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Hickey, Jerrold

Boston University

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Two Weeks Before the Mast
It's hands-on history, with all hands on deck. In a new MET summer course, students trade walls for trade winds aboard the tall ship Rose. Photographs by Vernon Doucette, text by Eric McHenry

Bellow in Boston — The BU Years
Widely considered the greatest living English-language novelist by his peers, Saul Bellow is the subject of a monumental new biography. We offer excerpts covering Bellow's relocation to Boston. By James Atlas

Business on the Dot (com)
Whether graduates of the School of Education or the School of Management, BU's Web-savvy alumni are building Internet businesses across the country. Nine alums discuss their experiences. By Midge Raymond

The Home Ice Advantage
The author's backyard skating rink is a place for family and friends at one level, and at another, a space for meditation and metaphorical figure eights. By Jack Falla

ESSAYS & REVIEWS • 69
Behind the Scenes at a Dynastic Upheaval — Historian Thomas J. Whalen's Kennedy versus Lodge: The 1952 Massachusetts Senate Race analyzes an election whose outcome began one era and ended another. By Thomas Oliphant
Tiepolo's Hound, Found — Walcott's latest. By Tom D'Evelyn
Portraits by the Artist — Ben Shahn as painter and photographer. By Natalie Jacobson McCracken
Letter from the Vice President for Development and Alumni Relations

With this issue — his twenty-fifth — Jerrold Hickey steps down as editor of Bostonia. It has been a rich six years of renewal for this century-old Boston University publication.

Jerry came aboard in 1994 during a period of transition for the magazine. I decided that Bostonia should be entirely about Boston University, but no less professionally run than any newsstand offering. A former College of Communication assistant professor, Jerry certainly knew the University. He also knew magazines. Starting with the college humor magazine he bought in 1941 (and after serving as a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy during World War II), Jerry was a features editor at Harper’s Bazaar, and a book editor in the 1950s, where he was well connected to the New York literary scene. He returned to his native Boston to edit Boston Magazine in 1964; in 1973, he was co-founder of the New Boston Review.

What makes Jerry a top editor and valued colleague is the panoramic breadth of his interests. He is a serious James Joyce student and a Red Sox fan. He deeply loves to travel along Europe’s byways and to canoe along the Charles River. He is a jazz aficionado and a squash player. He appreciates fine wine and rough politics. There’s little that doesn’t interest him, a characteristic that has served Bostonia well.

Jerry is not disappearing. He becomes Bostonia’s editor at large this month and Michael B. Shavelson, who has been with Bostonia for seven years, becomes editor.

As the school year begins, we are looking toward another evolution as well. The handsome new Student Village Apartments, overlooking the Charles River, have opened on the old Armory site, heralding the entire Student Village, which will come to life over the next several years, with state-of-the-art recreational facilities, a hockey arena that will accommodate other sports and entertainment functions, and a marvelous track and field center that promises to be among the best in the region. Additional housing is planned, too — creating a center of energy and interaction for students, alumni, and friends.

On Homecoming, October 14, you’re invited to visit the new residence hall that initiates this fabulous new facility, yet another mark of Boston University’s commitment to excellence on its campus.

The Student Village is both a real and a symbolic expression of the University’s commitment to student life. Although Jon Westling and I will continue to meet with alumni around the country and the world, this year we will also focus intensely right here on campus in a recommitment to students as the University’s first priority. More interaction between alumni and students is planned. Your ideas in that regard, and all others, are more than welcome. I always appreciate your letters and e-mails, and I look forward to visiting with many of you next month during Homecoming.

All best wishes,

Christopher Reaske
Sputtering in Space

Congratulations on the very thoughtful article on missile defense in your summer issue ("Our Missile Defense System: Safeguard — or Sky Lark?"). Walter Clemens does an excellent job of presenting a complex, technical subject in a lucid, coherent, and accessible manner. I was especially pleased that he rebuts many of the assumptions that are at the basis of the commitment of some people to go forward with an expensive, destabilizing, and probably unworkable missile defense system. I differ in part with Mr. Clemens, especially on the question of whether deterrence is still relevant, because I believe that it is, but that is a small point in the context of the excellent job he does of presenting one of the most important national issues now facing us.

Barney Frank, Representative, 4th District, Massachusetts
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Of the four options described by Walter C. Clemens, Jr., one, deterrence, leaves us vulnerable to devastation, another, first strike, is admittedly "infeasible," and two require unprecedented agreements or political transformations which fly in the face of human history. Having dismissed star wars technology out of hand, Clemens asserts that only agreements or "transformations" hold promise. On what does he base this? There has never been a time-tested agreement of this kind in the history of the world; and the option of somehow transforming human relationships "so that war is not an option" is wishful double-talk. I for one think it likely that we will perfect a missile defense system long before we perfect human nature.

Bart Vinik (LAW'74)
Worcester, Massachusetts

Other Program Products

I was very pleased to see Eric McHenry's article ("The New Faces of American Fiction," Summer 2000) on Xuefei Jin (Ha Jin) and Jhumpa Lahiri, two of the finest graduates in fiction from our Creative Writing Program. Might I point out that sitting in the same wondrous workshop that produced those prizewinning writers was Peter Ho Davies (GRS'94), who has since published two books of short stories that have won wide praise and many awards? Peter now directs the creative writing program at the University of Michigan. I'd like to add that while Robert Greer (SDM'73,'74, GRS'89), the author of an extremely popular and compelling series of detective novels, and Arthur Golden (GRS'88), who of course wrote Memoirs of a Geisha, were not actually in that little corner room at the same time as Xuefei, Jhumpa, and Peter, they certainly honed their craft there not too many years before. The truth is, we can't even begin to count all the poets, playwrights, and fiction writers who have already made their mark in the wider world, though of course we are especially proud of Jhumpa and Xuefei — not only for their brilliant work but because of what McHenry's article made clear: their shared modesty and the purity of their vision of the world.

Leslie Epstein, Director
Graduate Creative Writing Program
Boston University

When I first read the splendid stories by Jhumpa Lahiri in her collection Interpreter of Maladies, I was struck by their originality and insight. Finding that she was awarded the Pulitzer for it is gratifying validation of her ability. I was pleased to see the tribute paid to her and her work in the summer issue. Another feather in the cap of Boston University and the many fine writers it has produced and nurtured.

Sylvia K. Burack
Boston, Massachusetts

Sylvia Burack was until August editor and publisher of The Writer. — Ed.

Bedroom Annex

Your caption ("a hidden door reveals a staircase, leading to his equally eloquent secret study") under the photo of the late William Lindsey's bedroom ("The Quarterly Preview of Events," Summer 2000) is most intriguing. As publisher of an alternative newspaper, currently in the process of building an adult Web site, I'd be most interested to learn exactly what kind of meetings and parties the University holds these days. So would my readers and Web site patrons, I suspect.

Lael Morgan (COM'59,'88)
Publisher, Casco Bay Weekly
Portland, Maine

Pride Before Autumn

I rarely write letters to editors, but the commencement coverage in your summer issue deserves acknowledgment. The resilience of Travis Roy, the promise of Ensign Benson, and the clever idea of giving Tom Wolfe a white gown are all special. The University should be proud of itself.

Mark Graham Hanson (LAW'81)
Miami, Florida

A Cry Unheard

In your fawning tribute to Elie Wiesel ("Essays and Reviews," Spring 2000) you mention how he "helped break the silence" on the Holocaust (a curious choice of words), "cried out" for Soviet Jews, and spoke on behalf of the Mosquito Indians. No mention whatsoever is made of Wiesel's bracing criticism of Israel for its abhorrent treatment of Palestinians, and for good reason — there's never been any.

So as for Wiesel being "recognized almost universally as humanity's voice of conscience" ... please. Save that for the undergrads.

C. J. Mellor (COM'81)
Savannah, Georgia

While Elie Wiesel has often addressed the lot of the Palestinians in public forums, we urge anyone interested to read his essay "Letter to a Young Palestinian Arab," which appeared in the book A Jew Today. — Ed.
EXHIBITIONS ON CAMPUS


Maestro: The Arthur Fiedler Collection, opens Oct. 14. Arthur Fiedler Reading Room, Music Library, 2nd floor, Mugar Memorial Library. Mon.-Thu. 8:30 a.m.-5 p.m., Fri. 8:30 a.m.-5 p.m., Sat. 1-5 p.m., Sun. 1-9 p.m.


History Through the Eyes of a Journalist: The Papers of Dan Rather, opens Oct. 21. Richards-Frost Room, 1st floor, Mugar Memorial Library. Mon.-Sat. 9 a.m.-10 p.m., Sun. 10:30 a.m.-10 p.m.


Of Battle and Beauty: Felice Beato’s Photographs of China, Nov. 3-Dec. 17. Boston University Art Gallery. Opening reception: Nov. 3, 6-8 p.m.

Ulrich Mack: Island People, Nov. 17-Jan. 28. 808 Gallery. Opening reception: Nov. 17, 6-8 p.m.


Paul Cary Goldberg: Recent Photographs, Nov. 30-Jan. 21. Sherman Gallery. Opening reception: Nov. 30, 5-7 p.m.

Abraham Lincoln: Through His Boston Collectors, through Dec. 31. 1st floor, Mugar Memorial Library. Regular library hours.

PERFORMING ARTS


Boston University Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 2. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

Boston University Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 3. David Hoosie, conductor. Stravinsky: Chorale-variations on “Vom Himmel hoch da komm’ ich her”; Christopher Rouse: Symphony No. 1; Dvořák: Symphony No. 8. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.


Lucile Lawrence 95th Birthday Tribute, Oct. 10. Program to include works by Bach, Handel, and Dohnanyi, featuring School for the Arts students, alumni, and faculty. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.


Concert, Oct. 22. Featuring the BU Alumni Concert Band. Joseph Wright, conductor. Concert honors the late Lewis "Skip" Norcott (SFA '63). Tsai Performance Center. 4 p.m.

Faculty Concert, Oct. 23. Horia Mihail (SFA '99), piano. Music of Scarlatti, Beethoven, Mozart, Liszt, and Schumann. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

Brass Bonanza, Oct. 24. BU Student Brass Ensembles. Terry Everson and Scott Hartman, directors. Program includes works by Gabrielli, Mussorgsky, and Debussy. Boston University Concert Hall. 8 p.m.

ALEA III, Oct. 25. Theodore Antoniou, music director. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

Boston University Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 26. Stravinsky: Symphonies of Wind Instruments; Bartók: Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celeste; Gorecki: Symphony No. 3, Sinfonie of Sorrowful Songs. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

Boston University Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 27. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.


Faculty Recital, Nov. 6. Sarah Arneson, soprano, George Kern, piano (guest artist). Ethan Sloane, clarinet. Includes works by Mozart, Schubert, and Milhaud. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

Faculty Concert, Nov. 9. Terry Everson, trumpet, Sheila Kibble, piano, Penelope Bitzas, mezzo-soprano, Lori Everson, violin (guest artist). Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

Boston University Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 17. Richard Cornell, conductor. Program to include Kurt Weill: Symphony No. 2. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

Boston University Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 20. David Hoose, conductor; Anthony di Bonaventura, piano; Sanford Sylvan, harp. Preconcert lecture, 7 p.m.: Yevgeny Yevtushenko and Albert Todd. Beethoven: Concerto No. 3 in C minor for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 37; Shostakovich: Symphony No. 13, Op. 113, Balalaika. Related events to be announced. Admission: $35, $20, $10; on sale through Symphony Charge, 617/266-1200 or 888/266-1200. Symphony Hall, 8 p.m.

Boston University Wind Ensemble, Nov. 21. David Martins, conductor, clarinet; David Hoose, guest conductor. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.


Bach Festival, Dec. 3. Steven Ansell, Michelle LaCourse, viola; Michele Levin, piano. Three Sonatas for Violia da Gamba and Harpsichord and Brandenburg Concerto No. 6. Tsai Performance Center, 7 p.m.

Bach Festival, Dec. 4. Peter Zazofsky, violin. John Daverio, lecturer. Complete Sonatas and Partitas for Solo Violin. Tsai Performance Center. 7 p.m.

Bach Festival, Dec. 5. Michael Reynolds, cello. Six Suites for Solo Cello. Tsai Performance Center. 7 p.m.

ALEA III, Dec. 6. Works include Theodore Antoniou, music director; Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. Lou Harrison: Concerto for Flute and Percussion; Colin McPhee: Balinese
Ceremonial Music. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

Time’s Arrow. Dec. 6. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

Boston University Chamber Orchestra. Dec. 11. David Hoose, conductor; Ethan Sloane, clarinet. Elgar: Enigma Variations. Haydn: Symphony No. 57. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

Boston University Symphony Orchestra. Dec. 12. Lukas Foss, conductor; Yuri Mazurkevich, violin. Theodor Antoniou: Concerto for Violin and Strings (American premiere); Lukas Foss: Baroque Variations; Ron G. Vigue: new work. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.


ALUMNI EVENTS

Gregor Turk (P'IA'89), Decade, through Oct. 26. Bank of America Plaza, 600 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga. Mon.–Fri. 8 a.m.–6 p.m.


LECTURES


Discussion with Bill Vlasic (CAS'76), Oct. 26. Author of Taken for a Ride: How Daimler-Benz Drove Off with Chrysler. Reading Room, Level 5, Barnes and Noble at Boston University, 660 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 7 p.m.


ALUMNI EVENTS

Degas to Matisse: Impressionist and Modern Masterworks from the Detroit Institute of Arts, Oct. 5. Sponsored by the Boston University Alumni Club of Metropolitan Washington, D.C. 5:30–8:30 p.m. Admission: $14, $16. RSVP by Sept. 28. Information: Shannon Finney at sfmney@wgms.com or Krysten Wallace at kwallace@bu.edu. The Phillips Collection, 1600 21st Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

Dedication of the Brendan F. Gilbane House, Oct. 14. 168 Bay State Road, 1 p.m. Information: 617/353-2891.

Homecoming and Parents Weekend, Oct. 13–15. Includes Alumni Awards Breakfast (honoring recipients of the University’s most prestigious alumni award), Homecoming Parade, Jazz Dinner, Fun Run, Family Barbecue and Carnival, Legacy Brunch, and more. Information: 617/353-2248.
Boston's Symphony Hall marks its centennial this fall, and Boston University is joining the party by celebrating one of the hall's most popular former residents, Arthur Fiedler. A new exhibition of the late Pops conductor's photographs, letters, and scores opens on October 16 in the Arthur Fiedler Reading Room, on the second floor of Mugar Memorial Library.

Fiedler (1894–1979) joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1915 as a second violinist, and took over as conductor of the BSO's sister ensemble, the Boston Pops, in 1930. He didn't invent the Pops (although he did launch the Esplanade concerts), but he sure did reinvent it. His programming talent and musicianship pleased middlebrow audiences for half a century and introduced thousands of listeners to concert music. But as his daughter Johanna Fiedler describes in her 1994 biography, *Arthur Fiedler: Papa, the Pops, and Me*, the greater his success with the lighter fare of the Pops, the less seriously his BSO colleagues took him as a musician. Toward the end of his career, when he had little opportunity to conduct serious music, he lamented, "I suppose every clown wants to play Hamlet."

Fiedler taught at BU starting in the 1930s and conducted its orchestra for many years. The University presented him with an honorary Doctor of Music degree in 1951.

For more information on Mugar's Fiedler exhibition, please see www.bu.edu/library/music/staff.htm or call 617/353-3705.
The Unconventional Choice

From time to time during his three years as U.S. poet laureate, Robert Pinsky would complain good-naturedly about being sought out by the media for his opinion on political issues. He was not, he had to remind people, pundit laureate.

So the fact that the Christian Science Monitor invited him to write dispatches from this year’s Democratic and Republican national conventions is, in a way, less surprising than the fact that he accepted. “I think poetry has always commented on culture,” Pinsky explained shortly before flying off to Philadelphia for the first of the two conventions. “It’s one of the things art does. As an artist, I represent somebody outside of the world of politics — somebody, in some ways, more like the average citizen.”

“I don’t plan to be a pundit,” he said. “I’ll approach it from the viewpoint of an ordinary American, and from the viewpoint of a poet.”

It’s true, too, that Pinsky is an uncommonly civic-minded poet. Many of his peers see no need to look beyond their own living rooms for subject matter, but Pinsky’s lens has always been wide-angle. Long before he became the nation’s official spokesperson for poetry, he was writing books with titles like An Explanation of America. Scott Armstrong, the Monitor’s national editor, calls Pinsky a particularly good fit for a rather unusual job description.

“I think the idea is to capture the texture, the idealism, even some of the idiosyncrasies of this human carnival that we call nominating a president,” he said on
the day Pinsky’s first column appeared. “What better person to do that than a poet? And I think Robert in particular brings a very trenchant eye to whatever he does, and his writing is accessible to an average newspaper reader. We’ve already had great response to what he’s written.”

When asking him to become a convention correspondent, Armstrong promised Pinsky a wide creative berth. “In fact,” Pinsky said, “he told me my reports could be in prose or verse.”

Although Pinsky chose prose for his first column, it bears a striking structural resemblance to many of his poems, with a few vital lines of abstraction following an abundance of humorous and poignant detail.

“In the last couple of days here in Philadelphia,” Pinsky begins, “I have had little American flags waved at me by greeters, one of them dressed in an elephant costume and another one in an American eagle suit. I have seen many thousands of computers and pizzas, millions of miles of cable, and a great army of journalists, engineers, sound persons, security persons, and hospitality persons.”

Such accumulative description sets the stage for a short series of observations about the American character: “This many-sided drama, for all of its baloney — in a way because of its baloney — embodies something like civic piety, an important symbolic action.”

Readers of Pinsky’s poems will certainly hear them echoing in a passage like that one: at the “annual festival of the god of reborn souls and abandon...” Pinsky writes in “The Tragic Chorus,” the gestures are fully prescribed as in Yom Kippur, Ramadan or Easter ritual.

But also Super Bowl, also high school tourney or rally.

Local as much as divine, the ecstatic piety communal.

Robert Pinsky, it appears, has been covering conventions for some time now. — EM

Unburied Treasure

A prehistoric giant grabbing whales by the tail and flinging them on Cape Cod’s shores? According to legend, Maushop, a god worshipped by Native Americans, lobbed the leviathans onto land to feed the Wampanoag people. Maushop had quite an arm: when a boulder-sized pebble in his moccasin bothered him, he flung his shoe into the ocean; the result — Martha’s Vineyard.

But did Maushop ever hurl his ocean bounty as far northwest as Quincy Bay? Or, contrary to historians’ assumptions, did Native Americans in Massachusetts go out to sea to hunt whales before Europeans arrived? BU archaeologists have been trying to answer those questions after a discovery last summer in Quincy.

Archaeology Professor Ricardo Elia (GRS’93) has participated in important field excavations around the world. But it is a site uncovered ten miles from campus that set the exhilaration level soaring: a cache of stone tools, some carved in whale motifs, buried by Native Americans 1,200 to 6,000 years ago.

The excitement in the CAS archaeology department started with a call from Metropolitan District Commission archaeologist Thomas Mahlstedt (GRS’84). “This is an unbelievable site,” he told Elia on the phone. “You’ve got to see it.” Sure enough, under a playground near Quincy Shore Drive were 256 stone tools, including a thirteenc-inch felsite knife blade, too large for hunting small game. “The blade is unlike anything we’ve ever seen in Massachusetts,” he said.

Elia agrees: “The find is unprecedented in the area.” Archaeology students from BU and UMass-Boston dug a hole seven feet long and three and a half feet wide and found stone hand axes, arrow points, stone net sinkers, and a whale-shaped woodworking tool, as well as an ornament and a stone weight, both in the shape of a whale’s tail. “The artifacts are mostly intact and undisturbed,” he says. “And the appearance of red ochre sug-

Coming Back

Sometimes I hold your death in my hands, a small stone I turn over and over, wanting to lick it to bring out the shine.

Walking down a country road I see it, the flat, boldly striped petals of the elematis wrapped around its friend the tree.

Nights, you come in the nanosecond between closing the book and turning off the light, or at four a.m. outside the window riding the ivy, intense, energetic, so young so fully created — a fragrance all at once — no interval between you and existence.

Celia Gilbert (GRS’73) is the author of several collections of poetry, including An Ark of Sorts, which won the first annual Jane Kenyon Chapbook Award from Alice James Books. Her poems have recently appeared in Tin House and Harvard Review.
suggests that it might have been a ritual offering.” Red ochre, a common mineral oxide, was used in burials by many ancient cultures to symbolize blood.

Archaeology student Margo Muhl Davis (GRS’02) is in the process of testing some of the artifacts in a BU lab to determine if they were used for ceremonial purposes, and if possible, how old they are. “The artifacts were an inch below where the ground had been bulldozed,” she says. “We were extremely lucky.”

A construction worker preparing to build a platform for a slide made the discovery when he hit the thirteen-inch knife blade with a small shovel. Red earth was also found, so the chief engineer called Mahlstedt.

“You can see the chip mark where the shovel nicked the blade,” says Davis in a BU archaeology lab, touching the spot where the twentieth-century tool struck the ancient hunting weapon. She picks up a stone weight in the shape of a whale’s tail and displays a hole between the flukes. The weight is part of an atlatl—a spear-throwing device that consists of a stick fitted with a socket to steady the butt of the spear during the throw.

Red ochre is sometimes found at Native American burial places, but no bones or ash were found in the Quincy site. “It’s Margo’s job to make sense of this in a nonburial context,” says Elia. “It could be a cenotaph, a body-less burial, possibly for a person who was lost at sea. They might have been trying to put his spirit to rest.”

There are other possible scenarios. “It could be a highly specialized tool kit with flensing blades to cut whale blubber,” says Mahlstedt. “In the fall, the ancient peoples here tended to move inland. They might have been storing the tools for the season, and the red ochre offered some sort of supernatural protection.” Another possibility is a votive offering, he adds, “which was never meant to be retrieved. It might have been for a maritime spirit to effect a bountiful fishing season — for Maushop to provide them with stranded whales for food.”

“Margo will look for wear patterns on the tools’ edges,” says Elia. “If there aren’t any, that means that they were never used, bolstering a ritual interpretation of the find.”

Regardless of the purpose of the burial, it is the whale shape of some of the tools that is causing a stir among area archaeologists.

Little is known about maritime activities by Native Americans before the British colonists arrived; they are regarded mainly as farmers, not deep-sea fishermen. That reputation could change with the discovery of what is now known as Maushop’s Site. Mahlstedt says that Wampanoags on the Cape certainly ate stranded whales. But, Davis points out, there has never been a recorded whale beaching at Quincy Bay. Nantucket Indians are known to have assisted the English in hunting whales in the eighteenth century, but there is no evidence of them whaling before the colonists came here.

On balance, Maushop was a benevolent deity. Another myth explains how he created a fishing hole in the Cape Cod village of Dennis by digging a deep ditch, which filled with rainwater. He even spilled ashes from his pipe to make the land around Scargo Lake fertile. But did he toss whales on the beaches of Quincy Bay, or help Indians catch whales offshore? The answer may be in the artifacts.

Not Your Average Joe

It’s three p.m. on June 16, and the Busy Bee couldn’t be busier. Every vinyl-upholstered booth is full. Every stool at the lunch counter is taken. And the aisle that bisects the little restaurant is abuzz with activity. Waitresses, calling out orders or carrying plates of steaming seafood, weave among the milling patrons. They’re doing double duty this afternoon — tending to the late lunch crowd and preparing for the day’s special event: Joe Reels is turning 100.

Joe has been coming to the Busy Bee, on Beacon Street near BU’s South Campus, for decades. No one knows how many decades; his patronage predates institutional memory. “Peter’s owned the Busy Bee for thirty-three years,” says one of the waitresses, “and Joe’s been coming here at least that long.”

Peter Christakis and his staff have done a nice job decorating for the party. Clusters of helium balloons kiss the ceiling. In the front window, beneath the bent neon tube sign that suggests “A SNACK OR A
MEAL,” placards wish Joe a happy 100th. “Oh, he’s the best guy,” says a regular.

“He greets everybody so warmly, so affectionately,” another adds. “He’s a giver.”

The crowd at the front door parts for an enormous birthday cake, the bottom tier so wide it barely makes it through. Its arrival creates a clamor, which doubles to a din when a navy-blue stretch Cadillac appears in the window. Joe, who lives on Prescott Street, not far from the Busy Bee, typically walks to lunch. But not today.

Dressed like a man fresh off the fairway in white slacks, a lemon-yellow polo shirt, and a cream-colored cardigan, Joe emerges from the limousine for a celebrity’s greeting. A line of well-wishers forms, headed by Peter. While Joe shakes hands, a half-dozen cameras click.

The proprietors of Kolgian Oriental Rug Galleries, just west of the Busy Bee on Beacon, have unrolled a literal red carpet at the restaurant’s entrance. Joe pauses at its edge, extends his arms and gives a courtly bow, then strolls across and into the Busy Bee. The crowd loves this.

Joe’s sense of humor is legendary at the restaurant. One waitress likes to share his one-liners with customers who missed them the first time. “He says, ‘Why couldn’t I have been rich instead of beautiful?”’ she reports with a laugh.

“We laugh a lot,” says Arlene Miller, Joe’s sixty-nine-year-old daughter, who has driven in from Rhode Island for the party. “He always has something funny to say, even on the telephone.”

Some patrons speculate that laughter is the secret of Joe’s longevity, but competing theories abound. What’s gotten Joe through, Peter insists, is eating at the Busy Bee several times a week for so many years.

“He doesn’t drink water,” says Robert DiVaio, owner of Brookline Body and Skin Care Associates, who has been dining at the Busy Bee for “fifteen or twenty years” himself.

“I’m always telling my clients, ‘You have to hydrate,’” says DiVaio, bemused. “Joe does the just opposite, and he’s 100 years old.”

Joe, who explains that it’s only tap water he won’t drink, says that “everybody” has asked him his secret at some point. “I tell them, ‘Just keep breathing,’” he says with a laugh. “If you keep breathing, you won’t die.”

Eventually, Joe finds his way to his usual stool. He always sits at the counter, according to the waitstaff, and brushes off suggestions that at his age he might be more comfortable in a booth. “He says, ‘That’s a poor excuse,’” one customer discloses.

The cake, decorated with a Native American motif and topped with a big pepper, looms behind him on the counter. A caramel-skinned man whose sleepy eyes belie the energy he brings to a conversation, Joe is of Narragansett and Pequot ancestry. Born in Rhode Island, he came to Boston in the mid-1930s and worked for many years as a chef at the Gateway, a restaurant in South Station.

He can’t say how long, exactly, he’s been eating at the Busy Bee, but he’s happy to say how often he eats there: “Not every day, but four or five days a week,” he estimates. “And after that, there aren’t so many days left in the week.”

He likes the daily specials.

“The best menu in Massachusetts,” he declares. “Every day you’ve got something different. And it’s not just one or two things to choose from, it’s seven or eight.”

People keep showing through to shake Joe’s hand, give him a hug, or have their picture taken with him. A substantial slice of cake sits on the counter behind him, hardly touched.

“Are you surprised,” someone asks him, apparently unaware that Joe has been talking up the party for nearly a year.

“Surprised?” Joe says. “I’m devastated.”

“Won’t you have some cake?” a friend encourages.


**Daughter and Dog**

She found her mother dead, lying peacefully like some gentlewoman sepulchered in a church, her faithful dog at her feet.

The dog was so happy to see the daughter. He knew she would know what to do.

Freed from his vigil he could leap from the bed running back and forth, searching, scratching.

She had known in her heart something terrible had happened: why hadn’t her mother answered the phone; why had no one seen her that day?

Yes, there already existed fear, but of accident, stroke, not the thing called forever.

She wished she could be like the dog not giving up the notion something could be changed.

When everything is dispersed, when the drawers are empty, she will have to make do with photographs, family stories, and a blue jay feather, her mother’s last gift. She envies the dog, who would never lose the scent of his mistress.

— Celia Gilbert (GRS73)
TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE MAST

In a new summer history course, students trade walls for trade winds.

Tammie Newman may be the first person in history to stand on the weather deck of an oceanbound ship and hope out loud for bad weather.

It’s July 30, a Sunday, and Newman has just stepped aboard the Rose, a full-scale replica of an eighteenth-century British frigate moored for the moment in Boston’s Inner Harbor. During the next two weeks, it will be her home, her school, and above all else her workplace.

