2001

**Bostonia: 2001-2002, no. 1-4**

**Stomberg, John**
Boston University

http://hdl.handle.net/2144/20658

*Boston University*
I now thought I would
witness these days these fears!

What I have seen is a tragedy
In all but the community has made it
more beautiful than I could imagine.

CARIPE D'EMI
LOVE IT.NY AND THE US:

Michael.

John Lemmon

__My Angels__

Lead You

(Pray

for them who have
lost their

Lovers,

in memory

Michael,

les.

For them who

die,

by some way

in heaven.

Love,

May your joy be

over come your sorrow.

Michael

BOSTONIA

THE ALUMNIT QUARTERLY OF BOSTON UNIVERSITY

WINTER 2001-02

Hatreds never cease in this world by hatreds.

By love alone they cease. This is an ancient law.

Love begets love.

Violence begets violence.

Love begets love.

The wisdom of the ancients is clear!

-Buddha

No shall overcome mmm, mmm.

In memory.

May your joy be your hate.

May your love be your saving grace

If I could live, life would be

Prayers are with you always.

In loving memory.

The sun

Lovely.

Tina. K.

27/3/92

27/3/02

The world will live as one.

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Alumni from the classes of 1980 to 2001 can register now for free access to a menu of secure, authenticated services, including:

- **Alumni Directory** — Search for BU alumni by name, class, or even location. Protect your own information by determining exactly what you’d like in your personal directory listing. Review your contact information and make updates via the Web.

- **E-Mail Forwarding for Life (EFL)** — Establish a free, personalized BU e-mail address that will remain yours for life. Avoid having to update your friends and family each time you change jobs or e-mail accounts.

**Coming in 2002:**

- **Career Advisory Network (CAN)** — Enhanced online version of the popular CAN will allow you to search online for someone to talk to about your career.

- **Chat and Bulletin Boards** — Chat in real time with fellow BU alumni, or use a variety of specialized bulletin boards to discuss subjects ranging from movies to politics.

While we continue to expand access to the Alumni Link, these services are now available only to the classes of 1980 to 2001. In the meantime, the Alumni Web (www.bu.edu/alumni) is available to everyone.
The Aftermath

On the BU campus, as around the country, no one was untouched by the tragedy of September 11. We grieve for alumni killed in the attacks, while faculty consider some of the issues.

Number, Please

Alexander Graham Bell was a BU professor on sabbatical when he invented the telephone 125 years ago. Hold the line and we'll tell you more.

By Brian Fitzgerald

Behind the Scenes

Our purposeful tourist strolls through the BU Theatre's stage door and finds a hidden truth: all the world's backstage.

By Emily Hiestand

Design for a Living

Jessica McClintock (DGE'50) designs clothes that are youthful, romantic, and sometimes sexy. They're also affordable.

By Midge Raymond

Twenty-First-Century Troubadour

Mike Ladd (GRS'97) finds the common ground between writers like Ben Jonson and hip-hop: it's poetry with a beat.

By Eric McHenry

Thoreau: A Mirror of Ourselves

How our view of Henry David Thoreau — erudite laborer, mystical pencil-maker, poetic surveyor — reflects our view of ourselves.

By Alfred Tauber
From the Vice President for Development and Alumni Relations

September 11, 2001, will be in our minds for as long as we live. We will all remember what happened as we continue striving to understand why it happened. President Jon Westing decided immediately that the terrorists would not be allowed to interrupt education at Boston University, and classes continued to meet. Your University also has promised the children of all alumni killed in the tragic attacks that as long as they meet our admissions requirements, they can attend Boston University with full scholarships. Our sadness over the many alumni who died will never dissolve, but we can at least provide this assistance to their sons and daughters.

On campus the week of September 11, as throughout the nation, we were numb and dazed, but looking for conversation, looking for answers, searching almost desperately for understanding. With the rest of the nation we replayed the horrifying images as we tried to process them, to look to the future, and to honor those whose lives ended so suddenly. Our clergy and our counseling resources were stretched beyond believable dimension to absorb the mass of collective grief and loss.

This issue of Bostonia lists those alumni we now know of who died in the September 11 tragedy (see page 12). People on staff are continually checking available data, and we will publish additional names as our information becomes more complete. We would appreciate hearing from any of you who know about others.

One thing became very clear after September 11, and that is that alumni, students, and staff of Boston University feel a strong sense of unity. Vigils and memorial services provided comfort and support. BUnited was formed to produce pins that many wore identifying themselves as Boston University community members pledged to look out for one another’s safety and sense of security no matter where they meet. People from all areas of the University family wrote messages on the gigantic boards erected to collect and share our feelings; they will then be stored permanently for future generations. This unity has been national, but it has been particularly reassuring to see it affirmed on campus. By every possible measure, we are a tighter, prouder, more determined community than ever.

We all will continue to need one another’s support. Do write and tell me how your University can help you and others as we move forward. And let us all hope for lasting peace and a steadily safer world in 2002.

Cordially,

Christopher Reaske
Art of Healing
I was very moved by the mood and artistry of the cover you chose for the fall issue, even though I am almost certain that the selection and printing would have to have taken place prior to September 11. Yet how deeply that cover seems to express the feelings experienced in the aftermath.

As always, art comforts, allows interior exploration, and gives us expression for emotions of unchartable range. That cover spoke to me.

MAIDA SPERLING (CAS’77)
New York, New York

Wonder Alumna
I was delighted to discover that Wonder Woman had such a strong BU connection (“Who Was Wonder Woman? Fall 2001). She was a huge influence on my life, and I suspect on the lives of many little girls who grew up in the forties and fifties. I fashioned my own bracelets out of aluminum foil — they called it tinfoil back then — and warded off many a bullet from evil Nazis. The woodpile in my backyard was the invisible plane that I flew on many missions. A good friend and I had bags full of Wonder Woman clothes, in which we sallied forth to defeat the forces of evil, making bad guys tell the truth with our magic lassos. (We completely missed any sexual symbolism in the bondage stuff — after all, Superman, Captain Marvel, and all the other superheroes got tied up a lot too.) Wonder Woman was a great role model in an era when little girls were supposed to be sweet and silent. Hats off to Elizabeth Marston for making her female.

CARYL RIVERS
Professor of Journalism
College of Communication

A Question of Usage
While I enjoyed the article on Wonder Woman, I was shocked that the phrase schizophrenic episodes escaped the editors’ eyes. The misuse of the term schizophrenic to mean “inherently contradictory” (or whatever was intended by the author) is deplorable. Not only does this phrase demonstrate misunderstanding about a specific psychiatric condition, but it perpetuates the negative attitudes often encountered by people diagnosed with a major mental illness.

Bostonia owes an apology and a correction to people who have schizophrenia, their families, and their friends. In addition, the magazine should provide additional coverage of the positive achievements of faculty, staff, students, and alumni who have been diagnosed with schizophrenia, and of the offices, departments, and centers within Boston University that offer help and hope to people living with psychiatric disorders.

PATRICIA B. NEMEC
Clinical Associate Professor and Director of Graduate Studies, Department of Rehabilitation Counseling
Sargent College of Health and Rehabilitation Sciences

We’re sorry if the nonclinical use of the word schizophrenic offends, but the term has been in such wide circulation for so long that it does seem to convey the right tone. The New Shorter Oxford English Dictionary defines schizophrenic thus: A. adj. 1. Psychiatry. Characteristic of or having schizophrenia. 2. transf. & fig. Characterized by mutually contradictory or inconsistent elements, attitudes, etc. — Ed.

Up with Fall
Congratulations on the excellent and really interesting fall issue of Bostonia. Great job, especially Emily Hiestand’s piece and Wonder Woman’s genesis!

ALICIA HILLS MOORE (COM’95)
New York, New York

Welcome Addition
May I tell you how pleased I am to see Emily Hiestand added as a regular contributor to Bostonia (“Profound Lack of Ellis,” Fall 2001)? I have been following her trenchant articles for many years in many publications. I especially remember with delight her topographic survey of her neighborhood in North Cambridge. Her article on Ellis the Rim Man was a pleasure to read.

MARTIN H. SLOBODKIN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Photo ID
I really liked the fall issue. With Amy Domini, Peter Simon, Renée Loth, and the article by James Tracy, I'm
beginning to believe BU did serve as an incubator for progressive politics in the sixties and seventies.

One small correction regarding the photo accompanying Tracy's essay on page 70 ("Essays and Reviews"): the man between Norman Thomas and James Farmer is not Bayard Rustin. Part of Bayard's face, with glasses, is peeking out behind the man in the light trenchcoat. I don't know the identity of the mystery man up front.

MURRAY ROSENBLITH (COM'77) Executing Director
A. J. Muste Memorial Institute
Brooklyn, New York

I enjoyed the latest Bostonia and was intrigued by the photo on page 70 of the New York demonstration held in response to the 1963 Birmingham church bombings. It may be worth noting that actors, writers, and activists Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee (and their daughters) are in the picture at the far left.

PAUL J. GLAVEY (CAS'83)
Littleton, Massachusetts

Towering Warren

Many thanks for your review of [Dean Emeritus] George Makechnie's monograph on William Fairfield Warren ("Alumni Books," Fall 2001). I've read the monograph, and it catches the essence of the man's amazingly pragmatic liberal views translatable into the sinews of a great University. The distillation of Warren's advanced concepts of world religions is a reminder today that they are requirements, not electives, for enlightened human beings. His recognition of the role of women in education took too many arduous years to be implemented beyond Boston University. The monograph makes clear how far in advance of the times Warren was in conceiving of a University accepting students beyond racial, crebral, or sexual barriers. And all this wrapped up in a human being whose stature needs replication in the religious, political, social, and economic areas of today's society.

Congratulations to Makechnie on how perceptively he brings Warren to contemporary life.

THE REV. DR. GILBERT Y. TAVERNER (STTH'32)
Concord, Massachusetts

Bum Steer

Based on the limited material you provide about Harold Segal's experiences train-hopping ("Westward Hobo," in "Common Wealth," Fall 2001), I'd say he was a tramp — not a hobo. What defined a hobo was work. The tramp traveled, but didn't work. The bum neither traveled nor worked.

JOHN DINAN (SED'32)
Topfield, Massachusetts

When Mr. Segal wasn't hopping freights, he was working at any job he could land until the next train. So while the excerpts largely glossed over those episodes, he does retain his hobo status. — Ed.

Opinion to One's Right

I was appalled at the coverage given to Bill O'Reilly in the fall issue ("Aluminaries"). Is being famous or notorious the criterion for your attention? There is no indication he is well read — "a dozen newspapers a day" doesn't qualify. The politics he wallows in is superficial. He is, in fact, vulgar. Consider his focus in your article, "fielding phone calls on the breaking Chandra Levy—Gary Condit story" and arranging an interview with a flight attendant being questioned by a prosecutor. In today's newspaper columns (October 32) he has decided that "God Bless America" is not a religious statement. He decrives irrational thinking and then spends a few paragraphs showing he is expert at it. He mocks those who show any hint of dissent to the current perceived wisdom.

Boston University has hundreds of thousands of graduates. Would it be that difficult to find men and women who have made significant contributions to the welfare of this country and our civilization? O'Reilly is a self-aggrandizing celebrity, not an intellectual of any stripe who will ever make a meaningful contribution.

If he is indeed a graduate of Boston University, I wish you had kept it a secret.

T. F. KELLEY (CAS'54, GRJ'55)
Canton, Massachusetts

Some fifty years ago, while a student, I wrote a scathing letter to Bostonia in response to a diatribe against FDR and the New Deal. If I were fifty years younger, I would write another about Jean Hennelly Keith's article on Bill O'Reilly. The guy is just to the left of Rush Limbaugh, and the least Keith could have done was include a verbatim transcript of O'Reilly's exchange with Congressman Barney Frank. It would have made the article interesting.

EDWARD J. BANDER
(CAS'49, LAW'51)
Law Librarian Emeritus
Suffolk University Law School
Boston, Massachusetts

Note to Readers

Bostonia welcomes reader's reactions and encourages expressions of opinion — pro and con. Letters should be brief and may be edited for purposes of space or clarity. Correspondence should include writer's full name and address. Write to Bostonia, 10 Lenox St., Brookline, MA 02446, fax to 617/353-6488, or e-mail to bostonia@bu.edu.
CALENDAR

EXHIBITIONS ON CAMPUS

Brice Marden: Prints, Jan. 18–March 1.
Opening reception, Jan. 18, 5–7 p.m.
Sherman Gallery.

Opening reception, Jan. 18, 6–8 p.m.
Boston University Art Gallery.

Nick Edmonds: A Natural World, Feb. 3–March 29.
Opening reception, Feb. 3, 2–4 p.m.
808 Gallery.

SFA Faculty Exhibition 2002, Feb. 27–April 7.
Opening reception, Feb. 28, 6–8 p.m.
Boston University Art Gallery.

Caren Canier: Paintings, March 15–April 21.
Opening reception, March 15, 5:30–7:30 p.m.
Sherman Gallery.

Roger Yoisin: A Trumpet in the Quiet City, extended run.
Mugar Memorial Library, second floor balcony. Regular library hours.

Another View from the Vault: An Introduction to Special Collections, extended run.
Richards-Roosevelt Room. Mugar Memorial Library, first floor.

PERFORMING ARTS

Heartbreak House Jan. 2–Feb. 3.


Faculty Recital, Jan. 31. Michelle LaCourse, viola; Robert Merfeld, piano; Bayla Keyes, violin; Piotr Buczek, violin. Ernest Bloch: Suite for Viola and Piano; James Grant: Sultry and Eccentric; Zoltán Kodály: Serenade for Two Violins and Viola.


Kalaloo Roots: An African Cabaret, Feb. 3.
Nori Nke Aka (SFA'94), Jerry Jean, piano.
An evening of African folk songs in unique arrangements. Boston University Concert Hall. 8 p.m.

F. Walter Bistline, Jr. (LAW'75), Horse in Ireland, photograph, 1999. See Alumni Exhibitions listings.
Boston University Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 4. David Hoose, conductor. Paul Hindemith: Symphonia Serena; Anton Bruckner: Symphony No. 6 in A major. Call 617/353-8725 to reserve a free ticket. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

Choral Ensembles, Feb. 9. Chamber Chorus. Boston University Concert Hall. 8 p.m.

Faculty Concert, Feb. 12. Terry Everson, trumpet; Shelia Kibble, piano; John Davison: Sonata; Vincent Persichetti: Parable XIV; Elena Roussanova-Lucas: Concertino (East Coast premiere); Peter Gilbert: Epigrams for Solo Trumpet; Robert Suderburg: Chamber Music VII — Ceremonies for Trumpet and Piano. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

ALEA III, Feb. 13. New works by Jonathan Holland and Samuel Headrick; Panagiotis Liaropoulos: For Solo Flute; Robert Beaser: Notes on a Southern Sky; John Adams: Road Movies; George Kouroupos: Sonata for Violincello and Piano. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.


Iphigenia and Other Daughters, Feb. 21-23. By Ellen McLaughlin. Judy Braha, director. Admission: $10, $5 for students and seniors. Huntington Theatre Company subscribers and members of the Boston University community may receive one complimentary ticket per subscription or valid BU ID for Wednesday and Thursday night performances. Friday and weekend performances are $5 each. Tickets will be held at the box office. Call 617/266-0800 to reserve tickets. Boston University Theatre Studio 210. Feb. 20-21, 7:30 p.m.; Feb. 22-23, 8 p.m.; Feb. 23, 2 p.m.

Choral Ensembles, Feb. 23. Repertory Chorus and Women’s Chorus. Boston University Concert Hall. 8 p.m.

Faculty Concert, Feb. 25. Bayla Keyes, violin; Robert Merfeld, piano. All Bartók program of violin sonatas and rhapsodies. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

Boston University Wind Ensemble, Feb. 26. David Martins, conductor. Bozza: Fanfare Heroique; Grainger: Hill Song No. 2; Sullivan: Pineapple Poll (suite from the ballet); Maslanka: Morning Star; Iannaccone: Apparitions; Bennet: Suite of Old American Dances. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.


Boston University Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 28. David Hoose, conductor; Yuri and Dana Mazurkevich, violin. Alfred Schnittke: Concerto for Two Violins and Orchestra; Igor Stravinsky: Firebird Ballet (complete). Please call 617/353-8725 to

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CAREER DECISIONS

Joyful Juggling: Achieving a Work/Life Balance

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 2002
School of Management Executive Center
595 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston

Join fellow alumni back on campus for Career Decisions 2002, an all-university event.

Learn how to achieve a life/work balance at sessions such as Yoga Behind the Desk and Creating a Career/Life Balance with Confidence! College of Communication Professor Caryl Rivers will give the keynote address.

For more information, please contact Kerry Pitman, Office of Development and Alumni Relations, at 617/353-6024 or 800/800-3466, or send e-mail to acp@bu.edu.
CALENDAR OF EVENTS

from A Prole de Bele No. 2; Albeniz: Iberia, Vol. 2. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

Faculty Concert, March 18. Jules Esken, alto; Ethan Slocum, clarinet; Virginia Esken, piano (guest artist). Brahms: Clarinet Trio. Works by Debussy, Tchaikovsky, and Dvorák. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

Faculty Concert, March 19. Sarah Arneson, soprano; George Kern, piano (guest artist). Works by Joseph Marx, Brigitte Enger, Ernst Krenek, Alban Berg, and Arnold Schoenberg. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

AULA III, March 20. Theodore Antoniou, conductor. Lucas Foss: Solo Observed; Introduction and Goodbyes; 13 Ways of Looking at a Black Bird; Concerto for Oboe. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.


Boston University Chamber Orchestra, March 26. Tsai Performance Center. 8 p.m.

Choral Ensembles, March 28. Repertory Chorus and Women's Chorus. Boston University Concert Hall. 8 p.m.

ALUMNI EXHIBITIONS


ALUMNI EVENTS

California Alumni Informal Networking Night, Jan. 25. Meet fellow BU alumni and learn more about their jobs and fields. The Continental, Beverly Hills, 7:30 p.m. Information: mitchkarp@yahoo.com.

26th Annual Winterfest, January 25-27. Cross-country skiing, snowshoeing, ice skating, workshops, and evening entertain-

ment at the Sargent Center for Outdoor Education. N.H. Information: 603/323-3311; e-mail conferences@busc.mw.com.


Admission is free to all events, unless otherwise noted.

School for the Arts Events Line 617/353-3349

Tsai Performance Center 607 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston 617/353-8724, event line 617/353-8725, box office

Boston University Concert Hall School for the Arts 857 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston 617/353-8790

Boston University Studio 104 School for the Arts 857 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston 617/353-3390

Boston University Theatre Mainstage and Studio 210 264 Huntington Avenue, Boston 617/353-3800

Boston University Art Gallery School for the Arts 857 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston 617/353-8725, box office

Mugar Memorial Library 771 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston 617/353-3190

Sherman Gallery

George Sherman Union 771 Commonwealth Avenue, second floor, Boston Hours Tues.–Fri., 11 a.m.-5 p.m., Sat., Sun., 1-5 p.m. 617/353-3349

Roscoe Gallery 808 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston Hours: Tues.–Sun., 1-5 p.m. 617/353-3390

Nick Edmonds, Sharon Hill. acrylic and mixed media on wood. 7 x 5 x 4, 1991. See Exhibitions on Campus listings.
Two Septembers

On Wednesday, September 12, I e-mailed W. H. Auden’s poem “September 1, 1939” to members of my family. Two days later a friend e-mailed it to me, having received it from another friend who was circulating it. On the fifteenth my mother told me that Scott Simon had read portions of it on NPR. And on the seventeenth my wife, a prep school teacher, saw it lying on the faculty photocopy machine.

Tragedy sends people to poetry. “Suffering is exact,” Philip Larkin wrote, but the vocabulary of consolation is loaded with abstraction and cliché, as anyone who has tried to write a sympathy note in the past few months knows. Naturally, there’s a certain comfort in pillowy, familiar phrases — “This too shall pass,” “Our hearts are with you” — but living through a day like September 11, and listening to all the subsequent cant from public figures and television personalities, can leave people craving language that’s as precise as their pain.

What’s striking about “September 1, 1939,” which Auden wrote in response to Germany’s invasion of Poland, is how precisely it matches much of what happened on September 11, 2001, how weirdly prescient it seems. Of course, that’s the point: zealotry and violence are cyclical — “The habit-forming pain, / Mismanagement and grief: / We must suffer them all again.” But those weren’t the lines that brought me to my bookshelf on the twelfth, looking for the poem. The passages that had been playing through my head since I first saw the World Trade Center footage were more concrete, and actually seemed more specific to the recent events in New York than to the poem’s occasion: “Where blind skyscrapers use / Their full height to proclaim / The strength of Collective Man,” and “Into the ethical life / The dense commuters come.” The first stanza concludes with the “unmentionable odour of death / Offending the September night,” something it could have done only figuratively in Manhattan in 1939, and the poem closes with a candlelight vigil: “May I [. . .] / Beleaguered by the same / Negation and despair, / Show an affirming flame.”

Even when Auden is writing explicitly about Hitler, his language could hardly be altered to better fit the hijackers. Borrowing terms from Jungian psychoanalysis, he wonders “What huge imago made / A psychopathic god.” My Muslim friends, whose god is unrecognizable in the murderous theology of Osama bin Laden, have
been wondering the same thing. Ezra Pound defined poetry as "news that stays news," but even he may not have had this degree of fidelity in mind.

Coincidences aside, "September 11, 1993" stays news because it reveals a little more of itself with each reading. On the twelfth, it gave me some of the emotional nourishment I had been needing, in the form of concise explanations ("Those to whom evil is done / Do evil in return") and bold pronouncements ("There is no such thing as the State / And no one exists alone [...] / We must love one another or die"). By the next day, though, it had unsettled me again. Those phrases, despite their rhetorical poise, are threatened from all sides by Auden's ambiguities couldn't be reconciled with its declamatory tone. Rereading it shortly after its publication, he arrived at the line "We must love one another or die" and "said to myself: That's a damned lie! We must die anyway. So, in the next edition, I altered it to We must love one another and die. This didn't seem to do either, so I cut the stanza. Still no good. The whole poem, I realized, was infected with an incurable dishonesty — and must be scrapped."

He banished it from subsequent editions of his work, and I'm not sure, frankly, how it finally found its way back into print. I'm thankful it did. Its troubled publishing history, like its thematic ambiguity, only strengthens my sense that it is the poem for our present pain. When Auden called it "trash which [he was] ashamed to have written," as Edward Mendelson observes, he was taking the poem "far more seriously — and taking poetic language far more seriously — than his critics ever did." By expressing such disappointment in a poem so great, by attaching such a profound sense of failure to it, Auden kept in play the possibility, by no means a certainty, that there are sorrows even the most well-chosen words can't reach. — EM

This essay originally appeared in the September 20 Slate.

Putting Paid to Terror

DAVID STRACHMANN BEGAN his professional life at a boutique litigation firm in Providence, Rhode Island. His specialty was divorce and probate work. Spousal support, custody battles, nuncumpative wills, and spendthrift trusts were the quotidian fare that helped him earn his daily bread.

But since 1998 Strachmann has been involved in a practice that has already made legal history. He is the first American lawyer to sue under the Anti-Terrorism Act of 1991, which permits jurisdiction in any U.S. federal district court for cases involving harm to American citizens from terrorist acts abroad. Passed by Congress in outrage over the treatment American courts had accorded the family of Leon Klinghoffer, the law was ignored for a long time. Klinghoffer was the elderly, wheelchair-bound American passenger aboard the Achille Lauro murdered by the Palestine Liberation Organization in 1985 and thrown overboard.

"In 1998, I was approached by the family of the Ungars," says Strachmann. "They were a young couple — the husband was American, the wife Israeli — who were murdered on their way back from a wedding. They left two young children, one three months old, the other two years old. I promised the family I would try to obtain justice." With a little research, Strachmann discovered that the Anti-Terrorism Act, which allows lawsuits not just against states, but against any entity that supports terrorism, was on the books, but that no one had "bothered or dared" to use it.

Someone had to be first. "I've been working on this case for two and a half years," he says. "We filed in March 2000, and the decision about jurisdiction came down in July 2001." He adds with a smile, "The judge was skeptical at first." Judge Raymond Lagueux wondered "what the case was doing in Providence." But after more than a year of deliberation, he issued a forty-five-page opinion, which Strachmann describes as "well-reasoned and well-considered." He found for Strachmann's clients on all jurisdictional questions. "It was gratifying," says Strachmann, "that the judge regarded as crucial to
establishing the necessary nexus between the defendants and American courts, and even quoted almost verbatim in his decision, our extensive research on the PLO's dozens of bank accounts, real estate in New York, offices for speakers, and extensive dealings with public relations firms.

Essentially, he says, "we are doing exactly what Congress, and those who wrote this legislation, wanted us to do — create an economic disincentive for terrorists. If the terrorists know that they can be forced to pay a lot, can even be bankrupted, then they may rethink their strategy. Appeals to any sense of morality have failed; appeals to their pocketbooks may work."

Strachmann's groundbreaking use, so far successful, of the Anti-Terrorism Act in the case of Ungar v. PLO and the Palestinian Authority, is the first of four cases brought under the act, which allows recovery not only from terrorist organizations, but from others who, he says, "provide material support." In the Ungar case, the murderers were part of a Hamas gang. As part of their "material support," the Palestinian Authority "hires Hamas members to be security officials." The "Palestinian Authority solicits Hamas 'martyrs' and after their deaths, gives financial assistance to their families," Strachmann says. And in fact, he adds, "Hamas leaders have been made members of the Palestinian Authority Cabinet."

An indication of the seriousness with which the PLO takes Strachmann's effort in the Ungar case is its hiring of Ramsey Clark, a former U.S. attorney general, to argue for it. Strachmann has filed two other cases in federal court in Washington, arising from the murders in Israel of Gabriel Biton in a September 2000 school bus bomb attack and Esh Gilmore, shot by terrorists in October 2000. While Hamas and Hezbollah have long been declared terrorist organizations by the U.S. State Department, in both the Biton and Gilmore cases other groups were responsible. In the Biton murder, Mohammed Dahlan, the security chief of the Palestinian Authority in Gaza, has been directly implicated. In the Gilmore case, members of Fatah, the armed wing of Arafat's PLO, and the Tanzim, the local "militia," took direct part. If acts of terrorism define a group as terrorist, then what is brought out at trial in these two cases may establish that not only Hamas and Hezbollah, but the PLO itself, is directly involved in terrorism. The American government has talked a good deal about "drying up" the sources of funds. It has managed so far (at the end of November) to cut off perhaps tens of millions of dollars. Strachmann, using the legislation that Congress passed but that no one had had the wit to use before him, may deprive some terrorist groups of not ten or twenty million dollars, but hundreds of millions, and discourage all of them.

— Peter Lubin

Peter Lubin teaches writing at the School of Law.

Breathless

HARDY KORNFELD knows he's leaned his screaming Honda RS-125 racing motorcycle as far into a turn as he can when the plastic armor covering his knee scrapes the tarmac. As the forty-nine-year-old pulmonologist accelerates out of the turn, bumping elbows with other riders, his rear tire fishtails slightly — enough so that the machine slides quickly through the curve, but not so much that he loses control.

Motorcycle racing might strike most people as a noisy death wish, but Kornfeld, a MED professor of medicine and pathology, can spend several minutes enthusiastically describing his decisions during the two seconds it takes to navigate a tight turn.

Being competitive, he says, requires knowing how to push a motorcycle to its limits. He brakes so hard going into a turn that his rear tire often lifts off the road and the front wheel almost, but not quite, locks up. Easing off the brakes requires the most sensitive touch — do it too quickly and the front suspension decompresses abruptly, causing the bike to bounce out of control. "You can get your rear tire spinning a little bit coming out of a turn, but regain traction too quickly and you're ten feet in the air," he says. "That's very painful."

A good rider picks out dozens of geographic markers along a racetrack that cue him exactly when to brake, shift, turn, and accelerate. "You'll notice that a rider taking a corner is leaning in one direction while he's looking in another direction," says Kornfeld. "That's because by the time you're at one reference point, you have to be focused on the next one. It's like your consciousness is on a pole too feet in front of your bike."

Kornfeld, whose research involves the way lungs fight diseases such as tuberculosis, bought his first bike when he was going through a "midlife crisis thing" in his late thirties. He enrolled in a two-day racing school in Watkin Glen, New York, to make himself a
safer rider. Hed never been much good at sports, he says, but had “a sports epiphany” on the racetrack. “All of a sudden, I understood what I had to do to get the bike to act the way I wanted,” he says, “and I found that without really trying, I was a lot faster than anyone else in the class.”

In 1996, after a few months of practice, Komfeld began amateur racing, and he’s been at it ever since, dedicating most summer weekends — and about $4,000 a year — to the sport. He races in the Loudon Road Racing Series, on a 1.6-mile racetrack in Loudon, New Hampshire. And he’s good. This year he finished third in his race category, for bikes with 125-cubic-centimeter engines.

Komfeld’s powers of analysis are as invaluable to him when he is preparing for a race as they are on the track. He spends more time than most tweaking his engine so that on any given day it gets maximum horsepower, which depends on such external variables as barometric pressure, temperature, and humidity. “The suspension on the motorcycle also is incredibly adjustable, as is the transmission, but most people don’t bother with those things,” he says. “I don’t take huge risks on the track, so I like to optimize the bike so I’m competitive and can always be riding in my comfort zone.”

Motorcycle racing requires a surprising amount of athleticism. “I’m in very good shape, but at the end of a fifteen-minute race, I’m exhausted, my inner thighs kill me, and my neck and shoulders ache,” says Komfeld. “One thing most people don’t recognize is that racers are not actually sitting down on the motorcycle except on the straightaways. The rest of the time you’re standing on your toes on the foot pegs, constantly moving your body weight back and forth very quickly. It’s kind of like a dance.”

A dance that could kill you. Komfeld has crashed about thirty times, once shattering his wrist. But, he says, the sport indirectly contributes to road safety. Most racers are young men who “invariably have a history of being pretty wild” street riders, he says, and many seem to calm down once they’re involved in racing. “They realize that what they used to think was pretty fast on the street really is nothing.”

— DJC

What Am I Offered?

DON’T THROW away this magazine — it might be worth something one day.

