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A black and white photograph of a mountainous landscape. In the foreground, a herd of animals, possibly yaks or horses, is grazing on a grassy plain. The middle ground features rolling hills and valleys with patches of snow or light-colored rock. In the background, steep, rugged mountains rise, some with snow-capped peaks. The sky is bright and clear. The title "Land Out of Time" is written in a large, elegant, cursive script across the middle of the image.

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THE BOTTLE DESIGN AND ABSOLUT
GRAPHED BY STEVE BRONSTEIN.

Brown

November 1995

Alumni Monthly



10 Under the Elms

Jazz through a different lens . . . Bio students eavesdrop on animals . . . hepatitis hits College Hill . . . young poets come out of the woodwork . . . an economist ponders the environment . . . a 350-year-old math problem solved . . . The Latest . . . and more.

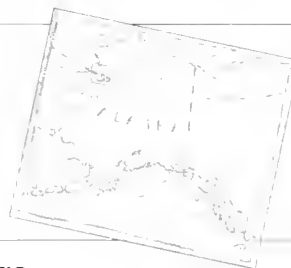
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A hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle, Professor of Anthropology Douglas Anderson '62 A.M. digs history from the permafrost. *By Jennifer Sutton*



24 Northern Exposure

A photojournalist discovers stark beauty in Alaska's wilderness and fears the "dark shadow" cast over it by an eager oil industry. *By Roger Leo '68*



30 Great Books, Gowns, and Guinness

Transplant a handful of Brown students to Oxford University and watch them careen from one end of the academic spectrum to the other. *By Joanna Norland '94*



34 Fifty Years Later, a Different Battle

World War II is long over, but 30,000 U.S. troops still live on the Japanese island of Okinawa. Residents want to know: when will the soldiers go home? *By Steve Rabson*

38 Kid Stuff

Cross an engineer with an artist and what do you get? London-based book illustrator Ted Dewan '83, who likes dinosaur guts as much as any eight-year-old. *By Pamela Petro '82*



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Cover: Caribou in the foothills of the Brooks Range, Alaska. Photograph by Roger Leo '68.

Brown

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Here Now

Depth of field

On a gray July day ten years ago I stood inside the tumbled walls of an ancient rural chapel in Glinsk, County Roscommon, Ireland. Facing me was the lichen-encrusted stone likeness of a medieval warrior in chain mail. While my genealogically-inclined husband searched the churchyard's eroded grave-stones for traces of ancestral Diffilys, I approached the altar wall of the roofless chapel. My implacable soldier in his pointed hat stood guard over slippery, moss-covered tablets; lavender wildflowers poked between the stones. Not even a cow mumbled nearby to break the sepulchral silence. "Bare ruined choirs,"

I mused. Then I reached to cover the warrior's cold stone hands with my own.

At that moment I heard history's true whisper, and I considered what a fragile membrane – time – separated me from the people who first beheld this chiseled Irishman. A window had opened onto the past, and I hastened to climb through it.

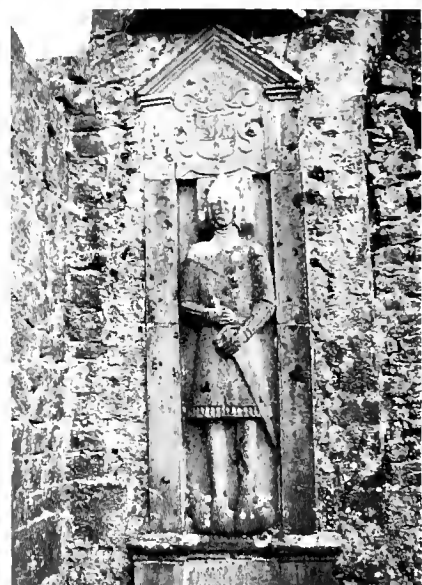
You can spend years in the Rockefeller Library reading the great historians, and you will be profoundly edified. But to *see*, you must let a place and its time reveal themselves. Then, enriched, you may be eager to study some more.

A few days after my encounter with the stone soldier I visited a branch of the Galway public library and found, in the 1838 land surveys, a minutely detailed report by one John O'Donovan. He noted that in the 1800s there was a church at the Glinsk cemetery site, built on the ruins of an older church to which had been added "a small chapel." Excited, I read on: "There is a beautiful figure of a warrior clad in mail, with a conical helmet and slender sword, with this inscription under it – 'Here stands the effigis of William Burke, the first of McDavid family, who died 1116 [1416?] and erected by Harry Burke, 1722.'

"Tradition says," continued O'Donovan, "that this effigy was cut in France, where William Burke was killed in battle, by order of a French lady who fell in love with him, and that [centuries later] it was sent over to Glinsk to Harry Burke, the lineal descendant, who erected it in this chapel. . . . It is of limestone and believed to be a striking likeness of the warrior." My imagination feasted on this story long after we'd flown home to Rhode Island.

On-site education is one reason I regret having gone abroad so little and so late. The college years – when learning, not earning money and raising children, are one's principal job – are ideal for traveling to antique lands. So I especially envy and admire today's undergraduates, many of whom take the path (or the airbus) I eschewed at their age. Kirstin Moritz, director of Brown's Office of International Programs, says last year 340 undergraduates studied abroad, 144 of them on Brown-sponsored programs. Five spent the year at Oxford University, where our correspondent Joanna Norland '94 caught up with them (see page 30).

In recent years we at the *BAM*, too, have extended our editorial vision. This issue has two features set in England, a faculty essay about Okinawa, and two articles reported from Alaska. *Bon voyage.* – A.D.



"Here stands the effigis of William Burke . . ."

Carrying the Mail

Sid Goldstein

Editor: Your article, "The Global Influence of Sid Goldstein" (April), aptly detailed the important influence Professor Goldstein and some of his protégés continue to have in various demographic subspecialties in Asia.

It should also be noted that at the same time Professor Goldstein was director of Brown's Population Studies and Training Center, and was conducting important studies in foreign countries, he annually continued to teach a course, "Principles of Demography," designed to be intelligible for non-sociology-major undergraduates. (The year I took the course, there were a number of sociology graduate students taking it, as well.)

Professor Goldstein's knowledge, patience, and humor were so evident, everyone left the course with a deep appreciation for his field. His eagerness to continue teaching an undergraduate class reflected favorably on both himself and Brown.

Thank you for sharing one aspect of Professor Goldstein's work.

Douglas J. Gull '81
New Haven

To our readers

Letters are always welcome, and we try to print all we receive. Preference will be given to those that address the content of the magazine. Please limit letters to 200 words. We reserve the right to edit for style, clarity, and length. – Editor

Lindsay with an A

Editor: Ever since the March issue arrived, I have intended to write to you with a correction. In the article by Janet Phillips entitled "Carpe Diem: 25 Years of (R)evolution," there is a reference to a University course, "Science and Civilization," taught by Bruce Lindsey, Dean of the Graduate School, in the 1960s. The "e" is incorrect; he was R. Bruce Lindsay with an "a." It is a minor point, but as his daughter, I know that he would want his name spelled correctly.

Evelyn Lindsay Roberts '40
Columbia, Md.

The BAM regrets the error. – Editor

Nisei spirit

Editor: I read with particular interest the article on Lyn Crost '38 ("Speak, Memory," July) on setting the record straight about the Japanese-American soldiers in World War II. It brought to mind a vivid memory.

I was with the 10th Mountain Division in northern Italy. It was with some surprise that I learned that the 442nd American-Japanese (Nisei) Battalion was with us. Its reputation soon spread: "Hey, if those guys are on your flank, you're in luck. They're the fightingest bastards in this war!"

This fact was brought home to me personally as I sat on a bunk in an army hospital in Leghorn. A group of us were

gathered around the radio. We were winning! The announcer was saying, "Doenitz has surrendered in Germany. Kesselring has surrendered in Italy. The war in Europe is over!"

No one spoke for a few minutes; we were lost in our own thoughts. I was going to get to see my son after all. The first one to speak was a young Nisei sitting on the bunk across from me: "Now all we have to do is get those goddamn Japs!"

Stanley L. Cummings '40
Greenfield, Mass.

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Mortarboard dynasty

Editor: I just returned from vacation to find among my accumulated mail the July issue with Commencement coverage. In perusing it, I was delighted to see a picture of my nephew Mark Tracy on page 17 (Under the Elms).

Of course, you wouldn't know it was Mark, since only the back of his head is visible! He is the one sporting the mortarboard with the dates of graduation of family members who attended Brown. His grandfather, Edward Tracy '34, graduated Phi Beta Kappa (junior year) and was an outstanding varsity athlete in hockey and baseball; his father, Fred E. Tracy '61, was a campus leader, head of Brown charities, and a consistent dean's-list student; the undersigned distinguished himself to a modest degree in the class of '63. None of us got his picture in the BAM. Ah well, it is nice to see one's nephew make his mark.

Stephen V. Tracy '63
Upper Arlington, Oh.

Beyond belief

Editor: Any particular reason your article on God at Brown ("To Struggle with God," September) didn't include a profile of an atheist or an agnostic? A Buddhist was interviewed, even though according to the article Buddhists are even more of a minority than non-believers.

Jonathan Edwards '84
Lexington, Ky.

While there are indeed many doubters and nonbelievers at Brown, the article focused on religious students - those who, like another Jonathan Edwards, the eighteenth-century Protestant theologian, have come to a "delightful conviction" of faith in a supreme being. - Editor

Morality, continued

Editor: A series of letters in the September BAM under the heading "Students and morality" presented a romantic vision of liberated relationships in the nineties, in which cohabitation, fornication, and such are no longer pejoratives and we can leave behind the façade of fifties morality. This modern notion of a glorious, liberated lifestyle falls to pieces when it attempts to deal with the reality of life and with that smallest, most fragile, and most important part

of our species: children.

Lawrence Ross eagerly awaits publication of a survey confirming that traditional courtship ideals lead to marital happiness. Here are two: "Physical and emotional satisfaction started to decline when people had more than one sexual partner," from Michael, Gagnon, and Lauman, *Sex in America: A Definitive Survey*, Little, Brown and Co., 1994, page 124. Or "Cohabiting couples compared to married couples have less healthy relationships," from J. E. Stets, *Journal of Family Issues*, (114) 251, 1993.

In our modern wisdom we may wish we could set traditional restraints behind us. We have the freedom to do so, but at a cost that cannot be denied. It seems clear that the most certain way to have a happy life (and to provide a strong home for our children) is to follow the traditional route of being committed to one spouse for life (and to acquire the personal attitudes that will enable this). Many wish to deny this for their own reasons, but that doesn't change the reality. I welcome research that shows the contrary to be true.

In response to Janet Glass, who called to account a statement making cohabitation and fornication synonymous: it is true that they are not synonymous. But can you deny that there is a strong correlation between the two? That is the more important aspect of this word game, to my mind.

Richard Shalvoy '77 Ph.D.
Cheshire, Conn.

L'aumônier checks in

Editor: I am writing from Aix-en-Provence, France, where I would love to see friends from Brown. So far I haven't been able to trace any junior-year-abroaders in Aix, but it is the kind of site that attracts Brown types, so I remain hopeful.

My title here is *Aumônier pour les Étudiants Étrangers*. Doesn't it sound more impressive than "chaplain for foreign students" for the Archdiocese of Aix-en-Provence?

Brown friends can contact me at 34, Place des Martyrs, 13100 Aix-en-Provence, France; telephone 42-23-45-65.

Fr. Howard O'Shea

Aix-en-Provence, France

The writer was formerly Catholic chaplain at Brown. - Editor **B**

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Books

By Chuck Mandel



On the prowl in Denmark

Thomas Gray in Copenhagen by **Philip J. Davis** (Copernicus, New York, N.Y., 1995), \$16.

Editor: It recently came to my attention that my master, Peter Mandel, had been assigned to review a new book by Professor Emeritus of Applied Mathematics Philip J. Davis. Seeing that Professor Davis had been kind enough to allow me to peruse an advance copy, and given that the book's main character – Thomas Gray – is a cat and, in fact, a distant cousin of mine, I urge you to print the following instead of the bland paragraphs submitted by Mr. Mandel.

In the professor's yarn, Thomas Gray, a college cat at Cambridge University, and her colleague, the historian Dr. Lucas Fysst (rhymes approximately with "mice"), journey to Denmark with the aim of restoring the reputation of fairy-tale author (and apparent felinophobe) Hans Christian Andersen. I must confess I gagged on this premise, causing

my master to do a quick check for hair-balls. What self-respecting feline, I fumed, would undertake to burnish the name of a misguided maligner of cats? Just listen to a young friend of Dr. Fysst in the book: "You know, I don't think Hans Christian Andersen liked cats." Fysst replies:

"He didn't? Hmm. I've never really thought about the matter. You mean there are no cats in his stories?"

"Well, there are a few cats, but they're not important. And they're rather stupid. They say silly things."

The nerve of that man Andersen (I mewed), failing to put his fictive cats on equal footing with such base creatures as ugly ducklings, inchworms, and the like. Fortunately, my hissy-fit subsided as I read on. Fans of Professor Davis's first novel, *Thomas Gray, Philosopher Cat* (BAM, September 1988), will remember that the Fysst-Gray duo is a formidable tandem indeed, with plenty of tooth, claw, and gray matter at their disposal. Lodged in the very Copenhagen apartment where Andersen once lived and wrote, Fysst and Gray embark on a quest for an unpublished fairy tale that may refute rumors of Andersen's catism.

I found myself purring over morsels of prose as tasty as tinned sardines, such as this passage in which Andersen's ghost appears to Gray:

[Fysst] got up, went to the kitchen ... and poured himself a tumbler of Cherry Kijafa. This was rather more than his usual nightcap. He soon fell asleep in his desk chair, while Thomas Gray sat in hers and kept watch.

From between the panes of the double-glazed window near the desk, a gray and blue nebula appeared. Vague at first, then taking shape, it headed toward the fan-back chair. Thomas Gray jumped off and resettled on the couch.

A spectral dialogue ensues, and a possible breakthrough in the search for the manuscript – all of it too much tail-switching fun to reveal here.

Unlike the current crop of gimmicky cat paperbacks (no disrespect to my master, of course), *Thomas Gray in Copenhagen* is a fine, old-fashioned hardcover tale with a charming sense of humor, playful tidbits of philosophy, and irresistible line drawings by RISD professor Marguerite Dorian. You'll pounce on Davis's clever spoofs of academia, of human languages both ancient and

Chuck Mandel, a Providence housecat, was the inspiration for Red Cat, White Cat (Henry Holt, 1994), a children's book by Peter Mandel '81 A.M., who is also the author of The Cat I.Q. Test.

modern, and of travel rituals. You may even be moved to recommend it to a cat-deprived friend.

As for flaws, I twitched my whiskers in momentary annoyance at the author's

lack of attention to Copenhagen's famed smoked-fish delicacies. Perhaps fine dining will be the subject of a third Thomas Gray tale. I hear they make an excellent pickled herring in Prague.... **B**

The author

In 1992 Professor of Applied Mathematics Philip Davis was invited to give a series of lectures on mathematics and society at several Danish universities. Davis and his wife found themselves billeted by their hosts in the rooms that Hans Christian Andersen had occupied in the last years of his life.

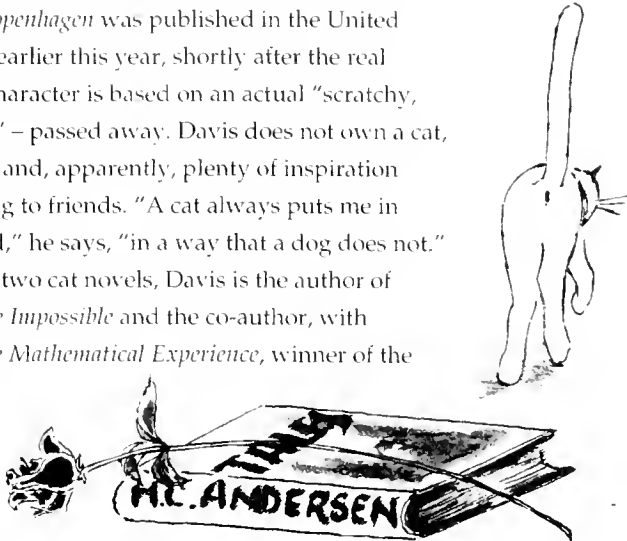
A more run-of-the-mill mathematician might have done nothing more than count himself lucky at being surrounded by Andersen memorabilia. But Davis – who breathes new life into the term “Renaissance man” – found inspiration for a second novel featuring the unusually intelligent cat of Pembroke College, Cambridge University.

“Before we settled in Copenhagen,” Davis recalls, “I talked to a young Danish girl, a friend of a friend, who knew all about Andersen. The subject of my first Thomas Gray book came up and she said, ‘You know, the cats in Andersen’s tales are often outsmarted by other animals.’”

Between giving lectures, Davis began re-reading fairy tales and found that, indeed, Andersen had relegated cats to largely unflattering roles. “That gave me my plot,” says Davis, “to restore Andersen to cat lovers of the world with an undiscovered manuscript. And I would write it, of course – if I could.”

Thomas Gray in Copenhagen was published in the United States and Germany earlier this year, shortly after the real Thomas Gray – the character is based on an actual “scratchy, black Cambridge cat” – passed away. Davis does not own a cat, but he derives solace and, apparently, plenty of inspiration from felines belonging to friends. “A cat always puts me in a philosophical mood,” he says, “in a way that a dog does not.”

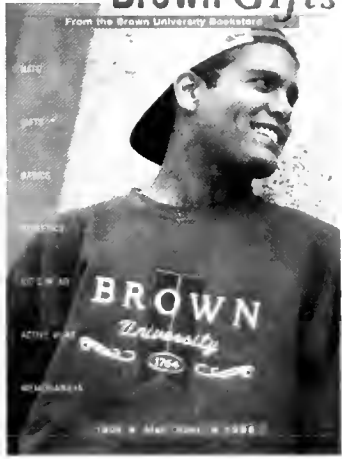
In addition to his two cat novels, Davis is the author of *No Way: Essays on the Impossible* and the co-author, with Reuben Hersh, of *The Mathematical Experience*, winner of the 1984 American Book Award. – P.M.



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Eye of the Music

*Want more insight into jazz?
Look at photographs, says one Brown musician.*



Grounded in improvisation, jazz is best heard live. Musical ideas burst forth, arrange themselves briefly into notes, then recede into the performer, as evanescent as champagne. To pin down these musical concepts some students approach jazz obliquely, looking to capture its character through other lenses.

One of those, says Director of Bands Matt McGarrell, is photography. On October 7, following an exhibit of jazz portraits by Providence photographer Ken Franckling, he presented a Continuing College lecture on "Icons of Jazz: A History in Photographs." Listeners then settled back for a old-time jam session (See "Ray's band," facing page).

"I got into this," McGarrell explains, "through the courses in the history of jazz

that I teach and through my interest in photography. At first I was intrigued by the photos in the various texts I was using and by how revealing they were of the music." McGarrell began digging for more examples, discovering eventually that "there are maybe hundreds of books of jazz photographs out there."

Despite this abundance, important gaps exist. "Until the 1950s," McGarrell says, "most jazz was recorded in three-minute segments," in keeping with the technology of the time. Similarly, most photographs of the period are not candids but posed publicity shots or newsreels. As film got faster and cameras got lighter, people who never frequented clubs saw the jazz world for the first time. Photographers and the musicians themselves could now

freeze moments of expression, could capture the feel of jazz performance. The tradition continues today. The joy of Dianne Reeves soaring in song (**above**) or the intensity of Joe Pass squeezing a melody from his guitar (**facing page**) reflects the range of expression this uniquely American music contains.

Some jazz photographers closely collude with their subjects to project the musician's carefully crafted persona. "To what extent does the photographer's agenda interact with the agenda of the musician?" asks McGarrell. "Miles Davis, for example, always relied heavily on a backdrop of sound. His musical personality was colored by the musicians around him. In Franckling's photo (**above**) he is literally hiding behind his trumpet, just as Miles hid

behind his music in many ways."

Other times, photographers puncture a musician's persona to reveal a little-known side. "There's a lot of irony in the Dizzy Gillespie photo (**facing page**)," McGarrell says, pointing out that the musician is most frequently seen playing his distinctively-angled trumpet, his herniated cheeks unnaturally puffed out. "Dizzy Gillespie was criticized by Miles and others for mugging for the camera," McGarrell believes that Franckling shows us "Dizzy as just a black American with his own quiet dignity." Seeing him this way introduces a new tension into the virtuosity of his extroverted riffs. It also deepens our appreciation for this paradoxical and ever-fresh American music. — N.B.



*Dizzy Gillespie,
August 1987*

*Joe Pass,
June 1993*

Ken Franckling photographs and writes for UPI, Jazz Times, Down Beat, SWING Journal, and other publications. He is a winner of the ASCAP Deems Taylor award for excellence in music journalism.



JOHN FORASTI

A little bit of jazz history came alive in early October, when drummer **Ray Smith**, host of more than 1,100 "Jazz Decades" shows on public radio, played at the Salomon Center with his Paramount Jazz Quintet (**John Clark**, clarinet; **Jimmy Mazzy**, banjo; **Chuck Stewart**, tuba; and **Jeff Hughes**, trumpet). Using the two-beat style prominent seventy years ago, Smith performed on an old-style set complete with oversized bass drum. "Drummers would play on the street in a marching band, then come inside and play jazz by rigging a foot pedal to the same drum," says Director of Bands Matt McGarrell. "When Ray plays that early stuff, you can imagine Baby Dodds." Louis Armstrong's drummer from the late 1920s



JOHN GATIE

Like most prestigious universities, Brown each year draws visiting scholars from other countries. For much of the past decade the largest group came from China. Last year, however, France took top honors, funneling thirty researchers and professors onto the campus – more than four times the number it sent the previous year and almost double the number from China.

Neither country sends the most visiting students – that distinction now goes to Canada and South Korea – so why the French connection? It's a trickle-down result of the popularity among Brown students of studying at the Sorbonne's Institute of Economics and Politics, according to John Eng-Wong, director of Foreign Student, Faculty, and Staff Services. Brown's Office of International Programs shares an exchange with the Sorbonne, and by last year, he says, the Paris university had "accumulated a lot of credits." *Vive la France!*

Poetry bash

Few people, we're told, buy books of contemporary poetry. Judging from the turnout for a September 29 undergraduate poetry reading at the Brown Bookstore, however, many students still write it and love it.

