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Stomberg, John

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From the Vice President for Development and Alumni Relations

As most of you know, Boston University has been in the "quiet period" of a large capital campaign since July 1, 2001. We plan a public launch of the campaign late in 2004. You will hear a great deal about this exciting plan in the months and years to come, and I hope that all of you, as alumni, will become fully engaged in what will certainly be the largest campaign that Boston University has ever undertaken.

Here in the offices of Development and Alumni Relations, meetings are taking place all day (and some evenings!) every day to prepare the University and its constituencies for this large (likely $1 billion) undertaking. This morning, for example, I met with the regional major gift officers, each of whom works in a geographical region of the country, calling on alumni, parents, and friends to encourage individuals and families to support the University financially and to become a part of the volunteer structure, which is primarily, but not exclusively, made up of Boston University alumni. With approximately 250,000 alumni, reaching all of you in person is a tough but very worthy goal.

To do that, we are going to need all the help we can get. Our major gift staff is a very dedicated group, working under the leadership of Greg Ladd (CAS’84), acting director of major gifts. He is also senior major gift officer for the New York region, special assistant to the vice president for development and alumni relations, and former executive director of alumni relations. Greg’s understanding of the University is outstanding, and he and his wonderful team are working hard to meet with you. When you hear from one of them or someone in your region, please take the call. We need to have a good dialogue with you about the progress that Boston University is making, and to ask for your help in allowing us to continue that progress.

Another person you may be hearing from soon is Meg Goldberg Umlas, whom I recently appointed to succeed Greg Ladd as executive director of alumni relations. Meg has been an excellent member of Boston University’s Alumni Relations team since March of 1998. She was promoted last year to senior associate director, and has been overseeing all our alumni activities, including the Boston University Alumni (BUA), alumni benefit and service programs, and the Alumni Travel Program. I will introduce you to her further in a future issue.

It is gratifying to see more and more alumni coming forward to "reclaim" Boston University, and I look forward to speaking personally with as many of you as possible. Let me thank you once again for your support!

Cordially,

Christopher Reaske
The article on dorm life, and the photo of the Charles River and the Esplanade before Storrow Drive, brought to mind a day on campus in the spring of 1943. I was walking back to the dormitory on Bay State Road with another freshman, and as we rounded the corner my companion hollered out, “Look at the river. Somebody has placed a whole dorm room full of furniture on the raft.” Sure enough, the furniture was set up exactly as it had been in the room it came from, with the bed all made. And the raft was offshore quite a distance.

After my classmate had his laugh—and he certainly did get a kick out of it—he went up to his room on the second floor, and I stayed behind. In seconds my new friend came running out screaming that it was his furniture. It wasn’t so funny anymore.

John C. Mongan (SMG’50)
Manchester, New Hampshire

What, no mention of Fox Hall, that home away from home for hundreds of BU women in the 1930s and 1940s? Fox Hall was three conjoined, once-elegant Beacon Hill townhouses, at 20, 22, and 24 Mt. Vernon Street. Converted mostly into spacious, high-ceilinged rooms for two or three students, it also offered “Masters’ Alley,” a series of tiny private rooms carved from a dormer atop number 22, and reserved for graduate women. No cafeteria lines for us at Fox Hall; breakfasts were served by student waitresses working off part of room and board charges, and waiters at dinner were School of Theology students, whose proximity led to a number of Fox Hall romances and marriages. The food wasn’t bad. Monotonous, perhaps, but that was relieved by the regular arrival of laundry boxes from home with treats sharing space with clean linens and blouses. But forget about the luxury of in-room, or even in-hallway telephones. To receive calls, we were summoned to the first-floor house phone booth by a loudspeaker intercom. We would throw a coat over pajamas or housecoat, dash down, and hope we were not intercepted in such a prohibited state of public undress by the housemother, Miss Whitehouse.

Florence Zuckerbraun Polens (COM’43)
Stafford Springs, Connecticut

I was surprised reading your recent article about housing that no mention was made of Fox Hall, where I spent two of the most important years of my life after transferring from UNH. I enjoy reading Bostonia, but unfortunately don’t find news of my class of some sixty years ago—other than in the obituaries.

Geraldine Sippreelle Tine (CAS’45)
Melbourne, Florida

Belatedly, let us say how much my wife and I appreciate and enjoy issues of Bostonia. We’ve been unable to visit Boston for many years, but remember fondly our early college years.

I was a commuter via the Boston Elevated Railway, or NYNH&H, from Roslindale and my wife, née Carolyn B. Crooker, resided at 24 Mt. Vernon Street during regular semesters and at 131 Commonwealth Avenue during summer sessions. I attended classes at CLA [CAS] at 688 Boylston Street, and she was enrolled in a special postwar fast-paced business program at CBA [SMG] miles away in practically the only building of the new projected campus.

Her roommate arranged our first meeting as a blind date, and it was with some fear that I entered the lobby of 24 Mt. Vernon, as young men from the city suburbs rarely were invited to houses on illustrious Beacon Hill.

Keep up the good work. Thanks again.

Richard D. Gamble (CAS’48, GRS’49)
Appleton, Wisconsin

Few remember, least of all our parent BU, the Med School dorm in that big old
townhouse in the Back Bay just north of Copley Square in the early fifties. Lots of stories.

**LEONARD LEIBOWITZ (MED '57)**
Monroeville, Pennsylvania

I enjoyed Hope Green’s article on dorm life at BU. On the timeline, you mentioned Danielsen Hall at 512 Beacon Street. It was then called Longfellow Hall and was a male dorm. I was a transfer student to BU in January of 1975, when BU moved out a third of the men and moved in all the women transfers. The guys were thrilled to have us, and we were able to mix with all the other newly arrived women. We had a blast! Regards to my townhouse in the Back Bay just north of Copley Square each day saved me a dime each way.

**BILL HARRIS (COM '73)**
Grand Blanc, Michigan

I enjoyed your article on BU dorms. I lived in Myles Standish for four years, where I was a very close friend of Don Mahon, whom you quoted, and worked several jobs with him. I was also on the crew team and a staff photographer during those years.

A funny situation occurred during my Myles days. I developed a cyst on my spine and went to Peter Bent Brigham Hospital for surgery. The incision could not be sewn up, but had to heal from the inside. During the healing I had to wear a Kotex pad at all times to keep the incision covered. Bear in mind that even the word Kotex was not uttered. My mother purchased me a big box of pads, which I kept in my dorm closet. One day I was requested to appear before a management board. Six people sat there and said the maid had reported that I was keeping a female in my room because she found the Kotex box in my closet! You should have seen the expressions on their faces when I told them my story. The manager’s wife even came over, put her arm around my shoulder, and offered to purchase the next box, knowing how difficult it would be for me to go to the store and get it.

**JOHN BEE, JR. (COM '54)**
Hamden, Connecticut

My wife read the dorm article and commented that between my illegal beer-drinking exploits at the Dugout covered in the summer issue, and getting caught in a party raid in the current issue, I sure hadn’t set a good example for our kids and grandkids. I told her I did all that before we were married... so it was okay!

I always enjoy reading my copy of *Bostonia*. It is a first-class publication.

**DON MAHON (COM '74)**
Rotunda West, Florida

I enjoyed the article on BU dorms. In attendance from 1947 to 1951, I lived on Bay State Road behind the theology complex and Marsh Chapel. Dating young ladies at Charlesgate was an experience and an education in manners. Walking to the College of Music in Copley Square each day saved me a dime each way.

Michael Shavelson’s article on composer Sam Adler (“Symphonic Prelude”) brought back to me similar experiences with Professor Hugo Norden (Mendelssohn), Arthur Fiedler, Dean Ken Kelly, and Bob King. Each was a force in my professional life.

I enjoy reading each issue of *Bostonia*.

**CHARLES SPIRE (CFA ’71, ’74, ’66)**
Fort Myers, Florida

**Point Counterpoint**

Congratulations for a fine profile of the distinguished Boston University alum composer Samuel Adler (“Symphonic Prelude,” Winter 2002–2003). *Bostonia* readers might be interested to know that in an interview with the composer that I conducted for my book *Harvard Composers*, Adler spoke with obvious relish of his BU friendship with fellow undergraduate and future musicologist H. C. Robbins Landon (CFA ’47, Hon. ’69) and of their shared admiration for Professor Karl Geiringer, a Haydn scholar whose mantle Robbins Landon inherited, and who taught on the BU faculty from 1947 to 1962. Adler also told me, as I report in the book, that he respected Professor Hugo Norden’s knowledge of counterpoint, even if he found his music
and artistic sensibilities uncongenially old-fashioned.

**Howard Pollack**

*Director of Graduate Studies and Professor of Music History*

*University of Houston, Houston, Texas*

Howard Pollack is the author of Aaron Copland: The Life and Work of an Uncommon Man. — Ed.

Like Samuel Adler, I too am a graduate of the College of Music, and proudly was not expelled. I resent an article that stresses negative aspects of former faculty who are not around to defend themselves. I studied with Hugo Norden, Kenneth Kelly, and James Houghton. They were excellent teachers. After forty-eight years of teaching, I still use Norden’s texts on harmony and counterpoint.

It seems that Adler has an ego problem. If his professors didn’t fit into his program, then they were “not good.” I do not accept this! I suppose Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms are boring also. BU’s mistake was that Adler wasn’t permanently expelled.

Hopefully, Michael Shavelson will put more thought into future articles.

**Eldon R. Downing** *(CAS’55, ’56, ’66)*

*Windham, Connecticut*

I studied counterpoint and composition with Hugo Norden as an undergraduate and graduate student, and he was the advisor in my doctoral studies. I am in no position to dispute Samuel Adler’s experiences with Norden. I can only relate that in my experience, Norden never, ever tried to influence my style of composition. Furthermore, more often than not, he insisted on citing examples from Shostakovich and Prokofiev. I do not recall ever one reference to Mendelssohn. Norden was always a gentleman, encouraging, and possessing a fine sense of humor. As for James Houghton, perhaps Adler forgets that the chorus at that time consisted of people of different skills, backgrounds, and experience. While he did conduct performances of Messiah and Elijah, I also recall performances of Bach’s Christmas Oratorio and various Bach cantatas, as well as performances by composers on the BU faculty, such as Gardner Read and Sam Walters. I can second Adler’s positive references to Lucia Saylor Hersey; indeed, she was a “fantastic” teacher.

**Morton Gold** *(CFD’33, ’60)*

*Rutland, Vermont*

_**Ault of Oxford**_

It was exciting for me to read Warren Ault’s impressions of T.E. Lawrence and his description of their time together at Oxford (“Common Wealth,” Winter 2002–2003). Lawrence is still such a mystery to me (as well as to so many others) even after reading everything I find by or about him.

Ault’s impressions — as a friend, as a peer, as someone who knew TEL before his days of fame — bring him alive with an authenticity missing from much that has been written about him. For whatever reason, I feel a connection to TEL. Timothy Walker’s article, and Ault’s original 1931 _Bostonia_ piece, made TEL come alive for me.

**Zelda Klapper** *(CAS’39)*

*Miami, Florida*

_**The Torturous Path to Toleration**_

I was disappointed by “Seeking a Path to Toleration,” which includes statements that are provocative and give the wrong impression about the Qur’ân, Islam, and the Muslims.

The article says that a central theme in the Qur’ân “is reconciling a monotheistic belief in Allah with the fact that people follow many paths to truth.” The central theme is monotheistic belief in Allah and submission of one’s soul to Allah’s Will. That is the only path to salvation shown in the Qur’ân.

Elsewhere it is mentioned that the Islamic way of living is exemplified by Sufism, an ancient form of mysticism. Islam is a straightforward and practical religion, with no place for hidden meanings and obscure thought, which is what mysticism is about. Sufism is a way of life in which a few Islamic tenets are followed, but it by no means exemplifies the Islamic way of living.

The author states that “the Koran is full of bloody battles between Muhammad’s followers and their foes.” This statement is totally incorrect. The Qur’ân mentions battles between the Muslims and their aggressors twice only. Every other place where resistance is mentioned, it is in the context of resisting one’s own base self, in an effort to rise higher spiritually.

Last, the phrase Islamic militancy is a baseless term because there is no militancy in Islam. The Qur’ân and Islam have no mention of and place for militancy, which is vigorous aggression and
Patton of the Pit

Ever since the Armory disappeared into a gigantic hole last July, passers-by on Commonwealth Avenue have had a lot to gawk at. Through holes in the fence, we’ve watched as herds of diesel dinosaurs dug up 320,000 tons of riverbed from the 5.3-acre block between Buick Street and Harry Agganis Way. Then the 360-foot-tall cranes moved in to erect the steel and concrete skeleton of the Student Village’s 7,200-seat Harry Agganis Sports Arena, part of a complex scheduled to open in early 2005 that will include a recreation center and a two-level parking garage. For those of us whose construction experience is limited to Tonka trucks and Tinker Toys, the activity has been both mesmerizing and baffling: how do all of those huge pieces come together at the right time and in the right place? General superintendent Doug Gorman of Barton Malow/Walsh Brothers Sports Partnership recently took a few sidewalk superintendents onto the site to get a better perspective on the biggest and costliest building project in BU’s history.

If you ignore the ponytail protruding from his hard hat, Gorman comes across as the General Patton of the pit. He is exacting, efficient, and as calloused as any of the 750 workers he oversees. Since he became a union carpenter twenty-nine years ago, Gorman has worked his way up the chain of command in the construction trades, from building outhouses as an apprentice to superintending billion-dollar projects such as the Stratosphere Casino and Hotel in Las Vegas. His recent projects include the Staples Center sports arena, home of the Los Angeles Lakers.

“With the Big Dig and the Mystic power plant in Everett finishing up,” he says, walking down a ramp into the
pit, “this is the premiere project going on in greater Boston for the next two years. It’s not a real big job as far as tonnage goes, but there are a lot of pieces to keep track of. On my computer, I’ve got plans with 12,000 pieces of steel ranging in size from six-inch Y-flanges all the way up to forty-foot I-girders.” Gorman is the air-traffic controller guiding each of those pieces en route from a Canadian steelmill into the arena’s superstructure.

Before Gorman could think about steel, however, he first had to sort out a heap of iron and brass. There were the wrought-iron gates from the Armory’s historic head house, which were being saved, along with dozens of limestone insignias, for the new arena’s plaza. In a bomb shelter in the basement of the Armory were empty brass artillery shells and metal boxes of crackers and water stockpiled since 1945. They found horseshoes scattered throughout the site, left over from First World War days, when the National Guard’s mounted artillery units exercised their horses between Commonwealth Avenue and the river. Gorman even came across a few golf balls, probable strays from James Gaffney’s Allston Golf Club, which occupied ten acres just west of the pit from 1897 until the Armory construction began in 1914.

Walking onto the dirt floor of the future parking garage, Gorman points out a tower crane hoisting a “Christmas tree”—several 1,700-pound steel beams hanging horizontally from cables—to a gang of ironworkers in the girders overhead. The men pad over eight-inch-wide beams with catlike certainty, picking off the steel girders one by one and securing them in the matrix. They’ll do thirty to fifty picks like this each day, all carefully scheduled by Gorman weeks in advance.

Busier days include at least one “critical pick,” which calls for either multiple cranes or a single rig lifting more than 75 percent of its maximum capacity. The eighty-ton trusses spanning the dome of the arena required two cranes lifting together. While critical picks are routine, the possibility of a catastrophic drop is very real. Even with stringent safety protocols, anything can happen, Gorman says over the background roar of machinery. “Most of the people who work here just barely finished high school, including myself. When they’re getting paid $30 an hour, it’s not because the work is exceptionally challenging so much as it’s dangerous.”

Even a stroll across the pit is potentially perilous. Gorman gives the active cranes a wide berth, and shouts at inattentive visitors to dodge the monstrous trucks backing up across the path. The scene up in the steel superstructure looks even more dangerous. The men and three women in the girders appear to dangle over the abyss, like 1930s riveters on the Empire State Building.

But Nick Sampson, a second-generation ironworker from Dorchester, says that they’re clipped into harnesses and that the trade has evolved considerably over the years. Rivets are no longer practical or safe, he says, and they’ve been replaced by high-tensile bolts. “The last big rivet job around here was the Mystic River Bridge back in 1950,” he says. Bolts are faster and can be installed by one person, compared to a ten-man rivet gang. They’re also strong enough to allow a building to swell and shake, which is important in a high seismic zone such as Boston.

On this bitter winter afternoon, the Arctic cold seems more daunting than the height. Gorman, a Los Angeles native whose projects are usually in milder climates, admires the stamina of the locals in this weather. “If it were me,” he says on a day with a high in the single digits, “I would wait until it was fifteen degrees warmer. But the personnel are actually holding up better than the equipment in this weather.” At least four machines have broken down since the polar blast descended in January and February. In the cold, the rubber hoses and connectors become brittle and hard, sometimes allowing hydraulic fluid to leak.

February’s record-setting blizzard, which dumped more than twenty-seven inches of snow on Boston, didn’t delay the work at all. “We had all the excavation equipment here already, so we just dug up the snow and cleared it away with two loaders,” Gorman says. While the rest of the city shuddered to a stop for a couple of days, the activity in the pit continued at an even clip.

Sampson seems puzzled when asked how the crews in the girders cope with the subfreezing weather. “They don’t have much choice in the matter,” he says. “If they want to get paid, they’ve gotta go to work.” —TS

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**CALL FOR FICTION**

*Bostonia* is now accepting submissions of short fiction from alumni. We will publish stories periodically and pay $250.

Stories must be 1,500 words or fewer, typed, and double-spaced. Please include a brief cover letter with your name, address, phone number, e-mail, and your school(s) or college(s) and graduation year(s).

Please do not e-mail submissions. Send stories by mail to:

Midge Raymond, Fiction Editor
*Bostonia*, Boston University
One Sherborn Street, Seventh Floor
Boston, MA 02215
Anyone familiar with the prose style of Christopher Ricks, the literary critic and CAS professor, knows how much he enjoys chiasmus — the playful transposition of words. In a Seamus Heaney poem he sees "the real dignity, and dignified reality, of Clare." Others are "lovingly specific and specifically loving," So it's no surprise that Ricks, an ardent admirer of Henry James, was tickled by the sight of "James Henry" on a series of spines in the poetry stacks of the Cambridge University Library. The name, he writes, "intrigued me with its suggestion of the literally and literarily preposterous."

When Ricks took one of the volumes down and studied it, however, its author began to seem more tragic than comic. James Henry (1798-1876), an Irish poet and scholar, had printed the book privately in Dresden, inscribed it, and presented it to the library, where it had sat unopened for more than a century, its pages never cut.

"I was sort of touched by that," Ricks recalls, seated in the parlor of his Cambridge (Massachusetts) home. "I took the book out, plied my paper knife, and made a friend for life."

The Selected Poems of James Henry, edited and introduced by Ricks, has just appeared from Handsel Books, a new literary imprint of Other Press launched by Harry Thomas, a former BU professor. Ricks is delighted to be helping Henry find an audience for the first time. "It isn't a matter of getting him back into being read," he says. "It's a neglect from the beginning."

In some ways, James Henry is Henry James inverted. The neglected poet's lines are as spare and direct as the famous novelist's are florid. This austerity seems to have been taken for inelig­ence by the few readers who found their way to Henry's poetry during his lifetime. Even Sir John Pentland Mahaffy, in an affectionate obituary for Henry, dismissed the poems as "more curious than beautiful."

Henry was, by the standards of the day, a curiosity in almost every respect — an outspoken critic of organized religion, a successful doctor who committed the professional heresy of charging only five shillings for an examination (because no doctor's opinion was worth a guinea), and an independent scholar of Virgil who spent years canvassing Europe in search of obscure manuscripts of the Aeneid. Today, of course, Henry's oddness looks more and more like a progressive independence-of-mind, and his eventual discovery looks more and more inevitable. It's not hard, in fact, to imagine Henry, the great hunter-up of lost manuscripts, quietly planting his self-published books in university libraries with complete confidence that they would come to light in a more sympathetic era, their value finally recognized by some discerning literary scholar of roughly Christopher Ricks's height and build.

"I admit immediately that I like a lot of the convictions that are in the poems," says Ricks. "I think the things that Henry believes are wise things to believe, and he believes them with great humanity and passion and concern. His energetic anti-Christian crusade, particularly, is remarkable. In general, anti-Christian crusaders did not set down their convictions."

"I'm less committed to aestheticism than some critics," Ricks says. "I'm not very much like Helen Vendler, probably the best living critic who has that commitment. For her there are literary and artistic values which have either nothing to do with or almost nothing to do with convictions or with wisdom. I don't mean that she doesn't care what is said, but for her, in the end poems are about the imagination. The subject of Stevens is imagination. The subject of Keats is imagination. The subject of Yeats is imagination. I rather like it when the subject is the price of coal."

That particular Henry poem, occasioned by an 1862 mining disaster, touches upon a few other subjects as well. Set sarcastically in ballad meter, it's a good example of his bare-knuckle style, a scathing condemnation of corruption, greed, class division, religious hypocrisy, and even Queen Victoria herself:

Two hundred men and eighteen
killed
For want of a second door!

Ay, for with two doors, each ton coal
Had cost one penny more [....]

For though we're mortal too, no
doubt,
And Death for us his sithe
Has ready still, the chance is small
We ever die of sithe.

And if we do, our gracious Queen
Will, sure, a telegram send,
To say how sore she grieves for us
And our untimely end;

And out of her own privy purse
A sovereign down will pay,
To have us decently interred
And put out of the way.

Ricks's boosterism seems to be working. After he included Henry's poems in his New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse (1987) and Oxford Book of English Verse (1999), other anthologists
began to take his cue. He also gave a well-received reading on BBC radio, prompting David Sexton to write in the *Sunday Telegraph* that Ricks "has discovered a poet he could almost have invented, so much does he find there the movement of his own mind and the pitch of his own voice." The cornerstone of course, is the new book, which has already caught the attention of readers overseas. Not long after its appearance, the Irish publishing house Lilliput contacted Handsel to request several hundred copies for distribution in Henry's homeland.

This success, however, has come with a price. Ricks reports that Henry's original self-published books, which have always been hard to find, are now hard to afford as well.

"I get letters from booksellers saying, "They're rather expensive, I'm afraid, but then you have only yourself to blame."" — EM

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Old Soldier's Tale

After delivering a lecture at BU on a cold February day six years ago, Robert Craft, longtime friend, interpreter, and literary expositor of Igor Stravinsky, was introduced to Roger Voisin. A CFA music professor emeritus and former Boston Symphony Orchestra trumpeter who had played under Stravinsky's direction several times, Voisin dusted off his best impersonation of the great composer. It apparently made quite an impression.

Craft describes the incident briefly in his 2002 autobiography, *An Improbable Life*.

CFA Associate Professor Phyllis Hoffman, "an attractive woman and perfect hostess, introduced me to an elderly but spry gentleman," Craft writes, admitting he was surprised to bump into Voisin, now eighty-four, having assumed "he might no longer be among the quick." Instead, the French native proceeded to demonstrate Stravinsky's ultraprecise baton movements conducting subtle meter shifts: "in a three-sixteen bar between two two-four bars, Stravinsky would conduct all three sixteenths instead of beating the short bar in one." Voisin's "imitation of Stravinsky's gestures was exact, and he himself was quite a charmer," Craft's autobiography continues.

Knowing Voisin still to be among the quickest of the quick, we called him at his Newton, Massachusetts, retirement home to find out what he was up to and to learn what it was like to play for Stravinsky, one of the century's most painstakingly exact composers. Voisin, just seventeen when he joined the BSO in 1935, and first trumpet from 1950 until his 1973 retirement, still practices every morning after breakfast. He says his LaSalle Village neighbors appreciate the free music, although his deep chuckle betrays a mischievousness suggesting that he'd play even if they didn't.

"In the afternoon, I'm lord of the manor, and I listen to my wife, Martha Moore-Hayes, play piano and harp," he says in his French accent. "This place really isn't too shabby. They make you do a lot of stuff. They don't let you sit around on your ass."

The LaSalle Village gallery may let out an occasional collective after-breakfast grumble, but Voisin has without doubt played for more persnickety ears. Seated beside his father, BSO trumpeter René Louis Voisin, in the 1930s, the young prodigy blew Stravinsky's kind of horn. His sharp tone and precise articulations were very much of the French school, which influenced the composer beginning in the 1920s. "Stravinsky's music is very dry and precise, the very essence of rhythm, and when he asked me to play something short and dry — oh brother, did he get it short and dry," says Voisin, who still teaches at Tanglewood and gives the occasional BU master class. He recalls the composer being "as intense as his music," and yet quite affable toward musicians. "He didn't come across like a big shot at all. You got the impression he was happy you were playing his music."

So, what else did he and Craft talk about during that 1997 conversation? "It was actually a funny meeting," Voisin says. "I noticed Craft right away, but I was surprised that he seemed to need no introduction to me. He said that every time Stravinsky wrote for the trumpet, he wrote with me in mind."
John Walker is a giant in the world of contemporary painting, but that’s not what counts for the students in his graduate CFA program. What they need, he says, is their own vision.

BY JOHN STOMBERG
Red Cove No. 9, 2001. Oil on canvas, 84” x 66”.
With the barest inventory of marine landscape — tide pool, mudflat, horizon, sky — Walker brings out the fury of the departing sun setting the wet sand ablaze with the day’s final hurrah. Walker has been returning to this Maine cove for the past decade.

JOHN WALKER enters a crowded seminar room on the third floor of the old Fuller Cadillac building on Commonwealth Avenue just before eight a.m. Although roughly renovated, the building once used for selling and repairing automobiles retains much of its former identity — high ceilings, lots of cement, car ramps. The CFA school of visual arts graduate painting program occupies most of this floor. The areas nearest to the windows have been divided into studios; the interior seminar room has four high white walls with gallery-style lighting. A student finishes tacking a drawing to one of the few remaining spaces on the three walls displaying her semester’s work.

Walker is here for that seasonal rite of passage in every serious art program, the end-of-semester “crits.” These group critiques oblige students to display and defend their work to professors, classmates, and invited guests — usually other artists or critics. Lively discussions follow brief presentations, with the goal of keeping the dialogue impersonal and productive. The professor conducting the session must balance honest criticism with sensitivity to the artist. Tears are not uncommon, although they more often occur privately during the weeks that follow.

When Walker runs a crit, he speaks last and it’s his opinion everyone waits to hear. He neither minces words nor wastes them. His strong accent — midlands England broadened by years in Australia — can make him sound gruff at first. He has a laborer’s build and close-cropped hair, enjoys cigars, and appears unconcerned with his wardrobe. This grizzled exterior is at odds with the eloquence of his critique and his genuine concern for his students. This morning, after letting the first discussion run its course, he deftly mixes praise with advice to the student to establish clear goals for her paintings and to be much more rigorous in her self-appraisal. Without favoring one kind of art over another, Walker looks at how his artists are progressing individually with the aesthetic problems they’ve set for themselves, usually with his guidance.

It is nearly nine before the first student removes her work and a second nervously begins hanging his. The crits extend well into that evening, and will for the next two days. Students are exhausted but exhilarated by the process. The heady atmosphere, the comments of the participants — aspiring artists, experienced artists, and critics — lies at the heart of the program. For months students have worked alone in their studios, spurred on by Walker’s private visits. Now they are submitting their art to an intensive hour of evaluation. Defining and defending their work in these rigorous sessions forces them to directly confront and assess their progress since the last crit, and often indicates possible avenues to pursue.

MIXED MESSAGES
Each year hundreds of young artists vie for one of the twelve places in Walker’s graduate painting program, making it one of the most competitive in the United States. “The students are picked for their diversity,” he says, “that is, their range of artistic approaches.” He doesn’t try to teach them to paint a certain way, but he does insist
that they become painters. “Looking at my work is not important for my students,” he says. “The way they behave as artists is important.” He stresses to them that conveying what they have to say takes dedication and long, lonely hours in the studio confronting honestly the complexities of paint and canvas. Walker’s own life demonstrates that painters paint.

Graduate painting students arriving at BU have usually been forewarned by their undergraduate advisors of the demands they will face. Walker expects his students to paint full-time. They are assigned individual studios and have twenty-four-hour access. Most need it.

Can painting be taught? “You can teach students to be driven,” Walker says, the response of an artist whose productivity and restless exploration of new styles is legend. With a studio next to his students’, Walker demonstrates daily the key requisite of painting: hard work. Most mornings he is in the studio by eight, and often there well past eight at night, dividing his time between teaching and his own painting. He has several one-man shows each year, evidence of his productivity.

NH No. 6, 1977. Mixed media, 92” x 68”.
Walker’s early reputation was based on large-scale abstractions such as this. He painted abstract forms as if they had volume and took up space inside his compositions. He also often used collaged canvas elements to reinforce that these were not pictures of shapes, but were shapes, thereby obscuring the line between real forms and images of forms.
"Looking at my work is not important for my students. The way they behave as artists is important." — John Walker

Walker’s career as an artist includes teaching for over forty years and exhibiting in many countries. Born in 1939 in Birmingham, England, he attended art school there and in Paris before moving to London in 1963. At the start, his creative approach was restless. Early in his career he vacillated between abstraction and representation, but later he focused on the simultaneous satisfaction of both doctrines.

