

Brown Alumni Monthly

May 1990



James Naughton '67
on Broadway: A hit for
the home team

A black and white portrait of an elderly man with white hair and a mustache, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and a striped tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. His right hand is partially visible, resting on his hip.

Donor Profile

■ **L. Metcalf Walling '30**

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Occupation: Retired

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Perhaps, dear alumni/ae, you will be tolerant of an octogenarian lucky to have faculties enough not to be embarrassing in polite society – except for his excessive garrulousness. I compensate for much of that, however, by riding my Morgan, who doesn't know about my conversational excesses.

I have no words of wisdom except to say that I made a very modest Life Income Gift to Brown some years back and would be in a considerably more favorable financial situation today had I continued making annual additions to my Pooled Income Fund.

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Graven Images

20

The hoopla over Robert Mapplethorpe's photographs set artists and academics abuzz, raising the specter of censorship. But according to three Brown faculty, more complex and ancient forces are at play.

Beyond Self-interest

"It's only human," we say glibly, "to look out for number one." Are we really such a selfish species? Alfie Kohn '78 says this bleak view of human nature pervades both scholarly thought and pop culture. And, he says, it is dangerous.



28



Life is Sweet in the *City of Angels*

33

After twenty years of acting – on the stage, in movies, in TV series – James Naughton '67 has found the perfect role: the Marlowesque singing gumshoe in one of Broadway's brightest hits.

Twenty Years After Earth Day

"Think globally. Act locally," the bumper stickers read. Modern-day environmentalism is "all about cleaning up your own mess," says one student. Here's what's happening at Brown.



38

Departments

Carrying the Mail	2
Books	6
Under the Elms	8
Sports	18
The Classes	44
Obituaries	53
Finally	56

Cover: James Naughton '67 outside Broadway's Virginia Theatre, where *City of Angels* is playing. Photograph by John Forasté.

Brown

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Carrying the Mail

'Gaping omission'

Editor: While I agree with Wendy Kesser's article (BAM, February) regarding "Teacherhonoraria," I was quite surprised about what I consider a gaping omission in her piece.

During my four years at Brown, one of the most honored, respected, and sought-after professors was, and continues to be, Dean Edward Beiser. Dean Beiser, more popularly known for his courses "Hard Choices" and "The Politics of the Legal System," has inspired and academically stimulated countless students, including myself. Not only is Dean Beiser a revered mentor to many Brown alumni and students, but a caring, compassionate individual as well who is easy to talk to, who gives thoughtful, wise advice. Not to mention him in an article which enumerates Brown professors who are "larger than life" leaves me mystified.

Catherine McLaughlin '89

Cambridge, Mass.

The article reflected one student's experiences and was not intended to be a comprehensive listing. — Editor

Tiananmen Square

Editor: For the Chinese students:

What gift can we give to you who have given in the name of liberty your homes and families and security – to you the brothers and sisters of those brave souls of Tiananmen Square still and forever standing there.

What little gift measured by what you have done trying to lift a tyrant's heel. The gift of safe harbor – so easy to give – where we who were born in freedom learned its duty by our village squares.

A little gift but strong our American voices saying so – not to be muffled by anyone's drum.

This the gift that we give to you –

the freedom we have of saying so – the strength of our voices whenever we speak – the gift of our voices to speak for you.

To our friends in learning – the world's young heart – this is our voice loud and clear.

We stand together here – until such time as the future reaches out to you to take it, with our hopes, into your hands.

Sheila Anderson Bourbeau '50

Francetown, N.H.

'Two events, one irksome and one sad'

Editor: Two events, one irksome and the other sad, have combined to prompt me to write. The irksome item was the letter from Tom Rollinson '60 (BAM, February) about the unfriendly place he found Brown to be (presumably from 1956-60); the sad item was the news of the death of Ed Lary, my friend and classmate in the Division of Engineering and president of the senior class of 1956. When I read Rollinson's letter, I thought about writing a rebuttal, but it was one of those fleeting thoughts one often has and drops about doing something about a minor irritant. However, the news of Ed Lary's death coming just a few days after reading Rollinson's letter has stirred me to comment.

Rollinson says Brown was an unfriendly place. How sad for him. What a bitter memory to have, and what harsh condemnation for Brown and its 1956-60 student body. I find it difficult to understand how Rollinson and I could have been at Brown in two successive four-year periods and found the place and the people to be so different.

My four years at Brown were among the best in my life. It was an exhilarating, exciting, and positive experience that I would not trade and will never regret. And, it was made that way in large part because it was a friendly place, and

that includes the student body, the faculty, and the administration. Sure, there were bumps along the way, but the good so overwhelmed the bad that I would have a hard time recalling any of the negatives. The place and experience were many things, and for sure friendly was one of them. Good people, like Ed Lary, made it so.

I cannot think of those days without recalling, by way of example, how Dean Keeney (and later president) listened with understanding about a personal problem I had and went out of his way, including some significant bending of some rules, to resolve the problem. That does not happen in unfriendly places with unfriendly people.

David S. Fishman '56
Windsor, Conn.

Financial-aid support network

Editor: Despite its purpose and accomplishment, I can't help but feel disappointed to read of the presence of the student-action group SOFA (*BAM*, February). I am disappointed that broader economic policies have contributed to the present crisis in financing a college education, that economic conditions place Brown in the "unaffordable" category for too many qualified potential students. At an institution sophisticated in candidate selection and student-centered, process-oriented learning, I am disappointed that "classism awareness" efforts and a financial-aid support network have become necessary in order that less economically-privileged students effectively conduct their education.

The early 1970s must have been golden years. During that time, I was a recipient of financial aid but did not experience the need for such a support network. With present soaring costs continuing to increase, students who presently merit financial aid and accept the responsibility for the expense of a Brown education deserve added support from those of us who once received assistance, i.e., PROFA – Past Recipients of Financial Aid. If we have profited from the opportunity that we once received, and if we desire that this institution continue to educate talented students regardless of economic background, indeed in hopes of diverse backgrounds, shouldn't we support

these values with some action? Dean Widmer, you have stated that Brown needs all the help it can get in this effort. Please advise those of us who are interested as to what actions would be supportive.

Joan S. Gagnon '74
Stratham, N.H.

Editor: I was glad to see your article on SOFA, and the types of changes and support it is advocating. I would, however, note a correction. The discussion group which you cite "inspired" SOFA was not sponsored by the chaplains' office, but by the Dean of the College's Committee on Socio-Economic Class Issues, consisting of faculty, administrators, and students. The discussion group was convened by Beth Zwick, coordinator of the Sarah Doyle Women's Center, and myself. The group setting provided opportunity and context for students on financial aid to support one another and discover common ground.

The Rev. Flora A. Keshgegian
Associate Chaplain, Campus

Liquor advertising

Editor: As a friend of Brown University who has occasion to see the alumni magazines of several universities comparable to Brown, I wish to make an observation of specific advertisements. It distresses me to see liquor advertising in such a journal when alcoholism is the number-one substance abuse problem in this country. It is in part because society tends to downplay the issue that even subtle endorsement of drinking by clever advertising discourages me.

The other journals to which I referred have no alcohol advertising, and I am sure they have similar budgetary considerations.

Faith Davis
Providence

The BAM is a member of the Ivy League Advertising Network. Liquor advertising is sold for that group and appears in all Ivy magazines except Dartmouth, which is prohibited by state law from accepting liquor advertisements. – Editor

Dancing to the music. . .

Editor: In the wake of the negative letters (*BAM*, February) about Professor

Ferdinand Jones's article on jazz (*BAM*, October), I want to thank Professor Jones for his thoughtful essay and tell him that I have clipped it for my course in race and racism.

By publishing "Dancing to the Music in Our Heads," the *BAM* enriched its content for the growing number of African-American alumni and their families who read the *BAM* and for other readers who are interested in learning about black Americans and their culture.

George Held '57
Flushing, N.Y.

Editor: In response to my letter in the February *BAM*, Professor Jones writes that my acknowledgement of the African and European origins of jazz validates his assertion that "... jazz is the creation of African-Americans, a unique cultural group, whose origins are African and European."

I was surprised to hear that the cultural origins of African-Americans are African and European. Perhaps Professor Jones is confusing European and American.

Leonard Balaban '51
West Haven, Conn.

'Personally touching'

Editor: The February 1990 issue of the *BAM* was the most personally touching issue I have seen. The description of nursing home life in "A Passage Without Rites" helps me understand and support my father's decision to keep my mother at home after a stroke partially paralyzed her left side, even though doing so has made his own life much more difficult. Judy Leiderman Kaufman was a classmate and friend. She was on the Outing Club trip to the White Mountains where I first met my wife; I attended her senior recital that she mentions in "The Magic Flute"; her musical ability always left me in uncomprehending awe. I was sorry to learn of the difficulties she recently has faced.

However, it is "Professors with a Capital 'P'" that really inspires me to write this letter. Wendy Kesser remarks that Brown students' admiration and respect for their professors is a credit to the University and that erudition is not surprising, given that Brown is a university. I agree with her remark, but she has only part of the story.



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I teach at a state university with many strong departments, but I see little or no admiration for the faculty here. Indeed, a faculty member is lucky if he is regarded with indifference, for many students actually resent the faculty as a bunch of party poopers whose assignments and demands get in the way of a good time. Certainly there is little regard for erudition. Why are things so different at Brown? Yes, the uniformly high quality of the faculty is part of it, but it is also the high quality of the students themselves.

It is hard, probably impossible, for someone who has not experienced academic life in the slow lane to understand what it is like. All too often, among students at my current institution and others like it, education is regarded as something to be gotten through in order to obtain a piece of paper certifying that the "getting through" has been accomplished. Neither the education itself nor the people providing it are of any special interest. I frequently tell people that I do not teach, because to say you have taught is to say you have transferred knowledge, which is something that requires effort on the part of the receiving party. Because effort of that sort is so infrequent at an institution such as this, I describe my classroom activities as professing, with no implication that any knowledge gets transferred. Similarly, I do not describe the people sitting opposite me as students, because that word implies that they actually study. Instead, I describe them as tuitioners, again with no implication concerning their scholarly efforts. There are real students here, but they are fairly rare and even they are adversely affected by the general social climate in which serious academic effort is irrelevant.

I used to wonder just what the point of spending so much money on Brown tuition was when very good faculty and their good courses could be had for a song at many state institutions. Now, having taught at my current institution for several years and having just returned from sabbatical leaves at Princeton and Penn, I understand. That tuition buys association with other curious students and puts one in the stimulating intellectual environment they create. Such students, interested in learning and hungry for knowledge, are an absolutely essential component of the vibrant, exciting community that Brown is. They

inspire the faculty, as well as the other way around. And, yes, the faculty often has "studenthonoraria," as well as the other way around.

Tell Wendy Kesser and her classmates that, as much as the faculty, Brown's students are a credit to the institution and are essential in making it the fine place that it is.

John J. Seater '69

Raleigh, N.C.

The writer is professor of economics at North Carolina State University. — Editor

Closely related issues

Editor: I am writing in response to the comments of Eric Widmer, dean of admission and financial aid, and others to the recent letters to the editor from Betsey Remage-Healey (*BAM*, December 1989) and Robert McCulloch (*BAM*, June/July 1989). I see the two issues as being closely related: Indeed, as a former NASP volunteer and the parent of a child who was denied admission to Brown, I am, perhaps, the embodiment of what is wrong with the College Admission and Financial Aid Office's relationship with alumni.

I certainly understand Ms. Remage-Healey's frustration and can only admire her for having stuck it out so long. I stopped interviewing [for NASP] in the early '80s when it became clear to me that, although I took my duties and responsibilities very seriously, nobody on campus did. Why should I encourage students to travel an hour each way to come to my house when nothing they or I might say would influence Brown's decision about them? I took the time to talk to each candidate, to evaluate them as individuals, and then to write as thorough a report as I could. What were the results of our combined pains? Time after time Brown passed over true intellectuals (e.g., a minority high school student who wanted to be a doctor and who was involved in research on Agent Orange with faculty members at his local university — but as an admission counselor said to me, "With SATs in the 500s, of course he couldn't hope to get in!") in favor of the boring grinds ("Well, of course, she got in. Her English was 680 and her math was 800.") If both were "of course," why bother with me?

And then there was the financial-aid officer who told a parent of one of the

top students at our high school that he was wrong to give an equal \$25,000 share of \$100,000 he had saved to each of his children since the one going to UCLA, a public institution, obviously should get less than the one going to Brown. Needless to say, after that conversation, the student didn't go to Brown. She went to Yale, which offered her more scholarship money and less moralizing.

In addition to sharing Ms. Ramage-Healey's discouragement, I also share Mr. McCulloch's pain. As the parent of an applicant two years ago, I couldn't help thinking that with my son's being a Merit Scholar, his SAT (over 1400) and Advanced Placement (two 5's, a 4, and a 3) scores, his GPA (3.9, at a very competitive high school), his school activities (president of the computer club and the fantasy game club), and his obvious humor and warmth, he would be a serious candidate. I assumed that the fact that we weren't asking for financial aid wouldn't hurt, and my being an alumna would help. He applied early and was deferred, and then was rejected in April. The admission office sent me a computerized "Dear John" letter, with a number to call, but when I called, the dean was "out" and there was nobody who could give me any information. Did they really think that a Brown graduate would be thrilled to get a computer-generated letter and would be mollified by being notified in advance (I won't get into the dilemma Brown put me in whether to share my information with my son)?

Repeatedly, then, the College Admission and Financial Aid Office has made me feel as if they think I am a person of little brain (I am after all, an alumna, and a Phi Beta Kappa one at that) and less consequence. Being considered one or the other would be hard enough to take; the combination is intolerable. Rather than continue to put myself in the position where I am treated as an unimportant dummy, I have chosen to put my time, effort, affection, and, of course, my money into organizations that make me feel appreciated. Brown might think twice about how many of us former boosters are being alienated by its casual and insensitive attitudes. When the message is that we should give without question, give without any hope of reciprocity, give without any reward whatsoever, you have to be the fool you are taken to be to continue. While I would not want to suggest that

Brown should always have admitted the candidates I recommended, or even my child, I do want to state unequivocally that anyone or any group that continually wants something from me (and Brown always has a hand out, whether for money, or time as a NASP or phoranthor or other sort of volunteer) has to acknowledge my worth and treat me as if I count. Brown has neglected to do this at every conceivable opportunity. However, I do still enjoy reading the BAM.

Betsy Cooper Smith '66
Claremont, Calif.

Dorsey Baker '78, associate director of alumni relations, replies:

Ms. Smith's conclusion that the admission office did not value her work as a NASP volunteer is erroneous, but it is an understandable side effect of the size and superb quality of Brown's applicant pool. As NASP director and occasional part-time admission officer, I can testify that almost all of the reports from NASP volunteers are positive – yet only about one out of five candidates may be admitted. No wonder those NASP volunteers who work primarily as interviewers can feel frustrated. I've learned that teachers who write recommendations feel the same frustration; not surprisingly, most applicants receive favorable reviews from their teachers and college counselors. This forces the admission office to make fine distinctions between the outstanding and the truly compelling, a rarefied atmosphere in which a few percentage points' difference in class rank or some other measure can put otherwise excellent candidates at a disadvantage.

While a rave review cannot overcome the negatives of weak course selection or a poorly-written essay, NASP reports have been important factors in countless admission decisions. I can only regret the haste that must have prompted an admission officer to imply that two admission decisions were based solely or even primarily upon SAT scores. If it were that simple, Ms. Smith would be right to fault Brown for asking alumni to interview candidates. But in fact Brown does rely heavily on the nuances provided by interview reports, teacher recommendations, and the candidates' personal statements, in addition to high-school transcripts. Yet the value of alumni recruitment efforts does not end here. In

a variety of ways, ranging from planning information sessions and receptions for students, to building relationships with local schools, alumni involvement is critical to sustaining Brown's recruitment efforts. I urge volunteers who find interviewing less satisfying to join these other important efforts.

Regarding the financial-aid matter to which Ms. Smith refers, Brown and the other Ivies do depart from College Scholarship Service (CSS) assumptions when calculating how a family's total annual contribution to college costs should be allocated among colleges if there is more than one child in college at a time. The CSS assumes equal shares are applied to each college, even if the total costs of one institution are lower than one equal share. Most financial aid offices at highly selective private institutions take the position that, if a part of that share is not being used at the less expensive college, it is available to be applied toward the cost of the more expensive college. This position allows each school to use its financial-aid resources to help as many students as possible. It is unusual for schools using the same needs-analysis principles to come to different conclusions about the family contribution, but there are isolated cases, and this must have been one of them.

Most painful for me is the sense Ms. Smith has of not being appreciated. It is precisely the same high volume of work that makes alumni help so important that also prevents Brown's thirteen admission officers from communicating individually with the 2,200 NASP volunteers who write interview reports each year. I sympathize with alumni frustration on this point, and can only ask for their understanding. Unquestionably, Ms. Smith and all the other current and former NASP volunteers have more than earned our thanks for their support of Brown's recruitment efforts.

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Books

By Anne Diffily

Pain and pride in the heartland

🔑 *In Search of Gay America*, by Neil Miller '67 (1989, Atlantic Monthly Press). 309 pages. \$18.95.

Not far into Neil Miller's fascinating and moving book, *In Search of Gay America*, we meet Al Philipi and John Ritter of Ogilvie, Minnesota (population 345). On their five-acre farm they keep fifty cows that produce 600 pounds of milk each day, and a prize-winning, 1,500-pound Guernsey bull. The two men lead a hard, plain life of early-morning and late-night milkings, feedings, manure-hauling, and barn-cleaning.

"Al and John," writes Miller, their guest and chronicler, "had been dairy farmers for four years and lovers for eight and a half." Like many of the gay couples Miller visited on his year-and-a-half-long journalistic odyssey across America, the farmers had chosen to live in the country, away from the more cosmopolitan, tolerant atmosphere that draws many gays to the big cities. Theirs was not an easy decision.

"You grow up on the farm and as you realize your sexuality, you feel you just don't fit," Al tells Miller. "You don't fit in at Sunday church dinners or the PTA or picnics. You become frustrated and you search for others like yourself, and they are not real visible in a rural area. So you tend to leave." But, as Miller notes, "the pull of one's roots is a powerful thing," and many gays, like Al, are forsaking the metropolis for the small cities and towns, the farms and back roads, where they grew up. Some never leave. They represent, to Miller, "a kind of reconciliation – with their roots, their families, with many of the values of the larger culture, and, above all, with their deepest selves."

The grass-roots experiences of gay men and lesbians are the subject of Miller's book, which recently was issued in paperback by Harper & Row.

Formerly a staff writer for the *Boston Phoenix*, and editor, from 1975 to 1977, of Boston's weekly *Gay Community News*, Miller spent 1987 and half of 1988 traveling around the U.S. in the hope that he could provide, as he writes in the introduction, "a modest glimpse into the lives of some gay men and women twenty years after the beginning of the gay liberation movement. . . .

"I wanted to know," Miller continues, "if gay pride and progress had finally begun to trickle down to the grass roots. One had to travel beyond the large metropolitan areas on the two coasts to places where diversity was less acceptable, where it was harder to melt into the crowd, to take the true measure of gay and lesbian life in the United States."

The result is a documentary that works on more than one level. In Miller's uncluttered, acute prose, the pace and order of middle America comes vividly to life; the scenery of the South, the Midwest, and the West unfolds before our eyes. Whether or not we grew up in any of these places, reading the book is like taking a trip home to the wellspring of American culture. Driving from Fargo, North Dakota, to Wolverton, Minnesota, on Highway 75, Miller is awed by the rich prairie farmlands:

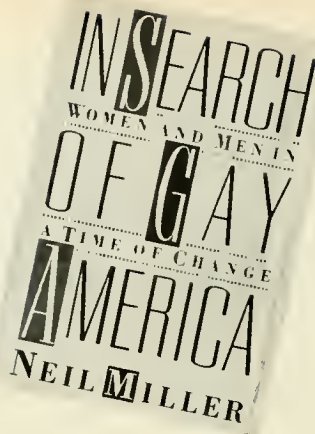
"On either side, green fields of sugar beets and yellow fields of soybeans stretch to the horizon. . . . In the blazing autumn sunlight, against those endless spaces, everything took on a heightened intensity. A yellow school bus, an orange tractor standing by the side of the road seemed to be communicating something important. . . . In the midst of this, Wolverton emerged, dreamlike, out of scale. To my eye, already distorted by the prairie, the church steeple and the water tower at the entrance of town appeared like the gates of some half-forgotten city always on the verge of being swallowed up by the landscape." In

place after place, Miller deftly etches the truck stops, the churches, the bars, the back yards that frame and define American life outside the coastal megalopolis.

More specifically, and most importantly, the book gives us generous "glimpses" into varied lives and lifestyles. One needn't be gay to appreciate both the affirmation and the poignancy of the personal experiences Miller records. We feel for the Chicana lesbians in San Antonio, Texas, who are isolated by their sexuality not only from mainstream straight society, but also from their families and cultural institutions. The mother of one lesbian has not spoken to her daughter in the eighteen months since she revealed her sexual orientation. The unrelenting pressure from Hispanic relatives to marry, to find a man to take care of them, is "a great weight on our shoulders," a woman named Irene tells Miller.

We soak up small-town life in Bunceton, Missouri (population 418), where the openly gay mayor, Gene Ulrich, lives with Larry, his lover of fifteen years, and runs a flower shop. In spite of the fact that Gene has been elected to his fifth term as mayor and seems generally accepted and admired, Bunceton is not a utopia for all gays, Miller finds. Another gay man, Walter, was encouraged by Ulrich to move to Bunceton, where he bought an old house on Main Street and began remodeling it. Soon after he arrived in town, however, Walter was the target of harassing phone calls and taunts from passing cars; his house was splattered with eggs, and his car interior badly damaged by a firecracker. "I pictured a real friendly town," Walter tells Miller with some bitterness. "I think it is friendly – to people who have lived here all their lives."

Nevertheless, Miller proposes that acceptance of gay men and women is spreading from the big cities to the suburbs, small towns, and farmlands of America. "I was accustomed to assuming that a gay life required a pulling up of roots, a breaking with the past – with



hometown, family, with church and synagogue. I was finding the opposite," he writes.

The thread of religion weaves through a majority of the lives Miller observes on his travels. Away from the East and West Coast cities, he finds that "most gay people I met, like everyone else, were involved in some version of church." He visits Central Presbyterian Church in Louisville, Kentucky, which in July 1987 ordained as an elder an openly gay man, Nick Wilkerson. Wilkerson, a Kentucky native and Harvard Business School graduate who returned to his home state to work for a tobacco company, found Central Presbyterian to be a welcoming place. "It was like an extended family," he says. "It reminded me of the small-town church where I grew up."

Wilkerson introduces Miller to a young man named Matthew, the student minister at Central, who is about to graduate from the Louisville Presbyterian Seminary. While Matthew has not formally "come out" within the church or the seminary, he feels most people realize he is gay. He had observed some of the congregation vacillating when his friend Wilkerson was up for ordination as an elder, and such foot-dragging frustrates him. "It is a struggle for me to listen to people sometimes," Matthew tells Miller. "I want to say, 'Why can't you just accept us now?' On the other hand, I know it is a big struggle for people to change sixty or seventy or eighty years of social conditioning. When they do, I find it really amazing and very encouraging."

There are many more such stories in *In Search of Gay America* – a gay Indian and father of five in Rapid City, South Dakota; a lesbian coal miner in West Virginia; men and women in gay marriages; lesbians having babies; a gay policeman with AIDS. Miller has a reporter's eye for detail: "Gay culture," he says in describing the living room of Gene Ulrich's Bunceton bungalow, "was represented by Michelangelo's *David*, three feet high, on the floor by the kitchen door and a copy of *Gentleman's Quarterly* on the coffee table." The author also has a social activist's heart. He worries about the

JOHN FORASTÉ



Neil Miller '67 found "no single vision of the gay future" in his travels across the U.S.

many divisions – racial, socioeconomic, geographic – that prevent gays as a population from advancing a cohesive social agenda and from becoming a more powerful political force for change.

"I found no single vision of the gay future," Miller writes in his afterword. "Instead, I saw various gay and lesbian communities taking different paths, adopting their own strategies as they attempted to create an atmosphere of openness and a sense of security."

