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*Boston University*
TRAVEL THE WORLD WITH

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Antarctica
January 29–February 11, 2004

Alumni College
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Amazon
February 21–29, 2004

Waterways of Holland and Belgium
April 16–24, 2004

350th Anniversary Jewish Heritage Cruise
May 12–25, 2004

Alumni College
in Ronda, Spain
May 17–25, 2004

Alumni College
in Sorrento, Italy
June 14–22, 2004

Alumni College
in the Italian Riviera
June 26–July 4, 2004

Passage of Peter the Great — Russia
July 18–30, 2004

Alumni College
in Ennis, Ireland
September 1–9, 2004

Alumni College
in Greece
October 1–10, 2004

China
Mid/Late October 2004

Germany's Legendary Holiday Markets
November 27–December 5, 2004

We welcome your inquiries about these itineraries and your suggestions for future destinations. Please contact Meg Goldberg Umlas by phone, 800-800-3466, or e-mail, alumtrav@bu.edu. Or write to: Meg Goldberg Umlas, Alumni Travel Program, Boston University, One Sherborn Street, Boston, MA 02215. You may visit www.bu.edu/alumni/travel.
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As you will see from the issue of Advancement mailed with this Bostonia, Boston University achieved its eighth consecutive record year of fundraising success, breaking the $100 million goal with a total of $103.4 million. Given the unstable economic environment and complex world events, we on campus are all very pleased by this steady support. While Advancement has more news on the development front, I wanted to be sure that all alumni were informed of this tremendous accomplishment and to say thank you for all your ongoing support.

This morning I talked with a young woman visiting from Queens University in Belfast, Northern Ireland, as part of a new exchange program designed by one of our trustees, the Right Honorable Sir Brian Mawhinney, M.P., of the House of Commons in England. Sir Brian is himself a graduate of Queens University, and received further degrees from the University of Michigan and the University of London. My visitor, Ruth McAreavey, was here to learn how Boston University goes about much of its business, from sponsored research to admissions to public relations to development and alumni relations. It was a fine exchange of information; I learned a good bit about Queens University and was reminded as I talked of how far Boston University has come in the last thirty years. Many issues that concern Queens University have been getting a tremendous amount of attention here for several decades. Our University has been maturing steadily, and it was nice to be able to share some of what we have accomplished with someone representing a university now setting its sights higher.

Our visitor also talked about how she enjoys running along the Charles River. I told her that I too am a runner, and that I go out for about five miles every morning at around six, no matter what the weather. When I lived on Bay State Road, I enjoyed running along the Charles, and listening to Ruth’s enthusiasm for the same thing brought home to me what a wonderful city Boston is and how fortunate we are that Boston University is in Boston! Our students experience both the University and the city in comprehensive ways, as did most of you. I’m writing this in late July, with most of the students gone, and a part of Boston itself seems absent; I look forward to more normal times, when the students are back.

Our returning students will see that construction of the John Hancock Student Village on Commonwealth Avenue is very far along, with the Harry Agganis Arena and the Fitness and Recreation Center still on schedule to open early in 2005. Also visible are the Hillel building rising on Bay State Road, graduate student housing on Commonwealth Avenue straight across from the School of Management, and the life science and engineering building on Cummins Street. And students will learn that construction is scheduled to begin on a School of Law building next summer.

Boston University may already have accomplished a great deal to tell visitors such as Ruth about, but imagine how much more there will be to tell in future years. The construction under way is a visible indication of growth in scope and vision, and fortunately BU can continue to develop in a city wonderfully rich, youthful, and vibrant. If you haven’t been back recently, come experience the changes going on and be sure to stop by our offices. Again, thanks for your support.

Cordially,

Christopher Reaske
Boston University’s Ninth President
Daniel S. Goldin Takes Office November 1

BY KEVIN CARLETON

Daniel S. Goldin, former administrator of NASA and a major figure in space research and development, will take office as the ninth president of Boston University on November 1.

Goldin visited the campus over Labor Day weekend as more than 29,000 students arrived for the fall semester. During the annual Parents Convocation and the new student Matriculation Ceremony, Chancellor John Silber invited Goldin to address the two groups. He also met with student leaders and administrators, both formally and informally, to begin the process of listening to members of the University community.

“I am completely open as to where to go and what to do,” Goldin said. “I want to take as much as a year to listen, starting with the deans, and then the executive officers, the trustees, the alumni, and the students. What I would like to do is to integrate what I hear with my life experience and come up with a shared vision. And I will test it, and then we’ll execute it.”

Christopher Barreca (DGE’59, LAW’83), chairman of the University’s Board of Trustees, said of Goldin, “His leadership qualities are outstanding, and his vision, imagination, and dedication are just what the University needs to take it to new heights. His knowledge of government and the private sector coupled with his lifelong devotion to education create an unsurpassed mix of experience that will serve the University well in the years ahead.”

Goldin takes over the helm of the University from John Silber, who became president in 1971 and has served as chancellor since 1996. Silber will become president emeritus when Goldin assumes office. “I am honored,” Silber remarked, “to be succeeded by a great man whose accomplishments in private and public institutions and in service to the nation position him by ability and experience to advance Boston University to unprecedented heights.”

One of some fifty candidates considered by the search committee, Goldin had been approached by several universities seeking a new president since he left NASA. “This is a University that places education and teaching above all else,” he said. “That doesn’t mean we don’t do great research, but providing a safe environment, a nurturing environment for students who are committed to excellence and to growth is one of the unique features of this place, and I want to be associated with that.”

Goldin is, perhaps, most well known for his tenure at NASA, where he served as administrator longer than anyone else — from April 1992 to November 2001 — under three presidents, George H. W. Bush, Bill Clinton, and George W. Bush. His time at NASA was marked by innovation, expanded exploration, sound management, and numerous awards. National Journal named him one of the 100 most influential people in government, noting, “most space watchers say that Goldin is a brilliant visionary who brought NASA back from the brink of a black hole.” The New York Times reported that space analysts

Kevin Carleton (COM’82) is assistant vice president in the Boston University Office of Public Relations.
attribute the new era of revitalization at NASA “to the
influence of Dan Goldin.” And Aviation Week & Space
Technology presented him the Laurel Award for out-
standing achievement in aviation and aerospace, saying
he “delivered on his promise to reshape NASA into a
model government agency.”

Goldin is a native New Yorker who grew up in the
South Bronx. As a young child, a serious eye condition
—and, he says, a lack of coordination—kept him from
playing sports in his neighborhood. His father, a biol-
ogy teacher, sought to develop in him talents and skills
that would offer a sense of accomplishment. His father
took him to the Museum of Natural History, the Hayden
Planetarium, and the Metropolitan Opera, and encour-
aged him to take lessons on the clarinet and tenor sax.
Goldin also built planes and rockets, and developed a
strong interest in astronomy and engineering. In high
school he joined the swim team and discovered a sport
he excelled at there, and in college. He began as a physics
major at Hunter College, but after the launch of Sputnik
and the formation of NASA, he transferred to the City
College of New York, graduating with a degree in engi-
neering in 1962.

He began his career at NASA’s Glenn Research
Center in Cleveland, working on propulsion systems
for interplanetary travel. He then moved to TRW, be-
coming vice president and general manager of the com-
pany’s world-renowned Space and Technology Group
in Redondo Beach, California. During a twenty-five-
year career at TRW, Goldin led projects for America’s
defense and conceptualized and managed production of
advanced communications spacecraft, space technolo-
gies, and scientific instruments.

While at TRW, and later as NASA administrator,
Goldin received the Meritorious Award from the National
Association of Small and Disadvantaged Businesses for
his work reaching out to minorities. He was the first
person to win this award twice.

A member of the National Academy of Engineers,
he is currently a senior fellow at the Neurosciences
Institute in San Diego. He is president and founder of
The Goldin Group, a high-technology consulting firm,
and serves on the board of trustees of the National Geo-
graphic Society, Lucent Technologies, and the CDW
Corporation. He also is a distinguished fellow at the
Council on Competitiveness in Washington, D.C.

Goldin and his wife, Judy, have two daughters, Ariel
and Laura, and two grandchildren.
Braves Bravos

I really enjoyed the story about Braves Field ("Braves Field," Summer 2003) and also the Commencement address by George Will, who in addition to being a brilliant writer is also a baseball guru. George Sullivan did an excellent job recalling the history of the Braves and the Wigwam, as the field was called when I was playing. It certainly brought back many fond memories of my pitching career with the Bees and Braves.

As a young boy from Winchester, Massachusetts, I would dream of pitching for the Braves, and little did I know that someday it would come true. Imagine the thrill of playing on the same field and sitting in the same dugout as Maranville, Hornsby, Berger, and Ruth and on the same team as Warren Spahn and Johnny Sain. The team even paid me for playing a game that I loved so much.

My granddaughter, Robyn Desmarais (SAR’05), just finished her sophomore year at BU, majoring in physical therapy. I am so proud of her. She resides in one of the three dormitory buildings that were built overlooking the old playing field. Every time she looks out her window she can see where the old pitching mound and home plate were. Is that a coincidence?

Art Johnson
Holden, Massachusetts
Art Johnson pitched for the Braves from 1940 to 1946. — Ed.

George Sullivan’s retrospective on the fiftieth anniversary of the Braves Field purchase was great sports history. Recalling the “Three Troubadours” and the jury box evoked memories of my first glimpse of Boston University and Marsh Chapel on the way up Commonwealth Avenue to a Boston Braves game in the pennant-winning year 1948.

Sadness over the Braves’ flight from the Wigwam to Milwaukee didn’t last long. A few years later as an undergraduate I spent many exciting Friday nights cheering BU’s football Terriers on their new home field.

William Whalley (COM’53)
East Sandwich, Massachusetts

Here’s a footnote to George Sullivan’s fine history of Braves Field. My friend and fellow BU student Leon Saperstein (COM’38) and I were at the last game on September 21, 1952, to bid the Braves farewell and to protest their departure. With fewer than 9,000 in attendance, it was easy to sneak down into better seats behind home plate. During the late innings, we recognized owner Lou Perini sitting with Braves executives about twenty rows away. A couple of months earlier, Perini had been quoted in the Boston newspapers saying, “I will never move the Braves out of Boston.” My friend and I loudly reminded Perini of that vow, calling him, among other things, a liar.

The next day, Boston Globe sportswriter Harold Kaese quoted Braves officials as saying that only a few fans protested the team’s leaving. Those few fans were us.

Stan Rosenthal (COM’53, ’56)
La Crescenta, California

Thank you for the summer 2003 issue! Another boy remembers Braves Field as George Sullivan’s gem describes it. During the Depression, the dime was the critical item: five cents to get to Braves Field and five cents to return home to Boston’s South End.

Eugene Hodge
(DGE’48, CAS’49, GRS’50)
Palm Bay, Florida

Thanks for the fun nostalgia piece on the old Braves Field. It was like a magic carpet that swept me back to my early youth, when, if I had my sneakers on and could find a thin dime somewhere (the deposit on two milk bottles), I could watch a major league baseball game at the old Wigwam in the depths of the Depression.

Every Saturday that the Braves were in town we would meet Frankie Collins (SED’55, ’49) (a pretty good second baseman for BU in the thirties) at the Waltham Boys Club. There a bunch of kids with names like “Red” Rotchford, Angus MacDonald, and “Shoes” DeMarco would pile into Frankie’s car and head for the “Knot-Hole Gang” gate, leading to the left field stands.

We loved all the old Braves players and never cared much about how many fans were in the park. I still remember the day Max West hit two home runs and knocked himself out chasing a fly ball. Oh, how Eddie Miller could play short with that huge black glove. Lou Tost could bring it when he was on, but most of all, we loved to have the name of Sibby Sisti roll off our tongues when we bragged about him.

It seems just like yesterday that the Cardinals came to town with Mort Cooper pitching and his brother Walker catching. Marty Marion at short was a sight to remember.

Of course the 1948 Braves were the once-in-a-lifetime team, with Phil Masi...
Against the Dying of the Light

The idea was irresistible: a collaboration between one of the greatest composers of the century and one of the greatest poets of the generation. Boston University was the matchmaker and hoped to play midwife.

In May 1953 Igor Stravinsky was in Boston to conduct Boston University students in two performances of his neoclassical opera The Rake's Progress. The production was staged by Sarah Caldwell, director of the BU Opera Workshop. She and Robert Choate, dean of CFA, asked Stravinsky if he would consider a commission from BU to compose a new opera. He was indeed interested, and suggested Dylan Thomas as librettist. They didn’t yet realize it, but Thomas happened to be across the river in Cambridge on the third of his legendary U.S. reading tours — and for the première of Under Milk Wood at Harvard’s Fogg Museum. He was staying at the apartment of poet John Malcolm Brinnin, a future BU professor of English, who had come up with the idea of the cross-country college readings a few years before. (Thomas gave two readings for BU.) Critic Bill Read, a BU professor of humanities and Brinnin’s companion, had become friendly with Thomas through Brinnin and later wrote a short biography of the poet.

Boston University’s proposal was not the first to pull Stravinsky and Thomas toward each other. In 1952 the British film producer Michael Powell had approached Stravinsky to write the music for a movie based on a scene from the Odyssey. Thomas would write the script. “Alas, there was no money,” wrote Stravinsky in Conversations With Igor Stravinsky, a 1959 book by the composer and his colleague and friend Robert Craft, and the project went nowhere. “Where were the angels, even the Broadway kind, and why are the world’s commissions, grants, funds, foundations never available to the Dylan Thomases?”

Thomas needed an angel. He was severely alcoholic, his health was dodgy, and he couldn’t hold onto money. He was thirty-eight years old and his great creativity was behind him. Now, on May 21, 1953, an angel descended with a telegram from Sarah Caldwell. “Would you agree in principle to compose an opera libretto for Igor Stravinsky?” Boston University could offer $1500 up front and $1500 on completion of the libretto.

Thomas went to meet the composer at the Sheraton Plaza (now the Fairmont Copley Plaza). It had been several days since the BU Rake and Thomas found Stravinsky in bed, still recover-
ing from the second of the two BU performances, which had fallen below the high standards of the first and left the composer ill. Even ailing, Stravinsky must have been a sharp contrast to Thomas. The seventy-two-year-old composer was fastidious and precise, a dapper dresser, a disciplined worker, and a tough bargainer, the poet anything but. Yet the two men clicked. “As soon as I saw him I knew that the only thing to do was to love him,” wrote Stravinsky in Conversations. “He was nervous, however, chain smoking the whole time […] His nose was a red bulb, and his eyes were glazed. He drank a glass of whiskey with me, which made him more at ease, though he kept worrying about his wife saying he had to hurry home to Wales or it would be too late.”

Brinnin described Thomas as positively giddy after his meeting with Stravinsky. “Dylan was immensely pleased and, I could see, not a little flattered to have been considered for the assignment,” he wrote in his 1935 book Dylan Thomas in America. “I had seldom observed him in such buoyant a state of creative agitation.” Thomas planned to return to Wales and in the autumn take his wife, Caitlin, to California, where the Stravinskys lived.

On June 22 Stravinsky wrote to Thomas agreeing that he should come in September or October. “[I]f you can accommodate yourself on the convertible sofa in our living room — our home is rather small unfortunately — you will be our most welcome guest …” But there is a discordant note: “So far, no news from the people of Boston University. They must be on vacation …”

A week later Stravinsky heard from CFA’s Choate. Although the dean’s letter has not survived, Stravinsky’s cordial reply makes it clear that CFA was having trouble raising the funds and Choate was asking for more time to line up backers. The composer assured him that “we will not deliver a work involving an outrageously expensive staging (not another ‘AIDA’ for example). We can be committed to deliver a work whose production will require only a limited chamber ensemble, a limited number of characters, and small chorus numbers.”

On August 26 Stravinsky suggested that Thomas come and get down to work regardless of whether or not BU could come up with the money. A month later he wrote to say that he’d asked his friends Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood to help set up lectures for Thomas. “I am as eager as you are to actually see ‘our’ (yes) work started. Bon voyage. A bientot.”

Thomas flew to New York on October 19. On November 9 he was dead. What might have been? A mid-century masterpiece? We asked Paul Ferris, author of the definitive Dylan Thomas: The Biography, “I take a pessimistic view,” he tells us.

“I believe he was a burnt-out case, unwilling to broaden his reach as a writer and shake his personal life out of its malaise — sloth, dependence on Caitlin, too many backward glances to his youth.

“A firm commission from Boston University, or anywhere else, with cash on the table, might have spurred him into some activity. There wasn’t much sign of this.

“As far as I know the idea for the libretto … was Thomas’s, though I doubt he gave much thought to it. He wasn’t giving much thought to anything except his debts, his gout, his survival.”

The following year, Robert Craft conducted the premiere of Stravinsky’s newest work, In Memoriam: Dylan Thomas. That setting of “Do not go gentle into that good night” was the fruit of a collaboration that never quite was. — MBS

Thanks to John Strawinsky for permission to quote from his grandfather’s letters and to the Harry Ransom Center, the University of Texas at Austin, for making copies of those letters available.

Close Encounters of the Bird Kind

ON A WARM June morning in 2002, Frank Smith was on a fifth-floor fire escape overlooking the BU Beach when a peaceful repair job turned unexpectedly violent. “I was working on a broken air conditioner,” he says, “and all of sudden, whack! Something hit me in the back of the head and dropped me to my knees. It felt like somebody hit me with a baseball bat.” An area manager with Buildings and Grounds, Smith caught only a glimpse of the fleeing assailant. “She didn’t gouge me,” he says, “but she broke the skin, so I went and got my shots and took a bunch of aspirin, because I had a terrific headache.”

A few days later, his attacker struck again. This time the victim was Susan Jackson, senior associate dean at the College of Arts and Sciences. Jackson
was walking to work early one morning, approaching the rear entrance of CAS by way of Bay State Road, when a forceful blow knocked her to the ground. As with Smith, the attack was swift and silent. "I wasn't out cold," she says, "just completely stunned."

Jackson's first thought was that she had been struck by a falling tree branch. There was nothing on the ground around her, but she had a cut on her scalp that was bleeding like a combat wound. After a trip to the ER for stitches, she went home, changed into fresh clothes, and returned to work, this time wearing a bike helmet.

The perp turned out to be a female red-tailed hawk who had been nesting on a fire escape at 270 Bay State Road for several years. The raptors are common in many East Coast cities, and are frequently seen around the Charles River Campus, soaring over Nickerson Field, perching on radio antennas at the College of Communication, and occasionally nabbing pigeons, squirrels, and rats. They mostly steer clear of humans, but the female on Bay State Road had become fiercely protective of her chick.

The trouble started again this past May when a crew of roofers showed up at the hawk's building behind CAS. "They had to get the roof fixed," Smith says, "and in order to do that, they had to do something about the birds." Rising fears that the hawk would hurt a roofer or a Commencement guest precipitated the decision to relocate the birds.

Timothy Cozine and Peter Boruchoweski were on the road in Connecticut when they got the call about the BU hawks. Wildlife technicians with the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the two drive around much of southern New England resolving conflicts between humans and their nonhuman neighbors. Every year there are a few calls about aggressive hawks, usually goshawks or American kestrels roosting too close to airports.

When they arrived at 270 Bay State Road, which houses the African Studies Center, the School of Social Work, and other faculty offices, Cozine and Boruchoweski put on goggles and heavy leather gloves, and carried their gear into the building like a team of Ghostbusters. "They were the bravest guys I've known," says Smith. "They were wearing just regular street clothes. If it had been me, I would've gone in with a flack jacket and helmet." Even without riot gear, the duo attracted a small crowd of BU police officers and student sunbathers.

Ching-to Albert Ma, a CAS associate professor of economics, showed the men into his office, which looks out onto the nest. The mother hawk was staring in at the men and doing her best to scare them away. "It was clear that the bird was very aggressive," Cozine says. "She was hopping back and forth along the rail, following us as we moved from room to room. That kind of thing is not unheard of, but it's not normal behavior for a red-tail. They tend to be very skittish around humans."

When the men raised the window, the bird lunged at them, shredding the screen with her talons. "Then I lifted the screen, and Peter reached the net out," Cozine says. "She bucked off for a second and hopped toward us again, and then he got the net over her." They set the bird down inside a padded carrier, and put the docile and downy chick into a five-gallon bucket lined with towels. By then, the male had flown the coop. But it wasn't crucial to keep the pair together, Cozine says, since red-tails don't mate for life. In fact, not long after the mother and her chick were released in the Berkshires, the male returned to the same fire escape to build a nest with a new mate.

It's not yet clear whether the new female will be as hawkish as her predecessor. But if the dive-bombing resumes next spring, Cozine will be back for a sequel. Next time, however, he'll schedule the capture for a time when the BU Beach isn't full of sunbathers.

"We don't like too much publicity when we're doing this," he says. "Crowds tend to traumatize us." —TS

To view photographs of the female hawk and her chick, see www.bu.edu/bridge/archive/2003/08-31/hawkpics.html.

Expanding Educational Horizons, 1903

It is becoming more generally recognized that, except in special cases, an American student has no need of going abroad to secure what was formerly unattainable at home. At the beginning of the twentieth century the situation of America as regards education is radically different from what it was at the beginning of the nineteenth century. With the rapidity with which changes take place as time goes on, the chances are that the changes that will have taken place at the opening of the twenty-first century will be even more remarkable to contemplate than those which have occurred during the century just closed.

From "Educational Advantages in France for American Students," by Professor James Geddes, Jr., which appeared in the October 1903 Bostonia. Geddes came to BU in 1887 and taught several languages over half a century.
Slippery Slope

In David Lodge's *Small World*, a British academic runs the novels of a visiting American writer through the digital gristmill and tells him which word—other than very common ones like *the* and *to*—he uses most frequently. It isn't *love* or *heart* or *dark* or *God*: it's *grease*. The novelist, Ronald Frobisher, is suddenly and utterly stymied. He can't write knowing that what he has written is all so, well, predictable.

Imagine then, Shakespeare's reaction if confronted with the front page of the *Boston Globe* science section one day in early August. It reported that scientists, including C. K. Peng (GRS'93), associate director of the H. A. Rey Center for Nonlinear Dynamics and a former visiting professor at BU's Center for Polymer Studies, had ranked the common words in all the bard's plays, and found a very distinct pattern. The top ten, rank-ordered: *the*, *and*, *I*, *to*, *of*, *a*, *you*, *my*, *that*, *in*. As a test, they fed into the computer the 1595 play *Edward III*, which some have recently promoted into the Shakespearean canon. The top ten they came up with did fit a sixteenth-century dramatist's profile—but it was Christopher Marlowe, not that fellow from Stratford-upon-Avon.

An idle summer thought would Shakespeare have stopped every time he took quill to foolscap, knowing he used those all-too-common words with unswerving rank-ordered regularity?

One would think not. "Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt," he wrote in *Measure for Measure*.

Even Ronald Frobisher finally gets over his writer's block: his fear of unconsciously repeating the word *grease*. Sitting in Washington Square, thinking about Henry James, his doubts melt away as the opening sentence of a new novel comes to him in the warm sunshine.

What substance, he thinks, might he use to apply to the palm of a new, if hitherto unknown, landlord, or what verb with which to make that application—to procure the penthouse apartment on Washington Square opposite where he is currently, but not, he hopes, for too long... his mind drifts—what does one do to said palm...?—TM

Laugh Track

On a summer Friday evening, half an hour before the start of a Red Sox game, passengers at Boston's Copley station were cramming grumpily into an outbound C train. Eyes studied the floor, the windows, fellow riders' shoes—anything but one another.

A disembodied voice announced, "Next stop, Hynes Convention Center. I'd also like to take this opportunity to wish Amanda a happy thirteenth birthday." Riders looked up, their faces registering varying degrees of confusion, interest, and irritability.

"The next stop is Kenmore Square," the voice continued. "I have fond memories of Kenmore Square. When I was a child, my father used to take me to Red Sox games and pour beer down my throat to get me to shut up."

Several passengers looked as if they wanted to do the same.

"Since the age of nine," the T driver continued, "I've been waiting for the Red Sox to win a world series."

This elicited a few tentative smiles, a few nods of agreement. The train pulled into Kenmore station. "For those of you getting off at Kenmore Square, I'll miss you," the driver said, as if he meant it.

The Kenmore platform was more clogged than the train, and as exiting passengers hurled themselves into the crowd, the voice burst into song: "If you leave me now, you'll take away the biggest part of me... ooh baby, please don't go."

By now, only a few jaded passengers were still engrossed in books or in their own thoughts; everyone else gave full attention to the C Line comedian. As the train pulled above ground at St. Mary's Street, the driver announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, if you'd like to make a stop, please pull the cord. Or you can come up and tell me where you'd like to exit. Here at the MBTA, we give you choices."

Someone pulled the cord. "Oh!" he exclaimed. "We've got a winner!"

"St. Paul's Street—Holiday Inn," he added moments later. "For all you tourists out there, I'd just like to say... why Boston? Er, I mean, welcome to Boston."

At Coolidge Corner, two commuters from the rear of the train raced along the platform to the front car for a glimpse of their entertainer. "Please remember to take all your personal items with you," the driver said. "Remember, your lost items become this season's Christmas presents."

With the trolley's signature *ding-ding-*ding-*ding-*ding,* the mobile comedy club continued west along Beacon Street into the sunset.—MR
You Can Go Home Again

Almost every novelist mines his own life for fiction’s raw material. In *San Remo Drive*, Leslie Epstein goes a step further.

Leslie Epstein at home. The painting is Saint Francis by Abby Shahn.

Photograph by Vernon Doucette

**BY JENNY BROWN**

Writing about Leslie Epstein’s latest novel without writing about his father and uncle is nearly impossible. So let’s get it out of the way: Philip (the father) and Julius (the uncle) were the identical-twin scriptwriting duo of the films *Arsenic and Old Lace, Strawberry Blonde,* and of course, the one for which they won an Oscar, *Casablanca.* Leslie is the head of Boston University’s Creative Writing Program and author of eight books. (We could also note that his son Theo is the general manager of the Boston Red Sox.)

Epstein calls *San Remo Drive* a “novel from memory,” although the book is actually five interconnected short stories. The first four focus on the 1950s childhood of Richard, son of screenwriter Norman Jacob and his wife, Lotte, and older brother of Barton, a disturbed child who is the book’s conscience. The last story, the longest, leaps to 2000, and Richard is a married artist with two adopted sons, living once again in his childhood home on San Remo Drive in Pacific Palisades, California. Reflecting the disjointed nature of memory, the chapters are not in chronological order, but nevertheless reveal a Hollywood upbringing fascinating to those of us with a more ordinary background. At its center is a poignant story of a troubled family trying to hold it together: Lotte, the distant, seductive, unpredictable mother; Norman, the witty, urbane screenwriter, forced to face the dreaded House Un-American Activities Committee; Bartie, the volatile child, prone to outlandish outbursts and embarrassing scenes; and Richard. They closely mirror Lillian, Philip, Ricky, and Leslie Epstein, resulting in a novel that at points is closer to reality than to fiction.

Much of Epstein’s work is a progression leading to this point. *King of the Jews* (1979) has a fictional lead character, based on a historical figure. *Pandaemonium* (1997) has a historical lead, Peter Lorre, who is fictionalized, and Julius and Philip appear as themselves. Now with *San Remo Drive,* the protagonist is a thinly disguised version of the author. Yet Epstein says he is not interested in memoir. “My colleague Suzanna Kaysen *Girl, Interrupted* says people who write memoirs do nothing but lie,” he says. “People who write well when they’re doing novels tell only the truth.”

Epstein’s fictionalized accounts are in some ways more telling than what actually happened. In the story “Negroes,” Richard invites two workers repairing water
lines at his house to take a dip in the family’s pool. Epstein had done the same thing in real life, to his mother’s dismay. In the fictionalized version, Lotte’s liberalism is betrayed by her obvious distress over the breaking of social class barriers. And the novel’s swim takes on more ominous tones as Richard’s connection with the men intensifies, leading to an eerie scene of “seduction” between the ten-year-old and the two men in a work tunnel beneath the house. “Why did I pick that?” Epstein asks. “Doesn’t that reveal a deeper truth about my psyche than just saying I invited these people to swim in the pool? Imagination tells deeper truths than memory.”

“Insanity runs in my family.
It practically gallops.”
— Mortimer Brewster in *Arsenic and Old Lace*

Exotic as his upbringing appears to many outsiders, to Epstein, of course, it was simply his childhood. “In retrospect,” he says, relaxing in the living room of his Brookline home, “I see that it has an aura of glamour.” To him, one of his neighbors was just “the old man down the street walking his dog.” To the world, it was exiled German author Thomas Mann. Around the corner was Gregory Peck. Billy Wilder sometimes dropped by. “When you’re actually living the life,” Epstein says, “they’re just neighbors.”

The Epstein family moved to the West Coast after Julius quit boxing to become a screenwriter. Philip followed and the two soon formed a writing partnership for Warner Brothers. Jack Warner’s love–hate relationship with the duo is the stuff of legend; he deplored their pranks, their work habits, and the hours they kept. One story has Warner reprimanding them for not being on the studio lot by nine. “Even presidents of banks have to show up at nine,” he told them. “You’re right, Jack,” answered one of the brothers. “Why don’t you tell a bank president to finish the script?” But Warner couldn’t argue with their Hollywood hits.

Melsa Manton: “Helen, you search the upstairs.”
Helen Frayne: “Oh, no! I was never much of an individualist. If the upstairs has to be searched, we’ll search it together.”
Dora Fenton: “Why, that’s communism!”
— from *The Mad Miss Manton*

Jack Warner gave the Epsteins’ names to the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC), fictionalized in *San Remo’s “Desert”:*

“I have just one question for the witness,” he said, “though it comes in two parts. Have you ever been a member of a subversive organization? That’s part one. And part two is, if so, name that organization. May we proceed with your answers?”

It was like a movie. The four of us, the two sons, the two servants, watched entranced as the camera caught Norman in a medium close-up. He nodded again. “In response to the first part of your question, the answer is, Yes.”

There was a gasp from the crowd, which was suddenly no longer in focus. The camera panned through the committee room: there were the crouching reporters with their notepads, the photographers with their flashbulb reflectors, the tangle of dark cords on the floor; and there too were the rows of men and women, among whom, in a pillbox hat and with slightly smeared lipstick, sat our mother. […]

Norman was already leaning forward again. His handkerchief, I thought, looked white as a flower. “The answer to the second part of your question is, Warner Brothers.”

In reality, the brothers didn’t appear before the committee, but they did give this answer on a HUAC questionnaire. Epstein’s change creates a scene that becomes the heart of the stories, as it directly precedes the emotional crux of the novel, Norman’s death.

Epstein’s father did die young, in 1952, from cancer. The loss was traumatic for thirteen-year-old Leslie; how-
ever, he still had his uncle Julie. The twins’ resemblance was so strong that Epstein jokes that they could be told apart only by the bump on Julius’s head. (In fact, when Philip passed away, the New York Times ran a photo of Julius.) Epstein’s memories of the two have become interchangeable over the years. “The loss of my father was immense, but it was not irrecoverable,” he says. “It was not irrecoverable, because there he was again.”

Like the novel’s mother, Lillian could be distant from her sons, once even sending them on vacation with the servants. After Philip’s death, she was forced to sell the house on San Remo Drive (which the Epsteins had purchased from Mary Astor) and was bilked out of her money by a nefarious second husband. Epstein’s relationship with his troubled brother is also reflected in the novel.

