

November 1996

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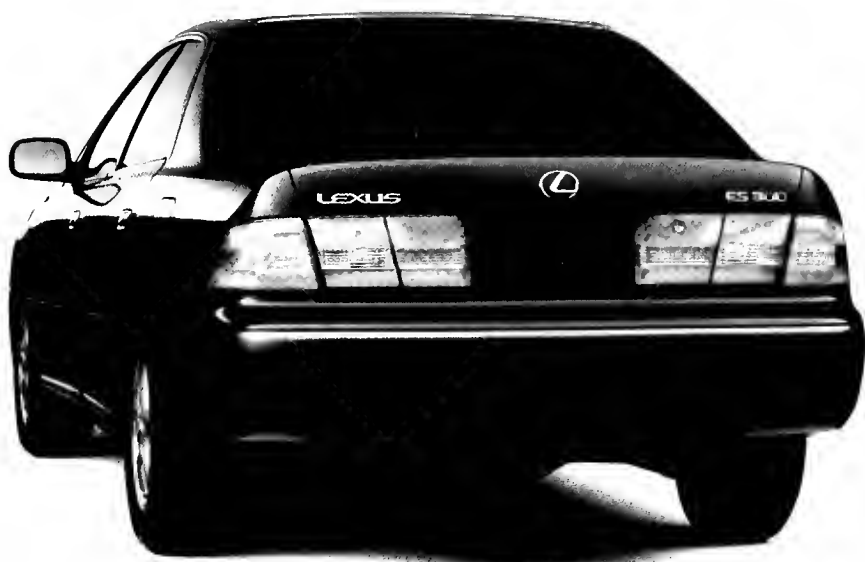
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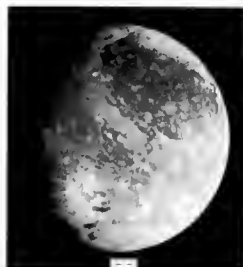
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UNDER THE ELMS 10

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Far from their spiritual homeland in Siberia, a group of religious expatriates finds itself at a crossroads in Oregon. *Text by Eileen M. Kane '94, photography by Manuel Cuotemac Malle '94*

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James Patterson once covered traffic court for the *Hartford Courant*. Now a history professor, he has written a book that may change the way you think about America. *By Norman Boucher*

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Reality doesn't bite for Lisa Loeb '90. The singer-songwriter in cat's-eye specs has rocketed into pop's top echelon. *By Shea Dean*

COVER: Two Old Believer sisters in a photograph taken during a lull in their exodus from Russia to China, Manchuria, Brazil, and – finally – Oregon.

Volume 97 • Number 3 / November 1996

True Believer

Vartan Gregorian was holding forth one recent Saturday on philanthropy, particularly the unique loyalty Americans have to their alma maters. It is a phenomenon not found, Gregorian emphasized, elsewhere in the world. "Alexis de Tocqueville wrote that in America, charity is part and parcel of our society," Gregorian said. "Here, you care because you have invested."

These thoughts caused me to glance at the smallish man standing alertly in the rear of Salomon Hall. Artemis A.W. Joukowsky '55 – "Artie" to his friends – is Brown's vice chancellor and one of its most generous benefactors. He and his "bride," as Artie genteelly refers to Professor of Archaeology Martha Sharp Joukowsky '55, have given millions upon millions of dollars to Brown's libraries, academic facilities, athletic programs, and the beautification of its public spaces. He is also, I freely disclose, my friend, so what you're about to read is not unbiased.

The evening before, many of us had gathered on the Green to receive another of Artie's gifts, one he had conceived and seen to fruition: a professionally produced outdoor "sound and light show" that brought to life the University's history and its heritage. This spectacular display aptly concluded Brown's successful comprehensive campaign (see page 10).

The next morning I ran into Artie near Faunce House and congratulated him. "Wasn't it great?" he beamed. He was

clearly elated, yet his happiness had a tiny, bitter edge. The previous week, some students had written to the *Brown Daily Herald* criticizing the Joukowsky family's undisclosed expenditure for the show, pointing out ways the money could have been better spent, implying that the show was an indulgence. One student had even e-mailed Martha Joukowsky to complain.

It seemed to me that the critics, while well-intentioned, had missed a point. To wit: raising enough money to get a major university safely into the next century is desperately hard work. Hundreds of staff and thousands of alumni and parent volunteers knocked themselves out for five years to meet an unprecedented dollar goal, which they exceeded by more than 18 percent. Joukowsky himself traveled, literally, the entire world to meet with donors, racking up 97,378 documented air and surface miles in the process.

No one in my acquaintance is better at combining passion, hard work, and sheer enjoyment than Artie Joukowsky. In the ten years I've known him, I've come to expect words such as these: "Wonderful." "Just great!" "Fabulous." "Splendid." If ever the man has known a discouraging word, he has put it quickly behind him. And Brown has been the principal beneficiary of this true-believer *joie*.

So Artie threw a major-league party on the Green last month. Perhaps we can all learn to applaud such catholic generosity and to see each gift, whether it supports a professorship or financial aid or a light show, for what it is: an act of love.

In his speech upon accepting the New York Brown Club's Independent Award in 1988, Artie outlined his colorful family



history, from his birth to Russian expatriates in China, through the family's immigration to the United States (where he was viewed suspiciously as "the blue-eyed Chinese boy"), to his Brown education. He described his early roots as "air roots" fully formed but never planted in one country or any one culture."

Now Artie's roots are firmly planted in America and in the culture of Brown. In the late 1980s, after his retirement from the international insurance business and being named Brown's vice chancellor, he and Martha pulled up stakes in New York City, bought a house two blocks from campus, and proceeded to devote themselves full-time to the University.

"Only America," Artie said in 1988, in words uncannily similar to Gregorian's last month, "has a historic tradition of individual responsibility for independent institutions like Brown. . . . Without the acceptance of such responsibility, private education could eventually disappear."

We're all the richer when an Art Joukowsky emerges to give, and give, and give to Brown – not "till it hurts," as the late chancellor Richard Salomon '32 used to say, only half-joking, but until it feels, well, *wonderful*. *Splendid*. *Just great*.

Anne Hinman Diffily

ANNE HINMAN DIFFILY '73
Editor

BROWN
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Volume 97, No. 3

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An impassioned voice

I was pleased to read the article by Marie G. Lee '86 on the Asian-American experience at Brown titled "Finding Their Voice" (April). The last article *B.A.M.* dedicated to this significant community was in November 1989 ("To Be Asian-American"). Now that the Asian community has grown significantly at Brown, so too has the need to support who we are.

I was honored to speak last November during Asian Heritage Month. As a psychotherapist, director of mental-health services, and psychology professor specializing in multiculturalism and Asian-Americans, I knew I could speak from a highly academic position. Instead, I chose to speak more spontaneously, with passionate words that I had held in abeyance in the years since I had been a Brown undergraduate.

As I shared my reflections in a room brimming with interested students, I was touched by the enthusiastic response. Afterward, students met with me, talking about how they too were going through an evolving awareness of their Asian identity. This continued throughout the evening, through the next day, as I strolled back to my inn, even as I visited the bookstore.

Students from that day are still contacting me. One of them is working on a local writing project. I understood these positive reactions as longings to have someone acknowledge and reflect their experiences, someone who could positively "mirror" that being of Asian heritage is just as valuable as being of other heritages. In growing up Asian-Americans, we are still confronted by racism, stereotyping, and the myth of being the model minority, which is often used as a wedge between us and other communities. As history shows, we are visible when a scapegoat is needed, invisible when we become too strong.

It is about time that we are viewed as



we are, equal to others. I encourage Brown, the *B.A.M.*, and the University's administration to continue its efforts to be inclusive and give reflection to those who make up the future of our country. The more we give mirroring opportunities to others, the more diverse and healthy we will all become in the country's reflection. This benefits all cultures. We simply want to know who we are and to be here on equal terms.

Matthew R. Mock '77
Berkeley, Calif.

Us and them

I would like to congratulate you for the remarkable job you do in publishing the magazine and maintaining closeness among the Brown community, which is spread all over the world. I enjoyed the September issue very much; however, there was a small imperfection that I would like to bring to your notice.

A report titled "Olympians: Brown Shines in Atlanta" (Elms) describes the bronze-medal effort of Jim Pedro '96 and notes that "Pedro lost to a Mongolian in the second round but flipped Martin Schmidt of Germany." I find it interesting that, except for the Mongolian, everybody else is mentioned by name, including Martin Schmidt, who, like the Mongolian, is neither a U.S. athlete nor affiliated with Brown. Is it the case that the reporter couldn't find the name of the Mongolian? Or simply did not care to find out the name?

We see in books and movies with "us-against-them" themes – for example, war movies – that "we" always have names, whereas "they" need not, and usually do not, have any names. Do we see a similar

situation here, where "we" are the people of European descent and "they" are the remaining people of the world, who have no name, no identity of their own, and can be characterized completely by their nationalities?

Ashim Garg '92 Sc.M., '96
Ph.D.

Campus
The writer is a postdoctoral research associate in the Department of Computer Science. – Editor

The real alternative

The commercialization of WBRU has gone too far. WBRU's vote to jettison the popular "360-Degree Black Experience in Sound" ("Radio Haze," Elms, July) indicates how the radio station views serving the Providence and Brown communities as a lower priority than the pursuit of private profit. WBRU benefits from an ambiguous tax status and the free labor of Brown students, but it does not show much appreciation for these benefits by giving anything substantial back to the community that nurtured it.

I am also distressed by the racial politics of the vote to discontinue "360." "Alternative" radio used to be oppositional to corporate-controlled entertainment. Now, alternative is just another demographic niche to be bombarded by marketing consultants. Who says alternative music has to exclude nonwhite performers? WBRU refuses to include both white and black musicians on its playlist because marketing consultants advise that it is easier to make a financial killing by balkanizing the airwaves. The segregation of black and white performers unfortunately parallels the lack of interaction between black and white students in social settings on campus. Brown students usually have racially integrationist ideals, but they fail to live up to these ideals in practice. One of the most common reasons I have heard black and white students give for not interacting more with students of different races is that "They don't listen to the same music that we do." Instead of contributing to the sorting of students into tiny racial, demographic niches, WBRU should be encouraging more students to cross the

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Jon C. Pennington '94

Conshohocken, Pa.

WBRU has overturned its vote to discontinue "360," and the program continues to air on Sundays. — Editor

To the heart

My late wife, Frances Thomas Davis, was a 1948 graduate of Pembroke, and I continue to receive the *BAM* and enjoy it. I was really touched by the story "The People Next Door" in the May issue. You continue to go to the heart of most issues you address.

Edward S. Davis

Wilton, Conn.

Image question

Some years ago I wrote asking the *BAM* to examine its conscience before accepting liquor advertising. Many issues since have, in fact, been free from ads for alcohol. I became hopeful that the *BAM* had severed its dependency on liquor advertising and adopted a more enlightened ad policy.

With some dismay, I discovered that the *BAM* had sold the back cover of the July issue to a company trumpeting "Absolute Nantucket," accompanied by a color photo depicting a previously lovely beach adorned with a boardwalk built in the shape of a vodka bottle. The vodka has no more to do with Nantucket than it does Brown, but its makers find it advantageous to be associated with both.

Liquor producers should have to accept a growing general awareness of the serious risks inherent in alcohol, without the powerful offsetting benefit of a stamp of tacit Ivy League approval. It's not a matter of morality or being stuffy. An increasing number of serious public and private problems are connected with alcohol, which, like tobacco, can be tragically destructive and addictive. Why should Brown, which wishes to be perceived as a center of educated leadership, have anything to do with enhancing the image of alcoholic beverages?

It appears that Brown has sold not only its good name but also that of an unconsenting island, for a price, to a liquor distributor. This may not be perceived as a bad thing to do – if you choose to rationalize that it does no real harm while helping finance the *BAM*. But it is glaringly inconsistent with

Brown's claims to greatness. I'm certain that more people than the *BAM* might expect will join me in feeling a sense of loss to the University.

Please reconsider your advertising policy in this significant area.

Alan E. Anwood '56
Nantucket, Mass.



Beloved Washburn

Bert Wisner '49 wondered in his letter (Mail, September) whether the Rev. Arthur Washburn retired to Siena, Italy. I can report from firsthand experience that "Doc" Washburn did indeed find his way to Siena, where he fulfilled his dream.

My father, Henry C. Wayne '29, spent his freshman year in Maxcy Hall — as did I nearly thirty years later — where Doc Washburn was faculty resident. One night, far after acceptable hours, Doc greeted my father and some of his pals returning from an excursion to several downtown "libation parlors" as they tried to sneak back into the dorm through a window. Doc first inquired as to why they didn't try the front door, which was open. Then he sat them down for the requisite lecture on the evils and dire consequences of their transgressions. Judging them appropriately chastised and repented, and with a characteristic twinkle in his eye, he then told them, "The next time you plan to go on another of these adventures, invite me along, and I'll show you where the good ones are." They did, and he did.

Over the years Doc and my dad exchanged Christmas cards, and Doc always closed with an invitation to visit him in Siena. In the summer of 1959 my parents were on vacation in Europe, and I was stationed with the U.S. Air Force in Libya, and we all took the opportunity to accept Doc's invitation.

When we arrived, Doc greeted us at the doorstep of his "palazzo" and showed us around the magnificent apartment,

which was filled with books, mementos, and comfortable furniture. The windows provided a sweeping view of Doc's carefully tended flower gardens and a grand panorama of the fields and hills beyond. It was an incredible view that by itself defined why Doc loved the place. After a delightful luncheon in the apartment, Doc announced that he would now conduct a walking tour of his Siena, and we spent the rest of the day walking the city streets, listening to Doc's uniquely intimate descriptions of the architecture and history before us. We weren't six feet into the tour when we realized what a revered

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BH 96

fixture *Il Dottore* Washburn was everywhere in the city. He was greeted warmly by everyone, from sweeper to storekeeper to magistrate — he knew them all by name, and they clearly adored him.

It was obvious to me then that Doc Washburn truly had found his paradise on earth and that when he passed on, someone at the gate was going to have a tough time convincing him that where he was going could top Siena.

Dan Wayne '60
Barrington, R.I.

I, too, have warm memories of Arthur Washburn, dating back to my freshman year, 1935. I had been at Brown only a week when I became ill and was bedded for a few days in the old infirmary, a dilapidated little building between the Psi Upsilon house and Marston Hall. Arthur was the patron saint of that old infirmary, dropping by every day, bringing cheer to a few sick kids.

Weeks later I ran into him on campus, and we chatted. He wrote my mother to tell her that I looked well and was warmly dressed, forever endearing himself to her. Sometime later Arthur was appointed the first chaplain of the University, a function he had been performing unofficially for years.

He retired in the 1940s and moved to his beloved Siena. I wrote him a couple of times and got answers saying he was delighted to be there.

Emery Walker '39
Pomona, Calif.

On principle

Did James Bailey '68 really claim in his book *After Thought* that Sir Isaac Newton was the author of *Principia Mathematica*, as stated by your book reviewer Chad Galts ("Partners in Time," September)? Somebody made a boo-boo. Newton wrote

Philosophiae Naturalis Principia Mathematica, universally known as *Principia*, but philosopher-logicians Bertrand Russell and Alfred North Whitehead wrote *Principia Mathematica*. *Principia* and *Principia Mathematica* are both great books, but they are not the same.

Steven D. Hales '92 Ph.D.
Bloomsburg, Pa.

James Bailey responds:

Professor Hales is, of course, correct. I fudged because I found that "*Principia Mathematica*" is the name by which most nonscientists recognized Newton's work. The irony of this naming confusion is that Alfred North Whitehead is the father of much of the evolutionary, post-Newtonian way of looking at the world that my book covers. It is his book *Process and Reality*, not the earlier *Principia Mathematica* that he did with Russell, that will be remembered by future generations. A much more accessible version of his ideas may be found in his very readable *Adventures of Ideas*.

Author's query

During the past thirty years I have been meeting with men in small groups and larger workshops to share our history, our current experience, and our future directions as men. Many of us are healing from abuse, addictions, violence, absorption in work, stifled emotions, and the misconceptions we acquired from our culture about what it means to be a man.

For the past year I have been collecting personal stories written by men about the changes in their lives. I intend to publish some of these in an anthology to be entitled *Regaining Consciousness: Stories of Transformation in Men's Lives*. I am searching for first-person accounts of personal change by men, in order to include a wide variety of life experiences. I would especially welcome contributions from previously published authors.

I request the following from those who wish to submit stories: A double-spaced, typewritten manuscript no more than twenty-five pages in length. Focus on your personal experience of the transition in your life, emphasizing the challenges, joy, and pain of the process. Please provide me with your name, address, and telephone number. You may use a pen name if you wish. Each story selected for the book will be published as a chapter under the author's name. I will work closely with authors on editing the sto-



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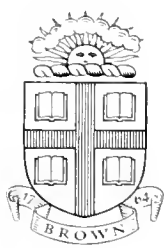
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Bruce Barton '60
Santa Fe, N.M.



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Sign of old times

What has happened to the "In Deo Speramus" scrolled beneath the Brown crest? At my 30th reunion I noticed that it is still in place on the Van Winkle Gates, but most other places on campus and in the B.A.M. it has been replaced simply with "Brown." Has this been a conscious decision or just a subtle sign of our more secular age?

John A. Stabb '66
Philadelphia
johnstabb@aol.com

The motto *In Deo Speramus* still appears on the Brown coat of arms in letterheads, many flags, and other official University communications. The version adopted in 1834 contained a scroll with the motto *In Deo Speramus* below the shield. The coat of arms has been redesigned several times in Brown's history, most recently in 1980. Four variations are now accepted: with a scroll containing either the motto (1) or "Brown 1764" (2), with no scroll at all (3), or with both scrolls (4). The choice of which one to use depends on design and context, such as whether the coat of arms will appear in a place where "Brown" is self-evident.

— Editor

Olympian achievement

I was interested to read the report about Brown's athletes and coaches who competed in the Atlanta Olympics (Elnis, September). Unfortunately, I was disappointed to find that my classmate and co-worker, Susan Smith '93, was omitted.

Susan, expanding on her college athletic career (highlighted in the June 1993 B.A.M.), represented Ireland in the 400-meter hurdles. She qualified for the semi-finals in a time that broke the Irish national record (her own record set last June).

I hope your omission was an oversight, and I look forward to reading a full report on Susan's outstanding performance in Atlanta.

Eileen Rochio '93
Sherborn, Mass.
erochio@cohybrand.com

It was, indeed, an oversight. We congratulate Ms. Smith on her achievement. — Editor

CORRECTION

In a profile of graduate student Jame Goggin in the October issue, the name of the Champlin Foundation, a benefactor of Brown's Rockefeller Library, was misspelled. The B.A.M. regrets the error.

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Reprinted from *The Boston Globe*

Ivy League Magazines are Advertisers' Dream

ALUMNI MAGAZINES used to be pretty much the same — a feature on an eccentric professor you didn't know, a photo essay on the oldest living graduate and maybe a flattering profile of the dog track impresario who's also the school's largest contributor.

Harvard Magazine is different, both in editorial content and in the type of advertising it accepts. Instead of ads touting a local *ruthskeller* — or no ads at all — Harvard Magazine features glossy ads for Cadillac, Cartier and Absolut Vodka.

Indeed, next to an article about how the Shining Path of Peru is one of the few guerrilla groups to accept women in top leadership positions, there's an ad for a no-load mutual fund.

Such ads are increasingly common. Two years ago, the Ivy League Network of alumni magazines decided to pitch itself more aggressively to major advertisers.

Though it's been around in some form for many years, the network has been a well-kept secret, says its executive director, Laura Freid.

So, since 1994, the mission statement has been to alert many major advertisers that here's an Ivy League network of nonprofit alumni magazines for Brown, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, Yale and the University of Pennsylvania. (Stanford was added in part for its West Coast reach.)

While the magazines still sell ads separately, an advertiser can now buy a full-page ad in all eight magazines for \$43,435. Together the magazines reach 746,072 households.

As might be expected, the demographics of those households are an advertiser's dream. Median income is estimated at \$132,300, the network says.

Last year, total ad revenues were \$1.74 million, up 24 percent, Freid says. Among new advertisers are car companies, cruise lines and retailers of luxury goods.

In buying print ads for its luxury cars, Lexus divides magazines into several categories. The Ivy alumni magazines fall into the "thought-leader category," which includes *Atlantic*, the *New Yorker* and the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*, says Ken Thomas, the media manager for Lexus.

The high number of "thought-leader" readers makes the alumni magazines an ideal spot to place ads for companies looking to change a brand's image, Freid says.

When Corvette wanted to get out the word that it's a luxury car as much as a hot rod, it included the Ivy League alumni magazines in its advertising buy.

When the US Postal Service wanted to huff up its image, it too ran ads in the alumni magazines.

On those pages, thought leaders could also spot ads from the Polish National Tourist Office with the taglines: "So this is Poland?" and "Poland — everyone's vacation country."

"So far, the early response has been less than overwhelming," says tourist office director Leszek Mokrzycki. "But we see this as an initial investment."

Of course, a few other magazines can also offer strong demographics. In pitching space to big advertisers, the Ivy network's sales force notes that its readers spend 84 minutes perusing their alumni magazines; the comparable figure for many other magazines is under an hour.

"Our readers think they own the magazine," says Freid, offering her theory for why Ivy subscribers read longer.

And Ivy subscribers also like to socialize as a group, something else that sets them apart.

"I read *Vogue*, but that doesn't mean I want to get together with other *Vogue* readers," Freid says.

Alumni magazine readers, in contrast, frequently mingle in clubs and at school homecomings.

Macallan Single Highland Malt Scotch Whisky, for example, isn't just running ads in alumni magazines; it's also conducting tastings at the Yale and Princeton clubs in New York.

When Toyota introduced its Avalon luxury car, the network helped it set up hospitality tents near the stadium gates of Ivy League football games, including the 1994 Harvard-Yale game.

Cruise lines, meanwhile, advertise alumni holidays on the high seas. Sometimes these cruises are capped off with a lecture and a reception at a US consulate at a cruise ship's port of call. (US ambassadors are often Ivy League grads.)

"We're looking at ways to lend our cachet to advertisers," Freid says. "We're looking to add value."

Looking to boost circulation to 1 million subscribers, the network ponders expanding its ranks to include Johns Hopkins University, Duke University and "that big school down the river," says Freid, presumably alluding to MIT.

Of the Ivy League Network, she says, "We're a small pond for advertisers to find a lot of big fish in."

by Chris Reidy
June 14, 1996

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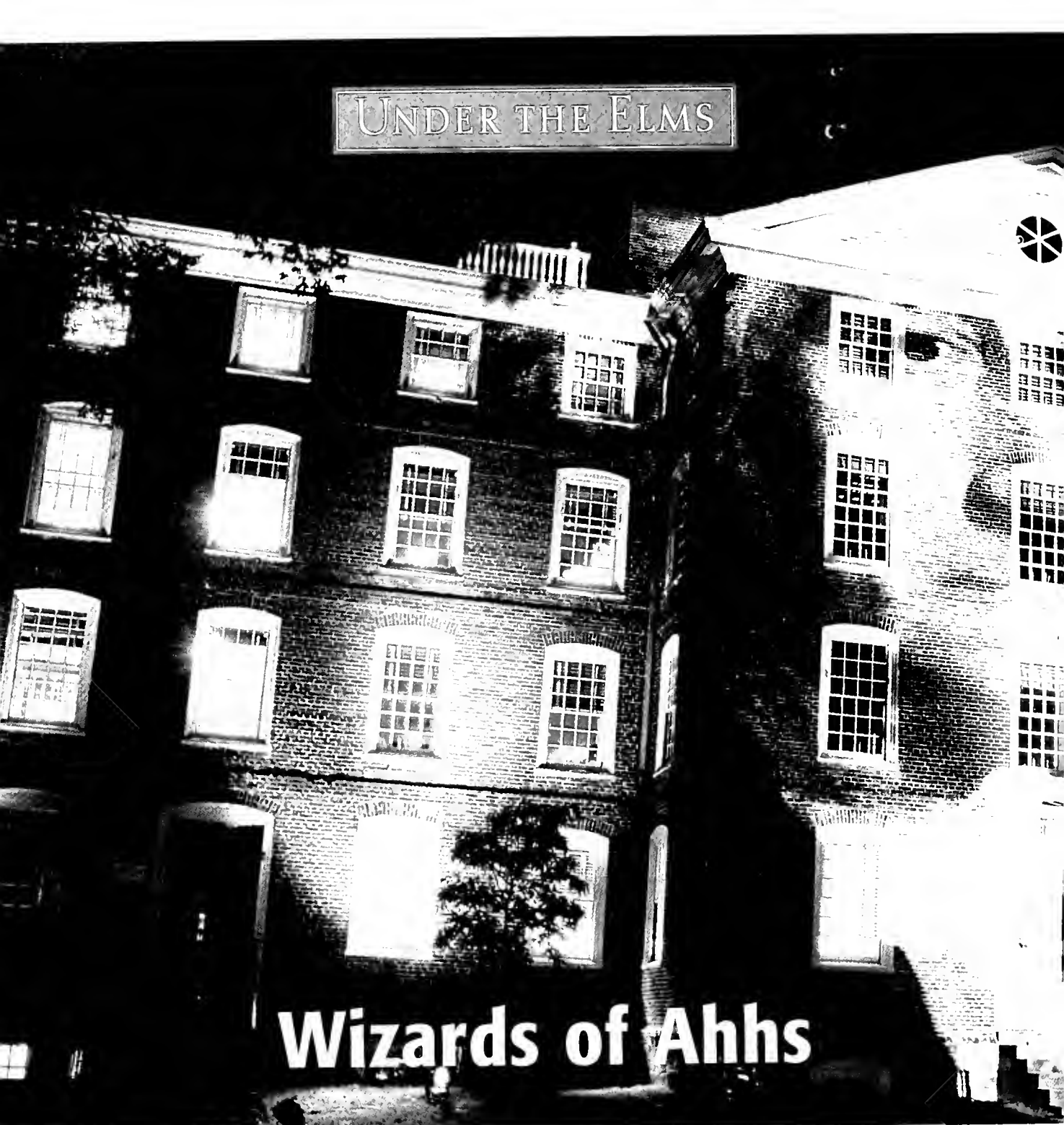
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UNDER THE ELMS

Wizards of Ahhs

IT WAS A SCENE out of *The Wizard of Oz*. Around 10 PM on a crystal-cold October night, the south façade of Faunce House filled suddenly with a gargantuan image of Vartan Gregorian's face. "As the year 2000 approaches," boomed a familiar, Armenian-accented voice, "what are the challenges that education in

general and Brown in particular must face?" The president's prerecorded words rolled across hundreds of spectators wrapped in blankets on the Green. No sooner had the oration ceased than multicolored lasers stabbed out from Gregorian's very lips and raced over the heads of those assembled. Accompanied by

fast-paced music, the laser beams crisscrossed the Green in a dazzling aerial display that lasted a good five minutes.