In the very early 1960s, in an incident less telling about the artist than the times, Walker exhibited two distinct bodies of work during the same London art season: one abstract, one figurative. It was a period of great critical hostility to all forms of representational art and strong partisan support for nonobjective painting. Reviewing both shows, one critic declared that the John Walker who painted the large abstracts was a brilliant and promising young artist, but the Walker of the second show was best ignored. In this climate, the near-universal praise for his early monumental abstract paintings garnered a place for him among London’s contemporary art stars.

Walker came to New York in 1970 as a Harkness Fellow, a prestigious award affording English graduate students the opportunity to travel or study in the United States. He soon began showing in New York at the Betty Parsons Gallery and for the past decade has shown at the Knoedler Gallery. When he came to United States, he began painting abstract forms with a realistic, physical presence. This hybrid of abstraction and figuration earned rave reviews and refuted then-current claims that painting was no longer a viable art form.

Passchendaele II, 1996. Oil on canvas, diptych, each panel 96” x 84”.

Summarizing Walker’s personal visual vocabulary for his World War I series, this painting includes references to his father, who fought in the war, to all the soldiers led into battle like sheep to slaughter, to the crosses at the Somme battlefield memorial, and to the epic World War I poem “In Parenthesis” by David Jones. Jones took the quote scrawled on this painting from Aneirin, a sixth-century Welsh poet, who describes the battlefield as “Death’s sure meeting place.” Placing Aneirin, Jones, and World War I in a contemporary painting, Walker explores the eternal enigmas of war, especially love and loss, life and death, transgression and redemption.
In the early 1980s he moved to Australia as a visiting artist. He became dean of the School of Art at the Victoria College of the Arts in Melbourne, establishing the curriculum and shaping the entire program while teaching. He collaborated with other professors and incorporated indigenous art into the mix of forms he taught. This combination of teaching and painting has proved essential to his work with the graduate program in Boston as well.

Walker began teaching at BU in 1993. He shares his enthusiasms with his students. Poetry, for example, has long been an inspiration, not as a source of subject matter, but rather for the emotions that come from a great poem. Much of his work over the last decade has been inspired by World War I poets Wilfred Owen and David Jones. He has also worked with Rosanna Warren, BU’s Emma Ann MacLachlan Metcalf Professor of the Humanities.

In a collaboration with the University’s Creative Writing Program, Walker has partnered students from the two programs to work on an annual book project. One poet and one painter produce a single handmade artists’ book. The results amaze everyone who sees the small exhibition of the books each spring.

FIELDWORK

Walker’s personal approach to painting landscapes informs his curriculum. He loves long sojourns in the wilderness. Each fall and spring, he brings his class to Maine for a week of outdoor painting. Whether a student favors pure abstraction or figure painting, Walker insists that all first-year students go on the trip, because he feels that painting directly from nature is immensely beneficial. Most return season after season. Light and shadow as they appear in nature inform every decision a painter faces, as Walker’s students come to realize firsthand.

The emphasis on painting sets the University’s M.F.A.

Walker’s painting continues to be strongly autobiographical, even his landscapes, which have less to do with specific locations than with mapping the topography of his emotional responses to the place and time. This accounts for the wide divergence in their look and feel despite obvious compositional similarities. Much the way classical musicians play the same piece with varying inflections each time, Walker depicts the same scene — the water, the island, and in the darker painting, the moon and its reflection — with a variable emotional heat.
Laurel Hughes first met John Walker in a forest. She was studying painting in an intensive course at the Vermont Studio Center; he was a guest instructor. Hughes (CFA'97) was spending little time indoors, preferring to take her banana-and-Tabasco-on-pumpernickel (foods readily available during odd hours) and head out to a waterfall.

Eventually he approached her without introducing himself, and what he said led her to apply to the graduate painting program at CFA. He'd been watching her painting progress over several days, he told her; there had been poetry in it when she started, but it was now gone. With that he returned to his own painting. Hughes was struck with the brevity of the words compared to the effectiveness of the criticism. What he said that day still guides her painting.

Hughes, who lives about an hour north of Boston, is a full-time painter who shows regularly at the Nielsen Gallery on Boston's Newbury Street. Before attending BU, she earned a B.A. in art history and English literature from the University of Missouri and a B.F.A. in painting from the Kansas City Art Institute. She had also attended several shorter programs such as the one in Vermont.

She credits much of the graduate program's success to Walker's teaching style. Notorious for stopping by his students' studios at odd hours — day or night, weekday or weekend — he lets them know of his displeasure if he finds the studios empty. His students fondly recall these casual visits and Walker's exhortations to keep at it and not to be distracted by the humdrum of daily life.

"It was his tremendous graciousness and the subtlety of his teaching that made him so effective," Hughes says. "He once told me something to this effect: 'One canvas, one sentence.' I still strive for that today in my paintings." Like a good writer, a good painter must be clear and concise and know where to put the period.

On the morning after the crits have ended, that is exactly what they are doing. The large room is empty now, save for the stray bottle or cracker box from last night's post-crit reception. Students are in their studios again, working with renewed insight, inspiration, and motivation. The buzz of a table saw merges with the bang of a hammer as a few rearrange their studios. It is time to start over. Some are drawing, some stretching fresh canvas over newly cut wooden frames, some studying their old work from a new vantage point. It's only a few months to the next round of crits. Walker will be by soon. He will not say much today — just check that they are all cleaning up after the storm and returning to the work of being artists.
Once More Unto Iraq

War correspondent and Newsweek Paris bureau chief Christopher Dickey (COM’74) contemplates the run-up to a war with Iraq — and its unforeseeable aftermath.

AMMAN, JORDAN
29 JANUARY 2003, 2 A.M.

The State of the Union address will be coming on television in a few minutes. The president is supposed to tell us what this long-announced but yet-undeclared war is all about. By the time he finishes speaking, and the Democrats reply, and all the instant analysis is done, the call to prayer will have begun in the mosques outside my window. Only God knows where all this will end. At this late hour, looking over my notes and diaries from the last few months, I’m trying to figure out where it all began. Why is the world teetering again on the brink of war? And yeah, what the hell am I doing here — again?

Twelve years ago this is where I began and ended the last Gulf War. From here I commuted to Baghdad before and after Desert Storm in 1000-kilometer drives through the Western Desert because no planes were allowed to fly. Sometimes the only way to go was in a taxi with open windows in 120-degree heat and nothing but a bottle of water and Laughing Cow cheese to sustain me; sometimes I traveled in an air-conditioned Suburban stolen from occupied Kuwait, complete with built-in bar and VCR. I remember watching Die Hard 2 twice between the date plantations outside Baghdad and the sun-blasted moonscape of Azraq.

Those were crazy times. So are these. I’m in no rush to go back, and Saddam Hussein’s regime is in no rush to have me. After 1995, when Saddam’s biological arsenal was discovered, I wrote so many articles about the dangers he presented to the civilized world, plus the novel Innocent Blood in 1997 (which had Saddam providing a terrorist sleeper cell in the United States with smallpox virus) that, perhaps not surprisingly, Iraq blacklisted me. I don’t think I’ll be back in Baghdad until he’s gone, or more likely, as he’s falling. But who knows?

What’s certain is that this trip, when and if it happens, will be different. On the flight here from Paris, Air France put a $450 excess baggage charge on the ticket to cover the weight of: a Kevlar vest with ceramic plates able to resist the rounds of most assault rifles, a Kevlar helmet, a gas mask with extra canisters, chemical-resistant suits,

Christopher Dickey in Amman, Jordan.
rubber boots, rubber gloves, a couple of satellite phones for colleagues and me, a still camera, a digital videotape camera with batteries, chargers, and tapes, and of course my laptop. Twelve years ago, nobody expected you to be a bulletproof, chemical-resistant one-man media machine. But twelve years ago there was no Internet anybody had heard of; and nobody knew had a cell phone, much less a sat-phone. Every development that makes reporting easier also increases the demand for more material.

A decade ago I worked for a weekly news magazine. Now *Newsweek* comes out in several different editions, including Arabic, each with different demands for copy. Our Web pages can take copy — and pictures and video clips — any day of the week, and editors want it all. In past wars, once the shooting started, you figured most people would do what they always do: forget the kit, slip a notebook in a hip pocket, and get to work reporting, pure and simple. Now I'm not so sure any of us can get away with that.

Ah, hell. What am I doing here? For twenty-four years, ever since the first time I had a gun pointed at my chest by an angry thug — a Salvadoran army officer during the days of the death squads in Central America — I've been experiencing pangs of wonderfully lucid self-doubt at just about the moment it was too late to escape. I was in Central America through four years of slaughter, in Beirut during the era of hit-and-run bombings, in Libya when it was bombed, at sea in the Persian Gulf when it was mined, in Baghdad when it was hit by Cruise missiles (violent American afterthoughts two years following the Gulf War). I was in Algeria during the height of the terror there, in Belgrade and Pristina during the Kosovo war. And now here again in Jordan, waiting for the big one to blow up across the border in Iraq. And this scares me more than all the rest.

It scares everybody who knows this part of the world, but not because we think the war will be long and bloody. It's a better bet that American troops, if and when they move, will be welcomed like the Israelis were in South Lebanon in 1982, with flowers and rice. But a year later the Israelis were under siege and the Americans and French who came to help them were being blown to bits by suicide truck bombers. Iraq is so much bigger and richer than Lebanon. It's got land, water, educated people, and potentially almost as much cheap oil as Saudi Arabia. And Baghdad is every bit as complicated and dangerous as bloody Beirut ever was. The real dangers will come after the war's been "won."

My son, who is a soldier, tells me I risk sounding defeatist. What I hope to be is a realist. This may well be a war worth fighting. I know my Iraqi friends are so hungry for freedom they can taste it. But it's a fight that has to be approached bravely, not naively. Nothing could be worse than the bitter disillusionment that caused the United States to pull out of Vietnam, Lebanon, and Somalia, walking away from disasters we helped create, pretending they were all somebody else's fault — or just erasing them from the collective memory. As my father used to say, quoting the German poet Gunter Eich: "Think of this, that after the great destruction, each man will prove that he is innocent."

How did I get here? How did we get here?

**DECEMBER 2001**

**More than** a year ago now I got the first solid indications that this war was coming. Colleagues in Washington couldn't believe it, so soon after 9-11, but the scent of confrontation with Saddam Hussein already was heavy in the air out here in Beirut: "Not if, but when," as one of my sources said, and he proved to be unusually reliable. The reasoning was easy to follow: Saddam is just too crazy, too cruel, and too predictable — he will agree to anything when he thinks he's threatened, and tear up the agreement as soon as he thinks the pressure is off; then he looks for a way to exact revenge.

I've never met the man, but I've been interviewing people close to him, inside Iraq and out, since the first time I visited Baghdad in 1985. There are no mysteries about his personality or the sources of his power. He sets out to inspire public awe and private fear through utterly remorseless cruelty. On that first trip, I went on a guided tour of the enormous Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Saddam's picture was everywhere and the prize exhibit in the subterranean museum was a gun "personally used by his excellency President Saddam Hussein" in a failed attempt to murder one of his predecessors. When Saddam seized power directly in 1979, he videotaped a meeting of his Ba'th Party's inner circle where men stood up one after another, were condemned to death as traitors, and taken outside to be shot. The tape was distributed by Saddam's own embassies around the world, and when an Arab paper in London reported the men were executed for conspiring against the regime, one of Saddam's envoys demanded a correction: "They were not killed for plot-

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*Christopher Dickey (COM '74)* is *Newsweek*'s Paris bureau chief and Middle East regional editor. His most recent book, Summer of Deliverance: A Memoir of Father and Son, is about his relationship with his father, the poet and novelist James Dickey.
What might such a man do with weapons of mass destruction? His authorized biographer, Fouad Mattar, reported in the early 1980s that “it is no longer a secret that Iraq is seeking to acquire nuclear arms because of President Saddam’s intention to make the Iraqi Army the Arab world’s defense force.” With the Bomb, in fact, he would spread his aura of cruelty far and wide. The cycle of fear and awe has to be broken, and the only way to do that is from the outside. If you let Saddam loose with his weapons of mass destruction, the danger is literally incalculable. That’s always been clear.

AUGUST 2002

I’m in Amman again, and the prospect of war is ever more real. I try to rent a car, only to be told by Hertz that the U.S. military has taken them all. That’s the least of my worries. There’s a note in my diary on the fifth:

“The tendency Enron-like of Rumsfeld and his boys to cover up one failed policy (Palestine, Afghanistan) with a bigger, more ambitious program on the same lines: Iraq.”

How will the war be conducted? “Need to pursue an insurrection strategy in Iraq that implicates the population. Failure to do this will mean that, by and large, the Iraqis (and Iraq’s neighbors) will sit back and let the U.S. do the job, then see how they can wring advantage from the situation — often at the expense of U.S. interests and possibly of U.S. lives. . . . In the campaign against Saddam we face this curious difficulty: how do you make war on a leader without making war on his people? We knew when we fought Hitler we were fighting the Germans. When we fought Tojo we were fighting the Japanese. But now the victims of our bombs are not the enemies we declare, they are the people whose interests we, strangely, claim to defend. We will enter the war with Iraq in a state of moral confusion. And when we win, that may grow even worse.”

OCTOBER 2002

Newsweek is making serious preparations for the war. Anyone likely to cover the conflict in Iraq is sent to a chemical, biological, and radiological “awareness” course near Porton Down, the southern England base that was used for decades as a bio warfare test site. In the first class are Rod Nordland and Melinda Liu, who’ve been covering wars since the 1970s, Josh Hammer, a veteran of Rwanda and the violence in the Middle East, Christian Caryl, who did hard time in the Chechen slaughter, and me. None of us ever thought about taking a course for this kind of combat before. The first day or so we’re joking around, and pretty cynical. Before classes we drive over to nearby Stonehenge. “That’s Baghdad after the war,” says one of my colleagues, gazing out at the spare rocks in an open field.

Everybody looks silly in the masks and suits when we’re led into a gas chamber to see how it works. Tear gas capsules of some sort are ignited, and the room fills with lung-searing smoke. We do calisthenics. We run in place. With the masks on we breathe easily. But a gap between my hood and mask exposes a strip of skin to the right of my eye. The next morning the skin there is peeling.

In class we watch one PowerPoint after another showing the corpses of children gassed by Saddam Hussein in the Kurdish town of Halabja, or panicked subway riders hit by a terrorist attack in Tokyo. The climax is a scratchy old film of a goat tied up like bait for a tiger. A shell loaded with sarin gas explodes nearby. A breeze takes...
Iraqi President Saddam Hussein reviewing a military parade in December 2001. Firing his rifle into the air during parades has become his trademark gesture of defiance. Photograph by Faleh Kheiber/Reuters

the odorless, colorless vapor in his direction. The goat dies in thirty-seven seconds. That stays with you. Odorless. Colorless. Dead in thirty-seven seconds. How could you know in time to save yourself?

NOVEMBER 2002

After the United Nations passes Security Council Resolution 1441, at last, inspectors head back to Baghdad for the first time since 1998. I'm in Paris and have a long dinner at Thomieux with one of France's top diplomats. He sees virtually no chance that war will be avoided. It's clear Saddam will play along, up to a point, but the trigger for war will be his refusal to cooperate unconditionally. It's just not in his makeup to give up everything. And besides, fear of his outlawed chemical arsenal is the strongest tool he has to prevent his people from rising up against him. He actually can't give up his chemical weapons and hope to survive.

DECEMBER 2002

War may be imminent. The U.S. military isn't ready yet. But I'm told by Iraqi opposition sources I've known for years — some of whom the United States branded as terrorists in the 1980s for attacking Americans when Washington supported Saddam — that they may take advantage of the dictator's evident weakness to make a bid for power. My wife and I spend Christmas in New York, and I feel lucky the fighting hasn't begun. We've been together twenty-five years now, except for the wars. And there have been so many of those.

EARLY JANUARY 2003

Some people are guessing that the whole confrontation can be avoided as inspectors continue to do their job and Saddam continues to cooperate, sort of. I'm not certain of war anymore, but I'm not hopeful. And I'm increasingly worried by the parallel fight against al-Qaeda. European, Arab, and American intelligence officials keep saying they're 100 percent certain of a major new terrorist attack. And after more than a decade on Osama bin Laden's trail, I know this whole Iraq confrontation will play right into his hands. The three issues he used to justify the "jihad against Crusaders and Jews" he declared in 1998 were the presence of U.S. troops on holy Arabian soil, the Israeli occupation of Palestine, and the suffering of the Iraqi people at America's hands. If and when war begins, all those issues will be working for him in the Arab and Muslim press. He'll wait for his moment. And then, if he can, he'll strike. Right now, according to people I talk to who claim to know bin Laden and the way he thinks, he's just waiting.

The president is speaking. He says we're winning the war on terror. He says the UN inspectors aren't supposed to be conducting a "scavenger hunt" all over Iraq; they're supposed to be getting active cooperation, and they're not. He says more evidence will be presented next week, evidence clearly meant to justify war.

So there it is. I don't think there's any turning back now.

The call to prayer has sounded in the mosques outside my window. "Prayer is better than sleep," intones the muezzin. There are, I fear, a lot of sleepless, prayer-filled nights to come for all of us. ♦
Having successfully launched Xbox Live in November, with its real-time online gaming, J Allard (CAS’91) — known as James back in his college days — was recently named vice president for Xbox. As a new kid at Microsoft, fresh out of BU, he got Bill Gates’s attention by pushing the software behemoth into the Internet Age — and finally got his mom to use e-mail. For the past two years, mostly as general manager of Xbox, he’s led the charge in what he calls the digital entertainment revolution. It’s not your older brother’s Pac Man anymore.

How did you get into software and computers — was it by playing video games as a kid in upstate New York? I had the coolest grandfather a kid could ever have; he worked at IBM and is an electronics and gadget wizard. I remember him always showing me how stuff worked, letting me “help” with fixing equipment, and an open invitation to his seemingly daily trip to Radio Shack. I have Grampy to thank for my introduction to, and love of, technology. In the late seventies, my parents brought home a Magnavox Odyssey, which predated the popular Pong system by a year or so. It quickly replaced Monopoly, Go Fish, and even television as an evening family diversion. That was my first introduction to a “computer,” and I always put it back together when I was done taking it apart.

From there it was Atari, Intellivision, and arcades — first playing the games, then ripping them apart to see how they worked, and then writing them. I’d steal time after hours on the high school’s single TRS-80 computer to learn programming and to write games that I’d save to audiocassette tapes. I always had a couple of tapes in my backpack. I remember recording an Ozzy Osbourne album on top of a project I was working on. Thank God the world went to floppy discs.

So you made games yourself? One of the first games I wrote was called “Lemonade Stand.” I was eleven or twelve. If I had written it today, I suppose it would be called “Sim Lemonade” and earn me millions in royalties. It was a pretty sophisticated game, where you used your allowance and earnings to buy ingredients. You had to watch the weather and decide how much lemonade to prepare and hope that you hit the perfect intersection of supply and demand to maximize your profitability. You’d play for a full week, and you could compare your earnings against the last game. The graphics were visually arresting for the era. I’ll never forget how hard it was to simulate a thunderclap with the technology back then. I convinced a computer magazine to publish the game — at that time, they would print the source code — in exchange for a free subscription. My parents were incredibly supportive of the project. I poured hundreds of hours into writing that game, and every night they would help test it and find bugs for me.

From there I went on to trying to re-create my favorite arcade games like Frogger, Space Invaders, and Asteroids, which were much more challenging to program. The “game” became cloning these masterpieces. It was a million times harder and definitely more fun than school-work, and my classmates replaced my parents as my test team.

When was the first time you went online? I swapped some games for a 110-baud acoustic modem in the early eighties and quickly got online to exchange ideas with other programmers on simple message boards. I’ve never owned a computer since that wasn’t connected. Technically, these boards weren’t using the Internet, but I was immediately struck with the potential that online
communications and connectivity brought to society. I was also immediately grounded for the $450 phone bill that I ran up calling bulletin boards all over the country. Ideas within the programming community that took months to circulate in magazines crossed the coast in minutes. Problems with my code that no one in my town could understand had next-day answers. Needless to say, my parents didn't fully understand how I could have friends with names like Basho, Count Zero, Disc Jockey, and Magic Man, people I'd talk about all the time, people I'd never met.

It's said that you were responsible for waking up Microsoft to the impending Internet revolution back when you arrived fresh out of BU.
I was one of many young new hires, passionate about the Internet, and I realized its potential and helped catalyze things within the company's walls. During my interview process several people asked what my ideal job would be. Without blinking, I'd answer the same thing: "Marry Windows with the Internet and get my Mom on e-mail." I felt that the only way the Internet would ever reach its full potential was to give it to the masses — and the company that was getting technology to the masses was Microsoft.

I was amazed to see technologists who were ten times smarter and more knowledgeable than me admit that they didn't understand what the Internet was or how it worked and to discover that Microsoft, the world's leading software company, didn't have desktop Internet access. I set out to change all that, and in the process ran across a bunch of really great people who shared the dream and helped make it happen.

Why did you decide to jump from running Microsoft's Internet group to what seems almost like a start-up, a new rival to Sony and Nintendo?
By 1999, I realized that both Mom and Dad weren't just sending me e-mail; they were managing their own Web site and scanning, editing, and posting embarrassing pictures from my childhood for all to see on my birthday. I realized it was time to do something new, not because the Internet was any less exciting, but because I did what I had set out to do.

My goal now is to help spark the digital entertainment revolution and transform the way people play. For the last twenty-five years, Microsoft's primary focus has been to transform the way people work. For the last five or ten, more focus has been on transforming the way people communicate. At first thought, people question whether or not Microsoft's the right place for me to do that — obviously, the company's reputation is not deep in entertainment. However, I firmly believe that in twenty years, entertainment will become a software business.

"I firmly believe that in twenty years, entertainment will become a software business," says J Allard.
I look at today’s MP3 players, digital satellite, TiVo, films like Shrek and Toy Story pressed onto DVDs, the popularity of electronic music with teens, and the fidelity of today’s gaming systems and conclude that all of these are clear indicators that the digital entertainment revolution is coming. The reason to start with video games is simple. Of all these examples, the only pure form of digital entertainment today is games. Video games will be to digital entertainment what the spreadsheet was to digital business.

Where did you get the idea that the future of gaming lies in going live? What’s the attraction for the player? Really a combination of things. First, video gaming is very much a social activity. In our house growing up, as a family we preferred playing video games to board games. Both were more about being together and laughing than winning. Even if you’re not playing, but watching — or if you’re sharing hints or talking strategy on the school bus — console gaming at its heart is social. On Xbox Live, people routinely are playing games with four to sixteen players around the world with voice quality as good as today’s cell phones.

Another aspect is predictability. Many people will remember books on store shelves in the eighties on how to beat Pac Man. Everyone knew that the ghosts all had preprogrammed patterns. Imagine if those four ghosts were controlled by your friends. Imagine if you could talk to them and try to convince them to be nice and let you win. The human element changes the game dynamic entirely. Why do you think reality TV is so popular? We’re watching the complex and crazy interactions between humans in conflict situations. That’s the heart and soul of console gaming.

Maybe the most important near-term aspect is competition. I think Asteroids was the first game in the arcade to have the concept of a high score. I remember dropping a lot of quarters to get my initials up there. With Xbox Live, there’s a worldwide high-score board. Early indicators show that there’s a massive appetite for high-speed online gaming. We already have over 250,000 subscribers in the first two months and are collecting those quarters.

I tend to think of the gaming audience as young males, but the Sims seems to be changing that. Does that affect what you do?

I think that broadening the audience for gaming is the biggest challenge the video game industry faces. A lot of folks in the industry like to brag that the video game business is “bigger than movies.” It’s not. All video game revenues — hardware, software, online, handhelds — just barely exceed annual box-office receipts and only about 20 percent of households are active gaming households.

We need to transform gaming to have a wider appeal by broadening the types of stories we’re telling, by creating experiences that are more approachable and more consumable. Americans, given the choice, will pick up the remote and watch twenty minutes of Friends before they drive to a store, talk to a clerk, and shell out $50 to buy a game that takes twenty hours to finish. We need to augment today’s epic games with experiences that you can tune in to just like a television program and not worry if you missed the first five minutes.

We will know that we’ve succeeded when video games are reviewed in the art section of the New York Times. We need to step up the game to achieve this. I have to remind myself that the real competition is not Sony or Nintendo, but Friends, West Wing, Harry Potter, and Eminem. We’re competing for people’s leisure time and leisure dollars, with film, television, and books all enjoying a massive head start.

Thirty years ago there was the Magnavox Odyssey. Can you imagine what games will be like, say, twenty years from now? Will they morph into something less like a game and more like a movie?

In ten years, you’ll be able to have characters and worlds at the level of detail of Monsters, Inc. rendered in real time on Xbox.

There will always be a role for the highly immersive, solitary experiences, where you control the protagonist through a mostly prescripted storyline. Games today like Splinter Cell, Halo, Max Payne, and Dead to Rights are great examples of pretty deep story-driven games. I think that over the next twenty years, the craft will mature and the artists will learn how to better set up these types of games and give the player even more freedom and a richer cinematic feel without losing the sense of control.

I personally hate comparing games to film as an art form. It’s an oversimplification, like comparing sculpture to painting. The beauty of games is that they are fundamentally interactive. On one hand, losing control of the protagonist makes it very challenging to tell a deep story. On the other hand, it gives way to infinite possibilities, genres, and game mechanics.

How do you make the games stand out?

I think that we need to augment today’s retail, epic games with “broadcast” games that you can tune in to, much like television augments the cinema experience. I think
that we need to find ways to make these games more approachable in terms of both complexity and cost to the consumer. It’s natural to think that advertising and sponsorship will find its way into this medium over time to make it affordable and more mainstream.

Now that we’ve got the Xbox Live service to connect all of the consoles around the world, the next technology breakthrough is going to be around making the worlds feel more lifelike through “organic computing.” The visual quality in games today is very high. The two telltale signs that it’s a game are repeated imagery and actions, and lighting. If instead of having fifty identical trees in the forest, we could have fifty procedurally created trees that look unique, the world would look much more lifelike.

**Video games are all about escape. What do you do when you want to escape?**

Honestly, I tend toward activities for escape, especially now that I officially drive a desk for a living — hobbies that require a lot of focus and have high penalties if you’re off thinking about work or the problems in the world. I spend as much time as I can snowboarding, wakeboarding, mountain biking, and BMX biking. When I was at BU my skateboard never left my side, but it rains too much in Seattle to stay current with the crazy stuff kids can do today. I’m trying to find more time to spend working on music projects. One of these days my brother and I will release the album we keep talking about. I finally have a studio, so my only real excuse is focus.

**When you were a kid, you wrote video games and sold them. What challenge is there for the future J Allards out there now, at age fourteen? Is it the complexity of the games themselves, or can kids still hack them?**

I made ten times the money mowing lawns that I did selling video games back then. I did score a couple of checks, which funded my first printer, some free product, and a couple of magazine subscriptions — but I was hardly a success. Then again, my hero was Nolan Bushnell, founder of Atari, and in a lot of ways, I’m doing his job now.

On one hand, production costs and complexity of game development is outrageous. Many of the classic arcade games were created by individuals who did the design, created the art and sound, and did all of the programming and testing. Today, the average team for a console game is probably twenty-five people working for eighteen months and spending around $4 million. Some games will break $10 million in development. It’s pretty hard to consider building an epic game while juggling schoolwork and your learner’s permit.

On the flip side, it’s a lot easier to put the stuff together, and with the magic of the Internet, share your creations. The tools, technology, and libraries out there today are simply amazing. A lot of companies are trying to put them in those fourteen-year-old hands. One of the most active and exciting places is in game “mods” on the PC, where developers invite gamers to create their own characters. As we roll forward with Xbox Live, we’re going to open up opportunities for gamers to play a bigger hand in the experience.

**How do you make a cool product for a company that’s got an image as—well, uptight and uncool? There was a piece in Slate just as you were launching Xbox Live essentially saying it was mission impossible. What’s your reaction?**

Whenever someone points at installed base as the absolute metric for success, it’s impossible to argue. However, our goal with this release of Xbox was never to be number one with installed base. We knew we’d never catch Playstation 2 in this generation — we approved the Xbox project with the expectation that we would learn and build a strong foundation, team, and business to launch into the next generation and beyond. Our stretch goal for this generation was to beat out Nintendo in sales and become number two. In short, we approved a twenty-year dream, not a three-year business plan.

I’m thrilled with our success to date. To set context, we approved the Xbox project only twenty-three days before Playstation 2 shipped in Japan. We designed, manufactured, and delivered over a million units in the next nineteen months, about half the time of the PS2 development project. We built a worldwide organization from scratch; the original team that built the plan was about twenty-five people. We shipped our first console game ever, Halo, which has sold over 2.5 million copies to date. We’re in over twenty-five countries around the world.

With Xbox Live we have over 250,000 paid subscribers up on a broadband-only service in two months — there’s no other high-speed online service that can claim that degree of success. Now, just fourteen months into the business, we’ve secured the number-two spot in both North America and Europe, ahead of Nintendo, which has been in the business longer than Microsoft has been selling Windows.

But back to your question, I think it’s great that people think that Xbox is doomed and uncool. It fires us all up to work that much harder at realizing our dream and to prove them wrong.

