

ANDREW HANFMAN COMES TO EVERGREEN

In September, 1971, just before we moved out of our prefabs and into the Library Building, Richard Jones came from the Planning Faculty office to the Deans' office. He had received a letter from his mentor, colleague, co-author, and friend Eugenia Hanfmann* which contained what might be important news for Evergreen. Andrew Hanfman*, the younger of her two younger brothers, was planning, after twenty years of service, to leave the Central Intelligence Agency to take up again his career as a teacher. He had begun negotiations with a university in the Northeast about a professorship in International Relations. Everything had been proceeding smoothly for him to assume the position in the fall of 1972. When, however, his full *curriculum vitae* had arrived at the university, the administrators there discovered that his doctorate had been awarded in Comparative Literature. This clearly would not do: to employ a professor in one field when his credentials came from another field. They were sorry, but the negotiations would be terminated. Andrew reasoned that, from his experience in the CIA, he indeed did have the knowledge of international relations required to carry out the duties of the professorship. But the administrators stood firm. Paper covered rock.

Richard had kept in close communication with Eugenia as he had joined the Planning Faculty of Evergreen and had worked with the rest of us on educational policies, including the qualifications which we would be looking for in recruiting members of the teaching faculty. Unlike most other institutions, we would be paying attention to what candidates for the faculty knew and had accomplished both within and beyond their credentialed fields. In calculating salaries, we would be considering not just the experience of candidates as teachers in academic institutions, but also what they had been learning and doing in other sorts of professional careers. The college which we had been designing would be able to use everything which a faculty member could bring to us. Eugenia Hanfmann, from what she had read in Richard's letters, wondered if there might be a place for her brother at Evergreen.

From what she had communicated about her brother, Richard felt that there would indeed be a place for someone with the wealth of experience Andrew Hanfman could bring. He urged me, in my capacity as Dean of Humanities and Arts, to seize the opportunity to recruit Andrew for the faculty and gave me the information for getting in touch with Andrew. In the next days I wrote to Andrew expressing our interest in having him apply for a faculty position and arranged for Claire Hess, the faculty recruitment secretary in the Deans' Office, to send him the standard packet of information about our new college.

When I learned early on from Andrew's and my correspondence not only of his expertise in the study of comparative literature but also of his competence in the study and use of European languages, I was all the more convinced of the need to recruit him for our faculty. He claimed fluency in Lithuanian, Russian, German, Italian, and English; reading knowledge of Latin; and the capability of getting around as a reader and speaker in French. As things turned out, he could also get around in Swedish. We had a problem, and Andrew might be part of the solution.

The problem: Considering our commitment to team-taught, full-time interdisciplinary programs, what were we going to do about foreign languages? There had been talk during the planning year of offering in the future coordinated studies programs dealing with language, literature, and culture of other nations. There had been talk, given the new awareness of the Pacific Rim as an economic entity, of Pacific Rim Studies, which would entail work in Spanish and Japanese. But what about providing continual opportunities for the study of foreign languages? Almost all of the liberal arts colleges and undergraduate wings of universities in the country had departments of foreign languages and literatures. Almost all of them were sustained by the majority of their students having enrolled to satisfy distribution requirements, usually for two academic years of course work in some foreign language or other. Evergreen would have no such requirements. In their absence, what would be the demand for offerings, and how could we respond to it in staffing?

Though we were not organized by conventional academic divisions, though Don Humphrey had unified what originally were to have been three divisional budgets, and though the three of us deans functioned as if we were an interdisciplinary faculty team, Don, Merv Cadwallader, and I still bore the responsibilities for developing curriculum, faculty strength, and facilities in the areas designated by our original titles: Natural Sciences and Mathematics, Social Sciences and Public Administration, and Humanities and Arts. So I was responsible for dealing with questions about the study of foreign languages. I needed the help of someone with the background and interest to focus upon the problems and the expertise to suggest solutions. In our early correspondence, Andrew Hanfman seemed to be the right person for the job.

Even before our first interview and before he and I could be sure that he would be offered or would accept a continuing full-time faculty position, I had in mind bringing him on board as a consultant later in academic 1971-72. To secure the funding for such a project, I approached the National Endowment for the Humanities. During my employment at Oberlin College and my additional service as Humanities Coordinator of the Great Lakes Colleges Association, I had written a series of four successful grant proposals to NEH and served as project director for them. When I had announced that I was leaving the GLCA and described the planning of Evergreen to my contacts in NEH, they showed quite a bit of curiosity about how our plans would work out. So I now approached them for help -- but under which of their program

headings?