In mid-November a reader urged us to take a peek at something being sold on e-Bay, the Internet auction house. We clicked on item number 102827380 and read: “Who Was the Real Wonder Woman? This question and more are answered in this fabulous 6-page article that appears in BOSTONIA, Fall 2001 issue. Amidst the comic mania of the early forties, psychologist William Moulton Marston struck upon the idea for Wonder Woman, who made her debut in December 1941. Marston’s wife, Elizabeth Holloway Marston, was his inspiration for his Amazon superhero. Rare photos and comic panels and covers are included in this issue. Also in this issue: an article about musician Geoff Muldaur and his revival of the music of Blind Lemon Jefferson. Mint condition.”

We tracked down the seller to see if Bostonia was now a hot collectible. He turns out to be a 1972 CAS graduate and sometime book dealer who runs a small publishing house west of Boston. In proper Internet spirit, he asked that we not use his name. “There’s a lot of interest in Wonder Woman,” he explained, “but the truth of the matter is that you can sell anything. There’s always somebody who’s going to buy it. Rather than throw my magazines out, why not try to get something for them? This isn’t the first time I’ve sold a Bostonia that was particularly interesting.”

We checked back with e-Bay after the final virtual gavel on November 14. A buyer calling himself “crackers 14” got the Bostonia for $5.
THE NEWS ACCUMULATED in thick layers on September 11.

As BU offices were opening for business at nine and students were preparing to head for nine-thirty classes, people began to hear sketchy reports about what at first seemed to be a terrible accident in Manhattan. Within a half hour it was clear that the country was under attack. At the George Sherman Union, student lounges, maintenance workshops, and even the Radio Shack on Commonwealth Avenue, groups froze in front of televisions.

Jon Westling weighed the University's options and decided not to suspend classes. He sent an e-mail message to the entire campus community early in the afternoon saying in part that University officials were "... in contact with the appropriate local, state, and federal officials. At the moment, there is no reason to believe that there is any threat to any Boston University students, faculty, or staff, or to any Boston University facilities." He stated further, "The important business of teaching and learning should not be held hostage to terrorism."

The University was quick to set up a phone bank at the GSU for anyone needing to make long-distance calls to family and friends in New York and Washington, and the building remained open throughout the night, with televisions on. University chaplains and counselors met with students in residence halls and approached them at the GSU to let them know help was available.

By Wednesday morning the extent to which the murderous attacks had hit the BU community was becoming clear. News media had begun to give us names of passengers on the four hijacked planes, and too many of the brief biographies mentioned "a graduate of Boston University." The terrible list grew, although with some 300 alumni registered as working at the World Trade Center, it was gratifying to learn weeks later that the great majority had escaped.

As the sun was setting Wednesday evening, hundreds of students, faculty, and staff made their way to Marsh Chapel, where Westling and members of the clergy spoke. Hundreds more who couldn't fit inside stood on Marsh Plaza, listening to the addresses and prayers over loudspeakers. In the plaza, students — most of whom, born in 1980 or later, sensed their world cracking for the first time — held candles, which cast the faintest glow on the Martin Luther King, Jr., memorial sculpture.

A wooden Memorial Wall was set up next to Marsh Chapel and over the following weeks students tacked up or wrote remembrances of BU friends who had been killed, expressed their wishes for peace or justice, or in a few frustrated cases, vented their anger. Some left pictures of the dead or flowers at the base of the wall. In this first twenty-first-century war, which students could monitor on their residence hall computers, the Wall provided many with their clearest sense of what we had lost.

(Please see www.bu.edu/remember.)
IN LATE NOVEMBER, twenty-eight alumni were among the confirmed victims of the September 11 terrorist attacks. Sue K. Hanson, killed with her husband, Peter, and young daughter, Christine, was also a staff member. Future issues of Bostonia will list any additional verified deaths.

MYRA J. ARONSON (COM’82) American Airlines Flight 11
MARK L. BAVIS (CAS’83) United Airlines Flight 175
THOMAS M. BRENNAN (GSM’97) World Trade Center
CALEB ARRON DACK (MET’93) World Trade Center
JOHN J. DOHERTY (SED’67) World Trade Center
LISA A. FROST (SHA’01, COM’01) United Airlines Flight 175
KARLETON D. B. FYFE (GSM’98) American Airlines Flight 11
PETER B. HANSON (GSM’94) United Airlines Flight 175
SUE K. HANSON (GRS’92, MED’92) United Airlines Flight 175
Senior Research Technician, MFD Pulmonary Center
HEATHER HO (CGS’89, MET’92) World Trade Center
RALPH F. KERSHAW (SMG’71) United Airlines Flight 175
JUDITH C. LAROCQUE (CAS’73) American Airlines Flight 11
ADRIANA LEGRO (CGS’89, SMG’92) World Trade Center
JOSEPH DANIEL MAIO (SMG’91) World Trade Center
THOMAS F. MCGUINNESS (CAS’82) Copilot, American Airlines Flight 11
RAYMOND JOSEPH METZ III (CAS’91) World Trade Center
CARLOS A. MONTOYA (GSM’99, GRS’99) American Airlines Flight 11
SONIA M. PUOPOLO (SED’80) American Airlines Flight 11
RICHARD D. ROSENTHAL (SMG’73) World Trade Center
RICHARD B. ROSS (SMG’63) American Airlines Flight 11
ROBERT E. RUSSELL (SED’90) Pentagon
DIANNE BULLIS SNYDER (SED’80) American Airlines Flight 11
SARANYA SRINUAN (CAS’00) World Trade Center
CRAIG W. STAUB (SMG’92) World Trade Center
EDWARD W. STROUB (LAW’80) World Trade Center
STEVEN F. STROBERT (ENG’89) World Trade Center
BRIAN D. SWEENEY (COM’86) United Airlines Flight 175
MICHAEL THEODORIDIS (SMG’95) American Airlines Flight 11
The Campus Reacts

From the terrible morning of September 11, through vigils and services in the days and weeks that followed, BU's Charles River Campus reflected the mood of the nation.

*September 11, 10:29 a.m., George Sherman Union. The second World Trade Center tower crashes down.*
Photograph by Vernon Doucette

*September 12, Marsh Plaza.* Photograph by Kalman Zabarsky
September 20, The Memorial Wall, adjacent to Marsh Chapel. Photograph by Jennifer M. Cohen (CAS'02)

Lisa Frost (COM'01, SHA'01) was on the second hijacked plane that hit the World Trade Center. Photograph by Vernon Doucette

September 16, Marsh Plaza. Photograph by Kalman Zabarsky
War and Meaning

Nicholas Confessore, a senior writer at The American Prospect, spoke to several Boston University faculty members about their views on various aspects of the war on terrorism. We present excerpts here, and invite you to read the full text at www.bu.edu/alumni/bostonia.

Elie Wiesel, Andrew W. Mellon Professor in the Humanities and Nobel laureate for peace, on just and unjust wars.

"Like many human rights activists, I am against war," says Wiesei. "I have seen its ugly face. There is nothing glorious in killing human beings. But this war is different." Terrorism is an attack on civilization, Wiesei says; that is, on the order that makes justice possible. The U.S. action "is a war against international terrorism, whose murderous attacks on defenseless, innocent civilians threatens the twenty-first century."

That doesn't make Wiesei a hawk, of course. In most respects, he believes, the U.S. military action thus far meets the age-old definition of a just war. "In the Bible as well as in theological works such as Augustine's, a just war is in its essence defensive. In other words: targeted by armed fanatics, civilized society must use its own force to defeat them, lest its liberty and survival be in jeopardy. I believe in justice, not vengeance."

Robert Zelnick, a COM journalism department professor and acting chair and a former Washington correspondent for ABC News, on journalism in a time of war.

Among journalists, the consensus is that U.S. military regulations in Afghanistan are stricter than they have been for any conflict involving U.S. troops in decades. "There are a number of things the military can justly ask the press not to report," Zelnick says. "But a blanket statement that the press can't go anywhere near the front or that they can't cover Special Forces is going too far."

He traces the Pentagon's stance to Vietnam, which he covered as a rookie freelancer. Junior officers who had battled a skeptical press in Vietnam had become senior officers in the Persian Gulf War; there, they "did their best to keep the press at arm's length." Zelnick and others have pointed out that restrictions on the press in Afghanistan are high even by Gulf War standards, when reporters complained loudly about the efforts of Colin Powell and Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney to control media coverage.

"It's very clear that we can have war reporting that does not endanger military operations. We had it in World War II. We had it in Korea. We had it in Vietnam. I've asked military authorities time and again to give me a single example of reporting that placed American lives at risk or jeopardized the security of an operation, and they can't do it. It's almost never happened."

But, he says, "I think we're getting exceptional coverage by a very dedicated press despite some rather restrictive rules and practices by the military."

Richard Augustus Norton, a CAS professor in the departments of international relations and anthropology, on the roots of Arab rage.

"This is a moment for a serious rethinking of U.S. policy vis-à-vis the Muslim world," Norton says. "While U.S. policymakers are loath to explicitly concede the point, we must recognize that we have a huge stake in understanding that our policies are not inert. That is not to say that we're responsible for the wanton destruction of innocent people ... we need to be concerned that the constituency that bin Laden and people like him have been able to exploit reflects an antagonism to the United States that we really have to take seriously."

Norton identifies two key causes for the broader Arab resentment of the United States. The first is "our blinding penchant for stability — the drug of choice in Washington — which has led us to a policy of support for unattractive, repressive regimes." The second cause is what he terms our "blind support" of Israel.

So how should U.S. policy change? "We need to talk openly about governance, rights, and the dead end of corruption," Norton says. Moreover, he argues, "The stakes are very high, and we need to be clear-headed about the importance of demonstrating a commitment to lifting the people [of Afghanistan] from the wretched conditions that they now face."

David A. Spiegel, a CAS research professor with BU's Center for Anxiety and Related Disorders, on the war on fear.

For weeks after the World Trade Center fell in flames, Americans manifested a virtual epidemic of anxiety — mostly about threats that are, realistically speaking, remote.

"That's natural," says Spiegel. "One purpose of anxiety is to prepare us for threats to our safety and well-being. Our natural reaction is to prepare as best we can,
and to deal with it.” Paradoxically, an implausible threat can create more fear than a concrete one, especially in an environment of vague government warnings, rampant Internet rumors, and often sensational press coverage. “Vague threats are harder to evaluate — you don’t know when they’ll occur, you don’t know how best to deal with them, you don’t know what steps to take to prepare it, so you feel unprepared,” says Spiegel. “People in England who survived the Blitz, for example, were constantly subjected to very real threats and managed to adapt and recover very quickly. For us, it’s the shock of it, I think. We tended to think of threats as being somewhere else.”

GLENN LOURY, a University professor, a CAS professor of economics, and director of BU’s Institute on Race and Social Division, on the return of racial profiling.

Before September 11, the civil rights movement seemed on the verge of a long-sought victory: law enforcement’s abandonment of the official practice of racial profiling, defined by the American Civil Liberties Union as “targeting someone for investigation on the basis of that person’s race, national origin, or ethnicity.” But now Americans of even apparent Arab descent can find themselves kicked off airplanes, even attacked. According to a September 28 Gallup poll, over a third of Americans now have less trust in Arabs living in the United States, while about half of Americans support their having to carry special identification.

Can Americans learn to balance security with fairness? Loury suggests a useful distinction between situation-specific and generic profiling: “Let’s say a red-headed person is seen exiting from the bank with a bagful of money. The police see a red-headed person in the vicinity and they pull that person over. That person has been subjected to profiling, but I think everybody would say that’s justifiable given the situation.” Conversely, says Loury, “If the troopers on the New Jersey turnpike are just stopping black people driving cars without any specific information that makes them think that in this particular instance this particular black person may be associated with some offense, they are engaged in a kind of generic attribution of guilt to people based upon race. . . . If the routine exercise of airport security tends to focus disproportionately on ‘Middle Eastern-looking people’ as a general practice, that is not justifiable and is rather more like the generic imputation of guilt to a class of people based simply on how they look.”

Uri Ra’anan, a University professor and director of BU’s Institute for the Study of Conflict, Ideology, and Policy and a specialist in Soviet and post-Soviet affairs, on the new “Great Game.”

“He who controls Central Asia controls the world,” wrote the English geopolitical theorist Halford Mackinder at the dawn of the twentieth century. The powerful British empire and a nascent Russia played the famous “Great Game” of bribes, proxies, and outright warfare over Afghanistan in the nineteenth century. The fall of the Soviet Union launched a second Great Game, this time between the United States-led West and Russia over the vast untapped oil reserves in the former Soviet republics.

“I’m concerned with Russian attitudes towards Georgia, Azerbaijan — areas that are vital to us because of Caspian oil,” says Ra’anan. Although Russian leaders have seemed especially cooperative of late, Ra’anan sees “much less to this alleged change than meets the eye. The latest wrinkle — and it’s really a huge one — is for the Russians to say, you know, you are subject to OPEC blackmail. We can make it easier for you. We’ll offer you Caspian oil. But it’s not theirs to give. Caspian oil is overwhelmingly the oil of Kazakhstan, the oil of Turkmenistan, and the oil of Azerbaijan.”

Ra’anan argues that we should be especially skeptical of Russia’s pretext that it speaks for all former Soviet republics. “The independence of the other post-Soviet republics is vital to our strategic interests,” he says. “Caspian oil is not sufficient to make up for Middle Eastern oil. We’d be out of the OPEC frying pan and into the Russian fire.”.
Invented on Company Time

For Whom Bell Toiled

BY BRIAN FITZGERALD

A Boston University professor created a device 125 years ago that "annihilated time and space," as Thomas Edison said, "and brought the human family closer in touch."

Alexander Graham Bell (1847-1922), who was a professor of the mechanism of speech at Boston University's School of Oratory from 1874 to 1879, "originally intended to be the first person to transmit multiple telegraph messages over a single wire at one time using different tones," points out Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer Robert Bruce ('GRS'47, 'GRS'53). In March of 1875, the twenty-eight-year-old Bell was financially strapped and exhausted. He was working on his "harmonic telegraph" and at the same time lecturing on "vocal physiology and elocution" at the University, as well as teaching deaf students to read, write, and speak. When School of Oratory Dean Lewis B. Monroe offered to pay in advance his Scottish-born professor's lecture fees for the following year, Bell was ecstatic. He would finally be able to devote enough time to his invention. "Without his help," said Bell later, "I would not have been able to get along at all."

Working in a rented attic room on Court Street in downtown Boston, not far from BU's College of Liberal Arts and School of Law buildings, Bell wanted to transmit by wire not just sounds, but the human voice. On June 2 of that year, while Bell was at one end of the line and his assistant, Thomas A. Watson, worked on the reeds of the telegraph on the other end in the next room, Bell heard the sound of a plucked reed over the wire. The next day, after much tinkering, the instrument transmitted recognizable voice sounds, but no distinguishable words. The two experimented all summer, and in September Bell began to write the specifications for his first telephone patent, which was issued on March 7, 1876. Three days later, in Bell's new lab on Exeter Place, he shouted into the mouthpiece, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you." At the other end of the wire — this time on another floor — Watson heard and
The Alexander Graham Bell Memorial Tower was proposed to house administrative offices, but it was never built. The tower was inspired by the University of Pittsburgh’s Cathedral of Learning and by the original Saint Botolph’s Church of Boston, England.

understood every word. It was the world’s first intelligible telephone transmission.

Bruce, a CAS professor emeritus of history, believes that Bell possessed the rare combination of qualities that are the mark of a great inventor. In his 1973 biography, *Bell: Alexander Graham Bell and the Conquest of Solitude*, Bruce writes that Bell had “the ability — call it intuition or genius — to conceive of an incredible goal, the stubborn faith to keep grasping at straws, the luck to find the magic needle in the haystack, and the wit to recognize it.”

Bell’s telephone was “amazingly simple” and hasn’t changed much in 125 years, says C. William Anderson, a retired assistant vice president for engineering at the New England Telephone Company. “All you need for a basic telephone is a battery, a transmitter, and a receiver — just three parts,” says Anderson, a former University trustee.

BU had planned to honor Bell by building a neo-Gothic administrative tower bearing his name as part of a giant cathedral-like complex behind where Marsh Chapel is today, but the proposal fell victim to the Great Depression. Still, the professor’s spirit is memorialized at BU by the Alexander Graham Bell Professorship of Health Care Entrepreneurship, currently held by University Professor Richard Egdahl.

In 1916, Bell returned to the University for a downtown reception marking the fortieth anniversary of the invention of the telephone. “I count it a great honor to have belonged to Boston University,” Bell said at the event, according to the June 1916 issue of *Bostonia*. “It was while I was connected to the school that all the work was done on the telephone.” He added that his “dearest friend” Dean Monroe helped him more than once financially in carrying out his experiments. “Gentlemen,” he concluded, “these things which I have described are the by-products of my work in your institution, and were made possible because of the encouragement of your university.”
Behind the Scenes

Bostonia's flaneuse, who has always been interested in both the theater and what doesn't meet the eye, strolled over to the Boston University Theatre's stage door not long ago. She found all the world's backstage.

BY EMILY HIESTAND

I often describe my professional MO as going behind the scenes — exploring the workings of irresistible places, from municipal waterworks to gospel churches to Parisian department stores. Recently, however, I realized I had never gone behind the scenes of the actual scenes — a lapse I remedied in October during several visits to the production center of the BU Theatre, where sets are built for both the professional Huntington Theatre Company and the School for the Arts. It was an especially good time to go. During those terrible weeks this fall, as one sorrow after another came to our land, it was immensely heartening to spend time in such a creative world.

Going behind the scenes at the theater is different from “going backstage,” which involves a star and a roomful of champagne and flowers, all of which has its points, of course. But going behind the scenes satisfies the jones for the gee-whiz know-how of things, for lingo, customs, and quirks, for the quietly unfolding ephemera of a place. It’s wondering: who cues the lighting, who fashioned those fifties-era dresses in Baldwin’s The Amen Corner, and how on earth did they get the East River splashing on stage for Sidney Kingsley’s panoramic Dead End?

The people behind the scenes at a major company like the Huntington are legion — to name only a few: drapers, dressers, and fabric artisans, designers (lighting, sound, costume, and wig), scenery mechanics, and painters, and a lot of people with the respectful, guild-descended “master” in their title; among them, the properties master. At the Huntington, this expertise is coordinated by a tall, soft-spoken, ginger-haired native of North Carolina named Jeff Clark. On the day Clark showed me around the production workshops,

Emily Hiestand (GRS'88) is an essayist, poet, and visual artist. Her most recent book is Angela the Upside-Down Girl.
he had at least three sets on his mind: one, for a musical adaptation of James Joyce’s *The Dead*, was on stage, a second, for Christopher Durang’s dark comedy *Betty’s Summer Vacation*, was in construction, and planning for the third, Shaw’s satirical *Heartbreak House*, had commenced. Opening night for *Betty’s* was a mere ten days away, but Clark exuded calm confidence and good humor — just the temperament that must be ever-more-welcome as a production nears its debut.

The workshops he shows me occupy two street-level wings adjacent to the theater, and a subterranean level that stretches for nearly a city block. The underground space runs directly under the stage, which enables an elevator to rise into view bearing, say, a resplendent *Mikado*. Clark and I travel between levels in the regular way, on foot, beginning in the paint shop next to a swanky black bar, something from a 1930s nightclub. “Not a working bar, unfortunately,” Clark deadpans, “just a prop.” We mosey through a dream of a painting studio: immense, impressively organized, stocked with pigments and gear galore. Blueprints for the *Betty’s* set (by designer Thomas Lynch) are tacked along one long wall, and the shop is fragrant with the clean, herbal scent of freshly cut wood. Panels destined to be the kitchen cabinets of Betty’s cottage have been painted mint green and lemonade yellow, and are leaning against sawhorses, drying. Nearby — a nook with two deep sinks, flamboyant with years of paint, and hanging on pegboard, maybe fifty brushes, arranged according to size, like some Platonic brush collection. At one end of the shop, a sheaf of lanky sea oats rests on a table. “That will be our beach,” Clark says. “And why is it,” he wonders, “that we always seem to be looking for beach grass in winter, and Christmas lights in the summer?” When I see the show two weeks later, this modest cluster of sea oats will dominate the stage at one point, creating a dune silhouetted by moonlight and explosive fire — a surprising scene that must be the stealthiest homage to nature ever.

The *Betty’s* set is realistic in that it clearly signals “summer cottage,” but as the much-admired set designer James Noone (SFA ’83) tells me in a later conversation, theater realism is a subtle animal. Take the set for *Dead End*, which Noone designed last year for Nicholas Martin’s first production as artistic director of the Huntington. *Dead End* fairly transported audiences — to 54th Street in New York City, circa 1933 — with a detailed set of a tenement, the backside of an opulent apartment house, and to all appearances, the East River, real live water into which the street kids jumped and cannonballed. (Front-row ticket holders were issued ponchos.) “People always comment on how realistic *Dead End* was,” says Noone, an SFA assistant professor, “and yes, it had realistic elements, but the set itself was not realistic. What it did was give you a sense of entrapment, a sense of two worlds clashing. It was also huge. What was important about that set was the volume of it, and how that affected the audience. You know, it was forty-five feet tall; it just towered over the actors. The power was in the composition, in the height and mass and structure. That’s what made the audience sit forward in their seats.”

Noone’s eloquence and profound respect for the theater as a place of discovery must also have his SFA theater arts students sitting forward on their seats. “I want them to know that design isn’t a pretty background,” he says. “It’s understanding the mechanics of a play and of acting; it’s knowing how a director works, and how people react to things. Those are really the most important things. It’s not how well you draft; it’s knowing yourself and other people. I also tell my students, *get out there*, go to galleries, Grand Central Station,
poetry readings. Just sitting in a classroom is not going
to do it.” James Noone’s voice is kind and lively, full of
the humanity he places at the heart of his artistry. “After
twenty-five years in this field,” he muses, “I am still just
constantly asking myself questions. I do that all day
long. Why are people walking down the street this
way? Why are they running? Why are they scared?
Why are they laughing? Design is understanding all
that, and bringing it to the theater to give actors the
platform they need.”

I ask Noone if he thinks that a set is virtually an
unnamed character in a play, and in some plays, like
Dead End, perhaps even the star. “Definitely,” he says.
“A good set is a character; it’s a part of the play. In Dead
End, the set was a star. But I’ve done other shows
where I didn’t want anyone to even notice
the set, because that was right for the show. I like to think that
you couldn’t recognize one of my sets as mine, that
every one of them is different. There are certainly traits
that identify my work, but if you are serving a play well,
you find the style within the script and its needs. You
have to be careful, though, not to impose too strictly
your own response. Often I see a designer’s feeling
about the play on stage, and there is no room for my
imagination. But theater is a participatory
event — and
I want to provide a context for the audience to respond
in their own way.”

Jeff Clark and Jim Noone collaborated on realizing
the Dead End set, and both men have instant recall
of the challenges of installing a river in the orchestra
section of the BU Theatre. “Nicky wanted the water,”
Noone says. Both marvel at the structure needed to
support the weight of the water and of the actors jump-
ing into it. Noone mentions bent I-beams, Clark the
rugged vinyl liner that held when the outer wall gave
way, briefly, and the measures he took to keep the water
clean and filtered so the actors didn’t get rashes or colds.

“When you do water,” Noone says, “you have to be so
cautious because people can hurt themselves, drown,
get electrocuted. There is tons of electricity running
around the stage . . .” His voice trails off. “But for some
reason,” he sighs, “in my career, I’ve done a lot of water.
I’ve done rain for three Broadway shows — and I’ve
ruined three theaters!”

Leaving the paint shop, Clark and I arrive in a
compact room teeming with once and future props:
chandeliers and baseball bats, a crescent moon and fake
books, and much, much more. Some of the props are
keepers; others are earmarked for another theater.
Clark belongs to a nationwide community of produc-
tion managers who share information, tips, and the
occasional samovar and admiral’s hat. Describing his
work, Clark invokes puzzles and sleuths. “Every show is
a new kind of jigsaw puzzle,” he says, “and my job is to
put the pieces together. When you start a show, every-
thing is like the blue sky pieces of the puzzle — they all
look alike. As you go along, you get more ground and
building pieces, to help put the picture together. The
pieces for a set can be all over everywhere. I track them
down, and get them here. I’m Columbo!”

In the voluminous scene shop, carpenters in jeans
and fetching do-rags are assembling the cottage in
which Betty’s seaside vacation goes hideously and hilar-
iously awry. The ceiling (which has an unusually big
role, for a ceiling) is currently floating high over the set
floor — which is a slightly sloped platform painted
faux-linoleum with pink and yellow dots. In theater-
speak, the sloped platform is “raked,” a technique that
increases visibility for the audience and creates the illu-
sion of greater depth on stage. Sans walls, the Betty’s
set appears to be a postmodern affair, but when fully as-
sembled it proves to be a traditional “box set” — a set
whose three walls define the acting area and mask the
backstage area from view.

The tall sliding door that connects the scene shop to
the stage itself seems huge to me, but it is not, as Clark
points out, wide enough to accept a constructed set
whole. Clark pines for a wall that would slide away
completely, allowing a set to be rolled intact onto the
stage. Just inside the door, offstage right, is the massive
bank of cables, ropes, and counterweights that enable a
company to “fly a scene,” to lift one entire set out of view
and lower another into place during a short interlude.
As we step onto the stage itself, I instinctively slow
down — even on a quiet afternoon, this singular, civic
space is all Aura, capital A. Here have trod the likes of
Hedda Gabler and Tartuffe, King Hedley II, Dr. Pang-
gloss, Little Buttercup, and the messenger Hermes. As
we thread our way around an upright piano, a velvet settee, and a Victorian bed (from which Aunt Julia will soon be discoursing with an angel), Clark describes how his crew loads a set on stage, then synchronizes lighting and sound cues, and any scenery movement, with the acting. After which, the show belongs to the stage manager, who runs performances from an off-stage niche outfitted with computers, monitors, headphones, and today, a dish of candy corn.

Among Clark’s favorite sets created for this stage was the adventurous scenery for Molière’s Amphytrion. “It was a huge show,” he says, “and there were challenges — like getting it done on time and affording it. You could be twelve feet above the stage, or eight feet below the stage, and still be on that set. But it was fun; it was like a playground, and the actors had a good time with it.” And Clark’s biggest nightmare? That would be “having to do a play on ice,” he says. “I think it must have been done somewhere — you know, some Sonja Henie show or something.”

Exiting stage left, we pass from the realm of MIG welders and hex nuts to another behind-the-scenes territory, the land of cloth. In the fabric room, a plate of cookies sits by a bolt of chestnut-colored cotton. The nearby vat room holds a shiny, industrial-size cauldron named the “Vulcan,” in which costume artisans can dye fabrics to any color — important, because particular hues and shades are integral to the feel of a set. Close by is the costume craft room — the domain of designers who invent unique costume parts. Inside, a woman is grappling with a length of white floppy vent hose, the kind found on your dryer. It seems that some aliens will visit Betty, and it seems they breathe through dryer hoses.

There is more — the green room, a twinkling AV studio, and planning offices — the production workshops are a hive. Aside from the sheer fun of the work, which everyone mentions, part of the deep appeal of theater design and production must be the intensely collaborative nature of the endeavor, the way each person has a hand in something fine, a distinctive part in creating a whole. When I ask Clark to name the key to his work, he says without hesitation: “A lot of talented people, doing a lot of hard work. That’s probably the most important thing.”

All the conservatory, collaborative, supportive, creative practices of the theater, and its steady search for humanity, contrast so greatly with the destructive cruelty of terrorism and warfare. For just that reason, opening night for The Dead, in mid-September, was more than usually moving. My husband, Peter, and I were among those who held tickets for a preview performance scheduled for the evening of September 11.

In a rare disruption of theater tradition, the house went dark that night, a gesture of grief. But only a few days later, the show did go on. As managing director Michael Maso wrote to his company: “We will resume performances tonight, our opening night, and I believe it is important that we do. The … creations that you bring to life are among those acts which define civilization at its best. At any time, coming to the theatre is an act which bonds strangers together into an audience, a community, a whole, if only for a few hours’ time … We are fortunate at this time to be presenting this beautiful and life-affirming piece, a play about the fragility and the strength of the ties that bind us to each other, and the rich and unseen depths that lie beneath the surface of each human life.”

In early October, on the night of the rescheduled performance, Peter and I brought a swirl of still-raw, unsettled emotions to the theater. The play took us into a warm parlor on a cold Dublin night, to a holiday celebration full of song and memory, a Joycean kaleidoscope of joy, generosity, and doubt, leading to one of those unbidden chasms that come even to intimates. The final stagecraft: a tableau of light snow falling, silver and dark against a midnight blue sky, the snow that was “general all over Ireland” easily reaching our own land and falling, as Joyce writes, “upon all the living and the dead.” Bright and dancing, pensive and shadowy, as layered as the story itself, on that stage, on that night, the snow, which I knew to be shredded bits of plastic, came down like a natural elegy — a translation that began behind the scenes, of matter into moment. —
Design for a Living

Jessica McClintock’s popular fashion designs are youthful, romantic, and sometimes sexy. What makes them a greater hit is that they’re also affordable.

BY MIDGE RAYMOND

“We’d like more cleavage,” fashion designer Jessica McClintock says to the model seated on a white brocade chair next to a lace-covered table. “Do you think that’s possible?”

“I don’t have any,” answers Braun Nelson, smiling. “My sister got it all.”

“Well, you don’t want to have implants, that’s for sure,” McClintock says, returning to the stool across the room from where she is overseeing a photo shoot. “It’s all about cleavage these days,” she adds to no one in particular.

At the San Francisco headquarters of Jessica McClintock, Inc., president and CEO McClintock (DGE50) never sits still for long. Downstairs supervising a photo shoot or upstairs in her office, she is constantly moving, involved in every detail of her $140 million company — with a dedication and capability that have consistently placed her among Working Woman magazine’s Top 50 Business Owners since 1994.

Moments later on this midsummer morning, she’s off her stool again to stand behind the photographer, envisioning the scene from his point of view as the art director tugs on Nelson’s undergarments to elicit more cleavage.

Many of the outfits Nelson is modeling for McClintock’s new Victorian collection bare her midriff and plunge at the neckline, a far cry from the original Gunne Sax designs McClintock created in the early days of her business. She began by dressing flower children in the peasant-style granny dresses of 1969 and has continued to create special occasion clothing with a modern flair, whatever the trend may be. In the United States, her designs are sold in her forty-three boutiques and in department stores from JCPenney to Filene’s to Nordstrom, and abroad from Honduras to Japan to Kuwait.

With gowns in McClintock’s collections starting around $100, price is another attraction, particularly for younger consumers. “Probably the best thing I can do as a designer,” McClintock says, “is to get a very successful, expensive look by knowing my business, by knowing the fabric people. I don’t charge very much for design. I take the markup; I mass-produce it. I’m thinking as the manufacturer and businesswoman half the time, and the other half I’m thinking as the designer.”

