

BARNARD

ALUMNAE MAGAZINE/SPRING 1981

Celebrating BARNARD Writers

Hortense Calisher

Janet Burroway

Lynne Sharon Schwartz

Rosellen Brown

Erica Jong

Mary Gordon

LETTERS

The Alumnae Magazine welcomes letters to the editor. Letters must be signed; names will be withheld on request.

More on the Ten Best Foods

To the Editor:

I am delighted to help in the reconstruction of the Alsop Ten Best Foods list. As I recall it, liver topped the list. Hoping to acquire glowing skin and bright eyes like Dr. Alsop's (I can still see her in her starched white coat), I consumed enormous quantities of this organ.

I reported regularly to Dr. Alsop's office for my hemoglobin test. Although I never reached the top of the scale, which was, I believe, "100," I did make "85." It was practically as soul-satisfying as receiving an A in Prof. Montague's course in the History of Philosophy.

Evelyn Raskin Dawson '32
New York, NY

To the Editor:

Too bad someone hasn't found a documented list of Dr. Alsop's Ten Best Foods.

I know that I have eaten cauliflower for about half a century because it was on that list.

Others I can absolutely vouch for: pineapple, kale, beefsteak, sweet potatoes, and liver (perhaps as a substitute for kidneys, which someone else remembered).

Some foods she recommended, though perhaps not on The List, were eggs, carrots, green beans, spinach, and whole grain foods.

Elise Dann Shackelford '33
Sebastian, FL

Help When She Needed It

To the Editor:

I read with interest the articles and comments on education in your Winter issue. It is easy to recognize the glow of achievement in Barnard's changes: an ever-growing applicant pool for the freshman class, compliments on home study courses, enthusiasm for resumed education opportunities, demand for annotated bibliographies.

All this is wonderful and newsworthy but I feel compelled to point out that there are many departments at Barnard that get little applause because what they do is

mundane or simply expected. When I decided to apply to medical school, I turned to Barnard in desperation; the large state school where I planned to take my last pre-med courses had no pre-medical advisement and their letters of recommendation were based on checklists. The pre-medical advisement committee and its staff at Barnard offered suggestions on my application, outlined the complicated process, and even suggested I apply to the school at which I was later accepted... all this ten years after I had left Barnard. The registrar's office, too, was efficient and helpful. Whenever I requested a transcript, I received notice when it had been sent. Not the same as another "Ivy League" school I had attended which acted only after repeated telephone calls and months too late.

It is easy to ignore excellence in everyday matters but we should not take it for granted. I would like to commend the departments which go unrecognized until snags occur and they are not-so-helpful or we notice errors because they pertain to us. "With the consciousness of having done a good day's work, may all these departments spend the evening jollily!" (Paraphrase of a quotation from Benjamin Franklin that I was required to learn in a New York State high school American History class—*n.b.*, Mrs. Sulzberger!)

Marguerite Blythe '71
Long Beach, CA

We Do Things Right . . . Sometimes

From the Editor:

Billie Herman Kozolchyk '60 wrote to us about the article "The Russians Are Coming" which appeared in the Fall issue. Among other objections, she felt that the author completely omitted the fact that *any applicant* for exit visas in Russia faces real danger, not just bureaucratic red tape. The simple act of asking for permission to emigrate automatically labels one a traitor and is therefore an act of great heroism. Space limitations prevent us from reprinting an article by Mrs. Kozolchyk which appeared in the *Arizona Post* and which presents a very different picture of a resettled Russian Jewish family.

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LETTERS - Inside Front Cover

INTRODUCTION

According to the Barnard catalogue, the college's "offering in English is designed to foster good writing, effective speaking, and heightened understanding of literary works that enrich our cultural heritage." Nowhere does it say that an extraordinary number of students can expect to become published authors if they respond to the discipline and creative stimulus of their undergraduate experience, but certainly the record of alumnae achievement in this area offers such encouragement.

On a single Sunday last November, Belva Offenberglain '37 and Erica Mann Jong '63 were enjoying their 27th and 10th appearances, respectively, on the *New York Times* list of best-selling hard-cover fiction (for *Random Winds* and *Fanny*); two of the book reviews in that day's *Times Book Review* had been written by Anne Loesser Hollander '52 and Lynn Sharon Schwartz '59, themselves the authors of recent highly praised works; a book by Angeline Goreau '73 was the subject of another, enthusiastic review, and a half-page advertisement was devoted to a new book by Mary Berlin Barrett '49.

Similarly, the first item in the June 1980 issue of *Ms.* magazine was a book review by June Jordan '57, who is an accomplished poet and novelist. This was followed by reviews of *Powers of the Weak*, the new work of non-fiction by novelist Elizabeth Hall Janeway '35, and *Rough Strife*, Lynne Schwartz' first novel, and then by an article by Louise Bernikow '61 from her book *Among Women*. Among the "First Novelists" who were singled out for attention in the October 1, 1980 issue of *Library Journal* were Eugenia Rich Zukerman '66 and Helen Faye Davis Rosenblum '62.