More than fifty students read to an audience of about 150, who sampled juice, cider, fruit, and cookies while heeding the Muse's call. Hosted by Mike Grinthal '96, the event's co-organizer with Tina Brown '96 and bookstore promotion manager Toby Cox, the reading began at 10 P.M., went to midnight, and continued informally on the steps of the Sciences Library until 1:30 in the morning.

Judging from this prolific student output, poetry is not only alive and kicking, it's spirited, often witty, and sometimes soul-searing. Not satisfied with reading words off a page, several poets tried to break down the separation between reader and audience. Grinthal taped words and phrases to the backs of



Rodney Cañete '96 reading his poetry at the Brown Bookstore. The recent *soirée* was so popular it may become a regular event.

chairs, which audience members then read when cued; another poet encouraged heckling, while a third read a poem scored for three voices.

Even the event's organizers were startled by the size of the turnout. Host Grinthal, who kept things moving at a breakneck pace by confining each poet to five minutes, called the number of poets and listeners "truly amazing." Tina Brown believes that the

thirst for poetry has been there all along among undergraduates, waiting to be slaked. Graduate students, she says, have the M.F.A. writing program, one of the best in the country, but there are too few writing classes to supply undergraduate demand. Cox said that, given the success of the September event, the store might sponsor more readings. "The poetry," he says, "was terrific." – J.R.

Month

In my diary
I keep track
Of the loss
Of blood.

My diary
Fills up
In a month.

I go to get
A new one
And collapse
At someone's
Door,

Pale as
A blank

— David Hess '96.5

Campus wildlife

Brown's bugs, birds, and squirrels may be the most closely watched in Providence, thanks to Bio 45, Animal Behavior. With notebooks in hand, the seventy-five or so students in Professor Jonathan Waage's course have been fanning out this fall to observe the campus's brash squirrels and furtive insects go about the business of eating without being eaten.

"The things they're observing they could see in laboratory experiments," Waage says. "But can they stand the boredom of field biology?" For a generation raised on television nature documentaries, the long undramatic hours that stretch between the seconds of exciting action are sometimes an unpleasant revelation. "I remind them," Waage says, "that when they watch a documentary, they're watching a movie. Most of what they're seeing is real, but it's real in the way the director wants you to see it."

Nature, of course, is messier. Look for excitement, and you're likely to find the mundane. Walk across Lincoln Field to get coffee, and you might see a fat gray squirrel chase, catch, and dismember a hapless house sparrow, as happened in late September below the tubular bird feeder hanging outside the geosciences building.

Yet, as any good field biologist knows, it's the long dull stretches that can be most revealing. Dullness, after all, is in the mind of the beholder, and can itself be a bias against seeing. The boring, repetitive movements of the house sparrows and pigeons beneath the feeder could really be a pattern whose purpose has yet to be understood. One of Waage's former students, for example, was inspired by the observation ex-

ercise to examine the energy costs to squirrels of burying different-sized acorns, which in turn led to questioning long-held assumptions about the amount of energy an animal expends to get food.

"The point of the animal-behavior journals – which we read every two weeks – is to try to get students to see that their observations are not free of bias," Waage says. "The answer to any given

question is not yes or no but 'It depends.' As scientists we have to figure out what it depends on. That's the biggest thing I try to teach."

– N.B.



Hold the more

When students returned to campus this fall, they got a little more from the Meeting Street Papa Gino's than they really wanted. Almost 300 Brown students lined up (and bent over) for shots of Hepatitis A antibodies after eating at the restaurant between August 27 and September 8, when an infected cook may have spread the virus while preparing food.

A liver inflammation, Hepatitis A can produce flu-like symptoms between twenty and forty days after exposure. A Rhode Island regulation that went into effect in late August requires employees handling food to wear disposable gloves, but the restaurant, it seems, was late implementing it. No one knows whether the infected cook actually passed on the virus, but those students who ate only pizza are safe. The cook in question handled all the other menu items.

The moral: When at a pizza shop, stick to the pizza.

Page-one math

Math professors don't often make page one of the *New York Times*, but Andrew Wiles of Princeton is no ordinary math professor. Speaking at the Salomon Center in late September, Wiles gave an engaging, if inscrutable, overview of the accomplishment that propelled him to fame: the proof of Fermat's last theorem, which declares that there are no positive integer solutions to $x^n + y^n = z^n$ when n is greater than two. "I have discovered a remarkable proof," Pierre de Fermat scribbled in a book during the late 1630s, "which this margin is too small to contain."

Fermat's coy challenge has made a superstar out of the soft-spoken Wiles, whose great difficulty these days is explaining a proof that only a handful of mathematicians can truly comprehend. Understanding the details of Wiles's solution, says Brown Professor of Mathematics Michael Rosen, "would require six months of study – if you already had an extensive background in number theory." Nevertheless, Wiles braved the blank stares from portions of his audience and moved nimbly from elliptic curves to Galois representations and modular forms (with quick stops at Hecke rings and general quintics).

His wizardry, fortunately, was occasionally leavened by witticisms even the mathematically deprived could chuckle at. Commenting on the loss in 1832 of the brilliant French mathematician Évariste Galois at the age of twenty, Wiles observed. "Galois killed himself in a game of Russian roulette. He and another man were vying for the affections of a woman – though it isn't clear she was interested in either of them."



Fermat's theorem and his cryptic commentary have baffled mathematicians for more than 350 years. Between 1908 and 1912 more than a thousand proofs of the theorem were published – all of them false. Though Wiles's

original 200-page proof underwent some revisions after its original announcement in 1993, it has since been generally accepted within the mathematics community as an astonishing breakthrough – a judgment most of us, despite

Let's see, carry the one... Wiles explains his proof for Fermat's last theorem, a problem that took 360 years to solve.

Wiles's best efforts, will have to take on faith. – C.G.

Coaches may come and go and attendance may wax and wane, but the independent *Bruin Grid Weekly* marches on. The fortunes (or misfortunes) of Brown football have surprisingly little effect on the popularity of the *Grid*, which offers fans an in-depth and often distinctive look at Brown football.

This year's copublishers are Daniel C. Grace '96 and Charles W. Humber '96, who last spring accepted responsibility for producing this season's eleven issues with the help of the Brown Football Association. It's a one-season, one-shot deal; there have been sixteen publisher changes since the *Grid*'s founding in 1980.

"We'd like to find a junior to take over from us," said

Gridiron gossip

Humber. "That way the new person could have it for two years and maybe expand the coverage or try new ideas." Grace and Humber had thought about expanding the tabloid's eight pages to ten or twelve, but they were quickly overwhelmed by getting an eight-page edition out on time. Still, they have added a junior-varsity game recap and are planning a "Where Are They Now" feature.

Some of the *Grid*'s offerings, such as "Player Profile" and "Player Diary," are done in advance, but "Coach's Corner" and a detailed account of Saturday's game must wait until the last minute. The

Grid has two regular writers, Jeff Goodman '96 and Mike Parsons '96, and a photographer, Jeff Ellenbogen '97. Like Humber, Parsons is a member of the men's hockey team. "That gives the *Grid* a unique angle," Humber says. "We really know the student athletes."

While the *Grid* has always had among its readers the faithful followers of Brown football, Grace and Humber know that good news goes down more easily than bad news. Now if only Coach Mark Whipple can replicate his 1994 season. ... – J.R.

For more information, write to the Bruin Grid Weekly, East Side Box 2395, Providence, R.I. 02906.

The WISE approach

When organizers at Brown announced the first meeting of Women in Science and Engineering (WISE) in 1992, they expected a couple of dozen female students to show up. Instead there were 200. "There was clearly something drawing us together," says Ann Rivet '96, a physics concentrator. That "something" was the isolation women felt in their classrooms and labs. The history of science and technology is largely male; its heroes are mostly men. "I've never had a [female] mentor or role model," Rivet says.

Over the last three years, WISE has grown to more than 300 members, with a mailing list of about 800 women. Its bi-monthly meetings draw at least 250 students. The idea, according to biology concentrator Mimi Kim '96, is to provide Brown women with models of successful female scientists and engineers while raising fac-

ulty awareness of the distinctive experience and perspective that women can bring to technical work. "We want to improve networking and communication to keep women interested in the sciences," Kim says.

WISE has several programs that match female science students with mentors, and the group is creating an alumni network to help female scientists find work after leaving Brown. "It is important that we be able to talk with someone who is putting their science degree to work," says Rivet.

WISE members believe that they in turn can be role models for younger women. Members of the group seek out first-year students with an interest in the sciences and visit Providence middle schools to talk to potential female scientists. "This," Kim says, "is about making a better learning environment for everyone." —Richard P. Morin



When it comes to science, women are often pioneers working alone. Now a group of aspiring female scientists is trying to change all that.

The Latest

News from Brown faculty

Where the buffalo don't roam

Presenting the draft of an article called "The Returns of the Bison: Profit and Preservation in the Great Plains" at an October 5 history department workshop, Assistant Professor of History **Andrew C. Isenberg** argued that efforts to save the bison at the turn of the century reveal important flaws in the early history of conservation. By allowing most of the last 500 animals to be confined in small herds on private ranches, Isenberg argues, preservationists consented to a dangerously restricted gene flow.

Many important early conservationists were hunters, for whom shooting a bison represented a tie to the wild frontier. As recently as 1985, Isenberg writes, "Montana amended its law to allow private hunters to pay \$200 each for the privilege of shooting the bison that left [the borders of] Yellowstone [National] Park." Early preservationists may have saved the bison, he continues, but as a tourist and hunting attraction rather than "as a functioning part of the plains environment."

The infections are coming!

When the words Africa and disease appear together, the reference is usually to AIDS, or more recently, to the Ebola virus sensationalized in recent movies, books, and news stories. The greatest threat, in fact, now comes from malaria, says Professor of Medicine **Charles C.J. Carpenter**. Tropical mosquitoes have steadily developed immunity to most insecticides, so that resistant strains of the most deadly malaria parasite are fanning

out over Africa, Asia, and Latin America, killing as many as 2 million people a year, mostly children. "As a result of this problem of drug resistance," Carpenter said in the August 22 *New York Times*, "malaria must be considered one of the major re-emerging infections of the world."



The myth of apathy

In an October 23 review of Robert H. Wiebe's *Self-Rule: A Cultural History of American Democracy*, Professor of History **Gordon S. Wood** argues in the *New Republic* that much of the current "hand-wringing over the state of our democracy" may be just a tad overdone. Far from seeing indifference and lassitude, Wood maintains that the emergence of grassroots politics and the 1994 election show that many of today's Americans are just as passionate about issues as were citizens a century ago. "Although the Republicans' Contract with America may eventually be severely whittled down or compromised away," he writes, "the political climate still has shifted radically. Talk of devolution and decentralization is in the air, and not just by right-wingers. . . . Far from being uninterested in politics, the people seem very emotionally involved in it. Indeed, in the eyes of some they are too emotionally involved."

Q A

with
Talbot
Page

Title: Professor of economics.

Education: A.B., Harvard; Ph.D., Cornell.

Specialty: Environmental economics.

Economic development and environmental protection are traditionally seen as mutually exclusive. True or false?

It's becoming more and more false. In a country with a huge resource base and a small economic base it makes a lot of sense to convert natural capital into man-made capital. The whole resource policy in the United States until very recently was pro-extraction, pro-use, because the country had such an extraordinarily large resource base. As conditions changed, this policy led to confrontation and high demands on both sides.

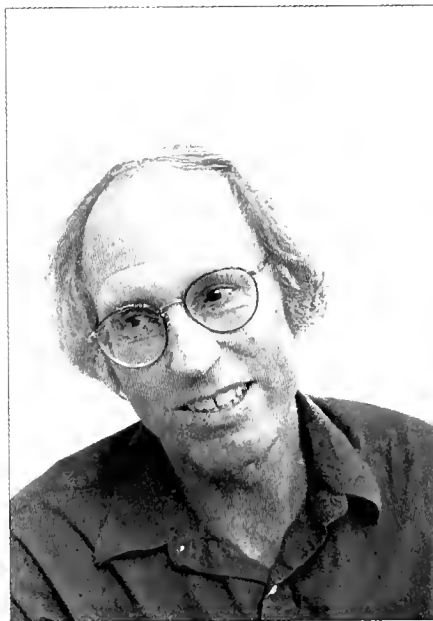
When the resource base becomes so depleted and begins to jeopardize development, the politics become less "either/or" and policymakers begin striking a bargain between the environment and economics.

How do you justify the sometimes huge expense of environmental protection?

If you look at the entire cost of environmental controls in this country as a fraction of the gross domestic product, it's somewhere on the order of 2 or 3 percent. This is not destroying our economy.

There are three justifications for environmental regulations. Most economists believe that if you did careful cost-benefit studies, many current regulations would survive. You wouldn't have

An economist looks at the cost of protecting the environment



a shutdown of the EPA or a moratorium on regulations. The second justification, one that environmentalists tend to stress, is ethics. An analogy would be prostitution: if you believe it is wrong, you don't put a tax on it – you ban it. A third justification has to do with what kind of society we want our children and grandchildren to live in. Just as we provide them with education and health care, we also must provide an environmental resource base.

Can cleaning up toxic waste sites or keeping pesticides out of foods ever cost too much?

We always have to make decisions about where we spend our resources. When you look at Superfund sites that have been remediated and see that 30 percent of the cost is for lawyers, there must be some better way of dealing with toxic waste.

The cost of regulation is a big concern of the current Congress, but they're not exploring all the options. Look at pesticides, for example: if you instituted a fee based on the toxicity level, you could collect the money and return it to the chemical manufacturers depending on their dollar sales. The chemicals classified as more likely to be toxic would be

less profitable, and the ones that were safer would be more profitable. No company would get put out of business by a direct ban, yet you'd get stronger protection of public health and lower regulatory costs. This is a serious cost-benefit way of looking at the regulatory process, but nobody's doing it.

Five years ago you were quoted in Fortune magazine predicting that the environmental movement would broaden and enter a period of bargaining. Has that happened?

Yes and no. Far more countries are taking environmental protection seriously, and there are many more international agreements. Worldwide there's a shift toward thinking of the environment and development as a unified package. In the U.S. you see a great step back from that at the federal level, although at the state level we're seeing more activity and negotiation.

Why are Americans so afraid of energy taxes while Europeans and Japanese are not?

For many years the energy industry in this country was very powerful and politicians had strong loyalties to it; large tax benefits went into the industry. That has changed a lot, but it hasn't changed altogether. Compare this to a country – such as Japan – where the energy industry is quite small because it has little coal and oil to extract. The taxing of imported energy is much easier.

The standard argument for environmental taxes is: Why tax things that are valuable and that you want to encourage, things such as work, savings, and income? Why not tax something you want to discourage, like pollution? That argument has made a lot of difference in Europe, but it hasn't penetrated in this country yet.

Interview by Jennifer Sutton

Sports

By James Reinbold

The loneliness of the cross-country runner

The struggle to fit the excellence of "me" into the needs of "we."

Most successful athletes must be both selfless and selfish. One of the trickiest tasks in sport can be excelling as an individual while cooperating as a member of a team. Baseball's aptly-named sacrifice bunt is the ultimate example: the player is out so the team can go on.

Molding a group of individuals into a harmonious whole is particularly difficult in a sport like cross country, says Bob Rothenberg '65, Brown's director of track and field as well as the men's cross-country coach. "Cross country is the ultimate individual sport," he says. "The runner is totally dependent on himself. The essence of cross country is self-building and self-improvement. It is an endurance-based sport." In fact, the sport is so suited to loners and individualists that women's coach Chris Gregorek, a distinguished middle distance runner at Georgetown, says she "resisted cross country as long as I could. Running outdoors, sometimes over rugged terrain, you push yourself in a way that's different from the track."

Perhaps for this reason, cross-country runners are a breed apart. It's "not just a sport," explains Rothenberg. "It's a lifestyle."

Preparation begins at summer camp, and culminates in the team's first meet. "Before the first meet," Rothenberg explains, "everyone is equal. After that, a pecking order begins." Fortunately, within the individualism of cross-country runners are the seeds of their cooperation. "There is a pecking order," agrees women's coach Chris Gregorek, "but that's a part of the team dynamic. [Team members] have to learn that it's okay to have different personalities. It's great to be supportive, but right now we have to demand more of one another. I don't want a runner to congratulate another runner's subpar training session, for example."

Those training sessions can include runs of ten or fifteen miles – plenty of time for the runners to develop respect and affection for one another. "On those long runs," Rothenberg says, "you talk to one another. You bare your soul – about running, about academics, about everything. I really miss not being able to run with the kids. You learn a lot."

This season the men's team is young, with only

one senior and three juniors among the twenty-two athletes. Freshman Brendan Prindiville was the first runner to cross the finish line at the meet against Dartmouth and the University of Massachusetts, while freshman Jonathan Genant led Brown to victory against Harvard and Northeastern.

The women's team is about half freshmen and sophomores and half juniors and seniors. Only three meets into the season, coach Gregorek is reluctant to judge the squad's quality. Although the three-mile races are the same distance as high-school events, the more rigorous training can be a difficult adjustment for freshmen, she says. "This team is a little top-heavy with younger kids, and they are still learning to rely on each other."

Already, though, Kristin Williams '97 has emerged as one of the team's leaders. She was Brown's top finisher in all three meets, and was first overall at the Thetford Invitational in Vermont. "She's a natural leader because of her aggressiveness," says Gregorek, herself a former NCAA champion and 600-meter American record holder.

Another team member, Emily Grossman '98, has emerged as an inspiration to the team, not for her running,

Combining individual endurance with teamwork, members of the women's cross-country team train on a back road in Seekonk, Massachusetts.

but for her struggle to run. Grossman, last season's number-one finisher, has been slowed by chronic fatigue syndrome, which has baffled doctors. "She's back up to about 60 or 70 percent," says Gregorek, "and she wants to compete."

Grossman's gritty individual determination has impressed her cross-country colleagues, helping them cohere into a determined – and unified – team. Athletes such as Grossman have also sold the coach on their sport. "I never ran cross country," Gregorek says. "But now I have come to appreciate it more and more." ■

Season Results

(October 16)

Football 3-2

Field hockey 3-9

Men's soccer 9-0

Women's soccer 4-5-1

Volleyball 3-13





Frozen in Time

*Brown archaeologist
Doug Anderson
spends his summers
in flannels and
waders on the
permafrost above
the Arctic Circle,
digging into the
lives of sixteenth-
century Eskimos*

By Jennifer Sutton

Photos by Todd R. Smith

Doug Anderson is a hard man to track down in the summer. Like most arctic archaeologists, he heads north as soon as the school year ends to take advantage of the brief thaw that passes through northwestern Alaska in June and July. This year he was camped on a piece of tundra along the Noatak River, which flows west from deep in the Brooks mountain range out to the Chukchi Sea. If you wanted to see him, the first thing you had to do was get to Anchorage. From Rhode Island, this means three planes and fifteen hours.

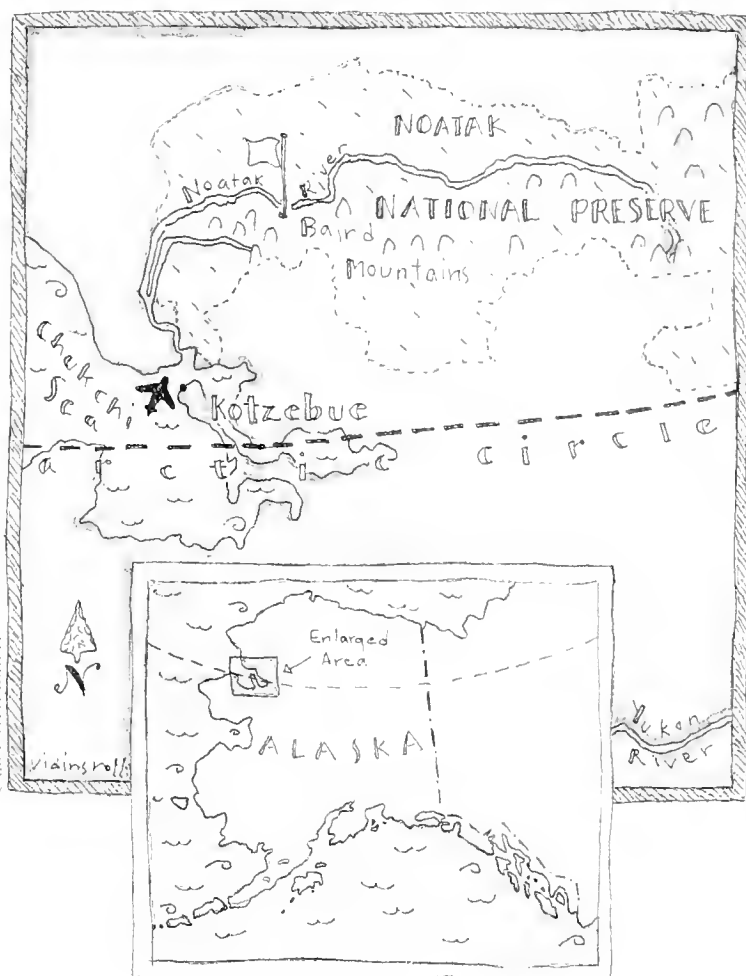
In Anchorage you catch another flight heading northwest for two hours, to the Inupiat Eskimo town of Kotzebue, population 3,500. Sprawled across a narrow peninsula jutting into the Chukchi Sea, Kotzebue is the biggest town for hundreds of miles, the hub for eleven smaller villages in Alaska's northwest corner. The hospital is in Kotzebue; so is the radio station, the supermarket, the senior citizens center, and the annual Fourth of July games, which include a seal-hooking competition and a Miss Arctic Circle pageant.

The final leg of the journey is the trickiest: an hour-long flight in a three-seater bush plane. "It's anybody's guess what the weather's gonna be up there," warns pilot Buck Maxon as he squeezes his barrel of a body into the cockpit. Once in the air, he crosses Kotzebue Sound and follows the Noatak River north, then east, flying low under thick clouds and a light rain. The greenish-brown tundra is flat around the mouth of the river, where a few cabins dot the landscape; then it swells into hills as the plane skirts the Maiyumerak and Baird mountain ranges. Here there are no cabins. There are no signs of human life at all, just land and river and sky. The plane swoops through a gently sloping canyon into a wide valley, and then Maxon points a meaty finger out the passenger window.