Like her model, McClintock’s target customers are young women, usually headed for the prom or the altar. Nelson, now wearing a long, narrow black skirt and a

Jessica McClintock at home in San Francisco.
Photographs by John Carlson
In the sewing and cutting room of Jessica McClintock, Inc., headquarters in San Francisco, McClintock and two staff members inspect a bolt of fabric.

The cover of her spring 2001 bridal collection catalogue. (Right)

black brocade jacket over a lace blouse, is again seated, and McClintock adjusts her sleeves. “I don’t know if you have a lot of room here,” McClintock says, attempting to open Nelson’s legs. “Try to make it look a bit more modern.”

It’s clear that “modern” is a euphemism for “sexy” as Nelson shakes her bangs into her face, puts her hands on her knees, and leans forward, looking directly into the camera.

“Everything is strapless now,” McClintock says when Nelson next emerges from the dressing room in a strapless floor-length gown that McClintock describes as “modern bridal.”

Amid the velvet and lace, taffeta and silk, McClintock herself is wearing a long-sleeved white T-shirt and white slacks. Her pale shoulder-length hair almost blends with her clothing, and her large blue-gray eyes fill the lenses of small oval glasses. Around five feet tall, she is wearing flats, and she seems to float through the room as she moves from Nelson to the photographer to her seat near the door, graceful as a ballerina. Humming softly, she drifts over to the set and picks up a bottle of perfume from the table — her new fragrance, Jessica McClintock Number 3 — and sprays into the air, then drifts back to her chair.

Nelson now wears a sheer cropped lace blouse with scalloped edges. Taking her place back on the set, she adopts a wistful, lovelorn expression. After a few shots, she waves her hands in the air as if drying freshly painted fingernails.

“She’s trying to get the blood circulating,” McClintock explains, “so her veins don’t show. See, when you get old like me” — she holds out her hands — “you can see your veins.”

McClintock looks and acts decades younger than her seventy-one years. When it’s time to rearrange the set, the photographer and his assistant have to stop her from helping move the furniture. Once the white brocade Victorian-style sofa is in place, McClintock reclines, indicating how she’d like Nelson to pose. “I’d like her barefoot for this one,” she says, kicking off her own shoes.

Most catalogue and advertising photos are taken here at the company’s headquarters; working locally allows for one-hour developing. As soon as the shoot ends, McClintock’s assistant, Sandra Otter, prepares to take the film to the lab.

“Will you lose your parking space?” McClintock asks. “Probably,” Otter says cheerfully, “but that’s okay.”

“Take my car. You won’t lose my parking space.” McClintock gives Otter the keys to her Jaguar.

A ROOM WITH A POINT OF VIEW

Perhaps a reflection of her small-town roots — she grew up in Presque Isle, Maine, near the Canadian border — McClintock is at once managerial and collegial when dealing with the 150 employees in her San Francisco office. She is comfortable in her role as boss, and her office is unapologetically grand. Outside its French doors, down the hall from the fluorescent-lit rows of cubicles and semiprivate offices, stand two marble blocks displaying bronze statues. Across the threshold, gray carpeting gives way to pale hardwood floors with painted ribbons flowing across the polished boards. A carved wooden banister follows stairs up to another set of lace-covered French doors, leading to the roof. Custom-made glass sconces adorn the walls. The room has no corners; smooth curves conceal a private bathroom, kitchenette, and closet. It is bright and airy; en-
graved mirrors reflect the light, as does the furniture, all white and cream, carved wood and glass. “I refuse to have a computer in my office,” McClintock says. “I don’t like them.”

She likes to immerse herself in beautiful spaces — “My office is a lot like my home,” she says — but she spends only a few moments there before settling at her desk in the utilitarian design area down the hall. Beyond the designers’ desks are the cutting and sewing rooms, flanked by aisles filled with fabric, lace, and trim. When McClintock or another designer creates a new ensemble, a sample is sewn and modeled here, where it is then modified or rejected.

“I never studied design,” says McClintock, whose grandmother introduced her to the idea of making clothes. Because her parents divorced when she was two years old and her mother worked, she spent a lot of time with her grandmother. “She’d be at her sewing machine,” she says, “and she’d keep me busy helping her. That’s where I learned about fabric.”

By junior high, McClintock was sewing all her own clothes. She remembers shopping for fabric with her grandmother at JCPenney. “She’d let me pick out the colors I liked and make me explain to her why I liked them, and she’d analyze them with me. It was almost part of my being to think of color and prints and what I’d do with them. I never thought about being a designer because I didn’t know how you did that. How do people get to be designers?”

In McClintock’s case, it was unexpected tragedy. After earning her associate’s degree at BU’s Division of General Education in 1950, she married Al Staples. They were living in California when he died in a car accident just over a decade later, leaving her with a nine-year-old son. “I quickly abandoned California and went home to Maine and tried to figure out the next step in life,” she says. “When you are faced with trauma, you have to think change. You have a chance to start over again.”

McClintock had gotten her bachelor’s degree in education at San Jose State University, and eventually she left Maine for Marblehead, Massachusetts, where she taught elementary school. Then, she says, “Fred came back into my life.” Fred McClintock had been a good friend of her husband’s. The two got married, but “the marriage was never right,” she says. “We should have just been lovers and never married. He was an adventurer. I had a son and couldn’t do those things.”

After their divorce, she returned to California and lived in San Mateo, where she focused on raising her son and meeting new people, one a woman who just started a company called Gunne Sax and was looking for a designer.

It was 1969, and “the market was for hippies,” McClintock says. For $5,000, she became a partner. “I was so invigorated, and I loved it so much,” she says. “I started looking at kids and what they wore in the streets. I made lots of calico skirts down to the ankles so that they could wear their feet bare. Customers loved them, and they sold well in department stores, and that was the beginning.”

At that time, she says, “all the hippies got married in bare feet and Gunne Sax granny dresses.” Hillary Rodham, whom McClintock met at the White House a few years ago, wore a linen Gunne Sax dress when she married Bill Clinton in 1975. “She bought it off the rack,” McClintock says. “She was too intellectual to spend much time or money and all that attention for flamboyance.”

After three months, McClintock took over Gunne Sax, eventually adding four clothing lines — bridal, juniors, girls, and her signature line — as well as fragrances and a licensing division, whose products include china, eyewear, handbags, jewelry, and home furnishings. She still oversees every part of the business, from design to manufacturing to retail. “Everything is made
in the U.S.A., which we're proud of,” she says. She's also proud that she hires family: her nephew, Bruce Hutchins, manages retail, her half-brother, Jack Hedrich, handles licensing and operations, and her granddaughter, Jess Souza, oversees merchandising.

While McClintock is involved in every aspect of the company, she makes it clear that she doesn't work alone. As she sits in the design area, leafing through Women’s Wear Daily, Gunne Sax designer Jenny Snodgrass models a shimmery, champagne-colored skirt with a brocade top. “I love it,” she says. “It matches perfectly. And it's bra-friendly.”

“I wish the color were more friendly,” McClintock says.

Snodgrass returns moments later in a full-length beige sheath, whose color McClintock also thinks is too neutral. Snodgrass turns, revealing her bra strap and a large, winged tattoo on her right shoulder. “You need to raise the back two more inches,” she says. Next she models a long white gown, and McClintock asks, “Do you like what’s going on at the waist?” She addresses Snodgrass, the art director, anyone in the room, and listens closely to their comments.

The final decision — “Show it to Jess” — is a constant refrain. Souza is her second opinion, whether in advertising, pricing, or design. The two are hard to tell apart as their blond heads bend over a light table later that afternoon to inspect the morning's photos. As often happens, they need to select quickly; an advertising deadline in New York comes three hours earlier in San Francisco. “It would have been easier for me, I think, to be based in New York,” McClintock says, “easier to reach the media, the press, Women’s Wear Daily, the things that give you the networking and the hype you need when you're beginning. Basically I did it on my own.”

But she has no regrets about staying on the West Coast. Her main reason: “I fell in love here.” She met Ben Gollober in the mid-1970s, and they remained together until his death from cancer three years ago.

“If she'd moved to New York,” Hutchins says, “she'd have been more like Donna Karan or Calvin Klein. She doesn't need that celebrity status. She buys her clothes at Banana Republic. She's very grounded.”

**NO PALACE LIKE HOME**

McClintock’s ten-hour day ends at six. About fifteen minutes after leaving the office, she pulls into the garage at her Victorian mansion and walks through the meticulously tended garden to the back door, where her butler, Arthur Williams, and her black Lab, Coco, greet her warmly.

Arthur is everything a butler should be: loyal (he's been with her for more than ten years), portly, and British. He wears tuxedo pants, a crisp white shirt, and a black tie and vest. McClintock ends her day relaxing in her high-ceilinged, ornately furnished living room with a vodka tonic, which Arthur brings, along with cheese and crackers, on a silver tray.

Despite the elegance of her home, which she bought in 1980 from film director Francis Ford Coppola, the feel is comfortable and relaxed. Photographs of family and friends cover the antique furniture, and Coco's dog toys are piled in a corner of the dining room. McClintock made Coppola's dark, paneled rooms light and airy by adding height to doorways, installing marble floors, and painting walls in light, creamy colors. She kept the twenty-five-seat theater, but converted the editing room — “There was actually film on the floor when we moved in” — into a pantry. From her bedroom suite, with its large canopy bed, dressing room, and bathroom, a curved bay window overlooks San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate Bridge.

In the formal dining room, a fire blazes in the fireplace, and Coco snores in the corner. Arthur puts on a white jacket to serve dinner. As he moves from the kitchen to the dining room, he and McClintock chat like family; when she forgets the year Souza got married, he not only remembers, but produces the wedding invitation.

Coco awakens as he brings out dessert, reminding him of a story.

“Do you know what she did, Madame?” Arthur asks. He went to the bakery that morning to pick up dessert, he says, and also bought a sausage roll for lunch, setting it on the kitchen counter when he got home. When he turned around a few moments later, it was gone.

“She didn't say anything,” Arthur says. “She just licked her lips.”

Continued on page 83
Hip-hop lyricist Mike Ladd redefines beat poetry

Twenty-First-Century Troubadour

by Eric McHenry
When eccentric New York millionaire Andrew Freedman died in 1915, he left a suitably eccentric legacy on the Bronx’s Grand Concourse: a poorhouse for the formerly rich. Today the Andrew Freedman Home for Older Adults is merely that, but during the Great Depression the four-story, block-long palazzo was a place where the recently ruined could continue enjoying the linens and crystal stemware to which they’d become accustomed.

There’s a certain symmetry to the fact that the Freedman Home now shares a street with Mike Ladd (GRS97). Like a rich poorhouse, the thirty-one-year-old Ladd is a contradiction in terms — a walking, talking breakdown of several binary systems: black and white, Cambridge and the Bronx, academic poet and hip-hop musician.

He writes:

I’ve been class dancing since the smallest age.
My stage was Cambridge, a dangerous grave
for activists with wilted fists, and sleep
as thick as water in the river Styx.
I’d walk two kicks from poor to rich to poor
to rich again. I rocketed like Glenn
through monetary planes . . .

Ladd’s lyrics are no easier to classify than he is. Those lines — which revel in the self-celebration, internal rhyme, and rampant simile characteristic of hip-hop, plus a range of allusion that stretches from antiquity into the 1960s — also scan as iambic pentameter. They introduce the first poem in “Wheat to the Water,” Ladd’s Creative Writing Program master’s thesis. The second, entitled “The Tragic Mulatto Is Neither,” is also the libretto for the second track on his debut album, Easy Listening for Armageddon, which he recorded for Mercury Records while working toward his BU degree.

“For some reason,” he says, “I keep insisting that I can wear five different hats at the same time.”

Anti-Pop

The Grand Concourse cuts a wide, straight swath through the Bronx, extending north from the Harlem River all the way to Yonkers. It’s six lanes across, loud, busy, and lined for miles with five-story apartment buildings. Late-nineteenth-century civic planners conceived it as a Champs Élysées for New York, a vision that now seems as quaintly naïve as Andrew Freedman’s.

Ladd crosses the Concourse, carefully, several times a day — moving between the apartment he shares with writer and actor Mums, who plays a character named Poet on the HBO prison drama Oz, and the apartment of Fred Ones, who engineers much of Ladd’s music in his home studio. Ladd and Ones belong to what’s often called hip-hop’s underground, or avant-garde. The former is probably more precise, since like many of the nominal avant-garde, they’re not really being followed by anyone. The recording industry and the listening public love hip-hop, but seem satisfied with bravado rhyming about Bentleys and platinum bracelets. They have yet to embrace the music’s more progressive makers. A CD by Ladd, Cool Keith, Company Flow, or the tellingly named Anti-pop Consortium might sell between 5,000 and 50,000 copies, mostly to the sort of people who, in Ladd’s words, “like good beats and also subscribe to Ariforum.”

In Ones’s back room, a layer of egg-crate foam, for absorbing unwanted noise, covers the north wall. Ladd, in a rolling office chair, pushes himself from one piece of electronic equipment to another — a synthesizer, a mixing board, a tower of compressors, equalizers, and effects processors. Something has worried away wide strips of the floor’s linoleum, revealing an older layer, and the heavily trafficked section beneath Ladd’s chair is covered with a rectangle of plastic held in place by strips of electrical tape. In the corner, a bookcase stuffed with LPs leans precariously. The whole room has a threadbare utilitarianism, a function-over-form feel typical of the places where serious artists work.

Get on the Mike, Mike

Ladd is working today on his contribution to an album that a friend is producing — a compilation of instrumental hip-hop tracks with time-signatures other than the standard 2/4 and 4/4. Strange, asymmetrical beats thump away in the background as he describes his love for the neighborhood he lives in.

“The arts scene in New York is so clubby,” he says. “I have a real aversion to that, which is one of the reasons I’m up here in the Bronx. There’s not an iota of hip within a five-mile radius of where I live. That I like. It’s very much a working-class atmosphere, a place of workers. And there’s also this incredible feeling of community that I heard people talking about when I first moved here. At the time I couldn’t fathom how that was possible. It’s the most architecturally oppressive place I’ve ever been in my life. And coming from the virtual suburbia of Cambridge, I was sort of wondering how the hell people could live stacked on top of each other for miles and miles. They’re living, essentially, in canyons.

Photographs by

Vernon Doucette

Mike Ladd surveys the Bronx.
"And then I realized that the Concourse forms and functions like a river, like the Hudson would have functioned 150 years ago. And all these streets that feed it — each one has its own bodega and its own Laundromat and its own diner. All the little side streets are functioning like villages. So the Bronx really is a collection of little communities, but instead of Sleepy Hollow, it’s Bedford Park Boulevard."

Ladd suspects that the various, desultory character of the Bronx is a subtle influence on his songs, any one of which might include in the space of ten seconds a sample from the soundtrack to an Indian movie, an Elton John reference, and a couple of swipes at America’s tendency to commodify everything: “Don’t shoot me, I’m just a piano programmer for Mass Media Emissions on a mission for statisticians... Check the value bin for Rin Tin Tin and Shaolin.”

“The only places where I’ve really made music,” says Ladd, “have been here in the Bronx, in Brooklyn, and in my place on Commonwealth Avenue in Brighton, which is really just a mini-Grand Concourse. And it’s always been in an apartment.”

**EARNING HIS POETIC LICENSE**

After graduating from Hampshire College in 1993, Ladd moved to New York to take part in the thriving Black Arts scene. He became a formidable presence on the poetry slam circuit, but walked away from it in 1996 to enter the Creative Writing Program at BU. Ladd is from Cambridge — his mother, Florence, is a novelist who for many years directed the Bunting Institute at Radcliffe College. But it wasn’t familiar turf; Ladd says, that drew him back to the Boston area. Quite the contrary.

“I want to be able to write every kind of poetry that exists,” he says. “And for that reason I wanted to go to a school that was relatively conservative. I wanted a certain amount of rigor, enforced rigor. I wanted to work with people who approached poetry differently — people who would test me, and who wouldn’t let me get away with stupid grammar.”

Ladd studied with Robert Pinsky, Aaron Fogel, and David Ferry, who taught a workshop devoted to the English verse line. Ferry’s course, Ladd says, was definitive in his development as a musician.

“I can’t get the image of this joyful, joyful man out of my head — almost bursting with joy when he’d read Ben Jonson,” Ladd says. “And it was great to come out of the program with a strong sense of meter. That, interestingly enough, correlates to hip-hop more than anything else I learned in the program. Rap has more in common with classical poetry than with modern verse, and David’s class was where I ended up doing the work that was most applicable to my music. I put a villanelle on my first album.”

Ferry, an emeritus professor of literature at Wellesley College, hadn’t spent much time thinking about hip-hop prior to Ladd’s appearance in his class. It was an education, he says, for both of them.

“He really got hooked on the idea of meter,” Ferry remembers, “and we had a number of conversations about the likenesses and differences between rap, with all its anaphoric character, and traditional meter, and about what uses repetition can be put to. I remember him coming to class once and reading a poem both ways — as hip-hop and as lines of pentameter. And everybody was so delighted, because it worked both ways! It just filled the room with joy.”

**TAKING THE LONG VIEW**

Ladd returned to New York after finishing the program and has remained there, although family and

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Road Killers

Boston University's best-ever women's cross country team comprises pack hunters who ran themselves into the NCAA championships by running opponents into the ground.

by Jack Falla

Endurance beats speed if speed can't endure. That's the essence of cross country racing. And it's why Michele Palmer of the University of Vermont is a magnificent collegiate runner and the favorite to win this late October race.

Here she comes now, the morning sun shining on her green-and-gold uniform, her stride strong and steady as she leads seventy runners across a field and into the Maine woods. After the first half-mile of the 3.1-mile America East women's cross country championship at the University of Maine's Orono campus, Palmer has opened a three-second lead and appears to be doing what the cross country cognoscenti have predicted she will do — take first place by crushing the field early, then cruising home unchallenged.

Behind Palmer, in places two through six, are five runners from Boston University. Closest is Sherida Bird (MET '03) of Prescott, Arizona, running with the delicate smoothness of her mellifluous name while keeping Palmer in what BU Coach Bruce Lehane calls "psychological contact." Almost even with Bird, Rachel Felton (SED '02) of England settles into her seemingly effortless early-race rhythm, moving with the blank-faced stoicism of a woman on her way to work. Felton is the team's strongest finisher and her job is still two miles away.

A few strides back comes co-captain Katie Ireland (COM '02) of Boston, a joyful runner, her blonde ponytail bouncing with each stride, her face on the edge of a smile. Ireland looks less like the classically anguished distance runner and more like one of those happy-face bobble-head dolls from a baseball souvenir shop. But you'd be happy too if you were still running following two heart operations. In 1996 and 2000 Ireland underwent radio frequency obliterations to "burn out an extra passage that developed between her atrium and ventricle," as her father, John, explains. Heart is a cheapened word in sport, but not when you talk about Ireland, who has come back from the second surgery to regain the form that made her a 1999 All-American.

Behind Ireland, Jen Keboe (SAR '02) of London, Ontario, and co-captain Lauren Matthews (CAS '02) of Brookline, Massachusetts, strong, classically athletic runners, are attacking the track, their footfalls sounding like a boxer's fists on the heavy bag . . . splat . . . whump . . . splat . . . whump . . .

At stake this morning is more than a league championship. That BU will win a sixth consecutive title and its tenth in twelve years is almost a given, determined by runners' times in previous races. But in two weeks a qualifying meet in Boston will determine which eastern teams go to the NCAA championships. The top two teams in that meet get automatic berths. But with superpowers Providence, Boston College, and Brown in the field, the Terriers know they are unlikely to fin-

Jack Falla (COM '67, '90) is an adjunct professor at the College of Communication, a former Sports Illustrated staff writer, and a regular contributor to Bostonia.
ish first or second. Instead, their invitation to the dance will depend on the whim of a committee authorized to send up to five eastern teams to the nationals. If you want to be one of those teams, it is a good idea to a) win today's meet and win it BIG, and b) have one of your runners finish first.

Adding to the pressure is the absence of one of BU's top runners. Junior Bolpar Vinb of Kingston, Ontario, is back in Boston with ligament damage in both feet. Vinh is the defending meet champion, but earlier in the season Palmer had beaten her by four seconds. The importance of the race and the absence of Vinh have forced Lehane to be a man with a plan.

PACK ATTACK

"We're going to gang up on her," says Lehane of a race strategy aimed at sneaking at least one Terrier runner past Palmer near the finish and pushing as many as possible into the top ten.

The fifty-two-year-old Lehane, a former distance runner at Boston State, where he was coached by the legendary Bill Squires (who also coached Boston Marathon winners Bill Rodgers, Alberto Salazar, and Greg Myer), is in his twentieth season at BU. He has been America East Women's Cross Country Coach of the Year nine times (including the last six years) and men's Coach of the Year ten times. During a lunch stop on Friday's bus trip north, he picks at a chicken pot pie — still in good enough shape to run with his team, Lehane won't eat the fatty crust — and talks strategy.

"We'll put as much pressure on Palmer as we can," he says. "Her only weakness might be in her finish. She could lose three or four seconds over that last half-mile. But if she has an eight- or ten-second lead, it won't matter. She'll win." Pushing away the half-eaten pie, Lehane describes the race as if he's already seen it. "She'll come out hard, forcing the pace. She wants to see if we'll push her. We will. When she sees this, she'll try to push the pace harder. And she can do it. Our kids will keep in touch . . . keep her in sight. Some of our girls can outkick her." But it's the middle of the race that worries Lehane. "At about a mile-and-a-half there's an aerobic threshold where increased production becomes progressively more costly. At that point runners start guessing at what they have left. Lately we've been too conservative. We have to get to that threshold earlier. And hold it longer. The race will be decided at about the two-mile mark."

Lehane also worries about his team's personality. Back on the bus he says, "These kids are too nice. No one wants to hurt anyone's feelings. No one wants to show anyone up. They're just a bunch of sweethearts."

The bus rolls another quarter-mile before Lehane, looking out the window, adds, "Damn it" — then laughs.

Rachel Felton (above) won the America East title meet as BU claimed five of the six top places and a sixth consecutive league championship. Co-captain Lauren Matthews (below) finished sixth.
BANG! YOU'RE ALIVE

On Saturday, less than a minute before the starting gun, Ireland takes off her warm-up jacket to reveal the black T-shirt that Lehane gave each of his runners in September. “Faster, Stronger, Higher, Longer,” reads the back of the shirt. The race plan in four words.

Bang! The gun of October fires and seventy women surge off the starting line. Palmer comes out hard and grabs the lead while five of the nine Terrier runners outprint the pack and fall in behind the leader. Runners quickly string out and the field looks like a long colorful snake as Palmer leads them into the woods. Just as they leave the open field, Bird pushes to momentarily close the gap. But Palmer pushes back, increasing her lead by another stride or two.

Through the first mile the BU runners do what they’re supposed to do: keep Palmer in their sights. It’s a delicate proposition. “If you push her too hard, she’ll run away from you,” says Bird after the race. “We just wanted to stay close enough not to lose her.” In cross country it isn’t how fast you can go, but how quickly you get there.

Coming out of a quarter-mile run through the woods and heading into a lap around two farm fields, Palmer is stretching her lead, a gazelle with a pride of pony-tailed lionesses snapping at her heels. The trail is slightly uphill going into the second mile, and Palmer’s strength has allowed her to increase her lead to about seven seconds. Another second or two and this race is over.

Lehane has positioned himself at the two-mile mark, the point where he feels the race will be won or lost. He is concerned about the gap. “Cut it in half,” he yells to Bird as she runs by. And to Felton, running a few strides behind Bird, Lehane yells, “Catch up to Sherida.” Bird, laboring now, makes her move, and before the two-and-a-half-mile mark, has cut Palmer’s lead down to three seconds, about what Lehane thinks Palmer might lose in the stretch. Felton, the designated kicker, is cruising along behind Bird, her face set in an ax-head hardness as she nears her job site, the last half-mile.

“YOU TAKE HER, RACHE”

The race is out of Lehane’s hands now. Ireland, Kehoe, and Matthews are holding their positions, but the kill, if there is to be one, is up to Bird or Felton. It is here that for a moment Lehane’s feared sweetheart factor threatens the plan.

“Go get her, Sherida,” says Felton. It is a graceful but destructively generous thing to say. Bird has been filling up the leader’s rearview mirror and doesn’t have much left. And Bird knows it. “You take her, Rache,” she says.

Bird doesn’t have to ask twice. On a gentle uphill slope just before the trail comes out of the woods, Felton punches in for work and strides easily past Palmer. “Did she have much fight left when you passed her?” BU Assistant Coach Lee Eddy asks Felton after the race. “Not much,” Felton says. Later, on the bus, teammate Tara Johnson (CAS ’04) will talk of how she sometimes feels sorry for the person under the pressure of leading a race. Felton doesn’t understand. “I’ve never felt sorry for anyone in a race,” Felton will say in her clipped and trimmed British accent. “That’s not the purpose of racing, now is it?”

Back on the trail Palmer, showing a lot of grit, is holding onto second place. A crowd of about 300 — mostly family and friends — forms a gauntlet along the final quarter-mile. They are expecting the green and gold of Palmer to burst from the green and gold of the woods, and there is an audible murmur of surprise when it is Felton bringing the field home. As the leaders hit the running track for the final 200 yards, Felton’s lead on Palmer is a commanding five seconds. And in single file behind the Vermont runner — strung out like Ferraris on a race track — come Bird . . . Ireland . . . Kehoe . . . Matthews in places three through six, with Terrier Emily Hawkins (SED ’02) moving up to slip into tenth.

Lehane’s team wins the America East championship by an astounding fifty-four points over second-place New Hampshire.

Sixteen days later, following a sixth-place finish in the NCAA Northeast Regional in Boston, Lehane gets a phone call inviting the BU women to the NCAA championships. He is not surprised. In cross country, as in life, when you go faster, stronger, higher, longer, you usually go farther.
A Mirror of Ourselves — Reflections on Thoreau

BY ALFRED TAUBER

A FEW YEARS AGO, while preparing a course on the philosophy of nature, I put Walden at the head of the reading list. After all, Henry David Thoreau is in many ways the spiritual forefather of modern-day environmentalism, and his aphorism “In wildness is the preservation of the world” has become the motto of the Sierra Club.

But Walden is about nature only in part. Building a cabin at Walden Pond constituted only one short chapter of Thoreau’s life; observing nature, just one of his many pursuits. Rereading Thoreau in preparation for the class, I was reminded that I appreciated him neither as the poet laureate of nature writing nor as the prophet of our ecological conscience. His claim on my imagination originated elsewhere.

I had first encountered Thoreau during an earlier political era, reading Walden in the early sixties. As the political turmoil of the decade erupted, so did my adolescence. Thoreau’s message of steadfast individuality appealed to my fourteen-year-old mind. When I read him again as a freshman in college, the sixties had provided a rich personal and cultural musch. The Civil Rights movement had reached its zenith; feminism simmered; environmentalism renewed its call; Vietnam War protests surged. An array of personal emancipations (sex, drugs, rock and roll) and social demographics (baby boomers entering adolescence) combined to create a climate where his ideas could flourish. Nonviolent civil disobedience (a position he later rescinded) was the most obvious Thoreauvian lesson, but more profound, his celebration of individuality inspired a generation of American students. Some took this credo as a license for their own hedonism; others understood individuality to entail moral responsibility for one’s personal and political life.

But how was Thoreau holding up in the nineties? Had Walden retained its power to transfix and transform the young? And what about me? Did the elixirs that had intoxicated me as a teenager now taste of snake oil?

My students were intrigued by a personality so at odds with convention, a writer who could go from musings on a diving loon to the cost of building a house in a matter of sentences. An erudite laborer, a mystical pencil-maker, a poetic surveyor — Thoreau both fascinated and baffled them. He described himself variously — cultural historian, political commentator, Transcendentalist, teacher, nature writer — but all subordinated to his self-image as prophet, awakening his fellow citizens from the slumber of complacency. To what end, though? By what means? And how did nature fit within this agenda?

Examining the entire corpus of Thoreau’s writings shows that his study of nature was formed according to a template that he also applied to ethics, history, culture, politics, and psychology. He had essentially one concern: what was the character of his selfhood — as a knower of the world, as a moral agent, as a spiritual being? Thoreau was a self-conscious observer of the world and himself in it. And this self-consciousness informed all of his pursuits, tying together the apparently broad scope of his writings and the mysteries of his personality.

As a philosopher and a historian of science, I am now struck by the way Thoreau set himself apart from the mainstream of scientific inquiry. The 1840s was a crucial transition period: all the natural sciences were being subjected to critical appraisals. By the Civil War, vigorous new standards of objectivity demanded a radical
A PERSONAL VISION OF NATURE

IN THIS REVOLUTION of scientific methods and standards, Thoreau's style of natural history evolved into a literary genre. His nature observations were plainly out of step with the new science, but more crucial, they posed an undisguised challenge to this positivism. Thoreau dismissed the goal of an objective account of the world, holding that we must make choices and thereby assign particular importance to one kind of information over another. Facts were significant only in a personal context. Indeed, he used natural facts as a painter uses oils, to compose a vision of nature and his place in it. So facts revealed both the beauty of nature, and perhaps more profound, the moral lessons that might be gleaned from its study. As Thoreau wrote in his private journal,

Nature has looked uncommonly bare & dry to me for a day or two. With our senses applied to the surrounding world we are reading our own physical and corresponding moral revolutions. Nature was so shallow all at once I did not know what had attracted me all my life. I was therefore encouraged when going through a field this evening, I was unexpectedly struck with the beauty of an apple tree — The perception of beauty is a moral test. (Journal 5, June 21, 1852)

In this context, moral does not mean good or evil, but more generally, valued, and the point Thoreau makes to himself is that to appreciate nature requires an effort, a deliberate search for beauty, from which significance and meaning follow. This was hardly the work of an ordinary scientist, or even of a natural philosopher. It was the expression of an artist working in a new medium.

Thoreau followed a two-step process. First, he gathered facts with meticulous attention — dating the blossoming of flowers, sounding Walden Pond, marking the weather daily, observing animal habits. He would sit in a swamp for hours, recording what he saw in a

separation of the observer from the observed. This so-called positivism had an enormous impact on what was considered "scientific." As Thoreau was building his cabin at Walden Pond, the term scientist was supplanting the older designation natural philosopher, and the amateurs who had diligently reported their findings to Boston's Society of Natural History were increasingly being replaced by professional botanists and zoologists trained by two newly appointed Harvard professors, Asa Gray and Louis Agassiz. This era marked the birth of the professionalization of science and the establishment of a forum for its critics: the philosophy of science.

