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Hickey, Jerrold

Boston University


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RAYMOND NASHER AND THE COLLECTOR’S ART

Steeped in culture during his 1930s Boston boyhood, Dallas developer Raymond Nasher (GRS’50) came to love living with art. Now he goes to great lengths to see that others get the same chance. By Jerrold Hickey and Michael B. Shavelson

RAVELSTEIN BY SAUL BELLOW

As the accolades mount, Professor Bellow’s twelfth and latest novel, from which this excerpt is taken, will be published to much advance fanfare and anticipation later this spring.

BOSTONIA — 100 YEARS OF COVERAGE

The first issue of Bostonia was published in April 1900. A sampling of a century’s worth of covers suggests what the BU community was thinking about over the decades.

IT ALL STARTED WITH THE FINNISH CAPTAIN

Finland’s Tommi Degerman, the University’s first European-born hockey captain, is the quiet leader behind the stunning resurgence that has made BU the biggest surprise in eastern college hockey. By Jack Falla

ESSAYS & REVIEWS • 70

Partisans in Review — Jerrold Hickey looks at a new, empathetic study of the participants in the domestic wars — hot and cold — waged by a group of midcentury New York intellectual guerrillas.

Poetry from Pros — Eric McHenry and Valerie Duff review new books by Carl Phillips and Rafael Campo

And the Sea Is Never Full — Elie Wiesel’s rough launch on the lecture circuit

The Unique Qualities of Individual Religious Experience — by Jeremy Murray-Brown

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FROM THE VICE PRESIDENT FOR
DEVELOPMENT AND ALUMNI RELATIONS

Here on Commonwealth Avenue we are enjoying a cold, crisp February 29, when just yesterday students wearing T-shirts were jogging in breezy, 60-degree weather. This extra day of February seems like a reminder that winter is not yet finished with us. Interestingly enough, February 29, occurring only every four years, comes in the years of our presidential elections. I am not sure if anyone can find particular significance in that, but I do wonder how people whose birthdays fall on the 29th feel about being disenfranchised for three years, only having birthdays in the same year they vote for a president.

From a fundraising point of view, I am pleased to have an extra day. On this February 29, we are running 25 percent ahead of last year in our gift income and over 100 percent ahead in our pledges of new gifts. Of course if I attribute any of this gain to the extra day, I may be setting myself up for a negative impact when we revert to a meager 365-day year.

If this cold, windy February 29 reminds us that spring is not yet here, it also should get us thinking about Reunion, May 19 to 21. President Jon Westling and I have been traveling, as always, to meet with alumni in different places, and in the past several weeks we have greeted large numbers at Boston University gatherings in San Juan and in Miami, Palm Beach, and Naples, Florida. We enjoyed meeting with alumni from virtually all schools and colleges and seemingly from almost every graduating class. In particular, we were happy to meet a number of people planning to come to campus for their fiftieth reunion this May. Jon and Elizabeth Westling host a wonderful event at their home for twenty-fifth and fiftieth reunioners and beyond, so I hope to see everyone in those classes there.

One of my New Year's resolutions was to spend more time with friends and to remember how important friends are. Reunions provide opportunities for reconnecting with those we may not have seen in many years. I recently heard about a school in Michigan that in the seventies asked children in elementary grades to put things in a time capsule to be dug up thirty years later. Unfortunately, construction projects interfered with the time capsule being buried. Some of those kids, now in their thirties, found out and have begun communicating about it on the Internet. What matters is their sense of connectivity to one another, not the loss of what they had put in the time capsule. In a similar way, we treasure various memories and revisit them over the years, when what we really should be doing is simply staying in touch with people. Perhaps the extra day in this year ought to become a metaphor for putting extra time into friendships.

I look forward to seeing you on Reunion Weekend, and send you all best wishes.

Christopher Reaske

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Vice President for Development and Alumni Relations:
CHRISTOPHER R. REASKE
Editor-in-Chief for Development and Alumni Publications:
NATALIE JACOBSON McCracken

Editor: JERROLD HICKEY
Managing Editor: TAYLOR McNEIL
Executive Editor: MICHAEL B. SHAVLESON
Designers: JUSTINNE GAMACHE
Poetry Editor: ERIC McHENRY
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JENNIFER GORMAN, BURKE, GERIOLOGA COHEN, LESLEIGH CUMING, BRIAN FITZGERALD, KARIE FROST, HUST GREEN, ERIC McHENRY, MARGE RAYMOND, BARI WAIDE
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CHRISTINE M. HALLES
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Editorial Assistants:
HEIDI BARACCHINI, GERIOLOGA COHEN, ANGELA COOPER, KARIE FROST, CECILIA LAMATA, HEATHER MARIE HICKS, NICOLE HOWARD

Circulation Manager: NELLA PONTE

University Photo Services:
FRED SWAY, Director; VERNON DOUCETTE, KALMAN ZAISERST, Staff Photographers

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Cover: Raymond Nasher (GRS '50) with George Segal's 1983 bronze sculpture Rush Hour. See page 12.

Photo by Vernon Doucette.


**M_m’s the Word**

We’ve received dozens of magazines (including alumni ones) since the first of this year. Even mentioned the word m, n. To date, Bostonia is the only one not to have even mentioned the word m. For this relief, much thanks.

T. Craig
Cambridge, Massachusetts

**Whose Religion on Campus?**

The articles on religion on campus (“Varieties of Religious Experience,” Winter 1999–2000) were interesting, but there was an important omission. Although the authors alluded to and described many religious organizations, I could find no reference to the Campus Freethought Alliance, or BURN (Boston University Religion of Nonbelievers), which represents free-thinkers, humanists, agnostics, and atheists. Founded at Yale, this is a national group with chapters at most U.S. colleges and universities.

Speaking openly about humanism or freethinking should not be the last taboo in our society, and Bostonia should have discussed it.

Natalie D. Sollee (GRS’69)
West Newton, Massachusetts

**Interpreting Heritage**

I read with sadness and concern Dean Thornburg’s account of the religious history of Boston University. He states, “Perhaps these founders sensed the disastrous results to the educational mission of a school when bishops or church conventions try to control curriculum and faculty. Instead they left a heritage that stands today.” The “heritage” that is practiced on campus today is nothing like what Wesley and other great men of God practiced, contrary to Thornburg’s postulate. In fact, I know they would be griefed to see what is being taught and practiced on campus now, as are living men who still love God and His Word. I would say that the given religious dynamic on campus now is the greatest disaster imaginable. I would like to remind Dean Thornburg that regardless of what critics of the Bible propose, Jesus Christ still said that He is the way, the truth, the life; no man [including BU faculty, alumni, and students] cometh unto the father, but by me” (John 14:6). As narrow as that may sound given the context of Thornburg’s article, it is still the Bible—not some critic’s opinion. How nice it would be if that was still being taught in the chapel and halls of Boston University.

Rev. Michael Shrock (SFA’85)
Windsor, Connecticut

**Science vs. Proof**

I was stunned by the letter to the editor from Elizabeth McCurdy (Winter 1999–2000). She says, “As an epidemiologist, I appreciate the strengths and weaknesses inherent in scientific research and study.” She then tries to attack science by saying that “to discount medical treatment based on ‘proof’ that it works or not, would eliminate a fair bit of accepted practice.”

In science, evidence that accepted practices or beliefs are not valid are indeed reasons to critically reevaluate and revise the “accepted practices.” To justify continuation of such practices based on the fact of their elimination (perhaps owing to regret of some kind), even in the face of their being proved ineffective, is a completely vacuous and irrational line of reasoning. It is certainly the antithesis of the epidemiologic science the writer claims to practice, and of the scientific method itself.

To attack scientific study on the basis that such study would “eliminate” some accepted practices (to the inconvenience of those who believe in the accepted practice) shows an ignorance of what science is about. Her statement “my proof [of alternative medicine] lies in my own scientific study” is therefore highly suspect of similar stunning transgressions of logic.

Of course, such muddled thinking seems to be able to pass for valid discourse in recent years as our society’s thinking becomes even more debased. Perhaps we are teetering on another Dark Age. Technologic advancement should not be seen as a vaccine against human folly.

Scot Silverstein, M.D. (CAS’81, MED’81)
West Chester, Pennsylvania

**Kaplan’s Mahler**

Two’s the One

I am always happy to receive my copy of Bostonia and the winter issue was particularly delightful. Michael B. Shavelson’s article concerning Mahler’s Second and Gilbert Kaplan (“Common Wealth”) must rank among the most unusual in music literature. I hope that it will be reprinted in a music journal.

John A. Callahan, M.D. (MED’51)
Byron, Minnesota

**Reading “Ghost, Writer”**

Having lived in Shelton Hall for three years, and in Room 401 in my senior year, I cannot remember anyone ever mentioning a ghost, nor do I recall anything unusual happening in the room. The exception came when the administration affixed a rather cheesy plaque to the wall, noting that Eugene O’Neill had died there. This was evidently done as part of the continuing effort by the University to
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Monte Albán, an attraction in the Ancient Oaxaca trip.

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September 19–October 2, 2000

Ancient Oaxaca, Mexico
October 28–November 2, 2000. Lecturer: Archaeology Professor Norman Hammond

We welcome your inquiries about these itineraries and your suggestions for future destinations. Please contact us by phone, 800/800-3466; fax, 617/353-5838; or e-mail, alumtrav@bu.edu. Or write us at: Alumni Travel Program, Boston University, 599 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, MA 02215.

give itself historical significance. As the plaque was inside the suite, instead of in the hallway next to our front door, it caused my roommates and me some resentment. We did not want to have our decor dictated to us. The plaque was promptly covered by a poster for the duration of my stay.

David E. Cohen (CAS’84)
Coram, New York

Sequel to a Story’s Saga

Congratulations to Peter Baida (GRS’73) for having his short story “A Nurse’s Story” published in the *Gettysburg Review* after many rejections and then getting selected for *Prize Stories 1999: The O. Henry Awards* (“Common Wealth,” Winter 1999–2000). Here’s a similar story. A few years ago, another BU graduate and a good friend of mine, David McLean (GRS’88), had just finished his first short story and decided to aim high; he sent it to the *Atlantic*, expecting to get a quick rejection before submitting it elsewhere. Instead, his story “Marine Corps Issue” was accepted and published. Then it was selected for the *Prize Stories 1994: The O. Henry Awards*. Whereas Baida’s experience teaches aspiring writers to be persistent in the face of rejections, which are, after all, part of being a professional writer, Dave’s experience shows that a writer may actually succeed on his first try.

Mark Eaton (GRS’96)
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Shortly after publication of our winter issue, we were saddened to learn of Peter Baida’s death. His wife, Diane Cole, writes that she is preparing a selection of Baida’s short stories for publication by University Press of Mississippi. She adds, “Knowing that his work remains a living legacy means a great deal to all of us who loved him.”

—Ed.

Note to Readers

*Bostonia* welcomes readers’ reactions and encourages expressions of opinion—pro and con. Letters should be brief and may be edited for purposes of space or clarity. Write to *Bostonia*, 10 Lenox St., Brookline, MA 02446, fax to 617/353-6488, or e-mail to bostonia@bu.edu. Correspondence should include writer’s full name and address, and if an alumnus, school and year.
THE QUARTERLY PREVIEW OF EVENTS

EXHIBITIONS ON CAMPUS

- Gertrude Stein, Gertrude Stein: Selections from a Recent Acquisition, through April 30. 1st floor, Mugar Memorial Library. Regular library hours.
- When Their Home Was the Castle: Interior Views of the Castle from the Marsh Years, opens May 5. 1st floor, Mugar Memorial Library. Regular library hours.
- M.F.A. Graphic Design Exhibition, April 14–23. Opening reception: April 14, 6–8 p.m. Boston University Art Gallery.
- Graduate Student Painting Exhibition, April 25–May 5. Opening reception: April 28, 6–8 p.m. 808 Gallery.
- M.F.A. Painting Exhibition, April 28–May 7. Opening reception: April 28, 5–8 p.m. 808 Gallery.
- B.F.A. Undergraduate Exhibition, May 12–18. Opening reception: May 12, 5:30–8 p.m. 808 Gallery.
- Abraham Lincoln: Through His Boston Collectors, ongoing. 1st floor, Mugar Memorial Library. Regular library hours.
- Bidú Sayão: A Tribute, ongoing. 2nd floor, Mugar Memorial Library. Regular library hours.
- Howard Thurman: A Centenary Tribute, ongoing. 1st floor, Mugar Memorial Library. Regular library hours.
- Bradford Washburn: Papers of the Eminent Cartographer, Explorer, Photographer, ongoing. 5th floor, Department of Special Collections, Mugar Memorial Library. Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.
- A View from the Vault: An Introduction to Special Collections, ongoing. Richards-Roosevelt Room, 1st floor, Mugar Memorial Library. Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–4:30 p.m.

PERFORMING ARTS

- Brass Chamber Music, April 10. Student Ensemble. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.
- Faculty Concert, April 11. John Daverio and Michalis Economou, violin, with a student ensemble. J. S. Bach: Concerto for Two Violins and Strings in D minor, BWV 1043, and Concerto for Two Violins and Strings in C minor, BWV 1060; Vivaldi: Concerto No. 8 for Two Violins and Strings in A minor, Op. 3, and Concerto No. 5 for Two Violins and Strings in D minor, Op. 27. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.
- Percussion Ensemble, April 13. Boston University Concert Hall. 8 p.m.
- ALEA III, April 16. Celebrating ALEA III in the New Millennium. Theodore Antoniou, music director. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.
- Artist Diploma Concert, April 18. Konstantinos Papadakis, piano. Brahms: Variations on

Nadine Zanow (SFA’96), Elegy, oil on canvas, 78" x 90", 2000. See "Exhibitions on Campus" listings.
an Original Theme, Op. 21; Mozart: Piano Sonata in C minor; Rachmaninoff: 13 Preludes, Op. 23. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

**Artist Diploma Concert, April 19, Kai Yun Lu, clarinet. Brahms: Clarinet Trio in A minor, Op. 114; Weber: Clarinet Quintet in B-flat, Op. 34. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.**

**La Clemenza di Tito by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, April 21–24. Sharon Daniels, stage director; William Lumpkin, conductor. Featuring members of the Opera Institute. Admission: $10; $5 for seniors, Boston University alumni, and special groups; free for Boston University community. Boston University Theatre Mainstage. Wed.-Sat. 8 p.m., Sun. 2 p.m.**

**On the Razzle, May 3–7. By Tom Stoppard. Roger Croucher, director. Admission: $8; $5 for students and seniors; free for the BU community. Boston University Theatre Mainstage. 8 p.m.**

**Mad Forest, May 3–6. By Caryl Churchill. Admission: $8; free for students and seniors; free for the BU community. Boston University Theatre Studio 210. 8 p.m.**


**Summer Music Series: Mini-Bach Festival, June 20. Wendy Rolfe, baroque flute; Carol Lieberman, baroque violin; Waltraut Wächter, baroque violin, Thomas Fritzsch, baroque cello, Mark Kroll, fortepiano. Program to include Schumann's arrangement of Bach's Unaccompanied Violin Sonata in G minor. Admission: $10 general admission; $5 for students and senior citizens; free for the BU community. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.**

**Summer Music Series: Mini-Harpsichord Festival, June 22. Elżbieta Stefanska, harpsichord (June 27); Marina Minkin (SEA '90, '98) and Mark Kroll, harpsichord (June 28); Huguette Dreyfus, harpsichord (June 29). Admission: $10 general admission; $5 for students and senior citizens; free for the BU community. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.**


**Choral Ensembles Concert May 1. Jason Bishop, Claudia Frost, conductors. Repertory Chorus and Women's Choral. Program includes works by J. S. Bach, Copland, and Schubert. Boston University Concert Hall. 8 p.m.**

**Choral Ensembles Concert, May 2. Concerto Aria Winners Concert. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.**

**Choral Ensembles Concert, May 5. Concerto Aria Winners Concert. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.**

**Choral Ensembles Concert, May 8. Choral Ensembles. Program to include Schumann's arrangement of Bach's Unaccompanied Violin Sonata in G minor. Admission: $10 general admission; $5 for students and senior citizens; free for the BU community. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.**

**Choral Ensembles Concert, May 11. Boston University Chamber Orchestra and Boston University Chorus, on April 14. Matthew di Battista (SEA '95) is the Evangelist. See “Performing Arts” listings for details.**

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**Admission is free to all events unless otherwise noted. Please call the School for the Arts Events Line for updated listings of performance events or visit the SFA Web site at www.bu.edu/sfa.**

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**Boston University Concert Hall, School for the Arts 855 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston 617/353-8790**

**Boston University Theatre Mainstage and Studio 210 264 Huntington Avenue, Boston 617/266-0800**

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**808 Gallery 808 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston 617/358-0505**

**Sherman Gallery 775 Commonwealth Avenue, second floor, Boston Hours: Tues.–Fri., 11 a.m.–5 p.m., Sat., Sun. 1–5 p.m. 617/358-0295**

**Morse Auditorium 602 Commonwealth Ave., Boston**
marketing and product development, Broadband Sports. Admission: free. Information: 617/353-5618. School of Management Auditorium, 595 Commonwealth Ave., Boston. 4:30-6 p.m.

• The Great Debate: Covering the Early Presidential Primaries — Do the Media Mislead the Public? April 12. Admission: free. For more information, call 617/353-5015. Morse Auditorium. 7 p.m.

• Inauguration of the Colonel John W. Pershing Military History Lecture Series, April 15. Admission: free. Joseph Galloway will present the inaugural lecture. For more information, call 617/353-7161. Morse Auditorium. 12:30 p.m.


Alumni Events

• School for the Arts Alumni Day, April 15. The day includes alumni award ceremony and luncheon, master classes, division events, a reunion reception, and dean’s dinner. Information: 617/353-5544.

• Puttin’ on the Ritz Auction, April 29. Join fellow alumni, students, and friends of Boston University for a spectacular evening benefiting student and young alumni programs. Hosted by Elizabeth Westling and Toni Mercuro, and sponsored by the BUA Student and Young Alumni Councils. $35 per person. For more information, call 617/353-5261. School of Management, 595 Commonwealth Ave., Boston. 7 p.m. cocktail reception and silent auction; 8 p.m. dessert reception and live auction.

• School of Theology Breakfast at the General Conference of the United Methodist Church, May 4. Admission: $12 per person, reservations required. For more information, call 617/353-8972. Marriott, Downtown Cleveland, Ohio. 7:30 a.m.

• CAS/GRS Alumni Association Awards for Writing Excellence, May 18. Join Dean and Provost Dennis Berkey and the CAS/GRS Alumni Association Board as they honor outstanding writing by CAS seniors with an awards presentation and reception. For more information, call 617/353-6330. The Castle, 225 Bay State Road, Boston. 1–5 p.m.

• Finance 2000 Day — Finance as a Science: The Past, Present, and Future, April 30. Admission: Practitioners/academics $170 (includes keynote lunch) or $145 (excludes keynote lunch), students $95 (includes keynote lunch) or $70 (excludes keynote lunch). Information: 617/353-2514. School of Management, 595 Commonwealth Ave., Boston.

Twenty-Fourth Annual Boston University

Alumni Day at Tanglewood

Join alumni and bring your family and friends for a day of music in the Berkshires. Our day will begin with an open rehearsal concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

After a luncheon reception, the Boston University Tanglewood Institute Young Artists Orchestra will perform. A dessert reception will top off the day. Round-trip transportation from Boston University will be available.

For reservations and information, please call the Office of Development and Alumni Relations at 617/353-5261 or 800/800-3466, or send e-mail to alumni-clubs@bu.edu.
The late John Copeland wasn't exactly Nostradamus. And his 1920 narrative on what life might be like in the new millennium doesn't contain any bold predictions. The short story was just fiction — a piece entitled “Boston in the Year 2000.”

Still, the sophomore English assignment, which survived in an attic for eight decades, “is interesting and amusing,” says his daughter, Gene Bradshaw. “And it’s amazing that our family kept it for so long.” Written in the first person, it is about an explorer who freezes to death at the North Pole, only to awaken on an ice floe that somehow has made its way to the Charles River.

“Flying through the air were countless submarine-shaped carriages” that lacked wheels and propellers, wrote Copeland (SMG’22). “Wool had become so scarce that a reward had been offered for a substitute cloth.” Clothes would be “made of paper-like material that had been coated with something that seemed to resemble glass, but was flexible. This glasserized paper was a result of many years of experimenting.”

“Remember, he wrote about a frozen man thawing out many years before cryonics,” says Bradshaw. Copeland also wrote of daily trips to the moon and to Mars. “A lot of people thought that we’d eventually colonize the moon,” she adds. Sure enough, the story told of a plan “to take water to the moon to fertilize it and make it a place for the surplus population of the Earth, which is fast getting crowded.”

The concept of space travel was on people’s minds in the 1920s. Rocket pioneer Robert Goddard, a doctoral student at Worcester’s Clark University, published a paper in 1919 entitled “A Method of Reaching Extreme Altitudes,” in which he suggested, none too seriously, that a demonstration rocket be flown to the moon.

Indeed, Copeland’s story reveals much about society’s concerns at the beginning of the Roaring Twenties. The overcrowding of cities was confirmed by a federal study in 1920 that declared that for the first time in U.S. history the number of urbanites exceeded the rural population. Boston had 748,000 residents, compared to 575,000 today. Copeland wrote that in 2000 there would be no roads in Boston because “cities had become so congested that they had to use the streets for housing purposes.”

Copeland didn’t go on to a career in writing — or foretelling the future. After graduating from BU, he became a sales manager for the Atwell Company, which made Ediphones, an apparatus that recorded and reproduced dictation on wax cylinders for transcription. He died in 1942. His wife, Eugenia (SMG’22), held on to many keepsakes of her husband, including the writing assignment. “My
mother wanted to save the story,” Bradshaw says, “so their grandchildren could read it in the year 2000.”

Did Copeland think that Bostonians in the twenty-first century would look like their predecessors? Yes, except they would be smaller — and hairier. He wrote that haircuts would “become prohibitive in price, so everyone let their hair grow.” Beards would also remain uncut. “He died before many people started wearing their hair long, in the 1960s,” says Bradshaw.

He also postulated that subway cars in Boston would be replaced with wheelless tubes “that traveled with enormous speed.” Green Line riders might well wish for that particular inevitability. — BF

**S A V I N G F A C E**

On May 19, 1860, the day after Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the U.S. presidency, sculptor Leonard Volk had the presence of mind to sit him down and have his picture taken. Unfortunately, Volk never got to make prints from his glass plate negatives. They were destroyed, along with everything else in his Chicago studio, by the Great Fire of 1871.

But their loss, however lamentable, is more than made up for by something the opportunistic Volk had done earlier that year: he had taken a plaster impression of Lincoln’s face. There are many surviving photographs of Lincoln from the period, after all, but only one life mask.

And the Department of Special Collections at BU has one of only three first-generation replicas, made by Volk himself in the mid-1870s. Lincoln’s beardless, sharp-featured countenance is currently on display, along with a generous sampling of the University’s extensive Lincoln holdings, in Mugar Memorial Library.

The Volk likeness has made an inestimable contribution to American historical art. “Fortunately,” Avard Fairbanks, a sculptor and dean of the College of Fine Arts at the University of Utah, wrote in 1960, “the Lincoln face has been preserved for us through the work of a Chicago sculptor, Leonard Wells Volk . . . This event has been hailed by a great art critic as one of the two most important accomplishments in American portraiture; the other is the life mask of George Washington made by the French sculptor Houdon in 1785.

“Virtually every sculptor and artist uses the Volk mask for Lincoln. I have committed its lines to memory,” Fairbanks wrote in *Lincoln for the Ages* (Doubleday), a collection of essays by writers as various as Carl Sandburg, Shelby Foote, and Ulysses S. Grant III. “It is the most reliable document of the Lincoln face, and far more valuable than photographs, for it is actual form. All the world is indebted to Leonard Volk for his contribution.”

The replica came to Special Collections through the estate of Truman H. Bartlett, a noted sculptor and connoisseur of Lincolniana. Bartlett had obtained it from the French academic painter Jean Leon Gerome, who had received it as a gift from his longtime student Douglas Volk, son of the sculptor.

“In presenting the mask in question to Gerome,” the younger Volk wrote to Bartlett in 1885, in a letter also on display at Mugar, “I did all I could to show my gratitude to him for the years of instruction he gave me, and I imagined from his acknowledgment that he appreciated the gift but it seems his sentiments were from the tongue only or he would not so soon have parted with it . . . You are now the possessor of one of the three replicas in existence, and I myself have not even one.”

Volk first met Lincoln in 1858, during the legendary Lincoln-Douglas series of debates. Ironically, it was Stephen Douglass, Volk’s brother-in-law and patron, who facilitated the acquaintance. Volk had Lincoln sit for the initial life mask impression on March 31, 1860. From this he sculpted a bust, which on May 18 he personally delivered to the Lincoln home in Springfield. His visit coincided with the announcement of Lincoln’s presidential nomination; Volk seized the opportunity to arrange additional sittings. He had a professional photographer make the negatives and took plaster impressions of the ascendant statesman’s hands. Alex Rankin, the Lincoln collection archivist at BU, notes that the mold shows the right hand was slightly enlarged from all the congratulatory handshakes the nominee had been receiving.

Because Volk took them with him when he moved from Chicago to Rome in 1870, the impressions escaped the fate of the photographs. Ultimately, they found their way to the National Museum in Washington, D.C.

Later reproductions of the hands, in plaster, accompany the first-generation life mask replica in the Mugar showcase. On a pedestal next to it stands a bust made from the Volk likeness in the mid-1880s. The exhibition also includes one of thirty-three bronze reproductions of the mask made by the famous sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and several pieces of pertinent correspondence from the Bartlett papers and other collections.

In one letter to Bartlett, dated 1892, Leonard Volk wrote that he was gazing upon “the veritable chair in which President Lincoln sat naturally as if in conversation” for the life mask impression thirty-two years earlier.

Another letter, dated April 10, 1917, reveals the enthusiasm with which Bartlett sought items for the Lincoln collection BU would ultimately inherit.

“With reference to your inquiry of March 31,” R. Rathbun, assistant secretary in charge of the National Museum, wrote to Bartlett, “I beg to say that the Museum is not in possession of the coat worn by President Lincoln when he was assassinated, and I am unable to supply any information as to the character of the garment.” — EM

**R E A R W I N D O W**

What does Grace Kelly have in common with the French symbolist poet Paul Valéry? What does either of them share with Leo Tolstoy? And what does the College of General Studies have to do with it all?
The answer is John Fawell, associate professor of humanities and rhetoric at the college, an arts lover who dabbles in film, poetry, novels, and music, enjoying them all too much to focus exclusively on any one of them. For the past ten years he’s made a home at CGS, where what he describes as dilettantism is celebrated as versatility.

The latest object of Fawell’s fascination is Alfred Hitchcock, into whose heavily analyzed canon of work he has managed to infuse fresh light. In a forthcoming, as-yet-untitled book about Hitchcock’s Rear Window to be published by Southern Illinois University Press, Fawell sets about cracking Hitchcock’s codes, trying to solve the tiny puzzles that the filmmaker built into the panoply of windows that face the apartment of Jimmy Stewart’s bored, housebound photographer L. B. Jefferies. The windows, Fawell maintains, form a game board for anyone interested in looking closely. It’s a game that more viewers will have a chance to play this spring, when a fully restored print of the film will be released to theaters.

“It’s a gorgeous, rich film,” he says, “inexhaustible in terms of interpretation. Each window is a commentary on the main couple’s relationship. All the women across the way are little Lisas, and all the men are little Jeffs.” Take the doomed Mrs. Thorwald, for example, whose disappearance fuels Stewart’s voyeuristic obsession. “She’s portrayed as a nagging invalid, but if you look closely, you see she’s absolutely gorgeous, looks exactly like Grace Kelly’s Lisa. She’s meant to be a little parallel to Lisa, to represent Jeff’s idea of what marriage would be like, since he’s been resisting marriage. If he marries Lisa, his life would be like the Thorwalds’, a poor husband being nagged by a wife.

“Hitchcock went to the trouble to give her the same hair as Lisa, make her about the same age, put her in a nightgown almost exactly the same as the one Lisa shows up in, and then he just waited for anybody to notice. There are a lot of little things like that he just left to be found,” Fawell says.

Even though Jeff’s attitude about women (including the elegant Lisa) are often cited as evidence of Hitchcock’s misogyny, Fawell contends that Rear Window actually provides proof to the contrary. “Cary Grant in Notorious has
something in common with Jimmy Stewart in *Rear Window* — they both think very little of the women they’re with. But Hitchcock thinks a lot of them. And in the end, the woman does it all, and the guy’s left there, having almost gotten her killed.

“Men in general in *Rear Window* take as much abuse as they do in any film I can think of. Hitchcock’s allegiance is entirely to Lisa. People make the mistake of thinking Jeff is Hitchcock, but Hitchcock is much more Lisa.

“You don’t want to underplay the violence against women in films like *Psycho* and *Frenzy,* but his career is marked by some of the best women’s roles ever, some of the most glamorous characters, and some of the most romantic movies, tailored more for women than for men. He always talked about how you have to tailor things more for women than for men.

Fawell’s passion extends beyond Hitchcock, of course, and his wide-ranging interests are perfect for the humanities courses he teaches to freshmen and sophomores at CGS, courses in which “we start with the Greeks and move on from there,” he says. Although some professors find teaching core courses draining, Fawell gets inspired. “I find myself at night looking at medieval icons, trying to find the iconography and all the symbolism, and I think, this would be a great hobby, a pleasant way to spend time, even if I weren’t getting paid. If you like arts and literature, you get to just keep thinking about them all the time.”