Epstein, however, did not move back to the family estate. But a visit to the house the day after his mother was buried prompted the events of the final chapter, “San Remo Drive.” The house appeared unchanged. As he wandered from room to room with the woman who had bought the house from Lillian, Epstein saw things that were exactly as he remembered. A credenza, his mother’s baby grand, the dining room table—all were where they had been left fifty years earlier. “It was like stepping into a time machine,” he says. In the music room “she threw open the doors of the cabinet and there was the Capehart machine that picks up a stack of records in order and then turns them upside down and plays the other sides. There were the same 78 RPM records that I used to sneak downstairs at midnight and play and conduct.” Epstein knew this would work its way into a novel. “I appropriated the house in my imagination. While we only lived there ten years and this family has lived there for fifty years, the house doesn’t belong to them. It belongs to me. It’s imprinted on me and my adolescence. They’re just renting it from me.” Of course, the five girls who grew up in the house experienced it differently from Epstein and his brother, he acknowledges, and “it’s much more their house than mine, but not in my psyche. I borrowed it again for the novel.”

“Here’s looking at you, kid.”
— Rick Blaine in Casablanca

The Epstein brothers told, over and over again, the all-American story. As second-generation Jews, they wrote about a world they could never fully inhabit. “They
invented an American voice,” Epstein says. “Hamlet is quoted more than anything else except the Bible, and Casablanca is not far behind Hamlet.” The Epstein household embraced the secular and the American — Christmas was celebrated and the great Jewish heroes of the household were the Detroit Tigers’ Hank Greenberg and the Chicago Bears’ Sid Luckman. Philip and Julius “were working for the greater American public,” Epstein says, “making the American Dream. Humphrey Bogart, Jimmy Cagney, and John Garfield [born Garfinkle], those were their main actors.” Still, Epstein points out, the family’s Jewishness was impressed upon him, even if not in a religious sense. “Who did Julie root for in the World Series?” he asks. “He would see if there were any Jewish players.”

Epstein began his own writing career trying to distance himself from his family. “I was going to be highbrow,” he says. “I was going to be a literary writer, and I took an academic path.” He went to Yale — whose prestige and history are a far cry from Hollywood’s glitter — to study playwriting and then to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar.

To further the difference, Epstein chose subjects closer to home; he examined his heritage at first, with novels about the experiences of Jews, while his father and uncle had embraced the American way in their writing. “I think it’s a very typical pattern,” Epstein says. “The second generation rebels and the third generation shows an interest in where they came from.”

Despite trying to escape the Hollywood scene, San Remo is ultimately an acceptance of his past. He admits, today, to an ambivalence about his move away from Hollywood. “I did have hopes that one of my books would be picked up as a film so that I could be involved in the filmmaking process. And so, it’s the eternal return,” he says. “San Remo Drive, again, is the most explicit return.” So did I want distance? Yes, apparently so. Did I want to not distance myself? Apparently so.

Sheridan Whiteside: “Banjo, my lad, you’re wonderful. I may write a book about you.”
Banjo: “Don’t bother, I can’t read!”
— from The Man Who Came to Dinner

Epstein says that he never intended to write from his own life. He had been laboring over “a large Italian Holocaust novel” about an architect hired to create a monument to Mussolini. When rereading Proust’s Remembrance of Things Past, though, he sat down to work and found something completely different pouring out of him. As he explains in a New York Times column on writing in June 2001, “What I saw before me now was a teenager in a Buick convertible driving along the Pacific Coast Highway with a woman trying to protect her blowing hair and another adolescent who had his arms around the family spaniel to make sure it would not jump from the car. A double take. Why, that fellow at the wheel resembled me.”

Stories from his childhood erupted when Epstein put aside what he had been working on. “It was really free-flowing writing,” he says, “unusual for me as a writer.” He wasn’t sure what he was creating until — in real life — his mother died suddenly.

San Remo Drive’s scene of Lotte’s passing and the actual death of Lillian Epstein are almost identical. “When my mother died,” Epstein says, “someone said to me, ‘Now you have an ending to your novel.’ And I said, ‘What novel?’ And I suddenly realized, oh all these tales are really so intertwined and connected that it is a novel. And yes, I did have my ending, which is my mother’s death.”

“I have very little time, and so the conversation will be entirely about me and I shall love it.”
— Beverly Carlton in The Man Who Came to Dinner

Epstein has returned to his Italian Holocaust novel, balancing writing and teaching as he has done for years. Managing the two aspects of his career is second nature to Epstein. “Writing is gas; it fills whatever space you have,” he says. “You twiddle your thumbs and look out the window and sharpen your pencils if you have time. If you don’t, you’d better sit down and start writing. BU puts enough pressure on me that I can’t twiddle my thumbs all day.” In fact, he says, his favorite scene in King of the Jews was written in a twenty-minute interval between a class and a meeting.

After mining his life so completely, Epstein wonders where his work will go next. “I tell my BU students, never look in your own heart to write. Look at someone else’s,” he says.

San Remo Drive is a glimpse into Epstein’s heart. “I violated my own rules. With what consequences remains to be seen.” ♦
Taming the Avenue

In the Back Bay, it is one of the world’s great streets. When it slices through campus, it is commonplace and dangerous. Our stretch of Comm Ave is about to change.

BY TIM STODDARD

We call it the Charles River Campus, but it’s really the Commonwealth Avenue Campus, split by that unsightly, pedestrian-unfriendly autoroute. About 30,000 vehicles zip through BU on Comm Ave every day, and with more than 10,000 people fording the stream of traffic, legally or otherwise, the result is an alarmingly high rate of pedestrian-vehicle accidents. Between Kenmore Square and Harvard Street, the annual number of such occurrences per mile is approximately seven times the citywide average.

In recent years, as the University has conducted pedestrian safety campaigns, it has also quietly worked with the city of Boston on a major overhaul of the avenue. The long-awaited redesign between Kenmore Square and Boston College recently got a green light when the state allocated $8 million to fund phase 1 of the project, focusing on the mile between Kenmore and the College of Fine Arts.

With groundbreaking slated for next spring, the primary goal is to make Commonwealth Avenue safer and less challenging for pedestrians. To that end, the trolley tracks will stay put while every other part of the
roadway — from sidewalks and planters to asphalt and crosswalks — is torn up over the next three years and refashioned into a safer, and more beautiful, boulevard. The finished streetscape won't be a majestic parkway like the avenue's famous headwaters in the Back Bay, but it will look less like a highway and more like a roadway integrated with Boston's largest university.

Plans also call for widening the trolley platforms by six feet, giving more room to waiting passengers and those stranded while crossing. To accommodate the expanded platforms, road crews will remove one westbound traffic lane and make sidewalks narrower. Near major intersections, such as the one at St. Mary's Street, parking spaces will be eliminated and the curb will jut out by eight feet to decrease curb-to-curb distance. Crosswalks in front of Marsh Chapel will be paved with bricks to set them apart as a pedestrian zone.

While the width of the street is daunting to walkers, it's a designer's dream. "Commonwealth Avenue gives us something that we don't very often get in the city: space," says Joseph Cassazza, commissioner of the city's Department of Public Works. "Boston's streets are narrower than most other cities, and the geometry usually just isn't there for major changes. But on Comm Ave, we have an opportunity to widen the MBTA reservation so that people can safely queue up without standing in the roadways."

Tax dollars will pay for most of the project, but the University is also doing its share. "When it became clear that certain things having to do with beautification couldn't be paid for by the Massachusetts Highway Department, BU agreed to step up to the plate and pay for the additional materials," says Senior Vice President Richard Towle. To the $8 million from the state, the University will contribute $1.2 million for site furnishings such as brick pavers, light fixtures, bike racks, granite benches, and trash cans. The goal is to establish a vernacular, a consistent palette of materials that will give this stretch of Comm Ave a more cohesive aesthetic.

OLMSTED'S GHOST

If you start out at the Public Garden and walk west down Commonwealth Avenue, you'll pass along the most elegant eight blocks of roadway in Boston. This original segment of the avenue, laid out by Arthur Gilman in the 1860s as part of his plan for the residential Back Bay, stopped at what is now Massachusetts Avenue. Frederick Law Olmsted, designing the Back Bay Fens in the 1880s, extended the avenue to present-day Kenmore Square, and also began laying another section farther west, winding from Packard's Corner out to the Chestnut Hill reservoir. Meanwhile, the straight shot between Kenmore and Packard's Corner was merely a connector road. In 1887, the city began widening this stretch as part of the plan to develop Bay State Road into a residential district. But the area just to its south stayed mostly fields until the 1910s, when automobile showrooms began sprouting up. Dealerships and garages shared the neighborhood with BU until the 1980s, and as such, this section has remained the scruffier leg of the elegant Back Bay boulevard.
Pedestrian safety has always been the primary motivation for redesigning the BU sector of the roadway. But the project is also "a great opportunity to make our section of Commonwealth Avenue the way the rest of it looks," says Towle. "This is the grand boulevard of our state, and it deserves to have this kind of treatment."

To that end, landscape architects have ordered nearly 300 new trees. The idea is to create a planting scheme similar to Beacon Street's, but with greater diversity: a mix of honey locusts, lindens, lace-bark elms, red oaks, goldenrain trees, and the aptly named scholar trees. "Heaven forbid a disease strike a certain tree like it did the American elm," says landscape architect Steve Kline-man, of Copley Wolff, the firm in charge of much of the redesign. "But if it does, you don't want this corridor to be denuded just because one species becomes ill. I think that the world learned its lesson with Dutch elm disease."

The trees, standing tall and thin along the MBTA reservation, will serve two purposes. More trees will shade the sidewalks and give the avenue a greener, leafier look in the warmer months — and may also help to slow lead-footed drivers. "Right now, looking down that roadway, drivers see very few vertical reference points," says Para Jaysinghe, a DPW engineer. And without visual cues, Klineman says, "you have no sense of boundaries, and tend to lose track of how fast you're traveling. So if you

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The Thin Green Line

The reconfiguring of Commonwealth Avenue's roadway and sidewalks due to begin in a few months will leave the avenue's spine — the Green Line trolley tracks — largely intact. That's fitting; the trolley was there before almost anything else in the neighborhood.

The West End Street Railway Company opened the line in 1896, a year before Boston's first subway. The route originally ran from downtown Boston, joined Commonwealth Avenue at Massachusetts Avenue, and headed straight down Brighton Avenue past Packard's Corner. The tracks that follow the curve of Commonwealth Avenue to Chestnut Hill Avenue were completed in 1900.

The Commonwealth Avenue line helped make possible Boston University's move from Copley Square to the Charles River Campus starting in the late 1930s. In those Depression years, few students or faculty had cars and few lived within walking distance of the downtown campus. The streetcar was how almost everyone got to the University.

Sure, the MBTA calls it the "Boston College" branch. But that thin green line both divides and connects our campus and still brings thousands to classes and offices every day. On-campus students use the line as a shuttle service; it's a mile from COM to West Campus, after all. So if those BC trolleys want to clang off to Newton after taking care of us, that's their business.

As Bostonia looked into plans for the avenue, the importance of the streetcar line to the University's, and the area's, development became clear. To get a better sense of this, we contacted the Boston Street Railway Association and asked for a photographic sampler of a century of service along the Charles River Campus. (For more information on this historical group, see http://members.aol.com/bsra5706/.)
put trees down evenly spaced, drivers should become more aware of their speed and slow down.”

**SMART STREETS**  
**Peeling back** Comm Ave’s asphalt shell will create rare access to a major underground link between Boston and Brighton. After digging down to improve the street’s drainage, crews will install sensors and fiber-optic cable that will someday be part of a citywide network connecting streetlights, cameras, and traffic sensors with the Boston Transportation Department’s traffic management center in city hall, which recently got a $3.2 million upgrade. “We have some fiber already laid out under Cambridge, Tremont, and Washington Streets in the Brighton district,” says James Gillooly, BTD deputy commissioner for engineering and planning. “Eventually this will give us the capability to add traffic cameras to help monitor intersections in real time, which should lead to a more centralized corridor coordination.”

While the nerves of Comm Ave are exposed, crews will also install new sensors that will communicate with traffic signals. “When a sensor detects a trolley,” Gillooly says, “it will extend the duration of the trolley’s green light up ahead so that the trolley doesn’t have to make another stop for the light. Or if that’s going to throw the rhythm of the intersection off, it’ll actually let the sig-
nal go to red and bring it back to green for the trolley more quickly. In either case, the trolley makes out better and the passengers will get to their destinations faster."

A speedier B Line would be a welcome bonus, but for now, the University is more interested in how the new and improved Commonwealth Avenue will enhance the campus ambience. "This design will really tie the campus together," says Towle, "both from an aesthetic point of view, and by making it easier for students and faculty to cross. I think the new features, like the vegetative buffers between the sidewalks and the traffic, will make our portion of Commonwealth Avenue far more attractive and more in keeping with the prettier sections of the Back Bay."

Comm Ave's appearance may temporarily decline over the next few years during the overhaul. But when it's done, it will fill in the missing link to what Winston Churchill called the most beautiful street in the world.
The Trouble with the French

A BU expert on French-American relations was invited to Paris to deliver a series of seminars on the recent rift. He returned with conclusions — and questions.

by William R. Keylor

Hard as they may try to pretend otherwise, the French have long been enthralled with all aspects of American society and culture. You need only look at what the French are eating, what music they're listening to, and what movies they're watching for a hint of this. Americans, equally, have been in love with France's castles, coasts, and capital city. Its wine, cuisine, and fashion have set our standards. Its intellectual exports — the philosophy of existentialism, the Annalen school of historical writing, and the postmodernist tradition of literary criticism — have had a fanatical following within our academic community.

The love affair goes back two and a quarter centuries. When France financed the major part of the American war for independence and dispatched an expeditionary force to help the colonists expel their British rulers, it initiated the longest bilateral "alliance" in history. France and the United States are the only two current major world powers that have never fought each other. But enduring strains of American Gallophobia and French anti-Americanism periodically bubble up. In the two decades between the world wars, French critics inveighed against the American cultural menace and American economic domination. Commentators on this side of the Atlantic denounced the degeneracy of America's recent associate in the war against Germany. A resurgence of Franco-American acrimony occurred in the 1960s, when President Charles de Gaulle stubbornly insisted on pursuing an independent foreign policy while Washington was demanding absolute fidelity from its Cold War allies. But after the 1969 abdication of that cantankerous critic of American hegemony, relations between the two countries steadily improved. When the global conflict with the Soviet Union came to an end between 1989 and 1990, the old Franco-American disputes about nuclear strategy, alliance management, and international monetary policy were passé amid the emerging new world order. Both countries reverted to the positive side of the ambivalence that has marked their relationship since the beginning.

Earlier this year I gave a series of seminars at the Institut d'Etudes Politiques — Sciences Po — on Franco-American relations since the end of the Cold War. While preparing my presentations, I vividly recalled two experiences that exquisitely symbolized Franco-American cordiality before the current rocky road.

The first was a glorious May day in 1989. Boston University President John Silber had staged a major coup in the annual competition for commencement speakers by lining up both U.S. President George H. W. Bush and French President François Mitterrand. The American flag and the French tricolor fluttered side by side above Nickerson Field as special guests, students, faculty, parents, and alumni sang the "Star Spangled Banner" and "la Marseillaise" and heard both heads of state speak stirringly about the long history of cooperation between their countries. From my perch in the broadcast booth, where I was providing commentary for one of the networks, I reveled in this commemoration of the historic ties between my own country and the one whose history I had been studying avidly since my undergraduate years.

Five years later, on June 6, 1994, I was a lecturer on a Smithsonian Institution tour to France for the ceremony marking the fiftieth anniversary of the Allied landing in Normandy. The commemorative spirit captured even insouciant Paris. Kiosks on the Champs Elysée promoted special magazine issues devoted to "Jour J" (the French term for D-Day). Movie theaters in the Latin Quarter interrupted their usual high-brow fare to rerun the film The Longest Day. Municipal buses sported placards proclaiming "Welcome to Our Liberators" in English (this

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at a time when the French parliament was debating legislation imposing stiff penalties for the use of non-French words in public discourse. Shops sold postcards picturing a beaming French girl beneath a photo of the landing with the caption: “In June 1944 we said ‘thank you’ to them. In June 1994 we say ‘welcome’ to them.” The stars and stripes almost outnumbered the French tricolor along the streets of Caen, whose city council presented certificates of gratitude to the veterans of the landing in a moving ceremony. Particularly affecting was the warm greeting from local schoolchildren.

The high point of the official ceremonies was the solemn stroll by President Mitterrand, President Clinton, and Queen Elizabeth II across the hallowed ground that had soaked up so much American and British blood. After viewing the outpouring of French gratitude, warmth, and friendship toward the United States and its people, one Omaha Beach veteran remarked: “What a wonderful people they are! It’s hard to understand why some Americans consider the French unfriendly to us.”

The era of good feeling continued. After the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001, sympathy flowed from the people of France. Le Monde, hardly known for its admiration of the United States, published a front-page editorial headed “We are all Americans now.” The Socialist prime minister and the Gaullist president, locked in an uncomfortable governing coalition that the French call “cohabitation,” fully supported the Bush administration’s decision to topple the Taliban regime in Kabul once it refused to hand over the mastermind of the attacks. That winter and spring, French security and intelligence agencies worked closely with their American counterparts to wage the new war on terrorism, a scourge that had already claimed many victims in France and that the French were as intent on suppressing as were the most hawkish Washington officials.

CHEESE-EATING SURRENDER MONKEYS
What a difference a year makes. By the autumn of 2002 and the ensuing winter, President Jacques Chirac’s audacious bid to assemble an international coalition opposed to unilateral U.S. military action in Iraq unleashed a wave of anti-French sentiment across the United States. In the cafeteria of the U.S. House of Representatives, French fries became “freedom fries,” echoing the “liberty cabbage” of World War I. Republican Congressman Billy Tauzin of Louisiana, with a large Cajun constituency, removed the French version of his Web site. Angry demonstrators poured French wine down American drains. Epithets such as “cheese-eating surrender monkeys” ap-
peared in print and cruel jokes made the rounds: "How many Frenchmen does it take to defend Paris? Answer: We don't know. It's never been tried."

In response, anti-American expressions proliferated in the French media. Editorials in Parisian dailies bristled with indignation at the Bush administration's go-it-alone policy toward Iraq. Unflattering cartoons of an uncouth cowboy in the White House with a ten-gallon hat and both six-shooters blazing competed for tastelessness with a depiction of the French foreign minister as a weasel on the front page of a New York newspaper.

A secondary, emotionally charged aspect of the Franco-American brouhaha was the allegation in some American media that France's attitude was inspired by anti-Semitism. Before the Six Day War, France had been Israel's most ardent ally and reliable arms supplier (based on the two countries' common opposition to pan-Arab nationalism, which threatened France's control of Algeria and Israel's very existence). President de Gaulle, after granting Algeria independence and campaigning for favor in the Muslim world, severed France's close ties to Israel and inaugurated a new Middle East policy. His successors resumed this policy as French public opinion rallied to the cause of the Palestinians.

Demonstrations in France against the current war in Iraq have elided into anti-Israel and quite explicitly anti-Jewish rallies. A rash of attacks on synagogues and Jewish schools and businesses by Muslim youths over the past few years spurred prominent spokesmen for the Jewish community in France to denounce what they judged insufficient government response to the violence, some linking the alleged coddling of Muslim criminals with France's criticism of Israeli policies toward the Palestinians. Others accused France of relapsing into the persistent anti-Semitism that ran through French history from the Middle Ages to the Dreyfus Affair of the 1890s to the roundup and deportation of Jews by the collaborationist Vichy regime during World War II.

In America, Jewish groups and some newspapers soon chimed in. An editorial in the New York Daily News was typical: "The Poison's Back: Europeans Call It Anti-Zionism, but It's Really the Old Anti-Semitism."

French sensitivity to such accusations became strikingly apparent during a visit to Boston University this year by an official dispatched by the foreign ministry to defend France's Middle East policy before American audiences. In response to questions about anti-Semitism, he reminded his listeners that France had been the first European country to grant Jews full citizenship; that its democratic forces had routed the anti-Semites during the Dreyfus Affair and fully rehabilitated the unjustly convicted Jewish army captain; that France has had five Jewish prime ministers and has an intellectual tradition in which Jews have played a prominent role; and that the attacks on Jews in the French suburbs are not a resurgence of classic French anti-Semitism, but rather the criminal acts of unemployed, alienated Muslim youths in search of scapegoats for their economic distress and cultural despair.

**SPRINGTIME IN PARIS**

AMID THIS ACRIMONY, I arrived in Paris to give my presentations and to assess the state of Franco-American relations. Bookstores were full of stinging critiques of recent American foreign policy, two of them best-sellers: Eric Laurent's *La Guerre des Bush* (The Bushes' War) traces
the American first family’s long and cordial relationship with both the Saudi royal family and the bin Laden family and implies that the younger Bush’s unpersuasive campaign to link Saddam Hussein to the September 11 attacks may have been a gift to his family’s Saudi friends to divert attention from their complicity in Islamic terrorism. In *Après l’empire (After the Empire)*, Emmanuel Todd declares that unlike their British predecessors, Americans lack the stomach to maintain a global empire. At least, not if it requires maintaining large numbers of bored, homesick combat forces across the globe indefinitely, particularly if they suffer casualties in a war whose purpose no longer seems evident. Todd also argues that the American economy has become dangerously dependent on foreign suppliers of energy, raw materials, and capital to support its profligate ways. An oil embargo or a sudden decision by European and Asian investors to unload their U.S. treasury securities would devastate the economy of a country that maintains an artificially high standard of living by spending more than it earns or saves and importing more than it exports.

Mordant skepticism about the Bush administration’s triumphalist rhetoric suffused comments from students during my seminars at Sciences Po, confirming the results of scientific opinion polls: President Chirac’s foreign policy faithfully reflected French public opinion, which adamantly opposed a resort to military force before the UN arms inspectors had finished their job.

At the center of this controversy was the appropriate role of the United Nations. For hard-liners in the Bush administration, the UN is an irritating obstacle to the unilateral exercise of American military power against international terrorism, which they deem essential in the dangerous post-September 11 world. By summer 2002, hawks in the Pentagon and the vice president’s office wanted to circumvent the organization entirely and mount an American military operation to remove the Iraqi regime regardless of progress in weapons inspections. Secretary of State Colin Powell’s success in persuading the president to give multilateral diplomacy one last chance temporarily derailed the hard-liners’ plans for a prompt invasion of Iraq. It also handed the French government what seemed a golden opportunity to spoil Washington’s plans and become the spokesman for the vast majority of countries that opposed military action.

France has always favored bolstering the authority and prestige of the United Nations and the Security Council, for one overriding reason: its privileged status as one of the council’s five veto-wielding permanent members accords it a degree of power and influence far out of proportion to its size, population, and military strength. During late 2002 and early 2003 France mobilized all but four of the fifteen council members to oppose the Anglo-American proposal to attack Saddam Hussein. The failure of Powell’s diplomacy in New York City vindicated the administration hard-liners’ original preference: America would go it alone (with small contingents from Britain, Poland, and other countries tagging along to give credence to the term *coalition*). France had lost its gamble that pressure from its international coalition would persuade Washington to delay its unilateralist plans.

The melting away of the Iraqi army and the rapid collapse of the Iraqi regime last spring emboldened U.S. hawks to herald the demise of the organization the French had used as a roadblock in Washington’s path. A caustic article in the *Guardian* newspaper by Pentagon consultant Richard Perle entitled “Thank God for the Death of the UN” crowed, “Saddam Hussein’s reign of terror is about to end. He will go quickly, but not alone: in a paring irony, he will take the UN down with him. Well, not the whole UN. The ‘good works’ part will survive, the low-risk peacekeeping bureaucracies will remain, the chatterbox on the Hudson [sic] will continue to bleat. What will die is the fantasy of the UN as the foundation of a new world order.” Perle didn’t mention France, although at a conference in Normandy last fall I heard him inform a distinguished French specialist in international relations: “The Cold War is over . . . We no longer need you.”

**THE REASONS WHY**

**RELATIONS BETWEEN** the two countries have since reverted to a semblance of normality. American representation at this spring’s Cannes Film Festival was as large as ever. American bicyclists eagerly competed in, and won, the Tour de France. Bush and Chirac have reportedly buried the hatchet. But two intriguing questions about this brief eruption of Franco-American dissonance remain. The first is why Chirac opposed a policy that he has known the Bush administration was intent on pursuing and fully capable of executing. The second is why France’s campaign to derail the U.S. plan generated such visceral hostility in a country that was itself sharply divided over the wisdom of such a policy.

There is nothing in Chirac’s life and career that qualifies him as a symbol of French anti-Americanism. Although a protégé of de Gaulle’s prime minister and successor as president, Georges Pompidou, he never adopted the standard Gaullist criticism of the United States. Chirac is probably France’s most pro-American head of state since the Second World War. After college he worked
as a dishwasher at a Howard Johnson's in Harvard Square (where he developed a taste for American fast food), then traveled widely in the American Midwest and South before returning to France. During stints as prime minister and as mayor of Paris before being elected president in 1995, he developed close contacts with a wide range of U.S. government officials and businesspeople. As president he established closer relations with NATO, from whose integrated military command de Gaulle had withdrawn French units in 1966. Chirac and Clinton reportedly developed a warm working relationship, as did their foreign ministers, Madeleine Albright and Hubert Vedrine, during the crises on the Balkan Peninsula, in which military forces of both countries were engaged.

Nor could anyone have guessed that Chirac would become an opponent of the use of military force and a principled standard-bearer for the rule of international law. He has always spoken with great pride about his military career in the Algerian War. After entering the Elysée Palace in 1995, he antagonized world opinion by conducting atomic tests in the South Pacific and converted France's conscript army into an all-volunteer professional force. He resumed Mitterrand's efforts to strengthen bilateral military ties with Germany and masterminded the Saint-Malo agreement with Prime Minister Tony Blair, which brought Great Britain into the European Union's rapid-reaction force. He consistently supported unilateral French military interventions (undertaken without UN sanction, we note) to prop up protégés and overturn adversaries in former French colonies in sub-Saharan Africa. He is the quintessential pragmatist, often shifting positions to smooth his ascent to the pinnacle of French politics. His decision to stand firm against the world's only remaining superpower may have been a bid to replace his reputation as a political operator and patronage-dispenser with that of a courageous statesman defending the noble cause of collective security. There may also have been another consideration: German Chancellor Gerhard Schroeder had vociferously denounced the Bush war plan during his 2002 reelection campaign, enabling Chirac to revive the dormant Paris-Berlin Axis within the European Union that had been nurtured by French and German leaders from de Gaulle and Adenauer to Mitterrand and Kohl to counterbalance the special relationship between London and Washington.

The second intriguing question is why Francophobia swept the United States before the invasion of Iraq. Paris's diplomatic posture at the UN was hardly unreasonable: France correctly pointed out that the UN inspections in Iraq had worked relatively well from the end of the first Gulf War in 1991 until Saddam Hussein expelled the inspectors in 1998. Once they were allowed back into Iraq — after unremitting pressure from the United States, although French critics seldom concede that point — France simply insisted that they be given the opportunity to verify Baghdad's compliance with the UN resolutions requiring total destruction of weapons of mass destruction. It was only when Washington demanded a UN resolution authorizing the use of force before inspections had been completed, disingenuously citing the "imminent threat the Iraqi regime posed to the United States, that the French spearheaded the international resistance. Germany, Russia, and China opposed the Bush administration's go-it-alone policy in Iraq with as much determination as France. Yet there were no American campaigns to boycott Mercedes Benzes, vodka, or garments "made in China." Why was it that only the country of Jacques Chirac became the object of American wrath? This is the one question that puzzled French people asked me most frequently in Paris.

Perhaps part of the answer has to do with the style rather than the substance of France's opposition to the American policy. Powell's February 5, 2003, address at the Security Council summarized the case for intervention, which rested on unproven allegations that Iraq possessed weapons of mass destruction and maintained close ties with Islamic terrorist groups. That elicited a well-documented but histrionic rejoinder from the French foreign minister. This public finger-wagging on live television, prompting a rare outburst of applause from other council delegations, had the air of a stern schoolmaster chastising a misbehaving pupil in front of the class. American leaders may feel entitled to upbraid other countries with humiliating epithets ("Axis of Evil," "Old Europe"), but the American public does not take well to a public dressing-down from abroad.

Why did France's campaign to derail the U.S. plan generate such visceral hostility in a country that was itself sharply divided over the wisdom of such a policy?

FALL 2003
BOSTONIA 23
Burnsie's jowls jiggled as we rounded the corner into the wine cellar. The upper half of his face was still quite taut and handsome, but from the nose down, time and laxity had blurred it.

"Look at this," he said, one pudgy hand sweeping the dead air. "Chap who sold me this house — he was a real character." Burnsie turned and tapped my arm. "Hon, you would have got a kick out of him."

"Why?"

"A collector. All these shelves — chock-a-block full of bottles —"

“They’re certainly empty enough now."

“Enough wine for hundreds of parties — nothing but the best. No idea how to appreciate it, though. Why, when he showed me around, he held one of them right up" — Burnsie raised his own arm, brandishing an imaginary bottle — “and THEN he said, ‘This cost me a thousand dollars.’"

“No!"

“Oooh, yes. Tipped it up and shook it and ruined it! What a fruitcake!

Still chuckling, Burnsie resumed his role as tour guide around the country house he had insisted I visit. We strolled past the game room, where two lanky boys huddled over the pool table, and went out onto the patio. I could see the swimming pool beyond. Plunk in the middle floated a puffy yellow raft, with a tanned nymphette draped gracefully across it.

“DENA!” Burnsie hollered, “come say hi to Hon.” As we ambled across the tiles she waved a languid hand, the one not hugging a plastic giraffe.

“Oh, it’s too fucking hot for manners, OK? Hi from here, Hon.”

“Hi back,” I said. Irritating kid. “I would have thought manners are always cool.”

Her only answer was to waggle the giraffe’s head so its eyes rolled; although her own were hidden behind dark glasses, I had a strong impression that she was

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watching me all the time. I pulled out a deck chair and sat, tucking my feet back to hide the scuff marks on my sandals, and tried another topic.

"I was just asking your dad — Bumsie, what was so funny about the chap who used to own the wine cellar? And didn’t he even leave you a sampler for a housewarming?"

Bumsie dropped his jacket onto the walkway and slumped into a director’s chair next to me. His rump sagged over the canvas edge. Sweat stains girdled his shirt; his slacks, in spite of the heat, into expensive-looking creases.

"DENA!" he yelled again, "go get a Tom Collins for Hon and one for me. See if the boys want anything." His large, bulgy eyes looked sad. "Manners," he said to me. "Hers would be better if—"

"Yah, yah," she interrupted. "If Mom would of lived longer. Oh how perfect wouldn’t I be." She gave a sulky little hiss, splashed out of the water, and went into the house. Bumsie gamely kept on trying to play gracious host.

"You know, I have to clean this pool every single morning? Takes a couple of hours. Always finding frogs." He sighed noisily and slumped deeper into the director’s chair.

"Is that why there are so many statues of frogs around your house?" I asked. I had been wondering about those. The living room was loaded with them — ceramic frog ashtrays, frog vases, nonfunctional highly polished wooden frogs. A china frog had pink African violets growing out of its back.

"No connection," he said. "They’re historic. They date from Hon One’s sculpture phase."

"Hun Wun?"

"You know. My wife."

"Your wife was Chinese?"