"Walden Pond in winter, snow, path along shore. March 17, 1900." Photograph by Herbert Wendell Gleason. This glass plate was hand-painted by Gleason's wife, Lulu Rounds Gleason. From the Robbins Collection of Gleason Photographic Negatives of Images of Concord, Massachusetts, 1899-1937. Courtesy of Concord Free Public Library
small notebook, then transcribing his findings into the journal he carefully maintained throughout his life. But it was after he had scrupulously recorded nature that the real work began. He regarded himself foremost as a literary man, and that calling required him to define — in his journal, in essays, and in books — the aesthetic and even the spiritual import of his observations.

Thoreau’s nature studies are artistic in the sense that they offer us a new way of seeing the world, just as the Flemish painters of the seventeenth century and the French Impressionists of the nineteenth gave us new visions of light and landscape. Thoreau composed nature, selecting what he required to build up a picture of the world and of himself in it. The individuality he espoused

Connections of a Medicine Man

**Alfred Tauber** is a professor of medicine at the BU School of Medicine and a professor of philosophy at CAS, where he is also director of the Center for Philosophy and History of Science. His scientific and medical interests are not so far removed from his work in philosophy. "Scientists were originally called natural philosophers," he says, "and I see my work as all of one piece."

"The origins of my research field, immunology, lie in early nineteenth-century biology. I traced them through Darwin to the twentieth century. What struck me about this history was how the shift from studying the entire organism to examining its parts exposed a new philosophical problem. With biochemistry and genetics on the one hand and ecology on the other, the organism, considered on its own, was lost. We abandoned the individual."

Of the various biomedical sciences, only medicine maintains its fix firmly on the entire organism, Tauber says. “The patient is the meeting point of three different characterizations: the molecular, the social, and the individual. The physician must integrate all three domains. The focus on the minute components of complex function has been a powerful tool for analyzing disease, but in the process of objectifying illness, the patient as a moral or psychological subject is too often lost.” In *Confessions of a Medicine Man* (1999), Tauber argues for a clinical approach that puts science and technology in the service of a humanistic focus on the patient. “Medicine is not a basic science,” he says, "but rather the application of science to the care of *persons*. We are not treating only the disease; we are caring for the patient."

Tauber’s newest book, *Henry David Thoreau and the Moral Agency of Knowing* (2001), like Confessions and like his three other books on immunology, explores how to assemble individual facts into composite wholes. In the case of immunology, he describes the current dilemmas of understanding how the immune system functions as a whole, to see how it is regulated and integrated within the body. “In medicine, physicians are challenged to place descriptive scientific facts within the context of their patients’ experience of disease. Here lies the connection between the philosophical problems of modern medicine and those faced by Thoreau as a nineteenth-century naturalist. Thoreau had to come to terms with objectivity, but in a much broader sense than we face in medicine. He was concerned with the nature of objective fact, with seeing the world in this particular way, and then with making those facts significant and morally meaningful to himself.”

Mid-nineteenth-century positivism and the professionalization of science forced Thoreau to struggle to find a way to configure knowledge into a personal context, says Tauber. “His work was really the endeavor to make nature his own, at a time when social and intellectual forces conspired to make the world more alien. "Thoreau’s quandary, as I see it, exemplifies the effort that I made in *Confessions*, where the same general question appears in a different context. *Confessions* is about the objectification of disease and the physician’s role of serving as a bridge between technical expertise on the one hand, and the psychological and moral requirements of the patient on the other. It attempts to understand scientific reductionism in a broader context: after you’ve separated all the parts, how do you put them back together again? That, although in a different way, was Thoreau’s crisis, and it remains ours today.”

Tauber teaches a variety of courses in philosophy of science and general philosophy and practices hematology at Boston Medical Center. “Moving between the roles of physician and metaphysician,” he says, “isn’t all that difficult.”
was the sine qua non of the entire project. In short, instead of objectivity’s “view from nowhere,” Thoreau announced the primacy of precisely his own vision.

**NATURAL MEANS TO A METAPHYSICAL END**

As important as that project was for him and his environmentalist followers, it formed only a part of a larger enterprise. His nature studies became the means by which he dealt with a metaphysical crisis, one that was profoundly personal but reached well beyond his own circumscribed life. Thoreau lived through a dramatic social convulsion that was shortly to culminate in the Civil War. Jacksonian democracy, replacing the old social hierarchy, reflected the political realities of growing mercantilism and the influx of new immigrants. As industrialization ravished antebellum pastoralism, as mass commercialization and consumption altered the value of the individual, Thoreau struggled to keep his world his own. His experiment in living at Walden Pond was part of an attempt to reject a dramatically changing culture. Following no particular religion or political program, Thoreau asserted himself on his own terms — terms derived from romanticism. In this regard, romanticism implies an acute self-consciousness, where scrutiny of his every action was evaluated to preserve the sanctity of his personhood. So when he observed nature, it was to seek meaning, beauty, or moral significance; when he labored, his effort was designed to maximize its personal significance and minimize its service to empty goals; when he wrote social commentary, his argument always revolved about his own autonomy. In short, individualism was his credo. But individuality comes at a price, and now we come to the conundrum Thoreau poses. When one peers at his life, as many literary critics, political theorists, historians, religious commentators, and psychologists have, his eccentricity — to be polite — stands out. He appears hopelessly narcissistic, even self-deceived. Holding odd jobs, forever dependent on family and friends, self-indulgent to the extreme, Thoreau has struck many as hypocritical with his calls for self-sufficiency. Biographers, fascinated by his lonely bachelorhood, his misanthropy and political anarchism, his mysticism, his rivalry with, and dependence upon, Ralph Waldo Emerson — as well as by his inventiveness, his erudition, his artistry, and his genius — search endlessly for some balance between his celebration of radical individuality and his dependence on family and friends. I believe they search in vain.

Thoreau had no philosophy of “the whole,” nothing to account for the individual together with his interpersonal relations. Indeed, the strength of his message is also its abiding weakness. He cherished solitude. Acutely self-conscious — of his social position and claims to professional recognition as a writer, of himself as an observer of nature, employing original and even idiosyncratic methods, and most important, of his spiritual relationship to the cosmos, which he at various times referred to as pantheistic, savage, and sublime — he made existential isolation a requirement for his pursuits. The group, in any form, was inherently dangerous. He would seek alone.

Thoreau’s inability to define a moral philosophy of human relationship is his great failing. This alone may be enough to dismiss him, but putting to one side the question of an individual’s responsibility to another person or to a community, the self, in all its guises, also remains a problem. For all of Thoreau’s admonishments to follow one’s own course, the direction of one’s moral movement cannot be determined by external structures or dictates, rational or divine — only by self-made structures. And what determines those? He never says, other than alluding to one’s heart and dreams and mystical insights. This sufficed for him; it hardly serves as a moral philosophy for us.

Yet Thoreau fascinates even as he fails. Emerson was close to the mark in calling him a modern-day Pan: we readily see Thoreau’s allure, and we may indeed admire him, but in the end he is not to be trusted. He enraptures by imploring us to follow our dreams, to proclaim the primacy of our own interests and pursuits. It’s an enchanting message. However, his exploits may also be variously regarded as cavalier and winsome — and hopelessly selfish. His example is even menacing to those concerned with building community-based values and commitments. Is there any meeting ground?

I suggest we regard Thoreau as a mirror of ourselves. By studying his life, we learn the limits of our own choices, to heed the moral imperative of establishing and then asserting our own values, and finally, to dream the dream of fulfilling them. Thoreau lived an American odyssey, not to the promise of the West, but rather to the frontier of self-knowledge and a life guided by moral concerns. A sedentary lesson for our students to consider, and a nagging challenge for their teachers to ponder. Is Thoreau a man for our times or a relic of a discarded romanticism? A Johnny Appleseed sowing virtue or a Don Quixote flailing at windmills? He demands a judgment, for better or worse. In making it, I surmise we will more fully understand our own choices.
Little Big Discovery
BU Physicists Help Discover That Neutrinos Have Mass

For Larry Sulak, small is beautiful. Really small, as it turns out — Sulak's specialty is particle physics. Back in the 1970s, Sulak, then at Harvard, was searching for evidence of what's called proton decay, one of those Holy Grail quests in the particle physics community. But to find something so small, he needed something big: an isolated detector that could pick up the elusive signature light of a proton decaying. He and others came up with an interesting solution, a structure built in an unused salt mine near Lake Erie in Ohio, filled with 10,000 tons of ultrapure water, in a space equivalent to a five-story cubical building. The inside walls of the detector were covered with 2,000 photo-detection tubes designed in part by Sulak, a CAS professor and chairman of the physics department since the mid-1980s.

Proton decay — predicted by the Grand Unified Theory of physics, but yet to be verified — should happen in the background of reactions of neutrinos, subatomic particles produced by cosmic rays that constantly shower down upon the earth. You need to bury a detector deep underground, the reasoning goes, to avoid all sorts of other stray subatomic particles. Get rid of that clutter, and you should be able to see a proton decay.

After ten years of working with the Ohio detector, it became clear that a bigger and better mousetrap was needed to capture a proton decay event. In the 1990s, an international team, with Sulak and BU physicists Professor Jim Stone (U.S. cospokesman for the project) and Associate Professor Ed Kearns as integral members, deve-
As they stream toward the photo detectors, the interaction products of muon-neutrinos and electron-neutrinos emit different types of what is called Cherenkov light. The muon-neutrino (top) creates a crisper circle than the electron-neutrino (bottom), which generates a small shower of electrons and positrons, creating a fuzzy cone of light. Illustration courtesy of Ed Kearns, CAS associate professor of physics.

Workers in inflatable rafts clean the photo-detection tubes before the Super-Kamiokande detector is filled with ultrapure water. Photograph courtesy of the Institute for Cosmic Ray Research, University of Tokyo.

EXPLORATIONS

As they stream toward the photo detectors, the interaction products of muon-neutrinos and electron-neutrinos emit different types of what is called Cherenkov light. The muon-neutrino (top) creates a crisper circle than the electron-neutrino (bottom), which generates a small shower of electrons and positrons, creating a fuzzy cone of light. Illustration courtesy of Ed Kearns, CAS associate professor of physics.

Workers in inflatable rafts clean the photo-detection tubes before the Super-Kamiokande detector is filled with ultrapure water. Photograph courtesy of the Institute for Cosmic Ray Research, University of Tokyo.

oped a $150 million, Japanese-funded detector. Buried in a zinc mine 155 miles from Tokyo, the seven-story cylindrical detector named Super-Kamiokande was lined with some 11,000 photo-detection tubes (larger upgrades of Sulak's initial design for the Ohio detector), complete with electronics designed at BU. The outer walls of the detector were lined with old photo-detection tubes from Ohio, further isolating the tank from cosmic rays entering from any direction other than straight above or below, through the earth. Super-K, as it's called, was then filled with 50,000 tons of ultrapure water, and the experiments began.

In the search for rare flashes of light that would indicate protons decaying, something else became apparent: the neutrinos, which scientists had first considered background noise to be filtered out, were doing something strange — apparently changing type in midflight.

Now, neutrinos are odd little things, ubiquitous in the universe, yet interacting with almost nothing. Here's a mind-boggling statistic: every second, some 60 billion neutrinos — mostly generated by the sun — pass through every square centimeter of our bodies. "Neutrinos can go through a billion years without interacting — and lead is a great absorber of particles," says Sulak. Tiny even as far as subatomic particles go, neutrinos were long assumed to have no electrical charge, and more important, no mass. Because of that, physicists have treated them as proverbial lightweights, and largely ignored them in their explanations of how the universe works. Even John Updike joked about them in his 1960 poem "Cosmic Gall":

Neutrinos, they are very small They have no charge and no mass And do not interact at all The earth is just a silly ball To them, through which they simply pass Like dustmaids down a drafty hall.

But it turned out that enough neutrinos in the right setting — in this case, in Super-K with many thousands of tons of ultrapure water sheltered from other particles — will interact with their surroundings. And that gave the scientists plenty of data to study. The team of some 100 researchers from Japan and the United States at Super-K, including Kearns, Stone, Sulak, and Mark Messier (GRS'99), their Boston University graduate student on the project, announced in 1998 that the pattern of light left by neutrinos was different from expected, and led them to the conclusion that contrary to the long-held assumption, neutrinos have mass. Messier's Ph.D. thesis documents the discovery.

There are three types — or flavors, as the physicists call them — of neutrinos, each associated with different types of particles, electrons, muons, and taus. What the scientists saw was that the electron-neutrino might oscillate into a muon-neutrino, and then back again. According to the laws of quantum mechanics, that can happen only if one particle — or both — has mass, even if, in the neutrino's case, it's infinitesimal.

And what is the implication of neutrinos' having mass? "We know the universe, ever since the Big Bang, is continuing to expand," Sulak continues. "On the other hand, we suspect that the universe should eventually be infalling — it should be gravitationally pulled back together. Ninety percent of the stuff out in the universe is invisible; we don't see it. Although we know it is there, we don't know..."
what constitutes this 'missing mass.'

Well, we now know that neutrinos account for as much mass as there is in all the stars that give off light. Even more important, that neutrinos have mass means that only the photon — the particle of light — has absolutely no mass at all. This knowledge will be critical in elucidating the foremost problem in particle physics for the last half century: what is the origin of mass?

It was a groundbreaking discovery, and like any, it's been greeted with enthusiasm — and skepticism. To deal with the latter, a new experiment is running now at Super-K, again with the participation of BU physicists, including Research Assistant Professor Chris Walter, who plays an important role in the follow-up experiment. By happenstance, a particle accelerator in Japan is located almost a straight shot from Super-K, and scientists have been beaming neutrinos at the site from the accelerator for several years now, measuring the differences in neutrinos sent from the accelerator and the types logged at the Super-K detector. The results so far verify the finding of neutrino mass, as has another recent experiment at the Sudbury Neutrino Observatory in Canada. Still more data is being collected, but the discovery remains the same: the neutrino, tiny bit of cosmic gall that it is, apparently plays a huge role in the universe.

Now, perhaps, Sulak can go back to his “first love,” proton decay. Maybe there are other secrets lurking in the shadows, waiting to be discovered.

— Taylor McNeil

William J. Skocpol, a CAS professor of physics and an ENG professor of electrical and computer engineering, says that in a sense it's a matter of perspective. “The scenery actually does change, but slowly. Jetliners cruise at an altitude of about seven miles and at a speed of about nine miles per minute. Therefore, you must wait almost two minutes to see a particular feature of the landscape change from being ahead of you at a downward angle of forty-five degrees to being behind you at a similar angle. COM film and television alumni undoubtedly know that two minutes of staring at a slowly changing screen can feel like a very long time. Our brain may decide that ‘slow change’ is really ‘no change’ if it is not able to keep proper track.

“More specifically, our brain combines information about the changing angular position of objects with estimates of their distance to arrive at an assessment of the speed of the object. (The speed is proportional to the distance times the rate of change of angle.)

“This process works well for familiar, nearby objects at reasonable speeds. These conditions produce easy-to-follow angular changes and accurate distance estimates. The latter are obtained by binocular vision (based on angular differences between the two eyes and the fixed distance between them) or by a perceptual process that combines the observed angular size of the object together with estimates of its size based on recognizing the object. Our brains tend to give up on telephone poles rushing by a rapidly moving train because the poles are close to the train. Both the distance and the angle change too quickly for our ‘wetware’ to process accurately.

“Similarly, from an airplane the angles change so slowly that the brain cannot sense the rate of change in the usual way. (We also have trouble judging the distance.) Then a different, more conscious process must be used, such as counting the passage of road-marking section lines (if you can see them), which are one mile apart, in a given period of time. This works only in the great central regions of the country, where I grew up. With the meandering roads of Massachusetts, abandon all hope.”

Illustration by Lee Wolf
The Rink and the Ring — A Post-BU Odyssey

by Brian Fitzgerald

THE BOXING WORLD is not known for its college student pugilists. After all, it doesn’t take a degree to knock someone out. But there was a time when local undergraduates could lace up the gloves at the Boston Arena — now Northeastern University’s Matthews Arena — and fight their hearts out. Fred Bassi was one of those warriors. He is also one of the few BU graduates to go on to a professional boxing career.

Bassi (SED ’67), a BU Athletic Hall of Fame hockey player, was a tough guy both in the rink and in the ring. Teammate John Harris (ENG ’67) remembers Bassi as a “quiet, unassuming individual” who was benched by Coach Jack Kelley (SED ’52) for half of his sophomore year — his first season as a varsity player — for not back-checking. “Fred never complained,” says Harris. “He just kept showing up and trying hard. For some reason, Kelley finally put him in a game. He scored the winning goal. Then he did it again the next game, and continued scoring frequently thereafter.”

In fact, Bassi is seventh on BU’s all-time scoring list. However, it was a swift shot in the 1966 Beanpot championship that everyone seems to remember best — a punch to the head of a Harvard ruffian.

“Some guy from Harvard dropped his gloves and challenged Fred,” says Harris. “Fred decked him once with his gloves on, and that was the end of the fight. There was a classic picture of Fred’s punch in the Boston Globe the next day.”

Crimson forward Tag Denment probably hadn’t known that the BU center was as quick with his fists as he was with his stick, or that his hobby was bobbing, weaving, and punching on Monday amateur nights at the Boston Arena annex. BU’s 9-2 victory over Harvard brought the Beanpot trophy to Commonwealth Avenue, but Bassi wasn’t around for the celebration on the ice. He had been ejected from the game, although he hadn’t dropped his gloves, while his opponent had fought bare-knuckled.

“It wasn’t worth it, was it?” Kelley asked him after the game.

“No, Coach, it wasn’t,” answered Bassi.

But when Bassi ran into Kelley a few years later, he informed his former coach that he had lied — force-feeding humble pie to that Harvard goon was an appropriate response at the time. “I didn’t want to tell you back then,” Bassi confessed.

Bassi, a native of Niagara Falls, Ontario, went on to play for several minor league hockey teams, including the Syracuse Blazers of the Eastern Hockey League. He led the Blazers in scoring in the 1967-68 season, but he didn’t lose his rough edge — he racked up the most penalty minutes of any player on the team. Although Bassi weighed only 170 pounds, his Gibraltar-like presence in front of an opponent’s goal guaranteed him a good piece of the action, a fair amount of body checks, and occasional slashes. “I think they called me a ‘garbage collector’ because I was often at the right place at the right time,” he says in his thick Canadian accent. “I took my share of lumps.” He could take it, but defensemen knew that he could also dish it out.

He began coaching at Niagara College in 1970, and guided the Knights to five Gold Medal International Collegiate Hockey League championships and an Ontario Colleges Athletic Association Silver Medal in his thirty years. He was voted ICHL Coach of the Year three times.

But in 1977, at age thirty-two, he went back into the ring — a comeback after a ten-year layoff. “I started to get heavy,” he says. “I was up to 220, so I went to a boxing gym to lose weight.” After an amateur record of 26-12, he decided to go professional,
despite coaching full-time. “I was training in between practices and games,” he recalls. Indeed, his first professional bout, on March 11, 1981, was the day after his Niagara College team came to the Bay State to play Massachusetts Maritime Academy. “I was tired,” he says, “but I was in fighting shape.” He weighed in at 198 pounds. Hundreds of fans, including his Niagara players, chanted “Bass! Bass!” at Niagara Arena that night, but his opponent, Lou Alexander, weighed 257 pounds and was four inches taller. “There was no cruiserweight in Canada then,” he says, “so I boxed as a heavyweight.” Nicknamed “the Bear,” Bassi had Alexander on the ropes at one point, but also took a few hard shots himself. Alexander won the first round, 6-6. “He was bigger, stronger, and a better boxer,” says Bassi. “If I had been twenty-five, I would have been quicker, but I was thirty-five.” Shortly after the bell sounded for the second round, Bassi’s own bell was rung. He got up, but evidently he didn’t recover during the standing eight count, because another punch floored him. After a second standing eight count, he rushed “the New York Giant” Alexander, who hailed from Buffalo, and once again had him on the ropes. The crowd roared, but his opponent responded with a flurry of his own. With forty-five seconds left in the round, the fight was stopped by the referee.

Bassi’s second and final professional bout was the following year in Welland, Ontario; in the opening round the thirty-six-year-old was awarded a technical knockout over Morris Fulgham. “That was the end of my fighting career,” he says. “My only regret is that I didn’t have a big crowd in Welland Arena for the fight that I won. Everyone remembers my loss, but I actually won my last fight.” Since retiring as coach a year ago, Bassi’s biggest athletic challenge has been golf, which he finds more difficult than boxing or hockey. It is rare to lose sight of a puck or a boxing opponent. “But in golf,” he says, “every time I hit the ball, I have to go find it.”

Men’s Hockey Terriers Could Confound Pollsters’ Predictions

AFTER THE TERRIER men’s hockey season went south last year with a 14-20-3 record, Coach Jack Parker celebrates a change in latitude with this season’s 6-0-1 start. He also notices a change in spirit among his players.

“There has been a better attitude all summer and fall,” he says. “It’s an amazing changeover.” In mid-November BU was ranked fifth in the nation.

Fortunately for Terrier fans, BU has struggled though a losing record just twice in the past twenty-four years. During that stretch, the team made it to the Final Four five times — including a national championship in 1995.

What happened last year? Parker says that attitude was the team’s biggest problem. “There were a lot of individual agendas instead of a team agenda,” he says. “This season we’re getting fabulous leadership from our two co-captains and the rest of our senior class.”

Co-captains Mike Pandolfo (MET ’02) and Chris Dyment (MET ’02) aren’t the only Terriers Parker has high expectations of. The freshman class is “the best in the country,” according to the highly regarded publication Red Line Report.

“I think we know what we’ll get out of our seniors and freshmen,” says Parker. “It really comes down to our juniors and sophomores. They will be the guys who really determine how far we go this year, because there are a lot of them.”

Did Parker see a recurrence of the attitude problem in BU’s 6-5 victory over RPI in October’s season opener? The Terriers had a 6-1 lead early in the third period, but barely managed to hold on for the victory. “I think we just took a little nap in the third,” he says. “It wasn’t as if they dominated us and we couldn’t get out of the zone. We gave up two critical goals late, but for the most part we dominated that game from start to finish.”

It’s difficult to forecast a successful season from only seven games, but the Hockey East picture is certainly cloudy this year, with the defending national champion Boston College Eagles slipping down a few rungs and being picked third in the preseason poll of conference coaches. Interestingly, Providence was picked number one — the Friars earned enough points to finish atop the poll, even though they didn’t receive any first-place votes. BU was expected to finish fifth, but with all the teams so evenly matched, the poll just may be a crap shoot.

“On paper, I think it’s New Hampshire and Providence, but what’s amazing this year is that there are as many as seven teams that could make the top four spots, and nobody would be surprised,” Parker says. “There is going to be an unbelievable battle for that top spot, too.” — BF ♦
Jumping to Warp Speed
Actress Linda Park launches into Enterprise role

BY JEAN HENNELLY KEITH

In the "Fight or Flight," episode, Linda Park's Hoshi Sato contemplates Sluggo, the life form she has rescued on her explorations in outer space aboard the starship Enterprise. Photograph by Michael Yarish

LINDA PARK is reaching great altitude these days. Both she and her character in the new prequel to Star Trek have recently emerged from the cocoon of academia to try their wings in high adventure, testing their adaptability. The show is Paramount Network Television's Enterprise, which started in September on UPN. Park plays Hoshi Sato, the starship's communications officer and alien languages expert.

A member of the first human crew to venture into deep space aboard the Enterprise NX-01, in 2151—100 years before Star Trek's story begins—Ensign Sato's translation skills are invaluable in encounters with extraterrestrial life forms on the ship's mission to chart the galaxy, but the reluctant space traveler is afraid of interstellar flight and balks at inconveniences aboard ship. Her dilemma: to overcome her fears and inflexibility and fully engage in the mission, or to retreat to the security of university life on earth.

In the series, Park plans to empower and embolden the physically timid, highly intellectual Sato.

Park (SFA '00) herself is adjusting to a new world. Her Enterprise role thrusts the twenty-three-year-old School for the Arts graduate into a prime-time television spotlight. Trained as a stage actress, she now performs before a camera. Unlike Hoshi Sato, she embraces the challenge intrepidly. "I'm still learning about the differences between TV camera awareness and stage awareness; I'm asking lots of questions," she says. "A camera is a very, very different beast. You need to learn to move in front of the moving eye, to find your light."

"Linda brings a voracious desire to understand," says Judith Braha, an SFA assistant professor, who taught her acting. "She was a fantastic student—incredibly confident, poised, eager to learn."

It is ironic that Park plays a character who fears physical threat. A certified actor combatant, she took unarmed combat and rapier, dagger, and broad-sword courses at SFA and "really got into it," pursuing advanced training in Hawaii for a month of daily nine-to-seven combat classes. Also a bronze level international Latin ballroom dancer, she has studied dance since childhood. "It's such an integral part of acting," she says. "You get to know your body; it's a primitive way of evoking your feelings."

Born in Korea, Park grew up on the West Coast. "I can't remember a time when I didn't want to act," she says. "Linda always seemed to be independently motivated," says Elaine Vaan Hogue, an SFA instructor, who directed Park in Lysistrata. "She had an inner focus and discipline and always seemed older than she was, very mature. She knew what she wanted." Since graduating from SFA, Park has appeared on television's Popular and in the film Jurassic Park III.

Park is enthusiastic about her experience at SFA. She found agents through her participation in the school's Senior Actors Showcase in New York and Los Angeles, but regrets a loss of "conservatory innocence" that some experience in the beauty pageant-like atmosphere of the showcase. She contrasts the nurturing environment at SFA with the harsher reality of being evaluated by business professionals.

Her advice to students: "It's a trap to compare yourself with your peers. Casting directors are looking at you as an individual. You need a centered-ness, confidence."

Park was impressed by counsel from Olympia Dukakis (SAR '73, SFA '57, Hon. '00) in an SFA master class: "Don't let anyone define you. Only you can define yourself."

"That's so important in L.A., where people are always trying to put you in a box," Park says. "I have the security to be who I am and define myself."
Board of Trustees Elects New Members

Four new members were elected to the Board of Trustees at its October meeting: Frederick Bertino (CAS’84), president and creative director of McCarthy Mambro Bertino LLC; Dexter Dodge (SMG’36), president and chief executive officer of Freedom Capital Management; Judith Friedberg-Chessin (SED’59), president of the Boston University Alumni (BUA); and Jeffrey Katzenberg, a principal partner of DreamWorks SKG.

Bertino is also a cofounder of McCarthy Mambro Bertino LLC, a marketing communications firm in Boston. He was previously president and chief creative officer of Hill, Holliday, Connors, Cosmopulos, Inc., where he secured major advertising contracts from firms including Fidelity Investments, Fleet Bank, PricewaterhouseCoopers, and Dunkin’ Donuts.

Long an active alumnus, Dodge was president of the BUA (then called the General Alumni Association) from 1975 to 1977 and a member of the Board of Trustees from 1975 to 1996. He has also served as a nontrustee member of the board’s Investment Committee. Dodge has been president and chief executive officer of Freedom Capital Management since 1982.

In addition to heading the BUA, which includes all Boston University alumni, Friedberg-Chessin is a student career advisor and recruiter and a member of the School of Education Alumni Advisory Board. She is also a past chairman of the Long Island Alumni Schools Committee. Her daughter, Lynn Friedberg, graduated from SED in 1985.

Katzenberg is a principal partner, with Steven Spielberg and David Geffen, of DreamWorks SKG, which produces films for theaters, television, video, and DVD, along with audio recordings and books. He moved to DreamWorks from the Walt Disney Motion Pictures Group. At DreamWorks he was most recently producer of Shrek and executive producer of Joseph: King of Dreams, Chicken Run, and The Road to El Dorado. Katzenberg’s twins, David and Laura, are freshmen at the College of General Studies.

Scholarships for Victims’ Children

The Boston University Board of Trustees voted at its October meeting to offer full-tuition four-year scholarships to the children of alumni killed in the September 11 attacks.

As the official list of victims is determined, the Alumni Office will inform their families of these scholarships. The children must meet admissions requirements.

“Millions have come forward to help, and Boston University has reflected on the best way for our community to contribute,” says President Jon Westling. “The trustees decided that we would honor the memory of our alumni by assisting their children to attend Boston University. We hope to pass on a legacy of education that their parents cherished — a legacy of the civilization we hold dear.”

Erika Moore (COM’02) participated in MET’s course Maritime History in the Atlantic World aboard the schooner Alabama in late August. The program incorporated readings, lectures, and hands-on nautical training. Photograph by Vernon Doucette.
Mastering the Art of Saying Goodbye

Bostonians spent weeks this fall bidding adieu to legendary French chef Julia Child, who moved from Cambridge to her native California in November. The eighty-nine-year-old Child has left her mark not only on America's kitchens and cuisine, but also on Boston University. She helped establish the Master of Liberal Arts in gastronomy and the Culinary Arts Certificate program at BU's Metropolitan College. The Julia Child Scholarship Fund was established in 1991 for students in the graduate program. And for nearly two decades, Child has come to the University once or twice a year to lead culinary arts seminars and teach classes in the certificate program.

Rebecca Alissid, director of special programs, says students love working with Child, a longtime friend whom she describes as warm, fun, and kind. "That's what's so extraordinary about her," Alissid says. "What you see on television is the way she is."

On October 29, twenty-two people, primarily BU alumni and friends, gathered at Child's home to honor her and to raise money for the Elizabeth Bishop Wine Resource Center at Boston University. Child's friend and colleague, Jacques Pépin, and twelve students from the master's program prepared the seven-course meal, which included such sumptuous fare as oyster and corn chowder with smoky cornbread, truffled pâté of pheasant in aspic, and shell-roast napa with onion custard and tomato coulis.

The event was the last dinner party hosted by Child in her Irving Street home, which she has given to her alma mater, Smith College. The contents of her kitchen will go to the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History.

Alissid says she's sad to see her friend go, but adds, "I think she's going to try to come back for visits." Maybe this isn't adieu after all. Just au revoir. — Cynthia K. Buccini
A Stately Stance for John Adams

Shoulders squared, John Adams gazes across Hancock Street in Quincy, Massachusetts, at his wife, Abigail, and young son, John Quincy. The distance between the life-size bronze figures suggests how the statesman's responsibilities often separated him from his family. Born in Braintree, which included present-day Quincy, Adams became the second president of the United States, his son the sixth.