“I haven’t talked to anybody about the forecast yet,” says Newman, a Clarion College senior and mother of four, “but I’m hoping we hit a nasty storm.”

That hope is actually consistent with the aim of the course she’s taking — exposure to the elements of seafaring. Designed and taught by Timothy Walker under the aegis of Metropolitan College, Maritime History in the Atlantic World is a rare opportunity, in Newman’s words, “not to be a part of history, but to feel a part of it.”

From Knot-Tying to Navigating

Walker began dreaming up the course five years ago, when he worked for a semester-at-sea program offered by the University of Pittsburgh. He liked the setup — 500 students aboard a modern steamship — but envisioned an even more intensive history course “in which the students have a role in moving the vessel along, in which they really get a feel for what it was like to take a ship from port to port in a period when that was a very dodgy business.”

The Rose, as one full-time deckhand puts it, “is not a passenger vessel.” Students who expect the ship to take them to Nova Scotia and back are quickly reoriented: as apprentice crew members, they take it. Along with a daily sail training session in which professional crew teach everything from navigation to knot-tying, students stand watch eight hours of every twenty-four. They steer, set and strike sails, raise the 2,000-pound anchor by collectively turning the capstan, wash down the deck with saltwater, performed exhaustive boat checks, do the dishes, and clean the heads.

Into this demanding schedule Walker shoehorns his two-hour lectures on travel and trade among Europe, Africa, and
South and North America from the early fifteenth through the early nineteenth centuries.

“Ships are the sine qua non of colonization and of empires,” says Walker, a veteran MET instructor, who with his long ponytail and thick black beard could also be the world’s most articulate pirate. “People tend to forget that sailing once tied everything together. Two hundred years ago, the London and Liverpool docks each employed 50,000 people. A hundred years ago, this Inner Harbor looked like a forest with all the masts.”

The towering, three-masted Rose, an embarrassment to the pleasure boats in its presence, perfectly illustrates the sea’s diminished importance. At 179 feet, spar to stern, and 500 tons, she is the largest active wooden sailing ship in the world. But her eighteenth-century predecessor, with exactly the same dimensions and displacement, was a sixth-rater — among the smallest of British warships.

**Some Negative First Impressions**

Built in Hull in 1757, the early Rose menaced colonial ships in the waters off Massachusetts and Rhode Island. In 1769, several of her officers boarded the brigantine Pitt and attempted to impress four men into service. The men resisted violently, killing one of the Rose’s lieutenants with a harpoon. A young John Adams won their acquittal in a special court of vice-admiralty.

Using the original drawings, a history enthusiast from Newport, Rhode Island, built the modern Rose in 1970, hoping to take part in the battle reenactments of the U.S. bicentennial. He underestimated the cost of the project, though, and the Rose remained for the most part a dockside attraction until 1985, when the nonprofit HMS Rose Foundation was formed. The new Rose, a full-time sail training vessel, differs from the old in a few small but significant ways. Walker gestures jokingly to a panel of “authentic eighteenth-century electronic controls” on the quarterdeck. Gone are all but a few of her cannons. New are a couple of diesel engines that can be engaged when the winds are against her.

“But the sails are what it’s about,” says Hank Moseley, the ship’s rigging chief, or boatswain. With a blond goatee and a strip of T-shirt tied around his head, Moseley looks even more like a pirate than Walker, although he too is unassuming and well-spoken. “When the winds are favorable,” he says, “we’re much faster with sails than we are with our diesels going.”

Students set and strike sails just as their Revolution-era counterparts did: climbing a rope ladder through the ship’s rigging, then walking along the yard — a horizontal spar that supports the sails — on a single rope. A hundred and thirty feet separate a sailor on the highest yard from the water below, although of course that number rises and drops along with the ship. Sail trainees say it’s exhilarating.
“We don’t require anyone to go aloft,” says Captain Richard Bailey, a Cape Cod native and dry wit who has been with the ship almost since the Rose Foundation was established. “But if we had thirty trainees and none would go aloft, it would certainly affect how much sail we could set, because the crew couldn’t do it all.

“In the eighteenth century,” Bailey says, “the Rose had a crew of 160. Today, forty-nine is a full house. So we have to use our human resources very efficiently.”

A Motley Crew

It’s August 12, and the Rose has just returned to the Inner Harbor. Seen through the central archway of the Boston Harbor Hotel, she is a stunning anachronism. Passersby are as taken by the tall ship as they are indifferent to the streamlined yacht she has belled up beside.

Students and crew are tanned, scruffy, and salt-encrusted. They hustle to clear the weather deck for one final knot-tying session — someone has reserved the Rose for a wedding. Bailey disappears belowdecks, emerging a few moments later in a tuxedo; he’ll be performing the ceremony.

The twenty-four who signed up for Walker’s course are a diverse bunch. More than a third are women. Several are high school students and one is a junior high school principal. But the experience seems to have brought out similarities rather than differences. They gab enthusiastically, not too eager to be reunited with their land legs.

“I will always understand — and never forget — the theory of mercantilism and how to tie a bowline,” says Brandeis graduate student Abigail Weiner. She’s picked up the sailor’s inflection, stressing first syllables and softening the rest: boTun.

Newman got the nasty weather she’d been hoping for — a squall with plenty of pitching and rolling, “but no lashing rain or water up over the sides.

“Once you realize you actually have to be out in it, and you don’t have a little picture window to look through,” she admits, “it’s not necessarily so cool.”

She says the sheer quantity of work demanded by the ship, ironically, makes it an environment almost free of stress.

“Aaron Berman, a College of Communication sophomore who will “definitely” be sailing again, has a different perspective.

“To me,” he says, “sleep would have been a waste of time.”

For Boston University Summer Term information, call 617-353-5124, or visit www.bu.edu/summerterm. To find out more about the Rose, visit www.tallshiptrose.org.
Many hands make light work: Tammie Newman and her fellow sail trainees test the axiom.

Tim Farnan (CAS’00) and crew member Shannon Smith walk the yard.

Captain Richard Bailey

The old-fashioned weigh: raising the anchor means cranking the capstan.
Walker (left) and Ralph Lowe, a junior high school principal from Idaho, brandish a sunstruck map of Oak Island.

Jennifer McCormick keeps things shipshape.

As the sun goes down, a sail trainee goes up.

Anne Goldin (COM'02)

Apprentice crew on the bowsprit.

Tammie Newman: "You had to catch any little bit of sleep that you could."
Bellow in Boston

Considered by many leading critics to be this century's greatest English language novelist, Nobel Laureate Saul Bellow has been teaching at BU since 1993. This fall Random House will publish James Atlas's monumental portrait of the artist, *Bellow: A Biography*, from which this excerpt has been taken.

In the early nineties, Boston University began making aggressive overtures to Bellow. John Silber had lured two other future Nobelists to BU, Derek Walcott and Elie Wiesel. An outspoken conservative who shared Allan Bloom's conviction that American universities had been taken over by left-wing ideologues, Silber was politically compatible with Bellow; they had known each other since 1970, when Silber was an administrator at the University of Texas and Bellow was editing *Anon* with Keith Botsford. Silber had since recruited Botsford to Boston, along with two of Bellow's other friends from that era: the late classicist William Arrowsmith, whom he had first met at Princeton, and the French literature scholar Roger Shattuck. And Boston appealed to the Bellows after their experience in Paris, where they had gotten used to walking the streets without fear; Boston, they fancied, would be a kind of American Paris, a city where you didn't have to huddle behind locked doors.

At first, Bellow denied the rumors that he was contemplating a change of address. He was furious when "Kup," a Chicago journalist, ran an item in his column speculating about the significance of a lengthy two-part interview Bellow had given to *Bostonia*, Botsford's university-funded journal. Did this mean the Chicago novelist was Boston bound? "Just asking," Kup, as usual, had good information. In the spring of 1993, Bellow accepted Silber's offer. He would join the faculty of BU beginning in the fall semester.

Bellow's friends were stunned. "Who will you have to talk Yiddish with?" demanded Stuart Brent. "Not those *farshiniker goyim* in Boston. How could he forsake the city that had shaped his character, provided him with a literary identity? To his millions of readers around the world, Bellow and Chicago were virtually synonymous.

Some of his friends suggested that he felt neglected by the university to which he'd given so many years. As a professor emeritus since 1985, Bellow had to contend with the diminished stature that was the lot of retired professors, Nobel Prize winners or not. It bothered him that the university wouldn't give him a full-time secretary. Moreover, he had only a modest pension, and BU was prepared to pay him a star's salary: $155,000 a year to teach two classes. Dave Peltz offered another explanation for the move: "fresh adoration."

Bellow maintained that Boston was closer to Vermont, and he wanted to spend more time there. But there was perhaps an even more compelling motive for pulling up stakes: to stay in Chicago, a city of ghosts and aging friends, was to face his own mortality. Confronted with a fate he couldn't alter, he did what he had done all his life: He left. He often spoke of his relationship with Chicago as a marriage. Going to Boston was merely repeating a pattern.

The Sign of Citgo

In Boston, the Bellows settled into a university-owned apartment on Bay State Road, overlooking busy Storrow Drive and the Charles River and close to Fenway Park, a few doors down from where they'd lived in the fall of 1989. "Just look for the Citgo sign," Bellow directed visitors. "Baronial ceilings and staircase, the polished wooden floors and plush rugs make it feel like the private chambers of a British palace," noted one of the many reporters who trooped to Bellow's door for an account of his latest transition. Yet like all his residences, it had a temporary feel about it, the heavy antiques scattered forlornly about the long, empty room. For Bellow, it was "almost too grand."

His office, on the sixth floor in the School of Theology, was equally makeshift. “His solid brown desk was old, the windows behind it somewhat grimy,” wrote John Blades in the Chicago Tribune. “There were no couches to sink into, no paintings on the walls, just two flimsily framed pieces of paper: one his National Book Award for Herzog, the other the Harold Washington Literary Award. There were three black filing cabinets, one wall of books and four cardboard boxes on the worn purple carpet. It felt like the office of a cheap detective.” The author came off better than his surroundings: “Drinking tea in the twilight shadows of his townhouse, Bellow might be a detroned and exiled potentate looking back on the ruins of a fallen empire. But his words, though often regretful, are neither lachrymose nor bitter. If there’s any lingering sadness, he conceals it behind a distant smile, which often turns to hearty laughter.” He still wrote every morning, he told the reporter, working from nine-thirty until one-thirty or two — “Then I’m just washed out for the rest of the day.”

The Bellows had plenty of friends to visit: Monroe Engel and the Bells, Daniel and Pearl, in Cambridge; William Phillips, who had moved Partisan Review up to Boston, under the sponsorship of Boston University; and Bellow’s sidekick of four decades, Keith Botsford. But he missed his old home: in the BU corridors, he was often spotted in a faded University of Chicago baseball cap.

By November, he was back in Chicago to attend the unveiling of a bust of himself at the recently opened Harold Washington Library. Speaking before an audience of two hundred, including Mayor Daley, Bellow graciously conferred his approval on the bronze sculpture by Sara Miller, a local real-estate agent who had turned her hand to art late in life; Bellow had sat for her one afternoon just before his departure, allowing her to measure his head while he watched a Bulls game on TV. “My brother always said I’d be a bust,” he joked. As for the statue, he quipped to a reporter, “I’m sorry Picasso wasn’t around to do one of me with two noses. For one nose, it’s fine.”

He clearly welcomed the attention. As he approached his eightieth birthday, Bellow was troubled increasingly by the suspicion that he was becoming obsolete. His literary generation, the New York intellectuals who had helped bring the Jewish immigrant experience into the American mainstream, was no longer as significant a force in the culture as it had once been. Other, younger writers from other traditions and backgrounds and ethnic groups — Robert Stone, Toni Morrison, Amy Tan — now occupied center stage. “I had no idea our time would be so brief,” Bellow noted sadly. Most of the old Partisan Review gang was gone by now, and he felt his own readership had dwindled. “I had a cheering section once — no longer,” he told an interviewer.

He continued to give talks, packing the hall at the Ninety-second Street Y in New York, where he read from The Bellarosa Connection. In the summer of 1994, he participated in a roundtable discussion at BU, “The State of Letters,” with Joseph Brodsky, Seamus Heaney, Robert Pinsky, Leslie Epstein, Christopher Ricks, and Derek Walcott. His rhetoric had grown ever more heated. On one occasion, he launched into a Bloomian polemic against the legacy of the avant-garde “artists who make packages of bridges and monuments by covering them in wrapping paper; or the beneficiaries of Federal Arts projects whose idea of art is to pass out their government cash to poor Mexicans.” He made no secret of his distaste for mass entertainment. “Is rap music in any respect a folk art?” he asked rhetorically. “Can we rank the appetite for Nintendo or rock and rap CDs or Mortal-Kombat video games with the literary passions of an earlier time?” Literature was over because he was over.

A Jury of His Compeers

Yet his reputation was stronger than ever. In the spring of 1994, The Sunday Times of London had published the results of a poll it had undertaken of Britain’s leading writers and critics. “Who is the greatest living novelist writing in English?” the editors asked, noting that the recent deaths of Anthony Burgess, William Golding, and Graham Greene had depopulated the literary landscape. Were there any Grand Old Men (or Women) of Letters left? Bellow came out far ahead, with ten mentions, followed by Updike, with eight, and Muriel Spark, with five. Among those putting Bellow at the top was Salmon Rushdie, who maintained that if any book deserved to be labeled the Great American Novel, it was The Adventures of Augie March. Four years later, when an august board of scholars that included Daniel Boorstin, William Styron, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., was convened under the auspices of the Modern Library to select the one hundred greatest novels of the twentieth century, Henderson occupied the twenty-first spot, Augie the eighty-first.

It wasn’t only in fiction that Bellow had distinguished himself. That spring, Viking brought out a collection of his essays under the title It All Adds Up that provided an impressive exhibit of his nonfiction over the years. Subtitled From the Dim Past to the Uncertain Future, it was a lean and highly readable volume; he had culled a rigorous selection from the extensive prose he’d published over a half century. Missing were any of his book reviews from the forties or his early essays on American writers, but most of the important journalism was there and the best of his public lectures, along with five examples of a genre that he was increasingly called upon to produce these days: the eulogy. Bellow was a master of the commemorative art, sketching his dead friends’ characters with a few salient details: Isaac Rosenberg gesturing “like a Russian-Jewish intellectual, a cigarette between two fingers”; Allan Bloom in his Japanese robe. He was equally adept at the large generality, summing up the spirit of an age in a few deft strokes. In an essay written originally for Forbes, “There Is Simply Too Much to Think About,” he returned again to the theme of modern distractedness that had long occupied him. Knowledge, once the possession of an elite, had become a mass phenomenon purveyed by “artists of information,” he argued, referring to the TV anchormen whose version of reality
had come to dominate the collective consciousness. But he was more bemused than alarmed by these developments. “When you have completed your self-education and mastered your trade, you are likely to find that your time has run out,” he wrote in his introduction, paraphrasing Henry James. It is that note of humility that makes his occasional journalism so appealing.

*It All Adds Up* was more an elegiac summing-up than a polemical exercise, and reviewers responded generously to its even tone. “Saul Bellow has shaped and compelled the modern imagination,” wrote Malcolm Bradbury on the front page of the *London Sunday Times*’s book section on September 11, 1994, expressing the general view. “It is notable that a novelist who began work in the 1940s, dominated the 1950s, outraged the 1960s, won Nobel acclaim in the 1970s, quietened, but did not cease writing in the 1980s, should occupy this magical position. But the homage is justified.”

He still gave interviews. He spoke to Mel Gussow of the *New York Times*, whose profile of the author standing beside the bookshelves in his BU office, appeared in the paper on May 26, 1997. And he still got out and about, especially after he had a pacemaker installed. In Toronto, he gave the Allan Bloom Memorial Lecture. “A spry and tidy man in a turquoise green shirt and thin-striped jacket, Bellow looked like a healthy fifty-five year old,” noted a correspondent for LRC: *The Literary Review of Canada*. “He seemed invigorated by the prospect of reading to the large audience of more than three hundred that showed up that night.” He loved returning home to Canada. Writing to Shulamis Yelin, who had sent him a collection of her stories about growing up in Jewish Montreal early in the century, Bellow revelled in her evocation of “those marvelous years” and the “nostalgic ecstasy” her book had induced. So powerful was the draw of his childhood that he devoted considerable effort, on a subsequent visit to the town of his birth, to locating Ezra Davis, the “roomer” in his family’s house in Chicago more than seventy years before who had retired to a Montreal nursing home; he would have been close to one hundred by now, but not surprisingly, he was deceased.

**Ecce Mensch!**

On June 12, 1997, two days after his eighty-second birthday, Bellow attended a ceremony at the National Portrait Gallery in Washington at which a portrait of the novelist was unveiled. Donated by friends, it showed the guest of honor in an open-necked shirt, looking contemplative and relaxed. The portraitist was Sarah Yuster, from Staten Island. A cake with candles was brought out and “Happy Birthday to You” was sung, much to Bellow’s embarrassment. “If this were a restaurant I would walk out,” he grumbled. But he seemed gentle and somewhat chastened. “Life has a certain sweetness, and so does Bellow,” reported David Streitfeld in the *Washington Post*. The speakers “tried to turn him into a marble bust while he sat in front of them,” recalled Richard Stern, who described his old friend as “a bit fragile and osteoporotic but Jesus, when he got up and spoke for five minutes the marble dissolved and there was the unique mensch.” In his speech, Bellow graciously deflected the notion that he was even remotely a media star. “Instead of fans chasing me in the street, I have people who deeply and earnestly appreciate my labors,” he said, quoting the Bible: “See the man who is diligent in his work. He shall stand before kings.” Then he gestured toward his portrait. “We don’t have kings in a democracy, but this will do for me.”

For Bellow, old age was as much an interesting phenomenon as an affliction. “Death’s a challenge,” he told a reporter from the *Sydney Morning Herald* with his innate resilience and optimism. “I’ve got to summon the guts to face it. I’m not in a flap. I’m curious.” If he was Lear-like, it was less the doleful Lear than the elegiac Lear of act 5, unprotestingly resigned to senescence — “a foolish fond old man,” as he put it. He wasn’t “a bred-in-the-bone curmudgeon,” he insisted. On the matter of John Updike, who had long been a torment to him, both as a critic and as the creator of Henry Bech, a Jewish novelist with signally unattractive traits, he had finally arrived at indifference: “He’s welcome to the glory. I don’t care. I’ve lived long enough.”

On the matter of John Updike, who had long been a torment to him, both as a critic and as the creator of Henry Bech, a Jewish novelist with signally unattractive traits, he had finally arrived at indifference: “He’s welcome to the glory. I don’t care. I’ve lived long enough not to be edgy about my reputation. It goes when you have the Lazarus experience — all the vanities take a beating then.” And when a reporter asked him if he thought Norman Mailer deserved a Nobel Prize, he answered comically: “Well, I’d give it to him if he had anything to trade.”

He kept up with modern life, installing answering machines in his two homes (“Please leave your message, which we are panting to hear”); he signed petitions in the *New York Times* (“Only Ground Troops Will End Ethnic Cleansing in Kosovo”); made
public appearances (a Hemingway conference at the Kennedy Library in Boston; a memorial service for Ralph Ellison at the Ninety-second Street Y); wrote essays (for the Chicago Tribune, The National Review, the New York Times's "Writers on Writing" series). He flogged his News from the Republic of Letters on National Public Radio and corresponded with old friends, reminiscing about their Chicago days and stirring up old rivalries; to Dave Peltz, who had submitted a story to Bellow's journal, he wrote a stingy rejection letter ("your story toils on and you deal with problems nobody wants to hear about"). He compared himself to the Notre Dame song:

_Cheers, cheers for Old Notre Dame_
_Let's sing the drunkards' mumble her name._
_Send somebody out for gin_  
_Don't let a sober person in._
_We stagger on but we never fall._

He was clear-eyed about his own achievements. "One of my weaknesses as a writer is that I was far too modest in my choice of subjects," he told the interviewer from Playboy. "If I were going to invest my talent more profitably I should have had more ambitious themes than I allowed myself to have." And when his interlocutor invited him to comment on Joyce Carol Oates's assessment of him as a genius "off the scale of even Truman Capote, Thomas Pynchon or Thomas Wolfe," Bellow replied: "I tend to agree with her, but Lenin said, when describing what happened in Russia in 1917, 'The power was lying in the street, I just picked it up.'" Then he laughed. He felt himself to be a "winner," he confessed, but a winner who had fallen far short of his capabilities: "I did the best that I could be expected to do." As for the way he'd conducted his life, he knew he was no model of virtue. He liked to quote Socrates' declaration that the unexamined life wasn't worth living, adding "but sometimes the examined life makes you wish you were dead." He said it with only the slightest of smiles.

He continued to turn out occasional brief commentaries for News from the Republic of Letters. One issue featured a "riposte" by Bellow to a story by Jack Miles. Miles's contribution, "The Nihilist and the Inventor," was about a privileged young rock musician from Silicon Valley who decides that life has no meaning and retreats to a cabin in the northern California woods. The story disturbed Bellow, for whom the soul — and the young rock musician from Silicon Valley who decides that life has no meaning and retreats to a cabin in the northern California woods. The story disturbed Bellow, for whom the soul — and the

The last scene in the program was shot in Boston. As he and Bellow sit by the window of a coffee shop, Amis asks his mentor if he believes in the afterlife. Bellow thinks for a long moment before giving his answer: "Well, it's impossible to believe in it because there's no rational ground. But I have a persistent intuition, and it's not so much a hope because it would be better to be blotted out entirely — call it love impulses. What I think is how agreeable it would be to see my mother and my father and my brothers again — to see again my dead. But then I think, 'How long would these moments last?' You still have to think of eternity as a conscious soul. So the only thing I can think of is that in death we might become God's apprentices and have the real secrets of the universe revealed to us."
Richard Teich (COM’75) graduated from the College of Communication twenty-five years ago and became a reporter, pounding out his stories on a manual typewriter. Now he’s cofounder and CEO of an Internet company. Maggie Battista (COM’95) began using computers in fifth grade and has been on the Internet since her sophomore year at BU; she is now director of personal publishing at Lycos, Inc.

Whether the Web was science fiction or reality when they graduated, Boston University alumni have found their way online, fulfilling their own visions of a business or using their skills to build on others’ ideas. As ubiquitous dot-coms struggle to stay afloat in a fluctuating economy, these nine alumni are meeting the challenges of keeping their companies competitive.

Mike Zapolin (SMG’88)
Cofounder, CEO
Maynard, Massachusetts
Major at BU: Business Administration and Management

In His Former Life
Mike Zapolin began his career on Wall Street, then decided, he says, “I wanted to use my more creative side.” This led him to direct response television, where he worked in development and marketing. “I was looking for a place where I could have a twenty-four-hour network of my own,” he recalls. “I saw the Internet coming and thought it was perfect for me.”

What’s in a Name
For Zapolin, choosing a name for his company was the basis of his entire business plan. “I was looking around for where I’d fit in with the Internet,” Zapolin says, “and I came up with the concept that if you own a category name, like ‘computer’ or ‘beer,’ all the brands in that category would really need you. Rather than build a site and then build traffic, if you owned a category name you’d already have traffic coming to you.”

Zapolin’s first business deal evolved from practical thinking: “I looked at what industries advertise a lot, and I thought of the Super Bowl, and I thought: beer.” Zapolin contacted the owner of beer.com, a hobbyist, helped him expand the site, and eventually acquired 75 percent ownership. Three months later, Zapolin says, his efforts resulted in a lucrative sale to Interbrew.
Next, Zapolin looked up the domain name “computer.com,” again found it owned by a hobbyist, and bought 75 percent of the site, including the phone number, 1-800-COMPUTER. This time he raised capital from investors and turned Computer.com into a retail Web site for computer novices.

Biggest Risk
By December 1999, Zapolin and his partners had raised the $3 million they needed to plan a Super Bowl 2000 launch. “But the only spot we could get was the last spot in the whole Super Bowl,” he says. “We thought, ‘Okay — hope it’s a good game.’ It was a huge risk.”

And it was a good game; Zapolin adds, “ABC called it the highest-rated commercial of all time — more than 150 million viewers.”

Challenges Then and Now
In the beginning, Zapolin says, “we had to convince a group of people that we were the guys to do it, and then we motivated a group of investors to say that we had what it took to execute this thing.” Two years later, his biggest challenge remains very much the same — keeping people motivated and focused — only in different ways. “Now we’re focusing on generating useful content, doing the right type of business development deals, convincing would-be partner companies of the value we bring to the table.”

Corporate Culture
Computer.com employs eighteen people in an atmosphere that Zapolin calls “pretty relaxed. If people do their jobs, I don’t care if they do it between nine and five or midnight and six in the morning. People come and go, but they work really hard.”

As CEO, Zapolin sets the tone, which often includes changing roles to meet employees’ needs. “Sometimes you’ve got to be a shrink, sometimes you’ve got to be a bad guy, sometimes you’ve got to be a clown,” he says. “It’s all about motivating people to stay focused on a common goal.”
In Her Former Life

After working in print and broadcast journalism, Jodi Turek was hired as the marketing director for an interactive start-up company. Her first experience with the Internet was a revelation.

“The minute I got online, it seemed that everything I’d ever wanted to do manifested itself in this technology,” she says. She also noticed something that would later inspire her own business, womensforum.com: two large Web sites serving women, as well as “great sites started by what I call ‘real women’ — your mom, you, me, teachers, grandmas, chefs, artists, doctors — women from all walks of life. It’s astounding when you realize that women are building successful businesses out of their homes and don’t require an army of M.B.A.s,” Turek says.

Turek and cofounder Mark Kaufman, now her fiancé and CEO of womensforum.com, built a network aimed at helping these homespun sites flourish. Partners need not pay to join womensforum.com but must share information with one another. The benefits womensforum.com provides its ninety-plus partners include advertising revenue; counseling on such issues as business development, site enhancements, and revenue opportunities; technological services including free e-mail and home pages; and public relations and marketing.

Biggest Risk

In the beginning, Turek ran womensforum.com at home in Chicago while Kaufman held a job to support them both. Now, having raised $17 million in venture capital, they both work full-time in the company’s San Francisco offices.

“It’s fulfilling to be building a professional and personal future with one person,” she adds. “The biggest risk, especially on the Web, is not doing it.”

Looking into the Future

The greatest surprise to Turek has been the industry’s instability. She found her early visits to large companies intimidating. “We would sit in their offices, and they’d have 200 people, all looking very busy and efficient, running around. And I’d think, ‘How are we supposed to compete with this?’ Now, a lot of those companies that were so intimidating, that seemed so far ahead of us, are gone.”
Corporate Culture
Domania began with five people brainstorming around a kitchen table; after a decade, two remain a part of Domania's fifty-member Boston staff. "Unlike many companies, we don't consider how many people we hire a badge of honor," Kropper says. "You want to make sure the only thing you're proud of is providing a good work environment and making money."

Looking into the Future
Kropper sees a 75 percent chance that Domania will be acquired in the next year or so — "We are the best at-home price data on the Web, and there are many people who will want that asset" — and he doesn't mind stepping aside if and when the time is right. "Today I am the best person to do the job," he says. "I think there's a point when it's appropriate for the management to move from the founder and entrepreneur to M.B.A. and accounting types. At that point, I'll be delighted."

York and as a freelance consultant before becoming executive producer of Tripod, Inc., a community Web site providing free home pages. After Tripod was bought by Lycos, Battista moved to Lycos's Waltham, Massachusetts, offices, where she is now director of personal publishing.

Corporate Culture
"When I started at Tripod, it was the most corporate place I'd ever worked," says Battista of the company's Williamstown, Massachusetts, office. "In Boston and New York, we could do whatever we wanted — we could come and go as we pleased, play games half the day — because we knew we would work all night." Although at Tripod she began to work more regular hours, the spirit was playful.

"In Williamstown, we had Ping-Pong tables, pool tables, a cafeteria that had fifties-style booths and tables and chairs. We stopped work on Fridays at four to have a few beers."

The Lycos office has "a lot of gray, a lot of cubes," Battista says, "but the people here are very fun, and I think we'll find a balance between the two atmospheres."

Richard Teich (COM'75)
Cofounder, CEO
Los Angeles, California
Major at BU: Journalism

In His Former Life
Richard Teich's first job was reporting for the now-defunct Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, then the number-two newspaper in L.A. "I was, literally, an ink-stained wretch," Teich says, recalling that the paper still used manual typewriters and hot type.

