks of other students. If you're one of them, go to hell. If not, you can help avoid this by not leaving that tempting twenty-dollar text out where somebody can grab it. Carry your books inside a backpack or shoulder bag; thieves are reluctant to open up bags to look for books, especially when there are people attached to the bags. Don't leave naked books sitting on the student belongings shelves in the library, or in the coatrooms in the dining hall. And hope that this kind of nonsense isn't a problem ever again.

Bicycles. According to Esquire magazine, this place has the highest per capita bike theft rate in the nation. It's not sufficient advice to say "Be sure you lock your bike," so an elaboration is in order.

- (a) Balloon-tire bombers. Even the most derelict, heaviest, flattest-tired bike needs a lock, if only to keep some stupid townie from riding it into the crum creek (If you need a bike and you aren't too picky, you can find one in the creek every so often. Keep your eyes peeled!). Any lock should do.
- (b) Three-speeds. They get stolen too, especially from the racks in secluded spots where a thief can work undisturbed after dark. A good padlock and hefty cable or chain should keep one safe anywhere, since professional thieves with fancy lock-breaking tools often ignore three-speeds. But to be safe, chain the bike in a prominent place.
- (c) Ten-speeds. Not too safe during the day in secluded spots, and

at night dangerous everywhere but your own room, inside tarbles, or securely shackled to a lamp post in front of the library during library hours. Bike storage rooms in the basements of Parrish and Wharton aren't reliable. Parts may get pilfered off your bike, especially the wheels if you have quick-release wheels and don't lock them too. If you have a super-fancy Eddy Merckx special ten-speed, keep it in your room and fish a balloon-tire bomber out of the Crum for riding around campus.



- (d) Motorcycles. Not quite as many thieves, but some determined ones. Use a real Amazon-sized chain at all times. Good Luck.

VIRTUE may be stolen too. Last year, in what I hope was a freak incident, a woman student was raped in her room in Parrish, in mid-afternoon. Don't fret over that, though, it didn't happen to you (and most likely won't). But women who walk alone after dark are apt to be attacked on dark paths (like on the way to Mary Lyons, or by the train station, or behind Pearson) and oughtta implore somebody else to walk with them. Those of you who aren't women ought to not balk at the prospect of accompanying those who are, even if it takes up some of your stupid precious time, because the danger is real. All of last year's reported cases of after-dark assaults ended with the woman withstanding her attacker successfully, but that didn't mean that it was fun for her.

Lock your door, and if you live on the ground floor lock your windows too. You're an idiot if you don't.

If you have a car, remember that vandalism may strike you. Theft is rare but not unheard of. Vandalism is most common in parking areas which are convenient for townies on their way to/from the crum meadow dirt road. If you don't have college permission to have the car, you'll get harassed by the buildings & grounds people, and eventually they'll bring a significant amount of trouble into your life. To avoid this, you either have to keep your car in the ville and move it every day so that the ville police don't get mad at you, or find a no-man's-land where you can leave your car undisturbed (hint - there are at least three of these convenient to the college). To get college permission to have your car, you need political patronage. Student clubs that need transportation support your plea for a car. ("Joey belongs to the elephant admirers club and we use his Studebaker to bring elephants to our meetings." is the kind of patronage you need.) Cars are more trouble than they're worth anyway, so leave yours at home.

Swarthmore isn't the crime capital of the world, so don't have nightmares about these things. It's not a land of milk and honey either, so don't ignore them.



On choosing and enjoying a program of study:

- (1) This isn't very useful advice right now, but avoid intro courses when you can get by without them. They are usually too general and not deep enough into the subject matter to be really intriguing. You may well have thought that you would be taking four intros, but if you can bluff your way into one or two courses that wax deep and involving, it might make your academic schedule a lot more interesting. The faculty have recognized this shortcoming, and have been improving introductory offerings, but they ain't perfect yet.
- (2) When you're planning your schedule, as to what courses you'd like to take when, don't believe what the catalogue says. The catalogue lists one course which hasn't been offered since this year's seniors were in high school, and you may be in for a rude shock when you find that the words "spring semester" or "to be offered in 1974-75" are irreverently ignored when the time comes around. The main reason for all of this is that the catalogue makes the school look like a more exciting place when you list more courses, even if they're just filler. Applicants from California don't know that. But anyway, ask teachers and department secretaries about their scheduling plans. They try to keep them flexible, and thus may not know yet for sure. But you can get an idea, and you may be able to talk them into offering a course that you want, especially if you get a sizable number of lobbyists.
- (3) When you're taking an intro course that has lots of sections, find out from the department secretary who teaches which section, and take a poll among upperclassmen as to which teachers are best. Ask more than one person, by all means.
- (4) Don't sign up for courses that appear in time slots like early morning or Friday afternoon if you think you won't go to them. It sounds decadent, and I guess it is, but if you can't get out of bed in time for a class or stay away from your lover at Yale, then you might as well be taking a class that you can get yourself to go to instead.
- (5) Four reading courses will kill you unless you're an Evelyn Wood ace. History, Poli. Sci, English, Sociology and perhaps other departments are famous for giving you volumes to wade through. Other departments, such as Philosophy, the sciences, and Art History, expect you to work on fewer pages more carefully. Having both kinds can be a refreshing change of pace. And by the way, nobody here reads everything on their reading list for a course, so don't feel guilty when you don't either. But try to figure out what's going to be most important, and make damn sure you do read that.
- (6) Distribution requirements are easy to fill, and you shouldn't worry about them too much. If one of the groupings of required courses seems awful to you, you may want to wait a while and see if your interests change, rather than taking a course just to get it over with.
- (7) Don't rush out and automatically buy all the books that appear on your lists. It costs a lot, and you may not be assigned more than a chapter or two in some expensive hardback, which you can

easily (and cheaply) use in the library. There are chairs in the back of the bookstore where you can sit and read unbought books. However, the bookstore often runs out of books, especially the ones you need the most. If you suspect that this might happen (large class, not many books on the shelf) buy the book and keep it intact and unmarked. That way, you can return it and get your money back if you drop the course or decide you don't need to own the book.

- (8) Try and find out as much as possible about a course before you take it. Ask what kinds of readings there will be, what topics the course will cover, what kinds of questions it will ask, etc. Make sure the course follows a direction that your interests follow too. Don't rely on the catalogue for this information either.
- (9) Be active, questioning, and aggressive about your interest, but give the professor some deference. He may be trying to impart some wisdom which won't have any meaning for you until the end of the course. Be careful not to prejudge him, especially if the field is new to you. Let him explain what his perspective on the subject is; you'll be able to use it in formulating your own (remember? holism?). Of course, if he really doesn't have much to offer, all you can do is warn your friends about him.
- (10) If a course is so bad that you are really sure that you are being cheated (like when the teacher doesn't show up, or refuses to talk about anything serious), COMPLAIN TO THE REGISTRAR. This happens very rarely, but if it does, now you know what to do.
- (11) Most people like their course schedule the most when the courses are neither totally unrelated nor all the same. That fine dividing line between satisfying intermingling and stultifying similarity is yours to discover.
- (12) You can sign up for lots of courses, like six or so, and drop the ones you don't like anytime during the first six weeks of the semester. Don't hesitate to do so, since this way you get to bite into an apple pretty deep to find out if it's rotten. For the first two weeks of the semester, you can add a course. The only problem with all of this is that you have to do the work for those extra courses, or else when you stop shopping around you'll find yourself coming into a course halfway through.
- (13) You don't get any grades for your first semester, which is nice. You also get four pass-fail options which you can tag onto the hardest courses you take in later years. But be careful about using them if you need grades to show to law school or something like that, because those places sometimes automatically count against you if you have too many pass-fails. Check with your advisor for more enlightened advice.
- (14) If all this isn't enough, go to a large bookstore and hunt up a copy of Andrew Tobias's Honor Grades in Fifteen Hours a Week. It's irreverent, but pretty good.

#### Your environs:

Do you know where you are? You're 11.6 miles southwest of Philadelphia, in the borough of Swarthmore, in Delaware County.

There's not a lot to say about Swarthmore. It's a town of about 5,000 quiet people with blue laws against selling gasoline and alcoholic beverages. The downtown area you may have noticed by the train station is occasionally adequate for things you need and almost always expensive. One notable exception is the Camera and Hobby shop, which has very knowledgeable people and good prices.