At first you see nothing. He points again. Yellow and white specks swim into focus on the riverbank below. "Tents," Maxon barks over the roar of the plane. Another minute and you can make out an archaeological dig site, just a patch of dirt from the air, and six people, three of whom are pushing a small motorboat into the river. The plane circles and floats down toward a stretch of stones, half a mile away from the camp. The runway seems impossibly short for landing, but Maxon makes it with room to spare. The motorboat pulls up to the gravel bank; grinning students toss your gear on board. A quick ferry downriver, and there is Doug Anderson ambling toward you in dirty rubber overalls and a wool cap.

Anderson's camp at the confluence of Sapun Creek and the Noatak River lies roughly 100 miles above the Arctic Circle in the Noatak National Preserve. Large trees do not grow this far north; mostly coarse grass and scrubby brush and occasional wildflowers take root in soil that, even in July, is frozen a foot below the surface. The summer weather is cloudy and cool, with a few sunny, 70-degree intermissions. Harsh, frigid winds begin to blow across the hills in August; snow falls in September. Someone untrained in arctic history cannot imagine people surviving the winters on a piece of land so bare and unforgiving. But proof that they did rests in a rectangle thirty feet long and twenty-five feet wide that Anderson and his students have carefully carved out of the ground.

Anderson, a professor of anthropology, uses surveying tools equipped with a laser to plot the artifacts he finds on his archaeological digs (opposite). A makeshift teepee and a tarp stand ready to protect the equipment in case of rain.



Today this land is managed by the National Park Service. Five hundred years ago it was the winter village of Napakomiut Inupiat – the “people of the spruce” – who during spring and summer resided near the mouth of the Noatak, living off seals and white whales from the Chukchi Sea. Every winter, though, they traveled upriver in search of caribou. Two or three families often lived together in one house, building with wood they brought with them

Noatak off historic landmarks; and to protect those landmarks from natural degradation, such as river erosion. Anderson’s inventory of a single house site here must serve as a model for the others nearby; excavating all of them would disturb acres of park land and take years of digging. This thirty-by-twenty-five-foot rectangle alone has been found to contain 20,000 objects – mostly bones, but also several hundred artifacts made by human hands.

With so much work to be done, Anderson rises around six in the morning, a good forty-five minutes before any of his five students stir in their tents. He dresses in layers that he can peel off if the sun comes out: T-shirt, flannel shirt, sweater, thick vest. Rubber rainpants go over the jeans to keep them dry in the mud, and a rain jacket is never out of reach. Anderson always makes breakfast, since he dislikes cooking in the evening, and each morning it is the same: hotcakes, Spam, coffee, and Tang. By eight everyone has eaten, sprayed themselves liberally with mosquito repellent, and scrambled up a small hill to the dig site.

They kneel, gently scraping away layer after layer of dirt with trowels. They stand, sketching the timbers of the house walls fanned out where they collapsed hundreds of years ago. Anderson works quietly, but his students sing songs and tell stories while they dig, somehow managing to

laugh hysterically and concentrate at the same time. And concentrate they must, for the work is painstaking and repetitive. Each artifact they uncover is bagged in a Ziploc, its original location flagged with a small pink plastic banner and recorded with surveying instruments equipped with a laser transit. At night Anderson downloads the day’s records into his laptop computer; back at Brown he will transform the data into a computer model of the dig site.

“Want to see a cool artifact?” asks Becky DeAngelo ’95.5. From a wrapping of moss shreds she plucks a slender, pointed shaft. With a little prodding from Anderson, she deduces that it was carved from caribou antler, and that a Napakomiut hunter fit an arrowhead into the shaft and used it, with a bow, on an unsuspecting caribou. This delicately carved piece is a find for Anderson. Most of the other artifacts are rough-looking in comparison: shards of jade and pottery; arrowheads made of antler and bone; pieces of “chert,” a hard stone used to make tools. For Anderson, though, each object, no matter how primitive, is a crucial part of the picture.

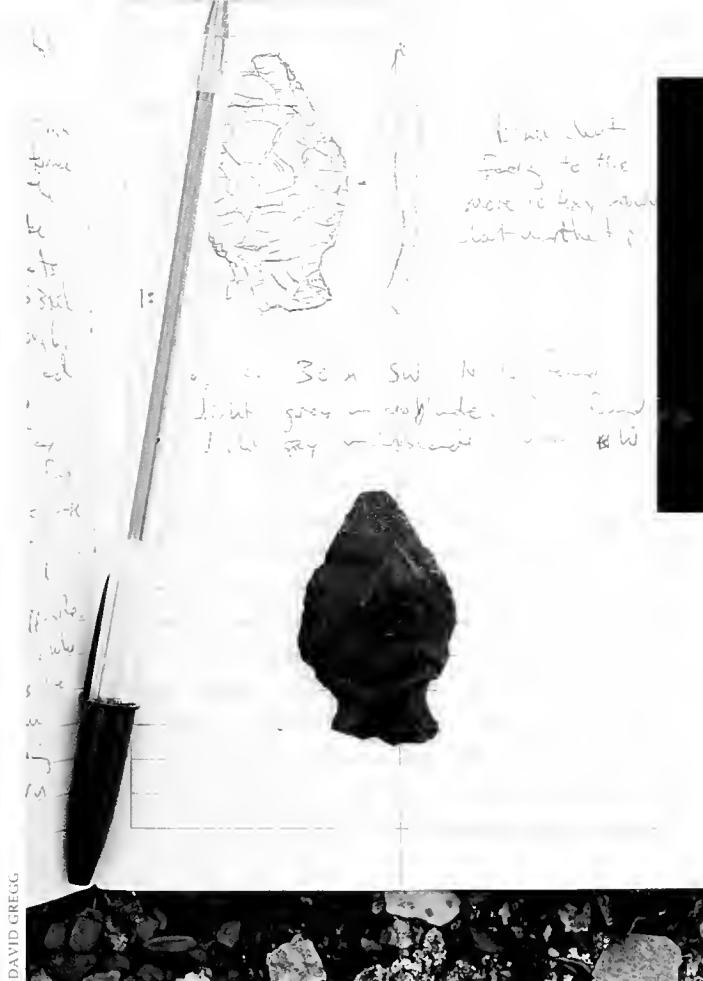
“You can almost see the flint-nappers sitting



Anderson and David Gregg, a doctoral student, examine what was once a tunnel leading into an Inupiat Eskimo winter home on the Noatak River (top). The ubiquitous pink flags (above) mark the spots where bones and artifacts have been found.

and with sod, burying the walls for protection from the wind. They spent their days hunting, fishing, and making tools. They ate what they could kill – mostly caribou and ptarmigan, a grouse-like bird – and tossed leftover bones up through the smokehole and onto the roof.

Anderson has camped in this very spot for five or six weeks, two summers in a row, at the invitation of Bob Gal ’72, a former student of his who runs the National Park Service office in Kotzebue. Anderson’s dig is part of a park service project to create an archaeological map of the region, with two intentions: to keep the handful of tourists who canoe, kayak, and fish the



Throughout the dig, Gregg keeps a journal of artifacts such as this stone arrowhead, called a "chert" (above). Hundreds of years ago Inupiat Eskimos relied on these arrowheads, along with slender arrowhead shafts (above, right) and bows, to hunt caribou during the winter.

there, chips flying," he muses. "You can tell what direction they were facing while they worked, how many of them sat in a certain spot." Anderson prides himself on drawing conclusions about the lives of Eskimos from mountains of verifiable data rather than hunches, yet it is imagination that drives him. "I think about things they were wrestling with," he says. "What if they couldn't get caribou? Would ptarmigan be enough? Would rabbits? Did they trade with anyone? What contacts did they have? If you don't let the mind build, you're not asking enough questions. The data just sits there."

The digging and scraping and sketching and mind-building go on all day – minus a lunch break and two quick rests in midmorning and midafternoon – until Anderson's wristwatch reads six or seven in the evening. Watches are a necessity, since the dig site is close enough to the North Pole that during June and July the light hardly ever changes. Two in the morning looks the same as two in the afternoon.

But once Anderson or his deputy, doctoral student David Gregg, gives the okay, everyone clambers down the hill to snatch a few moments of privacy in their tents. Several go to the river to fish



or to wash in the cold, clear water. Later, they tuck into bowls of reindeer stew or spaghetti or stir-fried arctic char from the river, followed by fresh fruit and handfuls of Chips Ahoy cookies. This is a far cry from Anderson's first few digs in Alaska, when canned vegetables were a once-a-week treat and a single jar of peanut butter was expected to last six people an entire month.

That was thirty-five years ago, on the western beaches of Cape Krusenstern, just north of the mouth of the Noatak River. Before 1960 Anderson had never set foot in Alaska, though he'd heard plenty of tales about it while growing up in Washington and Oregon. His Swedish father worked in fish canneries, and Alaska was where the fish came from. It was the last frontier, a place for adventurers and explorers.

"This is going to be tough," Anderson muttered to himself as his plane landed on Kotzebue's tiny gravel airstrip in June 1960. The air was cold and sharp, and dogs howled incessantly at an oncoming storm; Anderson didn't exactly see himself as an adventurer or an explorer. "I can't believe I'm going to go live in a tent," he remembers thinking. Things began looking up when an elderly Eskimo woman saw him wandering Kotzebue's unpaved roads, took pity on him, and cooked him a meal of mild, white sheefish in her kitchen. The storm soon cleared and the beach at Cape Krusenstern was sunny and warm.

That's where Anderson met his mentor, J. Louis Giddings, the arctic archaeology pioneer who taught at Brown from 1957 until his death in 1964. Giddings's first impression of Anderson, described in his book *Ancient Men of the Arctic*, was of "a muscular figure with a sea bag across one shoulder striding toward us over the beach ridges." Anderson's students chuckle at this image. The man they know today is a quiet, dignified fifty-nine-year-old with grey hair and not an ounce of obvious machismo.

Anderson had graduated from the University of Washington on the G.I. Bill and worked on archaeological digs in Germany and Washington state. But when he decided to concentrate on arctic archaeol-



An aerial view of Anderson's summer camp: the two large tents are for storing supplies, cooking, and eating; small yellow tents serve as sleeping quarters; the dig site lies just a short walk away. The motorboat will get Anderson's students back to civilization when the dig is completed.

ogy, there was only one man to study with and one place to go. "I knew Giddings's work, but I'd never even heard of Brown University or Providence, Rhode Island," Anderson recalls. "I had to look them up in the encyclopedia."

Over the next few decades Anderson logged more than thirty digs in Alaska, unearthed thousands of artifacts, and interviewed an entire village for an ethnography he is writing with his wife, Wanni, also a Brown anthropologist. Meanwhile he developed a deep affection for life in northwest Alaska. Enveloped in harsh weather much of the year, remote little towns with names like Selawik and Kiana offer few luxuries and none of the fast-track competition that dominates East Coast academia. The days are simpler, the pace slower. Every task, no matter how mundane, seems to take on a greater purpose.

The questions Anderson asks himself, as he pieces together the history of these villages and their ancestors, are just as simple: How many people lived on these lands? What did they wear? What did they eat? How did they pass the time? The answers come gradually after Anderson completes each expedition, returns to Rhode Island, and, at the University's Haffenreffer Museum of Anthropology, analyzes what he has found.

"We're trying to determine how well people in different regions were living," he says, "to see how they responded if resources became scarce." The Napakomiat Inupiat who camped on the Noatak river were living well, judging from all the caribou bones Anderson has found. And their world was not small. The discovery of materials not found along the Noatak – jade, for example – indicates that they had contact with people from other parts of Alaska.

The artifacts, however, are not Anderson's to keep. Technically they belong to the U.S. government, because the digs take place on federal land and are paid for by the park service or the National Science Foundation. But Eskimo villagers have the right to claim objects of cultural or religious significance from their ancestors' lands, a right that more and more of them are exercising. This worries Anderson a little, only because many of the artifacts, when returned to their rightful owners, end up in shoeboxes at the back of someone's closet. The scientist in Anderson would like to see the objects better protected, yet he knows they belong here in Alaska, even if that means a shoebox in a closet.

The older Eskimos Anderson has met over the years are mildly curious about his work and rarely opposed to it. Their only uneasiness stems from a

Blue sky in Alaska brings out the smiles: (sitting, from left) Nicole Misarti (Middlebury '95), Monica Shah (Bryn Mawr '94); (standing, from left) Erica Guyer '97, graduate student David Gregg, Doug Anderson, and Becky DeAngelo '95.5.

traditional belief that disturbing old places will unsettle the weather. It is the younger generation, people in their twenties and thirties, that is less comfortable sharing native history with white scientists from the outside.

It wasn't always that way. When Anderson was starting out in Alaska, he noticed that young Eskimos placed no importance on the archaeological work of outsiders.

"They were only interested in what their own old people told them," he says. Now they have begun to recognize archaeology as part of their heritage, and some have grown possessive. "They feel we're stealing information," says Anderson. Others simply remind archaeologists to share their discoveries not just in scholarly journals and government reports, but also in public lectures, in schools, and in the *Arctic Sounder*, a weekly newspaper. One indication that Eskimos have come to respect Anderson is a research grant he received three years ago from the Northwest Arctic Borough, a county-like branch of government in Kotzebue, to pay the wages of Eskimos who worked for him on a dig. "People seem to have a new appreciation for what we're doing," he says. "And this doubles the obligation we have to give it all back to them, to teach what we know."

Scholars teaching what they know – in Anderson's case, it works best when combined with study in the field, where there are no exams or grades or rows of desks. "I still firmly believe that to be a good teacher you have to do research," he says. "Everyone has to wrestle with data and questions and putting it all together." A reserved, mostly serious man, Anderson is not given to the pedagogical drama and eccentricity that often draw students to a classroom. It is out on the tundra, as he leans to take a closer look at the arrowhead shaft DeAngelo found, or as he debates with David Gregg the archaeological significance of a certain patch of soil, that you see quiet excitement passing between teacher and student. If Anderson had a motto, it would echo the advice always given to aspiring writers: show, don't tell.



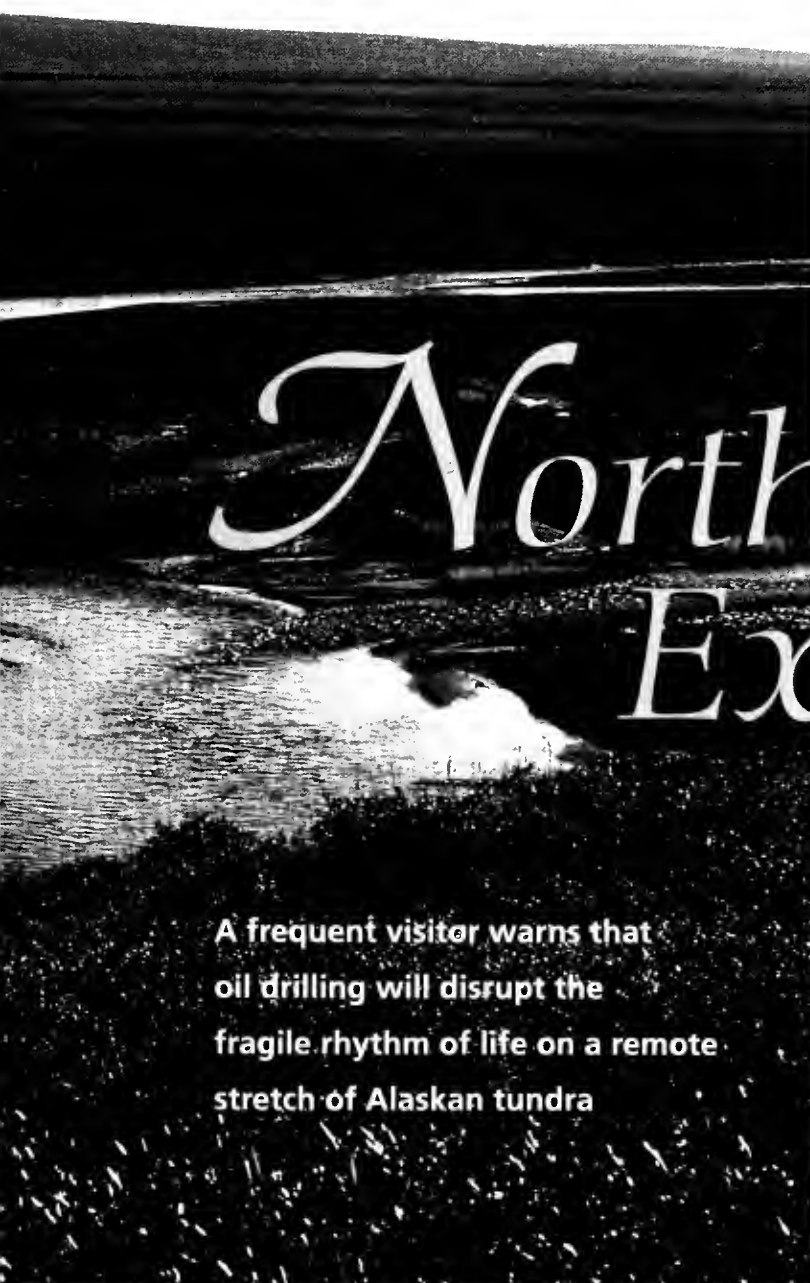
So when you fly in to visit the site, he asks a student – not Gregg, the doctoral candidate, but Erica Guyer, a junior – to explain the dig. "Okay, Erica, you haven't done this yet," he says. For nearly half an hour Erica walks you slowly around the perimeter of the thirty-by-twenty-five-foot rectangle that has been her home for the summer, only occasionally turning to Anderson or Gregg for reassurance. "What we find is what they threw away or lost," she says. "We should be getting down to the floor of the house in a few days, and that should be really great because the permafrost will have preserved everything."

In two weeks, around mid-July, the dig will end. Anderson's students will leave the place as they found it, shoveling all the excavated soil back into the house site and covering the dirt with tussocks of grass. Once the grass takes root it will appear as though no one had disturbed the land. Although a few canoeists and kayakers will float by on the Noatak River, this long-dead village may never receive human visitors again.

Right now, though, there is still a hum of discovery in the air. The day has turned into one of those rare jewels in Alaska: blue sky, warm sunlight, shirtsleeves pushed up over the elbows. The thin, wispy clouds are "mare's tails," says Gregg; they usually signal a coming change in the weather. But not today. The sun only gets stronger.

Late in the afternoon you hear a faint buzz coming from far away. It grows louder, and soon you recognize Buck Maxon's plane overhead. You bid Anderson and his students farewell, hop into the motorboat for a quick ride upriver to the gravel-bar-cum-landing strip. After a gentle takeoff, Maxon circles the archaeological site so you can take one last look. Within minutes the yellow and white dots of the camp fall out of sight. **B**

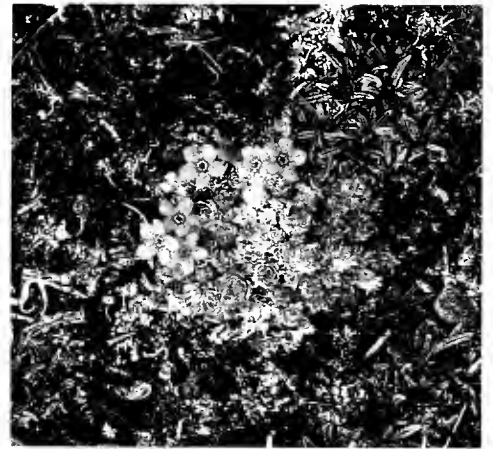




Northern Exposure

A frequent visitor warns that oil drilling will disrupt the fragile rhythm of life on a remote stretch of Alaskan tundra

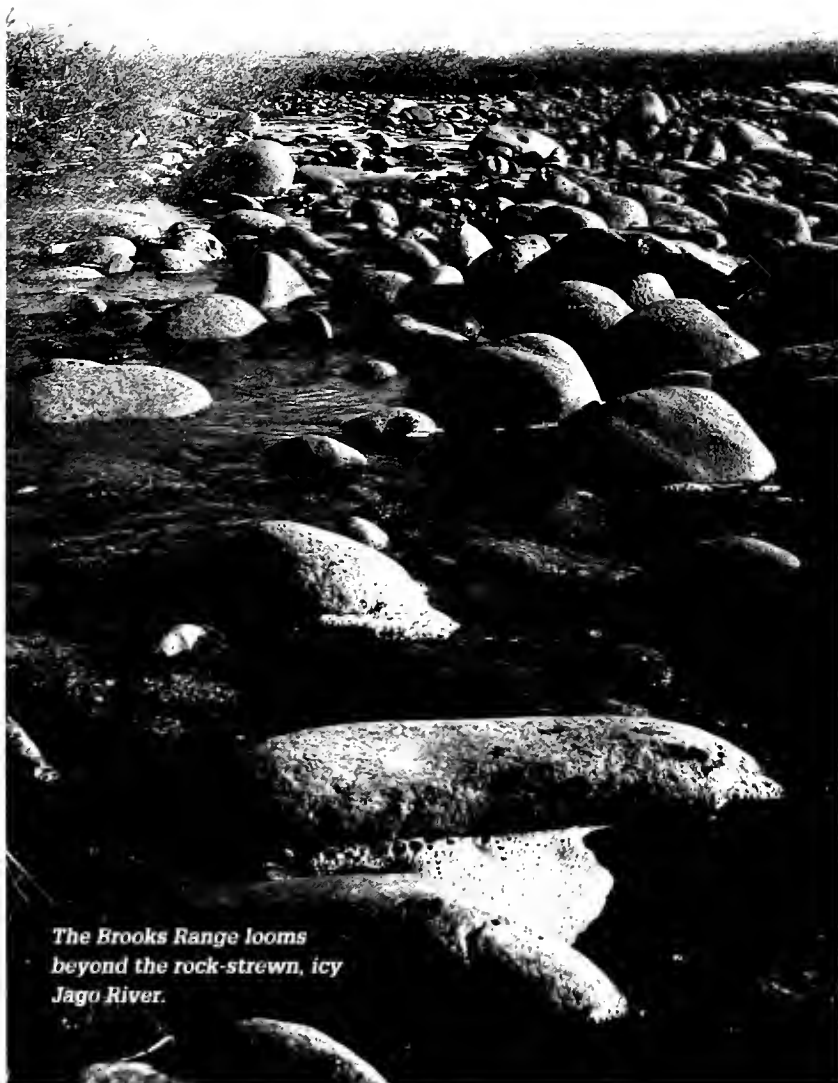
The giant Alaskan Brown Bear (Ursus horribilis), left, looks invincible, but he and other wildlife in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge are imperiled by man's intrusion. Above, a summer view of the Brooks Range with the Jago River in the foreground; top right, moss and lichens brighten the short growing season of the northern coastal plain.