While many may indeed consider Gregorian a wizard who has conjured support from all corners of the globe, this display wasn't about Oz, but rather entirely about Brown. The laser spectacular —

the climax of an outdoor sound-and-light show tracing the University's history — was part of a weekend-long celebration on October 11–13 of the overwhelmingly successful Campaign for the Rising Generation (*B&M*, October). By its conclusion last June, the four-year fund-raising effort aimed at strengthening

The University congratulates itself for exceeding a campaign goal

Brown's teaching and scholarship had surpassed its original goal of \$450 million and brought in a total of \$534 million (BAM, October).

"We did it. *You* did it!"

Gregorian exulted earlier that evening at a dinner for campaign volunteers and donors. "Thanks to you, many doors have been opened." The pres-

ident also thanked Vice President Ann Caldwell, her predecessor, Samuel Babbitt, and the development office staff for their leadership and work.

Vice Chancellor Artemis A.W. Joukowsky '55, the campaign's national chairman who logged untold hours and nearly 100,000 miles on its behalf, said the response he

received from donors was worth every handshake, speech, and airline dinner. "The past six years," he told those at the celebration, "have reaffirmed my faith in the wonderful mind and heart that characterize my University."

He and Brown Fellow H. Anthony Ittleson '60, the campaign's executive chairman, seemed genuinely surprised when Gregorian summoned them to the stage to

produced by Aquila Productions and Brown's Office of Special Events, featured a host of Brunonian narrators, most prominently actors Jobeth Williams '70 and James Naughton '67, and a panoramic display of projected images on the buildings surrounding the Green. Special lighting effects turned the Green's elms into technicolor puffs of cotton candy as the narration and sound effects took viewers from Brown's



National campaign chairman Art Joukowsky '55 signals victory (above) at a dinner for volunteers on October 11. Alluding to the University's pre-Revolutionary roots – which were illuminated in a sound-and-light spectacular on the Green later that night featuring, among others, University Hall visitor George Washington (left) – Joukowsky noted that the need for Brown to educate "the rising tide of America's youth" remains as great today as it was in 1764.

receive the President's Medal, the highest honor a Brown president can bestow, in honor of their work. All three received standing ovations, as did Gregorian's wife, Clare, who "for thirty-six years has stood by and supported me," beamed the president.

A rousing ovation, too, was accorded the show on the Green later that night. A gift from the Joukowsky family to the University community, "Legacy of Generations,"

modest founding in 1764 to its present eminence.

Next morning, alumni were still enthused. "I saw sound-and-light shows last summer at the pyramids in Egypt and at the Jerusalem 3000 celebration," commented Elie Hirschfeld '71, "and Brown's was far better done. It was wonderful."

Ooohs. Aaahs. Awe that "we did it." What a weekend it was. And what a campaign. —A.D.



Presidential candidate satirist Alice Tuan '97 M.F.A. on the Faunce House steps. If elected, she planned to drain Lake Erie and fill it with beer.

Lighten Up

Putting the humor back in politics.

THIS YEAR'S Presidential candidates oozed earnestness. Dole, Clinton, Perot: they seemed so determined to let us know *they care*. If any of them had a sense of humor, he kept it hidden, for fear, perhaps, of being perceived as insufficiently serious. In late September, last-minute writing in candidates Michael Keezing '97 M.F.A. and Alice Tuan '97 M.F.A. climbed the Faunce House steps determined to change all that.

As part of an experimental-narratives class offered by English professor Robert Coover, Keezing and Tuan formed their own party, the Millennial Party, to satirize political banalities and jargon. Besides making speeches, the candidates hosted an "un-convention" and created a home page on the World Wide Web. "We're trying to get people to re-envision politics," says Tuan. "And to do that, we're trying to break down the seriousness that renders stale language."

In his opening remarks, Keezing credited novelist Coover, author of the political parody *The Cat in the Hat for President*, for paving the way for the Millennial Party's unusual platform. As an alternative to "the Clindole corporate duopoly," Keezing stumped for (among other things) government action on "illegal aliens" — the kind from outer space, that is, "a class of aliens no major political party before our own has had the guts to confront."

Next, Tuan floated a host of fresh ideas. She promised to let loose the id — "the root of all desires" — if elected, and to throw a millennial party that would include draining Lake Erie and filling it with Bud, planting the San Fernando Valley with cannabis, and detonating fourth-fifths of the U.S. nuclear arsenal to "light up the hemisphere."

The Millennials' proposals garnered applause from a small crowd on the Green, but enthusiasm alone does not win an election. For now, it seems, these unconventional candidates will continue to declaim from the steps of Faunce House rather than from the White House. — *Shea Dean*

News Hour Economics

Inflation: better than sex?

ROBERT SCHILLER believes economists are out of touch. "We're like physicians who say, 'I don't care about the patient. I just want to see the lab tests,'" said Schiller, a Yale economist who visited Brown in September to present his paper, "Why Do People Dislike Inflation?"

Influenced, perhaps, by the trickle-down effects of the Federal Reserve's inflation phobia, 92 percent of ordinary citizens in a Schiller survey said they think controlling inflation should be a government priority. None of the respondents said they had benefited from inflation.

Specialists in monetary policy couldn't disagree more. Schiller also surveyed economists and found that only 5 percent were uneasy about inflation and worried that their income would not keep pace with rising prices. More and more of them believe modest levels of inflation are part of a healthy, normal economy.

Schiller was reluctant to identify a single reason for the gulf between lay people's opinions and those of professional economists. He did note, however, that the word *inflation* seems to be the most commonly used economic term among reporters and the public. In a search of the Nexis database, which scans all English-language news publications, Schiller found "inflation" in 872,004 stories — 200,000 more than stories using the word *sex*. — *Chad Galts*



Mario Molina (above), winner of a 1995 Nobel Prize for his work on ozone depletion, stressed the importance of science in a liberal arts curriculum at the W. Duncan MacMillan '53 Hall groundbreaking ceremony on October 11 (see "The Twenty Percent Solution," *BAM*, October). Afterwards MacMillan (right) toured the building site and made the most of his naming opportunity.





Service comes naturally for Lucia Trimbur '97, who teaches ESL (left) at Providence's Calvary Baptist Church.

Local Hero

A student who always finds time to help.

ON THE Faunce House stage on September 17, local dignitaries and Brown officials found themselves stepping aside for a most unlikely star: Lucia Trimbur '97, the shy and awestruck-looking first recipient of the Brian Dickinson Community Public Service Award. The award is named for Dickinson '76 A.M., an editorial columnist for the *Providence Journal* who continues to write while immobilized by Lou Gehrig's disease ("How to Live," *B.A.M.*, March).

Trimbur accepted the

award during an event celebrating Brown's relationship with Providence. To love the University, said Mayor Buddy Cianci, is to love the city.

Unlike many Brown alumni, Trimbur fell in love with Providence first. Born and raised in nearby Cranston, she was volunteering in Providence long before she came to Brown. The University's Swearer Center for Public Service simply offered her new opportunities to continue what she'd already been doing for years. After enrolling, she taught classes in English as a Second Language (ESL), helped coach a local track team, and worked for the hungry.

In presenting the Dickinson award to Trimbur, Peter

SINCE LAST TIME...

The Office of Student Life **banned alcohol sales** at all campus parties after a female Brown student allegedly was raped at a Phi Kappa Psi fraternity party on October 6....the College Curriculum Council voted unanimously to approve the establishment of a **racial and ethnic studies** concentration....the University put eight Fox Point **houses on the block**, with special deals for faculty and staff, to encourage owner-occupancy in the area....the debate about arming campus officers flared up again after a **slashing incident** at Harambee House forced police and security to call in the Providence P.D....the Undergraduate Council of Students asked the administration to put a hold on its "**red light**" policy, which denies students with unpaid bills of more than \$1,000 access to the libraries and athletic center....the Refectory will purchase **new food trays** for the first time in seven years; the old trays will be given away to students to use as sleds....Associate Professor Carolyn Dean, who teaches the history of sexuality and modern culture, was named the 1996 Rhode Island **Professor of the Year** by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

Hocking, the Swearer center's director, emphasized that it is meant to recognize the families of recipients, too. Trimbur credits her early involvement in teaching ESL to the example set by her father, an English professor at Worcester Polytechnic Institute. They now team-teach an ESL class at South Providence Neighborhood Ministries, where Trimbur's sister Catherine, a student at Cranston East High School, also volunteers.

With a combined concentration in American Civilization and human ecology, Trimbur has been working with the World Hunger Program to study the problem of hunger in Providence. How, her research asks, can public-assistance programs be made more user-friendly? Trimbur's ideas are likely to derive as much from experience as from theory. — *Chad Galts*

Banda Dreams

Sometimes research takes you half a world away.

WHEN IT COMES to field work, graduate students in anthropology range far and wide. But few venture farther than Peter Lape hopes to this winter. If all goes well, in February the third-year doctoral candidate will lead a group of volunteers on the first archaeological expedition ever to dig in eastern Indonesia. "There has been virtually no archaeological research in Indonesia," he says. "The government closed it off until about three years ago." During a preliminary trip to the area in the summer of 1995, Lape says he could see ceramic shards and other artifacts surfacing through the soil.

Lape specializes in "culture contact," or trying to



Far left: the view from Fort Revenge on Pulau Ai, Banda Islands. In the distance is Gunung Api, an active volcano, and the town of Neira. The Dutch traded Manhattan to the English so they could acquire the nutmeg and mace on Pulau Ai.

A stylized browser toolbar with buttons for Back, Forward, Home, Reload, Images, Open, Print, Find, Stop, and a large 'N' logo. The text "PICK O' THE WEB" is displayed above the buttons, and "BY CHAD GALTS" is displayed below them.

Journal of Management Education 30(6)

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the Great Chicago Fire and the Web of Memory is divided into two sections: personal recollections or impressions and a straighter historic overview. Each of the two sections is broken down into several smaller segments, which are divided again into categories of essays, images, and archival material. It all may sound complicated, but the site is surprisingly easy to navigate and makes the most of the Web's linking and referencing capabilities.

Connect: Contacting host: www.brown.edu...

Ice hockey can seem, at times, like ballet and, at other times, like a horseless jousting match. This is true not only for the five skaters but also for the goalie. Motionless and vigilant for long minutes, the goaltender explodes into a flurry of graceful leaps and pirouettes to stop speeding pucks. She repels the pokes and slashes of enemy sticks with all the finesse and brute strength of Xena, Warrior Princess.

How does it feel to guard a four-foot-high by six-foot-wide target from wrist shots and slapshots that can arrive at speeds of up to seventy-five miles per hour? I put this question to the women's hockey team's two net-minders. Junior Kelly MacKinnon of Glen Cove, New York, is an experienced veteran of college play; freshman Ali Brewer of Racine, Wisconsin, brings junior national team credentials to her battle for the job.

Both goalies immediately began talking about one thing: padding. Hockey goalies labor under twenty-five pounds of equipment, perhaps more than any player in any other sport. For an average-size woman, the requisite face mask, chest pad, thigh pads, bulky leg pads (which start above the knee and continue down to cover the skate), arm pads, and spine pad can make quick reactions feel like slow motion. "My equipment was hell freshman year," says MacKinnon. "It's all stiff and foreign. You don't know how the puck's going to bounce off it. You feel bulky and off-balance. Even now that I'm used to it, if there's a wrinkle in my sock, I can't get at it. It can take your focus away and drive you absolutely crazy."

Equipment isn't the only distraction between the pipes. Brewer says the area directly in front of her is often a maelstrom of sticks, skates, and spraying ice. "When people are blocking my view," she says, "I have to listen for the shot. Slapshots are a lot easier to hear than wrist

shots. When I hear the crack, I go down on my knees and flair my legs to the side to guard against a low puck."

And what if the shot still manages to whistle past, glancing off post, glove, or pad into the net? In ice hockey, the failure of a single player to do her job generates a red light as accusing as any state trooper's. "When that light goes on," says MacKinnon, "it's adding insult to injury. After a goal you have to pull yourself together. I brush the ice away, bang both posts to get relocated, and tap myself on my leg pads." Sometimes she removes her helmet, runs a hand through her sweaty hair, and has a drink of water. Brewer circles the net while reciting a private mantra to ease the sting. While she can

felt," she says, "like a brick wall that nothing could get through." ❧



Princesses of pads: Kelly MacKinnon '98 (right) and Alison Brewer '00.

hear her teammates' shouts of encouragement from the ice and the bench, it is this silent monologue, she says, that most helps her refocus.

A goalie's public humiliation rarely ends with the red light or a number on the electronic scoreboard. "Sometimes the crowd will taunt you," says Brewer. "If you let in a goal, they'll scream that you're a sieve." Both goalies steel themselves for hostile crowds at away games. "I find it kind of flattering," Brewer adds, "that they're trying to rattle me."

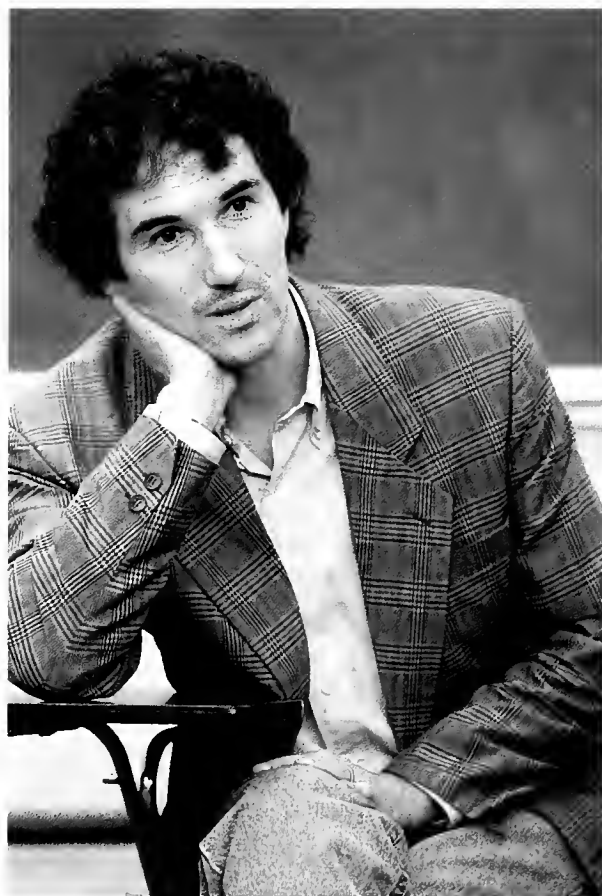
MacKinnon remembers playing a game in Toronto last winter in front of a noisy crowd. "I must have had thirty shots fired at me in a period-and-a-half," she recalls. "I was practically standing on my head, stopping shots." Amid this siege, MacKinnon suddenly tapped into a Zen-like plane of unshakable confidence, a mental plateau reserved for goalies. Crouched in her twenty-five pounds of armor among organ sounds, rhythmic clapping, and terrifying echoes of the puck rocketing off opponents' sticks, "I

Woman Warriors

Stopping a puck means staying in focus.

AS OF OCTOBER 6

Men's Cross Country	2-0
Women's Cross Country	2-0
Field Hockey	5-4
Football	0-3
Men's Soccer	3-2-2
Women's Soccer	1-6-2
Women's Tennis	0-1
Volleyball	6-9
Water Polo	6-2



Rights and Wrong

Political theorist **John Tomasi** wonders whether our pursuit of individual rights has gone too far.

- **TITLE:** Stanley J. Bernstein Assistant Professor of Social Science
- **EDUCATION:** B.A., Colby; M.A., University of Arizona; B. Phil., D. Phil., Oxford
- **SPECIALTY:** Political theory, ethics and public policy

Conventional political categories such as liberal and conservative seem to mean less with every passing year. What ideas have dominated political theory?

In the late 1980s philosophers began debating liberalism versus communitarianism. Liberalism is, in most people's view,

what the United States is founded on, with the fundamental premise that people are individuals, responsible for their own lives. Communitarians believe people are more dependent on their environment and on their interactions with one another.

Liberals believe the government should intervene only to protect individual rights; communitarians give primacy to collective concerns. For example, when someone buys a piece of property and wants to open up a pornography shop, liberals will ask if that person has a right to buy the property, to get a permit. Communitarians want to know if the store would hurt the community. If so, they say, the government should intervene.

How do liberal and communitarian ideas enter today's politics?

This is one of those disputes that scrambles or is scrambled by conventional politics. Republicans say they're in favor of individual freedom and rights and of allowing people to do economically with one

another what they choose. Yet they think it's appropriate to legislate morality regarding sexuality and other social issues. Democrats, on the other hand, say people should be free sexually and in other social ways without being as free economically.

At what point do individual rights harm the cohesiveness of society?

There's a tendency in liberal thought to make social issues such as welfare and ethnicity simply a matter of justice, of rights. That is a gross mistake. Rights are the beginning; they're by no means the end. With rights comes the responsibility of deciding how to exercise them. It's like

etiquette: you can hold a door open for someone, but no one's going to demand it, and you have the right to close the door. You have to *choose* to do it for people.

But the just society has long been an American ideal.

In the 1950s and '60s the federal government used justice to right some of society's most egregious wrongs. But as societies become more just, there's a real danger that people become more docile, callous, and numb to what they're doing. Consider taxes: Americans are giving away more and more of their income, yet I wouldn't say they're becoming more generous or caring. Justice, however noble its ambitions, threatens to crowd out the finer ethical sensibilities of people. Because of its drive toward uniformity and systematization, justice as a concept is spectacularly unable to track the idiosyncratic terrain of human ethical nature.

How do people become virtuous?

By listening not only to what the government says but also to what our family, friends, neighborhood, and ethnic background tell us. That would lead us to become more responsible for every aspect of our society, not just the little bits the government forces us to deal with.

Why aren't we doing this already?

I think justice should have a role in a good society much like the role it has in the character of a well-rounded person: basic but marginal. There is the fear that without justice people wouldn't do things for each other — so people fall back on justice. Justice is like a big heavy blanket on a cold morning; it dulls us, but at least it keeps us warm.

The society you're describing sounds like a utopia. Can it happen?

Can we throw off the blanket and confront the uncertainties of the day? I don't know. The vision I'm developing is an ideal, but I hope it's not utopian. ☺

Interview by Shea Dean

On the first day of September I stopped by my friend Jake's to welcome him back to Brown. He had skyscrapers of boxes clustered in the center of his room. "You know," he said, "I'm getting rid of most of this. I'm going for the no-stuff look this year." I thought of the even larger cityscape that loomed in my own room, waiting to be dismantled over the next few days. Perhaps the no-stuff look might work for me, too.

This was a revolutionary idea for someone who collects — both intentionally and inadvertently — everything from T-shirts to candy wrappers. In my natural habitat the only uncluttered area is the trash can. So of course I followed my mother's advice when she suggested three years ago, as I was about to start my freshman year, that I bring everything I could to help make my dorm room cozy and familiar. I packed enough to fill every nook: my favorite books, my ratty old bedside rug, and even Peter Rabbit, my childhood stuffed animal. But after nine months I moved out of that room and into a summer dwelling. In the fall I moved again. Every year since, it's been the same. The weather is always sweltering, my boxes get heavier, storage spaces are plagued by leaky ceilings, and things get lost. Once a shoe box full of old letters and important tidbits that I used to hide under my bed accidentally ended up in a dumpster.

Minimalism comes naturally once you learn that moving is easier if you have less stuff. But it's not just the physical labor that is so irksome. After eighteen years of trimming and perfecting a space in your parents' house, you leave and start over,

yet you never have enough time to settle into a living space and make it your own. It's no wonder that many college students eventually stop trying so hard for that cozy, familiar feel. They know that everything they take out of a box will soon enough have to be repacked. In each new room we must choose between settling in — focusing on the present — and living light — looking toward the next relocation.

Not only are we transients hopping from dorm room to dorm room; we're also adrift between our parents' homes and wherever our futures take us. As a freshman I viewed college as going away from home. Now I realize the place I left is not even mine anymore. It's the home

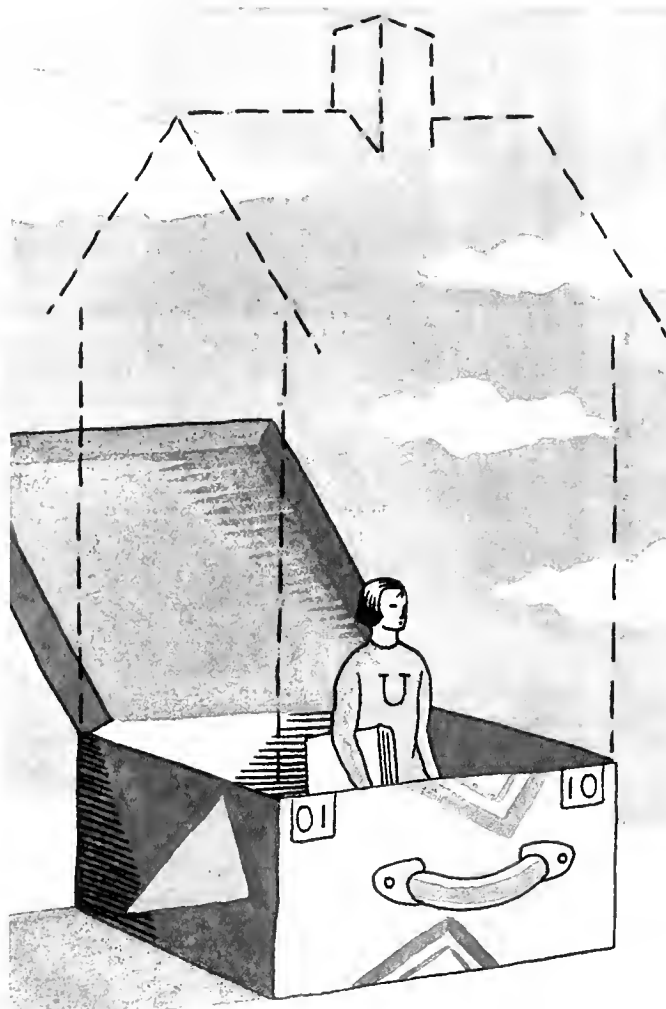
of my mother, father, and brother, furnished with their choices, not mine. Changes occur no faster than they did when I lived there, but even the smallest ones become startling when I'm not there to see them evolve. "Since when do we subscribe to *Newsweek*?" I ask as I walk through the house during a visit. "Why did you change brands of spaghetti sauce?"

My parents' house isn't truly home, but then neither is Brown. I've noticed that when I return to school in the fall I say, "I'm back." Not "I'm home." Brown is a comfortable but temporary place. My friends make a nice family. The campus is familiar and welcoming. The dining hall serves as a kitchen — the center of any home. When I graduate in May, however, I'll be evicted from my room. I'll box my belongings once again, carry them down the stairs just like last year, and shove them in the car, destined for, most likely, another temporary place.

Someday I would like to find a place to live, fill it with stuff, and stay there. But with transience comes a freedom that, at this age, I appreciate.

Maybe as I travel I'll come across a place to settle. But for now, I'm not sure what place to call home. I know it's not necessarily where my stuff is. In fact, I may not have a home right now. It may be a psychological privilege that my peers and I are not entitled to yet. Most of the time I'm too busy for this lack of a home to bother me. But on some weekends, especially rainy ones with a lot of homework, I miss having a permanent address. ☞

Rachel Widome is an anthropology concentrator from Hershey, Pennsylvania.