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*SPOONSHIP wound its way into this medium over time to make it affordable and more mainstream.*

*How do you make a cool product for a company that’s got an image as—well, uptight and uncool? There was a piece in Slate just as you were launching Xbox Live essentially saying it was mission impossible. What’s your reaction?*
Jules Aarons

The Unguarded Moment

Quito, Ecuador, 1967
The last few years have been rewarding for admirers of Jules Aaron's photography. They have been treated nearly annually to Boston exhibitions (Paris in the fifties, Boston's neighborhoods, and the artists colonies of Provincetown), his pictures have appeared in several books and magazines, and Aarons has finally been recognized as more than a footnote in the history of photography. For example, Photography in Boston: 1955–1985, an important 2000 exhibition at the DeCordova Museum in Lincoln, Massachusetts, and a book by the same title, gave Aarons his respectful due.

Aarons (GRS '49) was in fact the first photographer to have a show at the DeCordova, back in 1951, and he has returned now with a major retrospective of his work, Street Portraits, 1946–1976: The Photographs of Jules Aarons. The one-man show not only brings together vintage prints of his best known Paris and Boston photos, it also presents dozens of images from the 1960s and 1970s that show him moving in a different direction, away from conventional street photography and almost toward abstraction.

Aarons took his street scenes and portraits with a twin-lens Rolleiflex. The camera has a waist-level viewfinder, so the photographer looks down to compose and focus, rather than aiming his camera at his subjects, and as Aarons puts it, "telegraphing my intention." He could thus move quite close to a group or an individual and take the picture unbeknownst to the subject and without disrupting the scene. "I always was interested in unguarded moments," he says. "I think that spirit is in my photos."

But these are not "sneak shots," to use an old photography term that describes a candid hit-and-run. Aarons worked with great patience and humanity to capture visually life in the street; he was not trying to exploit. One senses his involvement with his subjects, such as in the portrait of the boy from Ecuador (left) or the boy from Israel (page 26). Even when there is a comic juxtaposition of elements, it tends to be bittersweet or lightly ironic rather than embarrassing or cruel. It is almost a juxtaposition of the fates, with the subjects not quite aware of the props next to them (the girl from Boston with the dime novels on page 26; the London barrier guard collecting tickets unaware that he could "be a somebody with the Lion").
The term *street portraits* has two meanings with Aarons. There are, of course, portraits taken on city sidewalks (such as the New York kibitzers, below right). There are also the mises-en-scène that Aarons does so well, the little freeze-frames of unfolding stories, such as the diptych of the West End Meat Market (page 25). Is the lady sitting in the door a chicken-flicker? What are the man and woman talking about? And who was Louis? This kind of photograph shows Aarons's eye for stable composition, which is evident in all his pictures, but also his curiosity and interest in his subjects.

Aarons himself made all the prints in this exhibition; his skill in the darkroom is a big part of the look of these photos. He likes his prints to have rich, deep blacks—as black as the process will allow. Pictures might have specks or highlights of pure white where only the photographic paper shines through, but even bright sky is usually printed as a light gray. Look at the shadow play in the North Station photo (page 27). Other photographers might have emphasized the extreme contrast between shadows and sunlight. Aarons holds back on the sun, keeping the detail in the man's face. As sunny as an image might be, he leans toward the dark end of the scale.

He takes this to an extreme in a group of photographs printed in what he calls “severe black-and-white,” in which the details get lost and the shapes take over. These photos are much less well known than the street scenes and would seem a surprising departure from his more familiar, clearly detailed work were it not for the early hints of his interest in pure shapes in pictures going back to the fifties. The beauty of a retrospective is that we can see the artist’s evolution.

Aarons taught himself photography after World War II and his pictures emerged from his own interest in city neighborhoods and from his travels (he earned...
his doctorate in physics from the Université de Paris in 1954 thanks to a Fulbright scholarship). A research professor of space physics at CAS, he is an international authority on how radio waves are disrupted by the ionosphere. "Aaron's dual career is even more incredible when you consider that within space science he made a double contribution — important discoveries in ionospheric physics, which had applications for national defense, and in fundamental research," says Michael Mendillo (GRS'68 '71), a CAS astronomy professor and a longtime friend and colleague. "He's also a joy to work with, wonderfully warm and personable, and always with words of encouragement for colleagues and students." — MBS


King's Cross Station, London, 1963
From Dazzler Impatiens to Golden English Thyme

Cultivating Spring

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMILY HIESTAND

Boston was still muffled in snow the day I visited the stewards of BU's Buildings and Grounds and found them hard at work conjuring the gardens now blooming over the campus landscape. Cultivating spring is not the only late-winter task for the men and women of the Physical Plant, of course. Associate Vice President James Keating and his colleagues are simultaneously ramping up for Commencement — an enterprise so complex it has its own operations book, six inches thick — and handling what William Walter, director of maintenance, summarizes as "All the day-to-day ho ho." (Snow plowing, routine maintenance for 350 buildings, repairs and painting, sweeping, cleaning, banishing graffiti, monitoring energy use, changing light bulbs, and, oh yes, restoring the elegant townhouses of Bay State Road.) As Walter says, Boston University is a city within a city.

Landscape is the domain of Ray Bourgeois, manager of grounds and masonry, who outlined his planting calendar and guided me to several of the source greenhouses he scouts each winter, seeking the strongest, best-looking plants. The wintry day I took a field trip to Cavicchio's and Mahoney's nurseries, their growing rooms were a tonic: damp, loamy smells, seedlings in leaf, and copious shades of green. As soon as the melt begins, usually in March, Bourgeois's crews start mulching the entire campus. (At B&G, they say that anyone who stands still too long during the spring work period will be either mulched or painted.) By May 1 each year, nursery trucks are rolling into Ashford Street headquarters daily, bearing 500,000 annuals and other plants, a roster that includes Yellow Boy and Atlantis marigolds, Dazzler impatiens, Red Star petunias, Jenny Wren mums, Golden English thyme, tulips named Abba, Gladiator, and Angelique, and what Bourgeois describes as "a lot of Martha Washington begonias." Each year, Bourgeois also experiments with new plants; as companions to old chestnuts like azaleas, he has introduced butterfly bushes and hibiscuses to the pocket-park oases that dot the campus. Who decides what begonia goes where? The hands-on gardeners make those decisions themselves, each of six campus territories tended by a garden crew that has the say-so for its own planting scheme. "They sort of vie with each other in a friendly competition to see whose terrain looks best," says Gerry Wall, assistant vice president of the Physical Plant. That spirit characterizes B&G, where they also cultivate a sense of community and unmistakable esprit de corps. Tending a city within a city is a round-the-clock job — beepers on every belt — and Keating, Wall, Walter, Bourgeois, and colleagues do their work so well that BU's physical plant is considered the benchmark.

Emily Hiestand (GRS'88) is a writer and visual artist whose recent works include "The Backside of Civility," an essay for the Milkweed Press anthology Towards the Livable City, and "Real Places," for The Atlantic Monthly.
Editor's Note:
There is a brief, intriguing passage in the autobiography of Gregor Piatigorsky, who to some ears was the finest cellist of the twentieth century: he is writing about touring in the late thirties and early forties.

"Chicago, with all its infamous reputation for gangsterism at the time, for me became a place of gentle friendships and cordiality. The house of Dr. Maurice Cottle, eminent nose-and-throat specialist and amateur violinist, and his wife, the remarkable pianist Gitta Gradova, was the home of all 'wandering' musicians passing through the city or traveling long distances just to spend an evening with them. One could never know for sure whom one would meet there — Toscanini, Elman, Rubinstein, Prokofiev, Heifetz, Horowitz — but one could be certain of having enough colleagues for a feast of chamber music. And if a cold needed to be cured, or an operation had to be performed, Dr. Cottle would see to it splendidly and, above all, gratis.” (From Cellist, Doubleday, 1965.)

Who was "the remarkable pianist Gitta Gradova" and why were the most prominent classical musicians from the 1930s through the 1970s sitting at her table? More important, why have so few music lovers heard of her?

Gradova (1904–1985) was a child prodigy who began performing publicly in 1911. At nineteen she had earned a reputation as an extraordinary pianist, and by the early 1930s had become a protégé first of Sergei Prokofiev and then Sergei Rachmaninoff. But in 1942 she ended her concert career abruptly after a performance with John Barbirolli and the New York Philharmonic to spend her time with her two children and her husband, a decision that haunted her — and her family — for the rest of her life. She made no recordings, only a few piano rolls. Gradova continued to practice and to play for groups of friends at her home, and in 1984 made plans for a comeback concert: the Rachmaninoff First Piano Concerto with James Levine and the Chicago Symphony. She died three months before the scheduled concert.

Gradova's son, Thomas J. Cottle, is a professor at the School of Education and a clinical psychologist and sociologist. His book about his parents, When the Music Stopped: Discovering My Mother, from which this article has been adapted, will be published next year. In these excerpts, he writes about some of his parents' closest friends — the musical luminaries of the day — and his child-eyed reactions to them. — MBS

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF was the first official visitor to my parents' new house on Hawthorne Place in Chicago. To a small boy, the composer and pianist looked frightening, although in truth he was a handsome, even princely looking man. What scared me was his thinness, his almost frail body, and his skeletal, shaven head. My impressions, apparently, were not wholly idiosyncratic. Harold Schoenberg wrote: "The tall, dour, lank, unsmiling figure of Sergei Rachmaninoff, with its seamed face and head of close-
cropped (almost shaved) hair invariably reminded the public of a convict on the loose.”

I dimly recall spilling a glass of milk at dinner during Rachmaninoff’s first visit, which must have occurred shortly before his death in 1943. He had been sitting directly opposite me — I always sat to my father’s left and my sister’s right — and he walked around the table behind my father and told me not to worry as he helped clean up the mess I had made. It’s not much of a stretch to interpret my little accident as a cry for attention. Rachmaninoff knew it and acknowledged it, but I suspect the conversation quickly turned back to music.

I always feared that my mother was more involved with her male musician friends than she was with my father or me. She was also close to several women musicians, people like pianists Myra Hess, Ania Dorfman, and Guiomar Novaes, but never, I imagined, was she as close with them as she was with the men. I always feared that she would run off with one of them, and Rachmaninoff seemed to me to provide a perfect opportunity. Later I realized that all along my mother’s lover was music.

I even wondered about my mother’s relationship with the pianist, sometime actor, and wiseacre Oscar Levant, who brought his nonstop coffee-drinking and smoking routines to our home. What a wreck Levant was, sitting at our kitchen table with his shiny suit, his loose tie, and his nervous ticks and habits. I could tell Levant was in the house the moment I opened the front door and was hit with the odors of coffee and cigarettes.

I am certain my mother sensed my displeasure with Oscar. While she had never asked any of the artists who came to our house to perform for me (they of course played for and with one another), she made Levant play something by Gershwin, or the theme from a movie in which he had appeared. She also urged him, I’m certain for my benefit, to talk about movie stars he knew. I always felt that the only movie star Oscar Levant cared about was Oscar Levant.

Jack Paar had Levant on The Tonight Show years later and asked him what he wanted to be when he was a boy. Levant’s answer: “An orphan.” Clever and telling as this response may be, I suspect there was something about the orphan, homeless quality of the man that made me distrust him. His presence in the house, in the kitchen really, where visitors rarely went, made it seem as though my mother were acting as a foster parent.

Levant wasn’t the only musician my mother turned to in an effort to amuse her young son. On opening day of the baseball season one year in the early 1950s, she arranged to have the handsome young composer Norman Dello Joio take me to a Cubs game. Dello Joio — who became a professor of music and the dean of Boston University’s College of Fine Arts in the 1970s — was a true baseball fan. As we walked through Wrigley Field toward our seats, I could tell by the stares and gawking that fans recognized him. Was it possible that they knew his music? The mystery was solved when someone approached him for an autograph. People thought he was Joe DiMaggio.

**THE PERSON** I think of most fondly from my childhood is Nathan Milstein, the great Russian violinist whose pristine yet passionate playing, I have always felt, never received the attention and fame it deserved. Perhaps my feelings for him were the foundation of this sentiment. My mother often described her first sight in the mid-1920s of the man we called Nathan (Na-tahn), but whom...
Nathan Milstein's Alpine Symphony

I had installed my electric train setup, with engines that puffed smoke and whistled and passenger cars that lit up, in the basement, directly beneath my mother's piano. The train circling the track in the darkness was magnificent, and one night it caught the fancy of violinist Nathan Milstein, who on the spot pledged to paint the mountains of Switzerland on the three walls of the alcove where the train table stood. Nathan was a gifted watercolorist, so I knew a mural by him would make my train the most wondrous in the entire world. But I also knew it would never happen, not because this famous violinist was lying, but because his schedule would never allow it. When Nathan wasn't performing, he was practicing.

But over what might have been as many as five or six years, Nathan Milstein did indeed paint murals on the walls surrounding my electric trains. On every trip to Chicago he descended to the basement, where his paints were stored. He removed his jacket, rolled up the sleeves of those splendid English-tailored shirts, and painted mountains replete with pine trees, ravines dotted with small wildflowers of red and yellow and orange, and even, way in the distance, small trains carrying their magical freight to villages beyond the mountains.

Over a period of years, Nathan's mural was completed and signed by the artist, and my trains — even if they interested me less as I grew older — circled the plywood table covered with grass and miniature shrubs and trees, throwing tiny bits of light on the gorgeous mural painted by Nathan Milstein. It lives there to this day, covered over with knottypine paneling. I doubt that the present owners of the house on Hawthorne Place even know of its existence.

right direction. Now what was more amazing, my father would always wonder, his characteristic British smirk starting to form: that Grisha was never caught, or that the cello case never took on water and sank? "Grisha never lies," my mother would always say at the end of the evening, when she and my father began their cleanup routine. "Maybe he embellishes, maybe he embroiders; that's different."

"So," my father would reply, "maybe it wasn't a cello case? Maybe it was really a viola case?"

Eternally elegant, Nathan Milstein wore magnificent English sport coats, gray flannel slacks, always the most beautiful shirts and ties, and finally the tiny red cloth rosette emblematic of the Légion d'Honneur on his lapel. He was a spectacular performer, both on and off the stage. Like many of the musicians who visited us, he had a sublime sense of the dramatic, something tantalizing to a small child. And like the others, his stories often involved boisterous exclamations, exaggerated hand gestures, and him rising out of his seat to accentuate some spectacular point. One night at the dinner table, Nathan gesticulated wildly as he rose from his chair, his right hand smashing a large crystal bowl that stood in front of the dining room windows. We were all horrified.

Poor Nathan was mortified. Instinctively he reached down toward the shards of glass, as if he could rescue the bowl, when my mother, a look of terror on her face, reached over and grabbed his hand. "To hell with the goddamn bowl," she blurted out. "Is your hand all right?" Thankfully it was and within minutes the conversation had continued, Nathan's wild gestures having diminished not one iota.

One didn't have Arturo Toscanini for dinner on just any night; preparations always took on a special intensity, my mother moving about frantically, concerned with the condition of the beef tenderloin purchased that morning from Mannie Stockenberg, the spiced peaches dripping in their sugary syrup, and the five or six different varieties of chocolate ice cream from Valà's on Broadway. The huge frozen balls of different shades of brown would be displayed in a clear Steuben crystal bowl so that everyone could admire this modernistic sculpture before it was served.

When Toscanini dined at Hawthorne Place, he was assigned a seat at the head of the table, my mother's seat. It was her way of showing how deeply she honored him. He was the only person ever to usurp her position.

Of the dinners with Maestro Toscanini, I remember that once a man my mother had hired to serve the dinner
cried when he entered the dining room and saw Toscanini for the first time. I recall, too, that right in the middle of a dinner, Maestro beckoned me to his side. I obeyed his command, walking to the end of the table diffidently, the others paying no attention to us. “Come close,” he said, and I did. I cannot properly convey how precisely I still see his features, especially the thinning tousled white hair and the smooth face. Maestro bent forward and suddenly, like a magician, pulled off his tie. He was wearing a black jacket and a black, silver, and white striped tie, and there was the tie in his hand, knot completely intact. He was giving it to me. I had never seen a snap-on tie before and probably appeared mesmerized. Like Rachmaninoff, who had dined at this same table years before, Toscanini knew the little boy sitting to the left of his father was growing bored with adult talk about music and musicians. “You want it?” he was asking me. All I could do was shake my head and return to my seat next to my father.

My older sister reminded me recently that Maestro was not yet finished with me. Seeking to relieve whatever tension or boredom he perceived, he let me play with his very expensive watch, and I did with it precisely what I do today with such delicate mechanisms: I took it completely apart and discovered I could not put it back together, thus destroying his valuable possession. Maestro, apparently, thought it all perfectly charming.

The preparations for a mystery guest linger with me in the same way as those undertaken for Maestro Toscanini. A few images of the evening remain, and nothing more. Yet this one night was different, for on this occasion, prior to the arrival of the guest, my mother had me sit down and listen to her. Her earnest manner must have made me take notice. She told me that the person coming tonight was a wonderful man whom I had met before. This particular visit, however, had to be kept secret from everyone, even my friends. I wasn’t to tell a soul.

With the arrival time approaching, my mother, as always, was fretting and stewing. Finally the doorbell rang, and I rushed to answer it. I let the visitor, this Elijah, into the little mahogany-walled reception room and then the entrance hall. There he stood, an enormous man ten feet tall with a voice that boomed so loud I feared it would shatter the stained-glass windows. He wore a camel hair-colored coat and a chocolate brown hat, which he removed gracefully and handed to my father. Then he looked down at me, bent over so that he was no longer quite so tall, and said, “You must be Tommy.”

The rest of the evening is a blank. I have no other recollections of that night or of Paul Robeson’s other visits, when the great singer, actor, and civil-rights leader sang Negro spirituals, accompanied by my mother.

Well, that’s not completely true. I remember going to school the next day, where I kept my mother’s secret for a nanosecond. I told everyone about the giant with the booming voice. I think I also told people that he was a king; my parents probably had shown me photographs of him as Othello. At around ten o’clock that morning, as my mother told the story, the principal of the school called our home to inform her that her son was running around the school telling everyone that Paul Robeson had not only dined at our home, but was now hiding out there.

My mother couldn’t keep from laughing. She had to admit that her son was telling the truth. Mr. Robeson was indeed to live in our home for a few days so that he would be protected from authorities seeking to contact him, and possibly to arrest him for his support of leftist organizations. The amusing portion of the story was now over. Mr. Robeson had to be moved to another sanctuary, a precarious arrangement given his politics and the furor his public statements and professed political ideology had caused. If he were a communist, which his son Paul Robeson, Jr., denies, then it bothered my parents not at all. My parents worshipped Paul Robeson, were probably sympathetic to his politics, and stood prepared to provide him asylum. Until their son blew their cover.
Hell freezes over. Twenty-five years ago, the Blizzard of '78 paralyzed Kenmore Square — at least for wheeled traffic. To the right of the notorious nightclub Lucifer, later Narcissus, is the site of the future Barnes & Noble at Boston University. Photograph by Ken Glass

February 1978

A Blizzard for the Ages

BY BRIAN FITZGERALD

WHEN THE GOING got tough during the Blizzard of '78, Ken Glass got his camera. The wind howled, the snow piled up, and opportunity knocked for the Daily Free Press photographer when the storm blew into Boston twenty-five years ago this past February 6 and 7, dumping 27.1 inches of snow on campus. Glass (COM'81) tramped around the city snapping photos, including one of a pair of cross-country skiers on the downtown entrance ramp to the Mass Pike that was carried by the Associated Press.

“I couldn’t help but laugh when I finally got back to Myles Standish Hall covered with snow,” he says. “I had been out working all day, and some people were still in their bathrobe and slippers. That’s what a lot of students did at first — used the blizzard as an excuse to enjoy a lazy day.”

Eventually, after it stopped snowing, the digging out began, along with the snowball fights, and the parties. Classes were canceled for a week. “It was like a festival,” recalls Eliot Weinstein (CEA’79). “There was no trolley service, so people were cross-country skiing on the snow that had buried the Commonwealth Avenue tracks. Driving was banned in Boston for six days, so you could actually stand in the middle of the intersection of Commonwealth and Brighton Avenue, where I lived, and there were no cars as far as you could see. You could cross the street without looking.”

A quarter-century later, Mother Nature, as if to commemorate the storm’s silver anniversary, blanketed Boston with 27.5 inches of snow. But the powdery stuff on February 17 and 18 was nowhere near as menacing as the damp, wet snow, blown about by seventy-nine-mile-per-hour gusts, that paralyzed the city and the region for a week, with power failures and thousands of citizens stranded in emergency shelters. Compounding the situation was the twenty inches of snow already on
the ground from a storm three weeks earlier.

In a testament to the loyalty — or lunacy — of local college hockey fans, more than 11,000 showed up at the Beanpot semifinals on February 6, 1978, including Bernie Corbett (CAS '83). Author of The Beanpot: Fifty Years of Thrills, Spills, and Chills (Northeastern University Press, 2003), Corbett was not yet a BU student when the Mother of All Storms hit, but he was a Terrier hockey fan, so he and his father first dismissed the weather advisories, and then ignored the Boston Garden management loudspeaker warnings: "Boston is under a state of emergency and anyone taking mass transit should make plans to leave early."

Most did. But not the Corbetts. Once outside after BU's 12-5 victory over BC, they surveyed the surreal Siberian scene. MBTA trains and taxis were nonexistent — as were most other cars. Theirs was buried in a snowdrift in a small parking lot with several others, and they wondered whether they should try to make it home to Stoneham, or rejoin the 300 fans spending the night in the Garden.

The temptation to stay put was strong. Indeed, the spectators-turned-refugees in the building were treated to free coffee, leftover hot dogs, and popcorn. Luckily, after the Corbetts dug out their car, they "got on 93 North, tucking behind a snowplow all the way to our exit," Corbett writes. "It was my mother's car. When we finally got home, all she wanted to know was, is my car all right?"

Motorists on Route 128 weren't as fortunate: more than 3,000 cars and 500 trucks were abandoned there.

When the Beanpot championship title game was played twenty-three days later, news of BU's 7-1 trouncing of Harvard took a backseat to the destructiveness of the storm: in New England, it destroyed 2,000 homes, caused $1 billion in damage, and took fifty-four lives.
Getting Through the Shell of Autism

While the parents of some autistic children know something is wrong early on, others don’t notice any problems with their babies until more obvious symptoms appear, typically before the age of three. “Unlike children with Down syndrome, children with autism don’t have unusual physical features,” says Helen Tager-Flusberg, a professor of anatomy and neurobiology at the School of Medicine, adding that most of the disorder’s diagnostic behaviors emerge later in development.

Autism is a complex spectrum of neurodevelopmental disorders affecting behavior as well as language and social skills. Among the symptoms, which range from mild to severe, are delays or difficulties with speech and language. Some autistic children don’t speak at all or are monosyllabic; others are highly articulate, but they still have trouble communicating — they dominate a conversation, for example. There is no cure for autism, but early education and behavioral treatments can be effective.

Tager-Flusberg and her colleagues are studying autistic children with normal and impaired language, as well as children with a different disorder, called specific language impairment (SLI), hoping that their research will lead to better treatments.

In one study, children were given a battery of grammar, vocabulary, and comprehension tests, and were asked to repeat nonsense words. Researchers found two subgroups of children with autism. One group performed well on all the tests and had few problems with language structure. The second group had difficulties — particularly with the grammar tests and the repetition of nonsense words — similar to those of children with SLI. “It suggests that this subgroup has a language disorder in addition to their autism,” says Tager-Flusberg, who is also a professor of psychology and director of MED’s Laboratory of Developmental Cognitive Neurosciences.

The researchers also use magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) to examine the regions of the brain responsible for language. In normal brains, these regions are larger in the left hemisphere than in the right, particularly in the so-called Broca’s area of the left frontal lobe. Tager-Flusberg says that the brains of autistic children with normal language — like the ones who performed well on the tests — fit this pattern. In the brains of those with impaired language and in the children with SLI, those same regions were larger in the right hemisphere, suggesting, she says, that autistic children’s brains, specifically those areas responsible for processing language, have developed differently. “Their language problems may be related to the fact that they are relying on different neural areas — the right-hemisphere Broca’s — which are less optimal for processing language,” she says.

By next year Tager-Flusberg hopes to be able to watch the brain performing cognitive tasks, using functional magnetic resonance imaging (fMRI), a kind of real-time MRI. “So far we’ve done some fMRI studies in autistic adults, and we find that when they’re processing language, they’re not using Broca’s area like normal people do,” she says. “We’re one of the vanguard
groups doing this. We’re hoping to start looking at this in children, which we haven’t done before, to see whether there are different patterns in those with impaired language and those with normal language.” Tager-Flusberg, who has received multiyear, multimillion-dollar grants from federal agencies for her research, hopes that her lab’s work will help autistic children get the speech and language services they need. “If speech-language pathologists and clinicians understand that with some children you need to also be looking for a diagnosis of language impairment, and then treating that the way you would a child with SLI,” she says, “that’s going to make a difference in terms of practice.” Still, scientists don’t know what the effects of early treatment will be. “I think we need more research on younger children,” Tager-Flusberg says. “Can we take children very young and predict who’s going to be language-impaired and who isn’t? What is their developmental pathway? My sense is the more we understand this in very young children, the better our treatments will be.” — Cynthia K. Baccini

A Switch for Schizophrenia?

MIGHT THERE BE a genetic switch that turns schizophrenia on and off? If found, it would be a boon to the one percent of the population — more than two million people in the United States alone — who suffer from the disease.

Schizophrenia is both devastating and elusive. Those living with it are struck by an often profound loss of contact with reality, suffering delusions and paranoia. Scientists have searched for years for genetic markers for the disease, but it turns out that “anywhere you look in the genome you seem to find a gene associated with schizophrenia in some families,” says Cassandra Smith, a College of Engineering professor of biomedical engineering.

New research with identical twins by Smith and her colleagues at BU and Northwestern University recently published in Neuropsychiatric Genetics may explain those anomalies, and offers the possibility that there may in fact be a genetic switch that turns schizophrenia on — or off.

Among the eight pairs of monozygotic (identical) twins Smith studied, both twins in four pairs were schizophrenic — in genetic terminology, concordant for the disease. The four other pairs had one ill and one well twin — discordant for the disease. Smith reports that she and her colleagues “very unexpectedly, found a large number of differences” in a particular repeating gene sequence spread throughout the gene in the discordant twins, indicating new genetic mutations. Such new mutations were not present in the concordantly ill identical twins.

“We had expected to see few differences,” she says. But given the startling data, “we have to postulate that if they are truly monozygotic, the twins that are discordant have a high rate of mutation happening after the twinning event. In the twins who are concordant for the disease, there is no such period. If schizophrenia is associated with an increased mutation rate in the concordant twins, that period has to be before the twinning event. This is the simplest way to explain the data.”

And how might knowing this help prevent schizophrenia? “The probability of someone in the general population having schizophrenia is one percent. The probability of a progeny of someone with schizophrenia having schizophrenia is 10 percent. The surprising thing that has been observed is that if you look at twins who are discordant for schizophrenia, the probability of the well twin having a child with schizophrenia is 10 percent. It’s not one percent. What that says is that this individual has passed on the genetic predisposition for schizophrenia without getting ill. It says the disease is preventable.”

In other words, the well twin “had something going on that prevented it. So, the question is, what is happening?” The researchers hypothesize that the genomes — the entire genetic material of organisms — of individuals with schizophrenia are unstable. Scientists have identified 122 so-called fragile sites in the human genome where genes are unstable, and Smith and her colleagues have found that the many genes previously associated with schizophrenia are all located at these fragile sites.

“We’re saying that the genome is unstable, and that it’s tied up with DNA replication or repair. It seems like we’re looking at a defect that can be turned on and off.”

She points out that if genetic mutations occurring in utero cause schizophrenia, it might be because of what she calls stress switches — factors that have been previously associated with higher rates of schizophrenia, such as intrauterine starvation. “Twining itself produces a higher rate of schizophrenia, and when you have twins in utero,
EXPLORATIONS

often one will be better fed than the other. Or there could be virus infections at critical times that the mother gets. Hypoxia [lack of oxygen] in any form affects the brain, and schizophrenia has been associated with an increase in birth complications that produce hypoxia," she says. "So what you need is not only some major defect, but some defect in DNA replication and maybe repair that, when the system is stressed, causes an increased mutation rate. You have these windows of opportunity, where you have a stress present."

What's next? Contingent on getting funding, Smith hopes to start another project to examine more specifically defects in DNA replication and repair related to schizophrenia. Changing the defects is another goal. "Eventually you could introduce something that would compensate for the defect. The first approximation is to look for something like insulin to turn off a gene or turn on a gene," she says.

There is little research money available to study schizophrenia, so getting funding is tough, she says, but she's determined. With a brother and her father suffering from the disease, Smith knows firsthand the devastation schizophrenia causes, and the urgency of the need for help. — Taylor McNeil

I would like to know how the words ain't and don't rather than doesn't (as in It don't matter] passed from acceptable usage by the upper classes in nineteenth-century England to usage only by the illiterate.

— Nancy Wales Williamson (CAS '67)

FIRST, says CAS English Professor Eugene Green, look it up. A Short Introduction to English Usage (1970) by J. J. Lamberts reports that the first citation for don't with a third person singular subject, as in it don't, is given for 1706, "and reading of literature of the period makes it apparent that don't was not only the preferred form; it was the only form." The forebear of ain't, ain't "was regarded as socially acceptable early in its career, but during the nineteenth century it became clearly identified with the language of the unlettered, especially in the Cockney speech of London."

Green says that "the likelihood is that Cockney speakers picked up on ain't and don't as used by those in the middle class and aristocracy. This desire to adapt usage is nothing new and recurs generation to generation (true of Chaucer's time, true of Eminem)."