The pieces, commissioned by the Quincy Partnership, are the work of Professor Emeritus Lloyd Libbie. The John Adams sculpture was dedicated at Quincy City Hall Plaza on November 3; the Adams mother and child statue was installed in 1997. Libbie's vision for the John Adams sculpture was partly influenced by reading Pulitzer Prize-winning author David McCullough's John Adams.

Since retiring from the School for the Arts in 1995 after thirty-three years of teaching sculpture there, Libbie has been creating commissioned works around the country and abroad, as well as drawing and painting in Europe. Among his recent works are a bust of women's rights pioneer Lucy Stone in Boston's Faneuil Hall and a figure of Veddi Koç, founder of the new Koç University in Istanbul.

—Jean Hennelly Keith

SPH Alumni Awards

Distinguished Alumni Awards were presented by the School of Public Health at its Alumni Breakfast on October 16 to Vivien M. Morris (SPH'98), obesity prevention and control initiative coordinator at the Massachusetts Department of Public Health; Luigi Migliorini (SPH'98), who heads the Emergency and Humanitarian Mission to Yugoslavia of the World Health Organization; and Linda B. Cottler (SPH'80), professor of epidemiology in psychiatry at Washington University School of Medicine.

A specialist in pediatric dietetics, Morris has been an instructor at SPH and the School of Medicine, a dietitian at Boston Medical Center, and a consultant at several Boston-area pediatric and family programs.

Migliorini has earned SPH certificates in health care in developing countries and in management methods for international health as well as an M.P.H. He has held various public health positions in South Africa, Italy, Mozambique, and elsewhere and served with the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs during the war in Croatia and Bosnia and Herzegovina, before joining WHO in 1998 as head of the Pristina office.

A graduate of Jewish Hospital of St. Louis School of Nursing and Emmaneul College, Cottler earned a Ph.D. at Washington University in St. Louis. Between 1974 and 1980 she coordinated two projects at the School of Medicine's Slone Epidemiology Unit, on pediatric drug surveillance and on birth defects, then moved to Washington University, where she has directed research on substance abuse and prevention of HIV infection. She received the Missouri Public Health Association's 1997 W. Scott Johnson Award in recognition of her research, teaching, and work in the St. Louis community to improve health, mental health, and social services.

Professor Receives National Honor

Two years after he received BU's highest teaching honor, the Metcalf Cup and Prize, Physics Professor Kevin Smith has been named Massachusetts Teacher of the Year by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and the Council for Advancement and Support of Education (CASE).

Smith's students range from non-major freshmen to advanced graduate students. He is academic director of Boston University's Center for Excellence in Teaching.

Alumni Awards Nominations

Awards presented annually by the Boston University Alumni (BUA) recognize alumni for remarkable contributions to their professions, community, and University. The BUA invites nominations for the 2002 awards. Nomination forms are available at 800/800-3466 or www.bu.edu/alumni/awards.

The deadline for nominations is Friday, March 1. All alumni are eligible, whether or not they graduated.

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Advancing Oral Health

The School of Dental Medicine received two substantial grants this fall, both to advance the delivery of oral health care.

An award of more than $11 million from the National Institutes of Health (NIH) has established the Northeast Center for Research to Reduce Oral Health Disparities, one of five such centers nationwide. Created through the NIH's National Institute of Dental and Craniofacial Research (NIDCR), the centers will identify factors contributing to oral health disparities and develop and test strategies for eliminating them, along with providing training and career-development programs for scientists in underrepresented groups and others interested in oral health disparities research. SDM leads the Northeast Center in partnership with the Forsyth Institute, Boston Medical Center, the Boston Public Health Commission, Children's National Medical Center in Washington, D.C., and Harvard University.

The second grant, of $550,000, comes from Ryan White CARE Act Dental Reimbursement funding, administered by the U.S. Treasury. The award, which SDM has received annually since 1990, supports services to patients with HIV by paying dental schools and postdoctoral dental education programs for otherwise unreimbursed costs.

LA Alumni Club

A new Web site for BU Alumni Club of Los Angeles members makes it easier to stay in touch. Tony Scudellari (COM'82) of Los Angeles orchestrated launch of the site along with Chi'en Chan of BU's new media department and Joel Seligman of the strategic communications department. “One of my long-standing goals for this club has been to create greater communication among alumni, and this was the perfect avenue,” Scudellari said.

The site (www.bu.edu/alumni/clubs/la) offers such information as upcoming club events and a survival guide for newcomers to California, along with individual communication among the 5,000 area alumni. After September 11, the club organized a memorial service using the site's listserve and offered a way for members to express their feelings.

Scudellari hopes that in the future the Web site will provide profiles of Los Angeles alumni and a job forum for those seeking employment or posting job offers. “We want to continue making the site better and more responsive to the needs of our community here in Los Angeles," he says.

— Hannah Gaw (COM'03)

A Caring Career Awarded

Stuart Siegel (CAS'67, MED'67), who is credited with creation of the first Ronald McDonald House, was named one of this year's Ten Most Caring People in America by the Washington, D.C.-based Caring Institute. A pediatric oncologist at Los Angeles Children's Hospital, Siegel conceived the idea of a homelike residence near the hospital for parents of children being treated for cancer, leading to the creation of 205 similar houses in 25 countries. His efforts also led to establishment of Camp Ronald McDonald for Good Times, for children with cancer.

Siegel, who directs the Los Angeles Children's Hospital Center for Cancer and Blood Diseases, travels extensively worldwide to educate physicians in the care of children with cancer and to work directly with patients. He volunteers at Camp Good Times and raises corporate and government grant money for the camp and other programs.

The nonprofit Caring Institute, founded in 1985 by Val J. Halamandaris following a meeting with Mother Teresa, calls caring “the one-word distillation of the Golden Rule.”

Continued on page 83
HOME COMING

October 12-14
Homecoming '01 events in October included a barbecue with a county fair setting, complete with Ferris wheel and carousel, the Homecoming Parade along Commonwealth Avenue, a 5K Fun Run, Young Alumni Night, and the highlight of the weekend, the Alumni Awards ceremony.

Five-year-old Jesse Dewey makes a new friend at the Homecoming Parade. Jesse’s family, including sister Anna Dewey (SAR'05), also had fun at the festivities.

Jennifer Whitten (ENG’04) and her Boston terrier, Bourquie, ride in style atop the College of Engineering float in the Homecoming Parade.

The tradition of building floats late into the night before the Homecoming Parade is kept alive by, among many others, Jessica Low (CAS’05) and Igor Khrynets (CAS’05) as they work on the South Campus float.

All red in the face at the Homecoming Parade are (back, from left) Dan Berman (SAR’05), Steven Raimondi, and Jerry Jiang (SAR’05); (front) ten-year-old Justin Raimondi and Marc Meservey (CAS’05). The Raimondis are brothers of Lauren Raimondi (SAR’05).

Photographs by BU Photo Services
Sharay Harris (CAS'03), Tanya St. Julien (CAS'03), and Deborah Greene (SAR'03) (from left) enjoy Friday's Homecoming kickoff party between classes.

Kera MacKenzie, sister of Sean MacKenzie (COM'04), from Manchester, New Hampshire, gets a new look at the Homecoming Carnival.

Sally Lawrence and her daughter, Kari Lawrence (SED'05), show their true BU colors at the Homecoming Parade.

Documentary writer and producer Amy Eldon (COM'97) and actor Peter Paige (SEAS'91) each received a 2001 Young Alumni Council Award at Young Alumni Night 2001 at the Back Lot bar in Boston. Paige is one of the stars of the Showtime series Queer as Folk, which depicts the everyday lives of seven gay and lesbian characters in Pittsburgh. He also has appeared in the television sitcoms Will and Grace, Suddenly Susan, and Caroline in the City and is a director and playwright who has worked on productions in New York and at regional theaters across the country. Eldon won plaudits for her documentary Dying to Tell the Story, which aired on TBS in 1998. The film is the story of her brother Dan, a photojournalist killed while covering the crisis in Somalia in 1993. In 1998 she coproduced and cohosted Global Trek, in Search of a New Lebanon, a half-hour travel special for CNN International, and a year later coproduced the one-hour documentary Soldiers of Peace: A Children's Crusade for CNN.
The presentation of Alumni Awards for professional, civic, and University leadership is a BU Homecoming tradition. At a breakfast ceremony on Saturday, October 15, the Boston University Alumni (BUA) honored four graduates of the sixties and seventies.

Painter and printmaker Brice Marden (SFA’61) is on virtually every short list of important living abstract artists. Beginning with his first one-man exhibition in 1964, just a year after he received a master’s degree from Yale, he has shown steadily in leading museums and galleries in the United States and abroad. Receiving the award, he thanked Boston University for its history of nurturing the arts and the education of young artists. “These are difficult times,” he said, “and supporting the arts is very difficult and very important.”

J. Kenneth Menges, Jr. (SMG’70) is the partner in charge of the Dallas office of Akin, Gump, Attrauss, Hauer & Feld, L.L.P., an international firm with more than 1,000 lawyers in fifteen locations. As an undergraduate he was a Trustee Scholar, president of the all-University Student Union, and active with a range of other student organizations. Now he is a member of various School of Management boards and vice chairman of the Board of Trustees. “You have always been our Big Man on Campus,” outgoing BUA President William Walker (SDM’68) said as he presented the Alumni Award.

Over the last decade, Sharon Goode Ryan (SAR’70) has held three vice presidencies on the BUA Executive Board, heading efforts for reunions and class agents, the Parents Program (her daughter, Lesley, completed CGS in 1994 and graduated from SED in 1996), and special constituencies. She was cochair of the Marsh Plaza Renovation Project, which reached its goal in 1999, and now leads the Sargent House Campaign, launched this fall to fund restoration of a historic row house as a residence hall for Sargent students and to establish a scholarship. She is a member of the Sargent College Dean’s Advisory Council, the Howard Thurman Center Board of Visitors, and the University Board of Trustees.

J. Michael Schell (LAW’76) is a partner with the New York law firm Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom. He is a specialist in mergers and acquisitions, with clients including the May Department Stores, Anheuser-Busch, Alcoa, and the Dexter Corporation. He represented Daimler-Benz in the merger that created DaimlerChrysler, the third-largest automobile company in the world. At the awards ceremony, William Walker (SDM’68), outgoing president of the BUA, praised his leadership at the School of Law as a fundraiser, head of his twenty-fifth reunion committee, member of the Law Board of Visitors, and informal advisor to Dean Ron Cass and alumni activities.
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, or submitted on the Web at www.bu.edu/alumni/classnotes. We also offer to forward letters; send them, along with identifying information on the alumni, to Alumni Records at the address above.

1940s-1960s

**Allen Giles (SEA'46, GRS'59)** of Lincoln, Mass., was appointed to the faculty of the Rivers Music School in Weston, Mass. He teaches three classes of honors musicianship and studio piano. Allen wrote *Beginning Piano — An Adult Approach* and has a video series of the same name. He would love to hear from any classmates in the area at GME.Giles@aol.com.

**Charlotte Gilbertson (SEA'48)** of Palm Beach, Fla., has been selected to be profiled in *Who's Who in America* 2002.

**Richard Blakey (DGE'52)** of Reading, Mass., worked for several years in insurance sales and then sold cookware for Wearever before starting his own company, Kitchen Gold Lifetime Cookware. He writes, “Those two years at General College when it was in Copley Square were a great way to get a fast start on the ‘journey.’ After 50 years I recall only a few names. I do remember a bright, friendly young lady who included me in her circle. I recall we met quite by surprise a few years later and she told me she was attending the BU School of Law. I recall her boyfriend’s name was Bob Gilman (DGE’52), but her name has faded. For many years, I have wanted to thank her for including me in that circle of friendship. I have enjoyed a measure of success. My wife and I have owned a beautifully landscaped home in Reading, Mass., for more than 30 years. Life is slowing down just a bit now and Ellen and I have been ‘smelling the roses’ a bit more lately.” Write to Richard at rhblake57@mediaone.net.

**Margaret Lentz Cousins (PAL’52)** of Bethel, Maine, hosted a reunion for some of her classmates. Those attending were Dot Tarro Reed (PAL’52) of Wellesley, Mass., Elaine McFarland Johnson (PAL’52) of Portland, Maine, Louise DaZelle McAuliff (PAL’52) of Hockessin, Del., and Eleanor O’Gara Engh (PAL’52) of Fair Oaks, Calif.

**Joyce Floreen (SEA’53)** of Fleetwood, Pa., exhibited 40 oil paintings in her solo show, *The Century Farms of Berks County*, at her studio/gallery in Fleetwood, which is in Berks County, in September. The 28 century farms have been owned and farmed by the same families for over 100 years and are now on the National Register of Historic Places. Joyce is recording those that still exist.

**James W. Ryan (COM’55)** of Brookline, Mass., has written a naval history called *Sea Assault*, his 14th published book, from St. Martin’s Press. Author Tom Clancy says the book is “a brilliant snapshot of the war at sea and the men who fought it.” James, a veteran UPI editor and PR executive, has been published in 12 countries, and three of his books have been optioned by film companies.

**Helen LeRoux Marston (CAS’56)** of Tenants Harbor, Maine, recently went to a high school reunion, where she met Joanna Gough Geib (MAR’59). Helen is still searching for Glenda, Dana, and Ray, as well as Dave Farnham (SED’55, MAR’56). Helen traveled to Boston with Constance Giobbi Bumbeck (SED’62), taking a “sentimental journey” to old classrooms and sitting and chatting on the benches in front of the chapel. Helen writes, “While we were there, a wedding took place, which was a real plus to the trip!” E-mail her at hlmaim@midcoast.com.

**Bill Davis (COM’58, ’59)** of Cambridge, Mass., has retired from the Boston Globe after nearly 34 years. He was the Globe’s travel editor for 20 years, a job that took him to about 100 countries, and for the past decade had been a lifestyle feature writer. He will continue to contribute to the Globe as a correspondent. His other writing projects include coauthoring a guide to historic New England with his wife and fellow writer, Christina Tree. Contact Bill at davistravels@hotmail.com.

**Robert D. Ellis (CGS’63)** of Bedford, Mass., was recently named vice president of commercial lines for the Natick office of Allied American Insurance Agency. Previously, he worked for 18 years at Aon Risk Services and was vice president of the company before he left. Robert also serves as the
vice chairman of the Bedford Zoning Board of Appeals.

Joan Brewster Garniss (SEAS ‘72, ‘91) of Waltham, Mass., released her first CD with Jerry Schwartz (COM ’84, CGS ‘85) of New York. The CD is available for $15 plus $2 shipping and handling from Joan at 12 Stanley Rd., Waltham, MA 02452. E-mail her at hfgarniss@aol.com.

Lynn Grove (STH ‘72) of Ithaca, N.Y., recently retired from her position at the South Central Regional Library Council in Ithaca. He spent his entire working career — 37 years — as a librarian, mostly at several different colleges, including Cornell University and Wilmington College in Ohio. He would love to hear from old friends and classmates at lgrove89@hotmail.com.

Lenore Kola (GRS ’85, ‘70) of Westlake, Ohio, was recently appointed dean of graduate studies at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio, after 26 years as a faculty member in the Mandel School of Applied Social Sciences. E-mail Lenore at laky@po.ohio.edu.

Tom Laga (SEAS ’84) of Bristol, Conn., recently launched his Web site, www dlaga.com. The site details Tom’s approach to nutrition, fitness, and “stress care.” Tom credits the success of his wellness seminars and media work partly to his BU degree. E-mail him at drtom@dlaga.com.

Charles W. Palmer (SEAS ’59) of Medical Lake, Wash., held a one-man show at the Lawrence Gallery in Sheridan, Ore., in May. The show featured landscape paintings from the last two years.

Brendan Kirby (CAS ’88) of Revere, Mass., recently earned the professional designation of certified protection officer instructor. The distinction goes to line officers and supervisors in the private security industry.

David Kirkland (CAS ’58) of Saint Charles, Mo., recently had one of his stories, A Daughter’s Trust, published in the flagship book of a new Adams Media Corporation series called A Cup of Comfort. It was selected from more than 1,000 submissions. The book is available in stores nationwide.

Jerry Schwartz (COM ’69, CGS ’85) of New York, N.Y., and Peter Shanksman (COM ’84, CGS ’89) of New York, N.Y., have merged their New York-based public relations companies. G. S. Schwartz and Co., where Jerry is president, acquired the Geek Factory, where Peter was founder and CEO. Peter is now the creative director at G. S. Schwartz and Co.

1970s

Walter Crump (SEAS ’70) of Boston, Mass., recently exhibited his pinhole photographs in the Danforth Museum’s 2001 New England Photography Exhibition in Framingham, Mass. This winter, he will show his pinhole cameras and photographs and give a workshop at St. Stephen’s-Sewanee School in Sewanee, Tenn. Some of his photographs were acquired by the Fogg Museum at Harvard University and the Boston Athenaeum. His paintings and photographs are featured in the Drawing Project at the Bernie Taie Gallery in Boston. Contact Walter at rustart@aol.com.

J. Kent Cameron (CAS ’76) of Palm City, Fla., recently returned from Bosnia and has retired after 22 years of service as an FBI special agent. His assignments have included Miami, FBI headquarters, Baltimore, and temporary assignments abroad. He has assumed a new position as assistant public defender in Fort Pierce, Fla. He has been a member of the Florida Bar since 1974.

Ellen A. Goldman (CAS ’70) of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., recently became a partner in the real estate department of the Naples, Fla., office of Porter, Wright, Morris, and Arthur. Ellen specializes in real estate development law with a concentration in the development of condominiums, planned unit developments, and hotel and commercial leasing. She is a member of the real property and probate section of the Florida Bar, where she serves on the condominium and planned unit development committee. She has been vice chair of the City of Plantation Planning Board and a member of the boards of the Broward Cultural Foundation and the Anti-Defamation League.

Kathy A. Harris (SEA ’71) of Wayne, Pa., will display a piece in the Artistic Imaginings in Clay exhibition at the Art Museum of the Americas in Washington, D.C. Kathy would love to hear from anyone she knew while at BU at kathy.harris@verizon.net.

Betsy “Bets” Brown (CAS ’73) of South China, Maine, was elected director of the board of the Educational Foundation of the American Association of University Women. Bets was a recipient of AAUW’s Rachel Carson Endowed Fellowship when she was in graduate school. Since then she has served

* Member of a Reunion 2002 class

All those letters, all those schools

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

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

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on proposal review panels and as an appointed member of the program committee of the board. E-mail her at wilbro@pivot.net.

**Michael Bofshever (SFA'73) of Santa Monica, Calif., was cast as a series regular on the Disney Channel hit series *Jersey*. In real life, Michael is the proud father of two teenage girls, Jessica and Katie. He was recently profiled in the Smith and Krause book *The Actor's Guide to Qualified Acting Coaches: Los Angeles* as one of the finest acting coaches in L.A. He can be reached at MikeBofAct@aol.com.

**Susie Mantell (SED'75, CGS'79) of Chappaqua, N.Y., has been invited by the Coca-Cola Company to serve on its four-person Dasani Wellness Team, “providing expertise in stress relief nationwide.” Susie has customized programs for Fortune 500 companies and medical centers and spas, including the Mayo Clinic and Canyon Ranch. The U.S. Army also uses her CD *Your Present: A Half-Hour of Peace*. She offers free stress tips at www.relaxintuit.com.

**Marsha Spellman (SED'73, CGS'71) of Portland, Ore., recently began work as the director of the Lewis and Clark Bicentennial Commemoration for Vancouver and Clark Counties in Washington. The project is part of the larger national commemoration that will take place primarily along the trail traveled by the Lewis and Clark Expedition. The celebration begins January 18, 2003, with a kickoff event at Monticello. The project celebrates the journey and the native people who lived on the land traveled. Marsha married Adam Haas 19 years ago, and they have two girls, Jessica and Katie. He was recently profiled in the Smith and Krause book *The Actor's Guide to Qualified Acting Coaches: Los Angeles* as one of the finest acting coaches in L.A. He can be reached at MikeBofAct@aol.com.

**Ival Stratford-Kovner (SEA'73) of Dedham, Mass., served on the Graduate Curator Council and curated the show *Watercolors at Watson* this summer at Western Connecticut State University in Danbury, Conn. Ival’s three oil paintings, entitled *Pods #1, #2,* and *#3,* were included in the Blue Mountain Gallery Small Works Invitational in Chelsea, N.Y., this summer. She also exhibited her work in solo shows at the Williams Gallery in Brookfield, Conn., and at Warner Hall Gallery Space at WCSU. E-mail Ival at ivalsk@aoi.com.

**Charles Labig (STH'74, GRS'78, '88) of Evanston, Ill., was recently appointed director of leadership and employee development for Baxter International.

**Patrick Alexander (CAS'75) of New York, N.Y., is taking on a new position at the Windsor Court Hotel in New Orleans, La., as director of dining services. He writes, “This will be a big change, as I've lived in Manhattan for the last 20 years.” E-mail Patrick at palexander@msn.com.

**Walt Bistline (LAW'73) of Houston, Tex., has been accepted into the master of fine arts program in photography at the University of Houston. He will continue to be associated with the Houston law firm Porter & Hedges in an of-counsel position. This summer, Walt’s work was included in exhibitions in Aix-en-Provence, Seattle, and Clifton, Clear Lake, and Houston, Tex.

**Kathleen Iacobacci (SEA'75) of Weymouth, Mass., formerly Kathleen Eacobacci, has a therapeutic massage and bodywork practice in Marshfield, Mass. After working numerous jobs in the theater, she began her massage therapy career six years ago. She writes, “I am well and send my best wishes to the SFA classes of ’73 and ’75. Love and peace!” Write to Kathleen at kiz@bodywork@aol.com.

**Lawrence J. Parnell (COM'75, DGE'73) of Trumbull, Conn., was appointed to the newly created position of director of global public relations for Ernst and Young. He manages the global public relations network with specific attention to reputation management, executive visibility, and crisis and issues management worldwide. Previously Lawrence was senior vice president and group manager at Ketchum Public Relations.

**Joe Fazzino (COM'76) of Torrington, Conn., joined the Bank of America as senior vice president for corporate affairs after 19 years at the Hartford Financial Services Group and at a couple of newspapers prior to that. He lives with his wife, Sue, and their two daughters, Alycia and Kim, who are both in college. In September, Joe and Sue celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary.

**Mark Korman (SMG'76) of Jacksonville, Fla., is the general manager of Mercedes-Benz USA’s Jacksonville region. Mark has worked for Mercedes-Benz USA since 1978.

**Bruce Herman (SEA'77, '79) of Gloucester, Mass., exhibited his recent figurative paintings this fall at Aughinbaugh Art Gallery at Messiah College in Pennsylvania in a show called *Saving the Appearances.*

**Charles Krop (CAS'77) of Marlboro, N.J., graduated from Tufts University in 1980 and is now a dentist. He and his wife, Ronda, also a dentist, have two children.

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**CLARIFICATION**

In the spring 2001 Bostonia story entitled *Wake Up Call,* we said that John Williams (SED'70) played hockey while at BU for Coach Jack Kelley. In fact, most of Williams’s time as a player was under Coach Bob Crocker.
1980s

JULIE CARTER (CAS'80) of Houston, Tex., and her husband, Mark, recently celebrated the second birthday of their son, Daniel. In her spare time, Julie works as a freelance copy editor. E-mail her at juliecarter@argolink.net.

Jo CATES (COM'80) of Evanston, Ill., is the director of the Columbia College Library, overseeing one of the most comprehensive collections in the Midwest of books on film, fashion, art history, fine art, and photography.

PHILIP J. GREENBERG (GSM'80) of Chicago, Ill., was recently included in 2000 Outstanding Scholars of the 21st Century. Phil is a theoretical physicist, an educator, and an independent scholar, working at Atoms to Stars, where he conducts research and consultations in physics, mathematics, and astronomy. His research areas are theoretical astrophysics, relativity, and gravitation. Phil received his Ph.D. in physics from the University of Chicago in 1970.

MICHAEL TURNER (SEA'80) of Dedham, Mass., recently completed his master's degree in conducting and composition at the Longy School of Music. In June 2000, his brass quintet piece Fanfare for Abner was performed at Boston's Symphony Hall as part of Longy's annual Garden Party fundraising gala. Michael is chair of the performing arts at Noble and Greenough School in Dedham. In addition, he is active in the Massachusetts Music Educators Association, having designed and built the database and Web interface used for district audition registration and adjudication. E-mail Michael at mike_turner@nobles.edu.

Tom Vegh (SEA'80) of San Francisco, Calif., performed in the San Francisco Shakespeare Festival in The Merry Wives of Windsor and began in the fall rehearsing for King Lear. He has been rewriting his play Valentango has been rewriting his play and plans to apply to enter the graduate directing program at BU for fall 2002. Tom recently finished writing a proposal for a new work on race and interracial issues in the gay community.

JANET MOWER WHITTRIDGE (CAS'80) of Ashland, Mass., works for 10 months of the year as a software engineer building projects for local companies. She spends summers with her husband and two children. Write to her at jmwhitt@world.std.com.

Susan Alexander (LAW'82) of Belmont, Mass., has been appointed new general counsel for IONA Technologies. She is responsible for IONA's worldwide legal affairs and is manager of its legal department. She also serves as secretary to the corporation's board of directors.

Rachel Malakoff (SMG'87) of South Florida, Fla., writes to say that she earned a master's degree from the professional accounting program at Rutgers University in 1989. She worked for D & T and then Pfizer in New York. She moved from the Northeast about six years ago and is currently the U.S. divisional controller for St. Ives Group, a publicly held British printing conglomerate. She spends her free time scuba diving in the Florida Keys and Mexico. Rachel would love to hear from friends at strasirena@aol.com.

Kyle Meenan (COM'80) of Jacksonville, Fla., reports he recently "had the privilege of playing television reporter Dick Yordan in the upcoming John Sayles film Sunshine State, starring Angela Bassett, Edie Falco, Timothy Hutton, and Mary Steenburgen, among others." E-mail Kyle at writezme@bellsouth.net.

Denise Perreault (COM'81) of Boulder, Colo., will present her beadwork at the Dairy Center for the Arts in Boulder during the holidays. Her award-winning large-scale seed beadwork will join that of five other artists in the Glass-Eyed Women: Colorado's Contemporary Beadworkers exhibition.

RENEE SALL (COM'83) of Woodcliff Lake, N.J., has renamed her 16-year-old public relations agency Maximum Exposure PR. Previously it was called Renee Sall Associates, Inc. This year the agency opened a division called Maximum Exposure Media, which sells discounted ad space in over 100 high-profile consumer magazines. The agency represents a wide range of clients in the fashion.
Please Tread on Me — And Other Stories in Sculpture

From Boston to San Francisco Bay, people are walking all over New York sculptor Gregg LeFevre’s art. They stop, too, study the work, even discuss its finer points with strangers. LeFevre creates bronze relief maps and images — sculptures that capture the history and character of a community — and sets them in pavement. He welcomes the foot traffic, which buffs the raised portions of the sculptures, and the conversation. The pieces, he says, bring people together in a way that a painting or a three-dimensional work of art doesn’t. “An object on the wall, you look at it and you walk by,” he says. “But this thing in the ground is kind of new and different. What is it? Is it art? Because it’s a map, people tend to talk to each other, show each other where they live, where they’ve been. For some reason, they end up talking, and that’s very rewarding.”

Although LeFevre (CAS’69) does create freestanding sculpture (and is turning his attention to photography as well), most of his art is underfoot. In October he was in Iowa City installing one of his newest sculptures: fifty plaques embedded in the pavement along three blocks of Iowa Avenue, a main thoroughfare that runs through the University of Iowa. The pieces bear illustrated quotations from authors with ties to the state and the university, including John Irving, Tennessee Williams, and Flannery O’Connor. For example, LeFevre illustrates a quote from O’Connor, “I am often asked if I think the university discourages writers; I think it doesn’t discourage nearly enough of...
LeFevre's interest in cartography began during childhood. “My mother was a Women Airforce Service Pilot in World War II,” he says. “As a boy I spent a lot of time flying in the backseat of her plane in upstate New York.” After receiving his degree in philosophy from BU, LeFevre taught school and created sculpture from junk with his students in the South Bronx. He retired from teaching, returned to Boston with his wife, and began sculpting full-time. He completed his first commissioned work in 1974, for BU: a rounded, red, three-legged sculpture that sits behind the George Sherman Student Union and Mugar Memorial Library. Other commissions followed, and today his sculptures can be found in cities and towns across the country.

With the help of a staff of six in his Bleecker Street studio in New York City, LeFevre is working on more than a dozen projects. One of them, slated for the central library stop of Salt Lake City’s new light rail system, features several tall stacks of books in bronze. Three of the stacks, whose book titles reflect themes of logic, law, and reason, are perfectly vertical and orderly. “Then I have these very irregular stacks that couldn’t even stand up if they were real books,” LeFevre says. “They look like they’re about to fall over. Those are books by the Marquis de Sade, or Lolita, books that kind of break the rules or are the opposite of reason.”

Occasionally LeFevre meets people who have seen his work and can recall something specific about them, encounters he finds particularly gratifying. “One of my favorite definitions of good art is by Henry Geldzahler, who was the curator of twentieth-century art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. He said a work of art, to be good, needs to do three things: it needs to be memorable, it needs to move you in some way — to push you emotionally in some direction, and it has to unfold a little more of itself every time you visit. That’s what I aspire to.” — Cynthia K. Bucini
A Letter from the President of the Boston University Alumni (BUA)

Remembering BU Yesterday

These are good times to look back to the past, to a less complicated era. I left home for BU in the fall of 1955, a peaceful time. The Second World War and the Korean Conflict were over. Veterans were streaming to campus on the G.I. Bill. As I embarked on the most memorable journey of my life there was much excitement in the family, since I was the first one to go away to college. It was especially hard for my father, who could not easily let his little girl go.

I was assigned to Charlesgate Hall, an old building with an elevator hauled up by ropes, operated by a little man named Mr. O’Neil. Two of us lived in a tiny room with just enough space to get around and no regular closet. With too many clothes, I lived mostly out of my steamer trunk. There were nonworking gaslights on the wall and a turn-of-the-century bathroom, with a very narrow tub we could barely sit in, shared with the triple next door.

Women’s dorms in those days had many rules. We had to be in by 9 p.m. during the week and 11 on weekends, but we didn’t care. We were the first class in Charlesgate that didn’t have the lights turned off at 11.