He roared. "Good one! Good one! Nah, she was my first Hon. Every lady since" — he leaned over and honored my hand with a ritual pat — "has been part of the Hon sequence if she lasted any time at all."

He waited for me to ask the obvious question. I inched my chair away and said nothing. He went on: "All she ever sculpted or carved were frogs." He hunched his hands over his knees. His legs and feet seemed too small for the rest of him; his heels butted together like a ballerina’s, with feet toed out in perfect fifth position. "You understand," he said, "I don’t especially like them."

"You don’t like your wife’s statues?"

"Those are FINE! That Hon One, she was forever taking up something or other. Gave a man a little breathing space."

"It’s the real frogs you’re not so crazy about?"

"They’re just a fact of life, or more often, of death. They hop down the steps into the pool and can’t find their way out."

"Don’t you help them?"

"I try, but most are already drowned. There’s my net." He pointed to it, hanging neatly against the grey barnboard fence, and pretended to scoop up something. "Every single day I clean them out. Slimy mess."

"You must love swimming, to go to all that trouble."

"HIM?" Dena screeched, coming back with a tray of glasses. "No way. Daddy hasn’t been in the water even once since — well, he only does it so’s me and the boys will hang out here, is all." She handed around the drinks. "Here’s a potent one for you, Hon. And I sincerely hope you enjoy the rest of the tour. The total package."

So the little beast knew I hadn’t been treated to the bedroom wing yet. She slithered back into the pool, leaving me juggling a drink I wasn’t sure I wanted and a gaggle of impressions that seemed less appealing the more I analyzed them. But, grudgingly, he started his tongue out to collect a cherry nestled on an ice cube.

My digs in the city weren’t air-conditioned, and I didn’t anticipate many beach trips in the near future. I took a long look at the glittery blue pool, frogless for the moment: a few water toys were bobbing about, and one limp@pon a yellow raft. I looked around. The terrace, bright with potted azaleas and little umbrella-Shaded tables, with deck chairs and lounges. In one corner was a stack of outsized pastel towels. I could hear the click of billiard balls from the game room, and the swishy whispering of a Jacuzzi from the lanai at the far end of the pool. In vino veritas, in exit meritas.

"I have to go now," I said, rising. I hated the hurt look on his face, and I hated myself for causing it.

"But why, Hon? We were just getting started. We were going to have a good time." He didn’t stand up; his shoulders crumpled and his face sagged.

"Bumsie, dear old bean," I said, "you don’t swim."
Education in a Secular Age

BY JOHN SILBER

This essay is based on the speech given to the graduating students and their families and friends at the Chancellor's Breakfast in Metcalf Hall on May 17, 2003, the Saturday before Commencement.

LET ME take you back in time to 1950, at the end of the administration of Daniel L. Marsh, who was president of Boston University in the quarter-century between 1926 and 1951.

When students registered at Boston University during Marsh's administration, they generally received an orientation booklet with a personal greeting from the president. One such booklet contained eleven admonitions, if not commandments. They included:

- Do each day's work each day.
- Learn at the outset that the only genius worth having is the capacity for hard work.
- Avoid slip-shod methods. Drudgery is the only sure road to excellence.
- Shun evil companions. The person who would cause you to lower your moral standards is your worst enemy. Don't think it smart to trifle with sin. It is worse than fool-hardy.
- Make friends of good people, and remember that to have a friend you must be a friend.
- Keep close to God. Find some time each day for communion with Him.
- Remember always that you have a friend in Daniel L. Marsh, President of the University.

Parents and students back then would have found this sound advice, the sort that any parent might give to a child. But you can imagine the response if I offered that set of injunctions to entering freshmen today.

Culturally speaking, our world is many centuries distant from one of the happiest, most self-confident, and religiously observant periods in American history. Dwight Eisenhower was a popular president. The generation that had survived the Great Depression, with its suffering and deprivation, which had also survived World War II and the Korean War, flourished in the blessings of peace and prosperity never before known on so broad a scale anywhere in the world. The modest houses of the Levittowns, costing about $7,500 (not quite $60,000 in today's money) and within the reach of most families, were mansions to those who had moved from rented tenements.

Education was suddenly available to many millions of veterans whose tuition and living expenses were largely covered by the G.I. Bill, a piece of legislation that democratized the professions.

Family and children were the focus of a generation tempered by hardship and content to move step by gradual step toward personal fulfillment — first to education, then a job, a car, a spouse, a house, and children — as each could be afforded.

Ample entertainment was available for a dime or a quarter in movies or free of charge on radio and television, kept wholesome in movies by the Hays Code and on radio and television by regulations of the FCC.

I knew by heart the FCC regulations outlawing profanity and obscenity on the air because as a disc jockey on KONO in San Antonio I had had to memorize these regulations and pass the FCC examination as a condition of my employment. One day while on the air I forgot to change the speed of my turntable from 78 to 33 r.p.m. So when I changed from a dance record to a long-playing recorded commercial, the advertisement sounded like the chattering of cartoon chipmunks. Forgetting that my mike was open, I said, "Son-of-a-[. . .]", and my commentary on the chipmunks was immediately on every radio tuned to KONO. For days I waited for the Feds to descend on me. Actually, I had nothing to fear, for the popularity of my show was such that apparently no one was listening.

In the fifties, television was only a minor force, though an emerging one. It began its march toward dominance, as had radio, by aiming first at a highly discriminating audience. Programs such as Omnibus (a magazine show characterized by extended scenes from Shakespeare and a discussion of architecture between Frank Lloyd Wright and host Alistair Cooke) and Playhouse 90 (which pre-
present live, serious drama) were seen not on public television but on commercial networks. Public health was improving dramatically: tuberculosis and polio were being nearly eradicated in the United States, and there was no AIDS. Drug usage was so rare that one of Tom Lehrer’s songs joked about “The Old Dope Peddler.” Unmarried pregnancy was still discouraged. Rape was still a crime committed by strangers, murder typically a crime committed by friends and relatives, and drive-by murder so little known that the phrase hadn’t yet been coined.

Church attendance was high and millions listened to the radio sermons of Harry Emerson Fosdick, Monsignor Sheen, and Boston University’s alumnus Norman Vincent Peale (GRS’24, STH’24, Hon.’86); theologians Reinhold Niebuhr, Karl Barth, and Paul Tillich had national followings far beyond universities and seminaries.

By the middle fifties the Cold War was bracing but not yet the threat it was to become. The country, though alert to danger, was content under a popular president. But the world and the times of the fifties have disappeared in a series of revolutionary changes. The standards of taste once imposed by Hollywood’s censors and the FCC have been ignored or abandoned. A child of four knows words that once made a sailor blush. Television programs provide vivid hourly primers on casual sex and on criminal behavior, degrading taste and creating an appetite for prurience. Two versions of Hamlet, filmed almost exactly fifty years apart, illustrate the decline into degeneracy: in Laurence Olivier’s film, as in Shakespeare’s play, Ophelia is a virgin. In Kenneth Branagh’s, she is Hamlet’s whore.

Young women today are caught in a crossfire between feminists who decry the use of women as sex objects and urge career over marriage and motherhood, and those who urge young women to get all they can from their sex, to become “Pretty Women” modeled after Julia Roberts or successors as the female ideal, such as Britney Spears.

It is difficult for young men and women today, in an age that denigrates enduring commitment, to know the fulfillment of marriage as a relationship of a lifetime or even the fulfillment of love as an intimate union unobserved by anyone else.

The present generation, reared in luxury, has not been taught to temper its grasp at personal fulfillment by gradual, prudential steps. Rather, its members are encouraged to believe one can have it all at once. The harvest is AIDS, herpes, widespread drug addiction, date rape, and drive-by murder of strangers. Pleasure, immediate gratification, the prevailing theme of advertising, has led to satiation, giving poignant meaning to Peggy Lee’s song “Is That All There Is?”

Our world is the result of complex forces released by five decades of unprecedented luxury and invention with their attendant disappointments, boredom, and surprises.
Daniel L. Marsh, president of the University from 1926 to 1937, was a champion of humanistic education.

We now face the added contingency of terrorism, more disconcerting than the fear aroused at the height of the Cold War. Terrorism — the practice of settling the score with one’s enemy not by attacking the enemy but by demonstrating the enemy’s impotence by killing innocent parties — is no longer characterized by relatively isolated acts; rather, it has become an epidemic both global and domestic in scope. It can be carried out anywhere by an individual, an organization, or a country, and its motivation can be personal, ideological, or religious.

We had good reason to believe that the Cold War would end peacefully, for common sense would compel restraint in the face of mutually assured destruction. But we have no reason to believe that the threat of terrorism and the high level of uncertainty that follows from it can be contained, much less eliminated.

As Timothy Garton Ash observed, 9/11 marked the beginning of the twenty-first century. The cultural milieu of today is so fundamentally different from the milieu of fifty years ago that we who administer universities must ask: what is our role in the education and spiritual development of young people? What should we attempt to do as we educate each generation of students?

In 1956, the theologian Paul Tillich offered a tripartite analysis of education, dividing it into technical education, humanistic education, and inculcation, or induction, an aspect of education often overlooked. These aspects of education, Tillich observed, vie with one another for dominance.

Today, technical education is dominant, generally accepted as the educational ideal. Technical competence in reading and writing, as well as mathematics, computer skills, science, and engineering, is emphasized most and done best in our finest schools and colleges. But this technical education makes a minimal contribution to the spiritual formation of the young or to the development of sound character. Nor does it contribute directly to the development of stable, vigorous, humane communities.
No one could doubt the technical competence of German and Soviet scientists and engineers, however appalling the uses to which they put their know-how.

The educational programs in Nazi Germany and in the U.S.S.R. were not merely technical. Without inductive education, Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union could scarcely have sustained the morale of their people through their horrendous losses.

But inductive education of all kinds is also practiced by wide varieties of highly moral groups and communities. One is inducted into the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts through a variety of symbols and practices, just as one is inducted into a church by similar if different means. Basic training in our armed forces, though technical, is also inductive, with habits developed and symbols enriched by interpretation. Induction into stable, two-parent families, unfortunately, is now far less pervasive, weakened by social legislation and by radical changes in sexual mores.

Today the most pervasive program in inductive education, on which more money is spent than on any other form of education, is advertising. Advertising, while it may introduce technical elements, is essentially an exercise in inductive education, whose aim is the creation in each individual of insatiable desires for products of dubious value.

It is against this array of noninstitutional but highly educational programs that Boston University and other universities must compete for the hearts and minds of their students. If Daniel Marsh were alive to witness the secular decadence of our culture and our students, he would advise us to heed Tillich’s words that “when the religious substance of humanism disappear[s], the mere form [is] left, abundant but empty [. . . along with the] indifference, cynicism, despair, mental disturbances, early crimes and disgust of life” that follow. In stark contrast to fifty years ago, all these symptoms of decay are abundantly evident today.

President Marsh, and after him President Case, would have deplored, with Tillich, the tsunami of secularism that has engulfed schools and colleges as it has engulfed all of our society. We are now “dependent on a small section of the religious life, a special denomination or a special confessional group [but absent] the spirit of our society as a whole.”

All of us, I suspect, feel oppressed following 9/11 by forces of destiny beyond the responsibility or control of any individual, institution, or nation — forces that seriously limit our choices. We cannot create new symbols by which to inculcate the younger generation in a system of beliefs that unite harmoniously all the diversities of our time. We do not even try to blend our differences into a sense of the whole; rather, we celebrate diversity for its own sake with all its splintering consequences.

The synthesis so desperately needed to unite us is beyond our individual and institutional capacities. We can only wait for a Kairos — a fullness of time in which a compelling cultural synthesis is apprehended and accepted, a synthesis in which are reconciled all the wounding divergencies of our times.

This opening of hearts and minds requires a breaking into our daily lives of a convincing sense of the authority of ancient values — honesty, nobility, humility, integrity, compassion. It requires, as religious folk might say, a breaking into the temporal of the eternal.

When will this breakthrough occur? Next year, 500 years from now, perhaps never. There is nothing we can do to hasten it. But neither can we as educators wait for the First or Second Coming of the Messiah. Creatures of the present, we must act in the present. Thus the question reasserts itself: what is the task of educators in universities today who must address a largely secular student body?

Part of the solution involves the third aspect of education as discussed by Tillich: humanistic education. This element is found to a limited degree in technical education in “discipline; subjection to the object in knowing and handling it; participation in the community of work; subordination to and criticism of the demands of the expert and the community.” But humanistic education has much more to offer than this. It encompasses what is common to us all that we must look for and teach — those eternal verities concerning birth, friendship, love, disappointment, loss, and death that are the gifts of the humanities.

Tillich said that cut off from religion, the humanities are empty. But it is hard to say where the humanities end and religion begins. It was especially difficult for Tillich, who defined religion as “the ultimate concern for the ultimate.” Socrates held precisely that view of philosophy. Both religion and philosophy require, as Tillich said, “initiation into the mystery of existence and the symbols in which it is expressed.” Humanism, he observed, “starts with . . . the question of being — of being generally and of my own being particularly.”

The mystery of being is not explained by science.
Cosmologists claim that the universe began with the Big Bang. But what was there to bang? Was there a prior universe that collapsed into a black hole of such compressed energy that it exploded to start a subsequent universe? But if that is the explanation, where did the universe that collapsed into the black hole come from? From another universe, another Big Bang, and another black hole, ad infinitum? We do not address the mystery of being until we ask why something exists and not nothing, yet no cosmologist has an answer to that question.

Students who have been inducted as young children in the symbols of the Christian, Jewish, or some other religious faith may be sustained by conceptual interpretations that transform childlike literalisms peculiar to each faith while preserving the power of their symbols. This transformation has been, in part, the concern of our departments of religion and philosophy, our School of Theology, and our several religious groups, including those at Marsh Chapel, Newman House, and Hillel House. Their programs help students participate in and profit from a curriculum suitable to all students, with or without a religious induction.

It is the obligation of universities to induct students into the humanities by immersing them in the wisdom of the world’s great sages and by grafting to their souls the emotional power, the archetypes, and the symbols of our literary heritages without cultural, racial, or ethnic boundaries and regardless of religious induction. Can we offer nourishment stronger, for example, than the Hellenic tradition once central to education in both the schools and the universities?

In the Republic, Plato laid down the first principles of social organization. No individual is self-sufficient. Without society, that is, without community, no individual would have the power of speech and hence the capacity for thought or self-consciousness, both essential to personal fulfillment. Since each individual is dependent on a social community, it is the obligation of each, Socrates argued, to provide a measure of support for the community on which each depends. This is the necessary condition for personal survival and the factual objective basis of morality and ethics.

To know what duties are incumbent on members of a community and which habits of conduct must be inculcated in young people, we can do no better than to ask our students to assume in imagination the responsibilities faced by Moses when he led the Israelites out of Egypt.

What will an individual with the responsibilities of Moses establish as the principles of conduct necessary to the survival of a community? Will he or she prohibit murder? Can one imagine the possibility of a society in which there is no agreement that murder is wrong, or a community in which there is no agreement that stealing is wrong, or that it is wrong to covet the property of others? These values are not relative. These are the principles on which human existence, both socially and individually, necessarily depends. Our humanistic legacy provides powerful arguments based on evidence and logic in support of all genuine moral principles. They are a distillation of the wisdom amassed through thousands of years of human experience by peoples throughout the world. They are principles without which no community can function effectively and without which no individual can hope to live happily.

Among civilized people across the face of the earth and over many centuries we find a remarkable consensus regarding basic morality. For example, the many formulations of the Golden Rule, found in African, Asian, Middle Eastern, and Western cultures, are essentially the same. Confucius asked, “Is there one word that may serve as a rule of practice for all of one’s life?” He replied, “Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself do not do onto others.”

About the same time, the Buddha said, “Hurt not others in ways that you would find hurtful.” The great Jewish sage Hillel stated it in this way: “What is hateful to you, do not to your fellow man. That is the entire law; all the rest is commentary.” Jesus stated the law affirmatively, “Whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do also unto them. That is the law and the prophets.”

This law was given a theoretical formulation by Immanuel Kant valid in any country or any ethnic group: “Act so that the principle of your act can be a universal law.” That is, one is subject to the law one proposes to treat others by.

These formulations are laws of ethics; like laws of logic, they are normative, specifying the way we should act and think rather than descriptive of the way we actually act or think. But these laws by themselves lack the power to motivate obedience. Moral motivation for those unmotivated by religious induction must come, I believe, through induction in the classics, from Gilgamesh, Homer, and the Bible to Shakespeare and Goethe, in works that speak with enduring relevance.

For our archetype of friendship and the symbols of
loyalty of friends, we may look to the poetry of David as he lamented the death of Jonathan or to the Iliad and the mourning of Achilles over the death of Patroklos. Without such models, our students are dependent on the archetypes offered by Hollywood and television, on *Sex and the City* and *The Sopranos*.

At Boston University, which welcomes both those students with faith and those without it, initiation into the mystery of human existence may be best achieved through poetry. If they would know the nobility of striving in a worthy but losing cause, let them learn by hearing Cavafy’s poem “Thermopylae”:

Honor to those who in the life they lead define and guard a Thermopylae.
Never betraying what is right, consistent and just in all they do but showing pity also, and compassion; generous when they’re rich, and when they’re poor, still generous in small ways, still helping as much as they can; always speaking the truth, yet without hating those who lie.

And even more honor is due to them when they foresee (as many do foresee) that Ephialtis will turn up in the end, that the Medes will break through after all.

Ephialtis, of course, was the treasonous Greek who betrayed the secret path that led the Medes through to destroy the Greeks. There will be an Ephialtis in each of our lives, whose treason results in defeat and loss. But loss does not make the effort less worthy and to live requires the courage to strive in the knowledge of ultimate defeat.

How better to induct Boston University students into the meaning of life than by having them read and commit to memory Cavafy’s poem “Ithaka”:

When you start on your journey to Ithaka, then pray that the road is long, full of adventure, full of knowledge.
Do not fear the Lestrygonians, and the Cyclopes and the angry Poseidon.
You will never meet such as these on your path, if your thoughts remain lofty, if a fine emotion touches your body and your spirit.
You will never meet the Lestrygonians, the Cyclopes and the fierce Poseidon, if you do not carry them within your soul, if your soul does not raise them up before you.

... Always keep Ithaka fixed in your mind.
To arrive there is your ultimate goal.
But do not hurry the voyage at all.
It is better to let it last for long years; and even to anchor at the isle when you are old, rich with all that you have gained on the way, not expecting that Ithaka will offer you riches.

Ithaka has given you the beautiful voyage.
Without her you would never have taken the road.
But she has nothing more to give you.
And if you find her poor, Ithaka has not defrauded you.
With the great wisdom you have gained, with so much experience, you must surely have understood by then what Ithakas mean.

If our graduates have committed such poems to memory, they will not leave without having been improved. Those who have been offered induction into the symbols of a religion may live in faith, including the hope of a heaven in which the tragedies of life are overcome. Those without a religious faith but who have been inducted into the symbols of Hellenism may live meaningful lives with courage and joy befitting everyone who knows that the journey of life is its purpose and worth the struggle, with its attendant pain and loss, and who, like Yeats’s Homer, can go laughing to the tomb.

In our secular age, no one can address all students as President Marsh did, urging them to keep close to God and commune with Him each day. No matter how true or valuable that advice may be, it will not be meaningful to many of our students. It is our task to move all students through a process of transformation from a literalism that cannot be sustained to an enduring sense of the mystery, wonder, and purpose of life that has sustained mankind from the dawn of civilization down to the present.

When I observe the vitality and enthusiasm of our graduates and their occasional expressions of joy, I know we have succeeded, at least in part. And I am confident that by the lives they live they will honor their alma mater, their fathers and mothers, and their mentors both living and long dead, and that they will help maintain the eternal verities and humanistic values into the future.
The Bookstore Jungle

Against the odds, independent bookstores are thriving in the age of the Internet and the megachain. But how will they fare as new technologies continue to change the face of publishing and selling?

BY JENNY BROWN

A RIOT OF BOOKS greets the browser at Newtonville Books. They're leaning on shelves, piled on tables, stacked on the floor, and angled against walls. Glancing at titles or flipping through interesting paperbacks can while away hours. The store doesn't merely invite browsing; it encourages it, with unlabeled shelves that require either staff guidance to subject areas, or good luck.

The bookselling methods of store owner Tim Huggins (GSM'98) are somewhat unorthodox. But so is Huggins. He looks more like a Seattle outdoorsman than a New England shopkeeper with an M.B.A. His long brown hair pulled into a low ponytail, he is wearing a short goatee, a pair of corduroys, and a stained shirt beneath a black fleece vest. He sits on an overstuffed brown couch in a nook of his store, just across from the art books.

"What I'm trying to do is elevate the experience of bookselling," he explains. "Book buying was becoming too much like a transaction." Huggins opened Newtonville Books in 1998, modeling it after Lemuria Bookstore, a shop he worked for in Jackson, Mississippi. "Lemuria had that kind of orchestrated chaos. It felt much more like a home library than a retail experience. And that's something I wanted to replicate."

The word transaction is a not-so-subtle dig at Newtonville's, and indeed all independent bookstores', main competition: the superstore and the Internet. In the 1970s and 1980s the independent bookstore flourished, while the chains of the time — Brentano's, B. Dalton Booksellers, Waldenbooks, and others — declined. Newsweek announced in 1990 that "business for independent publishers and booksellers [has] never been better." Yet, the golden age of the independents came to a bitter end in 1991, when Barnes and Noble owner Leonard Riggio came up with a novel idea: the book superstore.

Superstores, with huge floor space, cafés, and a relaxed policy that welcomes browsers, began dotting the country, often near smaller bookstores. Many of the independents couldn't compete with their deeper discounts and larger inventories. Then in July 1995 the second whammy hit: Amazon.com opened its virtual doors. Independent bookstores across the country folded by the thousands. Still, despite the competition, a significant number of stores not only survived, but are thriving and new bookstores, like Huggins's, have opened.

THE BUSINESS OF BOOKS

The genesis of Newtonville Books is not merely literary. Huggins wrote a business plan for a bookstore while earning his M.B.A. at the Graduate School of Management. Although he had worked at Lemuria and then at the University Press of Mississippi, he wasn't sure after graduating that he wanted to return to the book world. "It helped," he says, "that I didn't get any second interviews from consulting companies."

Huggins combined his book experience with a careful study of the market and devised a plan that contradicts accepted business wisdom: notably, he does not ordinarily discount his books (except for teachers and for book clubs ordering twenty-five or more copies of a single title). "I was afraid of what was going to happen if people continued to buy for price instead of for quality," he says. "I purposely decided not to get into the discount war because of that and because I didn't feel I could compete on that level."

He also manages his store differently. He pays a living wage to his staff, about 35 percent more than most profitable bookstores, he says, because he feels it's important to retain employees who are passionate about books. The store is decorated in bold colors and with the works of regional artists. He chose the site carefully, in an area that needed a bookstore and did not have a chain nearby.

Newtonville Books is most noted, however, for its extensive reading series. The store has at least two readings a week, often more, including both in-store events and a "Books & Brews" series, where the author and the audience stroll to a restaurant for a free drink and appe-
tizers after a reading. Huggins does not sell books online, although a calendar of readings and staff picks are listed on www.newtonvillebooks.com and a weekly calendar of events is e-mailed to subscribers. And it all seems to be working. Sales at the 1,500-square-foot store have grown more than 10 percent each year.

**BRAVE NEW WORLD OF BOOKS**

**INDEPENDENT BOOKSTORES** are important, especially to smaller publishers, who count on them to spread the word about new titles that may not immediately enter the mainstream. Many books on best-seller lists, such as Anita Diamant’s *The Red Tent* and Charles Frazier’s *Cold Mountain*, began selling quietly in local bookstores, where word-of-mouth elevated them from the pack.

“Traditionally, independent booksellers are deeply woven into the community,” says publisher Stephen Hull (CGS’88, COM’80). “They know their customers, they know reading tastes, they can point them towards familiar books, familiar writers, and also new things.”

Hull began his publishing career at Little, Brown before moving over to Allyn and Bacon, the academic arm of Simon and Schuster. A stint at Zoland Press, a small literary house that publishes poetry, fiction, and belles lettres, taught Hull the independent trade book industry. Today he is the founding publisher of Boston-based press Justin, Charles and Company, publishing books that appeal to him, essentially “quality books with commercial appeal.” It’s a difficult balance. “It’s like the famous line about pornography,” Hull says with a laugh. “I can’t define it, but I know it when I see it.” His current list includes literary fiction, mysteries, a movie guide, and social and music histories.

Bookstores are branching out from just selling books. Leveraging their knowledge of the industry, a few independent bookstores have taken the next step and are forming their own imprints. Justin, Charles has teamed up with Cambridge-based bookstore Kate’s Mystery Books to begin producing the eponymous Kate’s Mystery Books. But creating an imprint is not an effective way for independent bookstores to compete with the big boys. “I don’t really think it’s a way for independent booksellers to increase their share in their local market,” Hull says, “which is why more of them don’t do it.”

Independents have had to struggle to stay competitive, he acknowledges. He sees three major threats to their existence: the superstores, nonbookstores such as Costco...
and Wal-Mart that sell books, and the growing reality that people simply aren't reading as much as they used to. "Internet, cable TV, computer games, things that basically were not competing for a reader's attention fifteen years ago," he says, "are all multibillion-dollar industries now."

In fact, *Book* magazine reported that Americans today spend on average only 109 hours a year reading, down from 123 in 1996.

Hull mentions another emerging technology, print-on-demand (POD), in which a book is produced when a customer requests it. "I think print-on-demand can be a real boost to the independent bookseller," he says. "It is a terrifically exciting possibility downstream." If anything, he thinks, POD will be a new source of revenue for independent bookstores. "I can envision a time five or ten years down the line when you walk into Kate's Mystery Books or Harvard Book Store and in addition to the stacks, there is a kiosk sitting there, like what you find in a Tower Records, where you can put on headphones and pull up an MP3 file of pretty much any song you want to hear. A bookstore kiosk would give you covers, samples from any book you wanted to find. You plunk in a credit card and ten minutes later it spits out a trade paperback, perfect bound with a four-color cover. You're still at your local independent bookstore. They're still bringing customers into the store in order to do this."

Of course, as this technology develops, there is the possibility that bookstores could face new competition. "I've heard other scenarios," Hull says, "where Internet POD is tied into a place that has some of this existing technology, like copy shops. You would go on Amazon, find a book, pay for it, and be directed to your local Kinkos. Then you walk over there in a half hour and pick up the book."

"As an independent publisher, I consider independent bookstores our natural allies," he says, yet he insists that bookstores need to remain in touch with their customers and what will sell best to them. "Some booksellers just sit back and wait for publishers to spoon-feed them no-brainer, gotta-have-it books. Those are the ones that aren't going to survive. The ones that will do well are the ones like Newtonville Books that are really jacked into their community and are savvy about matching the world of books with their customers."

**WORDS, WORDS, WORDS**

**Perched** strategically on Massachusetts Avenue in Cambridge, just across from Harvard Yard, the 5,500-square-foot Harvard Book Store is almost four times bigger than Newtonville Books, and it's as organized as the smaller store is chaotic. Stacks are neatly labeled, small signs on the counter promote the frequent-buyer program, rows of discounted best-sellers line shelves near the checkout, and a staircase leads to a cavernous remainders and used book area. Successful for over seventy years now, it is as different from Newtonville Books as an independent store can be. How can such opposites both succeed?

"I think the very fact that there aren't universals is the answer," says owner Frank Kramer (CAS'66). "Chain stores all do the same thing. If you're in a good book market, as long as you're doing something unique that you believe people will appreciate, then you'll have a chance.

"Harvard Book Store is a landmark," he continues. "We have a great location directly opposite Harvard University. We provide books for students and academics and scholars as well as a general literary market. We also have the best selection of remainders for a discriminating buyer. We don't have a lot of books on home repair, or health, or what I might call pop psychology. The bargains that we have you won't find anywhere else. We've had used books for seventy years. We don't have any westerns. We don't have any romance novels. You can't do the same thing as Barnes and Noble and you can't do the same thing as Amazon and survive."

Kramer hadn't planned to become a bookseller. His father, Mark, opened the store in 1932. But in 1964, when Mark died, Frank left Boston University to work at the bookstore (he later completed his degree).

Adaptability appears to be a key
WELCOME BACK, GUTENBERG

Self-publishing is an emerging technology — but it has been around for centuries. Certainly authors as famous as Mark Twain, who published Huckleberry Finn himself, and as successful as best-selling John Grisham, whose A Time to Kill not only was self-published, but sold out of the trunk of his car, began their careers this way. Yet for every Leaves of Grass and What Color Is Your Parachute? thousands of self-published titles go unnoticed. The power the Internet has given writers to produce their own works has created an unmanageable outpouring. Such authors not only write their books, but also edit, design, and proofread, as well as arrange for printing, either through a vanity press or a Web-based company. Finally, they distribute and publicize them. Often authors who go this laborious route have been unable to find a traditional publisher. Sometimes, though, as in the case of travel author Harry Pariser (COM’75), they just don’t like the way more traditional publishers work. Pariser’s “Explore” travel series began with Hunter Publishing, but he wasn’t happy with the results. “I felt that my books were not being laid out, typeset, presented, and promoted in a way that I wanted,” he says. “Authors also get a very small percentage of the cover price.” So he formed Manatee Press, and he uses a distributor to get the books into stores.

Pariser is one of the more successful self-publishers, although he prefers the term independent publishing. “People have a negative built-in towards the idea of self-publishing,” he says. “It sounds amateurish.”

The Internet has made self-publishing accessible to the general public. iUniverse, one of the largest Web publishing companies, charges as little as $199 to print a title, although authors may choose to pay more for such extras as copyediting, distribution, and additional copies of their book. With such a low barrier to entry, droves of would-be authors are creating magnum opuses. iUniverse alone publishes between 400 and 500 books a month, Xlibris has almost 6,000 self-published titles available, and there are myriad other companies.

The obstacles for an independent publisher are numerous. Placing a title bookstore by bookstore is difficult, so many sell their books on the Web, either through Amazon.com or their own sites. Because of sheer numbers, bookstores often don’t stock self-published books. And if it actually makes it to a bookstore, there’s still the challenge of marketing, which is solely the author’s responsibility. That means sending out flyers, talking bookstores into allowing a reading (although travel is generally cost-prohibitive), and coming up with creative ways to get the book noticed. Finally, because a book has reached the store doesn’t mean it will stay there. “Bookstores can return books to the publisher for any reason,” Pariser says. “If somebody spills coffee on your book in Borders, they return it.” The author ends up eating the cost.

Masterpieces are lurking out there, but wading through them makes discovery extremely difficult. Until there’s an easy way to see what’s worthwhile, self-publishing is likely to be ignored by the majority of bookstores, chain and independent. —JB

factor in the store’s survival. Harvard Book Store began by selling and buying textbooks and remainders. Over the years it phased out textbooks and added a café, later closed because of leasing problems. Products, such as Harvard University insignia clothing, have been added; others have come and gone. The store not only has a flourishing reading series, but according to Kramer, it invented the reading series as it is known today. Author appearances used to mean that an author would come to a store, sit at a table, and autograph books. “You got to shake his hand and get a book signed,” Kramer remembers. “We began an author series in 1980, cosponsored by the Boston Public Library, which continues to this day, where the author comes in and speaks about the book for forty-five minutes, and people get a chance to talk to him or her and ask questions. It’s a very different experience. Then we began to see other booksellers copy that format.”