Text and Photographs by Roger Leo '68

On four trips I have studied and photographed life on Alaska's coastal plain. The first was seven years ago, when I persuaded the New England Science Center in Worcester, Massachusetts, to back an expedition to the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge on Alaska's North Slope. The purpose was to report back in a series of lectures and exhibits on the impact of then-imminent plans to drill for oil there. I thought I would be documenting a wilderness that would soon vanish, so in May and June of 1989, July of 1991, and September of 1994 I returned to watch the great show on the tundra from camps on the coast and in the foothills of the Brooks Range. When in 1989 the Exxon Valdez hit Bligh Reef, the drive to open the refuge to oil was stalled. Now, in Washington and in parts of Alaska it is regaining momentum. Whether or not the area is opened this year, proposals to do so are likely to surface for some time to come. This is a glimpse of what might be lost.

Photojournalist Roger Leo of Princeton, Massachusetts is a member of the Worcester Telegram & Gazette's editorial board.



*The Brooks Range looms
beyond the rock-strewn, icy
Jago River.*

June 8, 1989: I awakened to the fading cry of an owl hunting the coastal plain of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge in northeast Alaska. I rolled out of my sleeping bag into a world that seemed full of magic.

A fogbank several miles away hung over the vast, rolling grassland on the edge of the continent between the Beaufort Sea to the north and the mighty Brooks Range to the south. Caribou grazed in front of the drifting white fog that silhouetted mothers and calves. Mountains rose above it, gleaming in the twenty-four-hour-a-day sun. A pair of red foxes pranced on a gravel bar alongside the nearby Jago River, alternately chasing lemmings and each other.

Behind me, cliffs rose 100 feet from wet tussock tundra to gray rock covered with red lichen. Bird-song filled the early morning air, mixing with the sound of wind in the dwarf willows, the babble of

runoff streams, and the roar of the Jago. Sunlight glanced off the round, polished river rocks.

I wished the moment would never end.

The distant hum of a helicopter broke the spell, carrying me away from the world of light and fantasy and back to the questions that life in the late twentieth century asks. Among the most pressing environmental questions is whether to drill for oil in this Arctic wilderness and, by so doing, to change forever its essential character.

The rolling tundra appears today as it has for thousands of years, laced by the braided gravel beds of a dozen rivers, bounded by the Brooks Range and the Arctic Ocean, swept by cold winds from the Beaufort Sea. Ancient rhythms of migration and hibernation frame life on this open ground so remote – until recently – from the developed world.

For at least eight months of the year the coastal plain is covered by snow and ice. Each spring, as winter's icy grip yields to the sun's faint warmth, caribou of the 180,000-animal Porcupine Herd arrive to calve on vast, treeless grassland on the northern fringe of the 19-million-acre wildlife refuge. They are drawn by abundant grass, relative freedom from predators, and relief from insect parasites afforded by strong winds and persistent snowfields.

In late May or early June, the snow melts and the tundra explodes. Every stream, river, pond, ridge, and valley teems with animals. Musk oxen, caribou, wolverines, foxes, wolves, bears, lemmings, and ground squirrels eke out a precarious existence. The Arctic is also breeding ground to more than 100 species of birds: snowy owls, ptarmigan, golden eagles, tundra swans, rough-legged hawks, red phalaropes, pintails, jaegers, yellow warblers, and sandpipers, to name a few.

Survival is a full-time business. "Even in summer, conditions in the Arctic are harsh and unpredictable," wrote Sam Hall in his 1987 book, *The Fourth World*. "All life hangs by a thread. In order to survive, each living creature must mesh together with all the others in mutual dependence. The ecological balance is so delicate, so precise, that the slightest interruption in the life-cycle of one species can lead to the decimation of several others."



Calving among caribou, such as these (left) crossing under the Alaska oil pipeline, has decreased sharply in areas bordering the Prudhoe Bay oilfields. Below, the semipalmated sandpiper is one of many species of birds that breed each summer in the Arctic wilderness.

Oilmen look longingly at the coastal plain of the Arctic Refuge in hopes that Congress will let them drill in this wilderness. They talk about their tiny footprint on the vast landscape of Alaska's North Slope.

Others, remembering the *Exxon Valdez* spill in Prince William Sound, see the oil industry casting a dark shadow. The "footprint" of the proposed drilling operation in the Arctic Refuge would cover 7,000 to 12,000 acres – land used for gravel roads, pipelines, wells, production facilities, airstrips, and living quarters. Most of the region's 1.55 million acres would be affected by traffic, noise, drilling byproducts, and the sight of an industrial complex looming smack in the middle of what is now the remote calving area of the Porcupine Caribou Herd.

Biologists watching oil's impact on the wildlife of the coastal plain report a disturbing trend in the Central Arctic Caribou Herd around the Prudhoe Bay oilfields. During the 1970s the herd stopped calving in its traditional area around the bay, and split into two groups. The eastern group now calves in an area less affected by development, but the western group runs into the Kuparuk oilfield. Calf production among the western group has decreased sharply since 1989, when the Prudhoe Bay oilfields reached maximum production; elsewhere, other North American caribou herds have continued a twenty-year *increase* in birthrates. A University of Alaska researcher has concluded that the Kuparuk development interferes with the herd's movement back and forth between coastal insect-



relief areas and better grazing inland, thus impairing the animals' preparations for the long winter.

Indeed, Inupiat hunters in Nuiqsut, near the Kuparuk field, and Gwich'in hunters in Arctic Village, some 150 miles to the southeast, reported seeing caribou from the Central Arctic Herd in very poor condition in 1989, 1990, and 1991. The hunters told of shooting caribou with low body-fat reserves and low bone-marrow fat at a time of year when they should have had strong fat reserves.

Beyond the concern of people who eat caribou lies another truth: more oil development is not the only, nor even the best, answer to the industrial world's thirst for energy. **B**



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Great Books, Gowns, and Guinness

By Joanna Norland '94

Photographs by Sharron Bennett

Shifting from the “new curriculum” at Brown to the world’s oldest university, five students adapt to learning – and living – among Oxford’s spires

When you study English literature,” says Andrea Ching '96, “coming to Oxford feels like coming to the source.”

So last year, as one of five Brown juniors studying in the city of spires, gargoyles, and manicured quadrangles, Ching put high culture high on her agenda. She went to the famous Sheldonian Theatre, marveled at folio editions of Shakespeare in the Bodleian Library, strolled through sixteenth-century courtyards, and stared up at the lead-paned dormitory windows through which Oscar Wilde and Percy Bysshe Shelley once gazed.

For some, the word “Oxford” evokes stereotypes of punts and Pimm’s, of leisure-class languor. But the eminent institution also suggests another image – that of the ascetic scholar studying Great Books into the night. It’s a persona Ching hoped to embody. She envisioned herself, she says, “reading for hours in the Bodleian and then walking through the gardens, thinking about what I’d read.”

Ching and her Brown compatriots – Yousuf Dhamee, Aymara Zielina, Anne Lester, and Tara Sarathy, all class of '96 English or history concentrators – wanted to experience academia at its most traditional. Hence their decision to apply to Mansfield, one of forty colleges that make up the world’s oldest and most prestigious university.

Eight months later, however, as they packed their books, CDs, and mementos to ship back to the United States, they agreed that for them, Brown’s more liberal, experimental academic philosophy was the right fit after all. It was a conclusion they could not have reached, they said, without distancing themselves for a year.

Because Brown and Oxford are both elite universities, they might be expected to have much in common. In fact, they take diverging paths toward providing undergraduates with an excellent academic foundation. Brown’s curriculum encourages students to explore a range of disciplines and learning methods. Seminars, group projects, group independent studies, and extracurricular activities reflect a belief that education should be, at least in part, a cooperative venture.

Oxford, by contrast, says Lester, a medieval history concentrator, “is about the individual.” Learning is almost exclusively an independent pursuit. The student focuses on a narrow field and masters a conservative, traditional corpus of thought.

The study of history at Oxford, recalls Lester, “was about political developments and military strategies. It was about battles and kings and acts and treaties. Period.” Dhamee says that his English literature tutors advised him to be skeptical of the sorts of “newfangled theory” in vogue at many U.S. universities, such as Brown.

This is not to say that the Brunonians’ academic interests were stifled at Oxford. Zielina was able, upon request, to study representations of race and gender in Renaissance literature. “It took a lot of searching, though,” she adds, “to find someone who could direct the tutorial. And Oxford would never have thought to suggest a topic like this.”

Given her interest in avant-garde literature and alternative voices, Ching says, “My friends at

Then-Brown juniors (from left) Tara Sarathy, Andrea Ching, Yousuf Dhamee, Aymara Zielina, and Anne Lester (absent from this photograph) found a temporary intellectual home last year at the wellspring of the Western canon.

Joanna Norland, a former student contributor to the BAM, is in her second year of study at Cambridge University on a Keasby Fellowship.

Brown were surprised I applied to a school like Oxford." Why, indeed, would students who initially chose the most academically adventuresome Ivy school buy front-row seats in the grandstand of great books? One reason, say the students, was because at Brown they often learned to challenge traditional texts, ideas, and approaches before they took the time to learn them.

"At Brown I spent a lot of time reading and writing in depth about a few specialized topics," says Ching. "At the same time, there were gaps in my knowledge of the great works of literature. The avant-garde is a response to something, and I felt that my knowledge was loosely grounded."

A more "idealistic" reading of Milton, Chaucer, and the Romantics than she'd sought at Brown has afforded Ching insights into the complexity of their verse. These insights should allow her, she says, to formulate more sophisticated political or theoretical readings than she could have before her Oxford hitch.

Last year's Brown transplants are ambivalent about Oxford's tutorial system, in which students regularly meet one-on-one with a graduate student or faculty member. In the course of the three eight-week terms of the academic year, undergraduates complete six sets of tutorials pertaining to one, at most two, disciplines, such as Romantic poetry, the development of the novel, or medieval history. While lectures are not compulsory and students tend to follow them sporadically, tutors assign essays to be submitted at every meeting.

"Once you have sat in a room with a tutor who knows so much more than you do, and have listened to him take apart every sentence you wrote," says Ching, "you make an effort to think things through more carefully."

The frantic pace of essay writing initially appealed to the Brown students because it seemed to pack powerful learning mileage into three short terms. In practice, they now say, the weekly essay grind often failed to encourage rigorous analysis, even if it did ensure that students ploughed through a weighty pile of reading.

"When I first arrived, I was excited about all the essays I was writing," says Dhamee. "But by April I was getting sick of writing ten-page papers every week. I like to be able to think about my essays. I had two weeks to read *Ulysses* and write two papers about it. You can't do a good job when you're going that quickly."

What students faulted most about the tutorial system, however, was the anti-intellectual social climate they felt it fostered. Their English peers rarely discussed coursework – a mainstay of con-

versation at Brown. "The only time I see Oxford students talk about their schoolwork," says Zielina, "is when one student wants to borrow an essay another wrote on the same topic."

"Even during finals, people tend to revise in private," says Dhamee. "That's unfortunate, because I think you can learn as much from other students as you can from lecturers." Ching agrees: "Studying at Oxford is a hermetic existence, and academically that can be as frustrating as it is rewarding."

With each Oxford student following a unique academic trajectory, there is little common ground or impetus for discussion. "So many afternoons at Brown," says Zielina, "we leave class and keep talking for a couple of hours about something that came up. That can't happen at Oxford."

Ching also felt that the "intense, isolated" nature of the academic routine inclines Oxford students to devote their off-hours to "no-brainer" activities. "They hang around the bar a lot, play snooker, and keep the conversation light," she reports. She adds that the social atmosphere was aggravated by a certain amount of sexism; at Oxford, men outnumber women four to one.

"I couldn't interact with my British male friends on any level but 'You're an attractive girl,'" Ching says. "When I came into the bar, the guys said, 'It's Andrea, our favorite girl!' I've gotten a lot of attention for being a woman. That can be seductive, but ultimately it's not satisfying. It's a good thing I had Yousuf there – we talked a lot about what we read and wrote."

Lester, on the other hand, found widespread political apathy to be more disheartening than sexism. "Students read the newspaper," she says, "and often they are more knowledgeable about politics than are Brown students. But they don't want to talk about what's going on, and they don't organize marches or protests, or try to bring speakers to college."

She blames the bland political climate on Oxford's decentralized college system. Each of the forty colleges has its own dining hall, library, post office and bar, and most students limit their social network to the few hundred undergraduates in their college. With such a small pool, observes Lester, it's difficult to mobilize a critical mass of students committed to a given issue.

"I get frustrated at Brown by people posturing for the sake of it," says Ching. "But at Oxford I missed the passionate arguments about issues like homelessness that I had at Brown."

Still, ask Ching if her year at Oxford was worthwhile and she'll start counting the ways. "In just two months," she says, "I read almost everything Chaucer ever wrote, plus a lot of important criticism." Tutorial discussions, she adds, "taught me to stand up for what I believe. They made me tougher."

Clean sheets, real dates, and the library from hell

"People back home said, 'You must be in academic heaven.' Well, it's academic heaven with libraries from hell. To get a book from the Bodleian [Oxford's main library] you have to fill out a request slip a day in advance and wait for the librarian to bring it to the front desk. You can't check books out of the library, and as associated students we weren't allowed into the reading rooms until five."

Anne Lester '96

"The Radcliffe Camera [a Bodleian reading room] is worth all the hassle. I'd be reading Shelley at one of the long tables at which Shelley probably once sat and read who-knows-what. My first time at the Bodleian, I was too overwhelmed to work."

Yousuf Dhamee '96



"The computer facilities at Oxford are awful, and most people hand-write their essays. It's been a valuable experience for me to think through what I want to say, and then write out a draft from start to finish, knowing that I won't be able to move text, delete, or revise."

Andrea Ching '96



"It still seems crazy to me that the college employs people called 'scouts' to clean our dorm rooms and change our sheets. My

dorm room is closer to the bar than to the showers, which are in another building. That tells you a lot about life at Mansfield College."

Tara Sarathy '96

"There is definitely a 'lad' culture here. The week our friend Tom turned twenty, he must have reminded me ten times: 'It's lads' curry night on Thursday for my birth-



day. Sorry, Andrea. Just the lads.' Relations between men and women tend to be more formal than at Brown. If a guy has a girlfriend, his

friends will ask, 'So, are you coming out with the lads tonight, or with the missus?' They won't all go out together. When my boyfriend, Giles [a fellow Mansfield student], decided he was interested in me, I was formally pursued and formally wooed. It was rather charming. At Brown, you just kind of hang out until things evolve."

Andrea Ching '96



"There are no telephones in the dorms, and the British students don't think they need them. They figure that sooner or later, you'll see everyone at the college bar."

Aymara Zielina '96

Outside of the tutorial office and the library, the many opportunities to travel, meet new people, and even to wear a ball gown contributed, for Ching and her fellow Brunonians at Mansfield, to one of their happiest years ever. Oxford's leisure culture kept them busy: They donned black academic gowns for weekly formal hall dinners; they mingled at garden parties; two of them rowed down the River Isis in the inter-collegiate "Eights Week" crew races.

To fully appreciate British culture, they had to imbibe it as well. The King's Arms, a perennially busy watering hole adjacent to the campus, may

boast the highest IQ-density of any pub in the world.

Ching says she had long dreamed of living this sort of Oxford experience. From "cheeky afternoon pints," catered evening affairs, and a landscape of historic landmarks, to tutorials and the Bodleian, her year in England represented an academic ideal. But by the time the year wrapped up, Ching and her fellow Brunonians were ready to turn in their room keys – convinced, says Ching, that "being away has made me appreciate Brown more."

Maybe, if she asks politely, the waiters at Oliver's pub on Brook Street in Providence will serve up a "cheeky pint" or two. **B**

FIFTY YEARS LATER, A DIFFERENT BATTLE

**Led by Governor
Masahide Ota,
Okinawa lobbies
Washington for a
reduction in the U.S.
military presence**

BY STEVE RABSON

As the *BAM* was going to press, newspaper headlines told of the September 4 gang-rape of a twelve-year-old elementary-school girl in Okinawa. Following the murder of a woman last March, it was the second violent crime against Okinawans this year in which U.S. military personnel were the suspects. But the recent incidents are only the latest in a series of criminal offenses by U.S. soldiers in Okinawa over the last half-century.

In reporting on the recent rape case, the U.S. and Japanese press have emphasized terms of the "Status of Forces Agreement" (SOFA), part of the U.S.-Japan Security Treaty. SOFA precludes Japanese authorities from taking custody of American military suspects until a formal indictment has been lodged. The regulations differ from those in Europe where, under the NATO "Bonn Treaty," local police can take custody of U.S. military personnel before an indictment.

While criticizing the unequal treaty, the prefectural government in Okinawa argues that even a revised SOFA wouldn't prevent violent crimes by U.S. servicemen, who have tended to overwhelm the small Pacific island by virtue of their sheer numbers – 30,000. The recent crimes have underscored and strengthened Okinawans' objections to the continued U.S. military presence.



During World War II, a 6th Division U.S. Marine looks upon the ruins of Naha, Okinawa's capital.

Professors at the University of the Ryukyus, Okinawa's most prestigious national university, conduct their research in lush, semitropical surroundings with state-of-the-art technology; they teach students selected by a rigorous entrance exam. But on certain days each week their lectures are drowned out by the roar of military aircraft flying in low-altitude war games from a nearby U.S. Marine base. Fifty years have passed since the clash of Japanese and American forces devastated Japan's southernmost prefecture in the worst battle of the Pacific War. Today, some 30,000 U.S. and 6,000 Japanese troops, now close allies, still occupy one-fifth of this island's 485 square miles. Both governments claim the bases are necessary, but Okinawans deeply resent the land shortages, disruptions, and dangers imposed by this vast presence. And at least one Washington think tank, the Center for Defense Information, disputes the need for large land-based garrison forces in Asia, given the post-Cold War emphasis on cruise missiles and aircraft carriers.

Visiting recently on a research sabbatical, I was amazed at how little the bases seemed to have changed in the twenty-seven years since my eight months in Okinawa as an Army draftee during the Vietnam War. The Pentagon has returned a few parcels of land to the prefecture, and most of the old Army bases, including the one where I was stationed in 1967-68, have been taken over by the Marines. But 75 percent of the U.S. military presence in all of Japan is still crowded onto this island, where emerald seas and rolling sugarcane fields are an incongruous backdrop for olive-drab truck convoys and screeching fighter planes. The Marines blast live-fire artillery drills over a main highway in the northern part of the island. Accidents involving military vehicles and aircraft are all too common, with 115 plane crashes recorded since 1972. During my three-month stay two Marine helicopters went down, killing and injuring crew members. The second crashed in the middle of a November afternoon, 100 yards from a pier where fishermen were working on their boats.

Ginowan City, about the size of Cranston, Rhode Island, is besieged by noisy military aircraft drilling overhead several times a week. "Can you imagine these war games over an American city?" asks Okinawan Governor Matsahide Ota, right.

The continuing U.S. military presence was the main subject of an interview I conducted last January 3 with Okinawa's Governor Masahide Ota. We met at 10 in the morning on the fourth day of the New Year holiday, when it is customary in Japan to offer guests drinks whenever they arrive. A waiter greeted me and motioned toward a cupboard stocked with whiskey, wine, sake, and Okinawa's traditional rice liquor, *awamori* (written with the characters for "flourishing bubbles" that form in the distilling process). He seemed disappointed when I hesitated, so I ordered *awamori* on the rocks with a splash of water, taking tiny, polite sips when he was still in the room. One doesn't interview a governor every day, and I needed to be alert.

The decor of Governor Ota's official residence in Naha City is gracious yet informal. On the walls of the reception room, instead of ostentatious art pieces, are paintings by Ota's wife Keiko, whose work as a flower-arrangement teacher also decorates the low tables facing couches and armchairs. Nearby trays of food offer the local fare of meat and vegetable stews, steamed fish, seasoned ocean plants, a marinated tofu of uniquely solid consistency, and various tropical fruits. Scientists largely credit Okinawa's diet for its famed longevity rate in a country with the world's longest life expectancy.

The food here, like the music, architecture, and traditional clothing, reflects cultural distinctions from other parts of Japan. These derive from Okinawa's 500-year history as the Ryukyu Kingdom that carried on a flourishing trade and cultural exchange with China, Korea, Southeast Asia, and Japan. Invaded by Japan's Satsuma Province in 1609, the kingdom came under varying degrees of Japanese political control and cultural influence. In 1879 Japan's modern government, established a decade earlier, deposed the last Ryukyu king, Sho Tai, and created Okinawa Prefecture as part of a policy to consolidate a national body politic. Six decades as a Japanese prefecture brought increasing assimilation, but few benefits for Okinawa's troubled economy.

The World War II Battle of Okinawa, commemorated in fiftieth-anniversary observances last spring, took more than 230,000 lives, mostly local civilians caught in the crossfire. The prefecture then came under an American military occupation that helped distribute aid for early postwar relief and recovery, but also forcibly seized the lands of thousands of farmers for an ever-expanding complex of bases. U.S. military rule lasted here for twenty-seven years, two decades longer than the Allied occupation of mainland Japan. Widespread protests – mostly peaceful but occasionally violent – finally achieved the end of U.S. occupation rule in 1972. Today Okinawa is again part of Japan, sharing in its material wealth but facing special problems.

Governor Ota, a retired journalism professor and



A/P WIDE WORLD PHOTO

author of several books on Okinawa's recent history, primarily blames the Japanese government for the inordinate military presence. With the nation's lowest per-capita income, Okinawa lacks political clout as the prefecture farthest – geographically, historically, and politically – from Japan's center of power in Tokyo. "We are trying to alleviate the 'dark' image of Okinawa engendered by the war, the long occupation, and the continuing military presence," Ota explains, "but we have only seven seats in the [743-member] national parliament."

Preoccupied with trade issues, the Japanese government neglects to press for bilateral agreements, such as those in Europe, under which local Okinawan authorities may suspend U.S. military exercises if they become disruptive. Furthermore, proposals for relocating the bases to share the burden nationwide face trenchant NIMBY ("not in my backyard") opposition from wealthier prefectures with more political influence.