"On the other hand, the perception by those whose usage attracts 'outsiders' often enough results in displeasure and distancing. In Chaucer's time, the attempt by merchants to speak the dialect of court resulted in a change of aristocratic pronunciations, and currently the disdain for white rappers is obvious enough. So it may have been among those for whom ain't and don't were customary habits of speech: they probably felt a distaste at Cockney adaptation and others less well connected."

But then again, perhaps "don't and ain't are not adaptations, but at the outset were forms generally used. How did they became disdained? One way to approach this alternative is to note that neither fits paradigms of verbs in a regular way. Ain't has no clear home, and don't imposes on the space of it/he/she does, does not, doesn't. So why did these two forms draw opprobrium? Education for everyone was a reform of the 1850s, so my guess is that teachers then became monitors of usage. As such, they fell upon ain't and don't as marks of children who did not use such regular forms as isn't or hasn't or haven't or doesn't. So the teachers drew up a rule: regular forms in, ain't and don't (for doesn't) out. Someone would have to track down school grammars of the mid-nineteenth century, but if rules of this kind appeared, then conscientious parents and governesses probably supported the textbook rules. A case of informal English academy ruling on correct usage."

Do you have a question for "Ask the Professor"? E-mail bostonia@bu.edu or write Bostonia, 10 Lenox Street, Brookline, MA 02446. •
Christopher Barreca Elected Board of Trustees Chairman

"Flattered" to be unanimously elected chairman of the BU Board of Trustees on January 9, Connecticut attorney Christopher Barreca says that his goal is to focus on the University's presidential search — and to help continue the momentum that BU has developed over the past few decades, as it has become "one of the premier universities not only in our country, but in the world."

Barreca (DGE’50, LAW’53) succeeds Richard DeWolfe (MET’71), who announced his intention to step down as chairman following the sale of his business, the DeWolfe Companies, Inc., the largest real estate firm in New England.

"Chris Barreca is an extraordinarily generous and loyal trustee," says DeWolfe. "He has dedicated himself to the advancement of Boston University from the first day following his graduation from BU, and his service has proved that."

Barreca is senior counsel in the Stamford, Connecticut, law firm of Paul, Hastings, Janofsky, and Walker. He first served on the BU Board of Trustees from 1970 to 1973, and has continuously been a trustee since 1977.

"This is a critical time for the University, and I think it's important now, as we go forward, that we have a united front in searching for a new president," says Barreca, a member of the presidential search committee. Because of the University's reputation, he anticipates that BU will attract "some of the best and brightest" candidates to the position.

Barreca says that it's essential that the University choose "an outstanding individual who can help bring BU to the next stage of its development," alluding to planned improvements to the Charles River Campus and the University's continued academic growth. Infrastructure upgrades include the construction of the Agganis Arena, a recreation and wellness facility, and more student residences at the John Hancock Student Village, as well as bioscience and computer science facilities and a law school building.

Attending BU on the G.I. Bill after serving for a year and a half in the U.S. Army at the end of World War II, Barreca was president of LAW's Student Bar Association and was named "Man of the Year" by the BU News in 1952, the year he edited the BU yearbook. Barreca was president of the Boston University Alumni from 1977 to 1979 and received the University's Alumni Award in 1984. He met his wife, Alice (SAR’53), while they were students at BU, and both have been members of the Executive Board of the BUA. — Brian Fitzgerald

New Trustees Named

Three members were elected to the Board of Trustees in January. They are Gerald S. J. Cassidy, founder, chairman, and CEO of Cassidy & Associates; J. Michael Schell (LAW’76), a senior partner in the New York headquarters of the law firm Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher, & Flom; and Richard C. Shipley (SMG’68, GSM’72), chairman of the Shipley Company.

Cassidy is widely recognized in his field for creating a prominent integrated government relations and public affairs firm in Washington. That company recently merged with Weber Shandwick.

Schell, who was named one of the world’s leading lawyers in his field by Chambers Global Directory: The World’s Leading Lawyers 2002-2003, concentrates on mergers and acquisitions, corporate investments, and general corporate counseling. Schell has extensive experience in international and domestic acquisitions and dispositions, both negotiated and contested.

Shipley’s firm specializes in high-performance, value-added chemicals and process technology for the electronics and surface finishing industries. Founded in 1957 by Shipley’s parents, Charles and Lucia Shipley, the Shipley Company is a wholly owned subsidiary of Rohm and Haas Company. A $6.5 billion multinational chemical corporation, Rohm and Haas is headquartered in Philadelphia.
Opus 90 for Gardner Read

Musicians, educators, and artists from the Boston area gathered in January to celebrate the ninetieth birthday of Gardner Read, who came to CFA in 1948 as a composer in residence and professor of composition and taught at the University for thirty years. Events of this celebratory year include broadcasts, concerts, and a new CD: pianist and composer John McDonald, an associate professor at Tufts University, has recorded a large selection of Read’s piano music.

Read’s Opus 1, a series of mood pieces for silent movies, dates back to 1928. He won the American Composers Contest in 1937 with his Symphony No. 1 (beating out Aaron Copland), solidifying his reputation as a composer to follow. Over the next sixty years, his works were premiered by some of the world’s leading ensembles and soloists, including musicians at BU. Read’s music covers every genre, from intimate songs and chamber pieces to mighty oratorios and an opera. His textbooks on orchestration and notation are classics, and his latest, Orchestral Combinations: The Science and Art of Instrumental Tone Color, is due out this summer from Scarecrow Press. For more information on the CFA professor emeritus, see http://home.att.net/~gardnerread.

Melissa de Graaf, a graduate student in the Brandeis University music department, greets the maestro at his birthday party in January. Photograph by Michael B. Shavelson

BU Dental Discount for Alumni

The services of School of Dental Medicine dentists are now available to alumni and their immediate families at a discount.

The BU Alumni Dental Benefit offers a 10 percent discount off the BU Dental Plan fees, “which are already well below the usual for comparable services by most local private practices,” say Stephen DuLong, SDM associate dean for clinical services.

For example, a new crown, which typically costs about $1,000 in the Boston area, is $675 under the BU Dental Plan. “BU alumni, however, will be charged only $607.50,” says Eyad Haidar, director of the BU Dental Health Center at 930 Commonwealth Avenue.

The discount applies only at the SDM Commonwealth Avenue facility. “Unfortunately, we can’t offer this discount to alumni who already have dental coverage because this might create discrepancies in our billing process with these insurance plans,” says Haidar.

The BU Dental Health Center provides a complete range of comprehensive dental care, such as X rays, cleanings, and fillings. More than 25 dental professionals there provide treatment and preventive care for more than 5,200 patients a year. “All dental specialties are also available on site,” says Haidar.

“The center is a convenient one-stop facility for patients. They don’t have to be referred anywhere for such specialized treatment as orthodontics, periodontics, pediatric dentistry, oral surgery, root canals, and prosthodontics — crowns, bridges, dentures, and implants.”

The BU Dental Health Center was opened in 1990 to help make dental treatment convenient to people on the Charles River Campus, Haidar says, “and this discount is our way of reaching out to BU alumni.”

Alumni must present their alumni card at their first appointment. For more information, visit www.bu.edu/alumni/benefits/dental, or call 617–358–1015. To schedule appointments, please call 617–358–1015. — BF
Builder and Leader

BY GEORGE K. MAKECHNIE

In his continuing series of monographs on Boston University presidents, University Historian and Sargent College Dean Emeritus George K. Makechnie (SED’29, ’31, Hon.’79) recently published Lemuel Herbert Murlin: Third President of Boston University. In it, Makechnie describes how Murlin purchased the land that became the Charles River Campus. In a postscript for Bostonia, he elaborates on the first building to rise on that new campus, and the man behind it all.

In 1926, Daniel L. Marsh succeeded Lemuel Herbert Murlin as president of Boston University. Early on, Marsh found the University to be in a state of disunity, its schools and colleges scattered over the city of Boston from Beacon Hill to Copley Square and beyond. He found that each school was a unit in itself, having its own academic department, each competing with the others for the recruitment of faculty and students. The new president also knew that in 1920, under Murlin, the University had purchased a tract of fifteen acres on Commonwealth Avenue. Marsh considered the land to be suitable for the campus, but it was land, only that, without anything on it. He took a first step in identifying it as a future campus by mounting a sign which read: “Boston University Building Site.”

Murlin’s efforts to raise funds for the campus had been complete failures. Marsh resolved that his drive for funds must succeed. Through thick and thin, prosperity and Depression, building the campus became his goal — his north star.

Marsh turned to Boston’s business community. He joined the Rotary Club and served a term as its president. Unabashedly he told his club mates that raising money for the campus was his goal. Some of them aided him in this effort. The economy in the late 1920s was the most prosperous in the nation’s history. From one or another source he raised half a million dollars during his first three years as president of the University. Then came the Great Depression of the 1930s, and fundraising was cut short.

The Depression not only affected fundraising, but put the whole campus planning in jeopardy. The trustees advised selling the fifteen acres of land to meet expenses, but Marsh would not have it. He had established a practice that the trustees and members of the Dean’s Council never voted against his wishes. Gossiping at luncheon, faculty would declare: “Never in our time will there be a building on the campus. The trustees are right. The land should be sold.” Only Marsh, and he alone, believed that Depression or no Depression, the campus must be built.

At the time the College of Business
Administration (now the School of Management) was located in a building on Boylston Street, between Clarendon and Berkeley, on a one-year rental basis. When the restriction on the heights of buildings in that area was lifted (in the mid-thirties), the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company bought the property. Boston University received an eviction notice. Marsh was determined that CBA be moved to the new campus. Dean Everett W. Lord scoffed at the idea. Declaring that it was "ridiculous to take a school of business out into the country," he looked for vacant buildings in downtown Boston. The president told him that he would not be reappointed dean for the ensuing year if he resisted moving the school to the new campus (all deans were annual appointments). Marsh prevailed.

At the University Commencement in June 1938, Marsh announced a gift of $586,000 from the Charles Hayden Foundation, the other half of the million dollars plus needed for construction. The following August, Marsh, working the levers of a steam shovel, started digging the first hole for the first building to be erected on what is today the Charles River Campus. The Hayden Memorial Building was completed in 1939 and was immediately occupied by the College of Business Administration.

Only the fortitude of one man, Daniel L. Marsh, could endure when the shadows were deep and rough seemed the path to the goal — the goal, his north star.

Autographed copies of the Murlin monograph are available free upon request to Hannah Gau, Boston University, Office of Development and Alumni Relations, One Sibborn Street, Boston, MA 02215, or hgau@bu.edu.

12 really great features on the Boston University Alumni Web (among many, many others!)

1. Sign up for free E-mail Forwarding for Life. Use one e-mail address for all your e-mail accounts and never again have to send out a change of e-mail address notice! Go to www.bu.edu/alumni/link.

2. If you haven't already, register in the Alumni Directory. You can customize your entry as much as you want. Go to www.bu.edu/alumni/link.

3. Put your professional experience to good use and sign up to be a mentor on the BU Career Advisory Network at www.bu.edu/alumni/can/orline.

4. Hey, you '70s graduates! Your decade is back — on TV, in fashion, and in our alumni classnotes at www.bu.edu/alumni/classnotes.

5. The BU Alumni Card can save you money on a host of different services from medical insurance to discounts at the BU Barnes & Noble. Go to www.bu.edu/alumni/card.

6. Are you a member of the School of Management Class of 1954? There's still plenty of time to learn all about your upcoming 50th reunion! Go to www.bu.edu/alumni/fiftyfour.

7. Connect with international alumni at www.bu.edu/alumni/intl.

8. We think you deserve to take a BU-sponsored trip to Provence this June. Get the details at www.bu.edu/alumni/travel/2003/provence.

9. Learn more about all the options to support Boston University at www.bu.edu/alumni/giving.

10. Sign up with a BU e-mail list. You can keep up-to-date on regional alumni activities, general alumni updates, and international travel opportunities. Go to www.bu.edu/alumni/lists.

11. Start that new diet and be ready for your reunion. Go to www.bu.edu/alumni/reunion.

12. Do you want to keep up on what's new on the Alumni Web? Go to www.bu.edu/alumni/whatsnew. It's a grab bag of updates, new developments, and announcements.

As BU's official mascot, I encourage all alumni to register for the Alumni Link. It's a great way to keep in touch!
If there were such a device as a hype-detector, and if someone had brought one into the FleetCenter on February 10, the readings would have been off the charts. The BU-BC Bean-pot showdown was an important game on several levels as the fans of both Commonwealth Avenue teams demonstrated, vociferously.

For the hockey Terriers, much more than a tradition-rich annual tournament — and a title defense — was at stake. A milestone in their season, the game was a true gut-check, a sure-to-be-intense affair where they had to make a statement. And they did, with their biggest victory of the year, a 3-2 win over their chief rival.

BU’s victory laps around the rink with the trophy celebrated the University’s twenty-fifth Beanpot title in fifty-one years and its eighth championship in the last nine. It also marked the first time the Terriers had beaten the Eagles all season.

“We’ve won a lot of games in this tournament because we’ve had a lot of guys rise to the occasion,” says BU coach Jack Parker (SMG’68, Hon. ’97). Indeed, instead of skating like an underdog team fighting for its life, BU played with confidence, poise, and aggression. Justin Maiser (CGS’03) got BU on the board with a goal ten minutes into the first period. The Terriers made great defensive plays, especially David VanderGulik (CAS’06), a freshman forward who frustrated BC repeatedly by blocking shots, drawing a penalty, and scoring BU’s second goal. BU made tremendous checks throughout the game. VanderGulik started the hit parade early in the first period, and a collective murmur of wonder rose from the stands when Brian McConnell (CGS’09), who had scored twenty-three seconds after VanderGulik’s second period goal, decked BC’s Chris Collins in the final stanza. McConnell also had an assist. Goaltender Sean Fields (CAS’04) stopped thirty-one of thirty-three BC shots, winning the Eberly Trophy as the goaltender with the best save percentage in the tournament (.950), as well as the MVP.

In an alternate universe, one that saw BU suffer its fourth straight loss to BC, there might have been a nagging feeling among Terrier fans — just a silent notion they would never dare utter — that the BU team was talented, but just wouldn’t do much postseason. That’s what happened last year, when the Terriers followed a nine-game winning streak to losing to Maine in the Hockey East and NCAA tournaments.

Now, unbridled optimism was breaking out on the Charles River Campus. BU had defeated the Eagles, who were in first place in Hockey East and ranked sixth nationally.

The hard-fought win saw BC come within a goal with 1:33 left. During a time-out with thirty-two seconds to go, Fields remained on the ice while his teammates huddled at their bench (goaltenders are a superstitious lot, always reluctant to leave the crease). He says he told himself, “Just don’t let in a goal. There are thirty seconds left and we’ve got a Beanpot. Just go hard for thirty seconds.” And that’s what he did, stopping a blistering slapper from J. D. Forrest as the buzzer sounded.

“Really good hockey teams win big games,” says Parker. “Sometimes it’s just the Beanpot. But great teams win something at the end of the year. Right now, we’re a good team. We’re playing well. But if we want to be a great team, we’ve got to win something big at the end.”
Out of Ireland — to the Playwrights’ Theatre

BY JEAN HENNELLY KEITH

For playwright Ronan Noone, writing authentic, natural-sounding dialogue is essential. Over coffee at the BU bookstore, Noone (GRS'01) leads the conversation directly to what concerns him: the challenge of varying tone within a play without making the dialogue sound contrived. “You have to know the character would say it,” he says. “You shouldn’t hear the writer.” One of the most striking aspects of Noone’s work is his use of language — metaphorically rich dialogue filled with fluid west Irish idiom flung fast and, often enough, with irreverence and fury. “Ronan has an ear for language,” says Kate Snodgrass (GRS'95), artistic director of BU’s Boston Playwrights’ Theatre. “It’s poetic, musical, and speakable at the same time.” And Noone develops strongly defined characters. “When you close your eyes, you should be able to distinguish characters,” he says. For performances of The Blowin of Baile Gall (“foreign town”) last December, Noone stood in the Playwrights’ Theatre hallway just listening. Although he goes to rehearsals of his plays, he’s decided he can no longer watch the productions. “In addition to the anxiety and panic of opening night,” he half jokes, “it breaks my heart when someone drops a line.”

The Blowin, a colloquial term for outsider, is set in the falling-down kitchen of an old house being renovated by a construction crew in a small village in the west of Ireland. Eamon, an embittered local plasterer on the job, reviles all those he perceives to be outsiders and rekindles a longstanding family feud. Violence ensues. Also set in a small Irish town, mainly in a local bar, The Lepers of Baile Baiste (“town of rain,” connoting cleansing baptismal water) portrays young towns¬men whose lives have been damaged variously by sexual abuse at the hands of their Christian Brother teacher when they were schoolboys. The feedback on Lepers has been tremendous, Noone says, ranging from personal stories he’s heard from people who’ve seen the play to praise from psychologists and sociologists for his accurate portrayal of the effects of sexual abuse.

Both plays explore the struggle against entrapment and repression, the suffering caused by human weakness and cruelty, the malignancy of grudge-bearing, and the demand for justice. Lepers is a people’s play, Noone says,
Ciaran Crawford's Stevie (left) and Billy Meadey's Eamon tangle in The Blowin of Baile Gall, a story about insiders and outsiders. Photograph by Fred Swayne

and Blowin a critics’ play. The Gigolo Confections of Baile Breag (“town of lies”), scheduled to open at the Playwrights’ Theatre May 29, will be his play, he says, “not an Aristotelian ensemble, but a mix of monologue with dialogues, song, and poetry.” He intends “to push the envelope” with Gigolo.

The young playwright’s first plays are attracting exceptional attention. The Lepers took the 2002 National Student Playwriting Award at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., and was professionally produced by Boston’s Súgán Theatre Company last November. The first part of the “Baile” trilogy, it was followed by The Blowin, which had last season’s highest ticket sales at the Playwrights’ Theatre. The Lepers and The Blowin recently shared the Independent Reviewers of New England award for best new play, and The Blowin received IRNE awards as well for best set design (by Richard Chambers) and for best supporting actress (Susan McConnel). Boston Globe theater critic Ed Siegel chose both plays for his “Top Ten of 2002.”

“With all my feathers,” Noone says, “soon I’ll be able to fly.”

From Connemara to Comm. Ave.

Growing up in a small town in Connemara — “completely rural, bleak, and beautiful” — Noone never expected to become a playwright. Although he had dreams of writing and was interested in social issues, his primary goal in a region where jobs were scarce was to survive.

After completing his undergraduate studies in mathematics and politics at University College Galway and taking a higher diploma in journalism, he worked part-time for local papers. He dabbled in fiction, poetry, and songs, but discovered his medium when he began to write dialogue.

Finding no full-time work in the west of Ireland, he headed for Prague. “The further east I went, the longer my money would last,” he explains. He then obtained a green card to the United States, and despite his family’s misgivings, in 1994 he headed for Martha’s Vineyard, where he worked as a bartender. Back home he’d “had a terrible sense that Ireland curtailed anything you tried to achieve,” he says. But from across the sea, he found that “when you leave, you focus on everything you left.” He wrote The Lepers in 1997 and tucked it in a drawer. Winters in Edgartown began to remind him of Connemara — remote, isolated, and without a theater community. After becoming a U.S. citizen in 2000, he retrieved The Lepers and sent it to the Boston University Creative Writing Program.

Creative Writing Professor Derek Walcott was taken by Noone’s work and invited him to his poetry class. A Nobel laureate and the founder of the Boston Playwrights’ Theatre, Walcott became Noone’s mentor. “He very much took me under his wing,” says Noone. “He has that love of the volubility of the Irish language, which is both a curse and something to be admired.” As a student in the program and then an alum, Noone’s plays have been read and staged at the Playwrights’ Theatre, which shows works in progress under professional direction with professional actors. He’s thankful, he says, “to have the backing of a Nobel laureate and to see these resources available. It amazes me.”

He currently is working on two plays. One, about an Irish group coming to America on a cargo ship to escape the potato famine, draws parallels with the smuggling of refugees today. He’s “in search of the global village, the universal themes,” Noone says.

“Ronan’s an extremely gifted playwright,” says Walcott, “He’s very poetic. He’s very Irish, which is a compliment. He can possibly join the company of the major Irish playwrights. He has a tremendous future.”
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.

Jon Imber (CFA’77). The Arbor, oil on canvas, 50" x 50", 2002. Jon showed this and other paintings in the exhibition Fathers and Sons at the Hess Gallery at Pine Manor College last fall. He had a joint exhibition with Jill Hoy at the Schomburg Gallery in Santa Monica, California, in February and March. Some of his more abstract paintings will be on view in his exhibition Northern Light: Paintings from Ballycastle, Ireland at the Nielsen Gallery in Boston from May 10 to June 7.

1960

Sandra Caplan Ciarrochi (CFA’60) of New York, N.Y., will exhibit paintings, watercolors, and pastels her show Sandra Caplan, Then and Now at the Westbeth Gallery in New York City in March. She has taught art at schools in Manhattan, as well as the Museum of Modern Art and the Brooklyn Museum of Art. She now teaches at the National Academy of Design’s School of Fine Arts. View her work at www.paintingsdirect.com and e-mail her at sandray@aol.com.

1962

Irma Tognola Haller (SED’62) of Mount Upton, N.Y., retired from teaching last June. Irma taught at the Chenango Valley Senior

and Senior High School in Binghamton, N.Y., for 41/2 years, then spent 38 years teaching English, journalism, social studies, economics, and civics at Sidney Junior and Senior High School in Sidney, N.Y.

*Clarence Kaylor (STH’62, ’68) of Damascus, Md., recently celebrated the 25th anniversary of Camp Hope, an ecumenical mission project he founded that has repaired and renovated more than 1,000 homes in Maryland’s Allegany County. Contact Clarence at tomkaylor@cs.com.

David I. Owen (CAS’62) of Ithaca, N.Y., is a professor of ancient Near Eastern and Judaic studies, director of the Jewish studies program, and curator of the Near Eastern tablet collections at Cornell University. David is the founding editor-in-chief of the series Studies on the Civilization and Culture of Nazi and the Hurrans, now in its 13th volume. He has written extensively on the history, archaeology, and philology of ancient Mesopotamia.

Dan Tokar (ENG’62) of Prescott, Ariz., has been elected chairman of the Service Corps of Retired Executives for northern Arizona, “a territory that is about the size of New England,” he writes. SCORE, an affiliate of the U.S. Small Business Administration, is a volunteer group of mostly retired executives who counsel small businesses on management-related subjects.

1963

*Robert J. Bova (COM’63, CGS’61) of West Palm Beach, Fla., retired after a long career in public relations. He recently traveled to Sicily and southern Italy, where he enjoyed the ancient art and sculptures of Pompeii and Rome. Contact Robert at robertjbova@aol.com.

1964

Linda Ritz Webber (CFA’64) of Bloomfield, Conn., painted an 8-foot by 20-foot mural for the University of Connecticut’s Center for Women’s Health. E-mail her at webberbydesign@attbi.com.

1966

Robin Goodstein (CAS’66) of New York, N.Y., retired after almost 34 years of working for the city of New York. Most recently, she was assistant deputy commissioner for employment support programs at the Human Resources Administration. “I’m busy working part-time,” Robin writes, “at the New York
Foundation for Senior Citizens — a not-for-profit organization involved in housing for low-income seniors — going to the gym, enjoying my life and New York City more than ever.” E-mail her at Robparis@aol.com.

**Fran Waksler** (CAS ’66, GRS ’68, ’72) of Cambridge, Mass., is a professor of sociology at Wheelock College. She published a chapter, entitled “Medicine and the Phenomenological Method,” in the Handbook of Phenomenology and Medicine.

### 1967

**Joseph W. Brownrigg** (STH ’67, ’76) of La Quinta, Calif., officially retired from the California-Nevada Annual Conference of the United Methodist Church after 26 years of service and from teaching world religions and philosophy at Mt. San Antonio College. His philosophy instruction manual, which accompanies the textbook Philosophy: An Introduction to the Art of Wondering by James L. Christian (STH ’53, GRS ’57), was published last summer. Last fall Joseph traveled with a group sponsored by the Church World Service throughout the West Bank, Gaza, and Israel. He interviewed Yasser Arafat, Chief Rabbi Israel Meir Lau, and others, and filmed a documentary in the Palestinian territories and Israel, which he is now editing. He and his wife, Ann, spent two weeks camping around the Big Island of Hawaii. “It was one hell/haven of a year,” he writes. E-mail him at kairos2@earthlink.net.

### 1970

**Barbara Filo** (GRS ’70, ’82) of Arlington, Mass., exhibited her color landscape photography at Ben’s Café at Maison Robert in Boston through March. E-mail her at barbara@filo@yahoo.com.

**Anne G. Gieckene** (CAS ’70, SED ’72) of Arlington, Va., wrote a chapter in the recently published International Handbook of Underwater Archaeology, and had three photographs exhibited at the Arts Club of Washington, D.C., in January. She is a lobbyist for the American Bakers Association.

**Balva Ranke-Kristbergs** (CAS ’70, SED ’72) of Albany, N.Y., is working on her doctorate in Spanish literature at the State University of New York at Albany, focusing on the poet José Hierro. She previously lived for more than 15 years in Africa and Europe. Active in Latvian-American organizations, Balva is a freelance writer. E-mail her at Balva@aol.com.

### 1971

**Ellen Stuart Carter** (STH ’71) of Beckley, W.Va., returned from serving three years as a General Board of Global Ministries missionary in Puebla, Mexico. She taught pastors in the Southeastern Conference of the Methodist Church in Mexico and at the Baez Camargo Methodist Seminary in Mexico City. E-mail her at EllenSCarter@aol.com.

### 1972

**Bruce MacDougall** (CAS ’72) of Methuen, Mass., recently retired from his position as the Methuen chief of police. He has spent 30 years serving in the Barnstable, Wakefield, and Methuen police departments. Bruce is now starting a second career as a public safety and security consultant. E-mail him at barnmacdougall@attbi.com.

**Arthur M. Read II** (LAW ’72) of Warwick, R.I., was named managing partner of Gordon, Tobin, & Read, a Warwick law firm that concentrates on litigation and estate planning and settlement. He and his wife, Billie, enjoy their vacation home in New Hampshire, where former classmate Judo Gregg (LAW ’72, ’73) is a U.S. senator. “Who’d have thought that there were two Republicans in our class from the tumultuous ’60s?” Arthur writes. E-mail him at amr@gtlaw.com.

### 1973


### 1974

**Donna Rossetti-Bailey** (CFD ’74) of Marshfield, Mass., had three paintings accepted in the National Juried Pastel Exhibits. Her painting Off Season was displayed at an Audubon Artists Society Salamagundi Club-sponsored exhibition in New York City. Two of her other pieces were part of Renaissance in Pastel 2002, an exhibition sponsored by the Connecticut Pastel Society, at the Slater Memorial Museum in Norwich, Conn.

**Lenore Bielenfeld Weinstein** (SON ’74) of Miami, Fla., was recently named book reviewer for the journal published by Haworth Press. She is also involved in Holocaust education and interviews survivors, liberators, and rescuers for the Holocaust Documentation and Education Center. She writes that anyone interested

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* Member of a Reunion 2003 class

### All those letters, all those schools

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

- **CAS** — College of Arts and Sciences
- **CLA** — College of Liberal Arts
- **CFA** — College of Fine Arts
- **SFA** — School for the Arts
- **SFAA** — School of Fine and Applied Arts
- **CGS** — College of General Studies
- **CBS** — College of Basic Studies
- **COM** — College of Communication
- **SPOC** — School of Public Communication
- **SPPC** — School of Public Relations and Communications
- **DGE** — General Education (now closed)
- **CGE** — College of General Education
- **GC** — General College
- **ENG** — College of Engineering
- **CIT** — College of Industrial Technology
- **GRS** — Graduate School of Arts and Sciences
- **GSM** — Graduate School of Management
- **LAW** — School of Law
- **MED** — School of Medicine
- **MET** — Metropolitan College
- **PAL** — College of Practical Arts and Letters (now closed)
- **SAR** — Sargent College of Health and Rehabilitation Sciences
- **SDM** — School of Dental Medicine
- **SSD** — 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 of Religious Education (now closed)
- **SSW** — School of Social Work
- **STH** — School of Theology
- **UNI** — The University Professors

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*S P R I N G  2 0 0 3  B O S T O N I A  4 7*
in reviewing books in the field of gerontology can e-mail her at stanwein@gate.net.

Jeanine Young-Mason (SON’74, SED’78) of Phillipston, Mass., was appointed Distinguished Professor by the University of Massachusetts at Amherst’s School of Nursing. She has received numerous awards for her work in academia and research on understanding suffering and the development of compassion. Jeanine’s columns and writings have been in many nursing journals. Her third book, _The Patient’s Voice: Experience of Illness_, written for caregivers, is a compilation of patients’ personal experiences with illness.

1975

Amy L. Auerbach (SED’75, GSM’77) of Wellesley, Mass., was appointed chief financial officer of the Children’s Museum in Boston. She will oversee the museum’s administration and finance, information technology, and building services divisions.

1976

Mark Korman (SMG’76) of Southfield, Mich., is vice president of marketing for Mercedes-Benz Credit, the car company’s financial services branch, overseeing three business centers in three cities. He lives with his wife and three children.