Kramer agrees that the independent bookstore’s role in breaking out new authors makes them important to publishers. He belongs to the Independent Booksellers Consortium, which consists of about thirty larger stores, such as Seattle’s Elliott Bay Book Company, Miami’s Books and Books, Portland’s Powell’s, and Austin’s Book People. Members gather three times a year to discuss their stores, and of course, books. Sharing knowledge about good books spreads the buzz across the country, helping build sales for quality literature.

Unlike Huggins, Kramer uses the Internet for sales as well as for marketing. He foresightedly claimed www.harvard.com early on. Approximately 2 percent of his sales come from the Web, and although the store ships anywhere, many Web customers are local. “Students at Harvard order the book at night,” he says, “and pick it up in the store a day or two later.”

Like Hull, Kramer sees print-on-demand as a potential boon to his business. He gives as an example “all the university presses. It’s just not worth it for them to carry inventory of a book that they get between ten and twenty-five orders for a year. If the book is digitized, they can list it as ‘in print’ rather than ‘out of print.’ If you want a book on something academic, what are you going to do, go look through every university press Web site to see if they have one? No, what you want to do is go to a bookstore or a database that says these books are available.”

Kramer is confident that independent bookstores will continue to flourish. They’ve survived the superstore; they’ve survived the Internet; they’ll continue to survive any new technologies thrown at them. “If you can’t be optimistic, you should quit,” he says. And it doesn’t look like he plans on quitting anytime soon.
Don’t Bother with Rand McNally
BU Astronomers Find New Ways to Map the Milky Way

IMAGINE you’re on the sixth floor of a building on the edge of downtown Boston, and you’re told to make a map of the city from that vantage point. A tough assignment, to say the least. But that’s the small-scale equivalent of what Jim Jackson and his colleagues are taking on: making a map of a large chunk of the Milky Way from an insignificant viewing post in the inner suburbs of the whole thing—planet Earth, that is.

Jackson, a professor of astronomy in the College of Arts and Sciences, has been leading the survey of the galactic ring, a huge ring of star-forming molecular gas clouds embedded in the disk of our home galaxy, the Milky Way. Mapping a gigantic portion of the galaxy isn’t done with what we usually think of as a telescope: it’s made by radio astronomy, the telescope capturing radio waves instead of the narrow spectrum of visible light that we see.

The galactic ring is especially interesting, Jackson says, because it’s the birthplace of most of the Milky Way’s new stars. Within the ring’s molecular clouds, “a lump of gas will get extra dense and start to collapse under its own weight,” he says. “Then, because it has so much gravity, it will start to pull in other stuff on top of it, and it’s a kind of runaway process. Eventually you’ll get something that’s dense enough to ignite nuclear reactions, and then you’ve got a star.”

Surveying the entire galactic ring is no small feat: in all it’s some 100 quadrillion miles of real estate to map. The team constantly collects so much data that “it’s like drinking from a fire hose,” says Jackson, and there’s scarcely enough time to analyze what they’ve got before being inundated with more. That hasn’t kept the researchers from making several important findings, even if they were unexpected. “That’s the way it always is in science,” Jackson says. “You never make the discoveries you think you’re going to make.”

The first surprise finding by Jackson’s team—funded by the National Science Foundation and NASA and made up of CAS Professors Thomas Bania and Dan Clemens, postdocs Robert Simon, Ronak Shah, and Jill Rathborne, and graduate and undergraduate students—was that huge, unidentified cold black patches appearing in an earlier infrared survey of the Milky Way turned out to be molecular clouds that are apparently early versions of star clusters. They showed up clearly because Jackson’s survey looks for traces of carbon monoxide, which is invisible in the infrared spectrum.

“These patches are a few light years across, and maybe thousands of times more massive than the sun,” Jackson says. “It’s long been speculated that there should be clouds that large and that massive, which fragment and form hundreds of individual stars. But no one had ever seen these things before. They’re cold because no stars have formed yet. They are precursors to the formation of star clusters.”

Probably the most useful tool to emerge from the survey so far is a new method to roughly determine the distance of molecular clouds in the Milky Way. It all starts with the “warm atomic background” found in the galaxy. Jackson explains that hydrogen atoms are found throughout the Milky Way. Astronomers can see this warm atomic gas, which provides a background glow, with radio telescopes tuned to a specific frequency. Bania mapped a portion of the Milky Way in this frequency range with a telescope in Puerto Rico. The cold, nearby molecular clouds show up now as black silhouettes against the pervasive glow, Jackson says.

Thus, if a molecular cloud is on the near side of the Milky Way, you’ll see the black shadow. If it’s on the far side, you won’t, because there’s no warm background behind it. This easily separates the near from the far clouds,
The Connection Between High Blood Pressure and Aging

Losing Gray Matter
The Connection Between High Blood Pressure and Aging

The next time your doctor tells you to keep your blood pressure down, take heed. Not only can high blood pressure lead to heart failure, stroke, and heart and kidney disease, but studies show that extreme hypertension also can affect the brain and its functions, such as memory, says Mark Moss, a professor and chairman of the department of anatomy and neurobiology at the School of Medicine. But, he adds, "what's become clear over the last few years is that even cases of mild hypertension might produce changes in cognition."

About fifty million Americans have high blood pressure, according to the American Heart Association. The organization's recently revised guidelines say that a blood pressure reading of 140 over 90 or above is considered high, and 120 over 80 or below is normal (prehypertension is a reading between those numbers). The first number, systolic pressure, reflects the pressure in the arteries while the heart beats; the second number, diastolic pressure, represents the pressure between beats.

Moss has been leading a research project on the effects of hypertension on the brain and cognition for the last five years. The patients he had been studying were presumed to have Alzheimer's disease, but something didn't seem right. "Many of these individuals did not fit the pattern of cognitive impairment that one typically sees in Alzheimer's disease," he says, "and they usually had elevated blood pressure." In fact, they were suffering from a similar but less common disease called vascular dementia, whose symptoms include memory loss and slowed information processing. Hypertension is a major risk factor for vascular dementia, which results from diseases of the blood vessels in the brain. "We began to ask the question," Moss says, "can we assess the effects of hypertension on cognition in an animal model in which all the variables can be controlled, including things like diet, exercise, and a lack of medication?"

During the first stage of his research, Moss found three surprises. The first was that even cases of mild hypertension — then defined as a systolic pressure reading between 140 and 160 — resulted in problems in short-term memory within six months of the disorder's onset. He also found evidence of small lesions in the brain and an inflammation of white matter (the sheath that covers nerve cells, acts as an insulator, and speeds up the transmission of signals along the nerves), neither of which showed up in magnetic resonance imaging. "The third surprise was that the extent of cognitive impairment correlated with the extent of hypertension," Moss says. "So the greater the hypertension, the greater the cognitive impairment."

Researchers also found preliminary evidence that a year after onset, hypertension results in a loss of white matter in the brain. This could account for memory loss and problems with so-called executive functions, such as planning and abstract thinking, Moss says.

The second stage of Moss's research focuses on the relationship between high blood pressure and aging. "We know that middle age alone can produce mild cognitive impairment," Moss says. "And given that hypertension is an age-related disorder, it begged the question whether or not hypertension would exacerbate the effects of normal aging."

Preliminary findings suggest it does, but Moss says definitive results are still a year away.

One of the areas Moss is focusing...
EXPLORATIONS

on is the blood-brain barrier, a lining of cells in the arteries of the brain that protects the brain by preventing leakage of foreign substances. He says that there is evidence that the blood-brain barrier is broken in hypertension. He's seen some enlargement and stiffening of the walls of the arteries in the brain as well. "It's unclear why just mild increases in blood pressure cause breaks in the blood-brain barrier and the structural changes to the arteries," he says. "That's still not well worked out."

The study, funded through a special five-year National Institutes of Health award that allows Moss to extend the research for another five years, has medical implications. Studying the brain tissue at various stages of hypertension, he says, could lead to earlier intervention and different forms of treatment. The results may also point to one more reason to keep your blood pressure in check.—Cynthia K. Buccini

See Change
New Views on Vision

It's sort of like looking down a hall of mirrors: trying to see how the brain sees while it's, well, seeing. That's what Eric Schwartz, a CAS professor of cognitive and neural systems, is doing, harnessing the power of functional magnetic resonance imaging (fMRI) to watch the visual cortex in action. The results may soon not only shed light on how the brain makes sense of the visual world, but also help improve the power and accuracy of fMRI technology.

When light lands on the velvety surface of the retina, specialized cells go to work like a legion of telegraph operators, encrypting the image as electrical impulses that zip along to the primary visual cortex, called V1 by researchers. Neuroscientists have known for fifty years that the brain arranges these signals in a kind of representational map, with each point on the retina routed to a unique point in V1. Researchers think this map is then copied onto thirty to forty different areas within the visual cortex, each of which interprets a different aspect of the image, such as colors, edges, and motion. But with his colleagues at CNS, Schwartz has done recent computational work that suggests the structure of the brain is simpler and more elegant, processing images in only a few compartments.

"This model would change the whole concept of how the cortex is organized," Schwartz says. "It's as if in astronomy you didn't have a concept of a galaxy, but only had one for a solar system. And then somebody came in and said, 'Well, actually there's a higher level of structure that you didn't see before.'"

With a $2 million grant from the National Institute for Biomedical Imaging and Bioengineering, a new branch of the National Institutes of Health, Schwartz and Bruce Fischl (GRS'97), an assistant professor of radiology at Harvard Medical School, are using fMRI to investigate the primary visual cortex in unprecedented detail.

Magnetic Vision

In the 1960s neuroscientists began using implanted electrodes to study nerve activity in the visual cortex of macaque monkeys. In the standard experiment, the monkeys were shown a bull's-eye pattern of white lines on a black background. The researchers hoped to find a mathematical function describing how the brain takes in the optical information and distributes it within the primary visual cortex, but
What is the origin of the term Indian summer?

"The expression probably was used first by British military personnel who battled Native Americans for control of the Ohio River Valley between 1760 and 1780," says Adam Sweeting, a College of General Studies associate professor of humanities and rhetoric. His latest book, Beneath the Second Sun: A Cultural History of Indian Summer (University Press of New England, 2003), examines the weather phenomenon's symbolic role in American literature.

"Indian summer appears to be related to the horrible term Indian giver, which originated around the same time and place," Sweeting says. "The concept of Indian giving stems from whites' misreading of complex Native American gift-giving traditions, where gifts exchanged as part of a trading deal or treaty would be taken back if the deal fell through. Indian summer, of course, describes when in autumn there is a burst of warm weather that suddenly turns cool again.

"Military diaries from the eighteenth century use the phrase in a very matter-of-fact manner to describe the weather," he says. "It wasn't until the nineteenth century that poetic and metaphoric uses of Indian summer became popular. Henry David Thoreau loved Indian summer because it represented for him a definitive transcendental moment, a period when you were taken out of the regular flow of time, and he wrote about the concept extensively in his journals. Emily Dickinson, whose poetry is often about sudden emotional breaks, found Indian summers particularly jarring. There are about twenty Dickinson poems that while never using the term Indian summer, clearly draw on imagery related to what for her was a very off-putting time of year.

"Meteorologists today say that Indian summers in New England are caused by anticyclones, or weather systems whose winds rotate clockwise around a zone of high barometric pressure," Sweeting continues. "In mid to late fall, anticyclones that move out of the Northwest and through the Southwest and South sometimes stall off the Atlantic Coast, where their warm, dry air causes temperatures to spike for a few days. This happens in New England most years, but not every year, and typically just once each fall."

they found no clear patterns.

As a postdoc in 1976, Schwartz revisited their data and found that a complex logarithm describes the visual mapping fairly well. It turns out to be the same function for calculating the geometry of a magnetic field. When you drop iron filings over a bar magnet, they spread out in an hourglass shape along the axis of the magnet. "The mathematical function that plots out the retina-to-cortex mapping is the same as that which tells you how to plot out the field lines of a magnet," Schwartz says. "In some sense, the physical world is following the simplest possible idea, and so is your brain." He emphasizes, however, that there are no bar magnets in our brains. "It's the same mathematics," he says, "but it isn't the same phenomenon."

With his CNS colleagues, Schwartz recently did a detailed analysis of several topographic maps described by other researchers, and found they have almost the same mathematical structure as V1. Their models suggested that instead of forty distinct topographic maps, there were only two or three separate "super-maps," with many submaps nested inside them like Russian dolls.

While this is still theoretical work, Schwartz says, it gives researchers a new tool for understanding fMRI. First developed about a decade ago, fMRI works in real time by measuring oxygen levels in the blood throughout the brain, indicating which neurons are getting busy and consuming oxygen. But fMRI and MRI are only about 95 percent accurate; there are minor distortions in the images that are trivial in most clinical applications but problematic for precise measurements.

Schwartz plans to use the mathematical model he's developed as a benchmark, and compare it to what he actually finds on the fMRI scans, using ever more powerful fMRIs at a Massachusetts General Hospital research facility. "You can't really fix the imaging if you don't have a benchmark for what correctness is," he says.

— Tim Stoddard ♦
Bringing Ideas to Market

Boston University has long encouraged entrepreneurship. In 1975, it formed the Community Technology Fund, one of whose aims is to help BU researchers with innovative ideas develop business plans and obtain venture capital financing. The fund was one of the first such at any university and to date has helped launch thirty-one faculty startups. In addition, the Photonics Center, the BioSquare Discovery and Innovation Center at the Medical Campus, and several other BU organizations further the creation of new technology-based companies.

Now the University is leveraging its expertise in technology transfer to launch education and research programs that will train students and faculty in how best to commercialize groundbreaking research. The programs will be led by the new Technology Commercialization Institute, which also will coordinate and expand BU’s various entrepreneurship efforts.

The institute is directed by Robert Ronstadt, the University’s new vice president of technology commercialization. The cofounder of a pioneering entrepreneurship program at Babson College in the late 1970s, Ronstadt has extensive experience in business planning, raising capital, financial management of new enterprises, and managing new product research and development.

“The goal of our new institute will be to combine education with research to build a new academic and professional discipline in technology commercialization—something we have been building toward for a quarter of a century,” says Chancellor John Silber. “Dr. Ronstadt is ideally prepared to lead this effort.”

Ronstadt predicts that technology commercialization will be recognized as an academic discipline within the next five to ten years, and that BU is positioned to lead in the field’s development. “Many universities don’t have any programs of the sort that BU has to help researchers develop venture ideas,” he says. “So the University is way ahead of the game.”

The institute’s education component begins in January, with Ronstadt teaching a graduate-level, University-wide course in technology commercialization. “The course will focus on how to assess the commercial potential of an idea at the research stage, determine what kind of market it’s suited for, and then develop it,” he says. “Graduate students today increasingly are thinking about commercialization, because they see their professors doing it, and they’re getting involved in commercialization projects themselves. It’s a positive aspect of their education.”

— David J. Craig

Ray Hart Named Dean of School of Theology

Ray Hart, a professor of philosophical and systematic theology and a past chairman of the Arts and Sciences department of religion, is the new dean of the School of Theology.

Hart, who received a Ph.D. from Yale, taught at Drew University School of Theology, Vanderbilt University Divinity School, the University of Montana at Missoula, and the State University of New York at Stony Brook before coming to Boston University in 1989. He is a past director of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences division of religious and theological studies. Among his publications are Unfinished Man and the Imagination, The Critique of Modernity, and Religious and Theological Studies in American Higher Education.

An ordained elder in the United Methodist Church, Hart has been the mentor of well over 100 Ph.D. students in theology and philosophy of religion.
Tapestry of Love

In late eighteenth-century Scania, a rural region of southern Sweden, nothing advertised a woman’s marriageability quite like an array of her decorative textiles. Daughters of prosperous farmers in the area were taught at a young age to create colorful and intricately designed bedcovers and other woven goods to show off their domestic skills and to offer a suitor as a dowry.

Such works, created between about 1750 and 1850, today are considered by art critics and collectors to represent the Golden Age of Swedish textile production. Through October 26 the BU Art Gallery is presenting an exhibition of perhaps the most comprehensive collection of special Swedish marriage textiles outside of Sweden — part of a larger collection belonging to international collector, benefactor, and scholar Nasser David Khalili (Hon ’04). Monument to Love: Swedish Marriage Textiles from the Khalili Collection displays sixty-four of Khalili’s ninety-one Swedish textiles. It is the first showing from the collection in the United States and one of the few exhibitions of Swedish textiles ever in this country.

The gallery will host an interdisciplinary panel discussion focusing on women in weaving at two p.m. on Saturday, October 25, featuring Barbara Gottfried, a CAS instructor in women’s studies, and several art historians and textile artists.

“Our objective in organizing this exhibition was to celebrate the artistic significance of these beautiful and vibrant objects by calling attention to their ties to long-established textile traditions and stylistic precedents,” says Stacey McCarroll (GRS ‘04), the gallery’s director and curator. “But we also call attention to the social circumstances in which they were created. These objects have a very private origin and were made by women whose identity has been lost to history, so that raises interesting questions about the categories we use to define art.”

Characterized by vivid color and simple geometric patterns, the textiles often feature heart shapes and other intimate images reflecting the anticipation of marriage. Some works are monogrammed with the artist’s initials or those of another family member or her groom, but otherwise the women are unidentified.

“Many of the textiles look quite modern,” adds exhibition coordinator Melissa Renn (GRS ’04), a graduate student in art history, “because of their bright colors and bold geometric designs on a plain field, which in some ways recall early modernist art. At the same time, you can see the local traditions at work in the artists’ choice of images and in the use of some of the simpler geometric forms, which of course was a limitation of the weaving style many women used.”

Their designs were often symbolic of fertility and long life, and a sense of hope and joy can clearly be seen in the

Golf Tournament for Travis Roy Foundation

The seventh annual Beanpot Benefit Golf Tournament will be held on October 20 at the Willowbend Golf Course in Mashpee, Massachusetts, with NHL legend Bobby Orr once again joining Travis Roy (COM ’00) in hosting the event. The tournament will benefit the Travis Roy Foundation, a nonprofit organization that provides grants to victims of spinal cord paralysis based on financial need and supports spinal cord research. The foundation has distributed more than $1 million in individual grants and to research projects since 1997.

The tournament takes place on the eighth anniversary of Roy’s injury, when eleven seconds into the first shift of his college hockey career, Roy shattered his fourth cervical vertebra, severely damaging his spinal cord. Now a quadriplegic, with only limited control of his right bicep, he is a popular motivational speaker and is actively involved with the foundation.

For more information, call 617-239-0556 or e-mail beanpot@travisroyfoundation.org.
objects," writes Khalili, a professor in the department of art and archaeology at the University of London's School of Oriental and African Studies, in his preface to a book on the collection. His Swedish Textile Collection is just one facet of the celebrated 25,000-piece Khalili Collections, which includes Islamic, Japanese, Spanish, and Swedish art. — DJC

A Lesson in Courage

Dean Emeritus George K. Makechnie (SED'29, '31, HON.'79), who retired as dean of Sargent College in 1972, is University historian. This is the most recent in his series of short articles about BU's presidents.

BY GEORGE K. MAKECHNIE

A RACIAL INCIDENT witnessed by Harold Case led to the appointment in 1953 of Howard Thurman as dean of Marsh Chapel at Boston University, the first black dean at a predominantly white U.S. college.

"I had been invited to speak at the Methodist National Student Conference in Saint Louis," Thurman recalled. "When my train arrived, I was met by a delegation from the conference and we went to the Jefferson Hotel for breakfast. After my morning session, the same committee and I went to the hotel for lunch. As soon as I sat down, the waitress passed our plates and then went away.

"Presently the chairman of our group was confronted by the manager of the hotel, who said, 'You brought this man for breakfast and I said nothing about it. He had been overnight on the train and he was your guest speaker. But his presence in the dining room violates the agreement that your organization made with the hotel, that you would not require us to feed or house a Negro delegate to this conference. You take him to your room, where he will be served lunch. He cannot be served in the dining room.'"

When Thurman finished his afternoon presentation, he went directly to the train, where he found Case and his wife, Phyllis, waiting for him. Case, a delegate from Pasadena, California, had overheard the discussion in the dining room. "Our purpose in meeting you here," he said, "is to say that if ever the time comes that we can take some firm action to show the true genius of the Methodist Church, I want you to know that you can depend on us to do it."

That time came after Case became president of Boston University in 1951, another in an unbroken line of Methodist ministers. He offered Thurman positions as dean of the chapel and as a professor of spiritual discipline at the School of Theology, urging him to bring to the University the kind of inclusive religious experience that he had developed at the Church for the Fellowship of All People in San Francisco.

In the early 1950s it was an act of courage to nominate a black man for such a position. Later, Chancellor John Silber would declare that Case's appointment of Thurman "resounded to the enduring glory and honor of the University."

Photograph by Boston University Photo Services
To Russia with Music

One day last spring six Boston University music students found themselves in an elegant room across from Moscow’s famed Rachmaninov Hall taking a master class with Vladimir Tarnopolsky, a composer whose music is played throughout Europe. Tarnopolsky, who is on the faculty of the Moscow State Conservatory and has been compared to Stravinsky and Prokofiev, at first commented on the work of the master’s and doctoral students through an interpreter.

The language barrier soon dissolved as he switched to English, leading the rapid give-and-take with each student without hesitancy as he analyzed their compositions, working from scores, recordings, and a piano.

The class was part of the Educational Bridge Project, which brings BU students to Moscow and St. Petersburg and Russians to Boston. It was scheduled for ninety minutes, but lasted more than three hours. Afterwards, the BU students — hailing from the United States, Brazil, Costa Rica, Albania, and Croatia — joined some of the Russian students in a nearby café. Conversation was hesitant at first as the students struggled to understand one another. Then a BU student asked a Russian student for samples of his work. The Russian opened a portfolio and passed around several copies of his music, and all the dynamism of the classroom resumed, with music spanning the language gap.

It was just the kind of exchange that Ludmilla Leibman (CFA’77) had hoped for. A graduate of the Leningrad Conservatory (which has resumed its original name, the St. Petersburg Conservatory) and now an assistant professor of music theory at CFA, she founded the Educational Bridge Project six years ago, and since then has arranged for CFA faculty and students to visit St. Petersburg and Moscow in the late spring, and Russian students and teachers to visit Boston in the fall. The project includes concerts, master classes, and lectures, led by faculty from each of the three cities.

This past spring’s project began with a series of concerts by students from CFA’s Opera Institute held in St. Petersburg, including at the Sheremetev Palace overlooking the Fontanka River. In Moscow, three BU string players performed at several concerts, including one featuring several of the composition students. U.S. Ambassador Alexander Vershbow hosted a reception welcoming the students to Russia.

Before a collaborative concert at Rachmaninov Hall with the BU trio and the St. Petersburg Conservatory’s Studio New Music ensemble, the Americans showed the usual preperformance jitters: Will there be a stage manager? How will we hear our cues? Their Russian counterparts did their best to put them at ease, and later the audience in the packed hall responded to the performance with shouts of “Bravo” and the rhythmic clapping characteristic of enthusiastic Russian audiences. “We love Moscow — we’d love to stay,” said BU student Heidi Broschinsky.

From late October through mid-November, more than forty Russian performers, teachers, and others will make a return visit to BU. Tarnopolsky will bring the Studio New Music ensemble from Moscow for three events, including a November 16 concert entitled Fifty Years After Stalin’s Death: The History of Soviet Russia in Sound, and Larissa Gergieva will lead the Mariinsky Theater Academy of Young Singers from St. Petersburg.

— Kevin Carleton (COM’82)

A full schedule of the fall events can be found at: http://people.bu.edu/ludmilla/lidia.txt.

At an informal gathering at a café after a master class in Moscow, BU students (seated, from left) Matthew Van Brink, Mauricio Pauly-Maduro, and Jorge Villavicencio Grossmann discuss their music with Russian Andrey Kuligan.

Photograph by Kevin Carleton
Because our space is limited, class notes are edited to include as many as possible. Notes should be sent to Class Notes, Boston University, One Sherborn Street, Boston, MA 02215, or submitted on the Web at www.bu.edu/alumni/classnotes. We can also forward letters; send them, along with identifying information on the alum, to Alumni Records at the address above.

Richard Yarde (CFA '62, '64), Ringshout, watercolor, 120" x 120", 2000-2001. Richard's solo exhibition Ringshout was at the Worcester Art Museum from June to September.

1927

Mildred Lewis (CAS'27) of Belmont, Mass., writes that she is impressed to hear that Burdette Johnson, a member of her church, is the oldest alum of Harvard University. At the age of 98, Mildred wonders how near she is to claiming that title for BU.

1943

Bernhard Hillila (CAS '43) of Valparaiso, Ind., recently published his ninth book, The Finnish Line: More FinnFun. The third edition of his book Sauna Is: Reheated and Revised is also available. Bernhard, a professor emeritus of education at Valparaiso University, conducted a poetry workshop at the Chicago Cultural Center in April.

1948

Francis Grady (SSW '48) of Camp Hill, Pa., wrote Surviving Combat: Hurtgen Forest, Germany, World War II, his account of combat duty in World War II and the difficulties of infantry warfare in Germany's Hurtgen Forest.

1949

James Schiffman (SMG '49) of Sarasota, Fla., is retired and volunteers as treasurer for three large nonprofit organizations in his hometown. He and his wife, Solo, will celebrate their 60th anniversary this year. Their son, Neil Schiffman (CAS '60), lives in Foster City, Calif., with his wife, Evelyn. Their daughter, Hena Susha, lives in Cambridge, Mass. E-mail James at jschiff6@comcast.net.

1945

Milton Rosenthal (CAS '45, GRS '46) of Randolph, Mass., recently published his book Reality ros: What It's Really Like To Be a Teacher... And Teach, Too. He writes, "I hope that readers will develop an appreciation of the teacher's role in directing the lives of students who come from diverse cultural and economic backgrounds." Milton enjoyed a 40-year career as a teacher in Newton, Mass., and has been happily married for 41 years. Write to him at miltonrosenthal@aol.com.

1956

Morton Aronson (CAS '56, LAW '59) of Atlanta, Ga., joined Kilpatrick Stockton, an international law firm. A former vice president of franchising and general counsel at Holiday Inn, Morton will expand the firm's U.S. and international client base of franchisers and franchises. "My experience with one of the most recognized brand names in the hospitality industry has provided me with valuable insights I hope to contribute to the team," he writes.

1957

Maida Sperling (CAS '57) of Great Neck, N.Y., displayed her photography at the Greenwich Village Center of the Children's Aid Society. The exhibition, Seeing Seizing...
Sixing, Color Photography and Scale: How They Interact, ran from July to September.

1960
ELIZABETH DACOSTA AHERN (CAS'60) of Waltham, Mass., exhibited her paintings at the Carla Masononi Gallery in Chestertown, Md., in a show called Landscape — A Unique View. She also showed paintings this summer at Alpers Fine Art in Andover, Mass. She has won several awards and grants for her art, which appears in private, corporate, and museum collections around the country.

1961
RONALD SANTONI (GRS'61) of Granville, Ohio, a professor emeritus of philosophy at Denison University and a Sartre scholar, was honored at the university's philosophy conference last October. Ronald retired after a 38-year career, but still teaches a course. He and his wife, Margo, now spend more time with their six children and their grandchildren and also work with the homeless and disenfranchised.

1962
MADELINE SMITH (SED'52, '56) of Swansea, Mass., lives with her sister, her nephew, Robert, and his wife. “I am 97 years old,” she writes, “and have never forgotten this wonderful college.” Madeline encourages old friends to look her up if they are ever in her area.

1964
FRANK GARDI (COM'64) of Sault Sainte Marie, Ontario, was appointed director of public relations and communications for the Sault Symphony Orchestra after serving on its board of directors for 20 years. Frank received Sault Sainte Marie's Medal of Merit in 1999 and several other awards for his volunteer and fundraising efforts. In February he coordinated the concert version of Tim Rice's Jesus Christ Superstar, which raised more than $70,000 for the Sault Symphony.

E. GARY SPENCER (GRS'64, '69) of Manlius, N.Y., is a professor emeritus of sociology at the Maxwell School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University. During his 20 years at Syracuse, Gary's research and teaching focused on the dynamics of prejudice and discrimination. He has served as chair of the sociology department and on committees for the American Sociological Association, the American Association for Higher Education, and the Society for Applied Sociology.

1965
MARY ELLEN LEPIONKA (CAS'65, GRS'67) of Gloucester, Mass., founded Atlantic Path Publishing, which publishes reference books for academic authors, editors, and publishers. Mary Ellen wrote the company's 2003 front-end title, Writing and Developing Your College Textbook. “Becoming a publisher is the fulfillment of a life's dream,” she notes. “It's my retirement business, and it is sure is exciting after my many years in service in secondary and college publishing.” E-mail her at m.lepionka@verizon.net.

1968
VIRGINIA HELM (CAS'68) of Stevens Point, Wis., was appointed provost and vice chancellor for academic affairs at the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point in July 2002. She previously served as executive vice chancellor at Indiana University Northwest and assistant dean and assistant provost at Western Illinois University. E-mail her at vhelm@uwsp.edu.

BRENDAN KIRBY (CAS'68) of Revere, Mass., is a life member of Women in Defense, a national security organization for individuals whose careers are linked to national defense and security. The group cultivates the advancement of women in government and industry.

1969
PHYLLIS PASTER (SED'69, '70) of Wellesley, Mass., showed her artwork in an exhibition entitled Watercolours at the Wellesley Free Library in July.

1970
SUZANNE CHALLINOR (CAS'70) of New Canaan, Conn., displayed her paintings in several venues this summer, including the F. Pelham Curtis Gallery in Connecticut, the Marie Terel Gallery in North Carolina, and the Walter Wickiser Gallery in New York.

THOMAS FOWLER-FENN (CAS'70) of Medford, Mass., is the new superintendent of the Cambridge, Mass., public schools. Thomas returned to the Boston area in August after serving as superintendent of the Fort Wayne, Ind., school system since 1995.

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
CFA — College of Fine Arts
SFA — School for the Arts
SFAM — School of Fine and Applied Arts
CGS — College of General Studies
CBS — College of Basic Studies
COM — College of Communication
SPPC — School of Public Communication
SPRC — School of Public Relations and Communications
DGE — General Education (now closed)
CGE — College of General Education
GC — General College
ENG — College of Engineering
CIT — College of Industrial Technology
GRS — Graduate School of Arts and Sciences
GSM — Graduate School of Arts and Sciences
PGM — 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
SHA — School of Hospitality Administration
SMG — School of Management
CBA — College of Business Administration
SON — School of Nursing (now closed)
SPH — School of Public Health
SRE — School for Religious Education (now closed)
SSW — School of Social Work
STH — School of Theology
UNI — The University Professors
CLASS NOTES

1971

ELLIO T AMES (CAS'71) of Voorhees, N.J., is a renowned hand surgeon at the New Jersey Hand Center, where he operates on about 400 hands a year. Also an inventor, he has received two patents for postoperative limb elevation devices. Recently Elliot was elected to an executive position in the New Jersey Association of Osteopathic Physicians and Surgeons. He has a black belt in aikido, a pilot’s license, two children, and one grandchild, so he keeps busy even when he is not operating.

HILARY PIKER CROSBY (CAS’71) of Oakland, Calif., works with ADELE KAZUKO KANEDA (MET’86) in the accounting firm Crosby & Kaneda, which serves nonprofit organizations in the San Francisco Bay area. Hilary writes, “My degree in the classics has lent a certain spice to my accounting career.” She and her husband, Kip, have a 21-year-old son, Flynn. Check out Crosby & Kaneda’s Web site at www.ckcpa.biz; e-mail Hilary at hilary@ckcpa.biz.