Gays who read Miller's book will find much to sustain them as they struggle to live with dignity and pride. Other readers will find their interest piqued, their compassion stirred, and their understanding of humanity in all its manifestations vastly broadened. *In Search of Gay America* is not "a book for gays"; it is a testament for all of us.

Only in the afterword to his book does Neil Miller wax autobiographical. He describes a visit to Brown that occurred toward the end of his research for the book: "As I walked across the College Green and looked up at the brick student union building, there, plainly visible in a third-floor window, was a large pink triangle. It was a signal that the office of the Gay and Lesbian Student Alliance was open.

"Change," writes Miller, "can seem so simple once it finally occurs – a sign in a window. I wondered how different my life would have been if there had been that pink triangle in the window when I was at Brown."

Over a brunch of French toast and fresh fruit in a Cambridge, Massachusetts, café, Miller recalls those days at Brown. "I graduated before the gay liberation movement," he notes. "Back then, you didn't have campus gay groups." In fact, he himself hadn't yet acknowledged his homosexuality. "Clearly, [I realized that] something was askew. But I didn't identify myself as gay. It wasn't just Brown; it was a symptom of the times. There were no role models, there was no framework in which to think of yourself as gay. Gayness was never discussed, except pejoratively. You were aware that gay people were looked down upon, and you didn't want to be seen that way.

"I think if I had attended Brown in 1983 instead of 1963, I would have had an easier time of dealing with myself."

In his travels across America, Miller was disturbed but also fascinated by the seeming anomaly of gays emulating the conservative, traditional lifestyles of their heterosexual counterparts, complete with "marriages" and intense involvement in churches. "There's always that tension," he observes. "Do you want to be like everyone else, or do you want to have your own identity and be on the cutting edge of politics and sexuality? I think you find these questions in every subculture, every ethnic group: How much do we want to assimilate, blend in; and how much do we want to be ourselves in our unique way?"

Miller says he has received many letters from gay readers who have been touched by his book, particularly those living in small towns. He hopes, too, for a heterosexual readership, and suggests that gays might give the book to their parents to enhance communication and understanding. "I hope all my classmates will read it," he adds with a smile. Miller is especially gratified by a letter he received from a heterosexual woman in California: "She said that each night she, her husband, and her kids were reading the book out loud."

Miller is now researching his next book, a follow-up to *In Search of Gay America* that will look at gays and lesbians in a number of countries around the world. **B**

UNDER THE ELMS

**U.S./Soviet space symposium at Brown:
One small step for world harmony, one
giant step for joint planetary research**



JOHN FORASTÉ

At about nine o'clock on Monday morning, March 19, an international gathering of more than 100 planetary geologists assembled in the piano lounge of the Graduate Center. At center stage stood Valery Barsukov, director of the V.I. Vernadsky Institute of Geochemistry and a member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. Barsukov was telling the researchers about the U.S.S.R.'s proposed mission

to Mars in 1994. With almost unbelievable candor, he revealed a problem all too common among space-exploring nations.

"There's a serious shortage of money to afford all our desires," he explained through a translator. "The status of our business is such that we have money only for the scientific instruments. There's currently nothing in the budget for the spacecraft itself. We've proposed to

America to work out joint missions."

The assembled researchers expressed approval of the Soviet scientist's proposal. The consensus seemed to be: *of course* we should all work together. Indeed, it turns out that in many areas of space science, U.S., Soviet, and European researchers have been working together for years.

Whatever happened to the space race, that often

Associate Professor of Geological Sciences Carlé Pieters, right, goes over some data with two Soviet scientists at the Brown/Vernadsky Microsymposium in March.

bitter and wasteful rivalry fueled by the battle for ideological and technological supremacy?

The cutthroat competition for space is over. That was the word from the 11th

Brown/Vernadsky Micro-symposium, an event convened twice yearly by the University's planetary geology group and its Russian counterpart. Since 1985, these friendly, informal meetings have attracted researchers from around the world to Providence in March and to Russia in August to exchange information and to plan future projects.

"The future is going to be something like the Olympics, a mixture of *friendly* competition and cooperation," said Alexander T. "Sacha" Basilevsky, a leading Soviet planetologist who attended the recent three-day conference along with seventeen colleagues from the U.S.S.R.

The very existence of the microsymposium is proof that the two superpowers have turned the corner from the days of Ronald Reagan's "evil empire" and Nikita

Khrushchev's "we will bury you." Brown geology professor James Head III, who began and continued the meetings during strained times, is responsible for at least some of the improvement in the relationship.

"I've learned a lot about the importance of patience and trust-building," said Head, an expert on Venus and a principal investigator for NASA's upcoming Magellan mission to that planet. But he modestly dismissed his contribution to harmony on his own planet. "We justify our activities on the basis of scientific goals," Head explained, "and we wouldn't be doing this just to further international relations. That's not our business. But it's nice that it's a clear and significant byproduct of the whole thing."

It's more than nice, notes geology graduate student

Scott Murchie, who presented his analysis of the surface of the Martian moon Phobos to the meeting. "Most of my data comes from the Soviets," Murchie explained. "Without cooperation, I'd have no data to work with."

Beyond that, there's another benefit to working with scientists from other countries. "We have different approaches to geological questions, so interacting helps introduce fresh ideas," noted Murchie.

The result has often been a "beautiful synergism," said Brown geologist Carlé Pieters, describing a joint U.S.-Soviet investigation that searched for oxygen on the surface of Venus. "They brought excellent data and insights into geochemistry, and we contributed lab experiments and spectroscopic analysis. That combination enabled us to build a piece of re-

search that was much larger than the sum of its parts." Pieters noted that there are many projects now in the works as a result of the person-to-person contacts that take place at the Micro-symposia. "A lot of seeds get planted," she said.

This forum, through bad times and good, has helped these seeds grow and often blossom into important science. But to Scott Murchie, the benefits go beyond the prospects for research synergy. "When we work together, we learn something about each other," Murchie explained, "and by traveling to each other's countries, we learn about each other's cultures, the way people think, and their problems. People are people – Soviets and Americans both love their children and want to have a world to leave to their grandchildren." – B.F.

Feinstein Awards honor those who are helping to alleviate 'the shame of hunger'



A series of slides depicting hunger in its most heartbreaking human manifestations – scrawny children with enormous eyes, desperate parents – set the tone. Then Nobel Laureate Elie Wiesel, a slender, mournful-looking man who survived Auschwitz and Buchenwald, began to speak to the audience in the Salomon Center for Teaching of this present-day tragedy – the shame of hunger.

"As a child, I remember that at the table my mother said, 'Think about the mil-

The honorees: Sen, Amicama, and Abed.

lions of Chinese who are hungry," Wiesel said. "Being a good student of Tal-mud, I asked, 'And if I ate, would they be less hungry?'" The audience laughed. "In fact," Wiesel said, "there is a relationship between my eating and their not eating. All things are related."

Wiesel was at Brown as honorary chairman of the April 5 presentation of the fourth annual Alan Shawn Feinstein Awards for the Prevention and Reduction of World Hunger. A world-famous author, humanitarian, and scholar, Wiesel is the Andrew W. Mellon Professor in the Humanities at Boston University. His work on behalf of oppressed people has earned him the U.S. Congressional Gold Medal of Achievement and the Medal of Liberty, and, in 1986, the Nobel Prize for Peace.

The hunger awards are presented annually by Brown's Alan Shawn Feinstein World Hunger Program, directed by Professor Robert Kates and named for the Cranston, Rhode Island, businessman and philanthropist whose donations have supported it since its founding in 1984. The program attempts to address the long-term persistence of hunger through research, resource development, and public recognition. The Feinstein award winners are selected from a list of candidates nominated by more than 125 international scholars and scientists.

This year's awards went to two organizations and one individual. The Alan Shawn Feinstein World Hunger Award of \$25,000 went to the Bangladesh Rural Advancement Committee (BRAC), a development organization that links international expertise with local needs in food produc-

tion, health services, and education. The award was accepted by Fazle Hasan Abed, BRAC's founder and executive director. BRAC has organized 3,900 self-reliant groups in more than 2,000 villages in Bangladesh, and its oral-rehydration program for the relief of diet-related diarrhea has helped restore health in more than 10 million households.

The Women's Organization of Independencia, Peru (WARMI) received the \$10,000 Feinstein Merit Award for Public Service. The grassroots organization works to combat malnutrition and hunger in an impoverished suburb of Lima known as the "misery belt." Women volunteers work in some eighty community kitchens providing meals at cost, approximately eight cents per meal, to poor people. The award was accepted by Rosa Escalante de Amicama, a founding member of WARMI.

The Feinstein Merit Award for Research (\$10,000) was given to economist and philosopher Amartya Sen, Lamont University Professor at Harvard. Sen has worked to better understand the relationship between famine, hunger, and the distribution of wealth in the Third World. He believes that famines occur not only because of a diminished food supply, but also because of a shift in a particular group's "entitlement" to food.

The "shame of hunger," says Nobel Laureate Elie Wiesel, "does not apply to the hungry; it applies to those who refuse to help the hungry. Shame on those who could feed the hungry but are too busy to do so."

In his keynote address, Elie Wiesel noted that "I have been obsessed with hunger for many years. I have seen what it can do to human beings." The tragedy of hunger, he said, is its power to dehumanize, to make death anonymous and life a humiliation.

Ezekiel the prophet, Wiesel said, spoke of "the shame of hunger." "Of all the diseases and catastrophes," he continued, "the only one that is linked to shame in ancient scripture is hunger. For men can live with pain, but no man ought to know hunger. Hunger means torture, the worst kind of torture."

Recalling his experience in the Nazi death camps, Wiesel described the dehumanizing effects of prolonged food deprivation: "Those people who were reduced by hunger, diminished by hunger, did not think about theology, nor did they think about God or philosophy or literature. They thought of a piece of bread. A piece of bread was to them, God. Because a

piece of bread then fills one's universe. To be diminished by hunger means that the spirit is diminished as well."

Of all the plagues, disasters, and diseases that threaten humankind, "hunger alone can be curtailed, attenuated, appeased, and ultimately vanquished - by human beings," Wiesel said. "I wonder what would happen if every nation decided to sell one aircraft, and with the money feed the hungry. . . . One Stealth bomber would take care of the shame and the humiliation and the suffering of millions of people."

The notion of "the shame of hunger," Wiesel said sternly, "does not apply to the hungry; it applies to those who refuse to help the hungry. *Shame* on those who could feed the hungry but are too busy to do so." Referring again to the Holocaust, he added, "All events are intertwined. It is because we have witnessed humanity at its worst that we now must appeal to humanity at its best." - A.D.



JOHN FORASTÉ

Health Secretary Sullivan urges physicians to 'serve humanity,' in dedication remarks for new biomedical wing

Today's medical schools must involve themselves with society's broader social and economic problems, said Secretary of Health and Human Services Louis Sullivan at Brown on April 21. The medical profession, he said, "must return to the highest and noblest understanding of its purpose – to serve humanity."

Sullivan was the speaker for the dedication of the new Grimshaw-Gudewicz Medical Building on Meeting Street, adjoining the Bio-Medical Center. The six-story wing includes 57,000 square feet of new space and 9,000 square feet of renovated space; it contains the first new laboratory facilities to be added since the original bio-med building opened in 1969.

Also housed in the building are an electron microscopy facility, lecture halls and classrooms, a suite for experimental surgery, and offices of the Program in International Medicine, the Gerontology Center, and the Brown AIDS Program. The wing is named in honor of George Grimshaw, a supporter of the medical program, and in memory of his colleague Irene Gudewicz.

Sullivan became HHS secretary in May 1989. A graduate of Morehouse College who earned his M.D. at Boston University, he had been a fellow in hematology at Harvard Medical School before returning to Morehouse in 1975 as director of the medical education program. When Morehouse's School of Medicine became



An onlooker steadies the ribbon as Louis Sullivan (far right) wields an enormous pair of cardboard "scissors" to dedicate the new biomedical wing. Helping Sullivan are Vice President for Biology and Medicine Pierre Galletti and Dean of Biology Frank Rothman. The ribbon-cutting was simultaneously televised for an audience in the Solomon Center, where minutes earlier Sullivan had spoken about medicine's responsibilities to society.

independent in 1981, he was named its first dean and president. Sullivan has acknowledged that he modeled the Morehouse medical school after Brown's community hospital-based Program in Medicine.

Since his appointment as health secretary, Sullivan has captured public attention with his aggressive stance toward cigarette smoking. In February, he told a Senate panel that smoking-related diseases cost the nation \$52 billion a year in medical costs and

productivity losses.

At Brown, however, he dodged questions at a press conference as to whether he advocated a ban on cigarette advertising or the elimination of federal subsidies to tobacco growers. "My position is to emphasize the adverse health consequences [of smoking]," Sullivan responded.

In his talk at the dedication ceremony, Sullivan praised the Brown medical school's philosophy, its research, and the involvement of its physicians in commu-

nity research and health care.

A solution to the many problems and deficiencies in the U.S. health-care system, Sullivan said, will require the cooperation of physicians and other health-care practitioners. "Our physicians always must be aware that medicine is, above all, a serving profession – not a self-serving business."

The prevention of disease and the promotion of health, Sullivan said, must become a national crusade, with individual responsibility its rallying-cry. "This means, of course, that the medical profession must concern itself with the broader ethical fiber of this nation . . . We must cultivate throughout our society a new culture of character – a culture that nurtures values like moderation, self-discipline, self-control, devotion to family, and commitment to community."

Brown's new medical building, Sullivan concluded, "stands for the bright future open to us through support of biomedical research. But let it remind us as well of the broader responsibilities of medicine today – responsibilities to minister to those who have been left behind, excluded from our system of health care; to enter, constructively, into the debate over health-care finance reform; to promote health, as well as to cure disease; to attend to the broader ethical climate of the nation; to strive for the highest standard of service to our fellow man." – A.D.

Gerard gift adds space for the music department

Emanuel Gerard '54 helped renovate and name Gerard House, the philosophy department headquarters, in 1981, honoring Professor Roderick Chisholm '38.

Now Gerard and his wife, Skippy, have made a more-than-\$300,000 gift to the music department that will renovate a studio/summer house attached to the Grant and Fulton Hall.

The 1,800-square-foot building, when completely restored and renovated, will house five or six rehearsal rooms for instrumental and vocal instruction, a tiny recital area, and a permanent home for the University's string quartet.

Professor of Biology and Medicine **Anne Fausto-Sterling** '70 Ph.D. has been named a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

David Stubbs '90 won a Rhodes Scholarship as a candidate from his homeland, Bermuda. While at Oxford, Stubbs, who concentrated in Russian and European studies at Brown, plans to study international politics. A three-year member of the men's crew, he plans to continue rowing at Oxford and hopes to represent Bermuda in the Boat Race.

Four Brown seniors and a recent alumna this year won Mellon Fellowships, which can be used to fund up to three years of graduate education at whatever school the recipient chooses. **Elizabeth Drenning** '88, of Brooklyn, who is now an associate editor of the *Paris Review*, plans to study comparative literature, which was her concentration at Brown. **Gregory Dubinsky**, of Lincoln, Nebraska, plans to study musicology at the University of California at Berkeley. **Amy Grey**, of Galena, Illinois, also plans to study at Berkeley; her field is archaeology. **Rebecca Krawiec**, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, intends to study early Christianity, but is not yet certain where. **Talia Schaffer**, an English concentrator from Scarsdale, New York, plans to attend Cornell, probably focusing on James Joyce.

Former dean of the College and current Brown Fellow **Walter Massey** was elected vice president of the American Physical Society last fall, and will become its president in 1992. He is vice president for research at the University of Chicago.

Watanabe Scholarship to assist study in Japan

Mitsuru Watanabe, CEO of Watanabe Enterprise Company of Tokyo and S.E.E. International Corporation in New York City, has established the Watanabe Scholarship at Brown to assist students who wish to attend universities in Japan.

The scholarship covers apartment rent and utilities, as well as tuition.

Brown currently maintains affiliations with Kyoto University and Keio University in Japan. Students normally participate in Brown-approved programs of study at each of them and receive full credit for the study towards their Brown degree.



JOHN FORASTE

On one of the first rare, balmy days of April, President Vartan Gregorian moved his class to the front Green near Slater Hall. Twenty-seven freshmen who raced to sign up for the course on a first-come basis in January spent the semester studying "The History of Liberalism" with Brown's best-known historian.



JOHN FORASTE

Adam Ludwig '90 and Gwen Lighter '91: a dream for sixth-graders they've never met.

Biking for education

Gwen Lighter '91 looks a little like Pippi Longstocking: not the braids, for her long, auburn hair is curly and untamed, but she has that wild elfin grin, "I-can-do-anything" confidence, and an exuberant, palpable idealism. "My parents have a saying, 'You give your children roots and wings,' " she says. "The kids we're doing this for don't feel that sense of empowerment."

What she's doing is biking cross-country this summer. And the kids she's doing it for, she hasn't met yet. They are sixth-grade students in inner-city school systems where dropout

rates are close to 75 percent, and for most, attending college is a dream unconsidered. Lighter and four other college students – Adam Ludwig '90, and friends from Yale, Dartmouth, and the University of Texas – hope to raise enough money through their trip to give a class a shot at college.

Several years ago Lighter clipped a newspaper article about a New York businessman named Eugene Lang who in 1981 on the spur of the moment had promised an East Harlem sixth-grade class that he would provide scholarships for their college educations. He made good on that promise, fol-

lowing and supporting each of his protégés through their high school years. "Then the media 'discovered' him," Lighter says, "and other people wanted to do the same thing." As a result, in 1986 Lang formed the national I Have a Dream Foundation to sponsor the education of other children – or dreamers, as he calls them – around the nation. There are now more than 130 I Have a Dream Projects, serving more than 8,000 students in thirty-three cities.

Last summer, Lighter, who in high school came in first in her age group in the New York City Marathon, proposed to a friend that they bike across the country to raise money for education. Lighter wrote Lang, telling him their plan. Then she headed abroad to spend the fall semester studying in Japan.

When she returned, it was back to work on her own dream. "It will cost \$350,000 to put a class through college," she says. She compiled long mailing lists of media to contact and corporations, politicians, and individuals who might serve as sponsors; then she began sending out a steady stream of letters. "Tony Ittleson ['60] provided us with bicycles and clothing," she says, noting that several corporations have indicated interest in sponsoring the trip. The group plans to start in San Antonio, head northeast through Little Rock, St. Louis, across southern Illinois, Kentucky, and

West Virginia, then Richmond, Washington, D.C., Baltimore, Philadelphia, Westchester, Hartford, and Providence. "I've got to meet my CAP [freshman] advisees here on August 28," Lighter says. "So I have to be back in Providence on the 27th."

And, in between letters, meetings, and phone calls, she has been studying. As a junior, she is enrolled this semester in a graduate seminar on Aristotle; "my final paper is on Aristotle's view of education – how we apply Aristotelian ideas to a modern elementary education system," she says. "How to balance the individual and the need for community. I stayed here working on it over spring break; I've gone out maybe five nights this semester. I am the *major*est geek at Brown." She grins. Then her face sobers. "By not educating children," she says, "not only do we fail to provide them with the tools to effect change for themselves, but we don't give them the tools to get a moral overview."

Lighter plans after Brown to attend law school and to serve in government, having held summer jobs in law and congressional offices and the Supreme Court. "I think the process is basically sound," she says. "I know it's not perfect, but I think there are ways to effect change."

The foundation of that process, she believes, is education. "On the most basic level, [education] is what a government owes its people, what a society owes its members. You can't have people living in a democracy, participating through the ballot, unless you educate them in the workings of the system." And that is what she hopes to make possible. – C.B.H.

Gregorian and students testify at congressional hearing on public service held at Brown

On April 28, President Vartan Gregorian, University of Massachusetts President Joseph Duffy, and several students and community service workers testified at a regional hearing of the House Subcommittee on Post-Secondary Education held in the John Hay Library. The members of the subcommittee were in Providence to hear testimony regarding a proposed \$183-million bill (the Hawkins bill, HR4330) designed to encourage public service. They spent the morning before the hearing visiting community service organizations where students volunteered.

Although the bill proposes to encourage public service and meet community needs on several fronts (through the development of a conservation corps, a Youth Service Corps for schoolchildren, urban rebuilding programs, and involving the elderly in Head Start programs), key components would involve higher education. For instance, the bill would allocate \$25 million to colleges and universities to create and expand public service opportunities for their students. Funding literacy programs would be a priority.

"Why should colleges and universities be involved in public service?" the subcommittee chairman, Montana Democrat Pat Williams, asked the two college presidents. "America has a habit of turning to its schools to solve its problems," he said, noting that we have addressed malnutrition through breakfast and lunch



At the hearing: Gregorian, at left, and Pat Williams, far right.

programs, public health through school nurses and clinics, civil rights issues through desegregation. Duffy pointed out that students' college years can be formative, that the experience of service work can be pivotal and can shape their professional goals and values permanently. It is important, he said, "to keep this experience from becoming the privilege or the opportunity of those who can afford it."

"Our colleges and our universities are the only national institutions left," Gregorian said. Since the dissolution of the draft, "universities are the only place where all the regions meet, all the races meet," he said. "It is imperative that universities not abandon the role of not only teaching, not only educating, but training citizens." Both Duffy and Gregorian sit on the executive committee of the Campus Compact, a national coalition of 235 college and university presidents committed to developing in students a sense of civic respon-

sibility.

A facet of the bill that has attracted student support is its suggestion that full-time community service volunteers may have loans deferred or partially forgiven. Two students described ways current regulations make it difficult for financial-aid students to volunteer. Brad Gordon '90, who took time off and volunteered as a tutor at a Thai refugee camp, described the difficulties he encountered deferring his school loan payments and his surprise upon learning that some of them had come due in his absence. He urged Congress to permit students to defer all school loans when volunteering full-time for non-profit groups, and recommended allowing a housing stipend. He suggested that those who volunteer for five years might have their loans forgiven altogether.

Since his return, Gordon has continued to tutor Cambodian refugees in English; one of his students, who is now enrolled at Rhode Island College and who vol-

unteers herself, also testified. Gordon urged the subcommittee to allow students to use available College Work Study monies to fund their work at non-profits outside the university. "I would have preferred to use [my work-study job] tutoring than as a dishwasher or clerk," he said.

Marcia Brown, a junior who is also on financial aid, said that work-study students are expected to make an increasingly large contribution toward their tuition each year. "This assumes that as your marketability improves, so does your income," she said. "This is not so in public service." She now coordinates the South Bronx Summer Project, through which for the past five years Brown students have spent their summers creating a community garden and recreation programs in formerly abandoned city lots.

All of the students adamantly rejected the suggestion that students be compelled to earn their right to financial aid through public service. "That's making us slaves to the rich people," said Gordon. "I think it should be the other way round. We get financial aid. We do public service. Then you help us out."

How to interest students in volunteerism? It's simple, said Wendy Shimelman '91, a former director of Brown Community Outreach: "Keep the door open." What motivates public service, she said, "is compassion, a basic sense of the proverbial 'right thing to do.'" — C.B.H.

JOHN FORASTE

Brown's first infant-toddler day care center for the children of faculty and staff opened in January on Taft Avenue near the Brown Stadium. At right, teacher Bob Mason feeds three-month-old Nathan Dube, son of Gloria Gaito, a veterinary technician in the Division of Biology and Medicine. The center currently can accommodate twenty children, ages six weeks to three years. According to Director of Employment and Staff Development Sheila Curran, the center "shows the University's commitment to employees with young families."



JOHN FORASTE

The Lamphere case: an update

On February 20, the U.S. Court of Appeals let stand a Rhode Island Federal District Court's May 1989 decision that refused to declare the thirteen-year-old Lamphere consent decree terminated but that outlined criteria for its possible dissolution in 1991.

Senior Federal Judge Raymond Pettine of the District Court had indicated that the court would consider vacating the decree if Brown can demonstrate "substantial compliance" with the intent of fully representing women on the faculty. Pettine said that, although he would regard the presence of seventy-four tenured women in 1991 as "full representativeness" of women, the court would likely accept sixty-seven, 90 percent of the ideal.

What this means, says Vice President and University Counsel Beverly Ledbet-

ter, "is that if the University has the numbers to match 'substantial compliance,' then Brown can come back and ask for a termination." According to figures from the provost's office, fifty-nine of Brown's tenured faculty are female.

The consent decree resulted from a 1974 class-action suit brought by women faculty (including anthropologist Louise Lamphere, in whose name the suit was filed). Since its implementation in 1978, the decree has set goals and timetables for the hiring and tenuring of women faculty at Brown and has established mechanisms to monitor the University's progress and to handle claims of sex discrimination. It was originally designed as a ten-year plan.