The next year I moved to Shelton Hall, where I stayed for three years. I was now on Bay State Road, where most of the brownstones were still occupied by little old ladies with white gloves and hats. We had a strict dress code: pants were forbidden except on football afternoons and then they had to be covered by a full-length coat. Upper-class women had extended hours, but being late was cause for docking and possible dismissal from school. Of course we were expected to keep our rooms neat, and we had room inspection each week. Men were admitted past the front lobby only once a year for two hours, and we had to keep the door to our room open at least twelve inches; someone would go around measuring.

Myles Standish, the men’s dorm just down the road, could have been in a foreign country. “Young ladies” were never allowed beyond the outside door. Twenty-five years later Myles was my daughter’s freshman dorm, and I finally got to set foot inside that mysterious place.

The main campus was much like today, but ended at the BU Bridge. When I was in my senior year it expanded to a building right after the bridge, now the School for the Arts. The student union was a large war-surplus Quonset hut covered by a post-war corrugated-roof concoction. Food there was awful: just a steam table and never a salad. But we survived. Thankfully we had a burger place down the street (where Burger King is now) with fancy burgers. Those were wonderful years.

At the School of Education we were taught by great professors, many in the forefront of education, who gave us terrific skills with which to go out and teach. I am forever grateful. I hope each of you in your own field feels the way I have always felt about Boston University. It has educated us well, and it is up to each of us to use those skills successfully on the job and in life.

Judie Friedberg-Chessin (SED’59)
BUA President
Member of a Reunion

Charles F. Cicciarella (SED’82) of Ruston, La., is currently the principal investigator for a study of temperature changes in several steam caves inside the caldera of the Kilauea volcano of Hawaii. His study involves placing data loggers inside the very hot and humid environment of these caves to determine what factors cause temperature change. Charles is a professor of health and physical education at Louisiana Tech University and can be reached at ciccia@bayou.net.

Elizabeth Deveau (SFA’82) of Henderson, Nev., recently joined the Guggenheim Las Vegas and Guggenheim Hermitage Museum, responsible for group sales. She previously worked as a marketing communications consultant in the laser and fiber-optics industries. Elizabeth moved to Nevada from the Boston area in 1996. E-mail her at deveau@vegasinfo.net.

Ira Herman (LAW’82) of New Rochelle, N.Y., has joined the New York law firm Robinson, Silverman, Pearce, Aronsohn & Berman as a partner in the bankruptcy and creditors’ rights practice group.

Stephanie Walker Bugbee (SMGY’83) of Ponte Vedra, Fla., has been living in northeast Florida for more than 10 years. She writes, “It’s hard to believe how fast time goes! In 1989, I received my master’s degree in education from the University of Hartford. I taught sixth grade for six years before leaving to be a full-time mom to my two daughters, ages 4 and 11, and wife to my husband, Marc. I often think of my college friends — I hope you are all healthy and happy!”

Wendy Heath (CAS’83) of Princeton, N.J., and her husband, Stephen Kaplan, proudly announce the birth of their daughter, Jennifer Megan, on August 14, 2000. Wendy is an associate professor of psychology at Rider University in Lawrenceville, N.J. E-mail her at heath@rider.edu.

Estelle Soibel (COM’83) of Fort Lee, N.J., writes for magazines on beauty, health, fitness, and travel and specializes in launching magazines. She has been the editor-in-chief of four national consumer publications. Last year, she published her first book, Beautiful Skin: Every Woman’s Guide to Looking Her Best at Any Age. Fitness magazine called it one of the top beauty books of the year. Estelle is also an adjunct journalism professor at New York University. She would love to hear from classmates at eswiyer@aol.com.

John A. Perrotti (ENG’82) and Jennifer I. Paquette (COM’83) of New York, N.Y., celebrated their 10th wedding anniversary last year. They live in Manhattan with their sons, Johnny, 5, and Nicholas, 3. John is a plastic surgeon and was recently appointed program director of the aesthetic plastic surgery fellowship at Manhattan Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital. E-mail them at jperrotti@usa.net.

Nadene Stein (CAS’84, SED’86) of Boston, Mass., recently began her first year as an elementary school principal, at Northeast Elementary School in Waltham, Mass. She would love to hear from BUMO, Warren Towers 158, and English and SED friends at steinmkrz@waltham.ma.us.

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services, as well as business strategy, international insurance, and risk financing, to clients in the Philadelphia area.

Michelle Allaire McNulty (CAS'89) of Quincy, Mass., graduated from Boston College Law School in 1988. She practices law in Braintree, Mass., and is a partner in the firm of Murphy, Lamere & Murphy. Michelle lives with her husband, John, and her two children, Elizabeth, 3½, and David, 1. She would love to hear from old friends at mcnulty@mediaone.net.

Phil Recchia (CAS'89) of Brooklyn, N.Y., has joined the New York Post as a humor columnist. His newly created column, "Entertainment Weekly," appears every Sunday and might best be described as "Dave Barry meets Hollywood."

Mariette DiChristina-Gerosa (COM'86) of Pleasantville, N.Y., has left Popular Science magazine after 13 years to be executive editor at Scientific American. She and her husband, Carl, welcomed a second daughter, Mallory Claire, in November 2000. Her first daughter, Selina Marie, is nearly five years old. Contact Mariette at mchristina@sciam.com.

Nadine Dohby (COM'86) of DeKalb, Ill., recently returned from two years in Australia and is an assistant professor at Northern Illinois University. Write to her at ndohby@niu.edu.

Joe D. Jacobson (Law'86) of University City, Mo., writes, "I recently argued and won an appeal establishing a new exception to the Anti-Injunction Act, against Harvard Law Professor Arthur Miller. During his reply argument, Prof. Miller pointed at me and called me 'a dog in the manger.' I had no idea what this meant, but looked up the phrase in a dictionary immediately after the argument, so it was an educational experience. My daughter, Haley, 10, and son, Adam, 7, participated in circus and magic camp this summer, so there is a lot of tumbling and disappearing at home these days. Haley enjoys demonstrating her excellent balance by standing on my shoulders as I stagger around the house."

E-mail Joe at jacobson@shulslaw.com.

Chuck Mahon (CAS'86, CGS'84) of Covington, Ky., is director of information technology for Caracole, a human services nonprofit firm providing technology services for 70 social service agencies in the Midwest. Prior to this, Chuck was an IT program manager with the Gap for three years. He has lived and worked in the Cincinnati, Ohio, area for seven years.

Frances "Bunny" Placide (SAR'86) of Dillsboro, N.C., writes, "Where is SAR'86?"

We are rarely in Class Notes." After serving as senior class president, Frances became a captain in the Army and is now a lieutenant in the U.S. Public Health Service. She works as a physician's assistant at Cherokee Indian Reservation Hospital in Cherokee, N.C. She would love to hear from her classmates at PlacidePA@aol.com.

Jeff Kintzer (SMG'87) and his wife, Erika Kintzer (CAS'89), of Bedford, N.Y., have a newborn daughter, Caroline. Jeff works at Royal Properties, an owner and developer of shopping centers throughout the Northeast, as an assistant to the president, another BU alum, David Landes (COM'87, CGS'85). Jeff reports that "David is married, with two boys, ages 4 and 1, and lives in Scarsdale, N.Y. In addition, Jon Roy (SMG'87) just married Susie Hahn in June in Chicago. Jon still works for his family's plumbing supply business in New York City. Also attending the wedding was Mike Lefkowitz (SMG'87), who is married and has a daughter, Rachel, and lives in New Jersey. He works for the New York Yankees as director of loss prevention. Another alum is Ronnie Berkowitz (SMG'87), who works for the New York Thruway Authority as a maintenance supervisor overseeing the construction of i-287 in Westchester County. Ronnie lives with his wife and three children in Mamaroneck, N.Y."

E-mail Jeff at Kintzerj@aol.com.

Thomas Lebrich (SMG'87) of Methuen, Mass., and his wife, RoseMaria, returned from Ukraine in June with their adopted son, John Raymond. After 12 years as a sportswriter, Kevin got a master's in education and is now beginning his third year teaching English at Tyngsborough Junior-Senior High School. He still has his Terrier season hockey tickets in Section 5, Row K, and when he wrote in late summer was eagerly awaiting the first game. Write to Kevin at bukevin@mediaone.net.

John Swanson (CAS'87) of Utica, N.Y., received a Fulbright-Hays grant and an IREX grant for the 2001-2002 academic year to conduct research in Hungary for a book about the ethnicity of the German minority there. Before leaving for Europe, John spent...
part of the summer at the Woodrow Wilson Center for Scholars in Washington, D.C. His first book, The Remnants of the Habsburg Monarchy: The Shaping of Modern Austria and Hungary, 1918-1922, was published this year. He is currently an assistant professor of history at Utica College of Syracuse University. E-mail him at jwanson@utica.edu.

Michael J. Colman (ENG’88) of Brunswick, Maine, is currently serving in the Navy as the operations officer for P-3 Orion Patrol Squadron E, based in Brunswick. He is often in Boston on the weekends for BU events or Red Sox games. Michael writes, "BU ENG/Myles Standish/NROTC grads are welcome to drop me an e-mail at colmann@patrono8.cpm3.navy.mil."

Richard G. Curran (SED’88) of Hanover, Mass., and his brother, Joseph L. Curran (CAS’69) of Watertown, Mass., celebrated their 25th anniversary of ordination to the priesthood in the Archdiocese of Boston this year. Both were ordained in 1976. Joseph produces miniature books, including one that he presented to Pope John Paul II at the Vatican. He started his own vestment company, and some of his vestments were used in the Whoopi Goldberg film Sister Act. Richard is currently the parochial vicar at St. Mary of the Sacred Heart parish in Hanover. His ministry has taken him to 26 continents, and he has earned numerous degrees in a variety of subjects, from divinity to physics. He was the last editor of the Boston Catholic Directory and was appointed advisor to Boston Catholic Television.

Ellen Harvey (SEF’88) of New York, N.Y., recently left the Broadway production of The Music Man to start rehearsals for Susan Stroman’s new Broadway show, Thou Shalt Not. The show, with music and lyrics by Harry Connick, Jr., is set in 1940s New Orleans. Produced by Lincoln Center, it opened at the Plymouth Theatre on October 25.

Lori Iadarola Paquette (COM’88) of Chapel Hill, N.C., is a part-time art director for Nevermore Studios in Durham, N.C. She is also full-time mother of 20-month-old Nathalie and is expecting her second child in March 2002. She has lived in Chapel Hill with her husband, David, since 1994. E-mail Lori at lidedesign@ mindspring.com.

David A. Steinberg (COM’88) of Oakland, Calif., was elected to the board of the National Lesbian and Gay Journalists Association at the group’s annual meeting in Dallas in early September. He is the northern California chapter treasurer and a member of its board.

Barbara Birdsey (CAS’67) talks with Boston University Marine Program Professor Jelle Atema at a reception she hosted on Cape Cod for President Jon Westling in August. Photograph by Albert L’Etoile

David works as an assistant business editor and copy desk chief at the San Francisco Chronicle. He lives with his partner, Gregory Foley (STH’89), and their two Bernese mountain dogs and Maine coon cat. Write to David at david. steinberg. 1088@ alum. bu.edu.

Phyllis Izant (STH’89) of Tacoma, Wash., writes, "Since our departure from West Lafayette, Ind., and Purdue University more than a year ago, we have welcomed our second child, Stuart Izant McInturff, to the world on May 8, 2001, at Tacoma General Hospital. Our elder child, Wallace Izant McInturff, 3, seems to enjoy his younger brother, but at times appears to long for his ‘only child’ days." Write to Phyllis at pizant@earthlink.net.

1990s

Dimitri Anastasopoulos (COM’90) of Rochester, N.Y., is a visiting assistant professor of creative writing at the University of Rochester. Mammoth Books recently published his first novel, A Larger Sense of Harvey.

Stacy Penneck Bronte (COM’90) of Narberth, Pa., writes, "After seven years in Los Angeles in the entertainment industry, I moved to New York City, where I created and produced The Lyricist Lounge Show, which aired on the Discovery Channel and House and Garden Television, as well as writing feature film scripts with my writing partner in New York."

Stacey Epstein-Blechman (SFA’90) of Rye, N.Y., has pursued a career in art history since graduating from BU. She is nearing completion of her Ph.D. and is currently working as associate director of modernism at Hollis Taggart Galleries in New York. Stacey recently curated an exhibition on the art of Alfred H. Maurer and wrote a comprehensive publication on his work.

Dorothy Greg (ENG’90) of Alameda, Calif., married John Jensen on June 9 in the Adirondacks. Alumni in attendance included Margaret McGonagle (MET’90, SED’97), Jennifer Mancini (MET’92), and Kim Collins (COM’93). Write to Dorothy at jensen_dorothy@ speakeasy.net.

Kathleen A. Krasenics (COM’90) of Marina del Rey, Calif., is vice president of entertainment sales for Pica Retail Networks, a company that supplies television programming for large retailers across the country. E-mail her at kk krasenics@yahoo.com.

Shari Fessler (SMG’91, LAW’94) of Englishtown, N.J., married Scott Tepper over Memorial Day weekend. Allison Nemeth (SMG’90) was among the bridesmaids. Shari is a senior manager with Ernst & Young’s national tax department, where she has a wide-ranging tax transactional practice with an emphasis on the formation and restructuring of joint venture arrangements. After leaving Boston in 1997 to work in Washington, * Member of a Reunion 2002 class
Consulting in Vestments

BLAME IT ON THE LAID-BACK NINETIES, when Casual Friday became a national trend, and polo shirts and loafers replaced suits and heels in offices from Main Street to Wall Street. And it hasn’t stopped there. At many offices, Casual Friday has evolved into casual every day. Who can complain? Well, there’s the former suit-blouse-and-pearls professional staring helplessly into her closet, wondering how getting dressed in the morning got so complicated. There’s the partner at the once-starched-and-polished law firm noticing that his office now resembles the set of a Gap ad.

Enter Ilene Amiel (SMG’87), coauthor of Business Casual Made Easy, who helps us sort it all out — and know what to wear to a client meeting, to an office picnic, or on just an average Wednesday. “I make people open up the closet and take an inventory,” she says. “When you have to go to the supermarket, don’t you first open the refrigerator, look inside, and say, what do I have, what do I need? Do the same thing with your closet.”

Amiel broke into the image consulting business more than ten years ago, when she returned from her honeymoon to her job at a New York ad agency and found that her department had been eliminated. “I had a chance to ask, do I really want to go back and do that? What is it that I enjoy that I can make into a career?” says Amiel, who had met several image consultants while working in advertising. Corporate image consulting seemed her natural niche, with ten years of account management experience behind her and degrees from the School of Management and the Fashion Institute of Technology.

With most of her competition specializing in one-on-one client sessions, Amiel began conducting seminars for groups of professionals, primarily in financial services. Generally, the companies she visits aren’t asking their employees for much. “They just don’t want sloppy, wrinkled, inappropriate, too-tight, too-short clothing,” she says. “Men think that when you go to casual, you don’t have to press your pants.”

Amiel’s clients have included Coopers & Lybrand, Deloitte Consulting, and Ernst & Young, and her advice has been printed in newspapers and business magazines from the New York Daily News and the Chicago Tribune to Smart Money and Entrepreneur. In Business Casual Made Easy, she offers fashion-befuddled professionals straightforward advice based on a survey of 165 top executives. She maps out wardrobes by industry and job description, at progressing levels of casual dressing, and presents a sample dress code policy.

“It’s gotten so casual, and you don’t want to dress wrong because you’ll look like you don’t know what’s happening,” she says. “The first impression we make can’t be changed. It’s lasting. If you look sloppy, people assess that you might be sloppy in your work.” — Jennifer Gormanous Burke

D.C., for two years and then Atlanta, Shari and her husband have relocated to the New York metropolitan area. She would love to hear from long-lost friends at shari.tepper@sy.com.

BRAD GELB (SMG’97, CGS’89) and NORA TAY GELB (CAS’97) of Rochester, N.Y., had their third child, Katelyn Eve Gelb, on July 2. Brad is a certified public accountant with his own accounting firm. After BU, Nora received her nursing degree from the University of Rochester and is now a registered nurse. Brad and Nora would love to hear from classmates at popo0969@aol.com.

STUART GLADSTONE (CAS’97, SSW’97) of Waltham, Mass., graduated from BU for the second time in January 2001, earning a master’s degree in social work. Stuart is now a licensed social worker providing individual and family therapy to children, adolescents, and adults at Wayside Metrowest Counseling. E-mail Stuart at stagladstone@juno.com.

CAROLYN KOMERSKA (SFA’97) of Newmarket, N.H., and her husband, Rick, welcomed their daughter, Kathryn Maeve, on April 7. Rick is a research scientist at the University of New Hampshire. Carolyn does freelance multimedia design from home.

ROBERT E. MAURER (GRS’97) has coauthored a textbook with Paul D. Berger titled Experimental Design with Applications in Management, Engineering, and the Sciences. Bob has been teaching statistics, economics, and marketing research at the School of Management since his recent retirement from Bell Labs. E-mail him at remaurer@bu.edu.
MEGAN O'LEARY PARISI (SEA '91, '95) of Somerville, Mass., returned to the Boston area in September to be the concert services manager for the Boston Conservatory. From 1993 to 1999 she was a member of the clarinet section of the U.S. Navy Band in Washington, D.C. She is the cofounder of the Falls Church Chamber Orchestra, which just completed its fifth season. Most recently, she worked in the admissions office at Northwestern University's School of Music. Megan married her longtime love, Mark, in May 2000 in Philadelphia. E-mail her at meganoleary@yahoo.com.

CHRIS WOOSTER (COM '92) of Jamaica Plain, Mass., is currently working as a copywriter at Mullen Advertising and is continuing to do freelance design and copywriting jobs. "After 10 years," he writes, "I still can't figure out if I'm an art director or a writer, so I'm doing both. I married a woman I met in a shoe store, and I'm living in a great Victorian in Jamaica Plain."

EDMUND DAVIS (MET '92) of New York, N.Y., has been appointed chief financial officer and executive vice president of Arnold Worldwide, a communications agency.

MARK DER-GABAREDIAN (CAS '92) of Medway, Mass., was recently married to Patricia Metcalfe, and they honeymooned at Sandals St. Lucia. They live with their dog, Bailey. Mark was recently hired as a consultant for Blue Cross Blue Shield and will graduate from Lesley University in May 2002 with a master's degree in management. E-mail him at markderg@mediaone.net.

KELLY WEHNER DETRA (ENG '92) of Plainfield, Ill., has been elected to the board of trustees of the American Society of Agricultural Engineers. She will serve a two-year term of office, leading her leadership and expertise to the governance of all society operations.

NEIL JAMES GILLIS LIBERTY (CAS '92) of Chelsea, Mass., works as the senior asset transfer agent at Quick & Reilly Brokerage, a FleetBoston Financial Company, in Boston. He recently handled the merger between different funds owned by Fleet, Quick & Reilly, and the former BankBoston affiliates. Neil has just purchased and is repairing his first home along with his partner, Nilo Mansinho DaSilva; they are planning a partnership service next summer. Sadly, Neil's mother, Rose Liberty, recently passed away. He writes, "For all of those who spent time in our home during the BU years and knew her, I am sure this will be a surprise. She had a very wonderful service and a long, beautiful life. My mother loved the "kids" from BU, who were invited over for dinner, movies, and fun." He would love to hear from BU classmates at Neil_James_Liberty@yahoo.com.

JENNIFER SWARTZ MILLS (SMG '92) and MATT MILLS (ENG '92) of Bellevue, Wash., had their first child, Jack Henry, in June. You can reach Jenn at jnmills@hotmail.com and Matt at mjmills6@yahoo.com.

CHRISTOPHER SHELLEY (SEA '92) of New York, N.Y., began pursuing his M.F.A. in creative writing at New York University this fall. He'd love to hear from his classmates at christ.shelley@gs.com or cfx4@email.nyu.edu.

EMILIE LARRAZABAL VALENCIA (CAS '92, CGS '96) of Glen Mills, Pa., finished the periodontal postdoctoral program at the University of Pennsylvania School of Dental Medicine in May, where she received her doctorate. She has been married to her husband, Eric, for four years and is now working in Broomall, Pa. She and Eric met at the University of Pennsylvania. E-mail Emilie at emiliev@craftech.com.

FLEETCH WASON (ENG '92) of Scituate, Mass., writes, "After 10-plus years performing biopharmaceutical research, I have hung up the scalpel and dumped the electrophys rigs for Visual Basic, Perl, JAVA, and SQL! I'm now a software engineer (no more biomed) for Sun Microsystems and trying to wrap myself around Solaris." His daughter, Erin, just celebrated her second birthday. E-mail Fleetch at amcfreewech@mediaone.net.

JESSICA DAVIS (STH '92, LAW '96) of Baltimore, Md., launched a faith-based advice Web site, www.prophetjessica.com, in August 2001. Jessica is also known as the "Prophet to the Nations" on her cable television program, The Prophetic Hour, and on her talk radio program, The Moral Agenda. The senior pastor at True Word Deliverance Church in Baltimore, she is now in her 16th year of pastoral service. Contact her at webmaster@prophetjessica.com.

STACEY GLUCK (COM '93, CGS '92) of New York, N.Y., married Jeremy Zirin on June 30, 2001, in New York City. Fellow BU grads present at the wedding included KRISTIEN VANMARKE (CAS '93), SHARON JORDAN (CAS '92), MICHELE DAVIS (CAS '92), SUZANNE STASZAK (CAS '92), JACQUI LABOSCO (CAS '92), KELLY ANSON (CAS '92), YOUNHEE CHOI (COM '93), KATE HEDDINGS (CAS '93), KAREN IANNONE (SMG '94), REBECCA DARVIN (CAS '94), MICHAEL SPINAT (COM '94), KAREN CROWLEY (CAS '94), KERRY DEMPSEY (SMG '93), FAB SILVA (SAR '93), NOAH BUDDY (CAS '92), and SCOTT SAVITT (CAS '91).

Stacey works as a literary agent at Jane Dystel Literary Management. E-mail her at sglick@dystel.com.

AMY HATCH (COM '92) of Rochester, N.Y., is working at Xerox in e-marketing. She is engaged to Channing Paluck and is planning an April 2002 wedding. She would be thrilled to hear from any old friends, including MICHELE HAHN (COM '93), BRIAN COLLINS (CAS '94), and HEIDI SHORE (CAS '93). E-mail Amy at lyndalyns@yahoo.com.

BRIAN JOHNSON (MET '92) of Jacksonville, Fla., last year joined UnilQuest, a company helping to prevent utility service outages and traffic disruptions associated with the installation of fiber-optic Internet cables. He is a project leader for the company's wireless field-management project.

ERIC KAPLAN (LAW '92) of Woodland Hills, Calif., has taken a job as senior vice president of Aviva Financial Group in Los Angeles. He worked as a partner with a law firm and specializes in corporate and securities law. Eric graduated from Harvard Law School in 1989 and worked for several years as an investment banker in New York City. Eric joined the firm of Davis, Polk & Wardwell in 1992.

* Member of a Reunion 2002 class

* Photograph by Stephen Persinger

** Photograph by Stephen Persinger

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** Photograph by Stephen Persinger

** Photograph by Stephen Persinger

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** Photograph by Stephen Persinger
Award-Winning Alumni

NANCY BAPTISTE (SED’77) of Las Cruces, N.M., received the New Mexico State University Fort Bliss Federal Credit Union Faculty Award for Service at a ceremony on August 20. The $1,000 award recognizes faculty and staff members for service and contributions in research and creative activity. Nancy is an associate professor of curriculum and instruction and received the main campus award. She directs the university’s Dove Laboratory School and developed the Dove Learning Center to support research, teaching, and resource development in early childhood education. Nancy also created an evening child-care program for the faculty and students of the College of Education.

BETTINA G. BERGO (GRS’95) of Baltimore, Md., has been awarded a 2001–2002 fellowship from the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study at Harvard University. She is an assistant professor of philosophy at Loyola College. During her fellowship year, Bettina plans to write a book, The Passion of Anxiety: Disorders or Signs?

*BRUCE DEAN (COM’72, CGS’86) of Water­town, Mass., won the 2001 Teaching Excellence Award in Criminal Justice at Northeastern University. He is an assistant district attorney for Suffolk County and is a part-time Northeastern University faculty member.

BERNARD R. FIELDING (LAW’58) of Charleston, S.C., was honored as the Professional of the Year at the annual meeting of the National Funeral Directors and Morticians Association in New Orleans. He is president and CEO of Fielding Home for Funerals, the largest African-American owned and operated funeral home in South Carolina. Bernard was the first African-American elected an associate probate judge in South Carolina and the first elected judge of probate for Charleston County. He was associate probate judge for 15 years and judge of probate for another 3 years. He and his wife, Conchita, have three children, Bernard, Constance, and Donna, and one granddaughter, Deja Monae.

RANDY S. FINE (SMG’90) of Newton, Mass., was recently appointed incoming president of the National Association of Insurance and Financial Advisors. In addition, Randy is the associate general agent of Robert Fine and Associates, a provider of financial services, insurance, and estate planning. He has received seven consecutive national quality and sales achievement awards and membership in Guardian Life’s Presidents Council.

He is the youngest life member of Guardian’s Centurion Club. He also sits on the board of directors of the Boston University Downtown Alumni Club and the 200 Foundation.

*DEBORAH GERMAN (CAS’72) of Nashville, Tenn., was honored along with five other Nashville women at the Young Women’s Academy for Women of Achievement 10th anniversary recognition and induction ceremony in October. She is the senior associate dean of medical education at Vanderbilt University School of Medicine, the first woman to hold that position.

*RENEE MATTTEL GOLDENBERG (SED’67) of Plantation, Fla., received the Outstanding Jurist Award from the Young Lawyers Division of the Florida Bar. She is a circuit judge on the 17th Judicial Circuit in Broward County, Fla.

ROGER HARRIS (SED’74) of Mattapan, Mass., was honored in October as a 2001 National Distinguished Principal by the U.S. Department of Education and the National Association of Elementary School Principals. He is headmaster at the Boston Renaissance Charter School and is the only Massachusetts principal ever to have received the award.

In December 2000 Roger was one of 10 recipients of the John Stanford Education Heroes Award, also presented by the U.S. Department of Education. In January he received the Thomas C. Passios Outstanding of structured transactions for Countrywide Securities Corporation, the broker-dealer affiliate of Countrywide Home Loans. He runs the transaction management unit for all asset-backed securitizations.

AMANDA LAFORGE (CAS’93) of Chevy Chase, Md., and her husband, Mark Deubo, announce the birth of their first son, Luke Porter Deubo, on May 18, 2001.

EMMY RALLAPALLI (CAS’93) of San Francisco, Calif., is senior account planner for McCann-Erickson, an advertising agency. She often gets together for sushi with Ron Woloshun (CAS’93) and Justine Zang (CAS’94). Write to Emmy at e_rallapalli@hotmail.com.

*AMY RINDFLEISCH (CAS’91, MED’01) is a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy, stationed in Makamk District, Thailand. She participated in Cooperation Afloat Readiness and Training, a medical and dental civic action project, on June 22. Amy worked with two other doctors to treat 400 patients in one day. Royal Thai Navy medical professionals assisted as translators, allowing the American doctors to communicate with their Thai patients. After Amy completed her residency at Connecticut Children’s Hospital, she began working at the U.S. Navy Hospital in Okinawa, Japan.

ALICIA HALLLGAN SASSER (CAS’93) of Arlington, Mass., received her Ph.D. in economics from Harvard University in June. Her doctoral dissertation, “The Role of Gender and Family in the Labor Market,” explores how differential tradeoffs between career and family affect the gender gap in earnings. Her research was funded by the National Science Foundation and the Program in Inequality and Social Policy at Harvard. Upon graduation, Alicia joined Mathematica Policy Research as an economist, conducting economic policy studies on a variety of social programs in the health, education, and labor economics areas.

YVONNE BRYE (CAS’78, CGS’79) of Denver, Colo., married Tony Vela in May 1999. After working for several years as an international specialist for a couple of companies, she started her own business, Translating Personnel. Its sole focus is to place bilingual individuals with international corporations. Yvonne would love to hear from friends at bryevela@hotmail.com.

ALICIA N. DECESARIS (ENG’94) of Upper Marlboro, Md., works as a mechanical engineer at an architectural and engineering firm in Arlington, Va. She earned her master’s degree in mechanical engineering from George Washington University. Alicia would love to hear from old friends at anedecesaris@hotmail.com.

AMIR FARUKH FAZAIL (SMG’94) of Karachi, Pakistan, writes, “My experience at BU was
amazing." He often travels on business to many countries, including the United States and Canada. Amir would love to hear from old friends at amir@faza.com.

MARC LEVIN (CLASS '89) of North Andover, Mass., and his wife, Nadine, announce the birth of their son, Zachary Jacob, on September 23. Marc writes that he can't wait until he can take Zachary to his first BU hockey game. Marc is a client relationship manager with Fidelity Investments in Boston. E-mail him at Mlevin9926@aol.com.

Sergio Javier Rios Martinez (MET '94) of Vancouver, British Columbia, recently moved from the Netherlands to Vancouver. Contact him at srios@trademexbc.com.

Joel Press (LAW '94) of Briarwood, N.Y., recently accepted a position as the manager of legal affairs at DC Comics in New York City. He and his wife are expecting their second child in March 2002. E-mail Joel at jcpresslaw@aol.com.

Tami Sanderson Breazeale (SED '92) of Minneapolis, Minn., is expecting a second baby in late December. After marrying in 1996, she taught students with emotional and behavioral disorders for four years; she now stays at home with two-year-old Micah. Tami received her master's degree in special education with a focus on emotional and behavioral disorders from Bethel College in St. Paul in May. She would love to hear from her freshman year roommates on the 12th floor of Rich Hall or from others who remember her at tamiko@tiny.net.

Joe DiMartino (CAS '95, GRS '95) and Elizabeth Howard (CAS '95) of Fort Worth, Tex., will be married this December. Joe received his doctorate in economics in 1999 and now works as a director of decision science for Citigroup. E-mail Joe and Elizabeth at elihoward@yahoo.com.

Marc Freiberger (LAW '95) of Cambridge, Mass., was awarded the Governor's Points of Light Award by Massachusetts Governor Jane Swift for his longtime commitment to improving the quality of life for senior citizens in his community. Theodore is president of the Randolph Council on Aging, president of the local AARP, and a member of the board of directors of the South Shore Elder Services, as well as an active volunteer at Meals on Wheels and other community organizations.

Edward Swartz (LAW '98) of Boston, Mass., was recently honored by Franciscan Children's Hospital with its prestigious Community Leadership Award for his contributions to improving the quality of life of children. Edward, a nationally known trial lawyer and child-safety advocate, founded World Against Toys Causing Harm (WATCH), and has been working since 1968 to educate the public about toy safety. Edward has also published two instructional books for parents about toy safety: Toys That Don't Care and Toys That Kill.