He moved from reporting to advertising and public relations; working with high-tech clients piqued his interest in software and interactive technologies, and he eventually founded buybidwin.com. He and his cofounders had a "vision of a more multipurpose site than a pure shop-only, auction-only, game-only site, and I thought [combining them] could be an interesting idea." The site was launched in October 1999, in time for the holiday rush.

"It was amazing to get to work in the morning and see traffic," he says. "One day we're not there, and the next day we have customers and people are interacting and customer service is getting e-mails. It's amazing how quickly you become a part of the culture — somebody throws a switch, essentially points at a URL, and you're open for business."

Corporate Culture
Buybidwin.com began with six employees in January 1999 and had built up to forty when the company was forced to reduce costs, putting Teich in the unenviable position of having to let people go. "We've gone through ups and downs already, which is something they don't teach you in college — what to do about telling somebody that you're laying them off. It's an interesting piece of real-life data that you can't quite study."

Despite the many "forest fires" he extinguishes daily, Teich says of the company's attitude, "It wants to be playful. The Internet created this notion that people feel put out if you actually want them to wear shoes in the office. You try, as a manager, to give people the space they need to feel they're in a fun environment."

Biggest Risk
Because Teich invested his own money in the company, he faces the same financial risks as his investors. "I feel that I have a giant responsibility to see this thing through, get it to the level I think we can get it to, and to pay back the people who believed in us."
In Her Former Life

Rina Spence’s background in education and health care made iEmily.com, a health Web site for girls, an obvious choice for her Internet start-up.

“I wanted to stay in health care,” Spence says. “I’m fundamentally half educator, half businessperson. Having been a junior high and high school teacher, I understood that age group. Creating something in their medium, coming at it from an educational construct, and combining that with my health-care industry knowledge was a logical outgrowth.”

iEmily.com was launched in July with 250 articles about girls’ health; Spence hopes to have about 400 by October. What do teenage girls want to know about? “Mostly sex,” Spence says. “There is so much information out there about sexuality that for them is confusing, and they’re misinformed. What we do is give them the straight scoop, on every topic.” iEmily.com includes a dictionary of 500 terms, and girls can write in with questions and receive a response from a physician.

A Day on the Job

“Every day is different,” Spence says. “Today I have to put a business plan together with my CEO; some days I deal with marketing; a lot of days I deal with content; some days I deal with policy issues. I like that eclectic nature of a start-up and small business.”

Corporate Culture

Spence describes her office as businesslike. iEmily.com employs a full-time staff of six as well as twenty-five writers, editors, and physicians on contract. Because everyone likes to exercise in the morning, the workday begins at nine-thirty a.m.

Looking into the Future

From a business perspective, Spence hopes that iEmily.com eventually will become part of a larger health organization and/or educational network. In addition, she says, “I certainly want to make a statement and change the way girls view themselves and their approach to health and wellness. Hopefully that will set them on a better course than some of us were set on as we entered our teens.”
“There are a lot of wedding sites out there,” says Salgado, “but generally they do a Yellow Pages model in which they list everyone. The way we differentiate ourselves is to list only people we trust.”

A Day on the Job
In the beginning, workdays lasted up to twenty hours and extended into weekends. “A typical day was coffee, programming, making calls, sending out advertising—we did it all ourselves,” says Salgado.

With no funding, the two had to find inexpensive, creative ways to market the site. Once, they attracted vendors by sending mock wedding invitations, created by a calligrapher in exchange for a listing on the site. “A lot of vendors tell us that they still have the invitation,” Vega says.

Now, the site runs itself, giving its founders time for new pursuits. Vega manages vendor applications part-time and recently accepted a management position with Citizens Bank, and Salgado now works full-time at Context Integration in Burlington, Massachusetts.

Biggest Risk
Vega was ready to apply to business schools when he and Salgado began the business, and he decided to readjust his plans. Salgado was approaching graduation from BU’s Graduate School of Management — and was the only one in her class who wasn’t already looking for a job. “People thought I was nuts,” she remembers.

But the risks paid off: abostonwedding.com launched in June 1999 and became profitable within a few months. And Vega still plans to attend business school. “I anticipate that this new experience will just add to the diverse management experience I can bring to an M.B.A. program,” he says.

In His Former Life
Just over three years ago, Michael Weiss was teaching part-time at two Los Angeles schools, one an inner-city public middle school and the other an affluent private high school. He was also doing HTML (the language of the Web) work for his father. “He threw me a book and said, ‘Learn this. This is going to help you,’” Weiss recalls.

His father was right. In May 1997, Weiss and two friends combined their creative energies to form Imagistic, a new-media design, production, and consulting company. “It just sort of happened,” Weiss says. “I never sat down and said, ‘I really want to be in the Internet industry.’”

Challenges Then and Now
Weiss’s first step was to build a client base. He made arrangements with large design shops so they would refer smaller clients to Imagistic for a 5 percent commission. Eventually, word-of-mouth brought Imagistic its own clients, and Weiss is now making referral deals with smaller start-ups.

His biggest challenge at present is to keep people motivated — in fact, simply to keep them. “In this industry, it’s not unusual to have three jobs in three years,” Weiss says. “Employees just want to go for the better job. You’ve got companies that dangle stock over people’s heads like carrots and say, ‘Come here, come here.’”

Looking into the Future
Weiss is amazed at the company’s growth thus far. “Three guys, each of us put in $3,000, that’s it. Now we’re a $4 million company,” he says. “Chances are we’ll be acquired. We’re in steady growth. When you’re talking about 100 to 150 people, it’s a whole new ball game, and we’ll have to ask ourselves if we’re prepared for that.”

Michael Weiss (CAS’91)
Cofounder and CEO, Imagistic Media Studios, Inc.
Venice, California
Major at BU: Psychology

Photograph: Vernon Doucette
A skater since childhood, Jack Falla built in his Natick, Massachusetts, backyard a skating rink christened by friends the Bacon Street Omni (BSO). Its social dimensions, obeying some glacial Parkinson’s Law, soon expanded from the standard sixty-five feet by thirty feet to Waldenesque proportions. In this excerpt from *Home Ice: Reflections on Backyard Rinks and Frozen Ponds*, the BSO plays to family and friends at ice level, and at another to meditation and metaphysical figure eights. As A. J. Leibling and Red Smith have shown, writing on sports precludes neither lucidity nor lyricism. Falla underscores the point.

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**Author’s Preface:** My backyard skating rink is important because it connects me with people I love. Since I first built it seventeen winters ago, the rink has been a bridge to family and friends, a road back to the frozen ponds of my New England childhood, a lens through which I’ve watched my children and their friends grow up, and an arena wherein I’ve battled the encroachments of middle age. Middle age is winning.

“Shots in the Dark” is the second of the seventeen essays that make up the book *Home Ice*. I wrote “Shots” because I’d wondered why I often shoot pucks in my driveway the way other—should I say more normal—people go to their driveways to shoot basketballs or to their gyms to work out. The answer for me has more to do with getting through life than with staying in shape. — JF

I understand it better now, but on the February morning when I was ten I remember thinking it was odd, probably irreverent—maybe even *sinful*—to be shooting a puck against a wall a few hours after my mother had died.

My mother lost what journalists tend to call “a long battle with cancer.” I thought of it more as a street fight—no rounds, no rules, no draws, and nobody to break it up. I thought she may have had the better of the kicking and scratching when she came home for Christmas and stayed with us until mid-January before going back to the hospital. But then came the phone call at about four in the morning and the visit from my aunt—my mother’s sister—to my room.

I was saddened by my loss, angry about my mother losing. As the rest of the morning disintegrated into a chaos of doorbells and phone calls, I escaped to the backyard.

It was bitterly cold and I noticed a small frozen puddle a few feet in front of the garage wall. Water had collected in a depression my friends and I had made by wearing away the turf in our touch football games. My parents didn’t mind some of my friends wearing cleats in the yard. I remember a
friend's mother asking my mother rather archly, as I would later learn some well-off suburban women like to talk, "You let these kids tear up your yard like that?"

"That's what we bought it for," my mother said.

I wandered into the garage and found my hockey stick — its straight blade held together by layers of black friction tape — and a puck encrusted with the calcified dirt of some now-forgotten driveway hockey game. I dropped the puck on the frozen puddle and started taking shots at the garage wall, toward an imaginary goal in front of which crouched an imaginary goalie. I didn't have much of a shot. Still don't. But I found intrinsic satisfaction and vague comfort in the act of shooting, of sweeping the puck forward and sending it where I wanted it to go. Whether I hit or missed, I controlled the stick, the puck, and all the variables. If I did everything right, I could control the outcome of the act in a way I could never control real life.

I don't know how many shots I took that morning. Probably not many before cold, obligation, and guilt drove me back to the house. In the forty-plus years since, I've often gone outdoors to shoot pucks the way other people might go out to shoot basketballs. I do it for recreation and sometimes for escape.

Of course not all of my pucks have been pucks and not all of my goals have been goals. I've shot tennis balls, rolled-up socks, a wooden ball from a toy bowling game, rolls of tape, cans of tuna fish, Whiffle balls, chunks of ice, and pieces of wood. I've shot them at walls, closets, garage doors, beach chairs, bookcases, and — my all-time favorite — a fireplace screen. Even

Whether I hit or missed, I controlled the stick, the puck, and all the variables. If I did everything right, I could control the outcome of the act in a way I could never control real life.
today I cannot see a fireplace screen in even the most elegantly appointed living room without thinking — “top corner.”

These days I have my own rink in my backyard and, on it, a regulation-size, steel-frame hockey goal. I shoot at it a lot in winter but, when the ice melts, I put the goal in the driveway for the kids. I rarely shoot at it there.

That goal sat on my driveway one August morning a few years ago when I was hit by what the late E. B. White of The New Yorker called “that end-of-summer-sadness our language has no word for.” It was a sadness made worse by loneliness. My wife, Barbara, was visiting friends in New Orleans, our son, Brian, was at work, earning money for his first year at boarding school, and our daughter, Tracey, was in Maine at a field hockey camp.

Shots at an Empty Net

I ate breakfast alone, then went out to cut the grass. But, when I got to the garage, I impulsively grabbed a hockey stick instead of the lawn mower. I took five pucks from a plastic milk case filled with pucks, dropped them on the driveway about twenty-five feet in front of the goal, and began wristing them into the net. I remember two shots: one that clanked into the goal off of the crossbar. I automatically celebrated that one with an upraised stick. And one that deflected off of the right goalpost and put a dent in my grille cover. You can’t always make things happen the way you want them to.

What I remember best is that the act of shooting felt familiar. Comfortable. Steadying. But I’d taken only twenty shots or so when I started feeling self-conscious. What would our neighbors or a passerby think of seeing a grown man, alone, shooting hockey pucks at an empty net in what was shaping up as one of the hottest days of the summer?

I put my stick away and started the lawn mower. Neighbors understand lawn mowing. But, after more than forty years, I’ve come to understand something about shooting pucks. It is a good and blameless thing to do when the world fills with confusion and good-bye.

While I tried to keep the tone of Home Ice as upbeat and joyous as one of our backyard skating parties, there are two places in the book where the mood darkens briefly, and I write not of connection but of the ultimate disconnection; the essay you just read is one of those places and the following, entitled “Last Skate,” is the other. It is the book’s final chapter.

I hadn’t seen the pond in more than forty years and saw it this time only because I had to drive past it on my way to visit an aunt in the hospital. I remembered it as such a tiny, shallow pond that I didn’t even know it still existed, much less had a name. But there it was, just a few yards into the woods on the west side of South Border Road in Medford, Massachusetts. “Bellevue Pond” read the sign in front of a small paved parking lot — a place where old men sat in cars and read newspapers — behind which sat the pond itself, as small as I’d remembered it. You could hit a pitching wedge across it. It was the first place I skated.

It was school vacation week between Christmas and New Year’s and my mother and aunt — my mother’s older sister — had taken my younger sister, Elizabeth, and me to the pond to try out the skates we’d received from a Santa Claus we still wanted to — but didn’t — believe in.

My skates were cheap ones without much padding in the tongue and with a boot that offered a chafing stiffness but little support or comfort. I forget what off-brand they were but it’s safe to say they weren’t Tacks, which in those days were known by their full name, Tackaberrys. Of course I didn’t know then that my skates weren’t good ones and neither did my parents and, even if they did, I doubt they could have afforded Tacks.

My mother helped me into the skates — to this day I have not figured out a comfortable way to put on my skates while kneeling on a frozen pond — and I went tottering ahead gingerly and with much waving of my arms. The only clear memory I have of those first few strides is of the contrast between the blackness of the ice and the stark white of the cuts made by the blades of other skaters. Natural ice did not look like the ice I’d seen in Currier and Ives lithographs. The feeling I had was one of vulnerability, as other, older, and better skaters whizzed around me.
As January pushes into February and the sun, daily rising toward the vernal equinox, hits the ice at ever-higher angles, I can’t help wondering which skating session will be my last for that season.

My mother must have sensed my insecurity because when she came out onto the ice wearing an old pair of figure skates, the once-white boots of which looked like they’d been dyed in tea, she stood a few feet away, held out her arms, and encouraged me to skate toward her. It was the same strategy she used in teaching me to swim: stay close, present a reachable goal, make no reference to anyone or anything else, and reward the achievement with a few kind words. It’s a strategy I use today when I teach a college writing class.

I remember stumbling toward her and half crashing, half throwing myself into her outstretched arms, then pressing and being pressed into the warmth and softness of her fake fur coat. I did that a few times before I developed the ability and willingness to go shuffling around on my own. I don’t remember how long we skated but it must have been until deep into the afternoon because the light had changed and the pond that was in sunlight when we arrived was in the long shadows of bare trees when we left. I hadn’t known it was so late.

That was the first and only time my sister and I skated with my mother. It was also the last time my mother skated. A few months later and pregnant, she was diagnosed with cancer. And several months after that she and the son to whom she had prematurely given birth, Stephen Charles, were dead.

Driving past that pond and recalling that day I skated with my mother, I thought how good it is that we cannot see beyond the present. I also thought how skating and hockey helped me through the dark decade after my mother’s death. That what she had set in motion that day on the pond would remain in motion until today, when I have a wife, children, grandchild, home, and a small homemade skating pond of my own.

**Last Visit to the Oval Office**

As January pushes into February and the sun, daily rising toward the vernal equinox, hits the ice at ever-higher angles, I can’t help wondering which skating session will be my last for that season. Even on the coldest late February days the midday sun reflecting off the south-facing boards will soften and often melt the ice at that end of the rink. I think it was this curiosity about what would be the final skating day of the season that led Barbara and me to start recording the season’s final skate in our rink’s guest book.

As I look in our guest book I see that I have taken the final skate in three of the six seasons we’ve been keeping that record. Twice by myself. Once with Barbara. And all three times I knew intuitively that it would be the final skate. And, even when I wasn’t the last skater off the ice in a given season, I still knew when I was taking my own last skate, and on those days I stayed out longer and skated harder. Of course I didn’t skate any better, I just did what I’ve tried to do ever since I took those first shuffling strides with my mother — skate as well as I can. Because life is different from a skating season, and in life you never know which skate will be your last. Only that one of them will be.

Jack Falla (COM’67,’90) is an adjunct professor at the College of Communication, a former Sports Illustrated staff writer, and a regular contributor to Bostonia. This excerpt is taken from his book Home Ice: Reflections on Backyard Rinks and Frozen Ponds, with a foreword by Bobby Orr, which will be published in November by McGregor Publishing.

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Navigating a Nontraditional Course

Scanning a new horizon, Coast Guard veteran John Ebersole sees a happy marriage of technology and education

BY BARI WALSH

In a get-acquainted conversation in his spacious Commonwealth Avenue office, its walls decorated with drawings and vintage magazine covers reflecting his passion for the sea, John Ebersole returns again and again to a favored phrase: lifelong learning. For Ebersole, the new dean of Metropolitan College, the phrase rings with mission, personal and professional.

Ebersole’s conviction that learning is a process that ought not to be restricted by age, circumstance, or location arises out of the events of his life, which in turn suit him eminently well for his new position. “All of my higher education, including my doctoral work, has been as a nontraditional student,” he says. “I was eight years out of high school and well into a military career before I set foot in any college.” Now, as dean of an institution that offers an ever-growing range of academic and professional training to adult students, he will be mining his own experiences, advocating for other nontraditional students, and reaching out to new constituencies with technology-enhanced learning programs.
Ebersole spent his military career in the Coast Guard. "I enlisted as a kid fresh off a Missouri farm who had never seen the ocean, and I retired having commanded two ships and one shore facility, completing a tour in Vietnam along the way," he says, his office artwork indicating that his landlocked days are firmly behind him. Over a twenty-one-year career, he did undergraduate work at the Naval War College and earned master's degrees in business administration and public administration from John F. Kennedy University in San Francisco. The graduate work was "very non-traditional," he says. "I finished my M.B.A. while traveling thirty-five weeks a year. I flew back from places around the western United States just to attend class."

That was before distance-education programs made it possible for students to take classes away from campus, before computer, Internet, and videoconferencing technologies opened avenues for transforming old-fashioned correspondence courses into vivid, interactive learning experiences. Now the technology has caught up to him. Ebersole is finishing a doctoral degree, from a distance, at George Washington University; his thesis topic: distance education. He's "sold on the potential" of distance education, but he's realistic about its limitations. "I don't for a moment pretend that it's the same thing as classroom instruction. It's better— and worse... The fact is, it's a different experience. But the good news is that while it's a different route, we can use it to get to the same place at the end."

Training to Train

Between shipboard command assignments, Ebersole held a series of training and development positions that laid the groundwork for his career in higher education. At one point he was in charge of the Coast Guard's West Coast operational training, and later he oversaw West Coast recruit training. Even while at sea he found himself unofficially involved in personal development issues when crew members would come to him to discuss personal problems and family stress caused by their prolonged absences. He drew on those experiences when he became an educator and found himself counseling "people who are looking for direction, weighing different options, dealing with divorce, perhaps, or losing a job... often there is some precipitating event that causes them to be looking at education for a new direction."

When he retired from the military, Ebersole settled in California, doing financial consulting by day and teaching at night at JFK, his alma mater, where he eventually became dean of the management school. After another consulting stint—developing training programs and employee back-to-school programs for clients including AT&T and Chevron—he became assistant dean of the extension program at the University of California, Berkeley, and then associate provost at Colorado State University, where he was responsible for academic outreach programs, distance-learning programs, and off-campus degree programs.

At Boston University, Ebersole plans to explore ways to use technology to improve the quality of instruction students receive on campus and in distance-learning programs. Technology can enhance classroom experience, he says, citing the example of a program he helped develop at Colorado State, where veterinary students diagnosed and treated a "virtual dog" that had been hit by a "virtual car." Each decision a student made was incorporated by the software, leading to different recovery scenarios and different outcomes. "With technology," he says, "I can match learning to your individual learning style. I can sort the material and deliver it to you in a way that fits your learning style, so that you will bring a higher level of readiness, expectation, and capacity" to the course work.

Learning Off Campus

Ebersole also wants to use technology "to reach students who otherwise could not participate in full-time, on-campus study." At Colorado State, full graduate degree programs have been offered totally at a distance since the 1960s; by contrast, BU, he says, is unlikely to offer any full degree programs at a distance anytime soon. Instead, the University will identify pilot programs that might lend themselves to distance learning. "I see us offering specialty courses, certificate programs in training. The Corporate Education Center [MET's technology training branch], for instance, is an excellent laboratory for us to do some of our initial work in the nonacademic-credit arena, providing professional training to people who are comfortable with computers to begin with. From these initial offerings, and the lessons learned, I would expect us to grow" in terms of distance-education offerings. Technology can be used in creative ways to flesh out on-campus programs, he says; Duke University, for example, offers an M.B.A. program that combines on-campus instruction, face-to-face instruction abroad, and distance instruction.

Ebersole will also be looking at how BU can use technology to offer lifelong learning programs to its alumni around the world, perhaps through online series in science and the arts. And then there are his goals for expanding Metropolitan College's programs for working adults. "The Corporate Education Center is doing a fabulous job of meeting the career development needs of information technology professionals," he says. "We need to be doing the same thing for a whole lot of other professionals."

He also hopes to institute what he calls lifestyle courses, nonacademic courses in genealogy, short-story writing, or language, for example, that would attract people to Boston during Summer Term. "I want people from around the world to be thinking of Boston University as a place to come in the summertime, to experience all that Boston has to offer and the best of what BU has to offer. I want to make us a destination," he says. And with so much prior experience at the helm, it's only appropriate that he chart the course.
BY JENNIFER GORMANOUS BURKE

For years Micki Taylor-Pinney, coordinator of the University’s dance program, watched her students log hours each week in the dance studio perfecting their pliés and arabesques, and was frustrated that without a degree program in dance, their dedication to the art could be described only as a hobby. That changed last fall when the School for the Arts established a minor in dance, based on a proposal submitted by Taylor-Pinney and Judith Chaffee, an SFA associate professor of theater arts. Sargent College of Health and Rehabilitation Sciences and the School of Education soon followed, accepting a curriculum that includes technique classes in ballet, modern, jazz, tap, and movement improvisation and theory courses such as Twentieth Century Dance History and Principles of Choreography.

The effort to establish the dance minor had been whirling around Boston University for more than fifteen years, initiated by Chaffee, who was then dance director. By the time she and Taylor-Pinney put together the latest proposal, enrollment in dance classes had climbed to 1,600, and student organizations such as the Dance Theatre Group and Ballroom Dance Club were thriving. Student interest was apparent; the challenge was proving that the dance minor could complement majors both at SFA and at other schools.

Meredith Butulis (SAR’01) finds the dance minor a perfect match with her physical therapy major. “Once I graduate, I want to put the two together,” says Butulis, who...
Dance at Boston University has a rich, eclectic history. Among its latest showings is a new dance minor.

Is Optional

aspires to a career in the physical rehabilitation of dancers. "I feel that the dance minor provides a justification of why I and some other students spend so much time in the studio working on these movements. I think it's really helping me in physical therapy and physical therapy is really helping me in dance."

Students at the School of Education, where movement games are sometimes used to help children understand things like sentence structure and mathematical concepts, also can benefit from a dance minor. Knowledge and training gained from minoring in dance can apply to almost any field, Taylor-Pinney says.

One former dance student is now a New York advertising executive, she says, and feels that "the process of working on choreography has given her great insight into what it is like to design an ad campaign and understand what goes into getting all the elements — the visual, the auditory, the movement — working together."

Taylor-Pinney hopes that now other schools and colleges that have not yet accepted the minor program will recognize that the value of dance is not just aesthetic. "Over the years it's been evident to me that there are students who consider dance a really integral part of their education here at the University," she says. "If you really want to liberalize education and give students the tools to be as multifaceted as they can, then dance can help."

Photographs: Boston University Photo Services
They erected the largest known monolith in the world, a 400-ton, 108-foot carved pillar, or stele. Their kingdom was probably the first to make Christianity the state religion, in about A.D. 330. They were trading partners with the Roman and Byzantine empires. Who were they? That's part of the question that Kathryn Bard, a CAS associate professor of archaeology, is trying to answer. Their civilization was centered in Aksum, in what is now northern Ethiopia, near the Eritrean border. Archaeologists have worked sporadically in the city of Aksum, but the civil war that raged in Ethiopia from 1975 to 1991 kept them away for almost twenty years.

A year after the war ended, Bard and an Italian colleague, Rodolfo Fattovich, along with Michael DiBlasi of BU's African Studies Center and a handful of other archaeologists, decided to start working at a new site located an hour's hike or mule ride up a mountain from modern-day Aksum. As they trekked up the mountain, they carefully picked their way to avoid land mines planted during the war. For Bard it was a homecoming of sorts. She had last visited Aksum in 1974, on the eve of the Marxist coup that ended the rule of King Haile Selassie and his successors and sparked the civil war.

Setting to work, the team of archaeologists decided to focus on two unexplored areas of Aksum: a settlement site and a cemetery. In the course of the work they have done every May and June since 1993 — methodically digging, mapping, dusting, and measuring — they made a major discovery. "We found evidence of a previously unknown period and have pushed back the dates for the origin of this major African civilization by about 300 to 400 years," says Bard, whose work is funded by the National Geographic Society. "We have completely rewritten the early history of Ethiopia."

Aksum was previously thought to have originated in the first century A.D., reaching its apogee of power in the sixth century, its influence extending across the Red Sea into...
Inquiries About the World, Answered by BU Faculty

Why do people yawn?
— Rebecca Huber (SAR'98)

The simple answer, says Assistant Professor Sanford Auerbach, director of the Sleep Disorders Laboratory at the School of Medicine, is, “we don't know. However, we do know that it's not because people need more oxygen, even though that's a popular conception. When people have lung problems, they don't yawn, they gasp, so we know it's not that.

“We do know that most people do it when they are fatigued. It's thought to be a reflex, in the sense that when we yawn, it’s a very stereotyped motor response. We don't do it a little differently every time. People yawn pretty much the same way each time they do it. And we know that the coordination of it is probably at a very primitive level in the brain, most likely at the level of the brain stem. Sometimes patients start yawning when they have serious damage to those parts of the brain.

“Yawning is usually triggered by sleepiness, though certainly not everyone who is tired or sleepy will yawn. It’s also been observed that certain animals, such as chimpanzees, have yawning-like behavior,” he notes.

Another trigger for yawning is seeing someone else do it. “Another possibility is that it might be very primitive signaling that's going on, that we’re not even conscious of it; we're just compelled to do things in certain ways. But that’s all very speculative,” Auerbach says.

And since yawning is benign, there isn't much research on it. “We don’t see many people coming in with pathological yawning.”

Do you have a question for “Ask the Professor”? E-mail bostonia@bu.edu or write to Bostonia, 599 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, MA 02215.

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ask the professor

Inquiries About the World, Answered by BU Faculty

southern Arabia. “Now, on the basis of our evidence, we are certain that the capital city of the kingdom started in the fourth to third century B.C.,” Bard notes. The dating of the proto-Aksumite period, as she calls it, is based on radiocarbon dating of artifacts, analysis of pottery styles, dates of glass beads imported from Egypt, and different archaeological strata.

Who ruled during the proto-Aksumite period is unknown, at least for now, Bard says. What is known is that by the first century A.D., Aksum had established trading relationships with Rome, Gaul (modern France), and Syria, and was continuing trade begun in the proto-Aksumite period with Egypt and Nubia in northern Sudan. Among their finds from the cemetery is an amphora — a wine jar — with a stamped Latin inscription identifying it as coming from Gaul. “In the context in which it was found, it’s from the second century A.D.,” Bard says. “And the other really interesting find was a carnelian intaglio originally set in a ring, used to make seal impressions. It was carved with the image either of the goddess Rome or the god Mars, and must have come from Rome.” Aksum traded mainly ivory, which was harvested from elephants in neighboring Eritrea and Sudan.

Trade goods weren’t the only import. By about A.D. 330, Christianity had made enough of a beachhead that the Aksum king Ezana converted and declared it the state religion for his kingdom. As Aksum grew more sophisticated, the kings minted coins with royal inscriptions in Greek and later in Ge’ez, the Ethiopian language. They also raised the largest known monolith in the world, a stele 108 feet tall, weighing some 400 tons, in about the third century A.D. “It’s now broken on the ground, and probably collapsed soon after it was erected,” Bard says. “You wonder how they got it there from the quarry, about five kilometers from where it stood — it’s rocky, mountainous country.”

Answering that question, and many others, will take more digging. But with renewed fighting this spring between Eritrea and Ethiopia sixty miles from Aksum, Bard was unable to do fieldwork. Fortunately the dig site is not in the contested border area, and so has never been affected directly by the war. With a recent ceasefire and talk of a peacekeeping force, Bard expects to be back for a short visit in late September to show off the site to a writer from National Geographic Magazine.

“And I’m planning on being back next year, too,” she says.

— Taylor McNeil •

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A New Dean for a New College of General Studies

Linda Wells

"This is not a waiting room for your life. This is your life."

That's Linda Wells, greeting freshman students at the College of General Studies this fall, her first as dean of the college. Her words are an expression of faith, both in her students and in the strength of the liberal arts curriculum she has helped shape over the last twenty years as faculty member and Humanities and Rhetoric Division chair. The two-year CGS education is an excellent one, she maintains; it's an end in itself, not just excellent preparation for the BU schools and colleges students will enter as juniors. And so she encourages her sometimes-hesitant charges to jump right in, to get excited, and to flourish.