In May 1988, Brown asked Pettine either to de-

clare the decree terminated or to set new criteria for its ending. The judge extended the decree the following February and set higher goals than those agreed upon by the Affirmative Action Monitoring Committee and the administration. After the University asked for a reconsideration, last May Pettine established the above goals.

The women faculty who appealed Pettine's May 1989 decision challenged the court's judgment that "substantial compliance" rather than "full representativeness" should be adequate grounds for the decree's termination and argued that, in addition to upping the number of tenured women, Brown needs to create alternatives to the court-ordered monitoring mechanisms before dissolving the decree.

The appeals court declined to review those issues, stating that they were "not ripe for decision," and would be better addressed if and when the University goes to

court to ask for termination. One of the appellants, English department chairman Elizabeth Kirk, says, "We needed to lodge those objections so that the University's lawyers couldn't come back later and say, 'But you never objected . . .'"

Kirk is convinced that the Lamphere case has had a tremendous positive effect, both at Brown and nationally. "When I came to Brown in 1968, there was only one other woman in the English department," she says. "Now we're just over 50-50."

Laughing warmly, she apologizes for grandstanding, then says, "I can't resist an opportunity to get up on my soapbox: When you work at a place, it's easy to lose perspective. We tend to overlook the tremendous national impact the Lamphere case has had. It is the most important piece of voluntary social change I've ever seen. I think people will be writing textbooks about what happened at Brown. This is not a mark of shame." — C.B.H.

The bear: University symbol or athletic department mascot?



BROWN ARCHIVES

"While it may be somewhat unsociable and uncouth, it is good natured and clean. While it is courageous and ready to fight, it does not look for trouble for its own sake, nor is it bloodthirsty. It is not one of a herd but acts independently. It is a good swimmer and a good digger, like an athlete who makes Phi Beta Kappa. Furthermore, its color is brown, and its name is Brown."

—THEODORE FRANCIS GREEN '1887, who is credited with giving Brown its bear symbol when he mounted a stuffed bear head in the trophy room of Rockefeller Hall, now Faunce House, in 1904.

This is the issue: Is the bronze bear, still residing at his old address on Elmgrove Avenue (opposite), a symbol of Brown University, or is it more appropriate to refer to him as the official mascot of the athletic department? The question is at the center of a debate over where Bruno's new home should be, now that mail is no longer delivered to Marvel Gym.

For fifty-two years, Bruno stood in front of Marvel, his role never questioned, his very placement apparently making him synonymous with athletics. And if all had gone according to plan, he would be standing now somewhere in the vicinity of the Pizzitola Sports Center, shaded by red maples and keeping watch over Olney-Mar-

golies, Smith Swim Center, and, out of the corner of his eye, Meehan Auditorium. But final landscaping plans for the front of the Pizzitola did not include an eight-foot-tall bronze bear, and a plan to move him to a proposed grotto near Faunce House has brought his significance into sharp focus.

Those who argue that the bear is an athletic symbol, and so favor his move to the sports complex, may recall that the first appearance by a bear, in this case a year-old cub, was at the Brown-Dartmouth football game in 1905. To them, it is no coincidence that the statue, which evolved twenty-two years later, was placed in front of Marvel Gym. Brown teams have been referred to by the sobriquet "Bruins" for many years, and more recently "Bears," with the exception of the women's ice hockey team, which is nicknamed the "Pandas." Phi Beta Kappas do not flock to the Bear's plinth, they argue; sports-team captains pose for photographs there.

Peter Mackie '59 is an alumnus who feels very strongly that the bear is Brown's athletic symbol. "The University has a symbol, the crest, the Brown seal," he argues. "The bear is the capstone of athletics. It would be a major break with tradition to move the bear



BROWN ARCHIVES

to the campus. It would be contrary to the history of Brown."

The Campus Planning Committee met in mid-April to consider a proposal to move the bear to the Green. According to the committee chairman, Professor Emeritus of Architecture William Jordy, the vote was against the plan, "partly because of the belief that campus sculpture should be first class, partly because the bear would give the wrong signal concerning the University's commitment to academics, partly because the bear is more closely associated with athletic endeavors, and partly because the bear is a male athletic symbol."

The committee is made up of three administrators, three faculty, and three students. Jordy said that he originally favored the bear's move to the athletic complex but has become more convinced of "the sentiment for moving the statue to the center of the campus." The plan would place the bear in the area now taken up by the circular bulletin board adjacent to Salomon Hall, Faunce House, and the rear stairway entrance to the post office.

History professor William McLoughlin, one of the three faculty members on the committee, voted against putting the bear on the main campus. Brown was established in 1764, he points out, and the bear did not appear as a symbol in any way connected to the University until the twentieth century. The placement of the bear in front of Marvel Gym in 1927, McLoughlin says, supports the argument that it is an "athletic, not an academic," symbol.

H. Cushman Anthony '27 gave a dollar from his pocket to "put a hair on the bear," the campaign that paid for the creation and placement of the bear in front of Marvel Gym in December 1927. "In those years, interest in athletics was high," he recalled recently. "You gave a little and it meant a lot. The campaign unified the students. Remember, this was the era of the Iron Men, and the gym was new."

During his student years, Gus Anthony was in charge of the students who worked as ushers and support staff at football games. Dr. Frederick Marvel was his boss, and he wants the doctor to be remembered. Concerned

that some of Brown's tradition is being lost as a result of the renaming of old buildings and the construction of new ones, Anthony links the bear with the memory of Marvel's contributions to Brown athletics.

But the question is, how will that legacy best be served? Will the bear on campus lessen the memory of Marvel or enhance it?

Vice Chancellor Artemis Joukowsky '55 is among those who would move the bear to the main Green. Sports are a wonderful, positive, human element of the Brown experience, he says, and the bear is part of Brown's athletic tradition. "The bear also is one of the finest sculptures we have," he adds, "and it is a symbol of Brown's past and tradition."

Forsythia outside the John Hay Library have obscured the bust of Dante. No one would think of moving the sculpture, yet it remains hidden, Joukowsky laments. It is a work of art whose significance to the University is lost. The bear presents a similar problem, and Joukowsky raises a number of interesting points.

"Rome had its *sigillum*, SPQR, yet the empire had an eagle, which also stood for Rome. Can't the bear come to symbolize more than athletics?" Joukowsky asks. "Think about the Brown Bear Award. How many athletes have received it? There is no question that the prestige of Brown is based upon the quality of its students and its professors and not the win-and-loss record of the football team. The Brown Bear Award is not associated with athletics, yet it is one of the highest honors the Associated Alumni gives.

"Why can't the bear represent the strength of the University? One way to do that would be to move it to a place of prominence on the campus, where all can see it. It would benefit visitors, alumni, students, and faculty. It would also adorn a part of campus which is rather bare. In the athletic complex it would be seen through a parking lot."

The shield of Brown University has been placed on the facade of Olney-Margolies, Joukowsky points out. If there is that explicit blending of academics and athletics, why not the bear on the campus? "If you lift the bear

out of the context of Marvel Gym, will not he be given a new and expanded mission?" Joukowsky asks.

But Peter Mackie does not accept that philosophical argument. "Take a look at his pose. The bear is ready for battle," Mackie says. "I'm willing to head up an ad hoc committee. I'm willing to do what I have to do. If alumni want the bear to remain associated with athletics, they'll have to put up or shut up."

Gus Anthony, while he wouldn't mind the bear occupying a place of prominence on the campus, still doesn't want it to get too big for its britches, as it were. "The bear is a symbol for athletic accomplishment. It's a dumb animal. I'd rather have a Phi Beta Kappa key. You hear wise as an owl, or smart as a fox. You never hear smart as a bear. Bears sleep all winter and miss the whole semester."

"But why should we hide the bear away?" counters Joukowsky. Let alumni pose with him at Commencement time. Let his tradition, even if it begins only in the twentieth century, become a part of Brown's tradition.

The University agenda has many considerations more important than a new home for the Brown bear, all in the debate agree. But as Robert A. Reichley, vice president for university relations, has said, the issue raises an important question. "The bear is a significant part of Brown's tradition," he observes. "Generations of alumni care about it. The bear deserves a prominent place on the campus."

The question is, where should that new home be? — J.R.



BROWN ARCHIVES

Sports

By James Reinbold

Men's lacrosse poised for playoffs

A look at the national college lacrosse rankings (USI-LA Poll) in late April may have shocked a lot of people. Syracuse was ranked number one. That's no surprise. If you believe the press about the Syracuse team, you may want to place them in a league all their own and give them the NCAA championship by default.

But looking down the list of the rest of the nation's best – the merely mortal lacrosse teams – you found: Yale (2), Harvard (3), and Brown (4). The Bruins ascended to the rarefied air of number three after defeating Loyola of Maryland early in the season. They dropped a couple of notches after losing to Yale by two goals in New Haven, and to Princeton (8) in overtime at Stevenson Field, but climbed back to the number-four spot after beating Harvard and Penn (15). In the dogfight that is the Ivy League, Harvard beat Yale and moved up to number three.

As the playoffs approached, Brown Coach Dom Starsia '74 was asked about Syracuse. "Yes, it's true. They are very good," he said. "But they can be beaten." Brown's schedule did not include Syracuse this year. The only Ivy team to face the Orangemen was Penn, which lost a hard-fought contest, 16-14.

The Yale and Princeton

losses ruined Brown's chance for an Ivy League championship, but that should not affect the team's chances for an NCAA bid. "We won't win the Ivy title," said Starsia, "but that is no great shame." Indeed, the Ivy League may be the toughest lacrosse league going. And when judging who will compete in post-season play, strength of schedule is a major criterion. Twelve teams will be selected, eleven from the East and one from the Far West. Final rankings, according to Starsia, are based upon the idea of "what have you done for me lately."

Brown went into the season ranked in the top ten, Starsia said, but in March he knew neither how good the team was nor how strong the Ivy League would be. On March 31, Brown beat Loyola of Maryland, 10-7. When the

weekly poll appeared several days later, Brown was ranked number three, behind Syracuse and Yale.

"The Loyola victory showed us how good a team we could be," said Starsia. And while one game does not make a season, that win way back in March still fuels the team. "It is a game that we can continue to look back to for inspiration," the coach says.

The Bruins may want to think about that game and forget about Massachusetts. On the evening of May 2, Massachusetts came to Stevenson Field to play a game postponed from April 4. Starsia had said earlier that he expected a fight, and he got one. The eleventh-ranked Minutemen toppled the Bruins, 21-18.

After Massachusetts jumped out to a quick lead, Brown battled back. But they played catch-up all night, and in the end it wasn't enough. "We showed some character at the end but that's not always going to win," Starsia said. "We've also got to play well, and tonight we didn't play well enough to win."

Then came the last game of the season. For the second

straight year the Bruins lost to Cornell, and for the second straight year they put their playoff hopes in jeopardy.

As in the Massachusetts game, the Bruins spotted Cornell an early lead and then could not catch up. The 11-8 final was the result of an afternoon of frustration. The loss finished Brown with a 10-4 record. And while a playoff bid may now be in doubt, the team's achievements have to be praised.

A great deal of this year's success can be attributed to two sophomore scorers, Darren Lowe and Andrew Towers. Last year's Ivy League rookie-of-the-year, Lowe reached the 100-point plateau (32 goals and 68 assists) after only twenty-three games. He was named player-of-the-week after team wins over Harvard and Penn. In those two games he scored seven goals and assisted on nine others, bringing his season total to eighteen goals and fifty assists. Andrew Towers scored seven goals in the Bruins' 16-7 win over Dartmouth on April 28, setting a single-season school record of 51 goals.



Sophomore lacrosse star Andrew Towers scores as Brown wallops New Hampshire, 22-6.

JOHN FORASTE

Softball wins Ivy title

Coach Phil Pincince entered the demanding 1990 season – the team would play forty-eight games – with an untested team. He had nineteen players on his squad, the most he had ever carried, and ten were rookies. But when the season ended on May 1 with twilight settling over Cambridge, Pincince and the softball team were jubilant. They had beaten Harvard in both games of a doubleheader, thus winning the Ivy championship. And in the process, they had set a team record for wins in a single season: thirty-one.

In sweeping the doubleheader (3-1 and 7-1), Brown finished the season undefeated in Ivy League play. Interestingly, Brown's three championships have all been won at Harvard on the final day of the season: in 1982, 1986, and this year.

Kit Schwartzman '90 had three hits in the opener. Jen Jurgens's '91 bases-loaded triple sparked a five-run outburst in the second inning of the second game. Freshman Christy Trexler, a transfer from Lehigh, allowed Harvard only five hits in the first game and then pitched four innings of relief in the second game. "I can't be sure just now, I have to compile the final statistics," Pincince said, "but I'm sure that Christy is responsible for twenty-four of our thirty-one wins this season."

For Pincince, it was his second Ivy championship this year. Last fall, his women's soccer team won the Ivy title. "There's no feeling like it," he said. "There is nothing like winning an Ivy. This is my third in softball and I've won nine in soccer, and there's still no feeling like it."

Softball (31-16-1)

Providence 4-3, Brown 2-5
Brown 1-2, Yale 0-0
Brown 3-7, Central Conn. 2-0
Connecticut 2-2, Brown 0-1
Brown 1-5, Princeton 0-5
Brown 1-2, Penn 0-0
Brown 2-3, Providence 1-5
Brown 2, Boston University 0
Holy Cross 3-3, Brown 2-2
Brown 5-5, Hartford 4-2*
Brown 10, Maine 2*
Brown 2, Fairfield 0*
Adelphi 5, Brown 1*
Brown 5-1, Bryant 0-2
Brown 2-3, Rhode Island 1-2
Brown 5-7, Rhode Island College 0-5
Brown 2-4, Vermont 1-3
Brown 10-10, Cornell 0-0
Brown 3-7, Harvard 1-1
*Brown Invitational

Men's Crew (5-1)

Brown 5:31.0, Boston U. 5:37.5
Brown 6:22.7, Northeastern 6:24.5
Harvard 6:26.0, Brown 6:37.0
2nd at Redwood Shores Classic, Calif.
Brown 5:40.27, Dartmouth 5:52.40

Women's Crew (2-2)

Brown 5:48.64, Dartmouth 6:01.88
Princeton 7:04.8, Brown 7:07.3
Brown 7:53.0, Boston University 7:59.10
Cornell 6:39, Brown 6:40.5

Men's Outdoor Track (4-1)

Dartmouth 73.5, Brown 72.5,
Harvard 57
Brown 77, Northeastern 66, So.
Conn. 30, Massachusetts 19

(March 31-May 3)

Women's Outdoor Track (4-0)

Brown 70, Dartmouth 65, Harvard 46
Brown 92, Massachusetts 38,
Northeastern 35
Golf (4-4)
13th at Yale Invitational
Brown 425, Salve Regina 475
Providence 401, Rhode Island 410,
Brown 429
Boston College 420, Brown 422,
Northeastern 430
Iona 320, Brown 353, Manhattan 401
8th at Ivy Championship,
Bethpage, N.Y.
Brown 388, Dartmouth 415
15th at New England Championship,
Cotuit, Mass.

Men's Lacrosse (10-3)

Brown 10, Loyola 7
Brown 16, Adelphi 15
Yale 16, Brown 14
Princeton 11, Brown 10
Brown 21, Harvard 16
Brown 15, Penn 11
Brown 22, New Hampshire 6
Brown 16, Dartmouth 7
Massachusetts 21, Brown 18

Women's Lacrosse (7-7)

Brown 14, Colgate 2
Brown 18, Cornell 6
Brown 17, Hofstra 6
Brown 14, Massachusetts 1
Princeton 10, Brown 9
New Hampshire 12, Brown 6
Penn 6, Brown 5
Northwestern 13, Brown 10
Harvard 13, Brown 3
Brown 15, Dartmouth 12
Yale 10, Brown 9

Baseball (19-20)

Northeastern 15, Brown 10
Providence 3, Brown 2
Penn 7-3, Brown 1-4
Brown 6-4, Navy 5-5
Hartford 9, Brown 5
Brown 7-3, Dartmouth 1-2
Brown 3-8, Harvard 1-3
Brown 7-8, Rhode Island 5-7
Brown 7-8, Columbia 6-5
Brown 9-6, Army 7-7
New Hampshire 11-9, Brown 4-1
Yale 11-4, Brown 2-5
Cornell 3-6, Brown 2-4
Princeton 5-5, Brown 3-6
Brown 9, Bentley 6
Brown 7, Holy Cross 5
Connecticut 10, Brown 8

Men's Tennis (12-5)*

Princeton 6, Brown 2
Brown 4, Navy 2
Brown 6, Cornell 1
Brown 5, Army 1
Brown 5, Yale 3
Brown 5, Columbia 0
Brown 6, Penn 2
Dartmouth 5, Brown 4
Harvard 5, Brown 1
*includes 3-2 winter record

Women's Tennis (13-6)*

Brown 8, Yale 1
Brown 8, Princeton 1
Brown 8, Syracuse 1
Brown 9, Cornell 0
Brown 9, Columbia 0
Brown 7, Penn 2
Dartmouth 5, Brown 4
Harvard 6, Brown 3
*includes 5-1 fall record

Other Spring results

Outstanding individual efforts are nothing new for the tennis teams. This year, Mircea Morairu '90 and Anna Sloan '92 played brilliantly for the men's and women's teams, respectively. Both teams were looking at Ivy championships until the final matches of the season, when they were shocked by successive losses to Dartmouth and Harvard.

Baseball was in a tie for first place in the EIBL with a

10-4 record. Having to win three of four in back-to-back doubleheaders to gain a lock on the title, they dropped a doubleheader to Cornell and split with Princeton, finishing with an 11-7 EIBL record and in a tie for second place with Army. Though the championship was lost, the record matches Brown's best in Coach Dave Stenhouse's ten years as head coach. Stenhouse, who is retiring after this season, praised his team. "I'm really proud of these guys. They kept battling all year."

Although the men's crew was beaten by Penn in the varsity finals at Redwood Shores, after defeating California-Berkeley and Northeastern to get to the finals, Coach Steve Gladstone's rowers are in contention as the season moves to the Sprints, IRAs, and the nationals. Women's crew, while losing to Princeton, was impressive against Boston University – all five boats scored victories – and then won the following week against Cornell. **B**

THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS
BEFORE ME. THOU SHALT NOT MAKE UNTO
THEE A GRAVEN IMAGE, OR ANY MANNER OF
LIKENESS, OF ANYTHING THAT IS IN THE
HEAVEN ABOVE, IN THE EARTH BENEATH,
OR THAT IS IN THE WATER UNDER THE
EARTH. THOU SHALT NOT BOW DOWN UNTO
THEM, NOR SERVE THEM.

EXODUS 20: 3-5



בעבר הנחר ישנו אבותיהם מעול סתח אבי אברהם ואבי נחוד ויעבד אלהים אחרים

*Abraham smashing the idols, from the
Amsterdam Haggadah, published in 1712.*

GRAVEN IMAGES

BY CHARLOTTE BRUCE HARVEY

Perhaps Abraham was the first to censor the arts. According to the *midrash*, after his revelation that there was only one true God, he went on a zealous rampage, smashing the graven images his father, Terah, had crafted. By destroying the icons, Abraham hoped to dispel the pagan beliefs they fostered.

Abraham's wariness of art has endured.

Throughout Western history, fear of the arts has motivated not only religions, from early Judaism and Christianity to Islam, but also governments, notably the totalitarian regimes of Nazi Germany and Stalinist Russia, both stalwart in their opposition to the "degeneracy" of modern art.

Most recently, the prophet's ancient sentiment erupted in the United States Congress, where last summer and fall a fierce debate about the kind of art that the National Endowment for the Arts should be underwriting was sparked by two controversial exhibitions. The first was a regional show of works by artists who had won fellowships from the NEA-funded Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art. One of the winners, Andres Serrano, had contributed to the exhibition a photograph entitled *Piss Christ*, which depicted a plastic crucifix immersed in a jar of urine. The artist, who was raised Roman Catholic, explained that the photograph reflected the evangelical movement's debasement of Christianity. But his work horrified many, including New Right activists who spearheaded a letter-writing campaign to Congress and the NEA decrying the use of tax dollars to fund such blasphemy.



When Jesse Helms demanded that the NEA stop funding indecent and blasphemous art, the academic and arts communities cried, "Censorship!" But Brown historians say the issue is not so simple – for some surprising reasons



וַיֹּאמֶר יְהוֹשֻעַ אֶל כָּל הָעָם כֹּה אָמַר יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ

Last May, armed with the show's catalogue, Senator Alphonse D'Amato, of New York, took to the Senate floor and denounced Serrano's work as "trash," then tore the catalogue in half. "This so-called piece of art is a deplorable, despicable display of vulgarity," he said, convincing twenty of his colleagues to join him in signing a letter of protest to the NEA.

As the Serrano debate raged on Capitol Hill and in the national and international press, another exhibition came under fire. On July 1, a retrospective of photographs by the late Robert Mapplethorpe was scheduled to open at Washington's Corcoran Gallery of Art. Although the Mapplethorpe photographs were classical, some even lyrical in style, and the content of most was traditional – flowers, children, formal portraits – the show included explicit homoerotic and sadomasochistic images, as well. And it had received \$30,000 from the NEA.

The Serrano-Mapplethorpe wars climaxed when North Carolina Republican Senator Jesse Helms proposed, and the Senate passed, an amendment to the NEA's charter that would bar the endowment from funding art that was "obscene or indecent," that denigrated "the objects or beliefs of the adherents of a particular religion or non-religion," or that insulted "a person, group, or class of persons on the basis of race, creed, sex, handicap, age, or national origin." His language, critics said, was sufficiently broad to deter the NEA from funding just about *anything* that might conceivably offend *anyone* – including the exhibition of much of the world's great art.

In the end, House-Senate conferees tabled the Helms amendment and substituted a more moderate bill prohibiting the funding of "obscene" art and leaving it to the director of the NEA to apply that legalistic term. Threats to slash the endowment's \$170-million budget were similarly tempered: Congress eventually rapped the NEA's knuckles with a \$45,000 budget cut – the combined sum of the Mapplethorpe and Serrano grants.

However, the congressional cease-fire did not mollify members of the academic and arts communities, who angrily invoked the First Amendment and railed that just as Eastern Europe and the U.S.S.R. were opening up, the U.S. was clamping down on artistic freedom. This was, they said, a case of censorship, plain and simple.

But was it? Conversations with several Brown faculty indicate that the academic community, at least, is not unanimous on this point. Professor of Art Kermit Champa, a scholar of nineteenth- and twentieth-century art history, says the real issue "is not the artist's right to create, but the patron's right to object." He argues that such conflicts are inevitable if artists are dependent upon government grants. "What does it mean to take public money?" Champa asks. "Is there an implied contract with the public in doing so? It seems to me

there is. I can't imagine as an artist or a writer being comfortable with that."

Mary Gluck, an associate professor who teaches European intellectual history and has a special interest in aesthetics (see "Five of the Toughest," *BAM*, December 1989), says the press has painted the issue too simplistically: "I think you have to examine the terms in which the media have dealt with this confrontation. It is all part of a rhetorical posture invented by the modern artist as far back as the early nineteenth century. The reality is much more complicated than that." The danger to the arts in this post-modern era, she says, is not that the establishment will stifle them, but that they will be consumed by our omnivorous pop culture.

The arts are no luxury to Mary Gluck. "Art is not a recreational activity," she says vehemently. "It is not something that people do to escape the dreariness of everyday life. Art is a very powerful way in which some individuals organize reality for the rest of us. When artists attack accepted notions of reality – our symbolic constructions of things – then naturally there is going to be a powerful reaction."

Over the course of the past 2,000-plus years, she says, the role of the artist in Western culture has changed dramatically. For centuries, the Second Commandment's prohibition against graven images stifled artistic development among Jews and early Christians, writes Moshe Carmilly-Weinberger in his 1986 book, *Fear of Art*; in Islam, the prohibition continues to this day. But with exposure to the art of Greece and Rome, in the fourth and fifth centuries Christians gradually began to find a use for artists, providing through stained glass windows, sculptures, and frescoes a *Biblia pauperum*, a Bible for the masses.