The most likely opportunity for funding seemed to be a Planning Grant. We had just spent a whole year in planning, but we had been thinking about interdisciplinary work rather than about the concerns of conventional academic divisions. I asked my contacts whether it would be appropriate for Evergreen to seek funding, over a period including the summers of 1972 and 1973, to employ some faculty members to assess what our curricular activities had meant for the study of the humanities. The remainder of the grant would indeed entail planning -- the support of a consulting effort to figure out how to offer work in foreign languages within our unconventional curriculum. I was encouraged to submit such a proposal. And it was during the time when this proposal was going through the NEH evaluation process that I was able to arrange as part of an Eastern trip my first interview with Andrew.

We met during the winter at a hotel in Washington, D.C. Because I would be using it for interviews with potential faculty members, I booked a large room equipped with a sofa, two easy chairs, and a coffee table. In these comfortable surroundings, Andrew and I hit it off immediately. After I had come to know him fairly well later, I reflected that talking with him must have been similar to talking with Geoffrey Chaucer. Within a short time, he would make you feel at ease, draw you out, and see right through you -- warts and all. But it would be O.K. He would accept you as a fellow human being. I could imagine that Andrew, during World War II and the Cold War, had been effective in recruiting and dealing with informants.

For most of our time that morning, our meeting followed the pattern of initial in-person interviews which I had held with candidates for the faculty in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Cleveland, New York City, and D.C. I would give a canned speech -- or homily -- on what we were trying to achieve at Evergreen and what joining the faculty would entail. The candidate would ask a lot of questions which had occurred during her or his reading of the materials which we had sent and during my pep-talk. Then we would shift from my courting of the candidate to the candidate's courting of me, as I asked how she or he could contribute to our enterprise -- both from the candidate's professional field and from other experience. What evidence could the candidate provide about attempts at innovative teaching? Had the candidate, studying our materials, given any thought to a program or programs which she or he would like to design or join? In Andrew's interview, we spent a good deal of time on the problem of offering foreign-language study in the absence of distribution requirements. I let him know of my interest, whether or not he would join the faculty, in having him serve as a consultant in the spring.

Because I did not know how much he could tell about his service in the CIA, our discussion of credentials dealt mainly with his education in Germany and Italy and his experience as a teacher in America. Kenyon College, where he had taught for several years in the late 1940's,

was one of the twelve institutions in the Great Lakes Colleges Association, which I had visited in the late 1960's. So we had a bit of common ground. Andrew had been there at an exciting time. The poet-critic-theorist John Crowe Ransom, had been at the height of his national influence, and his *Kenyon Review* was one of the most prominent "little magazines" in the country. The novelist E.L. Doctorow, the actor Paul Newman, and the poet James Wright -- whom Andrew regarded as a kind of protege' -- were all studying at this small and prestigious college.

As our conversation was moving to personal matters, Andrew pointed to my paperback-for-the-trip, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *The First Circle*, which lay on the coffee table next to the stack of files of the candidates whom I would be interviewing. How did I like it? I had just started on it. But two weeks ago I had bought and read straight through *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch* and had found it one of the most engrossing novels I had ever encountered. For one of the few times in dealing with a contemporary work, I wished I could write a thank-you note to the author.

Andrew became quite thoughtful for a moment and then said, "Well, if you really want to write that note, we -- that is, my former colleagues -- might be able to arrange to have it delivered." Through the musicians' network, I knew that Solzhenitsyn was currently being sheltered by the great cellist and conductor Mstislav Rostropovich and his wife, the soprano Galina Vishnevskaya, in the guesthouse of their dacha. Solzhenitsyn's friends were afraid that if he would be living on his own in an urban apartment, they would read in the back pages of a newspaper a brief account with the heading "Soviet Writer Dies in Bus Accident." If he were living, however, with well-known artists still in favor and would be watched over by their servants when they were on tour, it would be more difficult for the KGB to have him simply disappear.