Getting students to share that interest is a challenge, but he’s found efforts to make *Gilgamesh* or *Beowulf* relevant to students’ lives are often misplaced. “Actually, students are very hungry to know things that are distant from their lives. In many ways what young people need is to be seeking things far from their world, to be stretching themselves in different directions.”

His teaching reflects that awareness, he says. “I’ve shifted from being too concerned about motivating them and seeing that they’re relating and more to giving them as much stuff as I can so that they feel that they walk out of here more cultured and more educated. They want that.”

And outside the classroom, Fawell continues to educate himself. “I’ve been able to write on all sorts of things — Tolstoy, Valery, filmmaker Eric Rohmer, now Hitchcock. So often in academics you get pigeonholed. You become not just ‘the Tennysonian’ but ‘the late Tennysonian.’ And that’s what you’re chained to for the rest of your life. CGS allows me to be the dilettante I always was.” — BW

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**A Translator’s Two-Track Mind**

Poetry, Robert Frost famously declared, is “what gets lost in translation.” David Ferry believes translating poetry is more like losing one’s luggage.

“When my son was an adolescent,” Ferry says, concluding his recent lecture to the University Professors seminar in literary translation, “he went to Mexico by himself for the first time, and my wife and I told him to call us as soon as he got there. He’d flown from California to Guadalajara, and was taking a train from there to Mexico City. And being a good boy, he got off the train to call his mother and father.

“But he left his property on the train,” says Ferry, “which then took off for Mexico City. So he got on another train, which turned out to be faster. In fact, it passed the train that he had been on, and he looked over and he saw his property.”

As Ferry — an esteemed poet, translator of classical and contemporary texts, and occasional teacher of workshops in the graduate Creative Writing Program — finishes the anecdote, he seems to have left his lecture at the station. Certainly it’s a funny story, and a relief to know that young Stephen successfully retrieved his luggage in Mexico City, but what does this have to do with the challenges of translating Virgil’s *Eclogues*?

“In a way,” Ferry says finally, “translating is like that. The property is over there, and you’re on another train, and you’re getting there at a different speed.”

By now his voice is competing with the audience’s laughter, which will soon become applause — gratitude for the singular pleasure of a perfect analogy, suddenly understood.

“You’re making a similar journey,” says Ferry, cinching it off, “but it isn’t the same.” — EM

**FOR DAVID FERRY**

I stopped the car to photograph a pond, the willow and fire-orange of fall. It made me still. I haven’t been for quite a while.

I’d told myself to read your Odes of Horace, Tonight I knelt beside the shelf, then sat with them and heard your voice, not mine. How strange—to be what daily feels so far away.

(Now I recall the news I haven’t shared.)

I moved. I live in Rising Sun and teach again. I live alone. It’s hard to be with kids all day, and yet my laughter comes from deeper down, or so it often seems. There are not mornings for my poems, but there’s some subtle change that hasn’t spoken yet.

I think it will. Meanwhile, thank you again for helping me to hear the pleasure in plain speech. I’ll fill up pages soon enough. I’ll write about the child who took his terror silently while he wore a shirt of bees.

— J. Nicole Long (GRS’97) studied poetry with David Ferry in the Creative Writing Program.
Raymond Nasher and the Collector's Art

Steeped in culture during his 1930s Boston boyhood, Dallas developer Raymond Nasher came to love living with art. Now he goes to great lengths to see that others get the same chance.

BY JERROLD HICKEY AND MICHAEL B. SHAVELSON

It's early December in suburban Dallas, and we've been told that we must go see NorthPark Center. Gliding through Christmas shoppers at this busy, intriguingly enlightened shopping mall, we quickly get the point. Past the Salvation Army bell ringer, around The Trains at NorthPark model railway layout, and beyond the Chabad Hanukkah menorah, we come to a sculpture of a giant golden hare leaping over a pyramid of tubular steel. Keeping clear of an African tourist having his picture taken with the whimsical monument, we read a placard identifying the artist as Welshman Barry Flanagan. Off to a corner between the Christmas tree and a fountain we see a woman pushing a baby carriage and pausing to look up at a busy multimedia painting by Frank Stella, Washington Island Gadwall. By way of Beverly Pepper's stainless steel sculpture Venezia Blue, we pass a promotional Jaguar perched on four Wedgewood teacups (really!), and step outside. In front of us is a twenty-foot steel cutout of a motorized figure wielding a hammer. It's Hammering Man by Boston native Jonathan Borofsky. Between the giant's legs, we can see two mounted Texas Rangers riding by.

Why are we taking a tour of contemporary sculpture in a shopping mall? Because Raymond Nasher (GRS '50), the developer who conceived of and built NorthPark in the mid-sixties, wants us to.

Into the Woods

It's three and a half congested miles via the Dallas North-west Highway from the bustle of NorthPark to the wooded seclusion of Raymond Nasher's home. You know you're getting warm when you round a bend, and past the trees you see a series of massive metal geometric forms in a clearing. We turn into the driveway and a bronze group of stony commuters by George Segal watches us approach. Stepping out of the car we recognize a Calder, a Miro, and then a Dubuffet. By contrast, Nasher's mid-century-modern house is modest; it doesn't trumpet him as an enormously successful real estate developer and the owner of what may be the world's finest private collection of modern sculpture.

Carmen, the maid, leads us in, tells us that Mr. Nasher will be with us shortly, and invites us to sit in the living room. But we can't sit down: a small Matisse bronze of a woman leaning on a block beckons us. We notice the charged Picasso painting of two lovers, and then we look through the glass wall with a vista of the backyard: there's Barbara Hepworth, and there's Henry Moore, and on the terrace is a Mimmo Paladino.

"Good morning."

And here's Raymond Nasher. He's seventy-eight years old and has the appealing look of a grandfather. He introduces himself quietly and asks if we'd be comfortable talking in the library. As he walks ahead of us we notice that

Above: Large Seated Nude (Bronze, 30 1/2 x 31 5/8 x 13 5/8 in., ca. 1925-29) by Henri Matisse (French, 1869-1954). Matisse seems to have been portraying not his common theme of feminine sensuality, but rather, celebrating the procreative and physical powers of womanhood.
Raymond Nasher in his library with Max Ernst’s 1944 sculpture ‘The King Playing with the Queen.’
the only pictures that aren’t Jasper Johnses, Picassos, Warhols, and the like are of his six-year-old granddaughter Sarah (who was followed by twins David and Isabelle last fall). In the sunbright library, we sit under a Calder mobile in view of Max Ernst’s _The King Playing with the Queen_. Duchamp-Villon’s plaster _Baudelaire_ frowns down from a shelf. We ask Nasher how his collection began, and we move from Texas to the triple-deckers of Depression-era Dorchester.

**One Boy’s Boston**

“Boston was an important part of my development,” he begins. “My father came from a little village near Minsk, and my mother’s family came from Germany. They met on a streetcar in Malden. I grew up on Mallard Avenue in Dorchester, between Codman Square and Franklin Field. My grandfather and grandmother lived on the first floor, an uncle and his family lived on the second floor, and we lived on the third floor. Other members of our family lived within blocks. We were very close. Friday night everyone came and had dinner with my grandparents. My grandfather was a very religious man, so he spent his time in the synagogue.”

Like many Jewish immigrants, Nasher’s father, Israel, was in the garment business. And like many, he lost everything during the Depression. “I never felt poor, though,”
Nasher says. “Everyone assisted everyone else. If anyone was sick, someone was there to care for him. If another person needed food, he’d be taken care of. It was utopian in a way because people cared. Hell, now people don’t know the person across the street or in the apartment next door.”

A fading color photograph of Nasher’s parents sits on the baby grand piano, alongside pictures of his three daughters, his late wife, Patsy, and Sarah. “My parents didn’t have the opportunity for an education in the arts,” he says, “so they were determined that their only child would know something about what was happening in the world. Once a month they would take me to a different museum — I think there were twenty-seven in and around Boston — and every Saturday night we went to Symphony Hall, where Koussevitzky was conducting. Sundays we listened to the debates and lectures at the Ford Hall Forum.”

As his parents nurtured his informal education, they made certain his formal education was the best to be had in Boston. “I graduated from Boston Latin in thirty-nine,” he says of the famously rigorous school. “After that, everything was easy.”

“My parents were great baseball fans, so we went to Fenway Park and Braves Field. My father played some tennis over at Franklin Field. Back then you had to carry your own net because the city of Boston didn’t have the funds. I was captain of the tennis team at Boston Latin, played in the juniors, and I won the New England junior boys.”

His success in tennis and a developing interest in economics — “and the fact that it wasn’t in Boston” — led him to Duke University in North Carolina, where he joined the school’s team. His parents followed his sporting career with nearly the same attention they gave to his cultural development, even traveling to Duke to watch him play. “And then they’d take the team out to dinner,” he adds.

During his senior year, while president of the student body, Nasher joined the Navy. He was both eager to win the war and interested in applying some of his training in economics as an officer in the Supply Corps. He served stateside during the war, and was discharged in 1947. He returned to live with his parents, now in Brookline, and worked with his father, who by this time owned two factory-to-you clothing stores.

“But I wanted to continue my education in economics, especially international economics,” he says, so taking advantage of the G.I. Bill, he enrolled at Boston University and began work on his master’s degree, taking classes at night. He also wanted to branch out into a new field, one he felt was due to take off in the postwar era: housing and urban development. The federal government had launched a series of programs to make it easier for everyone, especially veterans, to own their own homes, and Nasher wanted to be among those doing the building. “I told my father that I wasn’t going to stay in Boston,
because my economic study convinced me that the great growth areas were going to be in Florida, California, or Texas.” An election-night party in 1948 helped to decide him on Texas.

“The Dewey-Truman election was the first to be broadcast on television,” says Nasher. “Since my mother and father had one of those eight-inch RCA sets, I decided to have a television party on election night. We must have had fifty or sixty people over. A friend of mine brought a young lady from Smith. The reason I remembered her was that she was the only one there who said that Truman was going to win. We had a lively conversation.”

The young lady, an art lover named Patsy Rabinowitz, must have been equally impressed with Nasher’s side of the conversation. She wrote to him, inviting him to a dance at Smith. They started dating and were married the following year.

Above: The Kiss (Plaster, 11 x 10 1/4 x 8 1/2 in., 1907-08), by Constantin Brancusi (French, born in Romania, 1876-1957)

With deceptive, folk simplicity, Brancusi’s image captures a touchingly human quality of love and tenderness — and responds to Rodin’s famous bronze kiss of 1888.


Opposite page: Christmas shoppers at NorthPark glide past Barry Flanagan’s 1982 Large Leaping Hare.

Two Lone Stars

The couple moved to Dallas, Patsy’s hometown, but they weren’t yet ready to abandon Boston. “I kept our Boston Symphony tickets and leased them out for four years because I didn’t know whether or not we’d stay,” he remembers. “Dallas was ultraconservative in the fifties. When the library put on an art exhibit of Chagall, Picasso, and Ben Shahn, the mayor forced them to close the show because he said the artists were Communists.”

Yet some wasteland is prime for cultivation. Nasher has an eye for the unexploited plot of land and the imagination to see what might go there. His first Dallas project involved a long and narrow parcel rendered nearly valueless by the utility lines running down its center. Nasher thought something about it was odd: he knew that most power cables had already been buried underground. “I did research and learned that in fact no power was running through the utility lines; the power and light company didn’t want to take them down because of the expense.” Nasher was
able to option the property, and the city arranged for the power company to remove the lines. He got to work immediately on planning the 100-unit housing development that stands there today. “We had to move fast,” he says. Given the competition that was primed to take advantage of the postwar housing boom, Nasher says, “you don’t kid around.”

His pattern was set for the next fifty years: size up a piece of land, determine what should go there, and become involved in the development, from concept through zoning and financing to establishing the look and feel of the buildings. He has planned, financed, and developed many residential and commercial developments, principally in Texas and Florida. “My interest has been learning how to be really creative in taking a piece of land and using my head to figure out what I wanted to do with it,” he says.

Case in point: 200 acres of fallow cotton fields in northern Dallas that caught Nasher’s eye forty years ago. The land, like a blank piece of paper, gave him an idea for a new kind of development, one to which art would be tightly linked.

Art had been part of the Nashers’ lives since their childhoods, and when they became financially successful in the late fifties, they began to buy art for their home. Initially they acquired inexpensive pre-Columbian pieces they unearthed at archaeological digs while vacationing in Mexico; later, they ventured into the galleries of New York and Europe and started to buy examples of American and European art. By 1967, they had made their first major acquisition: a Jean Arp sculpture, *Torso with Buds.* It was that work, which you can see through a window when you ring the doorbell to the house, that elevated them to the category of serious collectors.

It was about this time, as their acquisitions matured into a collection, that Nasher began to integrate art into his development projects. One aspect of his philosophy of art is that a creative developer with an embryonic concept of his plans taking shape on a blank surface is not unlike an
artist developing his idea of a work from scratch on paper or with clay. And from early in his career his creations reflected his “belief that any imposition on the landscape — a house, a warehouse, a store, a bench, or a lamppost — creates an image people have to live with.” Nasher further believes that the aesthetic responsibility endemic in development, far from being an economic restraint, is an integral part of the creative project — “how the finished project affects the marketplace for employees or customers, and enhances the environment for all.”

The striking results of this approach are manifest in a number of commercial ventures, but nowhere more than on the site of the old cotton fields in north Dallas. The project was NorthPark, the shopping center he opened in 1965. “We put together an incredible team of landscape designers, graphic designers, and architects,” he says. “From the beginning I planned the project to have sculpture and art play a key role.”

The art, all from the Nashers’ personal collection, is not merely decorative. “Many people see art for the first time not at a museum, but at NorthPark,” he says, adding that he often wanders around the mall to observe people’s reactions. “Some people are baffled by the starker pieces, asking what in the world they can mean. And I remember one family looking at the Barry Flanagan Large Leaping Hare. The kids wanted to know about the rabbit, and the parents said, ‘Let’s race down to the library and find out.’ Now that’s what it’s all about.”

Garden of Earthy Delights
In Nasher’s library, art does indeed seem to be what the world is about. The December weather is splendid, especially to a pair of Bostonians due to fly back to real winter weather that night. Nasher slides open a heavy, ceiling-high glass door and takes us onto the patio and along his grounds. There are classically inspired figures, gigantic industrial-sized works by Tony Smith, and puzzling installations, such as Israeli artist Menashe Kadishman’s The Forest, a series of painted steel sheets attached to a dozen or so trees to catch the light as it changes through the day and the year. Nasher’s low-key com-
The Growth of a Collection

BY STEVEN A. NASH

Raymond and Patsy Nasher worked closely together for three decades in the pursuit of great art, gradually assembling the finest collection of modern sculpture in the world. After Patsy passed away in 1988, Nasher continued to add judiciously to a collection that now numbers more than 300 works, spanning from the beginnings of modernism with such sculptures as Auguste Rodin’s famous Age of Bronze (ca. 1876) and Eve (1881) to major examples by many of today’s most prominent sculptors, including Richard Serra, Magdalena Abakanowicz, Mark Di Suvero, and Claes Oldenburg. “We didn’t acquire the works,” Patsy Nasher once remarked. “They acquired us.” More recently Nasher joked about the decision-making process that united husband and wife and his high regard for Patsy’s opinion: “Yes, it was all very democratic. If we found something that I really liked, we would discuss it intensely for weeks. If we found something that Patsy liked, we bought it.”

Their mutual decision to concentrate their collecting efforts on sculpture did not come suddenly to the Nashers. They had started collecting in a variety of fields without a particular focus — early twentieth-century American painting and drawings, pre-Columbian and Oceanic art, ethnographic textiles, contemporary prints — but were drawn more and more to sculpture after several somewhat exploratory acquisitions. Among them were the monumental Squares with Two Circles by Barbara Hepworth, Jean Arp’s serenely elegant Torsu with Buds, and two prototypical works by Henry Moore, Three Piece No. 3: Vertebrae, a work inspired by three flints Moore had found, and Two Piece Reclining Figure No. 9, an abstracted reclining woman. In retrospect, all

Left: Reclining Figure: Angles (Bronze, 48 1/4 x 90 1/4 x 61 3/4 in., 1979) by Henry Moore (British, 1898–1986). Moore is an artist thoroughly represented in the Nasher collection, and one whom the Nashers especially admired and knew well. This work highlights Moore’s tendency to suggest equivalencies between nature and human anatomy as signs of the continuity of different life forms.

Right: Venice Woman III (Bronze, 47 1/2 x 13 1/2 x 67 7/8 in., 1958) by Alberto Giacometti (Swiss, 1901–1966). Giacometti created one of the most distinctive sculptural styles of the twentieth century, and his figures are often interpreted as symbols of existentialist distress. The artist himself claimed, however, that he was simply trying to imitate the way we see, or cannot quite see, figures from a distance through light and space.
were of remarkably high quality and set a lofty standard for subsequent acquisitions. One influence on the Nashers’ choice was financial. They astutely recognized an anomaly in the art market, that sculptures generally command lower prices than comparably important paintings. But they also were attracted to the visual and spatial strength of three-dimensional objects (which may relate back to their interest in ethnographic art) and liked the exciting innovations incorporated in the forms and materials of modern sculpture. Too, they were ready to accept the challenges of installation and conservation that sculpture presents.

During the seventies and eighties the pace of their acquisition accelerated, increasing the shape and purpose of the collection. Outstanding works by virtually all the great masters of modern sculpture were added, including Henri Matisse, Pablo Picasso, Alberto Giacometti, David Smith, Constantin Brancusi, Julio González, and Naum Gabo. Very quickly, the Nashers assembled a textbook collection of modern sculpture that had few rivals even among museums and that documented many of the important stylistic developments of the past 125 years. It would get even better. The Picasso Head (Fernande), which they acquired from the estate of the artist, is the first true cubist sculpture. Included are several extremely rare abstractions from the period of avant-garde activity during the Russian Revolution. The legacy of expressive treatment of the human figure established by Rodin is embodied in works by, for example, Matisse, Henri Laurens, Aristide Maillol, Moore, and Abakanowicz. Major examples of such historical isms as expressionism, surrealism, constructivism, and minimalism are all represented. Many of the key artists in the collection, such as Picasso, Smith, Matisse, Giacometti, Moore, Calder, Joan Miró, and Max Ernst, are present in great depth, through not just one or two works, but numerous sculptures, which trace the different stages of their individual development. To this historical breadth and depth is added a concentration on work by certain lesser-known but highly creative figures. Few collections can boast comparable representation, for example, of the Italian sculptor Medardo Rosso, a friend of Rodin’s, who created his own style of impressionistic figures and heads in wax, or Raymond Duchamp-Villon, a pioneer of technologically inspired sculpture.

Also exceptional is the wide range of different aesthetic experiences and pleasures that it provides. Small-scale, delicate, finely wrought sculptures contrast with house-sized, forcefully industrialized pieces. Painted works sit side by side with others made in Cor-Ten steel, which is meant to acquire a rusted gold patina. Numerous plasters developed as working models are included, for works such as the great Age of Bronze and Willem de Kooning’s Clam Digger, demonstrating one of the key steps in casting and showing the works before they were hardened into bronze.

Above: Head (Fernande) (Plaster, 18 1/2 x 14 1/8 x 13 3/4 in., 1909) by Pablo Picasso (Spanish, 1881–1973)
This was the first cubist sculpture. Ostensibly, it is a portrait of Fernande Olivier, Picasso’s love at the time, but the woman’s features are broken apart in an eruption of sharp ridges, angular planes, and deep cuts.

Opposite page, left: Moonbird (Bronze, 90 x 80 1/2 x 57 3/4 in., 1944–46), by Joan Miró (Spanish, 1893–1983)
One of the best-known sculptures by Miró, a leader in the early development of surrealism, it shows us his typical flair for the fantastic and whimsical. In the background is Jean Dubuffet’s 1969–70 The Gossiper II, a wobbly figure sitting in a grand chair and flipping its hands outward in a gesture of greeting or exclamation. In his three-dimensional works, Dubuffet (1901–1985) constantly used wit and playfulness as an antidote to certain tendencies toward the overly intellectual or dour in modern sculpture.

Opposite page, right: Voltr’I (Steel, 98 7/8 x 102 1/4 x 24 in., June 1962) by David Smith (American, 1906–1965)
Smith created a chariotlike form, which consciously invokes Italy’s ancient past, and two large vertical plates that he cut into rounded shapes resembling clouds. The softness of these forms gives a light, flowing quality that counteracts the sculpture’s innate heaviness and durability.
For all of the Nashers’ love of refined modeling and the record in sculpture of the spontaneous action of the artist’s hand, so evident, for example, in figures by Matisse and Giacometti, they never shied away from the powerful, even threatening aspects of much contemporary sculpture, particularly well represented in Richard Serra’s steel, forty-four-foot-long My Curves Are Not Mud. Indeed, the Nashers saw the aesthetic surprises and challenges inherent in much contemporary work as part of the great adventure of collecting.

There is also a social conscience behind the collection. A belief in the educational function of art and a sense of obligation to share their collection with the public led the Nashers to lend works freely. They installed sculptures on a rotating basis at NorthPark and at other civic spaces around Dallas. Museum exhibitions and catalogues introduced the collection to broader audiences, not only in Dallas, but also in Washington, D.C., San Francisco, New York, Madrid, Florence, and Tel Aviv. A selection of their works rotates perpetually through the sculpture garden at the Peggy Guggenheim Foundation in Venice, and innumerable museum exhibitions have benefited from one or more loans from the Nasher collection. For over twenty years the Nasher house and garden, filled with many of their finest works, have been a must-see for specialists and art lovers visiting from out of town and for local schoolchildren. “We are Dallas’s other, unofficial, museum,” quips Nasher.

It is no secret that several large museums on the East Coast and in Europe have courted the Nashers in the hope of landing a big donation. This gives special significance to Nasher’s announcement two years ago of his plan to build a sculpture garden and indoor sculpture center in downtown Dallas to house the collection and host special exhibitions. “Our family grew up in Dallas,” he says. “My businesses are based here. And we have always been a part of the life of the community. I wanted to do something important to pay it back and to give it more cultural identity.”

Development of the garden and center is progressing rapidly toward a projected opening date in the spring of 2002. Renowned Italian architect Renzo Piano (who co-designed the Pompidou Center in Paris) is designing the building, and well-known landscape architect Peter Walker is designing the garden. It will be a unique home for a unique collection.

Steven A. Nash is the associate director and chief curator at the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco. Among the many exhibitions he has organized or co-organized are two touring shows of the Nasher collection and surveys of the work of Naum Gabo, Ben Nicholson, Pablo Picasso, and Pierre Bonnard.
Saul Bellow, University Professor at Boston University, is the author of twelve novels and a number of novellas and short stories. He has received three National Book Awards, the Pulitzer Prize, and in 1976, the Nobel Prize for literature. In 1990 he was awarded the National Book Award Foundation Medal for distinguished contribution to American letters. Now in his eighty-fifth year, he has produced a new novel and his wife a new son. In bestowing on him The New Yorker award for a lifetime’s achievement, Editor David Remnick called Ravelstein “a remarkable novel about friendship and thinking, dying and survival.”

From Saul Bellow’s New Novel

Ravelstein

Odd that mankind’s benefactors should be amusing people. In America, at least, this is often the case. Anyone who wants to govern the country has to entertain it. During the Civil War, people complained about Lincoln’s funny stories. Perhaps he sensed that strict seriousness was far more dangerous than any joke. But people said that he was frivolous, and his own Secretary of War referred to him as a baboon.

Among the debunkers and spoofers who formed the tastes and minds of my generation, H. L. Mencken was the most prominent. My high-school friends, readers of the American Mercury, were up on the Scopes trial as Mencken reported it. Mencken was very hard on William Jennings Bryan and the Bible Belt and Boobus Americanus. To Clarence Darrow and Mencken, Bryan the Special Creationist was a doomed Farm Belt absurdity. In the language of evolutionary theory, Bryan was a dead branch of the life tree. His views were subjected to extreme ridicule at the trial, and Bryan went the way of the pterodactyl — the clumsy version of an idea that later succeeded, the gliding reptiles becoming warm-blooded birds that flew and sang.

I filled up a scribbler with quotes from Mencken and added later notes from spoofers or self-spoofers like W. C. Fields and Charlie Chaplin, Mae West, Huey Long, and Senator Dirksen. There was even a page on Machiavelli’s sense of humor. But I don’t intend to involve you in my speculations on wit and self-irony in democratic societies. Not to worry. I’m glad my old scribbler has disappeared. I have no wish to see it again. It has surfaced here briefly as a sort of extended footnote.

I have always had a weakness for footnotes. For me, a clever or a wicked footnote has redeemed many a text. And I see that I am now using a long footnote to open a serious subject, shifting in a quick move to Paris, to a penthouse in the Hôtel de Crillon. Early June, Breakfast time. The host is my good friend Professor Ravelstein, Abe Ravelstein.

Ravelstein was one of those large men — large, not stout — whose hands shake when there are small chores to perform, not from weakness but from a tremendous eager energy that shakes them as it is discharged. Nobody in the days before he struck it rich had ever questioned his need for Armani suits or Vuitton luggage, for Cuban cigars, unobtainable in the U.S.A., for Dunhill accessories, for solid-gold Mont Blanc pens or Baccarat or Cristal Lalique to serve wine — or to have it served — in.

Well, his friends, pupils, and admirers no longer had to ante up in support of his luxurious habits. He was now very rich. He had gone public with his ideas. He had written a book — difficult but popular — a spirited, intelligent, warlike book, and it had sold and was still selling in both hemispheres and on both sides of the equator. The thing had been done quickly but in real earnest: no cheap concessions, no popularizing, no mental monkey business, no apologetics, no patrician airs. He had every right to look as he looked now, while the waiter set up our breakfast. His intellect had made a millionaire of him.

And as for Me . . .

“There’s something in the way you tell a story that gets to me, Chick,” Ravelstein would say. “I’d like you to write me up, after I’m gone. You could do a really fine memoir. It’s not just a request,” he added. “I’m laying this on you as an obligation. Do it in your after-supper-reminiscence manner, when you’ve had a few glasses of wine and you’re laid back and mak-
n a few items prev-
sibling. Both "The
san Minot's "Mon-
lege, well-to-do fam-
chusetts, summers
mont or New Hamp-
rum. In "Mon-
s seven children; in

Both novels con-
accident of a
share many
es. Both books have

THE CODE BOOK: The Evolution of Secrecy

press the inexperienced. The
smiles to the lips of the discs
To know the words of
"How often," said the
the shores of Lake Gine
member of the audience, "be
"You may think so, sir,"
my part I consider Gine
more of the disc."

al
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what
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ing remarks... I want you to do me as you did Keynes, but on a bigger scale. And also you were too kind to him. I don’t want that. Be as tough as you like. You aren’t the darling doll you seem to be, and by describing me maybe you’ll emancipate yourself.

“From what, exactly?”

“Whatever it is that controls you — some sword of Damocles hanging over you.”

“No,” I said. “It’s the sword of Dimwitocles.”

“Dimwitocles” was Ravelstein’s kind of gag, and he laughed like Picasso’s wounded horse in “Guernica,” rearing back.

Ravelstein’s legacy to me was a subject — perhaps the best one I had ever had, perhaps the only really important one. But such a legacy signified that he would die before me. If I were to predecease him he would certainly not write a memoir of me. Anything beyond a single page to be read at a memorial service would have been unthinkable. Although I was twenty years his senior, we were close friends, none closer. There were sophomoric elements in my character as there were in his, and these levelled the ground and evened things up. What we were laughing about was death, and, of course, death does sharpen the comic sense. But the fact that we laughed together didn’t mean that we were laughing for the same reasons. That Ravelstein’s most serious ideas, put into his book, had made him a millionaire certainly was funny. It took the genius of capitalism to make a valuable commodity out of thoughts, opinions, teachings. Bear in mind that Ravelstein was a teacher. He was not one of those conservatives who idolize the free market. He had views of his own on political and moral matters. Put together in a book his ideas made him absurdly rich. He was spending the dollars almost as fast as they came in. Just now he was considering a new, five-million-dollar book contract. He could command big fees on the lecture circuit. And he was a learned man, after all. Nobody disputed that. You have to be learned to capture modernity in its full complexity and to assess its human cost. On social occasions he might be freaky but on the platform you could see how well grounded his arguments were. It became only too clear what he was talking about. The public saw higher education as a right. The White House affirmed it. Students were like “the mackerel-crowded seas.” Thirty thousand dollars was the average annual college tuition. But what were students learning? The universities were permissive, lax. The discipline of an earlier time was gone. Relativism held that what was right in Santo Domingo was wrong in Pago Pago and that moral standards were therefore anything but absolute.

Now, Ravelstein was no enemy of pleasure or of love. On the contrary he saw love as possibly the highest blessing of mankind. I don’t intend to explain here the erotic teachings of Aristophanes and Socrates or of the Bible. For that, you must go to Ravelstein himself. For him, Jerusalem and Athens were the twin sources of civilization. Jerusalem and Athens are not my dish. I was too old to become Ravelstein’s disciple. All I need to say now is that he was taken very seriously even in the White House and on Downing Street. He was Mrs. Thatcher’s guest at Chequers. Reagan invited him to dinner, and Ravelstein spent a fortune on formal attire, cummerbund, diamond studs, patent-leather shoes. A columnist at the Newt said that to Ravelstein money was something you threw from the rear platform of a speeding train. Ravelstein showed me the clipping with shouts of laughter. Through it all he was deeply amused. And, of course, I didn’t have the same reasons for amusement. The vast hydraulic forces of the country had not picked me up, as they had him.