Lawrence Yannuzzi (MED '94) of New York, N.Y., received an honorary doctorate of medicine in June from the University of Ancona Medical School for his work in macular degeneration and diabetic retinopathy.
The Patient Who Cared for Her Doctor

**His pale, limp body** is propped up in preparation for a sponge bath. Staring into the camera — a camera belonging to a one-time patient, a little girl he used to treat for asthma — his eyes seem vacant. Yet those eyes see more, we will realize, than we imagine. *Losing Your Grip: A Family’s Battle with ALS*, a documentary by Hatton Littman (COM’01), reveals that there is, indeed, a human being behind the mysterious illness. And we must get to know him.

In 1997, Littman’s childhood physician, Michael Kannan, was diagnosed with amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS), commonly known as Lou Gehrig’s disease. ALS attacks the central nervous system by destroying motor neurons, causing the muscles of the body to weaken and ultimately lose all ability to move. There is no known cause and no cure for ALS: It arrives with little warning and leads to eventual death. Kannan’s would come within two years.

Although Littman’s 16-millimeter camera does not shy away from the more painful scenes of Kannan’s illness, neither does it linger on them: Littman treats his case with a loving sensitivity. Inside his Richmond, Virginia, home, we see Kannan smile occasionally, and we are given excerpts from the poetry of his final months (written, painfully slowly, on a computer), often expressive of his fearless hope for his children to move on after his passing. His sons and daughters speak of the life and career of an extraordinary man and of how the two years of being at their ailing father’s side brought unexpected gifts of newfound family closeness and the realization of individual resilience.

“The film examines the tenuous relationship between our ability to die gracefully in the midst of love and kindness,” says Littman, “and the daily struggle of the patient and the family to understand, love, and always offer forgiveness.”

After receiving her M.A. at Boston University, Littman moved to Denver, Colorado. She was the location coordinator for the upcoming HBO film *The Laramie Project* and now runs her own production company, Hatman Productions. *Losing Your Grip* has placed prominently in many national film festivals, winning first prize at BU’s 2001 Redstone Awards, as well as being a finalist at the Student Academy Awards.

“Dr. Kannan was an integral part of my health and happiness as a young child,” Littman says. “His commitment, his humor, and his sincere care for my family were so important to my parents and to me. This film can only touch the surface of my gratitude.” — Ryan Asmussen

Hatton Littman at the premiere of her film.
JACQUELYN LYNCH (COM'96) of Queens, N.Y., was recently promoted to manager at PricewaterhouseCoopers in Detroit.

HENRY BERG (GSM'96) of Brookline, N.H., was appointed chief operating officer at Tacticon, a Maine-based international customer contact service company.

LYNN GIBBONS (CAS'96) of London, England, married Andrew Martin in England in April. A graduate of the BU Marine Program, she is currently the head of environmental education at the Thames Explorer Trust in London. After her move to the UK in 1997, Lynn spent four years as assistant education coordinator at the London Aquarium.

AMY NEWBURY (COM'96) of North Attleboro, Mass., married David DeMelia on September 8. She writes, "I'm now thoroughly enjoying married life. I've been unable to escape my hometown so far — I'm working as a reporter for the Sun Chronicle, which is based in Attleboro, Mass." Amy would love to hear from all the old friends she's lost touch with at scribble@naisp.net.

JOHN PRICE (SEA'96) of Cedar Hill, Tex., recently earned a doctorate in humanities from the University of Texas at Dallas, focusing on dramatic literature, theory, and criticism. Since leaving BU, John has directed Shakespeare's Richard III and Mamet's Oleanna and has published and presented papers at national conferences. He hopes to be teaching at the university level by next fall.

E-mail John at japrince@rocketmail.com.

DAVID UNGER (GSR'96) of Arlington, Mass., writes, "I recently switched a major's degree from BU after running from the Ph.D. program I was enrolled in. Can you say free degree? I can. After recovering from the run, I became engaged to the lovely Kimberly Davidson. No, there is no date set yet! Hello to Robert "Paco" Porter (CAS'96). Paco is wisely using his English degree to dispose of ordnance and build a Guinness keg-erator, so I now live vicariously through him." Write to David at davida@micj.com.

HANNA HONG BAILEY (CAS'97) of Hamden, Conn., lives with her husband, Devon, and her younger sister, Diana, and works as an avionics systems engineer in Stratford, Conn. Devon is an avionics engineer with a degree in aerospace engineering from Embry-Riddle. Hanna is pursuing a master's in computer science at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Diana is studying to be a marine biologist at Union College. Friends can e-mail Hanna at hhong70@hotmail.com.

MIKE BARONI (COM'97) of Chicago, Ill., writes that he is "avoiding marriage for as long as possible, walking my landlord's dogs, consulting with an investment firm at the Chicago Board of Trade, writing and acting in short films that I direct ... having a good time." E-mail Mike at mikebaroni@ameritech.net.

SANDRA D. CERDA (CAS'97) of Arlington, Tex., writes, "Hello, everyone! Very happy to have heard from all of you in New York! I've been in the middle of trying to prepare to retaliate for last week's attack. I would love to hear from old friends at The Pub or the NROTC unit." E-mail her at estrella@detroit.navy.mil.

*AMBER MACKENZIE (CAS'97) of Farmington, Mich., joined the tax and trusts and estates group at the law firm of Perkins, Smith, and Cohen. His primary practice areas include estate planning and administration, fiduciary income tax planning, advising charitable organizations, and retirement and business succession planning. He also advises clients on corporate and individual tax matters.

*JOHN PRICE (SEA'96) of Cedar Hill, Tex., worked for defense contractor Tacticon, a Maine-based international customer contact service provider. He works on drafting contracts, international agreements, and documents submitted to the SEC and other regulatory bodies, as well as intellectual property and telemarketing issues. When she wrote, she was planning to be on leave from the Reserve Officers' Training Corps (ROTC) at Boston University. After her leave, she moved to the UK to study business administration at the University of Manchester, where she is currently pursuing a master's degree from George Mason University School of Law.

CARRIE JOHNSON (CAS'96) of Seattle, Wash., married Edward King in July and is currently pursuing a master's degree? I can. After recovering from the run, I became engaged to the lovely Kimberly Davidson. No, there is no date set yet! Hello to Robert "Paco" Porter (CAS'96). Paco is wisely using his English degree to dispose of ordnance and build a Guinness keg-erator, so I now live vicariously through him." Write to David at davida@micj.com.

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Indonesian Alumni Gather

The Boston University Alumni Association of Indonesia had its first official meeting October 6, with thirty-seven alumni in attendance. Didit A. Ratam (GSM’00) was elected president of the club, established to strengthen the relationship between alumni in Indonesia and BU. The group plans to hold regular events and encourages all Indonesian alumni to participate. A Yahoo e-mail group has been created for alumni at Indo_BUalumni@yahoo groups.com.

Working Investment

**OWNING AND RUNNING** a business usually translates to long hours and hard work, and that’s certainly the case for Alison Chow (SMG’98), CEO of irasia.com, an investor relations Web site for Asia based in Hong Kong. Her workweek, Chow says with a sardonic chuckle, is Monday to Sunday, and, she adds as an afterthought, her days are usually twelve hours long. More proof: on a recent visit to Singapore for a conference, she stayed an extra day, but not for rest and relaxation. It was a public holiday in Hong Kong, but not in Singapore, giving her an additional day to meet with prospective clients.

Irasia.com (pronounced I-R Asia) is, Chow says, the first Web site of its kind in Asia. Public, listed companies sign up to have their annual reports, financial statements, and press releases made public over the Web, giving them an instantaneous international forum. On the other side of the equation, individual investors and stock analysts get financial information from companies they are following quickly and for free.

Started by Chow and several colleagues in 1996, irasia.com has hundreds of corporate clients, primarily in Hong Kong, but also in other parts of Asia, as well as a growing presence in Australia and New Zealand. Chow says she got the idea for the company after hearing about problems her sister, a stock research analyst, was having. “Traditionally, listed companies would send their results to the brokers, whose analysts would have to stay at their offices until 11 or 12 o’clock at night, waiting for these listed companies to fax in their information. So we thought, why not use the Internet to do this for everybody? It would be much simpler and better for everyone. And thus — irasia.com.”

Chow has been busy ever since, but she’s used to a full schedule: she was an accountant with PriceWaterhouse out of college, first in Boston, then New York, followed by stints as a foreign exchange trader in New York and then back in her native Hong Kong.

The global downturn affects her firm as much as any company, but unlike most dot-coms, irasia.com is a niche player with a distinct market. And Chow is tireless. It’s midnight, local time, as she talks with *Bostonia* via telephone from her hotel room in Singapore. Never too late for work.

Malaysian Alumni Reunite

The Boston University Alumni Association of Malaysia is active again, having held an annual meeting in April, a meeting in August, and a special dinner in November with guest speaker Tan Sri Musa bin Hitam, chairman of the Human Rights Commission of Malaysia, who has held a number of key government posts in Malaysia, including that of deputy prime minister and minister of home affairs. He spoke on racial harmony in Malaysia.

Teow Choon Tan (MET’84) is the new president of the Malaysian Alumni Association. Tan asks that Malaysian alumni interested in joining the Alumni Association contact him at tctan@yeos.com.my.
in Newport Beach, Calif. Jen currently works for the Los Angeles Times, and Chris is a classical musician. E-mail Jen at stevens-jennifer@yahoo.com.

Danielle Baldaissari (SED'98) of San Diego, Calif., recently relocated from Boston for a job as a software trainer for Soft-Pak, a company that designs software specifically for the solid waste industry. She would like to hear from anyone out in the San Diego area as she gets settled in. E-mail Danielle at dab88@hotmail.com.

Lisa Christenson (CAS'98) of Washington, D.C., moved this fall from Camp Pendleton in California, where she had been a disbursing officer since March 1999. She is now a captain in the U.S. Marine Corps. Lisa writes, "I am back rowing and hope to continue. San Diego has been good, but I look forward to moving with my entourage of horses, dogs, and cats in tow. Yes, I still have time to use my emergency medical technician certification, too."

Alex Cohn (COM'98) of Chicago, Ill., heads an urban and electronic music DJ promotions and design company called illmeasures. He is also an associate producer at the Cresta Group, a corporate and marketing communications company. E-mail him at alex@illmeasures.com.

Ashley Driggs (COM'98) of Franklin, Tenn., married Scott Haugen, and they have a son, Happy Haugen. Ashley works as the marketing communications company. E-mail him at alex@illmeasures.com.

Jenni Pepper (COM'01) of BUA,
N.H., recently earned her master's degree in language, reading, and culture from the University of Arizona. She now works as a community director for the office of residential life at Dartmouth College. Write to Christi at cdaisyme@aol.com.

Brooke C. Stephens (SAR'99) recently received her master's degree in speech-language pathology from Northeastern University. She is a speech-language pathologist with the Natick, Mass., public schools. Contact Brooke at BuHockey8@aol.com.

Amy Thomas (SHA'99) of New York, N.Y., is back to work at a Marriott hotel in New York after spending about a year working on a special project at Marriott headquarters in Washington, D.C. Amy is trying to start up an SHA Alumni Club, and she would like to hear from all SHA graduates in the New York City area who are interested. E-mail her at thomasamy@yahoo.com.

2000s

Brendan Bong (SMG'00, CGS'98) of Hong Kong just finished his postgraduate diploma in law at the College of Law of England and Wales in London and will now further his studies for a year in Hong Kong. E-mail Brendan at brenbong@iname.com.

Matt Doyle (COM'00) of Middletown, Conn., works at ESPN in Connecticut as a production assistant. In the past year and a half, he has worked on almost every show the network produces, including SportsCenter and Baseball Tonight. Matt has been in charge of "Plays of the Week" for the past six months. He writes, "It was a wild four years at BU, but I'm glad I learned enough and made enough lifelong friends to put me where I am today. See everyone at MaryAnne's!" Write to Matt at matthewr.doyle@espn.com.

Jessamyn Hawley Foster (SEA'00) of Norfolk, Va., married David Foster (CAS'98) in December 2000. Krista McCann (SEA'99), Adam Jaffe (CAS'98), and Leland Gardner (ENG'98) attended the wedding. Jessamyn works in the education department of the Virginia Opera and at the Little Theatre of Norfolk.

William F. Martin (CAS'00) of Allentown, Pa., an ensign in the U.S. Navy, recently received his commission as a naval officer after completing Officer Candidate School at Naval Aviation Schools Command at the Naval Air Station in Pensacola, Fla.

Francisco Navarro (CPS'00, CGS'97) recently transferred from Suffolk University Law School to the Georgetown University Law Center. He will earn his J.D. in the spring of 2003. E-mail Francisco at frannavarro@hotmail.com.

Audrey Smith Berry (SED'01) of Arlington, Mass., married Glenn Berry this past June.

Jessica Devney Marino (SAR'01) and Richard Marino, Jr. (CAS'97, MED'01) of Portland, Maine, were married on June 17 in Medford, Mass. The maid of honor was Rachel Devney (SAR'01). Jessica is a speech-language pathologist in the public schools in Westbrook, Maine. Richard is a family medicine resident at the Maine Medical Center.

Derek Reichenbecher (SED'01) of Bradley Beach, N.J., teaches AP history and works as an assistant football coach at his old high school, Howell High, in New Jersey. He lives a block away from the beach and shares an apartment with his Boston terrier, Sully. E-mail Derek at reichenbecher@hotmail.com.

CORRECTION

Contrary to the listing in the "In Memoriam" section in the fall 2001 issue of Bostonia, William Miller (LAW'67) is alive and well and working as a judge in Brooklyn, New York. We sincerely regret the error and any pain it may have caused Mr. Miller, his family, or friends.

Note: This issue's listing contains only notices received as of August 31, 2001. Please see our coverage of the events of September 11, starting on page 12, for a partial listing of BU alumni killed in the terrorist attacks.
Recent changes in federal tax laws reduce individual income tax rates starting in 2001, affect retirement savings programs, increase the amount of money exempted from inheritance taxes, and lower estate and gift tax rates. A few of the changes are listed below. For more information, consult a tax planning professional.

Retirement Savings Provisions
- Beginning in 2002, the annual limit for employee contributions to a 401(k) or 403(b) plan is increased from $10,500 to $11,000, and then further increased by $1,000 per year until $15,000 is reached in 2006.
- The annual IRA contribution limit is increased from $2,000 to $3,000 for 2002 to 2004; $4,000 for 2005 to 2007; and $5,000 beginning in 2008. Contributions for many taxpayers covered by an employer plan are still nondeductible.
- Both the 401(k)/403(b) and IRA contribution limits will be further increased for taxpayers who are age 50 or above.
- Beginning in 2002, rollovers between 403(b) and 401(k) plans, and rollovers of after-tax contributions will be allowed. Certain other distribution rules are also relaxed.

Estate, Gift, and Generation-Skipping Transfer Tax Provisions
The estate and gift tax rates and unified credit exemption amounts are modified as follows. Estate tax exemptions increase incrementally from $1 million in 2002 to $3.5 million in 2009, and are repealed in 2010. The highest estate and gift tax rates decline incrementally from 50 percent in 2001 to 45 percent in 2009, and revert to the top individual rate in 2010 for gift taxes.

For information on planned giving to Boston University, please write or call:
Boston University
Office of Gift and Estate Planning
599 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, MA 02215
Telephone numbers: 617/353-2254; 800/645-2347
E-mail: gep@bu.edu
On the Web: www.bu.edu/gep
IN MEMORIAM

HERBERT L. ORIENT (SMG'49), Mashpee, Mass.

MARCIA GORETSKY ROSENWALD (SAR'49), Wayland, Mass.

CHARLES H. TOWER (LAW'49), New York, N.Y.

GERALDINE WHITE WILLIAMSON (BAL'49), Concord, Mass.

MILFRED K. HATHAWAY (GRS'50), Milford, Conn.

EDWARD C. HELLAND (SED'50, DGE'48), Monroe, Conn.

HILDA S. SOWRY (SON'50, SED'53), Halifax, Mass.

JAMES D. WHITTEMORE (SMG'50), Tampa, Fla.

HARRY A. DE WIRE (GRS'51, STH'51), Dayton, Ohio

PHILIP N. HADLEY (SED'51, DGE'49), Danbury, Conn.

EDWARD S. KNUDSON (CAS'51), Gloucester, Mass.

WILLIAM J. LYNCH (LAW'51), Westfield, Mass.

RONALD PERRON (COM'51, DGE'49), Lowell, Mass.

GEORGE VOUNATOS (CAS'51, SSW'53), Dover, Mass.

NORMAN M. COTTER (SMG'52), Falmouth, Mass.

JAMES T. LYONS (SED'52), Lewiston, Maine

RICHARD L. MIYAMOTO (LAW'52), Hilo, Hawaii

AUDREY JEWELL MOODY (CAS'52), Portland, Ore.

JOHN E. PODOLAK (CAS'52), Bristol, Conn.

BURTON W. CARY (SED'53), Falmouth, Mass.

CARL G. FRESE (MED'53), Franeestown, N.H.

THOMAS W. HAMMOND (SED'53), Fall River, Mass.

RUTH PORTEUS PRAEGER (CAS'53, SED'57), Malden, Mass.

HARLEY C. WILLER (COM'53, CGS'51), Miami, Fla.

PAUL B. CARY (SMG'54), South Harwich, Mass.

DOROTHY B. FITZ (SAR'54), Brewster, Mass.

GEORGE LEVINE (SAR'54, CGS'54), Worcester, Mass.

PATRICK F. McCORDON (LAW'54), Duxbury, Mass.

JOAN M. PATTOON SCHLAICH (SAR'54), Cypress, Calif.

ANGELO D. SPIRITO (LAW'54, DGE'50), Hingham, Mass.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN (CGS'53), Hillsboro, N.H.

BRYAN F. ARCHIBALD (STH'53), Alhambra, Calif.

EDWARD J. MAHAN (CAS'55, LAW'57), Framingham, Mass.

FRANK A. MERENDA (FSA'55, GRS'58), Westwood, Mass.

EARLE F. ALLEN (CAS'56, DGE'50), Kittery Point, Maine

JOSEPH K. KELLEY (LAW'56, DGE'50), Milton, Mass.

JOHN POWELL SHAW (GRS'56), Concord, N.H.

MICHAEL S. SILVERMAN (CAS'56), Hollywood, Fla.

LEONARD G. DEMPESE (SED'57)

RALPH A. GODDARD (MED'57), Woodland Hills, Calif.

KATHARINE A. BONNEY (GRS'58), Bridgeport, Conn.

WALTER R. MULHALL (COM'58), Harwich, Mass.

KATHLEEN DAVENPORT BOWLES (SED'59), Canton, Mass.

JANET SCHEETER SUESS (FSA'59), West Hartford, Conn.

DONNA J. DISHMAKER BOYLE (SAR'60), Cranston, R.I.

JOHN K. CHADWICK (GRS'60), PeeWee Valley, Ky.

MURIEL T. FAHEY (SED'60), Milton, Mass.

THOMAS M. REID (LAW'60), Denver, Colo.

MARY KATE SEDDA (SSW'60), South Yarmouth, Mass.

GEORGE F. AHNERE (SED'60), Burlington, Vt.

RICHARD H. HOOKE (FSA'62), Amherst, Mass.

ANN E. HOOVER ELLIS (SSW'62), Auburndale, Mass.

SELMY A. FENIGER (SED'63), Buena Park, Calif.

WESLEY W. NICHOLS (STH'63, '66), Wiscasset, Maine.

THOMAS L. RIVARD (SED'63), South Chatham, Mass.

JUDITH E. DENSLEY ROBERTS (SAR'63), North Syracuse, N.Y.

SHIRLEY M. GOODWIN (CAS'64), Warwich, R.I.

THOMAS M. GALLIGAN (SED'64), North Eastham, Mass.

CHARLOTTE P. STRONG (GRS'66), Hagerstown, Md.

JAY H. BROWN (MED'67), Saint Paul, Minn.

WILLIAM E. WEBB (CGS'57), Stuart, Fla.

CARL F. KNOWLTON (SED'68), Ashland, N.H.

CARL L. TONES (SED'69, DGE'49), York Beach, Maine

PHILIP BUCKLEY HOWE (COM'70), Dunkirk, N.Y.

JOSEPH P. CALDERAZZO (SDM'71), Hardy, Va.

ANDREW L. CAPDEVILLE (SSW'72), Denver, Colo.

JOSEPH R. Sweeney (GSM'72), Beverly, Mass.

RALPH U. ESPOSITO (GRS'74, '78), Baltimore, Md.

MARC J. LIPSKY (SSW'74), Merrick, N.Y.

BEVERLY SCHILMEE CARWELL-SOMER (SAR'75), Burlingame, Calif.

KENNETH L. WILMOT (FSA'75), Hartsdale, S.C.

BRIAN A. COOMBS (CAS'78), Quincy, Mass.

JOHN P. MARTIN (SED'78), Lawrence, Mass.

JANICE K. SEGDA (COM'78), Virginia Beach, Va.

RICHARD J. CHAPIN (MET'79), Franklin Square, N.Y.

AMY J. ZSOSZ (COM'80), Clearwater, Fla.

JEFFREY S. SAGGER (CAS'81, MED'81), Clearwater, Fla.

PAMELA MACINTOSH CAELL (MET'82), Gaithersburg, Md.

PAMELA A. GRAY (LAW'84), Arlington, Mass.

MAURICE SAMUEL MAYES (GSM'85), Silver Spring, Md.

ANDREW M. SPUNT (MET'86, CGS'84), Nashua, N.H.

ELLEN SEDDA (SSW'89), Florence, Mass.

JILLIAN MAY BERTONAZZI (CAS'90), Northborough, Mass.

Faculty Obituaries

SIDNEY JAMES BLACK (GRS'59), professor emeritus of humanities at the College of General Studies, '77, on September 30. He earned a bachelor's degree from Harvard University in 1946, pursued graduate studies at the University of Chicago, and received his doctorate in English literature from BU.

Black began teaching humanities, including English literature, philosophy, drama, and film, at the College of General Studies in 1950. He taught generations of students and became chairman of the humanities department before his retirement in 1986.

"He had a very wry sense of humor," former CGS Professor Donald Dunbar (CAS'54, STH'58, GRS'64) recalls. "He pretended to be a cynic, but he wasn't. He was soft-hearted and very charming, a great guy. By the time I got there he was close to retirement. He was not a young fellow, but he still had a lot of twinkle in his eyes."
DONALD D. DURRELL (Hon. ’69), School of Education professor and dean emeritus, 97, on September 2. Durrell was a professor of elementary education at Boston University for more than thirty years, retiring in 1969.

He received a bachelor’s degree from the University of Iowa in 1926, and earned master’s and doctoral degrees at Harvard in 1927 and 1930. He was a high school teacher in Iowa from 1922 to 1923, and was director of extracurricular activities at the University of Iowa High School from 1923 to 1925.

In 1930, he came to Boston University as an assistant professor and was a full professor by 1935. In 1942, Durrell was appointed dean of SED, a position he held for the next decade.

Durrell’s specialty was reading and language arts in elementary education. At a time when reading was almost always taught by language arts in elementary education. At a time

Helen Sullivan, a specialist in learning disabilities, headed a SED clinic that diagnosed children’s learning disabilities and designed individualized teaching plans. They also devised the 1945 Durrell-Sullivan Reading Tests, which along with his many articles and books (including Improving Reading Instruction, Speech-to-Print Phonics, and Listening-Reading Tests) were highly influential. "SED was extraordinarily well known in New England when Don came," recalls Dean Emeritus George Makehnie (SED ’59, ’71, Hon. ’79), then a member of the SED administration. "He put it on the map all over the country. Thousands of children learned to read because of his work."

From 1961 to 1964, Durrell was a member of the Research Advisory Council of the U.S. Office of Education, through which he directed a national first grade reading study. He was vice president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and was awarded a Citation of Merit by the International Reading Association in 1970.

GRAEME MCDONALD, former assistant director of otolaryngology at the School of Medicine, on August 3. McDonald graduated from the University of Toronto and completed his medical internship and residency in Toronto. He practiced facial and reconstructive surgery and was also a head and neck surgeon in Boston. In addition to his administrative duties at MED, he taught otolaryngology courses.

HENRY M. MORGAN, professor and dean emeritus of the School of Management, 76, on November 2 in Lincoln, Massachusetts.

Morgan received a bachelor’s, a master’s, and a doctorate from MIT and served in the Army during the final months of World War II.

He worked for a number of companies prior to coming to Boston University, including Polaroid, where he was director of human relations and helped establish one of the first diversity-training programs in corporate America.

From 1974 to 1979, Morgan was a lecturer and then an SMG associate professor of management policy. In 1979 he was appointed dean of the School of Management, where he worked closely with the administration to increase the size of the faculty. He founded the University’s Entrepreneurial Management Institute in 1984. "It was a dream of his to establish this institute because he had always been much more interested in small business," says his wife, Gwen.

While at Polaroid, Morgan met Fred Foulkes, an SMG professor of organizational behavior and director of the Human Resources Policy Institute, then a doctoral student at Harvard Business School. Morgan and Foulkes taught together at Harvard and BU. "Henry was a warm, caring, sensitive, ethical individual with wide interests and great energy, and he had an enormous impact on countless individuals and organizations," Foulkes says. "There was no one more supportive of the work of the Human Resources Policy Institute than he was. I was thrilled when after retiring as dean he accepted an appointment as fellow of the institute and attended meetings regularly."

After retiring as dean in 1986, Morgan became a partner in Innovative Capital Partners, which invested in such start-ups as Cambridge Carworks, Cook’s Garden, and Cambridge SoundWorks. He also served on the board of directors of seven companies.

"Henry Morgan not only attracted many of our current senior faculty members, but he generously provided the initial funding for the School’s Entrepreneurial Management Institute and remained involved with its work right up to the last weeks of his life," says Louis Lataif, dean of SMG. "He was an extraordinary gentleman of impeccable integrity who inspired untold numbers of School of Management students over two decades. Henry was a treasured colleague whose counsel and wisdom I will sorely miss."

MARK MOSKOWITZ, School of Medicine professor of medicine and vice chairman for health-care policy, School of Public Health professor of health services, and chief of general internal medicine at Boston Medical Center, 50, on September 1.

He came to BU in 1981 as an assistant professor of medicine at the School of Medicine and by 1993 was a full professor. In 1997 he became the vice chairman for health-care policy at MED. In addition to his faculty positions, he was a visiting physician at the Boston Medical Center until 1997, when he was named chief of internal medicine there. He was a fellow in the American College of Physicians and the American College of Rheumatology.

Moskowitz’s research projects included the quality of care in diabetes mellitus and the management of hypertension in patients at VA facilities. He chaired the VA Health Services Research Study Section and the Center for Clinical Quality Evaluation. He was president of the medical-dental staff at the Boston Medical Center. He published over 100 books and articles, including “Evaluating Diagnosis-Based Case Measures: How Well Do They Apply to the VA Population?” published in 2001, and his 1984 book, The Complete Book of Medical Tests.

RICK WINTER, former assistant professor of voice and speech at the School for the Arts, in August.

Winter studied voice production teaching techniques with Robert Chapline. He taught at several colleges and universities in the 1970s, including Alverno College in Milwaukee, the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee, and Temple University in Philadelphia. In the early 1980s, he worked in a private studio in Los Angeles and was a personal assistant to Robert Foxworth on the Falcon Crest television series, an instructor at New York University, and a voice and speech consultant and coach for various Boston, New York, and touring theater companies and productions.

Winter was a BU voice and acting coach from 1985 to 1990. He continued to train with Chapline in voice and speech, and worked with him as an associate director. While at SFA, he wrote, “I feel that each time I coach voice, speech, and diction, I am publishing my work. I have been in, of, and around the professional theater for thirty years. Each day I bring those experiences to the classroom and the production coaching. . . . I feel I am in the profession, not merely at a university.”
The Cultural Castaway as Triumphal Survivor

BY TODD HEARON

Derek Walcott: A Caribbean Life, by Bruce King (Oxford University Press, 2000, 714 pages, $39.95)

Most biographers expect from their subjects a certain taciturnity, a cat's-tongue coolness, by virtue of their being, by and large, dead. In the case of Bruce King's new biography of Derek Walcott, Derek Walcott: A Caribbean Life, the subject remains very much alive, to the point that King, in pulling factual teeth, actually feared for his life. Walcott (claims King), in a characteristic gesture, gave the scribbler permission, then shut the door, reluctant, King explains, to have his life nailed down in full-swing. Apparently, reluctant puts it mildly. Towards book's end, King maintains, "There were times when I felt he would have killed me if that would have stopped my research."

It is therefore an accomplishment of some note that this biography, the first on Walcott — poet, playwright, painter, professor of creative writing at Boston University, and Nobel laureate — even exists. Published to correspond with Walcott's seventieth year, the book stands as a tribute — small repayment, says King, for a lifetime's enjoyment of Walcott's work. After 700 pages of crowded ten-point type, one hesitates to ask what large, even medium, repayment would be. Still, King tells us that the project might have been twice as long ("I do not include laundry lists, especially lists of stained laundry"). Chapter after chapter stand like giant bulletin boards, each cluttered with mementoes, clippings, photos — there are 1954's cracked and yellowed immortelles; here are 1960's fortune-cookie fortunes — arranged chronologically. "I thought of organizing his life by topics," King states, "a chapter here on poetry, a chapter there on painting, another chapter on New York, still another about Walcott and Alan Ross, or Joseph Brodsky, or Paul Simon. The next biography can have the privilege of such simplicity, selectivity, and clarity, but it will be misleading." Misleading, perhaps, but with those gains? Simplicity? Selectivity? Clarity? Too often King's work feels clotted, distended with — well — life, as a biography should be, but with too much life. Perhaps there's a price to pay for being the first biography on the block.