In his recent missions to Tokyo and Washington, Governor Ota has sought the return of farmers' lands still under forcible seizure for military use after forty-five years. He also has conveyed more general concerns over nuisances and threats to public safety. While he aims his sharpest criticism at the government of Japan, Ota believes that U.S. bases maintain their gargantuan presence on this island because Washington lacks a clear understanding of the trouble they cause and has not reviewed its rationale for keeping them. "Can you imagine these war games over an American city?" he asked. I pictured Cranston, Rhode Island, about the size of Okinawa's Ginowan City which is besieged by noisy aircraft several times a week. It seemed unlikely that it would take Rhode Island's political and business leaders more than

Kaneda Air Force Base on Okinawa in 1977 (right). Some land parcels returned by the military to Okinawa have been left undeveloped; others have been transformed into vital retail areas.

a few hours to obtain relief that Okinawans have been seeking for more than four decades.

Though declining to speak on the record, a senior State Department official in Japan offered four reasons for maintaining the bases at current levels in Okinawa: (1) land-based forces in East Asia, an area of potential conflict, are necessary; (2) the government of Japan now pays the rental fees for land and the salaries of Japanese employees on U.S. bases; (3) even when land is returned, the prefecture has failed to make good use of it; and (4) people whose land is now inside a base, even if it was forcibly seized from them four decades ago, receive substantial rental payments.

When I asked him about the State Department's third reason, Governor Ota explained, "We can develop larger contiguous tracts easily, but it is more difficult when the land is smaller and isolated." He pointed out that the sites returned so far have been mostly parking lots or dependent housing quarters sliced off the corners of existing bases. When more substantial acreage is restored, the results are impressive. Two examples I saw were the former U.S. Army communications base at Gushikawa, now the site of an expanded and thriving downtown; and the former Army airfield at Chatan, now a flour-

ishing shopping center of stores and restaurants.

"I remember the successful movement for civil rights in the United States, which gives me confidence in Americans' sense of fairness," Governor Ota told me, recalling the years (1963 and 1964) he spent as a graduate student at Syracuse University. While he is disappointed with the lack of progress on his recent missions to Washington, he remains hopeful that the military presence in Okinawa can be reduced through negotiation and without the kind of upheavals that have compelled U.S. forces to withdraw from bases in other parts of the world.

Brown Professor of Political Science Ying-Mao Kau, a specialist in East Asian security, proposes to relieve Okinawa's burden by dispersing U.S. forces elsewhere in Asia. "Obviously Japan should develop a policy of redistributing these bases on the mainland," he says. Kau points out that the governments of Singapore, Indonesia, and Malaysia, which want a continuing American military presence in the area, have indicated a willingness to provide facilities. "Taiwan might welcome the return of the American military," he notes. "Of course China would object, although the mainland says it wants to keep some U.S. military presence in Asia." As for what Okinawans can do now, Kau can only suggest "continued efforts to influence U.S. and Japanese policy." ■

Steve Rabson teaches Japanese language and literature in the Department of East Asian Studies. In 1980 he published Okinawa: Two Postwar Novellas (Institute of East Asian Studies, University of California, Berkeley), a book of translations and essays on Okinawa during the prolonged U.S. military occupation.

A. P. WIDE WORLD PHOTO



A U.S. fighter plane stands on the tarmac at Kaneda Air Force Base.



A. P. WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Kid Stuff

By PAMELA PETRO '82

The illustrations of Ted Dewan '83 give children what they like — bright watercolors and a bit of blood

Ted Dewan approaches his work with the mind of an engineer and the impish imagination of a kindergartner. He looks like Richard Dreyfus in a good mood, and his voice rises and falls with just a hint of a British cadence, bespeaking the fact that he's lived in London for the past seven years.

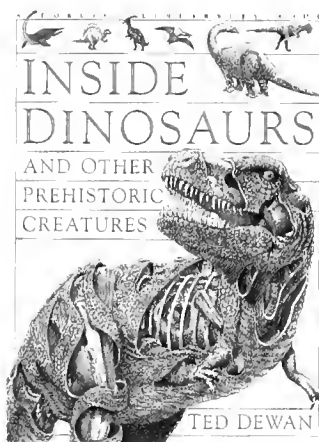
"London is Hollywood for children's book illustration," Dewan explains. In 1992 he and writer Steve Parker teamed to create *Inside the Whale and Other Animals* for the British publishing firm Dorling Kindersley. The result is a playful anatomy lesson for the preteen set, with detailed cross-sections — "excruciatingly detailed," says the illustrator, who had to research each species — of beasts from a starfish to a rattlesnake to a triceratops.

"I thought of the animals as architecture," says Dewan, "and my mechanical legacy kicked in." So did the influence of his mentor, the well-known Providence book illustrator David Macaulay, with whom he took a course at Brown. *Inside the Whale* does for living creatures much what Macaulay's *The Way Things Work* did for machines: it brings their insides to light. Dewan illustrated the series in watercolor, ink, and a little bit of blood. "One day the cats left pieces of mouse on a drawing — the one of the crocodile, I think — and I had to work the leftover blood into the design. Nothing like having guts on pictures of guts," says Dewan.

Inside the Whale won Dewan the 1992 Mother Goose Award for "Most Exciting Newcomer to British Children's Book Illustration." *Inside Dinosaurs and Other Prehistoric Creatures* followed in 1993.

Illustrating books about animals and dinosaurs was a logical marriage of Dewan's interests in science and art. Even while he studied engineering at Brown, he took a course with visiting professor McCauley that he now terms "life-changing. I still can't believe I was able to study with my hero." Dewan began cartooning for the *Brown Daily Herald* his senior year, subbing for regular *Herald* cartoonist Sean Kelley '82, who was studying (ironically) in London that year.

After receiving his A.B. in engineering, Dewan taught physics for five years at Milton Academy in Massachusetts. A romance with an Englishwoman lured him to London, and though the relationship didn't last, his love affair with the city endured. While substitute-teaching to support himself, Dewan began doing freelance illustration for the *Times Educational Supplement*, whose editor, he says, "happened to like Americans."



Neil Ardley, co-author with David Macaulay of *The Way Things Work*, introduced Dewan to Dorling Kindersley Publishers, and Macaulay put in a good word. Without those references, Dewan says wryly, "I can't understand why they let me do a book. The original drawings I did for Dorling Kindersley were dreadful beyond belief."

They were not dreadful enough to prevent Dewan from launching a successful and varied career. Enconced in his North London studio — an eclectic lair with green walls, a red, white, and green painted ceiling, old wooden furniture, and the air of a bohemian antiques shop — he produces illustrations for such British periodicals as the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, *The Guardian*, and *The Observer*. And he keeps cranking out the books. *The Axemaker's Gift*, published in Britain this past August, is Dewan's latest collaboration with San Francisco psychologist and writer Robert Ornstein. It's a history

of humankind's technological elite, beginning with the clever few who invented the axe and continuing through today's computer wizards. For Ornstein's *The Evolution of Consciousness* (Prentice-Hall, 1991), Dewan drew goofy, dunce-cap-shaped critters to represent different aspects of the human mind. (The dunce cap, he explains, implies that without a guiding consciousness the mind's component parts are downright dimwitted).

A Dewan favorite is *Three Billy Goats Gruff: Or, 3 Strikes Yer Out* (1994, Scholastic Press), his own retelling of the classic tale of a young goat's encounter with a nasty troll — through the unlikely medium of baseball. "I started out by putting the goats in baseball caps," says Dewan, "and my wife [British children's author and illustrator Helen Cooper] and my editor said, 'Go with it.' So I did."

Top Secret, Dewan's new book with Scholastic, due out in the U.K. next spring, is another marriage of unlikelyhoods in which he hopes to "bring scientific literacy to the cozy picture book with a good story, without turning the characters into Power Rangers." Of the book's fantastic machinery, Dewan says, "That's the engineer in me. I tested all my machine designs on the computer." Although he won't give away the plot, Dewan describes it as "*Mission Impossible* meets *The Borrowers*," or "*Sci-Fi* for Under-Fives."

Dewan is more forthcoming about his intention to remain in London. "Bringing engineering and art together is easier to do in Britain than in America," he says. "There's a time-honored tradition here of high-level amateurism which encourages combining and blending rather than breaking down and specializing." An interdisciplinary approach, in other words. "Actually, kind of like Brown," Dewan adds, upon reflection. "I've found the same tolerant and encouraging atmosphere I knew at Brown here in the world of British children's book publishing." **B**

Pamela Petro, a Providence-based freelance writer, is traveling the world to research a book on Welsh expatriates.



Dennis in his London studio, bringing dinosaur guts to light



*The most talked-about print launch of 1995 was this fall's debut of the glossy political-celebrity magazine, George, developed and edited by John F. Kennedy '83. Nearly fifteen years ago, in the spring of 1981 Kennedy (at right) was also in the spotlight – this time on the boards of Faunce House Theatre, where he played Antonio in a student production of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Classmate Andrew Weems (left) played Prospero.*

The Classes

By James Reinbold

26

Gus Anthony writes, "If my health does not go downhill in the next six months, I'm planning on walking down the Hill for my 69th time on reunion weekend, May 24-27. I'm desperately in need of a classmate to help me carry our banner. Oh, yes, I ride up the Hill in the chartered bus the University supplies for us oldsters. Please call me at (401) 751-0877 with any questions or for more information about our 70th reunion."

31

The 65th reunion of the class will be held May 24-27. If you have questions or suggestions, please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947. Remember to save the dates.

32

Members of the Pembroke Class of 1932 extend sympathy to **Marjorie Holt Dennis** upon the death of her husband, Lloyd, in March in Boynton Beach, Fla.; to Joan Allan of Rochester, Minn., upon the death of her mother, **Edith Oldham Milligan**, on July 3; and to the family of **Helen Baldwin Lang**, who died July 31.

36

Your reunion committee has been busy making plans for your 60th reunion to be held May 24-27. If you have questions or suggestions, please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947. Remember to save the dates.

37

Seymore Winograd of Miami Beach and New York writes that last spring he went to see the Brown baseball team play Florida International University in Miami with his nephew, **Alan Stanzler '64**. "My great-nephew, **James Stanzler '94**, pitched, and his brother, **Dan '96**, played left field. I must have been a good luck omen, as Brown won the game." Seymore was planning a trip to Charleston, S.C., this past spring to see Allan and Dan, but his wife's illness forced him to cancel his plans. "Golden age is slightly tarnished. I have bad knees and shoulders due to arthritis, and had a bout with prostate cancer, which is in remission. I still swim an hour a day, weather permitting. I have fond memories of

Brown classmates who are still alive and those who have gone to the Great Beyond. I'm looking forward to our 60th reunion."

38

A gift in memory of **Roberta Curley Sautter** was given to the Department of Theatre, Speech and Dance by her sister, Henrietta Curley Carroll of Biddeford Pool, Maine.

39

Charles W. Gustavesen Jr. (see **Magee Lambert '81**).

40

The Sarasota-Manatee Brown Club meets monthly, November through April. For information, please call President **Sam Gourse**, (941) 966-5393, Vice President **Mildred Robinson Field '41**, (941) 388-3540; or Second Vice President **Blanche Lunden Jones '42**, (941) 349-4734.

41

By now you should have received the September letter urging you to plan to attend the great 55th reunion, May 24-27. Fear not, details on events and registration instructions will be coming your way in February or March. Your reunion committee has been diligently making the arrangements for special events suggested by those who responded to the spring newsletter survey. New instructional and athletic facilities have kept pace with the growing excellence of all that is Brown, and many will be on display during Commencement weekend. Also of interest will be the Commencement forums, with description and schedule to be included in one of our future mailings.

Please feel free to call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947 with questions or concerns. Or contact **Lucky Fogliano Gallagher** at (401) 723-8930 or **Bob Rapelye** at (401) 421-0019.

If you have any news for The Classes section of the *Alumni Monthly* mail it to Box 1854, Providence 02912; or to your class secretary: **Sophie Schaffer Blistein**, 99 Alumni Ave., Providence 02906; or **Earl Harrington** 24 Glen Ave., Cranston, R.I. 02905.

What's new?

Please send the latest about your job, family, travels, or other news to The Classes, *Brown Alumni Monthly*, Box 1854, Providence, R.I. 02912; fax (401) 863-9595; e-mail BAM@brownvm.brown.edu. Or you may send a note via your class secretary. Deadline for the March classnotes: December 15.

43

Marie Aierstock Brubaker's husband, John, died on July 7. Her address is 1111 Wheatland Ave., Lancaster, Pa. 17603.

44

Lillian Carneglia Affleck writes that she and Jack felt ten feet tall when their youngest daughter, Marybeth, received her M.S.W. and her M.B.A. from Boston College. Lillian and Jack's most recent trip was to Greece and the Greek islands, with a brief visit to Israel and Egypt. Lillian and Jack live in Barrington, R.I.

Dorothy Bornstein Berstein, Pawtucket, R.I., writes that now that Iz is retired they plan to travel. They visit children and grandchildren in Washington, D.C.; Waban, Mass.; and Mays Landing, N.J.

Betty Heiden Froelich, Clinton Corners, N.Y., recently visited her daughter, Lucy Rochambeau, and her husband, who live on a mule farm near Eugene, Oreg. Betty's eldest daughter, Jo Grossman, has opened the Mystery Cafe, a coffee shop and mystery book store in Sheffield, Mass. Betty continues to serve on the board of Community Access in Manhattan. The agency provides housing and support services to individuals with psychiatric disabilities.

Marjorie Greene Hazeltine and her husband, Jim, are enjoying townhouse living in Millersville, Pa. "Plenty of ground for gardens, shrubs, and trees, but no mowing of lawn or shoveling of snow." Marjorie continues teaching piano at Pennsylvania Academy of Music and plays golf and tennis. She and Jim recently took their fourth Elderhostel vacation, this one to Tybee Island.

Ruth Cunningham Lyons, Ludlow, Vt., got together with **Mim Norbery Schofield** last winter in Florida.

Lois Dwight McDaniel, Virginia Beach, writes that she and Bill are happy to be back in Virginia after being away for six years. Three of their daughters live in the area and keep them busy.

Phyllis Bidwell Oliver, Bloomfield, Conn., writes, "This is my year to be a new woman." She had a successful left knee replacement in March, and in June had a right hip replacement. "I hope it's goodbye to pain, cane, and walker."

Phyllis Cranshaw Paskauskas spent a month-and-a-half visiting her son, Michael, his

THE BROWN FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION

PRESENTS

THE "BROWN 59 - COLUMBIA 27" FOOTBALL

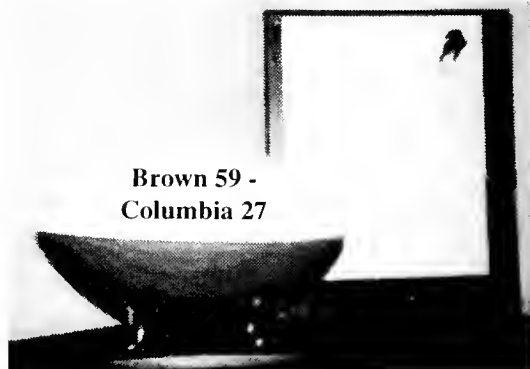
November 18, 1994

*complete with stand, letter and description of
Brown's scintillating win against Columbia,
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For more information, call Dave Zucconi '55 at 401/863-1900

BROWN FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION – JULY 1, 1995 - JUNE 30, 1996

Name _____ Class _____
Address _____ Parent of _____
Friend _____
Phone (day) _____
(eve.) _____

I have enclosed \$50 for my '95-'96 BFA Annual Membership (\$35 for Classes '90-'95)

I have also enclosed \$_____ as '94-'95 gift \$_____ for Annual, and \$_____ for Endowment

Annual: To be used this year for recruiting, fly-ins, equipment, etc.

Endowment: To be invested for longer term support of Brown Football.

I hereby pledge

'95-'96	'96-'97	'97-'98	'98-'99
Endowment \$ _____	Endowment \$ _____	Endowment \$ _____	Endowment \$ _____
Annual: \$ _____	Annual: \$ _____	Annual: \$ _____	Annual: \$ _____

To Start (month) _____ (year) _____

Signature _____

wife, Tricia, and their three children in Wales last winter. Phyllis is a member of the local Volunteer Conservation Corps, the Mashpee National Wildlife Refuge, and World Federalists. She lives in Mashpee, Mass.

Natalie Gourse Prokesch, New London, Conn., continues to do volunteer work. She has seven grandchildren.

45

Stanley L. Ehrlich, Middletown, R.I., was named president-elect of the Acoustical Society of America (ASA) in June. Stan, who served as ASA vice president in 1993-94, has an acoustical consulting firm in Newport, R.I. From 1953 to 1991 he worked for Raytheon Co. in the submarine signal division. Before that he was a physicist for the U.S. Navy Underwater Sound Laboratory in New London, Conn. His research in engineering and underwater acoustics has included work on magnetostriction, piezoelectricity, sonar systems, and transduction.

46

Save the dates, May 24-27, and watch for news of our milestone 50th reunion. We are planning a terrific weekend, including an array of festive events and plenty of time to become reacquainted with old and new friends. We look forward to seeing you in May. — *Dick and Nan Bouchard Tracy*, reunion activities chairs

48

Charles Doeblér's wife, Marilyn, died Aug. 17. Charlie was director of admission at Brown from 1957 to 1969. He lives in Providence and Little Compton, R.I.

51

Save the dates, May 24-27, and watch for news of our 45th reunion.

52

Dave Bisset (see **Davies Bisset '85**).

53

The wife of **W. Duncan MacMillan**, Sarah Stevens MacMillan, died May 27 following a three-and-a-half-year battle with cancer. Sally, as she was known to friends, was a philanthropist active in numerous charitable and civic causes in Nashua, N.H., where she was born, and in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. She leaves four daughters, four grandchildren, and a brother. Duncan is a director of Cargill Inc., Minneapolis, and a trustee emeritus of Brown. He lives in Wayzata, Minn.

54

Bruce and Marcia Pickering Hunt '55 are still teaching in Damascus, Syria. "We continue to wonder and learn from this oldest of lands."

Richard Holbrooke '62

A 'bully' for peace

When last we checked in with **Richard Holbrooke**, in 1993, he had been appointed ambassador to Germany. That posting turned out to be a brief one.

This year Holbrooke became the State Department's assistant secretary for European affairs, and he's now making more headlines than ever as President Clinton's diplomatic envoy charged with brokering a peace settlement in the former Yugoslavia. It's not exactly a low-stress job, given the Byzantine maze of nationalist interests that have torn apart Bosnia-Herzegovina since the dissolution of the Soviet Union, and the relentless ethnic violence that routinely sabotages cease-fires and peace talks.

But some pundits think the State Department veteran is the right man for the job, for a variety of reasons. "The upper echelons of the Clinton administration are noticeably lacking in first-hand experience of Bosnia," noted Britain's *The Economist* in mid-September. "Mr. Holbrooke is an exception. As a private citizen working for an aid agency . . . he made two trips there in 1992. He knows what it is like to be held up at a checkpoint by a drunken Serb soldier, or to see the horrors of ethnic cleansing, as he did at Banja Luka. More recently, his own son was among those working to help refugees from Zepa and Srebrenica. Now that America is taking the lead in Bosnia . . . Mr. Holbrooke is in his element."

Then there's the style thing. Pointing out that Holbrooke has never won popularity contests with coworkers, *The Economist* drily counts this as an asset:

55

Stuart P. Erwin Jr., Park City, Utah, is featured in Grant Tinker's book, *Tinker in Television* (Simon & Schuster), which relates his experiences with the shows at MTM. Stu has been elected to the board of KUED, the PBS television station in Salt Lake City.

Artemis A.W. Joukowsky, vice chancellor of Brown, received the 1995 Outstanding Citizen Award from the International Institute of Rhode Island in September. Each year the Institute honors a foreign-born Rhode Islander who has become a U.S. citizen and



"Faced with a bunch of ruthless Balkan bullies, the peace broker may have to be something of a bully himself." The magazine even suggests that Holbrooke's experience as a Lehmann Brothers investment banker has lent him "a taste for deal-making." Somewhat more tactfully, a New York *Newsday* article on September 19 describes Holbrooke as "driven, energetic, brilliant, unorthodox, and ambitious." Certainly he knows how to make points. As ambassador to Bonn in 1993, *Newsday* says, Holbrooke "displayed a picture of his grandfather, a German World War I hero. He would tell visitors that his grandfather was also a Jew, forced to flee the Nazis with his family in 1933."

By the time the *BAM* goes to press, Assistant Secretary Holbrooke may have succeeded in tying down a semblance, at least, of peace in the Balkans. In the meantime, he is sure to continue making headlines both for his personal life (witness a *People* magazine spread on his recent marriage to Peter Jennings's ex-wife, the writer Kati Marton) and for perhaps the most critical diplomatic assignment he's tackled to date.

who has made significant contributions to the community. A strong supporter of educational programs for immigrants and refugees, Art cochaired the Institute's recent "Share the Dream" capital campaign, which raised \$2.5 million for the Institute's new building and for an endowment fund. He serves on the Institute's board of advisors.

56

Save the dates, May 24-27, and watch for news of our 40th reunion.

Edwin M. Forman and **Rosalind Ekman**

Buzzwords



Exhaustive research, recently undertaken, suggested to the Directors of The Macallan that smooth and 'mature' might well be buzzwords to be aptly used in any future advertising for our succulent malt whisky.

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Ladd are coauthors of *Ethical Dilemmas in Pediatrics: A Case Study Approach* (University Press of America). The book was originally published in 1991 by Springer-Verlag. Edwin is professor of pediatrics and director of pediatric hematology/oncology at Rhode Island Hospital in Providence, and Rosalind is a lecturer in pediatrics at Brown.

John J. Hines writes that he, Breckinridge Chapin '55, Ralph Palcho '55, Caleb Boggs, and Richard Sackett, all investors, directors, and officers in a functional engineering company, participated in a corporate retreat at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., on Aug. 9 to discuss increased worldwide demand for the company's services and raising venture capital for expansion. When time permitted, they visited Saratoga's famous springs and cultural events. Not participating were David Gray '56, William D. Pringle, Rueben Patey, and Barry Blank, who were on an out-of-country mission to determine the feasibility of exploiting Antarctica's primary natural resource for climate control modification programs utilizing functional engineering systems and techniques.

Albert Perrino has retired as vice president of ICI Americas in Wilmington, Del. According to his wife, Betty, Al "is pursuing a full-time leisure career of horseback riding, downhill skiing, trout fishing, fly fishing, fly tying, etc. etc. etc.!"

58

Kate Kissane Whistler and her husband, Len '55, write that their first grandchild, Andrew James Cannard, was born on Oct. 29, 1994, in Honolulu to their daughter, Anne, and her husband, Kevin. Kate and Len live in Potomac, Md.