There is a parallel between inner-city phenomena and the mental disarray of the U.S.A., the winner of the Cold War, the only superpower remaining. That’s one way of boiling it down. This is what Ravelstein’s books and articles had to tell us. He took you from antiquity to the Enlightenment, and then — by way of Locke, Montesquieu, and Rousseau, onward to Nietzsche, Heidegger — to the present moment, to corporate, high-tech America, its culture and its entertainments, its press, its educational system, its think tanks, its politics. He gave you a picture of this mass democracy and its characteristic, woeful human product. In his classroom — and the lectures were always packed — he coughed, stammered, he smoked, bawled, laughed, he brought his students to their feet and debated, provoked them to single combat, examined, hammered them. He didn’t ask “Where will you spend eternity?” as religious the-end-is-near picketers did, but, rather, “With what, in this modern democracy, will you meet the demands of your soul?” He attracted gifted students. His classes were always full. So it eventually occurred to me that he had only to put on the page what he was doing viva voce. It would be the easiest thing in the world for Ravelstein to write a popular book.

Furthermore, to be perfectly frank, I was tired of hearing about his unsatisfactory salary, his byzantine borrowing habits, and the deals and arrangements he made by putting his treasures in hock. After following with more exasperation than interest the story of his beautiful Jensen teapot’s five years in the hands of Cecil Moers, one of his own Ph.D.s — given as security for a five-thousand-dollar loan (and finally sold by this Ph.D. to some dealer for ten thousand) — I said, “How long can you expect me to put up with this boring dispute, this boring teapot, and all your other boring luxury articles? Look, Abe, if you’re living beyond your means, a struggling aristocrat victimized by his need for beautiful objects, why don’t you increase those means?”

The Birth of the Book

“I don’t see how you can miss on this,” I told Ravelstein. “All you have to do is prepare a proposal. At the very least you can get a small advance. It couldn’t be less than twenty-five hundred. My guess would be nearer to five thousand. Even if you never write a word of this proposed book, you’ll pay off some of the debts and revive your borrowing power. How can you lose?”

He jumped at this. To bilk a publisher out of a few thou-
He told the students that he was going to direct them to a higher existence, full of variety and diversity, governed by rationality — anything but an arid life. If they were lucky, if they were bright and willing, Ravelstein would give them the greatest gift they could hope to receive.

sand bucks and at the same time free himself to wheel and deal was tremendously appealing. In outlook, he was anything but petty. But he did not expect my utopian brainstorm to come to anything. He had got used to the theatre of small-time intrigue where he could ironically, satirically dramatize and assert his exceptional stature and scope. So the outline was prepared and sent, a contract was signed, the advance was paid. The priceless Jensen teapot was gone for good, but Ravelstein’s credit line was reopened.

To his own surprise, Abe Ravelstein then found himself writing the book he had signed up to do. The surprise was general among his friends and the three or four generations of students he had trained. Some of these disapproved. They opposed what they saw as the popularization or cheapening of his ideas. But teaching, even if you are teaching Plato or Lucretius or Machiavelli or Bacon or Hobbes, is a kind of popularization. The products of their great minds have been in print for centuries and accessible to a general public blind to their esoteric significance. For all the great texts had esoteric significance, Ravelstein believed and taught. This, I think, has to be mentioned, but no more than mentioned. The simplest of human beings is, for that matter, esoteric and radically mysterious.

As I’ve already indicated, he was drawn to irregular behavior. Especially where love was the motive. He rated longing very highly. Looking for love, falling in love, you were pining for the half you had lost, as Aristophanes had said. Only it wasn’t Aristophanes at all, but Plato in a speech attributed to Aristophanes. In the beginning men and women were round like the sun and the moon; they were either male-male, female-female, or male-and-female, and each being had two sets of sexual organs. So the myth went. They were proud, self-sufficient beings. They defied the Olympian gods, who punished them by splitting them in half. To be human was to be severed, mutilated. Man is incomplete. Zeus is a tyrant. Mt. Olympus is a tyranny. The work of humankind in its severed state is to seek the missing half. And after so many generations your true counterpart is simply not to be found. Eros is a compensation granted by Zeus — possibly for political reasons of his own. And the quest for your lost half is hopeless. The sexual embrace gives temporary self-forgetting but the painful knowledge of mutilation is permanent. Like all, or most, of the students of my generation, I had read Plato’s Symposium. Wonderful entertainment, I had thought. But I was sent back to it by Ravelstein. Not literally sent. But if you were continually in his company you had to go back to the Symposium repeatedly.

Without longing, your soul was a used inner tube, maybe good for one summer at the beach, nothing more. Spirited men and women, the young above all, were devoted to the pursuit of love. By contrast, the bourgeois were dominated by fears of violent death. There, in the briefest form possible, you have a sketch of Ravelstein’s most important preoccupations. I feel that I do him an injustice by speaking so simplistically. He was a very complex man. Did he really share the view (attributed by Plato to Aristophanes) that we are seeking the other that is a part of ourselves? Nothing could move him more than a genuine instance of this quest. Moreover, he was forever looking for signs of it in everyone he knew. Naturally his students were included. Odd, for a professor to be thinking of the kids in his seminars as actors in this staggering eternal drama.

His first move when his students arrived was to order them to forget about their families. Their fathers were shopkeepers in Crawfordsville, Indiana, or Pontiac, Illinois. The sons thought long and hard about the Peloponnesian War, about the Symposium and the Phaedrus, and didn’t consider it at all strange that they were soon more familiar with Nicias and Alcibiades than with the milk train or the ten-cent store. Bit by bit, Ravelstein also got them to confide in him. They told him their stories. They held nothing back. It was amazing how much he learned about them. It was partly his passion for gossip that brought in the information he wanted. He not only trained them, he distributed them into groups and subgroups and placed them in sexual categories, as he thought appropriate. Some were going to be husbands and fathers, some would be queer — the regular, the irregular, the deep, the entertaining, the plungers, the hustlers, the born scholars, those with a gift for philosophy. Lovers, plodders, gamblers, bureaucrats, narcissists, chasers. He gave a good deal of thought to all of this. He told the students that he was going to direct them to a higher existence, full of variety and diversity, governed by rationality — anything but an arid life. If they were lucky, if they were bright and willing, Ravelstein would give them the greatest gift they could hope to receive. It wasn’t an academic program that he offered — it was more freewheeling than that. And the whole thing worked — on the whole his program was effective. Not one of his students became a Ravelstein in scope. But most of them were highly intelligent and very satisfactorily singular. He loved the kinkiest students — they could never be kinky enough to suit him. But, of course, they had to know the fundamentals and know them diabolically well. “Isn’t he the twisted one,” he’d say about one or another of them. “Were you sent an offprint of his latest article — ‘Historicism and Philosophy? I told him to put it in your box.”

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One hundred years ago this spring the first issue of *Bostonia* was published, to be sent "gratuitously to all known contributors to the University funds and, at the request of friends . . . to a limited number of other persons." Along with discussion of Boston, the University (and why it was better than Yale and Harvard), coeducation, major benefactions to other colleges, and similar topics dear to the University’s heart were the first class notes, in a department then called Personals. Adorning the cover was a Longfellow quotation the urban University used frequently:

*Where shall the scholar live? In solitude or in society? In the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of Nature beat, or in the dark gray city, where he can feel and hear the throbbing heart of man? I make answer for him, and say, In the dark gray city.*
1) April 1932 Handsome cigarette advertising was common on the back covers of college publications from the thirties through the fifties.

2) February 1944 Lyda Dunham (PAL'42) Women's Air Force Service Pilots, noncombat, A.A.F.

3) March 1946 The dinner celebrating President Daniel Marsh's twentieth anniversary as president. General Dwight D. Eisenhower praised Marsh and received an honorary degree.
4) Spring 1963 The New Boston is symbolized by the Prudential skyscraper rising in downtown Boston. The New University is symbolized by the jut of the Sert-designed George Sherman Union.

5) June 1971 New University President John Silber at his inauguration, part of Commencement ceremonies.

6) Spring 1970 BU, along with many other colleges across the country, canceled Commencement following the Kent State shootings.

It is too soon to judge the full significance of the first week in May, unprecedented in its impact on hundreds of colleges and universities. Well over 400 suspended classes at least temporarily while students and others in the educational community observed a national strike; dozens cancelled or postponed until fall remaining academic activities. At Boston University, the University Council voted May 5 to cancel the five remaining days of undergraduate examinations and also commencement exercises for undergraduates. The university remained open, however, and classes, exams, and graduation activities at most of the graduate and professional schools went ahead as scheduled.

It was a week that shook the nation, but certainly not to the extent that it shook and perhaps reoriented students. Though long-range consequences are unclear, it is very significant that the mood and tactics of the protesters were substantively different than in past disturbances; that the events which sparked the protest mobilized many formerly indifferent students and also faculty and administration personnel in activity related to the protests, and that there seemed a new concern among protesters not just to make noise, but to find the most effective means of registering their passionate dissent through established political channels — and over a long period of time. Developments in the next few months will tell whether this is, as many feel, a significant turning point in the character of student protest.

The protest at BU took shape quickly after President Nixon's April 30 announcement of military action in Cambodia. Student peace groups immediately laid plans for calling a protest strike. A mass rally was called (continued on page 5).

Bostonia's covers remained practically unchanged for the first twenty-eight years. Format and design varied as printing technology improved and became more economical; content evolved with the University, but (except for brief periods when there was also an alumni magazine) class notes, as surveys here and across the country continue to show, are what alumni savor in their magazine, and we are gratified to note, in Bostonia.
An Impresario's Half-Century of Jazz Festivals

BY BARI WALSH

When George Wein is in the mood for reflection, which is often these days, he finds that his life provides rich material. Wein (CAS'50) founded and produces just about every important jazz festival in the world, including the granddaddy, the Newport Jazz Festival. He’s crossed paths with most of the greatest jazz artists of the twentieth century, crossed racial barriers that seemed insurmountable, and crossed continents playing and listening to music. As he pauses now to write his memoirs, reviewing a lifetime of experiences with the perspective and wisdom of age, these crossings reflect new import.

And there is something more to celebrate. In November, in commemoration of the United Nations International Day for Tolerance, Wein received a 1999 Lifetime Achievement Award from the DaCapo Foundation and Friends of the United Nations. With cohonorees including Mikhail Gorbachev, Zubin Mehta, and Michael E. DeBakey, the pioneering cardiovascular surgeon, Wein was praised for a life devoted to promoting tolerance, peace, and social justice. He is, the award committee said, a cultural innovator. With such heady salutations in the air, it is little wonder that amid the still-vigorous business of his daily life, he gets reflective now and then.

Wein didn’t set out to innovate. He simply lived what he loved: jazz. A skilled pianist by the time he got to high school, Wein’s playing helped him win favor with his commanding officers in the Army during World War II. He became even more accomplished at BU, where he majored in history but took premed courses to please his father, the late Barnet M. Wein (MED'20), a well-known plastic surgeon. “I was playing piano all the time,” he says. “I would take jobs where I was working seven nights and Sunday afternoons for four or five weeks at a time in Boston jazz clubs. My studies weren’t doing that well, but at least I was passing everything. By hook or by crook I was passing organic chemistry and physics, which I hated.”

Once he admitted that he didn’t want to follow his father’s path, Wein felt freer to play. He started performing with important musicians around 1948, people like Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, and Boston’s own Max Kaminsky. When he graduated in 1950, unsure of what to do next, he opened a club of his own in Boston, drawing on his experience in building bands and bringing musicians up from New York. Storyville, located in the Copley Square Hotel and then in the Buckminster Hotel in Kenmore Square, soon became a jazz hotspot and later took on the sheen of legend, drawing names like Billie Holiday, Louis Armstrong, and Charlie Parker and earning a place in jazz history. “We didn’t have too much trouble getting acts to play,” remembers Wein. “We had trouble getting people to come. In Boston it was really a weekly cycle. Some weeks nobody would come, other weeks everybody would come. We had a nice run for ten years, but we never made any money.”

Along the way, something unexpected happened. “I realized I had a natural inclination for management and organization,” Wein says. “I found out I wasn’t going to be a great piano player. I was OK, I could have made my living as a pianist, but I realized I
wasn't going to be the best on the block. I had a natural aptitude for the management, though." He just didn't foresee how far that aptitude would take him.

In 1954, Donald Borne, an old BU professor and friend of Wein's and "a great jazz fan," came into Storyville with some friends from Newport, Rhode Island. They got to talking about how to make summers in Newport more exciting, and, Wein recalls, "Borne said, 'Why don't you ask Wein to do something with jazz?' So it was because of a Boston University professor that it started! Tanglewood gave me the idea. Here was a classical festival. I thought, why not have a jazz festival?"

In launching Newport, now known as the JVC Jazz Festival—Newport, Wein created the standard for all outdoor jazz festivals and took the idea of outdoor musical performances to a new level. His company, Festival Productions, Inc. (FPI), went on to found and produce the Ben & Jerry's Folk Festival—Newport and the groundbreaking New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival (known as Jazzfest), among other important events around the world. FPI now produces forty to fifty events annually, bringing as many as a thousand groups or artists to the stage each year.

The company is the world's largest producer of corporate-sponsored music festivals, and that concept — corporate sponsorship — may be one of Wein's most significant legacies. It has changed the way music is presented, making it possible to bring greater numbers of performers to greater numbers of people. Bob Blumenthal, contributing jazz critic for the Boston Globe, says that Wein "has had as great an impact on the music as any nonmusician." While he didn't invent the concept of a music festival, Blumenthal says, "he established the festival not just as a basic part of jazz life, but a basic part of life."

Improvising from the Outset

The early days of the Newport festival were exhilarating, Wein says, because "we were writing the book as we went along. We weren't following anybody." Over the years, as expectations grew along with success, he had to contend with the inevitable: critics. "My festivals have always presented the scope of my knowledge of jazz, which goes back a long way. But what happens is that the traditionalists don't think I do enough traditional jazz, and the avant-garders don't think I do enough avant-garde. But why should I worry about them? I've got to worry about playing music for people who want to come and have a good time. A festival without people is not a festival, so you'd better compromise somewhat or you won't be in the business very long. I have my own standards, which I'm always bending in order to stay alive." Blumenthal backs him up: "He realized that jazz was inclusive and expansive, and that it couldn't just sit in one place."

That understanding enriched his festivals; as the years passed, jazz flourished among an ever-wider audience. One member of that audience was radio show host Ron Della Chiesa (CGS'57, COM'59), who has hosted important jazz and popular music programs in Boston, mostly on WGBH, for many years (see page 39). Della Chiesa hung out at Storyville and began attending the Newport festivals while he was a student at BU. "Little did I know when I went to my first one that I would be emceeing Newport Jazz Festivals for George in the seventies and eighties," Della Chiesa says. He calls Wein "the greatest jazz impresario."

Music remains exhilarating for Wein, although these days he gets most of his enjoyment from opera. Perhaps inevitably, he finds himself comparing today's jazz stars to the legends whose careers he helped create, and the competition typically is one-sided. "You've spent your life with the greatest people that the century had to offer, whether it was Ellington or Armstrong or Basie or Ella or Sarah or Miles . . . they created the music," Wein says. "You listen to the young people now and they're good, but there's no way I can enjoy them the way I enjoyed those other people. I idolized those other people."

That's not to say that jazz doesn't retain the power to strike his heart. "A couple of years ago I presented João Gilberto in a concert at Carnegie Hall, and he was all alone on that stage and he sang and played without stopping. It was like a church in there. And I had a program this year with John McLaughlin and Shakti — it was one of the most beautiful musical evenings that I've ever heard. So I can still be moved, and I'm very happy for that. I'm hungry to be moved."

Looking back, Wein is perhaps proudest of the battles he's won against traditions of segregation and prejudice in the towns where his festivals have been staged. He wouldn't agree to produce Jazzfest, for example, until New Orleans had done away with the Jim Crow laws that prohibited integrated audiences and prevented black and white musicians from appearing together. And he still nurtures a strong connection to African-American culture and community. Right now, he's part of a committee working to bolster the cultural scene around 125th Street in Harlem, a mecca for African-American artists. The neighborhood has been undergoing rejuvenation for some time now, and the committee, headed by Time Warner president Richard Parsons, wants to support it by building a museum and a community center next to the Apollo Theater.

A lifetime achievement award imbues its recipients with a sense of destiny, but Wein says he's never mapped out a well-structured itinerary; he's relied on his intuition to guide him. "I had a feeling, and I really had no right to, that I was going to be a success, even when I was broke and owed money. I can remember only one time in my life when I felt nearly defeated. I was in my forties, broke, and I began to wonder what I'd be doing when I was sixty. I had nothing that looked like it was going to save me. But I just went straight ahead." And came out there, too.

He is proud to be honored for his life's work, but he's not ready to sound the finale yet. At age seventy-four, he remains prolific and imaginative. He still plays piano with his band, the Newport All-Stars, and he still enjoys a nightlife that a twenty-something would envy. Writing his memoirs is a new challenge, and he approaches it with customary zest. "At this point I can't wait to finish," he says. "I want to see how it ends!"
Sitting in an office stacked to the ceiling with books and binders, stuck for an idea and lacking inspiration, medical researcher Salomon Amar reaches for the book he keeps closest at hand — a volume of the Hebrew Bible. After a half-hour or so of reading, “the science comes better,” he says.

Much of Amar’s life has been spent studying the Talmud, the ancient compilation and commentary on Jewish law. “The Talmud teaches you how to ask questions,” he says, “and the most important thing in science is to ask the right questions. You train your mind to be inquisitive. After that, in science and with the Talmud, you have the tools to approach an answer.” The Goldman School of Dental Medicine associate professor discovered an answer in his lab last year that may offer a key to treating inflammatory illnesses ranging from septic shock to Crohn’s disease — a discovery hailed by experts in the field.

He identified a gene that may activate a protein known as tumor necrosis factor (TNF), produced by the human body. In the human body, TNF has what Amar calls a dual function — it can be both extraordinarily helpful and extraordinarily injurious. When activated, TNF helps the body clear itself of viral infections and abnormal cell growth, including some cancers.

But when TNF doesn’t know when to stop propagating itself and overproduces, the effects can be harmful and even deadly, ranging from inflammatory illnesses to circulatory collapse.

Bruce Beutler, M.D., a professor of internal medicine at the University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center at Dallas, codiscoverer of TNF, says Amar’s work is “a substantial but incremental advance. When you come right down to it, we’re fairly ignorant about how the gene is activated, so in that sense this is a significant advance.”

Anthony Cerami, M.D., founder and director of the Kenneth S. Warren Laboratories in Tarrytown, New York, who worked with Beutler in the discovery of TNF, says Amar’s work “offers an important new insight, and further work will undoubtedly clarify its importance.”

Amar’s small office sits at the far end of a warren of rooms and labs in the basement of the dental school, which has been his research base since 1995. Amid the clutter of books, journals, and computer printouts in his office hangs a small framed copy of Maimonides’s Prayer for Physicians (“...in the sufferer let me see only the human being”). Today the thirty-eight-year-old Amar is wearing a blue-and-white pinstriped shirt with a teddy bear on the breast pocket, “My children love this shirt,” Amar says. The bear is wearing a jersey patterned like an American flag.

Amar was born in Morocco, the child of observant Sephardic Jews. The Sephardim lived in Spain and Portugal until their persecution and expulsion in the fifteenth century, when they fled to northern Africa, Turkey, and the surrounding region. The Sephardim today are a Jewish minority — Ashkenazic Jews, who settled in western Europe, make up more than 80 percent of the world’s Jewish population. The differences between the two groups range from liturgical (Sephardim preserve an older ritual) to linguistic (only the Ashkenazim speak Yiddish) to gastronomic (traditional Sephardic cuisine, many say, is far more colorful and tasty than Ashkenazic fare).

Seeking a rigorous Jewish education, the eighteen-year-old Amar moved in 1979 to Strasbourg, France, where he attended the École Aquiba and the Université Louis Pasteur, majoring in mathematics. In France, future dentists and physicians attend the first year of medical school together, and then separate into their respective specialties after a series of exams. Normally, the top students go into medicine, but the year Amar was taking the exam, newly elected French Prime Minister François Mitterrand was threatening to socialize medicine. “So the top students went into dentistry instead,” Amar says.

Amar received his D.D.S in 1985, a master’s in skeletal tissues in 1987, a certificate in periodontology the same year, and a doctorate in developmental biology in 1989, all from the Université Louis Pasteur. Research became his daily life, although the practice of dentistry helped pay the bills. “I did some of what we call in America moonlighting to make ends meet,” he says.

An Oversea Change

The university wanted Amar to make his career there, which the young scientist planned to do. But a meeting with a researcher from Northwestern University at a conference led to the offer of a postdoc, and Amar moved to Chicago. “The United States is a big unknown for someone who grew up in an underdeveloped country,” he says. “I think my coming here had something to do with discovering the United States.” Only later does Amar
mention the sacrifice entailed in moving here. “To get to this country, I took a 90 percent pay cut. But the idea of the United States overshadowed the money. When you are in science in Europe, most of the major breakthroughs seem to come from the United States.”

Amar is divorced and lives in Brookline close to his two children, Sharon, nine, and Meron, seven. His bachelor’s apartment, which overlooks a playground, has the thrown-together feel of a home whose occupant spends most of his waking hours elsewhere — for Amar, in the lab or in synagogue.

He keeps kosher and prays the prescribed three times daily; colleagues know that when his office door is closed, he is in prayer, and they do not disturb him.

Amar’s living room has only one narrow bookcase, and it is packed with Jewish texts and histories. An American Heritage Dictionary lies on a table; English is Amar’s fourth language, after Arabic, French, and Hebrew. The Walkman cassette player next to the dictionary — some pop music for relaxation perhaps? No — it’s tapes of rabbis. Sometimes he listens to dafyomi (literally, a page a day), a seven-year cycle of Talmud study. Sometimes he listens to recorded talks given by rabbis. “In Judaism, there is a commandment to study,” he says, “and the exhilaration and transcendence the smdy provides are immense.”

Amar has been studying the Torah since he was a boy, and he regularly attends chavrutas — sessions with a study partner where one learns Torah in an animated give-and-take — at the Boston Kolel in Brookline.

Although declining to discuss the specifics, Amar concedes that he once wrestled with the conflict between his religion and his science. “I have had the opportunity to interact with tremendous mentors, both in science and in the study of the Talmud, and the conflicts were resolved,” he says somberly, but with a quiet conviction. “That doesn’t mean in the future there will be no conflicts, but the more you study the Talmud, the more at peace you are.

“In science, too, I am a learner,” says Amar. “It is a journey, and it is far from over. You cannot learn how to conduct science in graduate school. They teach you how to conduct experiments, how to read the literature, but then when you finish school, you are left by yourself as an independent investigator. The hypotheses must come from you.”

As Amar studied periodontal disease, he became increasingly interested in other infectious and inflammatory diseases. So he began investigating what he calls “the backbone of inflammatory disease,” supported by research grants and by Spencer Frankl, dean of the Goldman School. “Dean Frankl has always been very supportive of our work,” Amar says. “It never would have found light without his encouragement and support.”

Amar’s work led him to TNF. He is on the trail of the switch that controls it. In a paper published in the April 1999 Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, he describes identifying a gene that “may play an important role in human TNF gene activation.” With a scientist’s caution and precision, Amar says the gene he discovered appears to be “indispensable” in activating the TNF gene, but not “sufficient” — in other words, it is not the only trigger.

Beutler says there may be as many as ten or twenty factors triggering the inflammatory gene. “We are trying to understand mechanically, like a Tinker Toy, how the gene fires, and we are some distance from that understanding, so this is an important piece of work,” he says.

Researchers remain puzzled as to why TNF behaves so differently in different people. Cerami says that Amar’s work “has the potential to partly explain the variability that’s seen in the population.”

Dreams and Realities

Both men say Amar’s research may be another step on the road to preventing the pernicious diseases caused when TNF doesn’t know when to stop pumping out its genetic code. “One of the dreams would be to make a drug that would block TNF synthesis,” says Beutler. Amar’s work, Cerami says, “may offer a place for intervention to prevent the formation of TNF.”

Amar shares that dream, and as he discusses his work, he grows more animated, and leans forward on his sofa. His eyes grow wider. “Mother Nature must be extremely smart to create such a thing in the body that has two functions: the good and the bad. We must be able to dissect that — and produce only the good and prevent the bad.”

He leans back on the sofa, silent for a moment. “This is not so easy,” he says. “But,” the light comes back into his eyes, “my father used to say, ‘Aim high, so high that if you reach even halfway, you will have done well!’”

The devout Jew and scientist continues to study the human body and the human soul with the same intensity and delight. His journey from Morocco to France to the United States — through languages and cultures — has sometimes been difficult. Religion and science have been his constant companions.

“I have a tremendous love for God, and I have been blessed in many ways — children, higher education, livelihood,” he says. “The rabbis tell us the beginning is always difficult, but that you will enjoy the end.”
A small lizard has helped throw a large monkey wrench into traditional evolutionary theory. With a study of *Carlia rubrigularis*, an Australian skink common to both rain forests and dry open forests, Chris Schneider, CAS assistant professor of biology, has helped upend a long-standing belief that geographic isolation fosters genetic diversity. Published recently in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Science*, his study further clarifies an emerging view that evolution happens more rapidly in ecotones, the peripheries of rain forests, than at their centers.

"Since perhaps the 1940s," Schneider says, "biologists have viewed gene flow — the exchange of genes between populations — as a force that tends to homogenize. If populations are exchanging a lot of genes, they’re not going to diverge very much. The idea of geographic isolation is so attractive because it simply eliminates gene flow. Without this exchange of genes homogenizing populations, they’re free to diverge, whether in response to selection or through random changes in the genome."

Schneider and scientists from San Francisco State University and the University of Queensland observed marked physical differences between skinks found deep in the Australian rain forest, where populations have long been isolated, and those found on the forest edges, where populations interbreed. Ecotone skinks were smaller, with shorter limbs and bigger heads, and became sexually mature earlier than their counterparts in the deep rain forest. To test their theory that natural selection was driving this divergence, the researchers placed plastic skink decoys in various deep forest and ecotone locations. After several weeks, they found unmistakable beak marks on twenty-one of the ecotone decoys but on only four from the rain forest. This wasn’t surprising, Schneider says, because predators differ between regions. The kookaburra, a kingfisher that dines on skinks, is much more common in the open forest.

“Our research points to the fact that geographic isolation alone does essentially nothing,” he says. “The key, really, is divergent selective regimes — natural selection pushing populations in different directions. Geographic isolation is not even necessary, because we’re seeing these populations diverging in response to natural selection even though there’s gene exchange between them and neighboring populations. Selection is strong enough to overwhelm whatever homogenizing effects gene flow might have."

“This goes right back to Darwin,” says Schneider. “In *Origin of the Species*, he talked explicitly about how natural selection acting differently among isolated populations will push them to different places and create new species.”

The National Science Foundation has recognized the importance of this recent ecotone research with a $2.6 million grant, which will support a three-year, three-continent study of biodiversity in and around rain forests. The study will be based at San Francisco State’s Center for Tropical Research, where Schneider is a principal investigator.

The overarching goal of the NSF-funded study, which will deploy researchers to Africa, Australia, and South America, is to provide a basis for more effective conservation policy.

“Conservation efforts have traditionally been focused on preserving areas of high diversity, preserving the products of evolution,” Schneider says. “We’ve been asking what processes result in patterns of high diversity. And it appears that altitudinal gradients, habitat gradients — edges — may be very important engines that generate new species. If that’s the case, it sort of changes our priorities when we think about what we want to preserve.”

— Eric McHenry
A Big Little Turn-On

Engineers Figure Out How to Manipulate On-Off Gene Switch

What if your genes could be flipped on and off like a flashlight? A team of College of Engineering researchers aims to take this revolutionary idea from the petri dish to the surgery ward.

By reconfiguring various DNA molecules extracted from a common bacterium, scientists at BU’s Center for BioDynamics have created the world’s first genetic toggle switch, a start-stop mechanism to control gene activity. They believe the technology has the potential to treat a variety of human diseases, turning cells into tiny computers that police our metabolism.

Timothy Gardner (ENG’00), a doctoral candidate at the College of Engineering, constructed the toggle by stacking competing genes from Escherichia coli in a unique setup. A jellyfish gene added to the device glowed fluorescent green to signal when the bacterial genes became active, and shut off when they were at rest.

Gardner predicts that later stages of the technology will have numerous medical applications. For a diabetes patient, for instance, a genetic sensor could spur the production of insulin whenever blood glucose reaches a critical threshold and stop that production when the balance is restored.

By contrast, current technologies require a drug to be administered in a constant flow to keep the therapeutic gene on duty, often leading to side effects.

“What we did with our system is essentially construct the equivalent of the type of light switch we have in our offices,” says Professor James Collins, who collaborated on the study, which was published in Nature in late January. “With just a brief delivery of a drug, you can flip the gene on. Likewise, you can deliver another chemical burst to switch it off.”

Gardner, Collins, and Charles Cantor, professor of biomedical engineering and director of the Center for Advanced Biotechnology, are already putting theory into practice. They are forming a company to develop toggle systems for medical use, and predict that the devices will be used to treat such conditions as diabetes, anemias, and hemophilia.