1973

MICHAEL HORDELL (LAW’73) of Clifton, Va., recently joined the law firm Pepper Hamilton as a partner. He has practiced government contracts law for nearly 30 years.

PERI SCHWARTZ (CFA’73) of New Rochelle, N.Y., showed her drawings in the exhibition The Drawing Show at the Westchester Arts Council in White Plains, N.Y. To view some of her work, visit www.perischwartz.com.

1974

ANDY KA USS (CAS’74) of Atlanta, Ga., was guest of honor at the Epstein School, Solomon

A School of Fish

IT’S THE SECOND day of Fish Camp on the coast of Maine, and Jeff Sandler, a burly guy whose curling gray hair reaches nearly to the collar of his navy T-shirt, is wearing a giant yellow foam costume in the shape of a starfish. “Be careful — I’m heavily armed,” he cracks. His audience, more than ninety children aged seven to twelve sitting cross-legged on the floor, giggles. Sandler’s wife, Deb, starts firing questions at him: how many arms does he have, what are the suction cups for, where is his mouth, how does he eat?

He appears next as a crab, then a snail, and finally a seagull, each time facing a barrage of questions from Deb. The pace is fast and the children rapt. The idea is to help the kids figure out which sea creature bores a perfectly round hole in the shell of a clam in order to eat the meat (it’s a moon snail). The exercise fulfills two of the goals at the day camp the couple has run for twenty-five years: “The first is laughter,” says Sandler (SED’72). “The second is to learn about the ocean in a fun way.”

Sandler brings to his lessons a love and knowledge of the ocean, a respect for the environment, and a youthful idealism that is now three decades old. He also brings a sense of humor and a bit of drama, happily donning costumes in the shape of a giant squid, a tropical conch, a green crab, a sea turtle, or a spiny lobster to get his points across.

The Sandlers, in the guise of Mr. and Mrs. Fish, travel to elementary schools, aquariums, and museums across the country and abroad, teaching children about life under the sea. “We use theater as our teaching tool,” Jeff says.

In July and August they run the Mr. and Mrs. Fish Summer Marine Education Program — Fish Camp for short — on the campus of Southern Maine Community College in South Portland. Children come to the day camp, in a picturesque section of Casco Bay, for two-week sessions; nearly 400 stream through each season.

The kids prowl the tide pool looking for snails, eels, mussels, seaweed, lobsters, and softshell clams; they play games aimed at building self-esteem; they watch spirited, carefully crafted skits by the Sandlers and then put their newly acquired knowledge
Schechter School of Atlanta’s annual celebration. As a former trustee, vice president and president of the board of trustees, and current president, Andy has played a significant leadership and development role at the conservative Jewish day school.

1975

**Varley O’Connor (CEA’75)** of Brooklyn, N.Y., formerly Ann Varley, pursued an acting career for a number of years and now writes fiction. Her second novel, *A Company of Three*, was released in September. (See “Alumni Books.”) Varley writes, “The novel is a collection of my experiences as an actor, the experiences of friends, and years reading about and observing the theater world.” She would love to hear from old friends and welcomes reactions to her novel. Write to her at varleyoconnor@hotmail.com.

**Dean J. Trantalis (CAS’79)** of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., was elected to a three-year term on the City Commission for Fort Lauderdale’s District 2. He has been a member of the Connecticut and Florida bar associations since 1980 and has participated in political and civic affairs for more than 12 years, serving groups such as Americans for Equality and the Human Rights Campaign.

1977

**Bruce Herman (CEA’77, ’79)** of Gloucester, Mass., showed his most recent paintings at the Signs of Life gallery in Lawrence, Kans. The collection, *The Body Broken*, was displayed from April to June.

Mr. and Mrs. Fish
Duet for Horn and Baton

When Sylvia Alimena was in fourth grade, she decided she wanted to play the trumpet. But by the time she got around to talking with the school’s music teacher, all the trumpets were taken. The teacher pulled a dusty case from a closet and gave Alimena (CFA ’81) something she’d never seen before: a French horn. “So that’s what I played,” she says. She still plays the instrument, now for the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington, D.C.

Her life in music stems from that happenstance: because no one else played the French horn, she got to play in the hand, the orchestra, and the marching band. “It’s kind of amazing,” she says, “I have been playing in orchestras my entire musical life.”

That’s hardly all she does. A member of the NSO’s horn section since 1985, she is as well music director and conductor of the Eclipse Chamber Orchestra, which she and a group of NSO colleagues founded in 1992 to showcase new music for community audiences. She chooses music that’s seldom part of an orchestra’s repertoire. “It gives my colleagues an opportunity to play concertos,” she says. “They all get to star as concerto soloists. That’s part of the joy of being in the group.” She’s also music director and conductor of the Friday Morning Music Club Orchestra, a well-established Washington group.

Being a conductor, Alimena contends, has definitely made her a better horn player. “I have now studied and also conducted a lot of the scores that I’m playing in the National Symphony,” she says. “I’m much more aware of everything that’s going on around me and the whole orchestra.”

Another strand that ties her life to music is her work with the Brass of Peace, a group of talented high school musicians in suburban Virginia that she took over in 1990. It performs free community concerts twice a year, and for the past nine years has given free concerts at elementary schools in Washington, whose school system doesn’t have music programs. “When the children see students just a few years older who are already accomplished and playing well,” Alimena says, “it shows them that hard work and practice pay off — and that can apply to any field.”

Balancing her musical lives as an NSO player and musical director for three orchestras is a juggling act that Alimena thrives upon. “What’s wonderful is that they all complement each other,” she says. “My conducting enhances my horn playing in the orchestra, and my experience in the orchestra has given me so many more tools to work with as a conductor. I have a much greater understanding of the orchestra and rehearsal techniques than most conductors who are just getting into the field. The things that I know about an orchestra take most people twenty or thirty years to learn as conductors.”

The Eclipse is slated to record several compact discs for the Naxos label starting in the spring. “It will take us about a year and a half to complete the project, mostly because we’re so darned busy,” she says. “Our main concern is getting our composers-in-residence on CD. We’ll be starting with the music of Mark Adamo and Truman Harris. Then Naxos would like us to record some early classical music.”

Although appreciation for classical music periodically wanes, Alimena believes it will always be alive and well. “It’s a question of society understanding how important it is to our culture,” she says. “Unfortunately, it hasn’t taken a very high priority in our education. If that could happen, there would be a much greater desire and need for classical music in our lives. I don’t believe it will ever die. It’s too beautiful and good for that.”

— Steve Dykes

Sylvia Alimena

See www.eclipseco.com for a schedule of the Eclipse Chamber Orchestra’s upcoming concerts.
1978

Tracy Burtz (CFA'78) of Rye, N.Y., exhibited her art in June at the Hoorn-Ashby Gallery on Madison Avenue. Her work was featured in a group show, *New Directions IV*, and can be seen at www.tracyburtz.com.

Jody Davis (COM'78) of Corning, N.Y., is the news director of WENY-TV (ABC) in Elmira, N.Y., and a substitute anchor as well. “After 24 years as a reporter and an anchor,” he writes, “with stops including CNN, I’m looking forward to running a shop, mentoring ‘diamond in the rough’ journalists, and being back in my home state.” E-mail Jody at allnewsanchor@yahoo.com.

1979

Patricia Randell (CFA'79) of Long Island City, N.Y., was acclaimed for her portrayal of Mildred Tynan in Dorothy Parker’s and Arnaud D’Usseau’s *The Ladies of the Corridor*, performed at the Bank Street Theater in May. Patricia also played Peggy Guggenheim in the first public reading of *I’m Peggy Guggenheim* and *You’re Not.*


1980

Cindy Gold (CFA'80) of Skokie, Ill., played Gertrude Stein in Frank Galatí’s and Stephen Flaherty’s new musical, *A Long Gay Book*, based on Stein’s life and works. Cindy was recently given tenure and promoted to associate professor of theater at Northwestern University. E-mail her at c-gold@northwestern.edu.

1981

Daniel Szatkowski (CAS'81) of Boston, Mass., is a pastor at Cambridgeport Baptist Church. “I walk or bike across the BU campus every day,” he writes. He received his master’s in divinity in 1987 and has been pastoring for 17 years. Daniel and his wife of 22 years, Kathy, have seven children, from age 2 to 19. Daniel would love to hear from classmates at danszat@juno.com.

1983

Michael Ritz (COM'83) of New York, N.Y., recently started a new job as regional vice president of corporate partnerships at the Women’s United Soccer Association. Its Boston team, the Breakers, plays at Nickerson Field. Michael would love to hear from his COM and Warren Towers 8C friends at mdritz@aol.com.

1985

Christine Adamow (GSM'85) of Oxford, Ohio, is director of Miami University’s Thomas C. Page Center for Entrepreneurship, which provides academic and experiential business opportunities for its students. Christine was one of 24 people promoting entrepreneurial development for women at a venture capital forum in 2003 sponsored by Springboard, a nonprofit organization that works to enhance women’s access to equity markets.

1986

Karen Fabian (SAR'86) of Charlestown, Mass., recently opened the Main Dish, a personal chef service that offers healthful, homemade meals. She also teaches yoga, her other passion in life, in and around Boston. Check out Karen’s Web site at www.theremaindish.net. She would love to hear from hungry former classmates and friends at karenf@personalchef.com.

Susan Bernier Martin (SON'86) of Medford, Ore., lives with her husband and sons, Chris, 7, Josh, 5, and Ben, 1. She left her job as a certified diabetes educator to become a full-time stay-at-home mom. Before she moved to Oregon in 1996, Susan received her master’s from UCLA, specializing in chronic care nursing. You can e-mail her at dmartin95@aol.com.

Andrew Newman (SMG'86) of San Carlos, Calif., is 2003-2004 president of the Peninsula Silicon Valley Chapter of the California Society of Certified Public Accountants. As president, he will help the chapter plan activities, including a golf tournament and an estate planning symposium. Andrew also serves on the executive board of the Service League of San Mateo County, which develops in-custody programs and activities in the county’s jails.

Michael Rosenthal (LAW'86) of Villanova, Pa., is now of counsel at the law firm Pepper Hamilton, where he is an employee benefits attorney. Before joining the firm in 1998, Michael was a senior lawyer with the U.S. Department of Labor.
1987

Vivian Distler (COM '87) of Palo Alto, Calif., traveled to Boston in May with Nancy Morrison (COM '87) and Nancy's two-month-old son, Myles, to see Jeff Kline (COM '87) receive a COM Distinguished Alumni Award. They met up with Tracey Harrington Becker (COM '87), Trent Gillies (COM '87), and Andrew Harris (COM '87). Nancy has worked as a television editor for Boston Public, Malcolm in the Middle, and Early Edition. She and husband, Greg, have another son, Evan. Vivian also keeps in touch with Scott Faye (COM '87), Martha Vilarchao Klinck (COM '87), and Karen Baitch Rosenberg (COM '87).

David Snyder (MET '87) of Concord, N.H., is the new executive director of the New Hampshire Bar Foundation. Over the past 12 years he has worked for several nonprofit organizations, including the Concord Area Chapter of the American Red Cross, the League of New Hampshire Craftsmen, and the New Hampshire State Council on the Arts. David is a member of the Concord School Board. Write to him at dsnyder@nhbar.org.

1988

Lanie Spero (CAS '88, MED '93) and Michele Weinberg (CAS '88) of Canton, Conn., are thrilled to announce the birth of their son, Ian Mitchell Spero, on February 5. He joins his big sister, Drew.

1989

Joseph P. DiBlasi (SMG '89) of North Andover, Mass., and his wife, Laura, welcomed their first son and future member of the SMG class of 2024, Dario, born on February 26. Joseph has a private law practice in North Reading, Mass., and writes legal self-help books. In his free time, he enjoys attending BU hockey games and looks forward to visiting the new arena. Write to Joseph at jdiblasi@diblasilaw.com.

Laura Hoffman (COM '89) of Falls Church, Va., joined the law firm of Pepper Hamilton of counsel. She is pursuing a master's degree in applied anthropology at the University of Maryland, College Park, to learn about historic preservation.

Catherine Vadney Sheridan (CFA '89) of Greenwich, N.Y., is a newly licensed professional engineer in New York state. Catherine writes, "I would like to hear from CFA and Army ROTC classmates at ctsheridan@aol.com."

Brett Weaver (CAS '89) of Hays, Kans., is an assistant professor of English at Fort Hays State University. He recently published An Annotated Bibliography (1962-2002) of J. D. Salinger. This fall a collection of his short stories, Calling Up the Dead, will be published. Brett writes that he is "happily unmarried but with a terrific lady friend who travels the world and is trying to sell screenplays to Hollywood." E-mail him at BWeaver@fhsu.edu.

1990

John Patrick Acevedo (COM '90) of Columbia, Md., wrote and self-published a book of poetry, Everlasting Company. His poems will be featured in Tuesdays, an upcoming anthology of the work of 31 Maryland poets. He would love to hear from old friends at acevedo.1990@alum.bu.edu.

Shannon Thompson Connolly (CFA '90) of Warwick, Pa., and her husband happily celebrated the birth of their first child, Shane Christopher, on May 30. He weighed in at 7 lbs., 10 oz., and was 20 inches long.

Adrienne Duncan (CAS '90) of Bellaire, Tex., is a new member of the Texas chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. "Being in Boston during college made it possible to fall in love with history and genealogy," she writes. Adrienne returned to Boston in June for the first time since graduation.

Stacey Epstein-Blechman (CFA '90) of Rye, N.Y., is an art historian and associate director of modernism at a New York art gallery and has published several exhibition catalogues. Stacey and her husband, Michael, have a one-year-old daughter, Alexandra.

Anthony Ferraro (ENG '90 and Kelly Gallagher Ferraro (CAS '90, GRS '93) of Senigallia, Italy, have two children, A.J., 4, and Emma, 1. Anthony recently accepted a job in Italy as general manager of asset management for Shell, and a global energy company. E-mail the couple at theferraros@mac.com.

David Methner (CFA '90) of Saint Paul, Minn., and his wife, Sara, proudly announce the birth of their son, Noel, on April 29. He joins his sister, Ava, 3. David, a former operations manager for the Minneapolis-based chorus VocalEssence, writes, "If you have a job for me in the arts in the Twin Cities, drop me a line! Otherwise, consider me a cutting-edge, stay-at-home dad who will continue freelancing on clarinet and sax." E-mail him at drmethner@hotmail.com.

1991

Sean Saloux (SMG '91) of San Francisco, Calif., joined the advisory board of Deep
Roots, an online charity that funds education for talented youth living in Namibia, Zambia, and Guatemala. At least two-thirds of the organization’s scholarships go to women. Sean encourages fellow alumni to check out the organization at www.deeproots.org.

Michele Miller Silver (LAW’92) of Glen Rock, N.J., and her husband, Steve, are pleased to announce the birth of their first child, Michael, on March 6.

Jon Sofro (SMG’92) and Lisa Grand Sofro (SED’94) of Newton, Mass., welcomed their second child, Carly Madison, in March. Jon earned his M.B.A. from Babson College in May and now works as a worldwide program development manager for Lotus/IBM.

1992

Betsey Crow Blake (SAR’92) of Fitchburg, Mass., was unanimously elected president of the North County area board of the Massachusetts Department of Mental Health. The Fitchburg/Leominster and Gardner citizen advisory boards merged to form this new organization. E-mail Betsey at bbblaken96@hotmail.com.

Edmund Davis (MET’92) of Charlestown, Mass., was unanimously elected to the domestic operating board of Arnold Worldwide, the Boston-based advertising agency. He was appointed executive vice president and chief financial officer for Arnold in 2001.

Keith Gottfried (LAW’92, GSM’92) of San Jose, Calif., is a lawyer at Borland Software Corporation. In the last two years Keith has attended several meetings with leaders in foreign countries, including three missions with President Bush. He traveled to Egypt and Morocco on a U.S. Commerce Department trade mission in May. In June he participated in the Partnership for Prosperity Conference in San Francisco, which focused on developing business opportunities between Mexico and the United States.

Debra Wolfert Marino (CAS’92) of Orange, Conn., and her husband, Vincent, are the proud parents of Lauren Olivia, born on June 29, 2002. Debra is a partner with the law firm Noyes & Marino, which specializes in matrimonial litigation. E-mail her at DMarino@noyes-marino.com.

Scott Riewald (ENG’92) of Key Biscayne, Fla., is a sport science administrator for the U.S.A. Tennis High Performance coaching education staff, where he works with coaches of top American tennis players. Scott previously worked as an educational programs coordinator for the National Strength and Conditioning Association. He also was biomechanics director for U.S.A. Swimming and was part of an international biomechanics research team at the 2000 Olympic Games.

Jodi Rosenberg (CAS’92) of Shawnee, Kans., and her husband, Chuck Marvine, welcomed their second child, Alexander Charles, in April. Alex joins his big brother, Joshua. Jodi would love to hear from old friends at chuckjode@yahoo.com.

Jenna Schneuer (COM’92) of New York, is a lawyer at Borland Software Corporation. In the last two years Keith has attended several meetings with leaders in foreign countries, including three missions with President Bush. He traveled to Egypt and Morocco on a U.S. Commerce Department trade mission in May. In June he participated in the Partnership for Prosperity Conference in San Francisco, which focused on developing business opportunities between Mexico and the United States.

Susan Benton-Powers

“IT’S ALWAYS BEST to bring disputes to a quick resolution,” says Susan Benton-Powers, “and I enjoy doing that.” As a partner at the law firm Winston & Strawn’s Chicago office, she uses her negotiating skills to represent Fortune 500 clients in labor relations and employment litigation suits. She also brokers better futures for underprivileged schoolchildren by chairing the Winston & Strawn Foundation and its educational programs.

Deciding how the foundation would spend $1.3 million in charitable funds, Benton-Powers (LAW’82) helped her firm celebrate its 150th anniversary this year. She’s championed projects that include three teen centers in Los Angeles, an after-school program at a New York public school, and arts grants for children in San Francisco. She’s especially pleased to see her colleagues offer their time. “We’re building playgrounds in Chicago and Washington, D.C., and lawyers and staff will certainly be helping there,” she says, constructing swings and jungle gyms. She encourages attorneys to donate books and personal computers to foundation-sponsored schools, and she sits on the board of directors of the Academy for Urban School Leadership, a West Side teacher-training institute.

But, Benton-Powers says, “the Chicago effort is particularly close to my heart.”

The foundation also awards diversity scholarships to aspiring legal eagles. “We hope to provide opportunities for minorities who would not otherwise be able to go to law school,” she says. “Hopefully they’ll want to someday work for Winston & Strawn.”

Benton-Powers’s tradition of mixing community involvement and legal pursuits reaches back to her BU days. While earning her J.D., she refereed squabbles as a resident assistant in a Beacon Street brownstone. Now, juggling her foundation work with her caseload of twenty to thirty cases is sometimes tricky but always gratifying. “You just do it,” she says. “In my view, it gives me a better-rounded career.”

— Jennifer Becker
N.Y., recently marked her fourth year as a freelance writer. Jenna talks to neighbor Scott Kramer (COM’90) nearly every day and sends congratulations to Jodi Rosenberg (CAS’92) on the birth of her second son. Check out www.jennaschnuer.com or e-mail Jenna at jennsch@earthlink.net.

Tom Taylor (COM’92) of Lincoln University, Pa., and his wife, Becky, announce the birth of their first son, Daniel Earl, in April. Daniel has three sisters: Lauren, 16, Alexandra, 6, and Olivia, 3. Tom would love to hear from COM friends and his Sigma Phi Epsilon brothers at tt12thof13@comcast.net.

1993

Stacey Pinsky (GSM’93) and Joel Kitay (CAS’94, COM’92) of Pikesville, Md., were married in New York in May. They attended BU at the same time but did not meet until years later. “It was a BU match made in heaven!” Joel writes. Wedding guests included Steven Chaouki (SMG’92), Julie Huang Cubert (GSM’93), Amy Long Kanter (GSM’93), and David Schwab (CAS’93). Joel is founder and president of Kitay Productions, Inc., a television production company specializing in sports and corporate videos. Stacey is director of the Rubin Institute for Advanced Orthopedics at Sinai Hospital in Baltimore. They would love to hear from old friends at joel@kitayproductions.com.

Sasha Weiss Sanford (CAS’93) of Essex, Conn., and her husband announce the arrival of their daughter, Harper Robin. Sasha and

A Letter from the President of the Boston University Alumni (BUA)

I just returned from a trip to California, where I attended three wonderful summer send-offs, parties alumni and others host around the country to welcome freshmen and their families into the BU community. The first was in San Francisco, an ice cream party with all the trimmings at the historic home of Lisa Roets Wendt (SMG’92) and her husband, Greg. The view was wonderful and the afternoon was great.

On to Los Angeles, where the send-off, hosted by trustee Jeffrey Katzenberg, was at his fabulous DreamWorks studio. The large, enthusiastic crowd basked in the serenity of the ponds and waterfall, and enjoyed the beautiful evening and the variety of refreshments. My last send-off was in San Diego, hosted by Jim Galas (CFA’50, SED’57) and Georgi Galas in their fascinating 115-year-old Victorian house. The group was a bit smaller than the first two, and we had snacks and then a big, beautiful Boston University cake. Each party was different, but all gave the freshmen and their families a great start. The gratifying comments I received from parents on how well BU welcomes their children during the recruitment process, after acceptances, and through the orientation process have been overwhelming. My compliments to everyone in the admissions office.

Upon my return home, I quickly went into Tanglewood mode. Each summer for the past thirty-nine, Boston University has sponsored an alumni day at Tanglewood, which for many years has consisted of a concert in the morning, a barbecue lunch under a tent, and in the afternoon the best part, the BU Tanglewood Institute student orchestra. This was a very special treat. These young musicians, coming from thirty-five different states, are the best.

As I write, summer is coming to a close and school will be in session shortly. Our incoming freshmen will be working hard, the parents hanging on every phone call and waiting for Homecoming and Parents Weekend, October 17 to 19. They will be amazed at how much their children have changed in such a short time.

On Homecoming Weekend the BUA will give its highest award to five very worthy alums. It is a time to reflect, have fun, learn a thing or two, go to a great street fair — a first this year — catch up with friends, and see all the new buildings going up on campus. This year the Head of Charles regatta falls on the same weekend, so the river will be filled with boats and rowers. I invite you all to come. Many surprises are in the offing.

Sincerely,

Judie Friedberg-Chessin (SFD’50)

Judie Friedberg-Chessin with Jonathan Tavss (CFA’93) (center) and Justin Meloni (CFA’02) at the Summer Send-off at DreamWorks in Los Angeles, hosted by BU trustee Jeffrey Katzenberg, a DreamWorks cofounder.

52 BOSTONIA FALL 2003
This Call's for You!

"The next call I make could be to you. Like other Telefund students, I call because I'm proud to raise money for Boston University's annual school funds. Your donations directly improve our BU experience. I was part of the team of Telefund students who spoke to 82,977 alumni, parents, and friends of Boston University this past year. I hope to speak to you this year." — Richard Carter (CAS'04)

Telefund students this summer (front row, from left) Nirav Marwaha (SMG'05), Sheila Jose (CAS'04), Myinmo Zaw (CAS'04), and Cristina Neto (COM'04); (back row, from left) Adetomiwa Aladekomo (SMG'04), Michael Siwinski (CAS'04, GRS'04), and Richard Carter (CAS'04).

former roommate Amy Nosal Laffargue (COM'93, CGS'92) of Westbrook, Conn., are neighbors. Amy and her husband recently had their second child, Adam Davis.

Eileen Seman (CAS'92) of Brookline, Mass., completed the Suzuki Rock 'n' Roll Marathon in June. She ran in honor of her father and raised over $5,000 for the Leukemia & Lymphoma Society. Eileen writes, "This is the first of many endurance sporting events in which I plan on competing." E-mail her at eseman@bu.edu.

1994

Rachel Kerner (CAS'94) of Voorhees, N.J., graduated from Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine in June. She is interning at the school's Graduate Hospital.

Dawn Nolan Lombardi (CEA'94) of Higganum, Conn., completed an art commission for Connecticut Governor John G. Rowland. More than 13,000 prints were made of her work and will be used in Rowland's campaign. She recently exhibited her art in six shows and hopes to show more at the Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art in Hartford.

Erin Nemirovsky Medina (CAS'94, COM'94) of Los Angeles, Calif., is an attorney at Volt Information Sciences, a leader in telecommunications and staffing services. She and her husband, Damian, resettled in Los Angeles after traveling around the United States, Canada, and Mexico for six months. Erin looks forward to getting back in touch with friends in Southern California and elsewhere. E-mail her at erinmedina@yahoo.com.

Saleem ZaminDar (CAS'94) of San Francisco, Calif., is a financial advisor with American Express. After graduation, he worked in international marketing and then earned his M.B.A. at the University of Durham Business School. "I would be delighted at the opportunity to help and work with other alumni in the San Francisco area," Saleem writes. E-mail him at saleemzaminDar@hotmail.com.

1995

Arthur G. Allen (MET'95) of Byfield, Mass., was named chairman of the Massachusetts Aeronautics Commission. Arthur is an active pilot, an aircraft owner, and a founder of Security Team, which provides home and business security systems.

Tom Chang (CAS'95) of San Francisco, Calif., finished medical school at McGill University in Montreal. He has moved to San Francisco to begin his residency.

Robert M. Crawford, Jr. (SMG'95) of New York, N.Y., is an attorney for the law firm Goodwin Procter. He and his wife, Jennifer, moved to New York from Boston. Write to Robert at robert_crawford@yahoo.com.

Sally D'Angelo (CAS'95, COM'96) of Greenbrae, Calif., recently became engaged to Scott Freich. They plan to be married next fall in Larkspur, Calif. Sally is a product manager at a wholesale mortgage company.

Jeffrey Docking (GRS'95) of Venetia, Pa., is an American Council on Education (ACE) fellow for the 2003-2004 academic year. The ACE Fellows Program identifies and prepares participants for senior positions in college and university administration. Jeffrey is vice president for student affairs at Washington and Jefferson College in Washington, Pa. E-mail him at jdocking@washjeff.edu.

Dionne Lauritzzen (SAR'95, '98) of San Diego, Calif., looks forward to catching up with Alicia Nicoletta Villardi (SAR'95, '97). E-mail Dionne at dlauritz@hotmail.com.

Aaron Lawrie (ENG'95) and Deborah Madsen Lawrie (CAS'96) of Meriden, Conn., are pleased to announce the birth of their first child, Christine, on July 4. They would love to hear from old friends at debmaraon@yahoo.com.

Natapun Napakun (GRS'92) of Washington, D.C., is first secretary for political affairs at the Royal Thai Embassy, where he will be posted until 2006. His boss, Sakthip
Award-Winning Alumni

Charles Babcock (LAW’76) of Dallas, Tex., is one of D Magazine’s “Best Lawyers in Dallas” and is included in The Best Lawyers in America. Charles is a fellow of the American College of Trial Lawyers, an organization for outstanding trial lawyers, and chairman of the Texas Supreme Court Advisory Committee. Among his courtroom victories is his defense of Oprah Winfrey in the lawsuit against her by the Texas beef industry. Charles is a partner in the law firm Jackson Walker.

Rhea Becker (COM’80) of Jamaica Plain, Mass., won second place in the 2003 Women in Film and Video/New England Screenwriting Competition for her screenplay Drawing the Line. In addition to screenwriting, she is an editor for Emerson College’s alumni magazine, Expression. Rhea would love to hear from friends at rheadmu@earthlink.net.

Jonathan A. Clark (CAS’97) of Ann Arbor, Mich., was awarded a Fulbright fellowship from the University of Michigan’s Gerald R. Ford School of Public Policy, where he completed his master’s in public policy. The fellowship will take him to Madrid for a 13-month international M.B.A. program. Jonathan coached Michigan’s crew team at the Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta in Camden County, N.J., where he ran into several alumni. He writes, “My door will be open to any vacationing crew alumni who want to visit!” E-mail him at jatrain@umich.edu.

Stephen Corn (CAS’82, MED’86) of Boston, Mass., a physician at Brigham and Women’s Hospital and an associate professor at Harvard Medical School, was named inventor of the month in May by U.S. Patent Certificates, Inc.; one of his inventions is a sleep apnea detection system.

Domenic Cretara (CE’68’70) of Long Beach, Calif., won the Outstanding Professor Award for 2002-2003 from California State University, Long Beach, where he has been an art professor since 1986. He will show his art in solo exhibitions this fall at San Jacinto College and the Minneapolis College of Art and Design.

Peter Duval (GRS’82) of Wallingford, Conn., received the Eighth Annual Bakeless Literary Publication Prize, which assists writers seeking to publish their first book. His fiction has appeared in various publications, including Alaska Quarterly Review and Northwest Review. Peter lives with his wife, Kim, and son, Nick, and works as an independent Web applications developer.

Frances Mickna Fenia (CAS’49) of Arlington, Va., was selected as a member of the Order of Distinguished Meritorious Service by the Arlington County Civic Federation for her community activism and outstanding contributions to Arlington County.

Rick Gitelson (COM’84) of Studio City, Calif., won the Outstanding Children’s Animated Program Daytime Emmy Award for his work as writer and producer of the Nickelodeon show Rugrats. E-mail Rick at rick14@hotmail.com.

Marian Hannan (SPH’95) of Milton, Mass., was awarded the 2003 Excellence in Teaching Award from the First Year Student Committee on Teaching Excellence at Harvard Medical School, where she is an assistant professor. Last spring she taught a course on clinical epidemiology. Since 1996, Marian has been a researcher at the Hebrew Rehabilitation Center for the Aged and is director of a field project for the Framingham Osteoporosis Study.

Hubie E. Jones (SW’57) of Newton, Mass., was awarded the 2003 Camille Cosby World of Children Award, which recognizes the achievements of those who have influenced the lives of children. Hubie has actively supported children’s services and rights in Boston’s public schools as chairman of the Student Human Services Collaborative and the Children’s Campaign. He is dean emeritus of the School of Social Work and a former special assistant to the chancellor for urban affairs at UMass-Boston.

Philip Keirstead (COM’80) of Tallahassee, Fla., won the Ed Bliss Award for Distinguished Broadcast Journalism Education from the Radio-Television Journalism Division of the Association for Education in Journalism and Mass Communication. Phillip has worked for CBS News as a reporter, editor, and special events producer and has taught at Florida A&M University for 25 years. His book Computers in Broadcast and Cable Newsrooms: Producing the News Through Automation comes out this fall.

Robert Kershner (CAS’55) of Boston, Mass., will receive the Indian Intracocular Implant and Refractive Society Gold Medal for his pioneering research in eye microsurgery, which will be presented in Mumbai, India, in December. Robert was featured in Newsweek’s May 19 article “Seeing Is Believing: Hope for the Blind,” which discusses breakthroughs in eye surgery and treatment. After practicing medicine for 23 years in Tucson, Ariz., he recently returned to Boston with his wife and two daughters.

Ai Kurokawa (UNI’67) of Cliffside Park, N.J., won the Steffian Bradley Scholarship, awarded to one outstanding Boston Architectural Center student each semester. Ai is the first recipient to win the scholarship while employed by Steffian Bradley Architects, a leading Boston-based international architectural firm.
practice before the U.S. Supreme Court, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Armed Forces, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Federal Circuit, and the U.S. Court of Federal Claims, on May 27.