Living Light

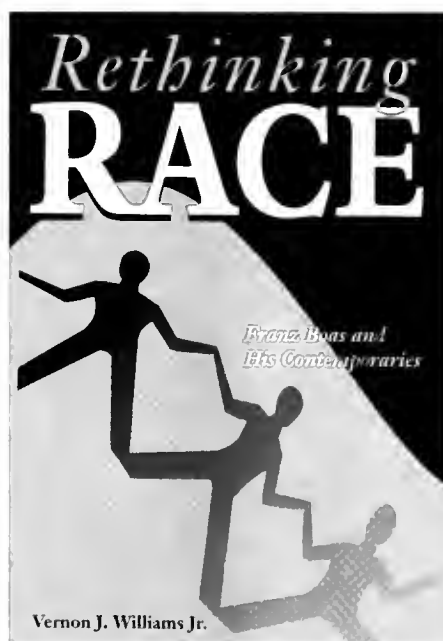
When is a home not a home?

The More Things Change

Rethinking Race: Franz Boas and His Contemporaries, by **Vernon J. Williams Jr.** '73 A.M., '77 Ph.D. (1996, University Press of Kentucky, 152 pages, \$34.95).

When we were graduate students at Brown in the seventies, Vernon Williams was known among his peers as "the walking bibliography" or, as one wag remarked, "the walking annotated bibliography." He seemed not only to have read virtually everything written about African Americans, but he also could tell you in detail what the scholarship had to say. Now an associate professor of history at Purdue, Williams makes good use of this encyclopedic knowledge in his new book on Franz Boas, whom Williams calls the "father of modern American anthropology." By examining Boas and his fellow scholars, Williams traces both the deeply ingrained racism of American culture and the continuing conflicts within American social science.

Born into a Jewish household in Germany in 1858, in 1887 Boas emigrated to the United States where, according to Williams, he encountered "virulent anti-Semitism." Despite such discrimination, Boas's brilliant work eventually led to his appointment in 1899 as professor of anthropology at Columbia, a position he held until his death in 1942. His impact on American anthropology was so great



that in the 1950s virtually all anthropologists in the country had studied under Boas or one of his students. Boas, Williams writes, "established that white prejudice was the major obstacle to black progress, rather than assumed innate racial traits." Boas argued that blacks were not intellectually inferior to whites and that legal barriers to black achievement therefore were unfair. Yet, typically for his time, even Boas was not fully convinced that blacks were able to produce as many "men of high genius" as whites.

Some of my undergraduate students use the term "Jim Crow II" to characterize contemporary American race relations. By this they mean that just as mandatory segregation, lynching, and disenfranchisement followed the nineteenth-century emancipation of black slaves, so has a period of racist reaction grown out

of the successes of the twentieth-century civil rights movement. But Williams is too good a historian to settle for demonstrating facile parallels between Boas's era and ours. Instead, he traces the complex web of institutional, academic, and personal relationships in which Boas developed his theories during the first four decades of the twentieth century. Drawing on Boas's own correspondence as well as on that of such leading figures as W.E.B. DuBois, Booker T. Washington, and Robert E. Park, Williams demonstrates Boas's considerable influence on his contemporaries.

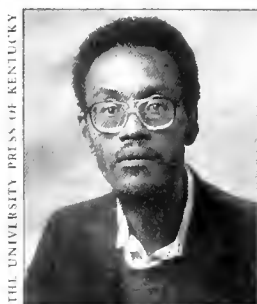
Washington, for example, "initially conceived of his African ancestors as primitive barbarians," Williams writes. Washington insisted that blacks had relied far too much on the federal government during Reconstruction, and he "exonerated white Southerners of responsibility for the so-called Negro problem. Learning the virtues of common labor, he believed, would yield far more gains [for blacks] than politics." Influenced by Boas, however, Washington gradually came to understand the powerful forces of racism. In a 1915 speech, he noted that while the African American was held to be inferior, in practice "the idea appears to be that he is a sort of superman. He is expected with about one-fifth of what whites received for their education to make as much progress as they are making."

Williams traces the impact of Boas's ideas as they were refracted through such white institutions as Columbia University, the Rosenwald Foundation, and the American Association of University Professors, and through such black ones as Howard University, the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, and *The Negro Year Book*. He also demonstrates that blacks were not simply people to whom things happened, but rather active crusaders against racism in its many manifestations. According to Williams, Boas received strong support from African-American intellectuals in his campaign to debunk Hitler's race theories near the end of his life. (Boas died of a heart attack suffered while speaking against Nazi anti-Semitism.)

Today the alliance between Jewish and black intellectuals remains emotionally charged. Some black commentators attack other blacks for slavishly accepting a

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

On sabbatical from teaching this year, Vernon Williams is helping Purdue revise its curriculum to focus more on undergraduate teaching. He is currently working on an article about George Washington, whose relationship to blacks was, Williams says, "characterized by political accommodation on the one hand and black self-reliance on the other."



"Jewish agenda" that they claim is destroying African-American communities, while some Jewish commentators bitterly lament that blacks are more anti-Semitic than whites. Of course, Jews and blacks are not the only Americans confused about race. Williams shows "that only by understanding the pre-1945 social-scientific scholarship on African Americans can we come to an understanding of their potential contributions and destiny in the twenty-first century." *Rethinking Race* is a good place to begin this understanding. ☞

Rhett Jones is a professor of history and Afro-American studies at Brown.

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OLD BELIEVERS

*Near Portland, Oregon,
a community of people out of seventeenth-century Russia
has found sanctuary after generations of rootlessness.
Will television and junk food undo
what 300 years of harassment could not?*

Here you both are," I heard a voice say in Russian. "We were worried you would never find us." A woman emerged from the afternoon crowd at the airport in Portland, Oregon, and stepped toward us. With a white head scarf concealing her hair and a hand-embroidered dress falling modestly to just above her ankles, she was easy to spot, even in this busy airport lobby. Her husband stood beside her, dressed in a silk tunic and sporting a wild, bushy beard. Nodding and bowing in welcome, Pulkeria Kiryanov and her husband, Stepan, grabbed two of our bags and led photographer Cuotie Malle and me out to their parked car.

The sight of Pulkeria and Stepan on that April afternoon was a reminder of the ten days Cuotie and I had spent in Russia the previous winter. Thanks to President Vartan Gregorian, who funded the research, I'd gone there to work on my senior honors thesis on a Siberian Old Believer village during the Soviet era; Cuotie had gone to photograph the villagers' way of life. I had been intrigued by Old Believers since my high-school Russian teacher had told me the incredible story of a family holed up in a corner of the Siberian taiga in the 1930s. There they'd remained for fifty years, until a group of Soviet

geologists had spotted their primitive camp from a helicopter. Who were these rebels of Russian history who had managed even in the Soviet era to preserve their ancient Orthodox faith and culture?

During a visit to one family in Siberia, the father had handed me a slip of paper with Stepan Kiryanov's name and a telephone number on it. "He is from our village and is living in America now. You may want to talk to him," the man said. I stared at the Oregon number in disbelief. I knew that in 1667 thousands of Russian Orthodox dissenters had fled to the far reaches of



Today's love, tomorrow's hope: Survival of Old Believer society depends on the stability of its families (above) and the will of its children (right).

the Empire rather than submit to liturgical reforms imposed upon them by the patriarch of Moscow. These Old Believers, as they came to be known, settled in desolate pockets of land where they could practice their faith in peace. I knew also that Soviet persecution and fear of contamination from the modern world eventually pushed many Old Believers out of Russia and set them wandering the globe for most of the twentieth century. But Oregon?

So here was Stepan Kiryanov outside the Portland airport, stowing our luggage in the trunk of his new, four-door Mazda sedan. Pulkeria slid into the driver's seat, and we set off on the thirty-five-mile ride to Woodburn, home of 5,000 Old Believers, one

BY EILEEN M. KANE '94 / PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANUEL CUOTEMOC MALLE '94



of the largest such groups in the world. "You look like your father," I said to Stepan. His small black eyes, his habit of shyly lowering them, and his slight build combined to make him a diminutive copy of his father, Pyotr, with whom Cuotie and I had stayed in Siberia. Stepan nodded shyly and then turned in his seat to ask a question I had heard many times that winter. "*Nu kak vam nravitsia nasha priroda zdes?*" he asked, gesturing proudly out the car windows to the lush Oregon countryside as we approached Woodburn. "How do you like our nature here?"

Nature has always been a provider for Old Believers. Known for their success as farmers, they honed their skills over years of living in tangled, unexplored landscapes out in the Russian hinterlands. The unspoiled stretches of pine trees in Siberia shielded Old Believers from harm and symbolized a purity they sought to achieve in their faith. When

we had visited Siberia, the Old Believers had wanted to know about Oregon, whether there were trees in that far-away place.

"It's rainier here than in Siberia, but the pine trees remind me of home," Stepan said as Pulkeria turned at

the Woodburn exit. I looked out the window at the strip malls and Mexican discos whizzing by — a far cry from virgin Siberian taiga. But soon the commercial area was past, and farmlands stretched out all around us. Then came rows of aluminum-sided ranch houses. I caught sight of a flowered, kerchief-covered head in one front yard, an Old Believer grandmother bent at the waist, pulling up weeds around yellow flowers. Mexican children speaking Spanish were kicking a ball in the street when we pulled into the driveway at Pulkeria and Stepan's house. The house was identical to all the others, except for the delicate white lace curtains at the front window.

"I built it myself," Pulkeria said of the house, following my gaze around the wide living room. She paid for the materials, and the men in the community pitched in to build it. "I paid them back with embroidery," she said, pointing to samples of her work, blue flowers on white curtains drawn slightly to reveal dark, gilded Russian icons. Used daily for prayer and placed strategically near the door, where worshippers bow and make the sign of the cross before entering the house, the icons on the shelf, I knew, were more than three centuries old. In practicing their sacred, seventeenth-century rituals, Old Believers use only ancient psalters and icons — anything produced after

*In practicing their rituals,
Old Believers use only
ancient psalters and icons.*

*"They are our most
valuable possessions," says one.
"They are our history."*



the schism they believe to be tainted with heresy. The icons on Pulkeria's shelf had been carted around Russia, into China, and through Brazil before ending up in Woodburn. "They are our most valuable possessions," said Pulkeria. "They are our history."

As houseguests of the Kiryanovs, we spent the next five days with them and their friends. At first glance Old Believers seem an anachronism, transplanted Russian villagers dressed in fashions outdated for centuries and following rituals that are just as old. To outsiders they appear to be new immigrants, not yet assimilated. The irony is that most of the Woodburn Old Believers have been in the United States for at least thirty years. Only a few were born in Russia, the land of their language and native culture, and almost none has ever set foot on Russian soil.

In most ways the Old Believers are an island set apart from the mainstream community in Woodburn. Old Believers are forbidden to take food and drink with nonbelievers. They must not dine in restaurants or, except for such staples as sugar and flour, buy packaged foods prepared by outsiders. As a result, Old Believers keep to themselves socially and buy their produce and milk from one another's farms. A sister village settled by their relatives exists in Nikolaevsk, Alaska, and the two communities regularly trade shipments of Alaskan fish and fresh honey for vegetables and berry preserves. Most Old Believers hand sew their clothes from cloth purchased at Vera's, an Old Believer-owned sewing shop on Woodburn's main street.



*A Russian-style church
stands behind a chain-link fence
in the "Turkish village," while floral embroidery
decorates a room in a Woodburn home.
Such cultural flourishes help Old Believers
preserve their way of life
even in the homogenizing suburbs.*

At the same time, the Old Believers are very much a part of Woodburn's workforce. It is common to see Old Believers in a variety of nine-to-five jobs around town: as a teller in the First Pacific Bank or a grocery bagger at the local Safeway. Pulkeria shrugged her shoulders when I asked if it was difficult to work with nonbelievers. "It is just work," she said. "Afterward we go home and see our families and live our lives." To justify this delicate balancing of uncompromising faith and modern accommodation, Old Believers often cite a Bible passage about obeying authority, a passage they have interpreted as sanctioning some participation in temporal society. Complementing this has been their belief that hard work is an expression of their commitment to God. Because of these two tenets, Old Believers do whatever it takes to prosper, whether growing crops or clerking at the local Safeway.

One day we visited Vasilii Kem, a tall man with a kind face, who owns a berry farm on the outskirts of

Woodburn. He and his wife, Mariya, were among the first Old Believers to arrive in Woodburn in the 1960s, when the Tolstoy Foundation, a New York-based supporter of political refugees worldwide, helped the displaced Old Believers immigrate to the United States from spots all around the globe. Vasilii Kem's route to Oregon is a typical odyssey. He was born in Aksehir, a city in central Turkey, to parents who had migrated there from Siberia. After Vasilii's birth, the family moved to China and then Brazil before coming to the United States. Our hostess, Pulkeria, came to Woodburn

from China; others arrived from Brazil. When I asked one Old Believer where his homeland was, he paused. "Homeland? I guess Brazil is my homeland because that's where I was born. I've never seen Russia, and I wouldn't know it."

Vasilii's farm is one of Woodburn's biggest. Green fields sweep for acres in all directions from the farmhouse where Vasilii and his wife live with their eight children. On the day we visited, Old Believer men and women were hard at work in the fields beside seasonal Mexican workers. They filled crates with red peppers and tended row after row of raspberry and

*Old Believers do whatever it takes
to prosper, whether growing crops
or clerking at the local Safeway.*

boysenberry bushes. Pulkeria pointed out a pretty, freckle-faced girl in a brown satin dress squinting in the sun beside several women. All were plucking chickens over a wide plywood table. The girl's family had arrived from Brazil just a month earlier, Pulkeria said, explaining that new arrivals quickly find work on big farms. The Old Believers' expertise at farming first led them to Woodburn in the 1960s, when a local farmer housed them in a converted barn and paid them to till his land. Today the community's agrarian economy is a magnet for other displaced Old Believers, who come to Woodburn seeking a unity weakened by the diaspora the Soviet system created. "Vasilii Kem's sister took care of me in Istanbul," Stepan explained one afternoon as he scooped Alaskan honey from a pail into plastic containers, gifts, he said, for Cuotie and me to take back East. "She bought me my plane ticket."

Unity, however, is difficult to achieve in a community where the slightest innovation can set off alarm bells. Ten years ago a schism rocked the Woodburn Old Believer community, sending a splinter group to settle empty lands near a wheat field in Gervais, adjacent to Woodburn. "I have an aunt who lives out there," Pulkeria told me one day. "I see her in the grocery store sometimes, but I never stop to talk. I just say hello and push my cart and keep going." Today about fifty homes stand in the Gervais settlement in what has become known as the Turkish village, because its residents came to Oregon from Turkey. Fred Snegiryov, a born-again Old Believer from the Woodburn camp, explained that the rift occurred when some Old Believers traveled to Romania and came back claiming they had received a blessing from a priest named Pokhoranie. The whole thing was a hoax, Fred maintained, and the result is an irreparable heresy. Residents of the Turkish village dispute this explanation and, in turn, accuse the Woodburners of heresy.

Within the Turkish village disagreements have led to yet another split. A new aluminum-sided church now houses a group that will no longer worship with its neighbors. Russian, and later Soviet, scholars eager to see the demise of Old Believers have long argued that such accusations of heresy would eventually lead to so much fragmentation that the Old Believer movement would disintegrate into oblivion. Despite these predictions, Old Believers continue to thrive.



*Having arrived in Woodburn
from Brazil a month earlier,
a girl works at plucking chickens
at an Old Believer farm.*



Stepan and Pulkeria Kiryanov, at center, stand outside their house enjoying a festive moment with friends.

At the Turkish village, Marfa Basargin, seventy-six years old, invited us into her home for a drink. Inside, she sat weaving a multicolored yarn belt and told us her life story: fleeing Vladivostok as a child after the Soviet occupation, crossing into China on foot, being chased out of Manchuria by the Japanese, and then settling for years in Brazil. "Life is much better here," Marfa explained, pausing in her weaving to examine the almost-finished work. "Our village in Brazil was so hot our butter would spoil before we could sell it because we had no refrigerators. Here the land is good, and there are lots of trees."

Despite — or perhaps because of — so many decades of tenaciously holding onto the Old Believer way, Marfa seemed to understand and tolerate some of the temptations of suburban life for the young. When we accepted her invitation to have a drink, she scuttled off to a small adjacent room and pulled a six-pack of orange soda from under the bed. "I keep it around for young people," she sheepishly confessed. And she's not alone. Most Old Believers will admit, although discreetly, that they have tasted pizza and visited McDonald's once or twice. "Whether it's wrong or not, I adore Coca-Cola," Pulkeria said at

dinner one night, making the sign of the cross before drinking from the Coke can in front of her.

In the Old Believer struggle to preserve the ancient faith and customs, television, the great assimilator, is perhaps the most formidable temptation. According to church elders, Old Believers may not even own a set — they claim that icons exposed to television become tainted. Old Believer parents, however, dismiss the icon theory and worry more about what to do with kids addicted to Saturday-morning cartoons and the huge dose of consumer culture that goes with them.

"I definitely worry about television," Fevrosiya Snegiryov, a mother of two in her early forties, told me. "My daughter runs around the house singing that Barney song, 'I love you, you love me, we're a happy family.' She never wants to speak Russian, and at four years old her English is better than mine." But while Old Believers voice concern about television and cluck their tongues at the sinfulness of someone up the road with a VCR, just about everyone owns a set. Of course, they are loath to admit it to one another and would sooner die than install a roof antenna. "In church it was announced there was a list of all families with televisions," Fred Snegiryov

Stepan Kiryanov at work in his garden.

explained with a deep laugh. "Those families who surrendered their TV sets to the church would be punished less. And do you know what people did? They went out to the Goodwill and bought a television for a few dollars and brought that one in. There's no way they were going to hand over their brand-new Sonys!" Relatives back in Russia who have caught wind of this phenomenon of owning televisions and driving cars have accused their coreligionists of straying from the faith. Snegiryov snorted at the idea when I asked him about it, saying, "They should talk! Out there in Siberia they probably all shave and drink vodka!"

Despite the wish of Old Believers to avoid contamination and maintain a distance from the outside world, they have been embraced by their American neighbors. A Chamber of Commerce brochure touts Woodburn as the multiethnic City of Unity – Mexicans make up the second largest immigrant group – and also protectively advises that Russian Old Believers "cherish their religion and their privacy." It would be difficult to find a bigger fan of Old Belief than Milt Parker, principal of the Lincoln Elemen-



tary School. Ten years ago Old Believer students rarely finished high school. With farming work to be done and a belief that outside education teaches a heretical worldview, most parents pulled their children out of school as soon as they could. Today three of the teacher's aides at Parker's school are Old Believer parents who recently received their high-school-equivalency diplomas, and almost a quarter of the students are Old Believers. When Cuotie and I visited Parker in his office one morning, he explained that Old Believer children bring to school with them strong moral values, and, in return, his school does all it can to work with Old Believer parents on such touchy issues as the theory of evolution and long absences during the major Old Believer holidays.

Still, Old Believers look with real concern toward their children, who, like most U.S. children, laugh at Bart Simpson's antics and beg their parents to buy them video games. For now, at least, Old Believer teens are satisfied to straddle the conflicting cultures tugging at them without giving up either one. One afternoon during our stay on an Old Believer farm, two teenage boys pulled up in a new Nissan Pathfinder with tinted windows. Dressed in hand-embroidered silk tunics and Levi's, their fuzzy chins and cheeks still untouched by razors in accordance with an Old Belief prohibition, the two boys spun out of the driveway, leaving behind a cloud of dust and the scent of cologne. They were headed to town, their mother sighed, for a night of roller skating at Skate Palace.

EILEEN M. KANE '94



Since finishing her senior thesis about Old Believers – written with the guidance of Professor of History Abbott Gleason – Kane has spent little time at her family's Massachusetts home. When not visiting Old Believers in Oregon, she has been a Fulbright scholar based in Istanbul studying the historical links between Turkey and the Muslim peoples of the former Soviet Union. "I have also," she says, "managed to track down Old Believers living here in Turkey near the Aegean coast – I got their phone number from our hosts in Oregon – and will be meeting with them soon in Istanbul. I am curious to see how their culture is faring in Muslim Anatolia."

MANUEL CUOTIEGO MALLE '94



When Eileen Kane first told Malle about the proposed topic of her senior thesis, Malle, who had never heard of Old Believers, asked on impulse if he could come along on her research trip. Six months later they were in Siberia, and Malle had the material for his visual arts thesis. "I hope that my photographs and Eileen's article show that

Old Believers are not some bizarre religious cult," he says. "They are warm, caring, curious, and tolerant people with a wonderful sense of humor. I will never forget the warmth with which Eileen and I were welcomed when we arrived in that small, snow-covered village and knocked unannounced at a stranger's door." The son of the late filmmaker Louis Malle, he now lives in New York City, where he is attending New York University's graduate film school.



Our hosts, Pulkeria and Stepan, were as strict as their Russian counterparts in observing ancient customs with Cuotie and me. During our stay we ate from dishes reserved for use by the occasional worldly visitor and kept in a separate cupboard. We washed our dishes ourselves in a big sink in the garage just outside the kitchen. Pulkeria and Stepan bent the rules by eating at the same table with us, but once when friends were over and a four-year-old girl grabbed a piece of bread off my plate, Stepan scowled at his wife and pointed: "Why aren't you watching the table? The child is eating off the Americans' plates!"

This ambivalence toward the world outside the Old Believer community can still take extreme forms. On the day Cuotie and I were guests at one berry farm, several men explained their theory about Armageddon and consumer bar codes. According to the men, the codes

are the U.S. government's way of monitoring the activities of each and every person in the country. "If my number is punched in, they'll see everything I've ever bought and every flight I've ever taken," Fred Snegiryov explained earnestly, picking up a plastic bag from the table and pointing to the bar code. "This is how the government controls us." The bar codes, the men explained, are one step in the Anti-christ's campaign to gain control of the whole world.

Interestingly, the men at the berry farm first discovered the bar-code theory in a pamphlet distributed by a Jehovah's Witness. But the source is of little concern to them – the theory has the perfect ingredients of manipulation and control by a higher force that fit with their worldview. Just as their seventeenth-century ancestors fled central Russia in search of new frontiers far from a tainted society, Woodburn's Old Believers believe that even in the United States they are surrounded by heretics.

On our last night in Woodburn, Pulkeria suggested we order pizza, and Cuotie and I insisted on buying – the least we could do, I thought, after the hospitality they had shown us. I volunteered to go out and pay the delivery boy, lest one of the neighbors see Pulkeria and tattle on her. Stepan looked disapprovingly at the checkered pizza box but said nothing. He chose to have cabbage soup for supper instead. "He's from Russia, not like the rest of us, so he doesn't have a taste for American food," Pulkeria explained, waving her hand in indifference and sitting down at the table with us. I felt guilty, treating her to something so forbidden, until I saw the glee

on her face and realized she felt no shame. "It's okay once in a while," Pulkeria said with a smile as she ate her pizza. "Before I was married, my girlfriends and I would sometimes order pizza and go on a picnic."

Over supper on that last night in Woodburn I thought about all the rule breaking I had witnessed in five days and about how Old Believers are a very forgiving people. They condemn people who *zhit' po slabosti* (live a life of weakness), but they welcome them back into the community when they're ready to resume the Old Believer way. One man summed up his sins when he was "young and stupid" as fifteen years of riding around on a Harley-Davidson, smoking cigarettes, and drinking. Pulkeria told me about her aunt who recently returned to the faith. "She has three children by three different men – she doesn't even know who the father is for one of them – but she is accepted because she no longer runs around and smokes and drinks."

