

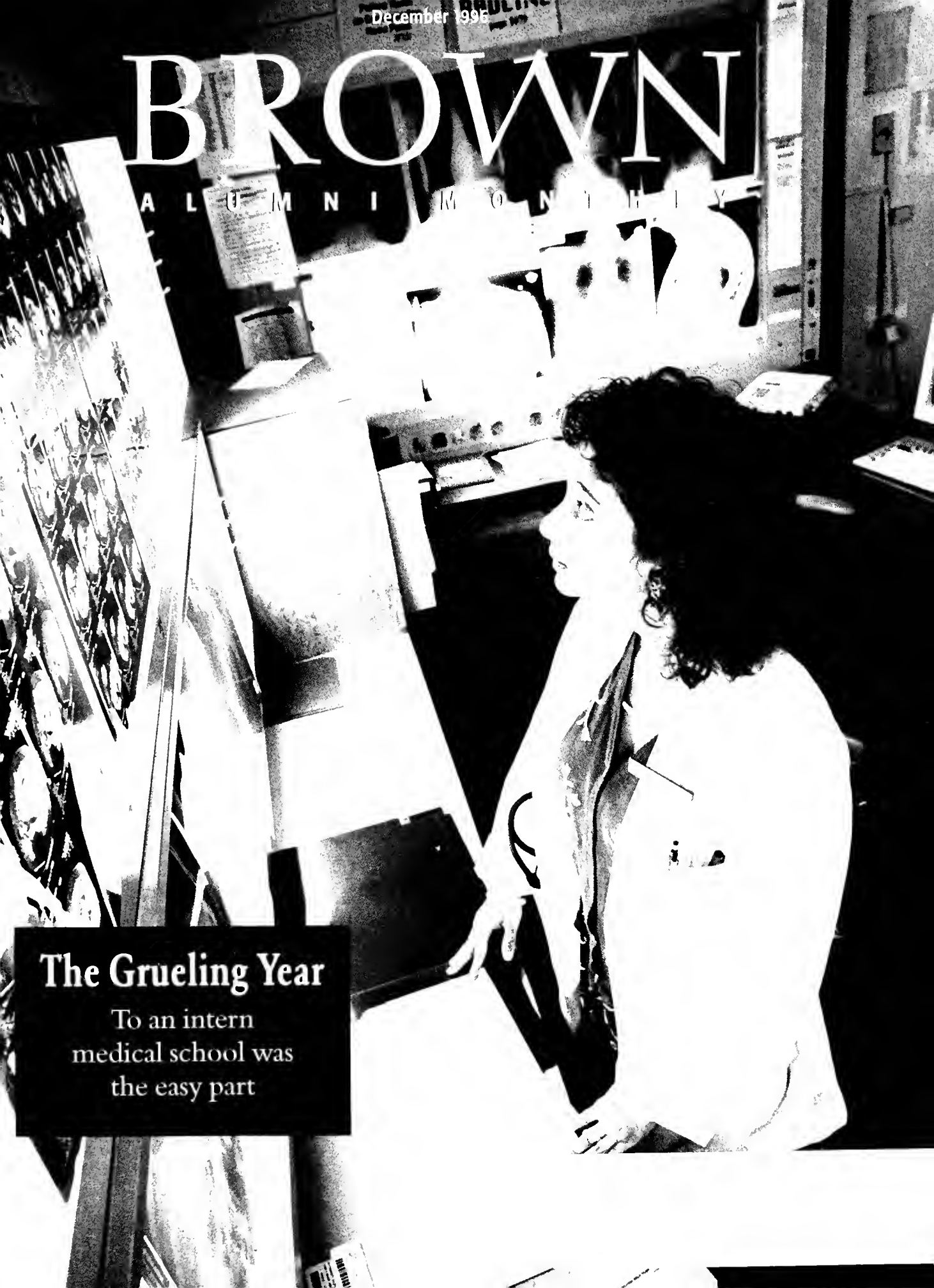
December 1996

BROWN

ALUMNI MONTHLY

The Grueling Year

To an intern
medical school was
the easy part



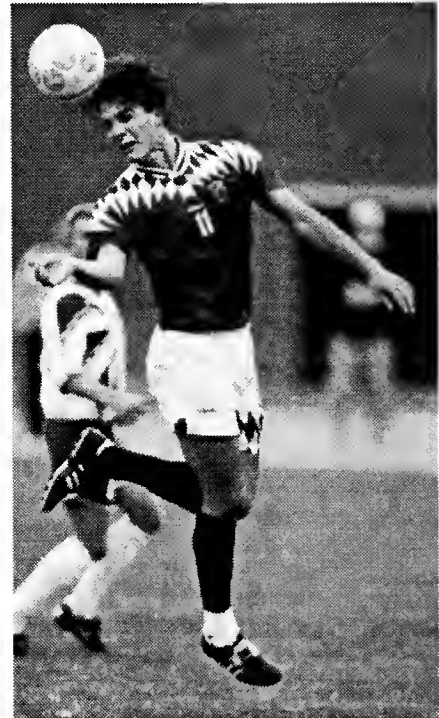
It's Not Whether You Win Or Lose.

How politically incorrect can we get? Very. But the truth is, winning feels good, whether it's in the classroom, the board room, the operating room, or on the field. Or, think of it this way. What's it like when you pick up the morning paper and read that Brown won? Makes you smile, doesn't it? Beats the alternative, doesn't it? Fact is, we're winning more than any other time in our athletic history. And let's not kid our intellectual selves. Winning teams enhance the overall image of the University. That's reality.



Like Hell It's Not.

The men and women athletes of Brown appreciate your support as much as they benefit from it. And this year, obviously, they need your help again. Remember, *winning* is not a dirty word. It's just expensive. So give to the Brown Sports Foundation as generously as you can.



Help us keep winning by giving or pledging to the Brown Sports Foundation. You can assign your gift to your favorite sport(s) or to sports in general. For more information, write, call or fax us. Our deepest thanks.

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A L U M N I M O N T H L Y



UNDER THE ELMS 12

Another court decision on Title IX...two BACH houses shutting down...remembering Billy Meiklejohn...psyching up athletes...Richard Holbrooke on Bosnia...the founder of college radio...Pick o' the Web...Since Last Time...and more.

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COVER: Preetha Basaviah '91, '95 M.D. examines x-rays and CAT scans at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital. Photograph by Mark Morelli.

Volume 97 • Number 4 / December 1996

Sliding Down the Years

A morning snowstorm last month had commuters nosing their cars along Providence streets slicked with black ice. The sight caused me to wonder, not for the first time, how winter denizens of Providence got up College Hill before the days of radial tires. I imagined cruel scenes reminiscent of *Black Beauty*: coach horses whipped to a lather, their breath huffing from flared nostrils as they labored up glazed cobblestones.

After brooding along these lines for several minutes, I reached for a bound volume of *Alumni Monthly* from ninety years ago. While I found no answers to my musings about winter transportation, I brightened at the sight of the December 1906 *BAM* cover, which depicted Brown's seal encircled in holly.

The holiday mood was sustained by several advertisements, including that of Tiffany & Co. selling articles "suitable for Christmas gifts." Who could resist one of the "Mantel Clocks striking hours and half-hours on Cathedral gong," ranging from \$20 to \$55? More practical shoppers could hie themselves to 86 Westminster Street, where Owen E. Leavens & Co. offered "Ranie Health Underwear - The Underclothing of the Future... It Preserves Health. It Restores Health."

But the biggest news from College Hill ninety years ago this month was football. "Brown 23, Dartmouth 0," crowed the

headline about a game played November 24 in Springfield, Massachusetts, before 8,000 spectators. "Cheering was incessant," the *BAM* reported, "both colleges keeping the air lively with songs and shouts.... Bushnell of Brown, dressed as a bear, danced about the players." That night Brown men celebrated with "the greatest nightgown and pajama parade seen in Providence for years. Led by Fay's band, students marched up and down the main thoroughfares of the city cheering, singing, and setting off fireworks. Cars were stopped for over an hour." Robert P. Brown, class of 1871, proposed in an essay that the win over Dartmouth "was the victory of harmony, of a united body of students, alumni, and football enthusiasts... joined in one thought of the redemption of Brown." Hallelujah!

Redemption, however, had yet to materialize for the 1906 faculty, whose salaries, another article noted, were "the same as twenty-five years ago." More fortunate were the undergraduates: their souls were attended to by the Christian Association, subject of a feature by Percy W. Gardner '03. The organization, he wrote, "calls upon every man in Brown to forget himself and help his fellow men."

Class notes occupied only two pages, but they included several of historical interest: a reference to the election of Charles Evans Hughes, class of 1881, as governor of New York; mention of a memorial window dedicated at Temple Keneseth Israel of Philadelphia in honor of the late John Hay, class of 1856, and his efforts while Secretary of State to protect Jews in Romania and Russia. And lest you think Joe Paterno '50 is the only alum to

coach a college football power, check this entry for the class of 1903: "Ex-Captain Thomas A. Barry of the Brown football team has made a great success as coach at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana."

The magazine's back cover advertised the Union Trust Company: "In our Savings Department, new accounts may be opened on a deposit of one dollar or more. [We pay] 4 per cent interest."

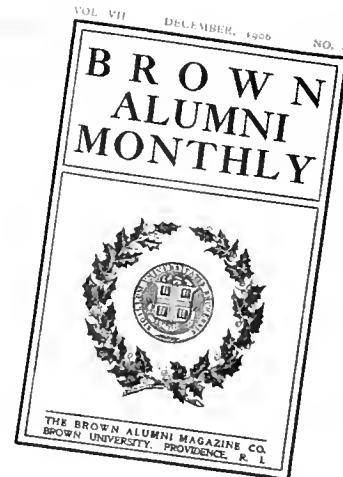
Interest rates may rise and fall, but today the *BAM* again relies on advertisements to help pay publishing and mailing costs. And as did our ninety-year predecessor, in this issue we report on a pivotal Brown-Dartmouth football game (albeit one with a nail-biting finish; see page 18).

I closed the bound volume. My brief trip down memory lane had provided a fortifying dose of perspective, history, and college spirit. Brown circa 1906, I mused, was a nice place to visit. But just the same, as another New England winter begins I'm glad to be living in the era of snowplows and radial tires.

Happy New Year to all our readers.

Anne Dittely

ANNE HINMAN DITTELY '73
Editor



BROWN
ALUMNI MONTHLY

December 1996
Volume 97, No. 4

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Business Manager: Pamela M. Parker
Sports: Peter Mandel '81 A.M.
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Photography: John Forasté
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Ivy League magazines boast a million readers and an average income of \$132,000.

Advertisers find new upscale audience

By Laura Gardner
ASSOCIATED PRESS

NEW YORK — Looking for new clients with money to invest, Neuberger & Berman Management Inc. found a ready-made way to reach affluent and educated readers: advertise in Ivy League alumni magazines.

The investment firm, which is based in New York, tapped into the Ivy League Magazine Network, a consortium of eight nonprofit magazines that together reach about one million readers with an annual median household income of \$132,300.

The magazines reach "a lot of intelligent people who are smart about their money," said Steve Klein, media director of Kirshenbaum Bond & Partners, who placed the ads for Neuberger.

"Plus, they're magazines people care about."

The network is based in Cambridge, Mass. It was founded in the mid-1970s, and it has grown substantially in the past two years through a national sales push that has brought in such names as British Airways and Cadillac.

Sales representatives in Cambridge, Detroit and New York sell ad space at the rate of \$43,435 for a full page. The ads then appear in publications sent to the alumni of Brown, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania, Yale and one non-Ivy, Stanford.

Columbia, the eighth member of the Ivy League, does not participate in the sales consortium.

The network keeps about 15 percent of the ad revenue to cover marketing and operating costs. The rest is divided among the magazines based on their circulations. The revenue

has buoyed some of the publications during an era of skyrocketing paper prices and increased postage costs.

Ad sales increased 20 percent last year to \$1.41 million, and another 20 percent gain is expected in 1996, said Laura Freid, executive director of the network.

"The demographics in a lump sum are hard to resist," said Carter Wiseman, editor of the Yale Alumni Magazine.

Nearly half of the Ivy readers have done postgraduate study. Only readers of the Atlantic Monthly have higher levels of education, according to Mendelsohn Media Research Inc., in New York.

And the median income of readers tops that of many upscale publications, including Worth, Barrons, The Wine Spectator and Conde Nast Traveler, Mendelsohn said.

In addition, readers are "totally invested in this magazine," said Anne Diffily, editor of the Brown Alumni Monthly. "They are much more intimate with it than they are with a newsstand magazine."

The average reader spends 80 minutes with an issue and picks it up on more than two occasions, according to Mark Clements Research Inc., in New York.

Dartmouth graduate Betsy Bennett said she opens her alumni magazine as soon as it arrives at her San Francisco home. "First, I read the class notes to see what people in my class are doing. Then, the letters to the editors. I read the whole thing and save back copies," Bennett said.

The combination of upscale demographics and reader involvement has lured advertisers of luxury products, including Lexus cars, Absolut Vodka and Bermuda tourism.

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Off by a Zero

The October *BAM* was a delight. Picking but one example, Chad Galts's article, "The Twenty Percent Solution," made fascinating reading out of something as dry as building design and function. Having spent four graduate years in old houses made over into biology buildings, I can appreciate the wonders of modern science facilities.

I only wish that our modest home, with mostly gas appliances, could get along on what is attributed to each of the 5,000 homes in your opening paragraph. Their average rate of consumption (0.055 kw) would barely keep one of our medium-sized light bulbs operating continuously. Now those, by golly, are green houses.

Don Forbes '61 Ph.D.

Malvern, Pa.

As Mr. Forbes implies, the figure in the opening paragraph is incorrect. MacMillan Hall's yearly power consumption would be enough for 500 homes, not 5,000. — Editor

Expert Moms

The degree to which the knowledge and experience of mothers is disparaged will never cease to amaze me. I guess because we all think our children are the most wonderful creatures on earth, our opinions and observations are suspect. Yet all of us have seen our babies and small children do things which the "experts" say they cannot do.

I read the article on Carolyn Rovee-Collier '66 Ph.D. ("Mind Reader," September) with a smile of recognition. When my daughter, Ellen, was born, I was working at home as a graphic designer and printer; I went back to work when the baby was three days old. Ellen did not sleep during the day, and I became frantic searching for ways to keep her entertained so I could work. A small chandelier hung



near my printing press. One day, I put Ellen in her baby seat and tied one end of a piece of yarn to her wrist and the other to the chandelier. Within minutes she was waving her arm around and making the chandelier lights sway. She was a few weeks younger than Rovee-Collier's Benjamin was when he made the mobile move. Unfortunately, genius that she is, Ellen tired of it after a week, and we had to move on to other diversions.

Not knowing there were supposed to be limits on my daughter's learning ability, I had not expected any. Most mothers can tell you that, if you remove a small, decorative item from a room, an adult won't notice it for a week, but a two-year-old will notice it the first time she or he walks into the room. That it took Rovee-Collier four years to publish her work was a sad commentary on her profession. I can only hope the observations of mothers now carry more weight — but I'm not holding my breath.

Susan Collier '70

Santa Rosa, Calif.

The writer is no relation to Carolyn Rovee-Collier. — Editor

Blackboard Boot Camp

Your article describing Brown Summer High School ("Blackboard Boot Camp," September) demonstrates how good teachers can be trained to be great teachers when Brown and the Coalition of Essential Schools set their minds and hearts to it.

Professor Reginald Archambault '52 asks, "How is it possible that students can graduate from high school without knowing how to read and write?... That's a tragedy." It will continue to be a tragedy

until colleges and universities train teachers to teach the reading process.

As a special-education teacher and a teacher-trainer in reading, I see that teachers have been deeply saddened, frustrated, and exhausted by the failure of their education to prepare them for teaching all students to succeed in reading, writing, and spelling.

If every college and university with an education curriculum

will require at least one practicum in reading instruction through a structured, systematic, phonologically based approach, the results will be dramatic. This methodology, in concert with the beauty and creativity of the Whole Language approach so firmly established in today's schools, will most certainly turn the tide.

Maxine Rosenbaum Goldman '51

Swampscott, Mass.

I was amused by the title, "Blackboard Boot Camp," when, in fact, the students described in your article are there voluntarily. And being there voluntarily, one can assume that a fair amount of motivated, efficient, self-directed, and/or integrated learning is going to take place. But if educators such as Ted Sizer believe they are preparing teachers for service in a regular school, I think they're kidding themselves.

Compulsory attendance means that any school, public or private, feels like jail to the average kid. John Holt was correct when he wrote, in *How Children Fail*, "The major difference between the good student and the poor one is that the poor student forgets right away, while the good one is careful to wait until after the examination."

Unfortunately, credential-based education, with its required courses, authoritarian judgments, and formal assessments, is inherently coercive. Combined with its inability or unwillingness to promote active, self-directed, curiosity-based learning, this results in colleges and medical schools that feel, to me, very much like the first grade writ large.

Our schools and colleges are not, as happens in a good home education, turning out the flexible, creative, question-asking, and socially adept citizens we

TO OUR READERS

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

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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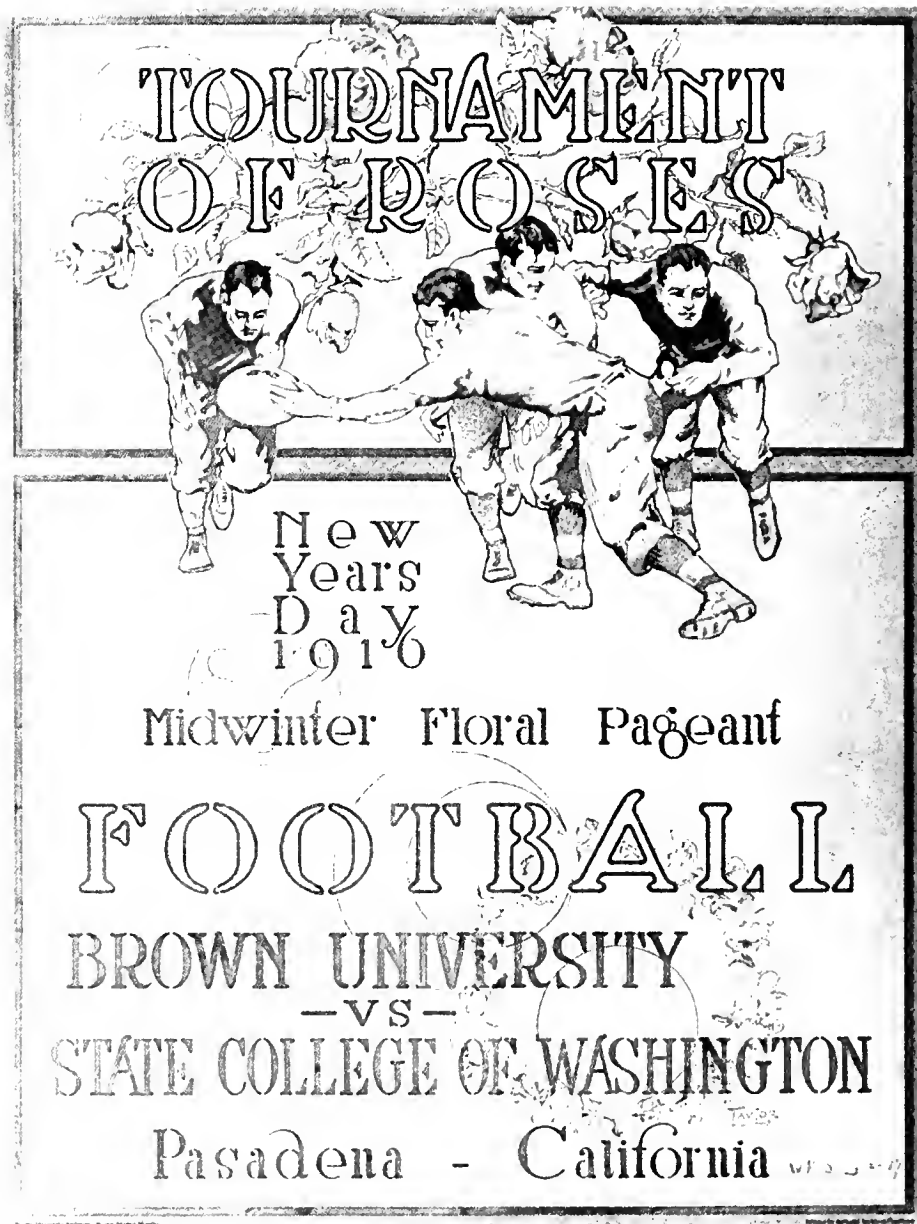
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need. They are turning out the products of a boot-camp mentality – which is good for getting us into Vietnam and punching buttons on computers, but which isn't going to help us solve the serious problems we are accumulating.

Robert E. Kay '53
Philadelphia

Resolution, Rwanda-style

The article on Assistant Professor Peter Uvin ("Hunger Politics," October) left out the best part on the most recent of the genocides in Rwanda, namely, how it was resolved. It was not resolved by people reading the professor's learned discourses. It was not resolved by convoking an international peace conference and getting the two sides to sit down and talk. It was not resolved by sending in peacekeepers.

It was resolved when one of the Tutsis, a graduate of the U.S. Army's Command and General Staff College, applied violence in a rational manner to achieve his ends. French helicopter gunships, foreign-aid officials, and peacemongers of all stripes could not get out of the way of his light infantry fast enough. Way to go, fellas! Lessons that are taught in the abstract

as part of a quest for higher rank, cushy assignments, and larger retirements were actually put to work.

I hope the Rwandans are enjoying the air-conditioned sports-utility vehicles the foreign-aid types had to leave behind. Maybe they'll let the professor ride in one of them when he visits as part of some as-yet-unnamed fact-finding mission.

Gilcin E Meaders III '66
Flintstone, Md.

Oxfam Exonerated

In your article on my work a small but unfortunate mistake was made. The article says that "development aid from the United Nations, individual governments, and non-governmental agencies such as Oxfam contributed to the deaths of one million people in Rwanda."

My problem is not with this strong statement as such – the rest of the article synthesizes quite well the nuanced nature of that reasoning – but with the unfortunate mention of Oxfam in this phrase. Of all NGOs I know, Oxfam is without doubt one of the very best, on all accounts, and consistently so. In the case of Rwanda, Oxfam is the only international development NGO I know of that organized and sponsored activities to deal with racism and conflict in society.

Peter Uvin
Campus

The writer is Joukowski Family Assistant Professor in the World Hunger Program.
– Editor

BACH Talks Back

I wish to clarify several items in your article ("This Old House," Elms, September) about the temporary closing of Finlandia House, a building owned and managed by the Brown Association for Cooperative Housing (BACH).

- According to Ramzi Loqi of the Providence Department of Inspection and Standards, Finlandia was condemned because it was being used as a multi-unit residential facility rather than as the business/residential facility it was zoned for. The root of the zoning problem is that there exists no category specific to co-ops.

- The visit from the Department of Inspection and Standards did not come as a surprise: Finlandia was being inspected because BACH was in the process of filing for a building permit to renovate the house.

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This December, the Lexus Challenge Hosted by Raymond Floyd will provide more than dramatic competition. It will provide solace for abused and neglected children by raising funds for Childhelp USA, a national non-profit organization dedicated to the prevention of child abuse. Please join us in watching this prestigious tournament on NBC December 21st and 22nd. For the love of the game, and for the sake of the children.


Childhelp USA

LEXUS CHALLENGE
HOSTED BY RAYMOND FLOYD



• The very day we received the eviction notice, the Providence Building Board approved all of our renovation plans and granted each of the variances we sought.

• The violations of lighting and ventilation standards represented conditions that predated BACH's purchase of the house; we were consequently granted variances for them. It is the rare house built prior to 1900 that conforms to modern standards for lighting and ventilation.

• We are being required to renovate to meet the fire code because of our change in zoning. Had we maintained the usage of the previous owners, we would likely not have been required to upgrade to 1996 fire standards.

• Your characterization of BACH's attitude toward Finlandia House as one of "benign neglect" betrays a shallow understanding of the matter. In the months prior to the June 27 inspection, BACH had been meeting with Mr. Loqa in an effort to design a plan to maintain a seventeen-person occupancy for Finlandia; the inspection of the house was waiting on the outcome of those meetings. We considered going before the zoning board to request an exemption from the minimum occupancy; before doing that, however, we had to speak to our neighbors. Far from neglecting Finlandia, BACH was busy negotiating a solution to allow the greatest number of Brown students an opportunity to experience cooperative living.

The omission of these points, each of which I explained in two interviews with the *BAM*, served to infuse the article with a decidedly anti-BACH slant. For many alumni, the *BAM* is their only source of current information about Brown. Given the responsibility this implies, I had expected from you a more thoroughly researched story and a more careful presentation of the facts.

Carmel T. Drewes '98

Providence

The writer is 1996-97 BACH coordinator. For further news of BACH, see *Under the Elms*, page 12. — Editor

Writer Shea Dean responds:

Ms. Drewes's letter skirts the basic issue: Why were the residents of Finlandia House kicked out with only twenty-four hours' notice? Providence Department of Inspections and Standards director Ramzi Loqa told me he was shocked — prior meetings notwithstanding — by the unsafe conditions he found on his June 27 visit. He said he served the eviction as a way "to get [BACH's] attention." With regard

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to my two interviews with Carmel Drewes. Ms. Drewes returned my phone calls after the story was already filed. Neither conversation took longer than five minutes, and my notes show that Ms. Drewes said nothing to contradict the facts of our story. (A quote from Ms. Drewes was added after the story was laid out.)

Florida Fan Mail

I used to grab the latest issue of the *BAM*, skim through articles of interest, say to myself, "I should read this," and check on the classnotes and obits. Now I take each issue and read it from cover to cover, page by page, because I don't want to miss anything.

In the *BAM*'s pages, controversial figures and issues are explored with a curious and open mind. Each individual's point of view is examined, and I enjoy reading the alumni responses in the mail in subsequent issues. These often spark imaginary dialogues with the letter writers, during which times I try to apply the concepts of philosophy I studied under Professor Vince Lopez back in 1950 in Philosophy D1 and D2.

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It is also fascinating to read in your pages about the accomplishments of alumni from the early twentieth century to the near end of the century. Educators, inventors, business entrepreneurs, religious leaders, medical researchers, community leaders, publishers, media experts, musicians, sailboat designers, new parents, *ad infinitum*, all contribute to the flow of humanity that influences our world and its communities.

Your September excerpt from the Aga Khan's baccalaureate address ("A Bridge of Hope") gave us an enlightening, provocative concept to consider. The presentation of reasonable thoughts from the Islamic world can lead to dialogue and understanding between people.