**BRIAN SCHWARTZ (SMG’95) and SUSIE ROSENBLUM (SMG’97) of Chicago, Ill., were married in April. Alumni at the ceremony included ELYSSA HAIID (SED’96), CHOKDEE RUTIRASRI (SMG’95), J. VICTOR HONG (ENG’95), MARC FRECHETTE (ENG’96), and JEFF LAGRONE (CAS’96). Brian is a public relations executive with SPSS, a software company, and Susie is an account service manager for Hamilton Communications Group, a health-care marketing agency. E-mail them at bschwartz8o@hotmail.com.**

**PHILLIP SPINKS (CAS’95) of Boston, Mass., has been shown at the City Arts Gallery of San Francisco and Boston’s Diablo Gallery, and is part of the permanent collection of the Offices of the Junior Colleges of California. She married Marshall Woodard Fordyce in June. They plan to reside in Papua New Guinea.**

**HOWARD MARCUS (CAS’85) of Aventura, Fla., was named the 2003 Realtor of the Year by the Builders Association of South Florida in April. Howard, a builder and developer in London for 25 years, works at Coldwell Banker. He lives with his wife, Madelynne, and two daughters, Gabrielle, a creative director for a real estate developer, and Samantha, a freshman at the University of Florida. Write to him at hmsells@aol.com.**

**MELISSA MAXWELL (CEA’80) of New York, N.Y., won the New Professional Theatre’s Our Words Award for her play Unrequited Love. Under her direction, the show premiered in June at the New Perspectives Theatre Company in Broadway’s theater district. Melissa has written a second play, Salt in a Wound, and also is an accomplished actress. Her television, film, and stage credits include The Sopranos, The Thomas Crown Affair, and The Lesson Before Dying.**

**ROBERT R. MCLEAN (SPH’98) of Somerville, Mass., received the 2003 President’s Book Award from the American Society for Bone and Mineral Research for his abstract on senior citizens’ hip fractures. He is a doctoral candidate in epidemiology at SPH and a research project coordinator at the Hebrew Rehabilitation Center for the Aged’s Research and Training Institute.**

**MOLLY SMITH METZLER (GRS’02) of Kingston, N.Y., received the Kennedy Center’s 2003 American College Theater Festival’s National Student Playwriting Award for her tragicomedy Training Wisteria. Originally staged at the Boston Playwright’s Theatre, Training Wisteria was performed at the Kennedy Center in April. Molly received a residency at the Sundance Institute last summer in Salt Lake City, Utah, and has returned to BU as an instructor in the CAS writing program.**

**ROSSMANN (SMG’94) of St. Louis, Mo., was honored with an Independent Investigator Award by the National Alliance for Research in Schizophrenia and Depression. An associate professor of neurology, psychology, and radiology at Washington University in St. Louis and director of the university’s mood disorders program, she researches the effects of brain lesions in depressed older patients. She also is a mentor for junior faculty members and has received a Career Development Award from Washington University.**

**STEPHENV SWECKER (GRS’88) of North Berwick, Maine, an editor and writer for Zion’s Herald, one of New England’s oldest religious journals, received the 2002 Associated Church Press Award of Excellence for best magazine editorial for his piece “Flying Naked.”**

**VIRGINIA GINGER MCNALE TOBEY (COM’86) of Westport, Conn., won the 2003 Silver Donkey Award, which honors women who have made an outstanding contribution to the Democratic Party. Virginia has been vice president and communications director of the Democratic Women of Westport for four years.**

**SARAH TOWERS (GRS’00) of Brooklyn, N.Y., received the Olive B. O’Connor Fellowship in creative writing from Colgate University. As a part of the fellowship, Sarah will spend an academic year at Colgate teaching a creative writing workshop each semester. Her work appears in such publications as Elle, Vogue, and the New York Times Book Review. She currently is writing a collection of stories.**
The Wheel of Life, in Black-and-White

For Kris Snibbe, photography is not just a means of capturing an image, but "a way of learning, communicating, and phrasing questions that culminate in a fraction of a second."

Snibbe (COM'93) began taking photos in high school, when his primary interest was skateboarding. "I wasn't so concerned about anything fancy," he says. "I just wanted to capture photos of the peak of action so we could share our excitement and help each other improve with skateboarding." When he first came to BU, he thought he'd study psychology or philosophy, but after a photography class with Sally Stapleton, a former Boston Globe photo editor, he decided to major in photography at COM. Snibbe is now making a career of his art as a photographer for the Harvard Gazette.

Many of these photos, part of his traveling exhibition Everyday Rituals — From Lynn to Lhasa, were taken during a trip to Asia in 1997. "My wife is Chinese," he says, "and her parents took us to China and Tibet to show us from their perspective more about their culture and where they're from." It was on this trip that he began to find his own approach to photography. "I began working in the personal documentary style," he says.

Snibbe looks for things that "resonate" with him. "When you go to a place that's new and different, it's easier to be surprised and find interesting things," he says.

While the composition in these photos is deliberate and exquisite, Snibbe believes playfulness is imperative to any shoot. "You have to be like a child. You have to really let go of yourself and of the whole process," he says. "When I'm photographing, I don't think of a technique or of the camera. I just think of the whole experience and try to be as open as possible to whatever is happening."

— Jenny Brown
Lhasa, Tibet, 1997
Inside Drepung Monastery, a cook shows a group of Chinese tourists around his kitchen. (Right)

Los Angeles, 2000
At the Los Angeles Sports Arena, His Holiness the fourteenth Dalai Lama explains Atisha’s Lamp for the Path to Enlightenment, using an eleventh-century text by Lama Atisha that shows from a Tibetan Buddhist perspective a complete account of the path to enlightenment for the benefit of all sentient beings. (Below left)

Lhasa, Tibet, 1997
A Tibetan girl peeks out of the back door of a gift shop inside the Potala Palace. (Below right)
Alumni Events Calendar

Boston University Alumni at the Circus, Oct. 11. Join Boston University alumni, family, and friends of all ages for a performance of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. 12:30 p.m. reception; 3 p.m. show. FleetCenter, Boston. Prices vary. Information: 617-353-5261 or 800-800-3466.

Homecoming and Parents Weekend, Oct. 17–19. Events include a 5K Fun Run along the Charles River Esplanade, the Alumni Awards Breakfast (honoring recipients of the University’s most prestigious alumni award), the Homecoming Parade along Commonwealth Avenue, and a University family barbecue. Information: 617-353-3555; e-mail ococ@bu.edu.

Young Alumni Council Awards Gala, Oct. 18. 7 p.m. Hotel Commonwealth, Boston. Cost to be announced. Information: 617-353-5261 or 800-800-3466.

Alumni Club of Hawaii Connections Night, Oct. 23. 6 p.m. See www.bu.edu/alumni/events or call 800-800-3466 for details.

Alumni Club of Los Angeles Clambake, Oct. 25. Will Rogers State Beach. See www.bu.edu/alumni/clubs/la or call 800-800-3466 for details.

Boston University Alumni Club of Austin, Oct. 25. Day at the Bob Bullock Texas State History Museum. Join fellow Austin-area alumni for an informative and entertaining day at the museum with a docent-led tour, a delicious luncheon, and an IMAX presentation of Texas: The Big Picture. 11 a.m. $15 per person. R.S.V.P. by Oct. 17 to 800-800-3466.

Evening at the New Orleans Museum of Art, October. Boston University Alumni Club of New Orleans hosts tour of exhibition The Quest for Immortality: Treasures of Ancient Egypt, followed by a cocktail reception with fellow New Orleans–area alumni. More information: Gina A. DeSalvo at alumnucub@bu.edu or 800-800-3466.

Los Angeles Career Forum. The Alumni Club of L.A. is sponsoring a series of career seminars this fall. See www.bu.edu/alumni/clubs/la or call 800-800-3466 for details.

Afternoon at the Boca Raton Museum of Art, Nov. 15. 2 p.m. Enjoy a tour of the museum, then join other BU alumni for a delicious cocktail reception and dinner at the American Cafe. Hosted by the Boston University Alumni Club of Southeast Florida. $25 per person, includes tour; cocktail reception, and dinner. R.S.V.P. by Nov. 7 to Gina A. DeSalvo at alumnucub@bu.edu or 800-800-3466. See www.bu.edu/alumni/clubs/florida for more information about this and other southeast Florida–area alumni happenings.

Boston University Alumni Club of Southwest Florida, Nov. 19, 2003–2004 Kick-Off alumni cocktail and hors d’oeuvres reception. USB Financial Services office, Sun Trust Bank building, Naples, Florida. R.S.V.P. by Nov. 12 to Gina A. DeSalvo at alumnucub@bu.edu or 800-800-3466.

Alumni Club of the Bay Area Connections Nights, November. Join Boston University alumni and friends for a series of informal gatherings throughout the Bay Area. See www.bu.edu/alumni/clubs/bayarea or call 800-800-3466 for details.

Afternoon at the Circus with the Alumni Club of Chicago, November. Join Boston University alumni, family, and friends of all ages at the United Center for a performance of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. See www.bu.edu/alumni/clubs/chicago for more details or call 800-800-3466.

Holly Trolley Tour and Dinner, Dec. 6. 5 p.m. Spread holiday cheer with fellow southwest Florida alumni on a trolley tour of Naples. The evening ends with dinner at a downtown restaurant. Price to be announced. R.S.V.P. by Nov. 26 to Gina A. DeSalvo at alumnucub@bu.edu or 800-800-3466. See www.bu.edu/alumni/clubs/florida for more information about this and other southwest Florida alumni activities.

To learn about these or other alumni events in your area, please check out our online events calendar at www.bu.edu/alumni/events.

1996

Ezra Bettech (CAS’96) and Lisa Sheera Bettech (SAR’97) of San Diego, Calif., have three daughters, Ricki, Shana, and Esther. Ezra and Lisa would love to hear from old friends at elbettech@yahoo.com.

Joon Han (ENG’96) of Chicago, Ill., and his wife, Julie, announce the birth of their “adorable” baby boy, Gavin, in March. Joon reports that “everyone is doing great.” Write to him at bledseo@coates@hotmail.com.

Endang Rahayu (CAS’96) of Jakarta, Indonesia, earned her master’s in financial mathematics at the University of Chicago. A former employee of General Re Financial Products and PricewaterhouseCoopers, she now works for General Electric Consumer Finance. Endang became engaged on July 6.

Laura Rosso (SMG’96) of Sao Paulo, Brazil, left Bain & Company in Italy to return home to Brazil, where she hopes to settle down. “I look forward to hearing from anyone who remembers me!” Laura writes. Write to her at laura.rosso.96@alum.bu.edu.

Jeffrey Rush (CAS’96, CGS’94) of St. Louis, Mo., keeps in touch with many alumni. He went to a baseball game with Jessica Sexton (CAS’96), who is finishing her Ph.D. in microbiology at Washington University. He also is in contact with Alexa Miller (CAS’95), who works in pharmaceutical sales at Abbott Laboratories in St. Louis. Her former roommate, Kristin Crowell (SAR’96), recently was married and is an outpatient occupational therapist at a hospital in Chicago. Carin Comiskey (COM’96) attended Kristin’s wedding and tells Jeffrey that she and her husband are expecting their first child. Several months ago, Jeffrey visited Denison Williams (COM’96) in Baton Rouge, La. Denison recently earned a petroleum engineering degree at Louisiana State University. Vijoy Rao (CAS’97, CGS’94) still performs with his band, 12 oz. Prophets, and recently purchased his first home. When Jeffrey was in California, he saw Julie Kenworth (SMG’96), who is modeling and acting.
and his wife, who are living in Huntington Beach, and Kristin Vass Allen (CAS'96), who works at a hospital in Santa Monica. Another friend, William Ashmore (ENG'97), is in Boston investing in real estate. As for Jeffrey, when he is not catching up with old friends he attends St. Louis University Law School and works at U.S. Bank Trust.

Jenna Saathoff (CAS'96) of Saint Louis, Mo., received her master's degree in speech-language pathology from Fontbonne University. She recently began working at the Special School District of Saint Louis County, which provides education services to students with disabilities. Jenna writes, "I would love to hear from fellow classmates if you are ever in the area." E-mail her at jenna.stl@juno.com.

Jeremy Wel len (ENG'96) and Suzanne "Suki" Day Wel len (CAS'97) of Phoenixville, Pa., were married at the Lomalagi Resort in Fiji on February 18. Jeremy received his Ph.D. in biomedical engineering from Worcester Polytechnic Institute in May and is a principal scientist with the pharmaceutical company GlaxoSmithKline. Jeremy and Suki are settling into their new home. E-mail them at sdwellen@aol.com.

1997

Lisa Blanchette Fitzgibbon (SSW'97) of Westborough, Mass., and her husband welcomed their first child, Robert Francis, on May 13. He weighed 6 lbs., 11 oz., and was 19 inches long. Lisa enjoys being a stay-at-home mom and plans to return to social work when Robert is older.

Melissa Fleming (CAS'97) of New York, N.Y., displayed her photography this past summer in the group exhibition Venus in the City at Manhattan Mall in New York.

Monet France (CAS'97) of Irvington, N.J., received her M.D. from the University of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey’s Robert Wood Johnson Medical School. She is pursuing a career as an orthopedic surgeon.

Mike Koolidge (CAS'97), an Army captain, was deployed with the 3rd U.S. Army in Camp Doha, Kuwait. He met up with former 1019 Comm. Ave. roommate Noah Malgeri (ENG'97) on the grounds of Saddam Hussein’s palace in Baghdad. Mike returns home this fall. E-mail him at mtkoolidge@yahoo.com.

Peter Benjamin-Douglas Ranslow (CAS'97) of Pittsburgh, Pa., received his Ph.D. in chemistry from Colorado State University in May. He currently has a postdoctoral fellowship at the University of Pittsburgh.

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Reading Up on Dining Out

In college, Jill Epstein kept lists of restaurants she couldn’t wait to try. After graduation, she and a colleague at a small Boston design firm looked for a magazine that was a reference guide to the city’s restaurants — not just a listing of reviews, but a publication dedicated to menus, photos, and other restaurant particulars. But they found that none existed. So Epstein (CFA’94) and coworker Tracy Roberts began Where to Eat, which is published biannually and now has a circulation of 500,000.

“Everybody has to eat,” says Epstein, explaining the publication’s success. “One hundred percent of people reading it are looking for a place to eat.” The issues are getting progressively thicker — more restaurants, additional areas of the city covered, more comprehensive information. Since its 1999 launch, Epstein says, Where to Eat has evolved in response to the expanding and ever-changing Boston restaurant scene.

In the early days, with Roberts acting as a consultant (today she remains the magazine’s special advisor), Epstein hit the streets looking for restaurants to participate. After selling space to restaurateurs and dividing the listings by neighborhood, she designed each page with an establishment’s logo, a brief introduction to the eatery, including its chef’s accomplishments and awards, menu items, pictures, and a sidebar with restaurant facts such as hours, Web site, and price range. Now, with a larger staff, an established reputation, and a strong sense of stability, the guide, “which sells out every issue,” says Epstein, has branched out: in May, Where to Eat published its first annual Cape Cod and the Islands issue.

Although Boston has been part of her life for years (she frequently visited the city when she was growing up in Worcester), Epstein says, “It wasn’t until I started doing Where to Eat that I felt connected to the city and the community.” In this way the publication has benefited her as well as the city. “Ten years ago there wasn’t much need for a book like this,” she says, citing a few “regular” restaurants in Boston that people considered when planning to eat out. “Now we’re really on the culinary map.”

— Hannah Gaw
On Wings of Song

BY GARY LIBMAN

WITHIN A WEEK, Sherry Simpson-Dean’s unheralded film *Amandla! A Revolution in Four-Part Harmony* went from the editing room to the 2002 Sundance Film Festival to a story on the front of the *New York Times “Arts”* section.

“There we were on a mountain in Utah,” says Simpson-Dean (COM’86), the film’s executive producer and coproducer, “and people who had seen the story online were calling from South Africa. That was a real standout moment.”

*Amandla!* (“power” in Zulu) won the Sundance Audience Award and its Freedom of Expression Award. Viewers said they loved the interviews and musical performances in the movie, whose premise is that music was an inseparable part of the revolution that toppled South Africa’s apartheid government in 1994.

“People were not allowed to vote or petition the government, so singing fostered a sense of unity,” says Simpson-Dean, who traveled to South Africa at least eight times over nine years to work on the film. “I think it’s one of the mysteries of the human spirit that merely singing a song together can harness the collective energy of a group. The environment you’re in is transformed.

“We somehow managed to bottle that in this film,” she says. “I feel great.” She plans to continue in filmmaking, “but if I never make another,” she says, “I’ll feel satisfied if this is my greatest professional achievement.”

Simpson-Dean, who lives in Pasadena, California, has in fact started her next project. One of Hollywood’s few female African-American film producers, she’s exploring the birth of hip-hop at sites including Cuba, Senegal, Paris, “and of course the south Bronx.”

The thirty-eight-year-old grew up in New York and began BU as a premed student. When she became interested in acting and writing, she switched her major from chemistry to mass communications — “absolutely the right decision,” she says, “I went into mass communications as opposed to just film as a major; it gave me a little more freedom to create my own program. From there it was like a whole world opened up. I started seeing my choices as much broader.”

After graduation she earned an internship with the Congressional Black Caucus and focused on U.S. divestment in South Africa. Later she built a reputation as an executive producer of music videos. She also produced the Peabody Award-winning film *Blue Note, A History of Modern Jazz*, which aired on the Bravo Network.

In 1994, she met Lee Hirsch, a New Yorker who had taped freedom songs in South Africa and wanted to make a movie about them.

“He sent me tapes of the music he’d recorded,” says Simpson-Dean. “The common thread was the incredible link between people finding a way to stand up for themselves and the fact that song had given courage to these people.”

With Hirsch directing, they coproduced *Amandla!* It played in about twenty-five cities, and a CD of its vibrant music has sold 20,000 copies. A DVD is scheduled for release this fall.

“I’m thrilled it had a theatrical release, because that is so rare for documentaries,” Simpson-Dean says. “I wish that it had been a huge box office success, which it hasn’t been so far. But the most significant thing is that the movie is so loved and well regarded by critics and audiences.

“I feel it’s miraculous for two Americans to have gone there and unearthed this subject matter. To the people who were living the revolution, this is like a gift. The real litmus test is that South Africans who have seen this film really have embraced it.”

Gary Libman is a former Los Angeles Times reporter and a freelance writer. He teaches journalism at Whittier College and at Whitney High School for gifted students in Cerritos, California.
1998

RYAN MEYERS (SMG'98) of Washington, D.C., married Gretchen Benton in Du Bois, Pa., on May 31. Groomsmen included BRIAN CORBETT (SMG'98) and JAMES MORRIS (SMG'98). Also in attendance were JOHN DENSON (CAS'98, CGS'98), JENNIFER GROSSO (CAS'98), WILLIAM GREEN (SMG'98), GEOFFREY POPovich (SMG'98, CGS'98), KENNETH TAYLOR (ENG'98), and ANNE Lu (SMG'98). “We are living in the heart of Washington, D.C.,” Ryan writes, “and are just loving life.” He would love to hear from old friends at rtmeyers86@yahoo.com.

BARNEY MORIsette (MET'98, GSM'02) of Bright on, Mass., received his Certified M.B.A., a new degree certification that distinguishes M.B.A. graduates who demonstrate mastery of fundamental business knowledge. Barney is one of only 86 M.B.A.s in the United States and Canada to achieve this credential.

MARK Schafer (GRS'98) of Cambridge, Mass., displayed his work Imaginary Maps, Imagined Landscapes at the Newton Free Library on July 2. Mark, a translator and bilingual textbook editor, has exhibited his work at several locations and was a prize-winner at a national juried exhibition at Valdosta State University in Georgia.

ABIGAIL GARDNER Smith (SAR'98) of Stony Point, N.Y., married Gregory Smith at the West Park Winery in West Park-on-Hudson, N.Y., on June 21. Attending the wedding were MAUREEN ALLIANI (SAR'98), MELISSA HENER CArPENTER (SAR'98), LAUREN KURTZ GMytrasiewicz (SAR'98, '95), KRISTEN LAMpHEAR (SAR'98), KALA SINGER (SAR'98), and KEITH HAMPTON (CEA'99).

JASON MICHAEL ULBERG (ENG'98) and JAIME ANN RYvACK (ENG'98) of Brookline, Mass., were married in Chicago on June 14. Alumni in attendance were JASON FLORACK (CAS'97), KARA KRAYNak FLORACK (CAS'97), JOHNNY PROSKOczLO (CAS'97), JERRY BERkwITZ (ENG'98), JEFF DURNey (SAR'98), CAREY FRuZZA (CAS'98), BRANDICE HERRMANN (CAS'98), CHRIS MERCOCGIANO (ENG'98), PAMEL PEECH (ENG'98), CARLO VErDIno (ENG'98), and NICOle VONTHRON (SHA'98, SMG'98). Jason is an aerospace engineer at General Electric Aircraft Engines, and Jaime is a corporate financial analyst for the accounting firm Ernst & Young. E-mail them at jason.ulberg@alum.bu.edu.


1999

DAN BOcHCNO (CAS'99) and LISA KONTOS BOcHCNO (CAS'99) of Somerset, N.J., celebrate their first wedding anniversary on September 28. Dan graduated from English and is an associate editor for the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers, Inc., commonly known as IEEE, in Piscataway, N.J. In his spare time he writes and performs comedy. Lisa works for an independent equipment finance firm and tutors Kaplan Test Prep students in math. E-mail them at lisabochno@yahoo.com.

SHAWNNE DUSSINGER CARTER (COM'99) of Lexington, Ky., married Chivas Carter, in Longboat Key, Fla., on March 29. She is the marketing assistant for Blood-Horse Publications, which publishes equine magazines and newsletters. E-mail Shawnie at smd876@msn.com.

JON MonESTEre (COM'99) of Newport Beach, Calif., joined the advertising agency Campbell Mithun. As an account executive, he is working on the Verizon Wireless account. Joe moved from Needham, Mass., and writes that he “loves living in Southern California.” E-mail him at jamc204@aol.com.

JON SCHNEIDER (COM'99) and MARY ELLEN BUTLER (COM'99) of Washington, D.C., were married on Cape Cod on May 3. In attendance were maid of honor LAURA CIOFFI (COM'99), bridesmaid STEPHANIE LASH (COM'99), ALEX EffGEN (CAS'99), NEAL Patel (CAS'99, SMG'99), ERIN SHANNON (COM'00, CAS'00), DAVID SHAW (COM'00), KAREN EShraCHeR (COM'00), and KATIE ZEInA (COM'01). Jon is communications director and legislative assistant for New York Congressman Tim Bishop, and Mary Ellen is a senior writer for International Medical News Group. E-mail them at jonschneider@mail.house.gov and maryell77@hotmail.com.

SUSAN STEREBEL (COM'99) of San Francisco, Calif., recently left Boston and is now a special events manager at a social service agency. She keeps in touch with KORI BLITSTEIN (CAS'99, CGS'97), ANGELA LECLERC (CAS'99), DANIELLE PFEIFFER (CAS'99), and VICTORIA LAPHAM MARBLE (CAS'00). Susan would love to hear from old friends at strebels@hotmail.com.

2000

Kathleen "K.C." CROmExe (COM'00) volunteers for Aang Serian, a Tanzanian nonprofit organization dedicated to preserving indigenous traditions and promoting intercultural awareness. In September, Kathleen will attempt to climb Mount Kilimanjaro to raise funds for the Arthritis Foundation. She returns to the States in October and would love to hear from fellow COM film and television
alumni. Visit www.kathleencronic.com or e-mail Kathleen at willoughbyfilms@aol.com. 

Andrea Mercurio (CAS’00) of Washington, D.C., is working on a doctorate in applied social psychology at George Washington University. “D.C. is a nice change of pace, but I miss Boston!” she writes. “GWU is not a bad place to be, but it’s not BU!” E-mail her at mercurio@gwu.edu.

Francisco Navarro (CAS’00, CGS’97) of Boston, Mass., graduated with honors from Georgetown University Law Center. He was married in August and is currently working at the law firm of Bingham McCutchen. Elizabeth Browne Robinson (CFA’00) of Novato, Calif., recently moved with her husband, Jonathan, to northern California. In September, she began graduate studies in cello at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. Friends can write to her at elizabeth@robin sommusicstudios.com.

Robert Rogers (CAS’00) and Lisa Waterhouse Rogers (ENG’00) of Brighton, Mass., were married on April 8. Many alumni were present to celebrate with the happy couple. Michelle Mondor Williamson (ENG’00) and Rusty Williamson (SAR’00) of Chesapeake, Va., were married at Marsh Chapel on May 31. BU’s Catholic chaplain, Father Paul Helfrich, officiated, and several alumni were present to help celebrate.

Jeffrey Wurtzel (SMG’00, CGS’98) of St. Louis, Mo., recently left Fidelity Investments in Boston to pursue an M.B.A. at Washington University. E-mail him at wurtzelj@olin.wustl.edu.

2001

Alan DiGiovanni (MET’01) of Adams Township, Pa., was promoted to director of operations for the Instrument Division of Mine Safety Appliances Company (MSA) in Pittsburgh. Alan joined MSA in 1975 as a quality analyst and has served at its Jacksonville, N.C., facility as a safety product division plant manager.

Ginnette Goodwin (CFA’01) of New York, N.Y., continues in her role as Diane Snyder on NBC’s Ed. She reports that her new e-mail address is ginnetteg@yahoo.com.

Roger Wong (SHA’01) of Stoneham, Mass., is an Americorps Massachusetts Promise Fellow, working with Social Capital, Inc., a program that builds civic leadership. He joined Americorps after serving as a lodging consultant for the hospitality services firm HVS International in Boulder, Colo. “I am happy to be back in Boston,” Roger writes. He would love to hear from old friends at roger.wong.2001@alum.bu.edu.

2002

Nuno Alves (ENG’02) of Cambridge, Mass., a former computer engineer at Fractal Antenna Systems, is planning to pursue his doctorate in electrical engineering at Tufts University.

Marissa Ada Eusebio (COM’02, CGS’00) of Sinajana, Guam, played Alex in COM Film Professor Stephen Geller’s independent film Mother’s Little Helpers immediately after graduation. Despite plans to pursue law school, Marissa writes, she couldn’t resist working as a news reporter for the KUAM News Team. She plans to stick around Guam for two more years.

Laura Cesana (SED’85), I Believe In . . . 47 cm. x 35 cm. Laura’s paintings will be exhibited at the Portuguese Cultural Center in Luxembourg from October 25 to 29. Selected paintings from her book Jewish Vestiges in Portugal: Travels of a Painter will be shown at the French branch of the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation in late October.

In Memoriam

Doris A. Wells (SED’70, SRE’70), Winston-Salem, N.C.
Virginia Rinearson Smallman (SRE’72), Morton Grove, Ill.
Jacoby Goldberg (LAW’93), Seattle, Wash.
Natalie R. Praderio (CAS’94), Clinton, Mass.
Alice Smith Reilly (BUL’34, GSM’37), Milton, Mass.
Lola Crawford LeBow (SED’36), Charlotte, N.C.
Frederick C. Vosburg (STH’36, 37), Ann Arbor, Mich.
Joshua R. Derow (MED’37), Hastings on Hudson, N.Y.
Samuel A. Gan (SMG’37), Providence, R.I.

Norman W. Sipple (SED’37, ’40), Portland, Ore.
Eleanor Hunt Arnold (CFA’38), Pascoag, R.I.
Harriette S. Goodman (SED’39), Framingham, Mass.
Mary Massie Williams (SAR’40), Johnston, R.I.
Stanley J. Ebb (GSM’42), Stratford, Conn.
Isabel R. Crawford Hamilton (SAR’44), Seattle, Wash.
Lee C. Moorehead (STH’44), Batavia, Ill.
Shozo Iba (MED’45), Mission Viejo, Calif.
Joseph Masino (SED’45, ’56, ’71), Providence, R.I.
Donald Allan (MED’46), Framingham, Mass.
Edward J. Dervan (MED’46), Salisbury, Mass.

Oscar S. Cornejo (SMG’47), East Moline, Ill.
Rita M. Cotter (GRS’48), Everett, Mass.
William B. Doolittle (CFA’48), Louisville, Ky.
Joseph A. Lettman (SMG’48), Jacksonville, Fla.
Jack S. Miller (SSW’48), Green Valley, Ariz.
Robert E. Powers (DGE’48), North Kingstown, R.I.
Frances S. Quimby (CFA’48), West Falmouth, Mass.
Hugo J. Angelini (SMG’49), Monroe, La.
Steven C. Christy (GRS’49, SED’70), Lebanon, Mass.
Robert R. Colyar (SSW’49), San Jose, Calif.
Richard Litchman (SMG’49), Highland Park, Ill.
Evelyn Keohane Savini (SSW’49), West Harwich, Mass.
Herbert H. Sawyer (LAW’49), Portland, Maine
Carol A. O’Connell Dalton (BAL’30), Red Bank, N.J.
Grace O. Taylor Johnson (SED’50), Chelmsford, Mass.
William H. Madden (GSM’50), Ridgewood, N.J.
HeLEN Lawton Haselton (SED’51), Millburn, N.J.
Gerald F. Heagney (COM’51), Lincoln, Ala.
Raymond L. Hoaglund (STH’51), Mobile, Ala.
Ian MacInnes (LAW’72), Bangor, Maine
George M. Leonard (SED’52), Northfield, Mass.
Madelyn M. Sullivan (SED’53, ’67), Johnston, R.I.
Theodore T. Trott (SMG’52), Randolph, Maine
John F. Buckley (SED’53), Andover, Mass.
Antonetta E. Carlo (SON’53), Eagle River, Alaska
Arthur F. Griffin (SMG’53), Provincetown, Mass.
Catherine Miller (SED’54), Port Huron, Mich.
Marion Caesar Wheeler (SON’54, ’61), Newburyport, Mass.
Maurice J. Nolan (SED’55), Westwood, Mass.
George F. Fallon (COM’56), Honolulu, Hawaii
Margaret W. Tucker (SON’56), Medford, Oreg.
Constance A. Smith (SON’57), Tiverton, R.I.
Daniel Freedman (SMG’59), Royal Palm Beach, Fla.
Martha B. Kelly (SED’59), Pawtucket, R.I.
Thomas E. Shea (MED’60), Wenham, Mass.
Gretchen Lalendorf Rogers (SED’61, ’62), Richmond, Va.
Warren W. Shelley (CP’62), Statesboro, Ga.
Charles O. Duke (CFA’63), Poultney, Vt.
Victor L. C. Forsythe (COM’63, ’72), Georgetown, Guyana
Genevieve Crayton Downing (SON’65), Nashua, N.H.
Renay Schwartz Piercey (SED’65), Kalamazoo, Mich.
William J. Kotchen (LAW’67), Chester, Conn.
Donald E. Flagg (SMG’68), Hudson, Fla.
Paul A. Beane (SMG’70), Boston, Mass.
Cynthia A. Mahur (SED’72), Stowe, Vt.
Charles D. Sherman (CGS’72), Saint Paul, Minn.
Peter Stelmach (CAS’73, MED’73), Reading, Pa.
Sheila J. Locke King (CAS’77), Albany, N.Y.
Roger J. Deveau (SED’76), Westport, Mass.
David A. Riley (CAS’76), Kenosha, Wis.
Robert A. Wynn (GSM’79), Palm Harbor, Fla.
Lenore C. Albom (SMG’80), New York, N.Y.
Joseph F. Arkins (GRS’80), Sunnyvale, N.Y.
Jules Laverne Ford (CAS’80, GSM’02), Malden, Mass.