Wells succeeds Brendan Gilbane, who retired this summer after a twenty-six-year deanship that saw CGS rise out of BU’s General College when its enrollment was largely World War II veterans. CGS became a separate college and a destination for first-generation college students, and later drew underachieving students with potential and students whose interests had simply not yet crystallized. But that is changing, thanks to the improved quality of students applying to the University and, therefore, being directed toward CGS.

"Now we have students whose credentials would have made them viable candidates to get into other schools at the University" just a few years ago, Wells says, and that poses a recruiting problem. Why should students come to CGS if they can enter a four-year program at another competitive university? "After all," Wells says, "parents don't see their kids as in any way remedial, and the kids don't see themselves that way. And they're not."

To understand the college’s changing identity, and to better promote its strengths to potential students, Wells plans to lead CGS on a self-study this year, examining everything from student recruitment to curriculum to technological capacity to physical infrastructure. Having recently done the same for the University as a whole during a three-year stint as special faculty assistant to the provost — she directed BU’s ten-year accreditation review — Wells is excited by the challenge of repositioning the college.

Unlike BU’s other undergraduate schools and colleges, CGS is self-contained; all its programs take place in one building. Wells’s experience in the provost’s office will continue there one day a week — gives her fodder to counter what can sometimes feel like isolation. "I want to bring our students and faculty into the mainstream of the University. That's what the three years in the provost's office will help me do. I want to work with the provost and the president to help us define ourselves."

In addition, she says, "we need to work with Admissions on how we can articulate what we're offering." Right now, admissions counselors don't specifically recruit students to CGS; they focus on recruiting to the University, and they direct students toward CGS later in the process. "But kids don't want to go to a school where also-rans go. They want to go where the best students go." Wells wants to consider ways of "trying to be public about who we are," perhaps through direct recruitment for CGS or by working with high school guidance counselors to explain more emphatically what CGS offers.

"So many schools around the country are trying to do what CGS has successfully done: build a team identity within the context of a large university," Wells says. "They're building 'learning communities.' I hate the phrase, but we've never stopped being that. The friends the kids make on their freshman team are friends for life. I was at a wedding of one of my former students recently, and I looked around and said, gee, all of C4 is here!"

A close community will always be one of CGS's selling points, Wells believes. So will team-teaching, a system that assigns students to a team of faculty members, allowing relationships to develop that last throughout students' BU careers and often beyond.

— Bari Walsh
Helping Hands, Freshman-Style

She could have earned one more week’s pay as a lifeguard. He could have relaxed a bit more at home. Instead, freshmen Diane Schneider of East Windsor, New Jersey, and Joseph Carrafa of Avon, Connecticut, arrived on campus August 28, five days before most of their classmates, to volunteer at a Chinatown day-care center.

“We cleaned and helped out wherever they needed us,” says Carrafa (ENG’04). “We worked with the same kids for three days, and we hope it made a difference for them,” adds Schneider (SAR’04).

They were among hundreds of volunteers participating in BU’s First Year Student Outreach Project (FYSOP). In this increasingly popular annual tradition the week before Labor Day, a contingent of freshmen donated three days of service to all manner of nonprofit endeavors in Boston and the suburbs. Some students escorted disabled children to the New England Aquarium. Others traded stories with elderly shut-ins, prepared meals at women’s shelters, cleaned parks, built houses, or lent a hand setting up elementary school classrooms.

This year’s 468 freshmen make up the largest army of FYSOP volunteers since the Community Service Center initiated the program in 1989. More than 100 of their classmates were put on a waiting list following a recruitment drive conducted during the summer orientation period. “It’s exciting to see this kind of response,” says Carren Smrstik (SAR’97), CSC coordinator of programs. “Every year we increase our number of slots for freshmen by 10 percent.”

Past participants say FYSOP provides a gratifying start to college. It has inspired many of them, such as Colin Reed (COM’01), program manager for the freshman project, who recalls toiling at affordable housing sites in Roxbury and Jamaica Plain at the start of his freshman year. “It was very helpful to me,” says the Bennington, Vermont, native, “because coming from a small town to a school of this size, and in this city, was kind of scary. But in FYSOP I learned my way around Boston, and that gave me a feeling of control. It made the city seem much smaller.”

Volunteers choose from among eight areas — affordable housing, children, the disabled, the elderly, the environment, gender focus, HIV/AIDS awareness, and hunger and homelessness — and are put to work at forty-five sites ranging from soup kitchens to seashore restoration zones.

Before so much as lifting a ladle, however, the volunteers go through a day of workshops and thought-provoking simulation exercises. In the disabilities group, a blindfolded student builds a model house from marshmallows and toothpicks while a sighted partner directs. In a hunger exercise, hypothetical families of haves and have-nots are served disparate quantities of food.

Once the actual site work begins, teams periodically reconvene to reflect on the experience. “We want the volunteers to accomplish more than just give people food for a day,” Reed says. “We want to make them think and have conversations with their peers about the issues.”

— Hope Green

Nouveau Truffaut?

“Video’s fine, but it’s cool to work with the old-fashioned equipment and really learn the basics,” says seventeen-year-old Nathan Fishlyn, a soon-to-be-senior in high school and student at this past summer’s COM Teen Film Workshop. The basic lighting gear and 16mm Bolex camera that the students used for their shoots — good enough to begin the careers of such cinematic luminaries as Kubrick and Truffaut — was, they felt, good enough for them as well. “You don’t get this kind of experience everywhere,” Fishlyn adds. Sponsored by the Institute for TV, Radio and Film Production and overseen by Lauren Ivy Chiong (COM’98), a Boston-area teacher and filmmaker, the campus program introduced twenty students to key filmmaking concepts and gave them the opportunity to make their own short films over an intensive eight-day period.

— Ryan Asmussen

Teen Film Workshop participants outside the College of Communication, (clockwise, from lower left) Nathan Fishlyn, Nick Cuff, Beth Kowitt, Zach Robbins, and Andrea Lysy.
New Grant Helps Kids Stay Fit

Some of the twentieth century's most popular technological achievements — televisions, computers, and the remote control — also contribute to one of the fastest growing health risks among children: obesity. The National Institutes of Health reports one in five children are overweight.

The Fitness and Nutrition Collaborative, a joint effort of the Boston Medical Center and Boston community groups, works with children who are overweight or at risk of becoming obese — now with the aid of a $25,000 grant from Blue Cross/Blue Shield.

The collaboration supports two fitness programs, one each for boys and girls ages ten to twelve. Children meet at community centers twice a week for sixteen weeks, in two-hour sessions, to play team sports, clean parks, and learn about preparing healthy foods and reading nutrition labels.

The results are encouraging. In children, the psychosocial side effects of obesity are often more damaging than the physical risks. "We're seeing kids who have a greater sense of self-esteem and improved body image," says Dr. George Askew, medical advisor to the collaborative, director of pediatrics at the Boston Medical Center, and assistant professor of pediatrics and public health at the BU School of Medicine.

While psychosocial effects may be the most distressing for kids, Askew's main concern is that overweight children and adolescents risk becoming overweight adults, which can lead to such deadly consequences as high blood pressure, diabetes, and heart disease. Askew cites childhood risks as well, such as increased incidence of diabetes.

While the program's primary focus isn't weight loss, Askew hopes that maintaining a healthy weight will be the end result for the children learning good eating and exercise habits. "We may not see the ultimate benefit for years to come," he says. "Blue Cross/Blue Shield is showing great vision in its support of the project."

Though the programs are designed for children, the collaborative also works to involve their parents. "Kids don't have as much control over what comes into the house and may not have control over what activities they can or can't do," Askew says. The collaborative regularly schedules Parent Days, at which parents watch demonstrations of what their children have learned, such as cooking techniques. Parents often juggle so many other worries, Askew points out, that nutrition and fitness get overlooked.

"It's helpful for parents to see that their kids are thinking about these issues," he says. "Our goal is to make fitness, exercise, and good nutrition part of their everyday lives."

— Midge Raymond
Two BU Grads Relate to Democratic Ticket

The paths of Tipper Aitcheson Gore and Hadassah Freilich Lieberman intersected long before the presidential campaign trail. Both are members of the College of Arts and Sciences Class of 1970. A transfer student, Gore received her B.A. in psychology and Lieberman, who transferred from Yeshiva University in her junior year, received hers in government. They apparently did not meet as students: Gore has said they've been friends for fifteen years.

Artful Move for Former BU Prexy

Arland Christ-Janer, president of Boston University from 1967 to 1970, is the new interim director of Florida State University's Ringling Center for the Cultural Arts and of the John and Mable Ringling Museum of Art. He also directs the Ringling Museum of the Circus and the university's Center for the Fine and Performing Arts.

Christ-Janer, seventy-eight, retired in 1995 as president of the Ringling School of Art and Design in Sarasota, Florida, having tripled the school's faculty and student body. A member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, he has also been president of Cornell College in Mount Vernon, Iowa; New College (now merged with the University of South Florida) in Sarasota, Florida; and Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri.

Christ-Janer resigned from BU to become president of the College Entrance Examination Board (administrators of the SAT); he was succeeded for one year by Acting President Calvin Lee and then by John Silber.

New Supercomputer on Campus

This summer, Boston University became the world's first academic institution to use an IBM supercomputer of the ASCI White class, the most powerful supercomputer yet built. The RS/6000 SP is capable of processing 96 billion calculations per second, doubling the University's supercomputing capacity and strengthening a variety of projects in fields ranging from quantum physics to research on diseases such as Alzheimer's.

"We are looking forward to a close collaboration with IBM that will allow our researchers to take advantage of IBM's high-end systems," said Claudio Rebbi, professor of physics and director of the Center for Computational Science. "At Boston University we have a long tradition of forefront computing and we are quite confident that the work of our scientists will be a showcase for the IBM SP."

"Boston University is engaged in vitally important research that has the potential to impact the lives of countless people," work that will be aided by the supercomputer, adds Peter Ungaro, vice president of scientific and technical computing in IBM's server group.

In 2002, the system will be upgraded with IBM's POWER4 microprocessors, expected to provide another dramatic increase in performance.

Spotlight on the Web

Two new Web sites at BU are reminders that scholarship and professional training often go hand-in-hand. Using the Web, professors and practitioners alike communicate about the latest research findings, professional practices, and trends in their fields.

For instance, Sargent College's Center for Rehabilitation Effectiveness launched its new site in July at www.bu.edu/cre. It showcases recent presentations by Sargent faculty members at national meetings, their publications, and upcoming academic symposia. It also describes CRE services, including consultations, technical assistance, and databases that support professional practices. Another resource from Sargent College is the online version of the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Journal, www.bu.edu/prj, with abstracts of articles in the current edition.

The Web is also the subject of classes and workshops. Hundreds of BU Web pages teach skills needed to build Web sites. Many, such as at www.bu.edu/webcentral, provide online tutorials for students, faculty, and alumni. In July, a new section on Flash — the language used for music, animation, and graphics — on many Web sites — was added to the dozen or so topics already online at WebCentral.

These are just a few examples of how BU is using the Web for teaching, research, and professional development. As the technology continues to reach larger audiences, more instructional content will be available in even more topic areas. Look for updates at www.bu.edu/whatsnew/.

— Joel Seligman
A Young but Resilient Hockey Team Could Go All the Way

BY BRIAN FITZGERALD

Last March, road-weary BU hockey fans, after seven minutes of stunned silence, gave their team a standing ovation. The Terriers had just lost to St. Lawrence, 3-2, in the fourth overtime at Albany’s Pepsi Arena. The marathon was the longest game in NCAA Tournament history.

Gone was the BU–Boston College dream matchup in the Final Four. But Terrier Coach Jack Parker put the loss in perspective: this was a squad that had been picked to finish fifth in its conference at the beginning of the season. Boston University hadn’t even made the NCAA Tournament the previous year. And down 2-1 in the third period against a well-rested St. Lawrence team — BU had beaten St. Cloud State the day before — BU nevertheless managed to set the stage for one of the greatest overtime epics ever played when Brian Collins (MET’03) tipped in a shot by Chris Dyment (MET’02) with just over eight minutes left in regulation.

“I think it was great that we came back from being down two-love,” said Parker. “This is one of the most resilient teams I’ve ever coached.” It was also one of the youngest: only five seniors and the starting goaltender a freshman. Rick DiPietro (seventy-seven saves in the six-hour playoff game), who would earn Hockey East Rookie of the Year honors.

How far will the Terriers go this year? Center Carl Corazzini (CAS’01), who was elected captain of the 2000-01 team, has the right attitude: “My goal is to help lead the team to the national championship.” Last year Corazzini enjoyed his best offensive effort ever with a team-high twenty-two goals, and his performance this season will be crucial to Boston University’s march to its first national title since 1995.

“Carl already has experience as one of our leaders,” says Parker. “Now we expect him to bring it to the next level.”

Jay Pandolfo (CAS’96), a forward on the world champion New Jersey Devils, holds the Stanley Cup high during a visit to the Crown Plaza in Woburn, Massachusetts. Every member of the cup-winning team is allowed one day with the trophy. Earlier in the day Pandolfo had taken the cup to the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute.

Online Sports Auction

The Boston University Athletic Association’s first online sports auction takes place December 11 to 15. All proceeds benefit the Athletics Department. Auction items will make great holiday gifts for sports fans in your family — or for yourself!

Check the BU Alumni Web (www.bu.edu/alumni) for details later this fall.
Documenting the Spirit — The Films of Martin Doblmeier

BY JEAN HENNELLY KEITH

Martin Doblmeier will interrupt his work schedule this fall filming documentaries in Europe, South America, and the United States for a stop in Orlando, Florida. He is to receive the Gabriel Award for outstanding religious television programs, his second in a row and third thus far. Recognition this time goes to the documentary Author of Reform: The Cardinal Suenens Story, a profile of the Roman Catholic Church reformer and his influence on Vatican II.

Doblmeier (COM’77), president of Journey Films, Inc., spoke with Bostonia from Germany, where he was shooting Bonhoeffer, a feature film scheduled for theatrical release early in 2001. Characteristic of Journey productions, this documentary is imbued with Doblmeier’s passion to explore the moral and philosophical struggles of visionaries, those who “live out their beliefs in practice.”

Dietrich Bonhoeffer was a young German theologian in the 1930s with a prolific pen and a promising future in the Lutheran Church, “one of the earliest resisters and clearest voices against Hitler and the Nazi persecution of Jews.” Making the film is a longstanding dream, says Doblmeier, who read Bonhoeffer’s Letters and Papers from Prison when he was fourteen. “Bonhoeffer challenged his church to be more Christian; in the thirties, his church wasn’t listening at all,” he says. He will trace Bonhoeffer’s estrangement from the Lutheran Church and establishment of a “confessing” church that was more faithful to his biblical interpretation, as well as his involvement in a plot to assassinate Hitler and his execution by the Nazis just before the end of World War II.

“How people relate to God and the presence of the divine in their lives is fascinating and compelling,” Doblmeier says. Story lines often connect to one another in more than thirty films made over nearly twenty years, from a short profile of an international community of monks in France, Taize: That Little Springtime, to a two-hour feature on Thomas Jefferson’s approach to issues of race and slavery, Thomas Jefferson: A View From the Mountain. For example, Doblmeier’s first documentary, The Heart Has Its Reasons, filmed life at l’Arche, a community created in France for mentally handicapped individuals by Father Jean Vanier, whom Doblmeier believes will be regarded one day as “a Mother Teresa.” While filming there, Doblmeier met Michael Kearney, who was staying at l’Arche as an interested observer and later became a physician in Ireland, devoted to caring “in body and soul” for the incurably ill. As a leader in palliative care, Kearney is a focus of another Journey documentary, Final Blessing, which includes interviews with terminally ill people and their caregivers in Ireland and the United States about the possibilities for peace and spirituality at the end of life. Final Blessing has won several awards and airs on public television nationally this fall, paired with On Our Own Terms, a series on dying by journalist Bill Moyers.

After graduating from Providence College with a major in religious studies, Doblmeier came to Boston University’s College of Communication to earn a master’s in broadcast journalism. His experience at COM, he says, was “life-changing. My professors were terrific. They instilled in students a code of ethics, and they entrusted me with my own education — to do what I had to do.” When he launched Journey Communications in 1983 (it became Journey Films, Inc., in 1996), he had difficulty getting funding for films on topics that interested him: social issues, history, and religion. He sensed a resistance to those kinds of films, but he persisted, often using money he made as a cameraman. His first film cost $17,000, and it won a Gabriel Award. Doblmeier finds much greater receptivity to spiritual films in recent years, noting “a whole new turn in the new generation.” Abundant grant offers and dozens of awards, eight at international film festivals, attest to his success. Although so far most of Doblmeier’s films explore western cultures, his growing fascination with eastern religions is beginning to direct his camera lens east.
Teenagers at Tanglewood and Total Musical Immersion

The teenaged musicians who study at the Boston University Tanglewood Institute each summer "are disciplined, focused, curious, energetic, and passionately dedicated to classical music," says Phyllis Hoffman, BUTI director. "Those are not attributes commonly associated with American youth culture. Students include award-winning athletes as well as winners of music competitions. Many are modern-day prototypes of the classical Greek ideal of the 'total man' in their pursuit of intellectual, artistic, and athletic disciplines."

This summer's 350 young instrumentalists, vocalists, and composers came from some forty states and a dozen countries for intensive two-, four-, and six-week sessions taught by more than seventy musicians from BU's School for the Arts, the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Boston Pops, and elsewhere in Boston's musical community. The campus in Lenox, Massachusetts, gives BUTI students access to the entire BSO Tanglewood Music Festival, which this season included appearances by conductors Seiji Ozawa, Andre Previn, John Williams, and Keith Lockhart; soloists Yo Yo Ma, Peter Serkin, Van Cliburn, and Itzhak Perlman; and composers Elliot Carter, George Benjamin, and Gunther Schuller.

Many BUTI students are preparing for competitive music schools and then music careers, says Hoffman, who also directs the School for the Arts music division. "But some students seek the experience of total immersion to help them decide whether to continue in music; for others who are already committed to different career paths, music study and performance will remain essential. The talent that qualified them all for admission to the program is immeasurably enhanced by the training and experience. The miraculous transformations achieved in such a short time is what is called 'the magic of Tanglewood.' That's Boston University's gift to these young people, and a powerful statement affirming the essential place of the arts in society."
Because our space is limited, class notes are edited to include as many as possible. Notes should be sent to Class Notes, Boston University, 599 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, MA 02215. We also offer to forward letters; send them, along with identifying information on the alum, to Alumni Records at the address above.

1920s–1950s

Betty Segel Williams (CAS'29) of South Harpswell, Maine, reports that she was interviewed by the Brunswick (Maine) Times Record this summer.

Alan Sugarman (SED'48) of Cliffside Park, N.J., retired after 50 years in education. He is now an administrative consultant to the Fort Lee, N.J., school district.

Fred Prange (SED'51, DGE'49) of Columbus, N.J., spent 35 years in the computer business, retiring in 1986. He would love to hear from any members of the BU soccer teams from 1948 to 1951. E-mail Fred at univaccefred@erols.com.

Stanley Snyder (SSW'51) of Pittsburgh, Pa., visited family in Gateshead, England, in March, and then went on to see classmate Ralph Kolodney (SSW'51) and his wife, Vivian, in Israel.

Nancy McArthur (SEA'52) of Hingham, Mass., is general manager of the Turtle Lane Playhouse in Newton. Upcoming plays include You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown, Mad Dogs and Englishmen, Scrooge, and Follies.

Morton Gold (SEA'53,'60) of Rutland, Va., presented his oratorio Haggadah: A Search for Freedom, for chorus, soloists, and orchestra in April at the Paramount Theatre in Rutland. In September 1999 he celebrated his 38th wedding anniversary, his oldest daughter's wedding, and his youngest daughter's engagement. Morton writes that he is only "semi-retired" and "working as much as ever and still enjoying it."

Donald Robert LePorte (SMG'56) of Greenville, S.C., would like to hear from any Alpha Kappa Psi brothers at bigd29650@aol.com.

Joseph Dellasorte (SEA'57) of Los Angeles, Calif., has been acting and doing voice-overs for network television, including a guest role on Baywatch. He is also developing a play at New Works in Los Angeles.

Norma Walker Scott (SED'58) of Baltimore, Md., is a member of the Mental Health Players, an interactive improvisational volunteer theater group that addresses mental health issues.

Maggie Siner (SFA'73), Onions and Allosaurus, oil, 16" x 20", 2000. Maggie's work appeared in the exhibition On Foreign Ground at the Courtyard Gallery in Washington, D.C., this spring, and from September to November she will show her Peintures Nouveaux exhibition at Mas D'artigny in Saint Paul de Vence, France. She has lived for extended periods abroad, in ancient perched villages of Provence, at the foot of Mont Saint-Victoire, and in Chinese cities and island fishing villages. Most recently, last year she was a visiting professor at Xiamen University in China. She calls Leesburg, Va., and Lacoste, France, home.
She has been traveling around Africa, Europe, and Asia.

Gerard Kells (SED'59) was posthumously awarded the Lifetime Achievement in Education Award from the NEAG School of Education at the University of Connecticut, Storrs, where he had pursued graduate studies.

Mike Wallace (SFA’59) asks, “Where’s the SFA class of ’59?” His Web site is www.worldpath.net/~mwallace.

1960s

John Griffin (COM’60, CGS’58) of Newington, Conn., is Connecticut state marshal. He was previously chief deputy sheriff of Hartford County and is a retired Green Beret colonel.

Fred Drifmeyer (SFA’62) of Centerville, Mass., retired in June 1999 from the Wareham public schools after 37 years of teaching. He is currently the organist and choir director at Cape Cod Community College in West Barnstable, Mass.

Sonia Kay Keirstead (CAS’62) and Philip O. Keirstead (COM’60) of Tallahassee, Fla., opened their new antique shop, Keirstead Antiques, in June in Wiscasset, Maine. The shop will be open past Labor Day. Sonia operates a year-round antique shop in Tallahassee.

Peter Kraus (COM’62) of Ossining, N.Y., worked in broadcasting before joining a family real estate management firm. E-mail him at pk1sk@aol.com.

Bonnie Wade (SFA’63) of Berkeley, Calif., is president of the Society for Ethnomusicology and holds the Jerry and Evelyn Hemmings Chambers Chair in Music of the University of California, Berkeley, department of music. In 1998 she published Imaging Sound: An Ethnomusicological Study of Music, Art, and Culture (University of Chicago Press).

Joyce Doria Koestner (SED’64) of Bethesda, Md., is senior vice president of Booz, Allen & Hamilton, a management and technology consulting firm.

Arthur W. Harvey (SFA’65) of Honolulu, Hawaii, has been a music educator for 40 years, working with special needs students and on church music and health-care music education. He is currently president of the Hawaii Music Educators Association and has been active in the Music Educators National Conference (MENC) at both the state and national levels since 1959, serving on the first MENC National Committee for Special Needs Individuals. Arthur is also coordinator of music education and an assistant professor of music education in the department of music at the University of Hawaii at Manoa.

Robert Doll (SSW’67) of Burnaby, British Columbia, writes that he is “still in the trenches of child protection,” with five years until retirement. He has five grandchildren. Robert asks, “George and Gail, where are you?” E-mail him at jdoll@axion.net.

Richard Madden (SED’67, ’84) of Belmont, Mass., is president of the West Suburban Guidance Association. He is a counselor at Waltham High School.

Marty Elkins (DGE’69) of New York, N.Y., is a jazz vocalist. She was scheduled to release her first CD, Fuse Blues, in August. Boston trumpet player Herb Pomeroy is featured on the album, and the liner notes were written by Daily News columnist Stanley Crouch. E-mail Marty at melkins26@aol.com.

George Fulginiti (CAS’69) is music director for the Eugene O’Neill National Music Theatre Conference in New London, Conn., where he works with composers and librettists developing new works for music theater.

Post Mortem

Nineteen thirty-seven was a big year for Terrier football. Coach Pat Hanley (left) had overseen, as the yearbook reported, “a football renaissance.” And in the final game of his fourth season, played in Fenway Park against Boston College, “Boston University’s greatest team came into its own to score the grandest victory in its football history.”

Freshman Bob Liverman (SMG’41) was in the stands, as he had been throughout the season. “When we won, the fans got excited, ran onto the field and tore down the goalpost,” he recalls.

“I was one of the nuts who did it.” Cleaning out his attic six decades later, he came across his piece of the goalpost, autographed by the team, and sent it back to BU.

The BU/BC record stands at 4-27-1, with the other Terrier victories in 1894, 1895, and 1959. Their last game was in 1962. — NJM
1970s

Nancy Kutak Lewis (CAS’70, SED’72) of Westerly, R.I., has taught history at Westerly High School for 29 years and plans to retire in June 2001. Her daughter Alix is majoring in elementary education at Rhode Island College. Nancy and Alix traveled to England and Scotland in July. E-mail Nancy at nrlbu70@aol.com.

Harold Shlevin (CAS’71) of Atlanta, Ga., is president and CEO of Solvay Pharmaceuticals. He is also chairman of the board of directors of Unimed Pharmaceuticals, a subsidiary of Solvay.

Ron Smith (COM’71) of Ottawa, Ontario, is executive vice president of the Canadian Automobile Association, which is affiliated with AAA. Previously he worked 26 years in radio broadcasting. He would love to hear from old COM friends at rsmith@caaneo.on.ca.

Mary Ann Kurtz (SED’72) of Concord, Mass., married Walter Pierce Allen on Valentine’s Day. She is executive director of Cambridge Homes, an assisted-living residence in Cambridge.

Lee-Alison Sibley (SFA’72) of Amman, Jordan, gave a lecture and a concert in Amman in celebration of Martin Luther King, Jr.’s birthday. In February she did a concert tour in Tunisia to celebrate Black History Month. E-mail her at nilo4ever@index.com.jo.

Charles Welch (MED’72) of Cambridge, Mass., is vice president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, the statewide organization for physicians and medical students. He has also served as the society’s assistant secretary-treasurer and as a member of the board of trustees representing the Suffolk district. He is a psychiatrist at Massachusetts General Hospital and director of the hospital’s Somatic Therapies Consultation Service. Charles is also a consultant with Spaulding Rehabilitation Hospital.

He is president of Prevent Child Abuse Massachusetts and is a member of the state Department of Social Services Professional Advisory Committee, as well as a member of the faculty of Harvard Medical School. Charles is a past president of the Suffolk District Medical Society.

Stewart Lane (SFA’73) of New York, N.Y., cowrote and directed If It Was Easy, a play that premiered at Atlanta’s 7 Stages Theater in July.

Jane Schukoske (CAS’73) of Delhi, India, is executive director of the U.S. Education Foundation in India. The foundation manages the Fulbright program in India and advises Indian students about higher education in the United States. Jane is on a two-year leave of absence from her position as a professor of law at the University of Baltimore. E-mail her at janeschukoske@hotmail.com.

Peri Schwartz (SFA’73) of New Rochelle, N.Y., participated in an exhibition this spring at Concordia Gallery in Bronxville, N.Y., Face to Face: Contemporary Portraits. She also had an open studio in February.

Arthur Carakatsane (CAS’74) of Lynnfield, Mass., completed work in April with the Massachusetts Bar Association’s 2000 Mock Trial Program, in which over 180 high schools participated. He is a trial attorney in Middleton, Mass.

James Purcell (LAW’74) of Barrington, R.I., is chief operating officer of Blue Cross Blue Shield of Rhode Island.

Hanna Silverstein Saunders (SED’74) of Merrick, N.Y., is an oncology registered nurse at Mercy Hospital in Rockville Center, N.Y. She and her husband, Bob Saunders (CAS’75), celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary in June. They have two children, Stephanie, who graduated from the University of Maryland in June with a degree in education, and Jessica, a freshman at Cornell University majoring in communications and journalism. E-mail Hanna at hanrn@aol.com.

All those letters, all those schools

Here’s a handy list of schools and colleges, with most earlier names indented.