I hope more people take the time to read what is going on throughout the world and at their University in the *BAM*.

Ellen Eaton Wilson '51
Fernandina Beach, Fla.

Progressive Voices

After witnessing the torrent of letters to the editor in response to the conservative student Tabitha Suarez's essay ("Are You My University?" February), I feel the need to remind alumni that Brown still has a strong progressive voice.

I was encouraged to see that David Wade '97 is national president of the College Democrats of America, the largest student political organization in the country. He's been featured on NBC News with Tom Brokaw, and we caught him on MTV. (But not in the *BAM*.) Wade and Marilyn Concepcion '99 spoke in Chicago at the Democratic National Convention. In the past year, Brown's College Democrats, honored in 1996 as the most active College Dems in the nation, brought Senators Chris Dodd and Claiborne Pell

and Representatives Dick Gephardt and Patrick Kennedy to campus. Impressive, I think.

Howard Hunt and the Watergate gang better not get too comfortable. It's not "his university" yet, not by a long shot.

Jeffrey Mai '97

Campus

jeffrey_mai@brown.edu

A Better Hour?

With all due respect and with much appreciation for well planned reunion activities, I suggest an alternate time for the popular Commencement Weekend event "Hour with the President."

The eleven o'clock Sunday morning hour is traditionally associated with the time for Christian worship. I, therefore, feel it would behoove Brown to encourage this worship, rather than to inhibit it. This could be facilitated by allocating Mr. Gregorian's remarks to a more propitious time during the weekend — perhaps early Saturday or Sunday afternoon.

I make this suggestion with the knowledge that many alumni look forward to the president's comments with great anticipation.

Rupert Austin Jr. '48
Simsbury, Conn. ☞

CORRECTIONS

In a September "Under the Elms" report on new alumni trustees, the class year of Thomas Berry '69 was misstated. The *BAM* regrets the error.

Also in the October Elms section, the phone number for Bill Caskey, interim director of the Alumni-Admission Relations Program, was inaccurate. The correct number is (401) 863-1839.

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ON A RAINY NIGHT IN November, as students tromped down Charlesfield Street toward the Ratty, familiar sounds floated out the open windows of Millhous, the University-owned co-op on Charlesfield Street. From the kitchen, one could hear talking and laughing, the clatter of pots and pans — the general racket of dinner being made for twenty hungry students. From another room came the sound of someone banging away on an out-of-tune piano.

Come next fall, Millhous and its companion down the street, Carberry, will be filled with banging of another sort: the hammering of renovation crews. After a long, sometimes antagonistic year of negotiations, on November 12 the Brown Association for Cooperative Housing (BACH) rejected the University's final lease offer and moved to sever its twenty-five-year-old tenant-landlord ties to Brown. "The decision wasn't easy," said Carmel Drewes '98, this year's BACH coordinator. "These houses are our lives."

Although the nonprofit organization will remain intact, the decision to vacate its two Brown-owned Victorians will cut its membership in half. BACH will hold on to Watermyn and Finlandia (formerly Gnu), the two co-ops it owns, and will begin looking for additional housing. For students and alumni the decision marks the end of a quarter-century of officially sanctioned co-op living that many believed was an important complement to academic life. To the University the end of the arrangement means it can now renovate the two large buildings for office and academic space.



What Next?

Two BACH houses will close for good

In many ways the end has been in sight for some time, as the gap has widened between the ideal of cooperative living and the nuts and bolts of implementing it. The first serious rift between BACH and the University opened in 1994, when Brown rejected the group's choice of a contractor and took control of a \$60,000 electrical-system upgrade that was required in the lease. While supervising the work, University officials found other problems in the buildings, problems so numerous that since November 1994 University inspectors have cited Millhous and Carberry for more than ninety-one fire-code violations. The most recent was on Halloween, when a false fire alarm during a Millhous party triggered an inspection by the Providence Fire Department. After finding four feet of combustible foam on the

floor of an upstairs room, a spliced electrical cord, and blocked entrances and exits, fire officials deemed the house unsafe for occupancy. It took BACH members and supporters four days to correct enough violations for the twenty Millhous residents to be allowed to return home.

The roots of the conflict are in BACH's original agreement with the University. In 1971, according to Director of Residential Life Arthur Gallagher, Brown agreed to charge the co-ops minimal rent and to allow them almost complete autonomy only if co-op members kept up the houses. Over the years, Gallagher maintains, BACH members elected to take on mortgages for two of its own houses; meanwhile, maintenance on the Brown houses slipped. Under the current lease, BACH takes in roughly \$82,000 a year in rent

from the two Brown-owned co-ops and pays the University \$15,171 of that amount. The remainder goes toward paying utilities, insurance, and the \$30,000-a-year mortgage on BACH's newest acquisition, Finlandia House. "BACH was able to provide low-cost housing because we gave them low rent and they didn't spend anything to maintain the buildings," Gallagher says.

When the University made its lease offer on September 19, the final confrontation was under way. The University wanted to take over all maintenance of the buildings and raise the rent from \$15,171 a year to \$100,000 a year to cover the costs. "We believe that we're liable for whatever happens in the buildings," says Vice President of Administration Walter Holmes, "and if we're liable, we want them to be maintained to our standards." BACH members denounced the 600-percent rent increase as a violation of "BACH's mandate to offer a low-cost housing option to students." The proposed University rent increase would have meant a minimum increase of \$500 per year for each student living in the co-ops and would have left BACH hard-pressed to fulfill its other financial obligations.

Neither BACH nor the University is willing to completely sever their mutual ties. Brown has pledged to help the co-ops find and finance new off-campus housing, and a representative from the University will sit on a board of advisers BACH formed last spring to focus on long-term planning. "We've said all along that we weren't putting

the co-ops out of business," Gallagher says. "The co-ops will always exist."

Even BACH leaders are starting to sound more conciliatory. Sitting on a Milhaus couch the day after BACH announced its rejection of the lease offer, Alan Tobin '97, BACH's director of member services, said talks with the University had recently become more "holistic," rather than purely financial. Drewes added, "Now we're two organizations working together for a mutually supported goal" — keeping the co-ops alive. — *Shea Dean*



Measure of Relief?

Dissent marks latest Title IX verdict

ON NOVEMBER 21 in Boston, a divided U.S. Court of Appeals for the First Circuit upheld a 1995 District Court ruling that Brown's athletic program violates Title IX, the statute prohibiting sex discrimination in education. The appeals court upheld the lower court's judgment that the University does not provide women as many competitive opportunities

as it provides men.

Two of the three judges on the panel voted to uphold the lower court decision, writing that "Brown's failure to accommodate fully and effectively the interests and abilities of the underrepresented gender is clearly established." The dissenter was Chief Judge Juan R. Torruella, who argued that, under the majority's interpretation, complying with Title IX could only be done through a potentially unconstitutional quota scheme.

The nub of the disagreement is the lower court's judgment that Brown has not done enough to ensure that women are represented among its athletes in the same proportion as they're found in the entire student body. "I am in square disagreement with the majority," Torruella wrote. "We must, as Brown urges, reexamine the Equal Protection challenge to the three-prong [compliance] test as interpreted by the District Court."

The appeals panel did give the University some relief. It reversed the lower court's order that complying with the law would require funding four additional women's teams; Brown's preference was for bringing the numbers in balance by cutting men's programs. The University now may submit an alternative compliance plan to the District Court for approval.

Immediately after the Circuit Court decision was announced, each side claimed a degree of victory. Arthur Bryant, executive director of the D.C.-based Trial Lawyers for Public Justice, called the latest decision "a wake-up call to schools all around the country." Bryant's group filed the original 1992 suit against Brown on behalf of women

SINCE LAST TIME...

Thanks to fallout from recent cases of alleged date rape on campus, public discussion about **gender equity** and **sexual assault** reached a new intensity: a forum in Faunce House on November 19 and a November 20 rally on the Green each drew crowds of 150 students, faculty, and administrators.... **Early applications** for admission passed the 3,000 mark for the first time in University history; almost half the class of 2001 may be early applicants.... Associate Dean of Student Life **Toby Simon** announced her resignation; Simon founded the Sexual Assault Peer Education Program at Brown and was an advisor to the traveling Anti-Sexual Assault Program.... Brown researchers received about **\$63 million in funding** last year — a 9-percent increase over the \$58 million received for the 1993-94 fiscal year; since 1986-87 an average of 585 out of 900 research proposals have been approved by funding agencies.

gymnasts and volleyball players whose funding had been cut. One of Brown's legal team, Jeffrey Michaelson '80, found "gratifying" the reversal of the District Court's compliance order: "It was an important point to win."

As the *BAM* went to press, University officials had not decided on the nature of their appeal. Brown can either petition the appeals court to reconsider its decision or take its case to the U.S. Supreme Court. — *Anne Diffily*



David Borst '40

Wired

The founder of college radio looks back

THE YEAR WAS 1936, and the Net was just getting started. No, not the Internet — the Brown Net. That's what first-year engineering students David Borst '40 and the late George Abraham '40 called the system they had devised to connect Brown

dorm rooms before telephones were installed.

The Net was a web of copper wires stretched through the treetops to link radios from dorm to dorm. Students could send their own messages through microphones Borst installed, while over a second line Abraham broadcast music and occasional interviews from his room. On February 3,

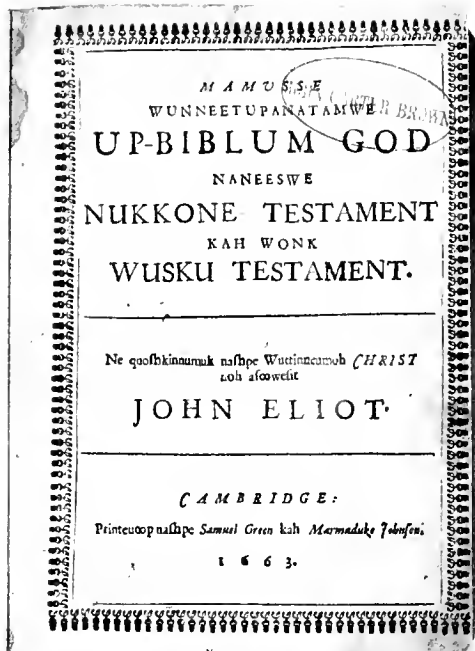
1937, Borst and Abraham offered the first college-radio coverage of a live event: the inauguration of Henry Merritt Wriston as Brown's eleventh president.

In November Borst returned to campus to meet with students trying to revive the AM descendant of the Net, WBSR, whose equipment is so outdated that its signal has been barely audible in recent years. Celebrating its sixtieth anniversary this year, the station considers itself (rather than its big FM brother, WBRU) the true heir to Borst's efforts. Fittingly, Daniel Oppenheim '98, WBSR's general manager, is working to bring it back Brown Network style. He's imagining a station with campus news, homespun music, Bruin sports-casts (which have already begun), and quiz shows — college stuff.

Borst, white-haired, tweedy, and affable, regaled Oppenheim and his colleagues with dozens of stories. He explained how as the Brown Network gained popularity he ran 30,000 feet of wire through the underground steam tunnels — groundskeepers didn't like the wires sparking in the trees when it rained — all to send out a two-watt signal. (Today, WBRU puts out 20,000 watts.)

In 1940, Borst and Abraham founded the Intercollegiate Broadcast System. Its first convention — the nation's first college-radio conference — drew representatives from thirteen colleges. Today IBS boasts more than 500 member stations, and Borst still sits on its board of directors.

As Borst told his tales, Oppenheim listened respectfully. "This is a famous guy in Brown history and in radio history," he said excitedly afterward. "I mean, this was cutting edge." — *Shea Dean*



COURTESY JOHN CARTER BROWN LIBRARY



COURTESY EDWARD GRAY

The John Carter Brown Library's copy of the Eliot Bible (left) led to a dissertation for Edward Gray '96 Ph.D. (above).



At the JCB's 150th anniversary convocation in November, honorary degrees went to (standing, from left) historian Sir John Elliott, anthropologist and historian Miguel León-Portilla, industrialist and book collector José Mindlin, and (sitting) Smithsonian ethnology curator William Sturtevant.

The Word

Striking gold among the stacks

THE JOHN CARTER BROWN Library is 150 years old this year, and to measure the impact it continues to have on Brown's academic life, one has only to look at Edward Gray '96 Ph.D. Gray started his history graduate program unsure of what to study, but when he first walked into the John Carter Brown Library he knew he wanted to study it there. Finding the JCB, he says, "turned an ordinary graduate-school experience into a process of real discovery."

Among Gray's early fascinations at the JCB was a copy of the Eliot Bible, one of the most highly sought-after prizes in American book collecting. The work of John Eliot, a Puritan minister and missionary from Roxbury, Massachusetts, 1,000 copies of the Eliot Bible were printed in 1663, making it the first complete book printed in the western hemisphere. It was also the first complete trans-

Grad Students by the Numbers

FROM THE 1995-96 SURVEY OF GRADUATE STUDENT LIFE

Brown students who are graduate students: **20%**

Graduate students who are women: **44%**

Those who belong to a minority group: **12%**

Those who are from outside the United States: **28%**

Those who receive some financial aid: **78%**

lation of the Bible into a non-European language – Massachusetts, to be exact, a dialect of the eastern Algonquian family of Native American languages.

At an October conference that was part of the JCB's anniversary celebration, Gray discussed the results of his research on the Eliot Bible, focusing on how it fared during the years shortly after it was published. Most copies of the 1663 edition, he said, were burned during King Philip's War, which began ten years after the bible came off press. Viewed by Native Americans as an intrusion into their way of life and distrusted by Puritans who could not read it, the Eliot Bible, Gray contends, may have fueled the acrimony between Puritans and the Indian population, increasing the tensions leading to the war between the two.

Gray is now hard at work on *New World Babel: Language and Culture in Early America*, a book based on his dissertation, to be published by Princeton University Press. Gray credits the library, and especially its director, Norman Fiering, for providing the right atmosphere to work in. "There was a constant parade of scholars with all kinds of interests," Gray says. "For a student to be exposed to this kind of range is a very enriching experience." – *Chad Galts*

Peace Broker

*Richard Holbrooke's
Bosnian deal*



Richard Holbrooke '62

WHAT WAS the right moment for the United States to intervene in Bosnia? Why were European countries so ineffectual in settling such a gruesome conflict in their own back yard? Historians and diplomatic scholars will no doubt debate these questions for decades. If his October speech in the Olney-Margolies Athletic Center is any indication, however, Assistant Secretary of State Richard Holbrooke '62 believes that the tragedy of Bosnia was at

least partly due to the reluctance of the United States to admit that it alone retains the military might to end such wars.

Holbrooke, who was on campus to receive the Alumni Association's William Rogers Award for service to society, was the chief U.S. negotiator of the 1995 Dayton Peace Accord. As such he got a firsthand look at "the unspeakable catastrophe in Yugoslavia," a catastrophe that he believes should have been averted. "An American-European joint position could have prevented the war," Holbrooke claimed, but officials vacillated between

horror over what was happening and a squeamishness about getting mired in a protracted military venture. By 1991, when Yugoslavia "began to come apart at the seams," he said, representatives of the European Union told American officials that they would handle the problem. The United States agreed to stay out, but its acquiescence, said Holbrooke, was a critical mistake: "The Europeans were not unified enough and didn't have enough moral and military authority to stop the war."

By the summer of 1995, Holbrooke continued, Bosnia "stood at the abyss." Enter President Clinton, who tapped Holbrooke to lead a U.S. delegation to end the slaughter. A veteran of the Vietnam War's Paris Peace Talks and a recent U.S. ambassador to Germany, Holbrooke and his team held talks with the region's leaders – talks that led nowhere until the United States gave NATO the go-ahead to begin bombing Serb

strongholds. After that, "the negotiations made considerable progress," Holbrooke said drily, "and by October 1995 we were ready for an all-out peace process." The result was the Dayton Accord, which has so far held up, though with a longer commitment of U.S. forces than was originally anticipated.

"When there is a crisis," Holbrooke concluded, "America must lead. . . . It was only when the United States assumed a leadership role under NATO's banner that things began to turn around." He argued that "historians will look back on last fall as a turning point for America's role in Europe."

– *Anne Diffily*

The Face in the Mirror

*Carlos Fuentes on
the novel*

IN A FREEWHEELING President's Lecture, Mexican writer and diplomat Carlos Fuentes paid homage not only to dozens of great Anglo writers but also to the growing ranks of non-Anglo ones. Authors such as Kazuo Ishiguro and Gabriel García Márquez, Fuentes said, are redefining Anglophone literary terrain. "We are experiencing a universal explosion in writing," explained Fuentes, a professor at large in the Department of Hispanic Studies. In addition to yielding some of the finest literature of the century, that explosion is helping to shatter old prejudices.

"We are frightened and angry when the reflection in the mirror is not our own," Fuentes said, "but we can't grasp reality alone. That is the challenge of the other." As a

striking example, Fuentes paraphrased Gregor from Kafka's *Metamorphosis*: "Are you going to squash me because I have become a bug? Can't you recognize my humanity?"

For Fuentes, literature can play a mediating role among cultures by forcing readers to imagine life from other perspectives. "We can't recognize our own humanity until we recognize it in others," he said. "When we exclude, we are poor. When we include, we are rich." — *Shea Dean*

in advance, so when Hempel held hour-long conferences with them she was able to target her advice about tone, voice, structure.

"We talked about specific problems in specific stories that can be amplified into larger concerns," she said at an afternoon demitasse at Blistein House. Hempel knows how important mentors are. She credits her own, the New York writer and editor Gordon Lish, with developing her craft and giving her



Essayist and fiction writer Amy Hempel at Blistein House.

Beyond Talent

From the mouths of pros

WRITERS are always looking for mentors. Every Raymond Carver wants his John Gardner, every Thomas Wolfe his Maxwell Perkins. This year students working toward an M.F.A. in fiction got Amy Hempel, whose funny, lyrical short stories, many of which star dogs and other furry creatures, have made her one of the top short-fiction writers in the country.

Hempel came to Brown for a week in November to meet with seven students hungry for a fresh perspective on their work. The students had sent her their manuscripts

confidence. "He took it as an article of faith that everyone could write a surpassing story," she said. To do that, Lish told her, it took not just talent but *will*. — *Shea Dean*

Billy Blue Room

Good-bye to the man everyone knew

DURING THE LAST WEEK in October the flag was lowered to half-staff, and across the Green the Faunce House Blue Room became a somber place. When William Meiklejohn died suddenly of a heart attack at the age of forty-seven on October 26, the University lost one of



Billy Meiklejohn (right) and coworker at the lunch counter in the 1984 Blue Room.

those reassuring human reference points who cross concentrations and class years to create a shared memory of Brown.

For twenty-seven years Meiklejohn was the first person many Brown students, faculty, and employees saw each morning. He began pouring coffee and wiping tables in the Blue Room in 1971, not long after Donald Hornig became the University's president, and he kept at it throughout the eleven-year reign of Howard Swearer. Most assumed he would outlast even the indefatigable Vartan Gregorian.

A down-to-earth man whose friendliness and good nature were a welcome reprieve from the sometimes rarefied air of the classroom, Meiklejohn had two great loves at Brown: softball and theater. He attended almost every student-theater opening night for the last thirty years and was an enthusiastic participant in the "strikes," or breakdown of sets, when the shows closed. Meiklejohn stayed in touch with the students he met, and wherever he traveled on summer vacations he visited such theater alumni as Ted Ewing '79, a conductor and director in San Diego. "Billy was a kind of savant when it came to

theatrical productions," Ewing says. "He would talk about the shows in appreciative and joyful ways that really stuck with you."

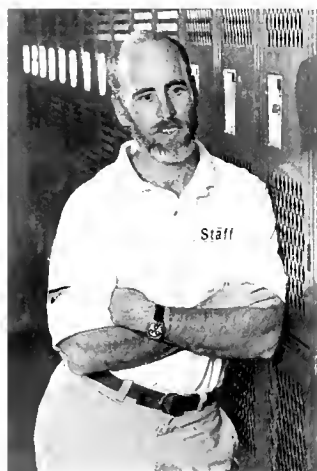
Meiklejohn earned his nickname on the interoffice softball diamond when a teammate, unable to remember his last name, put Meiklejohn into the batting order as "Billy Blue Room." The moniker stuck, even after Meiklejohn was transferred this fall from the Blue Room to Josiah's, the snack bar at the Thayer Street dorm.

At a Manning Chapel memorial service in November many staff, faculty, alumni, and students gathered to trade Billy Blue Room stories. Philip Howell '82, '83 Sc.M., Meiklejohn's long-time softball teammate, described his "knack for making the plays and getting the hits you didn't expect." Claiming that Meiklejohn had only one fault — he was a Yankees fan — Howell, now a research programmer for the geological sciences department, said their relationship persevered through the many phases of Howell's career at Brown. "Billy was a constant," Howell said. "It's hard to imagine the Brown summer softball league and the Blue Room without him." — *Chad Galts*

Jock Treatment

How the best athletes get better

WHEN SEAN MCCANN '82 was an undergraduate psychology concentrator, he spent as much time as he could racing bicycles, a pre-occupation that continued after graduation. "I was a crazed amateur working in a bike shop to support my habit," he said during a November visit to campus. When he finally got around to graduate



Sean McCann '82 helps Olympians develop a psychological edge.

school at the University of Hawaii, he decided to apply his psychology background to sport. "I got interested in how bike racers handle pain," he says. In 1988 he had the novel experience of doing his research on the U.S. Olympic bike team at the Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Today McCann is the head sports psychologist at the training center. On campus to talk about psychology and sport with faculty and students, he described his job as helping athletes overcome everything from nervousness before a big event to crippling eating disorders. So far,

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Victorian Secrets

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- An exhaustive, well-catalogued overview of life in Victorian England.
- More than seventy-five student and faculty contributors writing on everything from Victorian furniture design to phrenology to British class structure.
- Separate, internal "sub-Webs" on individual works, gender issues, and such great thinkers as Charles Dickens, Thomas Carlyle, Sigmund Freud, and others.
- A showcase for George P. Landow, a professor of English and art history at Brown and a noted hypertext pioneer, who conceived and engineered the site.



Stunningly ambitious and richly comprehensive. Addictive, whether you are a Victorian enthusiast or think history begins with Microsoft. After spending an entire day reading about William Makepeace Thackeray, Moravian religious dissenters, Charles Darwin's voyage to the Galapagos, and Queen Victoria's mourning over the death of her "rather priggish, sanctimonious, and intellectually shallow" husband, Albert, I had barely scratched the surface. Instead, I'd stumbled into a Web vortex and was soon engaged in the Internet equivalent of channel surfing: each link seemed more interesting than the work waiting on my desk.

The site's desire to be all things Victorian, however, sometimes gets out of hand. While the information is clearly presented and easily navigable, the effect can be as windy as a serialized Victorian novel — "a loose, baggy monster," as Henry James said of Thackeray's *The Newcomes*. Be prepared to surrender some time.

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he said, he has focused particularly on the women's alpine ski team in the winter and the men's shooting team in the summer. This often means dispensing guidance in unusual places. With the ski team, for example, "I'm meeting with athletes on a chair lift, or in hotel rooms, or right on the hill."

His work with teams has not prevented him, however, from also helping such individuals as the wrestler who had fifteen surgeries over the last

three years and who consulted McCann on whether trying to stay in competition was even worth it. After deciding to keep at it, the man won a medal at the summer games in Atlanta. (McCann won't reveal the athlete's name.)

What distinguishes world-class athletes from run-of-the-mill ones, McCann believes, is precisely this attitude toward injury and pain. "At the elite level," McCann explained, "the idea of the runner's high doesn't go far. The athletes

concentrate on their pain. By paying close attention to it, they can go a little bit harder." This ability to maintain focus under adverse conditions is a crucial psychological edge at the Olympic level, he added. All the hype and drama can be unsettling, so McCann tries "to get athletes to stay focused on the task in front of them" and not on what will happen if they win or lose.

— Norman Boucher

It's Saturday on the East Side of Providence, and I'm walking about a block behind a Brown pennant flapping from a child's stroller. As I follow the pennant around a corner, the sounds of the Brown band grow brassier and more insistent.

Thud, thud, thud. The bass drum is an urgent heartbeat for the most meaningful Brown football game in seventeen years – the November 16 contest against undefeated Dartmouth. A win today will earn the resurgent Bears a tie for the league lead and a shot at an Ivy trophy to match its first one from twenty years ago.

Climbing up the stands, dodging teenagers in fluorescent jackets, I look down at a Brown team that has won five straight after three demoralizing losses. The season opened with a disaster against Yale, a game that coach Mark Whipple '79 told the *Providence Journal* he'd never understand "until they're shoveling dirt on my coffin." Then came a loss to a Colgate team that hadn't won in two years. The turnaround began with a comeback win over Princeton fueled by quarterback Jason McCullough '97, who has broken every Brown passing record. In the games since, the Bears have remade themselves into a serious contender.

In the press box, reporters from papers that usually ignore Brown sports mill around with styrofoam cups of coffee. When favored Dartmouth scores first, laptop keyboards record it with an ominous clatter. On the visitors' side of the field, thickly forested with green wool overcoats, green sleeves and scarves erupt in unison at every Dartmouth first down. But with five minutes left in the first quarter, the Bears strike back. A Brown field goal and an interception set up some McCullough magic – a pass that settles neatly into the hands of fullback Mike Wall '99 for a 10–7 Brown lead.

Dartmouth answers with a touchdown of its own. When McCullough is intercepted at midfield, the seesaw tilts back toward Dartmouth. Again and again, as he has done all season, the announcer bellows out the classic football name of Brown's middle linebacker: "Tackle by



Marquis Jessie '97 fighting for every yard in the race to become champions.

the goal line, the Brown defense comes facemask-to-facemask with the Big Green's blasting tailback, Greg Smith, son of former NFL star Jackie Smith. Brown holds the Green at third and goal on the one-yard line; Dartmouth settles for three points and a nail-biting 27–24 lead with ninety seconds left in the game.

Normally blasé press-box denizens are now on their feet, yelling as McCullough mounts Brown's final drive. Squiggles of confetti fly up from the stands. It's a quarterback scramble for a first down. Incomplete pass. A running back stopped dead at the line of scrimmage. Fourth and two, a McCullough pass over the middle – first down! The Bears at the Dartmouth thirty. Albert Laurson '98 hauls in a pass and squirms out of bounds, stopping the clock at twenty-one seconds.