61

Jane Arcaro Scola and Peter Hurley have been busy planning a great 35th for us, including a Saturday evening dinner dance and a Sunday clambake. Watch for registration information in early spring. Mark your calendars and plan to attend, May 24-27.

Dave Babson, Ossipee, N.H., writes that his sons have launched car racing careers. Babson Brothers Racing is sponsored by Cooper Inc. and Cat earth-moving equipment. Dave's political career has been an education more than anything, he says. "New Hampshire has no sales or income tax and most citizens want it to remain that way. However, with all the pressure from health and human service and education advocates, it is a very difficult task. I can tell you one thing: it ain't like they taught us in Civics 101."

Jonathan and Nancy Sherer Kapstein continue to enjoy living in Brussels, Belgium. After twenty-three years overseas for *Business Week*, Jon resigned three years ago. He spent a year freelancing and then joined ARCO Chemical Company as director of government relations in Europe. Nancy is a freelance writer and editor and owns her own company, Interactive Editing Inc. In a separate venture, Nancy's three photo series, "Windows on Belgium," sell well as note cards.

Joyce Reed was appointed an associate dean of the college at Brown last summer.

After twenty-five years away from Brown — five at the University of Washington and twenty in Hawaii — she returned to Brown in 1990 as associate dean of special studies, creating programming for the Brown Learning Community. Joyce is the grandmother of Gabriel Reed Kartiganer Wagner, born in September 1993 to her oldest daughter, Elizabeth Kartiganer, who is teaching in Tennessee, where she and her husband own eighty acres in the Great Smokies. Joyce's son, Ben Taylor '94, works for Cambridge Technology Partners; Maria Taylor is a senior, and will spend her last semester studying in Brazil; Rebecca Taylor is a sophomore at RISD, majoring in industrial design; and Michael Reed is a senior at Moses Brown School in Providence.

William Worthington walked with Steve Pizer '62 and his wife, Marilyn Closson Pizer '63, on Commencement day. "Sorry the rain kept the rest of you away. But the three of us didn't let the weather dampen our enthusiasm as the only marchers of our respective classes. See you next year."

63

John Noltan and his wife, Pattie O'Brien Noltan '64, celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary in August 1994 at the Crillon Hotel in Paris. They returned to their tour in Paris with the U.S. Embassy and OECD, respectively, in the fall of 1994. John has since retired, and he and Pattie purchased a condo on Connecticut Ave. in Washington, D.C., and a home in Bayridge, just outside Annapolis, Md. Pattie is principal of St. Ignatius, a small, parochial elementary school in Prince George's County, Md. They have three grown children: Victoria, Pam, and Leslie; and three grandsons: Joshua, 5; John Spencer, 2; and Caleb, 1½.

65

Marianne Miller Parrs has been named senior vice president and chief financial officer of International Paper Company, Purchase, N.Y. She has been with the company since 1974, most recently as a staff vice president responsible for the company's world-wide tax planning and compliance.

66

Save the dates, May 24-27, and watch for news of our 30th reunion.

Nicholas J. Esposito, a member of the SUNY-Cortland psychology department faculty since 1969 and department chair from 1980 to 1984, retired in August and was named professor emeritus. His areas of expertise are statistics and research design, and he is the author of *Italian Family Structures* (1989). Recently he delivered professional papers to the Society of Plastics Engineers. He serves as a reviewer for the *American Historical Review* and is a statistical consultant to several major corporations. Nicholas lives in Cortland, N.Y., with his

wife, Linda; they have two daughters.

Carol Horvat Kominski has been named director of institutional planning and analysis at Austin Peay State University in Clarksville, Tenn. She has been director of planning and associate for academic affairs and research for the Iowa Board of Regents since 1992.

Gilcin F. Meadors III writes that after leaving the U.S. Army in 1993 following a heart attack, he took an in-depth look at his life and decided to become a novelist. He has completed two novels and two collections of short stories and is trying to market *The Net*, a novel of military and civilian medicine from the 1940s to the present. "It is woven around the untold story of the Army's importation and dissemination of the AIDS virus," he says. "It is not a conspiracy novel, but a literary novel of noble science gone wrong because of human failings. I love what I am doing and hope to get paid for it one of these days."

Lawrence A. Quinn and Pamela F. Quinn (Denver '71, RISD '77) announce the birth of Lawrence C.B. "Campbell" Quinn on Aug. 11. He joins sisters Lindsay, Brenna, and Alanna. Chip and Pam live in Portsmouth, R.I., with Lindsay and Campbell, and regularly watch their niece, **Jada J. Quinn** '96, and the women's soccer team "trash their Ivy opponents."

67

Carol M. Lemlein, Santa Monica, Calif., writes that her daughter, **Sandra Hutchings** '90, completed her master's of architecture degree at Cal Poly, Pomona, last December. Daughter Karen (Northwestern '86) was married to Martin Olivero in June.

68

Susan L. Blake has been promoted to full professor of English at Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., where she has taught since 1974. Her interests are in American, African-American, and Post-Colonial literature, and she is the author of *Letters from Togo*, a chronicle of a year she spent as a Fulbright lecturer at the University of Benin in Lome, Togo. Susan is working on a book-length study of English and American women's representations of themselves in relation to Africa as expressed in travel narratives, fiction, and memoirs from 1900 to the 1980s. She is advisory editor to the *African American Review*.

71

Plans are nearly complete for our biggest and best reunion yet. The 25th is sure to be memorable. Please plan to attend. Registration information should reach you by early spring. Don't miss your chance to be part of this milestone gathering, May 24-27. — *Deborah Dougherty, Bob Flanders, Martha Clark Goss, cochairs*

Linda Schwartz spent three days last summer in the San Francisco Bay area visiting **Carolyn Smith** and **Gary Babcock** '72. Linda lives on a ranch in Spain and was on her twice-a-year visit to the U.S. The three met at Diman House in 1969, the first year it was an

"experimental" coed dorm. They did a lot of reminiscing and encourage old Diman buddies to attend the class of '71's 25th reunion in May.

72

Joanne K. Hilferty was named president and chief executive officer of Morgan Memorial Goodwill Industries Inc., Boston, in August. Most recently she was president of Medical Intelligence Inc./GMIS, a medical software company. She also worked in the public sector, including as deputy commissioner of the New York State Office of Mental Health. She serves on the board of directors of the Massachusetts Chapter of the March of Dimes Foundation, and on the board of trustees for the Oley Foundation. Joanne lives in Cambridge, Mass.

Toshi Shibano started an architectural design and construction business in New York City after graduating and later moved to San Francisco, where he was a featured designer at the 1981 San Francisco Decorator Showcase. He then received an M.B.A. from the Haas School of Business at UC-Berkeley in 1985 and a Ph.D. from Stanford's Graduate School of Business in 1988. He served as an assistant professor at the Haas School from 1988 to 1995 and is currently an assistant professor at the University of Chicago Graduate School of Business. For the last six years Toshi has been the leader and keyboard player in a fusion jazz band. He and his wife, Kris, were expecting their first baby in August. Toshi, who was known as Tom at Brown, can be reached at 360 E. Randolph St., Apt. 3003, Chicago, 60601; (312) 240-1207 (home), or (312) 702-3935 (work).

Wendy J. Strothman was appointed vice president and publisher of adult trade and reference business for Houghton Mifflin

Company, Boston, in September. She has been director of Beacon Press, Boston, for thirteen years. Wendy was chosen 1993 Person of the Year by *Literary Market Place* and is credited with tripling Beacon's annual sales revenue. She is a Brown trustee. Wendy lives in Lexington, Mass., with her husband **Mark Metzger** '73, and two children.

73

Philip Barr has been appointed chief financial officer of Bacou USA Inc., parent company of Uvex Safety Inc., Smithfield, R.I. He will also serve as vice president and corporate counsel for the safety equipment holding company and its operating subsidiaries. He joined the company from the Providence law firm of Edwards & Angell, where he had been the partner in charge of the Uvex account. Philip lives with his wife and three children in Lincoln, R.I.

Arthur W. Ray was appointed deputy secretary of the Maryland Department of the Environment in June. Most recently he was manager, permits and licensing, of the Potomac Electric Power Company's environmental group; and from 1990 to 1994 he served as senior environmental attorney for the Baltimore Gas and Electric Company. While working in the Office of Enforcement of the E.P.A. from 1979 to 1990, he was responsible for the prosecution of major hazardous waste enforcement cases such as the Times Beach, Missouri, litigation and settlement, and the Love Canal litigation.

76

Save the dates, May 24-27, and watch for news of our 20th reunion.

Robert G. Berger, Silver Spring, Md., con-

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Questions? Call 401 863-3307. To apply, forward a resume and cover letter stating salary requirements by December 5 to: *Assistant Director Search*, Alumni Relations, Box 1859, Brown University, Providence, RI 02912 — or via fax to 401 863-7070.

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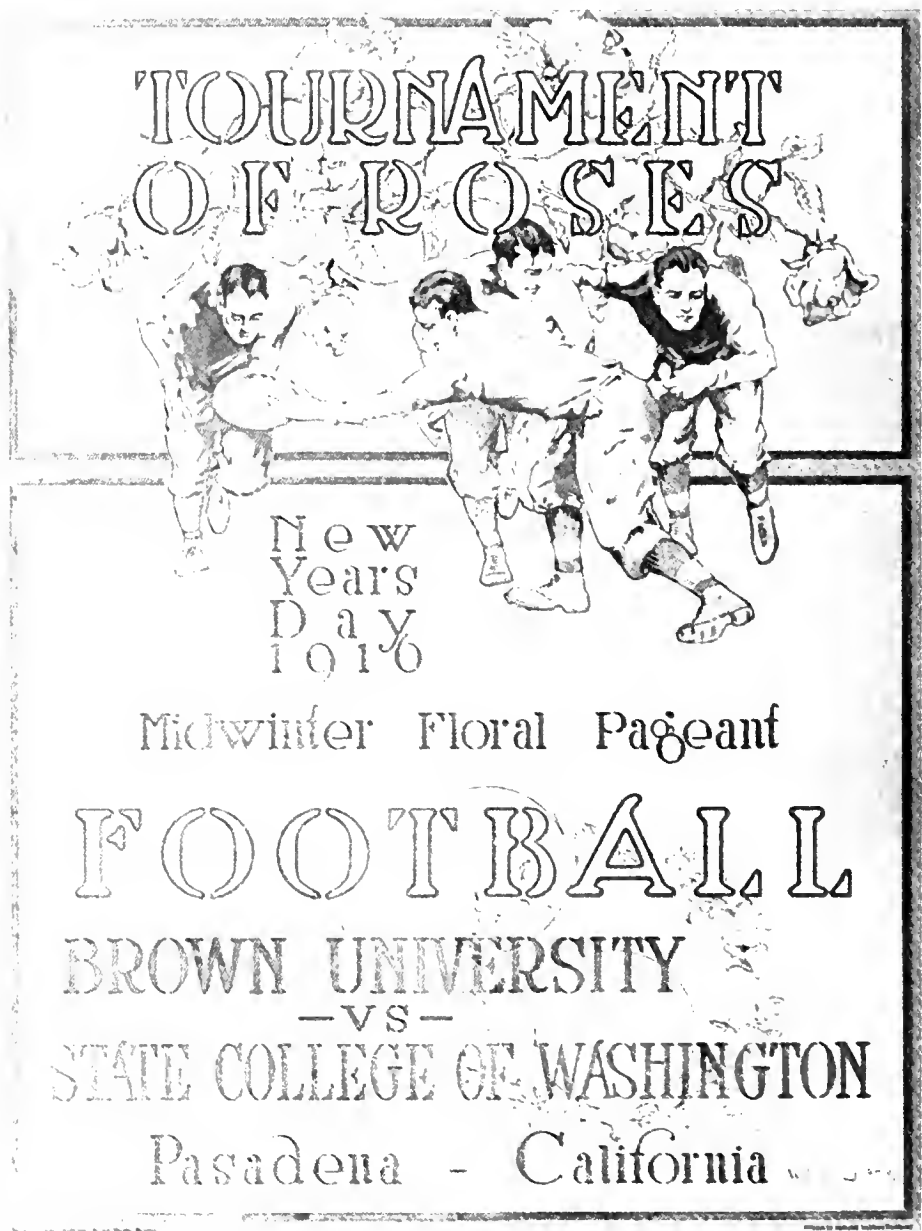
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tinues in law practice as a senior attorney with the telecommunications practice group of Swidler & Berlin in Washington, D.C. In July he was elected to a one-year term as chairman of the Washington Suburban Sanitary Commission. He is also serving for a year as chairman of the board of trustees of the commission's employees pension fund. Robert published a short story in the Spring 1995 issue of *Double Dealer Redux*, a literary review published by the Pirate's Alley Faulkner Society of New Orleans, and another story has been accepted by *Confrontation*, Long Island University's literary journal. Robert's wife, **Barbara A. Sweeney** '78, works at the American Association of Retired Persons and was promoted last November to manager, annuities and credit card services. Their son, Graham Sweeney Berger, 4, is "an absolutely wonderful energetic happy child."

Robert J. Burke was laid off from Redwing Carriers Inc. in July due to a corporate merger and is interviewing for controller positions in the Tampa, Fla., area. In the meantime he is fixing up his house for sale, and looking for a bigger house in Temple Terrace, Fla. He bought a baby grand piano and is "thrilled every time I play a song."

Jonathan C. Mills, New Brunswick, N.J., writes, "Approaching 40 and obligation-free, I left the helm of the Friendship Ambassadors Foundation and spent the last year-and-a-half goofing off. Forty-one states and a dozen foreign countries later I am nearing my holiday's end. I have exploited shamelessly the kindness of dozens of Brown alumni and thank them all for their hospitality."

Ann Van Dyke '79 M.D. and Frederick J. Bashour (Williams '69, Yale '75 Ph.D.) announce the birth of Gabrielle Nazira Bashour on June 23.

77

Rick Carell completed the 1995 San Francisco Marathon in 4:47. "I am on the once-a-decade program, and am recruiting other classmates to run in 2005."

James C. Rubinger has joined the Washington, D.C., law firm of Wiley, Rein & Fielding as a partner, specializing in franchise, antitrust, and trademark litigation. Previously he was a partner at Brownstein Zeidman & Lore, also in Washington. While a student at the George Washington University National Law Center, he was editor-in-chief of *The George*

Washington Law Review and a member of the Order of the Coif.

George R. Sarkis, Akron, Ohio, is chairman of Children's Hospital Medical Center of Akron's 1995-96 annual fund campaign. Last year he was one of four volunteers who cochaired the campaign. George is a trustee of the Akron Children's Hospital Foundation and is active in a number of other community activities. He is a partner at the law firm of Roetzel & Andress.

78

Joquin Brant is managing editor of *Oracle Integrator* magazine. He continues to volunteer on the occasional weekend as a teacher for Model Mugging and the KidPower child-abuse prevention program, helping the program in California, Canada, and Europe. He can be reached at jbrant@us.oracle.com by old classmates and by talented internship candidates with an interest in both journalism and business.

Andrew L. Fielding has moved from Philadelphia to Charlottesville, Va., where he is hosting an afternoon radio talk show. He was previously the host of talk shows on

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radio stations in Philadelphia and in nearby Bucks County, Pa. While living in Philadelphia, Andrew also spent several years working as a stand-up comedian. He can be reached at P.O. Box 1762, Charlottesville 22902.

Gerald S. Frankel has joined the department of materials science and engineering at the Ohio State University as associate professor and director of the Fontana Corrosion Center. He previously spent nine years as a research staff member at the IBM T.J. Watson Research Center in Yorktown Heights, N.Y. Jerry lives at 2392 Brentwood Rd., Bexley, Ohio 43209 with his wife, June, and daughters Dana, 9, and Sasha, 7. Send e-mail to frankel.10@osu.edu.

Andra Barmash Greene is coeditor of *The Woman Advocate: Excelling in the '90s*. She and her family recently moved to a new house, with more space for the kids. The address is 6 Sevenoaks, Irvine, Calif. 92715.

Peter McSherry and Eileen McSherry

(U.C.-Berkeley '74) are pleased to announce the arrival of Benjamin William and Gabriel James on June 12. The family lives in Melrose, Mass., where Peter works as a consultant to the graphic arts industry and Eileen works at Polaroid. Peter can be reached via e-mail at mcdesign@shore.net.

80

Rick Fellman says "Hey" to his friends from Brown, including Brown Band alumni and "generic" friends. He lives on Cape Cod with his wife, Faith, and two children: Caleb, 10, and Abby, 5. "I try to play golf and I play trombone in a swing band. In my spare time I am a psychiatrist directing inpatient services for Cape Cod and Islands CMHC." Rick can be reached at 29 Tara Ln., North Falmouth, Mass. 02556; (508) 564-9963. "We're happy to have visitors."

Graham Sullivan finished two "wonderful" years at the Stanford Graduate School of Business. He, his wife Sharon, and their two sons, Conor, 5, and Trajan, 3, are settled in Baltimore, where Graham is director of operations planning for Sweetheart Cup Company. Graham ran into a number of Brown alumni at Stanford. He took a class in negotiating from **Michael Morris** '86 and lived next to **Brian Adler** '82. Others included **Catherine Cavanagh** '87 and **Chris Clipper** '90. Graham can be reached at (410) 998-2220; e-mail Sennep@aol.com.

81

Reality check! Remember our graduation ceremonies and how old the 15th reunion class looked? Well, here we are, gang. On second thought, forget the reality check and let's fantasize about the great time we can have sharing stories and reacquainting back at good old Camp Bruno. Plan it! May 24-27. See you there. — *Phil Moch*

Magee Lambert and **Bradlee Watts Gustavesen** '79 announce the birth of their son, Tucker Lambert Gustavesen, on May 15.

Charles W. Gustavesen Jr. '39 is the proud grandfather. Zachary Watts Gustavesen, 3, started preschool this fall. After eight years Brad is still enjoying work as operations manager at Mann Industries in Framingham, Mass., and Magee is relishing being at home with the boys. They would love to see or hear from old friends at 10 Plumbley Rd., Upton, Mass. 01568; (508) 529-3210.

Jeff Stolzer writes that he recently put his Brown liberal arts education to practical use, winning \$18,000 and the requisite Broyhill dining room set on the television game show, *Jeopardy*. "Ironically, one of my 'Final Jeopardy' questions dealt with an early benefactor of Harvard, which I fortunately answered correctly," Jeff writes. "Five minutes after the show aired, my phone rang and I was solicited for a donation to the Brown Fund. It turned out to be a prank call from my old roommate, **Kevin McKone** '80, who coincidentally had been watching the program." His fifteen minutes of fame used up, Jeff continues to live in Los Angeles and work as a screenwriter. Most recently he

scripted a comedy for Walt Disney Pictures.

Irene Sinrich Sudac and Mark Sudac (Boston University '84) announce the birth of Marcus Julius Sudac on Dec. 30. The family lives in Stamford, Conn. Irene recently changed jobs and is now director, banking and finance, at Philips Electronics North America Corporation in New York City.

Lauren E. Wolk-Hall writes that she is looking forward to seeing friends at the 15th reunion. Random House will have her first novel out by then. If the reviews are good, she says she'll buy the champagne at the Campus Dance. Lauren lives in Wadsworth, Ohio, with her husband, **Richard Hall**, and their two sons.

82

Roger Baumgarten and **Barrett Sheridan** announce the birth of Alexander Sheridan Baumgarten on March 20. After four months off, Barrett has returned to her job as assistant consumer advocate in the Pennsylvania Attorney General's office. Alex is a happy camper in day care. Roger is managing the public relations department of the American Red Cross in Harrisburg, Pa. In August he was one of two dozen people named to the organization's national Public Affairs Rapid Response Team. When the next major disaster strikes, look for Roger on CNN and other networks. Classmates can contact Roger, Barrett, and Alex at rogerbaum@aol.com.

David Gartenstein and Elizabeth Dunn announce the birth of their second son, Samuel Avery Gartenstein, on April 17. Ben is 3. The family recently moved to Brattleboro, Vt., where David has joined the law firm of Downs, Rachlin & Martin, P.C. as an associate handling insurance defense and commercial litigation. David and Liz can be reached at home at (802) 258-4702; David's work number is (802) 258-3070.

Chris Schmidt writes that after spending three years at NationsBanc Capital Markets Inc. (NCMI) and getting the impression that everyone there went to Duke, Chapel Hill, Wofford, Davidson College, or University of South Carolina, he was recently pleased to meet several Brown graduates: **Dick Seitz** '84 runs the repo and funding desk for NCMI; **Ken Rivkin** '79 structures and trades commercial mortgage-backed securities; **Jeff Klein** '90 is an associate in the derivative products group; and **Mark Arnold** '86 is an analyst in investment banking. Chris structures and markets tax and/or derivative product-driven financings. His e-mail address is christo@crt.com.

Mark Thompson is the author of *The Anti-Marcos Struggle: Personalistic Rule and Democratic Transition in the Philippines* (Yale University Press). He is an assistant professor of sociology at the Dresden University of Technology, in Germany.

83

Sean Altman writes that Rockapella, the a cappella fivesome he and **Elliott Kerman** '81 founded, recently released its fifth CD on Japan's For Life Records. Since 1992 the group has starred in the daily PBS-TV series, *Where*

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B11-95

Domes for the homeless

Homelessness is one of this country's most vexing problems. Those who would ignore it find it will not go away; those who seek to help are often frustrated.

In 1992 Ronda Flanzbaum, a social worker and later a researcher on homeless issues for the RAND/UCLA Physical Health and Medical Care of Homeless Adults study, founded Street Without A Name (SWAN), a nonprofit organization aimed at helping the homeless through "collective and collaborative arts."

Through that effort she met Todd Hayes, founder of Justiceville/Homeless, U.S.A. He proposed the idea of a village for the homeless, based on cooperation and self-governance. In November of 1993 Flanzbaum and Hayes established in a downtown Los Angeles parking lot a unique transitional community for the homeless, Dome Village. Its living structures are Buckminster Fuller-inspired domes called omnispheres. About two dozen people live in the village at one time; the average length of stay is six months.

The program has met with success because, according to Flanzbaum, it recognizes some of the fundamental realities of homelessness.

"This is transitional housing where the homeless get stabilized," she said in a telephone interview from her office in the Dome Village. "It is not a halfway house and it is not an emergency shelter. The con-



Activist Flanzbaum (left) and L.A.'s village of omnispheres.

cept is based on the kibbutz model. Residents must work and contribute. With the opportunity to contribute, they become responsible, and the village provides a safe, clean, and secure environment for that. The domes are not the core; they are not the stabilizing tool. The community is the stabilizing tool; it provides the opportunity for community contribution, and therefore empowerment."