Peter I. Mason (LAW’76) of Hinsdale, Ill., has rejoined Freeborn & Peters, the law firm he co-founded in 1983. He will be leading the firm’s business practice. He aims to be “the outside lawyer I needed when I was a business executive — an experienced, top-line advisor who understands the law as well as the nuances of business.”

Steven Rafalowsky (CAS’76) and Elizabeth Spiegler Rafalowsky (SED’78, ’82) of Glastonbury, Conn., have been married for 21 years and have a daughter, Alison Rafalowsky (CAS’06). Alison received the Palma Argentea Latin Scholarship Award and is a member of Kol Echad, an on-campus a cappella group. Liz teaches special education at South Windsor High School in South Windsor, Conn. E-mail her at coffeeng135@aol.com.

Anne Rawls (CAS’76, GRS’79, ’83) of Newton Highlands, Mass., wrote the introduction for and edited Harold Garfinkel’s _Ethnomethodology’s Program: Working Out Durkheim’s Aphorism_. Anne is working to organize a section of the American Sociological Association in ethno-

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**Evolution of an Artist**

_Ask Liz Gribin_ if she has a favorite among all her paintings, and she’ll say, “The one on the easel, because that’s always the one that’s most interesting.”

Once off her easel and onto the walls of galleries, Gribin’s paintings are growing increasingly interesting to others as well, especially critics and buyers. The recipient of many awards — among them the Bruce Stevenson Award from the National Arts Club and the Pall Corporation Award at the Heckscher Museum — Gribin (CFA’56) is represented by galleries on both coasts, including the Gayle Wilson Gallery in Southampton, New York, and the Louis Aronow Gallery in San Francisco. Critics have compared her work to such artists as Richard Diebenkorn and Fairfield Porter — which pleases Gribin, in part because she admires their art and in part because in the beginning she never expected to be recognized for what she now considers her life’s work.

“I painted for all those years,” says Gribin of her days after Boston University, “but I didn’t think about showing my work or looking to have a gallery represent me — that wasn’t really important.”

More important then was her family: Gribin married two weeks after graduating from BU and raised three children. “Being a full-time mother, it was difficult to paint,” she says. “But it was something I always knew was there. And I was definitely going to go back to it because that was what I really wanted to do.”

When her children reached school age, Gribin began to paint once or twice a week, until eventually she was painting every day. But still, even with her work on display at galleries across the country, for Gribin, “the best part of the whole thing is doing the work.”

Her style, which she has described as postabstract realism, has changed a great deal from her days at BU. Back then, she says, her art was more academic- and realism-based than her current work. “I knew how to paint something that was in front of me and make it very true to life,” she says, “but I didn’t really know how to be original. I wanted to break away from that.”

She has since learned to “think of a classical drawing in more contemporary terms,” she says, and now aims to convey emotion rather than realism. Her abstract figures often have featureless faces, and she avoids rendering too many details, preferring to let poses and gestures lend her work its emotive quality, which she doesn’t attempt to define.

“I don’t always anticipate how people are going to view them,” she says. “Someone bought a painting of two figures recently.
methodology and conversation analysis. She teaches at Bentley College.

Michael Sheetz (GSM’76) of Tacoma, Wash., retired from the Army as a lieutenant colonel. He is now a community pharmacist and enjoys the seaside and mountains of Washington. He and his wife, Lou, have five grandchildren. E-mail him at louandmikes@msn.com.

1977

Lisa-Joy Cohen (SED’77) and Alan Cohen (SMG’78) of Voorhees, N.J., will celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary this spring. They have two children, Justin, 21, a junior at Yale University, and Lindsay, 19, a sophomore at Cornell University. “We would love to hear from old friends,” they write. E-mail Alan at alan_cohen78@yahoo.com.

Bruce Herman (CFA’77, ’79) of Gloucester, Mass., displayed his art at Kristen Fredrickson Contemporary Art in New York City. The exhibition, The Return of Beauty, featured pieces by several artists, including Bruce’s figurative works, based on the stories of martyrs and saints.

Paul A. Kleponis (SED’77) is a major in the Air Force Reserves serving in the Persian Gulf as a deployed hospital administrator. He has been a physical therapist in Miami for 20 years. Paul is married and has two children.

David Lindstrom (SED’77) of Overland Park, Kans., is the franchisee of four Burger King restaurants in the Kansas City area. He previously had a nine-year career in football as a defensive end for the Kansas City Chiefs. David is a member of the Special Olympics Board of Directors and the Kansas Foundation for Excellence in Education. In 2001, he was appointed by Attorney General Carla Stovall as a trustee of the Sunflower Foundation, a state health organization. David won the 2002 Republican primary election for lieutenant governor of Kansas, but was unsuccessful in the general election. He and his wife, Mary, have been married for 23 years and have two children, Halee, 16, and Adrienne, 13.

Judith Herschbus Spitzberg (CFA’77) of Sharon, Mass., was a 2002 finalist in the National Music Foundation grant competition for lesson plans on American music. She writes curriculum plans for the Boston Symphony Orchestra’s department of education and teaches music in the Attleboro public schools. Her music publications can be found in the Massachusetts Music News and

The buyer said she saw in it the relationship between her and her mother, and that she had to have it because it reached her in that way.”

Gribin remains connected to the University and to Boston. She was on campus last fall to address students at the College of Fine Arts, and her exhibition at Newbury Fine Arts opened the same weekend. In her art, however, she hopes to evolve even further from the realism of her college work. “I’m constantly trying to make my work more abstract,” she says, “and yet retain the figure so that people know what they’re looking at. But I want to get it freer and freer.” — Midge Raymond

Grape Leaves, acrylic on canvas, 28" x 22", 2001

Mirrors, acrylic on canvas, 30" x 40", 2002

* Member of a Reunion 2003 class
Will Nystrom (CAS’88) talks with Chancellor John Silber at the December session of the Boston Briefing Series. The series invites midcareer alumni to meet with University administrators and faculty. At this session, Silber joined forty Boston-area alumni at The Castle to discuss current issues facing the University.

Music K–8 magazines. She lives with her husband, Richard, and their sons, Josh, 20, Danny, 18, and Elan, 14. E-mail her at mozart.massed@tcn.com.

1978

*Tracy Burtz (CFA’78) of Rye, N.Y., exhibited her work Nantucket Pastels at the Weber Fine Art gallery in Scarsdale, N.Y., in January. See more of her work at www.tracyburtz.com. *David Cherny (SMG’78) of Newton, Mass., was featured in the 2003–2004 Best Lawyers in America, in the field of family law. He is a partner at Atwood & Cherny, a Boston-based law firm, where he concentrates in matrimonial law. *Jim Landau (SED’78, DGE’76) of North Potomac, Md., is vice president of asset management for Kennedy Associates Real Estate Counsel in Bethesda, Md. He oversees a real estate portfolio of commercial properties on behalf of pension funds such as Multi-Employer Property Trust and the California Public Employees’ Retirement System. Jim lives with his wife and kids. E-mail him at jimL@kennedyusa.com. *David Reed (GRS’78) of Toronto, Canada, delivered a series of lectures entitled The Evangelical Legacy of Oneness Pentecostalism at Asia Pacific Theological Seminary in the Philippines last summer. He is an associate professor of pastoral theology at Wycliffe College at the Toronto School of Theology. E-mail him at david.reed@utoronto.ca.

1980

Roberta Lee Cohen (SAR’80) of Hillsdale, N.J., is focusing her practice in occupational therapy intervention on the treatment of children with autistic and pervasive developmental disorders. She and her husband, Gary, spend their vacation time skiing with their children, Joel, 15, and Sandi, 14. 

Steven Friedlander (CFA’80) of Glen Ridge, N.J., is vice president and principal-in-charge of the New York office of Auerbach-Pollock-Friedlander, a theater design consulting company. It recently changed its name from Auerbach and Associates to reflect the dedication and importance of Steven and his associate Steve Pollock. Steven has a background in theater production and design and extensive theater consulting experience. He is planning a new concert hall for the Woodruff Arts Center and the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra as well as the Arthur and Judith Zankel Hall at Carnegie Hall in New York. 

Manoucher S. Mandanipour (COM’80) of Natick, Mass., is a part-time faculty member and coordinator of media services at Mount Ida College in Newton Centre, Mass. He recently wrote a 10-unit course of lessons teaching the Persian language, published by Simon & Schuster. The course is available at Amazon.com under the name Pimsleur Farsi. E-mail him at mmandanipour@mountida.edu.

Steve Wright (SMG’80) of Silver Spring, Md., is on disability leave from the Pope John Paul II Cultural Center in Washington, D.C., where he has been director of finance and administration since July 2000. Steve has been battling non-Hodgkin’s lymphoma since December 2001 and was rediagnosed in August with acute lymphocytic leukemia. He is receiving treatment at the Johns Hopkins Comprehensive Cancer Center in Baltimore. Steve and his wife, Julie, recently celebrated their 45th anniversary and have two sons, Kevin, 12, and Sean, 10. He writes that “all are welcome to keep track of my medical progress” at www.caringbridge.org/md/stevewright. You can write to Steve at jwright@accmail.umd.edu.

1981

Andrew Isaacs (ENG’81) of Bedminster, N.J., is executive director of marketing for the Medicines Company, a pharmaceutical firm. Previously Andrew was senior global marketing director at the global business services firm KPMG. Write to him at andrew.isaacs@themedco.com.

Erik C. Jonas (SMG’80) of Vancouver, Wash., is a nursing supervisor at Arbor Place, a residential treatment facility for the mentally ill in Portland, Ore. He wrote an article suggesting a relationship between the gastrointestinal symptoms of wheat allergy and a wide variety of medical conditions. He received his nursing degree at the Oregon Health and Science University in 1994, and in November he was inducted into the nursing honor society Sigma Theta Tau International. E-mail him at wellnurse@netzero.net.

Funmilayo Jones (GRS’80) of Saint James, Barbados, has left her position in the social work program at the University of the West Indies after 13 years. She will return to the United States to continue her academic research and writing career.
1982

CAROLE LUSTIG BEREZ (SMG’82) of Dix Hills, N.Y., is an executive recruiter for the Kenzer Corporation, a search firm in New York. She recently married Mark Berez and moved from New York City with her son, Benjamin, 14. Together she and Mark have four children. Carole sends her regards to “all her old buddies, and would love to hear from them.” E-mail her at carolegbz@aol.com.

WYNN HARMON (CEA’82) of New York, N.Y., formerly Thomas Harmon, played the detective in the 2002 Emmy Award–nominated Porgy and Bess on Broadway, which was telecast on Live from Lincoln Center. He also created the roles of G. B. Shaw and Henry Irving in the world premiere of The West End Horror and appeared in Darko Tresnjak’s acclaimed production of Pericles at the Globe Theatre in San Diego. Last winter he played Bob Cratchit in A Christmas Carol at Milwaukee Repertory Theatre. Wynn writes, “Go BU!”

1983

LEANNE PECKHAM ARENT (CAS’83, CGS’83) of West Roxbury, Mass., was appointed director of government programs by Caritas Christi Health Care, the second largest health-care system in New England. His responsibilities include ensuring Caritas Christi receives adequate Medicare and Medicaid reimbursement. Terence is a member of the Health Care Financial Management Association.

TERENCE DOUGHERTY (SPH’83) of West New York, N.J., will be relocating to Santa Fe, N.M., (SPH83)•REGINA KLAPPER (CAS’83, CGS’81) of New York, N.Y., is an executive recruiter for the Kenzer Corporation, a search firm in New York. She recently married Mark Berez and moved from New York City with her son, Benjamin, 14. Together she and Mark have four children. Carole sends her regards to “all her old buddies, and would love to hear from them.” E-mail her at carolegbz@aol.com.

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1984

PETER LUTTERBACH (COM’84, CGS’82) and LISA DEGREGO LUTTERBACH (COM’86) of Glen Ridge, N.J., announce the birth of their second son, Samuel Hersey, in July. Their older son, Jacob, is five years old. Peter is a director with CNN Financial News, and Lisa is a senior marketing manager with Deloitte and Touche, a professional services firm. Contact them at skiterrier@comcast.net.

DAVID MENDEL (COM’84) of Houston, Tex., writes that after years in radio news and as a television producer, he went to the “other side” in October 2001. He is now doing PR for Memorial Hermann Healthcare System in Houston, one of the largest not-for-profit health-care systems in the country. “If I'd known the job was this fun, I’d have made the jump sooner,” he writes. David would love to hear from classmates, especially fellow WBU alumni. E-mail him at dj_mendel@yahoo.com.

JOANNE BARTELS STANWAY (COM’84) of North Chelmsford, Mass., married Phil Stanway in 2001 and, she writes, “loves that he and his daughter, Haleigh, 15, and my daughter, Jaye, 7, and I are a family.” After being laid off from a public relations firm in November 2001, Joanne started her own PR consulting business and wonders “why I didn’t do this a long time ago.” She has been elected to her daughter’s school council and serves as a Brownie troop leader and activity taxi cab driver. E-mail Joanne at jstanway@artbii.com.

DONALD TOMASKOVIC-DEVY (GRS’85) of Garner, N.C., is on the American Sociological Association’s nominations committee. He teaches at North Carolina State University.

1985

PETER CORDELLA (GRS’85) of Londonderry, N.H., wrote an entry on restorative justice in the jump sooner,” he writes. David would love to hear from classmates, especially fellow WBU alumni. E-mail him at dj_mendel@yahoo.com.

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1985

PETER CORDELLA (GRS’85) of Londonderry, N.H., wrote an entry on restorative justice in
Packaging Reality

Jonathan Rosen’s name may not be a household word, but his clients and their shows are, from the executive producers of Monday Night Football and Emeril Live to the onscreen talents themselves, such as Lisa Ling of National Geographic and Bobby Flay of Food Nation, to name just a few. An agent for the William Morris Agency (WMA), Rosen (CAS’91) puts together the programs that keep us coming back week after week to see who’s been voted out of the Big Brother house, won the big prize on Who Wants To Be a Millionaire, or coupled up on Real World.

As a vice president and the head of the talent and literary agency’s cable television department, Rosen’s tasks are varied, but his forte is in what’s called packaging shows. “Packaging,” he says, “is taking several different elements — for instance, an idea, a production company, and maybe a talent — and selling them fully delivered to the networks.” His specialty is the booming genre of reality television, and Rosen’s challenge is finding winning ideas and combining them with cast and production companies so the networks don’t have to. Picking the next big reality show isn’t easy. “Our clients are constantly trying to stay ahead of the curve,” he says. The shows must have an unusual premise; another biography program isn’t going to cut it in the competitive world of television.

In November 2001, Rosen received accolades from his peers in the entertainment community when he was named one of The Hollywood Reporter’s “Next Generation,” a list of the top thirty-five industry executives under the age of thirty-five. “That was very exciting,” he says, “and I was flattered. At the celebration, it was good to see my peers and hope that in five years we’re all still growing in our careers.”

As a BU student, Rosen majored in psychology just because he liked the classes. What he learned has served him well as an agent. “It has helped me deal in the entertainment community tremendously,” he says, “because it is not an easy industry to be in. The waters are difficult to navigate. Psychology helped me most in forming relationships with people.”

Those relationships were key in moving Rosen from the mailroom of WMA — where all agents begin their training — to an executive’s office. But even getting to the mailroom was hard. “They say it’s as difficult getting into the WMA training program as getting into Harvard Business School,” Rosen says. “The number of positions available compared to the number of applications is tremendous. I think at any given time, you have five or six people in the mail room and you may have hundreds of applications in a month.” Quickly rising through the ranks, he was mentored by one of Hollywood’s legendary agents, Jim Griffin, who represents such people as Regis Philbin, Mario Cuomo, and Leslie Stahl. “I learned from the best and I was lucky. That was my grad school.”

The life, Rosen claims, isn’t as glamorous as it sounds. Well, if you don’t count attending concerts, dinners, and tapings of shows. He laughs as he says, “I like my job because it’s very fast-paced. It’s a little stressful, and it’s a twenty-four-hour job. For example, I may have promised my parents that I would go to dinner with them, but if there’s a multimillion dollar deal going down, a crisis could happen, and the dinner could get postponed.”

Rosen married his BU girlfriend, Dana Mulvihill (SAR’92). “Her job is a lot more altruistic than mine is,” Rosen says, pride evident in his voice. “She has taken her Sargent experience, and become a very successful and accomplished speech pathologist at one of the top hospitals in New Jersey, the Hackensack Medical University Hospital. She’s helping kids with severe malformations of the mouth.”

Now Rosen is helping others get a foot in the door at WMA. “I am part of the William Morris trainee interview panel, helping interview candidates for the agency. Since I’ve gone through the program and I’m now a vice president, it’s nice to be on the lookout for potential great trainees and agents.” — Jenny Brown
the Encyclopedia of Sociology. He teaches at St. Anselm's College.

**BARRY FITZSIMMONS (COM'86)** of Darien, Conn., recently published his novel, *Life Asks*, an urban story about love and life in corporate America, battles for legal parking, and supermarkets. He wrote the novel over 10 years, during which he was a writer-producer in New York and Boston. Previously he worked on *Spenser: For Hire*. Barry lives with his wife and three boys. To read an excerpt from the book, go to www.sttBooks.com/bookview/9334. Write to Barry at bfitrty@aol.com.

**PAOLA S. SEREMETIS (CAS'85, CGS'85)** of Thessaloniki, Greece, is director of career services and a graduate education advisor at the American College of Thessaloniki, a four-year U.S.-accredited liberal arts college. Her husband is an iconographer, and they have a daughter, Sophia, 6, and a son, Michael, who was born in October. Paola would like to hear from classmates, especially **TERRENCE DONELLY (LAW'86)** and **JASON AUSTIN-MOLINA (CAS'87)**. Write to her at paolas@ac.anatolia.edu.gr.

**PAUL STEINHAUSER (COM'86)** of Atlanta, Ga., announces his marriage to Lesley Creegan. The October 6 ceremony took place alongside the ocean in Rye, N.H., and the reception, he writes, was at the New England Center, “in the heart of enemy territory: the UNH campus in Durham. Lesley is a graduate of that Hockey East rival university.” Paul’s former roommates **MIKE FONTANELLA (COM'85, GSM'88)**, **PETE KRYGOWSKI (COM'85)**, **ED McCANN (COM'85)**, and **MATT McCAFFREY (CAS'88)** attended. Paul, a 16-year CNN veteran, is the executive producer of *Live From...*, the network’s two-hour afternoon newscast. E-mail him at Paul.Steinhauser@turner.com.

**1986**

**NATHAN RUDIN (CAS'86, GR'S'86)** of Madison, Wis., is medical director of the University of Wisconsin Pain Treatment and Research Center. He writes, “My wife, Felice, and I are enjoying the Midwest, as are our three children, Shoshana, 9, Isaac, 6, and Debbie, four months!” He would love to hear from classmates and roommates at nj.rudin@hosp.wisc.edu.

**NANCY SILVERMAN (SED'86)** of Tequesta, Fla., received her doctorate in education from Nova Southeastern University in 1999. E-mail her at nixnic@adelphi.net.

**JANIECE BROWN SPITZMUELLER (LAW'86, '87)** of New York, N.Y., published an article entitled “Crisis Management in the Wake of 9.11” in the *GLP Journal*, the New York State Bar Association’s government, law, and policy journal. An eyewitness in lower Manhattan to the attacks on the World Trade Center, she reviews in the article disaster preparedness and the delivery of rescue services in New York City.

**1987**

**THOMAS C. BRESSOUD (MET'87)** of Granville, Ohio, is a full-time assistant professor of mathematics and computer science at Denison University.

**SCOTT LEVINSON (SMG'87, CGS'88)** of Sharon, Mass., is a financial representative at the Bulfinch Group, a financial services firm. He and his wife, Wendy, have two children, Hannah and Jake.

**1988**

**BLAIR M. BURTAN (ENG'88, '90)** of Redondo Beach, Calif., received his first on-screen credit for *Austin Powers in Goldmember*. He created the ocean simulation effects used in the movie’s submarine scenes. E-mail Blair at info@northernlights3D.com.

**PAUL J. JOHNSON (CFA'88)** of Snellville, Ga., is the founder of the Georgia Brass Band (www.georgiabrassband.com), a traditional British-style brass band based in Atlanta. “More significantly,” he writes, “I am also a first-time dad.” Paul and his wife, Sharon, celebrated the arrival of their son, Samuel Joseph, on October 15, 2002.

**HELENETHAULIEBERMAN (SAR'88)** of Davie, Fla., writes, “I’m living in sunny Florida with my husband and three boys, Aaron, Ethan, and Mitchell. Come visit if you need a break from the cold!” She is an occupational therapist at a preschool for autistic children and loves it. E-mail her at helenott@att.net.

**1989**

**CHARLES R. BRAGA (CAS'89)** of Newmarket, N.H., is busy serving large dental groups in Massachusetts and New Hampshire with his private periodontal practice. He hopes to hear
from other Deutsches Haus residents from the late 1980s. He writes, "Nothing was exactly like 209 Bay State!" E-mail him at charles
braga@hotmail.com.

DOUGLAS COBLENZ (LAW'89) of Washington, D.C., is the senior vice president and deputy
general counsel for Discovery Communications, Inc. He oversees entertainment law matters
for the company’s individual channels worldwide, and he is on the board of Whitman-Walker
Legal Clinic. He volunteers for the Woolly Mammoth Theatre Company in Washington. Doug and his partner, Michael,
recently celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary. E-mail him at doug_coblens@discovery.com.

PATRICK HARE (LAW'89) of Los Angeles, Calif., founded and directs the Hollywood
Mass Choir, a 70-voice, multiethnic, multigenerational, interdenominational gospel
A Letter from the President of the Boston University Alumni (BUA)

JUDIE FRIEDBERG-CHESSIN (SED'59) of New York, N.Y., is a managing partner of Patriot Capital
Management, a New York hedge fund operator. He and his wife, Gina, met at the Harvard
Business School in 1994. Before moving to New York, Jordan worked at the consulting
firm Bain & Company. He would love to hear from classmates at jordanorlins@yahoo.com.

STEPHANIE OSWALD (COM'89) of Decatur, Ga., is launching a new magazine, travelgirl,
after 13 years of globetrotting as a travel correspondent for CNN. Her television show,
CNN Travel Now, was canceled after September 11. As editor-in-chief of travelgirl, Stephanie
plans to "convince the world that travel is still fun and affordable and that 'escape' is a state
of mind." The magazine’s first issue is scheduled for May. E-mail her at soswald
@travelgirlinc.com.

Judie Friedberg-Chessin
Photograph by Kalman Zabarsky

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

EACH YEAR I look forward to the several presidential events Boston University holds
in February in Florida. They are always well attended and it’s great seeing classmates
and people I’ve met before, and meeting those who are attending for the first time. I
love getting around and listening to everyone’s BU stories and hearing how their lives
have evolved. As in the past, I planned to attend this year’s events.

It’s usually an easy adventure — but not in the Blizzard of 2003! I wanted to make
sure I avoided the snow, and the airline told me the best way was standby. Got to
the airport at 1:30 p.m., waited all day, and didn’t board until 9:30 p.m. Next, deicing,
a raging blizzard, plowing of the runway, more deicing, and finally take-off at 11:30
p.m. Waited for my luggage, which never came. Went to the rental-car bus stop —
no bus. Thirty-five minutes later, took a cab for $8.50 to the rental terminal; no car,
although it’s a “gold, always waiting” rental. Reached destination: five a.m.

After three hours of sleep my thoughts went to clothing; had nothing but what I
wore on the plane and some small hand luggage. Out to find something appropriate
for the first event. Bought an outfit, shoes, and accessories. Being five feet tall, I next
busied myself hemming. My dedication wavered. But it was worth it. Yes, a wonderful
evening. All this for BU.

A reminder to all, Reunion weekend is coming. I hope to see many more of you
this year. We have planned special events that you will enjoy. Let’s all meet at BU
May 16 to 18 for a great weekend.

Sincerely,

JUDIE FRIEDBERG-CHESSIN (SED'59)
Award-Winning Alumni

MARK CHRISTOPHER (LAW'89) of Auburndale, Mass., was awarded a Citation of Distinguished Service by the Boston Bar Association for initiating the association’s September 11 Assistance Program. The project provides free legal services to 30 families who lost loved ones in the attacks. Mark is the cochair of the trust and estates section of the association and practices at the law firm Testa, Hurwitz & Thibault.

RONALD P. COLBERT (SED'88) of Wilmington, Mass., was presented with the Fitchburg State College Alumni Association’s Joel D. Miller Award, which honors outstanding contributions to the teaching profession. He has been teaching undergraduate and graduate students in education at Fitchburg State since 1989.

STEPHEN B. CORN (CAS'82, MED'86) of Boston, Mass., received the 2002 Partners in Excellence Award from Partners Healthcare. In November, he was the first recipient of the Brigham & Women’s Physician Organization Recognition Award for Clinical Innovation. Stephen also was awarded his 14th patent for medical technology and was promoted to associate professor at Harvard Medical School. He and his wife, Meredith, are thrilled to announce the birth of their son, Bradley Robert, on August 3. E-mail him at corn@theanswerc.com.

MAGGIE DIETZ (GRS'97) of Jamaica Plain, Mass., received the 2002 George Bennett Fellowship, a one-year writing residency sponsored by Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire. She has directed the Favorite Poem Project at BU since 1997. Maggie plans to complete her first book of poems while at Exeter.

LAURA GOVONI (CAS’49, GRS’50, ’70) and JANICE HAYES (SON’49, ’57, GRS’79), both of Ormond Beach, Fla., received the University of Connecticut’s Distinguished Scholar Award in October, recognizing their contribution to the university’s nursing school graduate program. Laura and Janice coauthored the book Drugs and Nursing Implications, now in its eighth edition. Janice was the associate dean of UConn’s graduate program for 13 years and contributed articles to the international periodical Nursing Clinics of North America.

DENISE GRAVELINE-STOUT (COM’88) of Washington, D.C., was named Public Relations Woman of the Year by Washington Women in Public Relations for her outstanding leadership, integrity, and community involvement. She is director of communications for the American Chemical Society, the world’s largest scientific society. A former magazine writer and editor, Denise has had several top-level posts in the science and health-care arenas.

MARY GREGORIO (SAR’86) of Melrose, Mass., was named a Boston Neighborhood Fellow and awarded $30,000 for her work at the Center House, a Boston day-treatment center for people with psychiatric illness. The award was sponsored by the Philanthropic Initiative, a Boston nonprofit philanthropic consulting firm.

LAWRENCE KARP (SMG'87) of New York, N.Y., received SMG’s Distinguished Alumni Award in May. He is vice president of the financial institutions group at National Australia Bank. He and his wife, ELIZABETH SUSAN KARP (COM'88), celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary in October. They have two children, Eli, 2, and Robert, 5. E-mail him at lkarp@nabny.com.

ALICE Lyons (CEA’94) of Cootefall Boyle, County Roscommon, Ireland, received the 2002 Patrick Kavanagh Award for poetry, the only national poetry award in Ireland for a living author. Alice has been awarded several prizes for poetry and has been the recipient of a number of fellowships and residencies. She teaches painting at Cluain Mhuire, the arts campus of the Galway-Mayo Institute of Technology. E-mail her at alylingo@gofree.indigo.ie.

JOHN D. NOONAN (COM’48, ’62) of Quincy, Mass., was honored in November as the Citizen of the Year by the Quincy Jewish War Veterans Post No. 193. John has served on the Quincy Council on Aging since 1972 and has been chairman for 21 consecutive years. John and his wife, Arline, have been married for 60 years; they have two daughters, a son, nine grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

CATHERINE OLMER (CAS’70) of Bloomington, Ind., was honored as the 2002 Bloomington Woman of the Year. Since 1978, she has taught physics at Indiana University. She is also an executive director of the WonderLab Museum of Science, Health, and Technology, a children’s museum.

SHIN YU PAI (CAS’97) of Brookline, Mass., formerly Doris Pai, was awarded a 2003 Artist’s Grant from the Cambridge Arts Council/Massachusetts Cultural Council for her poetry manuscript Equivalence, which will be released in the fall by La Alameda Press. She also received a fellowship from the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, N.H., where she is an artist-in-residence for the spring.

KENNETH PORTNOY (CAS’85) of Marblehead, Mass., was honored with the Harvard Club of Boston’s Prize Book Award for his achievement in teaching and ability to inspire creativity and excellence in his students. He teaches at Hamilton-Wenham Regional High School. He lives with his wife, ANDREA NEWTON (CAS’85, SED’86). E-mail Kenneth at kenport@attbi.com.

ANASTASIA TANIS (CEA’89) of Newton, Mass., received the Business Network International’s award for MVP of Suffolk County. She is president of Anastasia Design, which provides graphic design, corporate identity, marketing collateral, Web site design, and communication services.

PROSPERO A. UYBARRETA (ENG’98) of Teaneck, N.J., an Air Force captain and E-3 pilot, recently received the Air Medal with one oak leaf cluster for flying 25 combat missions in Afghanistan during Operation Enduring Freedom. E-mail him at prospero.uybarreta@tinker.af.mil.

WARREN WILLIAMS (SED’39) of Craftsbury, Vt., received the John Barney Medal of Honor from the Grand Lodge of Vermont Freemasons for his contributions to humanity and Freemasonry.
Marriage Spices Up Sauce Venture

**Paolo Volpati-Kedra** met Tessa Edick in a Brighton park several years ago when they were walking their dogs. It was her striking red hair that first caught the young man's eye, and Edick, who had traveled widely in Europe, was elated to learn that this handsome stranger could speak Italian. He also understood food, which he demonstrated when they began dating.