Faculty Obituaries

Sidney Burrell, ’86, College of Arts and Sciences professor emeritus of history, on June 15. Burrell earned a B.A. at the University of Chicago, served with the U.S. Naval Reserve in the Pacific from 1942 to 1945 and at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and then earned his Ph.D. at Columbia, where he taught before joining the history department as chairman in 1966.

It was the first time the department had looked outside for a chairman, says History Professor Emeritus Saul Engelbourg, adding, “Sid changed the department in important ways.” He brought Columbia’s system of self-government with regular meetings (Warren Ault, the department’s first chairman, once recalled that since the faculty shared an office,

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Donors should always consult an attorney when drawing up a will or other long-range financial plans, as tax and other laws change and requirements vary from state to state.

For additional information, please write or call:
Boston University
Office of Gift and Estate Planning
One Sherborn Street, 7th Floor
Boston, MA 02215
Telephone numbers: 617-353-2254; 800-645-2347
E-mail: gep@bu.edu
www.bu.edu/alumni/gep

June Burrell earned a B.A. at the University of Chicago, served with the U.S. Naval Reserve in the Pacific from 1942 to 1945 and at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and then earned his Ph.D. at Columbia, where he taught before joining the history department as chairman in 1966.

It was the first time the department had looked outside for a chairman, says History Professor Emeritus Saul Engelbourg, adding, “Sid changed the department in important ways.” He brought Columbia’s system of self-government with regular meetings (Warren Ault, the department’s first chairman, once recalled that since the faculty shared an office,
Jazz, Friendship, and God

Father Norman O'Connor, the "Jazz Priest," was the Catholic chaplain at BU from 1951 to 1962. He died on June 29 in Wayne, New Jersey, at 85. O'Connor was a well-known authority on jazz in an era when it was unusual for a priest to walk into a jazz club. In fact, says jazz impresario George Wein (CAS '50), it sounded like the beginning of a bad joke. Wein, who founded the Newport Jazz Festival in 1954, named O'Connor to the board of the first festival. In ensuing years O'Connor was master of ceremonies. Wein had met O'Connor in 1951, and tells Bostonia that while at BU the priest gave spiritual counsel not only to Catholics on campus, "but people of many religions all over Boston. He came to my club, Storyville, a lot, and many musicians, not just the Catholic ones, consulted him as a spiritual leader." In 1957 Wein taught a course at BU entitled the History and Evolution of Jazz. Whenever he was called away from Boston for business reasons, O'Connor assumed his classroom duties.

by George Wein

From the moment in 1951 when he walked into my office at the Storyville jazz club in Boston and introduced himself, Father Norman O'Connor was an integral part of my life. As a Catholic priest in largely Catholic Boston, he was quick to lend his collar to further the cause of the jazz we both loved. It was Father O'Connor who got Boston's Cardinal Cushing to give me a letter to Cardinal Marti of Paris that resulted in Duke Ellington's historic "Sacred Concert" at l'Eglise St. Sulpice.

In 1965, I was hoping to build a cultural center to house the Newport Jazz, Folk, and Opera festivals. I acquired 104 acres of beautiful land in Middletown, Rhode Island, close to downtown Newport, but unfortunately, the land was next to a novitiate particularly dear to the archbishop of Providence, and the Church campaigned vigorously against rezoning the area for the festivals. In a tumultuous town meeting, Father O'Connor spoke up on behalf of the festivals — in the very (and I would say glowering) presence of the auxiliary bishop who represented the archdiocese. His speech drew applause and cheers from the overflow crowd in attendance. The rezoning was voted down, as it turned out. But I would never forget O'Connor's words or his courage.

Father O'Connor spoke at the funerals of my wife's mother, a good Methodist woman, and of my brother Larry. So, at a Jewish chapel on Harvard Street in Brookline, a rabbi relinquished his place to a Catholic priest. I don't think that made my brother or me any less Jewish. Father O'Connor never proselytized the faith to which he had given his life. To my brother, and to me, Norman O'Connor was simply the man of religion whom we loved.

Father O'Connor lived first in Boston and then New York City, as I did. We were often together until 1980, when he was assigned to a drug treatment center in Paterson, New Jersey. Then the Jazz Priest disappeared from the jazz scene, as if in exile. But I spoke with him by telephone a week before his death, for the first time in several years. His "exile" never diminished what he meant to me, or what he represented.

The editor of my recent memoir e-mailed me the other day. He said, "Your and Joyce's friendship with Father O'Connor seems to me to embody the jazz miracle, a force that transcends race, religion, and background and brings (as Father O'Connor himself said) the most unlikely people together — you were blessed by his friendship and support at a time when you needed it most. Both God and jazz appear to work in mysterious ways."

George Wein, who recently established the George and Joyce Wein Endowment in African-American Studies at BU with a $1 million gift, is the author, with Nate Chinen, of the recently published Myself Among Others: A Life in Music (Da Capo Press). See review in Alumni Books."
he had called meetings by starting a conversation) and by changing survey courses to lecture classes reduced the teaching load, increasing time for research. "He created great esprit de corps," Engelbourg remembers. "Sidney was a mentor for me," adds Bill Keylor, a CAS professor and a former department chairman. "He set a standard for excellence in departmental administration that I and other successors as chair tried our best to meet."

A specialist in modern European history, Burrell published articles, reviews, and textbooks, primarily on Scottish and English history. He won the Metcalf Cup and Prize for Excellence in Teaching in 1983. "He was the best teacher I ever had," says Mark Krone (MET '88), graduate admissions manager at the College of Fine Arts and currently an M.A. candidate in the history department. "His lectures were so full of insight that I was constantly being captivated by a single perfectly described idea, but I could not stay with that idea too long for fear of missing the next one. . . . A massive lecture, full of color and detail, would end quietly, like a huge ship docking. This was always a shock because you had to leave the world of his mind and go back to ordinary life."

Burrell retired in 1992, and when Ann, his wife of fifty-one years, died, he moved (with her dogs) to a retirement community, where he continued as both informal teacher and academic administrator, arranging for junior faculty members to teach short courses on history and current events.

ERNST HALPERIN, 86, College of Arts and Sciences professor emeritus and research professor of political science, on April 15. Born in Switzerland, Halperin received his Ph.D. from the University of Zurich in 1943.

In the fifties and sixties, he worked at several newspapers in Europe as an editor and Eastern European correspondent. He came to BU in 1971 and taught courses in Latin American politics, his primary area of interest, and Eurocommunism. He also was an adjunct professor at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University.

Halperin wrote Nationalism and Communism in Chile and Terrorism in Latin America. He retired from BU in 1987 and continued to publish papers and coedited the book Hydra of Carnegie: The International Linkages of Terrorism and Other Low-Intensity Operations.

"He was just great to have in the department," says CAS Political Science Professor Christine Rossell. "He had a wonderful sense of humor, always making us laugh at meetings. He was delightful and eccentric, and of course, that thick accent. But I'll always remember him for his urbane humor."

GERALD HAWKINS, 75, former College of Arts and Sciences professor of astronomy and chairman of the astronomy department, on May 26. Born in Great Yarmouth, England, Hawkins moved to the Boston area in 1954 to work at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge.

He joined BU's physics department to teach astronomy in 1957, the year Sputnik I was launched into space. His passion for the new space era helped make his introductory astronomy course a popular option for nonscience majors. In 1966, astronomy became a separate department, and Hawkins was named its first chairman. "He and later Mike Papagiannis were really the founders of the modern astronomy department here. We trace our legacy to their vision," says Michael Mendillo (GRS'68, '71), a professor of astronomy, who studied with Hawkins. "He was a real British gentleman with broad interests, and a positive influence on my life."

Hawkins left BU in 1969 to become a dean at Dickinson College, moved back to England, and then returned to the Boston area as a senior researcher at an Air Force laboratory at Hanscom Air Force Base. Later he was science advisor to the U.S. Information Agency, Mendillo says.

Among his many books are Mindsteps to the Cosmos and Stonehenge Decoded, written while at BU, in which he contended that Stonehenge was a sophisticated astronomical observatory and calculator. He said he found a link between the alignment of the pillars' archways and the moon and solar events of 1500 B.C. He later wrote Beyond Stonehenge.

ALLEN ROGERS, 77, former College of Fine Arts professor of music and Metcalf Award winner, on May 23.

Born in Topeka, Kansas, Rogers received a bachelor's degree and graduated first in his class from the University of Kansas. He later earned a master's degree from Columbia University. After winning the Concert Artists Guild competition in 1952 and touring the world with Roberta Peters and other vocalists, he came to Boston's New England Conservatory in the late 1960s. A pianist whose work in song literature and collaborations with such artists as Eileen Farrell and Theodore Uppman brought him many positive reviews, Rogers made a number of memorable recordings. In an article in Harper's Magazine, Edward Tamal Canby wrote, "The pianist, Allen Rogers, is one of the finest in the business."

Rogers joined the CFA faculty in 1969 and taught vocal accompaniment, song literature, and individual repertoire coaching of singers. He was also a vocal coach at the Boston University Tanglewood Institute. Along with performance and technique, Rogers taught the music's poetry. "He had a comprehensive knowledge of the song literature and opened our minds to things beyond the twenty standard Schubert songs everyone is supposed to learn," mezzo-soprano Pamela Drell (CFAB'86) said in an article in the Boston Globe.

At Commencement 1983, when he received a Metcalf Award for Excellence in Teaching, his citation read in part, "Held to high standards, his students reach for higher goals and find within themselves the confidence and the resources that enable them to attain a far higher standard of performance than they could ever have dreamed of. Professor Rogers' ability to develop this transcendence is the measure of his mastery."

Although his health was permanently affected by a car accident near the end of his tenure, Rogers continued to teach and perform until his retirement in 1990. He avidly attended Symphony Hall concerts and supported the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

EUGENE VICTOR WALTER, 78, former College of Arts and Sciences professor of sociology, on May 16. Originally from the Bronx, he earned an undergraduate degree from the University of Miami, a master's degree from Duke University, and a Ph.D. from the University of Minnesota. He published dozens of articles and books, including the novels The Voice of Manush and The Craftsmen. He retired in 1983 after twenty-five years at BU and continued writing fiction.

Walter was enthusiastic in all his undertakings. In 1972, he moved to East Boston as a participant in a study of conflicts in public housing. When the apartment was broken into, he said in a Boston Globe article, it only furthered his understanding of life there.

His many interests included carpentry, the oboe, magic tricks, and writing. "When he latched onto a thing that interested him, he got so enthused it was a pleasure to see," longtime friend Donald Gropman told the Boston Globe. "And if you pressed him — and you didn't have to press too hard — he'd do a magic trick."

FALL 2003 BOSTONIA 65
Idealist Without Illusions

Forty years after his death, two new books look at the JFK legacy

BY PHILIP TERZIAN


The first four words in Robert Dallek's new work are the most arresting: "Why another Kennedy book?" For Dallek, a CAS professor of history, codirector of the BU Washington Center, a diplomatic historian, and a biographer of Lyndon Johnson, the answer is self-evident. New information about the thirty-fifth president's medical and sexual history seems "ample reason to revisit Kennedy's personal and public lives." After all, he concludes, given "the man's almost mythical importance to Americans and hundreds of millions of people around the globe . . . you can be certain that future generations will be eager for renewed attention to him in the context of their own times."

Is this true? There can be no question of Kennedy's hold on the popular imagination or his attraction to scholars of Dallek's stature. Kennedy has been the subject of countless memoirs and biographies, depicted incessantly on television and film, and chronicled, analyzed, and dissected in volumes of excessive length and number. But we are considering a chief executive who served fewer than three years, a man of above-average gifts and a president of below-average achievement. Is Kennedy inherently worth the attention? Or is the subject really his "mythical importance to Americans and hundreds of millions of people around the globe"? Dallek maintains that the life of Kennedy and the Kennedy presidency are worth consideration because his brief tenure "spoke to the country's better angels, inspired visions of a less divisive nation and world, and demonstrated that America was still the last best hope of mankind." But it is precisely this sort of rhetorical fancy that argues otherwise. Instead of standing on their own, the particulars of the Kennedy presidency are treated by Dallek as particles of a grander organism, intimations of accomplishment that might have occurred, but did not.

In a curiously defensive passage, he relates Kennedy's skepticism about numerical ratings for presidents: "Such rankings, as Kennedy himself complained, are a poor substitute for measuring the complexities of a presidential term. Kennedy's presidency is better understood as a patchwork of stumbles and significant achievements." Yet this is another way of saying that it is easy enough to explain the importance of, say, Abraham Lincoln or Franklin Roosevelt, but Kennedy requires a subtle appreciation of context and proportion, of nuance and inference — the classic rationale for style over substance.

Having said that, let me add that An Unfinished Life is a work of consummate skill, and for the most part, sound judgment. Dallek has a tendency to lapse into journalese — "I also took guidance from science writer Jacob Bronowski" or "economist Thorstein...

Philip Terzian writes a syndicated column from Washington for the Providence Journal.
Veblen was surely right” — and over-estimates the significance of his various scoops. But forty years after his death, he sees JFK steady and whole.

Accounts of Kennedy’s life and career have followed a predictable arc: the early hagiographies of Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Theodore Sorensen, and other courtiers were succeeded by pathologies from Thomas Reeves and Nigel Hamilton. Dallek’s approach is refreshingly dispassionate: uninterested in creating a plaster saint or sculpting a gargoyle, he pays tribute to Kennedy’s strengths and looks closely at his weaknesses. His charm, iron will, self-effacement, and shrewdness are in evidence; so is his hypocrisy, deception, vacillation, and neurosis. In that sense, Dallek’s Kennedy is a more appealing creature precisely because of his contradictions: here he is neither the Boston magician nor the White House predator of legend.

Two impressions are paramount. First, Kennedy’s carefully concealed medical history (to which Dallek was accorded unprecedented access) reveals a lifetime of chronic, even shocking, ill health. It has long been known that Kennedy had Addison’s disease and was the grateful patient of a series of Dr. Feelgoods over many years. Not so well known were the depth and variety of his maladies. He suffered from a succession of mysterious and debilitating intestinal complaints and infections in his youth, and in later life had a litany of crippling symptoms — irritable bowel syndrome, colitis, migraine headaches — with more than a little psychic component. Also, Kennedy’s famous back trouble was not so much a product of PT—heroism as the consequence of years of cortisone mistreatment, which seems to have caused his spine to deteriorate. Dallek argues that while it is probable that public knowledge of the state of Kennedy’s health would have barred him from the White House, there is no evidence that his manifold ailments, and the wide variety of drugs used to treat them, influenced his performance in office. Certainly one is impressed by his stoicism in the face of incessant discomfort, but it is impossible to know whether the president was unaffected. It is true that Kennedy was notoriously energetic and capable of discharging his duties and avoided lapsing into invaidism, but at what price? Opiates and disease must have affected his judgment, which was not always impeccable.

The other impression speaks to the language of Kennedy mythology. As a personality, Dallek’s Kennedy is far removed from the JFK of Camelot. A son of Joseph and Rose Kennedy could hardly avoid cynicism, self-indulgence, and ambition. John F. Kennedy was almost entirely devoid of sentimentality. Critical, ironic, and detached, he combined the skills of a practical politician with the theatrical talents of an “idealist without illusions.” This happy combination of personal abilities enabled him to communicate effectively, to breed loyalty in subordinates, and to impress friend and foe with the force of his personality. These ingredients served him well during the Cuban missile crisis and in public duels with such adversaries as the chairman of U.S. Steel; they did not, however, penetrate the defenses of his own party on Capitol Hill or save him from episodes (the Bay of Pigs, the Vienna summit) where charm and insouciance were irrelevant.

Those indefinable qualities — charisma, magnetism, grace under pressure — that hypnotize admirers are not, in the end, sufficient on their own. Kennedy’s presidency was too brief for lasting importance. From a literary standpoint, this could have given Dallek a melancholy theme: that Dallas foreclosed what might have been a successful, even strategic, presidency. Instead, Dallek overstates Kennedy’s goals — in breaking down U.S.-Russian hostilities, in exalting public service — and lapses into praise of things that didn’t happen.

Dallek is not the first chronicler of John F. Kennedy to speculate about a second term, but in light of his clarity about Kennedy’s first term, the sudden shift into fantasy is startling. It can hardly be supposed that Kennedy, safely reelected in 1964, would have done what he couldn’t manage to do in the first place. It was Kennedy’s assassination and Lyndon Johnson’s succession that facilitated civil rights legislation and
Medicare. And while Kennedy may have been exasperated by the government in Saigon and skeptical about South Vietnam's long-term prospects, there is no evidence that he was determined to alter American policy by withdrawing U.S. troops, negotiating with Ho Chi Minh, or reneging on his commitment to resist communist aggression.

In place of the peaceable kingdom that Dallek envisions in that mythical second term, it is useful to ponder the JFK who was — cold warrior and cautious chief executive, contending with military stalemate and social upheaval — in contrast to the JFK his admirers have invented.

Some of My Best Friends

BY MARK E. TALISMAN


The United States and Israel have since 1948 enjoyed a natural if not inevitable alliance based on shared values and trust. During his three years as president, John F. Kennedy continued down the path of friendship established by his predecessors and passed the torch to his successors. Right? Apparently not. Warren Bass’s Support Any Friend: Kennedy’s Middle East and the Making of the U.S.-Israel Alliance makes the solid case that the Kennedy administration was “the hinge that swung decisively away from the chilly association of the 1950s and toward the full-blown alliance we know today.” Bass argues further that the young alliance nearly came crashing down in 1963 over the issue of Dimona, Israel’s nuclear facility in the Negev.

A senior fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations, Bass reminds us that Kennedy made his foreign-policy intentions clear in his inaugural address: “Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty.” Kennedy’s message was directed at the world, but it must have made Dwight Eisenhower, whose Middle East policy JFK held in contempt, wince. Eisenhower and his secretary of state, John Foster Dulles, considered Harry Truman to have been partial to Israel. According to Bass, they “thought Israel a headache that would make it harder to box up communism,” marking the Eisenhower era as “the coldest period in the entire U.S.-Israel relationship.” The Suez Crisis of 1956 made Eisenhower all the more distrustful.

“Friendship with the Arab states was useful for containment,” writes Bass of Eisenhower, “while friendship with Israel was not.”

What will surprise some readers is that Kennedy’s initial New Frontier outreach was to the president of Egypt, Jamal Abd al-Nasser, in the hope of counterbalancing the Soviet Union’s Middle East influence. Bass quotes from the ever-more-cordial letters between JFK and Nasser, and describes the rise and fall of the U.S.-Egypt relationship — and of U.S. foreign aid — over Nasser’s fixation on pan-Arabism, his growing dependence on Soviet military hardware, and his heavy hand in the 1962 coup and subsequent war in Yemen. (By February 1963 Egypt had 40,000 troops there and had used chemical weapons repeatedly.) The war, which Nasser came to call his Vietnam, risked spreading to U.S. allies Saudi Arabia and Jordan and ended the blossoming relationship for some time.

The cooling of one alliance was matched by the warming of another. Bass describes the 1962 sale of Hawk missiles to Israel after a protracted tug of war, breaking Eisenhower’s arms-sale embargo, as “perhaps the most underappreciated milestone in the U.S.-Israel special relationship.” State Department officials complained that JFK was bowing to pressure from the Jewish lobby; Bass shows us that there hardly was such a lobby four decades ago.

Bass’s major contribution to our understanding of Kennedy and Israel is his deeply researched and dramatic telling of the Dimona confrontation. The French had helped Israel build the semisecret nuclear reactor to produce electricity for water desalinization, which it indeed needed desperately. But when Kennedy became suspicious that Israel was also using Dimona to produce weapons-grade plutonium (which Mark E. Talisman is the founder of the Institute of Politics Program for Newly Elected Members of Congress at Harvard’s JFK School of Government. He was chief of staff to Representative Charles A. Vanik (D-Ohio) from 1963 to 1975 and taught at the Boston University Washington Legislative Internship Program from 1978 through 2000.
it was), he pushed for inspections of the reactor. Ben-Gurion resisted; Kennedy pushed harder.

As much as Ben-Gurion valued the friendship and support of the United States, on Dimona he would not budge. The Holocaust was barely eighteen years in the past, and he insisted that Israel must be able to defend itself against a well-armed and increasingly bellicose Egypt, which in April allied itself with Iraq and Syria and vowed to liberate “Palestine.”

In a May 18, 1963, letter to Ben-Gurion, Kennedy made it clear that he considered the Israelis’ fears unwarranted and insisted that U.S. scientists have unfettered access to the site or the U.S. commitment to Israel “would be seriously jeopardized . . .”

Another letter, even more harshly worded, is dated June 15. But the following day, before the U.S. ambassador could deliver it, Ben-Gurion shocked Israel by resigning as prime minister, defense minister, and party head. Kennedy seamlessly shifted his pressure onto the new prime minister, Levi Eshkol.

“To greet the new Israeli leader, Kennedy sent Eshkol what must be one of history’s most hostile letters of congratulation,” writes Bass. “[. . .] Instead of giving Eshkol a welcoming handshake, Kennedy lunged for his jugular. [. . .] Eshkol opted to punt.”

Eshkol’s conciliatory personality helped to get the alliance back on track, as did his realization that Dimona was less important than was a good relationship with the United States. “So where Ben-Gurion had backed, Eshkol bent,” according to Bass. But we have to wonder what would have happened had Kennedy not been assassinated five months later. Bass is sure he would have forced a showdown over Dimona.

Lyndon Johnson had other things to worry about.

Historians have debated whether or not it was Dimona that spelled the end of Ben-Gurion’s political career. Bass doesn’t think so.

In April 1968 I spent considerable time with Ben-Gurion at his simple cottage in the Negev — a stone’s throw from Dimona. I was twenty-three, chief of staff to Congressman Charles Vanik of Ohio, and we had been taken to meet Ben-Gurion. When it was time for us to go, Ben-Gurion told me that I had no right to leave (he wasn’t kidding!), so I stayed. He was eighty-three, basking in his role as a revered and controversial Founding Father, and he reminisced constantly about a vast personal history. His beloved wife, Paula, had recently died, and he missed her badly. On my last day, he finally allowed me to take his photograph.

We chatted around the issue of his sudden resignation as Kennedy pressed him for twice-yearly official inspections of Dimona, but Ben-Gurion refused to link his departure from politics with Kennedy’s pressure. He became silent when I explicitly asked the question, then changed the subject, looking disturbed and unhappy. Ben-Gurion clearly respected Kennedy, but there had been unfinished business between them. Still, he would then delight in describing his meetings with the young JFK, “too perfect to be a president, although a very smart and good man.”

The Old Man had come to the end of his active career in 1963 by choice. He was tired of the daily details and pressures, he told me, supporting Bass’s view that the match with JFK was not the cause of his departure.

Bass tells the little-known story of Kennedy and the Middle East with a sure hand. He portrays JFK as a pragmatist, leaning on the words of Churchill, which Kennedy quoted at a 1963 press conference: “The history of any alliance is the history of mutual recrimination among the various people.”
The Heritage Trail

by Adam Kirsch

The Nerve, by Glyn Maxwell
(Houghton Mifflin, 58 pages, 2003, $22)

Poetic innovation happens in two ways. The first and flashier variety creates the new by rejecting the old, radically remaking the very language of poetry. This is the sort of revolution led by the modernists (following Ezra Pound’s war cry “Make it new!”) and attempted with less success by dozens of avant-garde movements since. The second type of innovation is quieter, but no less difficult or important. It advances poetry by building on tradition, taking the resources of the past and using them for new individual purposes. Poets of this type are hard to classify into movements, but they are likely to survive when noisier experiments are forgotten.

Glyn Maxwell (GRS’88) is one of the strongest and most exciting of these tradition-minded poets now writing. Born in England in 1962, he came to America to study poetry in the Creative Writing Program at Boston University, and he has lived in this country ever since. The division between Old World and New in Maxwell’s life — his first three books were published in England, his next three in America — suggests a similar contrast in his work. On the one hand, he inherits and carries forward a classically English poetic tradition: it is easy to recognize in his work the urbane wit of Auden and the lyrical nature-description of Edward Thomas. (Maxwell’s 1999 collection, The Breakage, contained a series of verse letters to Thomas, who was killed in the First World War.) On the other hand, his subjects are as contemporary and cosmopolitan as any poet’s: in The Nerve, he writes about Third World refugees, television weathermen, college football games, and Augusto Pinochet.

What unites these many disparate subjects is Maxwell’s unique voice. That voice is colloquial, unpretentious, drawing us into a poem as into a conversation. “Nothing but snow about,” begins “A Hunting Man”; “Everyone had to leave in a bloody hurry,” begins “Refugees in Massachusetts.” Yet this casual diction is braided into strangely elegant shapes. Often a sentence whose every word is plain must be read several times if we are to understand Maxwell’s teasing syntax. A poem with the odd title “Stopit and Nomore” begins: “Being the entire word-hoard of Genie/ (see various accounts) when she was found.” It takes a few lines to understand that “Genie” is a girl, a “wild child” who never learned language and could say only the two dismal words of the title. Maxwell is also fond of riddle-like repetitions and double negatives: “Nothing that’s been does anything but dance,” he writes in “The Structures of What Was.” These deft complications of language create a disorientingly comic atmosphere, in which a riddle may turn at any moment into an epiphany or a tragedy.

In The Nerve more than ever before, Maxwell is drawn to stories of the wounded, isolated, and lost. He identifies strongly with people who can’t or won’t merge into the surrounding crowd. He is such a person in “The Game Alone,” where he attends a football game and finds himself doubly removed from the fans all around him — by his inability to understand the rules of the sport, and by his uneasy sense of the mob passions reiling under the surface:

Too suddenly
for some here comes the Purple flag,
the guy
is taunting us — not us, I mean
my side —
by streaming it below our wooden
stand,
lording it with something not
quite pride,
more personal, all his.

That small self-correction — “not us, I mean my side” — shows that the poet is not immune to the stupid passions of the fan, who mistakes one’s “side” for a genuine part of oneself. If the poem ends with Maxwell detached from the crowd — “The feeling’s gone; I’m left with it” — it is because his own instincts as a writer lead him to hold back, to doubt, to sympathize. That is why he notices the traumatized “Refugees in Massachusetts,” who fear “they might encounter him from the old world, who came at night, who giggled at their papers”; or why he remembers, in “The Flood Towns,” the “eight ragged families with nowhere else to be” who looked on as their towns were deliberately flooded to create a reservoir. The title poem of The Nerve praises such sympathy with doubt and loss, as symbolized in the ominous twinge of “a single nerve, low down”:

but you ought to recognise it, it’s
the one
that may well fail one day,
fail utterly,
go wrong,
be Judas, while the others,
without thought
of you, or of your pain,
show no sign,
are mute,

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assume they’re safe with you.

Treasure the nerve
suggesting otherwise;
treasure its dis-
belief...

Maxwell is now in his early for-
ties, and he has shown unusual growth
as a poet, from the boisterous wit of
his first book of poetry to the elegiac
lyricism of his more recent work.

With The Nerve, by continuing to
“suggest otherwise,” Maxwell gives
further proof that he is one of the
most eloquent and humane poets of
our time.

MATTHEW BATTLES
(GRS'96). Library: An Unquiet History. W. W. Norton & Company. For
the utilitarian thinkers of nineteenth-
century Britain, access to libraries of-
fered the possibility of educating the
masses to be sensible consumers and
well-trained workers. Philosopher John
Stuart Mill felt that libraries offered an
even greater good — contributing to
happiness, escape, and reflection, which
ultimately encouraged altruism.

“All this from libraries!” Battles
writes in his detailed survey of how
libraries have evolved through history,
been repeatedly destroyed, and been
built anew. The utilitarians hoped li-
braries would channel the subversive
urges of an underclass traditionally
denied access to cultural means.” Tax-
supported public libraries were popu-
lar by the 1830s in Britain.

Battles relates another agenda for
libraries: 1930s Nazi Germany’s attempt
to indoctrinate and bolster the Volk,
remaking German literature at the ex-
pense of a rich, culturally diverse read-
ing culture. Pro-Nazi student groups
and others began burning books in 1933.
“Over the course of the next twelve
years,” he writes, “one hundred million
books . . . would accompany six mil-
lion human beings into the flames of
the Holocaust.” The Nazis not only
burned libraries, but built and filled
them with “authentic” Nazi literature,
under strict ideological control, while
plundering volumes from other coun-
tries. “Sadly, the Nazi era became a
perverse golden age for librarians in
Germany,” says the author, describing
their double bind. Their bargain “with
Nazism, in the end, was Faustian: only
by assuring the Reich of their com-
placence and marginality did they survive.”

On a personal note, Battles describes
his experience of Harvard’s vast Wid-
den Library, a world, complete and un-
completable, filled with secrets: “It’s
easy to plunge into cabalistic reveries,
dreaming rearrangements of the books
that would reveal the mysteries of the
universe, a sacred Logos tantamount
to the secret name of God.”

— Steve Dykes

ELAINE BAZARIAN
(GRS'72), writing as Marion Earl
Mackenzie. No Hand Can Destroy. 1st
Books. The background of this first
novel is mystery and international in-
trigue set in the Scottish Highlands;
the core is the psychological struggles
of a mathematical prodigy who has
never been permitted a normal, inde-
pendent life, but finally finds a true and
loving friend.

HARLEY B. BERNSTEIN
(SMG'88). Happiness on 7 Dollars a Week:
Reporting his aging father’s philoso-
phy as they discussed it on their walks
together, Bernstein also describes a
close and loving family.

JOHN BAKER BRANSON
(SED'60), editor. Seversen’s Roadhouse:
Crossroads of Bristol Bay, Alaska. Cook
Inlet Historical Society. Based largely
on the diaries and other written ac-
counts of Myrtle and Jack Bailey and
including family snapshots, Branson,
historian of the Lake Clark National
Park and Preserve, describes this remote
Alaskan area in the thirties as prospec-
tors, explorers, and fugitives moved in
and it changed from a dog-sled to an
aviation economy.

RAFAEL CAMPO
(GRS'97). The Healing Art: A Doctor’s
Black Bag of Poetry. W. W. Norton &
Company. Campo took a sabbatical
from Harvard Medical School to earn
an M.A. in BU’s Creative Writing
Program. Now in his internal medicine
practice, he prescribes poems along
with medication, and finds patients
live more comfortable, happier, and
perhaps longer lives. Here he expli-
cates a few relevant poems, urging both
patients and future patients — that is,
all of us — to explore the link between
body and imagination via poetry, com-
prised as it is of the intellectual and
the instinctive, the idiosyncratic and
the universal.

— Natalie Jacobson McCracken
George Wein and All That Jazz

In 1953, Donald Born, a professor at BU, introduced Boston's Storyville nightclub owner George Wein (CAS'50) to Louis and Elaine Lorillard, who asked him if he'd consider putting on some kind of jazz festival in Newport, Rhode Island, where they had a summer place.

So, some forty-nine years ago, a twenty-eight-year-old Newtonian started the Newport Jazz Festival, under whose ever-widening umbrella gospel singers, tap dancers, Sinatra, and the bands of Duke Ellington and Count Basie, as well as scores of other neglected jazz musicians, started receiving world recognition for their hitherto underappreciated talents.