If you register to vote in Swarthmore, it'll cost you fifteen bucks next summer. The town levies a tax on everyone who lives here, and if you vote here they think you live here. If you're well-to-do and idealistic, you may want to register here to fight the all-powerful Republican machine and the corrupt way in which it runs the lives of local residents (especially the poorer ones). If you're not well-to-do, you might send a poison-pen letter to congressman Larry Williams and tell him that he shouldn't have let his friends build that big shopping center at Chester Road and Baltimore Pike (he pulled a little zoning law subterfuge to allow that one) and that if anybody did build something there, they should have engineered a proper water run-off from the parking lot (which his friends haven't done). So much for local politics.

The area that Swarthmore is in has built up quickly; ten years ago, Baltimore Pike had only farms surrounding it. Now there are shopping centers, car dealers, miniature golf places, and dunkin' doughnuts. Delaware County is sprawling ever further westward from Philly, along the general lines of U.S. Route 1. Baltimore Pike used to be route 1, but now a freeway-bypass a few miles north of here has that honor.

One funny thing about this area is that every time you travel a hundred yards, you're in a new town.

### Directory of Nearby Towns

Chester Not too scenic, but it has a few useful stores. Big and confusing, so get a map in Media first (see "Finding your way").

Wallingford Don't blink; you might miss it.

Rutledge You'll miss it even if you don't blink.

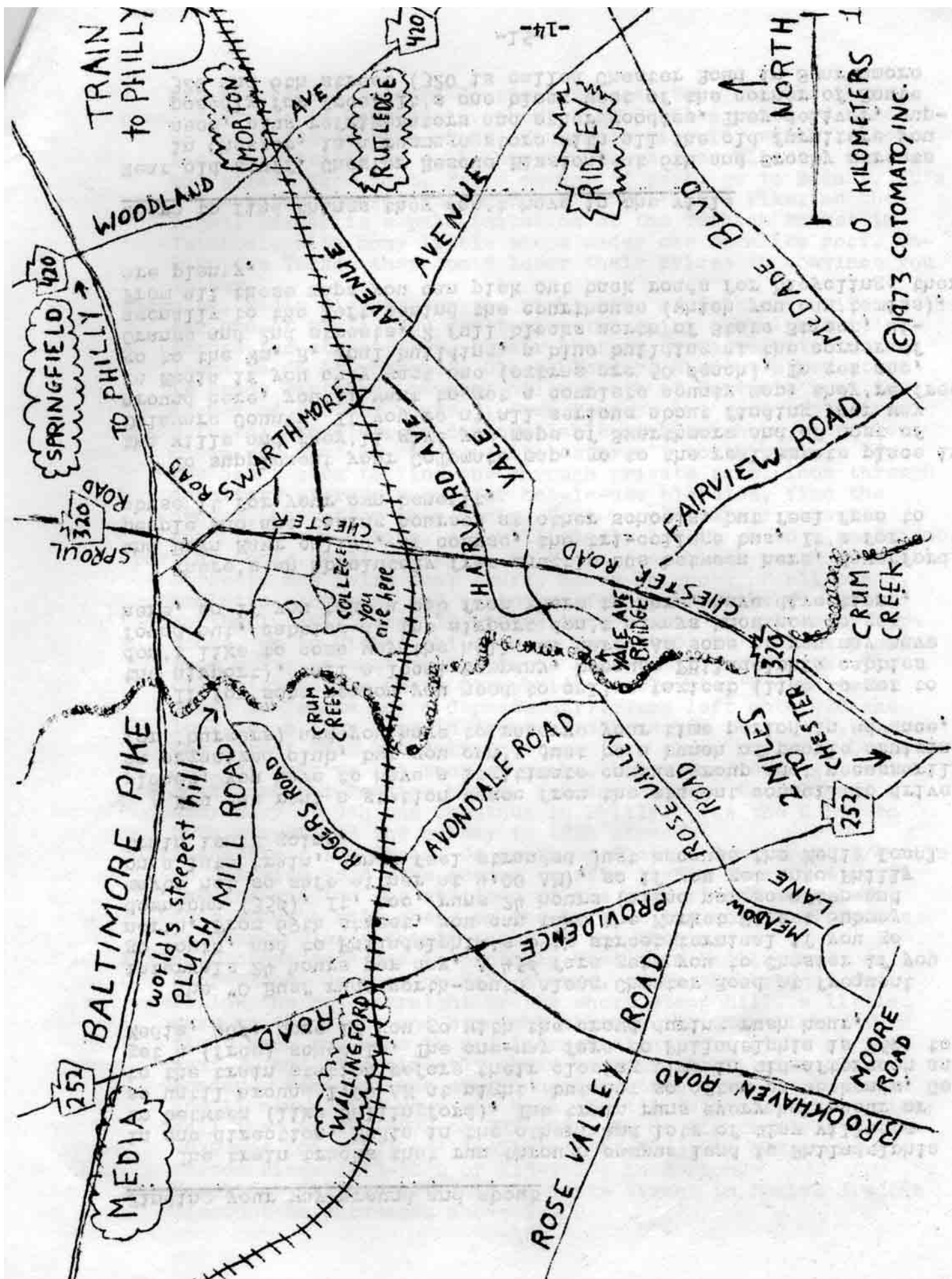
Morton The only things that Swarthmore doesn't have and Morton does have are gas stations and a bar.