I was mightily impressed to realize that the man sitting across from me had the connections to get a message delivered to an out-of-favor Nobel laureate living in the Soviet Union. I hoped all the more that things would work out for Andrew Hanfman to join us. I no longer recall the name of the fourth candidate on my schedule that day. My meeting with Andrew was followed by the first formal interviews of Maxine Mimms -- the founder and director of our Tacoma Program --and Bill Winden -- opera singer and director, with a doctorate in American musical history, and on his way to becoming a professional painter. It turned out to be a good day for the College.

Dave Barry, Merv Cadwallader, and Don Humphrey accepted my recommendation that Andrew should be invited to the campus for a full round of interviews and discussions. During the weeks between our meeting in D. C. and Andrew's visit, the news came that the National Endowment for the Humanities would indeed make the Planning Grant, which would support the consultancy on foreign-language study. Everything seemed in order, and I was concerned about

only one issue: how Andrew's twenty years in the CIA would be viewed by the members of the faculty who would be meeting him. The Viet Nam War was still being waged. Richard Nixon was still President. The sentiments about the foreign policies of the U.S. Government among most of our students and faculty members were not all that favorable. Would they be prejudiced against Andrew? Would they consider that he, at the height of his usefulness, would be voluntarily leaving the Agency? Could they conceive of his potential value to Evergreen?

I need not have worried. You can get an idea of how Andrew presented himself from the first long sentence in his biographical note contributed to the pamphlet titled "Class of '72": "Born in Russia when Leningrad was still St. Petersburg, educated in Germany and Italy, a first-hand witness of Communism, Fascism and National Socialism in action, a camp inmate during World War II, then a displaced person, and, finally, a college professor and an American intelligence officer with many foreign assignments, I have come back to academic life here in Evergreen to do what I like to do most: teach, learn, experiment, promote international understanding, and battle intellectual provincialism, prejudice, and orthodoxies old and new." When I sat in on some of his meetings in his day as a candidate, the students and teachers who met with him came close to addressing him as "Sir."

We-the-Deans and Provost Barry immediately offered him a position as a full-time faculty member to start in the fall. He and I made arrangements for him to take up residence early for planning of foreign-language studies, supported by the NEH grant. When he had moved to Olympia, one of the first pieces of business to be transacted was the negotiation of where he would be placed on our salary scale for his full-time appointment. It was up to me to conduct that negotiation with him. The process turned out to be the most complicated one which I had to handle with any faculty recruit during my time in the Deans' Office.

We began with his formal higher education, which had started at the University of Berlin but was concluded with his earning of a doctorate in Comparative Literature at the University of Turin. Here the assignment of three points on the scale for the doctorate was easy enough to make. But he could give only a hazy, veiled account of his activities during World War II. Here is what I learned from our conversation then, from remarks later on, and from some recent research on the Internet.

His father, Maxim Ganfman, was a journalist and jurist in St. Petersburg. Raised Jewish, he converted to the Russian Orthodox Church to marry Katrina. They had three children: Eugenia (1905), George (1911), and Andrew. After the Revolution and Civil War, they moved to Lithuania and then to Berlin -- in the process changing the family name from the Cyrillic alphabet to Hanfmann* (Eugenia and George) and Hanfman* (Andrew) in the Latin alphabet. Eugenia received her Ph.D. in Psychology from the University of Jena in 1927; George began at Jena and finished his first doctorate at Berlin. In 1930, Eugenia accepted an offer to move to the

U.S., and her brother followed her shortly thereafter, just before Hitler came to power, receiving his second doctorate from Johns Hopkins in 1935. They had outstanding careers, in psychology and archaeology respectively, attaining professorships at Brandeis University and at Harvard. Both of them served the U.S. war effort during World War II. Eugenia moved to Washington, D.C. in 1944 to work in the Assessment Program of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), evaluating the psychological fitness of candidates for espionage behind enemy lines in propaganda, intelligence gathering, and sabotage. George worked in London for the Office of War Information.

Andrew stayed in Europe, transferring from the University of Berlin to the University of Turin. (Once when we were speaking German with each other at Evergreen, I greeted Andrew by asking, "Wie geht's Dir?" -- "How's it going with you?" -- he answered, "Abstammungsgemaess" -- "According to my ancestry" -- and added, "That's what we used to say in the Third Reich, -- That depends on whether they've found out about my Jewish grandparents.") By the rules of National Socialism, whether or not Andrew's father had converted to Christianity, his having two Jewish grandparents branded him as Jewish; and it was prudent for him to finish his studies at Turin. But he came north again when Germany, breaking its treaties the Soviet Union, occupied the Baltic republics. As a university graduate fluent in German and Lithuanian, he worked for the German occupation in helping to run the electrical grid in Vilnius. He also was running a network of informants, collaborating with the OSS. Whether he was in direct touch with Eugenia and George, I do not know.