There could be environmental benefits, too. Gardner imagines programming oil-eating bacteria to sense how much petroleum at a spill is left to clean up, then kill themselves when the job is done. — Hope Green

ask the professor

Inquiries About the World, Answered by BU Faculty

Why don’t all birds fly south for the winter? How do the ones who don’t survive?
— Fred Huette (CAS’77)

"Why do birds migrate in the first place? Is it because of the cold weather?" begins Eric Widmaier, CAS associate professor of biology. "Indirectly, yes, but the real reason is that the cold weather reduces food resources like insects and seeds. Thus, birds in the Northeast — which contains the highest percentage of migratory bird species in North America — are cued in to the seasons by the changing day length. As days get shorter, hormonal and neural changes make the birds restless. We see that each year around Labor Day, when large groups of starlings, sparrows, and others seem to act strangely, flying back and forth in great groups from one tree to another. This restlessness is a muscular exercise that prepares them for the upcoming long flight. They also start to fatten up around that time, so that they have fuel resources for the arduous journey. Once they reach their wintering grounds, they eat what they can find. Typically, wintering grounds are less reliably productive for food resources than the breeding grounds in the north. Spring and summer in the north bring an explosion of available food for birds.

"Now, why do some birds stick around in the winter? I suspect that in large part this is due to the influence of human beings on the environment. Many birds have become excellent scavengers; just ask any homeowner who spots the crows pecking through the barrel on trash day. A good example of a bird who has learned to live off human generosity and wastefulness is the Canada goose. These animals normally winter in the Carolinas and elsewhere, but can be seen virtually all over the Northeast throughout the winter. The fat they store on their bodies during the fall helps insulate them from the weather, and gives them a fuel reserve if they are not lucky or resourceful enough to find food for a while. As long as they hustle (note how birds in the winter are often found perched or sitting close to each other) for warmth and find shelter of a sort from the wind and elements (you can see pigeons in nooks and crannies of large buildings, under bridges, and in similar places), they will probably not freeze to death, any more than any other warm-blooded animal would freeze under those conditions.

"There may also be a physiological mechanism, such as a hormonal trigger, that is linked to the fat content of the body. Thus, if a bird was unsuccessful in obtaining sufficient food during autumn, this hormone and others may signal the bird’s brain that migration is not possible. This theory has never been directly tested, but makes good sense."

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

Rikki Klieman walks with aplomb along the fuzzy line separating the American legal system from the world of entertainment. For Klieman (LAW '75), whose work as an anchor on Court TV has made her one of the most recognized lawyers in the country, that blurry area is bread and butter. As a former actress, as a legal junkie who loves a good homicide trial, and as an educator fond of debating the ethics of crime, punishment, and prevention, it's also where her passion lies.

It didn't take the O. J. case to show Klieman that law makes good theater. One reason she got into the courtroom in the first place was to satisfy a desire to perform. She'd attempted a career on the New York stage in the early 1970s, having earned a degree in acting from Northwestern University. When the casting calls lost their charm, she took the advice of a former professor and applied to BU's School of Law.

After graduation she quickly built a reputation as a tough, competent litigator. In 1983, while still in her mid-thirties, she was named by Time magazine one of the top five female trial lawyers in the country. She was a county prosecutor in Massachusetts before going into private practice and eventually starting her own firm, Klieman, Lyons, Schindler and Gross, with which she remains affiliated. She gained notoriety, media attention, and respect as a defense attorney in several highly publicized cases, including representing Ginger Twitchell, Christian Science officer's death. She also represented Katherine Anne Power, a Vietnam War protestor of their child by refusing traditional medical care. She also represented Katherine Anne Power, a Vietnam War protestor, who'd been living as a fugitive for more than twenty years after taking part in a Boston bank robbery that resulted in a police officer's death.

In 1995, shortly after becoming an analyst at Court TV, she told a reporter that she'd landed her dream job. Today her on-camera work has expanded significantly, and she calls it a "dream job times two." Court TV's gavel-to-gavel coverage of live trials has always had a cult following, but ratings boomed during the O. J. Simpson trial, which Klieman covered every day, boosting her own fame in the process. "I sat on a scaffold at a place in history," she says. "I was there for the verdict. What could be better than that?" Klieman became a true O. J. insider, and she says that "for those of us who watched the case every minute of every day, the verdict was not a surprise. We generally agreed that there was only one possible verdict, which was not guilty, based on the ineptitude of the prosecution."

She's still tickled by what she views as the perks of her job. Closing out each day's live coverage, she selects guests — the trial's important players — to bring on camera for a recap of the day's action. "We get to talk about issues that are critical to the trial we're covering, and issues that are broader-based," she says enthusiastically. "I get to entertain and educate and interact all the time." She anchors special presentations for the network, some of which, including a new who-done-it-and-why series called Prime Suspects, she's developed and pitched herself. In the wake of the Amadou Diallo case, she's also working on a special investigation of police training techniques. "And now we're taking the greatest trials of the century and airing them in condensed versions over holidays," she says. "We did the Betty Broderick murder trial last Thanksgiving, and they literally had to pull me off the set. We had Meredith Baxter Birney on [she had played the spurned wife to a T in a cheesily captivating TV movie based on the New Jersey case], and I thought, 'Do they actually pay me for this?'"

Klieman gets the same kick out of life off camera. After years of teaching at the School of Law, she's continuing the tradition in New York, heading a trial advocacy class at Columbia University. She's maintained her affiliation with her alma mater, though, serving as an advisor to Dean Ronald Cass on LAW's Board of Visitors. She speaks nationally on issues ranging from crime prevention to self-esteem among young women, and she's working on a book proposal. And then there is her husband, William Bratton, former police commissioner of Boston and New York City and potential New York political candidate, who matches Klieman's passions — and high profile — stroke for stroke.

"When I think of who I am," she says, "I'm a lawyer who is an educator and was an actress." Now all those roles have finally come together. — Bari Walsh

PHOTOGRAPH: COURTESY OF COURT TV
Internet to TV — “See Ya”

The Internet is due for another morph, according to a Forbes article earlier this year, now that “content is back.” Journalists love these statements of the obvious: think of those Vogue covers proclaiming each fall that “black is back.” But the question of what’s on the Internet is actually more complex than it seems, according to Brian Bedoi (COM’80), the subject of the Forbes piece.

Bedoi is a founder of Fusient Media Ventures, an incubator, as cyber-parlance has it, for start-up companies seeking to provide content for the Web — entertainment, information, music, sports, games, and other kinds of “programming,” all of which will make the Internet more like television and less like a shopping mall. Bedoi’s is one of the first incubators to support entertainment; most similar ventures have backed e-commerce outlets or technology companies offering nuts-and-bolts Internet-building services. Fusient’s motivating philosophy is that as the Net transforms itself into a broadband medium, with fully interactive audio and video capabilities, content will become as important as the Net as programming is to television. Bedoi wants to nurture the most promising creative companies and help them find the right online distributors.

A glance at Bedoi’s résumé explains the television tie-in. After a brief stint in advertising, he landed his dream job — the dream job of any early-twenty-something — writing on-air promotions for MTV, still a month away from its launch when Bedoi arrived. He moved on to promotion and programming for the Movie Channel, MTV’s sister network, then earned an M.B.A. from Harvard Business School while he worked on the team that developed another cable television essential, Nick at Nite. Later, at Time Warner, he developed Court TV and oversaw marketing and creative operations for Six Flags amusement parks.

The worlds of entertainment, sports, and media were converging around him. He and his wife, Judith Markowitz (COM’81), would flip back and forth between Nick at Nite and ESPN in the evening, and somewhere in that flipping Bedoi hatched an idea: a Nick at Nite for sports. “Nick at Nite had done a great job of becoming more a place than a channel,” he says. “You could see the emotional bond that memories created, and there are probably no stronger memories for certain demographics than sports memories.”

Along with Stephen Greenberg, a former deputy commissioner of major league baseball (and now Fusient’s chairman), Bedol founded Classic Sports Network, a cable channel that tapped the nostalgia market with broadcasts of vintage sports events. “I knew we’d hit a nerve when USA Today ran a cartoon of a guy reading a newspaper and talking to his wife,” Bedoi recalls. “He said, ‘Look, honey, now there’s a channel that has twenty-four hours of sports reruns.’ And her thought bubble was, ‘Good, now I can leave with no regrets.’”

But launching the station was not easy given the nature of cable television. “Our suppliers [professional sports leagues] were monopolies, and our customers [cable operators] were monopolies, and we were basically the baloney in the sandwich. Some of the largest media companies in the country politely told us in meetings that they were going to wipe us out of business. You learn in situations like that how to maneuver through death traps,” he says.

A breakthrough came when Classic Sports made it onto Channel 3, a broadcast channel in New York City. Once the New York media noticed, advertisers did too. Fans, of course, had noticed first, as Bedoi learned the day after the station went on the air in Manhattan. “I heard two homeless guys walking down the street having a conversation about who won the Ali-Foreman fight the night before. They’d been watching Classic Sports.

One guy said, ‘Foreman killed him,’ and the other guy said, ‘Nah, Ali’s the greatest.’ I’m thinking, this is pretty cool. Then I get to a restaurant and sit down for dinner, and I overhear this conversation at the table next to me. Two successful, wealthy New York businessmen are having the exact same argument.”

Once Classic Sports was up and running, ESPN made Bedol and Greenberg an offer they couldn’t refuse, and they sold the network (now called ESPN Classic) for an estimated $175 million. “Certain people have the entrepreneurial virus,” Bedoi says. “I get pleasure out of the conception and initial execution. With Fusient, I get to be involved in not just one start-up, but a portfolio.”

Fusient will nurture companies — fifteen to twenty a year, Bedoi hopes — by evaluating business plans, providing management, office space, and funding, and securing exclusive contracts with existing entertainment sites. He sees big things on the horizon: “There will be Internet versions of big media brands like CNN, ESPN, and MTV. There will be experiences that haven’t yet been invented that will someday turn into profitable businesses.” And as these new breeds are born, Bedol will be there to put them on our screens. — Bari Walsh

Photograph: Bari Walsh

P R O F I L E S
Ron — Vox Pop and Pop Vox

He hums a few bars from a Puccini opera. Then radio show host Ron Della Chiesa discusses the seeds of his passion for music and radio broadcasting in the mellifluous voice so familiar to his fans for more than thirty years. “My father sang Italian arias to me growing up,” he says, and when eleven-year-old Della Chiesa (CGS’57, COM’59) went to his first opera, La Bohème, at the old Boston Opera House, he fell in love with “opera’s magic.” Touring a radio station with his father inspired the other ingredient in his career. Young Della Chiesa promptly set up a pretend studio at home, reading news, tapping music, and imitating his favorite radio personalities on a gift recorder.

He discovered jazz as a high school student during the fifties, attending performances by Billie Holiday, Buddy Rich, Oscar Peterson, Ella Fitzgerald, and Charlie Parker in the touring Philharmonic jazz programs at Boston’s Symphony Hall. He hung out at radio stations and began attending the annual Newport Jazz Festival, created in 1954 by George Wein (CAS’50) (see page 30).

Already hooked on radio broadcasting when he entered Boston University Junior College, precursor to the College of General Studies, Della Chiesa worked at BU’s WBUR (then run by students, now a National Public Radio affiliate) and listened to live music at Boston clubs. After graduating from the College of Communication, he worked at a sequence of Boston radio stations, including WBOS, WBCN, and widely influential public radio station WGBH.

In 1977 he created “GBH’s MusicAmerica,” the hugely popular program he hosted for eighteen years. The show was a potpourri from America’s songbook, with guest appearances by visiting pop and jazz musicians, all interspersed with Della Chiesa’s knowledgeable commentary. “Ron’s given local artists a chance to get heard,” says classmate Bob Parker (CGS’56, COM’59), who occasionally appeared on the show with records from his extensive collection of pop vocals. “He’s done an awful lot to get good music on the air.”

Della Chiesa brings his abundant knowledge of classical, jazz, and pop music, as well as of the musicians he admires, to the public ear. Dave McKenna, described by Della Chiesa as “arguably one of the best solo piano players in the history of jazz,” says, “Ron’s always been good to musicians. He has a genuine love for American pop music and he has kept some of that music alive.” Among the many musicians whose work Della Chiesa has supported, McKenna cites saxophonist Dick Johnson, current leader of the Artie Shaw Band, and Ruby Braff, cornetist and trumpeter, who plays with what Della Chiesa describes as lyrical beauty.

He has many friends in the music business, including Tony Bennett among the closest. WBUR’s Connection talk-show host Christopher Lydon says his former WGBH colleague Della Chiesa has “really hung in over the long term for his taste, and remained himself.”

WGBH dropped MusicAmerica in 1995 to add more classical programming, despite Vesuvian objections from disappointed fans. Since then, Della Chiesa has hosted WGBH’s Classics in the Morning on weekdays, The Jazz Songbook on Friday evenings, and live broadcasts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from Symphony Hall on Friday afternoons during the season and from Tanglewood on Sunday afternoons in the summer. MusicAmerica has moved to WPLM-FM (99.1) on Saturday nights, hosted, of course, by Della Chiesa, whose loyal audience has doubled the station’s listenership in that time slot. At PLM he is cultivating a new generation of “Ol’ Blue Eyes” fans with another of his creations, Strictly Sinatra, on Sundays.

Having grown up during the golden age of radio, listening to the Voice of Firestone and comedians Jack Benny and Fred Allen, “who were funny and entertaining without being vulgar,” Della Chiesa finds some of today’s radio hosting cynical. “Commercial radio is talk, excessive and mediocre talk. The media reflect the times. Radio has become bottom-line economics. Fortunately we have the Chris Lydons of the world. And for every Howard Stern (COM’71), there’s an Isaac Stern.”

Still, he remains optimistic. “Really great musical talent will always surface,” Della Chiesa says. “There will always be the kind of radio for the kind of music I like to do.” He hears the connections among musical genres, from big band to symphony, and experiences a mystical quality in great music. “There’s spirituality in music,” he says. “For example, listening to a Louis Armstrong solo can have the same effect on me as a Sibelius symphony or a Sargent painting or a Puccini opera. Quality will always rise above mediocrity. We have an inner self that needs a guide to bring it out. I open the door for listeners — bring them in.”

— Jean Hennelly Keith

Music host Ron Della Chiesa behind the mike at WGBH.
Finland's Tommi Degerman, the University's first European-born hockey captain, is the quiet leader behind the stunning resurgence that has made BU the biggest surprise in eastern college hockey.

BY JACK FALLA

It All Started with the Finnish Captain

He doesn’t notice it, much less comprehend it as amusing coincidence, but when Tommi Degerman walks into T. Anthony’s Restaurant for breakfast at ten a.m. on Presidents Day, the jukebox begins blasting Roxanne by the Police. The song’s incessantly repeated refrain — “You don’t have to turn on the red light” — pulsating through the Commonwealth Avenue eatery could serve as the theme song for Degerman’s senior year, BU’s first with a European-born hockey captain. Though Degerman (CAS’00) has turned on the red goal light a team-leading seventeen times with four games left in the regular season, it is his underpublicized defensive tenacity and quiet knack of command that has brought the young and once lightly regarded Terriers back from last year’s 14-20-3 season and a lowly fifth-place pick in September’s Hockey East preseason coaches’ poll to their position this morning as the number one team in Hockey East, the number three team in the nation (behind Wisconsin and North Dakota), winners of a record sixth consecutive Beanpot championship, and the biggest story in eastern college hockey.

If Degerman seemed happy with his new team, it may have been because the organization with which he was previously ac-

Jack Falla (COM’67,’90) is a former Sports Illustrated staff writer, an adjunct professor at the College of Communication, and a regular contributor to Bostonia.
tive was the Finnish Army — as a sergeant in charge of an eight-
man counterintelligence unit. Army days began at five-thirty a.m. and could run until five or six o'clock at night and be fol-
lowed by a hockey practice with Espoo, his club team. On week-
ends a dead-tired Degerman often drove an hour or more to
games. “I remember driving back from a game late on a Sun-
day night and knowing I’d have to get up at five-thirty Mon-
day morning. That’s when I decided to come to Boston and get
my education,” he says in the accented English he has been
speaking since the third grade.

Fortunately, the army let him skate. Thus, Sergeant Deger-
man is on an annually renewable leave to complete his educa-
predictably, most of BU’s younger players — nine of them
teenagers when the season began — call Degerman Sarge.
Sometimes they call him Grandpa. A few ask if he’s entitled to
senior citizen meal discounts.

Age of Anxiety

Later in the morning Degerman, the first player to show up
for what will be an early afternoon practice, sits at a table in the
players lounge. He’s wearing a black crewneck, long-sleeve shirt
tucked into light brown chinos, giving his 6’2”, 205-pound body a trim, sculpted look. His thinning blond hair is in orderly
retreat over his forehead. A few scars show through the blonde
stubble on his chin. When he smiles, his eyes narrow to slits as
if holding himself apart from the physiognomic merri-
ment. Tommi Degerman doesn’t lose focus. He is, this morn-
ing, three days shy of his twenty-fourth birthday. He looks
older. Other players enter in groups of two and three. Most
nod a greeting. Degerman nods back. Only two players speak
and all they say is “Hi.” Degerman is clearly respected. If play-
ers make fun of his age, it is only because he lets them.

“Some of these kids are just teenagers,” says Degerman as
a group of players files past silently. True, but they are some of
the best teenage players in the country and four of them — for-
wards Dan Cavanaugh (SMG’02), nineteen, and John Sabo
(MET’03), eighteen, defenseman Pat Aufiero (MET’02), nine-
teen, and goalie Rick DiPietro (CAS’03), eighteen — played
for the United States in the 2000 World Junior Championships.
By contrast, five years ago Degerman was among the last cuts
from Finland’s junior national team. “It was pretty rough,”
he says. “They just send you a letter listing the players who
made the team and a few alternates. I was an alternate. But al-
ternates don’t go.” And while he was drafted by the National
Hockey League’s Mighty Ducks of Anaheim in 1997, he was
the team’s last pick, the 235th choice overall, and not claimed
until the ninth and final round. When he goes to his first pro
camp in September, he knows his best chance to make the show
is his savvy and willful defense.

“He’s one of the best defensive forwards we’ve ever had
here,” says Parker. Indeed, if you’re compiling the short list of
great Terrier defensive forwards, Degerman ranks with Chris
Drury (CAS’98), Peter Marshall (CGS’83, MET’86), Mike
Eruzione (SED’77), and Parker (SMG’88) himself.

As a right wing, Degerman is assigned to shut down the
opponent’s left wing. “The trick is to get the jump on the
wing and seal him off from the puck. In back-checking it’s
better to be a second early than a second late,” says Degerman.
Players who are a second late tend to get penalties for hooking
and tripping. Degerman is rarely penalized. Through the first
thirty-two games of the season he drew only eight penalties,
all minors. But no player is shrewder at pushing the regulatory
boundaries. “I pitchfork ’em a little bit,” says Degerman, re-
fering to his tendency to get his stick in front of an onrushing
forward.

In a 4-3 home win over Providence February 19 — a game
in which Degerman scores the tying and winning goals —
referee Jim Fitzgerald spends much of his evening shouting at
the BU captain, “Let him go . . . let him go,” as Degerman
slows up Friar left wings Drew Omicioli and Mike Lucci.
Degerman obligingly lets go and is never whistled for a penalty.
But no Friar left wing gets a goal or an assist.

“Even on nights he’s not scoring he’s a monster on de-
defense,” says Assistant Coach Mike Bavis, watching Degerman
practice. The team runs a back-checking drill that is a two-
man offensive rush, with the defensive forward checking back
on the open winger. On the first two rushes Degerman is on
the open wing like a hound on a hare. But he is beaten on the
third rush, where the wing takes a pass six feet in front of the
goal, only to have Degerman reach in from behind and lift the
would-be shooter’s stick. No shot. On the fourth rush Deger-
man seems hopelessly behind a wing who is drawing back his
stick to slap an oncoming pass. But at the top of the backswing,
Degerman grabs the stick, spins the player around, and the two
go crashing into the crossbar. Degerman, to steal a line from

More than just a teenager: like his team’s twenty-four-year-old
captain, eighteen-year-old freshman goalie Rick DiPietro has
been one of the keys to the Terriers’ astonishing success this season.
Shakespeare, is "much more the better for being a little bad."

But lately Degerman is a threat at both ends of the rink. At the table in the players lounge he takes a notebook and diagrams his two third-period goals that beat Providence. Left wing Chris Heron (COM'00), Degerman's roommate for four years and linemate for two, assisted on both. Degerman is bragging on his roomie's assist on the tying goal — "I don't see how Chris got the pass through two defensemen's sticks . . ." — when Heron walks in and the bragging gives way to verbal high-sticking. "Yeah, Chris thought I was going to pass to him on the winning goal. Hah!" says Degerman, who won the game when he broke in from the right with Heron cutting in from the left. Using Heron as a decoy, Degerman snapped a perfect shot over goalie Boyd Ballard's shoulder and barely under the crossbar, a feat as difficult as putting the puck through the slats of a venetian blind. The goal not only won the game, but tied Degerman and Heron for the team scoring lead, each with seventeen goals, twenty assists, thirty-seven points. "I couldn't believe you wouldn't pass to me," says Heron, rolling his eyes in mock dismay.

The two insist there is no side bet for winning the team scoring title, "but if we end up tied," says Degerman, "I should get it because I have to handle Chris's wobbly passes."

**Oldies . . . but Goodies**

Heron and Degerman are elders of the tribe. Even small things like their taste in music set them apart from their teenage teammates. "I'm a huge Springsteen fan. Chris likes Led Zeppelin and Pink Floyd," says Degerman of artists whom the younger Terriers would regard as nostalgia acts.

"The guys, especially the young guys, have a lot of respect for Tommi," says Heron. "Tommi's not the kind of captain who stands up in the dressing room and gets in your face. He talks to guys individually. When he talks, we definitely listen."

Degerman did some timely talking before this year's Beanpot final. "I had to calm some guys down," he says. "Especially the kids who grew up here. They were too jacked up, too emotional about the Beanpot, and you're not going to play your best that way." Having talked the talk, Degerman walked the walk by scoring the winning goal in a 4-1 victory over Boston College.

Degerman is still smiling as he sits in front of his wooden dressing stall in the Terrier locker room and talks about a season that has so far exceeded even the most optimistic expectations.

Asked what accounts for the team's success, Degerman points above his locker to a small white plastic oval bearing the word *One* in red letters. The same small sign is attached to every locker. "Before the season Coach Parker took us on a retreat to Cape Cod, and we talked about what kind of season we wanted to have. We decided we wanted to be one team with one goal. Then Coach got these signs made up."

In reality, the Terriers are one team with four goals. Another sign — the product of a computer and an ink jet printer — is taped to the door of the lounge. It lists the team's self-determined goals for the season, and it reads:


Below it another homemade sign reads: "One Down. Three to Go."

"I think we can do it. We've got great goaltending, and some of these kids are really talented," says Degerman of his team's chances at a national title.

National title or not, Degerman, the sergeant-turned-captain, will be remembered for showing a young team the way back from a dark season. Few have held the torch of leadership higher, or with it, cast a brighter light.
Wearing the Red, White, and Blue — and Gold

It happened more than twenty years ago, but to many sports fans it seems like yesterday. On February 22, 1980, the U.S. Olympic hockey team pulled off one of the greatest upsets of all time when it defeated Russia, a team that had been unbeaten in Olympic competition since 1968. The Yanks then triumphed over Finland to capture the gold medal at Lake Placid, New York.

The winning goal against Russia was scored by Mike Eruzione (SED’77), now director of development for Boston University athletics. The Olympians, including Eruzione, Jack O’Callahan (CAS’79), Dave Silk (CAS’80, GSM’93), and Jim Craig (SED’79), were honored on CBS in December when the 1980 Miracle on Ice was chosen by Sports Illustrated as the Greatest Sports Moment of the Century.

Media coverage of the classic where-were-you moment continued in February. The game’s twentieth anniversary garnered several pages of memories in the Boston Globe and Boston Herald.

Two decades ago, BU commemorated the accomplishment by naming the intersection of Babcock and Ashford streets — in front of the Case Athletic Center — Olympic Four Place. At a rededication ceremony in 1995, Eruzione recalled the derailment of the Big Red Machine.

“Under the puck left my stick I knew it was in. I shot it exactly where I wanted to,” he said. “But there were still ten minutes left. I never thought it was going to turn into the winning goal. But it was.”

O’Callahan, who later played with the National Hockey League’s Chicago Black Hawks, said at the rededication that the U.S. gold medal helped demonstrate that American-born players could not only skate with the best in the world, they could also compete effectively in the NHL — which at the time was dominated by Canadian-born players. Craig, who stopped thirty-six Soviet shots in the game, played with several NHL teams, including the Boston Bruins. Silk had a seven-year career in the NHL, with the Bruins, the New York Rangers, the Detroit Red Wings, and the Winnipeg Jets.

“The Olympic gold medal,” said O’Callahan, “was definitely a factor in breaking the Canadian general managers’ built-in resistance to drafting Americans.”

Mike Eruzione is mobbed by teammates Jack O’Callahan, David Silk, and Jim Craig (clockwise from left) after he scored the decisive goal against the USSR in the 1980 Winter Olympics.

Photographs: BU Photo Services, Associated Press
Centennial Celebration for Research Center

Exploring society's evolution has always been a part of the mission of the American Schools of Oriental Research (ASOR), now it has a special reason to take a look at its future. This year ASOR marks its 100th anniversary with worldwide celebrations honoring the centennial of America's largest collaborative of Near East scholars.

The purpose of the ASOR remains what it was 100 years ago: to support research (including archaeological expeditions and language and cultural studies) in the Middle East, and to distribute this research through such publications as the *Journal of Cuneiform Studies* and *Near Eastern Archaeology*. Boston University, one of ASOR’s charter members, is now the organization’s permanent host; in the summer of 1996, ASOR moved to the Charles River Campus.

ASOR originally focused on the Holy Land (in 1900, the term Oriental referred to any lands east of Europe), with the first research outpost in Jerusalem. Today it also operates centers in Amman, Jordan, and Nicosia, Cyprus, and hopes to rebuild an abandoned center in Baghdad, Iraq, and to establish an outpost in Saudi Arabia.

“All the centers are independent,” says Rudolph Dornemann, ASOR executive director. “They have their own boards of directors, and they do their own thing, but ASOR is the umbrella.”

“Almost all the major accomplishments of American archaeologists have been involved with ASOR,” he says. Among them is John Trevor’s and W. F. Albright’s identification of the Dead Sea Scrolls in the 1940s.

ASOR’s goals for its second century include providing fellowships for students working overseas. Over the last academic year, ASOR and its affiliated centers have awarded fellowships to more than seventy participants.

One particularly pressing issue this century is development in the Middle East, where ancient artifacts are being destroyed. “Our biggest crisis is to get the material before it disappears,” Dornemann says, “and then to get it available in a scholarly form that can

In addition to using ASOR’s three overseas research centers, members conduct research in other areas of the Middle East, including Egypt, Yemen, Turkey, and Syria. This terra-cotta female figurine dating to the end of the early Bronze Age was discovered in four pieces during an excavation at Tell Qarqur, Syria, in 1997.
be integrated into the whole system of ancient studies."

ASOR's constituency now includes 130 institutions and 1,400 individual members. Last year's annual meeting in Boston drew approximately 500 participants. "Participation in the meeting has almost doubled in the past couple of years, and the number of papers delivered at the meeting has almost doubled as well," says Dornemann.

“Our centennial celebration in Washington, D.C., will be somewhat of an annual meeting, but also a chance to catch up, look back, and look to the future,” he says. Among celebratory events is a gala, with First Lady Hillary Clinton as honorary patron, launching a weekend of lectures and programs, followed by celebrations overseas, both festive and scholarly.

— Midge Raymond

Recipes for Disaster Relief

Proceeds from the sale of an international cookbook published by the Hubert H. Humphrey Fellowship Program at BU will aid Rwandan orphans. The fellowship program, part of the Fulbright exchanges, brings midcareer professionals from developing countries to study at selected U.S. universities. The World Family Cookbook contains 101 international recipes, assembled by Humphrey Fellowship alumni worldwide. Since most of the labor and production costs were donated or discounted, nearly all money from the sale of the book will go to establish an agricultural counseling center to help orphaned teenagers and children trying to farm their land and keep their families together, reports Ksenya Khinchuk, BU program director. Send a check or money order for $25 plus $2 shipping and handling to Children of War in Africa, Hubert H. Humphrey Fellowship Program, 704 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, MA 02215. Please include your name, address, city, state, zip code, phone number, fax number, and e-mail address.

Silver and Gold

It was about reunion and friendship, struggle and victory. The overriding theme was the love of competition. On February 6, members of the Boston University women's athletic community and their fans gathered at the George Sherman Union to celebrate the silver anniversary of women's varsity sports at BU. Beginning with crew in the 1974–75 season, nine varsity sports were established for women in the 1970s. Averill Haines, senior woman administrator for athletics, who has been instrumental in the development of BU women's varsity sports from their inception, gave a historical perspective of women's sports nationally in the twentieth century. Representing every decade since the twenties, BU Hall of Fame alumnae, including Olympians

George Makechnie (SED'29,'31, Hon.'79), dean emeritus of Sargent College, spoke warmly of his longtime friend and colleague Howard Thurman at the John F. Kennedy Library and Museum in Boston at a February program cosponsored by BU's Thurman Center. In the background, BU's Inner Strength Gospel Choir.