CAS – College of Arts and Sciences
CLA – College of Liberal Arts
CGS – College of General Studies
CBS – College of Basic Studies
COM – College of Communication
SPC – School of Public Communication
SPRC – School of Public Relations and Communications
DGE – General Education (now closed)
CGE – College of General Education
GC – General College
ENG – College of Engineering
CIT – College of Industrial Technology
GRS – Graduate School of Arts and Sciences
GSM – Graduate School of Management
LAW – School of Law
MED – School of Medicine
MET – Metropolitan College
PAL – College of Practical Arts and Letters (now closed)
SAR – Sargent College of Health and Rehabilitation Sciences
SDM – School of Dental Medicine
SGD – School of Graduate Dentistry
SED – School of Education
SFA – School for the Arts
SFAA – School of Fine and Applied Arts
SHA – School of Hospitality Administration (in MET)
SMG – School of Management
CBA – College of Business Administration
SON – School of Nursing (now closed)
SPH – School of Public Health
SRE – School of Religious Education (now closed)
SSW – School of Social Work
STH – School of Theology
UNI – The University Professors
Searching for the Middle Earthers

When she matriculated in 1975, writes Jeanne McCann (SAR'79), she “chose to live on a special floor in Rich Hall called Middle Earth. I would love to know the genesis of that floor (I believe it was part of the second year of the floor’s existence) and find out what happened to other Middle Earthers, and indeed, to the concept of Middle Earth as a special floor. What happened to Middle Earth and its inhabitants? Did it make a difference? Did it accomplish what its founders hoped?” Write to Jeanne at mccannjl@mindspring.com or 7420 Lakeview Drive #307, Bethesda, MD 20817.

Nancy Engel-Schrank (SAR’75) of Rochester, N.Y., is physical therapy team leader at Via Health Home Care in Rochester. She writes, “In my ‘spare’ time, I run between the soccer games and music lessons of my two daughters, ages 12 and 13.” E-mail Nancy at nes5apt@aol.com.

Karen L. MacNutt (LAW’75) of Randolph, Mass., was named the first woman chief marshal of Boston’s Dorchester Day Parade in June, which celebrated the 370th anniversary of Dorchester’s founding. The city recognized Karen for her civic involvement with the Boston Finance Commission, cultural and scholarship programs, and veterans issues. She is vice president of the Boston Republican City Committee.

Alan Matarasso (CAS’75) of New York, N.Y., lectured at the 30th annual Symposium on Aesthetic Plastic Surgery in Toronto in April.

Cliff Peacock (SEA’75, ’77) of Charleston, S.C., received the South Carolina Arts Commission Visual Artist Fellowship in 1999. In 1994 he won the Rome Prize Fellowship in painting.

Albert Sherman (SEA’75, ’76) of Brooklyn, N.Y., was the guest director last spring of the SFA Opera Institute’s production of Puccini’s La Bohème.

Among his upcoming directing projects are Mozart’s Figaro and Don Giovanni at the New York City Opera, Donizetti’s Lucia at the Anchorage Opera, and Figaro at the Tulsa Opera. Don Kelbick (SED’77, ’79) of Miami, Fla., is assistant basketball coach at Florida International University. E-mail him at janco19@dt.net.

Aimee Margolis (SEA’77) of New York, N.Y., recently exhibited photographs in Brooklyn and Tel Aviv. She produces Project Art Show, a fine arts variety show that airs on public access cable television in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and San Francisco. Aimee is married and has two children, ages two and six, and she recently visited SFA with them. E-mail her at artsha@aol.com.

Bradford Randolph (SED’77) of San Leandro, Calif., taught high school for one semester, but has spent most of his career in the computer industry. He wrote an online book, I Used to Spy, available at mightybooks.com. He writes, “While waiting for the royalties to start pouring in, I am actively seeking employment in software development in the San Francisco area.” E-mail him at berand@aol.com.

Anne-Reet Annunziata (SAR’78) of Newton, Mass., received her Ph.D. from Tufts University School of Science and Policy. She is an assistant professor at Simmons College and a consultant at the Tufts School of Nutrition and Deutsches Altenheim German Center for the Aged in West Roxbury, Mass.

Tracy Buritz (SEA’78) of Rye, N.Y., exhibited her paintings at the Cadum Gallery in New York City this summer, as well as at the X Gallery in Nantucket, Mass., and Weber Fine Art in Scarsdale, N.Y.

David Cherry (SMG’78) of Newton Centre, Mass., is president of the Massachusetts chapter of the American Academy of Matrimonial Lawyers, his second year in that position. David is a partner in the Boston law firm of Atwood & Cherry, specializing in matrimonial litigation and appellate matters.

Jody Davis (COM’78) of Minnetonka, Minn., is an anchor on the All News Channel in Minneapolis/St. Paul, which can be viewed on DirecTV and several cable systems. He would love to hear from old friends at allnewsanchor@excite.com.

Edward Francis (MET’78) of Orange, Conn., is president of Hamilton Sundstrand Space Systems International, a designer and manufacturer of life support systems for space and undersea operations.

Karen Falk Vitek (SED’78) of Hopewell Junction, N.Y., recently completed a Web site with her learning disabled students at Nassau-Spackenkill School in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. The site can be viewed at www.dcboces.org/sufsd/nassau/vitek/index.htm. She writes, “Let everyone at SED know how much my years at BU have formed my teaching career.” E-mail Karen at kvitek@nassau.sufsd.dcboces.org.

Howard Pranikoff (SDM’79) of Ormond Beach, Fla., is international secretary of Alpha Omega International Dental Fraternity. He specializes in endodontics.

1980s

Anne-Marie Pavlo Arvidson (MED’80) of Seattle, Wash., is medical director of the eating disorders program on the Ballard campus of the Swedish Medical Center in Seattle.

Tom Vegh (SEA’80) of San Francisco, Calif., this summer was rewriting his play Café Depresso: Where Prosac, Caffeine and Black Leather Converge, which will be cast in November and will be performed at the EXIT Theatre in San Francisco. E-mail Tom at tomvegh@earthlink.net.

Ellen Rogoff Friedman (SED’81) of Clifton, N.H., and her husband, Arthur, welcomed their third daughter, Rebecca, in March. They also celebrated their 10th wedding anniversary this year. Ellen is a corporate vice presi-
Suzanne Steinhauer-Challinor (CAS’70), Chinatown Street, oil on linen, 42” x 58”, 1999. Suzanne exhibited paintings in a group show at the Judi Rotenberg Gallery in Boston in June and July and held a solo exhibition, Artist on the Scene, at the Manhattan Athletic Club in New York during August and September.

dent at PaineWebber. E-mail her at efriedma@pwj.com.

William B. Northrop, Jr. (SMG’81) of McMurry, Pa., and his cousin, Thomas, were unanimously approved by the board of directors as publishers and vice presidents of the Observer Publishing Company, in Washington, Pa. The cousins succeed their fathers, John L. S. Northrop and William B. Northrop. Bill and his wife, Lisabeth, have three children.

Nilda Vega Trone (SAR’81) of Vancouver, Wash., is pursuing a master’s degree in education after 19 years of work in physical therapy and geriatrics. She writes, “My oldest son, Christopher, graduated from high school this year, so we will be college students together.” Nilda has two other sons, David, 13, and Stephen, 9. She adds, “I plan to attend my 20-year reunion in 2001. I hope to catch up with lots of old friends. Until then, I can be reached at trone@wa-net.com.”

Ralph Groce III (SMG’82, MET’84, CGS’80) of Stroudsburg, Pa., left his position as managing director of investment bank operations at Deutsche Bank AG to launch a new online trading firm, GroceProfit.com. At the time he wrote in the spring, he was planning to launch the site in August. E-mail Ralph at rhg3d@msn.com.

Julie Leader (SON’82) of Hockessin, Del., is active in many e-commerce ventures, including one with Rexall.com. She recently accepted a teaching position in the University of Delaware’s graduate nurse practitioner program. Julie has twin daughters studying business at Wharton University and UNC Chapel Hill, and her son is a manager at Hollywood Video in Boston. E-mail her at LeaderJul@aol.com.

Sabrina Alfin Salman (COM’82) of San Carlos, Calif., is director of client services at Tonic 360, a San Francisco-based fully integrated advertising agency for digital brands, which was voted Most Promising Start-Up, West Coast by AdWeek.

Tony Scudellari (COM’82) of Sherman Oaks, Calif., has been elected to the California Copyright Conference’s board of directors. During the 1999–2000 television season, he worked on music supervision for Dawson’s Creek, Grapevine, Party of Five, That 70’s Show, 3rd Rock from the Sun, Time of Your Life, and God, the Devil & Bob, and he is working on pilots for the upcoming series Don’t Ask, Strong Medicine, and The Tick.

Lycia Alexander-Guerra (MED’83) of Tampa, Fla., has a psychoanalysis practice and publishes the newsletter for the Tampa Psychoanalytic Society.

Michel Berta (GRS’83) of Winston-Salem, N.C., received a teaching award from the North Carolina School of the Arts, where he teaches French in the division of general studies.

Amy Zuba Manns (COM’83) of North Tonawanda, N.Y., gave birth to a son, Nathaniel John Manns, on February 12.

David Cunningham (CAS’84) of Enfield, Conn., is an adjunct faculty member of the chemistry department at Yale University. He has two children and is an active cub master in the Cub Scouts. E-mail David at davidcunningham@hotmail.com.

Carolyn Schultz-Eggert (COM’84) of Newton, Mass., has been in touch with Jody Ginsberg Small (COM’84), Bruce Shutan (COM’83, CGS’81), and Sarah Johnston (COM’84), and wants to hear from Maria Laurino (COM’84, CGS’82), Dawn Leland (COM’84), and Dave Versano (SMG’83). E-mail her at begg69@aol.com.

Sheila Smith (GSM’84) of Brookline, Mass., is a partner in the financial advisory services practice at Deloitte & Touche. She was the first woman president of the Turnaround Management Association of New England, which was named the number one chapter in the United States in 1998. Sheila is married to Bruce Smith and they have two daughters, Abigail and Ashley.
Jeff Sheehan (CAS'85) of Westminster, Md., is partnership program manager at Digex, a Web and application hosting services provider. He has two children, nine-year-old Chris and seven-year-old Elizabeth. Jeff hopes to attend the next Army ROTC social event in Boston. E-mail him at jeff.sheehan@digex.com.

Gregg Thaller (SFA'85) of Salem, Mass., received his doctor of music education degree from the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. He is chairman of the music department and director of bands at Salem State College. Gregg continues to perform as a freelance percussionist in the North Shore area. E-mail him at gthaller@salem.mass.edu.

H. T. Than (ENG'85, LAW'93) of Rockville, Md., started his own law practice in Washington, D.C., specializing in patent litigation. E-mail him at hthan@cs.com.

Kathy Johnson Bowles (SFA'86) of Farmville, Va., is the director of the Longwood Center for Visual Arts at Longwood College in Farmville. She

Christmas in the City founders Sparky and Jake Kennedy. To learn more about Christmas in the City, contact Sparky Kennedy at 781/545-3338.

A Day for Play

During the holiday season, even the most prudent of parents can find their better judgment melting away like a lemon drop once they enter the jolly, tinselly chaos of a toy store.

The genesis of Christmas in the City can be traced to such a lapse in judgment. One Christmas several years ago, Jake Kennedy (SAR'84) and Patricia “Sparky” Kennedy (CAS'79) glanced around in amazement at the mass of gifts their children had received. “By the end of Christmas, you’re almost horrified,” says Jake, who the following year limited the presents to three per child, but was powerless against the persistent shower of toys from aunts, uncles, and grandparents. Still, determined that their children should understand the true spirit of the holidays, the couple decided to take action. In 1989 they founded Christmas in the City, a holiday party for Boston-area homeless children.

“Our goal is to create memories for these children, to give them an experience that they wouldn’t normally have,” says Sparky, as most people call her. The first year, 165 children attended the festivities, which were held in the lobby of Boston City Hall and financed mostly through donations from clients of Jake’s physical therapy practice. Last year 1,800 children and 1,200 parents attended. Planning the party is now a year-round effort; working from Christmas in the City headquarters (a home office in the back of their family room), Sparky organizes an annual fundraising auction held at Fenway Park’s 600 Club.

The event itself has outgrown its original digs — and several succeeding sites — and is housed in the massive Bayside Expo Center. Setup begins in the early morning the day before the party and ends late at night. “With 3,000 guests, everything has to run like clockwork,” says Jake. Now, in addition to a wish-list gift from Santa, children receive shopping bags full of stuffed animals, books, hats and mittens, toothbrushes and toothpaste, and smaller toys.

The big day begins with a catered dinner and entertainment — multiethnic singing and dance groups. All along, says Jake, “we keep on announcing that Santa is on his way, and the kids get more and more excited.” When the guest of honor finally arrives — last year he made a dramatic entrance above the crowd on a cherry picker — he announces a special surprise, and one of the walls suddenly parts to reveal a winter wonderland, complete with falling snow. Children spend the afternoon romping through this indoor fairground, which includes a merry-go-round, soccer field, fire engine, moon walk, train, reptile show, professional clowns, and pony rides. The staff of a Newbury Street salon is on hand for any guest who wants a haircut. The children even get personalized candy bars. Still, says Jake, the biggest line every year is the one to meet Santa.

Throughout the years, Jake notes, “people who came to one of our parties homeless now volunteer. They don’t need us anymore, which is wonderful.”

—Jennifer Gormanous Burke
writes about art for several publications, including *Afterimage, Fiberarts,* and *Surface Design Journal.* Kathy has participated in many solo and group exhibitions over the past year at several universities. E-mail her at kjbowles@longwood.lwc.edu.


**Pamela Holmes Blossom (COM'87, CGS'85)** of Gates Mills, Ohio, is director of public affairs for ICI Paints in North America.

**Knox Brewer (CAS'87, STH'96)** of Sausalito, Calif., lives in the Bay Area with his partner, Chas Tiernan, who attended BU for over three years. He notes that **Alesia Henry (CAS'88)** and her husband, Tim Clear, are expecting their first child in January 2001. Knox and Chas recently hosted **Claire Steichen (CAS'89),** who was en route to Asia. E-mail Knox at brewer@usfca.edu.

**Michael Nugent (ENG'87)** of Calgary, Alberta, is product line manager of low-voltage control assemblies for Cutler-Hammer. He and his family have relocated to Canada, where they enjoy hiking, mountain biking, and skiing. E-mail Michael at nugennmj@ch.etcn.com.

**Patricia Washburn (COM'77) of Wells, Maine,** married William Bradford in April, in a ceremony based on an ancient Roman wedding. Among the bridesmaids was **Linda Catterson (CAS'91).** Patricia is the executive producer of OurMaine.com, a Portland-based news site. E-mail her at pjane@journalist.com.

**Peter Bernard (ENG'88)** of San Francisco, Calif., is vice president of products and marketing at E-Color. He lives with his wife and 13-month-old son. E-mail him at peter@thebernards.cc.

**Scott Berns (CAS'88, MED'88)** of Foxboro, Mass., has been selected to be a White House Fellow, one of 15 chosen from across the nation. White House Fellows spend a year as full-time, paid assistants to senior White House staff, the vice president, Cabinet officers, and other officials. Scott is founder and codirector of the Injury Prevention Center of the department of emergency medicine at Rhode Island Hospital, Hasbro Children’s Hospital, and the Miriam Hospital. He is also medical director of pediatric trauma at Hasbro Children’s Hospital. His wife, Leslie Gordon, a medical researcher, have a three-year-old son, Sampson.

**Betsy Brill (COM'88)** of Weymouth, Mass., became engaged to Adam Steckelman in June. They plan a spring 2001 wedding in Vermont. Betsy is a public relations consultant. E-mail her at betsyb2525@aol.com.

**Louis B. Goldman (SMG'88)** of Newton Centre, Mass., is a marketing analyst at Charrette Corp., the leading provider of products, supplies, and services to the U.S. professional design marketplace. He has worked in the inventory control department for the past 12 years, most recently as inventory control supervisor. Louis would love to hear from old friends at lgoldman@charrette.com.

**Kathleen A. Krasenics (CGS'88)** of West Hollywood, Calif., is the senior entertainment account executive for Pics Retail Networks, a company that supplies television programming for large retailers across the country. E-mail her at kkrasenics@yahoo.com.

**Wayne Kreger (CAS'88, CGS'86)** of Sherman Oaks, Calif., merged his law firm with the boutique firm of Verboon, Whitaker & Peter, where he will become a partner. E-mail Wayne at waynekreger@usa.net.

**Jeffrey Lincoln (ENG'88)** of Jacksonville, Fla., recently returned from a two-year tour in Japan with the Navy. He lives with his five-year-old son, Greg. You can e-mail Jeffrey at jslincol@aol.com.

**Ruthann Manley Cangelosi (SEA'89, '97)** of Brookline, Mass., debuted at the New York City Opera as Anne in Virgil Thomson’s *Mother of Us All* this spring.

**Cleave Carter (CAS'89, CGS'87)** is currently stationed in Kosovo.

**Joe DiBlasi (SMG'89)** of North Andover, Mass., and his wife, Laura, have been married for three years. He has a private law practice in North Reading, Mass., concentrating on personal injury and real estate law, and Laura is a seamstress and dressmaker with her own studio. Joe writes, “We have BU hockey season tickets and absolutely love going to the games. I am predicting that BU will be NCAA champs in 2002.” E-mail him at jpdosq@juno.com.

**Helen Fernandez (CAS'89)** of New York, N.Y., is completing a fellowship in geriatrics at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York. She recently received a research grant from the American Federation for Aging Research. E-mail Helen at helen.fernandez@mssm.edu.

**Phyllis Izant (STH'89)** of University Place, Wash., lives with her husband, David, and her two-year-old son, Wallace, and hopes to do philanthropic consulting work. She spent five years as a fundraiser for Purdue University, where she earned her M.B.A. E-mail Phyllis at pija@earthlink.net.

**John Lesko (ENG'89)** of Lake Ridge, Va., is an executive decision coach and group facilitator with ANSER in Crystal City, Va. He would love to hear from...
graduates of the Technology Strategy and Policy Program. E-mail him at leskoj@anser.org.

Jennifer Lord Paluzzi (COM’89) of Northborough, Mass., her husband, Steven, and her three-year-old-son, David, welcomed the birth of Megan Rose on April 26. Jennifer is an editor in the features and Sunday departments at the MetroWest Daily News. E-mail her at jasp@ma.ultranet.com.

Bryan Salamone (COM’89) of Dix Hills, N.Y., has opened his own law practice. He was voted Best Lawyer on Long Island in 1999 by the publication Voice.

1990s

Omar Azpuru (ENG’90) of Somerville, Mass., is the industrial hygiene manager for the BU Office of Environmental Health and Safety. He would like to hear from old friends at omarjoel_azpuru@bigfoot.com.

Stacy Pennock Bronte (COM’90) of New York, N.Y., is the executive producer of The Lyricist Lounge Show, which airs Tuesdays at 10:30 p.m. on MTV. Stacy spent seven years working in the entertainment business in Los Angeles before marrying and moving to New York City. E-mail her at BrBrProd@aol.com.

Steven L. Albee (MET’91) of Milford, Mass., has been named vice president of electronic banking for Citizens Bank. He was previously senior product manager for BankBoston in Waltham, Mass.

Tim Sperry (CAS’89) of Washington, D.C., left the Navy in 1997 and went to law school in Boston. He is now practicing securities law with Sutherland, Asbill & Brennan. He writes, “I hope to hear from my former inmates at Shelton.” E-mail Tim at tsperry@sablaw.com.

Hello Fellow Terriers,

It’s that special time of year again, when the sidewalks along Commonwealth Avenue are filled with the youthful, and sometimes quizzical, faces of Boston University’s new freshman class. The University is truly at its liveliest in September, when the new and returning students come to campus.

Students who have positive experiences at the University become enthusiastic alumni. That’s one reason the BUA established the Student Alumni Council (SAC) and the Young Alumni Council (YAC) five years ago: to build a stronger sense of alma mater for both students and young alumni. Both organizations have been very active in planning and organizing events. For instance, the SAC recently welcomed the Class of 2004 by hosting a barbecue and distributing, together with alumni volunteers, over 4,000 welcome gift bags to every freshman. SAC community-building doesn’t end there. It will continue throughout the four years that the Class of 2004 is at Boston University.

The Young Alumni Council is gearing up for a special Young Alumni Night at the Boston Museum of Science during Homecoming Weekend. Scheduled for Saturday, October 14, it is sure to be an evening to remember, with musical entertainment, dancing, terrific food, and an Omni Theatre presentation. The YAC’s mission is to organize and host social, cultural, and career-oriented functions for young alumni to network and socialize with one another, and it will continue hosting innovative events geared toward young alumni.

I am fortunate and grateful to have an energetic leadership team to work with to ensure that the SAC and YAC are successful in their endeavors. Lisa Mraz (ENG’01), president of the SAC, and Courtney McIlhenny (CGS’96, COM’98) and Marc Mercurio (CAS’97), codirectors of the YAC, bring initiative to the BUA. I hope that the thousands of Boston University young alumni all over the world will join our effort to strengthen the BUA community. We are always looking and listening for new ways to serve the young alumni community. Let me know if you have any ideas. My e-mail address is ktava@bu.edu.

With warm wishes,

Keith D. Tavares (CGS’88, CAS’90)
Elizabeth Albricht (COM'91) of Fayetteville, N.C., has started a high-tech public relations agency, BryteTek Communications. She writes, “I look forward to hearing from fellow ‘Boydie.’” E-mail Elizabeth at elizalb@aol.com.

Stephanie Behrakis (GRS'91) of Nashua, N.H., married Thanasi Liakos last October. She is executive director of the Behrakis Foundation and president of Stavra International. E-mail Stephanie at info@stavra.com.

Dean Fuchs (CAS'91) of Atlanta, Ga., is a founding partner of the Atlanta law firm of Smith, Galloway, Lyndall & Fuchs. He graduated from Emory University School of Law in 1994. E-mail Dean at drfuchs@mindspring.com.

Chris Hazen (CAS'91) of Oakland, Calif., works for ERM, an environmental management consulting company. He worked in Hong Kong and Shanghai from 1991 to 1998 in marketing and business development positions. Chris is always looking for “adventurers” to join in each July for a long-distance trail run in Mongolia. More information is available at www.ultramongolia.com. E-mail Chris at crhazen@earthlink.net.

Diane Karavitis (MET'91) of Billerica, Mass., is an accountant with a realty firm in Newton, Mass. She also runs her own business, Professional Bookkeeping Services, doing bookkeeping and income tax work. Diane says “hi” to Liz Almas (MET'95). E-mail her at dianekaravitis@netzero.net.

Lauren Alvarez (SED'92, CGS'89) of Kansas City, Mo., is human resources manager at Mimeco.com.

Gregory Casamento (SMG'92, LAW'96, CGS'90) of Dix Hills, N.Y., received the Navy and Marine Corps Commendation Medal for Meritorious Service for his work as trial counsel. He has left the Navy for private practice with the law firm of Owen & Davis in New York City. His wife, Valerie Lacourciere (COM'92, '94, CGS'90), is freelancing as a recruiter in New York. Gregory looks forward to hearing from “Delts, BU wrestlers, and classmates” at gcasamento@worldnet.att.net or gtc@owendavis.com, and Valerie would love to hear from classmates at vallac@worldnet.att.net.

Kimberly Davis (SAR'92) of Watertown, N.Y., is a physical therapist. She recently returned East after living in the Rocky Mountain area for eight years. Kimberly would love to hear from fellow classmates in the New York/New England area at shredbetty70@aol.com.

Timothy Horton (CAS'92) of Columbus, Ohio, is an associate with Chester, Willcox and Saxbe in Columbus. He concentrates on employment law, civil litigation, and sports and entertainment law. He was previously an assistant attorney general for the state of Ohio. Timothy also chairs the Columbus Bar Association’s sports and entertainment law committee.

Karen Taplitz Klavans (CAS'92) of Davenport, Fla., is a direct marketing account manager for Walt Disney World Parks and Resorts. She is married to a drummer named Buzz and they have a son, Gabriel, who was born in September 1998. You can e-mail Karen at kklavans@aol.com.

Daryl Kooley (SED'92) of Barrow, Alaska, is clinical director of the North Slope Borough Health Department in Barrow. He is responsible for the administration of all mental health and substance abuse treatment programs on the North Slope, an area the size of Nebraska comprising several native villages. Daryl’s e-mail address is dkooley@altavista.net.

Joshua Mazow (SEA'92) of Brighton, Mass., is a freelance violinist in the New England area and has worked with the Rhode Island Philharmonic, Cape Cod Symphony and Chamber Ensemble, Bangor Symphony, Indian Hill (Mass.) Symphony, and Worcester Symphony. He recently performed in several chamber music recitals as a violin soloist in Stravinsky’s L’Histoire du Soldat in Franklin, Mass., and in three perform-
The Turnaround Kid

Carter Blanchard (COM'88) of Los Angeles, Calif., writes, “Some of you may recall my last Class Notes posting back in ’98, in which I described my life as a bald, overweight dog-walker who had failed to make it in the film business. First, I’d like to thank the many people who e-mailed me their heartfelt support. Some were inspired by my positive attitude in the face of a rather severe compromise of my life’s ambition. But as luck would have it, one of these people happened to be a very well-to-do alum, who had powerful friends in the film business. Over drinks, she told me she was moved by my story and had decided to help me. She read one of my scripts, and in no time I was signed at the prestigious United Talent Agency. Not a month later, I sold a pitch to Warner Brothers. Before I could catch my breath, I was having lunch with Alec Baldwin, who wanted to produce one of my scripts, with me as the director. In the year since, I’ve sold projects to Disney, MGM, and Paramount, where I’m writing a feature for fellow alumus Chris Koch (CGS’84, COM’87) to direct.

“This unlikely turnaround didn’t stop with my career, either. Once I had a little money, I got myself some Rogaine toot sweet, and now I have a lush head of hair again. I also joined a gym and lost over eighty pounds. And finally, I rediscovered the long-abandoned pleasures of physical love. I met a wonderful woman (who must remain anonymous for now because she’s famous). We are engaged to be married next year, as soon as I get back from an expedition to Australia to cage dive with the great white shark.

“Now, it might seem I’m ‘living the dream,’ with a Rocky-esquie comeback story to boot. But something strange happens when you finally realize your life’s ambition . . . the tiniest seed of unhappiness is sown in your soul, and it’s nourished by every glad-handing phony you meet on the way up. I may now have a life, but it is no longer my own. I no longer have time to enjoy a sunny day in the dog park . . . or even to waste it on my sofa with a six-pack and the remote. I am a slave to my schedule. Writing has become a chore rather than an escape. All my true friends have long since vanished. Instead, I find myself lost in a sea of robotic grins, all-too-eager to impress, as if I’m some magical shortcut to their own unfulfilled dreams. And worst of all, my fiancée is highly allergic to dogs, so those furry four-legged metaphors for happiness are now gone from my life forever.

“I know there must be some valuable lesson within this unlikely turnaround and the emotional conundrum that goes with it. If nothing else, I know now that the old proverb I never used to believe is absolutely true — be careful what you wish for.”
Lesley College in August. At the time she wrote, she was planning to move to Madison, Conn., to find a teaching job. Rachel writes, “For any of you former Speak Easy members, please check out our reunion page at www.speakeasy-alum.com.” E-mail her at arl9650@hotmail.com.

Eytan Chissik (MET’93) of Lawrence, N.Y., his wife, Saroya, and their three children, Daphna, Avital, and Zev, welcomed the birth of Orly Malka on May 13.

Elizabeth Henegy Dachel (CAS’93) of Lake Ronkonkoma, N.Y., is a trader for Invemned Associates. She writes, “I am married to a wonderful man named Mark, who I met while commuting to New York from Long Island. We have an eight-month-old daughter named Taylor Mackenzie. I would love to hear from classmates!” E-mail Elizabeth at liz@invemed.com.

Diego Diez (COM’93) of Buenos Aires, Argentina, founded Diez & Diez Comunicacion in 1998 as a partner firm to his father’s Horacio Diez Consultores, providing corporate communication services to Argentine and international companies. E-mail him at gonzalo.diez@sion.com.

Amy Hatch (COM’93) of Rochester, N.Y., writes, “I recently left my five-year career in newspapers for corporate life. I am now manager of e-marketing communications for Xerox. Going from a weekly newspaper to a Fortune 100 company has been an eye-opening experience. Someone should write a survival guide for the corporate novice! I would love to hear from any old friends, especially Michele Hahn (COM’93), Mark Fishkin (CAS’91), and Becky Olive (SED’93).” E-mail her at lynsalyns@yahoo.com.