There is a brief, breathless moment when some of us believe Brown is about to do it. Jason McCullough lofts the football in a high spiral, perfectly timed to meet Sean Morey's outstretched hands as he dives into the end zone. We let out a victory yell! But the ball falls to the grass, and though McCullough cranks out one more completion, the afternoon and Brown's title hopes have run out.

The crowd backs up near the exit, and we listen to the Dartmouth players singing. I take a final look around, hoping to find that stroller with the Brown pennant. It will be back, I hope, next year. ☾

First and Goal

*Facing Dartmouth
with the Ivy title in reach.*

Kar-cut-skie!" With eight minutes left in the half, Joe Karcutskie '88 nails a Dartmouth receiver at the Brown thirty-yard-line and prevents a touchdown.

The Big Green marches into the half-time break with a seven-point lead. The Dartmouth band sports neat haircuts, blazers, and a smiley-face painted on its drum. Is it something about this wholesome display that propels the Bears into a spasm of second-half savagery? Wide receiver *par excellence* Sean Morey '99 follows his own thirty-yard kickoff return with several key receptions. Then, deep in enemy territory, McCullough hands off to senior running back Marquis Jessie, who has been mounting his own assault on the Brown and Ivy record books. Jessie lofts a surprise rainbow down the left sideline, and it's pulled in for a touchdown by – of all people – McCullough.

Before exultant Brown fans can finish slapping palms over the schoolyard option play, however, Dartmouth pounds to another touchdown and, since the Bears missed the extra point, a 24–16 lead. But the seesaw still teeters, thanks to two superb end-zone receptions by tight end Paul Choquette '97. The first, for a touchdown, has Choquette clutching the ball in a death grip; the second, for a game-tying two-point conversion, finds him juggling it and falling just inside the goal line.

As the lengthening shadow of Brown Stadium stalks the field, the Bears miss a second field goal, and Dartmouth is eating up yardage. With its back against

AS OF NOVEMBER 13

Men's Cross Country	2–0
Women's Cross Country	2–0
Field Hockey	8–9
Football	5–3
Men's Ice Hockey	0–3
Women's Ice Hockey	1–1–1
Men's Soccer	7–5–4
Women's Soccer	4–10–3
Women's Tennis	2–2
Volleyball	16–13
Water Polo	19–10



The Ties That Bind

Psychologist Cynthia García Coll says blaming everything from high crime rates to teenage sex on a decline in family values is a dangerous oversimplification.

- **TITLE:** Professor of education, psychology, and pediatrics; associate director of the Center for the Study of Human Development
- **EDUCATION:** B.A., University of Puerto Rico; M.A., University of Florida; Ph.D., Harvard University
- **SPECIALTY:** Child and family development

Why has the notion of family values resonated so with the public?

People are looking for simple answers. The notion of family values fits in with the rugged individualism that is part of U.S. culture. There's a sense of "We give you opportunities, and if you don't make it, it's your fault."

Why is this 'pull yourself up by your bootstraps' attitude coming back in vogue?

The perception we had in the 1950s is that there were resources for everything; now the perception is that resources are scarce. People feel threatened by immi-

grants and by affirmative action. They're saying, "It's those people's fault, and I'm not going to share my resources with them."

How has this attitude come to dominate?

Humans always respond to things in two ways: economically and ideologically. When the economics get worse — when we think we're in a crisis — then the ideological takes over. Right now the national ideology is that individuals are responsible for their own development. We celebrate individuals who are making it, not social institutions that are making it.

But some people argue that many institutions — welfare, for example — aren't really 'making it.' Critics say they encourage a habit of dependency and stifle initiative.

I'm not against revamping the welfare system. Anybody who's able to work should work. But a lot of people who want to work can only get low-paying jobs with no child care or medical insurance; it doesn't pay for them to work if

they have families to support. People on welfare with whom I've come in contact — teen mothers, women in prison, poor families — get criticized for being promiscuous and lazy. That is an unfair portrayal. Most of them have the right values; they just don't have the right resources to make those values work. We have to make opportunities available — *real* opportunities — so people can exercise their values.

Where would opportunities come from?

Businesses, universities, government, and communities need to build partnerships, invest money. Without this, we'll be putting many more families into poverty without a safety net. Child abuse may increase; more kids will go hungry. I hope this trend is a pendulum, that we'll soon realize how disastrous welfare cuts are and start developing new policy models.

And the family?

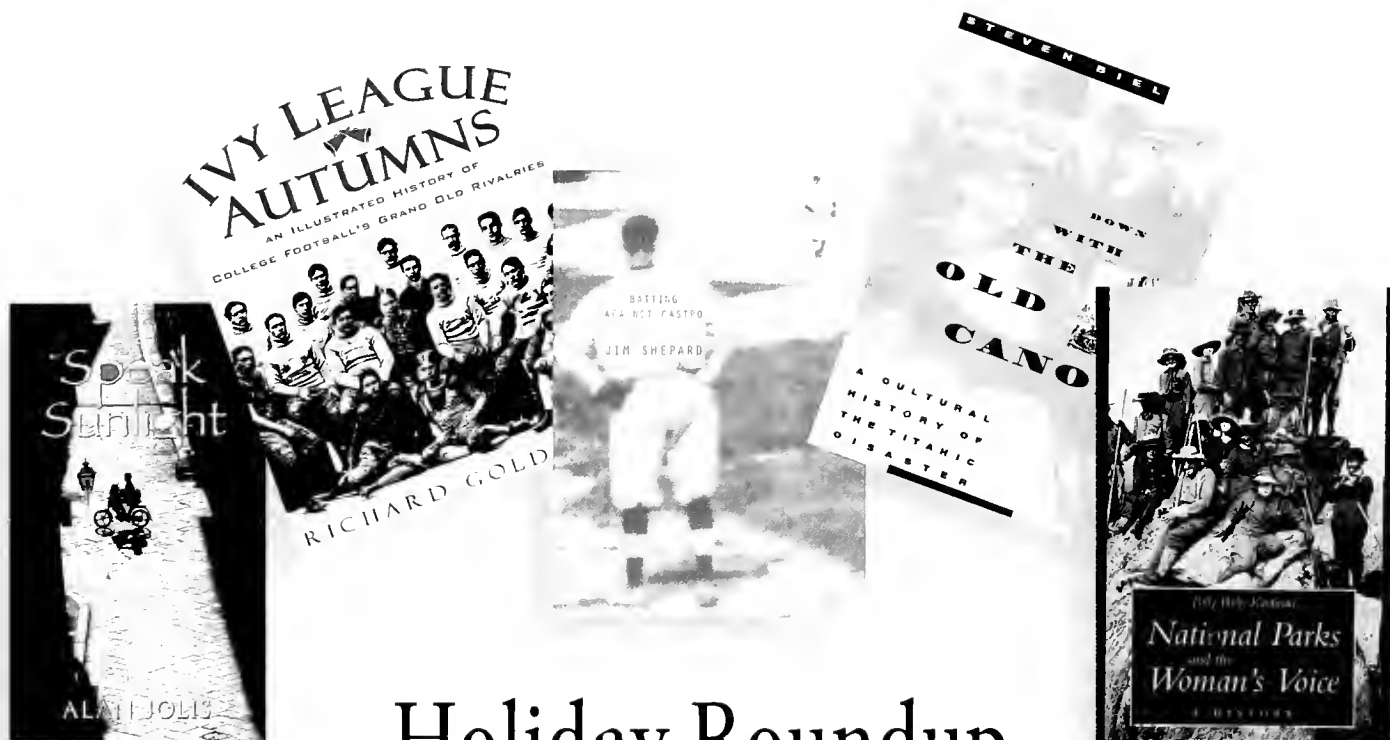
The nuclear family is only one configuration — any structure can work. Kids need at least one person whom they feel close to and who has an investment in them. Aside from that, the family can be any shape or form.

In the past it was not just one person's or one couple's responsibility to raise children; there were always extended families, networks of friends and neighbors. But the survival skills that were good fifty years ago no longer work.

Given that extended families living close together are rare these days, what do you suggest we do?

We need a new model of family in which all members get to fulfill their developmental needs instead of having the mother and father make all the sacrifices. Let's say that I stay home for five years because my kids need me. Then for the next five years the whole family will support my development, whether that means going back to work or to school. After all, research tells us that a mother's education is one of the strongest predictors of children's social, emotional, and educational success. ☺

Interview by Shea Dean



Holiday Roundup

Speak Sunlight, by **Alan Jolis** '73 (St. Martin's Press, 192 pages, \$20.95).

A childhood memoir set in 1960s France and Spain, this book has a light and sensitive touch. It tells the story of the family cook, Marija, and butler, Manolo, Jolis's surrogate parents. Marija, a peasant from backwoods Spain, is large, animated, and masterful at preparing meals. Unable to bear children of her own, she becomes attached to young Jolis. Manolo, outwardly shy and reserved, takes a perverse glee in misinforming Jolis about sex, love, and life when they are alone. Jolis's prose evokes the feel of a poignant, intimate tale told to a friend.

Ivy League Autumns: An Illustrated History of College Football's Grand Old Rivalries, by **Richard Goldstein** (St. Martin's Press, 256 pages, \$29.95).

A sports editor for the *New York Times*, Goldstein harkens back to the glory days of the Ivy League and the sport around which it was formed. He uncovers such gems as an account of John Heisman's first football game at Brown. Heisman, class of 1891, and some fellow students scrimmaged against a group of Providence boys, an encounter that left Heisman with a "roughly black eye and a freely bleeding nose." (We don't, however,

find out if he won the game.) Also covered are Brown's legendary 1916 Rose Bowl team and black All-American Fritz Pollard '19. Armed at the hard-core gridiron fan, this thoroughly researched book is packed with archival photographs and details.

Batting Against Castro, by **Jim Shepard** '80 A.M. (Alfred A. Knopf, 197 pages, \$22.00).

In the title story of this skillfully composed, witty collection, Fidel Castro leads the third-base side of a Havana baseball stadium in a Spanish version of "Take Me Out to the Ballgame" and beans an American-expatriate batter with a loaded burrito. An oddball assortment of "what-ifs?," this book, Shepard's fourth, contains allegorical tales of the sort you might half-imagine but never share for fear of seeming slightly deranged. They imbue U.S.-Cuban relations, among other things, with meanings you will never find in a history book.

Down with the Old Canoe: A Cultural History of the Titanic Disaster, by **Steven Biel** '83 (W.W. Norton & Co., 300 pages, \$25.00).

"The *Titanic* went down at a cultural moment," Biel writes in the introduction

to this lively, informative history. That moment, he adds, was one of "intense concern about the 'race problem,' the 'woman problem,' the 'labor problem,' and the 'immigration problem.'" Tracing how each of these issues was aggravated or mollified by the ocean liner's sinking on April 14, 1912, Biel analyzes an era's seminal event and describes its long-term effect on American culture. While he is well-versed in the wreck's details, Biel goes far beyond a simple rehash of the ship's demise.

National Parks and the Woman's Voice: A History, by **Polly Welts Kaufman** '51 (University of New Mexico Press, 320 pages, \$42.50).

The National Park Service, Kaufman contends, has had a split personality: it has been both a guardian, protecting parks from poachers and fires, and a public relations agent, welcoming and educating visitors. Until the 1960s, women — often rangers' wives — tended to perform the latter services. But women, Kaufman says, have also been instrumental in the exploration, establishment, and maintenance of every national park in the country. Kaufman's book clarifies the critical role women played in what might seem, at first glance, to be a mostly male saga. ☞

White, Black, and Yellow

After learning about his family's past, a student tries to lessen the prejudice around him.

It was my first day as a summer-school teacher at Summerbridge, a program for middle-school students in Louisville, Kentucky. The topic was Chinese history.

"Put everything you know about China on the board," I said.

"Like what?" one kid asked.

"Anything," I responded. "It can be something you've seen on TV."

I waited a few minutes while the students stood squirming at the chalkboard. When they sat down I saw they had written two things: "take-out food" and "karate." So much for my dream of discussing the merits of Communist economic policy.

When I was asked to design and teach an elective in addition to the two other classes on my Summerbridge schedule, the first topic that came to my mind was Chinese history, specifically Mao Tse-tung and Deng Xiaoping, key leaders who founded the People's Republic of China. I wanted to talk about them as people rather than as dry political figures from some dusty textbook. Because most middle- and high-school history classes devote only a few days to 3,000 years of Chinese civilization, I didn't expect my students to be wellsprings of knowledge about Chinese history. But I hoped their knowledge would extend beyond sweet-and-sour pork or karate (which is Japanese, anyway).

A few years ago, though, I wasn't much different from them. I was so busy keeping up with the teenage status quo, I didn't have time for racial and ethnic soul-searching. But after supper one evening during my sophomore year in high school, my grandfather, who was born near Shanghai, told a story about his life during World War II. From 1939 until the end of the war, he worked for the Chinese government securing loans so that China could buy supplies to protect herself against Japan. Meanwhile, his wife and children — my grandmother, father, and uncle — were stranded in the Philip-

pines under Japanese occupation. It was a terrible time: more than 20 million Chinese citizens, many of whom were divided between Nationalist and Communist camps, lost their lives in the war.

The more my grandfather told me, the more I wanted to know. And the more I learned, the more I began to perceive among Americans a pervasive ignorance of China, even though the country is back on its feet and boasts the world's fastest-growing economy. I read in the newspaper about Congressmen who wanted to "contain" China, as if it was a malevolent beast. Once, during my junior year in high school, as I walked the sleepy,

tree-lined streets of my Long Island hometown a carload of boys from the local private school screeched racial epithets at me. I was astonished that young kids could take such pleasure in mocking a

person they didn't even know.

To help combat such ignorance, I decided to share what I had learned. My students in Kentucky asked me what China had to do with their lives. I pointed out that many of their clothes and televisions and stereos were directly connected to China. But one day I realized the lesson had to go beyond economics and history. One of my best students, who happened to be

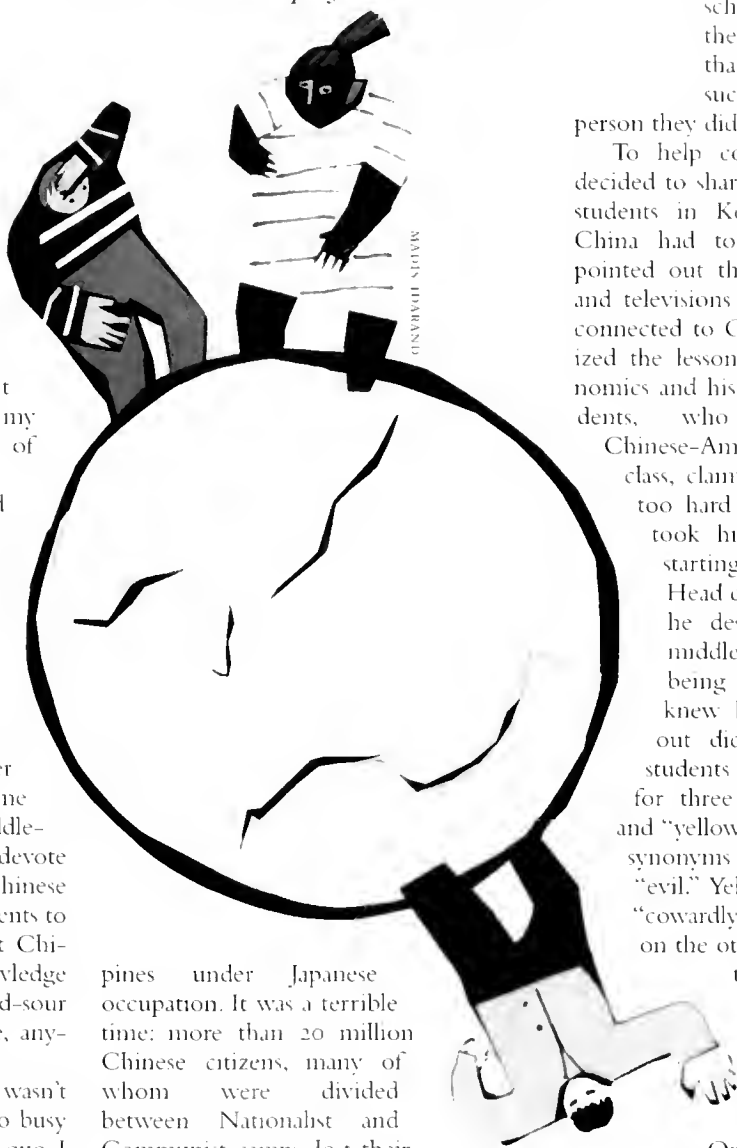
Chinese-American, tried to leave the class, claming Chinese history was too hard and too boring. When I took him aside, I noticed tears starting to trickle from his eyes. Head down and voice quivering, he described how kids at his middle school taunted him for being of Chinese descent. I knew how he felt. So I passed out dictionaries and asked the students to write down definitions for three words: "white," "black," and "yellow." They found that black's synonyms included "sinister" and "evil." Yellow was associated with "cowardly" and "disease." "White," on the other hand, was followed by the words "pure" and "fortunate." Most of the students were saddened and puzzled by the unfairness of these definitions.

On the last day of class I gave them the same assignment I had given the first day: write what you know about China. The same people who had written "karate" and "take-out food" earlier were now writing words like "Communism,"

"May 4th movement," and "Mao Tse-tung." It was a start. ☺



David Tsang is from Mincola, New York.





A new generation of doctors: Sara Fazio (this page) and Preetha Basaviah (with Fazio, opposite) are internal-medicine residents at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital.

The Youngest Doctors

**Interns work long days
and nights doing everything
from taking pulses to
helping patients face death.
The hard part is knowing
what to feel.**

BY JENNIFER SUTTON



MAIA MORILLI (2)

It is shortly after 7 A.M. on a Friday in March when Dr. Sara Fazio '91, '95 M.D. walks into Boston's Beth Israel Hospital. The sky, already bright blue, holds the promise of a gorgeous early-spring day, but once Fazio enters the hospital she leaves the weather and the streets behind. She won't go home for ten or eleven hours — an average day for an intern. Sometimes she works more than thirty hours straight.

A lively twenty-six-year-old with long brown hair and an easy smile, Fazio is more than halfway through the first year of a three-year residency in Beth Israel's department of internal medicine. After eight years at Brown — four as an undergraduate and four in the School of Medicine — she is living a dream she's had since high school.

Walking briskly out of the twelfth-floor elevator, the first of many cups of coffee flowing through her bloodstream, Fazio sheds her coat and shoulder bag in a dorm-room-sized cubicle furnished with bunk beds and a cot. This is where she sleeps — if she gets the chance — for a few hours during the nights she's on call. Over her turtleneck sweater she slips on a white lab coat, its pockets sagging with pens. She slings a stethoscope around her neck and is ready for pre-rounds — brief visits with the patients she treated yesterday.

*The names of patients have been
changed to protect their privacy.*



Her first stop is Room 1287. "Good morning," she says cheerfully, sitting by the bedside of an elderly Russian man who was admitted a few days earlier with chest pain. Opening his blue striped robe, she raises the stethoscope to her ears, leans in, and wrinkles her forehead in concentration. "*Belit?*" she asks

in Russian. "Does it hurt?" She listens, and hears what she was hoping for: "I think we can send you home today," she tells the man, who's been looking anxiously at her face. "Ah, goot, goot," he says with relief.

In the room next door lies an old man with an infected gall bladder and colon. His breathing is labored and raspy. Fazio places her face less than a foot from his. "Mr. Jacobs, can you open your eyes for

me?" she asks, raising her voice slightly. He can't. She listens to his chest with her stethoscope. "Carl," she asks, switching to his first name, "how are you? Can you squeeze my hand?" He squeezes ever so slightly. "Good, that's great," Fazio says.

Outside the door of each patient's room hangs a clipboard charting vital signs. Fazio copies these onto a large index card before entering the room. Throughout the day she will also keep a to-do list on the card of everything each patient needs. She runs it all by a third-year, or senior, resident during rounds. Despite her smooth bedside manner, Fazio is still in training; she consults extensively with the resident as she's treating each patient. Before she goes off-duty she will log onto a computer near the nurses' station and, using the index cards as a reference, update each patient's hospital record. As an intern she is both doctor and secretary.

And sometimes counselor. When Fazio offers to prescribe the painkiller Percocet for an older woman

Interns are soldiers in medical boot camp, caught in an endless flow of charts and vital signs and patients looking to them for answers.



A glamorous job it's not. Fazio spends nearly as much time on paperwork (far left) as she does on patients.

do any more good, Fazio replies. And feeding would require the painful and undignified measure of sliding a tube down her husband's throat. "I don't know if he'd want to do that," Fazio says gently.

Giving the woman's arm a squeeze, Fazio turns to leave, her face somber, her lips drawn tightly together. "I'm afraid her husband is going to die very soon," she says a moment later. "I don't want to back off and say there's nothing more we can do, but there's not a lot we *can* do, except be supportive." Watching people die was part of Fazio's training in medical school, and nine months as an intern have given her plenty of practice. Yet because of her youth, she cannot begin to understand what it's like to be with someone for a lifetime and then have to make huge decisions about his death. Fazio became a doctor in part because healing people feels natural to her. Learning that she cannot

MARK MOORE (2)

with lung cancer, the woman whimpers, "I must have been a very bad person to end up like this." "No, I think you're a very good person," counters Fazio, who's heard statements like this before. A few minutes later she checks on a thirtyish asthmatic with pneumonia. The woman is anxious to get out of the hospital; she missed a big presentation at work the day before. "You've got to relax a little," Fazio suggests.

Finally she enters the room of a man she's been treating for more than a week. His chart lists his age as seventy-one, but he looks much older, with pale, papery skin and faded white hair. He has prostate cancer, and, despite bouts of chemotherapy and radiation, he is still in great pain. His "quality of life," Fazio says, is all but gone. As Fazio checks the man's breathing, his wife makes up the cot she's been sleeping on all week and motions Fazio into the hallway. Should her husband get more radiation, as their regular physician has advised? He can no longer feed himself; how will he eat? Radiation probably won't

always say the right thing to a patient or a distraught relative is a particularly hard lesson.

Fazio's classmate, Dr. Preetha Basaviah '91, '95 M.D., is working in the medical intensive care unit, three floors down. A nurse has just informed her that a patient's blood pressure has plummeted. The man, in his sixties, was admitted with congenital heart failure two days earlier and suffered a second heart attack and cardiogenic shock in the hospital. Because he has responded poorly to the strongest available medications, Basaviah invites his son and cousin, who happen to be visiting, into a conference room to talk.

A petite woman of Indian descent, Basaviah wears a purple sweater and skirt under her white lab coat. At first glance, with her curly black hair, huge dark eyes, and delicate voice, she appears somewhat



Basaviah must learn to explain illness two ways: to her fellow doctors (above) and to patients and their families (right).

MARK MORTILLI (2)

timid. When the cousin's elderly husband walks into the room, he looks around and asks, "Who is the doctor?" Basaviah smiles politely and holds out her hand in greeting. "I am the doctor," she says firmly.

"I know this is difficult," she continues, fixing her eyes on the son, "but now's the time to discuss how aggressive you want his treatment to be. We'll start with heart medication in his IV, and we should see a change in his overall condition in a day or two. If his heart gets worse and has a potentially fatal rhythm, we can shock him, which is painful —"

The son cuts her off. "What are his chances?" he asks curtly.

"It's very hard to say," explains Basaviah, keeping her voice even. "The thing to talk about is what he would want in terms of life-prolonging measures, how long he'd want to be on a breathing machine."

"But what's the percentage?" the son persists, looking tired and annoyed.

"I'm sorry, but we can't put a percentage on his life," Basaviah says. "We're going to do all we can. If you decide your father wouldn't want extra measures taken to keep him alive, you need to let us know, because right now we'll be doing every possible thing."

The son and cousin look blankly at her and say nothing; Basaviah excuses herself, adding that she'll talk to them soon. Out of earshot she confides her dismay that the son seems so disinterested in his

father's condition. Coming from a tightly knit family, she is saddened when people fail to draw together during a relative's illness or death. One of her favorite memories from medical school is of a family she met while working at a Providence hospital: a woman diagnosed with breast cancer was so paralyzed by fear that she refused treatment. It was the patient's mother and sister, both breast cancer survivors, who convinced her to fight the disease.

The case occupying most of Basaviah's attention today is that of a

team of two other interns, a second-year resident, and an attending physician, the most senior doctor in the group. This is the second car accident the patient has had as a result of apnea, a disorder in which an obstruction in his throat or narrowed air passages impair his breathing while he is asleep. After choking and awakening repeatedly at night, he is exhausted during the day and prone to accidents. Basaviah, the only woman in the group of doctors, speaks in a soft even tone as she runs down the patient's history and current condition, her eyes darting from face to face. The others listen intently, standing in a tight circle around a portable metal cart stacked with three-ring binders, one for every patient in intensive care. Basaviah has opened the apnea patient's binder, but during her fifteen-minute report she glances at it only once or twice.

Basaviah, Fazio, and other interns are usually the first doctors patients see in the hospital. The interns make these daily reports to the more senior doctors, who ask questions and make suggestions, pushing the interns to formulate treatment strategies. After each report the team troops into a patient's room, and the doctors all lean forward with their stethoscopes. Some patients appear taken aback by the semicircle of serious young faces; others relish the attention. "Look at all the attractive doctors," an elderly woman says coyly when Basaviah's team enters her room. Basaviah and Fazio find this group approach, the backbone of teaching hospitals, a supportive training environment. They can polish their skills without hesitation, knowing there is a squadron of more experienced doctors ready to back them up.

The day goes on and on: patients and families, the sick and the not-so-sick. A doctor's work is often mundane and routine — medications to prescribe, pulses to check, paperwork to update. But there are also medical riddles to solve. To be a doctor is to concentrate fully on whatever comes. This requires great reserves of discipline and confidence, attributes not always fully developed among people in their twenties.

Both Basaviah and Fazio have enjoyed two things since they were kids: science and making people feel better. Basaviah worked in a nursing home during high school in suburban New Jersey and volunteered

The elderly man walked into the room, looked around, and asked, "Who is the doctor?" Basaviah held out her hand in greeting. "I am the doctor," she said.



man with sleep apnea who was admitted after he fell asleep at the wheel of his car. During rounds — when the doctors examine their patients *en masse* — Basaviah explains his situation to her intensive-care

at a women's health clinic in a rural town in India after her sophomore year at Brown. In Warwick, Rhode Island, Fazio grew up accompanying her chronically ill mother to doctors' offices, an experience that made her powerfully aware of medicine from the patient's side of the examination table.