The book reads like a nineteenth-century bildungsroman set against the tattered sail of twentieth-century post-colonialism. King splits his subject's life primitively: we have on the one hand a journey-narrative that moves from genteel poverty in Depression-era St. Lucia (Walcott's West Indian birthplace) to world-class fame and success, signaled in Stockholm's 1992 award of the Nobel Prize for Literature; simultaneously, we have the story of "cultural decolonization, the growth of New National literatures, the role..."
of the United States in the creation of an international cultural market, even the changing basis of American and British literature." This latter focus is not surprising: King is a cultural and literary theorist, a specialist in the so-called new literatures that have arisen in the wake of British imperialism; he is also the author of a critical study of Walcott's plays and a history of his Trinidad Theatre Workshop, Derek Walcott and West Indian Drama (Oxford, 1993). Fortunately, King here keeps our attention on the man, charting the development of his artist's sensibility; early influences of whom his mother was key — she required the young Walcott to copy out and imitate a poem each night before going to bed; his struggle to balance a dual gift, writing and painting; his search to establish his relationship to English, the language and its literary tradition. Born in 1930 into the largely French Creole-speaking culture of St. Lucia, there was little sense for Walcott of being a "young English poet" ascending into a tradition that stood waiting to receive him. Part of the pleasure of reading King's book is its sense of a literary life forged against great odds, in relative isolation.

Robinson Crusoe is a recurrent figure, for biographer as for artist (Walcott's 1965 volume is titled The Castaway and Other Poems). For King, Walcott is the "castaway who survived by creating a Caribbean culture for himself in a British colony from imported and local materials, who brought this culture of the Caribbean to the United States and Europe, who had to earn a living by making use of a talent which his religious training taught him it was death to hide." (Walcott's family was Protestant, both his parents teachers in the island's Methodist school.) This Herculean task says as much about Walcott's fortitude as it does about the making of a literary life in the modern world — his task being more Herculean (if that is possible) in his living far from the publishing meccas of London and New York. In both versions of the tale, King's and Walcott's, Crusoe turns Odysseus, the world-wanderer who takes his island memories with him as he wends, a hermit crab carrying his shell upon his back. Those memories are transformed into plays and poems — Omeros, for example, Walcott's marvelous book-length poem with its explicit comparison of his Caribbean isles and Homer's archipelago. A strong strain of nostos alges (return-pain) permeates his work, even as he has returned year after year, the shipwrecked poet-Adam, to his island-paradise, musing on the history-cleansing sea, and beyond — to other gardens.

One of which, for Walcott, lies in Boston. He arrived as a visiting professor at Boston University in 1981, on a three-year appointment. Twenty years later, he's still here, teaching classes in poetry and playwriting. He founded the Boston Playwrights' Theatre, a home where fledgling playwrights can develop their work, now also in its twenty-first year at Boston University; he is still artistic director. Boston Brahmin Robert Lowell figures among the founders; its wealth of anecdotes and student testimonies to their instructor's rigorous technique.

In such instances, the bio springs to life. In others, the book feels its weight. There are infelicities of style, a surplusage of detail, the occasional editorial nod. There's repetition (we're told twice in fourteen pages that Walcott starts dropping capital letters at the beginning of his lines in imitation of Lowell); there are convolutions of syntax ("As many feel that the Chronicles of Higher Education is an instrument of political correction, it is perhaps not surprising that the article's presentation was unevenly balanced."). Elsewhere the imbalances are those of taste. King relishes a pun. As does his subject (as does this reviewer), but . . . . On Walcott's anxiety about his part-white ness. "The heir of Marlowe and Milton should have their hair"; on the 1996 student charge of sexual harassment: "Just as he was entering the canon the cannons had been trained on him." This is laying it on thick. King's use of the personal pronoun throughout makes his presence intrusive, an unnecessary reminder that he's sneaking behind the scenes.

One flaw is more general, and again, I think, a result of this biography's being the first. It is analogous to a quality King finds in Walcott's paintings. There, he writes, Walcott gives emphasis to all parts of a scene so that "the size of the land or object does not matter. . . . Everything is both naturalistic and made of equal significance." As on the canvas, so on King's page: the paragraphs lie equipollent as brushstrokes in Cézanne; as in a Cubist painting, the details drift to the surface, a play of equal planes. Where all is equal, nothing stands out. King's lack of discrimination — "selectivity" — often confounds our eye, leaving us hungry even in abundance, a parched Crusoe staring at the sea.
Man of Letters

BY ERIC McHENRY

The Printer's Error, by Aaron Fogel (Miami University Press, 2001, 95 pages, $11.95)

FEAR ON A LOG. A Fargo noel. The vowel and consonant variety in Aaron Fogel's name makes it an excellent candidate for anagrams. A frog on ale. Go far alone. When I alerted Fogel to the fact that his name could be scrambled to spell both "Reagan fool" and "Fan o' Al Gore," he told me that poet David Shapiro had already sent him a poem composed entirely of such permutations — "Orange Loaf."

To know Aaron Fogel, apparently, is to make anagrams of "Aaron Fogel." In conversation, in his lectures and in-class discussions, and in The Printer's Error, his first collection of poetry in twenty-five years and the winner of BU's 2001 Kahn Award, the CAS associate professor of English is full of mischief, and there's something infectious about his word-fiddling. Palindromes and spoonerisms turn up in the book, along with customized devices like double-alliteration and words that contain all five vowels. As Shapiro puts it in a cover blurb, "He is alive to the subtlest discrimination in the science of poetry and its architecture"; in poetry, the subtlest discriminations are made at letter-level.

Fogel's word-deranging and rearranging are only symptoms, though, of a larger fascination with the surfaces of things, with pattern and periodicity in everyday life:

out at the autonomously tiered yellow brick buildings in irregular rectangles and squares that make an inflected rhythm nobody describes though everyone lives inside it.

Nobody until Fogel, that is. Here we see sensitivity to the architecture of poetry finding its full expression — sensitivity to the poetry of architecture.

The patterns that most obsess Fogel, however, are social and political. Although The Printer's Error collects poems written over a quarter-century, almost all of them share a handful of concerns: the distinction between demography and strictly enumerative censuses, between "population" (which tends to appear in quotation marks) and class (which doesn't), and between actions and activities. These may seem strange preoccupations for a book of poetry (mercifully, they are — who would prefer another book full of poetry's usual preoccupations?), but the implicit question is a very democratic one. Where does agency end and coercion begin? "The only theme: the adult is to the child as the child is to the adult." Fogel declares, apropos of everything, in the poem "Carsick Children." The Printer's Error is a book about liberty and justice.

Seen in this light, Fogel's word fun looks pretty serious. If subtle discrimination begins in the letters, that's where both the poet and the enemy of injustice ought to be operating. I can find only one tiny anagrammatical pairing in the book, but it's a point on which the entire collection pivots. See if you can spot it in the poem "Shore Counter":

Friendly, with no intimations of islands,
The merchant set up shop on shore.
He had no jovial manner and made no eye

Contact with customers but gazed—
They might be birds or nations—
at white Forms out there in the offing, People preferred

Buying from him to pretending to be hearty
And earthy — what you have to do with some shopkeepers.

He was the lower-middle class
transfinite
Handing you something to eat and taking the cash

With indifference like the unpainted eyes
Of the oldest classical sculptures of their own erosion,

The self (imagine this) no longer tainted,
The blue long gone because of weather.

Fogel hates the way the lower-middle class is often caricatured: as jovial but tough-talking anti-intellectuals — "hearty / And earthy." Those two words strengthen the stereotype by resembling and therefore connoting each other, which encourages readers to conflate their meanings. The stereotype, in turn, creates an invidious expectation — "what you have to do with some shopkeepers" — that's at odds with the authentic. Fogel fights this unfairness by calling our attention to the anagram, by giving us an alternative to the stereotype, and by reminding us that it's a counterfactual alternative: "(imagine this)." The voice in the poem is casual, chatty. But look at the deliberateness with which Fogel is actually proceeding: the line ending "no eye" returning in "the unpainted eyes," "unpainted" echoing in "no longer tainted." And his final figure is stunning both as an image and as an idea: the authentic self is released from the burden of representation, like weather-
In an episode of the animated sitcom *King of the Hill* — to draw an improbable comparison — Bobby, the adolescent son, is misdiagnosed with attention deficit disorder. He begins taking Ritalin and becomes preternaturally attentive. At one point, his cousin finds him sitting cross-legged on the floor, holding a little black disk up to the light: “There are thirty-seven ridges,” he tells her, “on every single checker in this set . . . except this one.” Later, with a faraway look in his eyes, he tells his mother that “there’s some milk in the refrigerator that’s about to go bad . . . And there it goes.”

Reading Fogel is a little like being around Bobby. I frequently feel, even after several passes at some of the poems, as though I’m in the presence of a hyper-perception that borders on clairvoyance.

But his poetry is even more remarkable for what it feels than for what it knows. The presiding intelligence in *The Printer’s Error* is a moral intelligence. Attention, beginning with a microscopic scrutiny of language, Fogel seems to insist, is the only means by which we will achieve accountability for our lives:

The silent o at the center of people, which is the whole meaning Of modern English, as it proceeds towards the twenty-first Century, is the tambourine that no one knows how to play.

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**A Cast of Types**

**Viennese Types** [Wiener Typen]: Photographs c. 1910 by Dr. Emil Mayer, by Edward Rosser (Blind River Editions, 2001, 76 pages, $40)

*The photographs of* Emil Mayer are a double discovery for admirers of visual art. There are first the images themselves, a series of some fifty pictures of various types taken in the streets of Vienna during the first decade of the last century: policemen, beggars, café patrons, market women, garbagemen, tram conductors — quite ordinary individuals caught unaware by Mayer’s handheld camera and artist’s eye. Mayer’s sense of timing and composition gives us a small body of work that predates the photographs of Cartier-Bresson and Kertész. The prints he made from his negatives are bromoils, a now-forgotten technique that gives the impression of a lithograph or aquatint, softening the photographic image and enhancing, at least for us, the feeling that these scenes come from an unreachable past. This was a Vienna that hadn’t quite accepted the twentieth century.

Then there is Mayer himself: enthusiastic lawyer by trade, passionate photographer by avocation. His photos of the Wurstelprater amusement park illustrated a book by the Austrian author Felix Salten in 1911, but Mayer’s original intention for *Viennese Types* is unclear. The bromoils made up a portfolio rather than a bound book, and only two sets are known to exist. Mayer and his work were swallowed alive by the Holocaust; both Jews, he and his wife committed suicide after the Anschluss in 1938 and his unpublished photographs are presumed to have been destroyed by the Nazis. The fine essay by Edward Rosser (*SE189, SE390*) — parts of which originally appeared in *Bostonia* in 1993 — and the carefully reproduced photographs make *Viennese Types*, already an award-winning book, a treasure. — MBS
MELISSA BANTA  
(COM’82). A Curious & Ingenious Art: Reflections on Daguerreotypes at Harvard. University of Iowa Press. In 1839, when photography was still primitive, Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre introduced a direct-positive process that produced images rivaling the beauty and detail of the miniature portrait painting then in vogue. After some background discussion, Banta offers essays inspired by items in Harvard’s collection that say at least as much about the nineteenth century as about the art of these photographic records. Most chapters are mini-biographies of familiar figures: P. T. Barnum protegés Jenny Lind and Tom Thumb, both made more famous by the rage for owning photographs of public figures; social reformer Dorothea Dix, serious and self-effacing in her plain gown and severe hairdo. Daguerreotypes also documented scientific activities — the first surgeries under anesthesia, for instance — and recorded data. Most striking of the chapters is that devoted to prominent naturalist Louis Agassiz, who commissioned photographs of slaves to support his belief in polygeny, the theory that the races are unrelated and of differing potential. Preserved in the lovely little gilded and velvet hinged frames characteristic of fine portraits, the inhumanity of these photos of naked men and women is the more poignant.

JAN BROGAN  
(COM’79). Final Copy. Larcom Press. Boston newspaper reporter Addy McNeil, recently demoted to the financial pages, has a plum assignment to a murder case, not so much because of earlier successes but that she once dated the primary suspect. To get her story she turns detective, following leads increasingly far-reaching and close to her own life.

GEORGE FREEDMAN  
(CAS’57) Eldernapped. Hillard House. The setting is a Senior Seminar (aka Elder Hostel) in Padua, and the tourists are familiar somehow, among them a retired academic librarian who now occupies herself with gardening and career-related good works, a couple in matching outfits and haircuts who all but speak in unison, and garrulous, joking Harry Levine and his patient wife, Naomi (could they have been modeled on my Uncle David and Aunt Jess?), the sharp-eyed, good-humored commentators and detectives. Players traditional to mystery stories — the grasping villain and his hapless brother, two bumbling detectives, and the delightfully savvy would-be victim — give commedia-like satisfaction in a mixture of expected and surprising conniving, captures, escapes, chases, and pratfalls, along with some engaging senior romance. The author’s biography calls this the first Harry and Naomi Levine Mystery and that prediction seems well founded.

J. R. Hatmaker with DAVID E. BADER  
(CG’60, SMG’62). The Coalwood Misfits. B. V. Westpat. Back in the fifties, when homework was little threat to a kid’s good times and after-school sports, although by then organized by grownups, were still mostly fun, a group of boys grow up together in a small coal mining town in West Virginia, camping, fighting, flirting, and getting in trouble — this village feels the collective obligation to keep setting them right — but not quite as often as they deserve. By part two of this novel-cum-memoir, it’s 1957 and the boys are becoming teenagers. The narrator has discovered the things boys discover: that girls don’t find him totally irresistible, that his big brother is really his friend, that being nicknamed “Satan” has its drawbacks. Then Sputnik flashes across their imaginations, and an elaborate project, as humorous as their earlier adventures, puts them in touch with the supernatural and national defense.

SUE MILLER  
(GRS’80). The World Below. Alfred A. Knopf. “Imagine it,” the narrator of Miller’s sixth novel begins, then describes family events from her grandmother Georgia’s childhood before beginning her own story. Catherine Hubbard’s first marriage was born in the thrill of seven-
ties political action and died when the war and the Nixon administration ended, and the couple’s own fervent protest and partying gave way to the chaos of raising three small children. Her second marriage, nourished through the conservative eighties by the happy clamor of three teenagers, ended when they left home, taking with them, her husband discovered, the excitement he’d loved her for.

Now alone, Cath goes from San Francisco to her grandmother’s Vermont home, which she and her brother have just inherited, her haven in bad times since she was eleven. There she remembers a storm that blew in suddenly on that first extended stay. Alone in her attic bedroom she watched as her grandparents took laundry from the line in that wild wind and folded the billowing sheets, “their quick mirroring dance, the arms lifting at the same time as they approached each other, lowering as they stepped back, the magic of the wild white cloth growing smaller and smaller between them on the dark grass — and what it looked like to me from my lonely perch above them was the purest form of love.” Life and love were surely similar then.

Miller is proven master of the economical portrayal of contemporary women. We quickly know Cath in part because her milieu, national and domestic, are familiar; we know the complexity of being wife and woman in those changing times. As she decides what she’ll do next, familiarity breeds our empathy and interest. Meanwhile she is learning about her grandmother by reading her journals, and — as she began by bidding us — imagining.

Life has never been simple. The worlds summoned up from two generations ago, in the apparent calm of a TB sanitarium and small-town New England, are as complex as any we know. Georgia’s marriage survived storms, and her quiet independence, more striking than her granddaughter’s, being harder won, is dramatic and moving. When Cath returns to California for the early and difficult beginning of her own granddaughter, Miller needn’t tell us that she too will need courage to flourish in her own complex times.

Bill O’Reilly
(COM'75), The No-Spin Zone: Confrontations with the Powerful and Famous in America. Broadway Books. Liberals find O’Reilly inequitably, maddeningly conservative. He is proud of that, and equally proud that conservatives are maddened by his unrelenting liberalism. What his Fox News show, The O’Reilly Factor, really supports is truth over lies, he says; it’s “a nightmare place for charlatans and deceivers,” who are running the country, abetted by the press, which mostly has “readily accepted all [their] garbage without analysis or reflection.”

O’Reilly accepts nothing, as these “confrontations” with sixteen “opponents” from his show demonstrate, mirroring his passionate, overpowering, witty interview style, softened, or depending on the reader, intensified by disingenuous, self-denigrating humor. He loves quoting John McCain, who once said he had recently visited Vietnam partly “to prepare myself for being back on The O’Reilly Factor because Bill O’Reilly uses some of their old interrogation techniques.”

In print, O’Reilly is even more outrageous (“But hey, it’s my book”), giving much less space to the quoted interview, in which the interviewee at least gets a few words in, than to his detailed introduction and conclusion. Equal-opportunity badgerer he may be, and unaffected by topics traditionally taboo in polite conversation.

“When I heard you say that Jesus was your philosopher model, I had no problem with it,” he says cordially to presidential candidate George W. Bush, and moves right on to the death penalty: “. . . So, you might disagree with Jesus on this one?” He himself is opposed to the death penalty. Still, this is hardly a point for the liberals: he’d have the United States replace it with an Alaskan gulag.

Declining his invitation to appear is no escape; O’Reilly has telling fun with Jesse Jackson and even more with Hillary Clinton, fantasizing a show in which she appears in a peach-colored pantsuit, her hair perfect, backed by the Secret Service. His aggressive questions are each followed by silence until, finally, an interviewee gets the last word: “You can shoot him now, boys.”

Austin Tichenor
(SEA'86) and Reed Martin. The Greatest Story Ever Sold: A Considered and Whimsical Illumination of the Really Good Parts of Holy Writ. Westminster John Knox Press. The authors have also collaborated on The Complete History of America (Abridged) and other scripts for the terribly British, terribly successful Reduced Shakespeare Company. Martin writes that he undertook this romp through the Bible partially
because “the advance was tempting — well into the three figures . . . Ultimately though, I decided I had to write this book for the benefit of Austin. I love him like the gerbil I never had.” You get the idea.

Mark Wagner (GRS’94). A Cabin in a Field. Mellen Poetry Press. Most of these poems were written in a derelict cabin on a previously abandoned small farm in Massachusetts, and many of them speak of the peace of such a setting. Happiness is “Moonlight and sweet wine/The child sleeps in his bed/ Squash is boiling.”

Cedrik Yamanaka (GRS’87). In Good Company. University of Hawai’i Press.

Got da drive-in blues,
Got da drive-in bah-lewvss,
Gonna get myself a pretty lady
And call it quits when I die.
I said I’m gonna get myself a pretty wahine
And call it quits when I dai-yai-yai-yaiii.

It’s the middle of the night, and three friends are in a foul-smelling park bathroom, singing. One is wearing a fresh bandage: earlier that evening, as the narrator looked on, he got slashed preventing the third friend from cutting their boss’s throat with a broken beer bottle. All three were promptly fired. They’ve been drinking beer and listlessly reading last week’s help wanted ads by flashlight, dreaming dreams they know are impossible about starting their own business or forming a hit band. Still, “our voices bounded around the thick walls of the bathroom and the acoustics were excellent . . . Hell, we sounded like the Temptations or the Mahaka Sons or somebody.”

The Hawai’ian boys and young men in this first collection of short stories are accustomed to bad smells, dull jobs, poverty, harsh fathers, and misfortunes caused by curses and evil houses. Pretty girls they fantasize about are clearly beyond their reach; people they love go away or die. These are nevertheless happy stories. Yamanaka introduces a marvelous world in which a professional wrestler (“the Coffinmaker”) loses a match in a bar to his six-foot high school crush (in high school, “the Bull of Kalihi”) and they go off happily together, a pool hustler befriends a reclusive mobster, and a schoolteacher spends a leisurely day with a glamorous tennis star. The dreams of athletic prowess, rock stardom, and an undefined future with some good-looking woman they hardly know are the dreams of youth everywhere. These young men know their fathers really love them, and their jobs are not so much dead-end as typical of what the young do. And — a recurring theme — they have the pleasures of good company.

Also Noted

Karen Kizner Adler (CGS’74) and Rozlyn Forman Kleiman. Cancer Caregivers: A Resource Guide. Upstream Press. From personal experience, two friends give, as the book cover says, “hundreds of essential tips” on issues foreseeable and otherwise.


versity of Edinburgh, uses a rebel privateer's journals as the basis for his study of imprisonment, and more generally, the lives of seamen.

Eugene A. DeFelice (MED'56). Web Health Information Resource Guide. iUniverse.com. Most people “live their lives backward,” this M.D. says, looking for cures for health problems they could have prevented. His online book is a guide to Web health and healthcare information that can be used to understand, evaluate, and compare in-person advice as well as treatment.

Louise Hart (CAS'64). The Illustrated Book of Trees II. Edition.net. Hart illustrates her poems concerning “the meaning and wisdom offered to us by trees” with her own photographs, taken “without special lenses to show the reader that the answers to life’s questions are within oneself and one’s purview.”

Richard A. Hughes (STH'66, GRS'70). Cain’s Lament: A Christian Moral Psychology. Peter Lang. Cain prefigures not biblical events only, but also human behavior, having committed the first murder, caused the first death, and then uttered what could be called the first prayer (although Cain and his parents before him talked with God), lamenting punishment greater than he can bear. Sibling rivalry is even dubbed “the Cain complex.” On the basis of the Cain and Abel story, Hughes discusses moral psychology, domestic ethics, theology, even inherited disease.


For Children


Holly Hobbie (SFA'67). Toot & Puddle — I’ll Be Home for Christmas. Little Brown. Those adorable porcine roommates Toot and Puddle are separated once again, in the latest in Hobbie’s series of children’s books. World traveler Toot is in Edinburgh visiting his Great-Great-Aunt Peg, who gives him her lucky nut. But Christmas is just around the corner, and while Puddle readsies the homestead in Woodcock Pocket for the holiday, Toot struggles to get home, with an assist from a jolly fellow in an airborne sleigh. Hobbie’s story and lovely watercolors will surely resound with the three-to-six year-old crowd, not to mention their elders. — TM


Rachel Nickerson Luna (SFA'73). Murder Aboard the California Girl: An Eel Grass Girl’s Mystery. Emma Howard Books. Luna is also author and illustrator of Darinka’s Nutcracker Ballet, the second in a series of picture books about a little girl deer, from the same publisher.

Glenn W. Martin (STH'54). Christmas Stories for Children of All Ages. Writers Club Press. “We celebrate two Christmases in our culture, a secular one and a sacred one,” says Martin, a retired Methodist minister, who thinks that’s just fine. Last year he published Christmas Stories My Grandpa Wrote for Me, all with religious themes. This year’s collection, more than twice as long, is about Santa Claus, elves, children, surprises, and similar components of that other Christmas. Any serious message, he says, is strictly incidental.

Laura Vaughan (CAS'87, '89). Andy Ant. Terrapin Publishing. Vaughan is both author and illustrator of this picture book.
ALUMNI RECORDINGS

BY TAYLOR MCNEIL

FELICIA BRADY (SFA’90). Magazine Street. Brady may have a graduate degree in piano from SFA, but she reaches back to her Western roots for this collection of country-inflected folk music, playing acoustic guitar and singing with wonderful feeling. Sure, there’s love and missing love here, but Brady’s world is larger than that, and more complex. And all her training in classical music paid off: there’s a sophisticated musicality at work here, making for an impressive debut.

BOB FRANK (COM’73). Blue Lunch. Not Live at the Copa. Catch This Records. Blue Lunch comes out swinging with its big-band blues sound, on most tracks with Frank on lead vocals and guitar. It’s a romping good time, horns blazing away.

MARC GARTMAN (CGS’96, COM’98). blockgartman. Each New Nostalgic Moment. Pushpinmusic. This quiet, reflective music led by guitarists Gartman and Casey Block spins gently along, violin, cello, and guitars playing off one another, complemented by Fiona Marr’s haunting vocals.

NORMAN GEORGE (COM’72). Edgar Allan Poe’s Greatest Hits. Logofon. George has been called “the definitive Poe actor,” for many years playing the father of the horror story on stage. On this two-CD set, he reads Poe’s most famous stories and poems, including “The Raven” and “The Pit and the Pendulum.” George brings an actor’s sensibilities to the task, making these creepy stories eerily real.

ZACHARY HOLBROOK (SMG’99). Hip Shot Blueh. Hip Shot Blueh. This Cincinnati-area group plays straight-ahead pop rock, with Holbrook on vocals. It’s a good debut, mixing loud rock with quieter tracks.

MARK LEVINE (SFA’60) and the Latin Tinge. Serengeti. Left Coast Clave Records. Levine and his group take on a wide range of standards, from the likes of McCoy Tyner and Joe Henderson to Cuban and Brazilian songs and the title track, penned by Levine. (“Serengeti,” in fact, is something of a standard, having been covered by Cal Tjader, showing Levine’s reach as a composer.) It’s an inspired session, with Levine on piano and Michael Spiro on percussion leading the charge. Levine’s deft touch on the keyboards is energetic and yet light, and you don’t have to be a fan of Latin jazz to enjoy the groove.

MITCH SEIDMAN (SFA’96). How ‘Bout It? Jardis. Jazz guitarist Seidman seems to have a split musical personality — half avant-garde and half mainstream. Last year’s Congeniality showcased music at the edges of melody, but this offering has him firmly rooted in tradition, and wonderfully so. The set starts with a tune by the great Jimmy Raney, which features Seidman dueling with bassist Paul Del Nero. And there’s the imaginative improvisation on Django Reinhardt’s “Anoumen” — played here as a bossa nova, and successfully at that. Mark Shilansky on piano and Luther Gray on drums round out the players.

BOAZ SHARON (SFA’76). Claude Debussy: La Boite à joujoux. Arcobaleno. Debussy was a prolific composer, and here Sharon, head of the piano division at the University of Florida, takes on some of his lesser known works. The title composition, a ballet from 1913, is delicate but not ethereal, with each of the ballet’s main characters given a distinct motif. Also included are a solo piano version of Prélude à l’Après-midi d’un faune, transcribed by Léonard Borel, my favorite on the disc, and extracts from Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastien, listed as incidental music in some sources, but actually a score for a “mystery in five acts” of the same name by Gabriel d’Annunzio.

JEFF SONG (CAS’87). Song, Newton & Bynum. Trio Ex Nihilo. Buzz. Improvisation is all, and from nothing, as the title suggests — at least, no plans, no set music — come these nine pieces, including the ironically titled “Folk Song # 8” and “Feng Shui Nightmare.” Song plays cello, Curt Newton drums, and Taylor Ho Bynum various horns, each intersecting the other at points, and often then heading off on his own tangent.
Jessica McClintock
Continued from page 27

WORKING GIRL
On weekends, McClintock sketches at home or visits her flagship store in San Francisco. She checks in with her boutiques often, and knows many of the staff by name. From San Francisco to Boston, employees seem to love dressing women up for special occasions. “Not a day goes by when you don’t like your job,” says Brooke Landry, the assistant manager of Boston’s Newbury Street boutique. “It’s fun to deal with brides.”

This afternoon the boutique bustles not with brides but with a group of young girls, all shopping for a bat mitzvah party dress for thirteen-year-old Ariel Rosen. Ariel has returned to Jessica McClintock after visiting several other Newbury Street stores. In tow are Ariel’s enthusiastic cousins, Nadia and Sofia, and her less enthusiastic ten-year-old brother, Noah, who is here on the promise that he will be treated to Ben & Jerry’s afterward.

“We were here for an hour before,” Ariel’s father, David, reports.

“For that I deserve a quadruple scoop,” says Noah.

Ariel lines up eight floor-length gowns in her dressing room and makes a decision: a strapless iridescent orange taffeta. When she arrives at the counter, Landry pulls out an orange crystal necklace. “Orange can be hard to match,” she says, adding a hair comb and a pair of earrings. David looks hesitant as the girls squeal over the jewelry, and Landry offers, “It’s 20 percent off with the purchase of the dress.”

“Do the right thing, David!” Sofia cries.

Mike Ladd
Continued from page 30

creative pursuits bring him back to Boston frequently. He’s given concerts at the House of Blues and a reading for the Blacksmith House Poetry Series. In 1999, playwright Anna Deveare Smith was so impressed by Easy Listening for Armageddon that she arranged a summer residency for Ladd at Harvard’s Institute on the Arts and Civic Dialogue.

He’s released four additional CDs — including a live album, a collaborative concept album, and an EP — and is working on several more musical projects. From time to time he has supplemented his income by teaching classes at Long Island University. Ladd knows that with his talent, and with hip-hop’s hold on the popular imagination, he could probably cash in it he were to make cashing in a priority. But he’s not, by nature, especially image-conscious. His clothes tend to look like they’ve been slept in; record label representatives once handed him a wad of bills and told him to buy a new wardrobe. Nor is he much of a self-promoter. He yawns at the thought of writing radio-friendly hip-hop or poems for Nike ads.

“Whether I like it or not, hip-hop is a commercial art form,” he says, “and those who can do it and also talk about it are the most successful. I’m no good at talking about my work, so I just concentrate on making it, making it, making it. I guess I live on the fantasy that one day something I make will be good enough to talk for itself.”

News
Continued from page 47

Student Loan Consolidation

With interest rates on variable-rate education loans at lowest levels in three decades, Boston University’s Office of Financial Assistance is suggesting that alumni consider loan consolidation. Benefits of consolidating include a single monthly payment, a fixed interest rate, lower monthly payments, no prepayment penalties, and a choice of payment plans. Additionally, many lenders are offering a 25 percent interest rate reduction for automatic deductions from the borrower’s checking account and an additional incentive for on-time payment, which automatic deduction guarantees.

The Financial Assistance Office also cites possible disadvantages. For example, reducing monthly payments by extending the repayment period may increase the total amount repaid. Further, interest rates may continue to decline. Lenders should be consulted before any change is made.

More information about loan consolidation is available at www.sallie Mae.com/borrowers/consolidation.html or by calling 800/557-7392.

WINTER 2001-2002 BOSTONIA 83
The Day After

Memorial Vigil, Marsh Chapel and Plaza, September 12, 2001. Photograph by Kalman Zabansky
A few years ago, Lino Lazazzera donated more than 230 books about Italian art to Mugar Memorial Library, in honor of his family. He also donated a valuable set of fifty sterling silver medals depicting the works of Leonardo da Vinci and endowed a permanent book fund that enables Boston University to purchase books by Italian authors and books about Italian art, history, and language. Several years ago, Lazazzera established a charitable gift annuity for the benefit of the Italian studies program at Boston University.

Lazazzera, who passed away in October, wanted to share his love of Italian culture. "I didn’t intend to build a collection when I first started buying the books. I read them for my own pleasure," he said in presenting the gift. "But I thought that it should be put to good use. As a child, I didn’t read or hear much about Italian artists or writers. Donating the books to Boston University’s Mugar Memorial Library helps students appreciate these works in a way I wasn’t able to when I was young."

To learn more about a bequest or planned gift designed to fit your circumstances, please write or telephone:

Mary H. Tambiah  
Director, Major Gifts and Estate Planning  
Boston University  
599 Commonwealth Avenue  
Boston, MA 02215

Telephone numbers:  
617/353-2254, 800/645-2347  
e-mail: gep@bu.edu  
on the Web: www.bu.edu/gep

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