Under the church's patronage, medieval and Renaissance artists worked within strict, and changeable, guidelines: one year nudes might be all the rage; the next, exposing the Virgin's feet might be risqué. In 1497 and '98, zealous to make Florence a place of piety rather than lurid art and luxury, Girolamo Savonarola exhorted the city's residents to pitch countless works of art into the *auto-da-fé*. His main objection was to nudity in art, writes Carmilly-Weinberger, noting that the fervor Savonarola incited was fanned by an epidemic of syphilis, brought by Christopher Columbus's sailors. "God's punishment," thundered Savonarola.

Until the late eighteenth century, Gluck says, artists by and large expressed the consensus view – the religious, social, and political norms of their times. Artists were employed, first by the church, then the nobility, to portray and glorify their values. "The idea of the 'adversary culture' – a phrase Lionel Trilling coined – begins with the romantics," Gluck says. "They constituted themselves as

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not the artist's right
to create, but
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right to object**



Robert Mapplethorpe's Ajitto, 1981.



A 1980 self-portrait by Mapplethorpe.



RESOURCE

Although tame by today's standards, Manet's 1863 Olympia created an uproar when first exhibited. "What is this odalisque with yellow belly, a degraded model picked up I don't know where, and representing Olympia?" sniped one critic. Another wrote, "Olympia can be understood from no point of view, even if you take it for what it is, a puny model stretched out on a sheet. . . . Here is nothing, we are sorry to say, but the desire to attract attention at any price."

prophets, as critics, as the conscience of modern society." The romanticists "called themselves not a school, but a movement, which means that they saw themselves as people whose concerns go way beyond aesthetic style," she says. "Their mission in life was not simply to create beautiful objects, but to transform the world. Their movement was political, philosophical, religious."

In the nineteenth century, a new aesthetic movement, modernism, emerged. Instead of painting the religious, mythical, literary, and historic subjects that had been their predecessors' tradition-bound lot, artists began depicting everyday

**The danger is not
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by pop culture**

people and everyday scenes, venturing even into the plain light of day to record the ephemeral impressions of sunlight upon the unembellished landscape. And when they took on traditional subjects, as Edouard Manet did in his *Olympia*, they often

used broad, crude brush strokes, unfamiliar compositions, and odd colors that offended the establishment critics and seemed to mock the subject matter.

Excluded from the officially-sponsored salons of France, the new artists sold their works through a growing network of commercial art dealers. The avant-garde gathered in the cafés and cabarets of Montmartre and Montparnasse, creating a new image of the artist as bohemian, as anti-establishment and anti-authoritarian.

It is no accident, says Gluck, that artists adopted this new role just as democracy was putting down roots in France and America. She cites Alexis de Tocqueville, who said that democracy, far from encouraging individualism, in fact reinforces the opinion of the majority. Faced with that tyranny, "modern artists pitted themselves against the common values of the nineteenth century – democracy, liberalism, utilitarianism," she says.

But the modern artist's challenge was, to some extent, futile. Concentrated in the bohemian cafés of Paris, and, later, the lofts of lower Manhattan, the avant-garde became magnets for the bourgeoisie they mocked, Gluck says. In *The Painted Word*, Tom Wolfe's 1975 satire of the art world, he characterizes the interaction between modern artists and the public as a "boho dance," a mating ritual in which the artist snubs society, all the while waiting, yearning desperately to be discovered, to be made famous. Meanwhile *le monde*, the culturati, eager to prove themselves hip and superior to middle-class mores, court the newest, the most radical of artists. In the dance's consummation,

Wolfe says, the artist loses.

"From about 1880 on, it has become increasingly difficult for the artist to maintain this role of critic, subversive alien, prophet," Gluck says, "because avant-garde art – both its style and its values – becomes appropriated and accepted so readily. It becomes fashionable. This is what Tom Wolfe is talking about." Our culture, she says, has a tremendous ability to co-opt, to internalize its critics. "Just think of the counterculture," she says wryly: "how businessmen and lawyers dressed in denims and hippie-garb on the weekends. It became part of the system." She is wearing, as she says this, a tailored denim skirt and leather boots.

Today, avant-garde artists act as though they are embattled with popular culture, she says, when in fact, they are in greater danger of being bought out by it. "I really feel that the [Mapplethorpe and Serrano] incidents are not an example of artistic freedom being stifled, but just another round in the ongoing confrontation between the establishment and the artist. It is a confrontation in which the artist stands to win, and in winning, the modern artist is undermined in his fundamental posture of being a critic. This is the whole theory of post-modernism," she explains. "The post-modernist artist can no longer maintain the role of a prophetic, religious critic; modernism dies the moment it becomes fashionable."

High atop College Hill, in his fourth-floor office in the List Art Center, art historian Kermit Champa sits with his back to the window. Above him, on the fifth floor, are art studios. Behind him through a wall of glass a panorama of Providence is visible: far on the right, the domed and columned Rhode Island State House. For the past 200 years, Champa says, the relationship between free art-making and public patronage has been problematic. "On the one hand, the pressure from artists has been extremely strong to have some persistent pipeline to funding," he says. But along with that has come "the inevitable kickback in terms of public outrage whenever something is perceived as objectionable and inappropriate for the public to be involved in funding."

"Beginning in this century, a lot of the most enlightened critics of various media argued very strongly against government subsidy for art-making of any sort," Champa says, citing the British socialist critics Clive Bell and Roger Fry, who believed that good art would succeed on the free market regardless. Government funding, Bell and Fry said, inevitably would lead to one of two equally repugnant ends: either artists would cave in and produce junk to appease the public; or they would eventually, intentionally or not, offend the public.

Dorothea Lange's famous portrait, "Migrant Mother," depicts a thirty-two-year-old pea picker and mother of seven. Paid by the Farm Security Administration, Lange was to chronicle the Depression's impact on farmworkers, but if she too blatantly indicted the sharecropping system, politicians might have balked.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

In the post-Napoleonic period, Champa says, "almost never has an important piece of publicly commissioned art proven to be in any way acceptable to the public, starting with Rodin's *Balzac*. The public wants something that it can recognize as [feeling] the way it does about what is being celebrated, and great contemporary art is always involved with a kind of feeling that hasn't been felt yet by the public. Therefore, the abrasion is built in."

Public art's one success story, Champa says, lies not in Europe, but in the U.S., where, as part of the New Deal, President Roosevelt established a relief program for artists during the Great Depression. "You quite literally signed up, said you were an artist, came in and showed that you had produced X between this month and last month, and picked up your check," Champa says. "The government didn't own your work, didn't care what you did; you were part of the work force the way anyone else was." It was, he says, a rare example of true no-strings-attached government arts funding.

John L. Thomas, whose august title, the George L. Littlefield Professor of American History, belies his down-home manner and humor, seconds Champa's praise for the Works Progress Administration's relief efforts. "The artists' programs kept people like Ben Shahn alive," he says, noting, however, that the programs were controversial at the time. "In the thirties, we were an awfully provincial society," Thomas says, leaning back in an ancient swivel chair and putting his feet, in big work boots, up on his desk. "You had people arguing that the government shouldn't be involved in this, others saying that it's subversive. And then there's a terrible risk you run when you get national governments underwriting stuff, because you usually get terrible public art. An example of that would be Stalinist architecture in Moscow in the thirties – those great, huge, neoclassical bastard things. You look at Hitler's Nazi architecture, which is overblown. You look at Mussolini's stadiums. Then you go down and look at the conservatism and monumentality of all that stuff on the Mall in Washington; it's architecturally very undistinguished. So in a sense, if you do use public funds, there's this innate conservative drag."

Another New Deal effort was the federal mural project, established in 1933 at the impetus of painter George Biddle. Enamored of the murals Diego Rivera and others were producing for the Mexican

government, Biddle had written President Roosevelt, suggesting that American artists would be eager to do similar work. FDR gave the idea his OK. "I'm old enough to remember going into local post offices in Maine, where I grew up, and seeing somebody working on one of those damn things," says Thomas with a laugh. "It would have Pocahontas and Captain John Smith, and it would have the Pilgrims. As art, they didn't make any great claims!"

Most of the murals were pretty tame, politically, as well. But not all. A series of murals depicting the American scene for San Francisco's Coit Tower proved a fiasco from the government's vantage point. Just weeks before the official ribbon-cutting

ceremony, the sponsors were horrified to discover the paintings were filled with communist symbols, writes Karel Ann Marling in *Wall-to-Wall America*. "The subsequent history of the New Deal projects is peppered with sporadic appearances of the hammer and sickle and paranoid visions thereof," she writes. When, in a playground scene, Philip Guston painted a puppy's tail so that

it formed an arc abutting a toddler's leg, suggesting the communist emblem, she writes, "work on the mural was suspended while WPA troubleshooters peered skeptically at the detail."

Working for the publicity departments of the Tennessee Valley Authority or the Farm Security Administration, documentary photographers such as Dorothea Lange and Walker Evans toed a tricky line, Thomas says. To illustrate, he leafs through a book of Lange's photographs, stopping at her famous image of a migrant farm woman with her hungry children. "There was a kind of ambivalence in these photographs," he says. "Look at that woman; on the one hand you can see her as pure victim – or you can see [the portrait] as a study of endurance, of perseverance and inner strength. . . . That was OK, but if you started identifying these people as victims of a sharecropping system, you were playing with fire."

With Pearl Harbor and America's entrance into World War II, the arts projects were dissolved. Federal arts funding was not revived until the sixties, when the national endowments were created with strict guidelines stipulating that the granting of awards be determined by applicants' peers, not by politicians. Since their establishment, says Champa, the NEA and the NEH "have been at least prone to trouble. It's very difficult to get good people to serve on the juries." The peer review system, he feels, is too cliquish,

and tends to fund certain institutions and certain types of projects repeatedly. "Success follows success," he says, lamenting that the present system doesn't anticipate shifting priorities.

Although Champa was among those who criticized the cuts in federal arts funding during the Reagan years, he says, "I would not mind seeing the demolition of both endowments. The Mapplethorpe thing is not the first round of trouble with monies that have come out of the NEA." He believes that private foundations are better set up to fund the arts and are better insulated from public pressures.

Mary Gluck says she agrees with Champa that "bureaucratic organizations are very poor places for subsidizing art," but "on the other hand, government has to sponsor art. Art and education and scholarship and publishing and literature and opera – none of these are truly profit-making enterprises. They are not able to make it on the market, especially the mass market. And the more mass the market becomes, the more non-viable these enterprises become. As long as there was an elite market – in the nineteenth century, for instance, when there was a very small, educated, middle-class public – artists could possibly still make it in the marketplace. But with a mass market like ours, where fourteen-year-olds really determine what kinds of movies are going to be popular, as inadequate as bureaucratic institutions are for funding the arts, they are necessary. . . . I personally think the government does have a responsibility for funding a whole range of things more intensively than has been done. They have shunted the responsibility onto private endowments."

If the government does take responsibility for the arts, how can we guarantee that politicians will not try to dictate taste? "We can't," Gluck says. "But there is a press, and there are lots of people who don't agree with Jesse Helms. I think Jesse Helms is right to speak out, but then other people will speak out, too. That's the nature of democratic systems; it's messy, but I think that's fine."

Thomas seems to agree. Last year's furor was good for the country, he says. "Clearly, we're in the midst of a new conservative age, which is going to last at least until the turn of the millennium. On the one hand, [conservatism] has blanded everything out: look at architecture; it's all quotations. History has become biography, or nostalgia – better still, autobiography . . . or docudramas!"

On the other hand, he says, "this terrible conservative thrust politicizes, doesn't it? And I think that's good. I think it tightens up some of the cultural slack in this country when you get a good fight between the Jesse Helmses and the artists. It clears the air. If the debate upstages real issues like public health, insurance, taxes, public housing, it's not so useful; but if you can get people to argue about what to do with a flag – whether to put it in a cake of ice or burn it – well, that's good." ■

**The public wants art
to feel familiar, and great
contemporary art is always
involved with feelings that
haven't been felt yet**

Beyond



Self-interest

Is altruism simply a polite mask for greed? Is it "only human" to be selfish? Alfie Kohn '79 says we are better than we think

BY ALFIE KOHN

If I had my way, every word processor in the country would be rigged up so that the phrase "human nature" had to appear within quotation marks. Frankly, I have developed an allergy to the term. It is not only overused but misused, and it has the effect of ending discussions rather than beginning them.

To say that something is "just human nature" is, when you think about it, to take on an enormous burden of proof. It is to assert that the feature being referred to describes all individuals in all cultures, that it has always been present and always will be, regardless of how our social arrangements may change. In truth, there aren't many characteristics for which such a claim can be defended.

In reading the popular press and listening to casual conversations, I've noticed two interesting things about our tendency to ascribe various behaviors and attitudes to "human nature." The first is that this attribution is really a profoundly conservative act posing as realism. Who benefits from the belief that any feature of the status quo (such as capitalism) follows from something intrinsic to our make-up? Clearly it is those who are well served by that status quo. Invoking "human nature" is a remarkably effective way to silence someone who is proposing change. "Your idea is charming, but unfortunately" – shrug and supercilious smile are optional here – "It's Just Human Nature To Be [insert favorite characteristic]." Call someone wrongheaded or even evil and a lengthy dialogue may follow. But call him utopian or naive – assert that his ideals fly in the face of the "givens" of life – and there is nothing more to be said.

The second thing I've picked up from books and conversations is that the characteristics assigned to "human nature" are invariably unpleasant. Popular nominees include selfishness, aggression, competition, laziness, stubbornness, and greed. When was the last time you heard someone say, "Well, of course

she was helpful. After all, it's just human nature to be generous"?

Many of us know that the seventeenth-century philosopher Thomas Hobbes painted a dark portrait of our species – an image of ferocious egoists locked in unending struggle. But less familiar is the fact that even those writers whose reputations rested on correcting his bleak view of "human nature" were careful to declare their belief in the ultimate reality of self-interest. John Stuart Mill, for example, wrote: "Of the social virtues it is almost superfluous to speak; so completely is it the verdict of all experience that selfishness is natural." The people we regard as moral are simply selfish in a different way, he continued. Theirs is a "sympathetic selfishness; *l'égoïsme à deux, à trois or à quatre.*"

Today the view that all people are basically Looking Out for Number One prevails in our culture; it is the default assumption, if I may borrow from computer parlance. Rarely does anyone bother to defend this view; it is the premise for other claims rather than itself the subject of disagreement. Everyone "knows" that people are really out for themselves even when they appear to be doing good. Books arguing for the universality of selfishness – which is to say, for the nonexistence of genuine altruism – are not written. They don't have to be written. Rather, books proceed from this assumption by debating the *desirability* of universal selfishness or the wisdom of basing public policy on it.

Self-interest is not *an* assumption but *the* assumption underlying neoclassical economics, which is, in turn, the dominant approach to the discipline in this country. Altruism is confidently explained away as just another instance of self-maximizing behavior. After all, the central supposition from which economists spin their various predictions is that we spend our lives weighing options in order to arrive at the one that yields the most advanta-

Illustrations by
Anthony Russo

**When was the last time you heard
someone say "After all, it's just
human nature to be generous"?**

geous outcome for ourselves. On this basis, and this basis alone, do we decide whom to hire, what to buy, how to vote, when to marry, and whether to keep our promises.

Thus, the question of how to account for "the passerby who jumps into the lake to save the drowning swimmer . . . from the standpoint of economics is a challenging one" – but not too challenging for an economist and a legal scholar, conserva-

tives William Landes and Richard Posner. Those who risk their lives to save someone else, they proposed in a 1978 article on altruism, "get their names in the newspapers and this may be the 'real' reason why they rescue complete strangers."

With their blind loyalty to the idea of self-interest, most economists appear very nearly as ludicrous as the banker in the Monty Python sketch who literally cannot grasp the concept of charity. Asked to

contribute to the orphans' fund, the banker becomes increasingly puzzled when told this would be neither a loan nor a tax dodge. After hearing that he is simply being asked to donate a pound that will be given to the orphans, the man frowns and shakes his head. "I don't follow this at all," he says. "I mean, I don't want to seem stupid, but it looks to me as though I'm a pound down on the whole deal."

I could continue with a tour through the academic disciplines, pointing to the presumption of exclusively self-interested motivation in exchange theory in sociology, public choice theory in political science, sociobiology in the natural sciences, and virtually every sentence written by psychologists. In the academy, it is generally taken on faith – the usual requirements of proof having been curiously suspended here – that we are just a group of individuals, each acting so as to benefit himself or herself.

This goes a long way toward explaining why the reality of altruism is typically doubted in the society at large. But there are other features of our society that sustain this doubt and make egoism appear to be a matter of common sense.



We have been persuaded that altruism is only a mirage on an endless desert of self-interest partly by the promulgation of explicit ideologies. We are told, for instance, not only that each member of our species is destined to be preoccupied with his own well-being, but that such preoccupation is the path to individual and social fulfillment. Although most ethical theorists from Immanuel Kant to John Rawls would shiver at the thought, the idea that morality is married (or at least friendly) to the idea of doing for oneself continues to soothe business people with an invisible hand, to reassure needy self-seekers who live by the tenets of the human potential movement, to excite new generations of adolescents captivated by the meretricious screeds of Ayn Rand. We elect presidents who ask us to consider whether each of us is better off than he was four years ago – with the emphasis on financial well-being – as if one's personal bank account were the most appropriate basis on which to gauge the success of our leaders.

Our acceptance of the inevitability of this devotion to self is also, paradoxically, a function of the way we understand the idea of altruism. Many writers, whose picture of the human being is truncated, all genuine and irreducible concern for others having been lopped off, try to bolster their case by defining the only alternative to egoism as something hopelessly utopian. Unless we are prepared to accept the "altruistic perfection" of "a race of saints" (E.O. Wilson) or a "theory which regards man as a sacrificial animal . . . who has no right to exist for his own sake" (Ayn Rand), we are compelled to cast our lot with the apologists of self-interest.

Whether this false dichotomy represents a debater's trick or an honest limit of the imagination, it is widely shared by the lay culture. Even if we concede that altruism exists, we are convinced that it is fantastically rare. We associate it with the list of twenty or so rescuers honored at the end of each year by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission – people who, for example, risk their lives to carry children out of burning buildings. Such extraordinary tales of selfless, saintly behavior paint an image of something quite different from ourselves. In fact, the image is often defined precisely in terms of its remoteness from us.

But this usage is unnecessarily narrow. It's the mirror image, so to speak, of saying that no one is violent except mass murderers. What's more, restricting altruism to saints isn't just linguistically questionable; it's bad news for several substantive

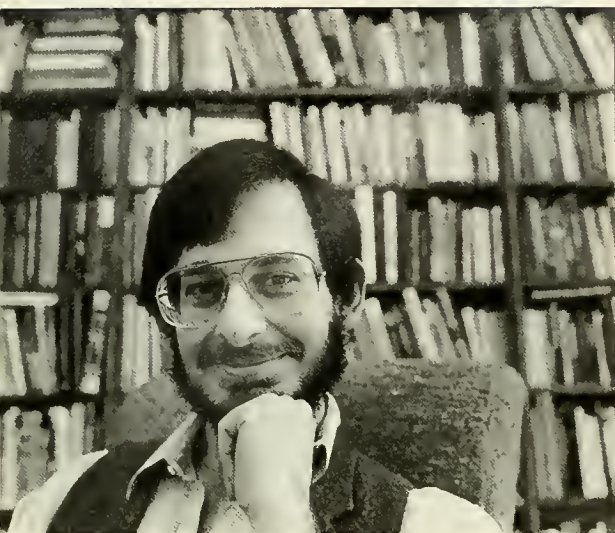


Everyone "knows" that people are really out for themselves even when they appear to be doing good

reasons. First, it does each of us an injustice by seeming to put part of human nature beyond our reach. In *The Plague*, Camus has his narrator deliberately refrain from praising the honorable efforts of residents of the disease-infested town. His rationale is that "by attributing overimportance to praiseworthy actions one may, by implication, be paying indirect but potent homage to the worse side of human nature. For this attitude implies that such actions shine out as rare exceptions, while callousness and apathy are the general rule. The narrator does not share that view."

Second, this restriction of altruism communicates the reassuring message that a few larger-than-life characters have become specialists in helping others. In taking on a life of this sort, they relieve us of the responsibility of having to go and do likewise. We may call them exemplary, but they are not literally examples to us.

Finally, this practice has the effect of turning altruism into an all-or-nothing proposition. If our private definition of the word ends with "See 'Mother Teresa,' " and if we are sure we could never be like her, then we may stretch out comfortably in a life devoted to the self-satisfied satisfaction of the self. (This is why either/or thinking is always so popular: it makes choosing easy.) Again, we witness a self-fulfilling prophecy: if I know altruism is



Alfie Kohn '79

not within my reach, I don't bother trying to act that way – or seek to cultivate it in my children. Then I point to the selfish behavior that results and say, "You see? It's just human nature."

It is bad enough to narrow the field in this manner, but our culture, while reserving

its adulation for the heroically selfless, also seems frequently to disdain the very idea of helping. Notice the contempt with which we refer to "do-gooders," how ready we are to point out and ridicule pseudo-helpers (those who obviously have ulterior motives) as well as pseudo-victims. Our folklore is filled with welfare queens driving Cadillacs, healthy beggars who use crutches as props, and the like – these examples being far more salient to us than their actual prevalence would justify. We cherish examples of such deception, nodding knowingly and smirking. We are predisposed to look for such examples and to regard them as more decisive than the obvious misery that surrounds us; this allows us to reassure and justify ourselves for not helping.

On the occasion when we overcome our suspicion of the whole affair and recommend prosocial behavior, notice how we do so. We tell our children, "Now if you don't share your tricycle with Zachary, he won't let you play with his dinosaur" – a rationale more likely to promote self-regarding shrewdness than real generosity. Fairy tales are replete with magical creatures or royalty who pose as unfortunates and reward charitable acts. The same moral is found in a magazine advertisement that carries the headline "How Helping a Poor Child Will Make You Feel Rich," and also on a billboard that stands not far from my home: "Lend a hand! A friendly act is rarely forgotten." Many religious traditions emphasize self-interest, promising that those who act rightly will be rewarded with a pleasant afterlife or a state of enlightenment, sometimes by earning the equivalent of cosmic merit badges. In a newer version of this egoistic appeal –

one not restricted to children or the religious – we are promised that volunteering our time for good causes will bring us a healthier immune system, lower cholesterol levels, and longer life.

In short, when we as a society are not busy justifying or rewarding selfish behavior, we are promising that helping others makes sense not because it is right but because it will benefit the helper. But these ways of thinking about how we *should* act or what *will* happen have a way of coloring our view of what we *are*. All of these factors I've been discussing combine to convince us that self-interest is at the bottom of whatever we do.

My research, however, has convinced me that we often help simply because that help is needed (not in order to get something out of it) – and, more generally, that our species is a lot better than we give it credit for. But even without such evidence, we don't need to accept that people are by nature interested only in themselves in order to arrive at a convincing account of why so many of us believe that we are. The factors I've mentioned here might adequately explain the way we look at ourselves.

And the way we look at ourselves matters. Part of the reason we act selfishly is that we believe at root we *are* selfish. "Man depends, to a very great extent, on the idea he has of himself, and . . . this idea cannot be degraded without at the same time degrading man," said the French existentialist writer Gabriel Marcel.

Obviously self-interest is an important part of what it means to be human. Just as undeniably, real rottenness is within our repertoire. Human beings *are* selfish and self-centered, looking for any opportunity to take advantage. But human beings are also decent, able to feel others' pain and prepared to try to relieve it. The only species to invent judgments of good and evil for itself has frequent occasion to use both. It's time to take a hard look at the way we've been using the phrase "human nature," and it's time to listen to the other half of the story. **E**

Alfie Kohn '79, who lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, makes his living by writing and lecturing. His new book, The Brighter Side of Human Nature: Altruism and Empathy in Everyday Life, from which this article is adapted, has just been published by Basic Books. He is also the author of No Contest: The Case Against Competition. He attributes his interdisciplinary approach to scholarship in large part to the influence of University Professor George Morgan.

STAGE
ENTRANCE

Life Is Sweet in the *City of Angels*

Twenty years
into his acting career,
James Naughton '67
stars as a singing gumshoe
in Broadway's brightest
new hit

BY ANNE DIFFILY



A miracle on Broadway," proclaimed *Newsweek* in January, "— an American musical, with American jazz rhythms, American wise-cracks, an original American script not based on English poems or French novels. It's got singers who don't think they're in an opera, singing songs that aren't about the Weimar Republic or the reign of Louis Philippe. . . . (It) may be a sign that the American musical is at last fighting back against the wave of imports that have taken over the Broadway stage."