"I had to do the Italian thing and impress her," says Volpati-Kedra (SMG'96), who grew up on exquisite meals prepared by his Milanese father. "So I started cooking for her and our friends and neighbors. It came out so nicely that people started coming over every night." What guests craved most were the pasta sauces Volpati-Kedra created from scratch. From there the couple, who were married in 1997, dreamed up an idea for what's now an expanding specialty-food business: Sauces 'n' Love, a line of pasta toppings made from fresh ingredients and packaged in heat-and-serve containers.

The company started in 1999 as a neighborhood delivery service; today it distributes products to seven states in the Northeast. Volpati-Kedra, the president, employs eleven people at his Somerville plant, while Edick is the vice president of sales and marketing. They see their target customer as the health-conscious but overworked professional, who tends to forage on weeknights for convenient meals at high-end grocery stores such as Bread & Circus. The sauce, available in the refrigerated-food section, heats up in the microwave in four minutes.

Each of the seven sauce varieties represents a different region of Italy and sports its own whimsical, personifying slogan on the label. Sugo Rosa, for instance, is a pink tomato-and-cream sauce "made with grace and charm," whereas the spicy red Arrabbiata ("angry woman") is "made with a bit of madness." A new product is a mint pesto, which is infused, says Volpati-Kedra, with the "freedom to experiment." It was a runaway hit, he says, in the Fancy Food Show in Manhattan last July.

Next the entrepreneurs plan to develop three or four non-perishable toppings and package them in a gift set. Eventually they hope to launch an Italian spaghetteria featuring their signature sauces, as well as salads and panini sandwiches.

As head of operations and finance for the company, Volpati-Kedra draws on what he learned at the School of Management's undergraduate program in business administration. One of his favorite courses taught him how to design, develop, and market a new product. Those lessons stayed with him, although his first job after college was at State Street Bank.

"I never in my life thought I'd produce fresh pasta sauce," he says, "but I knew as soon as I started working that I couldn't work for someone else, where I couldn't express myself. Thank God this sauce idea came along. It's a reflection of our lifestyle. Tessa and I love to entertain, we love people, we love good food — and we try to share these feelings through our sauces."

Paolo and Tessa live in Brighton with their English bulldog, Divine, and boxer, Madeo. — Hope Green
paradise with our two children, Emily, 6, and
Matthew, 3. We're a long way from the Walter
Brown rink, but cheering on our beloved
Terriers as strongly as ever" Paul is the
navigator aboard the USS City of Corpus
Christi. E-mail them at GOSUBS@orst.edu.

John H. Driscoll (Law'94) of South
Glastonbury, Conn., has been promoted to
senior vice president at US Trust, a wealth
management company. John, a tax attorney, is
also a certified financial planner, a chartered
life underwriter, and a chartered life financial
consultant. He is a member of the Connect­
ticut and American bar associations.

Jane Weston Hewitt (Cas'92) of San
Francisco, Calif., married Steven Hewitt,
brother of Chris Hewitt (Cas'92), in 1994.
She graduated from law school in 1995, and
moved to San Francisco the following year.
Steven is a middle school English teacher,
and Jane is working on her second novel,
while they are "both kept on our toes by our
baby boy, Chance Michael."

Kirk A. Kalogianis (SDM'91, '92) of
Nutley, N.J., passed the American Board of
General Dentistry's oral examination, held
during the Academy of General Dentistry's
95th annual meeting, in Honolulu, Hawaii.
He is a fellow of the AGD and a clinical pro­
fessor at the New York University College of
Dentistry. Kirk maintains a private practice in
cosmetic and general dental medicine and is a
captain in the U.S. Army Reserves.

Christina Lanzi (GRS'93) of Boston, Mass.,
presented her second New York solo exhibi­
tion at Radio House Gallery. The exhibition,
which ran in November and December, was
an environment of two- and three-dimen­sion­al work investigating change and develop­ment. Entitled Grassroots, it borrowed from
the language of architecture to visualize
change and development both in a general

Alumni Events Calendar

An Afternoon of Degas, April 6. Phila­delphia Museum of Art. Tour of Degas ex­hibition, 11 a.m.; lunch, 1:15 p.m. $50 per
person. Information: Maureen Walsh at
800-800-3466 or 617-353-6013.

Phoenix Alumni and Parents Reception,
April 9. 5:30-7 p.m. The Royal Palms
Hotel, Phoenix, Ariz. Chancellor John Silber
and the Board of Trustees host this recep­tion
for Phoenix area alumni RSVP by April 2.
Information: Cara Mia Bruncati at 800-
800-3466 or bruncatc@bu.edu.

Alumni Baseball Night in Southern
California, April 26. 7:05 p.m. Anaheim
Angels vs. Boston Red Sox at Edison Field,
Anaheim, Calif. $18 per person for seats
on the first base side RSVP by April 18.
Information: Cara Mia Bruncati at 800-
800-3466 or bruncatc@bu.edu.

Boston University Tribeca Film
Festival Reception, May 5. 6-8:30 p.m.
Le Zinc, bistro co-owned by Karen Wal­tuck
(Cas'75), 139 Duane St., Tribeca, New York.
Celebrate the Tribeca Film Festival over
cocktails. $100 per person. For information,
contact event director Laurie Onanian at
617-353-7133 or lonanian@bu.edu.

Reunion 2003, May 16-18. Featuring
school and college luncheons and alumni
awards. BU Night at the Pops, Alumni
Comedy Night, the Chancellor's Breakfast,
riverboat cruises, a Boston Harbor cruise,
and more. Information: 617-353-2248 or
reunion@bu.edu. Register online at
www.bu.edu/reunion.

Pippin, May 31. Round House Theatre,
Washington, D.C. Musical theater perfor­mance, 3 p.m. $24 per person. Information:
Maureen Walsh at 800-800-3466 or 617-
353-6013.

New York City Chef Tasting and
Auction, June 16. Benefit for the School of
Hospitality Administration building cam­paign, New York Palace Hotel. Silent and live auctions. $125 per person. Information:
Laurie Onanian at 617-353-7133 or
lonanian@bu.edu.

The Producers, June 26. 8 p.m. Pantages
Theatre, Los Angeles, Calif. The LA produc­tion of The Producers, starring Jason Alex­ander (CFA'81) and Martin Short. Call for
cost. RSVP by June 1. Information: Cara
Mia Bruncati at 800-800-3466 or
bruncatc@bu.edu.

* Member of a Reunion 2003 class
**All India Alums**

Alumni in India are establishing the first Boston University Indian Alumni Association. The initial gathering was in September. If you are an alum living in India and would like more information, please contact Amandeep Singh (SMO'oo) at asinghy@hotmail.com.

E-mail Robert at rbouchier@cajal-i.bu.edu and Gillian at gbouchie@leman.com.

**ELLEN BRAUNSTEIN (COM'92)** of New York, N.Y., married Arthur Lichtman on August 11, in Philadelphia. **DANA STARR FALICK (CAS'92, CGS'90), CARIN PEARCE (CAS'92, CGS'90), GREG KALT (SMG'92), CARLOS JIMENEZ (SMG'92), STACEY SCHOEMANN BERGMAN (SMG'92), and MICHAEL DAVIS DRIVERMAN (CAS'92)** attended the wedding. Ellen is an elementary school teacher in Merrick, N.Y.

**GREGORY T. CASAMENTO (SMG'92, LAW'96, CGS'90)** of Dix Hills, N.Y., joined the international law firm Fulbright & Jaworski. Gregory is an associate in the firm's newly expanded litigation practice, along with 10 other attorneys from his previous law firm, Owen & Davis.

**MARK DER GARABEDIAN (CAS'92)** of Medway, Mass., and his wife, Patricia, announce the birth of their son, Nicholas, on September 16 at Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston. E-mail Mark at markderg@atbri.com.

**MATTHEW W. DIETZ (SMG'92)** of Miami, Fla., a civil litigation attorney specializing in disability discrimination law and other civil rights violations, made a wish come true in December. In the Miami Herald's 2001 Wish List, Matthew read that Felicia Omasta, a 40-year-old mother, experienced difficulty maneuvering her wheelchair through the narrow doorways of her Florida apartment. He rallied friends, clients, and other attorneys to remodel her apartment. "My wish is to be able to do this for other disabled persons who are in need," he says. E-mail Matthew at MatthewDietz@UsdisabilityLaw.com.

**FORBES FARMER (GRS'92)** of Rindge, N.H., wrote an entry on criminal sanctions in the *Encyclopedia of Sociology*. He teaches at Franklin Pierce College.

**SHAWN FIELDS (CAS'92)** of New York, N.Y., married Jorge Rodriguez in April at the New York Botanical Garden. Alumni in attendance included **GINA COSTELLO (CAS'92), DAVID CHITTEL (CAS'92), VALERIE LACOURCIERE (COM'92, CGS'90), GREG CASAMENTO (SMG'92, LAW'96, CGS'90), SHERYL SACCHI (CAS'92), NANCY KIRWIN (COM'92, '94), JACQUE WHITE (CAS'94), and ALESSANDRA LOSCALE (COM'92).** Shawn is a customer marketing manager in Pepsi's food service division. E-mail her at shawnymf@yahoomail.com.

**JENNIFER FORD (CAS'92)** of Independence, Kan., was promoted to the senior management level at the Kansas facility of Amazon.com, where she heads its seasonal workforce of more than 700. She wrote in September, "It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas!" E-mail Jennifer at jennf@amazon.com.

**CHRISTINA KAUPER FOURNIER (SED'92)** of Bozeman, Mont., and her husband, Steve, welcomed their second child, Timothy Bradford, who joins big brother Jeffrey, 4. She writes, "I would love to catch up with the old gang from Sleeper ut" E-mail her at cfournier@msubobcats.com.

**KEITH GOTTFRIED (LAW'92, GSM'93)** of San Jose, Calif., accompanied U.S. Commerce Secretary Donald L. Evans on a trade mission to Africa in November. The mission focused on strengthening economic relations between the United States and sub-Saharan countries such as Ghana and South Africa. Keith is the senior vice president of law and corporate affairs, general counsel, and chief legal officer of Borland Software Corporation. E-mail him at kgottfried@Borland.com.

**KERSTIN GROSSMAN-MENDELSOHN (CAS'92)** of Sudbury, Mass., and her husband, Robert, welcomed their second daughter, Amelie Kay, in July. Write to Kerstin at kerstin@menedelsohn.net.

**ELIZABETH DAVIS HOETER (CAS'92)** of Harrison, N.Y., and her husband, Ken, announce the birth of their second child, Benjamin, in January. Benjamin joins big brother Zachary, 22 months. Liz stopped practicing law in 2001 to become a stay-at-home mom and writes that "she absolutely loves it." E-mail her at hoxegirl@aol.com.

**MARK LUNDIN (SMG'92)** of Clayton, Calif., is a senior manager at KPMG, an accounting and tax firm. He focuses on e-business security and the development of international and national security standards. He recently wrote an online article entitled "Digital Certificates, Authentication, and Trust on the Internet." Check it out at www.us.kpmg.com, or e-mail Mark at mlundin@kpmg.com.

**LIVIA TERMINIELLO MAROTTA (COM'92)** of New York, N.Y., and Michele Marotta became the parents of Veronica Livia on October 23. They have been living and working in Manhattan for the past nine years. E-mail Livia at livia.marotta.1992@alum.bu.edu.

**JENNIFER LIPUMA MONTE (CAS'92, CGS'90)** and **TODD MONTE (CAS'94, CGS'90)** of Bedford, N.Y., write that they met at BU in 1988, and have been married for seven years. They have two children, Matthew, 3, and Julia Cage, born in October. Todd is an executive recruiter at Heidrick & Struggles, a search firm in Manhattan. Until recently,
Jennifer worked for the entertainment PR firm Susan Blond, Inc. E-mail her at jennmont@hotmail.com.

**TRACY MAREK NEWELL (COM'92, CGS'90) of Fort Wayne, Ind., married Randy Newell in September.** Ada Elsie Bosque (CAS'97) and Sharmeena Irani (SAR'91, SSW'94) attended the wedding, which took place in Annapolis, Md. Tracy and Randy both work for the Fort Wayne Wizards, the Single-A affiliate of the San Diego Padres. Tracy is vice president of business operations and runs the franchise. E-mail her at tracyamarek@aol.com.

**1993**

*Stephen Cohen (CAS'92)* of Washington, D.C., married Alison Barnes in September at the Carnegie Institution. In attendance were Ben Krakorian (CAS'92), Michael Krinzman (COM'93, CGS'92), Michael Kalfus (COM'93, CGS'92), Ken Meyerson (SMG'94, CGS'92), and Adam Troso (SMG'94, CGS'92), who got married in November.

Steve left the U.S. Department of Justice as a trial attorney to join the Washington office of Boies, Schiller & Flexner, a national law firm. Friends can contact him at scohen@bsfllp.com.

*Albert Diaz (MET'93)* of Charlotte, N.C., has been reappointed to the North Carolina bench for a five-year term as a special superior court judge. He previously had been a resident superior court judge. E-mail him at adiaz@carolina.rr.com.

*Wilfred W. Labiosa (CAS'93, CGS'92)* of Boston, Mass., was appointed the new lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender health manager of the Boston Public Health Commission. Contact him at wlabiosa@earthlink.net.

*Michael Maguire (CAS'93)* of West Roxbury, Mass., is the newest and youngest member of the executive board of the Boston Teachers Union. This is his ninth year teaching Latin and ancient Greek at his other alma mater, Boston Latin Academy. He and his wife, Jill Coletta-Maguire (COM'93), would love to hear from friends at MickTheTailor@rcn.com and astrea@rcn.com, respectively.

*Jason Morros (COM'93, CAS'93, SED'99)* of Celebration, Fla., writes that he's "thrilled to be making the magic" as associate brand manager for the Disney Vacation Club. He and his wife, Pam Bachorz (COM'95, CGS'95), are happy to announce that Suzy, the five-year-old beagle they adopted earlier this year, "feels right at home and is a member of the family." E-mail Jason at jkmorros@yahoo.com and Pam at pbachorz@yahoo.com.

*BEN KRIKORIAN (CAS'93), MICHAEL KRINZMAN (COM'93, CGS'92), MICHAEL KALFUS (COM'93, CGS'92), KEN MEYERSON (SMG'94, CGS'92), and ADAM TROSO (SMG'94, CGS'92)*, who got married in November.

Steve left the U.S. Department of Justice as a trial attorney to join the Washington office of Boies, Schiller & Flexner, a national law firm. Friends can contact him at scohen@bsfllp.com.

**Benefit Tasting and Auction in NYC**

BU alumni chefs Brian Bistrong (SHA'92) (top), executive chef of Citarella restaurant, and Bryan Calvert (SHA'03) (bottom), executive chef of Cafe Atlas, will team up with Rocco DiSpirito (SHA'90), (center) executive chef of Union Pacific and cochair of the New York City Chef Tasting and Auction to benefit the School of Hospitality Administration building campaign. The event will be held on Monday evening, June 16, at the New York Palace Hotel and will feature a dozen of the city’s top chefs along with silent and live auctions. Private chef’s dinners, air and hotel packages to exciting locales, and a VIP tour of the floor of the New York Stock Exchange with lunch in the executive dining room are among the offerings. Tickets cost $125, with proceeds benefiting the campaign. All area alumni, parents, and friends are encouraged to attend. For tickets or more information, contact event director Laurie Onanian at 617-353-7133 or lonanlan@bu.edu.

**1994**

*Todd Alessandri (GSM'94)* of Liverpool, N.Y., is an assistant professor of strategy and human resources at the School of Management at Syracuse University. His focus is on capital...
Living the Life of an “It Girl”

When the Associated Press declares you this season’s “It Girl,” life must turn into one glamorous party. Just ask Ashley Williams (CFA’01), the star of Good Morning, Miami, which premiered last fall as part of NBC’s popular Thursday night lineup. In the sitcom about a failing morning show, Williams plays Dylan Messinger, a hairstylist caught in a love triangle with her television host boyfriend and the new producer in town.

“I’m the ‘It Girl’ — right,” Williams says, with a laugh. “I don’t know if the people around me have been alerted to that fact.” With the hairstyle that Instyle declared “chic but approachable” and the perky smile, it’s hard to believe that fans don’t recognize her on the street, but she insists that she remains happily anonymous. “To truly think that people recognize me would make me very, very self-conscious,” Williams says, “because I think I do things when I’m by myself that are kind of strange.”

At the top of the “strange” list are nocturnal strolls in the supermarket. “When I get stressed out and I can’t sleep, I go to grocery stores,” she says, “I just wander around. It’s warm, there’s good music, it’s comforting, there’s sort of this sense of abundance.” Dressed in her pajamas, she’ll sit and read magazines. “I’d hate to think that somebody would say, ‘Is that that girl from Good Morning, Miami running through the grocery store in her PJs, reading food labels and staring into space’?”

She picked up the habit while studying theater at the College of Fine Arts. Long rehearsals kept her at school most days from nine a.m. to eleven-thirty p.m., which left little time for checking out the sights of the city. “We would get out of class late at night and then we would go exploring,” she says. “We didn’t sleep.” So where do you go at three a.m. in Boston? “We’d go to Star Market and wander around.” The only other option was a twenty-four-hour 7-Eleven open in Back Bay. She was even known to go there on dates. “I came back to my dorm room one night and written on my door in permanent marker, it said, ‘Ashley, I would like to go down to Back Bay to get a Slurpee with you. If you would like to come, please call me.’” It was the start of a two-year romance.

Williams, a native of Westchester, New York, began professionally acting as a teenager, first in 1993 in the movie Indian Summer and then in 1996 as Dani Andropoulos on the soap opera As the World Turns. That, however, didn’t prepare her for prime time. “There’s a lot more pressure now. I remember having some days on As the World Turns when I didn’t really know my lines and I wasn’t particularly prepared. There would be this feeling of, well, my friends aren’t going to see this, because they’re all at school. But now, every time there’s a show, people watch. The ratings are going up. I don’t even know how many millions of people tune in. The fact that it’s prime-time television means that there’s much more pressure. A lot of really harsh critics out there are watching it. It makes it a lot more intimidating.”

Her Toughest Audience

Coping with critics is something Williams has yet to master. “I don’t deal with it very well, to be honest. I haven’t read one review,” she says. And yet, Williams is her own toughest critic. To keep from being overly hard on herself, each week she forces herself to watch the show. “I take the tape, and I put it in the VCR, and I make a big, huge mug of tea for myself,” she says. “I take out a notebook and for every single scene of mine that I watch, I force myself to write three nice things about what I did. It’s great doing it as this kind of game. It can be something like, ‘Put the folder down nicely,’ if I put the folder down in a graceful way. Or ‘Hair looked cool,’ or ‘I liked the shoes,’ or whatever. It just has to be three nice things. Otherwise, I’ll just sit there and go, ‘Oh my God, you’re an embarrassment to this show and to your family.’”

While ultimately the acting program at BU was a great help in developing her skills, William says, the first two years were particularly angst-ridden for her. After sophomore year, some students are cut from the program. “I was very nervous I was going to get kicked out,” she confesses. Once she knew she had made the cut, she spent a year in London studying at the Lamda Theatre Arts Program before returning to BU for her senior year.
Nowadays, her schedule is hectic. She receives a script on Friday for the following week, and the cast has a table reading in the afternoon. Monday through Wednesday she’s up at five-thirty a.m. Living in a beachfront apartment in Southern California allows her to begin her day with a walk along the water, followed by work with her acting coach, going over the week’s script. “I’m really new to comedy,” Williams says, explaining why after years of theater study she relies on a sitcom coach. A forty-five-minute commute to Studio City sets the tone for her day. “It’s a nice calm drive, and I can call my dad.” After a break­fast on the set, the actors do another table read and then dive into rehearsal. In the afternoon they have a run-through, and then she’s off to the studio’s gym, a quick dinner, and home to bed, where she generally crashes by about eight. On Thursday, taping of the show starts at noon and ends at midnight, after which the cast goes out for drinks. Her one treat at the end of the week is watching the Friday evening taping of According to Jim. Her older sister, Kimberly Williams, stars on the ABC program, and Williams likes to check up on her.

The cast of Good Morning, Miami quickly became tight-knit. “They are fabulous,” Williams gushes about her costars. “Oh, I love them. We’ve got Suzanne Pleshette, who’s a legend in the TV world, and she’s a mother hen to all of us.” Mark Feuerstein, one of her love interests on the show, has become a buddy. “Mark and I get along so well,” she says. “He gives great love advice, like dating advice. We’re always talking about our social lives.” Constance Zimmer, who plays a slacker assistant, has become Williams’s partner-in-crime for all the social events required of the actors. “We have to go out to these parties; it just drives me crazy,” Williams says. “Constance started coming with me, and she’s a huge comfort, because she really knows how to enjoy them. She’ll take one look at me and see sweat dripping down my face, and she’ll be like, ‘Okay, you need a drink. Get this girl a vodka; she’s going to chill out.’”

For now, the It Girl isn’t taking her new title too seriously. She pokes fun at her newfound fame, relating how her father discovered photos of her for sale on eBay. “He said, ‘Do you want to know what the asking price is for an autographed picture of you? I was thinking, ‘Oh my God, what if it’s fifty bucks? That’d be so cool.’ He said, ‘Three dollars and fifty cents.’ That’s just embarrassing! I think that’s so hysterical.” — Jenny Brown

Ashley Williams (CFNo1) and Mark Feuerstein star as Dylan Messinger and Jake Silver, a hairdresser and a television producer caught in a love triangle on NBC’s Good Morning, Miami.

Photograph courtesy of NBC.
JESUS BAUTISTA (MET'gj) of Winter Park, Fla., is volunteering in Ecuador as an English teacher with WorldTeach, a non-profit organization that places volunteers in developing countries. He began his assignment in September, and will serve for one year. After Ecuador, he hopes to return to Boston and continue his human resources career. E-mail him at jesusjbautista@yahoo.com.

DAVID IBRAHIM (COM'95, CGS'99) of New York, N.Y., received his master's in marketing and corporate strategy from the University of Michigan in May 2002. He is a marketing manager for the American Express Company's small business network. Write to David at dibrahim@yahoo.com.

STACEY URIACH LARSON (COM'95) and Michael Larson (COM'98) of Jupiter, Fla., are thrilled to announce the birth of their daughter, Maya Jean. Stacey is a human resources manager for The Breakers, a resort hotel in Palm Beach, and Mike is a financial writer at Weiss Research. They would love to hear from classmates at staceyuriachlarson@adelphia.net.

IAN PAPAUTSKY (ENG'95) of Cincinnati, Ohio, is an assistant professor of electrical-biomedical engineering at the University of Cincinnati. Contact him at ipapauts@ececs.uc.edu.

KAUSER RAZVI (COM'99, CGS'99) of Shaker Heights, Ohio, is a private consultant specializing in the design of geographic information systems for clients such as the Chicago Housing Authority.

C. AUSTIN REAMS (GRS'99) of San Jose, Calif., published an article, “The Political Economy of the Commerce Clause,” in the spring 2002 edition of the Oklahoma City University Law Review. He continues to practice law in San Jose. Write to Austin atreams@aol.com.

PATRICK TIERNEY (ENG'95) of San Diego, Calif., graduated from the executive M.B.A. program at UCLA's Anderson School of Business last summer. He has worked for five years at Qualcomm, Inc., a communications technology company, where he is now a senior product business development manager. Contact Patrick at ptierney@qualcomm.com.

ANN-MARIE MARAVILLA (CAS'94) of Chicago, Ill., and JOHN GASPARD (CAS'94) of Miami, Fla., became engaged in March 2002. Ann-Marie earned her M.B.A. in 2001, and is attending the University of Michigan Law School. John is attending the University of Michigan School of Dentistry. They will be married in September 2002. E-mail Ann-Marie at amara@yahoo.com.

1995

JESUS BAUTISTA (MET'94) of Brookline, Mass., is volunteering in Ecuador as an English teacher with WorldTeach, a non-profit organization that places volunteers in developing countries. He began his assignment in September, and will serve for one year. After Ecuador, he hopes to return to Boston and continue his human resources career. E-mail him at jesusjbautista@yahoo.com.

1996

ARI BERMAN (MED'96, MED'00) and KRISTEN BERMANN (MED'00) of Brookline, Mass., proudly announce that their beautiful daughter, Isabel Naomie, was born on October 22. They would love to hear from fellow alumni at arisberman@yahoo.com or kikberman@yahoo.com.

RITESH R. BHANDARI (ENG'96, MED'00) of Corpus Christi, Tex., spent part of his summer off the coast of Hawaii as a flight surgeon onboard the USS Daluth. He was part of a multinational operation, in which nations on the Pacific Rim united to focus on homeland security. Eight countries worked together in the exercise to improve ships' readiness and tactical proficiency.

ALBERT “BUZZ” CARRICK (COM'96) of Dallas, Tex., left the network integration department at ESPN to return to remote production working the NASCAR circuit. In February he started his second season as the graphics producer for NASCAR In-Car, a coproduction of NASCAR, iDEMAND, and ACTV. He also is the editor of an independent Web site that covers major league soccer's Dallas Burn. Visit the site at www.yrdegree.net or e-mail him at buzz@yrdegree.net.

MARIO GRECO (LAW'98) of Chicago, Ill., married Claudia Stockel on May 21, 2002, in Claudia's hometown of Dresden, Germany. David practices trademark law with Wildman Harrold, and Claudia is an anesthesiologist. E-mail him at david@copland.net.

TIM COSTELLOR (GRS'96) of Williamsburg, Va., is a professor at the College of William and Mary. He completed his Ph.D. in philosophy at Emory University in Atlanta in 2001 and is trying to publish a manuscript based on his dissertation. While at the University of Marburg in Germany, he received a Hunsboldt Fellowship, which will pay for his studies at the University of Munich this summer and fall.

MICHAELÉEN EARLÉ CROWELL (CAS'96, LAW'99) of Atlanta, Ga., has been named legislative director and legal counsel to Congresswoman Denise Majette (D-Ga.).

ROBERT T. FLYNN (SMA'96) of Boston, Mass., is working as the director of Bon Appetit Management Company. He attended the alumni party "Swanky Christmas" with CHRIS HULTON (CAS'96), MARCH BENDER (SMG'96, SED'03), BILLY SNOW (UNI'96), MANAN TRIVEDI (CAS'96, MEd'00), and BRYAN REARDON (CAS'95). E-mail him at papaboston@msn.com.

MARIO GRECO (LAW'98) of Chicago, Ill., sold his real estate brokerage firm to Sussex & Reilly, another Chicago-based real estate firm. Previously, he practiced at Kirkland & Ellis, a law firm. E-mail Mario at mgreco@SRChicago.com.

JASON HOWARTH (COM'96, CGS'99) of Hopedale, Mass., writes that "2002 was a pretty wild year." He worked with on-site sponsors at the Winter Olympic Games in Salt Lake City and the 2002 FIFA World Cup in Japan, as well as with Boston Celtics star Paul Pierce and his charity The Truth Fund.
A few months ago he joined Conover Tuttle, a sports PR and advertising agency, as an account director. In December, Jason and his wife, Lee Ann, and their daughter Madelyn were joined by a new family member, Mia. Write to him at jhowarth@conovernuttle.com.

**Cris McAllister King (CAS'96) of Hampton, Va., and husband, Ed King, welcomed their daughter, Daphne Lauren, in September. Other alumni in attendance were Phillip Zeman (CAS'97), Mark Cousins (CAS'99), Mark Mooney (COM'96), Nell Osgood (CAS'99), Jeff Tickle (CAS'96, SMG'96), Rachel Luciani (CAS'97), Mike Luciani (CAS'97), Verena Gracey Hamman (CAS'97), Jennifer Carrera (CAS'99), Heather March (CAS'99), Erin Oshan (SAR'99), Emily Klauser (CAS'99), Michelle Rowland (CAS'99), and Laura Chambers-Kersh (CAS'99). E-mail Megan and Rory at quinnmry@hotmail.com.

**1997**

Sherrin Langley Eastley (CAS’97) of Pflugerville, Tex., joined the intellectual property department of the Austin-based law firm Thompson & Knight.

Seth Fox (COM’97) of New York, N.Y., is an assistant editor of the syndicated show Crossing Over with John Edward. Seth also is an online editor for Comedy Central’s Inasmuch with Dave Attell. In June he will marry Ann Dugan (CAS’98) in Woodbury, N.Y. Write to him at sethbugy@msn.com.

Verna Gracey Hamman (CAS’97) of Delray Beach, Fla., is a marketing manager for IBM's life sciences group. She attended three BU weddings last year. She writes, "Was something in the water? I would love to hear from my old friends." Write to Verna at vhamman@usa.com.

Jennifer Konigsberg (SAR'95, 99), and Andrew Mark Mento (ENG'96), of Brighton, Mass., write to "happily announce their engagement." They are planning a June 2004 wedding, and would love to hear from friends. E-mail them at jkonigsberg@mayinstitute.org or ammento@myway.com.

Shannon Magari (SPH'97) of Baldwinsville, N.Y., is a senior scientist at Colden Corporation, an occupational health, safety, and environmental consulting firm in East Syracuse, N.Y. She was profiled in the winter issue of Syracuse University Magazine.

