

BARNARD COLLEGE CLASS OF 1971 ORAL HISTORY COLLECTION

The Reminiscences of

Vikki Stark

PREFACE

The following oral history is the result of a recorded interview with Vikki Stark conducted by Frances Connell on October 3 and 4, 2015. This interview is part of the Barnard Class of 1971 Oral History Project.

The reader is asked to bear in mind that she is reading a verbatim transcript of the spoken word, rather than written prose.

Barnard Alumni Class of 1971 Oral History Project

Interviewee: Vikki Stark

Location: Skype

Interviewer: Frances Connell

Date: October 3 and 4, 2015

Part I, Interview 1 (with FGC) on Tape 1

00:00:01 Q: Okay. So, basically, we are collecting this for the Barnard Class of 1971 Oral History Archives, I mean Project, which goes into the Barnard College Archives Special Collection. The long-term interest is to be able to make something like a documentary out of it. Prior to that, it'll be used of course for just research by whoever. The transcripts are digitized, so they're accessible for any researcher anywhere. The videos have to be done in person at this point. You'd have to go in and use the facilities there.

Stark: I see. And will I be able to get a copy of the transcript?

00:00:41 Q: Okay. So after we do the interview, I send it to someone to be transcribed. That's done in about two weeks, and then it goes to a processor. That takes about a month and a half. Then a copy is sent to you for you to review and add or subtract anything you want. Mostly it's names that we don't get right. And then, at that point, you will also sign a formal release sign, indicating if you want any of it to be detained, not included in the public record. So there's some layers there.

Okay, good, so this is an interview—

Stark: You were also in the Class of '71?

00:01:23 Q: I am. Yeah, I'm from the same class.

Okay, so this is an interview taking place with Vikki Stark at her home in Montreal. Is that where you are?

Stark: Yes.

00:01:36 Q: Yes. And this is for the Barnard College Class of 1971 Oral History collection, the Barnard College Voices. The interviewer is Frances Connell. Today is October 3rd, 2015. All right, so again, Vikki, thanks for taking the time to be part of this. We will go ahead and start with some reflections you have on your early years. Your first family, where you were born, and we'll go from there.

Stark: Okay, great, well it's a pleasure to be involved, and thank you very much for persisting in inviting me. So I'm a real New Yorker, in spite of the fact that I live in Montreal now. I was born, actually where my parents lived when I was born, was across from the UN [United Nations], in a place that's called Tudor City. I'm not sure if it's still there. So anyhow, I lived there, but I grew up in Queens. I grew up with my parents Dorothy and Julian, and my older sister who's five and a half years older than me, whose name is Nikki Stark. So it's only recently that I realized that to be called Nikki and Vikki and not be twins was rather unusual. We had the identical names, just changed by one letter. So I have an older sister named Nikki Stark.

So I grew up in a very happy, quiet household. I was very close to my dad. I was a daddy's girl. I went to public school. Initially I went to private school. I went to Kew-Forest [The Kew-Forest School], which is actually where Donald Trump went. So I was there when he was there, but he's older than me. And then I went to public school and eventually ended up in high school at Kew-Forest again in private school. And it was from there that I did my interview for Barnard.

00:03:25 Q: Let's just go back a couple steps then. What about your parents? What were they involved in? What were they doing? Where were they coming from?

Stark: Okay, so my dad was born on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. His parents were immigrants who came from Hungary. His mom was a great cook. She came to America when she was sixteen, alone. She had no skills other than cooking, so she opened a restaurant on First Avenue and Houston Street, and it's quite a—or was at the time, at the turn of the last century, quite a well known restaurant called Stark's Cosmopolitan. And my father remembered [Leon] Trotsky coming to the restaurant, and Woodrow Wilson coming to the restaurant, and all the famous people of the time coming to the restaurant. The restaurant was situated across the street from the Yiddish Theatre. So when I was a little girl, I'd lie in bed at night and say, "Daddy, tell me a story." My parents were older parents. My dad was like forty-seven when I was born, which was quite unusual, as you know, in the fifties. My mom was in her forties also, so that was really quite unusual.