Although they may specialize later in their training, both women are considering careers in primary care. Early in medical school Fazio thought she would choose a specialty, because she liked the

idea of knowing a lot about one thing. Now, though, she's not so sure she wants to give up what she calls the essence of internal medicine: "knowing a lot about a lot of things."

There is much to learn in a short time.

As interns, they are soldiers in medical boot camp, enmeshed in an exhausting grind, an endless flow of charts and vital signs and patients looking to them for answers, while supervising doctors peer over their shoulders. Internal medicine covers all areas that aren't surgery-related, so each month Fazio and Basaviah rotate from one unit of the hospital to another: intensive care, emergency room, cardiology, outpatient clinic, the general wards. They also do rotations outside Beth Israel – at the Dana Farber Cancer Institute, for example, and the V.A. Hospital in West Roxbury. Besides attending to patients, the interns act as mentors to medical students, attend lectures and conferences, spend hours on the telephone dictating notes to a medical transcribing service, and work through the night one to three times a week. On those shifts they are responsible for up to forty patients. "When I was in medical school and had to follow the intern around, I'd think, 'How will I ever manage so many details? It's too much,'" Fazio says.

It is too much, agrees Stephen Smith, associate dean for medical education at Brown, who views the internship year as a form of ritualistic torture. "Sociologists and anthropologists would probably explain it as a rite of passage in which the initiates permit – even invite – themselves to be abused." Despite all the learning that goes on, Smith calls the experience "the closest thing in Western civilization to chattel slavery." Interns, after all, are specifically excluded from certain federal labor laws that protect workers. Nothing can prepare new medical-school graduates for how grueling the year will be. But at the same time, says Smith, "all your apprehensions about your competence to be a doctor are dispelled completely in the first twenty-four hours. You realize you really

are a well-prepared physician, capable of handling most of what you'll see."

Fazio and Basaviah's fear is that the illnesses, medications, and paperwork will become so overwhelming that the patients themselves will get pushed into the background. From time to time they step back and remember why they became doctors: to work with people as well as with science, to soothe as well as to investigate. To make sure words like empathy, kindness, and compassion are always part of their professional vocabulary.

A patient's death should never be easy. "It's okay to feel sad," says Fazio, "but not to feel it so deeply that I'm unable to do everything else I need to do."

The following Monday, Fazio is on call. A white T-shirt and blue hospital scrub pants have replaced the lambswool sweater and creased trousers she'd worn two days earlier, but she is still wearing makeup. Even in the late afternoon her lipstick is fresh, as if to brighten what promises to be a long night. She heads down to the emergency room with Adam Cifu, her senior resident, to admit a patient whose chart indicates she is HOH – hard of hearing. A triage nurse and an emergency-room physician have noted on the chart that the eighty-four-year-old woman suffers from a serious cough, night sweats, confusion, and dizziness.

"Hi, Mrs. Miller, I'm Dr. Fazio and this is Dr. Cifu," Fazio begins. "I'll be taking care of you upstairs. What's been going on the past few days that's brought you here?"

The woman doesn't want to talk. She grips the metal railing on either side of her bed, folds of crinkled skin hanging off her forearms. "I've answered all those questions before, young lady."

"I'm sorry," Fazio says, "but I've got to ask them."

With Cifu hovering beside her, Fazio inquires whether the woman has been vomiting. What was the color of the vomit, and was there any blood in it? Having seen the woman's chest x-rays, she is fairly sure this is a case of pneumonia, but tuberculosis is a remote possibility. She shines a light into the woman's eyes to check their pupillary reflexes, feels for lymph nodes on her neck and behind her ears, and presses the stethoscope first to the woman's chest to listen to her heart, and then her back to check her breathing.

"Say the letter E," Fazio says.

"Eeeeeeee," the woman responds obediently. "A-E-I-O-Uuuuuuuu."

The two doctors take turns prodding the woman's belly and squeezing her ankles and fingers to check for swelling. Now the patient will be taken up to the twelfth floor by an orderly while Fazio fills in her chart. "I'll see you upstairs in a little while, okay?" she tells the woman. "Wait a minute, young lady," comes the response. "What was your name again?"



The end of a long shift finds Basaviah updating the files of each patient she has treated that day.

and Fazio are still learning how to ration their emotions. Keeping an appropriate distance is equally challenging: too much detachment and they come off as cold; too little and they find themselves emotionally spent before the day is half over. During one of Fazio's rotations in intensive

An hour or so later, Fazio manages to gulp down her fourth or fifth cup of coffee of the day, along with a plate of greasy macaroni from the hospital cafeteria. The doctors not on call have turned their patients over to her for the night and gone home. There are special instructions from the other intern on her rotation regarding one patient: "She's got a glass eye and sometimes takes her eye out, so you might get called to put her eye back in." Fazio sighs. There are faint circles under her eyes.

A week ago in the intensive care unit, Basaviah signed two death certificates in thirty minutes. Worse, though, was when four patients died in one night. "It's kind of hard to get up and come in to work when you're wondering, 'Okay, who's going to die today,'" she says. While a dying patient's relatives deal with one overwhelming feeling — grief — the doctor faces multiple, often contradictory emotions. "People think death will be an ugly, frightening thing, but for so many it is the only way they can be at peace," Basaviah says. "Sometimes I wonder why I'm treating a person who just wants to be left alone. At the same time, I feel compelled to do everything I medically can, and I feel terrible when I try everything and there's no response. That's when I have to come to terms with the limits of my ability — and medicine's ability — to heal."

This is especially true when Basaviah has forged a bond with a patient. Getting overly attached is an occupational hazard for young doctors, and both she

care, she worked the entire month with a young woman suffering from cancer. Late one night she stopped by the woman's room to check on her deteriorating condition and stayed for a half-hour, looking at family photographs the woman's relatives had placed around the room. When Fazio walked out, she was devastated. "I remember thinking to myself, What are you doing?"

"I don't think death should ever be easy for a doctor," she continues. "It's okay to feel a peripheral sadness, but not to feel it so deeply that I'm unable to do everything else I need to do." She and Basaviah try to remain objective in their relationships with patients, to simply be their advocates in the health care process.

It is almost 7 P.M. when Fazio returns to check on her prostate-cancer patient. The man managed to hang on through the weekend, but his condition remains poor. His children and their spouses, knowing he will die soon, have gathered in the hallway outside his room. Inside, the window curtain is open to the deepening twilight. The man's wife sits in a chair beside the bed. It is very quiet — peaceful, almost.

Fazio sits on the bed and feels the patient's pulse. It is a little better. He slowly opens his eyes and mumbles a few words, as if he's been waiting for her. She pats his hand before moving out of the way of the family, who, upon hearing his voice, weak though it is, begin crowding into the room. In the doorway, one of the man's daughters, her eyes tired and damp from crying, impulsively turns to Fazio and hugs her awkwardly. Fazio hugs her back, then strides down the hall toward her next patient. ☺

The Best Homework Ever?

CASSIDY CURTIS'S MARVELOUS SURFACE DRAWINGS

Homework is a necessary chore for teachers as well as for students. Occasionally, though, a routine assignment produces something that is a pure joy.

Every instructor can recall students who have done outstanding jobs on assignments that stretch over a number of days, but I have a candidate for the Best Overnight Homework Ever. Nine years ago I was teaching an honors course in the calculus of several variables to a group of well-prepared first-year students. In my calculus courses I always encourage students to draw — first of all so they can sketch graphs of curves in the plane, and then so they can begin to visualize surfaces in space. Visualization techniques have always been important in mathematics and its applications, and they are especially so nowadays as sophisticated computer graphics enhance our ability to interpret phenomena we could not imagine a generation ago. But you can only really appreciate what the computer is showing you if you've tried to render the curves and surfaces freehand. Almost all of my students get the hang of it well enough to draw a pretty good surface, and some display a particular talent for illustrating mathematical ideas.

Right from the beginning, Cassidy Curtis '92 was unusually adept at drawing surfaces representing complicated algebraic expressions in two variables. He seemed instinctively able to choose just the right viewing angle to display the salient features of a surface, and he used color and shading to bring out key properties. He was equally impressive with colored pencils and with the interactive

computer-graphics tools we were developing at Brown.

What astounded me, though, was his response to my first lecture on functions of three variables. We had spent a good deal of time analyzing contour lines of functions of two variables, such as the curves of equal temperature or pressure on a weather map or the contours of mountains on a topographical survey. I then introduced the analogous concept of contour surfaces for functions of three variables, such as the points of equal temperature in a room with a wood stove. I had a particular challenge in mind. The previous summer, I had attended a series of esoteric lectures at Berkeley given by Professor Friedrich Hirzebruch from the University of Bonn. Professor Hirzebruch was interested in a surface with many singularities (points where the surface looks like two cones with their points touching) defined using a polynomial in three complex variables:

$$f(x,y,z) = (-8x^4 + 8x^2 - 1) + (-8y^4 + 8y^2 - 1) + (-8z^4 + 8z^2 - 1)$$

Although the lecturer said he knew a great deal about this function from the point of view of calculus and linear algebra, he regretted that he could not visualize its geometric shape. I thought our graphics team could help him out. I telephoned my sophomore assistant, Ed Chang '91, who rendered the surface on a computer using a contour-surface algorithm developed by Steve Ritter '85 and Kevin Pickhardt '85 in Professor Andries van Dam's computer-graphics course. Thanks to overnight mail and one-hour

film developing, we had slides of the surface in Berkeley in time for Professor Hirzebruch's next lecture. He was delighted, and he has used our computer-graphics illustrations in his lectures and publications ever since.

When I wrote that same equation on the board for my freshman honors students the following semester, I didn't tell them how difficult a visualization challenge it was. I had planned to spread the story over two weeks of class periods, climaxing by exhibiting our computer illustrations.

But I hadn't counted on Cassidy. The very next class, he came up to me and said he knew what those surfaces looked like. He showed me a page of drawings that were unlike anything I had ever seen from a student — perfect, hand-drawn renditions of the object we had created on the computer the previous summer with such labor, not just one image but an entire sequence. And on the next page of notebook paper, he showed how to stack all the color-coded surfaces together in four-space, something our computer could not do at the time!

Since then I have shown slides of Cassidy's work all over the world: in schools and universities, at conferences and art shows, for research mathematicians and for alumni groups. This is not only the best *freshman* math homework I have ever received. I contend it is the best overnight homework any teacher has ever received in any course at any level at any place in any subject at any time, ever, ever, ever. That is an extreme claim, but I'm still waiting for another teacher to produce a worthy challenger. ☺



CRITICAL POINTS

$1 < z < 3$

$z=1$

great!

For $1 < z < 3$,
 $f(x, y, z) = x^2 + y^2 + z^2$
 $\nabla f = (2x, 2y, 2z) = (0, 0, 0)$
 $x = y = z = 0$



Thomas Banchoff (right, in photo) has been professor of mathematics at Brown since 1967. He is a pioneer in the geometry of the fourth and higher dimensions, and his *Scientific American* volume, *Beyond the Third Dimension*, recently came out in paperback. He told the story of his student's achievement during his acceptance speech for the Mathematical Association of America's national award for distinguished college or university teaching. After graduating in 1992, Banchoff's student, Cassidy Curtis (left, in photo), went on to do computer animation for XAOS, an advertising agency in San Francisco, where his credits included the countdown visual sequence for MTV. He then worked on animation for Pacific Data Images. Curtis is now in Seattle working on graphics projects with David Salesin '83, professor of computer science at the University of Washington.

Mathematics professor Tom Banchoff had never seen anything like the drawings (top) produced overnight by a freshman, Cassidy Curtis. On an accompanying sheet (opposite page) Curtis "stacked" his surface renditions, causing a teaching assistant to note: "Wow!" Above, a computer-generated illustration by Ed Chang '91 of the same algebraic function.



COURTESY THOMAS BANCHOFF

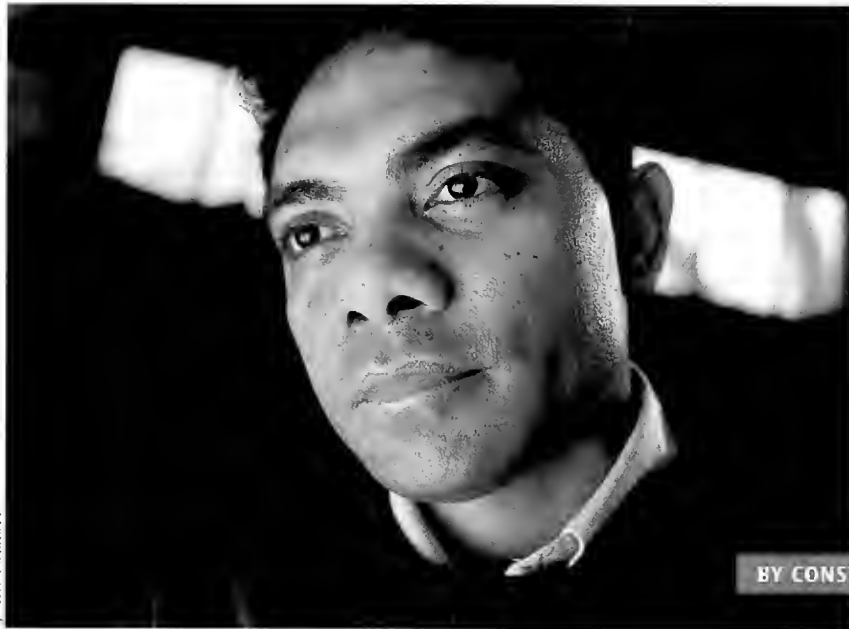


Above: Demonstrators outside the Indonesian embassy in the Philippines last month protesting police disruption of an East Timor conference held in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.



Bottom: Prisoners released from a Malaysian police station after being detained thirty-five hours for participating in the same conference.

MAN WITHOUT A NATION



JOHN FORASTÉ

At fourteen he was a guerrilla fighting for his homeland's independence. Arrested and tortured at twenty-eight, an exile at twenty-nine, this undergraduate hopes to awaken the world to the struggle of the former Portuguese colony of East Timor.

BY CONSTÂNCIO PINTO '98 AND MATTHEW JARDINE

"My name is Constâncio Pinto. I was born in Dili, the capital of Portuguese Timor, on January 25, 1963. I was my parents' first of eleven children. Fortunately, all of my brothers and sisters are still alive."

So begins East Timor's Unfinished Struggle: Inside the Timorese Resistance, published last month by Boston's South End Press. The book is the memoir of a life engaged in the struggle for freedom and independence in East Timor, which lies in the Malay archipelago off the northwestern coast of Australia. A Portuguese colony until 1975, East Timor briefly declared its independence before Indonesia annexed it by force a few months later.

As secretary of the clandestine front within the National Council of Maubere Resistance (CNRM), Pinto has lived on the razor's edge: ostensibly cooperating with the Indonesian government while in fact leading the underground movement to free East Timor from its tight-fisted rule. Among Pinto's colleagues have been Bishop Carlos Ximenes Belo and José Ramos Horta, who shared this year's Nobel Peace Prize. Ramos Horta was the first to greet Pinto when, facing almost certain death at home, he began a long journey of escape that ended at the airport in Lisbon more than four years ago.

In September 1993, thanks to the efforts of Associate Dean of the College David Targan, Pinto entered Brown. At about the same time, Ramos Horta appointed Pinto U.S. and U.N. representative for the CNRM. Later that year he was joined in Providence by Gabriela, his wife, and Tilson, their son. (They have since had a daughter, Tima.) The following excerpt adapted from East Timor's Unfinished Struggle describes his arrest and torture in East Timor.

My arrest took place on January 25, 1991, at nine in the morning. I was going to my office at the Diocese of Dili. The Indonesians had planned to arrest me for a traffic violation. They already knew that I had a motorcycle but no license.

At nine, on the way to the diocese office, in front of the old municipal market, I suddenly found myself surrounded by police. I had all the newspaper clippings and the notes from the executive-committee meeting the previous evening in my backpack. I immediately realized that I was in trouble. There



AP PHOTO/KALIN COOPER



AP PHOTO/MUCHTAR ZAKARIA

Top: Nobel Peace Prize co-recipient José Ramos Horta during a November 13 address at Georgetown University. He urged the Clinton administration to help bring peace to East Timor.

Bottom: Co-recipient Bishop Carlos Ximenes Belo delivers a homily during a mass in the capital city of Dili on October 13.

were two policemen. One hit me on my head, I fell down, and they grabbed me. They hit my head and my body. They called me Terus – they already knew my *nom de guerre*.

"Terus, where are you going?" they asked me. They began to beat me really hard, right there on the street in front of people. Immediately blood came out of my nose and mouth like someone had turned on a

"If I had caught you," the policeman said,

"I would have broken your head

immediately. You wouldn't have survived."

faucet. My head hurt incredibly. I felt like I was going to die. They kicked me in the stomach with their boots very hard, like someone kicking a ball, and in my back and my head. I couldn't move, and I was crying. They just kept beating me.

A lot of people were there. Everyone was scared, of course. People couldn't say anything. The police put handcuffs on me, with my hands behind my back. They didn't put me in a truck, because I was right in front of the police station. They just walked me to the station and beat and kicked me all the way there, in my stomach and my head. They were hitting me in the stomach karate-style.

Inside the station one of the police approached me. "If I had caught you," he said to me, "I would have broken your head immediately. You wouldn't have survived." And then many others came to me and said while laughing, "Look at this traitor." I just kept silent.

The police took me into a room. There were a lot of intelligence people there, men and women. They were there just to watch me. The police took off my clothes, so I only had underwear on, and they started to beat me again really hard, hitting my face and body, and kicking my legs and stomach. They ordered me to put my hands against the wall over my head. People outside the room shouted, "Look at that traitor! We'll teach him tonight. We'll teach him tonight!"

After that they took me to an interrogation room. When I entered the room, there was a Balinese police captain named Edy and two others. The room was small, maybe twelve feet by twenty-four feet. I sat on a chair. They had maps and a schema of the organization of the underground. I don't know where they got the information, but some of it was true.

The police official interrogated me about the chart and tried to force me to say the schema was true. "Do you know Bishop Belo, Father Leão,



COURTESY, CONTINUED FROM P. 10

Pinto at an October 1995 demonstration in New York City protesting Indonesia's 1975 annexation of East Timor.

and Father Cunha?" he asked me.

"I know Bishop Belo as the head of the Catholic Church," I replied. "I know Father Leão and Father Cunha because they were my priests and my teachers."

"Do you know that they are working with the resistance?" he asked.

"I don't know," I answered. "And I don't have to know. That is their business."

"You know, you traitor!" he yelled, and he hit me in the face really hard. The interrogation continued, accompanied by torture.

I knew that the Indonesians had captured many documents implicating me as the head of the underground three months earlier when they raided the guerrilla leader Xanana Gusmão's camp; they already knew my *nom de guerre*, Terus, and they had arrested me with incriminating information in my backpack, so I couldn't deny that I was the secretary of the executive committee. They already had their proof, but I wanted to make sure that they obtained as little information from me as possible. Their objective was to destroy the entire underground; they wanted to know the identities of all my contacts. I thought that if I admitted to being the secretary of the executive committee and took responsibility for the activities of the underground, the Indonesians would concentrate on me, rather than on others whom they suspected of underground activity.

"You don't have to accuse me of having contacts with this one or that one," I told them. "Now you've got the right person. I am the secretary of the execu-

tive committee. I am responsible for everything."

They continued to hit me, and I continued to refuse to give them the information they wanted about my contact with others. With each question I would get two or three punches in the face. When someone punches you so much and so hard, it feels as if your face is broken. People hit me on my back and on my sides with their hands and then kicked me. "If you don't tell the truth, you will be responsible for your own life," they threatened.

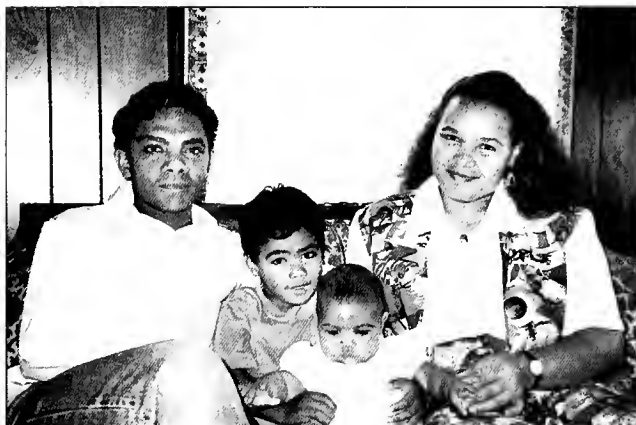
I was crying, but they were beating me so hard that my body became like wood. They beat me as someone beats a cow. They beat me so many times I couldn't feel it. But as time passed I felt the effects very much; my body felt like it was broken. When they first started beating me very hard, I kind of lost consciousness. When they stopped beating me for a few minutes, I touched my head and my jaw to see if they were broken; I couldn't believe that they were not. It's unbelievable how strong your body is. And it was not small people who beat me, but people who were strong and who beat me with all their energy. I prayed to God, and God helped me at that time. Without God, I would probably be dead.

They hit me from nine in the morning, when they first arrested me, until one the next morning. I almost lost consciousness a few times. At one A.M., there was a telephone call from the head of military intelligence, Colonel Gatot Purwanto. He told them to move me from the police station to Colmera, a military intelligence jail. About half an hour later,

Preserving Hope

The most striking thing about Constância Pinto is what he is not. Despite crusading for independence in East Timor for most of his adult life, he is not didactic. Despite being torn from his family and exiled from his country, he is not nostalgic. And despite the grave injustices he has witnessed, both in East Timor and in the international political arena, he is not bitter. He is, of all things, hopeful, with an almost puckish air of glee.

Sitting on a Victorian couch in his Pawtucket, Rhode Island, apartment, surrounded by his children's picture books and plastic trucks, Pinto explains that the night before the Nobel Peace Prize was announced, his attitude was different. He knew that his friend Bishop Belo was on the Nobel committee's short list, but, he says, "I had no hope at all that the bishop would win the prize." He learned of the award to Belo and exiled East Timorese activist José Ramos Horta the next morning, when Beverly Skillings, assistant to Associate Dean of the College David Targan, stopped him on his way to art-history class and asked: "Haven't



COURTESY CONSTÂNCIO PINTO '98

you heard?" His country, which most Americans had never heard of, was suddenly in the international spotlight. "I've never seen anyone so happy," says Skillings. "Constância was jumping up and down. It was the best thing that could have happened for his country and his people."

Through his work as the leader of the underground movement in East Timor and, earlier, as the head of a Catholic boys' group, Pinto knew Belo well. Because of Belo's high-profile position in East Timor, which is 90-percent Catholic, the bishop could express his support for East Timorese independence more freely than others. He opened his door to hundreds of dissidents seeking protection from the police. "He was the only one we could trust," Pinto says.

Until his escape from East Timor, Pinto knew of Ramos Horta only through their years-long correspondence about the independence

movement. While Pinto helped organize demonstrations inside the country – including the November 12, 1991, march that turned into the famous Santa Cruz massacre – Ramos Horta drummed up support for East Timor in the international community.

These days Pinto somehow takes a full load of classes as a concentrator in development studies; helps his East Timorese wife, Gabriela, take care of their two children; speaks on college campuses and at U.N. conferences about East Timor; and has coauthored a book. His homework often gets done on airplanes. "It's a little bit stressful," he says, lacing his delicate fingers together, "but moments of opportunity are very important. If you miss one, it will take time until there's another." – *Shea Dean*

they put me in a truck. I was in a lot of pain. I was afraid that they were taking me somewhere to kill me. They put two police behind me in the truck and two in front of me.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked. They didn't answer.

"Are you going to kill me?" I asked.

"No, we are not going to kill you right now," they stated. But then one of them turned to me and said, "Traitor, if I had arrested you, if I had captured you, I would have shot you right away." Then we arrived in Colmera, a neighborhood in Dili where there was a prison for political prisoners. They put me in a room and resumed the interrogation.

At the beginning, the Indonesians said the same thing as they did at the police station. "We know that you are the leader of the underground movement," they said. "We know you have a very close relationship with Xanana Gusmão. We know that you know everything about the underground movement. Please tell us everything. If you don't, you

will be responsible for your own life."

Every time they asked me a question, the Indonesians would add a threat. "We know everything about you," they told me, "so just be honest. If you are not, you will suffer." As they were saying this, they would point a pistol at my head. "We are nice people, but we have colleagues who are not so nice, who use razor blades and electric shocks during interrogation. It's your choice." Sometimes the Indonesians would order me to smoke a cigarette and to take a few moments to think.

On the first two days, they didn't show me any documents. On the third day, though, they showed me my documents. Imagine, they brought out all my documents and letters and put them on the table – letters that I had sent to Xanana over a period of almost one year. When I looked at those letters and documents, I began crying. I was crying at the sight of my letters. They laughed at me.

After having breakfast the next day, I was taken to meet with Gatot Purwanto in the Farol section of



Xanana Gusmão, military leader of the East Timor resistance. In 1993 Gusmão was sentenced to life in prison, a sentence that was later reduced to twenty years by Indonesian President Suharto. His treatment has been criticized by Amnesty International and by many newspapers around the world.

My life was on a dangerous path. I was beginning to play an extremely risky game.

Dili. The night before I met Gatot, I thought to myself that if I stayed in the prison, I wouldn't be able to do anything else for the underground and my country. I realized that the Indonesians needed me and that they would probably ask me to work for them. I tried to think about what I would do if they

said that they would release me on the condition that I would work for them as an agent.

Gatot's office was in an old Portuguese house near the lighthouse on the Dili waterfront. "Well, I have been looking for you for a long time, but now you are here," he said. "So, tell me, why do you do all these things against the Indonesian government?"

I decided to give a diplomatic answer. "I have done many things against the Indonesian government, and I want to apologize. If you don't accept my apology, I am already in your hands. You can do whatever you can do to me. I am ready to accept it. I will consider your punishment of me as a punish-

ment that comes from a father to a son. I consider the Indonesian government to be like my father."

"Well, as you have already recognized your fault, I will let you go home, with the condition that you present yourself to us regularly and provide information to us," Gatot responded. "Of course you've done a lot of terrible things against the government. You have to work for us now; you have to denounce all those terrible things that you have done. But remember, don't tell people that you were arrested for political reasons, but because you didn't have your driver's license and the proper motorcycle document."

"I promise, Commander," I answered. "I won't tell anybody. I really want to work and cooperate with you."

While in the prison I had found out that there were thirty other East Timorese who had been there for a long time before I arrived. So I added a condition: the release of these thirty people.