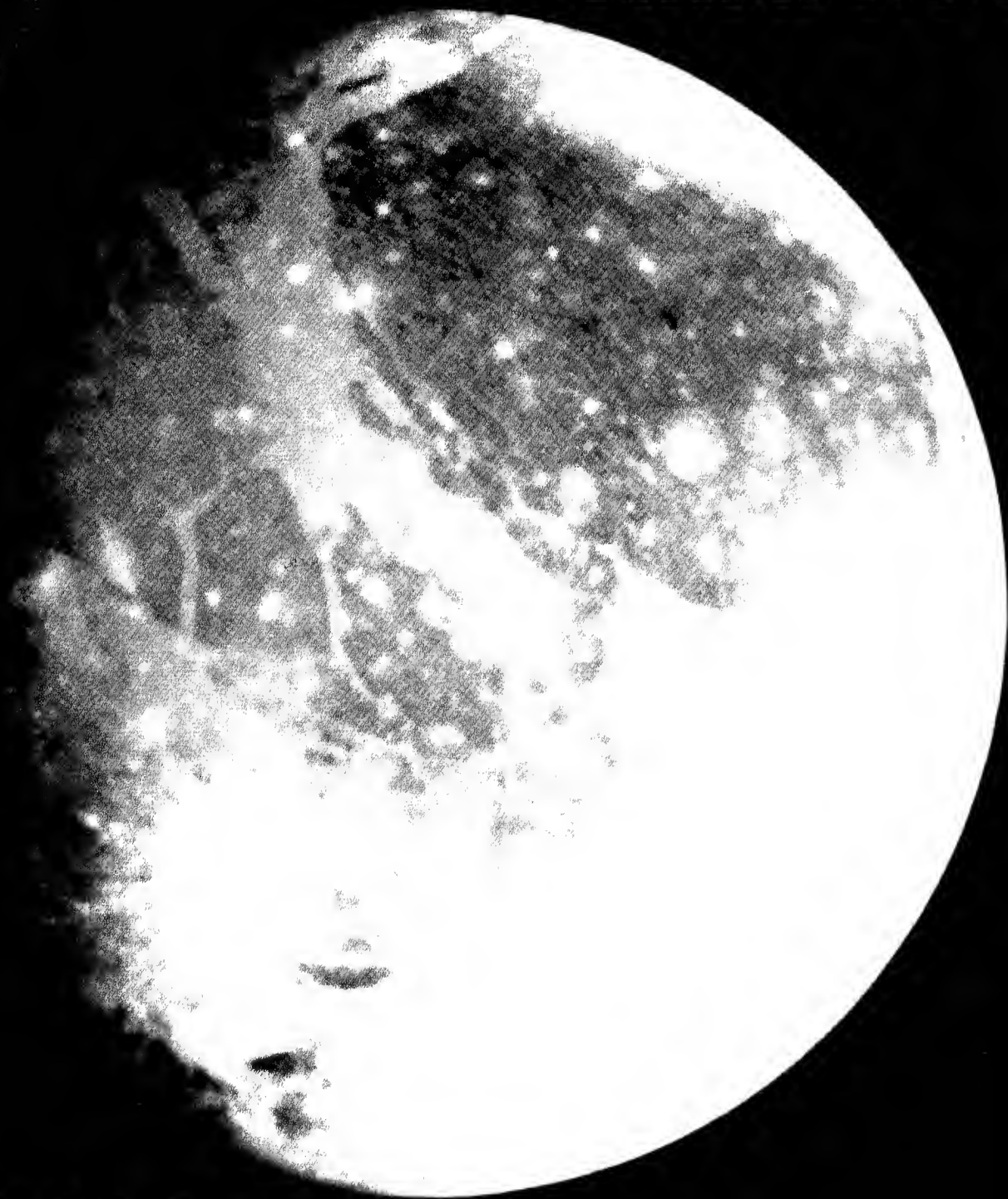
Centuries of suffering and loss have taught Old Believers that the key to their survival is a steadfast faith coupled with an understanding of human nature. Their great strength comes from a recognition that the struggle of Old Belief is not about things



*A child dances through spring grass,
choosing nature over video games – for now.*

like television and Coca-Cola but about keeping their community intact and vital. Only this will encourage new generations to stay. Only this will circumvent a culture so inflexible it will have to resume its wandering in search of another uncontaminated place. "Wherever you go, it'll be the same," Fred Snegiryov told me as his wife buckled the kids into their deep-blue Chevrolet Lumina late one afternoon. He sounded like any other suburban parent in America. "You just have to raise your kids well and hope they will steer clear of the troublemakers." ∞

Third Rock



Ganymede, the largest of
Jupiter's sixteen moons

from a Failed Sun

Scientists have waited seven years for the *Galileo* spacecraft to return pictures of Jupiter's four largest moons. Guess who's getting the first look?

BY CHAD GALTS

The speaker phone in Jim Head's office has suddenly gone dead. Head, a professor of geology, and Bob Pappalardo, a post-doctoral researcher in planetary geology, turn and stare at each other in exasperation. No strangers to technical difficulties, the two men spend most of their waking hours trying to get an unmanned spacecraft with a broken antenna to take pictures of Ganymede, Jupiter's third moon. This is harder to do when

you lose an important conference call with your fellow space scientists.

The spacecraft, *Galileo*, was launched in 1989 to study Jupiter's four largest moons. Discovered when Galileo Galilei turned the first astronomical telescope to the heavens in 1610, the Jovian system has been a focus of scientific inquiry ever since. It is a miniature version of our solar system, with Jupiter — 318 times more massive than the Earth — playing the role of a failed sun. To learn more about the Jovian system, scientists believe, is to learn about our own world. For example, since the surface of Ganymede hasn't changed much since humans first appeared on the Earth, our planet's history is written all over it, waiting to be read. "If I wanted to understand you," Head says, "I'd want to know what happened to you in your formative years. We are totally clueless about the first half of the earth's life."

The spacecraft's antenna problems, however, will make our understanding wait a little longer. Two years after the spacecraft's launch, NASA scientists discovered they could not open *Galileo's* sixteen-foot-wide antenna, so they turned to a backup and gave the onboard computers the equivalent of an in-flight brain transplant. Returning data to the earth at an excruciatingly slow rate — an average of forty instead of 134,400 bits per second — *Galileo* will still fulfill the majority of its objectives; but every time Head, Pappalardo, and their colleagues want to record an image they face a massive logistical problem. If their calculations are off by a fraction, the data they receive may not answer significant questions about Ganymede. Thus far, however, the team has hit each of its targets with uncanny precision. The

resulting data have answered enough old questions about the Jovian moon to inspire a constellation of new ones.

As members of the *Galileo* mission's Solid State Imaging team, Head and Pappalardo are part of a group of scientists from around the world responsible for pointing the spacecraft's camera and managing the return of its data. Their group shares the spacecraft's tiny data stream with groups studying the other moons and teams working with the craft's nine other scientific instruments. After *Galileo's* second pass by Ganymede in early October (when the color photo on the facing page was taken), the spacecraft had only twenty-three days in which to return all of the Ganymede data before it began its next orbit and started recording new data about Callisto, Jupiter's fourth moon. Under such circumstances, it's crucial for the team to stay in close touch. The phone has to work.

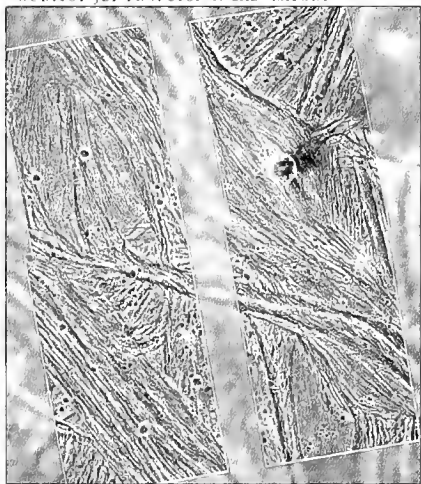
The conference calls, or telecons, are usually a forum for mission planning and for managing spacecraft resources. Mission coordinator Mike Belton, however, is still disconnected when the line is restored, so those remaining on the call begin to talk science. "I'm having a hard time with these new Europa images distinguishing between what's an impact crater and what's not," the British voice of Michael Carr crackles over the speaker phone. Head urges Pappalardo, who has recently solved a similar problem with Ganymede data, to speak up; he isn't about to let his younger colleague miss a chance to compare notes with Carr, a prominent scholar who was a team leader on NASA's Mars Viking orbiter mission.

For Pappalardo, a thirty-two-year-old Cornell alumnus who got his Ph.D. at Arizona State University two years ago, speaking to scientists who have been working on the *Galileo* project since he was in grade school is daunting — and thrilling. A space-exploration aficionado since boyhood, Pappalardo wrote his first college astronomy paper on Ganymede. He still has a copy of the 1982 issue of *Astronomy* in which he first read about the *Galileo* mission. He serves as Head's right hand on the current project, helping him make scientific decisions and coordinating the students who do most of the project's legwork.

Pappalardo's quickness of mind landed him this supporting role, as was clear at the Jet Propulsion Laboratories (JPL) in Pasadena, California, last sum-

mer when Pappalardo was approached by a panicked mission manager. *Galileo's* trajectory had changed slightly on its approach to Ganymede, and the mission team needed to update the camera's prearranged coordinates or they would end up with a series of photographs they didn't want. "I had three hours before they had to send the information to the spacecraft," Pappalardo says. "We had to do the numbers right there." Although he was away from his desk, his charts, his computer, and everything else he would normally use to make an accurate set of calculations, Pappalardo managed to hash out exactly the right coordinates.

COURTESY JET PROPULSION LABORATORY



Something old, something new: when superimposed on *Voyager* images (background), *Galileo's* photographs (inside the rectangles) fill in the blanks and reveal a whole new face of Ganymede.

Sitting at a table covered with maps and new pictures of Ganymede, Geoff Collins '96 Sc.M. pulls an image at random from the piles and carefully traces a jagged line on the moon's surface with the eraser-end of a pencil. "We were targeting this light-dark boundary because we thought it might be volcanic," he says. "But it's just a patch of dark terrain." Collins spends long hours looking at charts like this one, trying to figure out just what makes Jupiter's largest moon tick.

Galileo is returning images that are some twenty times more detailed than those taken by the *Voyager I* and *II* missions in the late 1970s. A crucial first step in helping scientists understand the Jovian system, the *Voyager* pictures today provide road maps for *Galileo* scientists. Collins and other team members overlay

According to Head, there are two types of people: those who, understanding the need to do the best possible job in the time allowed, do it; and those who can't. "You're either onboard or you're not," he says. It takes forty minutes for a message to reach *Galileo* from Earth, and if the spacecraft can't understand the message, it takes another forty minutes for those on the ground to find out. One does not have time to banter idly with a sophisticated machine millions of miles from the earth, hurtling through space at more than five kilometers per second. "You don't work on things in near real-time," Head says. "Otherwise it's like trying to do a mid-course correction during a bungee jump."



the target coordinates for *Galileo's* camera on the *Voyager* images. Each target is intended to solve a mystery of Ganymede's surface by filling in details missing from the *Voyager* mission. If the camera doesn't take precisely the picture Collins and his colleagues intend, the team will still end up with new information, but with little new understanding of the moon.

With an average surface temperature of 120 Kelvin (about -243 Fahrenheit), Ganymede's terrain of grooved and mottled ice has been the subject of intense scientific debate ever since *Voyager* sent back its first pictures. How does ice behave at these temperatures? Does the moon have a molten core? Does it have a magnetic field? Why do some areas look older and more cratered than others? Is there volcanic or tectonic activity that could explain its resurfaced areas?

Burrowing into his pile of maps and images, Collins hopes to emerge with some answers to these questions, and being one of the first people on the planet to have access to the *Galileo* data helps his chances. When *Galileo* transmits snapshots of Ganymede's surface, they are picked up by NASA's Deep Space Network, a series of large radio antennas in Australia, Spain, and California. The data are then transferred to JPL, where they are put through a series of decompression algorithms that transform them



Team Ganymede at work in the Lincoln Field geology building. From left: graduate student Geoff Collins, postdoctoral researcher Bob Pappalardo, and undergrads Nikola Smith and Jiganesh Patel.

into a picture. The final images are sent via the Internet to members of the imaging team, whereupon Collins goes to work. He pieces the images together and compares the resulting mosaic to the Voyager images to assess how well camera found its targets.

"Sometimes my students get their hands on this stuff before I do," Head says. "I have to keep moving pretty fast."

As each of *Galileo's* close encounters with Jupiter's moons ends, team members get ready to dig into their new data and discoveries. They are faced, however, with the rather unscientific problem of naming what they're looking at - in this case, Ganymede's craters, ridges, depressions, and fault lines. In an effort to keep himself, Pappalardo, and Collins focused on science, Head has turned the naming assignment over to Nikola Smith '97 and Jiganesh Patel '99.

The rules of planetary nomenclature are almost as mysterious as Ganymedian topography. Jupiter's moons, for example, are all named after subjects of the mythic god's lust - most of whom didn't want to have anything to do with him. (Ganymede, a son of the king of Troy, was kidnapped by Jupiter because of

his exceptional beauty.) The International Astronomical Union, whose experts decide what monikers will end up on all newly discovered astronomical objects, provided Head's team with a list of acceptable names for all the features they thought the Ganymede team would discover. But no one anticipated how detailed *Galileo's* images would be or how many new features would need names.

Patel, a geology concentrator, is so enthusiastic about his work with Head's team that he has founded Students for the Exploration of Space, a clearinghouse for information about such events as October's full lunar eclipse. Biology concentrator Smith, on the other hand, didn't know what the *Galileo* mission was until she started working with the team. When she isn't working on Ganymede, Smith helps Brown's Swearer Center for Public Service compile an oral history of the women's suffrage movement in Rhode Island. Although she didn't have much computer experience when she started working on the project, she now helps process new images and decide what features of Ganymede's topography are prominent enough to need their own names.

Once those features are identified, Smith and Patel - images and maps in one hand, the rules of planetary nomenclature in the other - hit the reference room at the Rockefeller Library and search the World Wide Web to find suitable matches. "If it's a *facula*," Smith says, referring to a bright patch on the moon's surface, "that would need to be something from an ancient fertile crescent phase of the moon in Mesopotamia." The process, Smith says, "has given me a whole new appreciation for other time periods and ancient cultures." But she is also a bit apprehensive about the impact she is having on the future - when all of the official maps of Ganymede will have features named by her and Patel. "It's kind of scary what we're doing," she adds. "Really."

Years from now, when scientists talk about the Heliopolis *facula* or the Xibalba crater, they probably won't know where the names came from. They will envy those who saw the first detailed pictures of Ganymede drifting in from space, even if they don't remember Brown's modern-day *Galileos* stooped over maps and images in the Lincoln Field geology building giving names to the heavens. ☾

Change was in the air in 1959. For years it had been building. Soon it would erupt into the catapulting arc of the 1960s, but for now change was a low current, perceptible to only the closest observers. In the White House, President Dwight Eisenhower was winding down his term before the sparkle of Kennedy's Camelot. The first unexpurgated edition of D.H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterly's Lover* rested on the fifth spot of the best-seller list. In 1959 Fidel Castro took over the government of Cuba. The Soviets landed a lunar probe, capturing the first pictures of the dark side of the moon. Back on earth, Betty Friedan pondered the status of women; the following year in *Good Housekeeping* she would describe "a strange stirring, a dissatisfied groping, a yearning, a search that is going on in the minds of women." Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev visited New York in 1959, looked America over, and declared: "We will bury you."

That year, a young graduate of Williams College named James Patterson signed on as a reporter with the *Hartford Courant*, hoping to offer earnest insights into the lofty world of public affairs. Instead, he was assigned to cover the suburb of Wethersfield, Connecticut. The public affairs he covered included zoning, planning, and the workings of the local traffic court. Patterson dutifully filed twenty to twenty-five inches of copy every day. He could not know it at the time, but the job was a kind of apprenticeship, one of many he would ex-



With the intellect of a historian and the instincts of a reporter, James Patterson has written what may become the standard history of the post-World War II United States. And take heart: he's an academic who happens to be a terrific read.

perience before completing, thirty-seven years later, an 829-page book the *Atlantic Monthly* would call "a magisterial history."

The book, *Grand Expectations: The United States, 1945-1974*, is Patterson's eighth. A selection of the History Book Club, it is part of the Oxford History of the United States, the most prestigious series of American historical scholarship in print. Published earlier this year by Oxford University Press, *Grand Expectations* is not only a synthesis of almost three decades of U.S. history; it is the kind of book that encapsulates the career of a historian at the peak of his powers. In size and scope it dwarfs each of his previous books, yet they lead inexorably to it, each a slightly different apprenticeship.

Patterson, now the Ford Foundation Professor of American History, has always been a quick writer, but *Grand Expectations* was researched and composed in a kind of creative frenzy. He began work on it in 1991 and mailed the 1,100-

page typescript to the publisher in the spring of 1995. For most of those years, Patterson was teaching full-time. "I don't recall having any serious writer's block," he says with characteristic understatement. Clearly, the habit of steady production cultivated during his year-and-a-half stint as a newspaper reporter is still fundamental to his approach as a writer of serious history. "Most scholars are trained to look in archives and gather historical information," says Patterson. "How to write it all up is not as

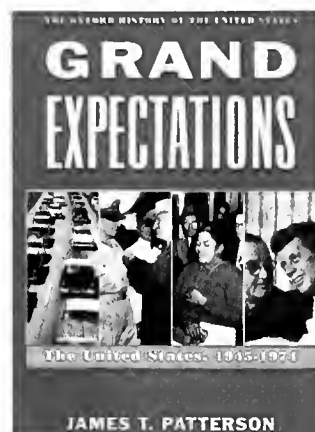
BY NORMAN BOUCHER

important. At the *Countant* the premium was on brevity, clarity, and making the material interesting. I trained myself to think of an audience out there and to try to appeal to it."

Patterson's book provides an important and lucid historical context for understanding today's unsettling cynicism over everything from talk shows to presidents. Sweeping in its scope, meticulous in its craftsmanship, *Grand Expectations* chronicles two strong and finally contradictory trends in the history of the post-World War II United States. As the book's title underscores, the decades after the war were years of growing national self-confidence and ambition. Most Americans, Patterson notes, agreed with publisher Henry Luce when he declared that the twentieth century would be the "American Century." No obstacle, whether diplomatic, cultural, military, scientific, or economic, would be too great for the United States to overcome. For most of those decades, the country was not only prosperous; it was prosperous to an unprecedented extent. "The prosperity of the period," Patterson writes, "broadened gradually in the late 1940s, accelerated in the 1950s, and soared to unimaginable heights in the 1960s. By then it was a boom that astonished observers." In what is arguably the most significant change since the end of World War II, economic progress, Patterson continues, "shot millions of people into the ranks of the home-owning, high-consuming, ever-better-educated middle class." These decades were, he concludes, "above all years of nearly unimaginable consumption of goods."

If democracy and market capitalism could work so well here, why not everywhere? Patterson continues, "The leaders of America's postwar foreign policy – a group that came to be known as the Establishment – developed a self-confidence that occasionally bordered on self-righteousness. Their rising certitude rested on the belief that the Soviet Union was a dangerous foe, that the United States had large interests in the world, and that it must assert these interests strongly; 'appeasement' led inevitably to disgrace and defeat."

Running parallel in *Grand Expectations* to this narrative of a people feeling "increasingly flush," however, is a far grimmer story. There was, of course, what was known in the 1940s as the "Negro problem." Summing up a perception held by many African Americans at the time, one World War II veteran exclaimed, "Just carve on my tombstone, here lies a black man killed fighting a yellow man for the protection of a white man," a sentiment that would resurface thirty years later in Vietnam. Poverty, discrimination against minorities and women, witch hunts: these are all subplots in Patterson's narrative of the postwar United States.



*Patterson provides a historical context
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The existence of racism, sexism, and economic injustice were widely noted at the time, of course; Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal programs in the 1930s had sought to address at least some of these issues. But during the decades after World War II, middle-class prosperity tended to give the status quo a certain pleasant harmony; there was little patience for sour notes. Then, in the 1960s, the two narratives described in *Grand Expectations* collided. Like unstoppable forces in a Greek tragedy, grand expectations battled what Patterson describes as an increased "rights-consciousness." With the civil rights movement growing rapidly, President Lyndon Johnson shrewdly exploited the outpouring of grief and sympathy that followed the assassination of President Kennedy by pushing through many Great Society programs that, Patterson writes, "would be qualitatively better and that would guarantee 'rights' and government entitlements." At the same time, Earl Warren's Supreme Court was delivering landmark decisions on such crucial issues as voter redistricting, racial discrimination, and the separation of church and state. "The convergence of these ideas and assumptions," Patterson writes, "promoted an increasingly powerful – and ultimately near-irresistible – drive for the expansion of individual rights in the United States."

The war in Vietnam further added to the turmoil of the period and eventually led to Johnson's decision not to run for a second term. Soon a recession



Postwar snapshots from the Brown campus: Boater-bedecked friends Bob Fearon '51, Bill Maloney '49, and Bob Anderson '51, above, exemplify the jaunty optimism of the late forties. Civil rights leader Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. is shown, left, speaking on campus in 1960. Students at a 1967 anti-draft rally (below) are confronted by a detractor.



*Post-war prosperity tended
to give the middle-class status quo
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set in, deflating the promise of unlimited and eternal prosperity. Then came the Watergate scandal. Grand expectations were giving way to frustrated expectations, a situation that has become particularly acute in recent years. "When economic growth declined," Patterson concludes *Grand Expectations*, "especially after 1974, it did not kill [near-fantastic expectations about the Good Life] or destroy the quest for rights. ... But the sluggishness of the economy widened the gulf between grand expectations and the real limits of progress, undercutting the all-important sense that the country had the means to do almost anything, and exacerbating the contentiousness that had been rending American society since the late 1960s. This was the final irony of the exciting and extraordinarily expectant thirty years following World War II."

Grand expectations were beginning to fade by 1972. Reflecting the upswing in rights consciousness, *Ms.* magazine began publishing that year. President Richard Nixon, before his fall reelection, signed the bill that would later be known as Title IX, banning sex discrimination in higher education. On May 15, a man named Arthur Bremer shot George Wallace, paralyzing him from the waist down. The Club of Rome, a group of scientists, technocrats, and politicians, published *The Limits to Growth*, which predicted that civilization would collapse by the end of the century unless something was done about population and industrial growth. And James Patterson began teaching at Brown.

Patterson's arrival was part of a flurry of history-department hirings during that period that also marked the arrival of Abbott Gleason, Gordon Wood, and Charles Neu. In Patterson, the University got a thirty-seven-year-old author of three books, the third published just that year. Born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, Patterson was raised first in Milford and later in Old Lyme by a homemaker mother and a Republican father, J. Tyler Patterson, who later became the Speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives. "There was a lot of talk about politics in our house," Patterson remembers, then quickly adds, "but don't make it out like we were the Kennedys." Patterson's father worked closely with his children to ensure the quality of their education. (James's brother, David, is also a historian; his sister, Marjorie, is a fund-raising consultant.) "Reading, thinking, and being engaged in the matters of the world were very much a part of my upbringing," Patterson says.

Patterson discovered an affection for history while attending the Hotchkiss School in Lakeville,

Connecticut. After graduating in 1952, he briefly attended a 400-year-old school in Sussex, England, called Christ's Hospital. "It's also known as the Blue-coat School," Patterson says, "because we had to wear long blue coats, a clerical napkin around our necks, and bright orange stockings with knickers." Patterson graduated from Williams College in 1957 with no ambition to become an academic. But after covering Wethersfield for the *Hartford Courant*, he tired of writing about the same people he was running into at the local lunch counter every day. "A really good journalist on a beat like that is the enemy of his sources," he explains. "I thought, Why can't I do something with people who are on the same side I'm on?"

So Patterson entered the graduate history program at Harvard. Unfortunately, some of the department's stars, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and McGeorge Bundy among them, had gone off to Washington to join the Kennedy administration. "I basically hated Harvard," Patterson says. "It was impersonal, cold, full of arrogant professors. Frank Freidel was one exception. He was warm, friendly, and accessible." After Patterson received his Ph.D., Freidel, Franklin Roosevelt's biographer, recommended him for a teaching job at Indiana University, where Patterson taught for eight years before landing the job at Brown.

Freidel also helped Patterson find the subject for his first two books, *Congressional Conservatism and the New Deal*, published in 1967, and *New Deal and the States: Federalism in Transition*, which appeared in 1969. Both books explore different facets of the conservative opposition to Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal programs. Countering the mistaken notion that there was very little resistance to the New Deal at the time, the books trace the outlines of a sturdy conservative coalition that exists to this day.

With two fairly dry academic books finished, though, Patterson was ready to let the journalist's desire for a general audience resurface. He wanted to try his hand at biography. He convinced the Taft family to grant him access to the papers of Robert A. Taft, the son of President William Taft and a U.S. Senator from Ohio for fourteen years. The resulting biography, *Mr. Republican*, was published the year Patterson began teaching at Brown. Patterson then edited a book of interpretive essays and wrote a textbook on twentieth-century American history. Next he tried his hand at social history, publishing *America's Struggle Against Poverty, 1900-1980* in 1981.

In 1987, Patterson published a second social history, *The Dread Disease: Cancer and Modern American Culture*. Seven years earlier, in October 1980, his first wife, Nancy, had died of brain cancer, leaving behind two children, Stephen, who was fifteen at the time, and Marjorie, who was eleven. Although the frustra-

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tion and anger Patterson felt about his wife's medical and social treatment as a cancer patient no doubt fueled the book, Patterson insists *The Dread Disease* be seen as a scholarly piece of social history and not as a personal book. "I didn't even think of doing this until 1982, two years after my wife died," he says. "It's not a deeply personal book, not in the least. I'm basically old-fashioned about this. I don't think I've ever used the personal 'I' in a book."

In 1983 Patterson married Cynthia Burdick '65, a former head of development for the Rhode Island Audubon Society and now chair of the board of Women and Infants Hospital in Providence. After *The Dread Disease*, Patterson considered and rejected various book projects. He had done academic history, general-interest biography, textbooks, and social history. What would come next?

"In the cancer book and the poverty book I was studying a problem or phenomenon and taking it through a hundred years of history," he says. "I'm using these problems as a window or as a lens through which I try to make other broad generalizations about American attitudes. There are a lot of things you can say, for example, about gender and race and attitudes toward science and toward media, and about how we see the good life, when you write a history of cancer."

Grand Expectations, his great triumph, has allowed Patterson to combine these approaches into one continuous narrative history. The experience was gratifying enough that he may one day do it again. For now, though, he's preparing to edit a series of books called *Debating America*; each volume will present a pair of essays written by two historians who disagree on a specific topic. But he also has been talking with his publisher about writing the next volume in the Oxford History of the United States series. The book would begin in the 1970s and proceed almost to the end of the twentieth century, a period, Patterson says, "that some wouldn't even consider history yet." Faced with such contemporary material, Patterson admits he may be tempted to express a few personal opinions. One wonders if he might even use that pronoun "I." 