**1998**

"Laura Cutler Bickmeier (ENG'98) of Fairbanks, Alaska, married Jeff Bickmeier on October 19 in Rochester, Mass. Lori Thibeault (SAR'98) was a bridesmaid. Other alumni in attendance were Suzanne Chan (ENG'98), Brian Hermosura (SMG'98), Elizabeth Marchello (ENG'98), Francisco Moreno (ENG'98), Elizabeth Rogus (ENG'98), and Lisa Tilley (ENG'98). The newlyweds live in Fairbanks, where Jeff works for the University of Alaska and Laura works for the Alaska Volcano Observatory. They would love to hear from old friends at lauracutler@hotmail.com.

"Laura Browne (CAS'98) of San Francisco, Calif., is the marketing coordinator for the New Century Chamber Orchestra of San Francisco. She previously worked for Publicis Conseil in Paris as an international account executive for two years before embarking on a yearlong backpacking adventure from Uzbekistan to Cambodia. Laura writes, "I'm still dreaming in French, thinking of Asia, and loving San Francisco." E-mail her at lbrowne@pcso.co.org.

"Bethany Smith Cantafio (COM'98) and Steven Cantafio (SMG'00, GSM'01) of Waltham, Mass., were married on August 31 in Swansea, Mass. In attendance were Erin Klein (COM'98), Jessica Stuart (COM'97), Lisa Rosen (SMG'99), Michael Pickard (CAS'98), and Timothy Shumaker (MET'02, SED'99). The newlyweds both work at BU — Steven as an investment and accounting analyst in treasury operations and Bethany in the Special Collections department. Bethany also is pursuing her master's in early childhood education at SED. Contact them at steven.cantafio.2000@alum.bu.edu or bethanysmith.1998@alum.bu.edu.

"Diego Gigliani (SMG'98) of Philadelphia, Pa., is working toward an M.B.A. at the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. Diego spent the last three years as a senior associate at DiamondCluster International, traveling from Portugal to Turkey to Malaysia. He would love to hear from old friends at diego.gigliani.uriarte.wg04@wharton.upenn.edu.

"Samridhi Jain Mehra (CAS'98) of San Francisco, Calif., married Pawan Mehra in New York in September. Samridhi is a freelance designer. Contact her at srijhans@hotmail.com.

"Chanda I. Mofu (SED'98, CGS'96) of Baumholder, Germany, and his wife, Laura, announce the birth of their first child, Vanessa Carolyn, in August. Chanda and Laura were married on November 8, 2001, in Fayetteville, N.C. "It's been a great year together," he writes. Chanda, a U.S. Army captain, is the assistant to operations for the Second Brigade, First Armored Division. He will be taking command of a rifle company in a year. He sends his regards to "the brothers of Delta Tau Delta fraternity, BU men's lacrosse, all BU ROTC alumni, and the famed class of 1998 "Plateau." E-mail him at chandamofu@yahoo.com.

"Lauren Silkowitz Reiff (SAR'98) of Hauppauge, N.Y., married Lawrence Reiff in October. In attendance were Ilana Ackerman (SAR'98), Alyssa Adreani (CAS'98, GRS'00), Meghan Bartlett (SAR'98), Gloria Jar (SAR'98), Elsie Lau (CAS'99), Sara Paleewong (SMG'99, CGS'97), Meg Simione (SAR'98), and Carla Sosenko (COM'98, CAS'98). E-mail Lauren at reifflauren@cs.com.

"Samir Shah (MED'98) of Philadelphia, Pa., writes that he has "a devoted BU family, with many years of undergraduate, graduate, and medical training at the BU campuses." Samir’s sister, Swati Parekh (CAS’98), met her husband, Jai Parekh (CAS’98, MED’03), while completing her undergraduate degree. They both completed their postgraduate training in ophthalmology at BU Medical Center. They live in New Jersey with their daughters, Bela and Sima. Selene Parekh (CAS’99, GSP’99, MED’00), Jai’s brother, was Samir’s classmate in the seven-year accelerated medical program. Samir is currently a fifth-year resident in diagnostic radiology at the Universi-
sity of Pennsylvania Medical Center. He and his wife, Nisha, will be moving to Chicago next year, where he will begin fellowship training in interventional radiology at Northwestern Memorial Hospital. E-mail Samir at shah@rad.upenn.edu.

1999

Mustapha Bakar (SMG’99, CGS’97) of Shanghai, China, would love to hear from people passing through the city in the next year, at mustaphabakar@aol.com.

Elizabeth Boocock (CAS’99) and Adam Dobokowski (COM’99) of Boston, Mass., were married in Newport, R.I., on October 26, 2002. Libby Adams (CAS’99) and Tricia Wilk (COM’99) were among the guests. Elizabeth is in her first year at the New England School of Law, and Adam is a media producer at Liberty Mutual and a guitarist in the Boston band Pressure Cooker. E-mail them at adam@pressurecooker.net or eboocock@hotmail.com.

Andreas Georgotas (CFA’99) of Greece earned his doctoral degree from the department of music studies at Ionian University in 2001. He continues to perform in ensembles and orchestras around the world. He has published essays and books on the viola and recorded works of Greek composers. Andreas teaches viola at Ionian University, where he is a member of the string quartet. E-mail him at ageorgotas@hotmail.com.

Kwang-Ki Kim (GRS’99) of Seoul, Korea, presented his paper "A Sociology of Bad Faith: An Analysis of Peter Berger’s Understanding of Everydayness" at the meeting of the Society for Phenomenology and the Human Sciences in Chicago last fall. He teaches at Sung Kyun Kwan University in Seoul.

Rachel Porges (COM’99) of Mount Laurel, N.J., was accepted into the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. She plans to move to Philadelphia this summer. For the past four years, Rachel has worked as a PR agent for companies such as DuPont and Deloitte Consulting. Write to her at rlp418@aol.com.

Jessica Nguyen Raposo (SAR’99) of Lawrence, Mass., married Brian Raposo in July. Judy DiPaola (SAR’99) and Paola Rodriguez (CAS’99, CGS’98) were bridesmaids and Sara Nguyen (SED’00) was the maid of honor. Contact Jessica at jnguyen@blueale.com.

Grant Silver (CAS’99, CGS’97) of Stamford, Conn., and Lisa Moses (COM’99) of Westmoorings, Trinidad, became engaged in Boston on December 7, 2002.

Ben Sturner (COM’99) of New York, N.Y., got married last year, and moved from Walhams, Mass., to New York City. He has been working in PR and marketing at Terra Lyco Network for the past three years. His endorsement deal with Anna Kournikova and the Sydney Olympics was named the top PR launch of the year. He is now the product marketing manager for FoxSports on Lyco. He "would love to hear from any old friends at COM, or the tennis team, or anyone else I knew at BU. Go Terriers!" E-mail him at bsturner@lycos.com or ben@bensturner.com.

2000

Diana Boss (CAS’00) is a Navy lieutenant stationed aboard the USS Dubuque, where she is responsible for the operation and maintenance of the ship's weapons systems. Last summer, Diana took part in a multinational operation off the coast of the Hawaiian Islands that invited nations of the Pacific Rim to unite and focus on homeland security.

Dimitri Erchov (SMG’00) of Waltham, Mass., founded MarketOption, a Boston-based international marketing and consulting company. He works with global companies to expand their presence in the emerging markets of Eastern Europe and Russia. The company manages a wide range of marketing activities, such as market entry strategy, research, and management of distribution channels. Contact Dmitri at dmitri@marketoption.com.

Rebecca Consentino Hains (COM’00) of Philadelphia, Pa., is working towards her Ph.D. in mass media and communication at Temple University, where she conducts research on media literacy and gender portrayals in the media. She previously was an adjunct-faculty member at Emerson College and a full-time faculty member at Emmanuel College.

Justine M. Harm (COM’00) and Heather M. Chaumont (SHT’02) of Hicksville, N.Y., announce the birth of their son, Ethan David, on September 27. Write to them at heathj@hotmail.com or jharmy@yahoo.com.

Marshall Levit (COM’00, CGS’98) is a volunteer for AmeriCorps’ Reach for Tomorrow in Washington, D.C. The nonprofit agency inspires ninth graders to go to college. He writes, "I'd love to hear from CGS and COM classmates." E-mail Marshall at rulevit@mail.utexas.edu.

Brian Clay Luedloff (CFA’00) of Wentzville, Mo., staged a revival of the Copley-Yeargan production of Hänsel und Gretel for the Dallas Opera this past December. He has also directed La Bohème for Opera Theatre of St. Louis's fall educational tour, La Traviata for St. Louis’s Union Avenue Opera, and Canticleer for Opera Is Elementary. He is directing The Barber of Seville for Opera New England in Boston this spring and is currently busy adapting Dante’s Divine Comedy for the stage and collaborating with writer Michael Lengel on the pilot for a new children’s television show, which he will direct.

Colleen Madden (COM’00) of Atlanta, Ga., is working at CNN headquarters in Atlanta, along with fellow alumni Julie O’Neill (COM’00), Dave Beaudry (COM’00), and Tanya Adam (COM’00, CGS’99). Colleen writes, "I moved down South two years ago with my boyfriend, Tim Fairchild (COM’00). It's been fun, but it's no Boston!" E-mail her at colmadd@aol.com.

Paul Melone (CFA’00) of Brighton, Mass., directed the Boston-area premiere of Neil LaBute’s play The Shape of Things for the SpeakEasy Stage Company. Since graduation, Paul has been working for SpeakEasy Stage, producing shows with Boston theater artists, and he has directed two plays for the Boston Theatre Marathon. For more information, visit www.speakeasystage.com, or e-mail Paul at paulmelone@earthlink.net.

Mike Merriman (CAS’00, COM’00) of Stanford, Calif., is in his second year at Stanford Law School. This summer he will work in Los Angeles and San Francisco for Quinn Emanuel Urquhart Oliver & Hedges, a business litigation law firm. After graduation, he hopes to move to L.A. Contact Mike at mmerriman@yahoo.com.

2001

Tim Berard (GRS’01) of Shaker Heights, Ohio, is an assistant professor in the department of justice studies at Kent State University. He has published several articles and papers in social studies journals and books.

Brett Feldman (GSM’01) of Emeryville, Calif., wants friends to know that his e-mail address is now feldjami@hotmail.com.

Rachel Hull (CAS’01) of Boston, Mass., spent the last year traveling and working with AmeriCorps in and around the Midwest. She moved back to the East Coast from Wichita, Kans., in January. Write to Rachel at rlynnzg@boston.com.
Correction

In the winter issue of Bostonia, we mistakenly listed Florence K. Bert (S03'(58), of Amherst, Mass., as deceased. She had written to Alumni Records that her classmate, Ruth E. Curtis (S24), of Hanover, Mass., had died and was marked as deceased herself. We sincerely apologize to her and her family and friends for the mistake.
IN MEMORIAM

GEORGE ANTHONY NAPOLI (SED'60), Monson, Mass.

Beverly Gay O'Dwyer Smith (CAS'52), Ashland, Ore.
Donald J. Wallace (COM'52, DGE'50), New Britain, Conn.
Merle W. Wynn (CFA'52), Sheffield, Mass.
Alexander M. Cahaly (SMG'53), Newton, Mass.
Warren A. Caster (SMG'53), Seabrook, N.H.
Agnes A. Clancy (SED'53), Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Hedwig A. Granica (SED'53), Littleton, N.C.
Michael T. Kalin (SMG'53), Framingham, Mass.
Joel R. Labell (CAS'53, LAW'56), Andover, Mass.

John N. Samaras (CAS'51), Camden, Maine
Ambrose A. Uchiyamada (GRS'51), Bangor, Maine
Irene M. Carraher (SED'54), Andover, Mass.

Earl Harold Cunningham (STH'54, 55, GRS'55), Cleveland, Ohio
Paul M. Feldman (MED'54), Fairfield, Conn.
Joseph P. Kane (SED'54), Westwood, N.J.
Robert W. Larson (CFA'54), Evanston, Ill.
Pauline B. Martin (SON'54), Gray, Maine
Herbert A. Varnerin (LAW'54), Norton, Mass.

Benjamin F. Forde, Jr. (LAW'55), Scituate, Mass.
Ruth M. MacDonald (SED'55), Orange City, Fla.
Ruth W. Page (SED'55), Hartford, Conn.
Nancy L. Lake Zacharias (PAL'53), Tenants Harbor, Maine
James U. Harris (SMG'56), Austin, Tex.
George S. Robinson (COM'56), Bakersfield, Calif.

Richard Klein (ENG'57), Marblehead, Mass.

Shirley A. Root Meier (SSW'57), San Diego, Calif.
Frank L. Olsen (ENG'57), Lake Wales, Fla.
Vincent P. Zirakian (ENG'57), York, Pa.

Gerald R. Keck (STH'59, GRS'70), Newton, Mass.

Jonathan B. Piper (CAS'59), Groton, Mass.
Archibald M. McColl (LAW'60), Kalamazoo, Mich.
John F. Meade Jr. (COM'60, CGS'67), Edgartown, Mass.

David L. Nohling (COM'60), Saint Charles, Ill.

Elizabeth D. Papageorge (SED'60), Escondido, Calif.

John T. Glennon (ENG'63), Providence, R.I.
Edith Albee Gould (CFA'63), Chico, Calif.
Roland W. Jones (SMG'61), Toronto, Canada
Joseph R. Augustine (STH'62), Moospark, Calif.

June M. Campbell (CAS'62), Cambridge, Mass.

Adeline C. Cannamela (SED'62), Canton, Mass.

Arthur B. Carlson (GRS'62, STH'62), Orlando, Fla.

Robert F. Cronin (COM'62), Dubuque, Iowa

Richard G. Kenison (CFA'62), Topsham, Maine

Carol E. Fortner (SED'63, '64), Uxbridge, Mass.

Gerald R. Golliver (CAS'65, DGE'61), Atkinson, N.H.

Rosario Tosiello (CAS'65, GRS'64, '71), Medford, Mass.

Cecil E. White (SED'63), Point Pleasant, N.J.

Margaret G. Keady (SED'63), Norwood, Mass.

Reuben Blocker (CAS'63), Wells, Maine

Waldo C. Holdren (COM'66, CGS'64), Keene, N.H.

Thomas L. Smith (SMG'66), Brockton, Mass.

Leonard M. Gold (SMG'67, CGS'63), New York, N.Y.

Robert J. Houle (LAW'67), Boston, Mass.

Helene Young Lang (SON'67), Warwick, R.I.

Ruth Conkling Schliemann (SED'67), Brewster, Mass.

Victor E. Soudier (CFA'67), Englewood, Colo.

Marion G. Sprague Zuretti (SON'67, '70), Maryland, N.Y.

Brock P. Maher (SED'68), Naples, Fla.

John H. Ohly (GRS'68, '72), Rehoboth, Mass.

Daniel F. Toomey (LAW'68), Sutton, Mass.

Walter E. Modesitt (SED'69), Naples, Fla.

Mary L. Carroll (SON'70), Upson, Mass.

Clara R. Mahoney (SED'70), Duxbury, Mass.

Edwina A. McConnell (SON'70), Gorham, Maine

Robert J. Sawdy (CAS'70), Hudson, Ohio

Louis Naphtal Garber (CAS'71), Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Jane S. Chagarar Nunes (SED'71), Fairfax, Va.
Mary Ann Leonard Dolan (SED’72), Needham, Mass.

David J. Tomasi (SED’72), Mill Hall, Pa.

Julia Roberts Vander Els (COM’72, CGS’70), Wilmington, Del.

Sherry Graham Owen (SAR’73), Sebastopol, Calif.

Marilyn Miller Radosky (SED’73), Brockton, Mass.

Louis N. Massery (LAW’74), Winchester, Mass.

Linda L. Rankin (LAW’74), Portland, Ore.

Randall W. Sergeant (CAS’74), Haverhill, Mass.

David L. Johnson (MET’75), Grapevine, Tex.

Lars Karbo (GRS’75), Odegaardskilen, Norway

Eileen P. Danis (SED’76), McLean, Va.

Marilyn A. Marvin-Goss (SAR’76), Binghamton, N.Y.

James J. Caine (CAS’78), Carver, Mass.

Harry T. Gerrit (SED’79), Lynn, Mass.

Wilfred J. Michaud (LAW’79), Boston, Mass.

William H. Williamson (SSW’79), Kennebunkport, Maine

Dongmun K. Kim (ENG’82, ’84), Montvale, N.J.

Wajdi N. Abugharbieh (SMG’83), Jerusalem, Israel

Regina M. Arvidson (SAR’83), East Bridgewater, Mass.

John A. Loheus (MET’84), Parker, Colo.

Peter H. Nordby (GSM’84), Corpus Christi, Tex.

James A. Valeo (LAW’86), Salt Lake City, Utah

Carolyn M. Mineor (SSW’88), Framingham, Mass.

Cirrico A. Memmolo (MED’91, CAS’91), Revere, Mass.

Everett F. Wyner (LAW’92), Wayland, Mass.

Ghada Kharoubi (SDM’92), New Rochelle, N.Y.

Alan David Kaplan (CAS’93), Jerusalem, Israel

David M. Minus (GSM’93), San Francisco, Calif.

Todd S. Ravins (SDM’93, ’94), Los Angeles, Calif.


Deborah Adrian McKee (SED’94), Reading, Mass.

Douglas Paul Caramagna (CAS’95), Lake Worth, Fla.

D. Richard Schaffer (ENG’95), Easthampton, Mass.

J. Stephen Fink, 52, professor and chairman of the neurology department at the School of Medicine, on December 30. He earned his undergraduate degree from Trinity College and his doctorate in neurobiology and M.D. from Cornell University in 1977 and 1980, respectively. Chief of the neurology department at Boston Medical Center, he was a specialist in Parkinson’s disease and other movement disorders.

Robert Haimovici, 41, MED assistant professor of ophthalmology, on October 9. Haimovici earned his B.S. from Northwestern University in 1984 and received his M.D. from Cornell University’s School of Medicine in 1988. He specialized in retina and vitreous disorders. He was director of the vitreo-retinal service at Boston Medical Center and helped establish MED’s vitreoretinal fellowship program in 1998. From 1997 to 2001, he was on the board of directors of BU Eye Associates.

Haimovici was a member of the Club Jules Gonin, the Retina Society, and the American Academy of Ophthalmology, among others, and he published numerous articles and chapters about his research.

Philip E. Kurzansky, 74, CAS professor of psychology, on December 29. A native of Brooklyn, New York, he graduated from City College and earned a doctorate in psychology from Duke University in 1954. He published dozens of articles and research works, including pieces on child development and biological psychiatry. In the mid 1950s, Kurzansky was a clinical psychologist at Ryukyu Army Hospital in Okinawa. He was later named chief psychologist at Boston City Hospital and was a research fellow at Harvard Medical School until 1957.

He joined the department of psychology in 1966, became a full professor in 1967, and was named dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. He was active in the American Psychological Association and other organizations.

Kubzansky was interested in complex organizations such as Polaroid Corporation and Raytheon Data Systems. In the late 1980s, he was a consultant for both firms.

“Rescued of world,” he always kept to make hard decisions that hurt people,” BU doctor, says. “He was one of the most well-rounded, cosmopolitan people,” he says. “He took his students seriously.”

Kubzansky taught his last class on December 10, and graded papers up until December 23.

“He was probably the best listener in the world,” his wife, Judith Kubzansky, says. "He made students feel like their opinions were valuable. He taught."

Wilma O. Thompson (CEA’38, GRS’47), 87, CFA professor emerita of music and CAS professor of English, on May 14, 2002. She earned a degree in music from the College of Fine Arts and an M.A. in English from the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences.

For the Thompson family, attending BU was a family affair. Wilma’s sister Dorothea, who taught, and her brother Charles attended the University.

Haimovici’s father was a professor in the School of Management; Sargent Dean Emeritus George Makechnie (SED’59, GRS’79) recalls being a student of his in the mid 1920s.

As a faculty member, Thompson continued to perform around the Boston area and gave yearly recitals at CFA. She was active on many committees, including the Committee on Auditions and Admissions. She retired in 1995, at the age of seventy-nine. Many of her students became successful vocalists.

Linda Lowy (SED’79) remembers Thompson as being “enormously intelligent and musical, and she was extraordinarily articulate in her teaching. Working with Wilma gave us confidence as singers.”

Faculty Obituaries
Very Like an Empire

BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL


ONE OF THE MORE serious question that confronts Americans in the wake of September 11, 2001, is whether we somehow had it coming. Among those who think we did are a majority of the world’s Muslims, many Europeans, and a significant number of American campus leftists. Sadistic bigots or sectarian fanatics expressing such views can be answered with silence (if weak) or with force (if strong). But there are also a number of patriotic and intellectually honest Americans who have lingered over the same question. Without going so far as to say that the United States indeed deserved what it got, they warn that America has allowed its dominant position in the world to warp its relations with other nations and peoples. Preeminent among them is Andrew J. Bacevich, a CAS international relations professor and director of the Center for International Relations at Boston University. He argues in American Empire: The Realities and Consequences of U.S. Diplomacy, his new history of post-Cold War foreign policy, that “during the twentieth century the United States came to play a role that cannot be understood except as a variant of empire.”

Americans like to think that their country’s superpower status has been taken on reluctantly. Bacevich sees it as the product of a coherent strategy built around “openness.” Having concluded that domestic markets are insufficient for continued prosperity, the United States tries to open up the world’s. One needn’t be a conspiracy theorist to believe this. Listen to Secretary of State Jim Baker’s rationale for a war against Iraq in 1991: “If you want to sum it up in one word, it’s jobs.” Or Bill Clinton’s at the beginning of the Kosovo war in 1999: “If we’re going to have a strong economic relationship that includes our ability to sell around the world, Europe has got to be a key. . . . That’s what this Kosovo thing is all about.”

Washington policy makers claim to seek no unfair advantage, only a “level playing field,” and to exercise not hegemony, but “leadership” of those who seek or defend democratic freedoms worldwide. As Clinton put it, “In the new century, liberty will spread by cell phone and cable modem.” Bacevich is skeptical. He quotes the radical historian Charles Beard, who wrote of an earlier generation of American strategists, “The structure of their ideas and the structure of their interests coincided with impressive exactness.” In a globalized economy, a level playing field favors the strongest player, and lead-

Christopher Caldwell is a senior editor at the Weekly Standard.
Bacevich insists, "connotes relationships based on deference and respect."

That's where empire comes in, for the military posture that protects these relationships is offensive, not defensive. Our military, Bacevich notes, is "optimized not to defend the Eastern Seaboard but to crack heads in East Asia." This has been the case since at least the Truman administration. But during a half-century dominated by the moral comparison of Communism and capitalism, American power was not the big question. Today it is, and America has lately lurched towards an overt imperialism.

In Bacevich's view, militarism is the big legacy of the Clinton administration. This opinion has the ring of wiseacre contrarianism, but viewed from a certain angle, it is almost self-evident. In the forty-four years of the Cold War, America embarked on sixteen military interventions. In the decade after 1989, according to a government-sponsored commission on national security, it used force four dozen times. Many elements of 1990s defense policy were in place during the first Bush administration — which saw a miniwar in Panama, the humanitarian operation in Somalia, and pinprick air strikes to enforce Iraq's no-fly zones — but it was Clinton who melded them into what Bacevich calls a "persuasive rationale for U.S. strategy."

It was persuasive, he writes, because Clinton convinced Americans they could have "the benefits of empire without its burdens." After the bloody failure of the Somalia mission, American tolerance for casualties in what the Pentagon calls "operations other than war" fell to zero. So the United States began intervening with what Bacevich refers to as "gunboats and gurkhas." America provided the bombers and missiles, while foreign governments and entrepreneurs such as the private U.S. company Military Professional Resources (MPRI) were cajoled or hired to provide the troops. Thus Australia was subcontracted to protect the independence of East Timor in 1999. As the 1990s drew to a close, MPRI began training Colombia's anti-guerrilla forces. During NATO's bombing to protect Bosnia in 1995, Croatian troops were trained (by MPRI) to be what one U.S. diplomat called "our junkyard dogs" of ethnic cleansing. The list could go on.

Fighting wars at virtually no risk to itself tempted the United States — and through it NATO — into adventurism. NATO's 1999 Kosovo war turned into a catastrophe when Serbian leader Slobodan Milosevic refused to surrender after the allies began bombing. Suddenly the moral outrage NATO had professed over its oppression of Kosovars evaporated. Clinton had publicly ruled out (as was politically necessary) putting a single soldier in danger to help them. So the United States began bombing neighborhoods in Belgrade and enlisted the drug-running, Islamic-terrorist-connected Kosovo Liberation Army to fight its ground war for "human rights."

If America's dealings with the world are as strained as Bacevich contends, why aren't Americans more concerned? Bacevich blames a geostrategic variant of political correctness. Those who express misgivings about America's role abroad are tarred as "isolationists," which Bacevich views less as a description than as a means of "disciplining public opinion." That is why he applauds anyone willing to broach the subject of empire, from Patrick Buchanan (who is an isolationist) to neoconservative Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz to the dovish Peter Tarnoff, Clinton's undersecretary of state for political affairs. And that is why he leans heavily — too heavily — on the work of hard-left historians William Appleman Williams and Beard, whom he calls "patriot-heretics."

The attacks of September 11 have confirmed many of Bacevich's long-held points. American officials have in the past eighteen months done considerably less oratorical pussyfooting about the country's global ambitions. And yet the attacks, while they vindicate this analysis, also rob it of much of its relevance. For the twelve years between the fall of the Berlin Wall and the fall of the World Trade Center towers, the lines were clearly drawn between American "imperialists" seeking to reshape the world and American "hawks" with a more traditionally modest idea of American defense. Now that the United States finds itself in a genuine war against a real enemy, those

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**On Deborah Barlow's Muses Mirror**

I.
She spreads canvases on the floor before her continents, like God's, where life is given, but given, like the Garden, for someone else to name.

II.
*The Silence of the Forest* is all blue. I can't remember who painted its light, hovering low, which must have been from a moon. I think of your red Muse.

III.
My body become an arched opening, a door between eternities when I stand in the mirror of what you mean.

— J. Nicole Long (GRS'97)
lines blur, to the point where even Bacevich grants that "to surrender American primacy... might suggest a loss of nerve or an erosion of strength, planting among would-be adversaries the belief that the time was ripe to mount a challenge." For the time being, an aggressive American military posture is demanded by our strategic predicament. But that does not mean we can ignore Bacevich's worry that it is also prompted by our self-interest.

The Immortal Dying Art

BY ALAN SHAPIRO


WHENEVER I HEAR someone ask, "Can poetry matter?" or bemoan the lack of airtime or visibility poets receive in our society, I think about the science fiction movie Contact. In the flick's climactic moment, after traveling to an alien planet through an intergalactic passageway, the intrepid scientist played by Jodi Foster steps foot upon a strange but indescribably beautiful world, and the first words out of her mouth are, "They should have sent a poet!"

Imagine how goofily anticlimactic that moment would have been if Foster had said, "They should have sent a novelist." The rightness and inevitability of the line, and the ham-handed flappiness of any alternative ("They should have sent a creative nonfiction writer." "They should have sent a documentary filmmaker.") suggest that poetry is still recognized, even by Hollywood, and even if only in this ghostly and attenuated way, as occupying an exalted place among arts.

Of course poetry has never been popular in the way that rock and roll or film are. In comparison with the often-spectacular displays and productions of the entertainment industry, poetry can frequently seem like a dying art form, artificially sustained by the life support of creative writing programs and writers conferences, of interest mainly to a few scholars of the art, the poets themselves, and a handful of their relatives. For the past several years no American poet, on and off the page, has done more to correct this widely held misapprehension than CAS English Professor Robert Pinsky. In the Favorite Poem Project, launched during his tenure as U.S. poet laureate, and the two anthologies that grew from that endeavor, Americans' Favorite Poems and Poems to Read, and now in his beautiful new book of essays, Democracy, Culture and the Voice of Poetry, Pinsky has been showing us that poetry, far from being out of step with contemporary America, may provide us with an indispensable portrait of who we are.

According to Pinsky, poetry is the most intimate of the arts. Its voice is as close as the mother of the muse, poetry "resists uniformity because it registers fine gradations," and it "resists the factional assumption of a democratic people, and it thereby resists even as it engages the stifling uniformity of the mass culture that is the time was ripe to mount a challenge." For the time being, an aggressive American military posture is demanded by our strategic predicament. But that does not mean we can ignore Bacevich's worry that it is also prompted by our self-interest.

Alan Shapiro is a poet and the author of Song and Dance and The Last Happy Occasion.
Every year members of the Boston University faculty and staff publish scores of books, making important contributions to their fields or to other areas of interest. For a list of the books published in 2002, please visit www.bu.edu/bridge/archive/2003/01-17/books.htm. If you do not have Internet access, call Bostonia at 617-353-3081, e-mail bostonia@bu.edu, or write to Bostonia, 10 Lenox St., Brookline, MA 02446, and we’ll be glad to send you the list.

**ESSAYS & REVIEWS**

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Favorite Poems and Poems to Read — is itself a reflection of an unsettled national identity, of identity as process, constantly invented and reinvented out of the ever-changing materials at hand. The Favorite Poem Project provided eloquent and compelling testimony to the fact that American identity inheres in the hyphen that separates the part that tells us where we came from, from the part that tells us where we are: African-American, Korean-American, Jewish-American. In its dual nature, poetry resists the cultural forces that would tilt our sense of ourselves too far in either direction, toward too much sameness or too much difference.