Thurman (1900–1981), dean of Marsh Chapel from 1953 to 1965, was honored in the centennial year of his birth as a spiritual leader, an important influence on the civil rights movement, and a continuing voice for diverse, interactive communities. An update on the center and its activities will appear in the fall Bostonia.
and All-Americans, recalled their BU days wearing the scarlet and white.

Mary Pratt (SAR '40), best known for her stint as a pitcher in the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League in the 1940s (portrayed in the film *A League of Their Own*), described how the limited sports opportunities and restrictive game rules for women of her day have evolved to “permit girls to show their natural ability. How proud I am to see the women athletes today, who have endurance, finesse, and good sportsmanship.”

Ann Coakley (SAR'48) was one of several Sargent alumnae who saluted their college’s long tradition of cultivating women’s athletics. Terrier basketball sensation Debbie Miller-Palmore (SED'81) applauded the increase in professional sports opportunities for women. And Olympian yachtswoman Lynn Jewell Shore (CGS'79, SED'82), on the first women’s sailing team to win a gold medal, in Seoul, South Korea, in 1988, said that women’s sports began to break the glass ceiling, with increased media coverage and recognition, in the eighties. She noted that her sailing experience at BU taught her “to be persistent, overcome challenges, be dedicated, and to balance education with sports.”

President Jon Westling said of the University’s athletics program for women, “The past is bright; the present is brighter still.” — Jean Hennelly Keith

In February, President Jon Westling, his wife, Elizabeth, and Vice President for Development and Alumni Relations Christopher Reaske visited with some 860 members of the University community in Puerto Rico and Florida. Nearly 300 attended the reception in San Juan, the first major University event ever held in Puerto Rico.

*In Miami, Jon Westling (from left) with Jim Edwards (SMG’63), Deb Edwards, and Itchko Ezraty, father of Maya (COM’98) and Misha (SMG’01).*

*Sid Feltenstein (COM’62) and Lisa Feltenstein (right) were the hosts at a dinner honoring Jon Westling in Miami. Among the guests were Oscar Wasserman (SMG’56, LAW’59) and Elaine Wasserman (left).*

“You have to keep your eye on what’s important to you,” Olympia Dukakis (SAR'53, SFA'57) told theatre arts division students during a February 14 visit to SEA, when she watched student scenes, answered questions, and offered encouragement.
Filming What Matters to the Heart

An enthusiastic thumbs-up from COM students proved to be a good omen for The Cider House Rules last November, when producer Richard Gladstein (COM’83) hosted a prerelease screening on campus at the Nickelodeon Theatre. As Bostonia goes to press, Cider House heads to the Academy Awards with Oscar nominations in seven categories.

During an animated Q-and-A, Gladstein encouraged the aspiring producers, directors, and writers in the audience to take jobs as assistants in the business to get an overview of its various aspects and positions. “Keep your eyes open and be inquisitive; assistants learn how to become producers and agents — it’s a great way to move up.” He described his ascent in the filmmaking business from “schlepper” in production-related positions in New York (“I was the guy who had to keep the dogs in the neighborhood from barking” during shoots) to independent L.A. producer, heading his own company, FilmColony. After he moved to the West Coast, he joined LIVE Video, and along the way met a charismatic video store clerk named Quentin Tarantino, whose debut film, Reservoir Dogs, he championed and for which he was executive producer. He became head of production for Miramax, where he was an executive for several years before starting FilmColony. He has produced She’s All That, Hurllyburly, and Things to Do in Denver When You’re Dead, written and directed respectively by Scott Rosenberg (COM’85) and Gary Fleder (COM’85).

In a recent interview with Bostonia, Gladstein says he “couldn’t be more overjoyed” at the nominations for The Cider House Rules, describing it as the first film he’s produced that “reaches to touch the heart.” After reading the novel five years ago on which the film is based, Gladstein met with author John Irving for permission to film and to discuss shaping and paring down the 700-page book into a two-hour screenplay. Gladstein found “the humanity of the story — children longing to be adopted, the complexity of a woman’s decision to have or not have an abortion — its moral dilemmas and choices, extremely dynamic and extraordinarily appealing.”

About an orphan’s journey beyond the walls of the sheltering orphanage of his boyhood in Maine to the realities of working life in an orchard, living among a family of apple pickers and experiencing sex, romance, and personal betrayal for the first time, Cider House explores choosing rules for living. “It’s easy to make rules living in isolation,” says Gladstein, “but you need to find out for yourself, through experience, which rules you want to follow.”

The film’s director, Lasse Hallström, whose style Gladstein describes as collaborative, inviting consultation and contribution, is nominated for an Academy Award as best director for Cider House. Tobey Maguire plays Homer Wells, the orphan prophetically named by orphanage physician and father figure Dr. Larch, played by Michael Caine with, says Gladstein, the right balance of “compassionate bullying.” The veteran Academy Award-winning actor is nominated for best supporting actor.

Gladstein has another Irving book in development for film, A Son of the
Circus. In fact, FilmColony, which has a “first-look” arrangement with Miramax, usually has ten or fifteen projects in various stages of development simultaneously with Miramax and several other studios. “The hardest thing about being a producer is that every day, every minute, you need to be self-motivated, constantly looking for stories to tell and finding creative and financial partners,” says Gladstein. “It’s difficult and time-consuming. They don’t drop out of the sky; you have to invent.”

Charles Merzbacher, COM associate professor of film, calls Gladstein an important figure in the film industry who “has always managed to support adventurous, groundbreaking films and filmmakers.” Gladstein says, “There are all kinds of producers. Some deal just with logistics; some deal just with the business, get the money; and some focus just on the creative, work on the script. What I enjoy doing is a little bit of everything.”

Evenings and weekends, Darren Sauvé (SMG’01) and about fifty other students work for Telefund, phoning alumni to raise money for the University. A Telefund caller since his freshman year, Darren says, “I like to talk with alumni and see what they’ve done in their lives.”

Darren has big plans of his own for after graduation: in addition to attending graduate school, he aspires to return to Paris, where he lived as a teenager, and open a chain of hotels.

BU at the Oscars

B oston University alumni will be a strong presence at the 2000 Academy Awards. As Bostonia goes to press, The Cider House Rules, produced by Richard Gladstein (COM’83), boasts nominations for “bests” in seven categories: picture, supporting actor (Michael Caine), director (Lasse Hallström), art direction, original score, film editing, and adapted screenplay.

Julianne Moore (SFA’83) is nominated for best actress for her role opposite Ralph Fiennes in Columbia Pictures’ The End of the Affair, based on the Graham Greene novel. Previously nominated for her work in Boogie Nights, Moore also costars this season with Jason Robards and Tom Cruise in Oscar-nominated Magnolia and with Sigourney Weaver in A Map of the World, based on Jane Hamilton’s novel. Over the years, Academy Award-winning BU alumni include Faye Dunaway (SFA’62) for best actress in Network in 1977, Olympia Dukakis (SAR’53, SFA’57) for best supporting actress in Moonstruck in 1988, and Geena Davis (SFA’79) for best supporting actress in The Accidental Tourist in 1989.

Julianne Moore portrays an unsatisfied wife in Columbia Pictures’ The End of the Affair.
As usual, *Bostonia* is crammed with news of University programs, professors, and students. This issue has some particularly fascinating profiles: you’ll certainly be impressed with the achievements and enthusiasms of alumnus Ray Nasher, posing on the cover with what he describes affectionately as his “friends”; CAS alum George Wein, founder of the Newport Jazz Festival; and several others. There also are excerpts from two new books by UNI Professors Saul Bellow and Elie Wiesel, and reports on several significant research projects. And a lot more.

Reports on the University and its most distinguished alumni are interesting and exciting, and I always enjoy reading them. But whenever my *Bostonia* arrives, I open it first to Class Notes, to catch up on news of old friends. However proud we are of our alma mater and its growth, our strongest ties are our memories: of classes, activities, and particularly, friends.

Like *Bostonia*, the Reunion 2000 schedule is full and varied: there will be lectures, exhibits, award ceremonies, Boston University Night at the Pops, and events at which we can meet students and their parents. But like *Bostonia*, Reunion offers us first and foremost a chance to catch up with acquaintances and to reminisce.

If you are a member of a class ending in 0 or 5, or finished CGS in a year ending in 8 or 3, you may have already received an announcement of Reunion events. SFA and the schools of dentistry, medicine, and law have their own reunions. But if you are an alum of those schools or a member of another class, you’re also welcome; just request an invitation from the University Alumni Events office at 800/800-3466 or reunion@bu.edu to receive an invitation.

I hope you’ll do as I have, and write REUNION in big letters in your datebook across May 19 to 21, and then contact some friends and urge them to come; the Alumni Events office will be glad to send you phone numbers and addresses. The more of your friends who come, the merrier your Reunion will be.

See you at Reunion!

Tino Galuzzo (COM'69)

Whether you’re coming back for the first time, or for the fiftieth, call your friends and arrange to meet on campus.

Reunion 2000

May 19–21

Reunion 2000 classes are '30, '35, '40, '45, '50, '55, '60, '65, '70, '75, '80, '85, '90, and '95. (CGS years ending in 3 or 8; UNI and MET, all years.)

Request an invitation from the Office of University Alumni Events at 800/800-3466 or reunion@bu.edu.
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 alumnus, to Alumni Records at the address above.

**1930s**

*Charlotte Grossman (PAL'35) of Sunny Isles Beach, Fla., keeps busy by visiting her children and grandchildren, reading best-sellers, “cruising,” attending the theater, working with the Hodassat Concerned Citizens of Dade County, and playing canasta.*

*Janet P. Nelson (PAL'35) of Branford, Conn., is the proud great-grandmother of two boys and three girls, the children of her two grandsons. She writes, “I will celebrate my real birthday in 2000 — I was born on leap year.”*


**1940s**

*Virginia L. Stockford (PAL'45) of South Yarmouth, Mass., retired to Cape Cod with her husband, Philip, after having lived in Hamilton for 28 years. She and Philip celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary this year and have two married daughters and four grandchildren. Virginia reports that they love the Cape and enjoy traveling, walking, and reading.*

**1950s**

*Jean Humphrey Enders (PAL'50) of Gofford, N.H., writes, “I feel that most of us are thinking, Wow, 50 years! 27 Garrison Street brings back vivid memories. As far as I can find out, I am the youngest in our class — September 4, 1929. Can anyone disqualify me from this dubious honor?*

This reunion will be a blast and probably awesome. Bill and I continue to live at Lake Winnipesaukee, where we do loads of volunteer work and truly enjoy our travels.*

*Rose-Ellen Griffin Leahy (PAL'50) of Norwell, Mass., writes, “We laughed when we first realized our 50th class reunion would be in the year 2000! It was such a long way away — but here we are! I’m looking forward to seeing old friends — the ones I see frequently and the ones who’ve never been to a reunion. Please come to this one — you’ll love it.”*

*David Rosenfield (GRS'51, '67) of Somer­set, Mass., was elected post commander for the Jewish War Veterans post in Fall River last spring.*

*Charlotte Grossman (PAL'35) of Sunny Isles Beach, Fla., writes, “I am retired, at last. After housing, feeding, educating the family, and owning my own corporation for 20 years, all obligations are completed. It is now ‘my turn’ and I have returned to my second love, painting. I have achieved in a very short period of time wonderful success, receiving awards from national juried art shows. I would like very much to hear from old classmates at SFA. There have to be some of us left in the world.” E-mail him at pastelist1@aol.com.*

*Phyllis Shapiro Silverman (SED'59) of Atlanta, Ga., and her husband, Mike Silverman (CAS'56), celebrated their 41st wedding anniversary in February. They have two sons in Atlanta and one in Nashville, and two grandchildren. Phyllis is a healthcare marketing consultant. E-mail her at psilverman1@juno.com.*

**1960s**

*Haswell Kassler (LAW'60) of Brookline, Mass., is a partner in the law firm of Casner and Edwards in Boston, specializing in election and family law.*

*Phillip Keirstead (COM'60) of Tallahassee, Fla., chaired two sessions on digital newsrooms at the NewsWorld Global Summit in Spain in November. He is the coordinator of broadcast journalism in the School of Journalism, Media, and Graphic Arts at Florida A&M University.*

*Janet Garzone Kosidlik (SON'60, '64) of Hampton, Va., is the public health nursing director in the peninsula health district for the Virginia Department of Health. She wrote an article that was published in Public Health Nursing in October. E-mail her at rozycat@whro.net.*

*Marvin J. Migdol (COM'61) of Plano, Tex., is marketing manager of Careington International, a major dental care firm. He has also headed Dallas-based Nationwide Consultants for the past 31 years.*

*Anthony DeMatteo (SED'63, '67) of Wakefield, Mass., is chair of the special education department at Cambridge College. He has served in many administrative positions in the Saugus public school system over the past 35 years, including chairman of the science department, director of Alternative High School, and director of pupil personnel services.*

*Richard Forster (MED'63) of Miami, Fla., is interim chairman of the Bascom Palmer Eye Institute, which serves as the department of ophthalmology for the University of Miami School of Medicine. He is also interim medical director of the Anne Bates Leach Eye Hospital. Richard, an expert on infectious eye diseases, has been a member of the institute since 1969. From 1987 to 1992 he served as medical director for the King Khaled Eye Specialist Hospital in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia.*

*Robert G. Doll (SSW'67) of Burnaby, British Columbia, writes, “I’ve been in
Mary Ellen Doyle (SFA’62), Prospect, watercolor, lithopencil, and gouache on glued, handmade paper, 17” x 26”, 1999. Part of the exhibition “Toward the Horizon and New Work” at the Susan Conway Gallery in Washington, D.C., earlier this year. Doyle will receive the SFA Visual Arts Division Alumni Award at SFA Alumni Day on April 15.

Canada for over 25 years now working for the government — having a great time. George and Abigail, where are you? We are grandparents four and a half times over now! E-mail him at jdoil@axion.net.

Brendan Kirby (CAS’68) of Revere, Mass., has received certification as a crime prevention specialist from the International Society of Crime Prevention Practitioners.

Robert Larson (SED’68) of Harwich Port, Mass., retired last May from the University of Vermont; he is now a professor of education emeritus. He began at UVM in 1968 and during his time there focused on the preparation and reeducation of public school and human services administrators. Robert has written one book and cowritten another, and both are in second edition. He and his wife, Karin, have two children, Jonathan and Kimberly.

Beverly Manne Rivkind (SFA’68) of Norwell, Mass., owner of Beverly Rivkind Interior Designs, has had her work published in a new book by Andrew Wormer entitled The Bathroom Idea Book (Taunton Press). She also had one of her projects displayed recently in the juried exhibit at the Build Boston convention.

Nancy Lichter Seebert (SON’68) of Portland, Ore., completed a master’s degree in business communication after 28 years of nursing. She is now an access and contracts training coordinator in a large health-care system. She and her husband of 28 years have a daughter, Rebecca, 23, who is a graduate of Lewis and Clark College. Nancy would like to hear from old classmates. E-mail her at seeberr@uswest.net.

Bob Bender (COM’69) of Marion, Ohio, reports that his wife, Sharon Loiko Bender (SED’72), passed away in November. She was a first grade teacher in Marion for 24 years, and all the schools in the district lowered their flags to half staff in her honor. Bob and Sharon were married at Marsch Chapel in 1971. Their daughter, Jennifer, is a junior at Northwestern University.

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1970s

*Suzanne Steinbauer Challiner (CAS’70) of Stratford, Conn., exhibited four of her paintings in a show of six emerging artists at the Judi Rottenberg Gallery in Boston from February 26 to March 25.

*Boone Rose (COM’70) of Melbourne, Fla., a retired Air Force colonel, was selected by the Air Force public affairs alumni association to participate in its oral history program. Of 600 members, he is one of 28 chosen thus far, included for his expertise in media, government, and internal and international relations.

*Deborah Stearns Sullivan (COM’70) of Chapel Hill, N.C., is a freelance writer for health-care and business publications. Deborah reports that she and her family moved from Vermont to North Carolina to escape bad weather. “Since we arrived, we have survived three hurricanes, the worst blizzard to hit the state since 1902, and two other snowstorms.”

Mary Bergan Blanchard (SED’71) of Albuquerque, N.M., wrote Eulogy, a book that will be available from Amazon.com this year. She retired in 1989 from the Boston public schools, where she worked as an early childhood educator and certified school psychologist. In 1991 she moved to New Mexico with her husband and son. She writes,
Calling All Classmates — Why stay so intimately involved in a school that closed almost a half a century ago? For Nancy Popkin (PAL'50), the answer is simple: “There were genuine friendships that were formed there. I did a lot when I was in school because I got a lot back from everybody. We were all tightly knit.”

And fifty years later, Popkin is still active with the alumni of the College of Practical Arts and Letters, the small BU school that combined career training and the liberal arts for young women (and a very few young men). As a PAL class agent, she works with a committee of alumnae to keep class members in touch and hyped for their upcoming golden reunion. That’s not hard; she points out that PAL reunions are known for their excellent turnouts.

Popkin believes this continued devotion, on her part and that of her classmates, is thanks to PAL’s close, communal feeling. “There was a real, special, loving, caring feeling that all of us had for each other,” she recalls. “It sounds so idealistic and it could never be duplicated today, but it really happened then.” At reunions, she says, “we recapture that feeling that we all had for each other . . . and it makes us feel young!”

Popkin believes her PAL education helped her various careers, with journalism being her first calling. She was lifestyle editor at the Daily Evening Item in Lynn, Massachusetts, after she married Philip Popkin (“No relation and that of her ships that were formed there. I did a lot back from everybody. We were all tightly knit.”)

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— Karie Frost (COM’00)

At the thirtieth birthday dinner for the College of Practical Arts and Letters, in May 1949 at the Hotel Statler in Boston, Nancy Popkin is in front, in the polka-dot dress. If you recognize others, write us at Bostonia, 599 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, MA 02215.
after having lived in a spiritual community in California and Montana for 18 years. She writes that she is married, enjoys living on 5 brothers and sisters, and 11 nieces and nephews. Christina would love to hear from old friends, especially any old BU friends,可通过csarlo@hotmaiI.com. 5 brothers and sisters, and 11 nieces and nephews. Christina would love to hear from old friends at csarlo@hotmail.com.

*Harry Bosk (CAS'74,75, DGE'72) of Baltimore, Md., started his own public relations and marketing firm, Bosk Communications, after having worked in the business for 20 years. Previously he was director of media relations and publications for the National Dental Fraternity. He maintains a software developer near Washington, D.C. He writes, “I am still a Bob Dylan freak in the first degree. I would love to hear from old BU friends, especially any BU News staff members, at abzugp@worldnet.att.net.” Janet Fierman (LAW‘76) of Brookline, Mass., is chairperson of the Brookline Building Commission. She is a founding partner of the law firm Cohen and Fierman and focuses on design and construction law and business law.

Beth Levin (SFA‘76) of Brooklyn, N.Y., is looking forward to playing the piano in upcoming recitals for the Nantucket Musical Society, the Taubman Festival at Williams College, the Eastman Summer Festival, and Merkin Hall. Her career as a pianist since graduating from SFA has featured recordings for BBC Music Magazine and Columbia Masterworks and recitals throughout the country. E-mail her at beth.levin@worldnet.att.net.

Susan McGrath-Smith (COM‘77) of Warwick, Bermuda, married Richard Smith in 1998 and works as a development officer for the Bermuda aquarium, museum, and

Members of the Washington, D.C., Alumni Club Planning Committee cheer on the Terriers at the recent Beanpot telecast party, held at The Rock in Washington, D.C. (from left) Bruce Segal (CAS‘60), Sam Margolis (CAS‘55, GRS‘63), president, Kirsten Williams (GRS‘95), secretary, Shannon Finney (STH‘96), Paul Chen (COM‘87), treasurer, Mandy Mladenoff, BU alumni clubs manager, and Ed Matsik (SMG‘84). With more than 10,000 alumni in the Washington-Baltimore-Annapolis region, the club organizes events to meet the interests of its diverse group of alumni. Events range from organizing sporting events with the Washington Capitals and Mystics to cultural functions such as last year’s National Gallery of Art “John Singer Sargent” and “Golden Age of Chinese Archaeology” luncheon and exhibitions. In the works are prominent speaker luncheons and concerts. More information is available on the club’s Web site at www.bu.edu/alumni/dcclub.html or by e-mail to bualumdc@mailcity.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 Communications
SFA — 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
SFH — School of 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 (in MED)
SRE — School of Religious Education (now closed)
SSW — School of Social Work
STH — School of Theology
UNI — The University Professors

Photograph: John Dorsey

*Member of a Reunion 2000 Class

Boston University Alumni

BOSTONIA • SPRING 2000 • 53
A Classic Strategy — The Internet is only the latest in the string of changing technologies that radio producer David MacNeill (DGE'52, COM'54) has mastered at Boston’s WCRB 102.5 FM. When he started working there in 1950, the station was still using wire recorders to record material for broadcast. “They were fiddly things,” he recalls, “pieces of soldered wire that broke easily. If you made a mistake, you couldn’t rerecord: you just had to start over again. We moved to transcription — aluminum disks covered in soft plastic — and gradually we got tape. When we started working with stereo, it took ten years to make a CD, but now we can make 5000 a day.”

When WCRB switched to a classical music format, MacNeill immersed himself in the new subject. While he did some reading in music history and theory and attended lectures by specialists in the field, he learned about classical music not through formal training, but by simply listening to it. He supplements his learning-through-listening with conversations with other listeners. “I talk to people, get a sense of what the average person will like. Contrary to what the arts community tends to think, you can trust people’s tastes; you can go with their instincts. You don’t have to force anything on the audience; they will recognize genius when they hear it. The music will find a home if you give it to people.”

— Lesleigh Cushing (GRS’01)

David MacNeill with Boston Pops conductor Keith Lockhart at WCRB in November. MacNeill hosts the Boston Symphony and Boston Pops concerts in Symphony Hall for WCRB. He was in the broadcast booth for the last two Boston University Nights at the Pops, held during Reunion Weekend.

was recorded on two different tapes. We were the third radio station in the world to use stereo; by 1959 we had a reputation for being technologically advanced. Years later, we were the first station in Boston to play CDs. Now we have CD burners that are already obsolete. God knows what there will be next — you can’t hold back technology.

Keeping up with advances in off-the-air gadgetry, MacNeill has now added working on the WCRB Web site to his writing and producing duties. “We’re trying to give the site color and life, to add stories about classical music that will let our listeners take more out of the music we offer them. And now we’re streaming WCRB on the Internet. We’ve been expanding the site so fast that we’ve really had our hands full.”

That he believes the station needs a bigger, better Web site speaks of MacNeill’s perception that a new generation of classical music devotees has sprung up. “When I was growing up in the thirties and forties, classical music was on the menu: it was simply out there. Then it sort of fell off the map for a few decades. Now it’s back — it’s on movie soundtracks, at the Hatch Shell concerts that attract more people each year, in the music series at the Copley Plaza Mall. And the audience is young.”

MacNeill himself was once one of the station’s young listeners. In 1949, polio paralyzed his entire left side. While recuperating in a hospital rehabilitation ward, he listened to WCRB with other people who had polio. “They played records for us on the air,” says MacNeill. “And Ward Sherman, the announcer, would say, ‘When you get out, you come and see me at the station.’ So when I recovered the use of my left leg, I walked in there with a cane. He made me the teen announcer of Young America Speaks.”

When WCRB switched to a classical music format, MacNeill immersed himself in the new subject. While he did some reading in music history and theory and attended lectures by specialists in the field, he learned about classical music not through formal training, but by simply listening to it. He supplements his learning-through-listening with conversations with other listeners. “I talk to people, get a sense of what the average person will like. Contrary to what the arts community tends to think, you can trust people’s tastes; you can go with their instincts. You don’t have to force anything on the audience; they will recognize genius when they hear it. The music will find a home if you give it to people.”

— Lesleigh Cushing (GRS’01)
The Art of Promotion —

Art Dunphy promoted his first sporting event, the inaugural night baseball game in Scituate, Massachusetts, when he was thirteen. The game — the Scituate Boys Club team against the Hull Thunderbolts — was an auspicious start for Dunphy, even if his team did lose. It provided a taste of the world of sports publicity, which would become his career and life.

Dunphy (DGE'59, COM'61) recently retired as the public relations officer for the Boston Public Library, soon after winning the Publicity Club of New England's 1999 Super Bell Award for his campaign promoting the BPL's sesquicentennial. The bulk of Dunphy's career, however, revolved around sports, the thing he loves most.

“Sports was my life from a very young age, when I found out that I was better at promoting it than playing it,” he quips. Dunphy began writing about sports at seventeen as sports editor of a local weekly newspaper, and he paid his way through BU as a sportswriter for the Boston Record American, the Patriot Ledger, and the Brockton Enterprise.

Soon after graduation, he was back on campus as sports information director. “I had to teach myself PR as I went along,” says Dunphy, whose COM degree is in journalism. His extensive background as a reporter came in handy. “I had to provide the same information to sportswriters that I would have wanted if I were writing.” At the same time, he did the play-by-play for BU football and hockey radio broadcasts.

He later was director of public relations for the New England Whalers hockey team, but in 1975, after a stint in magazines, was drawn back to BU. He eventually became the alumni director at COM, as well as an adjunct faculty member. In 1985 he became the Boston Public Library’s first public relations officer.

Retirement from the BPL hasn’t slowed him down: he’s now busy writing a book, Memories of a Sports Publicist. “It’s taking a great deal of time,” says Dunphy, who is currently scaling a mountain of anecdotes for inclusion.

— Georgiana Cohen (COM'01)
designed mouse pads and more. AdLab has finally paid off.

Tony Helbing (SMG'83) of La Cañada Flintridge, Calif., writes that he and his wife, Leslie, and three sons Scott, Ryan, and Jason, "would like to welcome the newest member of the team, Eric Wilke."

Robin Longshaw (COM'83, SED'85) of Astoria, N.Y., is an editor at Oxford University Press. She writes, "I'm really enjoying city life, and I continue to take pleasure in drawing on my teaching background in the varied aspects of the editorial world."

E-mail her at rlongshaw@earthlink.net.

Living the New American Dream — When the long black Cadillac Fleetwood pulled up in front of the Inn at Maplewood Farm, innkeeper Jayme Simões (COM'89) had one thought: organized crime.

The man who got out of the car wore a dark suit, a long overcoat, and gold chains. "I checked him in and offered him a soft drink," Simões remembers. "He asked for a ginger ale, and I got him a ginger ale. He tried to tip me with ten-dollar bills."

The weekend, fortunately, was uneventful. Yet when he left, the man, who was with his wife and son, mentioned that he had some "business associates" who liked to get away now and then to discuss "business strategies," and would Simões rent out his inn for such a meeting?

"I said sure — you can't say no to a guy like that," Simões says with a laugh. "But he never called."

Simões, who runs the Hillsboro, New Hampshire, bed-and-breakfast with his wife, Laura (COM'92), adds, "Ninety-eight percent of our guests are wonderful people. Every now and then you get someone who's a little bit off. Those people are less than 2 percent, but they're the ones you remember the most."

Judy Banks Patterson (CAS'83) of Los Angeles, Calif., is the assistant art director at Variety magazine. She is married and has two children. E-mail Judy at jpatterson@cahners.com.

Carolyn Schultz Eggert (COM'84) of Newton, Mass., writes that she has "been meaning to write in for years." She has been married to Michael Eggert, a Boston attorney, for nine years, and they have two sons, Benjamin Harry, 5, and Samuel Wilson, 2. After graduation, Carolyn served as director of public relations at Family Services of Greater Boston, director of patient and community communication at Beth Israel Hospital, director of community relations for the Massachusetts Department of Mental Health, and head of media relations at the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute. She is now a freelancer for Boston magazine and a partner with Medical Science Associates, a marketing communications consulting firm. Carolyn is still close to Wendy Feldenstein Freedman (COM'83, CGS'81), Susan Forrest Davidson (COM'84), Jim Sabat (COM'84), and Sue Cooperband Michals (CAS'84), but would love to hear from Maria Laurino (COM'84, CGS'82).

The Simõeses opened the Inn at Maplewood Farm in May of 1993. After graduating from the College of Communication and facing the bleak job market of the early 1990s, they decided that they'd rather work for themselves. They saw an ad for a 1794 farmhouse in New Hampshire, and have been there ever since.

Melding their vision of a charming country B&B and their public relations savvy, the Simõeses have turned the inn into a successful business. Their PR efforts have landed articles in the Boston Globe, Boston magazine, Yankee magazine, and the New York Times travel section. "We wouldn't be as busy and successful as we are if it weren't for our public relations work," Simões says. "Getting those articles placed took a lot of time and investment, but the return was huge."

Simões points out that the business requires hard work. "Running a bed-and-breakfast has become one of the new American dreams," he says. "About 20 percent of our guests say, 'I've always wanted to run a B&B,' but they don't realize that the fun part is getting it started. You get it established, you do the marketing, you decorate the rooms — that's a lot of fun. But when it gets busy, you have to work really hard to give people a satisfying experience."

"A lot of people think innkeeping would make a good retirement. I'm thirty-one years old, and I think it would make an awful retirement," he says, laughing. "You wouldn't have time to relax."