Flanzbaum says the idea behind the village is to get residents to assume staff positions. Eventually, she hopes, some will organize and manage future dome villages. "Most homeless are not going back into the mainstream," Flanzbaum explains. "They are very disadvantaged. . . . You can't return a homeless person to society in sixty days and hope they will function," she adds, referring to social service programs and halfway houses which offer short-term rehabilitation.

Flanzbaum has secured funding from private foundations, the city and county of

Los Angeles, and, most recently, a three-year grant from HUD. Additionally, she has received support from a number of business leaders and merchants, whose response is not simply altruistic. "People are sick of the homeless," she says. "In Los Angeles you don't have to walk far before you have to step over someone. It's like that in all major cities. If we don't deal with it, it will pull down entire inner cities."

Flanzbaum plans to guide Dome Village at least for the near future. She wants to establish additional "higher tolerance villages" which will house the more chronically homeless, those not yet prepared for the responsibilities of living in Dome Village.

"At Brown I questioned my direction, I had five different majors," Flanzbaum says. "I studied cognitive psychology in graduate school. I asked, where am I going; why have I gathered these skills. Now I know. This is where I'm meant to be: working in the most visible city in America, serving other people."

In The World is Carmen Sandiego? Write Rockapella, 200 E. 10th St., #400, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Deanne L. Ayers-Howard has joined the law department of Marriott International Inc. as a domestic real estate development attorney. Deanne also assists her husband, LeRoy S. Howard, with his commercial painting business. They live in Gaithersburg, Md., with their two children: LeRoy II, 4, and Lynne, 2. Classmates and friends are encouraged to call Deanne at (301) 948-6389 (home) or (301) 380-1426.

Neil V. McKittrick, West Roxbury, Mass., took a leave of absence from his law firm, Hill & Barlow, to work at the Department of

the Treasury in Washington, D.C., as assistant director of the White House Security Review Task Force.

84

Laurie Curry and Gregory Deeb (University of Massachusetts '85) announce the birth of their second child, Gregory James Deeb Jr., on April 6. Ashley is 3. Laurie is half of a two-woman ob/gyn private practice on Long Island and finds very little free time between family and career.

James and Cherry Carlson Karlson, West Roxbury, Mass., announce the birth of their son, Mark Anders, on June 6. He was

welcomed home by 4-year-old twins Katie and Nicholas. Cherry completed her M.B.A. at Boston University two weeks before Mark's birth, and is spending time at home being a mom. James finished his orthopaedic surgical fellowship in sports medicine at the New England Baptist Hospital in July. He is an orthopaedic surgeon with Harvard Community Health Plan and Sports Medicine Brookline/New England Bone & Joint Institute.

Michael Wyssession and his wife, Joan, announce the birth of their first child, William Jasper Wyssession, on May 16. The family is doing very well and even getting some sleep. Michael is a professor of geophysics at Washington University in St. Louis.

Leadership Weekend 1995...

VOLUNTEERS IN ACTION FOR BROWN



Carol A. Steadman '76, reunion gift co-chair, and Daniel S. Harrop III '67 '68 M.D., enjoy a light moment with classmates on Saturday morning.

Friday, September 15th

THE MAGIC...THE MUSIC...THE MEMORIES... THE 12TH ANNUAL ALUMNI RECOGNITION CEREMONY!

*H*onoring Williams Rogers Award winner David Gockley '65, general director of the Houston Grand Opera; and winners of the Brown Bear, H. Anthony Ittleston '60, and Alumni Service Awards, the Ceremony brought together alumni from around the world, spanning eight decades, for an evening of splendor in the most apt of settings: the magnificent Alumnae Hall.

Few assembled will forget Gus Anthony's brief acceptance speech for the H. Anthony Ittleston '60 Award, in which he pointed out that while he knew he was a great son of Brown, he now knew he was also a "little son of Brown."

The music of Richard Strauss and Carlisle Floyd was beautifully performed by Kathyne Nelson, Pamela Dellal, and Orchestra Director Paul Phillips; Professor of Anthropology William O. Beeman provided spirited narration throughout.



Award winners pose for John Foraste before heading to cocktails and dinner: Top Row: Alan J. Grace '62, Thomas W. Berry '60, Robert G. Markey, Jr. '80; Middle Row: Anita V. Spivey '74, John M. Freeman '65, Hammelore Rodriguez-Farrar '87, '90 A.M., Alexandra E. Karris '95; Bottom Row: H. Cushman Anthony '26, Rita Michaelson '50, Devra Miller Breslow '54, and Vincent J. Buonanno '66.

Alumni Association President Carolyn Cardall Newsom '62 listens carefully during a Friday meeting of the Board of Governors.





Reunion Gift committee members H. Eliot Rice and Arthur A. Helgeson meet with Gift Co-chair Earl W. Harrison to discuss strategy for the Class of 1941.

Brickson E. Diamond '03, who travelled from Los Angeles to attend the Weekend, likes what he hears about BRAVO Brown Alumni Volunteers On-Line.



Saturday Volunteer Awards Luncheon honorees gathered bright and early around the old Marvel Bear. Top Row: Gerald R. Levine '58, Patricia M. Patricelli '58, Jean Follett Thompson '77. Second Row: Earle W. Fisher '42, Carol Taylor Carlisle '43, Brian C. Murphy '67, Marc R. Harrison '02. Kneeling: Hannelore Rodriguez-Farrar '87. '00 AM

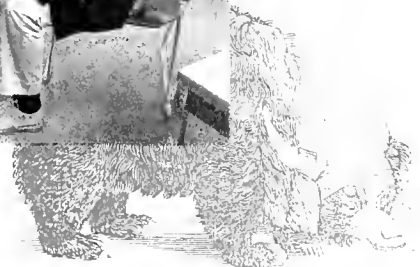


Annual Fund Director George Nehme explains a point during his meeting with members of the Class of 1950. (l. to r.) class treasurer Nancy Daren Jones and Reunion Gift committee members Geneva C. Whitney and Henry A. Vanderslip.

Saturday morning found two hundred of Brown's top volunteers hard at work honing their leadership skills for the National Alumni Schools Program (NASP), the Brown Annual Fund, Brown Clubs and Classes, and Third World Alumni Networks (TWANs). Sessions ranged from: **Shifting Gears on the Information Highway: Alumni Volunteers Go On-line** to **Celebrate, Commemorate, Participate!**, a planning session for reunion gift committees. Senior Vice President for Finance and Administration Donald J. Reaves unraveled the mysteries of **The Tuition Equation** to top off a full morning of training workshops.

Winners of Class, Club, NASP, and TWAN awards were honored at the second annual **Volunteer Awards Luncheon** on Saturday afternoon in Sayles Hall. Vice President for Development Ann W. Caldwell thanked everyone for helping the University to achieve the \$450 million goal of the Campaign for the Rising Generation well ahead of schedule, and pointed out that there was still nearly a year to raise additional funds to meet specific Campaign targets, like the Brown Annual Fund, Scholarship Funds, Libraries, Faculty Support, and Academic Facilities.

Volunteers left campus feeling rejuvenated and ready to put the new information they had learned to work for Brown. In the words of one participant "This weekend was top-notch, well-coordinated, and first-class all the way!"



He has received a Packard Foundation Fellowship for his research into the structure of the Earth's deep interior, which has helped him set up an array of earthquake seismometers from Missouri to Massachusetts. Unlike most scientists, Michael finds he is never at a loss for party conversation. "Someone always has a great aunt Bertha or Mabel in California whose cat predicted the last big earthquake," Michael adds that two other members of the class of '84 are Packard Foundation recipients. **Michael Dickenson**, who is studying the anatomy of fly's wings at the University of Chicago; and **Joy Bergelson**, who is doing research in bioecology and biodiversity at Washington University and University of Chicago. The three were friends at Brown, and they meet each September in Monterey for the annual Packard Fellowship conference.

85

The records came crashing down as the class of 1985 beat all previous 10th reunion attendance totals. More than 550 '85 alumni and guests enjoyed the weekend of beautiful weather and the Campus Dance, Field Day, the class party, and the Commencement forums. A group of hearty but soggy souls stayed on for Monday's rainy march down College Hill. By all accounts, the weekend was a roaring success thanks to all who attended.

Special thanks to **Jim Rooney '89** in alumni relations for his invaluable help and to the reunion committee for their efforts. See you at the 15th reunion in May 2000. Stay tuned for our upcoming class newsletter with a full reunion report. — *Davies Bisset*

Davies Bisset married Meg Costello (Lynchburg College '90) in July in Newport, R.I. Many Brown alumni and friends attended the wedding. Brown family members included father **Dave Bisset '52**, brother **Andrew Bisset '86**, sister **Elizabeth Bisset Hoy '88**, and brother-in-law **John Hoy '93** M.D. Ushers included **John Grzebién**, **John Gagliano**, and **Richard Russey '87**. Davies is in the corporate insurance business with Rollins Hudig Hall in Boston, and Meg is a teacher in Newton, Mass. They live on Boston's Beacon Hill and look forward to hearing from friends and alumni.

Michael Rubin's book, *Nonlinear: A Guide to Digital Film and Video Editing*, is now available in a revised and expanded third edition from Triad Publishing Co., Gainesville, Fla.

86

Your reunion committee has been busy making plans for the 10th reunion to be held May 24-27. If you have questions or suggestions, please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947. Remember to save the dates.

James Haddad writes to announce the birth of his third son, Ramsey J. Haddad, on Aug. 9. Faris J. was born on Oct. 7, 1991, and Saleem J. was born on Aug. 8, 1993. James was married to Shereen Beydoun (Georgetown '85) on Dec. 29, 1990. **Adam Banker**, **Charles Glatt**, **Michael Greenberg**, and **Neal Magnus** were ushers at the wedding. James graduated from Fordham Law School, day division, in

1993 along with **Pam Weiler Grayson** and **Jon Silverman**, and works at Kemper National Insurance Companies in New York City. He welcomes e-mail from former comrades at faris@aol.com.

Irene Powch defended her doctoral dissertation in July and started a postdoctoral fellowship at the Pacific Center for Post Traumatic Stress Disorder in Honolulu in September. She can be reached at Pacific Center for PTSD, 1132 Bishop St., Suite 303, Honolulu, Hawaii 96813. "I'm looking forward to giving my friends an excuse to take a vacation in Hawaii."

Richard Taylor has joined the Motion Picture Association of America as its director of public affairs. "The new job is great," he writes, "but I carry a deep sadness knowing that my senior year off-campus home on Benevolent St. has been demolished by Brown." Rich's new work telephone is (202) 293-1966, and no, he can't make you a star. He lives with his wife, Kelli, and daughter, Madison, at 975 N. Madison St., Arlington, Va. 22205; (703) 241-7496.

Jennifer Weigel and **Gene Chin** announce the birth of their daughter, Monica Weigel Chin, on June 6. "Not many people can say they were born in Alaska," writes Jennifer. "It should provide her with interesting cocktail conversation in the future."

87

Kirsten Harvey married John Thompson (Harvard '80) on March 25. Kirsten is pursuing her M.Ed. at Northeastern and learning to play golf, which "could be considered a second career in how not to be a golf widow." She can be reached at 70 Williams Rd., Concord, Mass. 01742.

Roland Medellin '90 M.D. and Eve Waddell (University of Texas '91) were married on April 8 in San Antonio; several Brown alumni attended. Roland and Eve live in Gonzales, Tex., where Roland is a family physician at the Sievers Medical Clinic.

Chris Newman is a manager of strategic planning for Pepsi-Cola Inc. in Somers, N.Y. He is married to Abby Margolis Newman (Duke '83), a freelance writer. They have two children: Ionab, 2, and Aaron, 9 months. The family lives in Newtown, Conn., and is "long on love and happiness, but short on sleep."

Louis Nosce received his master's in government administration from Pennsylvania last spring. He lives at 4100 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19104; (215) 386-6821. He's jobhunting, but still smiling.

Rick Perera is alive and well and still in Atlanta. Having paid his dues at CNN, he left the graveyard shift at *Headline News* and is now working for *CNN World Report*. "It's great to be working in an international setting, on a show whose mission is to give a global perspective on the news," he writes. "Unfortunately, we are pre-empted in the U.S. almost every day by the O.J. Simpson trial." Rick welcomes Brunonians at 207 Lansdowne Ave., Decatur, Ga. 30030; (404) 377-8765 (home); (404) 827-3958 (work); e-mail Rick-Perera@aol.com.

88

David Miller completed a two-year clerkship with a U.S. Magistrate Judge in Minneapolis and joined the law firm of Doherty, Rumble & Butler, P.A., in St. Paul as an associate in the commercial litigation department. David, his wife, **Paula Robinson Miller**, and daughter Caroline, 2½, are all doing well and would love to hear from friends.

89

Sarah Arndt and **Steve Piazza** (Harvard '90) were married on June 25 in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. **Linda Baer** was maid of honor, and Linda's father, The Honorable Harold Baer Jr., officiated. Sarah and Steve attend Northwestern, where Steve is working on a Ph.D. in mechanical engineering and Sarah is working on a Ph.D. in clinical psychology. They can be reached at 531 Grove St., Apt. A2, Evanston, Ill. 60201; (708) 869-4760.

Mark J. Guasp is an M.B.A. candidate at Duke's Fuqua School of Business. His address is 2662-E Camellia St., Durham, N.C. 27705; (919) 304-9803.

Robert Harper II is a first-year student at Harvard Business School. He says the country-club life is a far cry from the Peace Corps and jungles of Latin America, but the many fellow Brunonians like **Sara Crutchfield** make it all bearable.

Danielle Alexa Horton and **Dwayne McCaughey Taylor** were married in Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire, England, on June 24. A number of Brown friends trekked to the U.K. for the weekend. The couple lives at 98 Sugden Rd., London SW11 5EE. Danielle is completing her Ph.D. in medicine and Dwayne is a telecommunications analyst for AT&T (UK) Ltd.

90

Bonnie Gordon and **Alex Downes '91** were married on June 10 at the Beth-el Hebrew Congregation in Alexandria, Va. **Pam Gordon '93** was best woman, and **Moir Macdonald**, **Marie O'Neill**, **Tracy Gladstone**, and **Lisa Kaufman '91** looked smashing in their not-quite-matching purple bridesmaids' dresses. Many other Brown alumni attended. Everyone was surprised by the guest appearance of the Brown Bear, which danced its first mosh-pit hora ever. After the wedding Bonnie and Alex headed off to France and Italy for three weeks before returning to Philadelphia, where Bonnie is trudging through her Ph.D. in musicology at Penn. Alex, having escaped the great Midwest after three years at the Indiana University School of Music, is contemplating his future.

Sandra Hutchings (see **Carol M. Lemlein '67**).

Leigh Kole manages a marketing and business development team at Microsoft Corp. in Redmond, Wash. Her team is focused on growing Microsoft's entertainment business and was involved in such efforts as the Microsoft-SKG joint venture to create Dreamworks Interactive. She lives in Seattle and can be reached via e-mail at Leighko@

microsoft.com. Her sister, **Alexandra Kole**, received her M.B.A. from Harvard Business School in 1994 and works as a consultant for Bain & Company. She lives in San Francisco.

Annalee Pinkas Perechodnik, her husband, Guy, and their daughter, Tamar, announce the birth of daughter Shani on May 17. Guy is studying telecommunications, and Annalee is marketing agricultural products. They were recently visited by **Amy Alterman** '89 and would love to hear from friends at Kibbutz Tzora, D.N. Shimshon 99803, Israel.

Theresa Porter writes that she, **Debbie Gustafson** '92, and **Lucia Murphy Jacacaci** '92 worked and played together last summer at the James Madison Memorial Fellowship Foundation's Summer Institute on the Constitution at American University in Washington, D.C. The foundation awards \$24,000 fellowships to a high school teacher (or future teacher) from each state for graduate study on the U.S. Constitution.

Bill Robinson is Diane Keaton's producing partner. Together they have signed a one-year, first-look deal for cable and network television between their Blue Relief and the Canadian-based Alliance Entertainment. Bill served as a director's assistant on *Unstrung Heroes* and rewrote *Amelia Earhart* for TNT. He is also producing *Northern Lights*, a movie that Keaton will star in. Bill cowrote a script, *Burning Down the House*, a political thriller set in Washington, D.C., which was bought by Caravan Pictures and Hollywood Pictures.

91

Christie O'Neil, **Tracy Mencher**, and **John Roberti** are busy making plans for a fabulous 5th reunion. But if we don't have your address we can't send you information. Please update the University on your whereabouts and reserve the dates, May 24-27.

Ted Hamann married Susan Bockrath in Kansas City, Mo., on May 20. **Jim Kucik** '92 was a groomsman, and **Amy Levin** '90 was maid of honor. Several Brown alumni were also in attendance. Ted and Susan are spending the 1995-96 academic year in Philadelphia, where Ted is enrolled in a Ph.D. program at Penn's Graduate School of Education. They can be reached by e-mail at hamann@dolphin.upenn.edu.

92

Andrew T. Chan has been selected as a 1995-96 Luce Scholar, and he will live and work in Hong Kong for one year. A June graduate of Harvard Medical School, he has been assigned to the faculty of medicine at Hong Kong's Prince of Wales Hospital. At Brown, Andrew taught classes in the history of Asian-Americans and was named Outstanding Minority Student. Other honors he has received include being named a Harvard Fellow, a Howard Hughes Fellow, a Humana Fellow, and an Albert Schweitzer Urban Health Fellow.

Alaine Davis and **Lane M. Owsley** '91 were married in a garden ceremony at the bride's parents' home in Marietta, Ga., on

Aug. 12. They have changed their names to Alaine Owsley Davis and Lane M. Davis Owsley. **Maurice Makram** caught the garter, **Lori Nassif** '91 sang before the ceremony, and many alumni traveled from all over the country to be present. At the end of an elegant evening, the bride and groom, along with many of the guests, jumped in the pool. Lane is working on his Ph.D. in electrical engineering, and Alaine is working on her master's in science education, both at the University of Washington in Seattle. You can e-mail them at alained@u.washington.edu and owsley@isdl.ee.washington.edu.

Eliot Fisk writes that he, **Tom Hunting-ton** '91, and **Betsy Wedenmayer** '93 all decamped from Hong Kong in August: Tom to the M.B.A. program at the University of Chicago; Betsy to the U.S., where she hopes to have the "right stuff" to make the U.S. women's ice hockey team for the 1998 Winter Olympics in Japan; and Eliot to begin legal studies at the College of Law in London. Eliot can be reached at 20 Lowther Dr., Enfield, EN2 7JN, U.K.; 0181-363-1986.

Michelle Miller and **Brian Day** '91 announce their engagement. They both work in Boston and would love to hear from friends. Brian can be reached at bday@intex.com, and Michelle at mmiller@ph.continental.com.

Albert Yu has been in Taiwan for a year, studying Chinese and running into lots of Brown people. **Gareth Matthews** and Albert are still trying to master the art of torhand trisbee throwing. **Mingson Chou** '90 is learning to play classical Chinese instruments. **Matt Zackland** '94 has given several juggling performances, and **Matt Voss** '93 has done some modeling work. **Betsy Wiedenmayer** '93, **Ernest Merrill** '93, **Andrew Wu** '93, **Henry Lin** '94, **Jim Tung** '94, **Steve Wu** '95, and **Colm Rafferty** '98 visited during the summer. **Peggy Bell** '93 and **Lillian Chang** '95 recently returned to the U.S.

Minna Ziskind '93 M.A.T. and **Gavi Miller** '93 were married in a traditional egalitarian Jewish ceremony in Louisville, Ky., on Aug. 13. Many Brown friends participated in the ceremony, including **Andrew Boro-dach** '93, **Reba Connell**, **Simon Feldman** '94, **Jane Kanarek**, **Jeremy Katz** '93, **Ethan Miller** '87, **Ezra Miller** '95, **Amy Prensky**, and **Sharon Strauss** '91. Other Brown folks contributed to the merriment.

93

Dara Friedman can be reached at 1241 2nd Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94122; (415) 664-3424.

Deborah Gutman and **Selim Suner** '86, '87 Sc.M., '92 M.D. are engaged and plan to marry in June. Selim is finishing the last year of his residency in emergency medicine at Rhode Island Hospital, and Debbie is at N.Y.U. School of Medicine in New York. They would love to hear from friends: Debbie is at gutmad02@popmail.med.nyu.edu or (212) 213-8147; and Selim is at (401) 294-5825.

Colette F. Levy, a financial consultant for Price Waterhouse in Boston for two years, has been assigned to Bishkek, Kyrgyzstan (a member of the Commonwealth of Independ-

ent States) in the former Soviet Union in Central Asia, where she is responsible for locating, evaluating, and listing privatized companies on the newly-founded Kyrgyz Stock Exchange. She keeps busy learning Russian and engaging in the local custom of eating sheep eyes. Friends can contact Colette at Capital Markets Project-Kyrgyzstan, Price Waterhouse LLP, 1616 N. Fort Myer Dr., Arlington, Va. 22209; fax 011-7-3312-62-04-61; e-mail Colette@pw7.bishkek.kg.

Lisa Mendel and **Adam Michael Sachs** (Babson College '93) were married in Carmel, Calif., in August. Bridesmaids included **Maya Grosz**, **Malinda Marley**, and **Courtenay Smith**. The couple spent their honeymoon in Santa Fe, N. Mex., and are currently living in the Boston area.

Claire Randel is in Guatemala with the Peace Corps and can be reached at PCT/PCV Claire Randel, c/o U.S. Peace Corps, Guatemala Desk, Rm. 7317, Washington, D.C. 20526.

94

Kris Bayer and **Denise Quill** announce the birth of John Stephen on March 22. They were married on July 3 in Arlington, Va. Demi is taking care of Jake, and Kris is working for **Tom Klaff** '88 at a multimedia software company he started in Arlington a year-and-a-half ago.

Jason Bordoff and **Samantha Ross** are living together in New York City. Samantha is a financial analyst for Salomon Brothers. In October Jason left for two years at Oxford as a Marshall Scholar. He is reading for an M.Phil. in modern Middle Eastern studies.

Tony Costa is art director for CDnow, the world's largest music store and promotions company on the Internet. The company was founded by **Jason Olim** '92 and his brother, Matt. You can see Tony's work by pointing your Web browser to <http://cdnow.com>. Previously Tony worked for a year as a multimedia producer at Show & Tell Inc., Boston, with David Chung.