So I'd say, "Daddy, tell me a story," and he'd tell me about New York at the turn of 1800 to 1900, what life was like. They had the first car. They were the only wealthy family in the neighborhood. And his growing up, his very special growing-up years. And my mom also is the first generation born in the US. She comes from Rochester, New York. They're both passed on. She did come from Rochester, New York. She moved to New York City and became a secretary. She had a very long career in New York, doing administrative work, and when she retired at the

6

age of seventy-one, she was the vice president of a PR [public relations] firm on Fifth Avenue. So she really came a long way from a very poor family of eight children, where it was always total chaos in their house, to having moved to New York, married my dad, and worked her way up into that kind of job. And my dad was a salesman. He was a manufacturer's rep, and he was sort of a businessman.

00:05:37 Q: And your mother was also Hungarian origin?

Stark: No, she's Lithuanian. (both talking at once) Jewish family, yeah.

00:05:47 Q: Okay, so what do you remember about the neighborhood you grew up in?

Stark: Well, I grew up in Forest Hills. Actually I grew up in Rego Park; my mother liked to call it Forest Hills. But I grew up in Rego Park, which was sort of the other side of the tracks. It was pretty much a Jewish neighborhood. I went to public school and we weren't very observant at all. It was just me and a few Chinese kids who were in school on the Jewish holidays. It was very residential. At night, all the kids went out and played outdoors, played punchball and ringalevio and red light/green light one-two-three and Simon says. The whole gang and gaggle of kids outside behind the buildings. It was really lots of fun, and I had friends right nearby. It was very relaxing, sort of suburban. My dad got on the subway every morning and went to the city, and would come home at night. It was very relaxing, very suburban.

As a child, I was very artistic. I was a dancer, and I took dancing very seriously. I was a ballet dancer. I eventually became a student at the Metropolitan Opera, before Lincoln Center was born. So we would go to the Metropolitan Opera to go to ballet school. It was 33rd Street and 6th Avenue, or something like that. That was wonderful, and I loved dancing. I was also a painter. I did oil painting, and in high school I was quite a serious painter and I did a lot of work, and even went to Woodstock to the Art Students League [of New York], to study painting.

And I was a reader. I loved reading. I was sort of an intellectual, lefty, intellectual kind of kid that developed into being sort of a hippie in 1966 when I went to Woodstock, and became sort of part of the whole hippie scene.

00:07:48 Q: Do you want to talk a little more about that? How did your family respond to you going off and kind of becoming more of a hippie, as opposed to a more traditional student?

Stark: Yeah, well it was a tremendous departure. Where I went to school, in the private school that I went to, we wore uniforms and our little jackets and our little plaid skirts. And the summer when I was sixteen, I was so mature. I was always a very good achiever in terms of school and stuff like that, and my parents felt that I was old enough to go off, and I rented a room in Woodstock and took my bicycle and went to the Art Students League everyday. And as soon as I arrived, I got involved—there was a whole hippie community there—I got involved with a—I

8

was sixteen, he was twenty-four, a twenty-four-year-old, a real hippie from West Virginia, from the mountains of West Virginia. His name was Fritz. Fortunately Fritz was a kind person, and he absolutely adored me, but he sort of brought me into the whole scene, the drugs, the rock-and-roll and everything.

After a while my parents came up to visit me and they found something very different than they had left when they put me there. They threw me in the car, but my parents were very open-minded, very liberal. So of course they weren't happy when they met Fritz, but we went back to New York, and it took me about six or eight months of straightening out, and I went back to school and I managed to sort of come back to where I was before. But it was a very rocky time in my life. A very difficult time. I was madly in love with Fritz, I ran away from home, I was going to West Virginia to get married. (Connell laughs) I went to Washington, DC and the police picked me up and sent me home because I'd run away from home. I sold one of my paintings to get twenty-five dollars to get on a train to go to Washington and all of that stuff. I suppose that was my senior year in high school, so it was around that time that I did my interview for Barnard, right in the midst of all this turmoil.