— Midge Raymond
At a reception for School of Hospitality Administration alumni in New York were (from left) Lucy Gim (SHA'97), Christopher Moerman (SHA'92, GSM'94), and Anastasia Moerman. The event was hosted by Dean James Stamas and Irma S. Mann, who is chair of the SHA Advisory Board.

and Dawn Leland (CAS'84). E-mail her at MSAsc@aol.com.

Jim Hornstein (ENG'84) of New York, N.Y., is a principal enterprise strategy consultant for Microsoft. He writes, "I lost touch with the old gang out of 512 Beacon, but I would love to catch up." E-mail Jim at jimho@microsoft.com.

Lewis Schreck (COM'84) and Susan Witt Schreck (COM'84) of Rockville, Md., announce the birth of their third child, Katie Jayne, on November 2. Their other two children are Jesse, 8, and Emily, 5. Lewis is director of sports and event sales for Infinity Broadcasting. E-mail them at lschreck@erols.com.

Kathleen Speranza (SFA'84) of Lynn, Mass., celebrated the birth of her son, Jackson Parker Heath, last April. She is an assistant professor at Montserrat College of Art, where her work was included in the exhibition Tender Allies: The Biophilia Connection in March and April. E-mail her at phSkas®aoi.com.

Stephanie Ring Van Ness (COM'84) of Wellesley, Mass., is president of Van Ness Communications, a marketing communications firm she founded in 1994 "after a decade spent toiling for various corporate masters." She also teaches figure skating. Stephanie lives with her husband and two golden retrievers. E-mail her at van_ness@mediaone.net.


*Nanaj K. Jain (ENG'85, MED'89, SPH'89) of Memphis, Tenn., is a physician at Baptist Memorial Healthcare Corporation and is vice president of the Mid-South Foundation for Medical Care, Inc., in Memphis.

*William Kennedy (MET'85) of Holliston, Mass., retired from the Marine Corps as a lieutenant colonel and is marketing director of Rawle & Henderson, the oldest law firm in the United States. E-mail him at wkennedy@rawle.com.

*Linda Dussault Mulready (SED'85) of Randolph, Mass., teaches reading and English at Bristol Community College, "working with QUEST (TRIO) students to further assist them in their college courses." She also works in the Bristol Writing Center and in the college's Connection Center, which provides "services to help at-risk students stay in school."

*Gregg Thaller (SFA'85) of Salem, Mass., is chairman of the music department at Salem State College. He recently received a doctorate in music education from the College-Conservatory of Music at the University of Cincinnati. E-mail Gregg at gthalier@salenmass.edu.

Bradley J. Waugh (SMG'85, CGS'83) of East Greenwich, R.I., is senior vice president for the eastern region of Complete Business Solutions, Inc., in Providence. He oversees operations in all branch offices in Montreal, along the East Coast, and in Texas.

Nancy Cohen (COM'86) of Boston, Mass., is a senior communications officer at State Street Global Advisors, where she creates customized communications campaigns for large corporate clients. She recently bought a new house. E-mail her at Ncohen2000@aol.com.

Boston University School of Medicine Alumni Association

Alumni Weekend 2000

Classes celebrating Reunions on May 19-20, 2000

1935—65th  1970—30th
1940—60th  1975—25th
1945—55th  1980—20th
1950—50th  1985—15th
1955—45th  1990—10th
1960—40th  1995—5th
1965—35th

May 19
Museum of Fine Arts tour
Continuing Medical Education scientific program
Reunion dinner parties

May 22
Duck Tours of Boston
Reunion luncheon and tour of the School
Annual meeting and banquet

For more information, contact:
BUSM Alumni Association
715 Albany Street
Boston, MA 02118
617/638-5150
e-mail: alumbusm@bu.edu

Be sure to join us!
Dear Friends,

As I write, Boston University is celebrating its sixth straight Beanpot trophy, having defeated Harvard in the first round of the tournament and Boston College in the final. It's the middle of February, but victory is keeping us warm, just another example — a fun one — of what is happening at your University today.

Spring is right around the corner. The Student Village residence complex is on schedule for occupancy this coming fall, and the new DeWolfe Boathouse is ready for action as soon as the Charles River has melted. Second semester is well under way. Bay State Road will be in bloom very soon.

Your BUA continues its mission to build bridges between students and alumni, and between the administration and alumni. The Student Alumni Council and Young Alumni Council are hard at work planning a number of spring events, which will help to increase alumni participation. The various school and college alumni boards, both undergraduate and graduate, are also aggressively working with their respective constituencies to increase alumni participation. Turnout at various University events continues to increase. And we are making progress in attracting more first-time donors.

However, we need more of you to get involved! I continue the mantra I began a little over two years ago. Our University needs more of you to participate — by getting involved in BU-sponsored events and by the donations you make, either restricted, directed towards a specific purpose, or unrestricted, to the Boston University Alumni Funds. Restricted giving can be directed to a specific fund associated with the college or colleges you attended at the University, or to the Marsh Plaza Renovation Campaign, which still needs your support to reach its goal of $1.5 million. Unrestricted giving is used for myriad purposes that improve student academic, residential, and social life at Boston University.

I hope to see you Reunion Weekend, May 19 to 21.

With warm regards,

Ed Westerman (CGS'66, COM'68)

Joan Brunswick Mazzaferrro (COM'86) of Norton, Mass., writes, “I’m wondering whatever happened to my old friend Bob Potenza (CAS'86). Last I heard he graduated from BU with a commission in the Army, married his high school sweetheart, and moved to Germany to fly helicopters. Personally, I married a wonderful man, Gene, in 1989, have three gorgeous children, Anthony, Peter, and Olivia, and am selling advertising space ‘in my spare time.’ Life is good.”

Suzanne Silber (SGM’86) of New York, N.Y., and her husband, David Goldstein, celebrated the first birthday of their son, Max Lucas. Suzanne is a sales director at Garden Design magazine and is chairperson of the board of Children’s Hope Foundation, a nonprofit pediatric AIDS organization serving the New York metro area.

Ron Tremoulié (CAS'86) of Jackson Heights, N.Y., writes, “To all my friends on Bay State/SFA/CLA, I’ve been slugging it out in New York City as an actor, and it’s finally paid off. I’m doing RAGTIME at the Ford Center. The biggest thrill has been going on for one of the leads (Tatele) and being reviewed by Cape Barnes of the New York Post.” E-mail Ron at diandron2@computerve.com.

Julie Wallace Brooks (CAS'87) of Brewster, Mass., works for the Best Read Guide Cape Cod and is a Web site administrator for eCape.com. She and her husband, Jay, have a son, William, who was born in May 1998 and is “keeping us busy.” E-mail Julie at jbrooks@cape.com.

Veronica Colberg (COM’88) of San Juan, P.R., lives with her husband and two-year-old daughter, Camelia. She is “desperately seeking my party buddies, Robert Damon III, Stacey Rebello, Chris, Steve ‘Vie,’ Burt McManos, and the rest of the gang — you know who you are!” E-mail her at miramarbrewing@worldnet.att.net.

Ron Cersetti (CAS'88) of Hollis, N.H., his wife, Katie Beaupre Cersetti (COM'89), and their daughter, Elizabeth, celebrated the arrival of a new family member in February with the birth of Nathan. Ron is a defense analyst and Katie is a full-time mom. E-mail them at cersetti@bit-net.com.

Sharon Canty (COM’88) of Grosse Ile, Mich., married Ed Jolliffé in December in Birmingham, Mich. She is senior vice president of eastern ad sales at Fox Sports Net. Sharon would love to hear from classmates at sccanty@foxsports.net.

Jeanette Demchuk McAllister (SAR'88) of Tokyo, Japan, lives with her husband, Eddie, and two daughters, Cassidy and Regan, who are “picking up the language faster than us. We are enjoying the people, the culture, and all the great traveling here in Asia.” E-mail her at eddiemac@ta.itmil.ne.jp.

Cameron Routh (CAS’88) of Morristown,
BOSTON UNIVERSITY ALUMNI

1990s

Dennis J. Winfrey (SED'88) of Columbia, Mo., writes, “My family is wonderful, my education has stalled (since 1992) at the education specialist level and work is work,” but my corporate revenues have grown 200 percent over two years, so I assume I’m making progress.”

Bruce Budkofsky (SMG'89) of New City, N.Y., and his wife, Stacey, celebrated the birth of their first child, Scott Evan, in August. Bruce would love to hear from old friends. E-mail him at brubud@webtv.net.

Valerie Duraillece Caron (CAS'89) of Alexandria, Va., lives with her husband, Jim, and their two dogs. She works in information technology for Gannett Co., Inc. Valerie would like to hear from classmates at vcaron@geipoa.gannett.com.

Thomas Keogh (CAS'89), of Jacksonville, N.C., a Marine Corps major, is on a six-month deployment to Okinawa with 1st Battalion, 2nd Marines, based at Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Quentin Lide (CAS'89) of Bethesda, Md., is director of congressional programs at the Washington Center for Internships. He also enjoys photography and has had his work on display at several shows in the Washington, D.C., area. E-mail Quentin at quentin_lide@hotmail.com.

Rebecca Rosenberger Smolen (CAS'89, CGS'87) of Bala Cynwyd, Pa., received her J.D. from the University of Pittsburgh School of Law in 1993 and completed a master’s of law in taxation at New York University in 1999. She is an associate in the trust and estate group of Reed, Smith, Shaw & McClay. E-mail her at mrsmsolen@aol.com or rsmsolen@rssm.com.

Janet Wright-Stafford (SAR'89) of Londonderry, N.H., started a pediatric therapy practice. She gives “a special shout out” to Lisa Hochman (SAR'89) and Audra Weinstein-Kinsely (SAR'89). She would love to hear from classmates at kidzplay@msn.com.

Abby Zimberg (SFA'89) of San Francisco, Calif., has been doing freelance work in design and photography and has exhibited photos with the Icontact Group at www.icontact.org around the Bay Area.
Graham Cox and his dad, David Cox (GSM'85), were in the crowd cheering on the Terriers at Alumni Hockey Night in late January as they beat Hockey East powerhouse University of New Hampshire 4-2 at Walter Brown Arena.

TASC in Reading, Mass. E-mail her at dlcore@tasc.com.

*David Cowan (CAS'90) of Los Angeles, Calif., is a member of the law offices of Marks and Acalin in Los Angeles. He married Cathy Husband in September 1998. David reports that his sister, Jennifer Cowan (CAS'93), is the account director for the consulting department at Envision, a sports and entertainment marketing company. E-mail Jennifer at jencowan@envision-koh.com or David at ettlinger@aol.com.

*Judy M. Ford (SAR'90) of Washington, D.C., is a program officer with the Prince Charitable Trusts, a family foundation with giving programs in Chicago, Washington, D.C., and Rhode Island. She recently moved from San Diego, Calif., where she was a program officer with Alliance Healthcare Foundation. In May Judy received her second master's degree, from Johns Hopkins University in health policy and management. In 1992 she received a master of public health in health behavior and health education from the University of Michigan.

*Peter Kaufman (COM'90) of Orlando, Fla., is now a financial consultant with Merrill Lynch, after having worked for 10 years as a television news reporter in Minnesota, Maryland, and Florida. E-mail him at pkaufman@pcclient.ml.com.

*Greg Shannon (LAW'90) of Calgary, Alberta, joined the law firm of Miller Thomson, where he practices tax, business, and securities law. He looks forward to seeing classmates at Reunion 2000.

*Kristen Sorento Starnes (CAS'90, CGS'88) of Chantilly, Va., and her husband, Thomas, announce the birth of their daughter, Andrianna, in March 1999. Kristen is a part-time school psychologist in northern Virginia.

John Bludgett (SMG'91) of Portland, Ore., is a producer for a Web development firm and pursues freelance editing and photography in his spare time. He writes, "My days at BU seem so very distant. Any alumni out there? E-mail me at jbludgett@oaktree.com."

Dina Levy Savitt (SMG'91) of Stamford, Conn., and her husband, Jordan Savitt (SMG'97), announce the birth of their first children, twin girls. Emily Lara and Paige Erica were born in July.

Doug Dalena (COM'92) of San Diego, Calif., a Navy lieutenant, teaches foreign naval officers about U.S. Navy operations. He writes, "It's one of the best jobs in the Navy, and it exposes me to many different cultures, as well as national drinks such as ouzo (Greece), pisco (Chile), and Pimm's (England)." He is leaving the Navy in June, and he is currently applying to journalism schools. "If I don't get in," he writes, "I plan to a) live in Chile or Spain for a year and teach English, b) go sailing, or c) become a ski lift operator in Lake Tahoe." Doug would love to hear from old COM and NROTC friends at dalenadc@wtgpac.navy.mil.

Glenn Formica (CAS'92) of Wallingford, Conn., relocated from Washington, D.C., with his wife, Megan, to join the law firm of Fazzone, Baillie, Ryan, Schmidt, and Seadale in New Haven, Conn. He concentrates on real estate property and commercial contracts. E-mail Glenn at gformica@fazzonebaillielaw.com.

Catherine Kelor (SEA'92) of Roslindale, Mass., exhibited her work in Still Life, 1999 at the Bromfield Art Gallery as well as at Gallery Selections 2000 at the Barton Ryan Gallery in Boston last winter.

Mike Lieberman (SMG'92) of Philadelphia, Pa., is assistant general manager and director of concessions with the Greensboro Bats. Mike has worked in the baseball
minor league for seven years with such teams as the Rio Grande Valley White Wings in Texas, the High Desert Mavericks in California, and the Clinton Lumber Kings, the San Diego Padres affiliate.  

**Tim Mote (CAS'92)** of Winnemucca, Nev., received a Ph.D. in geology from UC Berkeley in May and works for Placer Dome exploration “looking for gold around the world.” E-mail him at tim_mote@yahoo.com.  

**Scott Pisani (SMG'92)** of Manhasset, N.Y., is product manager for Warehouse.com in Norwalk, Conn. Scott would love to hear from former schoolmates — “especially my old brownstone-mates from 179 Bay State Road” — at scottonli@yahoo.com.  

**Elizabeth Rukznis (COM'92, CGS'90)** of New York, N.Y., is an assistant producer at Dateline NBC, where she develops psychology-related stories for the show. E-mail her at elizabeth.rukznis@nbc.com.  

**Debra Weissman Cooperman (COM'93)** of Redmond, Wash., married Hillel Cooperman in August at the Arctic Building in Seattle. She and Hillel are lead program managers on the Windows User Experience team at Microsoft. Visit them online at www.cooperman.org or e-mail them at cooperman@figjam.com.  

**Malcolm Harden (SMG'93, CGS'91)** of Vienna, Va., is an account manager at Etenesty, an e-business consulting firm. Previously he worked with American Management Systems near Washington, D.C., and International Integration, Inc., in Boston. Of returning to Washington, he writes, “My seat on the D.C. area BU alumni association planning board never even got cold.” E-mail Malcolm at mharden@etenesty.com.  

**Masanori Hirata (Jon Hwang) (CAS'93, MET'94)** of Los Angeles, Calif., graduated from Notre Dame Law School in 1997 and was admitted to the bar in California and Washington, D.C. He works for Deloitte & Touche, LLP, in the areas of new tax product development and tax consulting.

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**Award-Winning Alumni**

**Jeff Adrian (CAS'67)** of Minnetonka, Minn., received the 1999 William D. Schaeffer Environmental Award from the Graphic Arts Technical Foundation. He is director of environment and safety for John Roberts Company in Minneapolis.  

**Robert Authier (COM'71)** of Richmond, Va., was named Southeastern Executive of the Year by Southeastern Association Executive magazine for his “exemplary and visionary role as a leader in the association field.” Robert is executive vice president of the 22,000-member Virginia Society of Association Executives.

**Richard Grayson (COM'70, CGS'68)** of New Rochelle, N.Y., received the Adirondack Stewardship Award from the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation. The award recognized his work as a trip leader for the Sierra Club’s Northeast Outings Subcommittee. He participated in trail marking, clearing, and construction and introduced teams of volunteers from around the United States and the world to the Adirondack Mountains.  

**Dwight Kintner (GRS'80)** of Morgan Hill, Calif., received the Gertrude Welch Ecuumenical Award from the Council of Churches of Santa Clara County for outstanding contributions in ministry. He has worked to develop the interfaith chapel at San Jose International Airport. Dwight is currently pastor of the Villages Community Chapel in San Jose.  

**John Noonan (COM'48)** of Quincy, Mass., was grand marshal of the 47th annual Quincy Christmas Parade in November. He worked as director of public relations and government affairs for the Massachusetts Medical Society until his retirement in 1981.  

**Jennifer Leto Revill (CAS'83)** of Middleton, Mass., was awarded a Citation for Outstanding Performance from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for her work with the Massachusetts Port Authority’s Americans with Disabilities Act Compliance Committee. Jennifer works at Logan International and L. G. Hanscom airports as manager of airport tenant construction.  

**Rui Rita (SFA'90)** of Long Island City, N.Y., was awarded the Fabergé Theater Award at the 15th Annual Princess Grace Awards in New York in October. The award provides Rui with a theater fellowship in lighting design. He did the lighting design for the Broadway play *The Prince.*  

**Thomas Sansone (CAS'82, LAW'85)** of Bethany, Conn., a partner in the New Haven branch of the law firm Carmody & Torrance, was recognized by the Connecticut Drugs Don’t Work! and the Governor’s Prevention Partnership with an Outstanding Mentor Award for his role in the Waterbury Mentor Program.  

**Bill Shampine (ENG'86)** of Freehold, N.J., received an AT&T Strategic Patent Award at a ceremony at the New York Public Library in New York City. He developed a patent covering a method for network-based call redirection that is part of AT&T’s transfer connect service. Bill is a district manager in the network technology development organization of AT&T Network Services in Middletown, N.J. He and his wife, Donna, have two children, William and Alexander.  

**Hall Thompson (GSM'71)** of Cumberland Center, Maine, won a Dirigo Award for Small Business and Commercial Lending from the Finance Authority of Maine. He is executive vice president in charge of investments at Peoples Heritage Bank.  

**Catherine Tracey (SON'85)** of Hudson, N.H., received the President’s Award at the 25th annual educational conference of the Association of Rehabilitation Nurses in November. She is director of patient care resources for HealthOne Network in Manchester, N.H. Catherine published *Restorative Nursing: A Training Manual for Nursing Assistants* in November.  

**Kathryn M. Walker (CAS'68, COM'78)** of Cupertino, Calif., was awarded a U.S. patent for her work on a computer message file system. She received a Merit Award from the Society for Technical Communication for her book *Computer Security Policies and Sun Screen Firewalls.* Kathryn is a senior technical writer at Sun Microsystems.
As part of its continuing career programs for alumni and students, BU hosted Career Decisions 2000 in November. The program featured a number of breakout sessions, a writing seminar, and a panel discussion of emerging career trends. Among the panelists (from left), Professor Jonathan Eaton, chairman of the CAS economics department; Tasuhide Sunamura (GSM’67), president of the Sanpho Group Companies, headquartered in Japan; Marny Lawton, director of the Distance Learning Center at ENG; and Brent Baker, dean of the College of Communication.

A Sweet Deal — In Phyllis LeBlanc’s profession, it must be tempting to bring work home at the end of the day. LeBlanc (GSM’91) is owner and CEO of Harbor Sweets, a specialty candy store in Salem, Massachusetts. Walk through the door and the scene suggests a candy version of Santa’s workshop, with clusters of chocolatiers tending to various duties — stirring chocolate, pouring chocolate into molds, hand-wrapping chocolate in festive gold foil. Many of the Harbor Sweets candies have a decidedly New England flair: sand dollars, shells, lighthouses, sailboats, and the recently created chocolate and peanut butter lobster. Intoxicatingly rich smells permeate the store, but LeBlanc says she doesn’t even notice them anymore.

LeBlanc bought the company just a year and a half ago, but it’s been more than twenty years since she joined Harbor Sweets as a candy dipper while attending Salem State College. Even before she graduated, she had become the full-time marketing manager of the wholesale division.

Pursuing her M.B.A. while working at Harbor Sweets full-time, LeBlanc noticed many connections between school and work — in an entrepreneurship class, she dreamed up a product line called Dark Horses, which she later launched at Harbor Sweets. BU also showed LeBlanc that she still had a few things to learn about business. “I was so sure of my answers,” she says. “As I sat through class and listened to other people’s ideas, I think it helped me to learn that there is no one right answer and that there are a lot of different approaches to a problem. It also helped me to learn that my way isn’t the only way, which is a good thing to know for someone running a business with a number of managers.”

At one point, LeBlanc toyed with the idea of using her business sense to go out on her own, but in the end, she decided her heart was with Harbor Sweets. So when the founding owner decided to sell, LeBlanc — who by this time had held a variety of positions, including executive vice president, treasurer, and president — decided she was ready to take on the responsibilities of ownership. Since she bought the company, sales have grown more than 30 percent and profits have doubled.

But LeBlanc’s favorite part of the job? Seeing people’s reaction when they learn what she does for a living. “Their faces just light up and they say, ‘Chocolate? I love chocolate!’ It’s really fun to be involved in something that people relate to so positively.”

—Jennifer Gormanous Burke

E-mail Jon at mhirata@dtus.com.

Jacky Dennis Jean-Jacques (ENG’93) of Chatham, N.J., is trying to form a reunion party for residents of the fifth floor of Shelton Hall from 1991 to 1993. “Kevin, Dan, Jesse, Brigitte, Lisa, Jose, you know who you are,” he writes. E-mail him at jean-jacques@msfi.com.

Jonathan Leaf (CAS’93), a Navy ensign, is on a deployment to Yokosuka, Japan, aboard the destroyer USS Cushing.

Shoichi Takeyama (GSM’93) of Tokyo, Japan, works for Frank Russell Japan and is “still enjoying music.” E-mail him at cv7s-tkym@asahi-net.or.jp.

Craig Bernero (ENG’94) of Framingham, Mass., reports that he and his family are settled into their new home, which is only about four miles from his new job as a corporate marketing systems engineer with EMC Corporation. In his position he deals with EMC’s customers, presents product solutions, and helps support the field with product features and updates. He has been in touch with Kleanthis Tsillas (ENG’95), Cory Schloss (ENG’94), Aaron Brochun (ENG’92), and Greg Saccoccio (ENG’94).

Philip Carey (CAS’94, CGS’92) of Geneva, Switzerland, has lived and worked in Switzerland since graduation. He was mar-
A Sea Change for Students —
Sebastian Junger made it to the top of the New York Times best-seller list with his chronicle of a “perfect” storm, a nor’easter whose devastation was heightened by a once-in-a-century coincidence of meteorological conditions. It is the tale of the six fishermen aboard the Andrea Gail, a commercial fishing boat that sailed out of Gloucester, Massachusetts, into the heart of the storm. In researching The Perfect Storm, Junger gained the confidence of the families of those six men, and ultimately became part of the Gloucester community. This connection is manifest in his founding the nonprofit Perfect Storm Foundation, dedicated to providing educational opportunities to children in Gloucester.

It was a nonmeteorological coincidence that brought Deirdre Savage (GRS’85) to work for the foundation. “In the spring of 1998, someone at a party asked me if I’d ever been to Gloucester. I hadn’t. But I drove up the next morning, fell in love with this little hamlet, and within two weeks had found myself a house there,” she says. Shortly afterwards, driving to her new home, she heard Junger interviewed on WBUR. “He was talking about the foundation. It seemed like a great thing, something I decided I wanted to be a part of. So I called and offered to do some volunteer work,” she says.

That volunteer work turned into a full-time job with the foundation, assisting Gloucester students whose parents are commercial fishers, or whose lives are affected by commercial fishing. “My work has two parts,” she says. “I raise money and I give that money away.” With readers of the book spontaneously mailing donations to the foundation and major corporations also contributing, the first part is proceeding relatively smoothly.

Savage is especially delighted, however, with the second aspect of the job. “I’ve been working at the middle school recently, where the students have generated original, creative writing about their experiences with the book. We’re asking them to think for themselves, offering them a chance for a fundamental world shift. We encourage them to think spontaneously.”

Ultimately, the foundation hopes to assist students with the tools to make informed decisions about their future. “Historically, kids of fishermen were discouraged from leaving town,” she says. “We want to encourage commitment to the community, but we also want to offer options. We want to show them possibilities. We’re careful not to impose a college model only; we also have scholarships for students to become cosmetologists. We don’t want to impose unreachable goals.”

Savage loves the work. “It’s one of the best jobs I’ve had, because it has so little to do with me and everything to do with the community. It’s incredibly rewarding to have these kids open up, to be ready to meet the challenges we offer them.”

— Lesleigh Gushing (GRS’01)
The BU Connection in Buenos Aires — Far from Boston, BU alumni in Argentina have been busy strengthening their connections with the University — and with one another. In 1993 a small group of alumni in Buenos Aires banded together under the leadership of Mariana Barresi (GRS'90) and Manuel Abdala (GRS’90,’92) to form the Boston University Alumni Association of Buenos Aires. Conferences and social gatherings are now held regularly, and over the years many alumni have become close friends.

In recognition of the association’s growth, Isabella Meijer, director of the BU International Alumni Program, joined Buenos Aires alumni for an end-of-the-year party at the Claridge Hotel, which is managed by Diego Rosarios (GSM’88). Because many alumni had not been back to the University since their graduation, Meijer gave a slide show with an overview of developments on campus, including buildings and facilities constructed over the past few years.

An enthusiastic promoter of Boston University, Barresi writes in the local press about studying in the United States and specifically about BU, disseminates information about BU programs to Argentine universities, and often advises prospective students about BU and life in Boston. “She has been the driving force behind the association,” says Meijer, “together with a core group of other Argentines”: Manuel Abdala, Eduardo Ablin (GRS’87), Arturo Schweiger (GRS’84), Santiago Cimeo (GRS’92), and Enrique Roger (GSM’75).

International Leaders Council Formed

Seeking to strengthen ties between international students and alumni, BU’s International Alumni Program (IAP) recently established the International Leaders Council. Presidents of student cultural organizations and international orientation leaders have been invited to join the council, and more than thirty have accepted.

Council members learn about the international alumni office’s activities and discuss their experiences running international student organizations.

“We’ve been pleased with the response to this program,” says Isabella Meijer, IAP director. “Currently thirty-one students attend the bimonthly meetings. Future activities will include workshops on career issues.”

The recently established International Fund, created to improve international student services, also received a very positive response from the International Leaders Council, Meijer notes. Some of the students decided to help out by initiating their own projects to raise money for the fund.
recently completed Levi.com and Dockers .com. E-mail Joshua at joshual@qbuzz.com.

* Marie Ziemer McCarthy (CAS’95) of Brighton, Mass., married Bob McCarthy (GRS’97, ’00) in October 1998. She designs speech recognition applications for telephone systems at Speechworks International in Boston. “Before you ask,” she writes, “no, it doesn’t have much to do with my philosophy B.A.” E-mail Marie at mariem@speechworks.com.

* Robert Rosen (CAS’95) of Brooklyn, N.Y., graduated in December 1998 with a dual M.B.A./J.D. degree from the University of Pittsburgh and now practices corporate law at Milbank, Tweed, Hadley, and McCloy. E-mail Robert at rosen@milbank.com.

* Jacob Sutton (ENG’95) of Aurora, Colo., is a senior cold fusion developer for Synertech Internet Services, Inc., in Boulder. He would love to hear from ENG friends at jake@blahstuff.com.

Joe Giza (COM’96) of Quincy, Mass., is the sports producer at WFXT Fox 25. E-mail him at joegiza@yahoo.com.

Jacquelyn Silke Lynch (CAS’86) of Staten Island, N.Y., graduated from George Washington University in May 1998 with a master’s degree in international affairs. She is an intelligence research specialist with the U.S. Customs Service at the World Trade Center in Manhattan. E-mail her at jsilkel@yahoo.com.

Vas Ratnathicam (CAS’96) of Portola Valley, Calif., is a market analyst for a biotech company. She would like to hear from old friends at ratnathicam_v@connetics.com.

Quentin Scott (CAS’96) of Moncks Corner, S.C., works in child protective services in South Carolina. Quentin writes, “I played football for the Terriers from 1991 to 1995. If you remember me, give me a holler.” E-mail him at qscott56@yahoo.com.

Nopadol Tarmallpark (ENG’96, MET’98) of Bangkok, Thailand, would like to get in touch with old friends. E-mail her at akcoffman@netscape.net.

Erica Tunnicliffe (SAR’96, CGS’95) of Concord, Mass., is engaged to David Cohen (SAR’96, CAS’99). She has taught special education at Acton-Boxborough Regional High School in Acton, Mass., for the past three years. Erica looks forward to completing her master’s degree in special education in the fall. E-mail her at erica_tunnicliffe@mail.ab@mec.edu.

Michael J. Walsh (ENG’96), a Navy lieutenant junior grade, is on a deployment to Puerto Rico.

Audrey West (SFD’96, ’98) teaches at the Rabat American School in Rabat, Morocco. She writes, “There is a great atmosphere of learning and teaching — new languages to learn, and excellent places to travel.” E-mail her at awest21@hotmail.com.

Current and former students, colleagues, and friends gathered in November to honor Professor Gerry Powers, who retired after thirty-five years of teaching at COM. The evening also kicked off a fundraising drive for a scholarship named for Powers. Seen here are (from left) Kim Buckley (COM’78), Powers (COM’56), and Ken Kansas (COM’55).

Henry Allen (ENG’97), a Navy ensign, has returned from a six-month deployment to the Mediterranean aboard the USS Ramage.