Ridley Housing developments and highway schlack along McDade Boluvar

Springfield Like Ridley, only built on more hilly ground and more luxuriant. Their highway schlack is on Baltimore Pike.

Media A pleasant little town, about like half a dozen Swarthmores put together. The business district lines Baltimore Pike and State Street (which runs parallel to the Pike, a couple blocks north of it), the space in between, and the space a couple blocks north of State Street. This is all west of Providence Road (route 252). The train station is near the far end of town a couple blocks south of the Pike, so if you go there by train walk north and possibly east until you find what you want. (If you bicycle there, do so along Plush Mill Road to avoid bad smog. Sorry about that steep hill there.) Media, by the way, is your county seat.





## Finding your way around and about

The train tracks that run through campus lead to Philadelphia in one direction, Media in the other, and lots of tiny villages in between (like Wallingford). The train runs every half-hour or so until around 1:00 AM at night, but not so often on weekends. Go to the train station before their closing time in mid-afternoon and get a (free) schedule. The one-way fare to Philadelphia is 75¢; to Media, 40¢; more if you go with the crowd during rush hour.

The "O Bus" runs north-south along Chester Road at frequent intervals 24 hours per day. A 45¢ fare gets you to Chester if you go south, and to Philadelphia's 69th street terminal if you go north. From 69th street, you can take the Market Street Subway downtown (35¢). It, too, runs 24 hours (altho not so often and maybe not so safe either at 4:00 AM), so if you get into Philly on a late train, don't feel stranded just because the Media Local train isn't going.

You can rent a station wagon from the student council to drive places; you have to have a legitimate campus group (not necessarily an organized club, but you can't just be a bunch of people cruisin' for 'burgers) and you have to reserve your time period in advance.

If for some reason you need to call a taxicab (like to get to the airport), call a local company, because Philadelphia cabbies don't like to come way the hell out here. As some of you may have found out, cabbies at the airport don't always know how to get here, so if you take a cab from there to here, have directions.

There's an absolutely free shuttle bus between here, Haverford, and Bryn Mawr called, of course, the tri-college bus. It's for people who are taking courses at other schools, but feel free to abuse it for your own benefit.

To supplement your CoTomato map, go to the real estate place in the ville and they'll give you maps of Swarthmore and of most of Delaware County. If you're at all serious about finding your way around here, you'll want to get a complete county map; they're free in Media if you only want one (extras are 50 ¢ each). To get one, go to the Wm. R. T6al building, a blue building at the corner of Orange and 2nd streets, 2 full blocks north of State Street, diagonally to the left behind the courthouse (which you can't miss). From all these maps you can pick out back roads for bicycling; there are plenty.

## Where to find things they don't have in the ville

Neat old stuff. Chester Rescue Mission, at 6th and Crosby streets in Chester, is a rummage store with all the old furniture you need, plus refrigerators and other goodies. They deliver, supposedly for free. It's one block west of the corner of Route 320 and 6th street (320 is called Chester Road in Swarthmore

and Providence Road in Chester) You can take the bus there. Cheap Junk. Go to Korvette's, about 2 or 3 miles north of here up route 320 on your right. You can't miss it, which is too bad. They really do sell cheap junk, as does Kline's, across the street from them. For a change of pace, go to Bazaar. It's a few miles towards Philadelphia on Baltimore Pike, on the right. Bazaar is a pale imitation of the Turkish Market in Istanbul, with many little shops under one barnlike roof. Unlike the Turks, they don't lower their prices to convince you to buy.