Decked out in a wildly patterned minidress and pearly go-go boots, Lisa Loeb makes her way across the vast Ben and Jerry's Newport Folk Festival stage as though tiptoeing across a minefield. A local DJ has just showered her with lavish praise, and a sold-out audience of 10,000, draped over lawn chairs and sprawled across beach blankets, now waits expectantly for Loeb to prove why the *New York Times* has called her "one of pop's most promising personalities."

Loeb peers at the sun-baked crowd through her signature horn-rimmed, cat-eye spectacles and says that not long ago she had been "out there" in the audience, too, a Brown student drenched in coconut oil and listening to some of her favorite performers. Yet even as she tries to connect with the crowd, her voice cracks. She laughs nervously. Then she places her fingers on the neck of her acoustic guitar and strums her first chord, and the jitters of those first moments subside. Loeb's voice shimmers above her assured strumming and picking, delivering lyrics that are at turns defiant and apologetic, cryptic and confessional. She wonders at one moment, "Do you eat, sleep, do you breathe me anymore?" and in the next she declares, "I don't know and I don't care if I ever see you again."

That bait-and-switch formula, layered over sudden harmonic and rhythmic changes, has served Loeb well, starting with her hit song "Stay," which played over the closing credits of the 1994 film *Reality Bites*. With lyrics describing the fear that often goes hand in hand with love, the song soared to the number-one slot on the *Billboard* charts, making Loeb the first artist not yet affiliated with a record company to reach that lofty height. A certified gold record, "Stay" sold 750,000 copies and won Loeb and her band, Nine Stories, a Grammy nomination. When she strums the song's first arpeggio at Newport, clusters of fans jump to their feet.

Up from the Underground

A pop star strives for staying power.

BY SHEA DEAN

Later, though, Loeb makes it clear she doesn't want to be known as a one-hit wonder. "Ultimately I'd like to be known as a musician," she says, a touch of her native Dallas accent creeping into her voice, "someone people come to see because they like the music, not just because they heard the song on the radio." While it's true her following mushroomed after the success of "Stay," Loeb had been winning audience respect long before Ethan Hawke, the star of *Reality Bites*, lobbied for her music to be included in the movie's sound track. Loeb first picked up the guitar in junior high school, when she and some friends decided to form a band based on the Police. She was the only member who stuck with her instrument through high school, playing covers of her favorite songs by the Cure and David Bowie.

Then came Brown. As a first-year student, Loeb and her roommate, Elizabeth Mitchell '90, sang together, with Loeb playing the guitar and writing most of the originals. Over the next few years, their folk duo, Liz and Lisa, gained a dedicated following through their shows at the campus bar the Underground. Meanwhile Loeb strayed from her concentration in comparative literature to take studio recording classes in the music department — classes she credits with developing both her musical style and her production know-how. "We sat around and we critiqued each other's music," she says, "telling each other what we hated about it and what we liked."

After graduating, Loeb moved to New York City, continuing to play for a time with Mitchell at small clubs. But then the duo broke up — Mitchell to play in her own band, Ida, and Loeb to form Nine Stories, named after the J.D. Salinger short-story collection — and Loeb found her way into the studio again. In the spring of 1992, she teamed up with Juan Patiño to produce *The Purple Acoustic Tape*, which she hawked after gigs. After a year of graduate school at NYU, a summer at

Boston's Berklee College of Music, and a host of temp jobs, Loeb recorded "Stay" in Patiño's Manhattan apartment. Loeb says that until then her parents had thought her work-by-day, gig-by-night life "wasn't the best thing you could do with a Brown education." Then came the call from the producers of *Reality Bites*.

As her song climbed the charts, Loeb held on to her independence. "I wrote 'Stay' on my own," she says. "Juan Patiño and I did it exactly the way we wanted to do it and gave it to them, and it succeeded in their world. That gave record companies the trust in us to do whatever we want."

Last year she released her eclectic debut album, *Tails*, to critical and public acclaim. This summer she chipped in a song for the sound track of the hit movie *Twister*, helped pack a 17,000-seat Detroit arena as part of an all-woman singer-songwriter lineup, and toured as the opening act for Lyle Lovett. But as she tells the crowd at Newport, she begged to play at the folk festival, even though it meant ditching Nine Stories and Lyle Lovett in California for a day. The annual festival, she says, is "the biggest coffee-house in the world," a venue she couldn't pass up.

Standing on that enormous Newport stage, her nervousness melting away with every song, Loeb strips her slickly produced tunes down to their basic acoustic elements. If there are any doubts about Lisa Loeb, they're not evident here: before she even finishes, the line for autographs is already a hundred strong. ∞



Eighty years ago this month, Republican nominee Charles Evans Hughes, class of 1881, went to bed thinking he would be the 28th President of the United States. He awoke to find he had been defeated by Woodrow Wilson, who had carried California. Hughes, pictured here with his wife, Antoinette, went on to become Warren Harding's Secretary of State, and in 1930 he was appointed Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court by Herbert Hoover.



BROWN ARCHIVES

BY KIMBERLY TRENCH

1932 65th Reunion

Pembroke, we hope you've marked your 1997 calendars for May 23-26, our 65th. Your reunion committee consists of **Kitty Burt Jackson**, chairman; **Dot Budlong**, class president; **Evadne Maynard Lovett**, **Kay Perkins**, **Millie Schmidt Sheldon**; and **Edith Berger Sinel**. We welcome your suggestions.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to the family of our loyal classmate **Doris Aldrich Colborn**, who died March 31 in Lake City, Minn. — *Kitty Burt Jackson*

1933

Edgar Dannenberg, New York City, contributed information to the recent dual biography *Hellman and Hammett*, by Joan Mellen (HarperCollins).

Joseph E. Fanning, Providence, was named Everyone's Hibernian of the Year by the William J. McEnery Division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Johnston, R.I., on May 18. He is a state organizer and a division treasurer for the order.

1936

David Field received the Good Heart Senior Volunteer Award from the Volunteer Center of Sarasota, Fla. He has been a volunteer at the Senior Friendship Health Clinic there since 1978, helping provide health and dental services to senior citizens. He and his wife, Mildred, also deliver meals to homebound seniors.

1937 60th Reunion

Your reunion committee has been busy planning class activities for our upcoming 60th. Remember to save the dates, May 23-26, and feel free to call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947 with any questions or suggestions. We hope to see you next spring as we celebrate our lifelong connections with one another and with Brown.

Edward Maurice Fearney, Micanopy, Fla., retired in 1980 after teaching architecture at the University of Florida for thirty-five years and at the University of Southeast Louisiana for five years. "I have four children, all successful in their fields, and six grandchildren. Through the years, my wife, children, and I did much traveling and studying abroad, but lately reading is about it."

John E. Fenton retired in 1994 after forty-one years in a family internal-medicine

practice in Taunton, Mass. He is enjoying retirement and works out at the local YMCA three mornings a week. John and his wife, Ruth, keep active and try to be helpful with their nine children and many grandchildren.

Bruce R. Gordon writes that **Bob Adamson** is the only classmate who has made it to Fairbanks, Alaska. "I'd be delighted to see more," he writes.

Robert Hallborg, Cranberry, Pa., writes, "Time first nibbles and then crunches. There is much more to this aging process than was ever included in our curricula. Gerontology remains a novel exploration, even as I live it." He has been both divorced and widowed and lives in a retirement community twenty-three miles north of Pittsburgh with his three-year-old boxer. Robert has three children and three grandchildren.

John W. Manchester moved to a life-care facility in Orange City, Fla., in November 1994. He celebrated his eightieth birthday with all six kids and reports that his health is as good as it deserves to be.

James F. McCoy, Providence, retired after fifty-four years of practicing law in Pawtucket, R.I., not including four years in the U.S. Navy. Now he travels, visits friends, and plays golf and tennis.

William Ryan, Los Altos, Calif., and his wife, Sally, have been traveling: to Brazil, the Amazon, and Devil's Island; Providence, Newport, R.I., and Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, Mass. — "a near miss from Hurricane Bertha"; and in September to Maui.

Arthur I. Saklad, Fort Lauderdale, Fla., has been retired since 1986. For the past two years he has been recuperating from congenital heart failure. He periodically visits **Harold Hassenfield**, who has had a stroke.

Hugh H. Wallace is still enjoying retirement in Orinda, Calif., where he "takes daily walks, does light gardening, plays poker with a bunch of other old geezers, and enjoys socializing with other couples." He and his wife, Sunny, celebrated their fifty-fifth wedding anniversary on July 18.

Charles J. White, Avon, Conn., stays busy with duplicate bridge, golf, and his flour-

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) 863-0599; e-mail BAM@brownm.brown.edu. Deadline for March classnotes: December 16.

ishing investment-counseling business, WIS. He is a registered licensed investment advisor and manages large retirement plans, many of them the same accounts he serviced as a stockbroker.

1939

Enrico Casinghino and **Carter Childs**, roommates in Hope and Slater for three years who had not seen each other for fifty-seven years, celebrated a mun-reunion in April. Rico, a retired mathematics teacher, and his wife, Emma, came from Suffield, Conn., to join Carter, a retired AT&T lawyer, and his wife, Madeline, at their home in Williamsburg, Va. The talk, Carter reports, ran to families (Rico and Emma have great-grandchildren), the hurricane of 1938, the cheap meals on Federal Hill, and Brown, which was "a comfortable safe harbor in the late 1930s for students with low finances, high energy, and bright hopes."

George Slade and his wife, Harriett, spent their first summer in Naples, Fla., since retirement there in 1980. They may be reached at 830 New Waterford Dr., #101, Naples 34104; gslade@naples.net.

1940

The Rev. **John Howard Evans**, Portsmouth, R.I., is the author of a poem, "The Pleas of a Patriot," which will appear in a 1996 volume of thoughts on the end of World War II, published by the National Library of Poetry in Owings, Md.

1942 55th Reunion

Your reunion committee has been busy planning class activities for our upcoming 55th. Remember to save the dates, May 23-26, and feel free to call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947 with any questions or suggestions. We hope to see you next spring as we celebrate our lifelong connections with one another and with Brown.

1945

Phyllis Baldwin Young exhibited her watercolors at the Larchmont, N.Y., Library during October. Her son, **Andrew Baldwin Young** '87, was married to M. Noel O'Donnell on June 15 in Washington, D.C., with fourteen Brown alumni attending. Phyllis may be reached at 24 Howell Ave., Larchmont 10538; (914) 834-7587.

1947 50th Reunion

Your reunion committee has been busy planning class activities for our upcoming 50th.

Remember to save the dates, May 23-26, and feel free to call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947 with any questions or suggestions. We hope to see you next spring as we celebrate our lifelong connections with one another and with Brown.

The work of interior designer **Ray Elias**, New Lyme, Ohio, was featured in an article on bathhouses in the July issue of *Cleveland* magazine. Ray also volunteers as a substitute teacher in three local school districts.

1948

William M. Peterson, Southampton, N.Y., delivered a paper titled "O'Neill's Divided Agonists" in May at an international conference at Suffolk University in Boston and published an article, "A Portrait of O'Neill's *Electra*" in the spring/fall 1993 issue of *The Eugene O'Neill Review*.

Alice Farrell Reynolds (see **Anne Reynolds Ward** '82).

1949

John T. Townsend, Newton, Mass., retired as professor emeritus of New Testament, Judaism, and Biblical languages at the Episcopal Divinity School in Cambridge, Mass., in June 1994. "After a couple of months without students, I needed a fix," he writes, "so I became a visiting lecturer on Jewish studies at the Harvard Divinity School." He may be reached at jtowndsend@div.harvard.edu.

1950

Henry P. Reynolds Jr. (see **Anne Reynolds Ward** '82).

1951

Saul D. Arvedon hosted **William Surprenant**, **Thomas Brady**, and **Pete Williams** in August at his oceanside home in Plymouth, Mass. "After much food and drink and discussion of their recent 45th reunion," Saul writes, "all agreed that their 50th will be spectacular in 2001."

1952 45th Reunion

Your reunion committee has been busy planning class activities for our upcoming 45th. Remember to save the dates, May 23-26, and feel free to call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947 with any questions or suggestions. We hope to see you next spring as we celebrate our lifelong connections with one another and with Brown.

Gilbert F. Bach, New York City, retired as managing director of the Latin American region for Lehman Brothers in 1995. He and

his wife, Bonnie, travel extensively in the United States and abroad and play in international tennis tournaments.

Edward J. Barry Jr., Charlestown, R.I., received the **Paul Maddock** '33 award for distinguished service to Brown athletics at the 1995 Hall of Fame dinner.

Davies W. Bisset Jr., retired from Amica Mutual Insurance Co. as senior vice president of underwriting in December 1995, after forty-one years with the company. He has five children: **Davies III** '85, who is married to Megan (Lynchburg College '90); **Andrew** '86; **Elizabeth Bisset Hoy** '88, who is married to **John Hoy** '93 M.D.; Robert (Boston College '90); and Kimberly (Boston College '94). Davies divides his time between Naples, Fla., and Narragansett, R.I., and is working on lowering his golf handicap.

Glen N. Bower is enjoying retirement in Pinhurst, N.C.

Stafford Burrell, Dennis Port, Mass., retired from Neworld Bank after thirty-five years. He bought an RV and has been traveling North America, visiting five children and two grandchildren.

Paul E. Burton is a senior research associate in technology at Exxon Chemical Co. in Baton Rouge, La., and an active member of the local retired-officers club.

Francis N. Carmichael, Clarksburg, Mass., is enjoying retirement. He and his wife travel a good bit and are renovating their house gradually. Their daughter is in medical school in New York City, and their son works for WBC-TV in Pittsburgh.

James A. Chronley, Santa Ana, Calif., recently helped a Colombian restaurant company expand into ice-cream manufacturing and sales. His article about his volunteer work in the International Executive Service Corp. appeared in the May issue of *Corporate Real Estate Executive*.

Ralph R. Crosby Jr. writes that **Gene Tortolani**, **Jim Sweet**, and he recently attended the 50th reunion of Waves Camps on Damariscotta Lake, Maine. Ralph and his wife, **Joan Hastings Crosby** '52, spend the winter months at 2204 Gulf Shore Blvd. N, Naples, Fla. 34102; (941) 262-6980.

Rosemarie Duys Doane married Bob Doane (MIT '52). She spends summers on Martha's Vineyard hiking, building, and gardening, and winters in Canaan, Maine, sledding and cross-country skiing. She retired in 1991 after twenty-six years teaching kindergarten. Bob retired in 1988; he was a Sloan Fellow and a senior executive officer in the U.S. Air Force. He is now an active designer, carpenter, builder, and cook and also the father of three and grandfather of one.

Alan C. Eckert, Fairfax, Va., retired in February 1996.

Jeanne Silver Frankl moved to her weekend house near the ocean in Amagansett, N.Y. She has left the New York City Public Education Association, of which she was executive director for thirteen years, and is working as a consultant on educational projects. Her

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The Brown Alumni Association invites you to celebrate your lifelong connection to Brown by purchasing a brick in the Alumni Walkway. Add your name – or the name of any alumnus or alumna you wish to honor or remember – to the beautifully designed centerpiece of the upcoming Maddock Alumni Center garden restoration project.

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PRINT NAME (one name per brick, please) AS YOU WANT IT TO APPEAR ON THE BRICK. TAKE UP TO TWO LINES FOR YOUR NAME. MOST NAMES WILL APPEAR ON ONE LINE ON THE ACTUAL BRICK.

BRICK #1

C	L	A	S	S		O	F												

BRICK #2

C	L	A	S	S		O	F												

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daughter Kathy will graduate from Pace University next year and plans to teach young children. Her husband, Ken, is enjoying retirement, playing the piano, and working with Jeanne in the garden.

Fredric S. Freund, San Francisco, is still active in commercial real estate as senior vice president of Hanford, Freund and Co., which he sold in 1994 to an associate. He enjoys working, sailing, and rowing. His daughter Leshe is collections manager at the Hearst Museum at UC-Berkeley, and daughter **Ellen** '89 is in the biology Ph.D. program at Stanford.

Carolyn Gagliardi, Milford, Conn., retired in 1992 after thirty-nine years of teaching. She is enjoying her home at the shore and still teaches as a substitute.

Susan Brailsford Gallagher is working to establish a botanical garden in Naples, Fla.

Daniel M. Garr and his wife, Jane, celebrated their 40th anniversary on June 23 and took a cruise among the Greek islands in October. Their four children have five grandchildren. Daniel and Jane winter in Vero Beach, Fla.

Boh Goodell is enjoying his family-medicine practice in downtown Boston and living in a 1760 Cape in Marshfield, Mass. His wife, Del, is a senior nurse at the visiting-nurse association in Plymouth. Their daughter **Karen** '88 married **John Hunter** '88.

Julia Potts Grehan, New Orleans, is expecting her first grandchild in November. Happy is chairman for volunteers for NASP, and she volunteers with a fourth-grade public-school horticultural program. She and Harold took a walking trip to Tuscany, Italy, this fall. They enjoy golf, tennis, and a weekend home in Pass Christian, Miss., on the Gulf Coast.

Daniel W. Grisley Jr., Webster, N.Y., retired from Eastman Kodak in 1991 as a technical safety engineer. He and his wife, Catherine, have three married children and five grandchildren: two girls and three boys, all under age 5. Daniel recently had successful surgery for prostate cancer and is feeling well and enjoying his retirement.

Barbara Kirk Andrews Hail, Barrington, R.I., is deputy director and curator of Brown's Haffenreffer Museum of Anthropology in Bristol. She recently took a research trip to Oklahoma to study Kiowa and Comanche decorated cradles and their cultural significance; her interviews with elders will be edited for a video to accompany an exhibit and catalog. Her husband, **Ted** '49, retired from Brown in 1989 after twenty-seven years and is Associate Dean of the College Ementus. Three of their seven children are alums: **Andy Hail** '75 works for Digital; **Clinton Andrews** '77 is on the faculty of the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Policy at Princeton; and **Elizabeth Andrews Byers** '78 is a hydrologist with the Mountain Institute in West Virginia, most recently based in Nepal at the Makalu-Barun Conservation Project.

Beverly Calderwood Hart, Seekonk, Mass., retired in 1991 after teaching for thirty-

five years. She recently took a trip to Alaska and has traveled to every state and camped in most state parks. She is a charter member of the Kiwanis Club, a liaison to the high-school Key Club, and was voted Woman of the Year in 1996. Her husband, Russell, retired as vice president of BIF. Her daughter Susan works for the U.S. Postal Service; her son Russ, a graduate of the U.S. Air Force Academy, is flying B-52s in Barksdale, Calif.; and her daughter Diane is deceased.

Margaret M. Jacoby '61 M.A.T. is spending more time since retirement at her condo on Goat Island, R.I., overlooking Narragansett Bay, and has become a volunteer for Save the Bay.

Samuel W. Keavy, Barnstable, Mass., has been retired from IBM for fifteen years. He keeps busy buying, selling, and appraising American antiques and volunteering at Cape Cod Hospital. He and his wife, Jean, plan to keep traveling the world until they can't; then they'll take the cruises.

Nancy Lant retired as an educational psychologist for the New Bedford, Mass., School Department in 1995. She has started a small business, Images of Light, exhibiting and selling photographs, and is a board member of Gallery X, a cooperative gallery in New Bedford. She has two black Persian cats, two sons, two daughters, five grandsons, and one granddaughter.

Sandra R. Lloyd retired from Atlantic Richfield Co. in Los Angeles and has moved to Atlanta. She recently visited with **Ann Thomas Moring** '53 from Cincinnati. "I lived in Los Angeles through the 1984 Olympics and got through the 1996 Games in Atlanta," she writes. "They were great fun."

Hilary Masters published his eighth novel, *Home Is the Exile*, in August and is giving readings this fall in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Des Moines, Kansas City, and Miami, among others. He is a tenured professor of English and creative writing at Carnegie Mellon and just returned from a working sabbatical on the Côte d'Azur, France. "Six months and finally got tired of French food!" he writes.

Robert D. Milner retired and moved to Petersburg, Va., to garden and breed plants full-time.

John F. Navatney Jr., Lakewood, Ohio, is with the law firm Baher and Hostetler in Cleveland.

F. Stanley Phillips writes, "I am a semiretired migrant worker, picking grapes in Naples and Hilton Head. My wife, Nancy, has continued to make our love affair worthwhile since 1950. Our daughter, Linda Magover, lives in Easton, Mass."

Larry Ross, New York City, closed his internal-medicine and cardiology practice and is a consultant to Empire Blue Cross's fraud department and to the legal profession on medical malpractice. He is happily remarried and is an avid tennis player.

Marc Rowe, Pittsburgh, received the 1996 Ladd Medal of the American Academy of Pediatrics, which recognizes physicians who

have made outstanding contributions to pediatric surgery. Marc is a former chief of the Division of Pediatric Surgery of the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine and surgeon-in-chief of Children's Hospital of Pittsburgh.

Phyllis Eldridge Suber, Princeton, N.J., loves retirement and is busier than ever with traveling, volunteering, spending time with grandchildren, gardening, and enjoying music. "The days aren't long enough!"

Janis Cohen Weissman, Roslyn Heights, N.Y., is a staff attorney for an advocacy center for schoolchildren and people with disabilities. Her husband, Saul "Sonny," died in May 1995 of a subdural cerebral hemorrhage. She has three grandchildren: Jeffrey Weissman, 8; Connor Wolfe, 2; and Sarah Wolfe, 6 months.

1953

Ralph Stoddard (see **James A. Stoddard** '87).

1954

Alan M. Corney, Berkeley Heights, N.J., retired in January 1991 and took a seven-day, 125-mile solo kayak trip down the Thames River. His wife, **Judy Robinson Corney** '55, just celebrated her twentieth year with Burdorff Realtors, a thirty-four-office real-estate firm. She still enjoys her career as a relocation director and expects to keep at it another few years. Their son Steve (St. Lawrence '80) is president of Koll-CBS commercial real-estate management in Phoenix, and daughter Andrea (Wesleyan '83, Stanford '90) is a business consultant in Palo Alto, Calif.

Anne Dermer Stoddard (see **James A. Stoddard** '87).

1955

Zigmund Dermer (see **James A. Stoddard** '87).

1956

Charles Merritt (see **Liz Merritt** '89).

Shel Siegel and his wife, Lolly (Wellesley '57), announce the birth of their first grandchild, Alexander Logan Siegel, in Atherton, Calif., to **H.B. Siegel** '83, and his wife, Vmeeta. H.B. is chief technical officer for LucasFilms, Industrial Light & Magic, and Skywalker Sound in San Rafael, Calif. Shel is retired president and CEO of WLVT-TV in Allentown, Pa. He may be reached at spcomm@aol.com.

1957 40th Reunion

Your reunion committee has been busy plan-

ning class activities for our upcoming 40th Reunion to save the dates, May 23–26, and feel free to call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947 with any questions or suggestions. We hope to see you next spring as we celebrate our lifelong connections with one another and with Brown.

Mark Abramowitz will celebrate both his 40th reunion and his 40th wedding anniversary in 1997. He and his wife, Joan, have two daughters, **Shari** '81 and **Laurie** '83; and four grandchildren: Max, 6; Kate and Henry, 3, who were born on the same night to different daughters; and Andrew, 1. Mark is the managing partner at Parker, Chapen, Flatton and Kimpl, a 120-lawyer firm in New York City. Joan is vice president of marketing at Random House. Shari is a pediatrician in Newton, Mass., and Laurie is a tax lawyer in New York City.

Robert H. Ackerman, Gloucester, Mass., is a neurologist and neuroradiologist at Massachusetts General Hospital and Harvard Medical School and the director of the hospital's neurovascular laboratory. He enjoys rowing, gardening, and traveling.

Ardell Kabalkin Borodach and her husband, **Jerry** '55, are planning to move back to Manhattan and look forward to seeing old friends and classmates. Jerry retired from the anesthesiology department at the Washington University Medical School in St. Louis in August. Son **Sam** '87 practices patent law in New York City and lives in Teaneck, N.J., with his wife, Patty, and their three children: Ben, 4; Sarah, 2; and Simcha, 9 months. Daughter Abby married **Kenn Elmore** '85 on June 2. Abby is acting director of student activities, and Kenn is assistant director of residential life, both at Boston University. Son **Andrew** '93 will graduate from Harvard Law School in 1997.

John Chandler, Lakeville, Conn., completed his year as headmaster of Hotchkiss in June and is continuing as assistant headmaster for external affairs. During Rusty's year as headmaster, the school achieved a record goal of \$10 million in its Centennial Campaign, set a new Annual Fund record of \$2.7 million, and was accredited by the New England Association of Colleges and Schools.

Mary Polly Griscom opened a twelve-member artists' cooperative gallery called the Windsor Gallery of Art in Windsor, Vt. She is showing her watercolors there and at several other galleries. She is married to Warren Elliott. Together, they have seven children and five grandchildren, with two on the way.

William Hayes, New York City, was recently reelected president of the New York Society of Security Analysts.

Dorothy Crews Herzberg, El Cerrito, Calif., has been teaching English as a second language in middle school for five years and also teaches citizenship to adults in the evening. Last year she traveled to Turkey and to Israel to visit her daughter, Laura, who is in medical school in Tel Aviv. In August, Dorothy went on an archaeology dig in Ireland with Earthwatch.