00:09:55 Q: That does sound like it was fairly stressful at the time. But you were doing the ballet as well, all during high school?

Stark: Yeah, ballet I suppose I stopped like at about sixteen or seventeen. So by that point, I wasn't doing ballet anymore. By that time, my identity had more shifted to be more of a painter.

00:10:14 Q: And what sort of painting were you doing?

Stark: Oh, I did a lot of figurative painting, I did portraits. I'm just looking around here to see if I have anything here. I did nature, big oil paintings, big paintings. Some of them very tortured, emotional, with snakes and things. A lot of it is very figurative. But I stopped that when I was— You know, it was more of an expression. I used painting, and dancing also, as an expression of the angst I suppose I was going through. So when I stopped being so angst-ridden, and there's a reason that I stopped being angst-ridden, I stopped painting.

00:10:56 Q: And you don't do it anymore?

Stark: I don't. I always figure when I retire and I have the time, I'm definitely looking forward to going back to it.

00:11:04 Q: Okay, good. So who would you say was most influential in those days for you?

Prior to college?

Stark: Well, this is my art teacher, whose name was Donald Abrams. And my best friend Jeanette, who was also at my high school. But mostly my art teacher. We would get together and he would give us literature to read. He gave us [Albert] Camus and [Jean-Paul] Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir and all of this. Jeanette and I would go down to the art room and we would talk about literature and art and the meaning of life, that kind of thing. So that was very, very, very meaningful to me. He was a wonderful, positive influence on my life.

00:11:53 Q: All right. And what do you remember about the politics and the contemporary events, again prior to college?

Stark: Obviously I was always very supportive and sensitive to the struggle, the Civil Rights struggle. I was a little bit young to participate. Probably if I were a couple years older I would have gone down to Mississippi or someplace, because that probably would have been my style. But I was never really—I've never in my whole life really been a tremendously political person, other than having strong sensitivity and views about what's right and the way governments should behave, but I've never really been politically active.

00:12:45 Q: Were you part of an extended family at all? Were you aware of your other relatives at that point? Were they influential on you?

Stark: My mom was one of eight, right. But her sisters—she was one of six sisters—they all lived upstate in Syracuse or Rochester. So we didn't really have much family around. My dad's family, he had a sister and his brother-in-law. We saw them, but they had no children. They were even older than him. So I didn't have much extended family at all, that was really not a feature in my life. It was just our little nuclear family.

00:13:19 Q: So the family background is Jewish, but you said you were fairly secular. You weren't really observant. Was that typical of the area where you were living in at the time? Or were you somewhat of an anomaly? Well, you actually said at school, you were the only one except you and some Chinese kids.

Stark: Yeah, we were more of an anomaly. I remember my dad was very much an intellectual. He was definitely an atheist, in spite of the fact that he always fasted on Yom Kippur for some reason. One day a year he became observant. I remember saying to my parents that I wanted to go to Hebrew school, and my father said, "What for?" You know, "Why should we waste our Sunday morning with you being in Hebrew school?" So I actually never did. We just never really did anything. When there were holidays, my parents' friends would invite us over and we would go for Rosh Hashanah dinner, or Passover dinner, at their friends' houses, but I don't ever remember my mom ever hosting anything like that. So it was just not part of our world.

00:14:20 Q: Can you tell me a story about either your mother or your father, which kind of tells more about their character?