Pinsky is a shrewd, undogmatic, and original observer of American culture. What he says of poetry in general as both engaging and resisting mass society, of mediating between our often mutually exclusive needs for individual distinction and social connection, is also true of his attention to poetry and its place in American culture. One of the marvelous as well as useful aspects of these essays is Pinsky’s ability to connect the intimate workings of particular poems to large cultural meanings in ways that illuminate both without collapsing the distinction between either. His readings of Frost’s “Home Burial” and E. A. Robinson’s “Eros Turannos” are both brilliant in their own right and at the same time are illuminated by and help illuminate the book’s general argument — that poetry as a form of entertainment may be feeble compared to the works of popular culture, but that as an ancient art, as our oldest and most intimate technology of feeling, it is fundamental and profound.

I used to think that poetry serves the same function in our cultural life that God serves in the mostly secular life of many of my relatives. In the same way that my parents hardly ever go to temple, but still invoke God in times of crisis, God being the last line of defense against catastrophe, so most Americans turn to poetry on the most important occasions. It’s poems we want to read at dedications, weddings, funerals, not short stories or screenplays. The lively and important essays in Pinsky’s book have convinced me that my view was way too narrow. Poetry’s social presence may be quiet, but it is vast and ever-evolving. The lack of an established place for poetry in our society may be a cause of worry, but it is also a source of vitality and flexibility, a source of strength.

**ALUMNI BOOKS**

**JAMES ALEXANDER**

*(STH’62)* and William R. Burkett. *The Secret Court Martial of Admiral Kimmel: Pearl Harbor on Trial*. Macedon. Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, commander-in-chief of the U.S. Fleet at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, and widely considered responsible for the devastation resulting from the attack, was relieved of his command, although formal charges were not brought. His request for a public court martial was denied. This fictional court martial draws on transcripts of military and congressional investigations.

— Natalie Jacobson McCracken

**L. DEAN ALLEN**

*(GRS’00)*. *Rise Up, O Men of God: The “Men and Religion Forward Movement” and the “Promise Keepers.”* Mercer University Press. Reacting to the effects of changing economic conditions and the women’s movement on job and family patterns, a series of evangelical meetings attracted more than a million men, and gave national prominence to an evangelical organization urging men to take back their traditional roles, as Jesus ordained. The organization: not the modern-day Promise Keepers, but the early twentieth-century Men and Religion Forward Movement. Allen examines the similar histories and goals of the two organizations and contrasts their methods, the MRFM emphasizing group efforts to Christianize business and social legislation — and the church; the PK focusing on changing society one family at a time. — NJM

**DIRK BAKER**

*(COM’91, CGS’89, SED’93, ’98)*. *Baseball Drills for Young People: Over 150 Games and Activities*. McFarland & Company. How to make baseball and softball a source of valuable life lessons, and even more important, fun for elementary-school children. — NJM

**SUSAN CAMPBELL**

*(COM’87)*. Gaylord Nelson and Paul Wozniak. *Beyond Earth Day: Fulfilling the Promise*. University of Wisconsin Press. The first Earth Day, April 22, 1970, was a huge, passionately enthusiastic national demonstration that
focused the attention of policy makers on environmental matters. In a burst of similar enthusiasm, Robert F. Kennedy, Jr., says in introducing this book that one-tenth of the nation participated. But that was, culturally, the late sixties.

Nelson, governor of Wisconsin from 1959 to 1965 and senator for the next eighteen years, whose office organized the event, summarizes what followed: in 1970 the establishment of the Environmental Protection Agency and by 1988 passage of twenty-eight other major environmental laws along with hundreds of individual public lands bills. Now unsolved problems have been joined by dangers created by the rise of synthetic chemicals; April 22 is still Earth Day, but without the passion. This summary of current issues is written to "reawaken... the same sense of urgency that propelled the modern environmental movement." — NJM

Christopher Castellani (GRS'99). A Kiss from Maddalena. Algonquin Books. This bittersweet story about a young couple undone by a protracted war and the pull of family ties begins slowly but satisfyingly coheres with its close-knit character studies. 

Blond sixteen-year-old Maddalena

Poetic License

"SOMETIMES poems remember small things," writes Elizabeth Alexander. In her piquant verse, a geranium's "blooms/smell spice not sweet," while a fried hush puppy can be "golden-brown and crisp/like a simple, well-executed thought." And often, those small things are emblems of the wider world.

Armed with a notebook, Alexander (GRS'87) peers into the ordinary world to find the images "just waiting to evoke the process that turns them into poetry. I really believe that there is poetry around us all the time," she says. "If we open our ears to the very distinct and compelling ways that different people speak, to what's in the newspaper, to what's in the natural world, to what's in the urban landscape, and of course to the music inside of our heads, there's always something to take note of."

The critics have certainly taken note of her work. Alexander has consistently won glowing reviews for the verses on gender, race, history, and motherhood found in her three poetry collections, The Venus Hottentot, Body of Life, and Antebellum Dream Book. In "The Venus Hottentot," she famously envisions the musings of an African captive in France: "Now I am bitter and now/I am sick. I miss good sun/miss Mother's..." Alexander's accolades include a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, two Pushcart Prizes, and the George Kent Award. Last spring she received a Guggenheim Foundation award for artistic development.

She credits Nobel Laureate Derek Walcott, her mentor in the Creative Writing Program, with helping her find her voice and hone her syncopated stanzas. Through him, she discovered the distinctive styles of Whitman, Yeats, Brooks, Auden, and an "ever-evolving pantheon" of poets who inform her work. After a "year of very intense apprenticeship" in his classroom, Alexander says, "I felt like I came in one door not a poet, and I came out the other door wanting to spend the rest of my life as a poet."

Since earning her master's from BU, she is indeed pursuing a life in letters. Currently an adjunct associate professor of African-American studies at Yale University, she's now working on a volume of essays about African-American artists in various media.

Alexander's life is about to take a new direction. This self-professed city slicker will spend part of her Guggenheim fellowship traveling in Africa, where she plans to be "peaceful and productive" in Senegal. — Jennifer Becker

Elizabeth Alexander
Picinelli is the most beautiful girl in the drowsy Italian mountain village of Santa Cecilia. Her most ardent admirer is skinny, clownish seventeen-year-old Vito Leone, ears sticking out and shirts half tucked in. Neither handsome nor rich, Vito must figure out how to become her suitor. It’s 1943 and all the young men are away at war except for Vito and his friend, who soon turns eighteen and is taken to fight the Russians.

Vito tries to impress Maddalena with a ride on his makeshift bicycle in exchange for a kiss, an offer he makes to all the village girls. All that spring, Maddalena refuses, but one day, instead of a kiss, she offers to imitate the old village seer, with funny riddles and predictions. She predicts that Vito will not grow up: “The years will pass and the war will end but you will not get old.”

Vito is enchanted and meets Maddalena each week, soon sneaking “into her heart with jokes and dances and crazy made-up songs” until she sees him as a man.

But the war intervenes and the couple’s love is tested.

The reader roots for Vito and Maddalena as their love and bravery grow, cautiously defying conventions and family strictures. And Maddalena’s prophecy proves wrong: they all grow up. — Steve Dykes

R. Thomas Collins, Jr.
(CAS’70). Blue Dragon: Reckoning in the South China Sea. Ravens Yard Publishing. Collins was a former newsman who had worked in Mobil Oil’s public relations for ten years, when in 1990 he joined the Mobil team assigned to gain access to oil fields off the coast of Vietnam. He describes the considerable political complications, internationally and within the company, his internal conflict about being in Vietnam, and memories of the late sixties, when he was a BU student. — NJM

Eugene A. Defelice
(MED’56). Overweight, Obesity and Health: Web Resource Guide for Consumers, Healthcare Providers, Patients, and Physicians. iUniverse.com. Defelice’s book includes Web resources, and can be used to seek current information necessary, as the physician author says, for working with health providers to make informed decisions about lifestyle and health care. — NJM

Alan R. Earls
(MET’90). Route 128 and the Birth of the Age of High Tech. Arcadia. When it was opened, arcing broadly from Boston’s North Shore to its South Shore, Route 128 was called “the road to nowhere.” A half century later, rush-hour commuters think of it the same way. But as we see from this addition to the swelling Images of America series of picture books, Route 128 both encouraged the growth of the once-agricultural suburbs and became a convenient home for the plants of Raytheon, Teradyne, Polaroid, Digital, and Wang. The book is illustrated with photos of the highway’s construction and company publicity shots. — MBS

Tipper Gore
(CAS’70) and Al Gore. Joined at the Heart: The Transformation of the American Family. Henry Holt. Describing the evolution of the family over the last several decades, the former Second Couple emphasize growing diversity (single and gay parents, mixed marriages, older parents, not to mention two-career families) and challenges (poverty, the omnipresent media, materialism, two-career families). Drawing on research, and the example of varied families triumphing over diverse difficulties, the book presents (along with glimpses of the right-thinking, fun-loving, faith-directed Gore household) solid advice on creating a strong family and raising happy, productive children.

With Gail Buckland and Katy Homans. The Spirit of Family. Henry Holt. More than 250 images by photojournalists, art photographers, photographers, students, and other professionals, unidentified save for the name of the photographer, add up to an eloquent meditation on family. — NJM

June Christine Goudey
(SAR’68, STH’93). The Feast of Our Lives: Re-imaging Communion. Pilgrim Press. Ordained in the United Church of Christ, Goudey argues that the celebratory, healing nature of communion, as it was conceived, has been subsumed by fear created by a medieval shift to sin, guilt, and punishment.

— NJM

Buck Haeseler
(COM’54). My Whole Life Was a Vacation: A Chronicle of Forty Years in the Travel Business. Dorrance Publishing. For a travel writer and agent, work is often play, and an autobiography is a travelogue.

Alison Hagee
(ENG’88). Educating the Heart: Standards-Based Activities to Foster Character, Community, and Self-Reflection. Zephyr Press. For teachers.
These essays alternately describe the dinners and the individuals. The portraits aren’t always pretty. The Capital Investors frequently resemble high school bullies with money.

The Dinner Club exposes the peaks (a Great Gatsby party) and the nadirs (calling for layoffs, which one CEO compares to shooting dogs: “The first one is hard, but by the eleventh one, it’s part of the ‘natural life cycle’”), leaving us with an insider’s view of the New Economy. — Jenny Brown

**MaryLynn Bartolomei Jacobs**


**Helen Kampion**

(SMG’78, GSM’86) and Marty Lapointe-Malchik, illustrator. Clyde the Chatterpillar: Stories for Kids. As the title implies, Clyde the caterpillar has the gift of gab, and doesn’t know when to shut up. What drives his family and friends a little batty turns out to be to his advantage when he’s plucked from a crowded bug picnic by a crow with a sensitive stomach who plans to have Clyde for a tasty snack. Not just a talker, but also a salesman, Clyde extricates himself from this sticky situation, and makes a new friend. — Taylor McNeil

**Robert I. Krasner**


**Pam Lassiter**

(SED’72). The New Job Security. Ten Speed Press. That traditional American ethic — choose a career path, acquire the appropriate education, work hard, probably for one company, and move steadily up in rank, pay, and recognition until it’s time for a comfortable retirement — no longer applies. Now neither a single set of skills nor mutual loyalty with a single employer can assure job security, according to this career consultant. She describes contemporary strategies (including becoming a consultant) and offers very specific advice, more useful than some inspirational words she quotes from Woody Allen: “Money is better than poverty, if only for financial reasons.” — NMJ

**Shannon Henry**

(CAS’91). The Dinner Club: How the Masters of the Internet Universe Rode the Rise and Fall of the Greatest Boom in History. The Free Press. Once a month, a group of Washington, D.C., power players socializes over dinner, choosing tech start-ups to invest in. They are the Capital Investors, twenty-six millionaires and billionaire execs from companies such as AOL, WorldCom, and MicroStrategy. They rode the tech boom — and bust — gambling on new companies while struggling to keep their own solvent. The Washington Post’s Henry sat in on the dinners to chronicle the mercurial machinations of D.C.’s most affluent boys’ club.

“These tycoons,” Henry writes, “at once brilliant and boorish, shaped this era as much as it melded them.” At each dinner, entrepreneurs pitch their ideas, and the investors, over dessert, decide yea or nay on each business plan. A yea means a $100,000 to $300,000 investment. A nay could be the death knell for a struggling new company.

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**Haddassah Lieberman**

(CAS’76) and Joseph Lieberman, with Sarah Crichton. An Amazing Adventure. Simon & Schuster. In retrospect, it’s easy to see that the beginning of Senator Joseph Lieberman’s 2000 vice-presidential campaign foreshadowed the end. After being told by his press secretary that presidential candidate Al Gore was going to choose Senator John Edwards as his running mate, Lieberman kissed his wife, Haddassah, and twelve-year-old daughter good night, and went to bed, his vice-presidential race over before it began.

Lieberman turned on the local news the next morning to hear the announcer declare that he was Gore’s choice for running mate.

The book chronicles the 2000 election in alternating segments by the Liebermans, allowing a glimpse of the personal side of national politics. The diary doesn’t delve into the political issues of the campaign; it instead provides insight into the everyday trials of a campaigning family. — Jenny Brown

**Joshua Marvit**

writes as Millt Pupique, a play on the Yiddish for belly button.

Melody T. McCloud (CAS’77, MED’88) and Angela Ebron. Blessed Health: The African-American Woman's Guide to Physical and Spiritual Well-Being. Fireside Books/Simon & Schuster. The fatality rates of diabetes, heart attacks, AIDS, stroke, and breast cancer are all considerably higher for black women than white women in America. The authors list several major causes: distrust of the medical services, poverty and insufficient health insurance, lack of knowledge, reliance on traditional home remedies, and inadequate or insensitive available health care. But before their advice on a healthful lifestyle and intelligent accessing of the health-care system, the authors discuss the physical importance of spirituality. — NJM

David McGahey (GSM’98). Postcards from the Road. Writer’s Showcase. As postcards are to letters, these pieces are more vignettes than short stories. The majority are the observations of men traveling alone, strangers thinking more perceptively than they probably take time for at home about unfamiliar but ordinary lands. — NJM

Sue Miller (GRS’80), ed. The Best American Short Stories, 2002. Houghton Mifflin. As the 2002 editor, fiction writer Miller (whose novels include The Good Mother and most recently The World Below) selected 20 stories from the 150 sent her by the series editor. Her selections are, as she observes in her introduction, all realistic but otherwise very different, equally by men and women, young and older, and concerning the present and the past, children and adults and two dogs, and a range of ethnic American experience. Among the most engaging is “Nobody’s Business,” about a young Indian woman immigrant to the United States.

The Joy of Baseball's Spring Training

If you simply can’t wait to see a baseball bouncing on green grass, Spring Training: Baseball’s Early Season (Houghton Mifflin) by Stan Grossfeld (COM’80) and Dan Shaughnessy, may tide you over until opening day.

Grossfeld, a Boston Globe associate editor, writer, and photographer, won a Pulitzer Prize in 1984 for his work in Ethiopia and at the U.S.-Mexico border and again in 1985 for photos of the people of war-torn Lebanon. He is well-known for his stark black-and-white photography of such visceral images as homeless children living in the tombs of Cairo and the sewers of Mexico City.

Yet his art has another side — demonstrated in this relaxed, full-color view of baseball’s preseason in Florida and Arizona, which is certainly a world away from Boston’s chilly version of early spring. In one photo, a woman in a bikini soaks up the sun on a grassy area behind the outfield in Mesa, Arizona, oblivious to a Cubs game. In St. Petersburg, Florida, fans sitting on blankets watch a Devil Rays game from a hill next to a marina.

After a cold, snowy winter, “I pick up the book, and I want to dive into one of the pictures,” says Grossfeld. “I can smell the suntan lotion.”

— Brian Fitzgerald
United States, by Pulitzer Prize winner Jhumpa Lahiri (GRS'93, UNI'96-'97). All 150 happen to have appeared before September 11, 2001 (although the rules of this annual collection would have allowed stories published through the end of that year). Future collections might offer a different, more unified worldview, Miller says, "or perhaps we'll find the world less changed than we thought." — NJM

DONALD M. MURRAY
(CAS'51). The Lively Shadow: Living with the Death of a Child. Ballantine Books. Murray was basking in the rays of midlife contentment, "proud, perhaps even a bit smug" of his family and academic career, when he received word in 1977 that his twenty-year-old daughter Lee was in the hospital with a violent fever. She died five days later of Reye's syndrome.

In this candid eulogy, he charts his emotions during the days in the hospital waiting helplessly for news and the numbing nights that follow Lee's death. He sometimes uses the same phrases to describe his grief, repetition that hints at the grinding monotony of his pain. Above all, he is unflinching in analyzing his actions and questioning his decision to take his child off life support. As he deals with his loss, his words bring Lee back to life. This memoir's best moments come when he discovers a pile of her autobiographical musings and shares them in the chapter "Lee's Memories." The now-silent daughter speaks of her love for the oboe and her embarrassing school crushes.

Murray's final anguished gift to his daughter was death. By book's end, both he and the reader realize Lee's parting gifts to him — a renewed appreciation for everyday joys and a sense of her intangible, gentle presence — were just as merciful. — Jennifer Becker

CARLA NEGGARS
(COM'77). The Harbor. Mira. Negars' latest "romantic suspense" novel, as they are billed (another is due out in August), begins with a murder, followed closely by the first stirrings of a promising romance. Set in a small Maine town, the action has a lot to do with family history and affection, among the good guys and the bad — although, since this is a well-plotted mystery story, it's not always clear which is which. — NJM

LON NORDEEN
(COM'75, CGS'73). Air Warfare in the Missile Age. Smithsonian Institution Press. This book was originally published in 1985 and is now updated with recently declassified material on Vietnam and other topics, information from sources in Israel, Egypt, and the former Soviet Union, and chapters on the Iran-Iraq War, the Gulf War, the Bosnia-Kosovo conflict, and actions in Afghanistan.

THOMAS O'CONNOR
(GRS'98). Eminent Bostonians. Harvard University Press. Historian O'Connor calls this, his ninth book about Boston, a modern take on the traditional collection of brief lives published to inform and inspire the young. The first biography here is of the perennially popular Abigail Adams (by virtue of alphabetization, husband John is third); the last is of Lennie Zakim, whose name will live on in Boston via the Leonard P. Zakim Bunker Hill Bridge, a spectacular element of the Big Dig, after his lifetime career battling bigotry is forgotten. — NJM

HARRY PARISER
(COM'73). Explore Puerto Rico. Manhattan Press. Pariser, who specializes in travel books on the Caribbean, covers all the major — and minor — sights to see and things to do in Puerto Rico in this comprehensive guidebook, which also has plenty of historical background to put it all in perspective. — TM

CARL PHILLIPS
(GRS'95). Rock Harbor. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. It's impossible — okay, I'm unable to read Phillips's poems without moving my lips, enticing sound revealing syntax revealing sense, the pleasures of language and rhythm, meaning and its discovery overlapping.

Briefly, an ease akin to those parts of the air that allow the bird respite from the effort of muscle flight entails.

In his sixth book, the topics are less particular to a relationship or even a moment, their details stripped away, along with superfluous words. Spare lyrics deal with essential questions of free will, ethics, love, individual rights and responsibilities.

As I said: briefly.
It does not matter, I understand now, my having hoped in no way to resemble anyone —
Winifred J. Ellenchild Pinch (SED'83). *When the Bough Breaks: Parental Perceptions of Ethical Decision-Making in NICU*. University Press of America. The first few days of parenthood are traditionally a time of family closeness, dawning responsibility, rejoicing, and happy musing about their lives before they were adopted. The questions posed are unanswerable; the poems are about questioning, movement without conclusion, branches blowing. Unable to determine a significant place in the universe (“that particular humility”), the poet defines himself, if less often than before, in terms of the passing present:

![Image](https://via.placeholder.com/150)

1. I'll assume again our new positions: myself, at last arcing
   the body over. — Up. Into yours.
   — NJM

_Cindy Probst (SSW'93)._ *Adoption Lifebook: A Bridge to Your Child's Beginnings*. Boston Adoption Press. How to create a journal to tell international children about their lives before they were adopted.

_Ted Schwartz (STTH'47)._ *Clearing the Land Mines of Marriage: The Intergenerational Causes of Marital Conflict*. Trafford Publishing. A family psychologist for over fifty years, Schwartz says that marital strife is often the result of irrational return to patterns learned in infancy, and that Gestalt therapy can help.

_Carla Tomaso (GRS'74)._ *Mayfield Academy*. Alice Street Editions/Haworth Press. At Mayfield Academy, a private Catholic girls high school, an anonymous note accuses a lay teacher of a current sin: sexual advances toward a student, setting off not a rush to judgment but a search for the accuser. She is eventually discovered, confronted privately, and in the spirit of this novel, allowed to keep her secret, no lasting damage having been done. This is, however, no whodunit; what really matters is the revelation — to readers only — of the sexual and fantasy lives, victimless and amusing, of gay and straight women of the academy. Most delicious is a quick bit of grisly action and how it lingers in the memory of the perpetrator, a mild-mannered, aging nun.

— NJM

_Electa Kane Tritsch (GRS'77)._ *Old Wives Tales*. Last Books. Beginning with a dig in Medford, Massachusetts, the novel reflects the history of New England mills and the nature of archaeological digs while tracing the 300-year history of a fictional family, particularly its women.

— NJM

_Roanne Weisman (SSW'77) and Brian Berman. Own Your Health: Choosing the Best from Alternative and Conventional Medicine*. Health Communications. During “routine” surgery to correct a genetic heart defect, Weisman suffered a stroke that left her little use of her right side. She was forty-three, the mother of two small children. Occupational and physical therapists restored considerably more control than doctors had anticipated, but she was still walking unsteadily and struggling with doorknobs and silverware when they pronounced her “plateaued.” Her insurance company agreed, and ended coverage of their services. With skills gained as a medical writer, she began investigating alternative medicine. Today she has virtually recovered, thanks, she says, to integrative medicine, the combination of traditional allopathy with acupuncture, yoga, and other treatments of body and spirit. This book explains the major alternative approaches, documents their success through case histories and published studies, and offers advice on taking charge of your own health by establishing a mutually respectful relationship with an open-minded conventional physician like Berman (which may require changing doctors) and selecting the most appropriate combination of alternative and traditional treatments. — NJM

_Frank J. Williams (CAS'62, LAW'70) and Harold Hoizer. Judging Lincoln*. Southern Illinois Uni-
essays & reviews | alumni books

ALUMNI RECORDINGS

by Taylor McNeil

remaining cool

Barry Tashian, who is the chief justice of Rhode Island's Supreme Court. He has published a dozen of them himself, and his further varied activities in Lincoln scholarship reflect the continuing popular interest in that most revered of American presidents. Williams has headed the Abraham Lincoln Association, the Lincoln Forum, and the Boston Lincoln Group. He writes regularly for Lincolnian journals and speaks at Lincolnian events, including at Lincoln Memorial University.

Among topics considered in these essays is Lincoln's continuing influence, particularly as invoked or relied on by succeeding presidents, with varying results. Was Bill Clinton thinking of Lincoln's farewell to Springfield ("My friends — No one, in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting...") when he bade farewell to Little Rock ("I'll miss going down to the Y in the morning, my blue-collar gym, where there's nobody in bright Spandex outfits.")?

Williams has been collecting Lincoln artifacts since he was eleven, and the forty-nine previously unpublished pieces from his collection include some marvelous illustrations of Lincoln's place in the public imagination during and soon after his lifetime, among them widely sold cartes-de-visite, solemnly traditional artists' reconstructions of events such as Lincoln meeting with his cabinet and reading the Emancipation Proclamation, and renderings of even more dramatic scenes — for instance, Washington welcoming Lincoln to heaven with a laurel wreath and a hug. — NJM

ALUMNI RECORDINGS

by Taylor McNeil

Scott Fisher (CAS'97). Fleeting Towards Creation. In the CMJ New Music Monthly, all reviews have a capsule summary with the acronym RIYL — that's "recommended if you like." And maybe that's where to start here. Fisher's new CD, I think, would appeal equally to fans of Ben Folds and Billy Joel, straight-ahead pop centered on the piano player. Fisher wrote all fourteen tracks and shows maturity beyond his years, both musically and lyrically.

Marc Gartman (CGS'96, COM'98). The Heart Don't Care. Pushpin music. The prolific Gartman — who is also a documentary filmmaker, with
a release about the band Low coming out this spring — self-produced this CD of country-flavored songs, the titles telling the stories: "All's Well That Ends," "Things I Love Too Much," and "Your Broken Heart." He's assembled a good group of musicians to support him, and carries the day with strong vocal styling.

MARK HENG (CEA'92). The Jumbies. By the Light of a Blue Moon. Intelligent Records. How can you not like a band that takes its name from the title of an Edward Lear poem? And in this case, there's even more to like. Though clearly inspired by the likes of the Smiths and the Cure, the Boston-based Jumbies aren't at all derivative. The closest comparison might be Cranes from the mid-nineties, but the Jumbies' Tracy Ross is much more agreeable on vocals — she pulls you in, toying with you occasionally, but is never less than sympathetic. Many records have one or two songs that stand out, but this disc has nary a duff track, and many a winner. Cheeriness is rare here (remember their influences, after all). Instead, sweet melancholy rules. Still, when Ross sings "you feed me lies but still I want you to make me feel sick inside," the music is bouncy, led by Heng on guitar, the Jumbies' answer to Johnny Marr. And for the record, the chorus in the eponymous Lear poem is

Far and few, far and few
Are the lands where the Jumbies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

If I were to go to sea in a sieve, I'd like to take these Jumbies along.

STEVE MARDON (COM'88). Coffee & Beer. Country-tinged tales mark this short CD, with Mardon on vocals and guitar and backing provided by Boston surf-twang band the Weisstroms. Rueful humor is the rule of the day: the chorus "When I'm Drunk" is preceded by the line "I only think about you . . ." And "New Girl at the Office" is a minor classic-in-the-making, a tale of unresolved longing in the cubicles.

PAUL NIESEN (GRS'94) and Inspired! You Answered Me. Niesen composed and arranged the music — and played a wide variety of instruments — for this collection of psalms. The music is modern, with lots of keyboards, somewhat akin to the guitar masses of my Catholic school days. And there's the same same intention: bringing a youthful flavor to the ageless ritual.

JOE ZEYTOONIAN (CAS'69). Line Out. Playing an electric oud (as he spells it — also known as the oud), Zeytoonian teams up with Fred Elias on violin and Mike Gregian on dambek for what they call "progressive music for danse orientale." It's traditional Middle Eastern music, but with a twist. The electric oud has a sound distinct from that of its acoustic cousin, and Zeytoonian uses it to effect, riffs soaring off toward the avant-garde, but always returning to tradition in the end. For more on Zeytoonian's music and dance projects, see www.harmonicmotion.com.

Letters continued from page 5

warfare. There is permission granted only for armed self-defense in the face of an aggression. Surely armed self-defense cannot be termed militancy.

IRIFANA ABDULHAMEED
Quincy, Massachusetts

Mutatis Mutandis
As a reader of Bostonia for almost fifty years, I have watched it mutate from a folksy, parochial newsletter of limited interest into a world-class magazine of thought-provoking and universal appeal.

Your winter issue is filled with incisive writing that kept me reading it from cover to cover. In Vice President Christopher Reaske's letter on page 2, the photo of Chris and Alice Barreca (Man of the Year '32 and "Man" of the Year '53, respectively) with the write-up of their many contributions as involved alumni spoke especially to those of us who were classmates of theirs at the University. The article on the University dorms from the 1940s, the "Common Wealth" about Professor Ault and Lawrence of Arabia, the feature "Inquiring Minds" on four University researchers, and the story "Symphonic Prelude" on composer Samuel Adler were all extremely informative and well written. Those of us who have watched our alma mater grow in stature over the years can be justified in the pride we feel in reading about the deeds of our fellow alumni and vicarious pleasure at the praiseworthy accomplishments of both alumni and faculty. I look forward with much excitement to revisiting the campus on our fifty-year class of 1953 reunion in May.

GEORGE R. STOCKBRIDGE
(CAS'33,GRS'44)
Old Greenwich, Connecticut
The Die Is Past

Is there anyone who can better capture the spookiness of decaying dice than photographer Rosamond Purcell (CAS ’64)? She is drawn to the dead things and medical anomalies usually stuck in the dark back rooms of natural history museums. Among her books of photography is 1998’s Special Cases: Natural Anomalies and Historical Monsters.

The Cambridge photographer recently collaborated with conjurer Ricky Jay on Dice: Deception, Fate & Rotten Luck (Quantuck Lane Press, 2003), a collection of Jay’s essays on dice and Purcell’s photographs of dead “bones.”

Cellulose nitrate was used to make dice from the late 1860s until the middle of the twentieth century, and the material remains stable for decades, writes Jay. “Then, in a flash, they can dramatically decompose. The crystallization begins on the corners and then spreads to the edges. Nitric acid is released in a process called outgassing. The dice cleave, crumble, and then implode.”
Although I have advanced degrees from two other institutions, I value most my undergraduate education at Boston University, because this is where I learned to think independently.

During my undergraduate years, personal circumstances made it unlikely that I would be able to continue my education at BU. I was fortunate to receive a scholarship for my junior and senior years, and I vowed then that if I were ever able, I would repay the University.

Now that my career is established, I am able to fulfill that promise by making a bequest to the physical therapy program in Sargent College to help other students benefit from an outstanding education, just as I did. It feels wonderful to honor the promise I made so many years ago.

— Elizabeth L. Leonard (SAR'69)

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

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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.