Judith Griswold Hicks is still working at the Mystic and Noank, Conn., library on local-history research projects, which will provide databases for researchers and genealogists. She is enjoying her first grandchild, James, who lives in Mystic. Her older son and his wife are expecting this year, and her younger son was married in September. Judith enjoyed a Brown cruise on the Baltic Sea last summer, where she met **Jack Giddings** and his wife, Sue, and son Matt.

Lewis A. Kay, Moorestown, N.J., just finished his term as president of the American Academy of Pediatric Dentistry. He found traveling and meeting people fun, but he is glad to be treating patients again and is enjoying his four grandchildren.

Patricia Hofmann Landmann has moved to East Sandwich, Mass.

Paul K. Lange has practiced law in Rochester, N.Y., specializing in civil litigation and personal injury, since graduating from the University of Michigan Law School in 1960. His most recent accomplishments are improving his tennis and blackjack games.

Bob Minnerly retired after ten years as headmaster of Charles Wright Academy in Tacoma, Wash., and a thirty-four-year career in independent schools. He celebrated thirty-nine years of marriage in June and has three grandchildren.

Thaddeus S. Newell III retired in 1990. Terry divides his time between Rochester, N.Y.; the Ocean Reef Club in Key Largo, Fla.; and Nantucket, Mass. Two of his three sons are married, and he has two grandchildren. He sees **Dick Thompson** '56 regularly and visited **Harvey Sproul** in May.

Kathleen Patnaude Reis, Marion, Mass., runs a small business growing and selling heirloom and contemporary tomato plants and has a big garden and a small greenhouse. Her husband, **Richard** '56 A.M., '62 Ph.D., is a professor emeritus at the University of Massachusetts at Dartmouth. They have one West Coast child and one East Coast child, both married, and one grandchild.

Robert Rosenblatt and his wife, Carol, Slingerlands, N.Y., have five children and two grandchildren. He is an obstetrician-gynecologist and the medical director of the Delmar Women's Health Care Association.

Robert Saltonstall Jr. is the director of physical plant at Wesleyan University, working three days a week. He lives with his wife on a pier in the Charlestown Navy Yard above Boston Harbor. All their children are grown and employed, and he is enjoying an active semiretirement.

Alan R. Shalita was appointed distinguished teaching professor of dermatology at the SUNY Health Science Center in Brooklyn. He is also the president-elect of the Association of Professors of Dermatology.

James F. Smith teaches bridge at the senior centers in Longmeadow and East Longmeadow, Mass., and directs bridge games in both towns and in Enfield, Conn.

Robert L. Sweeney took early retire-

ment from Travelers Insurance in 1993 and has become a partner and vice president at C&B Consulting Group in Westburg, N.Y., which specializes in employee benefits, managed care, retirement plans, and related products. Barbara retired in 1995. Daughter **Linda** '91 graduated in May from SUNY-Albany with a master's in history and library science.

Francis W. Thorley has been president of High Strengths Steel since September 1994. He is building a new house for his retirement on Chesapeake Bay at 29242 Glencoe Rd., Kennedville, Md. 21645.

Charlotte Lowney Tomas '65 A.M. writes that her husband, Vince, died in November 1995. In May she went to Portugal and Spain with the Brown Club of Rhode Island and in June to England with a Brown Travelers group, which included **Ann Stewart Orth** '55 and Barbara Spero Robbins, widow of **Edgar B. Robbins** '47.

1958

Norman Grace (see **Robert C. Grace** '84).

1960

Theodore R. Boehm, Indianapolis, was sworn in as one of the five justices on the Indiana Supreme Court on Aug. 7. His wife, Peggy, is chair of the Indiana State Board of Tax Commissioners, the state agency that oversees the property-tax system and the budgets of all local government agencies.

Francelia Mason Clark and her husband, Walter, retired to their beloved New Hampshire woods in Hancock in 1993, after careers teaching literature and writing at the University of Michigan. Their daughter Abson graduated from the University of Michigan in zoology and writing in 1995. Francelia's career can be traced in the book *Theme in Oral Epic and in Beowulf* (Garland, 1995). "We are happy, doing what we did but now on our own schedule, and prowling the land," she writes.

1962 35th Reunion

Our reunion committee, chaired by **Dotsy Haus Testa** and **Guy Lombardo**, has been busy planning class activities for our upcoming 35th. Save the dates, May 23–26, and call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-3380 with any questions or suggestions. We hope to see you next spring as we celebrate our lifelong connections with each other and Brown. – *Len Charney, class president*

Dee Nash Bates is moving to Tucson, Ariz., this fall after twenty-three years in Granville, Mass. **Avery** '61 will continue the final phase of their Alabama development, and they may return to renovating old homes. "We are excited by the prospect of living near a university, Mexico, and our four children," she writes. "When it gets too hot,

Friends in High Places

Eavesdropping on people you live with is unavoidable – but can be mutually rewarding.

Playwright Elizabeth Diggs saw the stage potential in *Mirette on the High Wire*, the children's book written and illustrated by her friend Emily Arnold McCully '61, as soon as she read an early draft. But McCully had her doubts. The picture book has a powerful emotional subtext – it's about a Parisian girl who, determined to learn to walk on the high wire, ends up helping a high-wire star face his fears. McCully wasn't sure how it would translate to another genre. After the book won the Caldecott Award in 1992, calls from theaters asking for rights to the book came ringing in to the house Diggs and McCully share in the Berkshires. As soon as Diggs heard what was going on, she insisted, "Don't give anybody else the rights. I want to do it."

The result was the musical *Mirette*, which



Playwright Elizabeth Diggs and lyricist Tom Jones (left) pose before one of Emily McCully's illustrations.

was staged in August at the Goodspeed Theatre in Chester, Conn. The play is the first project the two friends have worked on together since 1959, when they cowrote the Brown brokers musical *Happily Never After* – whose "improper language" provoked the Pembroke deans to walk out during the first act.

Yet Diggs and McCully have long had the sort of collaborative relationship that writers dream of – someone who will tell you what's

great and what stinks, someone whose opinion you respect and trust. For the past twenty years the two writers have read each other's drafts and given advice on how to bring projects to life. "It's a fabulous arrangement," Diggs says. "We know a lot about each other's fields even though we're not in each other's fields. We can bring a different eye to a draft but

still look at it with a lot of knowledge."

McCully has just sold Diggs the rights to her 1995 children's book, *Bobbin Girl*, set in the Lowell, Massachusetts, mills during one of the first strikes by women workers. "Who's the publisher?" Diggs called into the other room when asked by a reporter. "Dial," came a voice from under the eaves. – *Kimberly French*

we'll escape to our Irish cottage."

Alfred M. Benson, Tucson, Ariz., is continuing to have fun as president of a small corporation that appraises real property and consults on investment properties in the Southwest. He is still married to Kathy, and their kids are grown.

Kenneth Blackman (see *Susan Blackman* '89).

Paula Fitzpatrick Budinger, Bothell, Wash., is working as a medical transcriptionist at a local hospital. Roger has retired. Her daughter Beth is married and is a nurse practitioner in Seattle, and son Chris is also married and working for the Marriott.

Michael French and his wife, Ruth, moved to Palo Alto, Calif., in January, when Michael joined a consulting firm as director of market research.

John E. Morris III, Dallas, Pa., left his private law practice in 1992 to become general counsel for a 200-bed hospital, which immediately underwent a merger, and he became executive vice president and general counsel of a complex health-care system with 5,200 employees. His son John graduated from Gettysburg College and is in graduate school;

daughter Gail completed her freshman year with honors at the University of Colorado; and son Mark entered the School of Engineering at the University of Syracuse. "To maintain my sanity, I just bought my first Harley-Davidson!" he writes.

Sandra Budnitz Mosk, Beverly Hills, Calif., is the director of educational therapy for ERAS Center School and Agency in Culver City and is in private practice as an educational therapist. She became a grandmother on June 15.

Marion Welch O'Neill '68 Ph.D., retired from the law department of Sprint Corp. on Feb. 2. She is married to **Bernard** '65 Ph.D. Their daughter **Marie** received her B.A. from Brown in 1990. In the spring Marion enjoyed a visit to **Judy Hexter Riskind** at her home in Highland Park, Ill.

Robert J. Paradowski, Scottsville, N.Y., was promoted to full professor at the Rochester Institute of Technology, where he heads the science, technology, and society department.

Eugenia W. Pitts (see *Mark Aikens* '81).

Sallie Kappelman Riggs, North Falmouth, Mass., is an associate of a national consulting firm serving higher education in

strategic planning, business-process redesign, interim management, and searches. She is also vice president of a new nonprofit organization created to develop and run a hospital, research, and education facility for stranded marine animals. Her husband, Michael T. Corgan, is an associate professor of international relations at Boston University.

Susan Budnitz Sokoloff and her husband, Stan, Beverly Hills, Calif., have two grandchildren: John Simon, 1, Cambridge, Mass.; and Sophia Shoulson, 8 months, Miami. Their son Peter is in the graduate school of architecture at Columbia University and spent the past two years traveling around the world. Stan continues in his law practice, and Susan is a child and family counselor.

Margery Goddard Whiteman, Albany, N.Y., visited **Marty Poole** in Colorado in June. Margery's son **Stephen** '97 is in Taiwan for six months improving his Mandarin and will return to Brown in January to complete his double major in Asian art history and Asian history. Her daughter Bailey began the graduate vocal-performance diploma program at New England Conservatory in August. Her youngest, Eliza, is a ninth grader at Andover.

1963

Susan E. Davis is chairman and CEO of Capital Missions Co. in West Chicago, Ill., which created the program for the recent Inaugural Women's Economic Summit and was a cooperating partner for the recent State of the World Forum, which brought together 500 world leaders, from heads of state to CEOs of global companies to spiritual leaders. Susan also continues to grow the Investors' Circle, a national network of socially responsible venture-capital investors started by Capital Missions.

1966

Jay A. Burgess was awarded the U.S. Department of Commerce's Gold Medal for Distinguished Achievement in the Federal Service by the late Secretary Ronald H. Brown in October 1995. Jay's award was given "for leadership in national initiatives strengthening market democracy and expanding U.S. trade and investment in Central and Eastern Europe." He is director of both the Central and Eastern European Division and the Central and Eastern Europe Business Information Center with the Commerce Department's International Trade Administration. He is responsible for policies and programs promoting U.S. economic and commercial relations with fifteen countries. He and his wife, Kathie, a lawyer, live in Alexandria, Va.

1967 30th Reunion

Your reunion committee has been busy planning class activities for our upcoming 30th. Remember to save the dates, May 23-26, and feel free to call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947 with any questions or suggestions. We hope to see you next spring as we celebrate our lifelong connections with one another and with Brown.

Laurie Griffin Broedling, Springfield, Va., is senior vice president of human resources and quality at McDonnell Douglas Corp. Her daughter Abby is a freshman at Virginia Tech, and her daughter Emmy is a freshman in high school.

Donald P. Gleiter took early retirement after twenty-nine years as an aerospace engineer for the U.S. Navy and is now a staff systems engineer working on satellite ground stations for Lockheed Martin Management & Data Systems in Valley Forge, Pa.

Marshall Goldberg has been practicing law in commercial litigation and real estate for the past twenty years with a 210-person firm in Stamford, Conn. His wife, Joanne, is an assistant state's attorney, juvenile-court prosecutor. Jason, 19, is a sophomore at Harvard; and Jonathan, 15, is a sophomore at West Hill High School in Stamford.

Diane Sones Gruenewald is now a freelance researcher in New York City, after twenty-four years as a librarian.

David Hawk and Janet Levine Hawk, Mendham, N.J., will celebrate their 30th reunion, 30th wedding anniversary, and the graduation of daughter **Amy** '97 next spring. David left Prudential in December after twenty-four years, to head Met Life's new Fixed Income Global Finance unit. Janet is teaching English at Oak Knoll School in Summit, N.J. Daughter Wendy ('95 RISD) is a potter in Boston.

James Naughton is back on Broadway in the musical *Chicago*, which opens Nov. 17 at Richard Rogers Theatre, New York City.

Thomas C. O'Keefe III, Natick, Mass., owns two law firms and is engaged to Claudia Barber Greene, formerly of West Warwick, R.I. They have a summer home and boats in Wickford, R.I. Thomas's son **Daniel** will graduate from Brown in 1997, daughter **Megan** in 1998, and son Timothy will graduate from Rivers Country Day in 1997. Dan was the first sophomore ever elected as president of Brown Student Agencies and was president of Delta Phi, class representative to the Undergraduate Council, and vice chairman of the Greek Council.

David T. Riedel received the Rhode Island Bar Association's Award of Merit on June 21. He is now with the new firm Tillinghast Licht & Semonoff in Providence, a merger of Licht & Semonoff and of Tillinghast Collins & Graham, where David has practiced for twenty-six years.

Joseph Ruma is enjoying married life with **Helaine Benson Palmer** '68, who has recovered from her bone-marrow transplant of 1993. Joseph lives in Andover, Mass., and continues to do acquisitions for National Medical Care's dialysis-services division.

William D. Singen is comptroller of Citizens for Citizens, a community-action program in Fall River, Mass. His wife, **Judy Klein Singen** '70, continues as the publications coordinator at the RISD Museum of Art. Their son Doug is a National Merit finalist, a two-time Rhode Island state high-school debate champion, and a summa cum laude graduate of Classical High School in Providence and is now attending Hartford College. Daughter Margaret, a high-honor-roll student, is a sophomore at Classical.

Mark D. Stern and his wife, Lynn, have two children: Gabriela, 5; and Jesse, 3. With the Boston 100th, Mark has completed two marathons and is running on a 50-plus team. They spend much of their time in Maine, and he still practices law in Boston and Somerville, Mass.

Jim Van Blarcom moved to Charlotte, N.C., in October 1995, after almost twenty years of living in Greenwich Village. "What a change!" he writes. "A house, lawn, attached garage, two cars, lake, no winter clothes, no traffic, instant grts, and popcorn shrimp."

Carolyn Laughlin Vandam, Hingham, Mass., writes that her son graduated from Brown in 1992, and her daughter will finish in December.

Chandler Vishner writes that twins

Kyle and Jarrett were born on May 12.

1968

Joel P. Bennett, Gaithersburg, Md., was selected as chair-elect of the Law Practice Management Section of the American Bar Association in August. He may be reached at jrbennett@radix.net.

1969

John Thelin began a new position as a professor at the University of Kentucky in August. He had been a professor of the history of higher education and philanthropy at Indiana University. Last fall he was a visiting scholar at UC-Berkeley. His book, *Games Colleges Play*, a history of college-sports scandals, was selected as one of the outstanding academic books of the year by the Association of College and University Research Libraries. The address for John and his wife, Sharon, is 324 Chinoe Rd., Lexington, Ky. 40502.

1970

Daniel E. Stein and his wife, Michelle, Essex Junction, Vt., announce the birth of Gabriel Benjamin on Dec. 11.

1972 25th Reunion

Reunion-activities cochairs **Chas Gross**, **Guy Buzzell**, and **Don Stanford** '77 Sc.M. have been working with their committee to plan a memorable 25th, featuring gala special events and plenty of time to reconnect, reminisce, and look to the future with old friends and classmates. We hope to break attendance records so make your plans now to attend this milestone celebration, May 23-26. If you have not received a copy of our fall mailing, call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-3380.

David E. Breuer and his wife, Lynn, Washington Township, N.J., celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary on Aug. 7. Their daughters - Jennifer, 23; and Megan, 20 - gave them a party on July 20. Attendees included Alpha Delta brothers **Bob Forbes**, **Chas Gross**, and **Glenn Normile**. Dave is an environmental-affairs director with International Flavors and Fragrances in New York City. He may be reached at (212) 708-7104 or debreuer@aol.com.

Jeff Paine and his wife, Maggie, Los Altos, Calif., announce the birth of their second daughter, Chantal Alexandra, on Feb. 28. Her sister Gisele is 2. Jeff may be reached at jtpaine@aol.com.

1973

Eric Buermann was reappointed by Florida

Gov. Lawton Chiles to a second four-year term as one of the seven members of the Florida Elections Commission in July. He has twice been elected vice chairman of the commission. He is president of Pioneer Associates Inc., a Miami investment and brokerage company. Eric lives in Miami with his wife and two daughters.

Susan Au Doyle, Honolulu, is finishing her first year as executive director of the YWCA of Oahu, Hawaii. She welcomes anyone to drop by the historic building for a workout or a swim, or the camp for some respite by Kaneohe Bay. She saw **Pam Howard Varrin** and **René Varrin** two years ago at the National Governors Association meeting in Boston.

1975

Frederick Rigby Barnes and his wife, Nancy, Prairie Village, Kans., are both K.U. Jayhawks now. Frederick is in his second year at the University of Kansas School of Law, and Nancy is a doctoral student in the department of educational psychology and research. Frederick was pleased to encounter a fellow Brunonian, **Roscoe Howard** '74, a law professor there.

Crawford B. Bunkley III is the author of *The African American Network* (Plume, 1996), which lists more than 5,000 prominent African Americans in politics, sports, entertainment, business, media, the arts, and other fields. He is also a senior public-affairs representative with Exxon. He lives in Houston and is married to novelist Anita Richmond Bunkley.

Andy Hail (see **Barbara Kirk Andrews Hail** '52.)

Margaret Haskell Moss lives in Grandville, Mich., with her husband, Frank; children Mike, 13, and Tim, 10; and new puppy, Max. She is a middle-school special-education teacher and may be reached at peggyssuemi@aol.com.

Kenneth J. Warren was appointed to chair the public-service task force of the American Bar Association's Section of Natural Resources, Energy, and Environmental Law in August. He directs the environmental-litigation practice at Manko, Gold & Katcher, an environmental and land-use law firm in Bala Cynwyd, Pa.

1977 20th Reunion

Your reunion committee has been busy planning class activities for our upcoming 20th. Remember to save the dates, May 23-26, and feel free to call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947 with any questions or suggestions. We hope to see you next spring as we celebrate our lifelong connections with one another and with Brown.

Virginia H. Adams lives in Seekonk, Mass., with her husband, Richard F. Savignano, son of the late **Ernest T. Savignano** '42.

She and Richard have two children: Tomas, 4; and Elena, 2. They are enjoying visits from Virginia's three stepsons: Rich, 28; Peter, 22; and Danny, 18. For nine years Virginia has been the director of architectural projects at the Public Archaeology Laboratory, a cultural-resource management firm in Pawtucket, R.I.

Clinton Andrews (see **Barbara Kirk Andrews Hail** '52.)

Bruce Bettencourt works in project finance for Chase Manhattan in London, after a two-year stint in Paris. He and Helene are trying to keep up with their boy Juhen, 2, and manage their new house. Helene is at General Re Securities, covering the francophone European countries.

Lois Bryant is a tapestry artist, with works in Liz Claiborne stores in New York City; Boston; Dallas; West Palm Beach, Fla.; McLean, Va.; and Troy, Mich. She lives with her husband and two girls, 2 and 5, in Lindenhurst, N.Y.

Mark Christiansen became an account vice president at the A.G. Edwards & Sons, branch office in Mequon, Wisc., in June. He would like to hear from old friends at mequonman@aol.com.

Douglas Cosgrove is a psychiatrist living and working in Philadelphia.

Ann-Christine Duhaime practices pediatric neurosurgery at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia and does laboratory work in pediatric head injury. On weekends off, Tina and her husband, Stan, and their children — Jonas, 10; and Alida, 5 — pack up the car and head for their large extended family's beach house in Saundertown, R.I.

Lisa C. Fancher, Austin, Tex., is the lead vocalist, guitarist, and primary songwriter for the band Firewater, which has been performing for the past year.

Elizabeth Saslow Fields is director of marketing for Looney Tunes at Warner Brothers Consumer Products in Los Angeles. Her son Noah was born in February 1995, and she is expecting twins in December.

David J.S. Flaschen, Kentworth, Ill., is now chairman and CEO of Donnelly Marketing, after ten years with Dun & Bradstreet, most recently as president and chief operating officer of A.C. Nielsen, North America.

Lynn Dawley Forsell gave birth on Sept. 22, 1995, to Evan John Forsell, who joins brother Eric, 5. Lynn and her husband, Bill, and children live in Summit, N.J., where they are continually renovating their house. Lynn works part-time as a consultant to Salomon Brothers' commercial-mortgage finance group.

Karen Kenney Dickson Johnson, North Oaks, Minn., is now remarried to Steven Johnson, a St. Paul native. She is in private medical practice as well as various consultative positions. "My three children seem my most important and enduring achievement," she writes. "Raymond's death was a profound shock and loss. Somehow I have survived the loss of my spouse and longest, dearest friend. I suffer from

Crohn's disease; I was able to run a marathon in 1992, but some days I hardly find the strength to get dressed. My own illness and losses have made me a better doctor, more compassionate. Life goes on and is a strong force; death no longer seems something to deny or fear."

Byron Jones, Berkeley, Calif., is married to Julie Morrison and has a son, Galen, 3.

Robyn R. Jones has been married for eight years to Adrian J. Moody (Holy Cross '78). They have two boys: Nicholas, 6; and Dylan, 4. Robyn practices obstetrics and gynecology with the Woman to Woman Care group in Philadelphia, part of the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania.

Diane Krejsa recently became university counsel at the University of Maryland at College Park and would love to hear from education-counsel alumni. Her husband, Peter Levy, is a history professor at York College. They have two children: Jessica, 9; and Brian 7.

Barbara Sunderland Manoussou married John Manoussou on May 27, 1993, and acquired a daughter, a son-in-law, three grandchildren, and a retreat home in Santorini, Greece. She is teaching developmental English at Houston Community College and is also a dispute-resolution mediator and arbitrator. Barbara and John appeared as extras in scenes with Shirley MacLaine and Jack Nicholson in the movie *Evening Star*. They are now writing a book about an experience at St. Peter's Basilica in Rome in May 1995, when they photographed a form that appears to be Jesus surrounded by seven angels; at the time they thought it was only a tourist photo of light flowing from the dome. "If this event had not happened to us, I would think it was a hoax," she writes. Over the past year the phenomenon has led to Barbara's first published magazine article, television and radio appearances, and seminars on religious occurrences and miracles.

Karen Misler '77 A.M. spent the summer with her husband, Barry Feigenbaum, and children — Jeremy, 7; and Stephanie 5 — packing and moving to Teaneck, N.J. Both children are now in school full-time, so Karen has more time for freelance editorial and market-research assignments.

Jo Woolf Mordecai, Kfar Yona, Israel, writes that she is married with two daughters: Alonah, 8; and Lilach Shani, 3. She coordinates home-based services for a senior-citizen day-care center sponsored by Social Security. In the last year she initiated an enrichment program for special-needs children in the Northern Sharon area, inspired by Alonah. She would love to hear from any and all at Rehov Ram-bam 2h, Box 419, Kfar Yona, Israel 40300; rsajof@inter.net.il.

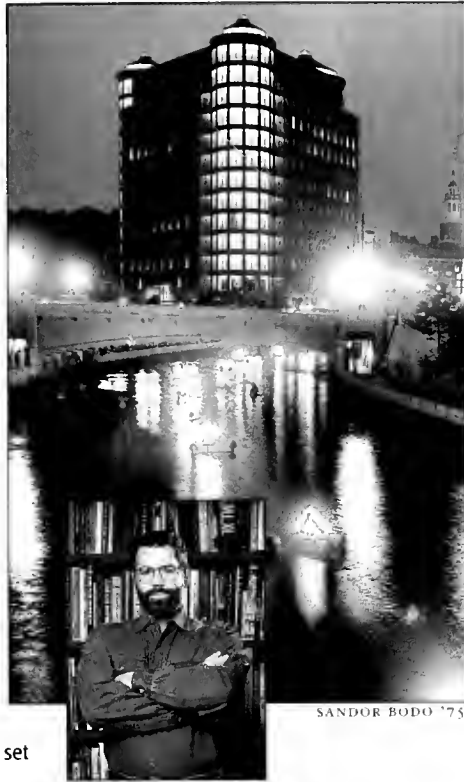
Mark Musen '80 M.D. and his wife, Elyse, announce the May 31 birth of Kate Hannah, who joins brother Jay, 9. Last year Mark was promoted to associate professor of medicine and computer science at Stanford, where he is head of the section on medical informatics. Elyse is an associate professor of anthropology

Renaissance Artist

Over the past several years downtown Providence's empty commercial spaces and industrial waterfront have been refurbished into a new city center that is pedestrian friendly, safe, and clean. But it took the artwork of Barnaby Evans to give these changes a heart. "[Providence] created a wonderful stage set for the city," he told the *Providence Journal* in July. "But a stage set needs a play – it needs something for people to come to."

Casting its glow over the eastern part of downtown, Evans's work, *Water Fire*, was a series of thirty-five open fires set in spherical steel braziers along the Woonasquatucket river on nights throughout the summer. Twenty-four of them floated in the water, anchored to buoys, and the rest were mounted on small granite posts marking the river's course. A soundtrack of slide guitar by Ry Cooder, chanting by local artist Sandor Bodo '75, and bird, cricket, and cicada sounds tied the sights and smells of the work together.