Stark: Oh yeah, that's a beautiful question, Frances, thank you. I'm a writer, so I just wrote a story on Father's Day about my father. So it's very fresh in my mind. I wanted it to be published here, and they didn't pick it up for publishing. My dad was the sweetest, gentlest, kindest. He was just a daddy. And that's the name of my story, is "Daddy." He was just a daddy, he was an older daddy, and everyone thought he was my grandfather, and I would say, "Why?" But some of the stories about my dad are that he was very funny. He was extremely funny in a dry sort of way. He and I developed this language that he called Boogela. And it's basically gibberish, just nonsense. So my dad and I would get into an elevator, and we would absolutely start speaking Boogela to each other. And we go like (makes gibberish noises). And so people would look at us and they'd be wondering, What language are they speaking? I can't quite make it out. So we had our secret language of Boogela, and we'd always talk Boogela, and I thought it was **hilarious**. And then he would do—We had a big, brown poodle. Huge, like seventy pounds or something. People would say, What kind of a dog is that? And my father would say, "Oh, it's a Bulgarian Pretzel Hound." And so I would laugh so hard. Or if we went to restaurants, my dad would always make the reservation, and he'd say the name was Rockefeller. So we'd show up and say, "Could I have a table please for Rockefeller?" And so we'd get the best table, right down in front. He was just very—I don't ever remember my father being mad. He never was mad. If we did something that he didn't like, he'd go, "That's my little Vikki." That was the extent of him

being mad. So he was a very interesting person, a very calm person. He was just **devoted** to my mother. He worshipped the ground she walked on. He was never greatly successful financially as a businessman, but he was a wonderful, wonderful father.

And my mom was more of an achiever, a go-getter. I always thought my dad was the intellectual, the bright one, because he went to college. He went to City College [of New York], which was unusual in the twenties, right? But my mom—It only was when I was an adult that I realized how tremendously intelligent she was. My mom was always interested in politics, and she would get on the trucks that went around the neighborhood with a bullhorn and say “Vote for so-and-so.” She was a Democrat until Reagan came around. For some reason she switched. My mom would always have things going on. She’d have arts-and-crafts parties, and all the kids from the neighborhood would come over and we’d all make little hats out of paper plates and things like that.

They were very social. They had tons of friends. They went to all the theatre, all the shows: [*The Pajama Game* and *Fiddler on the Roof* and *Oklahoma*]; that was going on in the fifties and sixties, and they’d get all dressed up, the way people did. My mom always smoked, she had a cigarette holder. She was very gorgeous, my mother. Very elegant, very lovely. She was just lovely. Very opinionated. She had lots of ideas. I was very proud of her, and I was very proud of the fact—She stayed home until I was about nine, and then she went back to work. They just

always loved her at work. She was a good administrator, and people just really, really enjoyed my parents. They were a very good match. They were a good match for each other.

00:18:25 Q: So what about your sister? Was that a good relationship over the years? Was there competition?

Stark: There wasn't competition on my side, because I was five and a half years younger. My mother would tell the story that when I was born, and she was in the hospital with me—like they did in those days for three or four days—she came home, she got out of the taxi, and my sister was five, went running up to her, and my mother said, “Back off, don't touch the baby.” And my mother believes that that started a lifetime of animosity, that my sister had a hard time with me.

My sister was always a force to be reckoned with. Very strong willed. Nobody could tame Nikki. My mother said that she was going to name her Nancy when she was born, and that the city of Nancy fell in France the day Nikki was born, so they changed her name and they called her Nikki. And my father said, “If we call her Nikki, she's going to end up in the Village.” Which she was for a period of time. You know, that it was a boy's name.

We didn't have a close relationship. She always sort of would tease me and make me cry and all that stuff growing up. Throughout our lives, it's been a threaded relationship back and forth, but I have to tell you Frances, that I've written three books, and that my first book is called *My*

Sister, My Self. I'm a psychologist, so my book is about sister relationships, and I interviewed four hundred women, teens and girls about their sister relationships. Somebody said when I was writing the book, "Well, you have to write about Nikki." And I said, "Nikki? Why would I write about Nikki?" Then I realized, "Duh. I have to write about Nikki." So I wrote about my challenging relationship with Nikki in the book, and to her credit, when I was writing the book, I was in Montreal at the time, she's still in New York. I wrote to her and I said, or I called her and I said, "I'm writing this book." And she said, "Well you've got to tell the truth, otherwise the book will be meaningless."