"Commander Gatot, I appreciate your decision," I said. "But I think it will be difficult for people to believe that I was arrested merely because I didn't have my driver's license. If that were the case, why would you keep me here for

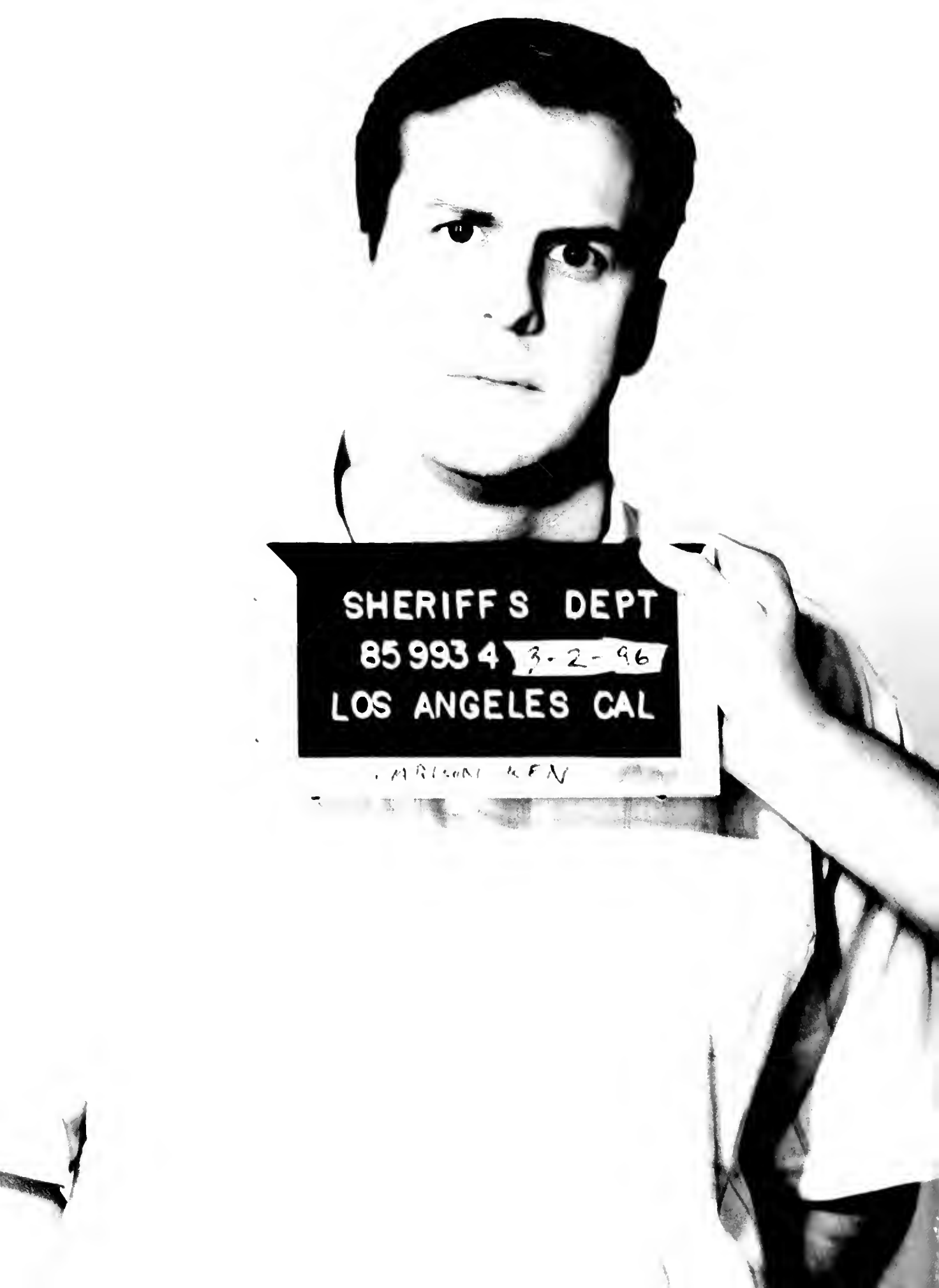
almost a week? Another big mistake was to put me in the same jail where the others are imprisoned. I think it would be helpful if you release the other prisoners before you release me. If you don't, people won't believe in me. People will say that I am working for intelligence. People won't believe me anymore."

Gatot was convinced by my argument. "I think you are right," he said to me. The next day the Indonesians released the thirty prisoners.

A couple of days later, after seven days in prison, the Indonesians released me as well. The date was February 1, 1991. But despite my release, I wasn't happy at all, because my life was on a dangerous path. I was beginning to play an extremely risky game and I was conscious of that.

At five o'clock on the morning of May 16, 1992, Costância Pinto left Dili to begin his escape from East Timor. He arrived in Lisbon, a free man, six months later. ☞

Matthew Jardine is a Los Angeles-based researcher and activist. For more information about East Timor's Unfinished Struggle, call the South End Press at (800) 533-8478.

A high-contrast, black and white mugshot of a man with dark hair, looking directly at the camera. He is holding a black placard with white text in front of his chest. The placard contains the following text: "SHERIFFS DEPT", "85 993 4 3-2-96", and "LOS ANGELES CAL". Below the placard, the name "ARIZONA KEN" is visible on a white background.

SHERIFFS DEPT
85 993 4 3-2-96
LOS ANGELES CAL

ARIZONA KEN

Ken Carlson has put thirty hard-core criminals behind bars, but he's never worn a badge. As a producer and reporter for the Fox television network's *America's Most Wanted* from 1992 to 1995, Carlson profiled more than 200 of the country's most vicious murderers, rapists, thieves, and child molesters. In addition to chronicling the stories of crime victims, he had to face the suffering of their families and friends. "Sometimes I was more of a counselor than a producer," Carlson says. "It was often one of my main roles – and one of the things I felt most comfortable with."

Carlson is comfortable consoling victims' survivors because he is one. In the summer of 1990, his sister-in-law was found murdered in her home in a small Washington, D.C., suburb. Until then, Carlson, a former varsity linebacker who studied organizational management and behavior at Brown, had been leading the workaday life of an advertising executive. After the local police department, which had budgeted less than \$500 for homicide investigations that year, failed to turn up suspects or make any arrests, Carlson decided to take action. He began calling the offices of *America's Most Wanted*, a new reality-based television program that staged reenactments of unsolved crimes and asked viewers to phone in tips. "I knew there was a way to cut to the chase," he says. "You can put up posters in the post office, but you can't reach 8 million people unless you go on television."

Carlson badgered the show's executives until they finally dispatched a producer to look into the case. The producer took notes and did interviews, but once he listened to Carlson's advice on how to profile the killer, he realized he had stumbled onto more than a good story. He offered Carlson a job. Two years later Carlson moved to Los Angeles to work in the program's news division. The fact that a family tragedy provided his entrée into the film and television business left Carlson with mixed feelings. "It was an uncomfortable segue," he says, "but I also think it made me better at the job."

CRIMINALS, BEWARE!

When a relative was murdered, this crusading television producer went after the bad guys. All of them.

BY CHAD GALTS
 PHOTOGRAPH BY CATHERINE KARNOW '82

In his early days with *America's Most Wanted* Carlson worked a grueling schedule. If a crime was committed over a weekend he would fly to the location Monday morning and interview surviving victims, their families, and the police. He'd plan and write the re-creation on Tuesday, film it on Wednesday, edit it on Thursday, and feed it via satellite to the main office in time for the show's Friday-night air time. Such a quick turnaround often meant that Carlson was one of the first people on the crime scene after the police.

Yet more taxing than the frantic pace was having to prepare distraught family members and friends of victims to perform for a television audience. Carlson repeatedly found himself walking the fine line between doing good on behalf of a family overcome with grief and turning that grief into a slick package that would get high ratings. The son of a United Church of Christ minister, Carlson is a devout Christian who admits he sometimes felt morally at odds with his work. "There I was, consoling a woman crying on my shoulder, holding her husband's hand," Carlson recalls. "And the on-camera talent was poking me, saying, 'Let's roll this! You feel you're compromising the victims' true feelings and your integrity.'" Still, Carlson is adamant that the show's results far outweigh its intrusions. "*America's Most Wanted* and other reality-based programs have gotten a bad rap," he says. He agrees that the shows tend to capitalize on grief and make personal tragedies fodder for ratings races, but "the end result – you

can't beat it," he says. "More than 400 criminals have been put behind bars because of *America's Most Wanted*. Is this wrong? Absolutely not."

In 1995, Carlson decided he was ready for his next career move. He had graduated from the program's news division to its higher-budget film reenactments. More important, his wife, Katrina Schoen Carlson '88, was pregnant. With almost 300 credits on the show, Carlson's name was becoming familiar in the wrong circles.

America's Most Wanted, he explains, is as closely watched by prison inmates as it is by cops. The show's creator and host, John Walsh, has to travel with bodyguards because of constant threats to his life, and Carlson himself was beginning to receive threats. So he began to put the skills he'd mastered at *America's Most Wanted* to other uses. Earlier this year he produced *Wild Bill, Hollywood Maverick*, a film biography of the pioneer director William A. Wellman. Between his hands-on production experience at *America's Most Wanted* and the Hollywood history lessons from his work on Wellman, Carlson feels ready to tackle larger projects and movies. "I never went to film school," he says, "but I have a complete film education. I just happened to get paid for it."

Carlson's work with *America's Most Wanted* isn't quite finished, however. His segments are still turning up leads for the police, and he works as a consultant on the production of program updates when viewers send in new information related to his profiles. And though *America's Most Wanted* never produced a segment about his sister-in-law's murder, Carlson convinced another reality-based program, *Unsolved Mysteries*, to cover it. After the episode aired, one suspect was convicted and jailed. Carlson believes there is at least one more person still at large who was involved in the crime, but he has begun to put the tragedy behind him. "Very few people who are victims – and I consider myself a victim," he says, "have the opportunity to see resolution, to see closure, to see someone incarcerated. Helping other people has really helped me."



BROWN ARCHIVES

Thank you, sir, may I have another? The 1936 Sophomore Vigilance Committee goes to work on five neophytes who have broken the rules governing freshman behavior. Those assuming the position, from left: Donald A. Jones, Arthur W. Doherty, George Holswade, Herbert Nahas, and Raymond Curran. The lords of discipline, from left: Irving A. Hall Jr., Howard Lane, Harold Ipsen, Alfred Bloomingdale, and Howard Shaw.

1925

Ben Roman received the Boston Post Cane at a gathering at the Alstead, Mass., Fire Station in August. Traditionally the cane is given to the oldest resident of Alstead. Ben is a former dean and professor emeritus at Brown, and a former headmaster of the Peddie School in New Jersey.

1927 70th Reunion

Our 70th reunion will be held Memorial Day Weekend, May 23–26. If you have any questions or suggestions, please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947. Remember to save the dates.

1928

Oscar H. Hartenau, Larchmont, N.Y., spent the summer at his Charlestown, R.I., summer home with his two children, their spouses, and five grandchildren.

1929

Louis Miller married Meredith Gale on June 16 in Scottsdale, Ariz. Miller's first wife, of fifty-seven years, was **Helene Chase Miller** '28. His daughter is **Devra Miller Breslow** '54 of Los Angeles. His nephew is **Jonathan Kagan** '64 of New York. Louis can be reached at 8431 East Welsh Trail, Scottsdale 85258; (602) 998-9895.

1930

Karl Stein, Chicago, writes, "Thanks to the B.A.M.I. received a telephone call from my former classmate **Stephen DeLise**. We have not spoken in sixty-five years. Though I am 87 years young, I am still able to be a crew member and race on a forty-two-foot sloop. The three-day Tri-State race over Labor Day weekend was the highlight of my season."

1932 65th Reunion

Rev. **Byron O. Waterman**, class president, is looking ahead to the 65th reunion. On August 8 he met with **Everett Schreiner**, **Charles Tillinghast Jr.**, **Miles Sydney**, and **Paul Mackesey** for preliminary planning.

Dorothy Budlong met with **Alan** and **Helen Cusick** in Newport. They took a moment to remember the recent death of **Louise Schreiner**.

1933

York A. King Jr. and his wife, Margaret, Valley Forge, Pa., celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on October 10. York retired from Rose Exterminator Co. in 1975 and is now "managing his estate," which fronts on Valley Forge Park. At a party organized by his son, Dave, and daughter, **Caroline King Hall** '60, '73 Ph.D., a professor of English at Penn State, York recited his favorite Ogden Nash toast: "To keep your marriage brimming with love in the loving cup; whenever you're wrong, admit it; whenever you're right, shut up!"

1936

Naming names is always dangerous, and it was inevitable that we would leave someone out of our reunion report. But why did it have to be **Harry Moses**, who hasn't missed a reunion since our 5th? We promise it won't happen at our 65th, and certainly not our 70th. We also neglected to mention **Jim Rooney** '89 of alumni relations, without whom we wouldn't have had a reunion. He was pleasant, helpful, cheerful, and reliable – we were in good hands. – *Howard Silverman*

1937 60th Reunion

The Pembroke and Brown reunion committees have been busy making plans for our 60th to be held Memorial Day Weekend, May 23–26. If you have any questions or suggestions, please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947. Remember to save the dates.

1938

Larry A. Atwell, Fairfax, Va., writes, "I had the pleasure of meeting with **Joe Paterno** '50 on the practice field at Penn State in August. I was very impressed with his organizational ability – he had eight teams on four corners of the field operating various formations and plays, while kicking specialists perfected their skills.

Joe walked over to meet me and my two grandsons, high school all-stars from Pensacola, Fla., and greeted us with warmth and vigor. I have been associated with many of the famous coaches of this century, and I would place Joe in the top five. He is a credit to Brown in every respect."

The obituary for **Elizabeth Waterman Derry** in the September B.A.M. neglected to mention her maiden name. The B.A.M. regrets the error.

1941

Secretary **Earl W. Harrington Jr.** writes that **Madge Thomson McCrerrick**, Vancouver, "our only '41 Pembroke Canadian," wrote to President Gregorian offering a British Columbia flag to display at Commencement. (Apologies for inadvertently leaving this material out of the November Classes.)

Earl and his wife, **Louise** '39, had a great day on Cape Cod at the Brown Sports Foundation's triennial celebration at the home of **Genie** and **Bob Birch** '61, August 10. They were joined by **Bob Rapelye** and shared a table during the lobster- and clambake with four from '42. Some alumni enjoyed golf, tennis, and swimming, while others enjoyed visiting, sightseeing, and bay cruises. The evening entertainment included singing, dancing, and the country singer, storyteller, and comedian Mike Cross. On August 26 Earl and Louise welcomed granddaughter **Sarah Younkin** '97 to Providence for her senior year and **Samuel Younkin** '00 as a freshman. Both grew up in Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Allen R. Ferguson wrote to **Sophie Blisten** as a result of their reunion discussions, enclosing material for the library's military collection and a copy of a snapshot of Sophie, Lucky, and Allen taken by his wife, **Andrey Mitscher** '42, way back when. Sophie, Allen, and Lucky started together in the fifth grade and continued together through Brown. Allen is now writing a memoir, which may take the form either of a single volume published in 2000 or of smaller segments published earlier. Look for more on this from **John E. Liebmann** in the next class newsletter. Classmates can send information for the newsletter to John at 1133 Park Ave., New York City 10128, by early January. – *Earl W. Harrington Jr.*

The Rev. **Robert A. Tourigney** and his wife, Helen, returned to Palos Verdes Estates, Calif., in October. St. Francis Parish, which Bob founded and served for thirty-seven years, rededicated the parish hall in his name. Bob writes that since his name is difficult to pronounce and does not lend itself to abbreviation, he suggested the parish use his Brown nickname and call the building "Tigger Hall."

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) 863-9599; e-mail B.A.M@brownvm.brown.edu. Deadline for April classnotes: January 15.

1942 *50th Reunion*

The reunion committee has been busy making plans for our 55th to be held Memorial Day Weekend, May 23–26. If you have any questions or suggestions, please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947. Remember to save the dates.

Edith Herrmann, Elizabeth, N.J., traveled to the Gulf Coast of Florida with her former library director in the early summer. They took many auto trips and visited the Edison and Ford winter estates in Fort Myers. Edith's church, Second Presbyterian, hosted the Kiev symphonic choir and orchestra as the first stop on a thirty-concert tour throughout the United States. "Three women from the choir stayed at my apartment for two nights," Edith writes. "I had the opportunity to show them my late mother's treasures from old St. Petersburg before the Soviet rule."

Helen Reilly Hoyt, Ridgefield, Conn., writes, "It is with deep sadness that I report the death of my husband, Richard H. Hoyt (Columbia '36), on June 4. He was one of the few remaining hat manufacturers before that industry was forced to close altogether."

1943

Growing old gracefully seems to be a common goal, and the returns from our mid-summer solicitation for news look quite encouraging – and even a bit inspiring. **Jay Rossbach** became a grandfather on Dec. 24, 1995. He plays golf, tennis, and croquet in the Palm Beach, Fla., area, where he is also chairman of the local Red Cross chapter. **Bruce Donaldson** did Jay a notch better by becoming a great-grandfather in August. Bruce admits that golf is his real passion, even if his handicap has sneaked up from 8 to 16 over the past few years. He continues to travel annually to Scotland, where he is a member of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. **Bob Walker** moved from New Jersey to Petersborough, N.H., last winter. He is adjusting to a life-care community where snow removal, grass cutting, and home repairs are ancient history. He enjoys a busy schedule of group activities and pleasure trips. He recently took a trip to the U.K. and its islands, and he is looking forward to a regular schedule of cruises. **Bob Radway** remains mostly retired, but a host of boards, committees, and commissions keeps him on his toes. Bob is proud of the giant tomatoes he grows at his summer home in Saunders-town, R.I., and he still does a bit of financial consulting through the local office of the Small Business Administration. He celebrated V-J Day by watching videotapes about amphibious landings in the Pacific during World War II. – *Bob Radway*

Marguerite Connelly Carroll's sons held a family reunion in July in Windsor, Conn. Family and friends came from California, Colorado, Maryland, Connecticut, Oklahoma, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island.

1944

The sympathy of the class goes out to **Connie Lucas Chase** on the death of her husband, Garfield, on July 24.

Miriam Norbery Schofield retired in 1992 and lives in Miami. "Contrary to many people's opinions," she writes, "I like living here." She is a member of the Miami Commission on the Status of Women and of Democratic Power, a women's political organization. She is active in a Congregational church and attends classes two days a week at the University of Miami's Institute for Retired Professionals. She also attends art classes and plans to take a computer class in January. A member of a women's travel club, she spent a week in Maui and two weeks in San Francisco, both in May, and two weeks in France touring Provence and the Riviera in September 1995. **Ruth Cunningham Lyons** and Miriam reconnected at their 50th reunion and have met a couple of times in Florida. Miriam has three children and five grandchildren.

1945

Phyllis Baldwin Young (see **Andrew B. Young** '87).

1946

Bobby Smith Thomas writes, "Although I graduated in 1946, I had never gone through the Van Wickle Gates until I returned to Brown for my 50th reunion in May. In the emotions of the day my husband and I forgot to bring our camera along. A bystander, who was a brother of one in our marching group (classes 1946 and earlier), kindly took pictures of me at various points along the way. Unfortunately, I am unable to remember the photographer's name or that of his brother. Perhaps someone reading the *BAM* can help me track him down." Bobby can be reached at 16½ Gre-gory St., Marblehead, Mass. 01945.

1947 *50th Reunion*

The plans for your 50th reunion are well under way. Be sure to mark your calendars, May 23–26. If you haven't already done so, please return your yearbook questionnaire as soon as possible. Call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947 if you have any questions or have not received a reunion mailing.

1948

Our off-year mini-reunion was held at the Faculty Club on May 25. We were joined by the classes of 1945, '47, '48, and '49, and by our scholarship student, **Leslie Jonas** '97. Attendees were so enthusiastic about the joint reunion that we plan to do it again this year, Saturday,

May 24, at the Faculty Club. Those who attended included **Florence Asadorian Dulgarian** '45, **Jane Walsh Folcarelli** '47, **Eileen Cummings Heaton** '47, **Joan Fitzgerald Goldrick** '47, **Betty Asadorian Kougasian** '47, class president **Nancy Cantor Eddy**, **Gloria Markoff Winston**, **Constance Hurley Andrews**, **Muriel Simon Flanzbaum**, **Barbara Soloman Goldstein**, **Betty Daly Connelly**, **June Anne Mullane Aumand**, **Singer Gammell**, **Barbara Oberhard Epstein**, **Lotte Van Geldern Povar**, class president **Dolores Pastore DiPrete** '49, **Marilyn Ehrenhaus** '49, **Glenna Robinson Mazel** '49, **Rev. Marjorie Logan Hiles** '49, and **Jean E. Miller** '49. We have had four meetings for our 50th reunion, which is less than two years away. Hope you will be with us. – *Nancy Cantor Eddy*

A July classnote incorrectly referred to **Jack Frankel** as "Joel." "I'll admit the latter has a fine ring," he writes from his home in Treasure Island, Fla., "but I'm really conservative Jack." The *BAM* regrets the error.

1949

John L. Waterman, Rehoboth, Mass., retired in January after ten years in the rubber industry and is working as a consultant one day a week. He is very active in his church, enjoys his five grandchildren, and is hoping for a sixth from China in the near future.

1950

Joe Paterno (see **Larry A. Atwell** '38).

1952 *45th Reunion*

Be sure to save the dates, May 23–26, so you can come join the fun. Your committee is hard at work planning your reunion. The weekend will be a good time to catch up with old friends and make new ones. If you have not received your first mailing, please contact reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947.

Miles E. Cunat Jr. has retired from Chicago Title Co. and now does part-time real estate legal consulting. He recently recovered from some major health problems and would like to hear from classmates. He and his wife, Rita, enjoy spending time with their grandchildren. They can be reached at 298 Northwood, Riverside, Ill. 60546.

Mark Rowe is the 1996 recipient of the Ladd Medal, an award that recognizes physicians who have made outstanding contributions to the field of pediatric surgery. Mark is a fellow of the American Academy of Pediatrics, former chief of the division of pediatric surgery at the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine, and former surgeon-in-chief of general pediatric surgery at the Children's Hospital of Pittsburgh.

1954

Devra Miller Breslow (see Louis Miller '29).

1955

Gerold Borodach retired from the practice of anesthesiology and from teaching at Washington University School of Medicine in September. He was on the staff at Barnes Hospital in St. Louis for ten years. Gerold and his wife, **Ardell Kabalkin** '57, are looking forward to retirement in New York City, where their son, **Samuel** '87, is a patent attorney with Fish & Richardson. Samuel and his wife, Patty, have three children: Ben, Sarah, and Simha. Gerold and Ardell's daughter, Abigail (Boston University '86), is acting director of student activities at Boston University and was married in June to **Kenneth Elmore** '85, assistant director of residence life at B.U. **Andrew** '93 is starting his last year at Harvard Law, and worked last summer for the New York City firm of DeBevoise, Plimpton.

1956

Denny Bearce (see **Bethany Bearce Moore** '89).

1957 40th Reunion

Save the dates, May 23–26. A tribute to our college days is being planned, and we want you to be there. If you have not yet received your first mailing, please contact reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947.

William Hayes, New York City, is in his second term as president of the New York Society of Security Analysts. He is also a partner of Walter N. Frank & Co., a New York Stock Exchange specialist firm.

Alan R. Shalita, New York City, was appointed distinguished teaching professor of dermatology at SUNY-Brooklyn's Health Science Center in 1996. He is also president-elect of the Association of Professors of Dermatology and secretary-treasurer of the American Dermatological Association.

1958

Carl E. Aronson retired to emeritus status at the University of Pennsylvania on June 30, after thirty-one years of service. He will continue teaching pharmacology and toxicology on a limited basis at the university's School of Veterinary Medicine for the next three years. This fall he began a part-time career in the chemistry department at Haverford College.

1959

Scott Bearce and **J. Russell French** (see

Bethany Bearce Moore '89).

1960

Caroline King Hall '73 Ph.D. (see **York A. King Jr.** '33).

1961

In accordance with the vote taken at our 35th reunion, \$750 was given to the Brown libraries to purchase one book in memory of each of our classmates who had died since our graduation. The books have now been purchased and, where possible, are related to the classmate's concentration. Each bears a bookplate with the classmate's name. As we all spent many hours in the libraries, this seems a fitting memorial. Our particular thanks to Catherine Denning, the University Gifts Librarian, for her help with this project. — *Sara-Jane Kornbluth*

Richard G. Unruh Jr., Philadelphia, was promoted to president of Delaware Investment Advisers. Previously he was executive vice president and senior portfolio manager for the company. He joined the firm in 1982 after nineteen years with Kidder, Peabody & Co.

1962 35th Reunion

Dotsy Testa, **Guy Lombardo**, and their committee look forward to seeing you at the 35th reunion, May 23–26. Watch for registration information in early spring.

Richard Kostelanetz, New York City, was listed in *A Reader's Guide to Twentieth Century Writers* (Oxford University Press, 1996), which described him as "probably the world's most experimental writer, or at least he represents the farthest extreme of the formalist approach within the broader field of 'experimental writing.'"

Philip J. Schwarz, Richmond, Va., has published *Slave Laws in Virginia* (University of Georgia Press, 1996).

John R. South was named president and CEO of Staodyn Inc., a developer of electro-medical treatment devices in Longmont, Colo., in June. Previously he was president of the medical and diagnostic division of Dynatech Corp. in Burlington, Mass. John and his wife, **Martha Hill South**, moved to Longmont in September. They have since spoken to **Kelly Cardall Newsom** about the 35th reunion, which they plan to attend. They can be reached at 1288 Fox Hill Dr., Longmont 80501.

1964

Jonathan Kagan (see **Louis Miller** '29).

Barbara Zwick Sander, St. Louis, Mo., is the Parents As Teachers training coordinator for the State of Missouri. Her son, **Brad Lewin** '94, is getting a master's at the University of Dayton. Her daughter got an M.S.W. and

lives in Rockville, Md., with her husband

Tom and Judy MacIntosh O'Neil (see **Marc Harrison** '92).

1966

Richard K. Bell, Fresno, Calif., was named president of David & Sons, a national manufacturer and distributor of roasted seed snacks and pistachio nuts. Previously he was vice president for sales and marketing at Commu Inc. and executive vice president of Koala Springs International Inc. Richard's wife, Linda Sommers, and daughters Meredith, 14, and Samantha, 10, joined him in Fresno last summer.

G. Scott Briggs received the first lifetime achievement award, named in his honor, for service to the El Paso County Bar Association in Colorado Springs, Colo., where he has worked for the last twenty-five years. He also received an award from the Colorado Bar Association in recognition of his professionalism, ethics, and civility. He is a primary author of the forthcoming *Before the Bar: A History of the El Paso County Bar Association, 1902–1995*.