A biology concentrator at Brown, Evans maintains a deep interest in the environment, especially his own habitat. "Many people don't realize the unique combination of things we have here," he says. "Generations ago people were building buildings



SANDOR BODO '75

Above: *Water Fire* in action along Providence's newly renovated riverfront last summer. Inset, Barnaby Evans.

that had art built into them." Originally designed for Providence's First Night celebration, *Water Fire* was such a success among residents that Evans was asked to repeat it and to consider setting up a permanent installment.

"In this age when public art seems to be a frill that attracts protest, and a lightning rod for controversy," Evans says, "*Water Fire* has become symbolic of the renaissance of downtown Providence." – *Chad Galts*

at nearby Foothill Community College. Mark may be reached at musen@smi.stanford.edu.

Steven Parker, Bethesda, Md., is directing a full-length feature film about medicine, a dark comedy called *Within Normal Limits*. He would love to hear from anybody in the film biz.

Peter Relson, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., was married in June 1994 to Carol Anderson, whom he met while folk dancing in Stowe, Vt. They honeymooned on a safari in Africa. They enjoy bird watching and walking their dog Sofie. Peter is a senior programmer at

IBM in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., where he has worked since graduation.

Ava Seave left *The Village Voice*, where she was general manager, to become a marketing director at the children's book company Scholastic in New York City. "My 7-year-old daughter is compensated for my working harder by getting zillions of books to have and to give to her school," Ava writes.

Susan Greenhaus Silverman is a senior associate actuary at John Hancock in Boston. She has three children: Dan 12; Jonathan 8; and Debby, 5. She is the principal second

flutist with Parkway Concert Orchestra and a cofounder of the Boston West Recorder Group.

Brent Taylor lives in Ho Ho Kus, N.J., with his wife, Carla, and two daughters, Alexandra and Jacqueline. He is vice president and assistant general counsel at J.P. Morgan in New York City. Earlier this year he was named to head the U.S. Regulatory and Compliance Team at Morgan.

Elizabeth M. Wright is now senior vice president with First Mariner Bank in Baltimore, heading commercial and real-estate lending.

1978

Elizabeth Andrews Byers (see **Barbara Kirk Andrews Hail** '52).

Lee Fleming Callander Doyle, Arlington, Mass., announces the birth of Rosita Consuelo Doyle on May 29.

Fred Sherrill and **Michele Dreyfuss Sherrill**, Short Hills, N.J., announce the birth of Isaac Matthew on Sept. 15, 1995. Isaac joins Philip, 13; Teddy, 10; and Emily, 6. Fred has become a senior vice president and manager of fixed-income sales and trading at Ryan, Beck & Co., after twelve years at Merrill Lynch.

Paul Stoddard (see **James A. Stoddard** '87).

1979

Jill Wiener Quentzel '82 M.D. lives in Westport, Conn., with her husband, Howard Quentzel, and their two children: Felicia, 8; and Jeremy, 6. Jill is an assistant professor of neurology at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York City and an attending physician at the Bronx Veterans Administration Medical Center. Howard is chief of infectious diseases at Griffin Hospital, an affiliate of Yale University.

1980

Lawrence N. Scult is starting his own practice in commercial transactions and real-estate law, with an office in Boston, after six years as in-house counsel at Shawmut Fleet Bank and six years at Csaplar & Bok in Boston. Larry lives in Wayland, Mass., with his wife, Ellen, and sons: Matthew, 8; and Corey, 5.

1981

Shari Abramowitz (see **Mark Abramowitz** '57).

Mark Aikens was elected in June to the board of directors of the Monmouth-Ocean Development Council in Manasquan, N.J., whose director is **Eugenia W. Pitts** '62. Mark is a partner with the law firm Carton, Witt, Arvatis & Bariscillo in Tinton Falls.

The Year Brown Rose to the Occasion

It was an exciting year. Charles Evans Hughes, class of 1881, was narrowly defeated for the presidency by Woodrow Wilson. Jazz was sweeping the country. Boston defeated Brooklyn to take the World Series. The year began with the blossoming of a new tradition – the Rose Bowl. And Brown was there.

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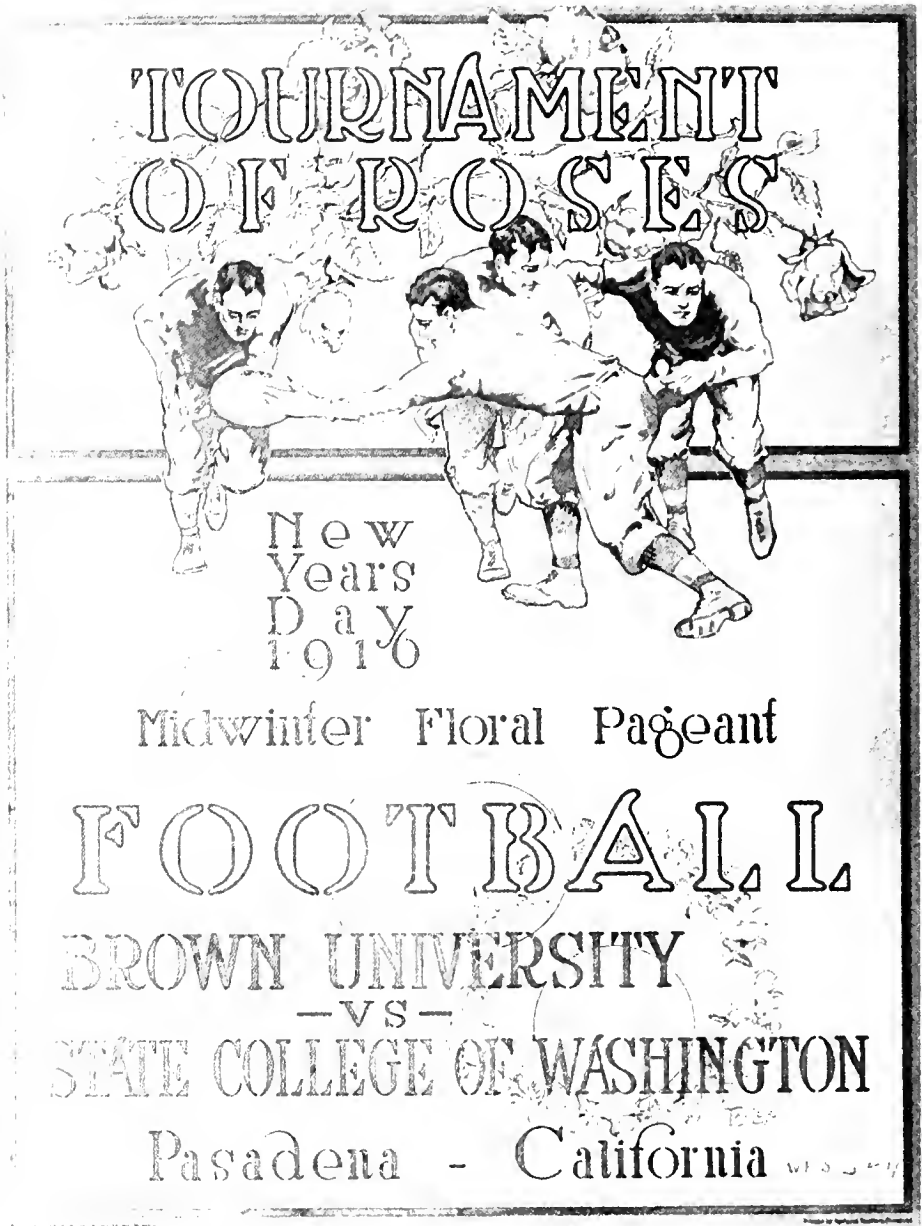
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1982 15th Reunion

Robin Asher '85 M.D. and her husband, Jeff, Natick, Mass., welcome the May 22 birth of Amanda Rachel Brunetti, who joins her sister, Madeline Rose, 3.

Nadine Cartwright '85 M.D. and **Paul R. Lowe** live in Huntington, Conn., with their three children: Paul Jr., 11; Veronica, 9; and Douglas, 6. Nadine is the medical director of the Center for Personal Health, an internal-medicine practice. Paul is a principal of Baker Hewett & Associates, a health-care management firm, and Baker Hewett Capital, a health-care venture-capital firm.

Jennifer Cooperman, New York City, recently became executive assistant and director of policy for the New York State Banking Department, which regulates all New York State licensed banks and financial institutions.

Beth Deutch, Holmdell, N.J., is the medical director and breast-imaging director at the Jacqueline M. Wilentz Comprehensive Breast Center at Monmouth Medical Center in Long Branch, N.J. Her son Simon H.D. Rubin was born March 11, 1994. Her husband, Larry Rubin, is a senior trader of emerging markets with Smith Barney in New York City.

Barbara Dworetzky is an assistant professor of neurology at the Boston University School of Medicine. She lives in West Roxbury, Mass., with her husband, Christopher, and son Benjamin Ely Sarahan, 1.

Carlos Fernandez is adjunct assistant professor with the Department of Architecture, College of Environmental Design, UC-Berkeley, and is a practicing architect. He married **Maureen Mulligan** '84 on Aug. 17.

Brooks R. Fudenberg teaches at the University of Miami Law School.

Joseph Gallo bought a "money pit" near New York City after four years in Milan, Italy, and reports that his family — his wife, Ann; and daughters Adriana, 3, and Phoebe, 2 — are happily re-Americanized. He works in investment banking at Smith Barney.

Amy Dubin George, Stamford, Conn., is director of customer brands for James River Corp., where she has worked for nine years. She and her husband, Andy, have three children: Kevin, 6; Eric, 3; and Brendan, 7 months.

Larry Gerstner and **Christiana Endres Gerstner**, Norwood, Mass., are busy raising their daughters: Emily, 6; and Polly, 3. Larry is a marketing manager at Motorola, and Chris is a programmer/analyst and is getting a master's in educational technology.

Bob Goodman is living in suburban New York City with his wife and two children and commuting each week to Memphis, where he runs a company making wireless telecommunication equipment.

Eric Moscahlaidis and his hardworking reunion committee have come up with a great program for the 15th, so plan to come back to Brown to celebrate with friends and classmates and to take in the old and new

sights around campus and Providence. If you have not received a copy of our fall mailing, call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-3380.

Susan Kornetsky became associate director of research at the Segal Co.'s Washington, D.C., office in August. She lives in Silver Spring, Md., with her husband, Mark Mendy, and their son Ari.

Tom Plante and his wife, Lori, announce the birth of Zachary Thomas Elias on April 24. Tom is an associate professor of psychology, and both Tom and Lori are clinical assistant professors of psychiatry at Stanford. They share a private practice in Menlo Park, Calif. They may be reached at (415) 320-5930 or tplante@scuacc.scu.edu.

Beth Sullivan recently joined Arnold Communications in Boston as senior vice president, director of marketing research. She will help manage the consumer insight group and oversee research and planning for clients Playskool and Big Yellow. Beth previously spent thirteen years at Hill, Holliday, where she was a senior vice president, working with such clients as Advanced Micro Devices, the Massachusetts State Lottery Commission, and Lotus Development Corp.

Anne Reynolds Ward and **George Ward**, Newtown, Conn., announce the birth of George Henry, who is the grandson of **Henry P. Reynolds Jr.** '50 and **Alice Farrell Reynolds** '49 and the great-grandson of **Henry P. Reynolds** '14.

Kenneth Wishnia, Setauket, N.Y., received his Ph.D. in comparative literature from SUNY-Stony Brook, with a dissertation on twentieth-century Ecuadorian and American literature. He was a fellow at the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research in New York City, where he delivered the Vivian Hort Memorial Lecture on early-twentieth-century American Yiddish satire. He teaches writing in the English department at CUNY-Queens College.

1983

Laurie Abramowitz (see **Mark Abramowitz** '57).

Arden Blair and her husband, Ken Clark (University of Delaware '84), are living between Baltimore and Washington, D.C., where they share a house with Robert Dahm (Bradley '85) and his two cats, Snowball and Hairball. They all work for Excalibur Technologies developing text-search and -retrieval software, except Snowball and Hairball. Arden would like to hear from **Paul Freitag** '84 and **Marlena Erdos** and may be reached at 9515 Red Ram Path, Columbia, Md. 21046; (301) 725-3306; ablair@excalib.com.

David Derner (see **James A. Stoddard** '87).

Stacy Pierce Gasteiger and her husband, Daniel, announce the birth of Cassidy on June 16. She joins Matthew, 3¹/₂; Callum, 2; and Olive the dog, 8. Stacy is "doing the full-time mom thing and loves playing all day without guilt." She may be reached at 187

WANTED...

Software Architect

This position supports the evolution of the distributed campus computing infrastructure. They will help to develop strategies for desktop and server software environments, evaluate software products to determine how well they support these strategies, develop recommendations on how specific products could be used at Brown, and package them for deployment to the campus. This is not an operations position (install, configure, and maintain), although strong technical knowledge and skills will be required.

The successful candidate must have experience supporting a complex distributed environment with UNIX based servers. They must be familiar with current issues and practices in areas such as security (authentication and authorization, public key and Kerberos), naming, and distributed infrastructures (e.g. DCE, Intranet style applications).

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Pamela Keld married Joseph Edelman on June 16. She is a speech pathologist, and he is a biotechnology analyst. Long-lost friends are welcome to contact them at 101 W. 90th St., #18H, New York, N.Y. 10024; (212) 496-6991.

Brian Loo married Lisa Bowden on July 7 in an outdoor wedding near Waikiki Beach, Hawaii. **Bob Reinhold** and **Greg Thorson** presented a grand toast during the reception. Brian and Lisa may be reached in Honolulu at loo.brian.bk@bhp.com.au.

H.B. Siegel (see **Shel Siegel** '56).

1984

Carole Cain received her Ph.D. from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill in 1995 and works with the Duke University collaborative study of Alzheimer's disease and memory in aging. She may be reached at 527 Manns Chapel Rd., Pillsboro, N.C. 27312.

Mark Dinman and his wife, Michele (University of Missouri '86, Boston University '90 M.P.H.), announce the birth of Bryan Reuben Dinman on June 27. He joins brother Jonathan Abraham, born March 25, 1993. They recently left Washington, D.C., for St. Louis. Michele is taking a break from her public-health career to care for Bryan and Jonathan. Mark just completed his eleventh year with EDS and is currently a systems-engineer supervisor. He is also in a new professional M.B.A. program at the Washington University Olm Business School. Friends are encouraged to contact them at 353 Ridge-meadow Dr., Chesterfield, Mo. 63017; dinmanm@wuolm.wustl.edu.

Robert C. Grace and his wife, Anne (Boston University '86), 2-year-old-daughter Sarah Brooke, and beaming grandpa **Norman Grace** '58 welcomed Julia Susan into their lives on Halloween 1995. After completing his M.S. in energy and resources at UC-Berkeley in 1993, Bob returned with Anne, a tax manager at Ernst & Young, to Massachusetts, where Bob now works on electric-utility-industry restructuring as a principal analyst for New England Electric Systems, along with **Jose Rotger** '86. Sarah and Julia's playmates include Carlos Rotger, son of Jose and **Barbara Anderson Rotger** '86; Karl zur Loye, son of **Hanno zur Loye** '83 and his wife, Dee Hull; and Matthew and Alexander Garcia, sons of **George Garcia** '83 and **Maureen O'Brien** '83. Friends may contact Bob at grace@neesnet.com.

Eric Muller and Leshe Branden-Muller (Penn '84) had their second child, Nina Emily Muller, on July 2. Eric is on the faculty at the University of Wyoming College of Law. Eric's article on race and gender discrimination in jury selection appeared in the October issue of the *Yale Law Journal*. They may be reached at 1652 Edward Dr., Laramie, Wyo. 82070; emuller@uwyo.edu.

David W. Ray and **Katherine Melchior**

Ray '85 announce the birth of their second child, Hunter Melchior Ray, on March 13. The Rays have moved to Portland, Oreg., where Katherine is vice president of international for Hanna Andersson and David leads the marketing communications for Medicalogic, a software company in the medical field. David may be reached at david_ray@ccmail.medicalogic.com.

1985

Davies W. Bisset III (see **Davies W. Bisset Jr.** '52).

Kenn Elmore (see **Ardell Kabalkin Borodach** '57).

Wes Merritt (see **Liz Merritt** '89).

Sylvia Veh married Michael Elsbury (Indiana University '81) on Nov. 11, 1995, in Chicago. She is a freelance Kidswear designer for Lands' End.

1986

Andrew Bisset (see **Davies W. Bisset Jr.** '52).

Lee G. Dunst and **Lisbeth Diring** announce the birth of Charles Diring Dunst on June 27. Lee is an assistant U.S. Attorney in the eastern district of New York. Days after Charles was born, Lee finished a seven-week criminal trial with guilty verdicts on all forty-three counts in a multimillion-dollar aviation-insurance fraud case. Lissie is the senior development officer for major gifts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. They may be reached at 76622.1545@compuserve.com.

Gloria Gonzalez is an assistant professor teaching business communications to Spanish students for the University College Dublin's overseas program in La Coruña, Spain. She is also working on a Ph.D. in English philology. She is happily married and has a son, Carlos, 5. She would love to hear from old friends at cesuga@lcservicom.es.

Willis Navarro may be reached at 85 Castenada Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94116; willisn@itsa.ucsf.edu.

Elisa van Dam, Somerville, Mass., married Ahmet Luleci on March 24, 1995.

Rick Weinland and his wife, Sandy Novo, announce the birth of Lucas Adrian Weinland in August 1995. They live in Caracas, Venezuela.

1987 10th Reunion

Your reunion committee has been busy planning class activities for our upcoming 10th. Remember to save the dates, May 23–26, and feel free to call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947 with any questions or suggestions. We hope to see you next spring as we celebrate our lifelong connections with one another and with Brown.

Sam Borodach (see **Ardell Kabalkin Borodach** '57).

James A. Stoddard married Smita Chondro (Maranatha Christian University of Indonesia '91) in Acton, Mass., on Oct. 7, 1995. The wedding party included best man **Samir Shah** '88, groomsmen **Paul Stoddard** '88, and maid of honor **Ellie Stoddard** '88. Also in attendance were Jim's parents, **Ralph** '53 and **Anne Dermer Stoddard** '54; uncle **Zigmund Dermer** '55; and cousin **David Dermer** '83; and many other Brunonians. Jim continues teaching mathematics at the Fenn School in Concord, Mass., and Smita works at SoftLinx in Westford, Mass. They may be reached at 25 Massasoit Trail, Littleton, Mass. 01460; (508) 952-6867; jstoddard@fenn.org.

Andrew Baldwin Young (see **Phyllis Baldwin Young** '45).

1988

Karl F. Burns and his wife, Angie, San Clemente, Calif., are the parents of Emma Caitlin, born Feb. 12. Emma joins brother Robbie, 2. Karl is sales and marketing manager of the golf division of Voit Sports in Carlsbad, Calif.

Karen Goodell and **John Hunter** (see **Bob Goodell** '52).

Elizabeth Bisset Hoy (see **Davies W. Bisset Jr.** '52).

1989

Lt. **Colin S. Farrar** departed on a six-month deployment in August with Strike Fighter Squadron 81 of the U.S. Navy on the aircraft carrier USS *Enterprise*. The squadron will be operating in the Adriatic and Mediterranean seas in support of NATO peace efforts.

Ellen Freund (see **Fredric S. Freund** '52).

Jenny Hua '89, '93 M.D., married Albert Koong (M.D., Ph.D. Stanford) on May 26 in Chattanooga, Tenn., writes **Anthony Lombardi** '89, '93 M.D. Jenny is in her final year of her obstetrics/gynecology residency at Stanford. Bridesmaids included **Kerin Lou**, who is working in the fashion industry in New York City and who made the bridesmaids' dresses; and **Kathy Kau**, who is teaching elementary school in Seattle, where **Kay Chang** '89, '92 M.D., is in an ear, nose, and throat residency. Other guests included **Kimberly Townsend** '89, '93 M.D., who completed her pediatrics residency in Cincinnati and is moving back to Rhode Island to practice pediatrics; **Howard Kornstein** '89, '93 M.D., who is doing his ophthalmology residency in New York City; **Anthony Lombardi**, who recently completed his residency in internal medicine at Rhode Island Hospital and is starting private practice with Coastal Medical Inc. in Cranston, R.I.; **Anita Lee** and **Charles Leng**, who are both doing internal-medicine residencies at the University of Pennsylvania; and **Jennifer Kramer** '91, who is in a graduate program in anthropology at Columbia University.

MUSIC

THE JABBERWOCKS, Brown University's oldest a cappella group, are proud to present their latest CD, *Wassocket*. To order *Wassocket* or to hire the group that recently won the title Best A Cappella Group in Southern New England, call Tom Jack-oboice at (401) 863-0625.

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Liz Merritt graduated summa cum laude from the National College of Chiropractic in 1994 as salutatorian and recipient of the Smith and Rupolo scholarships for excellence in clinical skills. Five days later she moved to Norway and has learned Norwegian and opened a practice outside Oslo. In July she married Bjorn Arne Waalberg. Helping them celebrate were Liz's father, **Charles Merritt** '56, and brother **Wes Merritt** '85. She would love to hear from friends at Eikskollen 11D, Osteras 1345, Norway; walbritt@sn.no.

Pam Peters, Estes Park, Colo., just finished hiking all 472 miles of the Colorado Trail as part of a promotion of her new back-country guide business, Adventures Afoot. She may be reached at pam@afoot.com or <http://www.afoot.com>.

Susan Blackman Tilson and Whitney Tilson (Harvard '89) announce the arrival of Alison Kate on April 24. Proud relatives include grandfather **Kenneth Blackman** '62 and uncles **Michael Blackman** '87 and **Kevin Blackman** '92. Susan returned to work part-time in October as a trusts and estates attorney at Schulte Roth & Zabel in New York City. Susan, Whitney, and Alison would love to hear from friends at 175 E. 62d St., Apt. 11A, New York, N.Y. 10021; (212) 755-3917; wtilson@aol.com.

1990

John A. Abom received his J.D. from Dickinson School of Law in Carlisle, Pa., in June.

Greg Bashaw and **Fernanda Moore Bashaw** announce the birth of Alexander Grunke on March 25. "We are both still at Stanford - Greg's getting a Ph.D. in biology, and I'm working on one, sort of, in comparative literature," Fernanda writes. "The baby is much more compelling, I must say." They may be reached at gbashaw@cmgm.stanford.edu and fernanda@leland.stanford.edu.

Jamie F. Metz has published *Western Responses to Human Rights Abuses in Cambodia: 1975-80* (St. Martin's Press). He lived in Cambodia for two years, where he worked as a human-rights officer for the United Nations Transitional Authority.

Marie O'Neill (see **Marion Welch O'Neill** '62).

Sarah McFarland Taylor is engaged to marry Kevin Charles Looper (Yale '91) in June. Sarah has developed a new course, Radical Spirits and Righteous Discontent: Women and Religion in American Culture, which she began teaching this fall at UC-Santa Barbara. She is completing her Ph.D. in religion and American culture and hopes to return to the East Coast to teach both religious and women's studies. Sarah may be reached at 650osmt@ucsbuxa.ucsb.edu.

1991

Melissa Levis has been writing songs for

swank parties in New York City and Aspen and singing at the Plaza, CBGB's, and the Bottom Line. She just released her first album with her band Melissa & the Moguls. She may be reached at (212) 755-6047.

Sarah Saffian has left her post as a features reporter for the *New York Daily News*. She is writing a memoir as an adoptee who was found by her birth parents, to be published by HarperCollins in 1998. She has also begun the two-year M.F.A. nonfiction writing program at Columbia. Friends and people with adoption stories may write her at 315 W. 23d Street, #2D, New York, N.Y. 10011.

Lee Skinner has begun an appointment as an assistant professor in the Spanish and Portuguese department at the University of Kansas. He may be reached at lskinner@falcon.cc.ukans.edu.

Linda Sweeney (see **Robert L. Sweeney** '57).

1992 5th Reunion

Reunion-activities co-chairs **Shelly Berry**, **Marc Harrison**, and **Shonica Tunstall** have been planning our big 5th celebration, May 23-26, and hope classmates from near and far are making plans now to get back to Providence for this first "official" gathering since May 25, 1992. If you have not received a copy of our fall mailing, please call reunion headquarters, (401) 863-3380.

Marc E. Babej works as an account planner at Kirshenbaum Bond & Partners in New York City. He often sees **Dimitri Gazis**, **Salime Samii** '91, **Jennifer Grael** '93, **Dimi Barinstein** '93, and **George Marroig-Tagle** '91. Marc may be reached at mbabej@deutschmc.com.

Leo G. Garofalo was awarded Ford Foundation and Fulbright fellowships to complete research in Peru for his doctoral dissertation in history at the University of Wisconsin at Madison. He and his wife, Elaine, a native of Peru, will spend a year there.

Kenneth Gaw and **Patricia Tung** were married in Hong Kong on June 1. **Hayley Werner** was a bridesmaid. Kenneth is doing investments for the family business, and Patricia is with an entertainment company expanding its regional complex and film-distribution network. They would love to hear from friends at 100261.1535@compuserve.com.