Part I, Interview 1 (with FGC) ends here.

Part II, Interview 1 (with FGC) begins here on Tape 2.

00:00:05 Q: Good, okay. So tell me how much time we have today.

Stark: Well, we have as much time as we need. It's just, the problem being that I was sick for a while, which you'll hear about. A year actually. I'm getting better now but I do get tired after about an hour of talking. So we'll see how we do.

00:00:28 Q: Okay, let's try for like an hour.

00:00:30 Q: **Okay. All right, so this is a continuation of our interview from yesterday.** We lost—I may end up having to call you yet again because we did lose the audio of part of the material. But I did a separate audio that I was recording, so if I can get that together, then we won't have to repeat about twenty minutes. Otherwise I will ask you about that again, but let's go on from there, on the assumption that I think we can actually make this work. I'm hoping.

00:1:00 Let's start with happy reflections. Can you tell me what was probably one of the most joyous occasions or days of your life? (laughs)

00:01:16 Stark: Well, I've had many, many, many happy, wonderful days. I suppose one very special day took place in 2013. I had gone to speak at a conference in Rome, and I'd never been to Rome before. The conference was a three-day conference for women entrepreneurs. I had just come back from traveling in Spain with my significant other, Adrian. We spent ten wonderful days in Spain traveling all around. And then I flew to Rome by myself and I spoke at the conference, and I participated in the conference for three days. And then I had one day to see Rome, before I had to fly home. I got up that morning, early in the morning, in my very nice hotel, and I went down and I had my croissant with coffee and everything, and went into Rome. It was a day outside of time. It was a perfect day. It was a perfect day in that I felt good, I felt

healthy, I felt strong. I was all alone, walking around Rome, and able to just visit all of the places that I had heard about my whole life. And I was able to—Somebody had tipped me off the night before, somebody at the conference had said, to get into the Vatican, that there's a very long line, but you can get your tickets online. So I went to the hotel lobby and I ordered a ticket online. So I showed up at the Vatican, there must have been a thousand people on line. It would have been a three-hour wait. And I walked to the front of the line with my ticket, and walked right in. It was like everything worked perfectly. I had lunch sitting in an outdoor café. Pizza and a beer, looking at the Coliseum. It was just a beautiful, beautiful day. The bells were tolling, the weather was like seventy degrees. It was perfect. So that was a very, very happy day, and a wonderful memory.

00:03:23 Q: Good, good. I take it you—Had you been to Rome before?

Stark: No, no. That was my first time. I had been to Italy before but never to Rome. I'm bitten by the Rome bug now; I'm desperate to get back.

00:03:34 Q: I can see why, I can see why. Okay, how about—You referred just now to a significant other. Do you want speak a little bit about relationships, male relationships in your life? I know you mentioned starting at a very early age with Fritz and the experience at the art camp in Woodstock.

00:03:53 Stark: Yes. I mean, I've had an unusual life. I suppose I think of myself as sort of a stable and conservative person, but I've had four major relationships. That's sort of extraordinary. I was divorced twice, and widowed. I met my first husband Eddie when I was seventeen. Eddie was so much fun, and I really adored Eddie. He was a musician, a Julliard [School] musician. He was just a lot of fun. He's the father of my two kids. We got married when I was twenty. So now looking back, I was young, but I thought, Oh, I'm old enough, I'm plenty old enough to get married.

But over the ten years—you know how it is in your twenties—you grow up in different ways. We were together—We split up when I was twenty-nine and I had a newborn and a two-year-old. He was an excellent father. And Eddie, to this day, is a friend. So I was very, very lucky. We were both Buddhists, remember. We were both involved in Buddhism, so although we were divorced, he was very involved with the kids when I was living in New York, particularly, and he's in New York.