Carol Dannenberg Friener's first book, *Business and the Feminine Principle: The Untapped Resource*, was released in September by Butterworth-Heinemann as part of its U.S. Business Books series. "This book is not another critique of what is wrong with the largely masculine system in business," Carol writes. "Instead it explores how the feminine side of everyone's nature could impact organizations if it were better understood." She still enjoys living in rural Vermont with her husband, Bob.

Frank Rycyk Jr. recently self-published his second book, *The Visionary Viewpoint*, he writes, "is futuristic, philosophical, and entertaining." Frank continues to work in food service and inventory auditing, and he delivers an occasional sermon to the local Unitarian Universalist Fellowship. He can be reached at 406 Chestnut St., Jefferson City, Mo. 65101.

Richard Webber (see **Wendy Webber** '93).

1967 30th Reunion

Don't forget to make plans now to return to campus for our 30th. We look forward to seeing you May 23–26. Save the dates for gala times, renewed friendships, and joyful reminiscing. Please contact reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947 if you have not received a mailing.

Michael Diffily (see **Leslie Diffily** '93).

Dale Kennedy Domingue (see **Leslie Diffily** '93).

Jeff and Muriel McCormick Foster (see **Melisa Lai** '94).

Marilyn Friedman Hoffman, Londonderry, N.H., retired last December after twelve years as museum director of the Currier Gallery of Art.

Bonnie Winters Klein '67 (see **Jill Winters Ortman** '70).

Padre in Paradise

Palm trees, sapphire water, lush green hills – all drenched in sunshine. The campus of the Ponape Agriculture and Trade School (PATS) in Pohnpei, Caroline Islands, looks a lot like paradise. But its teenaged students – 160 boys hailing from the Pacific islands that comprise the Federated States of Micronesia – have little time to enjoy the scenery. Their studies begin at 7:45 a.m. and last until 4:30 p.m. every day, with study hall each night.

It's a tough schedule but a necessary one for the young men's futures, says the Rev. Joseph E. Billotti '69 Ph.D., the school's director since May 1995. "This area doesn't have much industry," he explains. "The biggest are fishing and agriculture." But modernization is coming to Micronesia, and with it increased tourism, mechanization, and a demand for skilled workers.

This is where PATS comes in, with its intensive training programs in agriculture, construction, and mechanics. Begun by a Jesuit priest in 1965, the school initially enrolled thirty-one boys. Today its 800 alumni are playing key roles in developing their home islands. "One problem in this area has always been that chil-

dren went off and got an education, but they didn't return to their communities," Billotti says. Now, more and more PATS graduates are staying to help the local economies. "We're a small school," Billotti adds, "but our influence extends throughout Micronesia" – 2,000 small islands sprinkled over more than 3 million square miles of ocean.

Vocational education is a new twist for Billotti, who has spent most of his career in academe. After earning his doctorate in applied mathematics at Brown, the Jesuit priest taught for ten years at LeMoyné College in Syracuse. In the 1980s he served as principal of Canisius High School in Buffalo. Then Billotti's superior asked him to take the helm at PATS. Having spent a year in the early 1970s working at a Mexican orphanage, he felt comfortable about living in a foreign country. He was also used to answering higher calls. "You preach your availability fifty-two weeks a year," he says. "When something like PATS comes up, you see the opportunity to serve."



COURTESY JOSEPH BILLOTTI

Father Billotti and PATS student David Rumen atop a campus sundial.

Is Pohnpei paradise? "Well, it's eighty-eight degrees every day," Billotti says with a smile. "But there's a lot of humidity. When I got my first bicycle here, I sprayed it with Rustoleum. In two weeks it had begun to rust."

Yet he loves his job, the "wonderful kids who work so hard – and you should hear them sing harmonies at mass," the ongoing challenge of raising money. Big changes are ahead: the school's new institutional plan calls for the admission of girls in 1998. "We hope PATS will be in the forefront in Micronesia in opening up to women trades traditionally identified with men," Billotti says.

PATS and its director are already in cyberspace; e-mail is Billotti's lifeline to stateside contacts. Want a quick trip to paradise? Cruise to <http://pats.edu>. – Anne Diffily

1968

Esther Ferster Lardent was made a member of the American Bar Association Board of Governors on Aug. 7. A consultant in programs development, administration, and legal-services analysis in Washington, D.C., she will serve a three-year term on the board representing the District of Columbia and Virginia. She is a vice president and board member of the National Legal Aid and Defenders Association, a special advisor to the Public Service Activities Review Committee of the District of Columbia Bar, and a recipient of the 1995 William Reece Smith Jr. Pro Bono Service Award and the 1993 Founder's Award from the Philadelphia Bar Association.

1969

Richard Chambers, Nashville, sold his Check Express franchise to ACE Cash Express in July.

His wife, Carol McCoy, was elected Chancery Court Judge in Nashville on Aug. 1. Richard, who managed the campaign, can be reached with new business ideas at (615) 292-8735.

1970

Jill Winters Ortman and her husband, John, still live in Quito, Ecuador, where they own La Bodega and Centro Artesanal handicraft stores, an art gallery, and a jewelry store. Daughter **Rebecca** '98 is spending the year in Bologna, and Katie is a senior in high school. Jill's sister, **Bonnie Winters Klein** '67, visited last April. The Ortman welcome visits from any alumni who find themselves in Ecuador. They can be reached at Juan Leon Mera 614, Quito, Ecuador.

Jane Sisto Long has been appointed assistant professor of fine arts at Roanoke College in Salem, Va. She received her Ph.D. in art history from Columbia, where she specialized

in Italian Renaissance, Northern Renaissance, and medieval art. A Fulbright Scholar in Florence, she had taught previously at Mary Washington College, the Savannah College of Art and Design, Columbia, and the New York Institute of Technology.

1971

David A. Tillson was named managing director of United States Trust Co., New York City, on Sept. 19. He is a senior portfolio and department manager in the company's personal investment division and since 1994 has managed the Excelior Equity Fund, a \$280-million mutual fund. Previously he was president and founder of TDA Capital Management Co.; a senior vice president at Matrix Asset Advisors; and a vice president, portfolio manager, and director of research at Management Asset Corp. David lives in Westport, Conn., with his wife, Nancy, and two children.

1972 25th Reunion

Chas Gross, Guy Buzzell, Stephen Bacon, and **Don Stanford** urge you to return the 25th reunion yearbook questionnaire. They want as many classmates as possible included in this collection of memories and current information. They look forward to seeing you May 23–26 for the greatest reunion ever. Registration information should reach you by early spring. Reserve your place as soon as you receive the packet.

Tony Allison lives in Carlsle, Mass., with his wife, Nicole, and two children. He is part owner and vice president of sales for BSR Inc. "We sell alumni and development computer software to universities and colleges," he writes. "In fact, Brown just selected my software to more effectively solicit alumni. You can run but you can't hide from the Brown Fund!"

John M. Holod writes, "After twenty years of feeding patients in hospitals up and down the East Coast, I made a career and location change in January. I am now working for Ikon Office Solutions in Las Vegas, selling Ricoh copier systems. My wife, Carol, and son, J.P., are thoroughly enjoying life in the great Southwest." John can be reached at holod@aol.com.

Jeff Paine, Los Altos, Calif., decided to move back to the Bay Area when his last employer relocated to Montreal. He is now vice president of sales and marketing for Network Tools, Santa Clara, a network software company. He can be reached at jpaine@networktools.com.

Steven A. Rothstein lives in Wilmette, Ill., with his wife and three children. He is chairman of the board of National Securities, a publicly traded brokerage firm headquartered in Seattle.

1973

Nancy Cassidy and **Jeff Schreck**, Providence, had triplets on May 11, not twins as was implied by their note in the October B.A.M.

Alpin C. Chisholm, North Attleboro, Mass., was appointed to the board of directors of the OPC Foundation, a standards organization in the Process Control Industry.

Anne Hinman Diffily (see **Leslie Diffily** '93).

Kenneth Slaughter joined Venable law firm as a partner in the business division of the Washington, D.C., office in August. He specializes in general corporate law, health-care, commercial, and regulatory matters. Previously he was corporate vice president, general counsel, and secretary of National Cooperative Bank.

1974

Peter D. Crist, after an eighteen-year career

with Russell Reynolds Associates during which he became a member of the firm's executive committee, launched Crist Partners Ltd. in Chicago in 1995.

Steve Dentel was promoted to full professor at the University of Delaware and continues his research and teaching in water and wastewater treatment. He played a key role in the establishment of a bachelor's degree program in environmental engineering.

Samuel J. Docknevech has left the systems integration company he headed for the past five years and joined the IBM Consulting Group as a network consultant. He helps companies in the Northeast keep their computer networks healthy and aligned with their business requirements. After six months of being together only on weekends, Sam and his family are united again in Hopkinton, Mass. "Eric, 5, and Katie, 8, have made many friends and are happily settled in new schools," Sam writes. "Laurie (Georgetown '79) is glad all the cleaning, showing, selling, looking, buying, packing, moving, and unpacking are behind her so she can start enjoying our new neighborhood." Sam works out of IBM's Waltham office and can be reached at (617) 895-2569 or sdocknevech@vnet.ibm.com.

Delbert Field lives in a 400-year-old farmhouse outside Geneva, Switzerland, where he works with the International Organization for Migration. He has three children: Ludovica, 17, George, 11, and Emily, 8. Brown friends can contact him at field@geneva.ion.ch.

John Heasley, Ellicott City, Md., spent a sunny day on a beach in Maine last summer with his daughter, Rachel.

Jay Pridmore, Lincoln Park, Ill., has published *Inventive Genius*, a history of the Chicago Museum of Science. The book chronicles events and people from the restoration of the crumbling Palace of Fine Arts to the installation of the museum's "Coal Mine" and "U-505 Submarine" exhibits. Jay has written ten other books, is a regular contributor to the *Chicago Tribune*, and has written for the *New York Times*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, and *Archaeology* magazine.

1975

John C. Ford and his wife, Mary Grace, Winnetka, Ill., announce the birth of twin girls on June 10. Tallaght Brook and Grace Dunning join brothers Connell, 5, and Taylor, 4. John was honored with the Alumni Service Award by Northwestern University, where he received his orthodontic training. He is president of the Illinois Society of Orthodontists.

Mark Weston's play about George Orwell, *The Last Man in Europe*, was performed at the National Arts Club in New York City in May and at the Garick Club in London in October. His book of biographies, *Giants of Japan: How Forty Men and Women Shaped their Nation*, will be published by Charles Tuttle Co. in 1998.

1976

Michael Baumstein is the new president of the Brown Club of New York. Anyone looking for copies of the club's monthly newsletter, *Brown News*, New York, or information about facilities arrangements with the Cornell Club in midtown Manhattan should leave contact information on the club's voicemail at (212) 664-1210.

1977 20th Reunion

Your 20th reunion committee promises to bring you back to the good old days. Mark your calendars now: May 23–26. You should have received a letter with preliminary information, a list of hotels, and a request for a biographical update. Please return the update as soon as possible so we can put together a yearbook for the reunion. If you have any questions please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947.

Tracy Baer and his wife, Dana, Beverly Hills, Calif., announce the birth of a son, Tristan Alexander, on Aug. 20.

Holly Holmes married Larry Friedman on Oct. 5 in Cold Spring, N.Y. Larry is director of the School to Work Partnership in Greenfield, Mass., and Holly is looking for editorial/communications work. They can be reached at 37 Shattuck St., Greenfield 01301.

Jody Levine Mahr's address appeared incorrectly in the July B.A.M. She can be reached at Bamboo Grove, 78 Kennedy Rd., Flat 1102, Wan Chai, Hong Kong.

1978

David Hahn, Seattle, recorded a full-length compact disk of his music at the Studio Katedrala in Zagreb, Croatia, last summer. The culmination of a collaboration with soprano Davoka Horvat and alto saxophonist and bass clarinetist Damir Horvat, the CD, titled *Con-nexions*, was funded by a grant from ArtsLink and will be released this winter. In August David and Andrea von Ramm, a well-known German mezzo-soprano, collaborated on a comic ballet-theater piece, *The Ants*. Ms. von Ramm contributed the story, and David wrote the music for the piece, which takes the ant world as a metaphor for collective human behavior.

Carla Tachau Lawrence, Seattle, is the proud mother of Rebecca, born Sept. 8, 1995. A Seattle native, Rebecca's favorite word is "backpack." Carla is an attorney doing freelance work; her husband, David, started a geriatric-care management business. Last summer they were visited by **Julie Deutsch Gottlieb** '79. **Steve Gottlieb** '77, '81 M.D., and their three children, as well as by **Diane Peterson**, her husband, Chris Smith, and their son, Max.

Earl Varney, Wallingford, Pa., writes, "The western suburbs of Philadelphia aren't a bad place to live. No earthquakes, few hurricanes, not too many floods. Mina and I are



H. Anthony Brown
Brown Bear Award 1996

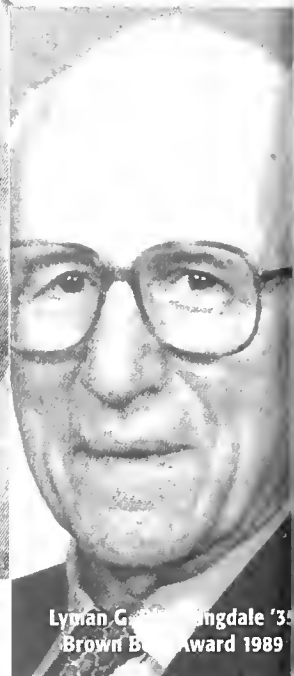
Teri Williams Cohee '79
Alumni Service Award 1993



Diane Lake Northrop '54
Brown Bear Award 1994



Harold Bailey, Jr. '70
Alumni Service Award 1985



Lyman C. Angdale '35
Brown Bear Award 1989

Recognize any of these people?

The Brown Alumni Association does!

Since 1984, the Brown Alumni Association has hosted the Alumni Recognition Ceremony, honoring alumni who have given outstanding service to Brown and their communities. This year we ask your help in nominating alumni for three Brown Alumni Association awards to be presented in the fall of 1997.

BROWN
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BROWN BEAR AWARD

Established in 1946, in recognition of "outstanding and wide-ranging personal service rendered to the University over a period of years." The anonymous nominating committee follows the original recommendation that "neither financial aid given the University nor achievement in the fields of business or profession" be considered. Winners of the Brown Bear Award have usually distinguished themselves as volunteers for Brown in more than one area.

ALUMNI SERVICE AWARD

Given annually since 1984 for distinguished, continuing volunteer service to Brown in any field of alumni activity "to recognize those very special people whose work, love of Brown, spirit of cooperation and selflessness stand out... and who will continue to provide these invaluable services." The nominating committee of alumni leaders and staff consider volunteer service as the key nomination criteria, regardless of financial contributions made to the University.

JOHN S. HOPE AWARD

Created in 1994 to commemorate the centennial of Hope's graduation from Brown, the award honors community volunteerism among Brown alumni. Nominees should have a long-standing (three years or more) volunteer commitment to community service that has had a demonstrated positive effect on the larger community. (Service that is part of one's paid professional work is not eligible for consideration.)

To nominate alumni for any of the awards listed, please call 401 863-1946 or e-mail alumni_relations@brown.edu for a nomination form. Deadline for submission is March 15, 1997.

enjoying the exploits of second-graders and a lively Brittany spaniel."

Murat Yalman has been promoted to vice president of product and market strategy at Nissan North America. Previously, as director of product and market strategy, he led the team that brought the Nissan Altima to market. Murat is a member of the board of advisors for the UC-Davis Institute of Transportation Studies. He lives in Manhattan Beach, Calif., with his wife and daughter.

1979

Jed A. Kwartler, South Orange, N.J., received the Honor Award from the American Academy of Otolaryngology-Head and Neck Surgery in September. The award recognizes those who have made exceptional contributions to the Academy with an instruction course, scientific paper, or participation in a continuing education committee or faculty.

Laurel Ellson Martinez and George Martinez announce the birth of Genevieve Grace on Sept. 10. She joins Lindsay, 2. They can be reached at 539 Retreat Ln., Powell, Ohio 43065; (614) 848-8406.

Anthony M. Miller is living on a hilltop in Hong Kong with his wife, Cecilia Melin, and their daughter, Magda Rebecca Miller, born April 3. "After extensive negotiation," Tony writes, "Magda will go into the world with my last name and Cecilia's Swedish citizenship." Tony is president of Asian Investment Partners, a small merchant bank with offices in Hong Kong, New York City, and Beijing. Visitors are welcome at 18 Mount Kellett Rd., The Peak, Hong Kong; (852) 2849-5798; fax (852) 2849-5715.

1981

Dr. **Pamela Summit Bohn** and her husband, Paul, Santa Monica, Calif., announce the birth of twins Zoe and Zachary on April 11, 1995.

James Dudek has been living in Oslo, Norway, for four years. He is a sales manager for Norwegian PC Producer, an import and assembly firm. He is expecting his third child, a boy, in February. Erik is 8, and Kaitlin is 6. James can be reached at jamesd@task.no.

Jeffrey P. Greenbaum received his Italian law degree in September and is practicing with the law offices of Pavia & Ansaldo in Rome. Jeffrey and his wife, Alessandra, and son, Tommaso, were joined by Lorenzo on June 11.

1982 15th Reunion

Eric Moscahlades and his committee have been busy making plans for our 15th, May 23-26. If you have any questions or suggestions, please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-3380. Remember to save the dates.

Brian Adler writes, "I'm happy to re-enter

the real world after getting an M.B.A. at Stanford. I've joined Bay Partners, a venture capital firm in Silicon Valley, investing in early-stage information technology companies. My wife, Anita, our three-year-old son, Jonah Max, and I have moved to Sunnyvale, Calif." Brian can be reached at (408) 725-2444 or adler@baypartners.com.

Amy Dubin George and her husband, Andy (Lehigh '76), Stamford, Conn., announce the birth of Brendan Colwell on May 17. He joins Kevin Newman, 7, and Erin Morgan, 4. Amy is director of customer brands at James River Corp.

Doug Green is director of consumer imaging products for the Brooktree Corp. in San Diego, where he has bought a house.

Carolyn Berman Grinberg and Robert Grinberg (Penn '70) have two children: Barrie Jane, 6, and Jeremy Schott, 4. In June, Carolyn left her job as a radio announcer with WHJY-FM in Providence and is spending time with her kids in Boston and Nantucket, Mass. She plans to return to the airwaves in the Boston area soon and study Judaic studies at Hebrew College.

Bill Gurtin and **Kay Levinson Gurtin** '83 live in Glencoe, Ill., with their two children, Grant, 6, and Liza, 2. After ten years at Goldman Sachs, Bill accepted a job as senior vice president at Merrill Lynch last year. Kay has been running Executive Options, which places executives in part-time jobs and projects, since she started the company in 1990.

Debra Hendrickson and **Alan Fruzzetti** '81 announce the arrival of Benjamin Aaron Fruzzetti on July 10. Ben joins Sam, 6, and Rachel, 4. Alan is an assistant professor of psychology at the University of Nevada at Reno, where the family has lived since 1994. Debra plans to be a full-time mom for a couple more years before returning to work as a water-resources planner for local government.

Betsy Hinden finished her Ph.D. in clinical psychology at the University of Vermont and is doing a year-long internship at Judge Bale Children's Center and Children's Hospital in Boston. She will be living with **Marie Ghitman**, **Adam Burrows**, and their two children in Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Kristen E. Kearney has left cooking and begun a career in horticulture as the field manager of Tranquil Lake Nursery in Rehoboth, Mass., the largest grower of day lilies on the East Coast. She is also working on a second B.A. in horticulture and society at the University of Massachusetts at Dartmouth.

Lise Kowalski '86 M.D. works with a family practice group, and her husband, Selby, does logging and tree farming on their spread of Vermont countryside near Montpelier. They married in December 1990 and are now building their home.

Steven Kussick and **Laura Brown Kussick** '83 have lived in Seattle for the past eleven years. Steven did an M.D.-Ph.D. program at the University of Washington, recently finished a pathology residency, is now doing

a fellowship in blood pathology, and is hoping to get a faculty position there in a year or two. Steven and Laura recently had their first child, Jack.

Sarah Lamb and **Ed Black** now have two daughters: Rachel, 3, and Lauren, 10 months. They have moved from California to Boston, where Sarah is a professor of anthropology at Brandeis and Ed is a lawyer with Hoey, Hoag and Lhot.

Joseph Lellman joined New England Orthopedic Surgeons in Northampton, Mass., in August. He, his wife, Martha (Stonehill College '87), and daughters - Charlotte, 3, and Sophie, 1 - are excited about the move but will miss Chester, N.H. Joseph races bicycles in his spare time.

James Lutz practices vascular and interventional radiology as a partner with Radiology Associates of San Antonio. His wife, Anne de Compiegne Lutz (Southern Methodist University '86), is a clinical assistant professor of radiology. They celebrated their 10th anniversary this fall and have three children: Emily, 7, Mark, 6, and Marie, 1.

Merrilea Mayo and her husband, Altaf Carim (MIT '82), both received tenure as associate professors in the department of materials science and engineering at Penn State. Merrilea works mostly with nanocrystalline materials - metals and ceramics whose crystal sizes are less than 100 nanometers. She may be reached at mayo@ems.psu.edu.

Mark Malamud, Seattle, has recently moved into the Advanced Technology Group at Microsoft, working on variants of engramping algorithms, using data from **Nancy Dee**, **Holly Kowitt**, and **Michael Pronko**. He spent the past three years leading the user-interface design that eventually became Windows 95. Outside the office Mark is working on the second annual Seattle SmArtsCore at Marlinpike, which this year will include performances by **Ginger Parker** '84 and **Hilary Stout** '84. Mark may be reached at markmal@microsoft.com.

Laura A. McGrath, Weston, Mass., is a grant writer and garden designer specializing in native plants. Her favorite garden clients are **Bonnie Walch** and her husband, Paul. Laura has also raised funds for thirty-five Boston public high-school students to publish an environmental newspaper called *Greenspeak*, read by more than 10,000 fifth graders.

Lynn Meister lives in Coral Springs, Fla., with her husband, Seth Tarras (Stanford '80), and children Stephame, 8, and David, 5. Lynn is a pediatric hematologist-oncologist at the Joe DiMaggio Children's Hospital in Hollywood, Fla. Seth is a neurologist.

Claude Ann Mellins and husband Michael Conard wrote that they were expecting a son in September to join Nicholas, 2½. She is cofounder and codirector of the special-needs clinic at Presbyterian Hospital in New York City, which has treated more than 600 children and families affected by HIV and substance abuse since its inception four years ago.

John Michael Montgomery '92 M.D.

recently completed a residency in family practice at Naval Hospital, Jacksonville, Fla. He and his wife, Antoinette Lloyd, have two children: John Michael, 10, and Joy Michelle, 2. John is vice president of Biologic Research Development Co. and a physician at the U.S. Navy Submarine Base Medical Clinic in Kings Bay, Ga.

Jodi Pliskin, Brookville, N.Y., is busy with volunteer work and raising her children: Adam, 6½, Stuart, 5, and Julie, 20 months.

Donna Shapiro Rabiner is a research health scientist at the National Center for

Health Promotion based at the Burham, Va., Medical Center and a research assistant professor at the Duke University Center on Aging and Human Development. **Dave Rabiner** '81 continues to teach clinical psychology to graduate students at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. Their daughter Sarah started third grade in August.

Richard Rento '86 M.D. and **Lisa Casanova Rento** '86 M.D. have built a new home in Newport News, Va. They have two daughters – Nicole, 3, and Chloe, 2 – and were expecting a third child in November.

Lisa is an obstetrician/gynecologist, and Richard is a urologist in group practice in Newport News.

Joel Rosh, New Rochelle, N.Y., is the director of pediatric gastroenterology at the Morristown, N.J., Memorial Hospital. He has three children: Danielle, 6, Jeremy, 4, and Alexander, born March 28.

Amy Schustack and her husband, Michael, sold their house in Sherborn, Mass., and are renovating a condo on the Charles River in Cambridge. Amy began doctoral work this fall at the Harvard Graduate School of Education.

Mona Lisa Schulz finished a Ph.D. in behavioral neuroscience and an M.D. at Boston University in 1993. She is now completing a psychiatry residency at the Maine Medical Center in Portland and plans to write a book on memories, dreams, and intuition. She has a practice in medical intuition and does research for Dr. Christine Northrup's newsletter, "Health Wisdom for Women."

Howard Shatz is a Ph.D. candidate at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard. His dissertation is on "Determinants of Foreign Direct Investment."

Kevin Silver is a cardiologist in group practice in Westwood, N.J. He is married to Sharon, and they have a 2-year-old, Rachel.

Philip Squattrito, Mount Pleasant, Mich., is an associate professor of chemistry at Central Michigan University. He spent the first half of 1996 as a visiting scientist at the University of Tokyo and lectured on his research at universities in Japan and South Korea, where he also toured the United Nations base at Panmunjom and was "permitted to set foot in North Korea."

Pam Strass and Michael Zisls, Denver, married in 1993 and added Abbie Zisls to their family on July 14, 1995. Pam is a corporate counsel for Primestar by TCI, which sells minisatellite dishes and programming.

Stuart Tarmy married Marie Wolfson in July and honeymooned in Greece and Egypt. Friends may reach them at (201) 316-0395 in Boonton, N.J. Stuart is vice president of business development and strategy for the Smart Card division of Mastercard International.

Frank Voss and his wife, Tracey Robertson, both work for the University of South Carolina School of Medicine. They have three children: Allison, 6, Katherine, 4, and Andrew, 2.

David Walker, Brighton, Mich., married Beth Williams, a classmate at the University of Michigan Business School, in 1985. They have two children: Sara, 5, and Jeff, 1. David has spent eleven years at General Motors Acceptance Corp., the past four as director of liability management, responsible for funding U.S. operations.

Elizabeth Zwick is a doctoral student in the organizational-behavior department of the Boston University School of Management. She married John Colangelo of Buffalo, N.Y., in July 1995, and they sailed to Provincetown, Mass., for their honeymoon. She was the coor-

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director of the Sarah Doyle Women's Center at Brown from 1988 to 1989.

1983

Steven Biel has published *Down With the Old Canoe: A Cultural History of the Titanic Disaster* (W.W. Norton & Co., \$25.00). (See Books, page 20.) Steven, who is also author of *Independent Intellectuals in the United States, 1910-1945*, lives in Wakefield, Mass.