Even when their names appear one at a time, it is clear that Barnard alumnae are making a special contribution to virtually

every aspect of today's world of letters. The work of Ntozake Shange '70 has been described as "crucial in the emergence of new women dramatists." Mary Gordon '71 was called "her generation's preeminent novelist of Roman Catholic mores and manners" in a recent review by Francine du Plessix Gray '52 (herself an accomplished writer whose latest novel is scheduled for publication in May). Tobi Bernstein Tobias '59 is one of several alumnae with a long list of charming children's books to her credit, and is at the same time a well-known dance critic—yet another aspect of literature in which a number of Barnard alumnae have achieved eminence. Three whose published work represents the finest scholarly research are Catherine Crook de Camp '33, Bettina Liebowitz Knapp '47, and Alessandra Comini '56.

(Although most alumnae have worked exclusively in English, Anne Attura Paolucci '47 and several others have also written in other languages, including French, Italian, Spanish, Greek, and Japanese.)

It would be impossible to analyze all the reasons for the success of these and the many other writers whose background includes, in the words of Angeline Goreau, "the superb training Barnard gave me." The listings of New Books in this and previous issues of *Barnard Alumnae* suggest only their number and the scope of their interests, but the essays on the following pages convey some of the feelings of six creative alumnae with regard to their work.

The prizes available to today's student writers include the Janeway Prize for fiction or non-fiction prose, among whose past recipients were dance critic Arlene Croce '55 and Norma Klein Fleissner '60, a leader in the "new realism" school of chil-

dren's books. Other awards are the Loveman Prize for poetry, the Marshall Prizes, one each for prose and poetry, the Miner poetry prize, and the Prince Prize for dramatic composition. These awards help to translate the students' sense of accomplishment into tangible rewards in the form of "hard cash," and at the same time offer encouragement to young writers to continue to work at their difficult craft.

Clearly, the use of the written word to convey thoughts, feelings and facts is an activity which occupies a seat of particular honor among us, and this is hardly a recent development. In the 1930's, for example, while many students at Barnard and Columbia were speaking out against war, fascism, and other aspects of their troubled time, the literary ferment on the campus was itself quite extraordinary. Nora Lourie Percival '36 recalls that there was during this period a "creative renaissance of impressive proportions, fueled by mentors such as Mark Van Doren, William Brewster, Jacques Barzun, Elizabeth Reynard, Clare Howard and Lionel Trilling. At the Philolexian literary society, founded by Alexander Hamilton, student poets were busily dissecting the 'new' writing of Hart Crane and e. e. cummings and reading their own cherished lines aloud. A group of us founded the Barnard Literary Club for like activity, as well as joint programs with Philolexian; these offered guest speakers ranging from William Carlos Williams to student winners of the revived Boar's Head Poetry Reading competitions.

"In this fertile soil a remarkable number of young talents flourished—many destined to make distinguished contributions to the world of letters. While Elizabeth Hall (Janeway) '35 and Madeleine Stern '32 were producing their early stories and poems at Barnard, and historian Elspeth Davies Rostow '38 was trying her wings in verse, in the pages of *Jester* and *Columbia Review* could be found the names of Thomas Merton, Robert Paul Smith, John Berryman, Robert Giroux, John Latouche and Robert Lax."*

—TCC

* Prominent in this group was Herman Gund (CC '34, J '35) whose promising talent was silenced by leukemia at the age of 26. Readers interested in the young writers of that fruitful era may want to read *Out of Time*, a collection of his poetry, edited by Nora Percival, with a preface by Mark Van Doren, which was recently published by Kent Hollow Press, Kent, CT 06757.

NOTES FROM HERSELF

by Hortense Calisher '32



What is the history of a writer, as a writer, outside the books? Is there an internal history, as a writer, which goes on alongside them? Is it worth talking about? I was never sure.

Not yet published, a writer lies in the womb, marvelously private as one looks back on it, but not yet born, waiting for the privilege to breathe. Outside is the great, exhaling company of those who have expressed.

First publication is a pure, carnal leap into that dark which one dreams is light. The spirit stands exposed, in what it at first takes to be the family circle of confreres. Everybody, shaped to one ear, is listening . . . but after that—one must live.

What is a writer's innocence? In my work, I begin early to ask what innocence is for anyone, to examine it.

"I wanted my conviction—no, that is not the word—*themes* perhaps, to rise pure of themselves. In the uncontaminated country that I could sometimes glimpse in the depth of myself, there was another kind of knowledge that sometimes turned its dark fin and disappeared again, that I must fight to keep," the young hero of my first novel, *False Entry* says. "Compromise has no taste, no muscle; one day it is merely there, in the bogged ankle, the webbed tongue."