Eileen Hoff Dauer is working for Professional Research Consultants, a health care consulting firm in Omaha, Nebr. After her husband, Brian, graduates from Creighton Law School in May, the couple plans to move to Nashville, Tenn., where Eileen will begin medical school at Vanderbilt in the fall of 1996. They welcome letters, calls, or visitors at 502 Creighton Towers, Omaha 68178; (402) 449-6231; e-mail dauer@bluejay.creighton.edu.

Nadirah Moreland is in a one-year master's program at the School of Education at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. After completing a teaching internship at Milton Academy, she looks forward to receiving her certification in June. She can be reached at nadim@umich.edu or at 1472 Astor, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104. She is especially looking forward to hearing the teaching experiences of other alumni.

Meredith Persily has been working in São Paulo, Brazil, since January, researching Brazil's telecommunications industry for Pyramid Research. Friends can reach her at Rua Visconde da Luz 134/114, CEP:

95

Patrick Hickey spent the summer in Texas for Officer Basic School with the U.S. Army and has now settled into medical school at the Uniformed Services University of Health Sciences in Bethesda, Md. "The D.C. area is great, and I have already run into lots of alumni and friends from the class of '95." Patrick's address is 5112 Dudley Ln., Apt. 204, Bethesda 20814; e-mail s99Hickey@usuhsb.usuhs.mil.

GS

Panos Antsaklis '74 Sc.M., '77 Ph.D., professor of electrical engineering at the University of Notre Dame, was elected president of the IEEE Control Systems Society at the June board of governors meeting in Seattle. He will serve as president-elect in 1996 and president in 1997. The IEEE Control Systems Society was founded in 1954 and has over 12,500 members from sixty-five countries. It is internationally recognized as the premier scientific and engineering organization dedicated to the advancement of the theory and practice of systems and control. Panos is currently vice president of the society, an elected member of its board of governors, and general chairman of the 34th IEEE Conference on Decision and Control, the Society's main conference, which will take place in New Orleans next month.

Herman Beavers '83 A.M. recently celebrated the publication of his book, *Wrestling Angels into Song: The Fictions of Ernest J. Gaines and James Alan McPherson* (University of Pennsylvania Press). He is an assistant professor of English at Penn, and lives with his wife, Lisa (Rutgers '85, Villanova Law School '88), in Willingboro, N.J.

Selim Suner '87 Sc.M. (see **Deborah Gutman** '93).

Minna Ziskind '93 M.A.T. (see '92).

MD

Ann Van Dyke '79 M.D. (see '76).

Roland Medellin '90 M.D. (see '87).

Selim Suner '92 M.D. (see **Deborah Gutman** '93).

John Hoy '93 M.D. (see **Davies Bisset** '85).

son; and a grandson, **David Hirshland** '75.

Arthur Killam Litchfield '22, Sarasota, Fla.; Aug. 4. He retired in 1965 as chief sales engineer for the Raybestos Division of Raybestos Manhattan Inc. in Stratford, Conn. He was a past president of the New Haven Brown Club. He is survived by a brother, **Robert** '23, 1357 N.E. Ocean Blvd, Sunride, #204, Stuart, Fla. 34996.

Raymond Carl Lawson '23, Cromwell, Conn.; Aug. 13. He retired from the Emhart Manufacturing Company, Bloomfield, Conn., in 1966 after thirty years as a sales engineer, and then worked with the International Executive Service Corps from 1967 to 1972, serving tours in the Philippines, Greece, and Turkey. He was a U.S. Army veteran of World War I. He is survived by two sons, including **Peter** '50; and two daughters, including **Cynthia Lawson Samoiloff** '59, 37 Cabot St., Winchester, Mass. 01890.

Alice Lynch McKnight '23, Fairhaven, Mass.; July 19. In the 1920s she was a vessel pilot guide for Shell Oil Co. and later was a substitute teacher in the Fairhaven school system. She was a research assistant to Carl Sandburg on his biography of Abraham Lincoln. She was a member of the Fairhaven Mothers Club for forty years and started a Brownie troop, which she led for a number of years. She is survived by two daughters, Katherine Agre of Bowie, Md.; and Mary Frances Davis of Framingham, Mass.

Albert Abraham Proctor '24, Brookline, Mass. After graduation he worked for the Ridgway Company in New York City.

Charlotte Ferguson Roads '24, Marblehead, Mass.; June 11. A community leader and life-long resident of Marblehead, she was a member of the first Girl Scout troop in Marblehead, established in 1915. President of the Girl Scouts of Marblehead for many years, in 1962 she became field director for the Hawthorne Girl Scout Council. Mrs. Roads was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1952 and a member of the Marblehead School Committee for eighteen years, serving for several years as chair. She was a member of the advisory committee of the Salem Hospital School of Nurses. She was a communicant, moderator, and deacon at the Old North Congregational Church. She is survived by a daughter, **Deborah Roads Caulkins** '53, 1 Peter Rd., Salem, Mass. 01970.

Dorothy Stafford Huss '26, Santa Barbara, Calif.; July 26, at her summer home on Martha's Vineyard. She was a teacher and guidance counselor for many years at Newton (Mass.) High School, retiring in 1966. Since 1924, when she came to Oak Bluffs as a waitress, she spent summers on Martha's Vineyard. For twenty-five years she served as secretary of the East Chop Beach Club. She was a member of the Garden Club and a hospital volunteer. She is survived by a son and a daughter, Cally, 4476 Meadow Lark Ln., Santa Barbara 93105.

Ellis Sumner Potter '27, Hayward, Wisc.; March 5. He retired in 1978 as chairman of the board of Taft Contracting Company Inc., Chicago.

Marjorie Kent Henschel '29, Groton, Conn.; July 27. She was a member and past president of the Women's Republican Organization of Exeter, R.I., and a volunteer at Zambano Hospital in Wallum Lake, R.I. She is survived by her husband, **Alfred** '30, Star Hill Rd., Groton 06340; and three sons.

Melissa Seaman Lewis-Vaughn '29, North Kingstown, R.I.; July 28. She was a social worker and later a teacher at Moses Brown School in Providence for twenty years before retiring in 1972. She was a volunteer to many organizations, including various nursing home ministries. She is survived by two daughters, including Sandra Martinez of North Kingstown; and three sons.

Arthur Francis Magill '29, Greenville, S.C.; Aug. 6. He was chairman of the board of Her Majesty Industries, a small garment factory he inherited when his father died in 1934. Under his direction, the company grew to about 1,800 employees in seven plants, including three in South Carolina. In 1976 Mr. Magill sold the plants to Gulf & Western. In 1979 he bought a collection of twenty-six Andrew Wyeth paintings from the film executive Joseph E. Levine for \$6 million. Mr. Magill loaned them to the Greenville County Museum of Art, which for a time was the second-largest holder of Wyeth paintings after the artist himself. In 1990 Mr. Magill sold the paintings to a Japanese concern for \$42 million and gave \$6 million to the museum. He is survived by his wife, Holly, P.O. Box 9259, Greenville 29604; and a daughter.

Milton Linden '30, Boca Raton, Fla.; Aug. 10. He was retired president of Glaser & Linden Inc., a wool dealership in Natick, Mass. A past president of Temple Israel, he was also a past president of the Greater Boston chapter of the American Jewish Committee. While living in Brookline, Mass., Mr. Linden was a member of the Brookline Town Meeting and served on the town's Park and Recreation Commission in the 1950s and 1960s. He was part of a group that is credited with helping open local politics to the diverse ethnic population of the community. Among his survivors are two sons, including L. Thomas Linden, 8 Trinity Pl., Wayland, Mass. 01778.

Helen Baldwin Lang '32, Pawtucket, R.I.; July 31. She began a career in banking with Rhode Island Hospital Trust National Bank and left to marry and raise a family. Later she worked as an administrative assistant with the C.J. Conyers Insurance Agency in Seekonk, Mass., and at the John Hay Library. She was a founding director of the Seekonk Citizens Scholarship Fund. Phi Beta Kappa. She is survived by a daughter and four sons, including **Fraser** '67, 50 President Ave., Providence 02906.

Catherine M. Bennett '36, Pawtucket, R.I.; Aug. 18. She joined the *Providence Journal-Bul-*

Obituaries

Helen Cohen Hirshland '17, Rancho Palos Verdes, Calif.; July 24. She trained at Thomas Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and until her retirement in 1944 was the owner and operator of the first clinical laboratory in Reading, Pa., the former Helen C. Hirshland Clinical Laboratory. Among her survivors are a daughter, **Julianne Hirshland Hill** '43, 12 Cinnamon Ln., Rancho Palos Verdes 90274; a

letni after graduation as an assistant theater and movie critic, and then worked in the promotion department before becoming secretary to John C.A. Watkins, former president and publisher of the newspaper, in 1945. She retired in 1980. She was a former secretary of the Providence Plantations branch of the American Association of University Women.

Bernard Golner '38, Scottsdale, Ariz.; July 3. He was retired from Kurt Isay and Associates, Merrillville, Ind., and a member of Grand Canyon B'nai B'rith. Survivors include his wife, Barbara, 11852 East Purdue Ave., Scottsdale 85259; two children; and a brother, **David** '42.

Roberta Curley Sautter '38, Castro Valley, Calif. Before her marriage in 1946, she was a social worker in Maine. During World War II she was a lieutenant in the U.S. Naval Women's Reserve. She is survived by a daughter, **Roberta G. Sautter** '73, 18680 Stanton Ave., Castro Valley 94546.

Robert Driscoll O'Brien '39, Charlestown, R.I.; June 12. He was a marketing manager for *Billboard* magazine and later was vice president of production and sales at Caedmon Records. During his retirement he volunteered at Literacy Volunteers and Meals on Wheels in Westerly, R.I., and at the Westerly Public Library. He was a courier for Westerly Hospital and a court-appointed special advocate. Mr. O'Brien directed theatrical productions at the Westerly Senior Citizens Center and the Stonington, Conn., community center. He was a U.S. Army veteran of World War II. Phi Beta Kappa. He is survived by his wife, Margaret, 37 Neptune Ave., Charlestown 02813; two daughters; and four sons, including **Jonathan** '73.

John Randall Bailey '40, Denver; April 23. He was manager of a ski resort in Dillon, Colo., and owner and operator of Dillon Marina Inc. He served in the U.S. Army during World War II, first in the infantry and later as a member of the adjutant general's staff in the Pacific. He is survived by a sister, Margaret Bell, 110 E. 31st St., Durango, Colo. 81301.

The Rev. **Ronald Albert Norton** '40, North Providence, R.I.; Aug. 21. He served in the Episcopal Diocese of Providence and was assigned to St. Alban's Church in Centerdale, R.I., and St. James Church in North Providence. He also served parishes in West Virginia, Oklahoma, Florida, New York, and New Jersey. Rev. Norton was a 1957 graduate of the former Philadelphia Divinity School. He was a first lieutenant in the U.S. Army during World War II. Later he was a chaplain in the Air Force, retiring as a lieutenant colonel. He was an Eagle Scout. He is survived by his wife, Doris, 40 Waterman Ave., No. 5, North Providence 02911; and two daughters.

Arlond Carroll Shea '42, Kearsarge, N.H.; May 22. He graduated from Boston University Law School in 1949, served as Carroll County N.H. Attorney from 1953 to 1965, and practiced privately until 1987. He was Judge of Probate from 1970 to 1990. Mr. Shea was active in the community, notably as a member of the local

school board, a trustee of the Memorial Hospital and a number of skiing foundations and conservation groups, moderator for the Conway School District and the North Conway Water Precinct, and a deacon of the First Church of Christ, Congregational. During World War II he served as captain of a landing craft in the North African Campaign, in the Italian theater, and in the D-Day invasion of Normandy, in which his ship made twenty-six crossings, more than any other landing craft. Survivors include his wife, Mary Ellen, Box 95, Kearsarge 03847; and four daughters.

Dwight Robert Ladd '43, Exeter, N.H.; Aug. 10. He taught business administration at the University of New Hampshire, where he was dean of the Whittemore School of Business and Economics from 1980 to 1986. He also taught at the University of Western Ontario, Harvard, the Institute of Social Studies in the Netherlands, and the Management Development Institute in Switzerland. He was the author of books and articles on accounting, transportation, and higher education, and was a consultant to railroads, the airline industry, and educational institutions. After his retirement in 1986, Mr. Ladd served for one year as acting town manager of Durham, N.H. He was a captain in the U.S. Marine Corps during World War II, serving in the South Pacific and China. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth, 7 Riverwood Dr., Exeter 03833; and two sons, **Robert** '68 and **John** '75.

Edgar Benjamin Robbins '47, New York, N.Y.; May 1. An entrepreneur, he was the owner of several businesses, including Seahorse Marine, a company which cleaned the tanks of cargo ships. He was a generous supporter of the Brown libraries. He is survived by his wife, 179 E. 70th St., New York 10021; three children, including **John** '78; and a brother, **Allan** '51.

Barbara Brayton Noyes '48 A.M., Vero Beach, Fla.; July 12. She was formerly an assistant to the dean of the Graduate School at Brown. During World War II she worked in the Pentagon deciphering Japanese wartime codes. She was a past president of the League of Women Voters of East Providence in the 1950s and a member of the American Association of University Women. Her late husband, Robert Gayle Noyes, was an English professor at Brown. She is survived by nephews and nieces, including Barbara M. Brayton of Vero Beach.

Rosalie Creamer Heintzelman '49 A.M., Bethesda, Md.; June 14, of emphysema and lung cancer. She moved to the Washington, D.C., area after graduation and worked for the CIA from 1950 to 1953. She later worked on political campaigns. She is survived by her husband, H. Henry, 6516 Lone Oak Ct., Bethesda 20817; and three children.

John Richard Candon Jr. '50, Providence; Aug. 23. He was an adjuster for the Nationwide Insurance Co. in Cranston, R.I., for twenty years and also worked for the Universal Claims Co., Johnston, R.I., for eight years before retiring in 1981. A scoutmaster of Troop

9 in Cranston, he received the Bronze Pelican from the Narragansett Council, Boy Scouts of America. Mr. Candon served in the Coast Guard during World War II. He is survived by three sons, including Robert, of Cranston; and four daughters.

David Walter Milne '60, Milford, Conn.; July 23. He retired in 1990 as supervisor of foreign languages in the Milford, Conn., school system. He was a past master counselor for the Milford De Molay, and a member of the Milford Land Trust and the Milford chapter of the American Red Cross. He was an Eagle Scout. Survivors include his wife, Carol, 159 Brooklawn Dr., Milford 06460.

James Clement McCann '72 Ph.D., Seattle; July 6, of heart failure. He was an associate professor of sociology at the University of Washington's Center for Studies in Demography and Ecology. He taught social statistics and population studies and concentrated his research in the areas of historical demography, occupational mobility, and mortality analysis. He is survived by eight brothers and sisters, including William McCann of Boston.

The Rev. **Albert St. Clair Neild** '72, Lincoln, R.I.; Aug. 28. He was ordained in 1941 and served as a missionary in Athabasca and Saskatchewan, Canada, before returning to the U.S. in 1945. He served parishes in Moravia and Syracuse, N.Y., moving to Rhode Island in 1952, where he was rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Pawtucket for fourteen years. Rev. Neild did postgraduate work at Brown and was professor of English at Rhode Island Junior College until retiring in 1986. He is survived by his wife, Dorrien, 590 Great Rd., Lincoln 02865; a son; and a daughter, **Cynthia Neild Heldberg** '65.

Margaret Hubbard Poor '75, Princeton, Mass.; June 14, after a long struggle with cancer. A painter and a sculptor, she exhibited her work in New York City, London, the Fitchburg (Mass.) Art Museum, and at Brown. She collaborated on performance art theater pieces, among them "As a Dream Vanishes," presented by Creative Time and the Guggenheim Museum, and was twice awarded residences at the Cummington Community for the Arts in Massachusetts. Survivors include her parents, Hustace H. and **Katharine Littlefield Poor** '46 A.M., P.O. Box 295, Princeton 01541; and a brother.

Deborah Chen Russ '87, Vancouver, British Columbia; June 16, from injuries suffered when she was struck by a truck. She worked as a design intern in New York after graduation and then as an architecture associate in Corpus Christi, Tex. She was in Vancouver attending college. She is survived by her father and stepmother, Charles and Anne Cooper-Chen, 14 Briarwood Dr., Athens, Ohio 45701; her mother, Mary K. Chen, of Tulsa, Okla.; a brother; and a sister. **B**

Finally...

By Peter J. Wangersky 48

Shifting tenses

I've been retired two years now, long enough to have recovered from ending a way of life I had pursued for some forty years: as a professor of oceanography at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

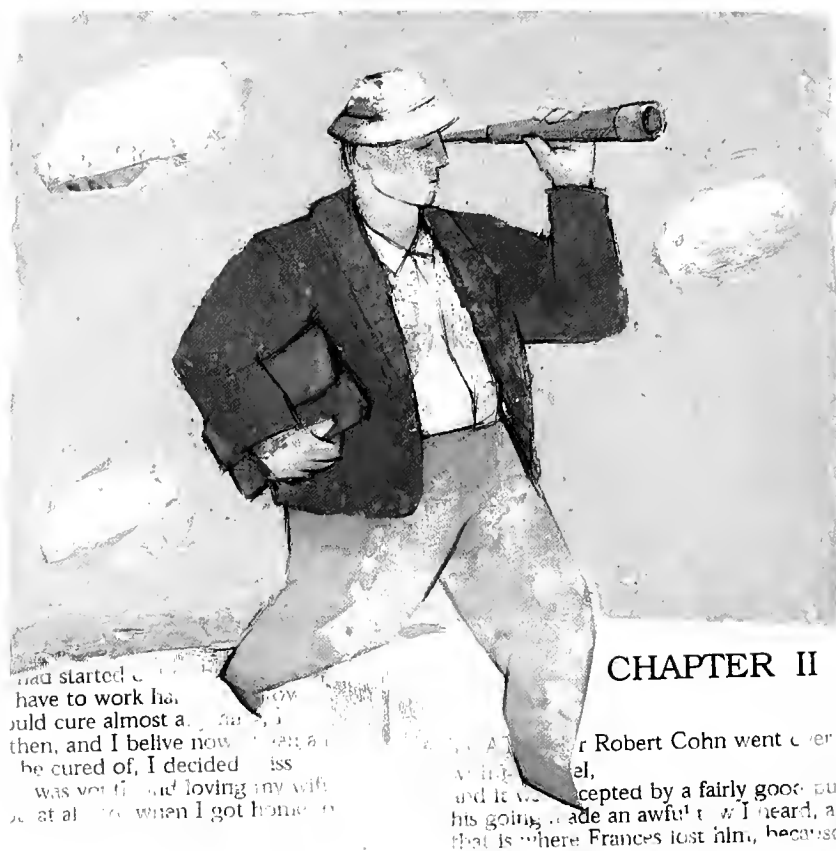
My family tends to live just short of forever, and most of my Halifax friends were my age or older. Even at sixty-five, I had begun to feel like the last first-growth tree in the forest. I had no desire to spend my declining years being hit on the head by the obit page every morning at breakfast. So when I hit the mandatory retirement wall at Dalhousie, we simply left town. My wife and I moved from strongly traditional Atlantic Canada to the laid-back West Coast society of Victoria, British Columbia, into a neighborhood with an age distribution ranging from newlywed to nearly dead.

The move went smoothly. Far from feeling isolated in our new town, we now worry about becoming socially overextended. What I had not expected in retirement, though, was the shock of shifting tenses from the future to the present.

As an academic researcher, I had lived almost entirely in the future. A grant secured is a grant already spent, and it's time to start preparing the next proposal. This year's new graduate students have barely learned how to spell your name, and it's time to start thinking about next year's admissions. As soon as a paper has been submitted to a journal, it's time to start writing the next one. And with ship time so expensive and scheduled so many years ahead, an oceanographer must always be putting together large teams of researchers to justify vessel time.

Not only was there no time to smell the roses, there was no time to notice whether I was in a garden.

The retiree, on the other hand, lives almost entirely in the present. What you don't get done today, you'll get done



CHAPTER II

...had started to have to work hard, could cure almost anything, then, and I believe now, when he cured of, I decided to be was not for and loving my wife, at all, when I got home to

...for Robert Cohn went over, and it was accepted by a fairly good, but his going made an awful lot of I heard, as that is where Frances lost him, because

tomorrow. Or the next day. Or next week, maybe. And if it never gets done at all, *tant pis!* There are very few deadlines imposed by other people. Now that my last Ph.D. student has cleared his final hurdle, there is nothing I *must* do before any particular date – other than pay my taxes, of course. I can spend the weekend in my darkroom, or out in the boonies, without those Sunday-night *mea culpas*.

But if this change of tense has rendered me less tense (my pulse rate is slowly disappearing, and my blood pressure reads in Celsius rather than Fahrenheit), I confess there are times when I miss the excitement, the frisson, that comes with the news of a successful grant application or the acceptance of a paper that had seemed perhaps too daring for the referees. However, I balance this letdown against the depression resulting from the rejection of what I'd felt to be my best work and most advanced thoughts. If I miss the highs, I surely don't miss the lows. My present, largely honorary appointment as an adjunct professor at the University of Victoria keeps me close enough to the academic treadmill to stifle any excessive nostalgia for the good old days.

I manage to keep almost too busy. There are bits of my research which should be turned into articles before I

forget why I did them. I continue to review grant applications and papers, along with an occasional book. And I have rediscovered the computer. I used computers in my research as soon as I could get access to one in the mid-fifties, but I never had time to explore their capabilities. Now I'm learning how to do the things I could imagine, but not do, forty years ago. And I've already needed physiotherapy for "mouse shoulder."

Above all, I'm slowly learning to do today what offers itself today. Victoria is Canada's St. Petersburg; it is not uncommon to see a seventy-year-old woman out on Dallas Road, taking her mother for a walk. The prevalence of the aged is a warning that time, and with it my physical capability, is fleeting. Sure, on a good day I'm as quick and limber as ever, but the good days come less often now, and the bodily reminders of the follies of my youth come more frequently.

In mid-career we all tend to put off things we would really like to do, saving them for "when we'll have more time." For me, that time is now. If I put things off much longer, it will have become "then." Let's see: where did I put my bongo drums and the street map of Rio de Janeiro? ■

Peter Wangersky of Victoria, British Columbia, is a retired professor of oceanography.



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