Karen Brinkmann and her husband, Fred Johnsen, announce the birth of Elizabeth Eleanor Brinkmann Johnsen on Oct. 30, 1995. Her big sister, Katie, turned three in May. Since returning to work in Washington after Lisa's birth, Karen has been associate chief of the Wireless Telecommunications Bureau at the Federal Communications Commission. Previously she was legal advisor to the chairman, Reed Hundt. Fred continues to take care of the kids and leads the Capybara Mountain Biking Club on rides in Maryland and Virginia. They may be reached at (301) 805-1649 or kbrinkma@fcc.gov.

David R. Evans and his wife, Carn (Cornell '83), announce the birth of their first child, Richard Franklin, on June 19. David is vice president and national marketing manager for the international banking department of Mellon Bank, N.A., New York City. He would like to hear from old friends at (212) 702-4032.

Laura Haynes has moved to Montecito, Calif., with her husband, Robert Collector, and children Lizzie, 9, and John, 5. She can be reached at 660 Oak Springs Ln., Montecito 93108; (805) 969-5468.

Karen Melchior received an M.B.A. from Stanford and is a product manager at Intuit. "I'm still playing competitive volleyball and learning to rollerblade and windsurf," she writes. "It's a great thrill to be an auntie to Hunter Ray, born March 13, and his brother Sabin, children of **Katherine Melchoir Ray '85** and **David Ray '85**."

Suna Qasim and his wife, Nisreen, announce the birth of their daughter, Dyala, on July 4. Suna is a reproductive endocrinology and infertility specialist in central New Jersey. He was recently asked to republish some of his research in *OB GYN Digest*. Nisreen is completing a master's in education. They would love to hear from friends at #201-165 Essex Ave., Metuchen, N.J. 08840.

1984

Jonathan Edwards and his wife, Martha, announce the birth of William Spalding on Sept. 3. Jonathan can be reached at jonatha@ibm.net.

1985

Kenneth Elmore (see **Gerold Borodach '55**).

Margaret Leeson and her husband, Tom Gramaglia, announce the arrival of their first child, Abigail Peace Gramaglia, on May 31. "She is a beautiful, healthy, and smiley baby," Margaret writes. "Motherhood exceeds all expectations by far!"

1986

Andrea Kupferberg Brown, her husband, Bruce, and their son Jason, 3, are pleased to announce the arrival of Natalie Sharon on June 28. Andrea and her family live in Deerfield, Ill., where she is balancing part-time work and motherhood.

Benjamin Compton and his wife, Naoko, announce the birth of a daughter, Em Soleik, on Dec. 12, 1995. "She provides sunshine to burn away the cold summer San Francisco fog," Benjamin writes. He can be reached at 1277 15th Ave., San Francisco 94122; (415) 242-1881; genki@earthlink.net.

Paul Gallagher has moved to San Francisco after nearly three years with the Boston Consulting Group in Olmlich, Germany. He is vice president for strategic planning at Wells Fargo Bank. Friends can reach him at 2503 Jones St., San Francisco 94133; (415) 440-8724; paul.gallagher@wellsfargo.com.

Gloria Gonzalez writes, "After ten years of flipping through the class news in the *BAM* I have found time to write my own. I have been living in La Coruña, Spain, since I left Brown. I am now an assistant professor at University College Dublin, teaching business communications to Spanish students in their overseas program. I am also working on my Ph.D. in English philology. I am happily married and have a five-year-old son, Carlos." Gloria would love to hear from old friends at Manuel Murguia 12, 3 Izq., 15011 La Coruña, Spain; cesuga@leg.servicom.es.

Janet Lindsay Weinberg and her husband, Stephen, announce the birth of a daughter, Lindsay Rose, on June 26. Janet is on leave from the Lucile Packard Children's Hospital at Stanford. She can be reached at 1499 Hudson St., Redwood City, Calif. 94061; (415) 364-3979.

1987 10th Reunion

The reunion committee has been busy making plans for our 10th to be held Memorial Day Weekend, May 23-26. If you have any questions or suggestions, please call reunion headquarters at (401) 863-1947. Remember to save the dates.

Michael Blackman is in his fourth year of medical school at Brown. He married Susan Rosenau (Vermont '84) last December.

Samuel Borodach (see **Gerold Borodach '55**).

Laura Brill is a law clerk to U.S. Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg.

Maria Lewis Brinza married Daniel Brinza (Harvard Law '80) on May 16, 1992.

Maria received her M.S.W. in May 1993 and works part-time as a school social worker. Dan works for U.S.I.R. in the general counsel's office. They live in Vienna, Va., with their children, Sean and Annmarie.

Gladys Capella earned an Ed.D. from Harvard in June 1995 and is teaching education foundation and research courses at the University of Puerto Rico at Arecibo. She founded and directs Proyecto Aurora, an educational and research center for pregnant adolescents and young mothers.

Lauren Christman lives in Seattle with her husband, Ira - "a great guy who makes me laugh." She is the dean of students and a teacher at a school for massage therapists and practices massage therapy, splitting her time between personal referrals and people with end-stage AIDS.

Matthew Cohen is in his third year of a fellowship in digestive diseases at Yale. In October he married Michele Sharon (University of Illinois '91), who teaches high-school biology in Ridgetfield, Conn.

Joan Cummins is working on her Ph.D. in art history at Columbia. Her dissertation is on northern Indian Hindu temples dedicated to the sun god.

Catie Curtis, Cambridge, Mass., debuted her major-label release, *Truth from Lies*, on EMI/Guardian this year. "I tour nationally and always like it when classmates turn up at gigs and say hi."

Randall Dunn married Liz Hopkins on Jan. 1 in Jamaica. **Kevin Richardson '90** was best man. Randall is head of the upper school and Liz is the administrative coordinator, both at Derby Academy. They live in Braintree, Mass.

Martin Edwards and his wife, Lon, were expecting a second child in September. Martin was promoted to chief of ophthalmology services at Wakon U.S. Air Force Hospital in Fort Dix, N.J., in August. Friends may contact them at (609) 783-0892.

David Estin is a resident in neurosurgery at Tufts New England Medical Center and Beth Israel Hospital in Boston, and **Mindy Wiser-Estin** is in an obstetrics-gynecology private practice at Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston. "We are very excited to be an 'aunt and uncle' to Jared Thomas Calise, born to **Erica Tachera** and Phil Calise on July 8," they write.

Edward J. Goddard married Jill Calvi on May 11 in Warwick, R.I. Edward is practicing law in Boston with an emphasis on labor and employment issues.

Elizabeth Wilen Halpern and Marcelo Halpern (Wesleyan '85), Chicago, announce the birth of Samantha Ellen last Jan. 5.

Eric Hjerpe married Karol Johnson (Simmons College '88) in January 1994, after receiving his M.S.M. from the Sloan School of Management at MIT. They welcomed Linnea Elaine into the world in February.

Tomoko Hori-Callery left IBM in 1991, completed an M.B.A. at Harvard Business School, joined Norelco Consumer Products

in marketing, and is now in the marketing department of Converse Inc. She married Robert Callery in November 1994.

Avery Ince finished a Ph.D. in cancer biology at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign in 1994. He plans to finish medical school this May. Friends may contact him at b-ince@students.uiuc.edu.

Michael Keden and his wife, Kristen (Trinity '88), moved into a new house in Fairfield, Conn. Kristen teaches kindergarten, and Michael runs a money-management business. They have a new puppy named Holly.

Dana Kraus completed a residency in family practice in Portland, Oreg., in July 1995. She married Tom Forster, a middle-school science teacher, on Sept. 3, 1995. After volunteering for six months in Nepal, they have settled into St. Johnsbury, Vt. Dana joined another family physician in private practice. She and Tom like to hike, mountain bike, swim, garden, and make jam and pesto.

Shelley Krause has lived in Philadelphia for ten years but is planning to move to Princeton, N.J., where her partner lives and works. Since graduating from Brown, Shelley has worked in admissions at Penn and has been writing, singing with the Anna Crusis Women's Choir, and traveling. She may be reached at 420 W. Price St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19144; shellyk@admissions.upenn.edu.

Edward Krigsmann recently returned to Seattle to work in real estate after six years of running his own business in Chicago.

Rebecca Zeigler Mano and her husband, Reneth Mano, announce the birth of Grace Vimbai on May 15. They are moving this fall to Zimbabwe, where Reneth and Rebecca will work at the University of Zimbabwe. Rebecca writes, "**Asli Giray** and her husband are musicians in Cyprus; Asli was awarded a fellowship to study piano in London this fall. **Florence Farrell** is pursuing a Ph.D. in psychology from the University of Massachusetts at Boston."

Carrie Thompson Mauro teaches French and computers to grades seven and eight and coaches girls' varsity swimming and girls' basketball at Chalk Hill Middle School in Monroe, Conn. She earned an M.A. in computers and education in 1990 and a C.A.S. in secondary administration in 1994 from Fairfield University. She and her husband, Mark, are the parents of David Lytle Mauro, born May 2.

Cathleen O'Connell, Cambridge, Mass., was an associate producer and archival researcher on the PBS/BBC series "Rock and Roll," which won a Peabody Award and is nominated for an Emmy. "I can name any Beatles song in four notes or less," she writes. She's now working for the Discovery Channel. She ran one marathon and has gone back to 10Ks and is still in close touch with **Sherri Lyons** and **Liz Bolger** '86.

Elizabeth Raymond Ohlson married **John Ohlson** '86 in 1990. Caroline Beatty Ohlson was born on June 3, 1996. Elizabeth is working at Andersen Consulting in Boston.

Rebecca Pearlman is teaching math at



Applause-applause

The annual Alumni Recognition Ceremony on October 12 featured a speech on the Bosnia situation by William Rogers Award recipient Ambassador Richard C. Holbrooke '62 (front, center), the chief negotiator of the Dayton Peace Accord (see *Under the Elms*, page 15). The award honors service to society. Others feted at the luncheon in Olney-Margolies Athletic Center were, front row: Brown Bear Award winners Robert A. Reichley (left), retired executive vice president for University relations and now secretary of the University; and Fellow H. Anthony Ittleson '60, executive chair of Brown's Campaign for the Rising Generation. In the second row: Trustee Emerita Martha Sharp Joukowsky '58, associate professor of Old World art and archaeology, philanthropist, and a leader of Friends of the Library; and Robert I. Kramer '54, a Dallas physician who has recruited

countless Texans for Brown and served on a number of alumni and University committees. Third row: Alumni Service Award recipients Diana Marcus Miller '82, Victoria Leung Lee '67, Carol A. Steadman '76, Ruth Tenenbaum Silverman '36, and Stacy E. Palmer '82. Back row: the event's master of ceremonies, Steve Jordan '82; Alumni Service Award recipient Michael Ursillo '78; Elwood E. Leonard Jr. '51 Distinguished Achievement Award recipient David E. McKinney, parent of three Brown alumni; Alumni Service Award winner Howard D. Silverman '36; and H. Anthony Ittleson '60 Award recipient and trustee Timothy C. Forbes '76. Earlier, the Alumni Association presented the John S. Hope Award for community service to Marcia Loebenstein McBeath '45, a Peace Corps volunteer in Lesotho, Jamaica, and Namibia.

John O'Connell High School and playing "tons of tennis" in San Francisco. She may be reached at rebvasta@aol.com.

Rick Perera received a fellowship to work for broadcaster Sat. 1 in Berlin, Germany. His new position is doing documentary and investigative work at CNN Special Reports.

Lauren Resnick and **David Coonin** '85 had a son, Jacob Ben Coonin, on Sept. 15, 1995. Lauren is an assistant U.S. Attorney in Brooklyn, prosecuting organized-crime cases.

Susannah Hill Sardera, Cambridge, Mass., married Esteban Sardera-Schneider on July 8, 1995.

Claire Schen married Greg Cherr (University of Virginia '87) in April 1995; **Martha**

Hall was a bridesmaid. Claire earned a Ph.D. from Brandeis in February 1995. They live in Winston-Salem, N.C., where Claire is an assistant professor of history at Wake Forest and Greg is finishing his general-surgery residency at Bowman Gray.

Kelley Shanahan married Ward Bobitz (Columbia '86; University of Michigan '93 J.D.) on Oct. 12. Bridesmaids were **Lisa Doherty**, **Carrie Thompson Mauro**, and **Mindy Wiser-Estin**. Kelley welcomes classmates in New York City to call or drop by.

Paul Shriver taught math in the Peace Corps for two years in Zimbabwe, where he met **Kelley Wilson** '93 and **Josh Glazerhoff** '96 A.M. Paul is in the Twin Cities looking

for short-term teaching work before returning to graduate school in 1997.

Debra Karp Skopicki '90 M.D. and her husband, Hal, announce the birth of Hannah Rose on Aug. 2. "Mom and Dad say she is incredibly beautiful," Debra writes. Visitors can see for themselves at 15 River St., #801, Boston 02108.

Sue Metcalfe Speno and **Andy Speno** '88, Cincinnati, announce the birth of Erin Auld Speno on May 27.

Mike Tempero, Boston, is an equity research analyst at Fidelity Investments.

Sally Diggs Vlamis and **Dan Vlamis** '86 are enjoying raising their son Chris, born May 19, 1995. Sally is an editor and technical writer at Cerner Corp., a maker of health-care information systems in Kansas City, Mo., and Chris attends the on-site day care there.

Otto Yang '90 M.D. finished three years of internal-medicine residency at New York University-Bellevue Hospital. He is currently a research and clinical fellow in the infectious-disease department of Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston doing HIV research.

Andrew B. Young married Mary Noel of Bethesda, Md., on June 15 in Washington, D.C. Many Brunonians attended, including the groom's mother, **Phyllis Baldwin Young** '45, and best man **Paul F. Hoffmann**. Pictures from the wedding, including one of the Brown group, are on the web at <http://users.aol.com/abynod/wedding.html>. Andy and Noel live in Menlo Park, Calif.

1988

Rowin Yavel Cantrell and her husband, **Steve**, announce the birth of their first child, Jackson Thomas Cantrell, on May 13. Rowin is finishing her psychiatry residency at the UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute, and Steve is working on his dissertation in USC's School of Public Administration. They would love to hear from friends at cantrell@scf.usc.edu.

Katherine Mitchell Constan and her husband, Andrew, New York City, announce the birth of Charlotte Brooke on Aug. 16. She joins William Nicholas, 2. Charlotte's babysitters include Katherine's sister, **Elizabeth Mitchell** '90, and her parents, **Bonnie Hunt Mitchell** '59 and **Michael Mitchell** '59. Katherine is at home, and Andy is a managing director at Salomon Brothers.

Karen Fuhrman married Anthony Marker in West Orange, N.J., on Sept. 1. The Rev. **Rebecca Parkhill** '89 officiated at the interfaith ceremony, which many other Brown alumni attended. Karen and Tony met at Indiana University, and they now live in Cincinnati. Karen works as a multimedia designer, and Tony is completing his doctoral degree. Karen can be reached at kfmarker@aol.com.

Michael Papamichael is chief engineer with British Petroleum, Cyprus. He can be reached at mixalsta@zenon.logos.cy.net.

Steve Salee, New York City, does capital

financing for the subway, bus, and commuter rail systems. He lives with his partner, Hans Lucpold, and can be reached at stevesalee@aol.com.

Johnny Stein is living in his hometown, Paris, working at the Organization for Economic Cooperation Development in the environment directorate. A musician, singer, and songwriter, he will be putting out a CD in 1997. "**Dave Favro** '87 visited in October – his first trip to Europe," Johnny writes. "If anyone knows the whereabouts of **Chris Reimer**, I'd love to hear from him." Johnny can be reached at 233 rue de Charenton, 75012 Paris; john.stein@oecd.org.

Clare Shawcross and **Michael Nosal** '90 were married on May 7, 1994, in Winchester, Mass., with many Brown friends attending. Since then they've been joined by Annika Elizabeth, born in Boston on June 6, 1995. "We don't get as much sleep as we used to," Clare writes, "but life is very good." Clare is helping run the Personal Computing Support Center at Boston University, and Michael "bug checks" web-authoring tools for FutureTense Inc. in Acton, Mass. They'd love to hear from old friends at 54 Hartwell Rd., Bedford, Mass. 01730; clare@bu.edu; mike@futuretense.com.

1989

Jonathan F. Bastian, a volunteer with the North Park Fire Department, helped rescue a 7-year-old girl from a house fire in Machesney Park, Ill., on March 8. "At about 12:10 A.M. a 911 call advised that a house was on fire and people were trapped inside," Jonathan writes. "On arrival we found fire engulfing about one-third of the house. As a member of the first arriving engine company, I entered the smoked-filled house and located the girl. With the assistance of two other firefighters, the girl was passed out a window, carried to an ambulance, and raced to a local hospital. She was sent by helicopter to a Chicago-area hospital for treatment of smoke inhalation. Five days later she left the hospital fully recovered. No one else was injured." Jonathan and the two firefighters who helped pass the girl out of the house were given commendations by the department, Life Saving Awards by the Village of Machesney Park, and Certificates of Recognition by the Office of the State Fire Marshal. Jonathan, who has been with the department for six years, received his EMT training at Brown.

Gregory Johnson '93 M.D. married **Michelle Jean-Jacques** (Boston University '94 M.D.) in May 1993. They live in Dorchester, Mass. Michelle is finishing her residency in internal medicine at B.U., where Greg is pursuing an M.P.H. while completing a fellowship in general internal medicine. They can be reached at (617) 298-9410.

Bethany Bearce Moore and her husband, Jay, Downingtown, Pa., announce the birth of their first child, Nicole Jordan, on Feb. 21.

Scott Bearce '59 is the proud grandfather, and **Denny Bearce** '56 and **J. Russell French III** '59 are great-uncles.

Keelan Stern '89 (see **Jonathan Bodow** '92).

Anne Trumbore married David Stephens (Denison '76) on Sept. 28. Many Brown alumni attended the ceremony. The couple lives in Los Angeles.

1990

Eric Arons finished his doctoral degree in applied physics at the University of Michigan. He lives in San Francisco and works in Menlo Park at SRI International. "I know there are tons of Brown people out here," he writes. "Where are you? I also want to apologize to **Mike Burns** for all the crap that happened at Brown. I hope things are going well for you and Clea." Eric can be reached at 410 Elizabeth St., #4, San Francisco 94114; arons@unix.sri.com.

Garrett Fitzgerald writes, "After some time spent delivering pizza for a living, I'm back at MicroKnowledge, a small systems house in Bangor, Me., researching rapid application development tools in Visual Fox-Pro. I'm on the advisory board of Orono Assembly #38, International Order of the Rainbow for Girls." He can be reached at 103 Kenduskeag Ave., #2, Bangor, Maine 04401; (207) 990-0359; gfitzger@nyx.net; <http://www.nyx.net/~gfitzger/home.html>.

Rohina Gandhi '94 M.D. married David Hoffman in a dual Hindu/Jewish ceremony on Sept. 1 in Florham Park, N.J. Many Brown alumni attended, including maid of honor **Lisa Taitsman** '94 M.D. and bridesmaids **Nancy Castro**, **Sandy Watts**, **Nancy Kwon**, and **Sondra Vazirani Spitz**. **Jacob Blumenthal** '89, '94 M.D. and **Eric Yap** '94 M.D. were ushers. Rohina and David live in Los Angeles, where they are finishing their residencies – Rohina at UCLA Medical Center and David at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center.

1991

Angelika DeVaris writes, "I recently married an Ecuadorian man, so my name technically is Angelika Cruz. I live in Guayaquil, Ecuador, where I teach high-school English." She can be reached at P.O. Box 1053, Guayaquil, Ecuador; 593-4-385-679.

Rachel Marx and Mark Fain (Boston University '90), New York City, were married on Sept. 8 in Sag Harbor, N.Y. The wedding party included **Jill Dunkel McKissock** and **Jen Hunter** '92. Many other Brown alumni attended. The couple traveled to Hawaii for their honeymoon. Rachel completed her master's in physical therapy at Emory in May and is a therapist in New York City, where Mark is a portfolio manager for a financial-services firm. This note was submitted by **Eileen Rocchio** '93.

Dan Newman continues in the graduate program in social psychology at UC-Berkeley. He has started a software and consulting business, Berkeley Voice Solutions, specializing in voice-recognition computing. **Alisa Tanaka** graduated from Berkeley in May with a master's in public policy, Dan writes. She is now in Washington, D.C., working for the U.S. Senate. **Marty Wattenberg** received his Ph.D. in math from Berkeley last spring. He lives in Manhattan and edits the on-line version of *Smart Money* magazine.

Andrea Silverman graduated from the University of Virginia Law School and is an associate with Kirkpatrick & Lockhart in Boston.

1992 5th Reunion

Marc Harrison, Shonica Tunstall, Shelly Berry, and their great reunion committee remind everyone to update them on your whereabouts so they can send you up-to-the-minute information about the reunion in early spring. Save the dates, May 23-26.

Sharad Aggarwal and **Myriam Khoury** recently moved to Sarajevo from Split, Croatia, where Myriam has been working with Scottish European Aid and Sharad with the International Rescue Committee. Anyone traveling to the area is requested to bring a copy of the Sunday *New York Times*, a garlic bagel with light veggie cream cheese for Sharad, and a cinnamon raisin bagel with honey-walnut cream cheese for Myriam. They can be reached c/o Mercy Corps, Scottish European Aid, Kosevsko Brdo 25, 71000 Sarajevo, Bosnia-Herzegovina; mercy-corps_sa@zaimir-sa.zim.apc.org.

Jonathan Bodow and **Keelan Stern** '89 have moved from Buffalo, N.Y., to Tempe, Ariz. Jonathan is in the M.B.A. program at Arizona State University, and Keelan is an attorney for Anderson, Kill & Olick. "We'll be here for at least two years," Jonathan writes, "depending on the beauty of the sunsets, warm winter breezes, and my chances of working for the expansion Arizona Diamondbacks baseball team in 1998." They can be reached at 5103 S. Mill Ave., #168, Tempe 85282; jbodow92@imap1.asu.edu.

Holly Caldwell and **Jacob Harrison** '94, Durham, N.C., announce the birth of Max William Harrison-Caldwell on Aug. 26. **Rebecca Zacks** '94 assisted in the birth. Jake is doing graduate work in biology at Duke, and Holly is staying home with Max. Jake can be reached at jch2@acpub.duke.edu.

Bridget Carpenter '95 M.F.A. was a finalist in the 1996 Claudier Competition for her play, *The Death of the Father of Psychoanalysis* (*Le Anna*). The play was performed by Shakespeare & Company in Lenox, Mass., in August. Bridget, a Jerome Fellow at the Playwrights Center in Minneapolis, has had her work produced by LaMama ETC, New York City; the Nasty Pudding Theater, Cambridge, Mass.; and the Playwrights Center.

Julian Chan reports that **Dirk Woerpel** and **Theresa Romens Woerpel** '94 celebrated their second year of marriage with a religious ceremony in a gazebo by a small lake near Milwaukee. Many Brunonians attended. **Chuck Singson** is at Kellogg business school in Chicago. **Martin Sabarsky** is an attorney for a large law firm in Hollywood. **James Fukuda** and Dawn Feldman, Boston, recently announced their engagement. Julian can be reached at jchan@pentus.com.

Natasha Fried, New York City, is an associate producer and news writer for the Fox News Channel.

Marc Harrison writes, "After five years of dating, **Christie O'Neil** '91 and I were married in her hometown church in Rockland, Mass., on Aug. 17. The wedding was hosted by the bride's parents, **Tom and Judy MacIntosh O'Neil** '64. Close to thirty Brown alumni from the 1960s, '70s, '80s, and '90s attended. After honeymooning in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Toronto, we are settling down to our commuter lifestyle. Christie works in Providence, and I work in Boston." They can be reached at 71 Chilton Ave., Mansfield, Mass. 02048; ceo@ebl.com; marchb@aol.com.

Jonathan Lax and Jennifer Benjamin (UMass '92, Michigan '94), Boston, announce their engagement. They are planning their wedding around the Michigan football schedule. Last summer they spent time with **Dave Borah** and **Kara Kee, Rick Patzman, Bert Hancock** '93, and **Mike Kesselman** '93.

Heidi Mattson's autobiography, *Ivy League Stripper*, was released in paperback by St. Martin's Press in May. The movie version of Heidi's life is in development at NBC. "Publicity interest has been wide and deep," she writes. "The *Brown Daily Herald* voted me 'Best Alum of the Year, 1995.' I would be pleased to catch up with friends and hear from anyone with comments or questions about my Brown experiences." She can be reached at P.O. Box 10702, Marina Del Rey, Calif. 90292.

Carlo R. Singson returned to the Philippines after graduation and worked as an account executive for Grey Advertising Co. for three years. Last year Chuck entered the M.B.A. program at the J.L. Kellogg Graduate School of Management at Northwestern University. He did a summer internship at the new products division of Jim Beam Brands Co. and plans to graduate next June.

1993

Andrew Borodach (see **Gerold Borodach** '85).

Leslie Diffily married Jonathan Lowenstein on Oct. 5 at Manning Chapel. **Douglas Lowenstein** '90 was best man. The bride's mother, **Dale Kennedy Domingue** '67, father **Michael Diffily** '67, and stepmother **Anne Hinman Diffily** '73 were among the many Brunonians attending the ceremony.

Leslie works in marketing for the American Mathematical Society in Providence, and Jon is an intern at a Providence architectural firm. The couple's address is 188 Newman Ave., Seekonk, Mass. 02771.

Avi Margolis married Clara Smith of Potomac, Md., on June 30 at B'nai Israel Congregation Synagogue in Rockville, Md. **Cathy Goldberg** '94 was a bridesmaid, and **Graeme Lipper** and **Philip Korn** were groomsmen. Clara is in her final year in the special-education program at the University of Maryland. Avi got his master's in computer science from Maryland and is a production executive for Proxima, an Internet business solutions provider in McLean, Va. The couple honeymooned in Jamaica and lives in Laurel, Md.

Seth Newman married Bethany Perry on July 6 in Villanova, Pa. The wedding party included brother **Dan Newman** '91 (who sent this note) and **Keith Rosen**. The couple resides in Philadelphia, where both attend Temple's medical school.

Wendy Webber married **Eric Nelson** in Manning Chapel on June 22. **Richard Webber** '66 escorted his daughter down the aisle, and bridesmaids included the groom's sister, **Lynn** '91, **Jennifer Winn**, and **Julie Olbrys** '95. The groom's brother, **Paul** '98, was best man. **Michael Graham, Luke Franks, Courtney Kurk,** and **Siddhu Nadkarni** were ushers. The ceremony was attended by many other Brown alumni, and the reception was held at the Faculty Club. Wendy is working on her Ph.D. in the molecular pharmacology and biotechnology at Brown, and Eric is an admission officer for the University.