Juan Huergo (ENG’93) of Orlando, Fla., announces the birth of his son, Nicolas Alexander, last December. He writes, “I married Laura — the out-of-town fiancée you all remember — back in 1994.” Juan is a software engineer. He received an M.S. from the University of Central Florida last year. Juan would like to hear from “some of my old drinking buddies” at huergo@earthlink.net.

Philip Kent (CAS’93, COM’93) of Meriden, Conn., formerly Philip Houck, married Nagasree Gupta (SMG’93) in October 1999. They had two weddings on the same day: one Jewish and one Hindu. Philip writes, “We met on the first day of school in September 1989 and married 10 years later!” He is studying at Quinnipiac University School of Law in Hamden, Conn., and this summer he worked for the district attorney’s office in Brooklyn. After graduating in 2001, he will be a clerk with a Connecticut appellate court judge in Hartford. Nagasree is a marketing assistant at a pharmaceutical company. E-mail Philip at phil_kent@hotmail.com.

Ann Lenkiewicz (COM’93) of Oxford, Pa., is a senior writing consultant at Writers, Inc., a technical writing firm in Wilmington, Del. She is also a lyric soprano and has appeared in many local musical productions. She appeared as an extra on an episode of NBC’s Will and Grace earlier this year. While in California for the taping, she became engaged to Dustin P. Grim in a hot air balloon over the Napa Valley. Ann writes, “I was also a member of the second place 4.0 National Tennis Team last year.” E-mail her at annlenk@hotmail.com.

Heath Martin (CAS’93) of Palo Alto, Calif., received a doctor of philosophy degree in classical literature from Brown University in May. He is currently attending Stanford University Law School. E-mail Heath at hmartin@netspace.org.

Bruce Smith (SED’93) of San Marcos, Tex., joined the faculty at Southwest Texas State University as chairman and professor in the department of mass communication. E-mail him at bs20@swt.edu.

Monica Tiszai (SMG’93) of Orlando, Fla., received her M.B.A. from Xavier University, and reports that she is married. E-mail her at pimlico71@prodigy.net.

Wendy Hale (CAS’78), Patch of Sun. watercolor. 14” x 21”. The painting was in Wendy’s exhibition Variations on a Common Theme, at the Ventress Library in Marshfield, Mass., this summer.

Brian Weisman (SMG’93) of Aventura, Fla., is a securities broker at First Miami Securities, specializing in managing municipal bond portfolios. He recently celebrated the birth of his second child. E-mail Brian at blw123@bellsouth.net.

Lauren Goldberg Zeligson (COM’93) of Overland Park, Kans., and her husband, Scott, announce the birth of their son, Miles Eli, on April 20. E-mail Lauren at zeligson@birch.net.

Robert Bales (MED’94, SPH’94) of Erie, Pa., received a doctor of medicine degree from Jefferson Medical College at Thomas Jefferson University in Philadelphia. He is beginning a residency in general surgery at the State University of New York Health Science Center in Syracuse, N.Y.

Chris Barlow (SMG’94) of London, England, a CPA and tax manager at KPMG Peat Marwick, is currently on a two-year assignment working in inter-Continued on page 59
Campus radio station WTBU has had many homes on campus. Its latest stop is on the Internet.

WTBU, BU's student-run radio station, entered the digital age last October, when it began supplementing its limited on-campus broadcasting capabilities with a live digital feed via its Web site. The Halloween launch of WTBU's live Webcast — complete with a camera shot of the on-air studio updated every few minutes — marks a new era for the station, which had run as a sister station to WBUR from 1965 until WBUR became part of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting in 1971.

Having been jostled around from the George Sherman Union to Myles Standish Hall to the basement of the Myles Standish Hall Annex, where a flood delayed the grand opening in 1982, WTBU moved to the third floor of the College of Communication in January 1997. The station has been broadcasting at both AM and FM frequencies solely via telephone lines that run to transmitters at the large campus dormitories. Now, with COM’s support, WTBU has launched its Webcast, accessible to anyone with a computer and an Internet connection.

To WTBU’s alumni, the upgrading of broadcast capabilities is great news. “WTBU can flourish on the Internet. That will be the way for people who love the medium to enjoy it.” Her former WTBU cohost, Mark Leibowitz (CAS'95, COM'95), agrees. “If you don’t have it on the Web,” he says, “you’re lagging behind.”

This year, WTBU plans to broadcast live all home hockey and women’s basketball games, as well as various other sporting events. The station also plans to archive old games on its site so those who missed the initial broadcast can still hear the game.

Bostonia interviewed WTBU alumni from across the decades to record their memories of the station. Here’s what they had to say.

Making the Rules

For George Schweitzer (COM’72), life hasn’t changed much since college — well, sort of. Schweitzer was on the executive board of BU’s largest broadcast media outlet when he was a student, and now he’s executive vice president of marketing and communication at CBS Television, one of the country’s largest television networks.

Schweitzer looks back fondly at his four years at WTBU, two as general manager. “It was a very difficult time at the station,” he says. “There were sit-ins at Marsh Chapel, draft evaders, a lot of trouble at Harvard.” WTBU covered it all. “We were instant,” he says of WTBU’s prominence in covering these events. “The newspapers were the next day.” Working in the news department, Schweitzer was an active participant in WTBU’s emergence as a reliable news source. “Regular news stations called WTBU for information,” he says.

For Schweitzer, WTBU was a learning opportunity like no other. “There were no rules,” he explains. “We made our own.”

Hard Rock Evening

Jon Katz (COM’70) took to the airwaves in 1969, a turbulent time in BU’s history. But through all of the chaos, the music played on.

“The station at the time was going through tremendous changes,” says Katz, now a broadcast writer and producer and president of Katz Creative in Rochester, Michigan. “You had more underground bands, like Jethro Tull and Led Zeppelin. A lot of the students were interested in that music. But some still liked chicken rock and bubblegum. So we ended up doing a little bit of everything — bubblegum afternoons, hard rock evenings. WTBU was one of the pioneer student stations in the country for music programming.”

The station, he says, became a clearinghouse for information during the “Paul Is Dead” Beatles hysteria. “We had people calling in from all over to report what they found hidden on various Beatles album covers or in the songs,” Katz remembers. “Our DJs were put on the air.

Listen to WTBU online at www.bu.edu/wtbu.
by stations like WMCA in New York to give updates.” For example, when the song “Revolution Number 9” from the White album is played backwards, “you hear what seems like a car crash and someone yelling to get Paul out.” For a young college DJ like Katz, it was an exciting time. “It was fun while it lasted,” he says.

**Live from Madison Square Garden**

Users of the Myles Standish Hall weight room in the mid-1990s probably remember Mark Leibowitz (CAS’95, COM’95) and Zlati Meyer (COM’95), hosts of the WTBU show *Kvetching with Mark and Zlati.*

“Some of our biggest fans came from the weight room during our airshift,” recalls Leibowitz, a technical writer in Silver Spring, Maryland. The show was an eclectic mix of music, comedy, and talk. “We were like Regis and Kathie Lee,” he says. “People thought we had one of the funniest shows at the time.” The show was “a pu pu platter of everything,” adds Meyer. “It was sort of a free-for-all.”

When Leibowitz and Meyer weren’t kvetching, they were fielding some interesting calls. They put on the air two BU alums calling from a Chicago Blackhawks hockey game to check the BU hockey score and a friend of theirs who called from Madison Square Garden during a Madonna concert “to give us a live report,” Leibowitz says.

**Getting the Word Out**

Crisis can be the best teacher, as David Mendel (COM’84) can attest. Mendel, currently senior producer for the Health Channel in Houston, Texas, came into the station one day at five a.m. to prepare for the morning news broadcast and discovered that the wire machine, source of the station’s world and national news, was broken. “The keys got jammed,” he says, “so there were reams and reams of the letter R.” He improvised, rewriting stories from the previous day’s *Daily Free Press* and the live ABC audio feed, which WTBU received as an ABC affiliate. “That was unbelievably terrifying,” says Mendel. “You either whistle ‘Dixie’ or deliver the news, which is what you’re supposed to do.”

**An Unexpected Benefit**

Some people got industry jobs because of their experience working at WTBU; Luther Turmelle got married. Turmelle (COM’82), now a business writer for the New Haven Register, met his wife, Joan Shapiro (COM’82), at a WTBU organizational meeting in 1980. “I ended up walking her home to her off-campus apartment,” says Turmelle, who capped off his four-year stint at the station by serving as sports director his senior year. “But it took a while for us to hit it off.” They married in 1986 and have two children.

**A Voice with Eyes**

As a member of the WTBU sports department, Neil Rosenberg (COM’98) witnessed some of the most memorable events in recent BU athletic history from behind the mike, calling football, basketball, and ice hockey games, including the 1998 Beanpot championship, when BU beat Harvard 2-1.

Rosenberg was sports director for the 1995–96 school year, statistician for the 1996 Beanpot, and producer for the last Beanpot at the Boston Garden, in 1995. “We got to go to the FleetCenter and on the road,” he says. “You meet all the Boston media and go to the Beanpot luncheon, things that if you go to another school, you don’t get to do.”

Rosenberg, currently a news producer for FoxNews.com, especially remembers the last season of the BU football program, in 1997. He called the last home game ever. “It was the first football win I ever called,” he says, “at the last football game I ever called. It wasn’t just a BU thing, it was a national thing. It was even more monumental than a Beanpot victory.”

**Jon Katz (COM’70) at the mike at WTBU.**

**Eric Hayes (COM’90) cues a record in 1985.**

**Mark Leibowitz (CAS’95, COM’95) and Zlati Meyer (COM’95) hosting the *Kvetching with Mark and Zlati* show on WTBU in the spring of 1994.**
Award-Winning Alumni

Amy Cassman Friedman (COM'77) of Omaha, Nebr., was honored as one of eight Women of Vision at the annual YWCA Tribute to Women luncheon in June. She is communications director for Millard public schools, the third largest school system in Nebraska. Amy was named Administrator of the Year in 1999 by the Millard Education Foundation. She was previously state communications director for the American Heart Association.

Marvin Hoffman (MED'47) of Rochester, N.Y., received the Award of Merit from the Rochester Academy of Medicine for his service to the medical profession and the community. He is a clinical professor emeritus at the Rochester School of Medicine and also medical director and vice president of Blue Cross Blue Shield. E-mail him at anne_marie_kelly@rochesterrr.com.

Anne Marie Kelly (COM'98) of Arlington, Va., is one of ten American journalists to receive an Arthur F. Burns Fellowship. She will work for Handelsblatt, the German business and financial news daily newspaper. Anne Marie regularly covers banking and securities regulation and legislation for a financial newswire in Washington, D.C. E-mail her at anne_marie_kelly@hotmail.com.

Rick Lombardo (SEA'84) of Dedham, Mass., received the Elliot Norton Award in June for outstanding director in a small company for his work on the Turtle Lane Playhouse production of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead. The awards are given by the Boston Theatre Critics Association to honor excellence in local theater.

Paul Lyons (CAS'63, GRS'64,69, CGS'61) of Brockton, Mass., received the Gordon H. Wood, Jr., Memorial Award at the American Association of Petroleum Geologists meeting in Ontario, Canada, this September. The award is given for “outstanding contributions to coal geology and coal geochemistry.” Paul is an adjunct professor of geology at the University of Cape Breton. He recently retired as a research geologist at the U.S. Geological Survey of the Department of the Interior. E-mail him at paulusgs@aol.com.

Brice Marden (SEA'61) of New York, N.Y., received an honorary degree from Brown University in May. He is an abstract artist whose work is in museums worldwide.

Liz Gribin (SFA'56) of Bridgehampton, N.Y., was honored as a Local Living Legend by the town in May. She is the founder and director of Gallery Emanuel in Great Neck, N.Y., and this spring her work was on exhibit at the Chrysalis Gallery in Southampton, N.Y. She also received the prestigious Catharine Lorillard Wolfe Award for her painting Pink Chair at the National Arts Club’s 101st annual member exhibition this year.

Margarita Piel McCoy (CAS'44) of La Habra Heights, Calif., is one of 82 planners selected as Fellows of the American Institute of City Planners. She was recognized for individual achievement in urban and rural planning at the 2000 National Planning Conference in New York City in April. Margarita is a professor emerita of the California State Polytechnic University School of Urban and Regional Planning.

Richard McElvain (SFA'76) of South Hamilton, Mass., received the Elliot Norton Award in June for outstanding actor in a small company for his role in the Suigan Theatre Company’s production of St. Nicholas. The awards are given by the Boston Theatre Critics Association to honor excellence in local theater.

Louis Sullivan (MED’58, Hon.’90) of Atlanta, Ga., received an honorary degree from Brown University in May. He is president of the Morehouse College School of Medicine. Louis served as secretary of health and human services under President George Bush.

Floyd Takeuchi (COM’75) of Mililani, Hawaii, was named Journalist of the Year for 2000 by the U.S. Small Business Administration. He is editor and publisher of Hawaii Business, the nation’s oldest regional business magazine. He is also editor and publisher of Discover Hawaii, publisher of the Hawaii Golf Guide and Pacific Magazine, and vice president of Pacific Basin Communications, Inc.

Connell Tarr (SMG’73) of North Andover, Mass., received the General Agents and Managers Association (GAMA) International’s 2000 Gold National Management Award. He is a general agent with Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company and formed his agency, Cornerstone Financial Group, in 1987. Connell is a member and past president of the Boston chapter of GAMA. He and his wife, Lillian Thibodeau Tarr (SON’70, GSM’87), live with their two children, Amanda and Alexander.

Joe Waz (CAS’75) of Philadelphia, Pa., received the Business On Board Member of the Year Award at the 2000 Arts and Business Council Awards. Joe is vice president of external affairs and public policy counsel for Comcast Corporation.
national mergers and acquisitions in London. He and his wife, Kelly Leary Barlow (SED’95), have three children. E-mail Chris at chris.barlow@kpmg.co.uk.

Craig Bernero (ENG’94) of Milford, Mass., is a corporate systems engineer in the product management department of EMC Corp. He was selected to present product integration and open system strategies at the International Pro/USER Conference in Orlando this past June. Craig lives with his wife, Kim, and son, Kyle, who is 17 months old. He has recently been in touch with Kleanthis Tsillas (ENG’95), James Tita (CAS’95, CGS’93), Stephen Foraste (ENG’91, ’95), Yee Chen Tjie (ENG’96), and Jennifer Kilshaw (ENG’97). He notes that Jason Paltrowitz (CAS’94) got married in June and Aaron Brochu (CAS’92) is planning to marry in November. E-mail Craig at cbernero@resourceful.com.

Loretta Chilcoat (COM’94) of Baltimore, Md., writes: “After graduation I moved to London and worked at various magazines for several years. Did the travel thing throughout Europe, eventually moved to New York for a year to work with the Discovery Channel, then hooked up with a British travel publisher, Rough Guides, and started to write guidebooks for them. I’ve now settled back in my native Baltimore and am a writer-producer for a local television station, WJZ-TV. I’d love to hear from any fellow COMers out there!” E-mail her at lachilcoat@aol.com.

Christopher Cotton (CAS’94) of Los Angeles, Calif., is director of business affairs for Blitz Media in Malibu. He graduated in 1997 from Pepperdine University School of Law. E-mail Chris at christophercotton@yahoo.com.

Joseph Flores (SFA’94) of St. Petersburg, Fla., is design coordinator at Creative Arts Unlimited, Inc., and he is also pursuing freelance work in graphic arts and desktop publishing. He would love to hear from classmates — “particularly the ‘Next Generation discussion group’” — at joejjf@earthlink.net.

Paul Trager (SMG’82) of Demarest, N.J., organized the “Shootout at 40,” a four-day golf trip to Kiawah Island, S.C., in June with a bunch of his buddies who all turned 40 this year. The foursome on the links here are (from left) Marc Isdaner (SMG’82), David Antel, Steven Greenberg (SMG’82), and Jim Goldstick (SMG’82). Also on the trip were Doug Apple (CAS’82), Michael Dornber (SMG’82), Brian Goldberg (SMG’82), Evan Greenberg (SMG’82), David Greenstein (SMG’82), Casey Pristou (SMG’82), Bob Sanitsky (COM’82), and Michael Steinberg (SMG’82). “It was just like being back in college — and there were no casualties,” Paul reports. E-mail him at ptrager@wslc.co.

Mike Franco (ENG’94) of Marlborough, Mass., at the time of writing was planning to marry Leila Theis in Brazil, and to honeymoon in the Virgin Islands. He is an applications engineer at Panametrics. E-mail Mike at francom@panametrics.com.

Anthony Grello (MED’94) of Narragansett, R.I., received a doctor of osteopathic medicine (D.O.) degree from Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine in June.

Patricia Cutillo Jillson (COM’94) of Bridgewater, Mass., and her husband, Michael, announce the birth of their daughter, Cassandra Rose, on April 21.

Deann Mazzochi (CAS’94) of Chicago, Ill., joined the law firm of Lord, Bissell & Brook, where she will focus on complex patent litigation and biochemical and pharmaceutical companies. E-mail Deanne at dmazzochi@lordbissell.com.

Berta Nahra (SED’94) of Bloomfield Hills, Mich., is planning to marry in December and then move to Australia, where she will teach physical education. After a year down under, she intends to move to Boston to teach. E-mail Berta at BNahra@aol.com.

Jason Paltrowitz (CAS’94) of Brooklyn, N.Y., married Julie Black on June 11 in Falmouth, Mass. Best man was Naresh Kachoria (COM’94) and groomsmen were Michael Walker (CAS’94), Keith Bayha (CAS’94, GRS’95), Jarl Jensen (ENG’94), and James Tita (CAS’95, CGS’93). Jason is a relationship officer for the American Depositary Receipt Division of the Bank of New York and is pursuing an M.B.A. part-time at NYU. E-mail him at jlp248@stern.nyu.edu.

Joel Press (LAW’94) of New York, N.Y., celebrated the birth of his first child, Malayapress. Joel works at Condé Nast Publications. E-mail him at jcpresslaw@aol.com.

Alexander Rae (CAS’94) of New York, N.Y., works in a residence program for the mentally ill. E-mail him at alexr@projectrenewal.org.

Tina Calabro (SAR’95) of Quincy, Mass., celebrated the birth of her son, Anthony Jeffrey McFarlane, on March 29. “Motherhood has brought me more joy than I thought possible,”
One hot day in the summer of 1999, actor Anthony Ruivivar (SEA'92) found himself in a paramedic’s uniform, rushing into an elderly couple’s apartment in Harlem. “You could tell the apartment hadn’t changed since the husband got sick, his hospital bed next to her bed. His heart was failing — he was dying,” Ruivivar says. “The wife was out of her head, tidying the apartment and apologizing for the mess. Then she pulled me aside and pleaded with me, ‘Whatever you do, please, he’s the only thing I have left in life, please help him.’” A paramedic got an IV going, “and in five seconds the man’s eyes just popped up in his head. The wife let out a huge sigh of relief, and it just felt great.”

If that sounds like the story line for a prime-time television drama, you’re close. Ruivivar returns this fall for a second season as Carlos Nieto, a paramedic on NBC’s Third Watch, but that wasn’t one of the shows. Before filming the first episode, executive producer John Wells (of E.R. fame) had the actors trail real paramedics in New York City to get a feel for the work. “It was the most amazing thing to be there and witness this guy come back. That just goes right to your soul,” Ruivivar says.

Before the Third Watch gig came along, the Hawaiian-born Ruivivar was doing a mix of theater and film work (including big studio movies such as White Fang and Raise the Sun), but “as an actor, after every project ends, you tell yourself, ‘I’m never going to work again.’” So it’s been liberating to have a steady job, though that’s not to say it’s easy work. The season ahead calls for twenty-two episodes of Third Watch, named for the shift worked by the paramedics, police, and firefighters the show centers on. Each episode is a grueling ten or eleven days of shooting, almost entirely on location. “We’re constantly doing stunts — accidents and fires,” Ruivivar says. “And we’ve got three company moves in one day. On a given day, we’ll be in Brooklyn, then in Harlem, then in Manhattan.” And there’s another thing they probably don’t warn you about in acting school — shooting ahead of season. That means wearing fall clothing while filming in August, and even worse, spring clothing in February. Ruivivar shudders when he thinks of last winter’s chilly weather, complete with frozen fake blood. “I’m getting cold just thinking about it!” — TM

ANTHONY RUIVIVAR
Fred Courtot (CAS'95) of Mountain View, Calif., is regional account manager and business development manager for Qualys.com, an online network security service. His personal Web site is members.xoom.com/fredcourtot. E-mail Fred at fcourtot@qualys.com.

Erika Inocencio (CAS'95, CGS'93) of Warwick, R.I., received a juris doctor degree from New England School of Law in May. She will work at the Bronx county district attorney's office in New York.

Jonathan Landesman (CAS'95) of Cherry Hill, N.J., is an associate in the labor and employment law department at Montgomery, McCracken, Walker, & Rhoads in Philadelphia.

Marcee Rogers (SED'95) of Mountain View, Calif., teaches junior and senior high in the San Francisco Bay area, taking advantage of the summer breaks by backpacking through Europe, camping, and white-water rafting. Last year she ran her first marathon. Marcee is looking to change gears and go into either interior or graphic design. E-mail her at echo20echo@yahoo.com.

Phillip Spinks (CAS'95) of Boston, Mass., held an exhibition, entitled Beyond the Infinite, at the Tristan Gallery in Provincetown, Mass., this summer.

Gianpiero Spino (CAS'95, CGS'93) of North Andover, Mass., is a probate associate at Burns & Levinson in Boston.

Salvador Vega Flores (ENG'95) of Lindavista, Mexico, manages a business dealing with infrared technologies in Mexico City. He recently finished recording a Spanish rock album, Mantanico. E-mail Salvador at staticas@hotmail.com.

Colleen Wheeler (COM'95) of Charlotte, N.C., recently moved from campus recruiting for Microsoft in Redmond, Wash., to become a technical support manager at its Charlotte office. She writes, "I am getting to visit more of my BU friends now that I'm on the East Coast. If any of you get to Charlotte, let me know!" E-mail Colleen at colleenw@microsoft.com.

Sid Whitaker (COM'95) of Portland, Maine, is a general assignment reporter with WCSH-6, Portland's NBC affiliate. E-mail him at sid.whitaker@wcs6.com.

Kenneth Craw (ENG'96) of Evanston, Ill., is attending the Northwestern University Kellogg Graduate School of Management, and he hopes to get in contact with Chicago-area alumni. Kenneth spent the past three years as Boeing in Huntington Beach, Calif., as a structural and crew systems engineer working on the international space station. While out West, he was in touch with Tony Tiengum (ENG'96), Matt Brennan (ENG'96), Russell Ballard (ENG'96), and Shelley Friedman (SMG'90). E-mail Kenneth at chip.craw@netzero.com.

Tony Dean (CAS'96) of Worcester, Mass., teaches high school science in Westborough, Mass. He would love to hear from friends who were in the marine biology program. E-mail Tony at tdean_95@yahoo.com.

Kimberly Donaldson (CAS'96) of Rosemont, Pa., is an associate with Chimicles & Tikellis. She graduated from Villanova University School of Law in 1999.

Lonn Greenberg (CAS'96) of Providence, R.I., received a juris doctor degree from New England School of Law in May. He plans to take the Rhode Island and Florida bar examinations.

Jason Howarth (COM'96, CGS'95) of Hope Valley, R.I., and his wife, Lecann, announce the birth of their daughter, Madysin Lee, this year. Jason works for Alan Taylor Communications, a public relations firm specializing in sports and event marketing and Internet ventures. He moved back to Massachusetts from New Jersey to start a Boston office for the company. E-mail Jason at jason@alantaylor.com.

Tony Lopez-Isa (COM'96, CGS'94) of North Bay Village, Fla., is a news producer at WTVJ-TV, the NBC affiliate in Miami. E-mail him at tonylopez@nbc.com.

Barbara Stricos Martin (CAS'96) of Fort Collins, Colo., is a chemist for Hach Company in Loveland. She hopes to hear from fellow marching band alumni at bmartin@hach.com.

Kirsten Potter (SFA'96) of Vienna, Va., played Julia in Two Gentlemen of Verona at the Santa Fe Shakespeare Festival in New Mexico and Viola in Twelfth Night at the Milwaukee Repertory Theatre, where she became a company member last year. Jagdeep “Jay” Trivedi (SAR'96) of Medford, Mass., is the data processing center manager at Boston Medical Technologies in Wakefield. He is also an assistant instructor at Boston Medical School. He plans to marry in May 2001. Jay is still close friends with Julie Lisa (COM'95), Jeff Bartolotta (ENG'96), John Wood (ENG'97), and Zaira Alonso (SAR'96), and has been in touch with Adam Maines (ENG'96), Sherwin Chang (SAR'96), John Ho (SAR'96), and Mikhail Sagal. E-mail him at jayt@bosmedtech.com.

Claudia Diaz (CAS'97) of Malden, Mass., is involved in clinical research at BOSTONI A • FALL 2000 • 61
BU’s International Alumni Connection

International Internet
During the past two years the number of visits by alumni to the BU International Alumni Program Web site (www.bu.edu/alumni/intl) has increased dramatically. Now a redesign provides a more convenient and immediate way for international alumni to stay connected with one another and with the University.

The Web site includes a calendar of international events with an accompanying photo gallery, general admissions information for interested international students, contact information for international alumni associations, and links to individual alumni association Web sites highlighting activities in their countries, such as the upcoming twenty-fifth anniversary party of Japan’s Boston University Alumni Association, to be held in Japan on December 9, 2000 (see www.bujapan.com). In addition, the International Business Connection is a virtual networking center through which international alumni promote business services and job listings to the global University community.

And if that is not enough, why not virtually visit the BU campus? A Web cam on the roof of the Photonics Center building off Commonwealth Avenue is focused on Marsh Plaza, enabling the international community to revisit the campus at any time of the day.

At least one Thai family is not daunted by the distance between Bangkok and Boston. Each of Kosol and Betty Sudhinaraset’s five children traveled it frequently while earning BU degrees. This spring, when President Jon Westling and his wife, Elizabeth, made the trip, the family was there to greet them. Pictured here at the Heritage Club in Bangkok are (front row, from left) family friend and longtime BU supporter Ophas Kanchandvijaya (SA4G’60), Kosol Sudhinaraset, Elizabeth Westling, Jon Westling, Betty Sudhinaraset, and Christopher Reaske, vice president for development and alumni relations; (back row, from left), Ampaphan Chiaraivanont (GSM’90), Khanet Sudhinaraset (SMG’94), Isabella Meijer, International Alumni Programs director, Pornphan Sudhinaraset (SDM’97), Sumitraporn Sudhinaraset (GSM’92), and Tipsukon Kitjatanapan (GSM’93).

In the spring, Jon and Elizabeth Westling and University administrators met with members of the BU community in Taipei. Among those attending the reception are (from left) Peng-Hui Hsieh, Hsen-Yen Shih, Michelle Lee (COM’89), and Jean Liu (SMG’77).

In May almost 200 international students and parents attended a graduation reception in their honor. President Jon Westling addressed the students and guests. Among those at the reception were (from left) Necla Gurel, Cem Gurel, Esra Zeynep Gurel (CAS’00), and her father, Ahmet Gurel.
Marc Mercurio (CAS'97) of Boston, Mass., recently completed an international assignment in Zurich as a senior associate for ABB Financial Services. He hopes to hear from fellow 1995 student advisors at marc.mercurio@us.abb.com.

Deborah Van Renterghem (SEA'97, '99) of New York, N.Y., was an apprentice at the Santa Fe Opera this summer. Mike Waldron (COM'97) of Washington, D.C., is a director of communications for Congressman Fred Upton (R-Michigan), chairman of the House Commerce Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations. He is pursuing a master’s degree in government at Johns Hopkins University and is still living with his sophomore year roommate, Mark Blakfin (COM'97), who is an account manager at the Merritt Group, a high-tech public relations firm in Tysons Corner, Va. E-mail him at mike.waldron@mail.house.gov.

Meredith Eckert (COM'98) of Tuckahoe, N.Y., writes, “I am having a blast working for Major League Baseball Productions, editing features for television shows and home videos. I miss being close to all the friends I had at BU, so if I’ve lost touch with you, I’d love to hear from you!” E-mail her at mer_eckert@hotmail.com.