Bicycles. Media Bicycle, on the right side of Baltimore Pike at the far end of Media. You can't miss the dairy queen that it's across the street from. Repair charges are exorbitant, so learn to do it yourself. Closed Monday. Nearest other store is Penny Farthing, several miles north of Korvette's at the corner of 320 and route 3. Open Mondays but more expensive.

Cheap (used) Bicycles. Seldom available at bike shops, and the cheap new ones at discount stores aren't worth buying. If you can't seem to find one through private sale, look through dormitory storage rooms for not-in-use bicycles, find the owners, and offer them money. Some people barely remember that they own a bike, and will gladly let it go to a good home.

Sporting Goods. Bill Battey's, in Media (one block north of State Street), has lotsa neat stuff, heavy on shoes of all kinds, athletic clothing, and equipment for sports like football, softball, golf, etc. If you're into a more outsy-doorsy type store, go to Wick's ski shop on Route 420. It's about 3 miles from here; go east on Baltimore Pike until you hit the first big intersection where Strawbridge & Clothier's department store is (wanna buy a department?). Turn left onto 420 and look for a tiny sign in front of a house on the right, across the street from the dairy cottage (ice cream parlor). Don't be fooled; they've got tons of packs, boots, and even skis in that innocent-looking house. You can also go to Goldberg's Army-Navy at 9th and Chestnut in Philly; take the O Bus to 69th street and the subway to 12th street.

Baskin-Robbins Ice Cream. Go south on Chester Road about 3/4 mile to Fairview Road (the second traffic light; there's a movie theatre and two gas stations at the corner) and turn left; it's about a mile ahead on the left at the corner of McDade Boulevard. Closes fairly early in the evening.

Pizza. Closest good one is probably Kent's in Wallingford, on Moore Road. Go west on Yale Avenue, cross the bridge, and follow the road straight up the short steep hill, a little ways on the flat, and straight through the stop light. Turn right when you come to a T intersection, turn right at the next T, and it's directly ahead on your right. Also closed Mondays. Remember the ever-changing street names; otherwise you'll never find your way back. Kent's delivers for a price; call them at TR4-3878 or TR2-9080. So do Pinnocchio's (LO6-4870 and LO6-7767) and Apollo's (565-3883) in Media and Morton Pizza (KI3-5220 or KI3-9829) in Morton.

Art Supplies. Village Art Shop on State Street in Media. Student discount on purchases above \$5.00



**Cheesesteaks.** World's greatest delicacy; probably unheard of to non-Pennsylvanians. Like a cheeseburger in a long roll with steak meat instead of hamburger. If the snack bar lets you down, go to Rose Tree Steak Shop, on the left side of Providence Road in Media, about 2 miles north of Baltimore pike. They don't deliver, but they're worth making a pilgrimage for.

**Auto Parts.** good prices at A&A on Balto pike towards Philly, on the left, a bit beyond Strawbridge & Clothiers. If your car is really sick, good quality parts, low cost rebuilding and machine shop work can be had at Dektor's, at 1000 West 6th Street in Chester.

**Booze.** It's tough to not get carded, but if you feel like trying, go to Green's in Morton. Morton is a mile or two away, at the east end of Yale Avenue. Going to Green's is a Swarthmore tradition; the bar was once mentioned in a Kurt Vonnegut novel. If you want something even better, go to the Rendezvous, at 320 and Chester Pike (U.S. Route 13) in Chester. Their topless dancers all moonlight as students here. If you just want a bottle, go to a state-controlled liquor store, either on State Street in Media or on Baltimore Pike, about 2 miles towards Philly on the left. You may be asked for an LCB card (Liquor Control Board Card) which says you're old enough. If you are old enough and have plenty of other identification, some places will refuse service without the LCB card anyway.

**Sears & Roebuck** has stores in Chester, at 69th street in Philly, and in Lima, two miles beyond Media on Baltimore Pike on the left. They have everything.

**Books.** There's a cute little bookstore in the ville, and several like it in Media, but all the really big really good stores are in Philly. Depending on your taste in books, you may have to hassle getting carded at bookstores too.