Kelley Wilson (see **Paul Shriver** '87).

Andrew J. Wu left his job as a management consultant at APM Inc. and spent last summer studying Chinese at the Stanford Center in Taipei. "It was a very intense experience, but my Chinese has gotten much better," he writes. Andrew is now in his first year at the Wharton School. He can be reached at 2400 Chestnut St., # 2910, Philadelphia 19103; (215) 988-9735; andy98@wharton.upenn.edu.

1994

Eddie Gonzalez coordinates outreach programs for the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He and **Erik Franklin** are trying to maintain their college habits, and they frequently see **Michaela Allbee**, who just started Georgetown Law School, **Kevin Ruby** and **Matt Carvalho** moved to D.C. for the summer before finishing up their last year of law school. Eddie can be reached at 2602 Lee Highway B1, Arlington, Va. 22201; (703) 527-8922 (home), (202) 326-6673 (work); egonzale@aaas.org.

Michael Hurt has returned from two years on a Fulbright in Korea. He is now in the ethnic studies program at UC-Berkeley, working on his Ph.D. He can be reached at

420 W. Hudson Ave., Dayton, Ohio 45406;
76202.2105@compuserve.com.

Suzanne Y. Kao and **Andrew C. Coulam** still live in North Carolina. Suzanne has returned from her half-year stay in Taipei and has started her first year of law school at U.N.C., where Andrew is finishing his master's in classics. They would love to hear from friends at skao@email.unc.edu or acoulam@email.unc.edu.

Melisa Lai reports, "Karen Foster wed Benjamin Armand Emmanuel Marie de Foy (Cambridge University '94) in a bilingual (English and French) ceremony on Aug. 4 in Cambridge, England. Many Brunonians were in attendance, including the bride's parents, **Jeff '67** and **Muriel McCormick Foster '67**. Bridesmaids and former roommates included myself and **Abigail Demopoulos**. Karen and Ben are graduate students at Cambridge. Karen is completing her Ph.D. in molecular biology, and Ben is completing his Ph.D. in engineering. The couple can be reached at 765 King's College, Cambridge CB2 1ST, England; kalf@mo.le.bio.cam.ac.uk. **Larry Small** is also in Cambridge finishing up his two-year studies on a Keasbey fellowship." Melisa can be reached at melisa_lai@brown.edu.

Brad Lewin (see **Barbara Zwick Sander '64**).

Dana Mitra married Todd Litzinger on Aug. 3 in Pittsburgh. **Carolyn Hutter** and **Jane Kaufman** were bridesmaids, and **Kristen Jackson** delivered a reading. Many other Brown alumni attended. Dana, who is an elementary-school teacher at St. Patrick's Episcopal Day school in Washington, D.C., writes, "Carolyn is working towards her Ph.D. at Cornell. Jane is in medical school at George Washington University. Kris has just moved to New York City. **Dave Hannallah** has started medical school at Washington University in St. Louis. **Lisa Schocker** is in medical school at Penn. **Jacob Forman** has started a master's in creative writing at Brown. **Ian Reifowitz** is working on a Ph.D. at Georgetown." Friends can reach Dana and Todd at 6129 Leesburg Pike, #1119 Falls Church, 22041; dmitra@aol.com.

Gregory Reidy and **Tara Schulz** plan to marry in May in New Jersey. Greg is working in New York City as a sales executive for United Healthcare, and Tara is studying for a master's in occupational therapy at the Medical College of Virginia in Richmond, Va. They would love to hear from old friends at tschulz@gemis.vcu.edu.

1995

Lindsey Arent went to Medellin, Colombia, and taught English for six months after graduation. She then traveled throughout Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru. Lindsey now lives in Los Angeles and works as a researcher at a documentary production company. She can be reached at (310) 858-6863, lmarent@aol.com.

1996

Kristen Lonergan is working for Congressional Quarterly House Action Reports, writing up information on bills and other materials for members of Congress and their staffs. She and **Greg Koblentz** can be reached at 1753 18th St. N.W., Apt. 2, Washington, D.C. 20009; klonergan@cqalert.com.

GS

Ashok Kalelkar '69 Ph.D., Lexington, Mass., was appointed to the board of directors at Arthur D. Little Inc., an international management and consulting firm. During his twenty-five years with the company, Kalelkar, a senior vice president, has managed consulting groups in international energy, environmental health and safety, Latin American management, and technology and product development. He is a member of the company's leadership team and is responsible for its applied-technology business.

Josephine Olson '70 Ph.D., professor of business administration and economics at the University of Pittsburgh's Katz Graduate School of Business, was appointed associate dean on Oct. 1. She provides oversight for the master's and doctoral programs, faculty recruiting, and a variety of related activities. Olson has published extensively, is a trustee of Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association, and is on the board of advisors for HealthAmerica of Pittsburgh.

Caroline King Hall '73 Ph.D. (see **York A. King Jr. '33**).

David Curtis '77 Ph.D., professor of English at Sacred Heart University in Fairfield, Conn., was named chair of communication studies on Aug. 1. He has taught at the university for more than fifteen years and served as chair of the English department from 1985-88. Previously he was an assistant professor at the University of Rhode Island and at Wilkes College in Pennsylvania.

Barry R. Davis '82 Ph.D., professor of biometry at the University of Texas School of Public Health in Houston, has been named a fellow of the American Statistical Association.

Christal Whelan '86 A.M. has published *The Beginning of Heaven and Earth: The Sacred Book of Japan's Hidden Christians* (University of Hawaii Press, \$34), which she translated and annotated. Whelan is a lecturer in the foreign language department at Sophia University, Tokyo, and is currently working on a documentary of the Kakure Kirishitan of the Gotô Islands.

Ann Harleman '88 A.M. has published her fourth book, *Butte Lake* (Southern Methodist University Press, \$22.50), a novel set in a Pennsylvania mill town. Harleman's short-story collection, *Happiness*, won the 1993 University of Iowa Short Fiction Award. She has been a Guggenheim and Rockefeller fellow, and she won a 1991 PEN Syndicated Fiction Award. She is a professor of English at

RISD and a visiting scholar in Brown's Department of American Civilization.

Bridget Carpenter '95 M.A. (see '92).

Claire Long '95 A.M., Cape May, N.J., curator of the Cape May Historical and Genealogical Society, was awarded a fellowship to attend the annual meeting of the Mid-Atlantic Association of Museums. She writes a weekly newspaper column on local history.

Josh Glazerhoff '96 A.M. (see **Paul Shriver '87**).

MD

Steve Gottlieb '81 (see **Carla Tachau Lawrence '78**).

Lise Kowalski '86 M.D. (see '82).

Richard Rento '86 M.D. and **Lisa**

Casanova Rento '86 M.D. (see '82).

Debra Karp Skopicki '90 (see '87).

Otto Yang '90 M.D. (see '87).

John Michael Montgomery '92 M.D. (see '82).

Gregory Johnson '93 (see '89).

Jacob Blumenthal '94 (see **Rohina Gandhi '90**).

Rohina Gandhi '94 (see '90).

Lisa Taitsman '94 (see **Rohina Gandhi '90**).

Eric Yap '94 (see **Rohina Gandhi '90**).

George D. Morrow '26, Monson, Mass.; Aug. 10. He taught Latin, algebra, and German at Monson Academy for forty-two years, retiring in 1971.

William E. Braisted Jr. '27, Achilles, Va.; Aug. 28. After receiving his M.D. from McGill University in 1936, he was a medical missionary for the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society and was physician and surgeon in charge of the Chin Li Hospital in Kityang, Kwangtung, South China, for fifteen years. At the end of the Sino-Japanese war his hospital was overrun and looted by the Japanese army. Braisted secured U.S. war-surplus supplies and equipment and reestablished medical services until the start of the Korean War, at which time he was placed under house arrest by China's Communist Party for eighteen months. He moved to the Clough Memorial Hospital in Ongole, Andhra Pradesh, South India, and for six years ran programs in medical, surgical, and obstetrical services; staffed rural medical clinics; and trained Indian surgeons. Upon his return to the United States, Braisted became chief of surgery at the V.A. Hospital in West Haven, Conn., and an assistant clinical professor at Yale Medical School. After a brief retirement he returned to medicine as a physician at the Connecticut Hospice and was medical director for the Branford Hills Healthcare Center, both in Branford,

Conn. A fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Canada, Brasted remained active in the Baptist Church throughout his life and often spoke in public about his missionary experiences. He is survived by his wife, Doreen, P.O. Box 215, Achilles 23001; and nephews **Paul** '49 and **Donald** '53.

Catherine Eisenberg Levin '27, Plymouth, Minn.; May 25. She was a teacher in the Central Falls (R.I.) and Barrington (R.I.) public schools for many years, retiring in 1972. She is survived by two sons, including **Harry** '58, 9038 Yellowwood Ct., Indianapolis 46260; and two daughters.

Robert M. Pike '28, '32 Ph.D., Dallas; July 5. A member of the original faculty of the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School in Dallas, he was a professor of microbiology and bacteriology until 1974, when he was named professor emeritus. He was a member of the American Board of Microbiology and a charter fellow of the American Academy of Microbiology. He is survived by his son, Robert Jr., P.O. Box 17681, Fort Worth, Tex. 76102; and two daughters.

A. Elston Cuddeback '29, Rockville, Md.; May 20, 1992. An assistant to the vice president of manufacturing at the Thomas J. Lipton Co., he retired in 1970. Previously he was an assistant chief engineer at Sheffield Farms in New York City and a plant manager for Continental Foods in Hoboken, N.J. He is survived by two sons, including Tom, 5441 Marlin St., Rockwell, Md. 20853; and a nephew, **Douglas** '76.

Theodore B. Wallace '30, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.; July 30. After receiving a master's in English from Penn he joined Smith, Kline & French Labs in Philadelphia in 1933. He was named director of medical affairs in 1959 and retired in 1970. At Brown he was an editor of the *Brown Jug* and a member of the varsity lacrosse team, Phi Beta Kappa. He is survived by his wife, Dorothy, 3117 Spring Mill Rd., Plymouth Meeting 19462; a daughter; two sons; and a grandson, **Robert W. Chapman** '98.

John M. Kenny '31, Mansfield, Mass.; Sept. 9. He worked for the Lumb Leasing Co. in Pawtucket, R.I. He is survived by a son, **Robert** '55, 125 Seegar Rd., Upper St. Clair, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15241.

Kenneth J. Rupprecht '32, Westerly, R.I.; Aug. 10. He developed rubber plantations in Malaysia and was an engineer for the former U.S. Rubber Co. before joining United Elastic Co. in 1964. In 1969 he was named vice president and technical director of Globe Manufacturing Co., Fall River, Mass., retiring in 1975. He is survived by his wife, **Eleanor Peabody Rupprecht** '33, 61 Elm St., Westerly 02891; and a son.

Doris Aldrich Colborn '32, Lake City,

Minn.; March 31. She was a teacher in the Woodridge school system in Hasbrouck Heights, N.J., where she was also a member of the University and Emanon clubs. She moved to Minnesota after her retirement in 1974 and was active in the Methodist Church. She is survived by a son, Robert.

Sylvia Rouse Malm '34 A.M., Cornwall, Pa.; Aug. 12. She received her Ph.D. from Bryn Mawr College in 1937 and was a professor of biology at Lebanon Valley College in Lebanon, Pa. She was active in the League of Women Voters, the Swatara Creek Watershed Association, and the American Association of University Women. She is survived by her daughter, Sylvia Malm, 413 Elm Ave., Takoma Park, Md. 20912.

Walter F. Olney '35, St. Petersburg, Fla.; July 29. A longtime resident of Coventry, R.I., he owned and operated Washington Blue Gas Co. for more than twenty-five years, retiring in 1972. An avid ham radio operator, he was known as Uncle Walt and belonged to various radio clubs. He is survived by two sons.

Harold G. Young '35, Cranston, R.I.; July 29. A bassoonist for the former Providence Symphony Orchestra, for sixteen years he was an assistant purchasing agent for the former Asoma Wire and Cable Co. before retiring in 1974. He was a board member of the Western R.I. Civic Historical Society. He is survived by his wife, Barbara, 34 Marion Ave., Cranston 02905; and two daughters.

Walter G. Barney '36, Warwick, R.I.; Sept. 16. He was owner and president of Radix Wire, Cleveland, for eighteen years until his retirement in 1978. Previously he was vice president and plant manager for the Kenecott Wire and Cable division of Okonite Co., Phillipsdale, R.I. A former director of the Butler Hospital finance committee and incorporator of Citizens' Bank, he was a member of the East Greenwich Rotary Club which, along with the East Providence Boys' Club, awarded him the 1965 "Man and Boy Award" for his work in civic, religious, and youth organizations. Active in the alumni association, he founded the Barney Family Book Fund in 1981 and was a generous supporter of his class's annual scholarship fund and Brown athletics. He is survived by his wife, **Betty** '38, 269 Red Chimney Dr., Warwick 02886; two sons, including **Walter** '63; and a daughter.

John W. Tingley Jr. '38, Seekonk, Mass.; Aug. 24. He was a consulting design engineer of power plants and utilities for Halliwell Engineering Associates, retiring in 1978. Previously he worked for Babcock & Wilcox Co., J.D. Guillaumette, and E.L. Wooley Co., where he was vice president and treasurer. He was a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and served on the Central Congregational Church of Providence's plant and properties committee. He is survived

by his wife, Beatrice, 38 Harman Ave., Seekonk 02771; a brother, **Lawrence** '37; and two daughters, including **Lois Tingley Wyatt** '68.

Melanie Shroder Totenberg '38, Newton, Mass.; Sept. 1, of cancer. She was business manager for her husband, the violinist Roman Totenberg, for fifty years, and worked as a residential real estate agent for Hunneman and Co. in Newton. She was executive vice president of the Massachusetts chapter of Americans for Democratic Action. She is survived by her husband, 329 Waverley Ave., Newton 02158; and three daughters.

Franklin W. Palmer III '40, Nokomis, Fla.; Sept. 5. He was a salesman for the former Finberg Manufacturing Co. Previously he worked for the L.G. Balfour Co. and the Catamore Co. in Providence. He was a U.S. Army Signal Corps veteran of World War II and a member of the Overseas Lodge of Providence. He is survived by his wife, Barbara, P.O. Box 657, Nokomis 34274.

Mae Post Noyes '48, Peterborough, N.H.; July 29. She is survived by a daughter, **Nancy Noyes** '55, 15 Gray Hill Rd., P.O. Box 3304, Peterborough 03458; and a son, **F.C. Noyes** '59.

Vincent J. Rothemich '48, Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.; July 10. He was administrator for the South Bay school district in Los Angeles. Previously he had been a teacher in Warwick, R.I., and Carlsbad, N.M. He was a U.S. Army veteran of World War II, serving under General Patton in the Third Infantry Division for two years. He is survived by his wife, Reba, 289 Via Colorin, Palos Verdes Estates 90274; and a son.

John F. Ensminger '49, Niantic, Conn.; May 11. He was a senior industrial engineer for United Nuclear Corp. in Uncasville, Conn., retiring in 1988. Previously he was president and CEO of Anderson Brothers Co. in Danville, Va., and southeastern regional sales manager for the Scovill Manufacturing Co. in Waterbury, Conn. He was a veteran of the U.S. Army Air Corps, flying twenty-one B-17 missions over Germany in World War II. He was a member of the Danville, Va., Chamber of Commerce and the American Institute of Industrial Engineers. He is survived by three sons, including James, 73 Flanders Rd., Niantic 06357.

Donald M. O'Brien '50, Westford, Mass.; Aug. 7. He was a senior vice president, marketing executive, and retailing consultant for several large companies, including Gimbel's, Mabley & Carew, Allied Stores, Jordan Marsh, Hecht Co., and, most recently, Brookstone Inc. He received the Silver Plaque Award from the National Retail Merchants Association and was a featured speaker at the 1985 International Conference of Retailers in London. He served in the U.S. Navy, U.S.

Army, and U.S. National Guard. He is survived by his wife, Gretchen, 9 Bradley Ln., Westford 01886.

Peter Pedicini '80, Spring Hill, Fla.; Aug. 28. He and his wife owned and operated a millinery shop in Watertown, Mass., until moving to Florida in 1978. He was also a delivery foreman and postal supervisor for the U.S. Postal Service. He was a U.S. Navy veteran of World War II. Phi Beta Kappa. He is survived by his wife, Geraldine, 14161 Segovia St., Spring Hill 34069.

Elliot Rhian '51, Providence; July 29. After receiving his master's from Penn State, he studied undersea systems for the U.S. Navy and the National Academy of Sciences at the university's Ordnance Research Lab. He became a professor of marine science at the University of Miami Marine Laboratory, specializing in the nature of underwater sound. In 1960 he was recruited by the Philco Division of the Ford Motor Co. to work on undersea missile tracking systems and was involved in the development of deep-submergence rescue vehicles. He managed the development of the first undersea nuclear detection system off the coast of California for the enforcement of the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty with the former Soviet Union. He was involved in the construction of a desalination plant at the U.S. Naval Base at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and managed asbestos abatement programs for many private and public facilities. In 1974 he founded Thermex Inc., an insulation and coatings firm that specialized in energy efficiency, retiring in 1987. A veteran of the U.S. Army Signal Corps, he participated in the Normandy invasion and served in France, Belgium, and Germany during World War II. He is survived by his wife, Barbara, 15 Parkside Dr., Providence 02910; a daughter; and a son.

Alan R. Sarle '53, Worthington, Ohio; May 25. He was a systems designer for Hoechst-Celanese Plastics Co. in Columbus, Ohio, and General Electric in Worthington. Previously he was a production planning and control manager for Industrial Nucleonics Co. in Columbus. He was an executive engineering officer in the U.S. Navy from 1953-57. He is survived by his wife, Ruth, 313 Highland Ave., Worthington 43085; brothers **Richard** '44 and **Rodney** '46; and two sons.

Normand O. Vandal '53, Cumberland, R.I.; July 21. He was a senior engineer for Factory Mutual Research Co. in Norwood, Mass., for sixteen years before his retirement in 1989. Previously he was a project engineer in the research and development division of Grinnell Corp., Providence. He was a U.S. Navy and U.S. Marine Corps veteran of World War II, serving in the Asia-Pacific Theater. He was a 32nd-degree Mason and a deputy grand knight, fourth degree, of the Knights of Columbus. He is survived by his wife, Frances, 63 Heroux Blvd., Cumberland 02864; and a son.

Chase Patterson Kimball '54, Chicago; Aug. 24, of complications from Alzheimer's disease. Professor emeritus of medicine and psychiatry at the University of Chicago, he was a crusader for medical ethics and was prominent in the new field of biopsychosocial medicine. Previously he was an assistant professor of medicine and an attending psychiatrist at Yale and the University of Rochester. His 1981 book, *The Biopsychosocial Approach to the Patient*, urged doctors to emphasize the patient's social and emotional circumstances. He was president of the International College of Psychosomatic Medicine and a member of the American College of Physicians. He is survived by his wife, Anne, 5723 S. Kenwood Ave., Chicago 60637; four daughters, including **Lisa** '82; and a son.

Dominic V. Balogh '56, Hamden, Conn.; Aug. 28. He was a jet pilot instructor for the U.S. Air Force and, for eleven years, the recreational supervisor for the Connecticut Department of Corrections. Previously he was a partner in the former S.S. & M. Builders of Hamden; and was a teacher, coach, and athletic director at Cheshire Academy. He was also owner and operator of the former Balogh's Restaurant in Hamden. A quarterback for the varsity football team, he was inducted into the New Haven Gridiron Club All-District Hall of Fame in 1986. He is survived by his wife, Anne, 731 Still Hill Rd., Hamden 06518; two daughters; and two sons.

Adolph P. DiSandro Jr. '58, East Providence, R.I.; Sept. 8. He was president and CEO of A.D. Investment Corp. in Rumford, R.I. Previously he was president of New England Electrical Contracting Co., Woonsocket Electrical Engineering Inc., and Atlantic Electrical. He was a trustee of Fogarty Memorial Hospital. He is survived by his wife, Dorothy, P.O. Box 661, East Providence 02914; and three sons.

Gordon I. Lindsay III '62, Rowayton, Conn.; July 1. He was a senior managing director for Bear, Stearns & Co. Inc., New York City. Previously he was president of Rowayton Capital Management and a product director for Vick Chemical Co. He is survived by his wife, Betsy, 13 Sunwich Rd., Rowayton 06853.

Celia McCullough Millward '63 A.M., '66 Ph.D., Washington, D.C.; Sept. 12. Since 1966 she had been a professor of English at Boston University, where she was awarded the Metcalf Award for excellence in teaching in 1977. She founded the Richard B. Millward Fund at Brown in memory of her late husband, who was a professor of psychology at Harvard and Brown. She is survived by her son, James, 53 Forest St., Providence 02906.

J. Paul Kinloch '66, Malibu, Calif.; July 26. He received his M.B.A. from Harvard and was managing director of the Los Angeles branch of Lehman Brothers for twenty-five

years. Previously he was a senior vice president at Homblower, Weeks, Hemphill & Noyes in New York City. He was the lead banker in more than twenty mergers and acquisitions and was a board member at several firms, including Sizzler Restaurants International Inc. and Orbital Sciences Corp. The recipient of a kidney transplant in 1985 and a former captain of the varsity swim team, he won a silver medal in swimming at the National Transplant Olympics, was an advisory director of the National Kidney Foundation, and was a director of the Southern California Organ Procurement Center. In the summer of 1993 he rode across the country on his Harley-Davidson motorcycle, conducting business along the way on his cellular phone, computer, and tape recorder. He is survived by his wife, Eileen, 29751 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu 90265; two daughters; and a son.

William R. Ponte '66, Plymouth, Mich.; May 20. He worked for the Ford Motor Co. He is survived by his ex-wife, Patricia Ponte, 9447 Marilyn Ave., Plymouth 48170.

Jean Platt Nwachuku '67, '72 Sc.M., Ellington, Conn.; Sept. 13. She was a computer-systems specialist for Pratt & Whitney Aircraft for many years. Previously she spent twelve years in Nigeria, where she was involved with the Ndoki & Ohanku Welfare Association and was the principal systems analyst for Anambra State University. She is survived by her husband, Adele, 65 Mountain St., Ellington 06029; a daughter; and two sons.

George I. Schulman '72 A.M., New York City; Aug. 9, of complications from lymphoma. From 1968-95 he worked for various offices for the City of New York, including the Department of Ports and Terminals, the Office of Management and Budget, the Bureau of Standards and Appeals, and the Department of Employment. He is survived by his wife, Theresa, 322 Central Park West, #3, New York City 10025; and two daughters.

Timothy J. Stryker '77, Danbury, Conn.; Aug. 6. He was a writer, artist, and avid paraglider. He is survived by his wife, Christine, 94 Hammersmith Apts., Danbury 06810; and four children.

Elizabeth McLaughlin Miller '82, Maple Grove, Minn.; July 1. She is survived by her husband, **David** '81, 8179 Ramer Ln., Maple Grove 55311.

M. Leo Albert '91, Falmouth, Mass.; Aug. 26. He was a graphic designer with Beth Tondreau Design in New York City. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Albert, 70 Walker St., Falmouth 02540; two brothers; and a sister. ☞

Show and Tell

In February 1994, in a small town in upstate New York at a hospital whose name I could never pronounce as a child, my grandmother lay dying. I was alone with her for the last time. I had a few hours before my plane left; she had ninety years of life behind her. It was morning, the time when she was most likely to be alert. I'd learned that over the previous few days, as I'd also learned to tip a cup of broth to her lips, and as I'd learned that though she was unable to speak, she could understand everything we said. In between these lessons I took walks in the frigid parking lot, rehearsing in my head what I'd say when it was time to leave.

As a creative writing concentrator at Brown, I'd come to understand that powerful writing results not only from what you say, but also from what you leave out. A favorite classroom mantra was "Show, don't tell." It has served me well writing fiction and, more recently, as a screenwriter, one who'd sooner write a car-chase sequence than a "loved-one-dying" scene.

Still, there I was in my grandmother's hospital room, feeling the pressure to get my lines just right. While my parents spoke tearfully to lawyers in the hall, I imagined my script for the last good-bye:

JENNIFER (smiling bravely): I wish I could take you home so you could cook something for us.

NANA (opening her eyes): Don't be silly. There's brisket and matzoh ball soup in the freezer. I may be stuck in this bed, but I'll be damned if my family doesn't have a decent dinner.

In real life, though, Nana squirmed as I held her hand. I pulled my chair closer and looked straight at her for the first time that morning. She stared straight back. I knew she'd hate that I felt the need for a speech. It made my rehearsals seem pointless.

As we looked at each other, I relaxed. I found I didn't mind that she was incomprehensibly tiny and her hair was thin, her

lips dry and pale, her catheter bag full. I began to see, instead, the Nana I loved as a child, the one who bought me a Fonzie locket after my mother refused to, the one who showered us with foil-wrapped fudge brownies. There, too, it seemed, was the Nana I loved as a teenager, the one who took me shopping for designer jeans and mortified me by telling every sales clerk my report-card grades and the name of my current crush.

Clearest of all was the Nana I'd loved as an adult, the one who lived gracefully alone for almost three decades, who had friends more numerous than all the people I'd ever known, who headed up a retirement home filled with what she called "my old ladies," even though most of them were younger than she was. I saw Nana as she would have preferred: wearing a blue suit and pumps, her hair dyed jet black and freshly styled, her Clinique lipstick just right.

When I finally managed words, they came out all wrong. I stumbled. I was embarrassed. I think I told her she had been a perfect grandmother. I told her I hoped to make her proud of me. As I

spoke, I looked at the oxygen machine and at her slippered feet resting limply on a needlepoint footstool brought from home. But what I recall best are the tears that came to her eyes. Somehow, Nana understood what I was trying to say, and that it was simply, "Good-bye."

A week later I stood before her friends and relatives in a dress she would have said made me look grown-up, and I delivered her eulogy. I had stayed up late the night before, writing, editing, deleting, and marking text blocks on my computer, repeating each sentence aloud to make sure it flowed:

"I hope she knows that everything I am and everything I do is partly because of her. She is a foothold of my past, a spirit in my present, and the inspiration for my future. Nana, I love you always."

What I read that day came out sounding perfect. Too perfect. I'm glad Nana wasn't there to hear it. ☾

Jennifer Castle lives and writes in West Hollywood, California.



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