"One would have to travel back to the 1960s . . . to find a musical as flat-out funny," wrote an enthusiastic Frank Rich of *The New York Times*.

Variety called it "the sleeper hit" of the season. And James Barnhill, professor emeritus of theatre arts at Brown, chimes in, "It's about time we had a good old American hit."

The show garnering these and other accolades is *City of Angels*, a double spoof of detective novels and the 1940s movies based on them. It's the result of a collaboration between writer Larry Gelbart (*A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, the hit television series "M*A*S*H") and composer Cy Coleman (*Sweet Charity*, *Barnum*).

Top billing among the show's stars goes to James Naughton '67, a veteran actor who has spent the past twenty years working on stage and in film and television. As the alter-ego creation — a private eye named Stone — of a novelist-cum-scriptwriter named Stine (played by Gregg Edelman) in this "movie"-within-a-play, Naughton cuts a Marlowesque figure in slouchy suit and fedora. In black, gray, and white movie-like scenes, he barks gruffly at women, hangs a cigarette off his lip à la Sam Spade, tussles violently with a giant and a dwarf, and plays out a passel of Stine's writerly fantasies. Meanwhile, in full-color "real-life"



scenes, Stine grapples with his troubled marriage and a megalomaniac movie mogul (played by René Auberjonois) who keeps messing with his script.

The play rollicks along on the strength of clever dialogue, exuberant songs, and characterizations that take off on old detective-movie clichés. ". . . In James Naughton's wonderfully wry performance," Frank Rich wrote, "[Stone is] a comic shamus who is the stuff that dreams are made of." Naughton himself describes Stone as "a wonderfully constructed character, a guy who talks tough and has a heart of mush. Even when his heart's broken by a girl, he has a quick rejoinder."

While this is not a role laden with social significance, it may well turn out to be the most important to date for the forty-four-year-old actor. Since graduating from the Yale School of Drama in 1970, he has worked steadily — no mean feat in a cutthroat business. He was one of only two in his Yale class to be selected for a job with the Yale Repertory Theatre after graduation (the other was Henry Winkler, later famous as "The Fonzy" on TV's "Happy Days"). Scarcely a year out of acting school, Naughton broke into the New York theater scene in a big way with a principal role (Edmund) in Arvin Brown's 1971 production of *A Long Day's Journey Into Night*, which also starred Robert Ryan, Geraldine Fitzger-

ald, and Stacy Keach. The show received Theater World, New York Drama Critics, and Vernon Rice awards, and it brought Naughton a slew of offers.

Naughton shortly thereafter made his film debut in another destined-to-be-classic production, the 1972 movie *The Paper Chase*, in which he played Kevin Brooks, the self-doubting law student who commits suicide. The film, and Naughton's performance in it, were acclaimed by critics and audiences alike, and Naughton seemed poised on the edge of stardom. But after only a few more years in Los Angeles, during which time he acted in the television series "Faraday and Company" and "Planet of the Apes," Naughton made several decisions that for nearly two decades cemented him in the ranks of highly respected, but not instantly recognizable, actors: he moved to the East Coast, indulged his love for the stage, and refused work that would keep him away from home for more than a few weeks at a time. To date, he has never quite made that leap to stardom that would open up the meaty movie roles he envisions, that would forever liberate him from needing occasionally to do the television series work he feels, at best, ambivalent about.

This is why *City of Angels*, and the attention it has brought him, may mark a pivotal episode in Naughton's career. Soon after the rave reviews made the

Jim Naughton in his City of Angels dressing room: "This play is crafted to within an inch of its life. It's done with a wink, and the audience appreciates that."

show a hit, Naughton told a *New York Times* reporter, "I'm still kind of shaking my head. . . . I've been waiting – I mean I've been working – for twenty years. I can't tell you the number of sure things that didn't make it. Then, all of a sudden, here it is. When something like this comes along, you say, 'This is what I've been working toward.' "

"I'm very happy for Jim," says James Barnhill, the man whom Naughton credits with pointing him toward an acting career. "He went through the fire to get here. It will give him the recognition in the theatre world that nothing else can give. He's earned it." Naughton, Barnhill adds, "has given up a lot" by staying on the East Coast. In show business, the actor who has the best shot at success is one who stays around Hollywood, "makes the rounds, and says, 'I'm available.' Most people try to parlay a role like Jim's in *The Paper Chase* into a big-time career. He didn't, and you have to commend that. Jim put his family first."

family is the key to everything else that has happened in Naughton's life. He was married right out of Brown to his sweetheart of four years, Pamela Parsons, a Middlebury College graduate from his hometown of West Hartford, Connecticut. Today she is a psychiatric social worker. Several years ago, Naughton told a reporter that in his life so far he had done "one thing right – latching onto my wife. I can understand the dilemma people go through these days, wondering if they want to marry at all or if this person is the right one," Naughton added. "But for Pamela

and I, the decision made itself. It was intense and passionate and great and the best way to go about it."

By the time he was twenty-five, Naughton and his wife had two children, Gregory, born in 1968, and Keira, in 1971. He speaks proudly and affectionately of them, noting that both love the theatre (Greg, who has been active in theatre at Middlebury and will be graduating this year, has been asked to read for a movie part). "They were literally brought up backstage," Naughton says. "When I did *I Love My Wife* [another Cy Coleman musical] on Broadway for fifteen months, I think Greg saw it about thirty times."

It was his intense love and concern for his kids that led Naughton to leave the land where stars are made and return his family to Connecticut. "When we lived in Los Angeles, I realized that my kids were outdoors all the time – the weather is always nice," Naughton recalls. "But that meant that the only thing that was important to them was dirt bikes and skateboards. Among their friends, there were a lot of unhappy kids from broken homes. I said to myself, 'This is not a healthy environment.'"

"At the same time, my wife had a very elderly grandmother in Connecticut, and I wanted our kids to know her. You can't just say, 'Well, someday we'll do that,' because someday they may not be around anymore. We had a large extended family back here that I wanted my children to be exposed to, and we were spending a lot of money flying back for Christmas and summer vacations."

"And, finally, I wanted to work on the stage. The thing that really made up my mind was that I kept running into people in L.A. who said, 'Yeah, we want to move back East, too.' One of my neighbors was raised in Fall River, Massachusetts. He told me, 'I can't wait to go back East.' I said, 'Really. How long have you been out here?' And he said, 'Let's see; nineteen years.' Nineteen years! I thought, 'Oh my god, I've got to get out of here!'"

"So we sold our house in L.A. and bought the 200-year-old farmhouse we still live in [in Weston, Connecticut]. I determined that if I had to, I would go out to L.A. to work. And I've done that, but I've never been away from home for more than two or three weeks at a time. There were other jobs I didn't take, particularly Broadway musicals, because they usually went on the road for any-

where between a month and a year before coming to New York."

Naughton kept getting roles, on the stage in New York and environs, on television, and in some movies. His alumni file at Brown is now stuffed with headlines such as these: "James Naughton Prefers Living in Connecticut," and " 'Trauma' [Center, a television series] lured Naughton from Connecticut." His stage credits include several Broadway productions in addition to *City of Angels*: the musical *I Love My Wife* and the drama *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*, in which he co-starred with Mary Tyler Moore. Off-Broadway he appeared in Mike Nichols's production of E.L. Doctorow's *Drinks Before Dinner*, among other plays; and he has had many leading roles with regional theatre companies.

Naughton has had modest success on the big screen. In addition to *The Paper Chase*, his credits include an adaptation of a Stephen King horror novel, *Cat's Eye*, with Drew Barrymore; *The Good Mother* with Diane Keaton; and *The Glass Menagerie*, in which he played the Gentleman Caller. That 1986 film, directed by Paul Newman and co-starring Joanne Woodward, Karen Allen, and John Malkovich, grew out of a summer performance with the same company (Barnhill calls it "the ideal cast" for the play) at the Williamstown (Massachusetts) Theatre Festival, where Naughton has been a regular for many years. Since *The Glass Menagerie* collaboration, the Naughtons and the Newmans, who are neighbors in Connecticut, have become good friends. (A class note sent in by Naughton three years ago includes the off-hand information that "I will be attending the [Cannes film] festival with my wife, Pamela, and the Newmans." One had to read on to realize that, yes, it was *those* Newmans.

Then there is television. Naughton sighs a little when this medium comes up. The sighs aren't so much for his TV movie work, which has included starring roles in CBS Playhouse 90's "Look Homeward Angel" with Geraldine Page, and in *Antigone* with Genevieve Bujold. But Naughton waxes cynical when it comes to his series work. He has starred in several, most of them short-lived: "Raising Miranda," "Trauma Center," "Who's the Boss?," "Making the Grade," "Planet of the Apes," and "Faraday and Company." In many cases, the jobs have meant weekly coast-to-coast commutes for Naughton.

"You always go in there with the best of intentions," Naughton says. "But what happens to you in Sitcomland is that they take a decent premise and they force you into a format that makes you want to gag." Acting in TV series, he says, "pays the bills and keeps the kids in school. There's a reason to do it, but it's not a lot of fun. It's tough when you can't be proud of your work."

"'Planet of the Apes' back in 1974 is a good case in point. I had turned down that role for about three or four weeks. But I finally got to the point where I had a rent payment that was two weeks overdue, and I had about \$300 left in the bank, and I had a wife and two kids. So I said yes. We made the series for about five months, and that was it. I made a very dear friend in Roddy McDowell." And a good sum of money. "Sitcoms are very seductive," Naughton adds. "You work from 10 to 5, four or five days a week. You work for two to three weeks, then take a week off. It's a wonderful schedule. And they pay you ridiculous amounts of money. But they're just not rewarding; they don't do anything for your soul."

Still, as Naughton reminds himself, "Actors love variety. We live and die by it. Pam was asked years ago what it's like to be married to an actor, and she answered, 'There's no security, but it's not boring.' When I've made a bunch of money in a TV movie, I've been able to say, 'Okay, now I can do an off-Broadway play.' I can do something for art's sake, because the bills are paid. Then another time I can't do a play; I've got to make some bread, and that means a TV pilot or a series or a movie. Acting is always a mixture of the art and the commerce. It used to be that I always most wanted to do what I wasn't doing at the moment. If I was doing a play, I'd be thinking, 'God, I wish I were doing a movie,' and if I was doing a movie, I'd say, 'Boy, to be up on the boards.' I've learned over the years to enjoy what I'm doing at the time."

He winces when asked if he considers himself a success. "That's the kiss of death – to say you're successful," Naughton demurs. "There certainly aren't any laurels yet that I'd like to rest on. But

I'm a working actor. I've had good roles. If you asked me twenty years ago what I wanted to be, I'd have said, 'The best actor I can be.' And I still think that's true."

Many years before that, when he was a young Cub Scout in West Hartford playing the part of King Arthur in a skit, Naughton had already been bitten by the bug. "My mom brought seven or eight women from my hometown to see me in *I Love My Wife* on Broadway," he recalls, "and they couldn't wait to tell me, 'Jimmy, when you were six years old, I asked you what you wanted to be, and you said, 'I wanta be an actor.' ' And I guess that's true."

Naughton was active in choral and dramatic groups in high school, and had lead roles in musicals: Billy Bigelow in *Carousel*, Frank Butler in *Annie Get Your Gun*. "And I was a sixteen-year-old Emile De Becque in *South Pacific*," he re-

berwicks and then of the Bruinaires, both *a cappella* groups. (In a 1977 interview in *The New York Times*, he described this as "the college kind of stuffed-shirt octet thing.") But he was better known as an athlete who played on several of Cliff Stevenson's NCAA-contender soccer teams in the mid-sixties, and who played baseball for two years.

Naughton remembers precisely when he was lured back to the theater and began to consider that it might be his life's work. "In November of my junior year, in 1965, I wandered into the Faunce House Theatre one night on my way to the library," he says. "They were holding auditions for *Guys and Dolls*, and I was sitting with my friend Judy Pulver ['67]. When Jim Barnhill said, 'Okay, who's next?' Judy did one of these [points to his head] to me. Jim said, 'Come on up.' I explained that I wasn't there to audition, but he said, 'Don't be shy. What have you done? You must have done something.' I told him I had done some high-school musicals, so he said, 'Sing a song from one of them.' I got up and sang 'The Girl That I Married' from *Annie Get Your Gun*, and then Jim had me read for him."

Barnhill asked Naughton if he were a freshman. "No, a junior," was the reply. "Where the hell have you been?" Barnhill demanded. Naughton said he had been playing soccer and baseball, to which Barnhill responded, "Oh, you're one of those." And offered Naughton a part in the play. "I said to him, 'To tell you the truth, I can't,' " Naughton recalls. "We were about to go to the

NCAA soccer tournament and there was no way I could do both. Jim made me promise to come back and see him when soccer season ended."

Barnhill knew the young athlete had acting potential. Of the college-era Naughton, he says, "He was good-looking, had a good voice, had a good presence." When they finally got together that January, Naughton recalls that the theatre veteran told him, "You know, I think if you wanted to, you could do this."

"What do you mean, 'do this'?" Naughton said. "Do you mean, *do this*? For a living?"



BROWN ARCHIVES

On the Faunce House stage in November 1966, Naughton (right) and Judy Pulver '67 starred in Tennessee Williams's *Sweet Bird of Youth*. The BDH praised Naughton's "sensitive and powerful performance" as *Chance Wayne*.



calls with a wry smile. "I came upon a picture of that the other day. God, I looked like a baby with some white stuff in my hair!"

Naughton continued to sing at Brown, where he was a member first of the Jab-



MARTHA SWOPE

"Yeah," said Barnhill.

"But how do I get there from here?" Naughton wondered.

"First, you take my course," Barnhill replied. "Then, in eighteen months you go to Yale Drama School."

Naughton promptly signed up for Barnhill's course in acting and play production, English 23-24 (now Theatre Arts 23-24). He also began landing roles in Sock and Buskin productions, among them Chance Wayne in *Sweet Bird of Youth* and Lorenzo in *The Merchant of Venice*. After considering international relations, history, and political science, he majored in English. And then he went to Yale.

After only two days at Yale, Naughton said to himself, "This is it." I realized I was where I belonged, and I was so relieved. The whole time I was at Brown I never had a direction. I used to envy the engineering majors, who had a plan. But when I finally got myself to Yale, it made my life a lot simpler."

After Yale, he joined Yale Repertory for a season. "While I was there," he recalls, "I was in possibly the worst production of *Macbeth* that has ever been done. Every time I say that, another actor will say, 'Oh, no no no, I was in the worst production of *Macbeth*!' I guess there haven't been many good productions of it. The concept of this one was

that it took place in the Bronze Age, so we were running around on stage in furs with clubs. It was not good. It was not a happy moment." He shakes his head woefully.

"We closed that play on a Saturday night, and I went to work in New York on *A Long Day's Journey into Night* the following Monday. That was like walking out of the fires and into the clouds. It was terrific, a landmark production, and everybody in the business saw it."

Now Naughton is back in New York, and feeling good about it. As this is being written, he and his agent are negotiating an extension of his six-month contract with *City of Angels*. "It's just great to be in a hit," Naughton emphasizes. "It's so much fun. Last week I walked into a restaurant and Paul Sorvino jumped up and grabbed me and said, 'Jimmy, God, I saw the show, it's wonderful, you're wonderful.' We'd never met before, and that's kind of nice. Everybody in the business has come to see the play. Last night Steven Spielberg was there, and last week Lauren Bacall came backstage to my dressing room. It's fun."

His aspirations are varied, and not all career-related, although in that respect the former Brown baseball player has one specific hope: "There are a lot of baseball movies out. I'd love to get into one of them." He allows that any really good movie role would be a nice follow-up to his current Broadway star turn. Away from the limelight, Naughton has somewhat more adventurous goals, one

of them directly related to his friendship with Paul Newman.

"A couple of years ago I went to West Virginia to a race track, and spent a couple of days in a car with an instructor," Naughton says. "It was a blast, and I'd love to do it some more. Up until now, I've had neither the time nor the money to devote to it. But Newman drove his first professional race at age forty-seven, so I've still got a couple of years." In a replay of Naughton's portentous first meeting with Jim Barnhill, the driving instructor said, "I think you'd be good at this," and asked Naughton to be the third driver on his summer driving team. Acting commitments kept him from fulfilling the instructor's prophecy then, but he still speaks reverently of the thrill of racing: "It's a combination of wanting to go fast, and having some judgment."

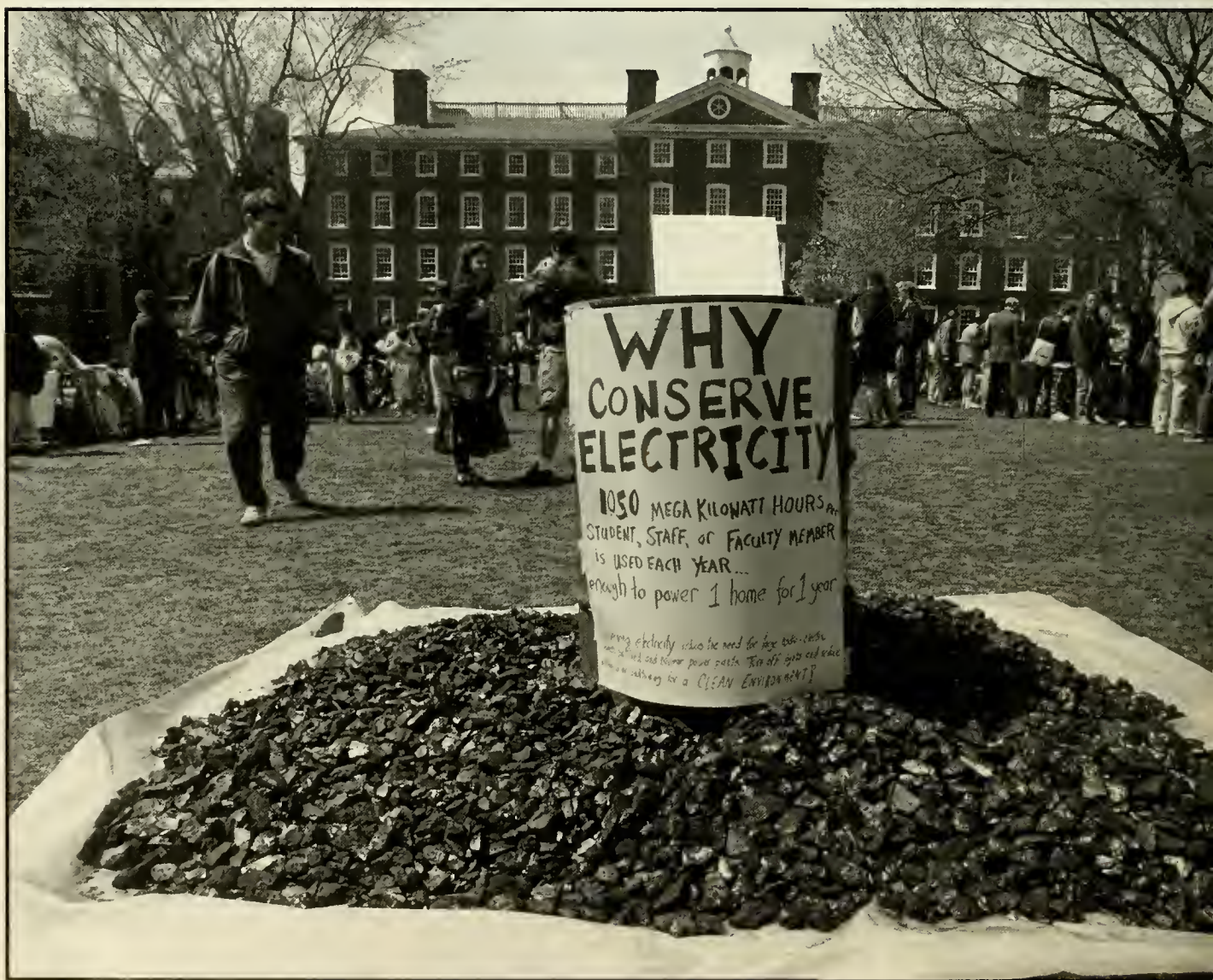
Another skill Naughton would like to develop is flying. "Flying lessons might be in my future," he says. "But that's another thing, like racing, that you have to have time for. So this spring, it will be golf, I think, while I'm doing this play." Still lean and athletic, he also plays squash and racquetball, and works out with weights.

"There's a lot of stuff I still want to do," Naughton says. "And we've got a lot of time to do it. The plan has always been that the kids would be gone [his youngest is now in college] and Pam and I would be in our early forties. And here we are. I would say that at the moment, things are very, very good in my life."

In *City of Angels*, Naughton's gumshoe character Stone sings a song called "Ev'rybody's Gotta Be Somewhere." Right now, Jim Naughton is where he wants to be: on stage, in a hit, with his personal and professional life in order. And, maybe, just around the corner lies the big movie role that will elevate him to loftier heights of stardom and, more importantly, bring him even more control over his career.

But in the meantime, Naughton says, "I couldn't be happier. Some people in show business take their careers too seriously, but I've always considered my career to be a *part* of my life, not my whole life. So I'm very, very lucky. I've got a terrific family, and they're all healthy and happy. Life is sweet." **B**

TWENTY YEARS AFTER



Photographs by John Forasté

The April 20 "Eco-fair" on the Green included a graphic reminder that each individual on campus can take measures to save the environment.

EARTH DAY

A new
generation at
Brown is turning
environmental
awareness into
action



Every time I catch a whiff of patchouli oil, I'm right back on the Green at Earth Day 1970, listening to impassioned speeches, anguished pleas, and angry denunciations. The scent is a passport back to those days of hugging trees, eating granola, singing John Denver songs, taking Thoreauvian vows of simplicity and poverty, and searching for someone on high, or at least in the nation's capital, to rescue us from our bad habits.

"Look at the legislation in the seventies that was spawned by Earth Day: the creation of the Environmental Protection Agency, the Clean Air Act, the Clean Water Act," says Harold Ward, professor of chemistry and director of Brown's Center for Environmental Studies. "All of it was written with the idea that by setting standards and regulating properly, we could solve all our environmental problems. And to our credit, we did stop some of the grossest depredations. But then we learned that things were not so simple. Not only was a real solution more expensive than we'd imagined, the problems were interrelated, and by solving one, we often created a different problem."

So while no environmentalist is dismissing the need for strong and continued governmental action, the theme of Earth Day 1990 brings the fight much closer to home. "The emphasis is on personal awareness and turning that into personal action," explains Heather Pelham '91, an energetic backpacker and naturalist from Pleasantville, New York, who coordinated Earth Day activities at Brown and other colleges throughout the state. "The 'top-down' approach isn't necessarily the correct one. We also have to change our personal lifestyles."

The event Pelham and company put together to celebrate individual initiative took the shape of an "Eco-fair" on the Green. It featured everything from displays of environmentally conscientious products such as recycled paper and energy-sav-

ing fluorescent light bulbs to organic food, steel band music, environmentally-oriented organizations, art, non-competitive games, and an open microphone. Patchouli oil, I'm told, was not in the air.

"Earth Day was our chance to show our concern and our commitment to the ideal that personal actions are important," says Pelham. "Each step in your life makes a difference."

*We have met the enemy and he is us.
Think globally, act locally.*

Those two axioms are the foundation of environmental consciousness, nineties-style. Or, as Jon Clough '93, a freshman from Andover, Massachusetts, succinctly puts it, modern environmentalism is "all about cleaning up your own mess."

At Brown, the solution begins, appropriately enough, with garbage. These days, it is anything but "out of sight, out of mind." Since 1986 – well before Rhode Island's recently-enacted first-in-the-nation mandatory recycling law – the University has been a leader in the burgeoning movement to give trash a second life. In all buildings on campus, nondescript rubbish bins have been replaced by a colorful quartet of barrels: red for newspapers, yellow for cans, blue for white paper, and gray for bona fide garbage.

"This is the future," declares Phil Andrews, manager of custodial services and coordinator of the recycling effort. Ironically, he adds, the notion that rubbish should be resurrected is also part of Brown's past. "When I first started at the University in 1947, we were recycling," Andrews notes. He explains that in the forties, empty cans were flattened, then sent to factories to be melted and turned into new metal products. Kitchen scraps

went to local hog farmers whose livestock turned leftovers into meat. Kitchen grease went to rendering plants to be converted into soap and detergent.