Stephen Songardner (SFA’97) of Pittsburg, Kan., is an assistant professor of music at Pittsburg State University, where he directs an opera workshop and teaches voice. He will produce two university productions this year. Stephen is still an active performer, participating in recitals this past year in Boston, Kansas, and Texas. E-mail him at sbomgard@pittstate.edu.

Lindsey A. Cadwallader (LAW’97) of Augusta, Maine, is a member of the Frank M. Cofin Family Law Fellowship. Previously she was a clerk in the Superior Court of New Jersey and worked in the Department of Social Services in Boston as an advocate for battered women.

Alex Dering (COM’97) of Brooklyn, N.Y., writes, “Big hello to my friends and professors (how are you Profs. Macdonald and Anable?) from the graduate program at the College of Communication. I’m still alive and kicking in Brooklyn.” Alex works for law.com as a production editor for the Massachusetts Web site www.ma.law.com.

Amy Fitzgibbon (SSW’97) of Westboro, Mass., is a school social worker in the Blackstone-Millville regional school system. She applied for her final licensure in November.

Amanda Smith Coffman (SFD’98) of Harrisburg, Pa., married Keith Coffman (CAS’97) in June. Amanda is a first grade teacher at York Country Day School, and Keith is a third-year medical student at Penn State, where he recently won the Dean’s Travel Award and the Alumni Endowed Scholarship. Amanda writes, “We both miss Boston and would love to hear from anyone we went to school with.” E-mail them at akcoffman@netscape.net.

Ara Erdekian (MET’98, CGS’96) of Weston, Mass., is traveling around North America. for the Discovery Channel. She writes, “It is hard to establish a staff position in this industry due to the heavy competition, but not to worry — if one is willing to do the grunt work for a while, opportunities do arise. Tip of the decade: don’t be put off by temp agencies; some of them have direct hook-ups to the majors!” E-mail Natasha at peacequeenfly@hotmail.com.

Manu Rekhi (CAS’97) of San Jose, Calif., writes, “I have been doggone busy the last couple of years since I opted out of pursuing medicine.” He has launched two companies, www.wineglobe.com and www.ewine.com, where he is the director of engineering and e-commerce. “It has been a roller coaster since graduation, but I do occasionally find time for my old BU pals. I’d like to say hi to the friends I’ve lost touch with and would love them to drop me a line at manu@ewine.com. If I had to repeat undergraduate school I wouldn’t try finishing it in four years!”

Amanda Smith Coffman (SFD’98) of Harrisburg, Pa., married Keith Coffman (CAS’97) in June. Amanda is a first grade teacher at York Country Day School, and Keith is a third-year medical student at Penn State, where he recently won the Dean’s Travel Award and the Alumni Endowed Scholarship. Amanda writes, “We both miss Boston and would love to hear from anyone we went to school with.” E-mail them at akcoffman@netscape.net.

Ara Erdekian (MET’98, CGS’96) of Weston, Mass., is traveling around North America.
Chester Michalik (SFA'64), Japan 1998, C-print photograph, 15" x 15". Part of a solo exhibition, "Photographs of Japan," at the Richmond Art Center in the Loomis Chaffee School, in Windsor, Connecticut, this winter.

"Probably going to end up in Australia for the Olympics," he writes. "There are jobs galore." E-mail him at jfktolax@hotmail.com.

Rahul Kanwar (CAS'98, '99) of West Hartford, Conn., is an integration specialist with the CIGNA Corporation and plans to pursue his M.B.A. at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Chanda Mofu (SED'98, CGS'96) of Fayetteville, N.C., an Army first lieutenant, is a rifle platoon leader in the 82nd Airborne Division. He plans to apply to law school in the next year and a half. "I hope all is well with everyone, including the BU Greeks, men's lacrosse, and all the great bartenders," he writes. E-mail Chanda at chandamofu@yahoo.com.

Joe Raez (ENG'98), a Navy ensign, was presented his Wings of Gold for extensive flight training and designated a Naval flight officer in October, while serving in a training squadron in Pensacola, Fla. E-mail him at joeraez@bellsouth.net.

Mark Zipsie (MET'98), a Marine Corps captain, departed on a six-month deployment to the Mediterranean Sea and Arabian Gulf with the 22nd Marine Expeditionary Unit aboard the USS John F. Kennedy.

Olive Dingwall (CAS'25), Clinton, N.Y.
J. John Fox (LAW'25), Boston, Mass.
Helen L. Freeman (SAR'26), Barto, Pa.
Selma C. Getter (PAL'26), Belmont, Mass.
Aryeh B. Friedman (SMG'27), Brookline, Mass.
Susan Condon Le Gore (SAR'27), Frederick, Md.
G. Gordon Watts (SMG'27), Clearwater, Fla.
Emma A. Weston (SAR'27), Story, Wyo.
Willbur T. Moulton (SMG'28), Marblehead, Mass.
Miriam Naigles (PAL'28), New York, N.Y.
Milton Goldman (LAW'29), Brookline, Mass.
William E. Goodale (SMG'29), Milton, Mass.
Irene Allen (SED'30), Peabody, Mass.
Mildred L. Joy (CAS'30), Bradenton, Fla.
Milton Wayner (SMG'30), Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Shirley T. Driscoll (PAL'31), Dorchester, Mass.
Burton C. Grodberg (CAS'31, MED'35), Saugus, Mass.
Wayland Mansfield (SMG'31), Walnut Creek, Calif.
Doris Mills (SRE'31), Whittier, Calif.
Philip Blacklow (LAW'32), Rockville, Md.
Philip E. Sartwell (MED'32), Marblehead, Mass.
James P. Saunders (SED'32), York Beach, Maine
Jacob B. Weitzman (LAW'32), New Bedford, Mass.
Fred H. Whittier (SMG'32), Doylestown, Pa.
William Bacon (CAS'33), Clayton, Ohio
Madeline A. Bours (SAR'33), Columbus, Ohio
Jeanette Barrow Dangelmayer (PAL'33), Waltham, Mass.
Margaret F. Guerin (CAS'33, GRS'47), Bridgewater, Mass.
Harry L. Marks (SMG'33), Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Eleanor Clarkson (SRE'34), Worcester, Mass.
Arthur N. Copplestone (CAS'34), Mirror Lake, N.H.
C. Emerson Fox (SFA'34), Bedford, Mass.
Leo Gordon (LAW'34), Palm Beach, Fla.
Margaret Rennie (PAL'34), Concord, N.H.
Brenda P. Bunting (SAR'35), East Nassau, N.Y.
George Dovbrow (COM'35, SMG'35), Brookline, Mass.
Leila G. Ford (SFA'35), Carmel, Ind.
Beatrice Saphier (PAL'35, SED'36), Great Neck, N.Y.
Louise D. Chaplin (PAL'36), Portland, Maine
Margaret J. Lexow (SFA'36), Sarasota, Fla.
William F. Cann (LAW’48), Concord, N.H.
William F. Coyne (DGE’48, LAW’51), Boston, Mass.
Virginia Eckrote (PAL’48), Myrtle Beach, S.C.
Jo-Anne Kelly (PAL’48), Dallas, Tex.
Gilbert A. Whitney (SFA’48, GRS’51), Maryville, Mo.
Lydia A. Beane (SON’49), Millford, N.H.
Patricia D. Boyd (SAR’49), Torrance, Calif.
John J. Campbell (LAW’49), Belmont, Mass.
Dorothy F. Carson (SAR’49), Bantam, Conn.
Constance C. Cobb (DGE’49, SED’51), Cape Elizabeth, Maine
Julian Crocker (LAW’49), Franconia, N.H.
Robert F. Driscoll (ENG’51), Acton, Mass.
William J. Dunnett (SMG’49), Bangor, Maine
Stella T. Ericson (CAS’49), Newark, Del.
Arthur V. Fraher (COM’49), Port Laud­er­dale, Fla.
G. Rowland Young (SFA’49), Braintree, Mass.
Rasco R. Anderson (STH’50), Beverly, Mass.
Walter C. Artwood (SMG’50), Barrington, N.H.
Evelyn Eokszuzan Cameron (SED’50), San Rafael, Calif.
John A. Clark (GFS’50), Great Barrington, Mass.
Rose C. Fishman (CAS’50), Waban, Mass.
Robert A. Forman (LAW’50), Dallas, Tex.
Isadore I. Ginsberg (SSW’50), Newton, Mass.
Hollis W. Hastings (SFA’50), Whitefield, N.H.
William F. Joy (GSM’50), Winchester, Mass.
George Krakow (SMG’50), Smyrna, Ga.
Donald R. McKay (COM’50, ’55), Braintree, Mass.
Elizabeth G. Morrison (PAL’50), Falmouth, Maine.
Phyllis Newman (PAL’50), Englewood, Colo.
Carl L. Orcutt (SED’50), Topsfield, Mass.
Joseph V. Staniek (LAW’50), Derry, N.H.
Joseph F. Barnes (CAS’51), East Wey­mouth, Mass.
Henry A. Christopher (CAS’51), Kirk­wood, Mo.
Raymond G. Dick (COM’51), Austin, Tex.
Raymond A. Gosselin (GSM’51), Wellesley, Mass.
Fred R. Manthey (STH’51), Scranton, Pa.
Helen S. Morrison (SFA’51), Brookline, Mass.
Norman R. Pape (CAS’51), Yulee, Fla.
Arthur D. Quill (SMG’51), Topsfield, Mass.
Harry W. Von Hassel (COM’51), Atkins­ton, N.H.
Hermyle E. Germain (SMG’52), Lawrence, Mass.
Robert A. Gilman (DGE’52), New York, N.Y.
Jean M. Jones (PAL’52), Topeka, Kans.
George H. McDermott (LAW’52), Quincy, Mass.
Dudie A. Oringer (COM’52), Boston, Mass.
Nancy Braverman Wyner (CAS’52), Brookline, Mass.
Ruth E. Berglund (SON’53), North Reading, Mass.
Katherine F. Boynton (SED’53, ’57), Boston, Mass.
R. Joseph Ehrlichman (SED’53), Canton, Mass.
J. L. Kobou (SED’53), Kingston, Mass.
Jane E. McNaney (SED’53), Boston, Mass.
Donald T. Meader (CAS’53), Contoocook, N.H.
 Cecilia Raftopoulou (SED’53), Manchester, N.H.
Virginia Stevens (SON’53), Dennis, Mass.
John G. Hill (GRS’54), Austin, Tex.
John J. MacDonald (COM’54), Boston, Mass.
Mary R. Mealy (CAS’54, GRS’56), Scituate, Mass.
Mary Walsh (GRS’54), Woburn, Mass.
Mary L. Ibis (SED’55), Beverly Hills, Fla.
Phyllis Krasin (SON’55), South Glaston­bury, Conn.
Gilbert E. Smith (STH’55), Kalamazzo, Mich.
Sandra Feder (CGS’56), Woodmere, N.Y.
Louis A. Hulbert (LAW’56), Charlton City, Mass.
Keith L. Iskine (STH’56, ’68), Indianapo­lis, Ind.
Francis L. Lambert (SED’56), West Swanzey, N.H.
Joyce F. O’Connell (PAL’56), Quincy, Mass.
Donald F. Schneiderman (GRS’56, ’64), Rochester, N.Y.
Alexander Pavechic (CAS’57), Brockton, Mass.
Graham J. Smith (SMG’57), Amherst, N.H.
Irene S. Champagne (CAS’58), Driggs Ferry, N.Y.
Shirley Eaton (SAR’58), Collegeville, Pa.
Lloyd S. Gutwitz (SMG’58), Brewster, Mass.
Walter L. Goodnow (SED’58), Keene, N.H.
Nellie Bell Greene (SED’58), New Smyrna, Fla.
IN MEMORIAM

Eugene S. Holt (CAS'58), Tacoma, Wash.
B. Jerry Paulson (SED'58), Cherry Hill, N.J.
John T. White (ENG'58), Cropseyville, N.Y.
S. Robert Kinghorn (SMG'59), Glen Arm, Md.
Raymond H. Holden (SED'60), Pawtucket, R.I.
Janice W. Monsarrat (SED'60), Pascoag, R.I.
Nettie C. Stromeyer (SED'60), Concord, Mass.
Ralph W. Trask (SMG'60), Springfield, Ill.
Joseph Concannon (CAS'61, DGE'59), Brighton, Mass.
Fletcher J. Bryant (STH'61), Montclair, N.J.
William J. Heneghan (SDM'61), Penfield, N.Y.
Francis L. Schlosser (GRS'61), Montpelier, Vt.
Doris Bauer Durfee (SON'62), Attleboro, Mass.
Marie Dixon (SED'63), Ipswich, Mass.
Robert J. Menges (GRS'63), Evanston, Ill.
Jane Millman (SPA'63), West Orange, N.J.
Robert D. Rasmussen (STH'63, GRS'63), Alameda, Calif.
Myrna J. Swartz (SED'64, STH'67), Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Stanley J. Boyajian (CAS'65), Cambridge, Mass.
George J. Kay (SED'65, STH'67), Dover, N.H.
Roger K. Warlick (GRS'65, STH'65), Savannah, Ga.
Elizabeth Quarles Hamilton (CAS'66), Gloucester, Mass.
Gary L. McLam (STH'66), Norwich, Vt.
Harold D. Talbot (SED'66), Wellesley, Mass.
Peter D. Campbell (CAS'67, CGS'62), W. Hartford, Conn.
Dianne Varnum Jack (CAS'67), Newark, Del.
Carolyn A. Marks (SED'67), Chalfont, Pa.
Roberla S. Lerner (COM'68, CGS'69), Marblehead, Mass.
Dennis J. Murphy (GSM'68), Stamford, Conn.
Paull Geller Shea (SMG'69), Cortland, N.Y.
Phyllis D. Friedman (SED'69), South Orange, N.J.
Jon E. Austad (GSM'70), Winchester, Mass.
Pamela L. Swift (CAS'70), Dalton, Mass.
Robert E. Ainslie (GSM'72), San Mateo, Calif.
Sharon L. Bender (SED'72), Marion, Ohio
Karen S. Marram (SFA'72), Canton, Mass.
Beth S. Uris (CAS'72), Los Angeles, Calif.
Lynn C. Markoff (SED'73), Providence, R.I.
Harriet Liftman Needleman (SED'73), Needham, Mass.
Peter R. Sarasohn (LAW'73), Madison, N.J.

Tax-Wise Giving: Charitable Lead Trust

A charitable lead trust is akin to lending Boston University income-producing assets or cash. The University receives income from the assets, but only temporarily. At the end of a term of years selected by you and your advisors, the income-producing property returns to you, or more commonly, to your children, grandchildren, or other heirs.

With such a gift, you receive substantial savings in gift tax, estate tax, or generation-skipping transfer taxes that come due whenever you give property to your heirs. Eventually, all of your estate can pass to family members, while for several years substantial income has been paid to the charity you designate, in this case Boston University.

A lifetime lead trust can reduce income taxes and gift or estate taxes if family beneficiaries are willing to wait to receive assets. Suppose John T. (CAS'50) owns stock worth $500,000, which he plans eventually to transfer to his children and which currently pays 7 percent in dividends. Eager to make a substantial gift to CAS in honor of his 50th reunion, he establishes a charitable lead annuity trust that pays $35,000 each year to CAS for fifteen years. At the end of the fifteen-year term, the stock automatically goes to his children, bypassing any estate taxes that later might have been due on his estate.

Whenever considering the tax and income advantages of a planned gift, donors and their families should consult professional financial and estate planning advisors.

For additional information, please write or call Mary H. Tambiah, director, Office of Gift and Estate Planning, Boston University, 599 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, MA 02215. Telephone: 617/353-2254 or 800/645-2347. E-mail: tambiah@bu.edu.
Ernest L. Rokowski (SED’74), Preston, Conn.
Ruthen P. Guzman (SED’75), West Roxbury, Mass.
Judith V. Tilbor (GSM’75), West Simsbury, Conn.
Michael J. Buonanto (GRS’76), Westford, Mass.
George Papainannou (STH’76), Bethesda, Md.
Julia A. Spatuzzi Dennis (COM’77), Glasgow, Conn.
D. Chris Bagart (ENG’82), Daytona Beach, Fla.
Timothy Nadeau (CAS’84), Boston, Mass.
Michael A. Berkowitz (LAW’86), North Woodmere, N.Y.
Darlene J. Delong (MET’86), Sterling, Va.
Michael J. Merrill (SED’87), Saint George, Maine
Kathryn Redfield Collins (SMG’90), Redondo Beach, Calif.
Barbara B. Katz (SSW’90), Boston, Mass.

Obituaries

Thomas S. Lambert, 85, former professor of law, on December 29. Lambert was UCLA’s first Rhodes Scholar, and graduated from Oxford University and Yale Law School. He worked on many important cases, including the post–World War II prosecution of Nazi war criminal Martin Bormann and a lawsuit on behalf of Ralph Nader against the manufacturers of the Corvair automobile. He taught at Boston University from 1946 to 1955, “the best nine years of my life,” he told Bostonia in 1997. Renowned as a teacher of tort law, he was editor-in-chief of the Journal of the American Trial Lawyers Association. He was also a professor of law at Suffolk University for twenty-seven years.

Murray B. Levin, 72, professor emeritus of political science, on December 8. Levin received his undergraduate degree from Harvard College and his master’s and doctorate from Columbia University. During World War II, he was a Navy information officer. He came to the Arts and Sciences political science department in 1955, where he remained until 1989. He was a leading figure in the campus protests of the late 1960s and the 1970s. “He was absolutely fearless in expressing his views,” says Professor Emeritus Howard Zinn. Levin was an expert in political behavior and thought, writing several books and speaking often on the subject. He was also an instructor on the faculties of Columbia University, the University of Massachusetts, Stonehill College, Harvard University Extension School, and the College of the City of New York, and a guest lecturer at several other universities. In addition, Levin had his own political consulting firm, Levin Communications, which he founded in 1968. After retiring from BU, he taught urban politics to teens for Action for Boston Community Development. Levin was writing a book based on his interviews with media strategists from the 1988, 1992, and 1996 Republican and Democratic presidential campaigns. A memorial service will be held on April 28 at 3 p.m. at BU’s Photonics Center, 8 St. Mary’s Street, Boston.

Raymond L. Mannix (SMG’23, GSM’24), 96, SMG professor emeritus, on June 3, 1999. Mannix received both his undergraduate degree and his M.B.A. from the School of Management, and joined its faculty shortly after graduation. He became chairman of the accounting department, a position he held until his retirement in 1967, and also worked as a CPA long after his retirement. Mannix stayed involved with the school, even attending the 55th class reunions of some of his former students. Alan Edelstein (SMG’47, LAW’49), former adjunct professor and research fellow in the Institute of Accounting Research and Education, studied federal and state income taxes with Mannix, whom he calls “as steady as they came” and a fine accounting department chairman. “He had great people working for him,” Edelstein says, “and if you surround yourself with good people, it makes you a good chairman.” Edelstein also recalls Mannix’s acumen as a professor. “During his heyday, CBA [now SMG] turned out the leading people in the profession,” he says, “and you can attribute that to him.”

Lena M. Plaisted (SON’48, ’49), 90, former professor of nursing, on January 14. Plaisted graduated from the Children’s Hospital School of Nursing and went on to receive a certificate in public health nursing from Simmons College in 1930. She was a staff nurse and orthopedic nurse specialist for the Visiting Nurse Association of Boston and an orthopedic supervisor for the Visiting Nurse Association of Milwaukee. Plaisted then earned a degree in physical therapy from the Harvard Medical School of Physical Therapy in 1939 and was a nurse and physical therapist consultant for the Vermont Department of Public Health Crippled Children’s Services. World War II took her to England as a nurse in the U.S. Army Nurse Corps from 1944 to 1946. After the war, she came to BU and received bachelor’s and master’s degrees from the School of Nursing, and became a professor of nursing and director of physical therapy at the University of Vermont. Plaisted was also the coordinator of the Cerebral Palsy Program of the Vermont Association for the Crippled. In 1955, she came back to BU as a professor at SON and director of the graduate program in rehabilitative nursing, where she remained until her retirement in 1974. From 1955 to 1970, during her time at BU, she was also project director of the U.S. Public Health Service Short-Term Training Grant in Rehabilitation Nursing.

Paul H. Spiers, Jr. (COM’49), 74, former adjunct professor of public relations at COM, on December 26. After serving as an infantry sergeant in World War II, Spiers studied at BU, as well as at Dartmouth and Brown. He worked for a variety of newspapers over the years, beginning with the Holyoke Transcript Telegram and going on to the Bangor News and Stars and Stripes, where he worked from 1957 to 1962. Spiers was also director of the New England Press Association. In his career, he won first prize for UPI New England, as well as three Silver Anvil awards. An active alum, he was president of the COM alumni association board.
Mary McCarthy hit the prewar New York literary scene like a double vodka before vespers. (She also hit the literary jackpot, but that came later.) Other competitors and dramatis personae under the scrutiny of David Laskin’s microscope include McCarthy’s sometime husband and mentor, Edmund Wilson, poet Robert Lowell and two of his wives — novelist Jean Stafford and critic Elizabeth Hardwick — philosopher Hannah Arendt, critic Diana Trilling, and other collegial backstabbers inhabiting this unnumbered Dantecan circle.

The locale of the circle was roughly — plenty roughly — the offices of Partisan Review (hence the book’s title) and the bars and mostly Greenwich Village cocktail party venues where the gang all hung out. Occasionally, some combatants took their show on the road (Maine, Cape Cod) to disastrous notices and quick curtains.

The Partisan Review offices in the Village were both a geographic center for literary traffic and the launching pad for an outpouring of political and cultural creativity. Despite its small circulation, its readership included the leading intellectuals of the time as well as all savvy acquisitions editors throughout the world of book and magazine publishing. Indeed, from the late forties to the early sixties, Partisan Review was considered the world’s preeminent springboard for authors as well as for innovative ideas on politics and art.

For nearly a quarter century the magazine has been housed at Boston University, and in 1996 it published two anthologies — A Partisan Century: Political Writings...

One question echoes throughout the minidramas comprising this anthology of agonies, whose edges Laskin gnaws at but never wholly digests: why did these sensitive and highly talented women put up with these bastards? Well, if the heart has it reasons, broken hearts do too.

Before her marriage ended Jean Stafford wrote, “Being a writer and being married to a writer is a back breaking job and my back is now broken.” And her heart — both as a result of the breakup with Lowell, and many of her friends felt, the loss of her house in Maine. In 1945, with the success of her first novel, Boston Adventure, she was able to buy a house by a stretch of tidal coves near the coast in Damariscotta Mills. Two firsts for Stafford — a best-selling novel and a house of her own. Her romanticism about her house, with its location and her enthusiastic role of homemaker (“‘Even you could imagine the state of sustained exstasy [sic] Jean is in,’” Lowell wrote to a friend), totally captured the “womanly” side of Stafford. The dream house however, soon became a nightmare of booze, jealousy, and infidelity (Lowell’s), and although she wrote two more novels and a number of books of short stories (The Collected Short Stories of Jean Stafford won the Pulitzer prize in 1969), she never regained the precarious equilibrium of the early years of marriage. Drink filled the life-buffeting remaining New York years, and after two more husbands (a marriage to A. J. Liebling, 1959–1963, was a boozey and unproductive but happy interlude), Stafford died in seclusion in 1979. A letter to Lowell reveals how she felt about her life: “There is nothing worse for a woman than to be deprived of her womanliness. For me there is nothing worse than the knowledge that her life holds nothing for me but being a writer.”

The Spouse That Roared

Mary McCarthy neither entered nor excised her marriage to Edmund Wilson, the most influential American literary authority of the time, with the subdued resignation and ultimate defeat characteristic of Stafford’s marital odyssey with Lowell. In Wilson v. Wilson, “domestic violence, insanity, alcohol abuse, mental cruelty and infidelity” were among the suggested areas for improvement. A friend who lived near them on Cape Cod during the period of the marriage told me he never once passed the Wilsons’ prerefrigerator house — whether at dawn or midnight — when he did not see a huge sign near the road reading ICE.

Yet McCarthy was productive during the early forties, and with Wilson’s encouragement, wrote the short stories collected in The Company She Keeps (1942), containing her notorious "The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt." (It is thus cited by Laskin on page 37; by page 134 it is “Suit”; the book ends before he gets an overcoat.) She went through three more marriages before the domestic tranquility and high literary fame that marked the closing years.

Even with all McCarthy’s success, Laskin remains baffled that she never assumed the Delacroix pose on the ramparts of militant feminism. On the subject of his female protagonist’s noninvolvement in the women’s movement, Laskin seems just not to get it. Mistress Mary could have straightened him out.

Although most of the major literary figures of the time appear in Laskin’s account, two other women are central figures. Hannah Arendt, a German refugee, arrived in New York in 1941. Unlike her friends Hardwick and McCarthy, Arendt thought the war was everything. Her concern with totalitarianism (her book on the subject remains a classic) and her writings in Partisan Review and elsewhere, as well as her Out World gravitas, awed her colleagues and clearly overshadowed her intellectual and political husband, Heinrich Blücher.

Elizabeth Hardwick, sole survivor of the book’s major players, is today a prominent literary presence. A founding editor of the New York Review of Books, she continues as advisory editor and frequent contributor. Her climb to this elevated perch also began between the sheets of Partisan Review. A striking Presbyterian from Kentucky, she came to New York because she “wanted to be a Jewish intellectual,” and soon gravitated toward Partisan Review and its circles — vicious and egocentric.

Sponsored by the usual Philip Rahv promotion, she caromed about making a name for herself with respected criticism until in 1949 she fetched up with the wretched Lowell, her only husband, with whom she stuck through thin and thinner. It is only fair to report that despite the tormented manic-depressive swings Lowell regularly suffered through, the enormously talented poet could also be a sensitive and loving companion. Hardwick and Stafford were victims, not fools.

Along with the tragic events undergone by his cast (a Payne Whitney Clinic reunion would have seen three graduates), there is also a farcical one, albeit with foreboding choral overtones. We’re not far from A Midsummer Night’s Dream when we read of Stafford and Lowell’s fleeing Maine to seek refuge from their unhappiness with their old friends the Tates, only to find this couple about to divorce over the husband’s infidelity with, among other women, Elizabeth Hardwick, who was to become the next Mrs. Lowell. “La Ronde” squared.

But perhaps Dawn Powell, an a-feminist whose novels only now, thirty-five years after her death, are being compared to Edith Wharton’s, holds the key to the dilemma Laskin can’t resolve. Powell, renowned as a dazzling social critic and funnier than Dorothy Parker put together, knew from experience the demands of writing and marriage: “In order for a genius to be a genius, he must have a self-less slave between him and the world so that he may select what tidbits he chooses from it and not have his brains swallowed up in chaff. For women this protection is impossible.”

Protection these women all found elusive, but like boats against the current, they beat on, forging their estimable accomplishments despite the inhospitable environment provided them by male colleagues and unstable mates.
Natural Prayer

**BY ERIC MCHENRY**

**Pastoral**
by Carl Phillips (Graywolf Press, 2000, 80 pages, $14)

It's easy to sit back and nod knowingly at the trajectory Carl Phillips's career has taken. Eight years ago he arrived on the scene with a precious first collection of poems, *In the Blood* (Northeastern University Press, 1992), which announced his talent without quite fully exploiting it. With each succeeding book — *Cortège* (Graywolf, 1995), *From the Devotions* (Graywolf, 1997), and now *Pastoral* — Phillips (GRS'92) has fortified both his style and reputation. To anyone acquainted with the publishing lives of Robert Frost, Philip Larkin, Jane Kenyon, or a hundred other twentieth-century poets, this is a familiar progression.

But the poetry of Carl Phillips is absolutely fresh — stylistically unrecognizable to the first-time reader, instantly recognizable to the admirer. There is simply no other American poet like him.

*Pastoral* is often precisely that, with the tradition's characteristic recurring exponents — the stag, the dove, the distant timeline — and expressive verses. To this ancient form Phillips brings his distinctive vision of an ancient theme: desire and its destructive fulfillment. Every poem sees the human spirit seek and willfully surrender to something, whether love, sex, or death, that will mean both its consummation and its consumption.

Less the shadow
than you a stag, sudden, through it.
Less the stag breaking cover than
the antlers, with which
rowned.
Less the antlers as trees leafless,
to either side of the stag's head, than —
between them — the vision that must mean, surely, rescue.

Less the rescue.
More, always, the ache
toward it.

The most distinctive, and daring, aspect of the writing in *Pastoral* is technical. Phillips builds very long sentences out of very short lines. To these he installs frequent internal pauses, which he props open with heavy doorstops — dashes, semicolons, colons, and periods. The result is an uncommonly deliberative movement, both cautious, and ultimately, assured. No other American poet makes this gamble, forcing each word to bear so much weight.

The lines do not buckle with it, but retain a surprising grace and smoothness. Phillips has found a form that can deliver what his timeless theme demands: true scrutiny. The soul's "natural prayer," he writes, "is attention." If that's the case, he has written a book that is not only relentlessly attentive, but also prayerful.

Doctor of Humane Letters

**BY VALERIE DUFF**

**Diva**
by Rafael Campo (Duke University Press, 1999, 98 pages, $14.95)

A healer in two arts, Rafael Campo joins imagination and truth in his medical practice at Harvard Medical School and Beth Israel Deaconess Hospital as well as in his writing life. Campo (GRS'91), who encourages residents and patients to read and write poetry, must feel validated by a study recently published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that links health and healing to the power of words.