I myself fear that logic will overtake the dream, and extinguish it. "The young act from a pure, breathless logic still ignorant of the conventional barrier between dream

and possibility," he wrote, under my hand. "When a man begins to *act* logically according to others . . . then he has left his youth behind."

In heaven, there must occasionally be recording angels who can't be as objective as required. They won't go along with the theology that everything is known; they know better than that. Yet why has that supra-knowledge, so full of the abyss, been planted on dubious guys like them? It worries them. Even so, whenever one of them is kicked out and over the bars of heaven, it is for shaking his fist at the hills of grace, and shouting "*I* expect to know everything!" Adding as he falls, "A prince I know I'm not."

Lucifer takes his hand, or hers, and says, "Be a writer."

*

Now that writing has become my life-habit, the guilt always attached to the role of observer has finally been annulled or numbed by the realization that this is what I'm here for. Yet I know that I am now also doomed to observe that role the more. "The heart doomed to watch itself feel is not less worthy," the hero of *False Entry* and I say, finally accepting our brand of the consciousness thrust upon us all—"this lambent perpetual in the skull, this responsible, ticktock, weeping flame."

*

Going back over one's work, one can see from earliest times certain para-forms emerging. If one is crazy, these are *idées fixes*; if one is sane these are systemic views. A mind is not given but makes itself, out of whatever is at hand and sticking-tape—and is not a private possession, but an offering. Every "essay" I had ever writ-

Hortense Calisher's other works include several novels and collections of short stories. She has received awards from the National Council of Arts and Letters and the Academy of Arts and Letters and was an adjunct professor at Barnard in 1956-7.

ten was in effect a way of telling *what* to *whom*. I had always had to write everything, no matter the subject, as if my life depended on it. Of course—it does.

*

Every writer is a loner in his own way. By circumstance, I had been a late and fairly innocent beginner at an age when others were professionals, belonging to no school except in the minds of those who fixed on those eight early stories in *The New Yorker*, by temperament alien to the nitpicking of the quarterlies, by sex a woman in a period when the short story was a great female province but the novel was felt to be male, by heritage European, American Southern, and a Jew. When it was complained that I couldn't be trusted from book to book to hold my own "image," I gratefully agreed. Yet I could see that all of them were as much American as anything else, and as much about America, as anything else.

*

Major art is about the activities of men—that's why so much of it is about women. But not by them. For major art includes where women can't go, or shouldn't or never have. There are no places where men can't go or haven't been. Childbed is not a place or an event; it is merely what women do. Major art is never about the activities of women. Except when by men. Women are household artists; Austen's art is a travelogue between houses. Dickinson hid in one all her life, Emily Brontë too. Colette had to be locked into one, before she would write. George Eliot had to be *persona non* at some of the best London ones, before she could write a study of marriage like *Middlemarch*—and change her name. Let's face it, dear ladies—a house is not a cosmic home. Notice too, that the women who do write scarcely ever have guts enough for the full, real life of a woman—of all the women writers so far mentioned, plus the recent generation of Porter, Stafford, Welty, McCullers, O'Connor—only Colette had a child. And she was AC-DC—talented women usually are. Art is really wrong for women. How otherwise could it be so right for the men? And Marianne Moore?—she never went to war.

To which those critics who model themselves on the male hetero writers of the day (and perhaps once wanted to be one) add, "And look at their style!" Critics of this type always know what major art is—and wish to discuss only major artists. (That's how they know they're major critics.) And a major artist writes only in a "masculine"

style. Which uses short words—like Faulkner. Whose sentences don't inch forward on little iambs, but are rough and clumsy—like Hemingway. What the masculine style of major art must never be is jeweled—beg pardon, lapidary. A jeweled fancy is always feminine. Like Shakespeare. And Melville. And Sir Thomas Browne.

*

Women are constitutionally immersed in and interested in the minutiae of daily living; so are artists and writers; a great deal of Dickens, Balzac, and Tolstoy takes place in the Dutch interiors of life. But in women artists this is called domesticity—of subject—and women artists themselves fail to see scope there, or give it. They fear the lady-writer in themselves. For what society says to the American male writer, via his sex, is *Watch Out*—maybe you shouldn't.

What he says in turn to the woman writer is *Hump It*—you can't.

*

By the time I wrote on Colette, I had come to terms with being a writer. And for all my surface rages in the past and to come, with being a woman among us. I feel I can go to any war I want to. To all the wars of life, and of the mind.

In the depths of the world, of the sky, there's a rhythm that must be listened to. Anybody can. One day—who knows under what cloud or circumstance?—that beat may seep from your wrist to your pen. Like blood—which has no ultimate sex. *One must give back the stare of the universe*. Anybody can. □

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"Herself" was published in 1972 by Arbor House.