Michael Gillis (MET'98) of Braintree, Mass., and his wife, Diane, celebrated the birth of Michael Joseph Gillis, Jr., on May 25.

Michael Kennedy (COM'98) of Baltimore, Md., is a marketing manager for Agora, an international publisher. He also sings in the rock band Two Day Romance, which performs along the East Coast. E-mail him at rockstarome@aol.com.

Jeffrey Klaus (GSM'98) of Portland, Ore., relocated from Virginia in July to become a product marketing manager at Intel Corp. E-mail him at Jeffrey.S.Klaus@intel.com.

Scott MacLean (SMG'97) of Olathe, Kans. His wife, Rachel Williams-Glenn (STH'97), pastors a church in rural Missouri. E-mail Virgil at vdoublcg@hotmail.com.

Dominic Garabedian (SFA'97, CGS'95) of Livingston, N.J., is director of recruiting for Mimeo.com.

Colleen Kramer (SEA'97, '99) of Boston, Mass., was First Lady in Mozart’s Die Zauberflöte with Boston Lyric Opera this spring.

Susu Liu (SMG'97) of Bangkok, Thailand, is on a two-year assignment in Thailand for Saatchi & Saatchi, developing advertising for Procter & Gamble in Southeast Asia. E-mail her at susu_liu@hotmail.com.

Jeff Mandell (COM'97) and Erin Bix (COM'97) of Forest Hills, N.Y., are engaged to be married, with the wedding planned for fall 2001. Jeff works for A&E Television in Stamford, Conn., and Erin works in the media relations department at HBO in New York. E-mail them at wheatbix@earthlink.com.
Joe Zack (ENG'98) of Pensacola, Fla., a Navy ensign, completed flight training and received the Wings of Gold from Helicopter Training Squadron 18. He will be stationed at NAS North Island in San Diego. E-mail Joe at ZackUSN@aol.com.

Torrey DeLuca (CAS'99) of Waltham, Mass., is a registered nurse at Saint Elizabeth's Hospital in Brighton, specializing in rehabilitative care. He is engaged to be married to Eileen Dover of Watertown, Mass. E-mail Torrey at torreydeluca@hotmail.com.

Matt Garlick (GRS'99) of Scottsdale, Ariz., is teaching English in Ecuador for a year as a volunteer with WorldTeach, a private nonprofit organization based at Harvard University.

Lecanne Hubbard (COM'99) of North Dighton, Mass., writes, “I have done some local newspaper work and am still trying to break into the sports communication field. I would absolutely love to hear from COMSA pals. Danielle Pothier (COM'99), where are you? And Kate Royce (COM'99)?” Lecanne’s e-mail address is lech1530@hotmail.com.

Rachael Kriteman (COM'99) of Boston, Mass., is an account executive at Lowe Grob Health & Science, a communications firm in Cambridge.

Sarah Pelletier (SFA'99) of Attleboro, Mass., played Fiordiligi in Così fan tutte with Opera Aperta this summer.

Kate Royce (COM'99) of Washington, D.C., is an editorial assistant with the Washington Times metropolitan section. She writes, “D.C. is great, but I miss Boston... occasionally.” E-mail her at royce@twrmail.com.

Grant Silver (CAS'99, CGS'97) of Manchester, Vt., works for the Vermont Golf Association in Rutland. He recently completed working on its Web site, www.vtga.org. E-mail him at gsilver@hotbot.com.

Amanda Sina (COM'99) of Brookline, Mass., is an account executive at Lowe Grob Health & Science, a communications firm in Cambridge.

Allison Snow (CAS'99) of East Boston, Mass., is associate director of fundraising and major gifts for the United Way of Massachusetts Bay, where she began working while a junior at BU.

Christiane Weinberger (GRS'99) of Brookline, Mass., is an assistant account executive at Lowe Grob Health & Science, a communications firm in Cambridge.

Mark Womach (SEA'99) of Storrs, Conn., was the Pirate King in Gilbert and Sullivan’s Pirates of Penzance at the Tulsa Circle Opera.

2000s

Darren Chase (SFA'00) of Leucadia, Calif., starred in Pelleas and Melisande at the Israel Festival.

Mary Hughes (SFA'00) of Allston, Mass., was Dame Quickly in Falstaff at Tanglewood this summer.

Scott Toperzer (SFA'00) of Newton, Mass., played Marcello in Puccini’s La Bohème at Opera North in New Hampshire.

Alison Trainer (SFA'00) of Cincinnati, Ohio, was Adele in Strauss’s Die Fledermaus with the Merola Opera Program.
In Memoriam

Flora Ricker Hopkins (SAR’22, SED’35), San Rafael, Calif.
Ruth A. Bristol (CAS’23), Cockeysville, Md.
Lilly S. Abbott (SRE’24), Eastham, Mass.
Beatrice Thorn (SAR’24), Schenectady, N.Y.
Frank Anselmo (SME’25), Lebanon, Mass.
George B. Rittenberg (LAW’25), Boca Raton, Fla.
Helen Mason (CAS’26, ’27), Merrimac, Mass.
Maude Thomas (SFA’26), Rockport, Mass.
Abraham W. Chesney (LAW’27), Deerfield Beach, Fla.
Ella L. Sanderson (CAS’27), Abington, Mass.
H. Archer Berman (CAS’28, MED’30), Lexington, Mass.
Edith M. Mazria (CAS’28), South Weymouth, Mass.
Founta G. Pollard (SRE’28), Columbus, Ohio
Gloria Dolan Wells (PAL’28), Braintree, Mass.
Gertrude H. Bateman (SAR’29), Topsfield, Mass.
Julia E. FitzPatrick (PAL’29), San Antonio, Tex.
Virginia M. Greenwood (SAR’29, ’48), Natick, Mass.
Alexander W. MacDonald (COM’29, SMG’29), Salem, Mass.
Laura Bennis (SED’30), Sun City, Ariz.
Dorothy Chadwick (SAR’30, SED’51), Fairfield, Conn.
Marguerite Hurley (LAW’30), Mount Vernon, N.Y.
John K. Keelon (SMG’30, SED’36), Methuen, Mass.
Earnest I. Poland (SED’30, ’33), Auburn, Maine
Leonard W. Benedetto (MED’31), Ramsey, N.J.
Alice F. Doyle (SRE’31), Delmar, N.Y.
Anna Stuart Flynn (PAL’31), Chandler, Ariz.
Ellis J. Holt (CAS’31), Cape Elizabeth, Maine
Saul Kaplan (LAW’31), Manchester, N.H.
Samuel M. Lisagor (SMG’31, ’36), Brockton, Mass.
Farley Manning (SMG’31), Olympia, Wash.
Gilbert L. Mather (SMG’31), Cheston, Conn.
Alton B. Otis (SMG’31), Bremerton, Wash.
Arleen B. Ward (SRE’31), Basking Ridge, N.J.
Lazarus H. Goldberg (LAW’32), Brookline, Mass.
Helen E. Lanigan (CAS’32), Framingham, Mass.
Mary McCarthy O’Keefe (PAL’32, SMG’33), Braintree, Mass.
George L. Poor (STH’33), Seattle, Wash.
J. Arnold Lundgren (SMG’34), Baltimore, Md.
Josephine Bruno Pane (CAS’34, GRS’35), Highland Park, N.J.
Matthew Titiev (LAW’34), Needham, Mass.
Earlene M. Allen (SED’35), Westborough, Mass.
Mary F. Archambault (CAS’35), Roscommon, Mich.
Frank J. Mucci (SSW’35, STH’39), Getzville, N.Y.
Alice K. Nicholson (SED’35, ’55), West Palm Beach, Fla.
Bernard L. Schneider (CAS’35, GSM’39), Newtonville, Mass.
Mildred I. Kendall (GSM’36), Methuen, Mass.
Donald B. Nathan (LAW’36), Revere, Mass.
Marjorie Carroll Pragst (SED’36, ’41), N. Branford, Conn.
Herman L. Block (MED’37), Walpole, Mass.
Henry E. Heims (CAS’37, STH’40), Rye, N.H.
James J. Sutherland (SMG’38), Rancho Palos Verdes, Calif.
Pauline Davis Barton (SMG’38, SMG’40), Beverly, Mass.
Marjorie B. Baxter (PAL’38), Rye, N.H.
Frederick B. Fitts (SMG’38), Fort Myer, Va.
George Khiralla (CAS’38, GRS’47), Pocasset, Mass.
Harold F. Lee (SMG’38), Saint Petersburg, Fla.
Donald M. Lockerby (CAS’38), Watertown, N.Y.
William H. Parker (SMG’38), Quincy, Mass.
Mildred H. Bailey (PAL’39), Gloucester, Mass.
Leopold Bellak (GRS’39), Larchmont, N.Y.
Frank P. DiStasio (LAW’39), Waterbury, Conn.
Janice Gorham (PAL’39), Topsham, Maine
M. Joan Hannon (PAL’39), Cambridge, Mass.
Alysia C. Hooper (CAS’39), Biddford, Maine
Milton Nothdurft (STH’39, ’40), Prescott Valley, Ariz.
Arthur G. Simoncavage (MED’39), Marlborough, Mass.
Willard B. Arnold (SED’40), Falls Church, Va.
Alice Cowing (SMG’40), Springfield, Mass.
Orville J. Hine (GRS’40), Nineveh, N.Y.
Greta Sundin King (SED’40), Haymarket, Va.
John H. King, Jr. (SED’40), Haymarket, Va.
Margaret E. Lawson (SMG’40), Escondido, Calif.
Dorothy E. Mason (SED’40, ’49), Biddeford, Maine
J. Raymond Needham (SED’40, ’46), Milford, Conn.
Frank J. Ryder (SMG’40), Naples, Fla.
Max L. Yunk (SMG’40), West Palm Beach, Fla.
Margaret R. Fosberry (CAS’41), Gloucester, Mass.
Warren G. Hill (SED’41), Punta Gorda, Fla.
Carl W. Saunders (STH’41), Norway, Maine
Eric R. Simpson (SED’41), Weymouth, Mass.
Herbert W. Coffman (LAW’42), Napa, Calif.
John M. Connell (LAW’42), Greeneville, Tenn.
Lydia M. Keefe (PAL’42), Gloucester, Mass.
William J. Kosina (SMG’42), Liverpool, N.Y.
Dorothy A. Manchester (SED’42), Brockton, Mass.
Shirley B. Plumb (SSW’42), Rochester, N.Y.
Rocco M. Rinaldi (SMG’42), Melrose, Mass.
William P. Silvia (LAW’42), Leominster, Mass.
Raymond E. Campbell (SMG’43), Stonington, Conn.
Mina Y. Gilbert (CAS’43), Whippany, N.J.
John M. Kelly (SMG’43), Corning, N.Y.
Judith H. Maby (GRS’43), Kittery, Maine
Elliott H. Sweetser (MED’43), Colonie, N.Y.
Louis Weinstein (MED’43, Hon’73), Newtonville, Mass.
Mildred Ridolph (PAL’44), Yardley, Pa.
Menorah Rosan (SED’44), Bronx, N.Y.
Jerome A. Scolar (LAW’44), Glen Allen, Va.
John C. Wilson (STH’44), Pascack Valley, N.J.
Robert D. Gray (CAS’45), Gloucester, Mass.
Evelyn Malkiel (CAS’45), Newton Centre, Mass.
Marion Auburn (CAS’46, LAW’47, SED’65), Needham, Mass.
John W. Hassett (LAW’46), Surfside Beach, S.C.
Frances B. Smullin (SED’46), Auburn, Maine
Rodolph H. Turcotte (CAS’46, MED’47), Northampton, Mass.
Priscilla M. Webster Tinkham (PAL’46,
Albert A. Blomberg (ENG'50, '60),
Roanoke, Va.
Mary R. Clancy (CAS'50),
Chelmsford, Mass.
George F. Duncan (SMG'50),
San Antonio, Tex.
Mary L. Fee (SED'50), Westborough, Mass.
Don J. Fraser (COM'50), Rockport, Mass.
Rita Hassan (SAR'50), Alton, N.H.
Pierre R. Loiseaux (LAW'50), Eugene, Ore.
Elaine McNulty (SED'50),
Swampscott, Mass.
Ralph V. Murray (SED'50), Danvers, Mass.
Joseph Stefens (LAW'50), Plymouth, Mass.
Alvin L. Stewart (SED'50, '55),
Mansfield, Mass.
Mary B. Woods (PAL'50), Melrose, Mass.
Halina Zilvetti (PAL'50), New Haven, Conn.
Robert P. Bell (SED'51, '54),
Framingham, Mass.
Nicholas G. Bergin (SED'51), Milton, Mass.
H. Scott Breen (SEA'51), Oakland, Maine
Thomas J. Connolly (LAW'51), Venice, Fla.
Harvey C. Conradson (SMG'51),
Hamptead, N.H.
Frank H. Conway (LAW'51),
Needham, Mass.
Joseph B. Coughlin (SSW'51),
Rochester, N.Y.
Charles M. Dewey (SMG'51),
Gardner, Mass.
Arthur D. Dolloff (LAW'51),
Topsham, Maine
Raymond V. Eccleston (COM'51),
West New York, N.J.
Melvin V. Giovannucci (SMG'51),
Saint Clair Shores, Mich.
Raymond H. Lloyd (SMG'51), Salem, N.H.
Robert C. Putnam (GRS'51), Houston, Tex.
James P. Romeo (SED'50), Kingston, Mass.
John E. Sweeney (SMG'51),
Centerville, Mass.
Paul X. Tivnan (SMG'51), Paxton, Mass.
Arthur C. Walker (DGE'51),
Iowa City, Iowa
Thomas L. Warren (SED'51),
Osterville, Mass.
Edward L. Witkowski (SMG'51, SED '64),
North Grosvener Dale, Conn.
Richard B. Ayer (SMG'52), Stamford, Conn.
Richard N. Elwell (SON'52),
East Wareham, Mass.
Anthony C. Ferrante (SEA'52, '53),
Marlborough, Mass.
Janet Prohaska Hensen (CAS'52, GRS'53),
West Springfield, Mass.
Roberta C. Keenan (PAL'52, '53),
Nantucket, Mass.
Joseph M. Lane (SMG'52), Bedford, Mass.
Arthur H. Levere (MED'52),
Naples, Fla.
Paul J. Merlesema (SED'52, '62),
Osterville, Mass.

L. Doris Moquin (SED'52, '64),
Peabody, Mass.
Arline C. Petrick (SON'52, '60),
South Sutton, N.H.
George T. Ray (LAW'52), Ashland, N.H.
Eva L. Schools (SED'52, '57), Bethel, Maine
Mary M. Sipals (SMG'52), Dorchester, Mass.
Michael P. Wilk (SSW'52), Melrose, Mass.
Charles H. Audette (SMG'53),
Abington, Mass.
Mary E. Bennett (CAS'53),
Kingfisher, Okla.
S. Richard Bram (SMG'53, GRS'60),
Lexington, Mass.
Charles J. Brucato (SED'53), Milford, Mass.
Gerard A. Cadoret (LAW'53),
Palm Desert, Calif.
William E. Coons (MED'53),
Albuquerque, N.M.
Arthur J. Foster (COM'53, DGE'51),
Atco, N.J.
Esther G. Kwantum (SED'53),
Skowhegan, Maine.
Jean M. Lordan (SED'53), Medford, Mass.
John T. Nichol (GRS'53, STA'65),
Beverly, Mass.
Alice Walker (SED'53), New Orleans, La.
Robert J. Carini (SED'54), Falmouth, Mass.
George T. Davidson (SED'54),
Freedom, N.H.
Gloria Dorfman (SED'54, '66),
Cheestnut Hill, Mass.
Paul A. Dwinell (SEA'54), New York, N.Y.
Beverly Gray (SAR'54), Carlisle, Pa.
Thelma L. Harvey (SED'54),
Methuen, Mass.
John O. Reynolds (ENG'54),
Methuen, Mass.
Leila K. Wager (SAR'54), Schenectady, N.Y.
Arthur J. White (SED'54, '66),
Dedham, Mass.
Arnold H. Wilcox (SED'54), Jackson, Mich.
Joel M. Wolfsen (SED'54),
Yarmouth Port, Mass.
Doris M. Beal (SED'55), Duxbury, Mass.
Mark J. Finer (CAS'55), Randolph, Mass.
Claire K. Bassett (SED'56),
Chelsmore, Mass.
Wesley E. Brett (SMG'56),
Wilmington, N.C.
Richard M. Coffin (COM'56, DGE'54),
Belvedere Tiburon, Calif.
James F. McCarthy (CAS'56),
Washington, D.C.
Isidore E. Nadeau (SSW'56), Tampa, Fla.
Robert J. Lurtsema (COM'57, DGE'57),
Wellesley, Mass.
Harry C. Mikes (STA'57), Sanford, Fla.
Harry L. Pine (MED'57), Princeton, N.J.
Henry C. Spicer (GRS'57),
New Orleans, La.
Warren E. Bishop (SON'58),
Obituaries

Earlene Morey Allen (SED'35), 98, former School of Education secretary and registrar, on May 4. Allen came to BU in 1922 as an SED secretary, working under Dean Arthur Wilde. She received her bachelor’s degree in 1935. During World War II, Allen was involved in numerous church, cultural, and civic organizations, later becoming vice president of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women’s Clubs. She was an assistant dean at Fisher Junior College in Boston after working part-time as a faculty member, and later taught English at Milford High School. Allen had a serious interest in architecture and designed the Milford home where she lived for fifty years.

Vernon Anthony (DGE'48, CAS'50, SED'54), 77, former assistant professor and assistant dean of the College of General Studies, on April 28. Anthony came to BU in 1951 as an instructor in the College of General Studies psychology and guidance department and became an assistant professor in 1955. In 1957, he became the college’s registrar, a position he retained after being named assistant dean in 1960. Anthony retired in 1982, after over thirty years at CGS.

Burton Dreben, 71, professor of philosophy, on July 11, 1999. Dreben came to the College of Arts and Sciences after having been a Harvard man for most of his life, receiving both his bachelor’s and master’s degrees from the school. In 1952 he was elected to a junior fellowship of the Harvard Society of Fellows, established as a Ph.D. alternative for gifted scholars. He taught at the University of Chicago in 1955 and returned to Harvard in 1956 as an assistant professor of philosophy. By 1965, he was a full professor, and in 1981, he was named the Edgar Pierce Professor of Philosophy. His main areas of academic interest were analytic philosophy and mathematical logic, and he was editor of the Journal of Symbolic Logic from 1967 to 1976. Dreben also served Harvard as dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences and associate dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences from 1973 to 1976. From 1976 until 1990, he chaired the Society of Fellows and was special assistant to the dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. In 1991, Dreben left Harvard to become a BU professor of philosophy.

G. Norman Eddy, 93, professor emeritus of general education, on July 19. After earning degrees at Gordon College, the University of New Hampshire, Springfield College, and Duke University, Eddy came to BU in 1946. He helped found
General College, where he taught human relations and sociology, and stayed with the college throughout its various permutations across the years. Eddy was chairman of the faculty when it became the College of General Education. "He was one of our favorite professors," says Jesse Costa (DGE’51, LAW’54), who co-founded the General Education Alumni Association. "He would reach students with material in such a way that you never forgot it." Eddy also collected, restored, and performed on pianofortes and other antique musical instruments.

Mary Ann Garrigan (SED’57, HON. ’79), 86, professor emeritus of nursing, on March 19. Garrigan graduated from the Westchester School of Nursing in New York in 1935 and eventually became head nurse at the Grasslands Hospital in Valhalla. During this time, she studied at the Teachers College of Columbia University, receiving a bachelor of science degree in 1941. When World War II broke out, Garrigan joined the U.S. Army Nurse Corps. She became a captain, an instructor of the Women’s Army Corps and Medical Corps Training Programs, and director of the Cadet Nurse Corps at Halloran Hospital in Staten Island. After the war, Garrigan earned a master’s degree in education at BU. She then joined the faculty of the new School of Nursing, where she drew attention to the need [for an official nursing archive. That vision was realized in 1966, when she founded and became curator of the archive. Garrigan was chairwoman of the Bicentennial for the American Nursing Association in Philadelphia in 1976 and a member of the Massachusetts Nursing Association.

Robert D. King (SFA’36), 85, retired member of the School for the Arts music division faculty, on December 2, 1999. After undergraduate studies at BU, King studied music composition at Harvard. He came back to teach at BU, where he founded and directed a brass choir. King also founded and played the euphonium with the Boston Brass Quartet. He was an Army bandleader in World War II and won the Bronze Star. In 1940 King started the Robert King Music Co., where he published the Music for Brass series as well as both classic and new works. He was also a member of the Board of Overseers of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and endowed the principal trumpet chair in the name of BU Professor Emeritus Roger Voisin. "He was a very fundamental and absolutely sincere musician," says Voisin, who chaired the brass, woodwind, and percussion department during his time at SFA. "He furthered music," King donated scholarships for the Tanglewood Institute to brass musicians. In 1994, he received an honorary doctor of music degree from New England Conservatory of Music.

Gerald Kramer, 77, former professor and chairman of the department of periodontology at SDM, on May 18. Kramer received both his undergraduate and his D.M.D. degrees from Tufts University, and served in the U.S. Navy Dental Corps during World War II and the Korean War. He came to BU in 1963 as an assistant professor of periodontology. In 1967, he became both a professor and chairman of the periodontology department, positions he held until 1979. From 1971 to 1977, he chaired the American Board of Periodontology. Kramer was founder and codirector of the Institute for Advanced Dental Studies and coeditor of the International Journal of Periodontics and Restorative Dentistry. His son, Lloyd, wrote in his father’s eulogy, "His life was a continuing, dynamic conversation among his many friends."

Allan Meyers, 53, professor of health services, sociomedical sciences, and community medicine at the School of Medicine and the School of Public Health, research professor of physical medicine and rehabilitation, and professor of anthropology, on May 27. Meyers graduated from Dartmouth College, where he studied sociology, earned a master’s degree and a doctorate in anthropology from Cornell, and pursued postgraduate studies at the University of Western Ontario in Canada and London. He came to BU in 1976, working as associate director of SPH from 1982 to 1986 and associate dean of CAS and GRS from 1988 to 1992. Meyers was research director of the New England Regional Spinal Cord Injury Center, a joint effort between the Boston Medical Center, MED, and SPH and a model for similar centers nationwide. He was preparing a manual for development of disability-related courses at graduate schools of public health.

William Newman, 81, professor emeritus of history, international relations, and political science, on July 9. He received his bachelor’s degree from Hiram College, M.B.A. from the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, and doctorate from Princeton, and was an Arts and Sciences professor from 1949 until his retirement in 1984. Newman was instrumental in founding the international relations program, cultivating it into one of the largest majors on campus and directing the IR major from 1971 to 1980. He was acting dean of CAS during the 1967–68 and 1970–71 school years and acting dean of GRS during the 1974–75 school year. His publications include three books: The Fautilitarian Society, Liberalism and the Retreat from Politics, and The Balance of Power in the Interwar Years, 1919–1939. Professor William Keylor, chairman of the history department, remembers his "real sense of collegiality" and interest in the department long after retirement. Newman was a serious pianist throughout his life.

Armand Siegel, 85, professor emeritus of physics, on December 20, 1999. Siegel received a bachelor’s degree from New York University in English and history in 1937. "Having heard that every educated person should take at least one physics course," CAS Physics Professor George Zimmerman said in a memorial presented earlier this year, "he did." Siegel went on to receive a master’s in physics from the University of Pennsylvania and his Ph.D. in physics from MIT. In 1950, he joined the physics faculty at BU. After conducting research on setbacks, he was also named a professor in the BU School of Medicine. Siegel successfully opposed removing the language requirement for Ph.D. candidates in physics. He retired from BU in 1980.

Harris Smith, 78, professor emeritus of photojournalism, on March 28. After a stint in the Marines during World War II, Smith was an editor for the Chicago Sun-Times until 1955, when he came to BU, directing the photojournalism program at COM until the late 1960s. He retired in 1984 and with his wife, Donna, began a monthly magazine, the Ipswich Observer, which they mailed to every town residence without charge until publication ceased last fall.
JFK in '52: The Election That Launched — and Ended — a Dynasty

BY THOMAS OLIPHANT

We take it all for granted today. Since 1952 — with one minor exception after the 1960 presidential election — one of the Massachusetts United States Senate seats has been more owned than occupied by a Kennedy, first John and then Edward. Almost forty-eight years is roughly half a century, obscuring an important point: it wasn’t always a monotonous string of 60 percent victories, the linking of the word magic to the name Kennedy, sacrificial-lamb opponents, and a robotic, adoring Democratic party.

To begin with the obvious, there had to be a first time, an election that established the dominance, created the coalition that sustains it.

In the literature of Kennedy politics, the tendency has been to accord equal weight to John F. Kennedy’s initial election to Congress, in 1946, and his election to the Senate six years later, both victories that could just as easily have been defeats. The former fell within the tribal culture of Boston’s Democratic party, the latter occurred in a state that was going solidly for Dwight D. Eisenhower and very narrowly for Republican Governor Christian A. Herter.

The equation, however, is misplaced. Beyond the fact that the Senate candidacy required the House incumbency, John Kennedy’s election to the House didn’t point in any discernible way to his much more improbable success in 1952. His service as a House member was on its best days lackluster; he was unsure where he was headed, in life or politics, and he had no particular standing statewide.

In the decades following his 1960 election to the presidency and his 1963 assassination, the 1952 Senate election, although recognized as the unlikely upset that it was, has been largely glossed over. Kennedy’s victory over Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., stunned Massachusetts and the country. Older voters remember pictures of the famous teas Kennedy relations held for large groups of women voters in strategic communities. Analysts sometimes cite Lodge’s absence from the state until well into his reelection year, first to persuade Eisenhower to run for president and then to play a major role in securing him the Republican nomination over conservative icon Robert Taft. And then the role of Kennedy’s younger brother Robert is also noted. However, in the serious JFK literature, a detailed examination of Kennedy’s victory has been notable by its absence. History and popular audiences know more about Kennedy’s service in the Pacific theater during World War II.

Until now. In his brief forward to Thomas J. Whalen’s remarkable book Kennedy versus Lodge: The 1952 Massachusetts Senate Race, CAS History Professor Robert Dallek gives it a two-part accolade: it is the first thorough study of

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., and John F. Kennedy listen to the moderator during a debate in Waltham in September 1952. “Isn’t this a hell of a way to make a living?” Lodge asked his opponent before the debate.


Thomas Oliphant is the Boston Globe’s Washington columnist.
Kennedy seeking the women's vote early in his political career. "He had what we called a warm hand and the women would melt when he looked in their eyes," observed former Speaker of the House Thomas P. O'Neill.

Not many remember an earlier election in which Henry Cabot Lodge, Sr., defeated Kennedy’s grandfather, John "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald for the Senate in 1916.

Kennedy versus Lodge is a refinement of Whalen's Boston College doctoral dissertation. While he was toiling on it, he called me in Washington for some perspective and guidance, and I asked him to send me a copy. When it arrived, I was in the middle of covering President Clinton's impeachment trial, and the book was my relief during that mess, an unexpected, additional reason to look forward each day to an escape from the preposterous proceedings. It has been with me on this year's presidential campaign, a dreary exercise until the arrival in August of Joseph Lieberman.

In establishing himself with such an exclamation point, Whalen, who teaches history at BU, has combined a deep mining of original sources with a delightful narrative that discloses the love of politics without which one cannot function as historian, journalist, or reader. A major contribution, the book had, above all, to maintain its pace while clearly separating the factors unique to the election from those suggesting what was to come. It was also important that Whalen, while keeping his narrative lively, maintain a clear sense of detachment from his main character. Kennedy's victory was more than hard-fought; it was ugly in many respects that went far beyond the massive mobilizing of father Joseph's fortune in the campaign. John Kennedy's position as a truculent cold warrior is meticulously examined, as is his occasional descent into red baiting.

The friend of Joe McCarthy running in Massachusetts in 1952 was Kennedy, not the committed United Nations advocate Lodge, whose views moved strongly beyond the isolationism of his famous grandfather, Henry Cabot Lodge, Sr. (who had not only been the principal figure blocking the United States from entering the League of Nations after World War I, but had defeated Kennedy’s grandfather, Boston legend John "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, in the 1916 Senate election).