**Records.** Philly for a decent selection. If all you want is Innagadavia, you can have my copy cheap. Students often sell used records cheap, and there are a couple student concessions that can get you any moderately common record very cheap (brand new, that is) although they don't have storefuls of things to browse through.

**Motorcycles.** County Cycle Center has the lowest prices anywhere on nifty new Hondas. Go to Baskin Robbin's ice cream, continue straight down Fairview Road, and turn right at the T intersection onto Chester Pike. It's a little ways ahead on your left.

**Cheap Fabric.** The Mill Store in Eddystone is worth the trip if you want to make curtains or clothing or whathaveyou. Follow the directions to the Motorcycle shop, and when you turn onto Chester Pike start counting left turns. Take your 7th left onto Saville Avenue, go straight across route 291, and it should be at the first intersection (4th street).

**Foam Rubber.** Good for ad-hoc furniture. One block down from cheap fabric; turn left off of Saville onto second street and it's there.

**J.C. Penney's** is a good store to buy clothes. Take the O Bus to 69th street Terminal, get out, cross Market Street, and walk up the hill on 69th street.

**Yachting.** If you can't pass the Swarthmore Sailing Club sailing test to use college boats but are still gung-ho, you can rent

sunfishes, canoes, rowboats and romanticism in Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. The rental place is on the East River Drive, about a mile and a half north of the art museum. Take the train or subway downtown, walk or take a bus to the art museum, wander around in back of it, and start walking north.

**Cheap Food.** Consumer Warehouse, at the same intersection as Baskin-Robbins Ice Cream, is where all the thrifty housewives shop. Open later than most supermarkets. For more atmosphere and higher prices: The Italian Market around 9th street in Philadelphia has several blocks full of people swarming in the streets and little shops; fresh produce and exotic foods (like Fox meat) abound. Go early; think of it as an 8:30 class. The Reading Terminal Market, at 12th and Market Streets, has the world's best ice cream (Bassett's), butchers, spice stores, etc. It's indoors. Linvilla Orchards is another great place for produce, yummy pies, apples, cider, etc. It's about six miles away. Go south on Brookhaven Road (find it on your Colomato map) to Route 352; turn right and go straight for a while. The first stop light on a flat, deserted stretch that you come to is Knowlton Road. Turn left onto that, and it's dead ahead.

**Peace and Quiet** can sometimes be found in our own crum woods, but if not, get your county map and go to Ridley Creek State Park. No matter how you get there it's a nice bike ride at least part of the way, and once you're there, you've got 2500 acres of rolling hills and fishing streams to groove on.

**Movies.** If the 3 per week shown at the college aren't enough for you, you can go to theatres within walking distance on Chester Road; one south at the Fairview Road Corner and one up on Balto pike. A theatre in Media on State Street plays oldies-but-goodies for a dollar a seat.

**Folk Dancing.** To see beyond the horizons of the college folk dance club, you can dance at Penn and Temple Universities in Philly. Also, you can get it on in Arden, Delaware (a Swarthmore contingent usually goes down on Wednesday nights.).

**Live Music.** If you have a car, you can drive to the Spectrum (go to the airport and keep going; it's up by the Walt Whitman Bridge) and hear famous rock bands and poor acoustics. Or else you can go to the Tower Theatre, near the 69th street terminal in Philly, for the same kind of music. More folky stuff is at the MAIN POINT on Lancaster Avenue in Bryn Mawr. Take the Tri-college bus to B.M. and then walk two blocks to get there. They're open Thursday thru Sunday evenings. Sunday afternoons alternate weekly between chamber music and allcomers' hootenanny. The BIJOU CAFE has a cover charge and a minimum of two drinks per person, but last year when Earl Scruggs came to town, that's where he played. Near Phila. College of Art off Broad Street. The MIDDLE EAST RESTAURANT has belly-dancers and musicians playing bazoukis and ouds. Shish-kabob. Atmosphere and high prices. They've moved to a new place (in Philly). The ACADEMY OF MUSIC is a great 19th century hall with the Philly Orchestra and other great names playing. Peanut-gallery tickets for students work like airline standby tickets. They're cheap, but show up 1½ hours before curtain time. At Broad and Locust streets near city hall, in downtown Philly.

GLOSSARY: these words plus the English you know will make you fluent in Campus Lingo.