00:05:29 He was always there at the end of the phone line when we moved to Montreal and the kids were growing up, and if they had any problems or questions, he always had all the time in the world for them. Then he and I would talk every once in a while and we would just yak, yak, yak, yak. About the kids, but also about his family and our old friends and all of that. So that's been a real blessing, that in spite of the fact that we were divorced, I felt as though he was very open to new relationships in my life, and he was very mature in that regard, and was able to be supportive of the kids, and of me. Taking care of the kids, in spite of the fact that I took them, at

a certain point, I took them away from New York to Montreal, which was a very hard thing for them, and for him. And for me too, nevertheless.

00:06:03 So that was that ten-year marriage, and that thirteen, fourteen-year relationship. After Eddie, then I met Paul Zweig, who was a professor and a poet and a writer, and has written—He wrote the definitive biography of Walt Whitman, and was very hooked into the literary community in New York. That was the benefit of that. I mean with Eddie I had the music, and getting together with other musicians and going to Julliard master classes and all of the fun things we did when he was a student. But with Paul, he introduced me to a lot of really remarkable people, like very well known writers and poets particularly. We lived this life in New York, this sort of literary life, going to parties. I was in my early thirties. And then he had this house in France. So when I met Paul, we started spending the summers in France, and that's why I switched careers, because I needed to have more time off during the summers, and went back to school and got my social work degree. Paul was—You know, it was just a very interesting literary world, and very exciting, and really cool. He had cancer when I met him, and he had thought it was a lymphoma, and he was told that it could be years and years and years until he even needed treatment. But four years later he died, in Paris. He had the good grace—We had spent the entire summer in France, and our plane tickets home were on August 30th, and he only got sick—Although he had cancer, he was not undergoing treatments, and he was doing fine. But then he suddenly became very ill and had a high fever and he was only sick for about three days. We were in the country, where our house was, in the Dourdoigne, which is about five hours from

Paris. I managed to get—_____ (??) familiar with it—I managed to get the kids, my two daughters and his daughter, on the train, and pack up the house and get up to Paris, and then he collapsed and died that night. So I say he had the good grace, because I never had to go through what I was expecting, which was him wasting away in a hospital bed somewhere and running back and forth. It never happened. He was in the hospital for a day, and then he died. That was a tremendous, tremendous event in my life. It was a tremendous loss. I grieved powerfully for a very long time. It was a tremendous, painful loss, because I really adored him and we had a really wonderful life together.

00:08:51 So Paul died and I was only—I was thirty-four when he died. So then I was still living in New York and I was still doing my social work degree, and maybe about a year later I met Dan, who was my longest-term husband. Dan is a South African, and he was in exile. He was an anti-apartheid activist, and very, very involved in the anti-apartheid movement. So with Dan, I got into, learned all about—He was a heavy-duty politico, so we got into all of the anti-apartheid stuff. This was before Nelson Mandela came out of prison and before the ANC [African National Congress] was unbanned. So he was not allowed to go back to South Africa when I met him, and he was in exile. He had been seventeen years in exile. We fell in love, like, oh my god, we fell so madly in love. We had both suffered. He had a child with his previous wife, and she had left him and moved to Toronto while he was still in Mozambique. So he had had all of these terrible losses with that. And I had had this terrible loss of Paul and his death. So we sort of came

together, and it was really intense fireworks when we got together, and we fell madly in love, and we got married very quickly.

00:10:22 Q: How did you meet him?