As Whalen discloses, some aspects of Kennedy’s self-presentation before important constituencies were simply fraudulent. He tells one delicious tale of Congressman John McCormack, then much better known than Kennedy, helping out in Boston’s largely Jewish wards by making up a story about Kennedy’s work on a fictitious amendment to assist Israel, part of a successful effort to overcome the legacy of Joseph Kennedy’s disgraceful conduct as the American ambassador to Britain before U.S. involvement in World War II.

Whalen also fills out Lodge’s usually dimly outlined role in his own defeat (above all through skillful use of the late patrician’s personal files at the Massachusetts Historical Society). This is far more than the tale of an incumbent caught napping by a hyperambitious upstart and by his own deep involvement in the Eisenhower presidential race, which kept him from diligent campaigning until Labor Day. It is also a magnificently researched and engagingly narrated tale of an early example of the Right-Middle fratricide that is a central part of Republican party life. In particular, Whalen shows how Taft’s forces from Massachusetts limped home from their national convention defeat nursing deep grudges as well as wounds, which were turned venomously against Lodge. Their general hook was anti-Communism, and the vehicle was the conservative press. Whalen is at his best in unearthing and recounting the journey to Kennedy’s side of two genuine characters, as well as scoundrels, in the newspaper business, John Fox of the old Boston Post and Basil Brewer of the New Bedford Standard Times.

All in the Family

The politics of the campaign, though, is where the book excels. A Kennedy campaign is family business more than it is Democratic party business. In 1952, the Kennedy forces organized Massachusetts down to each city and town, with their
Decorated combat veteran Lodge is greeted back home by enthusiastic Young Republican Club committee members in August 1946.

own people in place as coordinators in an organization separate from the party’s — a practice that continues to this day. As well, they understood the importance of television as a personal and transcending medium, and they exploited it. By contrast, Lodge misunderstood television in 1952 as much as he and Richard Nixon did when he was Nixon’s running mate in the presidential campaign against Kennedy eight years later. And Kennedy’s photogenic teas were actually carefully orchestrated efforts to boost the turnout of women voters in important cities and towns, and Whalen shows through election results just how dramatically the Kennedy campaign increased that turnout, in most cases above 90 percent of the registered total, in cities from Brockton to Waltham, Haverhill to Fall River.

The one topic where Dallek’s accolade may be misplaced is domestic policy. Whalen notes the broad similarity between Lodge and Kennedy on such issues as the minimum wage and federal investment in social programs. He also notes that Lodge’s support of the Taft-Hartley Act gave Kennedy a major opening to connect that hated anti-labor union law, which blocked organizing efforts in the South, to the loss of textile industry jobs in New England. This was the period when the erosion of the region's manufacturing base was accelerating, generating much fear. Whalen makes Kennedy’s use of this in the campaign seem more exploitative than it actually was. Some of his behavior bordered on the demagogic, to be sure, but Kennedy’s campaign also foreshadowed 1960’s bold agenda of domestic proposals to “get this country moving again” and cemented his identification (and later his entire family’s) with average working families, the cornerstone of Edward Kennedy’s invincibility.

It is undeniable that Lodge’s ability to appeal to what was then called the labor vote — a central element of his 1946 landslide reelection against David I. Walsh, another popular Irish-American Democrat — had evaporated in six years. Kennedy’s victory didn’t just happen. Warts and all, it is really the central event in his entry onto the national stage. At last it has received the scholarly attention it deserves in a volume that is, simply, a triumph.

Lost Hound, Found

By Tom D’Evelyn

Tiepolo’s Hound, by Derek Walcott (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2000, 164 pages, $30)

In his 1990 essay “On Hemingway,” Derek Walcott writes, “A vaster, total, race-less compassion is required of the modern writer.” In his most recent work, Tiepolo’s Hound, the 1992 Nobel laureate for literature and CAS professor reveals, in terms historical and autobiographical, just what such a radical compassion can mean.

He has done so not by posing as a perfect, loving human being, but in the voice of a man who acknowledges his own involvement in some basic forms of betrayal and indifference and bad faith. As the poem unfolds slowly in four books — each divided into chapters and sections of verse at once starkly delineated on the page and intricately interwoven in couplets that rhyme abab — Walcott presents the consciousness of his poet-painter persona as a profound and deeply flawed sensorium of modern history, from the Renaissance that witnessed both the wonders of Venetian painting and the evils of colonization and slavery, down to the anti-Semitism and deracination of more recent times.

“We are History’s afterthought,” the poet-painter says in a serpentine sentence that makes different kinds of sense as it goes:

as the mongoose races ahead of its time; in drought we discover our shadows,
travel writing about places as far-flung as Venice and rural France. It is — it must be — also an ode to the place from which art was to deliver Walcott: St. Lucia, the harbour’s cobalt, every hot iron roof, and its mongrel streets [. . .]

Ultimately, the second narrative, the life of the post-Impressionist painter Camille Pissarro, allows the painter-poet to comment on his own complex relationship to his place and race.

Transparent as a ghost, the pain of being provincial was a scar, the badge of his unsettled heart, doubt fills his head with the privilege of echoing roundas [. . .]

The internal portrait of Pissarro reaches a crescendo with his identification with Dreyfus, the Jewish French army officer falsely accused of spying for the Germans in 1894; he thinks to himself that all his canvases were forgeries, the way that Dreyfus copied his own script with false mistakes, strokes that were subtle lies [. . .]

The Pissarro material has a life of its own; born, like Walcott, in the West Indies, but a Jew, Pissarro lived in France as an obscure painter, money worries threatening the sanity that lives most fully in his low-keyed art. In the end, Walcott recognizes himself in Pissarro’s failures as a man, not in his ultimate success as an artist.

An Artist and Poet of Light

That brings us to Walcott’s paintings, twenty-six of them reproduced in the book. As a boy, Walcott wanted to be a painter; as a man, he continues to paint. His apparently simple oils and watercolors are an eloquent counterpoint to the complexities of his poetry, often throwing the verbal material into high relief. The subtleties of this dialogue of word and image provide endless delight for the reader who remains open to the playful but not promiscuous suggestiveness of Walcott’s art.

Paintings and verse share the most important theme: light. Walcott has always been a jealous champion of West Indian light; he once growled in print at compatriot V. S. Naipaul for not acknowledging its transcendent value. Here, light becomes deeply thematic. The self-indulgent search for Tiepolo’s hound is really just another facet of the poet-painter’s romancing of light; likewise his profound appreciation for Pissarro’s art — not to mention for the Venetian light of Tiepolo. As the poem unfolds in sections of increasing length and density, as undeniable as instinct, the brushstroke’s rhyme and page and canvas know one empire only: light.

Light is the universal — the empire — that connects all things. Light, with all it reveals, is the root of radical compassion.

Finally, compassion turns toward home, to “the salt that cures.” In a classic Walcott mixed image, the poet-painter combines the themes of journey and art and good intentions and the sacred routines of the craft, all bathed in transcendent, compassionate light:

Swivel the easel down, drill it in sand, then tighten the canvas against vaps of wind, straddle the stool, reach for the brush with one hand, then pour the oil in trembling sacrament. There is another book that is the shadow of my hand on this sunlit page, the one I have tried hard to write, but let this do; let gratitude redeem what lies undone.

If not Walcott’s greatest poem — that superlative should probably be reserved for Omeros — Tiepolo’s Hound is his most charming and entertaining, Mozartian? Perhaps. A testament, a book of life, an “art book.” The dark depths plumbed never quite obscure the light that opens above this poem like a break in the clouds over St. Lucia, or over Providence, or over wherever in the world the grateful reader may happen to be.

St Lucia’s Mongrel Streets

As in life, such moments of connection are rare in this poem. Among other things, Tiepolo’s Hound is full of bravura
Laura Browder (GRS'85). Slippery Characters: Ethnic Impersonators and American Identities. University of North Carolina Press. This country's mantra that any boy (let's be realistic) can grow up to be president underlies a particularly American genre: autobiographical accounts of overcoming unfortunate backgrounds. Until recently, their unspoken message was that since all ethnic groups are not created equal, the first step in acquiring the privileges of the white upper middle class is to assume its characteristics.

Many of the slippery characters in Browder's historical account would shortcut their rise from a less-favored background by pretending to another. Other of her ethnic impersonators had different motivations: to advance a political agenda (several alleged firsthand accounts of life under slavery were actually by white authors who fought abolition by creating pseudonymous persona unfit for freedom), to seek spiritual or journalistic insight (John Howard Griffin's Black Like Me inspired others to, temporarily, pass as black), to sell a product (the pitchmen in Indian medicine shows were only sometimes Indians), or to entertain, with or without subtext (while abhorring minstrel shows, we may wax nostalgic about Amos and Andy).

Phillip Craig (CAS'57). Vineyard Blues. Scribner. J. W. Jackson lives the good life, year-round, on Martha's Vineyard, and most of the space in his latest Vineyard mystery is given to the domestic joys derived from a beautiful and witty wife, two small children, two cats, and plenty of time in a glorious setting to clam, cook, and construct, none too expertly, an addition on their little house. (The book emphasizes his idyll by opening with a map of the Vineyard and closing with some sophisticatedly simple recipes.) Still, any Eden has its snakes, and as in the earlier books in the series, they slither from the underbrush just as J.W. needs the extra cash freelance detective work can bring. Enviable able to break modern life's little rules (he has neither answering machine nor computer; his children eat grownup food, play contently in the fresh air, and clamor for trips into town for ice cream, not videos) he succeeds, no questions asked, in enforcing his own admirable version of the criminal code.

Richard Galli (LAW'76). Rescuing Jeffrey. Algonquin Books. When his seventeen-year-old son struck his head on the bottom of a backyard swimming pool, Richard Galli administered CPR until the ambulance arrived. Almost immediately he decided it was probably his parental duty to rescue him again — by removing life supports to save him from life as a quadriplegic. This account of the growing up Catholic, twenty years as a Sister of Mercy, and leaving the convent in the wake of Vatican II. It was an amicable split: Blanchard's memories are warm and admiring, and the sisters recently threw her a book-signing party.

Jacqueline Brook (SEA'79). Our Rock Who Art in Heaven, Hallowed Be Thy Name. Sinclair Press. The Bible, classical mythology, and how their parallel stories may reflect memories of spectacular celestial collisions 20,000 years ago.


Annette Davis (MET'84). The Wine Sense Diet. Forward by Robert Mondavi. LifeLine. The health benefits, proven and potential, of moderate wine drinking, recipes with suggestions for accompany-
ten days following the accident is primarily about Gally's moral quandary, grief, and gradual acceptance.

Jeffrey graduated from high school in June, and at press time he was preparing to enter the University of Rhode Island as a freshman. Messages can be sent to him via the Web at rescuingjeffrey.com. He "can use all the contact he can get," his father says.

Noah Gordon (COM'50, GRS'51). The Last Jew. Thomas Dunne Books. Novelist Noah Gordon began his career in 1965 with The Rabbi, twenty-six weeks a New York Times best-seller. Six novels later, he continues to win prestigious recognition at home, but his real success is abroad. In Spain, where thanks to the proliferation of his dustjacket photographs he is frequently recognized on the street, he has twice received the Silver Basque Prize for the year's best-seller; in Germany, sales of his trilogy about medical practices across the centuries (The Physician, Shaman, and Matters of Choice) have topped eight million.

His latest weighty historical novel opens in 1492, as the Inquisition expels the Jews from Spain. In the ensuing bloodshed and terror, thirteen-year-old Yonah Ben Helkias is suddenly alone, feeling himself the last Jew in Spain. Gordon is a committed researcher and historian (Shaman won the Society of American Historians award as the year's best historical novel): much of the pleasure is in what Yonah, and the reader, discovers as he makes his way as a farmer, sailor, apprentice armorer, and physician; lives with gypsies and hears about the life of court jesters; witnesses savage anti-Semitism and is aided by a few brave "Old Christians"; and encounters Jews, converted to Christianity or pretending to be.

Early in the novel, Yonah is bar mitzvah, newly charged with religious responsibilities. His memories of observances and his boyish comprehension of their meaning fade as he battles for survival, but his sense of their importance lingers. As is inevitable to a satisfying adventure yarn, Yonah's odyssey leads to what he seeks, consciously or not: first to the remnants of his childhood home and then to a wife and family within a Jewish community, and solution of the murder and the mystery surrounding it that had begun to destroy his world even before the expulsion.

Lauren Slater (SED'95). Lying. Random House. One problem with discovering a lie is that we never again trust its teller. Slater writes about her epilepsy and about a young lifetime of lies: pretended seizures, Munchausen's syndrome, attending the Bread Loaf Writer's Conference with an assumed age (she is actually too young) and name (a triumphant trick: when her submission is rejected, she resubmits it under a different name), writing ("a kind of lying"), plagiarism, making up an interesting past. Such pretense makes friends, but "lying is lonely. No one knows you." And there is no escape; she finds acceptance, even admiration, in AA, and when she finally confesses that she is not an alcoholic, long-term members are compassionate about her "denial."

This is, she writes, "a metaphorical memoir" about illness, isolation, and (of course) a difficult mother, and she interrupts it from the beginning to point out that she may be lying to us, too. Maybe even to herself: epilepsy can affect thought processes, leading to false memories, religious impulses, sins that are not really sins at all, being the result of chemical imbalance. Or is she making it all up?

Samuel E. Stavisky (COM'36, SMG'36). Marine Combat Correspondent: World War II in the Pacific. Ivy Books. Having been rejected for World War II service by the Army and Navy on account of his eyesight, this young Washington Post reporter was accepted — by telephone — into the Marines Corps' new Combat Correspondent Corps.

Stavisky survived boot camp and was assigned to the Solomon Islands as both rifleman and reporter. Culled from the reports he filed and from his fifty-year-old notes, Marine Combat Correspondent reports on the war he experienced firsthand and by talking with those just back from battle.


Audrey Lynch (SED'67). Steinbeck Remembered. Fithian Press. Brief, informal interviews with nonliterary neighbors and acquaintances about the youthful John Steinbeck and the California he described so faithfully that one of them says of Cannery Row, "Frankly, I've never read it. I don't have to. I lived it!"

John T. McGrath (GRS'89,'95). The French in Early Florida: In the Eye of the Hurricane. University Press of Florida. French attempts to establish a colony on America's East Coast were destroyed by Spanish victories in 1565. CGS Assistant Professor John McGrath says the victory, and thereby a major role in U.S. history, nearly went to France.

Tom O'Connell (SED'60, GRS'61). The Monadnock Revelations: A Spiritual Memoir. Sanctuary.
Alumni Recordings

BY TAYLOR MCNEIL

Halley DeVestern (SFA’85). Live at the Towpath Inn. Bagel & Rat. While DeVestern’s vocals and attitude remind me of Janis Joplin, this acoustic set makes it clear that she’s carving her own path. Playing the guitar and backed up by percussion and violin, she gives us new takes on songs from her earlier Sugar Free CD, and adds some new tunes to the mix. Happiness still isn’t her stock-in-trade, as evidenced by tracks such as “I’m Dead Too” and “Strangled in the Park.”

Marty Eikins (DGE’69). Fuse Blues. Nagel-Heyer. Many jazz vocalists like to strut their stuff, often aggressively, and don’t let you forget you’re listening because of their singing, not the music. With the great singers, of course, that’s fine, but with the others it often grates. Eikins takes an entirely different tack, never trying to show off. She’s got an above-average band, led by Herb Pomeroy on trumpet, and tackles standards such as “When Your Lover Has Gone,” “Born to Be Blue,” and “Day in, Day Out.” She contributes one tune, the title track, a modest, tongue-in-cheek, bluesy number, complete with some nice trumpet playing by Pomeroy. According to the liner notes by Stanley Croucher, Eikins has been around the New York jazz scene for a number of years; this first album shows she’s learned some valuable lessons, and might herself have a few to teach.

David Rothenberg (GRS’91) and Douglas Quin. Before the War: Earth Ear. As ever with Rothenberg’s music, it’s hard to categorize this CD, his latest offering. He plays various clarinets, soprano sax, and keyboards, while Quin contributes, according to the liner notes, “field recordings, guitars, samplers, synthesizer, digital processing.” Actually, that tells you plenty about what this recording sounds like. It’s an eclectic mix of the natural and, well, unnatural worlds, intriguing and sometimes unsettling. Rothenberg’s spoken word poetry in the title track is much the same, intent on disturbing harmony and ease, not creating it. It’s not music that will attract a large following, but it brings its own attraction.

David Stovall (SFA’78). rops56. The Other Upriver. Speed metal and rap may be in now, but Stovall and partner George Black, who form Chicago-based rops56, are clearly drawn to the artsy, new wave period, circa 1982, while throwing a glance even further backward (at least with their cover of an obscure song by the Doors). It’s well done, and the vocals by Black (she’s a she, by the way) are dramatic.

Joe Zeytoonian (CAS’69) and Ara Topouzian. Whispers of Ellis Island. ARP. Many years ago at an Armenian church festival in Washington, D.C., I bought an album of Armenian folk music by some local musicians. It was exotic-sounding, then, the mandolin-like oud and the hour-glass shaped dummeg, a hand-held drum, creating a sound all their own; even the incomprehensible Armenian vocals were stirring. I haven’t listened to that record in several years, but dropping Whispers of Ellis Island into the CD player brought me back. Zeytoonian and Topouzian play crisply and cleanly, bringing vibrant new life to old music. My favorite track is “Bingool,” with Zeytoonian on vocals, telling the story of looking for a lost love; it’s both haunting and hopeful, as is much of this music.


Matthew B. Schiff (LAW’82) and Linda C. Kramer, eds. Litigating the Sexual Harassment Case, 2nd edition. American Bar Association. The first edition, Schiff reports, “was a best-seller.”

Ann Taylor (GRS’72). Watching Birds: Reflections on the Wing. Ragged Mountain Press. In informal essays, an English professor reflects on watching birds, birders, her children watching birds, and famous birdwatching sites and how these things illuminate reading, teaching, traveling, and family life.

Portraits by the Artist

BY NATALIE JACOBSON MCCracken

Ben Shahn's New York: The Photography of Modern Times by Deborah Martin Kao (GRS'88,'99), Laura Katzman, and Jenna Webster (Yale University Press, 1999, 340 pages, $45)

Right: Democracies Fear New Peace Offering (Spring, 1940), tempera on paper, 36.2 x 54.3 cm., 1940.

Below: Untitled (New York City), 16.4 x 22.6 cm., 1932–35.
Ben Shahn described his instruction in photography from his good friend Walker Evans: "Well, it's very easy, Ben — on the sunny side of the street, on the shady side of the street. For a twentieth of a second hold your camera steady." It was about 1932; the advent of 35mm cameras with faster lenses and greater depth of field had prepared the way for documentary photography. Shahn used a fixed-lens Leica small enough for his back pocket, quiet and equipped with a right-angle viewfinder, so that he could take photographs surreptitiously at close range.

In the fall of 1929, Shahn had returned from a lengthy trip abroad immersed in European, and particularly French, realism. The Depression, along with the Dreyfus affair and the Sacco and Vanzetti trial, transformed both his politics and his aesthetics; he became a social realist, creating art to stimulate social change. Photography stored images he could later incorporate in his paintings and graphics and soon provided a vital source of income: hired as a traveling documentary photographer by the federal Resettlement Administration, he was delighted by the five-cents-a-mile allowance — his Ford ran on a penny.

But his photographs were themselves art, black-and-white corollary to his paintings. He published them in both mainstream periodicals such as *U.S. Camera Annual* and in *Art Front* and other radical publications, and exhibited when he could. The impetus was social injustice: racial, ethnic, and economic inequality; the inspiration, largely Soviet social realism. But in paintings and photographs, his images of the Lower East Side, the Bowery, Greenwich Village, and beyond are neither glamorized nor generalized. A barber in a white jacket, his mustache elegantly waxed, waits outside his shop for customers; men sit or stand in small groups, each lost in his own thoughts; even in protest marches, the overriding mood is isolation, and quiet, dignified desperation. The glories of New York architecture soar only occasionally, as ironic

*New York, tempera on paper mounted on panel, 91.4 x 121.9 cm., 1947.*

*Untitled (Lower East Side, New York City), 16 x 23.8 cm., April 1936.*

*Untitled (New York City), 16.2 x 22.5 cm., 1935.*
backdrop. This is a world of shabby tenements, kitsch store displays, and jumbled signage, grist for a painter and graphic artist.

Deborah Martin Kao (GRS’88, ’99) is lead editor of *Ben Shahn’s New York*, published in connection with a touring exhibition. The book includes several extensive essays, among them Kao’s on Shahn as a leader of a revolutionary movement of artists who saw themselves as members of the proletariat rather than a rarefied artistic elite. Also in the book are contemporary interviews and other material, all background for a catalog of street and prison photos, many with the paintings they inspired. Most often the painting is faithful to the photographed scene or combined scenes, emphasized by created realistic detail: the newspaper headline in *Democracies Fear New Peace Offensive*, for example, and the reflection of well-dressed men in *Three Men*. But not always: for *New York*, Shahn exchanged the realities of the Lower East Side for symbols rooted perhaps in his Lithuanian childhood and a Judaism more cultural and nostalgic than religious.
Seems Like Old Times

Arthur Godfrey in the late 1940s.


What on earth made Arthur Godfrey so popular? For decades, he seemed to be everywhere on the radio and then on television, too. As Arthur J. Singer (SMG'60, COM'61) writes in Arthur Godfrey: The Adventures of an American Broadcaster (McFarland & Company), “During his heyday, he was on the air for ninety minutes each weekday morning on the CBS Radio Network and for sixty minutes... on television. Each Monday evening, he hosted a top-rated series on radio and television. And to top it off, each Wednesday evening he had a top ten hour-long variety show. At one time he was bringing in an estimated 12 percent of CBS’s annual revenues.”

Godfrey was present in the birthing room of commercial radio, going on the air for the first time in the late twenties as “Red Godfrey, the Warbling Banjoist.” When the regular announcer failed to turn up one evening at the Baltimore station where he worked, Singer writes, Godfrey picked up the script and did his own announcing and commercials. “You can talk fifty times better than you can sing,” the station president told him, and Godfrey began a career talking on the radio that lasted until 1972.

Talking was his distinction. The announcing style of the 1920s and 1930s was declamatory; some radio announcers stepped up to the microphones in formal evening wear. By contrast, Godfrey developed a manner he later called “personalized broadcasting,” where he spoke to individuals rather than to an audience. An enthusiastic pilot, he often chatted about the joys — and safety — of flying, and was more responsible than anyone for promoting commercial travel and general aviation. His demonstrated fondness for Hawaii and his radio and television broadcasts from Honolulu boosted tourism in the prestatehood 1950s. Meanwhile, his ever-present ukulele was launching a craze on the mainland.

Godfrey’s audiences were almost frighteningly loyal, treating him as a favorite uncle, sending thousands of gifts and letters every week. He returned the intimacy, even broadcasting from his bed during periods of long hospitalization for hip surgery, and in the late fifties, lung cancer.

Audiences loved the way he tweaked advertisers, or worse. He once ended a commercial for an egg-and-milk shampoo by pointing out to listeners that if their hair was clean, they could always use the stuff to make an omelet. And it was fine with his sponsors: they don’t care what you say on air, he concluded, as long as it sells.

For this biography, Singer tracked down most of Godfrey’s still living colleagues. The consensus was that he had an uncanny sense of his audience and was often a great support to his associates — but that he could be vicious and egotistical. A chapter devoted to the firing of singer Julius La Rosa in 1953 won’t improve Godfrey’s reputation, but Singer pretty persuasively argues against the charge of anti-Semitism that dogged him because of his part ownership of a restricted Miami hotel, the Kenilworth.

What did Godfrey have that his colleagues didn’t? In a way, nothing: he was a remarkably unremarkable man, and that was his appeal. But the influence of his low-key approach to broadcasting nearly three quarters of a century ago is apparent every time you turn on the radio today. — MB

Arthur J. Singer (SMG’60, COM’61) is associate vice president and general manager for television, radio, and film production at Emerson College.
The six-pointed asterisk of Kenmore Square has always been a site of potential — but mostly unrealized potential. For a century this nexus of streets and transit lines, marked since the sixties by the lively red CITGO triangle, has in effect been the western edge of downtown. Close to Back Bay, BU, and the river, why has it always seemed so worn out?

The glory days of Kenmore Square may have been from the end of World War I to the beginning of World War II. That was when luxury hotels — the Buckminster, where before the 1919 World Series Boston gambler James “Sport” Sullivan and Chicago White Sox first baseman Chick Gandil first met to plot the infamous fix, the Myles Standish, the Somerset, and the Sheraton (later the Shelton) on Bay State Road — bordered the square. By the 1950s, Boston’s glorious fabric had begun to fray and tatter.

But when the “New Boston” emerged during the 1960s, bringing the Prudential and other office towers, development turned its back on Kenmore Square. Home to the Boston Red Sox — and little else — the square by the 1970s had been down on its luck for quite a while, the site of raucous nightclubs, scruffy storefronts, and wind-blown litter.

Of course, Kenmore Square was still neighbor to Boston University. For those coming from the east, from downtown Boston, the square was the gateway to the BU campus. Hotels and brownstones had evolved into BU residence halls, providing a link between the Charles River Campus and the square.

Since the mid-seventies, the University has been working with private investors, the city, and the state not only to restore Kenmore’s dignity, but to add elegance and utility. The revival began in 1983 with the opening of the Boston University Bookstore (now operated by Barnes & Noble), and perhaps more important, the shuttering of the notorious Narcissus nightclub, which in a previous incarnation had boasted the devilish name Club Lucifer. The site is now a Gap clothing store.

Construction has begun on a six-story, 149-room hotel that will stretch along Commonwealth Avenue from the site of the old Rathskeller nightclub (a.k.a. the Rat) to the end of the block. The Hotel Commonwealth’s first two floors will house upscale retail establishments. Builders cannot preserve the original facade, but the new facade will resemble that of Kenmore Abbey, a building just across Kenmore Street. Developers expect the hotel to open for business in early 2002.

Meanwhile, up the block renovation is nearly completed at 534 Commonwealth Avenue (almost at the corner of Brookline Avenue), which was gutted by a fire three years ago and is now being converted into a luxury apartment complex, the Charlesview.

MBTA officials plan to renovate the Kenmore Square subway station, and possibly move the bus shelter. The state and city will redesign the square’s street layout to improve traffic flow. Sidewalks around the perimeter will be widened to create a more friendly pedestrian thoroughfare, with sidewalk cafés, trees and shrubs, and new lighting.

It is easy to imagine Kenmore Square three or four years from now. Its convergence of thoroughfares, Commonwealth Avenue crisscrossing Beacon Street and Brookline Avenue veering off toward Fenway Park, familiar from the earliest photos of the square, will remain, but the elegance of late nineteenth-century Boston should return; the developers of both the Hotel Commonwealth and the Charlesview have purposefully designed their buildings to fit in with Kenmore Square’s turn-of-the-century architecture.

It may have taken the better part of the twentieth-century, but with a little help from a neighboring friend, Kenmore Square is moving from way station to destination.

Mark Leccese is a lecturer in journalism at the College of Communication and lives a few blocks from Kenmore Square.
During the 1970s, Dave Walko (CAS'69) and Rob Taylor (COM'75) helped Boston University by spearheading an extended freshman orientation program. And now, although they may seem too young to be thinking about planned gifts, they are doing just that, and helping the University by including BU in their estate planning to provide long-range support for a hockey arena as part of the new Student Village.

“I wanted to make a more substantial gift than the cash I’m giving, and by tinkering with my retirement fund, I am able to do that,” says Walko, who has worked at Boston University in admissions, student affairs, and athletic fundraising since graduating. “The creation of the Student Village will help to unite the campus and directly benefit students and alumni. Making it happen is our shared goal and commitment.”

Taylor, who runs a fundraising firm in Chicago, celebrated his 25th Reunion by adding a provision to his will to help support athletics at BU. “Boston University was instrumental in successfully preparing me for life,” he says. “I feel great about giving something back and hope that my fellow alumni will do the same.”

To learn more about a planned gift tailored to your circumstances, please write or telephone Mary H. Tambiah, Director, Office of Gift and Estate Planning, Boston University, 599 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, MA 02215. Telephone numbers: 617/353-3354, 800/645-2347; e-mail: mtambiah@bu.edu. On the Web at www.bu.edu/gep.
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To get back to basics, just remember that your gift helps students in the school or college you attended at BU. Students are what the University is all about, and they are the beneficiaries of your generosity when you give to the BU Annual Fund.

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