However, most of the trash was bound for incinerators, including one on campus at Andrews Hall. But over the years, more stringent state air pollution control measures largely eliminated garbage burning as a disposal option, and in its place came the "sanitary landfill."

"There was lots of open space, and nobody cared where the rubbish was dumped," says Andrews.

Landfills were the opiate of the mess managers, but as headlines now proclaim, we have entered the era of the "Garbage Crisis." In the last few years, many dumps have filled to capacity, and a number have turned out to be polluters of the highest order. The landfills that remain open to the 3,500 to 4,000 tons of waste Brown generates each year charge an ever-increasing premium for disposal privileges. The fee is currently \$64 a ton, and it is edging upward monthly.

But disposal costs drop significantly for waste that can be recycled, explains Donald E. Wilder, director of plant operations. "It's now \$14.75 a ton.

acres into mulch for local farmers' fields. But students and staff are also pitching in.

"I think recycling is great. The barrel set-up makes it easy," notes Malcolm Horton '91, a business economics major from New York. Custodian Jose M. Silva, tidying up Arnold Lounge, explains that his initial misgivings have been proven false. "The first time they talked about recycling, I thought I'd have a problem, but the kids have respected it."

Richard Spahr, director of residential facilities, notes that to a large degree, the program works because of the attitude of staffers such as Silva. "A great deal depends on the rapport between students and custodians," says Spahr. "If you're going to be effective, that's where the rubber meets the road."

It's not enough, however, for custodians to "take ownership" of the buildings they clean, he notes. "We're still battling to get more students on the bandwagon. And it's not just them – a whole other nut to crack is breaking the habits of office workers. In general, on a ten-point scale, I'd rate compliance a tad over five. So even having had a jump on the rest of the country, there's a long way to go. But we're heading in the right direction."

Although it takes time to change old, bad habits, the colorful barrels, along with posters, message boards, and coffee mugs – all emblazoned with the "Brown Recycles" logo – appear to be doing the trick.



A student empties her trash in a fourth-floor Everett bathroom. The other bins are for the recycling of containers, newspapers, and white paper.

Our goal is to recycle 1,000 tons a year in the near term, and 40 percent of all Brown's waste eventually."

Clearly, the potential savings are substantial. The problem – and this has been the age-old knock against recycling – was that no one could predict how many members of the Brown community would actually separate their trash and dump it into the appropriate barrels. Curmudgeons suspected that compliance would be low.

By and large, they've been wrong. At this writing, the University is recycling one-quarter of its trash, and that commendable figure shows every sign of rising. A sizeable amount is the result of turning scraps from the dining halls into pork, grease into soap, and the considerable yard wastes generated by the horticultural care of Brown's 135

Recycling, of course, is only the beginning of environmentally responsible behavior. The next step, says Harold Ward, is waste *reduction*. "I won't say changes in this area are easy," he says, "but they don't require any loss of quality of life. In fact, they improve quality of life across the board."

Taking only the amount of food you need, turning off the lights, not staying in the shower for an hour, double-sided copying – "these are good habits for everyone to practice," Ward notes, "and they're good for the University because they lower expenses and lessen our impact on the environment. Cutting out waste doesn't cost anybody anything – it amounts to a free lunch." Indeed, the biggest "free lunch" turns out to be almost invisible, except to Brown's accountants.

"Our consumption of fossil fuel is less today than it was ten years ago, and we have more buildings," says Robert B. Douglas, associate director of plant operations and the University's "Energy Czar." While it is important for students and staff to keep thermostats turned to reasonable levels, the reduction Douglas is touting was achieved without anyone shivering in the cold. The key is simply better management of Brown's annual diet of approximately 40,000 barrels of oil (with total expenses in this fiscal year of about \$730,000).



A clothes-drying rack in his Hope College room helps Jon Clough '93 conserve electricity.

"One of our biggest savings comes because we're now able to shut down the main power plant completely from mid-May to mid-October," Douglas explains. "It used to run around the clock, which was like buying a ten-ton truck to do five tons of work. But several years ago, we decentralized and installed miniboilers throughout the campus to provide steam and hot water. That allows us to take the main boiler off-line for regular maintenance, which makes the whole system more efficient."

And trustworthily. "We used to have one boiler running and one on standby, just in case," says the czar. "Now we only run one, because we can get the other up in a half hour." Not idling a boiler further reduces waste, as does an aggressive program to eliminate line losses and to monitor what the University actually needs so that boiler temperatures and pressures can be adjusted accordingly. In addition, says Douglas, there are two other invisible ways to lower Brown's hefty fuel bill.

"We can save money just by negotiating wisely," Douglas notes. "This past winter, by working with the purchasing department and shopping around, and locking the price in at the right time, we paid an average of \$18.35 a barrel for oil. The average price on the open market was in the \$20-to-\$22 range."

Then there's cogeneration, a process that creates electricity along with steam. Like recycling, "co-genning" can turn waste into a valuable resource.

"We had boilers that were operating at very high pressures," Douglas explains, and while this was where they worked most efficiently, the pres-

sure, along with the temperature, had to be dropped to run the heating system. When oil was cheap, this excess was unceremoniously dumped, but by retrofitting the boilers with cogenerators – this began in 1981 – what was once waste is now a producer of kilowatts for Brown.

But not nearly enough to take care of all the University's electricity needs, which this year will total about 59 million kilowatt-hours, at a cost of between \$3.8- and \$4.1 million. Cogeneration and fine-tuning buildings help to reduce this expense. Another way to save on electricity is by converting incandescent light bulbs to more efficient and longer-lived fluorescent fixtures. "You can get a 50-percent reduction in wattage," says Don Wilder. "You save an astronomical amount in manpower because relamping is much less frequent, and you don't lose anything in light [quality]." This year, he adds, the University worked with Narragansett Electric to convert the Brown Office Building to high-efficiency fluorescents. "We will save \$9,000 annually," Wilder notes.

The saved money is itself recycled. "The savings goes right back into maintenance, and this has a domino effect," he says, "because the people who turn the nuts and bolts get to see a return on their efforts. They work harder to find more ways to save."

Making the delivery system as efficient as possible, while providing the energy needed to get the job done, is critical, says Wilder. But in the "personal action" spirit of Earth Day 1990, "we're also trying to change habits – to teach people to turn off lights, computers, coffee pots. These little things keep adding up."



Harold Ward (center, rear) and some of his environmental-studies students gather in the main room of the Urban Environmental Laboratory.

Environmentalism is a subversive business, and in Harold Ward's environmental studies classes, students learn how to change the way the world works. "We start right away with freshmen," says Ward, "by explaining the individual changes they can make in such areas as recycling, consumer choice, energy use, and transportation. We also give students first-hand experience in influencing people and changing minds."

For the past several years, Ward has had his advisees from the Curricular Advising Program (CAP) live together in Hope College. Their task has been to come up with practical, inexpensive ways for Hope residents to reduce energy consumption. Then, the budding environmental advocates have had to sell the plan to other students living in the dormitory and to make sure it was implemented.

Over the past year, Jon Clough has been a member of an intrepid group of fifteen Hope environmentalists. He explains that his team's task was quite challenging. Not only had their predecessors taken care of the obvious energy guzzlers by installing fluorescent lights and flow-restricting shower heads, they'd also ruffled many feathers by taking an authoritarian approach to behavior modification.

"The previous year, people got really negative," says Clough of the hornet's nest he'd entered. "Hope College was known as the place where nobody flushes the toilets, and the students were downright rebellious. So we had to work gently to ensure that people didn't have bad attitudes about living soundly. Instead of saying, 'This is the way it is,' we appealed to their social consciousness. We've had a good response."

In analyzing energy-use patterns, the CAP

group discovered that clothes driers were a major energy consumer. Their solution was to provide drying racks. "They were very effective, and they didn't add time to anyone's laundry routine," says Clough, noting that the experience of attempting to understand and implement change – even a tiny increment – has been "definitely a good lesson. I learned a lot about realism."

Clough, whose introduction to minimum-impact living came through a course he took in high school taught by the National Outdoor Leadership School in the Wind River Range of Wyoming, is planning to take the second step in the environmental studies program. Next year, he'll reside in West House, a Brown Street triple-decker owned by the University and used as a dormitory/laboratory by Ward's students. "They live there as part of a course on the impact of residential living on the environment," Ward explains. "And one of the things they do is concentrate on reducing energy use. It's mostly simple, common-sense stuff like caulking cracks in windows, closing off fireplaces that aren't being used, and putting up clear plastic storm windows. Without being extreme about it, they cut energy use by half – and they were more comfortable."

Next year, West House residents plan to install insulation, says Clough. "We're going to spend a lot of time monitoring our lifestyle and experimenting with it to see how much it can change," he notes. "It will be interesting to see how much farther we can push it."

The next step for environmental studies majors, says Ward, goes beyond the personal. "As juniors, our concentrators do a group seminar in which they work on a local problem and then go out into the community and try to influence it by writing a report or testifying at public hearings. For example, our students were actively involved in the decision to reorganize Rhode Island's Department of Environmental Management, and their ideas showed up in the final report to state legislators [action is pending at this writing]. When students see that what they say is taken seriously, it builds their confidence and they get the feeling that they can really do something."

From there, it's on to a larger problem, in which a senior works with an outside agency. As a typical success story, Ward points to the senior thesis of James A. Corless '90, who tackled the issue of energy efficiency in low-income housing. Corless showed that the extra cost in energy-efficient housing construction would be more than paid back in energy savings. As a result of his work, both the state public housing authority and the local utility are taking energy conservation into ac-



Adam Marks '86, right, supervises the Materials Recycling Facility owned by the Rhode Island Solid Waste Management Corporation and located adjacent to the state's central landfill (top photo) in Johnston. Behind Marks are some of the 200 tons of bottles, cans, and newspapers the facility processes every day.

count in low-income housing programs.

"The real impact of our program is sending out people from Brown who understand the issues and can implement change in their communities," Ward declares.

Adam Marks '86 is doing just that. Marks, an environmental studies graduate who also majored in engineering, is now the supervisor of recycling operations at the sprawling Rhode Island Central Landfill in Johnston. He manages the Materials Recycling Facility, a 200-ton-per-day operation Marks helped design as an undergraduate when he worked as a consultant to the Department of Environmental Management on developing the state's recycling strategy.

"The environmental studies program gave me real-world experience in the recycling industry,

along with great problem-solving skills," says Marks. "You see that it's possible to work with government and make changes."

The operation he oversees has changed the way Rhode Islanders deal with trash, and it's working so well that the National Recycling Coalition recently named it the best regional program in the U.S. "We're a model for the country," says Marks. "The EPA came to us to ask what was feasible before they announced their 25-percent recycling goal."

Of course, the job – his and that of every environmentalist – is hardly complete.

"We've made a good beginning, and we've come pretty far. But there's a lot more to do," Ward sums up. "Earth Day provides us a forum to bring in people who haven't been paying attention." **B**



In 1940, Senior Class President John McLaughry, who was also the captain of the football team, led the Commencement procession through the Van Wickle Gates en route to the First Baptist Meeting House. Three undergraduates, upper right, wangled a bird's eye view atop the gates.

The Classes

By James Reinbold

26

Horace S. Mazet, Carmel, Calif., is the oldest guide at the Monterey Bay Aquarium, which is undergoing a \$40-million building program. He was recently awarded a certificate and a pin in recognition of his 1,000 hours of volunteer service over the past five years. "Two guides have totaled 5,000 hours," Horace writes. "I aim to emulate them."

33

Dorothy Poole Charlton (see **Ann Charlton Weiss '65**).

35

Phil Ciciarelli (see **Phyllis Ciciarelli Cox '65**).

37

After living alternately in New England and Virginia for forty-five years, **Thomas T. Allan** and his wife have settled in Portsmouth, Va., where they spent much time when Tom was sales manager of Virginia Chemicals, now merged with Hoechst-Celanese. "We intend this to be our final home," Tom writes.

Rose D'Avanzo Ciciarelli (see **Phyllis Ciciarelli Cox '65**).

40

By the end of March, more than 200 classmates had made a gift or pledge to the Brown Annual Fund, representing a total financial commitment of more than \$200,000. Our \$300,000 goal is just around the corner. Equally good is the news that more than 100 of our classmates have said they are "definitely coming back," and almost fifty have responded that they "hope to return" for reunion activities in May.

Our reunion book has been mailed. The details of "The Four Days of the Golden Bears" have been arranged.

At this point, all that remains is that old Southern invitation: "Y'all come!"

41

Austin Volk, Englewood, N.J., writes: "I'd like to know who is the class secretary. We don't seem able to generate any news about classmates. Perhaps I can help."

42

Louisa Van Wezel Schwartz, Washington, D.C., writes that her husband died on Dec. 21. She is a practicing psychotherapist and has three children and two grandchildren.

46

Elizabeth Ficker Schilling retired in February as medical technologist at St. Mary's Medical Center in Knoxville, Tenn. "Chuck and I hope to get caught up on some of the craft projects we have started over the years and then do some traveling around the U.S.A."

C. Vincent Treat and **Jean Brannigan Treat** write that "retirement is at hand. On July 20, we return to Yarmouth Port, Mass. We are excited and anxious to renew old friendships. Our years with Prudential have been rewarding, but we shall enjoy being on Cape Cod again very much." The Treats live in Wayne, Pa.

Please circle Saturday, May 26 – set your compass for Providence, and the Brown campus. That's when your class officers have scheduled an off-year mini-reunion luncheon at noon in the Sharpe Refectory. If you would like to attend, and have not received a reservation form, call Shirley Wolpert at 401-863-3307. Reservations required.

47

Sylvia Werner Hamburger, Brooklyn, N.Y., reports she has three grandchildren, "in this order: B-G-B."

50

Peter G. Fradley, retired from the *Providence Journal* and from a subsequent assignment with the Rhode Island Health Department, is enjoying a sabbatical at the family cabin in Porterfield, Maine. He is writing fiction, reading, and observing the seasons.

51

Jim Garland, Mansfield, Mass., professor in the School of Social Work at Boston University, continues as consultant in group treatment and organizational development to clinics, social agencies, and psychiatric hospitals, and in private practice of group psychotherapy. Jim adds that he and Beverly "have the special joy of grandchildren: Sarah-

Anne and Franklin."

Maxine Rosenbaum Goldman, Swampscott, Mass., is an educational therapist in private practice providing diagnosis/therapy for children and adults who have difficulty developing reading, writing, spelling, and comprehension skills. She also works with school personnel in the Wilson Reading System.

52

Paul Alexander "has traded in his prospecting boots for a pair of Guccis and is an urban environmental geologist" in San Diego.

53

During a Feb. 12 meeting at Maddock Alumni Center, class officers discussed projects that would safeguard tax-free status. Some ideas were to donate funds to the University for financial aid, the medical school, scholarships, books for the library, and so forth. Classmates who have suggestions are requested to forward them to **John M. Andrews**, Corresponding Secretary, 51 Belcourt Ave., North Providence, R.I. 02911.

Dr. Walter Cowan, Hazard, Ky., is a psychiatrist for Kentucky River Community Care at the Community Mental Health Center in Hazard.

Dr. Charles P. Gnassi, East Brunswick, N.J., continues in his neuropsychiatry practice.

Charles E. Knox, Carlsbad, Calif., is an engineering specialist with General Dynamics/Convair in San Diego.

Peggy Ogden, New York City, is director of personnel for New York City Technical College, part of the City University of New York. She is a volunteer arbitrator for the Better Business Bureau.

55

Marcia Finberg Goldfarb, Portland, Maine, writes that a granddaughter was born on July 31. The father is **Dr. Adam N. Goldfarb '82**.

Betsy Nourse Howard, Annisquam, Mass., writes: "Those of the class who remember my lack of any digital prowess will be amused to hear that I've finished my term as president of the Annisquam Sewing Circle. I'm still a director and board member of the Cape Ann Symphony."

"Life is a series of chapters"

The first chapters of the life and history of **Margaret Milliken** have to do with the adventures of a whaling ship captain, her great-grandfather, who sailed from New Bedford, Massachusetts, long before she was born. Those facts are not lost on Milliken. Her historical articles about the town of Yarmouth, on Cape Cod, will be published by The Historical Society of Old Yarmouth later this year.

She grew up in Newport, Rhode Island, and when she came to Providence she paid her tuition at Pembroke by staging puppet shows for school groups, church organizations, and civic clubs. In 1933, when she graduated, "there were no jobs, so I made one for myself," she said in an interview with the *Register*, a Yarmouth Port, Massachusetts, weekly newspaper. "All the hospitals in the area hired me to originate a program on my own to coordinate speech courses for first-year nurses."

She then moved in with a friend, unthinkable for young, unmarried women in those days, and continued to follow her heart and dreams. She drove to the West Coast, for example, with three friends. She received her master's degree in English from Middlebury College in Vermont and had a passing acquaintance with Robert Frost. "He was an interesting man, a tremendous talker. You listened, you didn't talk."

Richard F. Nourie has been elected a senior vice president at Johnson & Higgins, Philadelphia, an international insurance brokerage, risk management, and benefit consulting firm. The mid-Atlantic regional manager for J&H Financial Services, Richard joined the firm as a vice president and senior benefits consultant in 1980 after twenty-three years of benefit consulting experience with major insurance organizations. He lives with his wife in Strafford, Pa.

56

Eveline Portnoy Hunt has joined Prudential-Bache Securities as vice president, investments. Her office is in Rockefeller Center. She lives in Manhattan.

Barbara Goodman Lees is "happily contemplating our reunion next year. I'm ready for fun and good times. I have just helped my



She then taught at Simmons College for twenty-six years, living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is today emeritus associate professor of English. "I enjoyed the contact with the young people, but we didn't get paid much," she told the *Register*. That notwithstanding, her impact on students is remembered to this day.

She traveled often to England (which she referred to as her second home), the last time in 1970. Leaving, she recalled, "was as though part of my life had ended."

Milliken has lived on Cape Cod since 1971 and now, at eighty, spends her days corresponding with friends and continuing her research of local history.

Having recorded many chapters in her life, she says, "The present chapter I'm in is very pleasant, as long as I can retain my wit and health."

husband through open heart surgery. Now we're ready for other things. Life in Morro Bay, Calif., is particularly beautiful and I enjoy getting to Los Angeles as a frequent visitor."

57

Mike Geremia writes that **Dave Milot '58** visited him in Mims, Fla. "We watched the Jan. 8 space shuttle launch, then visited the Kennedy Space Center, Cape Canaveral National Wildlife Park, and Epcot."

Harry Smith of Brooklyn, N.Y., has launched *The Generalist Papers*, a bi-monthly series of literary criticism and commentary on cultural affairs. He continues to publish books – six this year – under the imprint of The Smith.

59

Marcia Lawton, Midlothian, Va., was one of five recipients of an award given for "outstanding contribution in alleviating human suffering through ongoing commitment to seeking solutions to the problems of chemical dependency in the community." The award was given in February by St. John's Hospital, a comprehensive treatment center for alcoholism and chemical dependency in Richmond, Va., and The Sisters of Bon Secour, on the tenth anniversary of the hospital.

62

Richard Kostelanetz's most recent book, *Unfinished Business: An Intellectual Nonhistory, 1983-1989*, is a chronological narrative of his grant proposals to foundations, academic institutions, and publishers that were not supported and so never realized. It is, he writes, "a full-time writer/artist's unrealized history. Indeed, this may well be the richest of my books, in the sense of representing the full scope of my interests and ambitions." Kostelanetz lives in New York City.

64

Carl E. Mooradian, Niagara Falls, N.Y., writes that his daughter, **Wendy Anne '93**, is very happy at Brown.

65

Lynn Goudreau Carter is a freelance editor in Birmingham, Ala. **Josephine '91** is a fine arts major, and Sarah is a pre-med student at Williams College.

Phyllis Ciciarelli Cox and Dr. **James Roe Cox** write that **Kimberleigh** graduates in May, their 25th reunion. Phyllis's father, **Phil Ciciarelli '35**, marks his 55th and will attend with his wife, **Rose D'Avanzo Ciciarelli '37**, making the celebration a three-generation reunion. Phyllis and James live in Hingham, Mass.

Helen Albert Goldberg, Onancock, Va., works for NASA on Wallops Island. She writes that the family is enjoying sailing on Chesapeake Bay.

Dr. **John J. Kelly, Jr.**, Sudbury, Mass., has been appointed professor of neurology at Tufts Medical School, Boston, and senior neurologist at New England Medical Center, where he is director of the neuromuscular service and the electromyography laboratory.

John C. Parry, who resigned as athletic director at Brown in January, has accepted the position of athletic director at Butler University in Indianapolis.

Dr. **Mark S. Slonim**, El Cajon, Calif., a hand surgeon in private practice in San Diego, is also a clinical instructor in the department of surgery, division of orthopaedic surgery, University of California-San Diego. His daughter Tracy is an elementary school teacher, **Adam** is a senior, and Scott is a sophomore at University of Arizona. Mark and Debby recently celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary.

Kate Alling Throop is living in Dallas.

Ann Charlton Weiss and her husband, Malcolm, live in North Whitefield, Maine. **Margot**, winner of a Simon & Schuster Paramount Communications scholarship/inter-ship, graduates in May. Margot's grandmother, **Dorothy Poole Charlton '33**, plans to attend the Commencement ceremonies. Rebecca is a junior in high school. Ann's twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth children's nonfiction books were published this spring.

67

Janet Levin Hawk and **Dave Hawk** are living in Basking Ridge, N.J. Their daughter, Wendy, will be a freshman at Rhode Island School of Design in September.

68

Stanley N. Griffith, Lexington, Mass., is senior legal counsel with Fidelity Investments.

Timothy C. Marschner, Londonderry, N.H., writes that he is trying to raise his four children: Timmy, 8 1/2, Alison, 7, Kristin, 5, and Kimberly, 3, after the unexpected death of his wife, Patricia Myers, last summer. "I never imagined it would be so much hard work."

69

Constance Bean McConnell, Pittsburgh, is a full-time mother to Emily, 8, and Kirk, 2, and an elected member of her local school board.

John J. Seater and his wife, **Susan Harris Seater '71**, are back in Raleigh, N.C., after John's two-year sabbatical leave.

70

Edward C. Hirschland, Chicago, runs a consulting firm, The Landhart Corporation, which "translates technobabble into simple English. We write books, manuals, and articles, and design training programs. You might have seen me in *National Geographic* (February 1989) running the stairs in the John Hancock Center in Chicago."

71

Susan Smith Berenzweig, Mamaroneck, N.Y., is in her third year of a five-year Ph.D. program in psychology. She recently separated from her husband after nineteen years of marriage. Adam is 15, and Julie is 11.

Merry Bullock is working as a research associate for Max Planck Institute for Psychological Research, Munich, West Germany, and as a translator.

Dr. Jennifer Daley practices internal medicine at the Beth Israel Hospital in Boston and does health services research at Beth Israel, the West Roxbury Veterans Hospital, and Harvard Medical School. She lives in Brookline, Mass., with her daughter, Sarah, who is a senior in high school. John is enrolled at Carnegie-Mellon, and Ben is a freshman at Penn.

Frank Craig '49

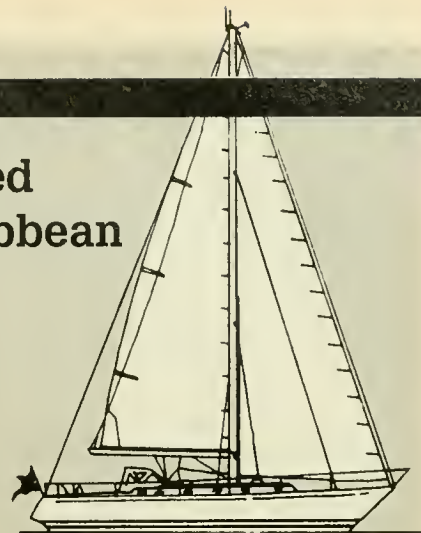
Helping handicapped children in the Caribbean

Before 1984, **Frank Craig** had never sailed a forty-four-foot sailboat. He had learned to sail growing up on Long Island, but his career with Goodyear left him little time to enjoy the activity in his adult years.

"My wife had lived twenty-five years in one house," he recalled to a reporter for the *Akron* (Ohio) *Beacon Journal* in February. "Then we got married and we lived in thirteen places in twenty-six years. I didn't sail until we moved back to Akron."