Comps. short for Comprehensives. Something that seniors worry about. Your major department gives you a huge test covering everything in the field, to make sure that you know all of it, shortly before (you hope) graduation. Actually, very few people flunk comps. Some popular departments assign a thesis or project instead of comps, while others get away with having both.

Eating, - off campus & - on campus People who don't engage in the meal plan in the dining hall are said to eat "off campus" even though they may be doing their cooking in a campus place (like a dormitory). Eating in the dining hall is eating "on campus". You have to harass the deans a hell of a lot to be allowed to eat "off campus."

Elsner Something written in all the toilet stalls. "Elsner sucks" is the usual form. Nobody knows who he is or why he sucks.

Giants Upperclassmen will try to snow you and make you feel inferior by telling you that they used to know all these big-man-on-campus types who were ultra-cool, and who have all just graduated. "All the Swarthmore Giants are gone." is what this year's seniors were told when they were freshmen, and is what one woman who graduated from here in 1963 was told when she was a freshman. It's all a put-on.

Mind-fucking Someone more screwed up than you but with more experience trying to lead you astray.

Heuristic. Something that's heuristic is a short-cut to learning something in a holistic way. Webster says, "valuable for empirical research but unproved or incapable of proof." Example: In an attempt to characterize the spending habits of millions of housewives, economists invented the heuristic device of supply-and-demand theory, which gave them an explanation, if not a perfect one. It gives them a conceptual framework in which to think about big things. "Heuristic" is a confusing jargon-word which you'll get hit with sooner or later.

Holistic. Not short-sighted; having visions of understanding the entire cosmos. Any religion which foresees the end of the world is probably Holistic.

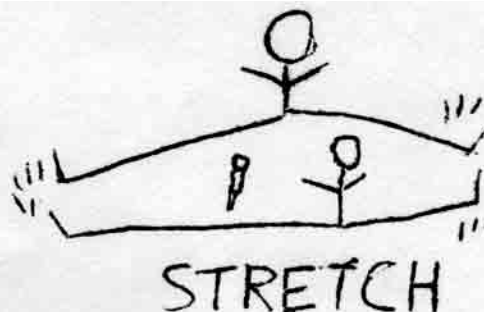
New Solidarity. An ultra-radical newspaper published by the National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC, or nicklick). They preach a somewhat totalitarian brand of Marxism which doesn't appeal to wishy-washy liberals. Lately, they've been trying to physically eliminate the communist party, in retaliation for the latter's having "sold out" to fascists (or so they say).

nil. See "ville"

SAAS. Swarthmore Afro-American Society. In recent years, a very reclusive group. Change for the better is slow (and, we hope, sure).



steering committee. An elite group that guides policy-making for the larger group of which it is a part.



Stretch. A game played with a dining hall knife, a patch of soft earth, double-jointed hips, and tendons like silly putty.

Swarthmoron (also Swarthmorean) YOU:

townies people who live in the ville and come here to break beer bottles on all the bicycle paths and sneak into college movies so that they can throw spitwads from the balcony

townies from Ridley By popular prejudice, it is these townies and not the ones from the ville that cause the real trouble (vandalism, stealing) altho the campus security force never manages to catch anybody doing these things so they can test this suspicion.

T.P. (Toilet Paper) You're probably familiar with the role that toilet paper has played in your life up to now, but there's more in store. Scott Paper Company owns this college. Furthermore, every toilet stall in the college has hangers for two rolls. Invariably, some frustrated artist has come along and labeled one "Honors" and the other "Coarse." The college's educational program is patterned after the two-IP roll system, and it offers "Course" and "Honors" to upperclassmen. Students in course continue as usual and face comprehensives near the end. Students in honors sleep 'till noon and take two double-credit seminars, two afternoons per week. They don't get graded or tested until shortly before graduation. Then a team of outside examiners comes in to make sure that they really know everything about the field. In return for worrying about the outside examiners for two years, honors students are given lots of preferential treatment which keeps course students mad at the discriminatory system.

Ville. The town of Swarthmore, or the business district of Swarthmore (such as it is).

"The shortest route between any two points on campus is via your mailbox."

Best Wishes to '77 from CoTomato, C.H., J.S., T.S., D.K., R.L., R.K.

-20-  
entire contents ©1973 by V.C. productions, ministry of education