In 1986, the teachers and students in our Making of Meaning program were reading a book-of-the-week which dealt with Latvia in the 1930's and 1940's, and we asked Andrew to give a guest lecture on the history of the Baltic Republics. He touched upon his two wartime occupations and then mentioned having to go underground as the Gestapo was closing in. During the question period, one of our students asked the naive question, "Why didn't you stay and face them?" Calm and patient as usual, Andrew replied, "I'm not immune to torture. There was a network of informants who knew me individually but did not know each other. Under Gestapo torture, I would have given them up. So it was better that I go underground by myself."

Others may know more about this situation than I ever gathered; but in the last stages of the war, Andrew was in a prison camp. Again, I do not know if it was a camp mainly dealing in extermination or in forced labor. At any rate, as the Red Army came closer, the guards simply walked away. From the fact that Andrew had gone into a prison camp rather than having been executed, it would seem that it was not his activities in espionage but the discovery of his Jewish grandparents which determined his fate. Important as the war years were for him, we agreed with a sigh that this wartime experience should not be counted in placing him on the

salary scale.

Perhaps because of his service to the OSS, Andrew was able to get quickly a work visa to move to the U.S. and take up a teaching position. After a year at Indiana University, he taught for several years at Kenyon College; and I was able to count them fully as relevant academic experience. In 1950, when the Central Intelligence Agency was formed, Andrew was recruited and served for twenty years. A problem arose, however, in our reckoning of how his CIA work could be counted toward the total of units/years on the Evergreen faculty scale; for he could tell me only about twelve of those years. He described his work then as being like the kind of literary analysis and interpretation which clearly could be equated with relevant academic experience – save that many of the materials which he studied and about which he wrote were "classified." Though he did not spell things out in detail, I assumed that he was functioning as an analyst of Soviet literary publications and of the samizdat, the underground press of the Soviet Union, interpreting both the "legal" and the surreptitious poetry, prose fiction, and dramatic texts to determine which ways the political winds were blowing.

The other eight years of service had involved operational postings "in the field," and he could not talk about what he had been up to. From what I could gather in later conversations, it seemed that a normal overseas hitch would last for two years. He would be based in a U.S. embassy or consulate and have some sort of cover as a foreign-service bureaucrat ostensibly dealing with communications, economic aid, fostering of trade relations, etc. – an assignment which would enable him to travel around, attend conferences and symposia, recruit or debrief informants, or carry on back-channel discussions away from public scrutiny. He made several references to service in Italy and once talked about eliciting information from a Soviet scientist at an international conference. But it would seem that his last overseas assignment would have been the most interesting.

During the time when he was teaching at Kenyon College, Andrew was also coaching the soccer team. The team captain, a Swedish student, would have been a close collaborator and perhaps even a friend. It seemed to those of us who learned about Andrew's having been posted to Stockholm a fascinating coincidence that he was sent there just at the time when the Kenyon graduate and former captain of the soccer team, Olof Palme, was on his way to becoming (1969) Prime Minister of Sweden. Andrew never talked to me about his interactions with Palme, but the strength of their acquaintance was demonstrated by the grief which Andrew felt when, in 1986, Palme was assassinated.

What Andrew did say about his time in Stockholm was that he had become competent in Swedish. He was pleased that he was able at Evergreen to teach a contract-student enough of its Scandinavian sibling language that she could, at Christmas break, speak a bit of Norwegian with her grandmother in Seattle. The only other story, which I heard him tell several times,

dealt with an episode at a Stockholm supermarket when he recognized, standing in the check-out line just behind him, the actor who had played Death in Ingmar Bergman's *The Seventh Seal*. After that experience, Andrew figured that it was time to come home.

He came back to Langley, then arranged for his retirement from the Agency after twenty years of service. In the spring quarter of the next year, he and his wife Dara moved to Olympia. He took up the NEH-supported consultancy and then became a member of the Evergreen faculty "Class of 1972." From that point onward, my stories about him will merge with the recollections of those colleagues who worked closely with him and are better told as part of our Oral History project than written.