But once stabilized in Akron, Craig could indulge his love for sailing, and when he retired he was soon taking sailing vacations in the Caribbean. During one of those trips he visited a school for handicapped children on Bequia, one of the Grenadine Islands. He discovered that it was the only school in the Grenadines for physically and mentally handicapped children, established by a non-denominational group led by Anglican missionaries from Canada.

After he retired in 1985 from Star Rubber, a division of Kelly Springfield, where he had spent his business career as a sales division manager and district manager, he



returned to Bequia and worked at the school for two weeks. Last February, he spent a month at the school before rejoining his crew at Guadeloupe.

Back in Akron, Craig gives pre-retirement seminars for Family Services of Summit County and for private groups, and counsels businesswomen. He is also a business counselor for the local Service Corps of Retired Executives.

"There's a tremendous amount of opportunity for the retiree," he says. "All of a sudden, you're given the right, the authority to do whatever you choose, whenever you choose. You've been preparing for this all your life."

For Craig, the choice is sailing and volunteerism.

Dr. Patricia L. Gerbarg practices psychiatry and lives in Kingston, N.Y., with her three children: Laura, 10, Joshua, 7, and David, 3.

William A. Foley is a professor and head of the department of linguistics at the University of Sydney in Australia.

Jim Hijiya, South Dartmouth, Mass., writes that he is not growing wealthy off royalties from his book, *J.W. DeForest and the Rise of American Gentility* (Brown University Press, 1988).

Jonathan McRoberts and his wife, Gae Rusk, announce the adoption at birth of Lena Rusk McRoberts on Feb. 19. They live in Honolulu.

Ardath Goldstein Weaver and her husband, Reagan Weaver, announce the birth of Janna Clare Weaver on April 12, 1989. Jacob is 2. Ardath works part-time as director of support services for the North Carolina Arts Council and with her husband in his new law firm, Weaver & McBennett. They live in Raleigh, N.C.

72

Paul A. Backalenick, West Newton, Mass., is a manager in the change management services practice at Anderson Consulting in Boston.

Oliver D. Cromwell announces the birth

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Matt Mallow takes the lead

Last year, **Matthew J. Mallow '64** was one of three leaders of his class who presented to President Gregorian during Commencement a record-setting 25th-reunion gift of more than \$1.8 million.

This year he was one of three co-chairmen selected to help Brown Annual Fund Chairman H. Anthony Ittleson '60 lead a campaign for a fourth consecutive record-breaking annual gift total: \$10.5 million.

Next fall Matt Mallow will undertake his biggest challenge yet: he succeeds Tony Ittleson as Brown Annual Fund chairman. His goal is not yet announced, but it's a safe bet that it will be another record-breaker.

Mallow is an attorney with the New York City firm of Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom and has been with that

firm for eight years. Prior to that, he was a partner in the firm of Marshall, Brattner, Greene, Allison & Tucker, also in New York City. He holds bachelor's and master's degrees in law from NYU.

Outgoing BAF chairman Ittleson commented that "Matt's acceptance of the top position is wonderful for the fund. He is extremely enthusiastic, energetic, and organized, and he will do an outstanding job."



BOB SERATING PHOTO

of his second child, Oliver Spencer, on Feb. 10. Ashley Melissa is 1. Oliver is an investment banker for Paine Webber in New York City, and Sheila is a personal financial planner/money manager for Prudential-Bache Securities in White Plains. They live in Bronxville, N.Y.

Johnetta Reddix MacCalla has been appointed co-chair of the Los Angeles Third World Steering Committee. Her husband, **Eric MacCalla '73**, continues as NASP area chairman within Los Angeles County. They live in Altadena, Calif.

Jeffrey L. Stout is Andrew W. Mellon Professor of the Humanities at Princeton. His book, *Ethics After Babel*, received the 1989 award for excellence from the American Academy of Religion.

73

David E. Duhaime, Bridgewater, Mass., announces the birth of his third son, Zachary, on Aug. 2. Jacob is 5, and Erik is 2.

Alan G. Jolis, Paris, writes that his novel, *Mercedes and the House of Rainbows*, was published by Penguin Paperbacks in December.

George H. Peterson, New York City, is director, commodity/trade finance for North America, for Banque Indosuez.

Karen Stone and her husband, Paul Zipkin, announce the birth of Leah Rose Zipkin on June 5. Joe is 5. They live in Irvington, N.Y.

Mary Griffin Turnbull is an architect practicing with her husband, William Turnbull, Jr., in San Francisco. They produce a cabernet and a chardonnay at Johnson Turnbull Vineyards in Napa Valley. Mary and William have two sons, Will, 3, and Andrew, 1, and live in Sausalito, Calif.

75

Peter R. Beatrice III (see **Daniel R. Santanello '81**).

Matthew R. Silverman has been promoted to vice president, international, at Gustavson Associates, a Boulder, Colo., natural resources consulting firm. On a recent business trip to Thailand, Burma, and Singapore, he visited with **Gerald S. Norton**, who lives in Jakarta, Indonesia. Matt, Deborah, and their two daughters live in Boulder.

76

Susan L. Andrew and **Leonard J. Cleary, Jr. '75** announce the birth of Daniel on Sept. 3. Timothy is 5, and James is 2. Len is assistant professor of anatomy and neurobiology at University of Texas Health Science Center in Houston, and Susan is in private practice in allergy immunology. They live in Dickinson, Texas.

Dr. Barbara J. Basuk, Rockville, Md., is an internist at Group Health Association in Washington, D.C.

Patti Bond and **Terry Beech**, who were married in the spring of 1989, announce the birth of Tristan Michelle. Patti will return to her position as general director of advertising

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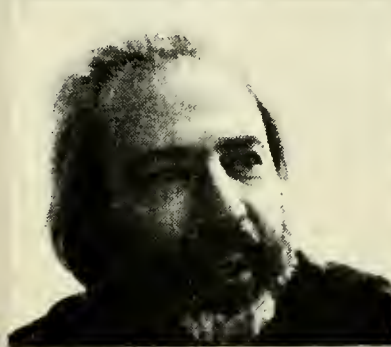
And that's the way it wasn't

No one ever said that people should go to the movies for a history lesson. But does Hollywood have an obligation to produce films that are historically accurate?

Richard Slotkin is an English professor at Wesleyan University in Connecticut. He also has an interest in movies based on historical events, an interest that goes beyond simple viewing. In an article last February in the *Fairfield County Advocate*, Slotkin said that when he was a graduate student at Brown he began to take a second look at the Hollywood mythology that shaped his boyhood fantasies. "In a sense I was investigating my own way of relating to American culture," he said. He has published two scholarly texts, *Regeneration Through Violence* and *Fatal Environment*, and a third, *Gunfighter Nation*, is due in 1991. He also has published two historical novels — *The Crater*, about black troops in the Civil War, and *The Return of Henry Starr*, a western.

As a scholar with a special interest in the "history-as-film" genre, Slotkin questions how much liberty filmmakers should take with the facts, and what effect the chronic misinterpretation of history has on society.

The best of the genre, Slotkin says, is *Lawrence of Arabia*. "The presence of glamor doesn't necessarily falsify history," he



says. Also laudable is *The Killing Fields*, about the Cambodian genocide. The worst example is *Mississippi Burning*. Slotkin says the film, about the 1964 murder of three civil rights workers, takes a pivotal event of American history and changes it into a police adventure centered around two FBI agents. "That is a historical lie of such magnitude that you can't redeem it."

To those who would justify the filmmaker's tampering with history in search for deeper truth, Slotkin has an answer. "If you are genuinely after a poetic truth, then it's as valid as any other. But is your truth true? If you've misconceived the facts, then it seems to me your poetic license ought to be revoked."

for John Hancock Financial Services in June. She and Terry live in Marblehead, Mass.

Kenneth P. Fradley attended the San Remo Festival in Italy, where he conducted the festival orchestra in a Lambada song he arranged for "Kid Creole & The Coconuts." Ken, who plays trumpet and arranges for the August Darnell Band, can be seen in Columbia Pictures's "The Forbidden Dance." His father is **Peter G. Fradley '50**.

Janet Goodstein Iacovelli and her husband, Richard, announce the birth of Adam on June 30. Janet is an assistant vice president at Fleet/Norstar in Providence, and Richard is a commercial photographer in Boston. They live in Franklin, Mass.

Maria Defino Whitsett is director of the Texas Education Agency, the state's education department. She lives in Austin.

77

Joyce Kruskal and her husband, Neal Madras (McGill '79, Cornell '84 Ph.D.), an-

nounce the birth of Amy Leah Madras on Dec. 9. They live in Toronto.

Steven E. Milone is working for Intersport Limited in Fairfax, Va., the national distributor of Diadora soccer shoes. "It's nice to be working with soccer products. I had a lot of fun playing soccer with friends at Brown." Steven lives in Fairfax.

78

Robert E. Anderson and his wife, Siew-Kim, recently celebrated Jade's second birthday. Friends can contact them at 305 West 86th St., #16A, New York, N.Y. 10024.

David C. Bennett can be contacted at 111-34 174th St., St. Albans, N.Y. 11433.

Laura J. Gang and her husband, Steven, were expecting their second child in March. Laura is working for the Boston School Committee. She'd love to hear from old friends at 631 South St., Roslindale, Mass. 02131.

Jeanne Vibert Sloane has been promoted to vice president at Christie's in New York,

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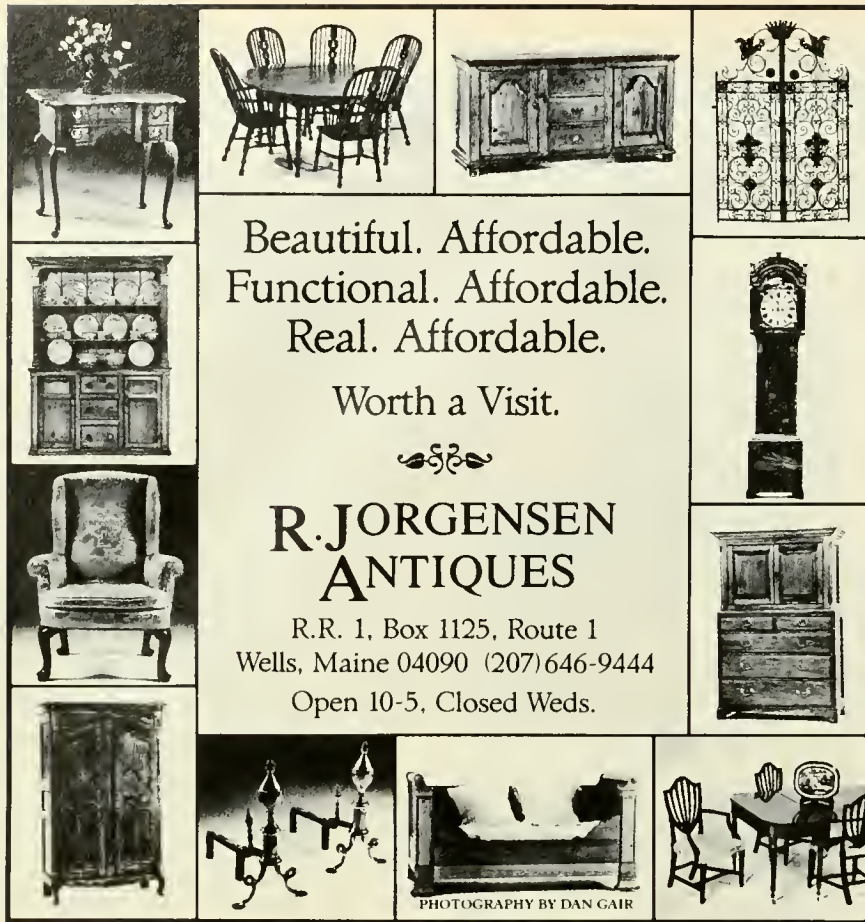
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where she is a specialist in the silver department. Her husband, Alex Sloane, has moved to Smith-Barney. They live in New York City.

Peter M. Steiwer and his wife, Mary Jo, announce the birth of Sarah on Sept. 22. Peter has been a stockbroker with A.G. Edwards for five years. They live in Greenwich, Conn.

Gillian Wawro Weatherhead and her husband, Dwight, announce the birth of Amanda Dickson Wawro Weatherhead on Oct. 25. They live in Shaker Heights, Ohio.

79

Anne Lewis Drake teaches English at a Catholic high school in Stamford, Conn. She and her husband live in Riverside, Conn.

"We own a sailboat and, after growing up on Long Island Sound, I am finally discovering the world of sailing, to my surprise and delight."

Nicholas W. Jansen is a senior engineer with Bendix Field Engineering Corporation, a contractor to Goddard Space Flight Center (NASA) in Greenbelt, Md. Nicholas is planning to move in the summer with his family, wife Kathy and daughter Katie, 2, from Burtonsville, Md., to Reston, Va.

Janice Corwin Linett and her husband, Bob, announce the birth of Steven Jacob Linett on Dec. 23. They live in Annandale, Va.

Lino S. Lipinsky and his wife, Diana DeGette, announce the birth of Raphaela Anne Lipinsky DeGette on Dec. 4. Lino is associated with the firm of Hawley & VanderWerf in Denver, where he practices commercial litigation. He is Denver area chair of NASP.

Dr. Michelle M. Roberts is an assistant professor of medicine in the endocrinology division at the University of Pittsburgh. She plans to marry Dr. David Oliver-Smith, a neurosurgeon at Pitt, in September in Mykonos, Greece.

R. Craig Waters edited the "Report of the Florida Supreme Court Gender Bias Study Commission" and recently completed his third book on Florida law. He lives in a house near the Lafayette Winery vineyards in Tallahassee, Fla.

80

David Gross has left London and the National Research Group after running the European office of the Los Angeles-based film market research agency for five years. He has joined the Walt Disney Company and will relocate first to Los Angeles for six months and then to Paris to open and supervise a European office for theatrical marketing and distribution.

81

Kerri Ratcliffe Henderson, who left Wall Street in 1986 to go back to school for a master's degree in public administration, is director of policy and planning for natural and historic resources in the New Jersey Department of Environmental Protection.

"We're the Yogi Bear and Boo Boo team," says Arsenio Hall



Marla Kell Brown met Arsenio Hall when he was one of the replacement hosts for the late-night talk show originally created for Joan Rivers. Brown, who had been a segment producer, was assigned to work with Hall.

In the February issue of *Glamour* magazine, Brown remembers, "I certainly didn't think of myself as this hip producer who was going to come in and work with a comedian on the edge." Recalls Hall, "She looked like a Girl Scout."

But more than a year later, after Paramount gave Hall his own show, it was Brown he selected as producer.

Although Hall is executive producer and host, Brown says that she works with the late-night talk show star on all aspects of the show. Spontaneity is their goal, "so a lot of the show is produced while it's on the air," Brown says. "I stand next to the camera during the monologue and Arsenio just reads my face. If the monologue's going well, we'll let it run long. Then we'll talk during the commercial break and rework the hour so there's still time for everything we've planned."

Even out of the studio they are inseparable. "We talk about everything," Brown says. "Arsenio goes out to dinner with my husband and me, then we talk on the phone later on when we get home."

"Late at night," says Hall, "when her husband is asleep next to her and my woman is snoring next to me, Marla and I are still on the phone, watching Letterman."

at Shaw, Pittman, Potts & Trowbridge in Washington, D.C., and the founder and president of D.C. Cares, Inc., a non-profit organization that meets critical community needs by making volunteer opportunities available to working people in the area. He lives in Washington, D.C.

83

David A. Fontes has joined Holland & Knight's Lakeland, Fla., office as an associate in trusts and estates. Formerly he was with Pattillo & McKeever, P.A., in Ocala. He is an instructor in the University of Florida's certified professional financial consultant program.

Mary Lynn Metayer lives in Zurich, where for the past two-and-a-half years she has worked in the mergers and acquisitions department of Union Bank of Switzerland. She received her M.B.A. from Business School Lausanne and will move to London with UBS in the summer.

Nina Fraser Muscato is living in Rockville, Md. Her husband, Peter, works at USDA in Washington, D.C. They have two daughters.

Carl R. Weinberg is married to Beth Gazley (Middlebury '83). After working for

SANE for two years, they moved to Washington, D.C., where Carl taught for a year and a half in high school. He received his A.M. in history from American University and is now a Ph.D. candidate in history at Yale. Carl and Beth live in New Haven.

84

Jayne A. Kurkjian completed her Ph.D. in clinical psychology at SUNY-Binghamton in May 1989 and returned to Providence for an internship in clinical psychology through the Brown University Clinical Psychology Internship Consortium. This year she is completing a postdoctoral fellowship through the Brown University Program in Medicine at the department of psychiatry at Rhode Island Hospital. Jayne lives in Providence.

Jon P. Newton and Dolores Marie Nas-sif were married on May 20, 1989, in Meriden, Conn. Jon is an associate attorney with the firm of Reid & Riege in Hartford. He lives with his wife in West Hartford.

Brian Plunkett and **Laura Weltner Plunkett** '86 moved into their new home with the help of "power movers" **Bill Blank** and **Jerry Potts**. **Ken McGraw** '85 was missed. Brian and Laura live at 50 Plymouth Ave., Swampscott, Mass. 01907. (617) 598-5406.

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82

Adam N. Goldfarb (see Marcia Finberg Goldfarb '55).

Jeff Keitelman is a real estate attorney

Kevin Del Duca and **Matt Thomas** announce their graduation from medical school. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend the ceremony and festivities on May 13 in Hershey, Pa. RSVP to P.O. Box 1137, Hershey 19033. (717) 531-8436.

Alexis Egan and **Paul McCarthy '84** plan to marry on June 2. **Juliet Davison**, **Amy Cohen**, **Jenny O'Hearn**, and **Christy McGill '86** will be in the wedding party. Alexis lives in Darien, Conn.

Andrew F. Hall has started medical school at University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill after working for the Bank of New England and Sea Semester. Visitors are welcome at 827-B Edwards St., Chapel Hill, N.C. 27516. (919) 968-0986.

Roger Vann '87

Simba: Guiding black youths into manhood

A year ago February, **Roger Vann** took into his care four boys who live in a New Haven, Connecticut, housing project. Since then, they have met three times a week for two hours to discuss their lives. The program, found in various forms and in a number of large cities since the 1960s, is called Simba – Swahili for lion – and, as Richard, age twelve, one of the boys in Vann's care, explains, "We learn about our ancestry, about respect for our elders, about puberty and manhood and responsibility."

With a \$20,000 state grant from Planned Parenthood of New Haven, Vann and a colleague, Muata Langley, a community education specialist from the state department of health services, brought Simba to New Haven. The grant pays Vann's salary and for a few supplies.

According to an article in the *New Haven Register* in February, Planned Parenthood received another \$20,000 grant this year, which will enable Vann to continue for another year and to start five more Simba groups, each one made up of nine boys, ages nine to twelve.

"I'm amazed at what these kids face daily," said Vann, whose parents are social workers. "At nine and ten years old, these kids are faced with having a girlfriend, I mean *seriously* having a girlfriend,

Dr. **Paul R. Haut**, Little Rock, Ark., will begin a pediatric residency training program at Arkansas Children's Hospital in July. His sister, **Judith Haut**, graduates in May.

86

Lauren J. Ablow was one of thirty-four students from Northwestern University's J.L. Kellogg Graduate School of Management who traveled to the U.S.S.R. in March as part of an independent study program.

Gordon Binkhorst and **Karen D. Ellovich** were married on Oct. 28. They live in Providence.

Dorothy Faulstich Bowe is working on a project at MIT. She and her husband, **John J. Bowe '86 Sc.M.**, live in Arlington, Mass.



and having to act that out in high-pressure social situations. When I was ten, I didn't face that."

Part of Vann's instruction is to eliminate stereotypes. At first, when asked to describe manhood, the boys responded, "making babies, having a lot of money." Later, Vann says, they added, "Manhood is having a job, providing for your family."

Vann won the boys' trust by proving he would be there for them. "They are used to inconsistency from black males. If you show up one week and miss the next, they'll write you off."

His task is "accentuating the positives and helping them understand where the negatives come from." Vann knows that the decisions the boys under his guidance make about sex, drugs, and school will determine what kind of men they will be. Their future and the future of their community is at stake.

Larry Primis, a fourth-year medical student at NYU, was in Los Angeles in April, where he appeared on "Supermarket Sweep," a game show aired on the Lifetime Cable TV Network. Did Larry gather enough groceries in two-and-a-half minutes to win the grand prize? Stay tuned.

87

Bart A. Campolo and his wife, **Marty**, announce the birth of **Miranda** on Jan. 1. They live in Philadelphia, where Bart is president of Kingdomworks, an innercity mission that creates outreach programs for children and young people. "The city gets tougher all the time," Bart writes, "but with kids there is always hope."

Kevin Leo lives in New York City and works for a middle-market mergers and acquisitions firm. He wishes his classmates and friends "health, wealth, and happiness in the nineties." His phone number is (212) 996-3473.

Cynthia Holly Miller is enrolled in the master of international management program at Thunderbird, The American Graduate School of International Management in Glendale, Ariz.

88

Sarah Benenson and **Brett Goldberg** are engaged and plan to marry on Oct. 13. Brett works for Procter & Gamble in the sales/-management training program, and Sarah is an advertising sales representative at *The Atlantic Monthly* in New York City.

Matthew A. Carpenter is living in Sausalito, Calif., after two years in New York.

David J. Goldberg, New York City, is engaged to **Elizabeth Soloway**, a Yale graduate.

Douglas Liman is attending the USC Graduate School of Film ITU and living in Los Angeles.

Michael J. Meenan, Chappaqua, N.Y., is teaching English as a second language to students from Central and South America at William H. Taft High School in the Bronx, N.Y.

Evan G.S. Siegel, a second-year student at Emory Law School, Atlanta, was elected notes and comments editor of the school's law review.

89

Richard F. deReyna, Summit, N.J., is an analyst in the investment banking department of UBS Securities Inc., a subsidiary of the Union Bank of Switzerland.

GS

John J. Macisco, Jr. '66 Ph.D., professor of sociology and former chair of the department at Fordham University, served last summer as a consultant to the United Nations in Tunis and Paris on issues of migration and women's economic activities. He lives in Scarsdale, N.Y.

James Warren '74 Ph.D., Pearl River, N.Y., is enjoying academic life after a career as an industrial chemical research supervisor. He teaches at Pace University in New York and a private high school in New Jersey.

John J. Bowe '86 Sc.M. (see **Dorothy Faulstich Bowe** '86).

Obituaries

Walter Irving Dolbeare '23, Richmond, Va., retired vice president of Virginia Electric & Power Company; Jan. 5. He joined the company in 1927 and in 1937 was appointed assistant to the president. Later he served as manager of the company at Williamsburg and Suffolk. During World War II, he served on the staff of the commander-in-chief of the Pacific Fleet. He retired as a captain in the USNR in 1962. Lambda Chi Alpha. Survivors include a son, Robert, 8800 Brown Summit Rd., Richmond 23235; and a daughter, **Virginia Dolbeare Anderson** '50.

Cornelius Michael Cronin '24, Harwichport, Mass.; Feb. 5. In 1926 he joined the Travelers Insurance Company in New York City, and when he retired in 1968 he was manager of the claims adjusting department in that office. He was a past president of the Accident and Health Club of New York City. He is survived by two sons and his wife, Elizabeth, 11 Beach Plum 10-A, Harwichport 02646.

Philip Ellsworth '25, Myrtle Beach, S.C., retired after thirty-five years with AT&T; Dec. 8. Survivors include a daughter and his wife, Muriel, 270 Cherry Ln., Myrtle Beach 29572.

Harold Brian Master '27, Bethesda, Md.; Feb. 5. He joined the U.S. Treasury Department in the late 1930s, and after America's entry into World War II he worked with the War Bonds program. He stayed on with the program when it became the Savings Bond Division after the war, and retired in the 1970s as a deputy director. He is survived by a son, **John** '61, 4501 Bowsprit Dr., Lee's Summit, Mo. 64082.

Everett Edward Moon '27, Coventry, R.I.; Feb. 21. He retired in 1970 after fourteen years as a repairman with Sears & Roebuck Company. Survivors include three children, including Edward, Hopkinton, R.I. 02833.

Adin Ballou Capron '28, Seneca, S.C.; Jan. 1. He was an engineer with Babcock & Wilcox Company before retiring in 1970. Delta Phi. He is survived by two children and his wife, Henrietta, 508 Hillandale Rd., White Oak Cliffs, Seneca 29678.