Stark: I met him because I lived in my rent-controlled apartment on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, near Barnard on 99th and West End, and I had very good friends who lived downstairs, and they were from South Africa. And he was a childhood friend of the husband of that couple. And they were actually away—He arrived at Christmas, so he came to stay at their house, and I had the key to their apartment. He was staying in the building with friends, so it was a very nice introduction. He was single, I was single, and it was very nice. The first date was in January and we were married by April. He hated New York. He was sort of against the capitalist-empire kind of thing, you know, politically speaking. Plus his daughter was living in Toronto so he got a job in Montreal, and I was sort of young and idealistic, and even though I did have a rent-controlled apartment—It's a terrible thing to give one up, but I was so madly in love and he said, "I'm not going to live in New York." I sort of regret the fact that I didn't dig my heels in and say, "Wait a minute, let me think. Do I really want to leave New York? Take my kids away from their father, do my career someplace else? Do I really want to do that?" But he said, "I want to go to Canada." So I said, "Okay." We married in April, and in December we moved to Canada. I'm not complaining. Montreal is a magnificent city, and it's very cold, but it's a beautiful city. But it's not New York. I'm still more comfortable in New York. I feel more akin

to New Yorkers. Canadians are reserved, and we never really could integrate into the French side. Montreal is split between the Anglophones and the Francophones, and although we both speak French, we never had any French friends. We were never that comfortable in French so we never really integrated into the French side. The English side is more from an English-British background, and people tend to be rather reserved. It's a lovely place and I have a beautiful house. I could never have a house like this in my little two-bedroom apartment on West End Avenue. I walk my dog in the neighborhood with beautiful tall trees, and beautiful landscaping and all of this stuff. It's very pretty, even though I live right in the city. So that's very nice.

00:13:02 Anyhow, I was together with Dan for twenty-one years, and I thought it was a great epic love. And he was very—He was a professor also, at a French university, and he was very affectionate and very loving. I mean the man wouldn't walk half a block without holding my hand. He was very expressive. He would say, "I love you so much," constantly telling me how much he loved me. And in 2001, he became very ill and had a liver transplant. He was extremely, extremely sick as a result of the liver transplant. He lost sixty or seventy pounds, very ill. I just really stopped working and I just devoted myself day and night. Because sometimes there were whole nights where I was up trying to take care of him and everything. I devoted myself to him happily. That's something I can do very easily. I have a lot of energy. So I devoted myself to him, taking care of him, and helped him and nursed him back to health. And did help him. He was on anti-rejection drugs but he was—He had a lot of health problems, not only the

liver transplant but asthma and other health problems. And so I created the environment in which to take care of him.

So all that to say that I thought we had a very bulletproof relationship, and don't forget, I'm a marriage counselor. I'm a divorce counselor. I know this stuff. This is what I do every day. I work with couples that are on the verge of divorce. So the story about Dan is that I had written my first book about sisters, *My Sister, My Self* [*My Sister, My Self: The Surprising Ways That Being an Older, Middle, Younger or Twin Shaped Your Life*], and I had gone on a three thousand-mile book tour across America. I drove from Montreal to Boston—I drove, by myself, all the way down to Atlanta, and then I flew to San Francisco and drove down the West Coast to San Diego. Then I flew to the Midwest, and I went to Chicago and Ann Arbor and Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio and Milwaukee, and did that whole circle in the center of the country. Three thousand miles. I ended up—My last stop was in San Diego and I took the red-eye home, and arrived in Montreal at—

00:15:13 Ends

Part 2, Interview 1 (FGC) ends here, Tape 2 breaks.

INDEX

Abrams, Donald.....	10
Adrian, significant other of Vikki Stark.....	16
Beauvoir, Simone de.....	16
Camus, Albert.....	10
Eddie, first husband of Vikki Stark.....	18,19
Fritz.....	8, 17
Jeanette.....	10
Mandela, Nelson.....	20
O'Mara, Dan.....	20-23
Reagan, Ronald.....	13
Sartre, Jean-Paul.....	10
Stark, Dorothy.....	4, 6, 11, 12-14
Stark, Julian.....	4, 5-6, 7, 10, 13, 14
Stark, Nikki.....	4, 14-15
Stark, Rosa.....	5
Trotsky, Leon.....	5
Trump, Donald.....	4
Whitman, Walt.....	19
Wilson, Woodrow.....	5
Zweig, Paul.....	19-20