Campo has written for years about the physician's understanding and role in curing illness, and about the influence of language on recovery. He beat the prestigious *JAMA* to the punch with his first two books of poetry, *The Other Man Was Me* (Arte Publico Press, 1994) and *What the Body Told* (Duke University Press, 1996), as well as his memoir, *The Poetry of Healing* (W. W. Norton & Co., 1997). With *Diva*, a finalist for the 2000 National Book Critics Circle Award, this graduate of Harvard Medical School and the Boston University Creative Writing Program continues to wed the professions of doctor and poet in yet another unusual, well-wrought collection of poems.

Following in the footsteps of such poets as Whitman and Williams, Campo's poetry encapsulates the privacy and primacy witnessed by the physician, exploring in verse AIDS, cancer, and the experiences of general medical practice. No aspect of life is too routine or unspeakable for examination.

The poet's path from medicine to creative writing is explained in "A Poet's Education," dedicated to his BU teacher Derek Walcott. Campo lays out his hopes for poetry:

I wanted it to be unlike the stiff Cadavers I had picked apart in labs At Harvard Med; I wanted it to be alive, The pounding pulse of iambics telling me The body's truths in terms I understood.

Campo nods to other poetic influences in this book, including Auden and Williams, but his greatest homage is to Federico García Lorca: the final section of *Diva* contains a number of translations of the great Spanish poet. In these, the voices of Campo and García Lorca merge, both bearing witness, both reaching to achieve the same remarkable feats, as in these lines from "The Poet Asks His Beloved about Cuenca's 'The Enchanted City':"

Didn't you see in the transparent air the dahlia made of shame and joyous cries that I sent you from my burning heart?
Lecturing on a Short Circuit

BY ELIE WIESEL

Elie Wiesel has for decades been recognized almost universally as humanity’s voice of conscience. It was he who helped break the silence of the Holocaust, he who cried out for the rights of Soviet Jews, he who spoke on behalf of the Mosquito Indians, he who has talked firmly to world leaders about human rights. But before the Andrew Mellon Professor in the Humanities at Boston University was a voice, he was a misplaced speaker—an occasion he recalls with a touch of his deep humor. This is an excerpt from the second volume of his memoirs, And the Sea Is Never Full, published recently by Alfred A. Knopf.

And this is how one beautiful day I became a speaker.

Dov Judkowski, the head of *Yedioth Ahronoth*, who in 1956 named me New York correspondent, was right: to give lectures in the United States is, as everybody knows, big business. With a little luck, lecturing can generate considerable income; not as substantial as that of a rock singer or a baseball champion, of course, but who can compare to a rock star or a stadium god?

I remember my first experience. It was 1960. *Night* had just been published in the United States. A few weeks later the Eichmann trial was headline news. I get a call from the president of a Jewish club on Long Island who invites me to come speak about my book to an audience of some five hundred couples. My honorarium? One hundred dollars, almost half my monthly salary. As I hesitate, she adds: “We have all read your work; we are totally enthralled by it. Come, we need to learn, and you are the one who can teach us.” She has such a lovely voice. Am I going to fall in love? Again? I accept. The engagement is for two or three months hence. Too bad. Such a lovely voice. Am I going to fall in love with her very quickly, even more quickly than usual, but she introduces me to her husband, an accountant for an important electronics firm. They accompany me into the hall: all the women are dazzling and, as expected, all have escorts. I am seated at the head table to the right of my hostess.

In time I follow her to the podium. She presents me to the public with effusive praise in the American way. She proclaims that I am a great writer, then corrects her self immediately: great? The greatest of this generation. Not only that, of all generations. In other words, I am a genius. If one were to believe my presenter, one might conclude that the deaths of Shakespeare and Dostoevsky were occasioned by sheer envy over my accomplishments. “All of us have read and urged others to read your magnificent book!” she exclaims. “Future generations will echo what I am saying here, on behalf of all of us: we admire your talent and we love you for sharing it with us.” I decide to test them.

Now it is my turn to speak. I thank her awkwardly and launch into a tale, improvising as I go along, that has no connection whatsoever with *Night*. I set the action in nineteenth-century France, where a Jewish seminarian becomes infatuated with a Christian “Mademoiselle” Bovary. I stress the ethical problems involved. The situation is reminiscent of Corneille’s dramas. Duty and passion, religion and heresy. I mix quotations from Seneca and Kant and Spinoza, my favorite, why not? I wait for one member of the audience to stop me, to tell me that this is not the book he read. Nothing happens. I speak for three-quarters of an hour; even I have no idea where I’m going. The seminarian is on the brink of suicide when he learns that his beloved has fled from a convent somewhere in the countryside.

The time has come to conclude, for if I don’t, I might be tempted to call upon the Bible and assorted medieval mystics and even upon texts that have come down to us from “the night of time”—hence the title of my book. My discourse is rewarded with thunderous applause. I don’t know what to make of it. Clearly my intuition had been correct. There was in this hall not a single person who had read my poor little book, the only book that bore my name. Still, I urge myself not to be too hasty. They may be shy, or they don’t want to offend me, embarrass me. During the question-and-answer period they will surely express their astonishment at the difference between my reading of my book and theirs.

Well, the question-and-answer period is upon us and everybody refers to the outrageous and incoherent tale I have just invented. Why did the seminarian wait so long before renouncing his love? Why did the young woman not consider convention to the Jewish faith? As I stammer,
my hostess accepts three more questions and concludes the session. I follow her into an office where she hands me my due. We are alone and I use the opportunity to tell her a Hasidic story:

Invited by a disciple from a neighboring village to attend a circumcision ceremony, a rabbi hires the only coach in the village to take him there. He and the coachman begin the journey in high spirits: the rabbi because he is about to perform a mitzvah, a good deed, and the coachman because he will earn a few zlotys. At the bottom of the first hill the horse halts, exhausted. The coachman dismounts and begins to push the carriage. Of course the rabbi, too, leaves the carriage and helps push. They push and push until they finally arrive at the Hasid’s doorstep. That is when the rabbi tells the coachman: “There is something I don’t understand. I understand why I am here; the Hasid wishes me to participate in his ceremony. I also understand why you are here; this is how you make your living. But the horse, this poor horse, why did we bring it along?”

My hostess with the beautiful voice is speechless for a moment. Then she confesses: neither she nor any member of her group has read my book. But then why did she invite me? It was a simple mistake: she was confused by a New York Times review of two books, mine and another, in the same issue.

Another lesson in humility, this one administered in a Catskill resort: a Jewish group awards me some kind of prize. Some fifty people queue up to shake my hand and congratulate me. I hear whispers: “It doesn’t look like him. He looks different in the movies.” They had mistaken me for Eli Wallach.

Flattered, I tell myself: at least we share the same initials.

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The Unique Qualities of Individual Religious Experience

BY JEREMY MURRAY-BROWN

In our winter issue we invited a number of contributors to comment on their observations of the role of religion on campus (“Varieties of Religious Experience”). Below is one professor’s postscript to our symposium.

Leaving a convention of evangelical Christians some years ago, I was struck by how quickly the delegates who drifted into the mall adjoining the convention center merged with the crowd that had nothing to do with the convention. Soon the only distinction was the convention’s name tags, which showed up here and there in the mall’s stores and cafeterias.

That became for me an allegory about the nature of the television audience, and thus, the entire population. It is all of us, whatever our avocations and private beliefs. Whenever we come together in public spaces like the mall, our faces merge with the myriad other faces that make up the vast, anonymous television audience. We all belong in this crowd, and you can’t distinguish believers from nonbelievers.

Each time I meet a new undergraduate

Jeremy Murray-Brown is an associate professor in the department of film and television at the College of Communication.

There’s no obvious way of telling; not, say, in their preferences for individual television programs or types of programs. In class discussion, each new television hit has its supporters among the student population, believers and nonbelievers alike. Some may vote for Buffy or Touched by an Angel, a good many others for wrestling’s Smackdown! The most popular shows remain Seinfeld and The Simpsons. Robert Schuller’s Hour of Power from California’s Crystal Cathedral will come in for negative comment from nearly everyone, whatever their beliefs, and despite — or most likely, because of — the program’s striking production techniques. Similarly, the claims of a televangelist-faith healer — the subject of a Prime Time Live expose we critique together — will be greeted with well-nigh universal guffaws.

My hunch is that just as students all belong to the same general television culture, so too they mirror the religious feelings of Americans in general, which is to say that they seem to be more committed to religious faith and practice than, say, their counterparts in Europe. Coming myself from Europe, I am struck by the spirit of optimism and hope, of positive thinking expressed in service to others, that pervades the Boston University campus. I notice how frequently students advance projects that reveal, often without their being aware of it, their religious interests, how rapt is the attention they give to a documentary we are studying that has an underlying religious moral.

Whether the number of religious-minded students is increasing, I can’t say. It’s the unique quality of individual experiences I learn about, mostly in private conversations, that impresses me. I think of a young Christian woman from Korea who overcame loneliness and depression when studying for her master’s degree, of another from Taiwan whose faith has inspired her work as an influential broadcaster in her own country. There’s the gifted young man, one of my first students, who is now a minister in an experimental urban church, and another who, stubbornly resisting the opposition of his family, has given his talents to mission work through radio and video productions. Each one of these, and many others I have known, seem to me like branches borne along on the surface of a river. They all bear witness to the depth and strength of the current beneath.
Miles Beller (COM’74, DGE’71) *Dream of Venus (Or Living Pictures)*. C.M. Publishing. The 1939 World’s Fair is not just setting; it’s also topic and action of this fictionalized retrospective of a projected future now passed. Based on creative research (this is a novel with an extensive bibliography, although an author’s note suggests that too is fictionalized), Beller has constructed an engaging cacophony: Judy Garland on the Yellow Brick Road and the couch on which Edison took his famous naps; Philco picture radios and the introduction of a special guest: “Al Einstein... a great thinker, a great scientist, a great American”; a purse snatcher and his foul-mouthed victim on the Court of Peace; Mickey Mouse as coded symbol of racial discrimination; the Avenue of Labor and the Courtyard of Heroes of Arts and Letters; epic statuary; the Pavilion of Abundance; the Singing Tower of Light; and Momentoes of the Future, Now 30 Percent Off. Altogether, Beller’s fair serves up a Utopian future of unquestioning consumerism and patriotism, cynically manufactured by businessmen and politicians for a naive, entranced, unattractive public. And over it all, the shadow of Hitler and World War II.

Leslie Rebecca Bloom (CAS’78, DGE’76) *Under the Sign of Hope: Feminist Methodology and Narrative Interpretation*. SUNY Press. Feminist social science research, Bloom says, must be characterized by fluidity, developing relationships between the researcher and her subjects, and by subjectivity acknowledged as not simply unavoidable but advantageous. Her hope is that methodology that adjusts to the individuals and to evolving situations and interpretations will enable research, researchers, and feminism itself to break free of the restrictions of old, untested (male) concepts.

Peter Ho Davies (CAS’73) *Equal Love*. Mariner Books. Before the opening story in this collection, a couple has reported contact with aliens; it’s neither stated nor necessary that the story is based on a real case from the sixties. Nor is it clear or important whether or not the aliens were real, or whether anybody but the husband cares that he is black and his wife is not. What matters are his perceptions of a mostly realistic situation.

That sets the tone for the stories that follow: rather more ordinary situations as they are seen by ordinary people. Language, plot, and characters are so quietly...

**Purposeful Tourist**

Traveling in Europe, Africa, and Asia soon after graduation, Harry Pariser (COM’75) probably didn’t realize that travel was going to be his career. Then on the road in Singapore, he ran into Bill Dalton, author of *Indonesia Handbook*, the backpackers’ bible for that country, and founder of Moon Publications. Several years later Pariser was writing guidebooks for Moon — one on Jamaica and another on Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands — and he’s been at it ever since.

Now he’s taken the next step: publishing his own travel books. His first, *Explore Costa Rica* (Manatee Press, 2000), is in the tradition of Moon guidebooks: plenty of historical background, many useful maps and illustrations, and just about everything you might need to know about traveling in that country. “Hopefully the book will make people think about the environment in which they are traveling,” he says.

He’s currently at work on a guidebook to Barbados, which is due out in May. Having written the *Adventure Guide to Barbados*, which won the 1995 Lowell Thomas Silver Award for best guidebook from the Society of American Travel Writers’ Foundation, he had plenty of background to go on. He’s not sure of his next project, but given his history, it’s a fair bet that it will be about some sunny clime. — **TM**
elegantly honed and so much of a piece that it's easy to overlook how marvelously different the stories are. Davies's ear and his empathy are right on across a range of people in domestic circumstances we know at first or second hand (children, both young and grown, of divorce; a husband, away from home and lonely, who has looked up an old girlfriend) and others we may have wondered about (a former junkie trying to get her baby back from foster care; a longtime door-to-door encyclopedia salesman). Humor, too, is integrated and realistic. A ten-year-old hanging out at work with her father, a pediatric dentist, enjoys hearing patients moan and seeing their blood, as any ten-year-old kid would. And maybe more so, a reader might then reflect, because of her own pain at her parents' divorce.

In each story, much remains for delayed impact and reflection; each is the stronger for Davies's restraint.

Grace R. W. Hall (GRS'46). The Tempest as Mystery Play. McFarland. The scholarly search for sources for Shakespeare's plays — so determined that it has assumed, for example, an "Ur-Hamlet," a lost play on which Shakespeare based his — has come up with multiple but fragmentary possible forebears of The Tempest, from travelogues all the way to a horse named Prospero. Hall sees The Tempest as an abstraction of the biblical history of humankind, accessible to its audience, which knew the Bible well. Typology begins with Prospero as Moses, lawmaker and teacher (and only by extension, Jesus); Miranda, Mary and the Church; and Caliban, the fallen and then repentant Adam. Building on earlier scholarship, she looks to the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, and particularly the biblical mystery plays, staged in the streets of English towns until 1579 (when Shakespeare was fifteen) and available thereafter in manuscript. She notes similarities in the mixing of serious and comic action, and in vocabulary, themes, imagery, and other attributes, and discusses at length parallels in sweep and structure, and in significance, including the fall (Caliban's rejecting Prospero), the flood (the tempest), and Isaac's carrying wood for his own sacrifice, prefiguring carrying the cross (represented by Ferdinand's wood carrying).

Jean Kilbourne (SED'72, '80). Deadly Persuasion: Why Women and Girls Must Fight the Addictive Power of Advertising. Free Press. More than forty years after Vance Packard told us so, it seems obvious that crafty advertisers speak to our subconscious by associating their products with what we want and need, both the generalized (e.g., love, security, and social status) and the specific (oral satisfaction). But as we have grown more sophisticated, so has advertising. Kilbourne finds it sinister. She sees ads that ask, "Will you respect your speakers in the morning?" or observe that "bath tissue is like marriage" as individually amusing but collectively destructive, because they trivialize relationships, implying that friends and family can be replaced by products — such obviously addictive and mesmerizing goods as cars, clothing, and ice cream. Women are more endangered, she says passionately, because advertising so often objectifies them and because they are by biology and upbringing more subject to addiction.

Mark Schafer (GRS'98), translator. Stripping Away the Sorrows from This World by Jesus Gardea. Editorial Aldus. Without its sorrows, little would be left of the northern Mexico of Gardea's contemporary short stories. In the settings, too spare to be called landscapes, are only heat, dust, flies, a few bare trees. Luxuries are dreary: a chair that has stood outside for forty years; a bureau, "big, ugly"; a red bicycle buried for fifteen years under accumulating trash. Kindnesses are threatened or threatening: an overbearing husband has gained the weight his wife (loving or merely frightened?) has lost; two men bring a meager meal daily to a man in a wheelchair and tell him they intend to kill the stray dog who shares it. Images in this desolate world, reminiscent of Beckett's, suggest significance just beyond reach — a huge, ornamented aquarium kept empty, a dying man in a wheelchair. In Schafer's spare translations, strategic phrases have a similarly elusive glow: the sky is "white. White as hell." In a silent room, a man asks, "Does twelve o'clock last long here?"

Linda Bandelier (STH'86) and David Campbell. The Three Donalds: A Tartan Fantasy. Scottish Children's Press. A charming pseudo-folk tale written by professional storytellers to be read aloud.

William J. Brennan (CAS'59). A Tattered Coat Upon a Stick. Xlibris. The Sacco and Vanzetti case "could still stir passions in the Commons or the Dugout" during his days at BU, says Brennan, who hopes his novel will inspire a move to annul their conviction in 2002, the seventy-fifth anniversary of their execution.
THE TRAIN TO THE PLAIN

David Haward Bain (CGS’69, COM’71). Empire Express: Building the First Transcontinental Railroad. Viking. If a train trip from Boston to San Francisco strikes you as tedious, consider what an adventure the voyage was before the transcontinental railroad was completed in 1869. A ship would take you to Nicaragua, you’d cross the steamy isthmus to the Pacific, and then another boat would take you north to California. The West Coast might as well have been in China. Bain tells a familiar tale: the Union Pacific’s comparatively easy drive westward from Omaha across the plains versus the Central Pacific’s foot-by-foot eastward fight across—and through—the Rocky Mountains. The teams met, cowcatcher to cowcatcher, at Promontory Point, Utah, and the coasts were connected with a final golden spike. Bain’s contribution here is to develop the engineering, political, and human dramas into a 700-plus-page epic that reads like a novel. We are moved by the visionaries of the 1830s and 1840s, enraged by the swindlers and cheats, and awestruck by the doggedness of the surveyors, engineers (both kinds), and swarms of Chinese and Irish work crews, who were treated as only somewhat less expendable than the Indians, who correctly saw their doom in the iron horse. Given the cynical and self-serving politicians and speculators who in part determined the Pacific route, we wonder that the road was ever built. That these States are United owes much to that 3,000-mile steel belt.—MBS

Our Career Paths and How We Can Reclaim Them. Harmony Books. Therapy can seem intent on shifting all responsibility to parents (those who don’t even imply career advice, Jacobsen says), are asking their “children to perform the most challenging work of all—soothing their parents’ fractured, overstressed lives”). Nonetheless, readers will find reflected in this therapist’s fictional case histories much that is familiar, compiled by solid suggestions on choosing or changing careers.

Simon Kangethe (SED’89,’91). Shaping Effective Health Care in Kenya: An Example for Developing Countries. Dorance Publishing. The primary focus is on the education of health-care providers in suiting modern treatment and prevention to local circumstance and convention.

Philip Kasinitz (CAS’79), Charles Hirschman, and Josh DeWind, eds. The Handbook of International Migration: The American Experience. Russell Sage Foundation. At the end of the twentieth century, immigrants and their children make up one-fifth of the U.S. population. Their numbers, and the fact that they now come less often from central Europe than from Asia and Latin America, demand new scholarship, the editors say. Twenty-four chapters discuss what motivates people to migrate, how they are changed, individually and collectively, and their impact on their new country.


Carol Pineiro (SED’82,’99). English for New Americans. Living Language/Rand­

Georgene Weiner (CAS’67). Cheater’s Choice. Rape Seed. Adagio Press. Two novels, the first a fictionalized memoir that includes a fictionalized BU.

Giovanni Mauro Zelko (COM’96). A Modern Decameron: A Poetic Dedication to Venus. G.M.Z. Publications. With an essay and photographs taken “within the same emotional time frame of each particular poem” by the poet.
Michael Cochrane (CAS'70). Gesture of Faith. SteepleChase. On this trio recording, Cochrane swings with five original compositions and a choice selection of covers, from Richard Rodgers's "I Didn't Know What Time It Was" to Bud Powell's "Hallucinations." There's a supple power in all these tunes, and a real confidence in the playing, as Cochrane is joined by Eddie Gomez on bass and Alan Nelson on percussion. The title track is by Cochrane, a reflective piece that shows his strength as a composer. That strength is obvious also on the debut eponymous recording recently released on Bluejay Records by the group Lines of Reason, a quartet that Cochrane plays with in New York. He contributed the first five tunes to that CD, all of which shine, from the bright and vibrant "Morning in Lima," an homage to the hard bop heroes of the old days, to the meditative "Patient Spirit." The benefits of regular gigging together are evident in the band's tight, instinctive playing. While big name jazz players get the lion's share of attention, some of the better contemporary jazz — like Cochrane's — is right here in front of us on small labels.

Here's hoping that more people pay attention.

Malcolm Halliday (SFA'81). Impressions: Piano Music of Leo Sowerby. Albany. Sowerby (1895-1968) was a prolific American composer known mostly for his organ works, but here Halliday focuses on his earlier compositions for piano. Three Folk Tunes from Somerset, written when Sowerby was just twenty-one, show him learning his craft. The five pieces in the Florida Suite (1929) demonstrate an altogether different composer, quieter and more mature, reflecting the images of nature re-membered from his travels. Likewise the earlier Northland Suite (1922), which conjures the sights and sounds of a journey along the Canadian shoreline of Lake Superior.

Marina Minkin (SEA'90,'98) and Michael Zaretsky. Bach, Bach & Bach. Artona. This CD might well have been called Duo Sonatas by Bach & Sons, for that's what it is, with Minkin on harpsichord and SFA faculty member Zaretsky on viola. The selections are as astute as the playing; the juxtaposition of works by the sons (Wilhelm Friedmann and Carl Philipp Emanuel) with that of their father shows the significant continuity, as well as changes, in the family's compositional style. The players' talents are showcased in Wilhelm Friedmann's Sonata for Viola and Harpsichord in C minor, especially in the third movement, which gives Minkin equal time with Zaretsky. The three sonatas by the elder Bach remind me why I never tire of the master: there is a purity in his music, especially when played as well as Minkin and Zaretsky do here.

Jessie Turner (SEA'88). All the Sweet Things. Sol Siren. Moving beyond her folksy roots, Turner rocks with a cool, contemporary sound, even mixing it up with a bit of trip-hop on this, her second CD. Some of her songs lean toward love's losses, but they aren't tales of woe. In fact, Turner's often sultry vocals underscore what they really are: tales of desire, unrequited and otherwise. She's also got an inimitable way with pure pop hooks that grab you, leaving refrains to repeat in your head long after the CD player is turned off. In fact, All the Sweet Things is essentially radio-ready, if only mainstream radio stations would play music as catchy and literate as this.
Indeed. And Rothenberg should know about that. He’s prolific with the written word, or maybe we should say the word written on computer. MIT Press has published the first book of an annual series of Terra Nova-ish material—writing at the intersection of nature and culture, as the press materials say. The New Earth Reader: The Best of Terra Nova is out now, and a second volume, with an eclectic range of contributors all writing on the theme of water, will be published in the fall. “Now we’re trying to put together one on air. I don’t know how many elements I’ll do. I know if I do another one, it will be ether,” he quips. “I don’t want to do fire or earth, because those seem so overdone. But ether—anything could be in there.”

And that’s not to mention the book on music, nature, and improvisation that he was finishing this winter while on sabbatical from teaching philosophy at the New Jersey Institute of Technology. “And now I’m trying to write a book on the difference between knowledge and information. Why is it that in this age of information people know less than ever before? I really don’t like books that are either yes on technology or no on technology, which is the way most of them are, because that’s obviously wrong,” he says. “Most of my work in philosophy is trying to get beyond such dichotomies.”

Putting his interests together is even more difficult: “I’m always trying to figure out how to connect it all. It’s like a puzzle. Now I think I should be doing music, though it’s very hard to discover how to do my own kind of music, which is in between things in the world today.”

But the dictionary shows there is no puzzle, no contradiction: Renaissance man, n (1906): a person who has wide interests and is expert in several areas. All Rothenberg really needs is to get new business cards printed up. — TM

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you’ll never be a real cook that way.”

Tasting spoon in hand, she checks some shallots and mushrooms she’s sautéing for another egg dish. “It’s terribly important to get into the habit to taste, taste, taste. You need to season as you go along, not just follow a recipe,” she admonishes us. And don’t forget, she adds, “you should never apologize at the table. People will think, ‘Yes, it’s really not so good.’”

We move on in our exploration of the egg world. “Quiches are coming back too. I’m happy to report. They were banned for a while . . .” Next she demonstrates omelette techniques, and asks for a volunteer to test her method. Hands dart up, though not mine. I’d be too nervous. But for the acolytes in the audience, who have invited Julia into their living rooms from her earliest days as the French Chef, it’s the chance of a lifetime. A woman who’s traveled from Providence strides to the front. She deftly cracks the eggs, scrambles them with a practiced hand (it’s all in the wrist), and in the end flips a perfect omelette out onto a plate. She’s beaming that the master has called out “bravo” and hugs Julia a little too tightly when a friend takes their photo.

Soon, our two and a half hours with Julia are up. The final dish is poached eggs with roasted veggies in aspic, done in little custard dishes, served on a bed of lettuce. As with all the other dishes, the students have been busy making them in the back kitchen and they serve them to us, their chefs hats starting to droop after the day’s exertions. It looks pretty, the poached egg peeping through an opaque film of aspic at the top. But the whites haven’t quite set properly, and the yolk is too runny for my taste. I feel guilty, having taken only a few bites, as I get up with the others to have Julia sign a cookbook. Maybe it wasn’t the aspic; maybe we were just egged out. But then I notice that nearly everyone seems to have only nibbled at the offering. Maybe it wasn’t the aspic; maybe we were just egged out. But not Juliaed out: the autograph line snakes almost out of the classroom. She’s finally sitting down now, signing cookbooks and chatting with her fans, as the culinary arts students do a quick cleanup, removing the dishes, pans, cutlery, and leftovers—hurry up, please, it’s closing time at Restaurant Julia.
Egged on by Julia Child

In front of the stove, there’s a stool waiting for Julia Child. It’s reflected in the tilted overhead mirror in our classroom, the demonstration kitchen at Metropolitan College. But when the doyenne of high-cholesterol, high-fat cooking comes out, badly stooped at age eighty-seven, she pushes it aside. No need for that, there’s cooking to be done.

Julia — we’re on a first-name basis from the start — is celebrating the comeback of the egg, and at this evening class offered through MET, that’s all she’s cooking. She’s been coming to BU since the certificate program in culinary arts started almost fifteen years ago, teaching classes alone or with her cooking pal, Jacques Pépin. So here we are, some threescore of us, young and old, ready to pay homage to a master — and ready to eat, of course, starting with an appetizer of deviled eggs with Kalamata olives and French bread.

"Ten years ago, we were told we weren’t supposed to have more than one egg a month. Then it was one egg a week, two a week, and now," Julia says with an appropriately devilish smile, "two eggs a day." Bad for you? Nonsense. Take the case of the diet doctor who ate no fat or cholesterol. "He looked rather peaked. And he had lots," she says, pausing for effect, "of dandruff." ("I’ve lived off that story for years," she adds.)

There aren’t any recipes to look at during class. Too distracting, Julia says. Just pay attention — and eat the results, cooked by the culinary arts students who had their own session with the French Chef in the afternoon. So we watch as she works her way through poached eggs, omelettes, frittatas, quiches, and more poached eggs. A teenager and his father seated next to me sum it up as they trade bad puns: eggceptional, eggciting, eggscruciating.

Poaching eggs in a whirlpool is an art form and I’m paying attention, even if I don’t like poached eggs. Take a pot of boiling water, Julia says, after her student helpers, always several steps behind, finally get the water in the watched pot to boil. Add a tablespoon and a half of vinegar, she says, then pours, simply pours, and keeps on pouring. "Just a little more," she jokes in her trademark lilting rasp, as we laugh with her. Swirling the water, she cracks an egg with one hand and drops it in, watching it firm up in the water. But it doesn’t cook up as planned; in fact, it’s downright ugly. "I think this," she says lifting it up in a spoon gingerly as if it might be a skunk, "is an illustration that eggs are not easy to poach. No matter what you do, you’ll run into trouble — so you disguise it as much as possible." That’s why sauces were invented, she implies. And sauces, of course, are a handy excuse to add in a stick of butter, Julia not being one to get hung up on adding a bit of fat to a dish.

"There’s a microwave device for poaching eggs that’s quite good," an audience member calls out.

"Gosh, I’ll have to get one," Julia says earnestly. Master or no, she’s not set in her ways. Give her a better way to do something, and suddenly she’s the student.

While waiting for another pot of water to boil, Julia talks with us about cooking. When she and Pépin worked on their new television series, they didn’t begin with any set recipes, she says. "We just started with ideas and cooked. If you know the basics, that’s the way to go. There’s no reason to be slavish to recipes. ‘Oh, I didn’t add exactly three tablespoons!’" — Continued on page 79
When my late husband, Martin (DGE'49), and I were growing up, it was much easier than it is now to pay for a college education. Academic achievement was highly rewarded; whether or not you had the means was not as important.

Now it is our time to give back by providing funds for scholarships and prizes. I have spent most of my career at the School of Medicine and the Graduate School. Therefore, along with other gifts to the University, Martin and I decided to create a number of charitable gift annuities for the benefit of the students of the Division of Graduate Medical Sciences at the Medical School.

— Professor Emerita Ruth R. Levine

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 Ave., Boston, MA 02215. Telephone numbers: 617/353-2254, 800/645-2347; e-mail: mtambah@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 such as Amy Conley (UNI'00). They are what the University is all about, and they are the beneficiaries of your generosity when you give to the BU Alumni Funds.

University Professors program senior Amy Conley is majoring in public policy and child development, and is already applying what she's learned. "In the fall semester I interned in Washington for the Children’s Defense Fund. Last summer I volunteered in an orphanage and two pediatric hospitals in Romania, and I'm planning on moving in June to Romania to do child welfare humanitarian work for two years," she says. "My senior thesis for UNI is on child welfare in Romania."

Getting Back to Basics

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