Harry William Nelson '30, Groton, Conn., poet, artist, and former high school English teacher; Aug. 19. He published seven volumes of poetry, and his art work is part of the permanent collection of the Lyman Allyn Museum in New London, Conn. He pursued those two careers after retiring from thirty years of teaching English at Robert E. Fitch Senior High School in Groton. He is survived by four sisters, including May Nelson, 213 Pleasant Valley Rd., Groton 06340.

Arthur Lawrence Gaskill '31, Acton, Mass., a retired New England representative of NBC; March 7. He is survived by his wife, Naomi, 4 Deer Grass Ln., Acton 01720.

Wesley Fay Huse '31, Laconia, N.H.; Sept. 18. He was director of development and research for Cobb Breeding Company, Littleton, Mass., a poultry processing plant, for twenty-seven years, retiring in 1973. He was captain of the Brown track team in 1931. Survivors include his wife, **Emily Bond Huse** '33, RFD 1, Box 207, Laconia 03246.

Ruth Sutcliffe Adams '32, East Windsor Hill, Conn.; Dec. 3. Before her marriage she taught English in Warwick, R.I. She was active in the Union School PTA and the Girl Scouts, served on the executive board of the South Windsor Visiting Nurses Association, and helped organize the reopening of the Wood Memorial Library in South Windsor. Phi Beta Kappa. Survivors include her husband, **Henry** '30, P.O. Box 57, East Windsor Hill 06028; three daughters, **Marcia Adams Hittle** '60, **Karen Adams Ludwig** '64, and **Cynthia Adams White** '69; and two grandsons, **Alexander Hittle** '84 and **Miles Ludwig** '90.

Ethel Bennett Howe '32, Brooklyn, Conn.; Sept. 20. A social worker in the New London, Conn., area until her marriage, she owned and operated, with her husband, the former Haven Nursing Home in Abington, Conn., before retiring in 1964. She was a former board member of the Abington Public Library. Survivors include two children, including K. Bennett Howe, Box 155, Abington, Conn. 06230.

Ruth Wade Cerjanec '33, Central Falls, R.I.; Nov. 3. She received her master's degree from Simmons College, Boston, and did postgraduate work at a number of universities. She was consultant for school library media services for the Rhode Island Department of Education and director of library media services for the Cranston, R.I., school system. During and after World War II, she was head librarian at the U.S. Naval Air Facilities at Quonset Point. She was also a teacher and librarian in other Rhode Island and Massachusetts schools and directed a private nursery school. After her retirement in 1973, she served as a consultant at the University of Rhode Island. Active in many professional and other organizations, she served as secretary of her class at Brown, as chairman of class secretaries, and as a director of the Associated Alumni of Brown. She received the

Brown Bear Award in 1980. She published a number of articles and professional papers and was listed in *Who's Who in the East*, *Who's Who of American Women*, *Who's Who in Library Science*, *Foremost Women in Communications*, and other directories. She is survived by two sons, **Nicholas** '71, and **Derek** '73, 55 Pitman St., Providence 02906.

Russell Monroe Everson '33, Providence, an employee of Narragansett Electric Company; Jan. 8. There is no information regarding survivors.

John Daniel Kaylor '34 Sc.M., Melrose, Mass.; March 17. He began his career with the Civilian Conservation Corps and later became an inspector for the Food and Drug Administration. He was director of quality control for the Birdseye division of General Foods from 1946 until the 1950s, and then worked for the Department of Commerce National Marine Fisheries Service in Gloucester for more than thirty years, until his retirement in 1985. He developed a method of pasteurizing fresh fish using low-level radiation for preservation and wrote several publications for the fishing industry. He was a Eucharistic minister at the Church of the Incarnation, Melrose, for fourteen years. He is survived by a daughter, Virginia Kaylor, 148 Presidents Ln., Quincy, Mass. 02169.

Gardner Petersen Mann '34, Hampstead, N.C.; Dec. 28. He was process engineer at General Motors in Dayton and Elyria, Ohio, and then for Thiokol Chemical Company in New Jersey. He retired as office manager at Industrial Hard Chromium, a chrome plating plant in Newark, N.J. He is survived by his wife, Doris, 617 Ravenswood Rd., Hampstead 28443.

Cecil Bull '35, Lexington, Ky., a former librarian at Yale; date of death unknown. There is no information regarding survivors.

Edwin Jesse Lyman '35, Ashby, Mass.; March 10. He was retired vice president of sales at Fitchburg Yarn Company and Watatic Spinning Mills of Fitchburg, Mass. He joined the firms in 1936 and retired in 1970. He was a former chairman of the Ashby School Committee, former director of Family Federal Savings and Loan, and a former trustee of the Ashby Public Library. Among his survivors are his wife, **Barbara Crosby Lyman** '38, South Rd., Ashby 01413; and four children, including **Robert** '66 and **Rick** '74.

G. Armand Morin '35, Orange, Mass.; a mathematics and science teacher at Mahar Regional School in Orange from 1959 until his retirement in 1978; Nov. 28. He was a contributing photographer for the *Greenfield Recorder* and an active Boy Scout leader. Survivors include three sons and his wife, Sophie, Cheney St. Ext., Orange 01364.

Martha Hamblin Myer '35, Springvale, Maine; Oct. 1. Among her survivors is a niece, **Penelope Hamblin** '73, 13 High St.,

Peterborough, N.H. 03458.

Robert Lee Stanard '35, Ossipee, N.H., a retired investment banker; April 3. He is survived by a son, Peter, of Wolfeboro, N.H.

Hilda Margaret Allen '36, Virginia Beach, Va.; date of death unknown. She received her A.M. in 1938 from Radcliffe and taught English, Latin, and history in Attleboro, Mass., high schools in the 1940s. Phi Beta Kappa. There is no information regarding survivors.

Russell Benedict Granniss '36, Manchester, Conn.; March 12. An associate director of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, he retired in 1981, having been with the company since 1946. Lambda Chi Alpha. Survivors include two daughters and his wife, Charlotte, 33 Westwood St., Manchester 06040.

Paul Frederick Clements '37, Robbinsdale, Minn.; Dec. 5. He had a private law practice in Minneapolis from 1950 until 1988. He served on the Robbinsdale Human Rights Commission and Planning Commission and was a Boy Scout volunteer for twenty years. During World War II, he served in France and Germany as a captain in the Army. Alpha Tau Omega. Survivors include two daughters; two sons, **Paul** '66 and **Tim** '73; and his wife, Nina, 4510 Drew Ave. N., Robbinsdale 55422.

John Frederick Doble '37, Hanover, Mass.; Aug. 5. Survivors include four sons and his wife, Ann, Elm St., Hanover 02339.

William Leonard Kubie '37, Mesa, Ariz.; Jan. 27. He was a research chemist at the Research Center in Peoria, Ill., until retiring in 1973. He was awarded many patents, including one for using linseed oil to cure and seal newly-laid concrete and another for a linseed oil-water emulsion paint. He received several superior service unit awards for scientific achievement from the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Among his survivors are his wife, Agnes, 233 North Val Vista, Mesa 85213.

John Bush Harvey '38, Cape Elizabeth, Maine; Feb. 12. He was the owner and operator of J.L. Coombs and Company, Inc., until his retirement in 1987. He was a veteran of World War II. Survivors include his wife, Aileen, 27 Wildwood Dr., Cape Elizabeth 04107.

Carl Geissler Nesbitt, Jr. '38, Buffalo, N.Y., a retired insurance executive; March 19, 1989. He is survived by his wife, Edith, 111 Windsor Ave., Buffalo 14209.

Edward Walter Pietrusza '40, Morristown, N.J.; Sept. 4. He was a retired associate director of research for Allied Chemical Corporation in Morris Township, N.J., and responsible for more than fifty patents, primarily in the field of plastics and polymers. He was also an expert in nutritional research. He retired from Allied Chemical in 1973 after twenty-five years and then worked as a self-

employed consultant. He was an officer in the Navy during World War II. He played center field on the Brown baseball team. Sigma Xi. Phi Lambda Upsilon. Survivors include his wife, **Eleanor Wilcox Pietrusza** '43, 36 Fairmount Ave., Morristown 07960.

Charles Carpenter Viall '40, East Providence, R.I., a retired city clerk and former city manager of East Providence; Nov. 13. He worked in the family-owned W.C. Viall Dairy before being elected town clerk in 1948. He served for ten years until the town became a city, and was appointed city clerk, a position he held until 1965. He was then appointed city manager and retired six months later. He served as president and was a member of the board of directors of the East Providence Credit Union and was a founder of the Mayflower Savings & Loan Company, Cranston, R.I., where he also worked as bank manager. He was an Army veteran of World War II. Sigma Nu. Among his survivors are his wife, **Grace Hundt Viall** '41, 20 Delway Rd., East Providence 02914; and four children, including **David** '68.

Virginia Dewey Lapworth '42 Ph.D., Cincinnati; April 17, 1989. She worked as a research biochemist at Amherst College for thirty years before retiring in 1977. She moved to Cincinnati within a year before her death. Survivors include a daughter, **Alexandra Weir Nicker-**

son '65, 142 Piccadilly Sq., Cincinnati 45355.

John Henry Walters '42, Lexington, Mass., former chairman of the science department at The Browne & Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass.; Nov. 1. Sigma Xi. Survivors include his wife, Catherine, 19 Oakland St., Lexington 02173.

Evelyn Leoni Santamaria '43, Westport, Conn.; March 1. She was a chemistry instructor at Brown from 1943 until 1946. She was a volunteer at Norwalk Hospital. Sigma Xi. Phi Beta Kappa. She is survived by two children and her husband, **John** '41, 4 Berndale Dr., Westport 06880.

William Horton Kimball '44, Hope, R.I.; March 20. He was chief engineer for the C.I. Hayes Company, Cranston, R.I., for twenty years before retiring in 1984. Prior to that, he had been a superintendent for the Narragansett Electric Company. During World War II, he was a lieutenant in the Navy and served in the Mediterranean and South Pacific theaters. Survivors include two sons and a daughter, Paula K. Mulvey, 311 Matteson Rd., Hope 02831.

William Joseph Barton '45, Washington, D.C.; Jan. 7. He was the founder and retired chief executive officer of International Business-Government Counselors Inc., Washington, D.C., an international trade and investment advising firm. He received law degrees from Harvard in 1949 and from Georgetown in 1956. A lieutenant commander in the Navy during World War II, he participated in the invasion of southern France and retired as a

captain in the Naval Reserve in 1986. He is survived by four brothers and a sister, Helen Barton, of Clarence, N.Y.

James Blythe, Jr. '45, Cranston, R.I.; Dec. 15. He was retired corporate vice president of marketing for J.C. Campbell Paper Company, Pawtucket, R.I. Before that he was sales and marketing manager for Jay Printing Company from 1973 until 1985. He was a lieutenant in the Navy Reserve during World War II. He is survived by his wife, Norma, 57 Seaview Ave., Cranston 02905.

J.W. Todd Ferretti '47, Bronxville, N.Y., entrepreneur and commodities trader; Nov. 19. He was founder and president of the Rowood Company, an international trading company based in New York, which he started in the 1970s. Before founding Rowood, he spent ten years running Bionomic Systems, another company he founded and which designed and manufactured pollution-control devices with industrial applications. Survivors include four daughters and his wife, Patricia, 24 Deshon Ave., Bronxville 10708.

James Raymond Nahrgang '47, Norristown, Pa.; Nov. 11. He was an engineer at DuPont in Wilmington, Del., before his retirement last June. Lambda Chi Alpha. He is survived by nine children and his wife, Sybil, 1541 West Township Line Rd., Norristown 19403.

Roger Ernest Belhumeur '49, Providence; Dec. 28. He was employed by the former Nicholson File Company in Providence for fifteen years before his retirement. He is survived by four sisters, including Mrs. Theresa Boisvert, 14 Florence St., Providence 02909.

Paul Bunting Richards '49, Voorheesville, N.Y.; Dec. 16. He was the retired managing director of the Associated General Contractors of America, New York State Building Chapter. He joined the organization in 1958 and retired thirty years later. In 1988 he became associated with the State University (New York) Construction Fund. He was an Army veteran of World War II and during the early 1950s served in the CIA. Phi Beta Kappa. Survivors include three children and his wife, Ann, R.D. #1, Box 144, Voorheesville 12186.

John Alfred Anderson '50, Gaithersburg, Md., retired from the Atomic Energy Commission; Dec. 7. He served in Company I, 325th Glider Infantry Regiment in Europe during World War II. He is survived by his wife, Louise, 223 Hutton St., Gaithersburg 20877.

Lt. Col. **Owen Joseph Carroll, Jr.** '50 (USA, Ret.), Colorado Springs, Colo.; April 13, 1989. He is survived by three children and his wife, **Esther Bauhan Carroll** '43, 2043 Glenhill Rd., Colorado Springs 80906.

Henry Wysor Marsh '50 Ph.D., Reno, Nev.; Dec. 17. A resident of Old Lyme, Conn., from 1960 to 1976, he was retired from the Naval

Underwater Systems Center in New London, Conn., where he worked as a chief physicist. He was a lieutenant in the Navy during World War II. He is survived by four children, including Henry, 320-L Peace Haven Rd., Winston-Salem, N.C. 27004.

Clarence Edward St. Jacques '51, Pawtucket, R.I.; Jan. 9. He taught in the Warwick, R.I., public schools for twenty years before retiring in 1975. During World War II, he was a platoon sergeant in the Marine Corps. He is survived by several nieces.

Lt. Col. Francis Matthew Logan '55 (USMC, Ret.), Dothan, Ala.; Jan. 16. He was commissioned into the Marine Corps in June 1955 and was a pilot until his retirement in 1975. While on active duty he served two tours of duty in Vietnam. He received the Bronze Star Medal, Air Medal with Gold, four Air Medals, Combat Action Ribbon, Presidential Unit Citation, National Defense Medal, two Vietnam Service Medals, Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal, Armed Forces Reserve Medal, and the Vietnam Citation Medal. Following his retirement from the Marine Corps, he was employed in security by Alabama Power Company at Farley Nuclear Plant until last December. Survivors include his wife, Janice, 3807 Quail Creek Dr., Dothan 36303.

Edmund Charles Lary '56, Taos, N.M.; Feb. 18. He was retired from AMF Inc., in Stamford, Conn., where he worked as an applied physicist on design and production improvements on Head tennis and ski equipment and Harley Davidson products. He held a number of patents, including ones for an "angle" bowling ball and scoring machinery. From 1957 to 1971 he was a research scientist for United Aircraft/United Technologies Research Laboratories in East Hartford, Conn. In Taos, he was a land developer and a supporter of the arts and the environment. He was president of his class. Survivors include four children, including **Stefanie E. Lary** '85, 3500 Powelton St., #A-13, Philadelphia 19104; and a brother, **Ralph** '55.

Kenneth Thomas McIntosh '56, Pawtucket, R.I., a former social worker for the state of Rhode Island; March 14. There are no immediate survivors.

John Parker Hills '57, Annapolis, Md.; Feb. 22. A senior trial lawyer in the pollution control section of the land division at the U.S. Justice Department, he tried a number of cases involving water pollution. In 1974, he was made senior staff attorney to the President's Council on Environmental Quality. In 1975, he established a private law practice, which he later moved to Annapolis. He was a board member of the Arundel Hospice in Mitchellville and a volunteer boating safety instructor for the Maryland Department of Natural Resources. Survivors include two children and his wife, Pamela P. Quinn, 219 West Lake Dr., Annapolis 21403.

Carol Robinson McGrath '57, Naples, Fla.;

Dec. 14, 1987. She was co-owner, with her husband, of Ferrara's Restaurant in Naples. Survivors include two children and her husband, Edmund, 146B Cypress Way East, Naples 33942.

David Hugo Lange '60, Oslo, Norway; Dec. 21. He retired from the Air Force as a major after thirteen years of service and then, for fourteen years, was a senior operation manager for the Norwegian Specialized Auto Carrier Company. Survivors include his wife, Siri, 13 Fiskekroken, Ulvoya, Oslo, Norway.

Dr. Natale Joseph Giordano '63, Ridgefield, Conn., an orthodontist in private practice; Sept. 29. He received his D.D.S. from Columbia in 1967 and completed orthodontics training there in 1971. In the same year he opened his practice in Ridgefield. From 1971 to 1975, he also taught at Columbia. He served in the Army and was stationed in Korea from 1967 to 1968. He was a member of the American Dental Association, the Connecticut State Dental Association, and the American Association of Orthodontics. Survivors include four sons and his wife, Patricia, 16 Pelham Ln., Ridgefield 06877.

Lt. Comdr. Walter Berry Lawrence '65, Mallorca, Spain; Feb. 10. He retired from the Navy in 1977, having served two tours of duty in Vietnam as a fighter pilot assigned to the aircraft carrier *U.S.S. Saratoga*. He was diagnosed as having multiple sclerosis in 1978. Among his survivors is his wife, Elizabeth, Calle Pio XII 16, la Cabaneta (Marratxi), Mallorca 07141, Balears, Spain.

Jeanne Gerber Hartford '68 M.A.T., Columbia, Md., a lawyer for the Securities and Exchange Commission; Feb. 6. Among her survivors is her husband, Brian, 10642 High Beam Ct., Columbia 21044.

Mark F. Moses '78, Brookline, Mass.; July 5. He is survived by his mother, Mrs. George Moses, 170 Irvington St., New Bedford, Mass. 02745.

Otto Neugebauer, Princeton, N.J., retired professor of the history of mathematics and one of Brown's most distinguished faculty members; Feb. 19. Professor Neugebauer came to Brown in 1939 after leaving Denmark and began a career that spanned fifty years, culminating in international prominence. His primary contribution in the field of mathematics was his investigations of Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek, Ethiopic, Medieval, and Western astronomy and mathematics. In 1988, the Brown faculty awarded him its highest honor, the Susan Colver Rosenberger Medal of Honor. Neugebauer was only the nineteenth recipient of the award since its inception in 1919. At Brown, he founded the department of the history of mathematics. The scholarly journal he founded, *Mathematical Reviews*, is recognized as the standard review journal in the field and was one of the first to use mathematical abstracts. He was a member of the American Academy of Sci-

ences, the American Philosophic Society, the British Academy, the Austrian Academy, the Danish Academy of Sciences, and the Institute for Advanced Studies in Princeton. In 1977, the year he was elected to the American Academy of Sciences, a mathematical journal wrote that he "had more influence in the progress of mathematics in his century than any other individual."

Finally

continued from page 56

Today, a Mother's implied duties are complicated and ambiguous. Who has the time, much less the energy, to worry about what's acceptable? We may fail to realize that today's proscribed behavior is *not doing* something – anything – that we've been made to feel we *should* do.

Choosing what we don't do may be as important as choosing what we do, when it comes to self-definition. For someone who craves approval as much as I do, not-doing can take a lot of courage. I have my small victories, sometimes squashed under a load of guilt: Not socializing with people I don't care about. Not following current events. Saying no to "volunteering" for charity drives. Pretending the PTA doesn't exist. Telling my daughter outright that I'd rather die than be a room mother. And I *almost* didn't spend an entire day cooking on Thanksgiving.

When I was an Aspiring Writer, I was afraid I couldn't write. That fear became self-fulfilling.

As a single working mother, I'm often afraid I won't be able to do enough, give enough.

I'm right. I won't. And this reality provides a clue as to why, in a time when women are expected to do more and more, we give ourselves so little support for not-doing and for finding out Who We Aren't. Many people – employers, colleagues, partners, children – benefit from the frenetic pace maintained by Superwomen. If we ourselves don't benefit from it – if, in fact, we are harmed both now and later by it – well, perhaps we find that preferable to facing our limitations.

In a society characterized by unrealistic expectations of women, we may well find ourselves as anxious for approval as the Good Girls we once were – and working overtime to get it. **B**

Tonda March lives in Columbia, Missouri, with her children, Simon, age eleven, and Kenley, age nine. She recently completed a novel for young adults.

Finally...

By Tonda Holwerda March '76

Great Expectations: From Good Girl to Superwoman

In elementary school, I was a Good Girl. In high school, I was a Freak. As a freshman at Brown, I claimed yet another identity: Aspiring Writer. I discovered, however, that the role was bigger than both of us – me and my writing, that is – and by the end of the year, I'd developed a writer's block that would last most of a decade.

After college, job-hunting in the real world with an A.B. in English lit, no longer defined even by the role of Undergraduate, I soon became unhappy with the mass of jelly that seemed to be me, inside and out. Was I smart? Attractive? Nice? Anything? Answers were not forthcoming, either from the other young people I knew or from the glorified secretary's job I took in desperation. It wasn't long before I fled back into a role: Marriage and Motherhood.

I'm still a mother; on bad days, I'm even a Mother. But a funny thing happened on the way to engraving that role in stone. I started writing again. With two children in diapers, I began a mystery novel, trading child care with another writing mother. Three times a week, I drove to my husband's office at a local college and wrote for two-and-a-half hours, until my breasts began leaking milk. Then I drove home and fed the baby.

Why, after an eight-year hiatus, was I able to write then, under what could hardly be considered favorable conditions? The answer is that I was going to die if I didn't; filling the Motherhood role was going to kill me. Writing, on the other hand, was an activity now free

of the pressures of role-dom. In fact, I elaborately told myself and anyone who would listen, my writing wasn't a serious undertaking at all.

A few quiet years passed. I took care of the kids and wrote three drafts apiece of two novels. I published my first story. Then I got divorced, and a new role raised its Medusa-like head.

In addition to being a mother, I am a graduate student, writer, teacher, editor, women's health-care instructor, library worker, romantic partner, cook, house painter, plumber, and student of yoga. In short, a Superwoman.

On good days, I sidestep the Superwoman role. Instead, on those days I am

(to paraphrase Emerson) woman caring for children, or woman writing, or woman scraping something dried and unidentifiable off the dining-room floor. On bad days – well, like most women I know who are performing a balancing act, I go a little crazy.

An internal (and sometimes external) state of frenzy is one hazard of being a Superwoman; it comes with the fear of dropping one of those balls currently suspended in mid-air. But there's another, more serious, side effect. Doing too many things and *none of them well* is a complaint I voice, and hear, frequently. The erosion of confidence is very real, stemming from the tendency of Superwomen to chronically compare ourselves with others.

For starters, we compare ourselves to other Superwomen. This is bad enough – I always discover one more thing I could be doing! But

even more disheartening is our habit of comparing our accomplishments with the unquestionably superior achievements of those who pursue a single focus. We find we don't measure up to the career-focused man who already has realized a dream that we're still simmering on the back burner; or the nurturance-focused homemaker glorified while we were growing up.

We live in a more subtle age than the eighteenth, nineteenth, or even mid-twentieth centuries. Then, a Wife and Mother's duties were simpler, parameters of acceptable conduct were clear.

continued on page 55



T. HOLWERDA

The Planet:

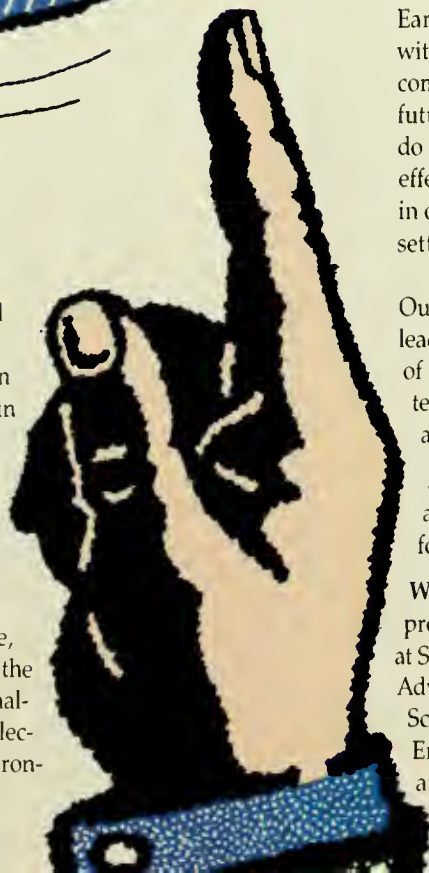
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William Durham
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John Imbrie
Doherty Professor of Oceanography at Brown, international authority on climatology and MacArthur Fellow.

Robert Kates
University Professor, director of the Alan Shawn Feinstein World Hunger Program at Brown, MacArthur Prize Fellow and an expert on populations.

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