Maryelizabeth Grace received her Ph.D. in higher-education administration, specializing in intercollegiate-athletics finance, from the University of Florida in August. Betsy has been in Gainesville since 1993, after working for a year as a systems analyst in Washington, D.C., with **Stephanie Bratiotis**. Betsy was an assistant to the Lady Gator Track and Field Team that earned fourth place this past year at indoor nationals and sent several athletes to the Olympic trials. She is an adjunct professor of anatomy and physiology and the administrative assistant for women's sports for the University of Florida Athletic Association, which

also employs **Don Tupper** '94. She may be reached at (315) 375-4683, ext. 6025; maryeg@gators.uaa.ufl.edu.

1993

Andrew Borodach (see **Ardell Kabalkin Borodach** '57).

Lt. **Scott D. Nader** is an infantry officer in Savannah, Ga. "I'm dividing my time between the 'sands of Arabia' and the Southern hospitality of my fiancée, Diana."

1994

After a two-year academic hiatus, **Vincent Ferrell** began law school at Louisiana State University in August. Friends may contact him at his parents': 3868 Deercreek Ln., Harvey, La. 70058; or vferr60569@aol.com.

Ayanna Gaines and **Tom Smith** '95, both former Delta Psi presidents, were married on Sept. 22 and now live near Chicago. Ayanna is English editor of reference manuals for software programs at DDC Publishing, where she does technical editing, formatting, and writing of guides. Tom is an editor and developer for Mayfair Games. His first project was a collectible card game called Fantasy Adventures. They may be reached at 8227 Keating Ave., Apt. 2B, Skokie, Ill. 60076; Tom at ganglios@aol.com; Ayanna at isiskitten@aol.com.

Brian Hornbuckle and his wife, Jalene, have moved from Clarksdale, Miss., to Ann Arbor, Mich. Brian started graduate school this fall and will work in the University of Michigan's electrical-engineering and computer-science radiation laboratory while pursuing a Ph.D. Jalene is looking for an elementary teaching position. They may be reached at 1586 Murfin, Apt. 1, Ann Arbor 48105; (313) 764-1515; buckle@engin.umich.edu.

Nadirah I. Moreland, Hayward, Calif., finished her master's degree at the University of Michigan and is now "finally defrosting from six years of cold winters in Michigan and New England," she writes. She has run into **Kwame Denianke** '96, **Jolene McAuley** '96, and **Sue Evans**. Nadirah may be reached at nadim@umich.edu.

1995

Jennifer De Lucia is a research teaching specialist at the Robert Wood Johnson Medical School of the University of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey. She works in the HIV culture lab, which is involved in the nationwide AIDS Clinical Trial Group. She began the M.P.H. program there this fall. Jennifer would love to hear from alumni in the area at delucijl@rwj.umdny.edu.

Sallie Lin is working for a planning and engineering company based in Kansas City, Mo., with an office next to Pike Place Market

A Fool and His Money

Not everything in cyberspace is virtual. Tom Gardner can attest to that.

Using the Internet, Gardner and his brother David have expanded their stock portfolio from \$50,000 to \$118,000, up 136 percent, in just two years. And they have built an audience of more than 250,000 potential investors a month for their heretical investment tips — parlayed under their *nom de Net*, the Motley Fool. Their book, *The Motley Fool Investment Guide*, climbed to number one on the *Business Week* best-seller list in April. And for investors, the Gardners' message is the realest part of all: with a little know-how, you, too, can beat Wall Street.

"Most people think about their investments as burdensome," says Tom, an English concentrator who's now a partner in the Motley Fool company, based in Alexandria, Virginia. "Our philosophy is to make investing fun and to make it a learning process and to make that learning process collaborative."

With the help of 150 hired consultants, Tom and his brother moderate conversations



COURTESY TOM GARDNER '90

in their America Online chat room, one of the most popular forums in cyberspace; their Web page gets a similar number of hits. The Gardners manage their own money in full view of their virtual audience, proving how buying and holding a healthy mix of blue-chip stocks and high-cap, mostly high-tech stocks can yield results that put most mutual funds and retail-brokerage portfolios to shame.

That's where the Fool part comes in. The brothers took their company name from Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, in which the Fool is the only character who tells the truth. In a financial world plagued by conflicts of interest and get-rich-quick schemes, the Mot-

No fools, they: investment advisors Tom Gardner, left, and David Gardner have fun with stocks.

ley Fool aims to present the facts as fully as possible.

"We're also irreverent," Tom says. A sample of his rap: "If you think most money managers and mutual-fund managers and brokers want you to know how you're doing in relation-

ship to the market, I've got a pair of Cleveland Browns tickets I'd like to sell you."

With their sassy, do-it-yourself style, the brothers have drawn the ire of seasoned financial consultants and publications such as the *Wall Street Journal* — even as the Motley Fool's followers and their investments continue to mushroom.

So how foolish are they? As Tom says, "The market will be the judge." — *Shea Dean*

The Motley Fool may be reached at <http://fool.web.aol.com> or on America Online with the key word Fool.

in Seattle. She is applying to law school now and hopes to get a joint degree in planning and law. Sallie would love to hear from long-lost friends at 315 Belmont Ave. E., #103, Seattle, Wash. 98102; (206) 322-7211.

Yigal D. Nochomovitz is in a Ph.D. program at the Scripps Research Institute in La Jolla, Calif., researching computational biophysics. "No wife, kids, dog, garden, or house yet," he writes.

Peter S. "Joe" Pang was accepted into medical school at the University of Texas Health Science Center at San Antonio.

1996

Darrin M. Bradley is a personal financial advisor with American Express Financial Advisors. He may be reached at 1 Tower Bridge Plaza, Suite 100, West Conshohocken,

Pa. 19428; (610) 825-9055.

David L. Craft, Niskayuna, N.Y., joined the General Electric Research and Development Center as a mechanical engineer in July.

Dufirstson Neree has received a \$10,000 grant from New England Electric System in order to make economic improvements in his neighborhood, Little Haiti in Miami. One of his projects is to establish the Little Haiti Federal Credit Union. He plans to get a master's degree in urban planning and international affairs and has received a Woodrow Wilson Foundation fellowship.

GS

Richard Reis '56 A.M., '62 Ph.D. (see **Kathleen Patnaude Reis** '57).

Margaret M. Jacoby '61 M.A.T. (see '52).

Bernard O'Neill '65 Ph.D. (see **Marion Welch O'Neill** '62).

Charlotte Lowney Tomas '65 A.M. (see '57).

Marion Welch O'Neill '68 Ph.D. (see '62).

Anthony Gregg Roeber '74 A.M., '77 Ph.D., has been appointed professor of early modern history and religious studies and head of the history department at Penn State. His book *Palatines, Liberty, and Property: German Lutherans and Colonial British North America* (Johns Hopkins University Press, 1992) was a cowinner of the American Historical Association's 1993 John H. Dunning Prize.

Thomas Anderson '76 A.M., Dallas, has just returned to the United States after living for two years in Warsaw, Poland, where he taught English. He may be reached at tomasza@juno.com.

Phillip S. Kott '72 A.M., '79 Ph.D., was

named a fellow of the American Statistical Association in August. He is a chief research statistician at the National Agricultural Statistical Service of the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Fairfax, Va.

Karen Misler '77 A.M. (see '77).

Jim Shepard '80 A.M., Williamstown, Mass., has published a collection of his short stories titled *Battling against Castro* (Alfred A. Knopf). The title story was chosen by editor Tobias Wolff to appear in *The Best American Short Stories 1994*.

Ann Marie Jodoin '86 A.M. has joined a group of artists, historians, scholars, and actors, led by producer and director Louis Burke and actor James Earl Jones, to revive the defunct American Shakespearean Festival Theatre in Stratford, Conn. After finishing postdoctoral research in speech and drama, Ann Marie spent time in London with the British Voice Association. She is president of Professional Communicé Consultants, a firm whose mission is to improve international communication.

John Higgins '87 Ph.D. has, after seven years in cancer research, joined the corporate world at McNeil CPC in Fort Washington, Pa., as a senior research scientist and director of the materials-characterization department. "This shirt and tie are strangling me!" he writes.

Larissa Taylor '90 Ph.D. received a fellowship to study at the Herzog August Bibliothek in Wolfenbüttel, Germany, in 1997. She may be reached at ltaylor@colby.edu.

Kohei Kawashima '92 Ph.D. and his wife, Akiko, announce the birth of their daughter Rinako on May 2. Their new address is 3-4-15-209 Koenji-Minami Suginami Tokyo 166, Japan; lo1390@snet.ad.jp.

Patricia A. Kollander '92 Ph.D. was promoted to associate professor with tenure in Florida Atlantic University's history department. Her book *Frederick III: Germany's Liberal Emperor* was published by Greenwood Press last year. She and her husband, Bruce Fuller, live in Boca Raton, Fla. Patricia can be reached at kollande@acc.fau.edu.

MD

Mark Musen '80 M.D. (see '77).

Jill Wiener Quentzel '82 M.D. (see '79).

Robin Asher '85 M.D. (see '82).

Nadine Cartwright '85 M.D. (see '82).

John Hoy '93 M.D. (see **Davies W. Bisset Jr.** '52).

Jenny Hua '93 M.D., **Kay Chang** '92 M.D., **Kimberly Townsend** '93 M.D., **Howard Kornstein** '93 M.D., and **Anthony Lombardi** '93 M.D. (see **Jenny Hua** '89).

Lawrence L. Hall '15, North Kingstown, R.I.; July 25. At 105, he was one of Brown's oldest alumni and walked in the 1989 Commencement Procession. He was a retired actuarial assistant and departmental paymaster for Prudential Life Insurance until his retirement in 1955. A U.S. Army veteran of World War I, he was captain of the track team in his senior year and a member of Sigma Chi. Survivors include a son, Lawrence, 904 E. Liberty Dr., Wheaton, Ill. 60187.

Wallace R. Chandler Jr. '16, Red Bank, N.J.; July 19. After receiving his law degree from Harvard in 1921, he was an assistant district attorney in Providence. From 1930 to 1971 he practiced with Riker, Danzig, Scherer, Hyland & Perretti in Newark, N.J. He was an ensign in the U.S. Navy during World War I. Survivors include a daughter.

Florence Thomae Colmetz '19, Norton, Mass.; Aug. 4. She was a decorative-painting and stenciling teacher for many years. Previously she taught Latin, math, and English in Milford, N.H., and Newburyport, Mass. She was president of her church group and a member of the Attleboro Museum. Survivors include a daughter, Jacqueline Boudreau, 20 Freeman St., Norton 02766.

Avis Sugden Beach '26, Chatham, Mass.; July 11. She founded and was the first president of the Pembroke Club of Rochester, N.Y., and was active in the Episcopal church. Survivors include her husband, **Raymond** '32, 627 Old Harbor Rd., Chatham 02650; a daughter, **Susan Beach Willis** '56; and a son, **David** '61.

Reginald A. Allen '28, Providence; Aug. 3. He was a pediatrician for fifty-three years before his retirement in 1988. Some of his later patients were the grandchildren of the children he had cared for in the early part of his career. He was a U.S. Navy veteran of World War II, serving as a doctor aboard a carrier in the Pacific. He was a member of the American Academy of Pediatrics and the New England Pediatric Society. Survivors include his wife, Annette, 297 Waterman St., Providence, R.I. 02906.

Lois Nuzum Devore '30, Stockton, N.J.; Aug. 8. She was a laboratory technician and research bacteriologist at various offices in New Jersey before setting up a private medical lab in Princeton. She was a past president of her local Parent Teacher Association and vice president of her community league. Survivors include her son, Richard, 90 Federal Twist Rd., Stockton 08559.

Leo Jacobson '30, Warren, R.I.; Aug. 31. He was an optometrist for fifty years before his retirement in 1988. He was a member of

the Rhode Island Optometric Association and served as president of the Warren District Nursing Association for sixteen years. He was a past president of the Warren Rotary Club and of the Agudath Achim Synagogue in Bristol, R.I. Survivors include his wife, Rose, 585 Main St., Warren 02885; two daughters; and a son.

May Damerel '35 A.M., Westerly, R.I.; Aug. 16.

Amelie Zell Richmond '36, Denver; July 10. A retired rancher, she was a past president of the Fortnightly Club and an active member of the Society of Colonial Dames in Colorado. Survivors include her husband, Dr. **Gerald Richmond** '36, 3950 S. Hillcrest Dr., Denver, Colo. 80237; and four stepchildren, including **Gerald Jr.** '65.

Virginia Gagnon Bolevitch '38, North Kingstown, R.I.; Aug. 15. She was a teacher in the Providence school system for thirty years.

Eugene W. Cokefair '38, Wiscasset, Maine; May 20. He owned the Madison Pet Shop in Madison, N.J., for twenty-six years before his retirement in 1982. Survivors include his wife, Gloria, R.R. 1, P.O. Box 564, Wiscasset 04578; a son; and a daughter.

Preston H. Hood Jr. '41, Somerset, Mass.; July 21. A ninth-generation descendant of Roger Williams, he was a lawyer in private practice with Hood & Hood for many years before his retirement this year. Since 1947 he served as director and most recently as senior vice chairman of the Fall River People's Cooperative Bank, now the Bank of Fall River. He was a past chairman of the school committee in Swansea, Mass., where he was also a volunteer firefighter. He was a member of the Massachusetts, Bristol County, and Fall River bar associations. He was a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy during World War II and a member of Sigma Chi fraternity. Survivors include his wife, Marilyn, 2500 County St., Somerset 02726; a son; and two daughters.

Norton Hirsch '43, Brewster, Mass.; Aug. 14, of cancer. He was vice president of the Balfred Floor Covering Co. in East Providence, R.I., for fifty years before his retirement last year. He was a former reunion chair and class marshal, and with his wife founded the Hirsch Family Book Fund at Brown in 1985. He was a U.S. Army veteran of World War II and served with the 416th Bomb Squad. Survivors include his wife, **Doris Fain Hirsch** '44, 15 Overlook Ln., Brewster 02631; a brother-in-law, **Bernard I. Fain** '52; a son, **John** '74; and a daughter.

Cmdr. Robert H. Curtin '44, Fairfax, Va.; Dec. 2, 1993. A U.S. Navy veteran of World War II, he served aboard the USS *Zellars* in the Pacific and remained in the service until his retirement. He was a member of the first

NROTC group to graduate from Brown, and during his career worked in the naval nuclear-propulsion training unit in Idaho Falls, Idaho, and at the Pentagon. He was captain of the varsity baseball team in his senior and junior years. Survivors include his wife, Ann, 9819 Ashby Rd., Fairfax 22031; and a brother, **Richard** '37.

Garfield S. Chase Jr. '47, Wolfeboro, N.H.; July 24. He was in the antiques business for twenty years. Previously he was in business-machine sales for the Victor Comp-tometer Corp. in Waltham, Mass., and the Monroe Calculation Machine Co. in Boston. A U.S. Army veteran of World War II, he served in the 10th Mountain Division in Italy, the Philippines, and during the Japanese occupation. Survivors include his wife, **Constance Lucas Chase** '44, P.O. Box 1217, Wolfeboro 03894; a brother, **Elwood** '37; three sons; a daughter; stepsons **Jeffrey Heidt** '67 and **Peter Heidt** '69; and a step-daughter.

Benjamin A. Joelson '48, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Aug. 24, of complications from lung disease. A television writer and producer, he began his career writing for "Candid Camera" and "The Robert Q. Lewis Show" on CBS. With Art Baer, he cowrote more than 100 scripts for such shows as "Gomer Pyle," "Get Smart," "The Odd Couple," "The Jeff-ersons," and "Hogan's Heroes." From 1977 to 1985 Joelson and Baer wrote and produced "The Love Boat" for Aaron Spelling Produc-tions. Joelson also wrote variety shows for such stars as Victor Borge, Perry Como, and Jim Nabors and earned an Emmy Award in 1972 for his work on Carol Burnett's show. He established the Benjamin A. Joelson Scholarship at Brown in 1982. Survivors include his wife, Rhoda, 908 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills 90210; brothers **Robert** '43 and **George** '43; a son; a daughter, **Melissa** '85; and a niece, **Amy Joelson Fisher** '80.

James E. DuBois '50, Providence; June 4. A former member of the *B.A.M.*'s board of edi-tors, he was a former vice president and cre-ative director with the Horton, Church & Goff advertising agency for many years, retir-ing in 1986. He was a member of the Shel-burne, Mass., Historical Society and the First Unitarian Church of Providence. A hiking enthusiast, he was a member of the Appalachian Mountain Club. He was a U.S. Navy veteran of World War II and survived the sinking of the aircraft carrier *St. Lo* in the Battle of Leyte Gulf in the Philippines. Sur-vivors include his wife, Sara, 272 President Ave., Providence, R.I. 02906; a son, **Ethan** '76; a daughter; a sister-in-law, **Elizabeth Shaw Williams** '35; and a daughter-in-law, **Linda Borges DuBois** '76.

Richard T. Jones Jr. '50, Troy, Ohio; Feb. 24, of cancer. He was a manager for Emery Air Freight in Vandalia, Ohio. Previously he

was a district sales manager for American Air-lines in Dallas. He was a member of Sigma Nu fraternity. Survivors include his wife, June, 2208 Fiesta Dr., Troy 45373; and three children.

Maitland McLarin '50, Mountain Lakes, N.J.; Dec. 20. He was a retired software engi-neer for Orbiting National Observatories in Red Bank, N.J. Previously he worked for General Electric as a checkout engineer in the *Apollo* support division and for Lockheed Air-craft Corp. in the aircraft and spacecraft elec-tronics-systems testing department. He was a member of the Institute of Aeronautics Sci-ences and the American Rocket Society. Sur-vivors include his wife, Nancy, 16 Littlewood Ct., Mountain Lakes 07046; a son; and a daughter.

Lawrence L. Humphreys '51, Fort Laud-erdale, Fla.; July 17. He was a senior account executive for Merrill Lynch for many years. He was an avid tennis player and sailor. Survivors include his brother, William, P.O. Box 316, Islesboro, Maine 04848; and two daughters.

Harriet Waterman Lutes '55, Portland, Maine; July 22. She was a chemist with Polaroid Corp. in Cambridge, Mass., and is listed on several patents for color film. She was also a professional modern dancer and studied with the Martha Graham Dance Company in Boston. Previously she was a performing member of the Ann Arbor Con-temporary Dance Group and a member of the Ram Island Dance Company. She received the Deborah Morton Award for dis-tinguished professional and civic service in 1988 and was president of the Victoria Soci-ety of Maine from 1987 to 1989. She was also president of the Museum Guild and in 1993 cofounded the Maine Equity Chapter, a non-profit advocacy group for diversity and equal opportunity. In her junior year she was prom queen of Pembroke Spring Weekend and received the University's chemistry prize. She was a generous supporter of Brown's libraries, dance program, and Annual Fund. Survivors include her husband, **Chris** '54, 365 Spring St., Portland 04102; four sons, including **Chris Jr.** '83, **Justin** '90, and **Jonathan** '91; and a daughter, **Jessica** '87.

Steven V. Hershenow '62, West Hartford, Conn.; July 9. A graduate of Tufts Medical School, he was a lecturer in medicine at Har-vard Medical School and was a physician in private practice in Boston and then West Hartford. He was a veteran of the U.S. Air Force, serving at Plattsburg Air Force Base, N.Y. Survivors include two sons.

Gary G. Babcock '72, Tiburon, Calif.; July 1, of AIDS. He founded and was president of Computer Assisted Learning Corp. and worked briefly as a publications specialist for Oracle Corp. in Redwood Shores, Calif. Pre-viously he was a physics and chemistry

teacher at Colegio San Antonio in Humacao, Puerto Rico, a dean's assistant at Longwood College, an administrative analyst at UC Santa Cruz, and an assistant to the dean of academic affairs at Brown. Phi Beta Kappa. Survivors include his partner, Geoff Booth, 1 Mira Flores Ln., Tiburon 94920.

James S. Coles, New York City; June 13. A recipient of the President's Certificate of Merit for his work on antisubmarine warfare during World War II, he worked for the Underwater Explosives Research Laboratories in Woods Hole, Mass., before coming to Brown as a chemistry professor in 1946. At Brown he helped revise the chemistry depart-ment's curriculum and was acting Dean of the College in 1951. He went on to become president of Bowdoin College and lead the Research Corp., a private foundation for the advancement of science and technology in Tucson, Ariz. While at Bowdoin he oversaw the revision of its curriculum and bolstered programs to help low-income students. At the Research Institute he managed projects for nutrition research and medical mycology and helped the foundation increase its assets from \$11 million to \$46 million. He was a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and a former trustee of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute. Survivors include his wife, Cecily Cannan Selby Coles; a daughter; two sons; and three stepchildren.

William A. Ward, Providence; Sept. 13, of an aortic aneurysm. Before coming to Brown as a visiting professor of Egyptology ten years ago, he taught in Beirut, Lebanon, for twenty-eight years, first at the Beirut College for Women and then at the American Uni-versity of Beirut, where he chaired the department of religious studies and was an associate dean. At Brown he had directed the program in ancient studies for the past five years and drew many new students into Egyptology. He specialized in Egyptian history and archaeology, comparative religions of the ancient Near East, and the Phoenician language. He wrote seven books and more than sixty scholarly articles and was coauthor of many others. He was a coeditor of *Berytus: Archaeological Studies* and was an editorial as-sistant for the *Anchor Bible Dictionary*. A model-railroad enthusiast and Phoenician-com col-lector, he taught at the Brown Learning Community, lectured at local schools, and was a volunteer English instructor for Inter-national House. He is survived by his wife, Ula, and six children. ☞

Candidate Mom

I'll run for the Virginia legislature if you will," sweet-talked the love of my life. No big deal. Run cheap. Keep the big guys honest. A three-month civic-duty fling.

"Get a third person on the slate," I replied, "or no deal." That's how I ended up running for office last November when I could have been home reading Babar. My husband, Eric, and our friend Stephanie ran for the House of Delegates, and I headed the ticket as the Green Party candidate for the Virginia Senate.

We knew nothing about campaigning, but by kickoff time we had slogans, speeches, and a party platform with enough planks to build a barn. The only thing we didn't have was money. In keeping with our advocacy of campaign-finance reform, we limited contributions to \$100, mothers of candidates included. By Labor Day we had \$1,025.59 in our collective war chest. We paid for 15,000 brochures, 800 posters, and two pairs of pantyhose and hit the trail.

That's when I discovered I was pregnant.

Election special, I wanted to shout, vote for one, get the other free! But the little upstart, I decided, would stay under wraps. Then came my first campaign invitation. Speak to 500 cattle farmers? No problem. Face their 500 plates of steaming barbecue? You've got to be kidding. In the early weeks of my pregnancy I couldn't even look a potato in the eye.

But soon I perked up. I got a couple of power dresses from a thrift shop, latched on some pearls, shined my pumps, and lit out with my bag of Saltines.

The district territory is huge: four sprawling counties, acres of farmland and national forest, a couple small cities, and dozens of crossroads with names like Churchville, Bustleburg, and Dooms. I made the rounds. I talked to reporters, nurses, Dupont factory workers, Republican lawyers, small-town feminists, and a Shaklee vitamin group. I explained why it was worth running even if I didn't have a chance, why voting for a loser made sense. Here in the land of Jerry Falwell, it's



CHRIS BURRELL

your only chance to register your dissent.

At campaign forums I said exactly what I meant. Yes, I'm for term limits, environmental regulation, increased spending on education, and gun control. No, I'm not in favor of the death penalty, ever, or Virginia's brand of welfare reform. Some voters liked what I said or, at least, how I sounded. "It was so good to hear your voice," one woman told me. "That other candidate was barking at us." Others didn't care for my ideas, but liked my candor and how it put the other candidates on the spot. But winning respect, I quickly learned, had little to do with winning votes. "Breath of fresh air," I heard more than once, "but I can't vote for you because..."

Meanwhile, our home was a wreck: finance reports, surveys, clippings everywhere. Our two-year-old was not amused. At bath time she worked out the personal dynamics with the shampoo bottles. "'Granny,' said the momminy, 'here, take care of my dear sweet child. Bye.'" The tall bottle and the small bottle wobbled off, leaving the mom bottle staring at the drain.

As the campaign cranked into its final weeks, I had just two outfits that still fit. Yes, a tight race all around. My two senate rivals thought so, too. They shelled out more than \$100,000 each for ads, calls, and slick slam mailings, not to mention

the hot-air balloons, elephants, steam locomotives, and biplanes pulling banners. All for an \$18,000 part-time job.

The last days heated up, and good news: I was making enemies left and right. The incumbent began taking swipes at me. By golly, he was nervous. The other challenger turned unctuous, his young staff patronizing. "Ever considered running for school board, Elise?" But I knew something they didn't. I had earned a loyalty close to one of their hearts. Very close. "Oh, Elise, I'd vote for you in a heartbeat," confided a middle-aged woman in a nicely tailored suit, "if only you weren't running against my husband."

And then it was Election Day. We pounded our posters in front of every precinct. We shook a few last hands, cast our own votes. Thirty-five hundred miles, fourteen forums, ten TV features, nine radio interviews, sixty-three newspaper articles, and four prenatal checkups later, it was over.

OK, so we got only 2,019 votes. Three percent, the radio reminded me, as I drove around pulling up posters. Save those posters, my beloved urged, for next time. Yeah, right. Wearily, I tossed the posters in the back of the car and drove home. That's when I felt the baby kick. ∞

Elise Sprunt Sheffield lives with her husband and two daughters near Buena Vista, Virginia.

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Class of '45
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