Almost from the outset, the effects of Wein's efforts exploded across the country — covers on Newsweek and Time, acclaim from the New York Times and The New Yorker, and a profusion of recordings. By the nineties there were 2,000 music festivals around the world annually, with Wein himself producing 37 in 1998 alone.

Thus, with musicians from the demimonde, bordello-lined streets of New Orleans's Storyville and the semi-demimonde of New York's Fifty-Second Street, Wein brought his dream to the Gilded Age ambiance of Newport. Thus also did he provide his beloved jazz with the most significant propellant in its 100-year history.

Myself Among Others has been criticized for its bulging Rolodex of anecdotes and overuse of great-name-choked lists. But consider what these anecdotes reveal and to what multilevel effect: Wein is approached by James Van Alan, the doyen of Newport's upper-crustiness, who invites him to bring his musicians and their instruments to a postperformance do at the Van Alan mansion. Van Alan tells him, in essence, "... but — uh — don't bring too many of — uh — you know." Characteristically, Wein obliged — fully. Nobody showed, and the Van Alan klan had the bubbly and the groaning boards all to themselves. Without a song.

Numerous similar incidents occurred, illustrating Wein's deep respect for his musicians and his outrage at such midcentury outcroppings of still-rampant racism. Not only is he married to a black woman, whose father was active in the NAACP in the thirties in Boston, but Wein himself is a deeply dedicated and effective breaker of racial barriers and a recognized pioneer in equality in the world of music.

It wasn't all a smooth ascent up the entertainment Everest. There were riots, economic eruptions, and sundry setbacks. But there is more than a little Mike Tyson (aside from the physical resemblance) in the brash Jewish boy from Newton, who rose from the mat after every knockdown to remain the champion of his universe.

Wein's account of himself among others — and we now know them all, thanks to this book — reverberates with excitement. As for his adversaries, he knows how to settle scores as well as play them.

— Jerrold Hickey

George Wein and All That Jazz by George Wein, written with Nate Chinen, is published by Da Capo Press.
learned that spiritual truth exists in all endeavours and leading a purposeful life means being ever open to that truth.

— NJM

Candida Fink (CAS'82, MED'87) and Judith Lederman. The Ups and Downs of Raising a Bipolar Child: A Survival Guide for Parents. Simon & Schuster.

Richard Galli (LAW'76), remf: Peanuts, Fish Farms, Hog Hormones and Broken Hearts. RGA. Three decades after coming back from Vietnam, Galli was still cynical about the war, but less angry. This "utterly unexpected novel" is about the quiet moments, comradeship, and humor of young people caught where they don't want to be and making the best of it.

Andy Gaus (MET'93), translator. Max and Moritz and Other Bad-Boy Stories & Tricks, written and illustrated by Wilhelm Busch. Stories told in a sequence of pictures, sometimes of humorously anthropomorphized animals, "are at least as old as ancient Egypt," reports Gaus, but he calls Busch's nineteenth-century Max und Moritz the first clear ancestor of the comic book. It is undisputedly the immediate forebear of "The Katzenjammer Kids," created in its likeness late in the century by Rudolph Dirks (reputedly at William Randolph Hearst's direct order) and still in syndication, now drawn by Hy Eisman.

Born of a tradition that satirized nineteenth-century cautionary tales for children and rendered in uncluttered black-and-white caricatures, Max and Moritz come to a just end more reminiscent for modern readers of Edward Gorey's work than of the comic pages; after a succession of delightfully nasty tricks, they are chopped into fine bits and eaten by geese. Gaus's translation is as gleefully casual about exact rhyme and word use as it is about the boys' fate:

As the news went round the place,
Sorrow there was not a trace.
Widow Bolt spoke up benignly:
"Well, it had to happen finally!"
"Yes, oh yes," cried Master Swain:
"Evil gives your life no aim!"

In short, each villager and farmer
Joined in one ecstatic murmur:
"Thanks be to God! From off our backs
Moritz is gone, and so is Max!"

— NJM

Elaine Greenstein (CFA'81). Ice-Cream Cones for Sale! Arthur A. Levine Books/Scholastic Press. Not much tickles a kid's fancy more than an ice cream cone on a hot summer's day. But who invented the first cone? Greenstein's picture book takes us back to the opening day of the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair and to the five men (and one lady friend) who claimed to have invented the very first ice cream cone — usually made of a warm waffle cookie twisted into a scoop-holding shape. After telling their stories, Greenstein reveals the apparent winner: one Italo Marchiony, who patented his cone in 1903. The large illustrations, monoprints overpainted with gouache, perfectly complement the tale, which is ideal for storytime for the younger set. — Taylor McNeil

Robert Greer (SDM'74, GRS'89). Heat Shock. Mysterious Press. The world of cockfighting is brutal, but who knew that grenade-wielding psychopaths, ruthless businessmen, and weapons of mass destruction were part of the mix? E.R. doctor Carmen Nguyen stumbles onto this bloody scene when, against her personal code of ethics, she agrees to look after a dying miner's prize cocks. She soon realizes there's more to their fighting form than chicken feed; these birds are radioactive. Jack Kimbrough, a Denver entrepreneur sans scruples, recognizes this too and believes that genetically engineered mutants could add muscle to rogue armies — and to his scientific reputation.

Greer takes care to explain the science behind his jackknifing plot and bestows his complex characters with backstories. But it's in his descriptions of Carmen's tradition-bound Aunt Ket and Kimbrough's guinea-pig team of Navajo lost souls that his prose truly glows. — Jennifer L. Becker

Bernard Hillila (CAS'43). The Sauna Is. Penfield Books. Finns describe saunas as "fun and so hot your navel will smoke." Hillila (whose qualifications as a sauna expert include speaking only Finnish until he started school) writes a paean to the sauna and practical instructions for its construction and use.

Dan Kennedy (MET'84). Little People: Learning to See the World Through My Daughter's Eyes. Rodale. Ten days after she was born, Kennedy learned his daughter, Rebecca, had achondroplasia, and thus was destined to be about four feet tall,
with a disproportionately large head and short arms and legs. He immediately began learning what he could about dwarfism, historically, medically, politically, socially, ethically, psychologically. He is, after all, a reporter, concerned with facts; more important, he’s a father, determined to help Becky grow from a very sick baby into a happy if “funny looking kid” and then into an adulthood as productive and well-rounded as it would be for anyone with her promise but without her disability and its attendant physical inconveniences and dangers.

Is dwarfism in fact a disability? Although he doesn’t consider it abnormal (he speaks always of people of “average” rather than “normal” height), Kennedy believes it qualifies for ADA accommodations: ATMs and elevator buttons low enough to reach, for example. Without obscuring his own opinions, he cheerfully argues both sides of issues that also relate to other minority groups. Do dwarfs have the right to be self-denigrating comedians or porno stars although it stigmatizes others? Are dwarfs happier among people of average height or together? Will “interspacial” marriage (short jokes are endemic among dwarfs) lead to unhappiness? Should dwarfs have children, who may also be dwarfs? Becky is now eleven, and Kennedy’s primary quandary is a complex version of that facing any thoughtful father with a daughter moving toward adolescence. Perhaps in twenty years or so, she’ll write the sequel. — NJM

JENNIFER KUSSELL (SMG'96) with Scott M. Kaufman. Secrets of the Young & Successful: How to Get Everything You Want Without Waiting a Lifetime. Fireside. Many consider youth an impediment to climbing the corporate ladder or running a successful business, but Kushell and Kaufman, founders of the Young & Successful Media Corp., declare it can work for you. Their guide to grabbing the goods while still young enough to enjoy them outlines strategies and techniques, such as making an “ideal life monument” and “productive dreaming,” profiles youthful do-ers, and provides exercises to help reach the top rung. — Jenny Brown

JHUMPA LAHIRI (GRS'97, UNF'97). The Namesake. Houghton Mifflin. Lahiri’s first book achieved the near-unachievable: a collection of short stories published quietly and only in paper, it won the 2000 Pulitzer Prize. Perhaps its most memorable story (by which, of course, a reviewer means, the story I remember best) is itself the quietest: a young man from India working at MIT marries a stranger selected by his family. They caught their fancy,” Craig (CAS'87) says modestly by phone while weeding his garden. “That was just a fluky thing.” His mystery series, set on Martha’s Vineyard, was already a local success. It took him twenty years to get his first mystery published, in 1989. “I hadn’t even known it was a mystery,” he reflects. “I just thought it was a book where somebody got killed.” Since then, he’s written a book every year about the summer playground’s less savory side.

Craig’s in-the-know descriptions of the Vineyard — after summering there for more than fifty years, he and his wife have been permanent residents since 1999 — have won him quite a local following. Now the country is discovering his style. “My book went up to twenty-five on Amazon.com; the same thing, I’m told, happened on Barnes and Noble.com,” he says. “And my publisher put an ad in the New York Times — first time in my life.”

In A Vineyard Killing, island fisherman and handyman J. W. Jackson, an ex-Boston cop who eschews technology but embraces snooping, is tucking into lunch at his favorite deli when a would-be assassin takes aim at mainlander Paul Fox. After one of Paul’s suit-and-tie colleagues turns up dead days later, J.W. finds himself on the meandering trail of his fourteenth mystery.

As a treat at story’s end, the author serves up three recipes he claims are “all delicious.” There’s plenty of writing left on Craig’s plate: he’s already finished J.W.’s fifteenth caper and is cooking up his next plot. And that garden still needs weeding. — JLB
learn to love each other, move when they can to the suburbs, and send their son to Harvard. They have kept their Bengali customs, but become comfortable in the United States: a quiet but remarkable achievement.

Lahiri's second book, a novel, extends the story into the next generation. These newlyweds also come to know American ways and each other in Cambridge, then move to a house, where their neighbors are "the Johnsons, the Mertins, the Aspris, the Hills" and their friends almost entirely Bengali. Their children grow up in both worlds, as children do. At birthday parties, their honorary aunts, dressed in festive saris, talk around the dining room table, and the uncles, in slacks and polo shirts, sit cross-legged on the floor playing poker, while the children watch The Love Boat and Fantasy Island.

Their son (Lahiri's central character is frequently Bengali men) grows up, goes to Yale, and then to New York, seeking a life away from his parents and his upbringing. His story and that of his sister and the daughter of friends, intriguing as fiction and informative about Bengali-American culture, is the story of second-generation Americans. — NJM

**RACHEL NICKERSON LUNA**

(CFA’75). The Haunting of Captain Snow. Emma Howard Books. The second in the Eel Grass Girls mystery series finds the four yacht club girls who summer on the Cape stumbling onto what seems like a haunted house. It turns out to be far more complicated than any Nancy Drew mystery — and odder and scarier too, with witches and hypnotists — but the girls solve the case in the end. — TM

**DOUGLAS R. MACKINTOSH**

(GSM’68), **MARK P. MATTHEU**

(COM’89), and Vernette J. Molloy.


**ROSE MADELINE MULA**

(PAL’50). The Stranger in My Mirror and Other Reflections. iUniverse. Many of these lighthearted essays on the elderly person who has taken over Mula's mirror and on mishapen things and other aspects of getting older have appeared in the Boston Globe, Andover Townsman, Boston Herald, Baltimore Sun, and other newspapers, and at www.seniorwomen.com.

**VARLEY O’CONNOR**

(CFA’75), formerly Anne Varley. A Company of Three. Algonquin Books. People are marrying later now, allowing time for the development of friendships, which are the setting but not really the developed topic of popular television series from Three's Company to Seinfeld to Friends. O'Connor's three — two men and a woman — are young actors trying to make it in New York in the seventies, when she began her own acting career. They and their supporting cast — friends, acquaintances, teachers, agents, parents, et al. — will be amusingly and then hauntingly familiar to readers who have been there themselves in any decade.

The novel, O'Connor's second, says a lot, unobtrusively, about the art and business of acting, even about particular plays (I'd forgotten, if I'd ever noticed, the sexiness of the sentimental comedy Same Time, Next Year), about how much more than honed talent is required for success, and about how much harder success can be than failure. Mostly it is about the complex mixing of professional and personal lives, and about the joys, terrible responsibilities, and sorrows of loving, interdependent friendships. — NJM

**SHIN YU PAI**

(CAS’97). Equivalence. La Alameda Press. Daughter of Taiwanese immigrants, visual artist Shin Yu Pai writes poetry about connections and contrasts: paintings and poems (her words are sometimes arranged on the page), Asian and American culture, the traditional past and the present. For modern artists, papermaking, "[a] closely guarded secret for centuries until the Tang Dynasty" requiring spices and other exotic ingredients, begins with paper remnants of ordinary life and a gadget: "Send legal briefs, failed attempts at love / letters and other confidential documents / through a shredder." — NJM

**APRIL SMITH**

(CAS’72). Good Morning, Killer. Knopf. Rogue agent Ana Grey is back on the FBI's Los Angeles beat in Smith's razor-sharp novel. Grey's assignment: collar the serial rapist who's plucked teenager Juliana Meyer-Murphy from her ritzy neighborhood and brutalized her into silence. The perp isn't the only demon haunting Grey. Her moody boyfriend, Detective Andrew Berringer, is less than thrilled to be taking orders from her as they work the kidnapping case
together. His behavior goes from surly to suspicious; after Ana accuses him of tomcatting, Andy breaks into her apartment and lunges at her. In a scene worthy of a Jodie Foster thriller, Ana fires at the man she loves, provoking suspension from the Bureau and attempted murder charges. Now she must continue hunting for the rapist and counseling Juliana without the authority of her badge and the support of her lover.

Smith has fashioned a world where resolutions do not bring peace and handcuffs act more as security blankets for stymied agents than guarantees of public safety. Happily, the book's dark themes are lightened by tart punchlines that zing like bullets. And impetuous Ana stands out as the heart of this stylish noir thriller. — JLB

**Neal Stephenson**
(CAS'81). *Quicksilver: Volume One of the Baroque Cycle*. William Morrow. In 1984 Stephenson's first novel, *The Big U*, attracted some polite reviews in major periodicals and probably most of its readers at his alma mater. While his Megaversity is a send-up of all large universities, it is strikingly like BU, only more so. All but a lucky few students live in the relentlessly plastic, multi-towered Monoplex, which also houses every other element of the university except, significantly, the stadium. Even the president's office is in the Monoplex — with its parquet floors, deep carpets, wood paneling, and most enviably archaic of all, windows that open, a historic haven remarkably like the double mansion that was BU's president's office up until last year.

*The Big U* is no longer listed under "also by Neal Stephenson" (although unlike E. I. Doctorow and others, he allows his earliest effort to be reissued) but the successes that have followed are themselves like *The Big U*, only more and more so: witty, ever more sprawling, complexly intellectual, self-indulgent, joyfully satiric, and with an amused affection for techno-nerds. In the most recent, *Cryptonomicon*, computer programmer Randy Waterhouse struggles to break the code that by coincidence his grandfather also struggles with in interspersed episodes set five decades earlier. If Randy can crack that code, the story suggests, he can perhaps hack into every human secret.

Having dealt in his several novels with the near future, the present, and the recent past, Stephenson now jumps back to another age of intellectual exploration, 1647 to 1713 — beginning, typically, at its end. One David Waterhouse is commissioned to reconcile Newton's and Leibniz's differing concepts of calculus, an undertaking that suggests cracking the mysteries of the universe.

Like its immediate predecessor, *Quicksilver* is more than 900 pages of intrigue, humor, obsessive search for truth, excursions into the familiarly fabulous (including this time slave girls and a Turkish harem, Barbary pirates, the court of Louis XIV, Samuel Pepys, and young Ben Franklin), and an overriding sense that Stephenson is having a very good time. His fans — and they are legion — better read fast: *Quicksilver* initiates a trilogy, with books two and three due out next year. — NJM

**ALUMNI RECORDINGS**

**by Taylor McNeil**

**Michael Borja** (ENG'92), LoudenSwain. *Overachiever*. 3 Car Wreckords. Amid all the programmed and highly produced pop and rock, there are still plenty of indie bands that play good, old-fashioned, loud rock 'n' roll, and L.A.-based LoudenSwain is one. A trio — with Borja on bass — Louden-Swain plays music that would be at home on college radio stations, with influences ranging from the old days of Cheap Trick to Foo Fighters.

**Danny Chwatsky** (SMG'80). *Sitarfather*. Fast Fingers Music. Performing as Danny Fast Fingers, Chwatsky plays sitar and a variety of synthesizers in this solo album. Despite the name of the disc, the tone is more in the spirit of Ravi Shankar than psychedelic, especially when the drum machine is turned down low.

**Mark Levine** (CFA'60) and the Latin Tinge. *Isla*. Left Coast Clave. On their third outing, Levine's group is as tight and focused as ever, with Latin jazz versions of standards by the likes of Cedar Walton and Kenny Garrett and straight-ahead covers of Latin tunes. Of particular note is Dizzy Gillespie's "Con Alma," incorporating a traditional Vietnamese tune, and "Te Para Dos" — "Tea for Two" reworked with a Spanish accent. Levine's piano work is as delightful as ever, and he's got a strong band supporting him.
and Bob Elliott, plus the magnificent Warren Spahn and Johnny Sain. By then, we were all leaving high school and had become a bit more jaded.

We were to live a few more seasons with the Tribe, night games in the jury box, satin uniforms, and Sam Jethroe. And then the crushing news that Lou Perini was moving the Braves to Milwaukee. My only consolation was that my old high school teammate, Normie Roy, had been lighting up the town pitching for the minor league Milwaukee Brewers, and I'd see him soon in the majors.

MALCOLM E. WETHERBE (GRS'59 '66)
Exeter, New Hampshire

Thank you for your excellent article on the Boston Braves, their rise and fall and exodus. I too witnessed schoolboy football games at Braves Field and sat in the jury box, about 1,000 leagues from the field of action.

R. D. GAMBLE (CAS'48, GRS'49)
Appleton, Wisconsin

George Sullivan's article about Braves Field brought back many memories from my early years. The second major league game that I saw was at Braves Field in 1949 when I was almost eleven. The first game I saw was at Fenway Park in 1948. Cleveland beat the Red Sox 9-0, perhaps a preview of what was to come in the play-off game at the end of that season. We came very close to having a Boston subway series.

Two memories from the 1948 World Series have stayed with me through the years. One was a cartoon in the Boston Globe after the Braves won the fifth game, which, if they had lost it, would have been the last. The cartoon had the line, "So Lou Boudreau was not coming back to Boston." The other memory was a picture in a school newspaper showing the fatal pop-up (I believe by Sibby Sisti) that all but ended the sixth game and also the possibility of a seventh game.

During my freshmen and sophomore years, I participated in P.E. classes at BU Field. Our teacher was Mr. Borozne. We lifted weights in a room under the grandstands and practiced archery out on the field. As we did the latter, varsity track members were there going through their paces around the edges. As George Sullivan suggests, I was very much aware of where I was and the significance of that location.

I too was in shock when I heard that the Braves were moving to Milwaukee. I couldn't fathom how they could do such a thing. Boston lost its standing as a two-team city, and two other cities were soon to follow suit.

ROBERT A. LEWIS (CAS'60)
Edinburg, Virginia

Many good memories coursed through the mind of this long-frustrated Boston baseball fan upon reading George Sullivan's wonderful piece on Braves Field. Among the rewards of being a Globe delivery boy in Weymouth were several group junkets to the left field bleachers during the mid-thirties. On one occasion we were delighted to see the Bambino, still in uniform but not in the lineup, pacing in front of the Braves dugout before the game. Indeed, Nickerson Field is hallowed ground.

Boston would have had its first subway World Series had not the Red Sox lost to Cleveland in the 1948 playoff game at Fenway Park. In order to watch that game from the far reaches of the right field bleachers I skipped at least one class at the School of Public Relations in Copley Square. Perhaps the Sox and the Braves, now in Atlanta, will match up in the Fall Classic this year? Hope springs eternal.

DONALD KNIGHT (DGE'48, COM'50)
Kennington, Maryland

I thoroughly enjoyed reading George Sullivan's article on Braves Field. Having been born in 1952, I obviously missed the opportunity to see the Braves play in Boston so I did gain some insights into the team and the park. I missed seeing Ted Williams play by one year; my first Sox game was in 1961 (a Cub Scout visit to the right field corner, I can still remember hearing the refrain, "We want a hit"). We lived in Albany, New York, until 1960 and all I heard about from my father was Ted Williams. I've lived in Lakeville, Massachusetts, for the past ten years, where Ted had a baseball camp that still bears his name and where he did quite a bit of fishing in the sixties and seventies. I finally did see Ted at an old-timers game at Fenway in the nineties, where he and Joe DiMaggio made cameo appearances together.

BRUCE STONE (CAS'76)
Lakeville, Massachusetts

George Sullivan's article about Braves Field brought back memories of BU's 1944 baseball team — but probably only to team survivors. This team was so bad that it was soon eliminated by the University. The blot would have been too big on BU's baseball escutcheon.

The team was made up of seventeen-year-olds too young for the draft but old enough to be freshmen at BU, returning war heroes, many of them disabled, and some 4F students. I remember the grimy train ride to the old Nickerson Field in Weston, where the enthusiastic "wannabe players" under the school coach, who might have been named Collard, tried their best to field a team. I was the manager. The coach didn't have the heart to cut anyone, so he gave me the job — it was tough.

We played about three or four games, losing by lopsided scores before the axe fell. In the 1970s there was a movie called Class of 44. Pure fiction, but the football team was the spit and image of our baseball team.

STANLEY RICE (SMC'79, GSM'30)
Sherman Oaks, California
Thank you for the story on the Braves. I attended the 1948 World Series with my father and we sat in the left field bleachers, packed in like sardines and loving every minute. I still have the World Series program pictured in the article.

Carl A. Nelson
South Yarmouth, Massachusetts

The recent Braves Field story awakened many memories! I graduated from Revere High School in 1932, and the only job I could get was as a food vendor at Braves Field and Fenway Park. I got to keep 10 percent of my sales as I climbed up and down the stairs yelling, "Peanuts, peanuts!"

The head ticket taker was also the basketball coach at BU, and I was doing very well in the N.E. Basketball League (before the NBA). He offered me a scholarship. My mother said, "James, you are not bringing in anything here — why don't you go?" I went and had a great career, as the 1941 yearbook will attest — president of the class, captain of the football team, general chair of the junior prom, and Man of the Year, all after being out of school for five years. I didn't play basketball.

James G. McDonald (SMG'41)
Osmond, California

A Separate Union
George Will spoke very eloquently of Americans' "insufficient understanding of the past" in his Commencement speech (Summer 2003). But he made one amusing slip in his description of the opposition of former baseball commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis to integrating major league baseball. Will refers to Landis as "a Confederate at heart" for his opposition to desegregation. Landis's views and actions were lamentable and short-sighted at best, but as to Confederate, I doubt it. Landis's father served in the Union army as a surgeon in an Ohio regiment and lost the use of his left leg at the battle of Kennesaw Mountain, in Georgia, in June 1864. Many Northerners during and after the Civil War may have opposed slavery, but that didn't automatically equate with non-racist views on the place of American blacks in society. Landis didn't have to be any kind of Confederate to be a racist by modern standards. I think this is an important aspect of history that Americans shouldn't forget.

Bruce Stalnsmith (CAS'76)
Huntsville, Alabama

Persians and Greeks
I find your summer issue especially interesting on two counts. For a retired Foreign Service officer seeking to understand and appreciate what we are trying to do in Iraq, the interview with David Fromkin ("How Iraq Became Iraq — and Now What?") is most interesting. Indeed, now what? I am not optimistic.

It is heartening to learn that the Greek system has come to life again at BU ("Greek Revival"). I hope that my own fraternity, Sigma Phi Epsilon, is among them. As a boy from the sticks, in effect, I have long felt that my four years of brotherhood in the handsome Sig Ep house on Bay State Road did more for my growth and development than all of the classes that I sat through. It was fraternity brothers who got me involved in student government and who led the way in joining the Air Force ROTC. Both were rewarding decisions.

Hugh L. Dwellley (SMG'34)
Islesford, Maine

Sisters, Brothers, Friends
I read the story about fraternities and sororities with interest ("Greek Revival," Summer 2003). I was a member of Pi Beta Phi before it went off campus at BU, and I hope that someday it will return to the University. My membership in that sorority provided me with a wonderful collegiate experience. The friendships it has provided me as an alumna have been even more wonderful. No matter where I have gone in the country, Pi Phis have been ready to welcome me into their group. My current membership in the La Jolla Alumnae Club of Pi Beta Phi has been a wonderful support to me during difficult times and a source of joyful friendship in happy times. How much poorer my life would have been without the experience of sorority life when I was at Boston University.

Phyllis Speer (SMG'59)
San Diego, California

I was happy to see the Sigma Phi Epsilon pin in the Greek story. I was a Sig Ep from 1938 on. I also was an editor of Bostonia (with the late and great Al Sullivan as the chief).

Bill Abbott (COM'60, SMG'61, SED'73)
Walpole, Massachusetts

My children still in high school and my own undergraduate days now thirty-five years ago, I am sorely out of touch with college life. I was therefore delighted to read about the return of fraternities and sororities to the BU campus. I was president of Delta Delta Delta sorority at the University of Vermont (Class of 1970) and know how the Greek experience positively shaped lives. The friendships I made three decades ago are still going strong. Indeed, five of us TriDels are getting together later this month for a reunion.

I was disappointed, however, that our sorority pin was not pictured along with the others accompanying your text. Rich in symbolism and still a lovely piece of jewelry, I was proud to wear our Crescent and Stars.

Margaret (Cibulskis) Lannon
(SON'69)
Sharon, Massachusetts

I eagerly read Jenny Brown's article. I was grateful to see Lambda Chi Alpha and Delta Delta Delta, the two Greek organizations founded at BU, appropriately at the center of the article. However,
as a proud Lambda Chi, I must point out to you an error. Brown states that Mike Figerhund, (SMG'93) "belonged to Lambda Chi Alpha." I suspect that I may not be the only LXA Brother who will point out to you that my dear Brother Mike was a Lambda Chi, is a Lambda Chi, and always will be a Lambda Chi. There is no past tense in our Brotherhood. Whether we are associate members, active (undergraduate) members, or alumni members, Lambda Chi Alpha is for life. Thanks for a great article.

Scott B. McCombs (CAS'85, SPH'87)
Woodstock, Georgia

General but Not Ordinary
I so enjoyed reading about the happenings at BU. As a 1957 graduate of the College of General Studies, I appreciate your coverage of the school where I began my studies that led to an M.A. in education at Fairfield University ("News," Summer 2003). I needed that extra attention I received at CGS to get me going in my lifelong work with children. Now that I have retired I look back on the wonderful years at BU and the personal attention I was given. I was fortunate to be in charge of helping to arrange several teas for incoming freshmen at the dean’s home, where he greeted each of the students one by one.

Most of all, I remember the final Utopian project that I worked on with five other students. I even remember the name of our created Utopian society — Cimota, which is atomic spelled backward. We certainly were a diverse bunch, and coming together to create this project showed our maturity.

Thank you for mentioning the fun and activities that helped make me the person I am today. It was just one year ago that my four roommates from BU and I met after forty-five years and spent a week together at Cape Cod.

Marcia Stillman Abelson (CGS'57)
Carlsbad, California

With all your celebrating of the fiftieth anniversary of the College of General Studies, none of the pictures included members of my class, the class of 1952. We were a good group. I remember an outstanding lecture by Robert Frost, who also fielded questions from students, questions invariably answered with, "What do you think it means?" and, "That’s very interesting, I like that."

I also participated in my first blood drive, held in the school’s entrance hall on Boylston Street. My future wife went to school across the street and two doors up from Bickford’s, at Perry Normal School.

Joseph S. Barnes (CGS'52)
Daveners, Massachusetts

Wrong Plurality
I just finished reading the summer Bostonia with my usual interest. You produce a fine publication.

I write, however, to offer the following: as a professional radioastronomer who is also a member of international electrical engineering organizations, it jars when I read text that offers antennae as the plural form of antenna.

When one is referring to insects and things biological, the plural form is indeed antennae. When one is referring, however, to transmitting and receiving devices, the plural form is antennas. This last issue of Bostonia makes this error.

Tom Bania
Professor, Department of Astronomy
Boston University

Reading Over Our Shoulders
I’m not an alumnus, but I had to write and say what a fine read your summer issue was.

I picked up my housemate’s copy to read about George Will and the Braves, then was delighted to learn about Partisan Review, scarecrows, WBUR’s antenna, Iraq, the Greek revival, the prison program, and Fabien Cousteau.

And thanks for the well-edited letters, especially the one that explained my problem with my own alumni magazine: the class notes always remind me that I’ve wasted my life.

Ken Bratterman
Concord, New Hampshire

Saber Rattling
I can empathize with James N. Flynn (SMG’93), whose letter about the lack of basketball news in Bostonia was in the summer issue. My pain goes well beyond Bostonia, to the University itself. In 1946, two other undergrads and I resurrected the sport of fencing. Without a full-time coach we managed to win a number of matches with some locals — Harvard, MIT — enough to get invited to the intercollegiate Nationals, in 1949, at West Point.

As a team captain, I had the embarrassment of representing the University at the coaches and judges meetings, since BU couldn’t afford to send our part-time coach along. No, we didn’t win any prizes or medals. The only satisfaction was that my name appeared in the New York Times for having been only one of three who had beaten the foil champion.

Eventually, BU had a national and international fencing champion in Ed Richards. But football was king until it cost too much — replaced by hockey, basketball, and track — and fencing disappeared altogether.

Richard L. Daniels (SMG'49)
Galveston, Texas

At present, fencing is a club sport at BU.
— Ed.

Note to Readers
Bostonia welcomes readers’ reactions and encourages expressions of opinion — pro and con. Letters should be brief and may be edited for purposes of space and 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.
Our summer 2003 cover story on Braves Field and Boston’s National League baseball team generated so much interest that we decided to give readers an extra peek at the grandfather of Nickerson Field.

The parking lot was full for Braves Field’s very first opening day, August 18, 1915. To the far left is the Commonwealth Armory, where today the Harry Agganis Arena is rising. The University’s Boston Playwrights’ Theatre and several commercial buildings now occupy the site of the lot. © Corbis

Braves Field had its own streetcar loop, which turned onto Babcock Street and then back onto Commonwealth Avenue at what is now Harry Agganis Way. This photo was taken in July 1953 during a special excursion for area trolley enthusiasts. The University had just purchased the field and the alley where the tracks ran, from the Braves, who had moved to Milwaukee that spring. PCC streetcars such as the one pictured were among the newest trolleys on the system and seldom visited the park. For the next ten years, many major BU events had their own special streetcars, bearing a destination sign reading UNIVERSITY FIELD. The loop was closed in 1963 when BU began work on the West Campus residence halls. The rails are still visible through the pavement.

Collection of Bradley H. Clarke
REFLECTIONS ON A LEGACY

My years at Sargent were the best of my life. I have taught health and physical education for thirty-eight years at both the high school and college level, and was elected president of the Massachusetts Association of Health, Physical Education, Recreation and Dance. My outstanding education at Sargent College allowed me to pursue my life of teaching, and I wanted to return something to the college so that other students could benefit from my gift.

I like knowing that my charitable gift annuity will be used to help students in their quest for knowledge. I encourage other alums to consider giving. Membership in the Claflin Society, for those who have included BU in their estate plans or made life income gifts, connects me to Boston University by giving me the opportunity to meet people and attend special events and lectures. It is important in life to give back for what you have received.

—MARY E. ARNOLD (SAR'45, SED'49)

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