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22 June 1978

It seems as if I have been stripping everything carefully away for several weeks to clear my self for the *ceremonial* undertaking of the commitment. Got rid of classes, turned down student summer projects, wrote overdue letters, called the producer and told him not, after all, to consider casting me as Lady Bracknell in the Tallahassee summer production (it might have been good for the novel, to be back in a theatrical setting, but would also likely have involved that part of the ego's energy that needs saving most); entered into a no-appointments frame of mind that has even made me unwilling to say I'd appear at the beach or the dock at a given hour.

But after three days at work on *The Opening* I am dissatisfied and fretful, driven back as so many times before to keeping a journal. Beginning *The Buzzard* was like this, the first few pages mere rubble of the holy city in my mind.

*

The image I have of the opening is of Shaara digging a dog's grave in early-morning mist and red Georgia clay. This image has nothing whatever to do with the plot (but is the fifth of my six novels to open with a death—why? Something about beginnings and endings, life cycle?)—the burial of this dog has nothing to do with the plot, or Shaara particularly, and all the significant stuff has to come in sideways. In a way the necessity of the image is that it does make the information come in sideways. *In media res*, more than that, oblique.

Janet Burroway is the author of five novels, including The Buzzards and Raw Silk, and two children's books. She is professor of English at Florida State University.

Can't hop into it: Shaara doesn't want to work with her former husband but does want to meet his wife, about whom she fantasizes. Should I be more direct? Don't think so. Ciardi: literature is never only about ideas but about the experience of ideas. And experience is sideways, isn't it? She thinks she is handling the burying of the dog very well. And she is. Only it will haunt her among the later deaths. Maybe this means that it does have to do with the plot in ways that I feel but don't yet see; maybe that is why these last fidgety weeks I have never seriously questioned that it should begin there in the grave.

Or maybe it's this: the setting is a theater, and this theater is subprofessional in the boring little town of Hubbard, Georgia, distinctly devoid of glamour. All the same something sinister can surface, and the grave helps establish that, the Georgia earth, the rotting fecundity.

Still at this point, with Shaara thigh-deep in the clay, her son Kevin still asleep in the room with the iguana cage, I have not really decided whether she lost a daughter five years before. A real plot decision, which I can't yet make.

23 June

Freen came home very late from work tonight, asked how it was going. Told him over midnight tuna fish that the angst of right now is having written enough to have spoiled the amorphous luminous Whole Idea of it that exists in the mind before you start, but not enough to have got hold of the specific thing it will be, who they are, what will happen. When I say this sort of thing, Freen nods, waits, watches, smiles. My husband knows me well enough to know that what I need is neither cheer nor advice, but a willing audience.

*

Also told Freen this:

The novels that I get most lost in, can't put down, tend the last few years to be by women: Godwin, Drabble, Lurie, Gould. I admire Spark, Adler, Lessing, and Didion more, for experimentation, form, the shape of their ideas, but I can be more easily distracted from them. The novels that sorta awe and dazzle me, and which I would like to emulate although I sometimes find them heavy to get through, tend to be by men: Barth, Barthelme, Pynchon, Robbins, and McGuane. I am more in tune with the women's work, but I would like to stretch in the other direction. Don't think this is a simple sexist remnant. (I remember similarly wanting to read Trollope but *be* Conrad.) What I dislike about the women's

Opening Nights: THE OPENING DAYS

by Janet Burroway '58

What I dislike about
the women's work
I like is an underlying
trivial complaint,
a bitch against life.

work I like is that within and between and among the understanding, compassion, psychology, forgiveness, is an underlying trivial complaint; a bitch against life. What I love about the men's work is its celebration: love of the Baby Ruth wrapper in the gutter, a celebration of American roadside rubbish. And yet this luv luv luv does seem to me: easy. Super-facial.

What's troubled me about the opening Shaara chapter is that it's got the roadside rubbish (I am conscious of her eating granola crumbs, out of a vendor, on a naugahyde couch) but it doesn't celebrate; it's tired and hurt and mad. But leave that for the present and go on. If it's going to have a happy ending after all maybe it will celebrate in the end.

This reminded me of a picnic at Uncle Walt's and Aunt Ida's in Riverside California when I was 13. One of those family reunions we used to trek to, leaving Phoenix at three A.M., driving over the desert in the wee hours with our heads wrapped in wet towels, running from the rising sun.

At this one, I remember, I very specifically discovered that I liked men and did not like women. Because the men were in the backyard with us kids, telling anecdotes, especially Uncle Walt, cutting up, being fun. Uncle Walt had, after Aunt Anne left him in such a state by running off with the Philosophy Professor from Whittier, become a real life hero by contracting a middle aged romance with Ida-of-my-mother's-match-making, whole thing so romantic, and here was Ida *bitching* from the kitchen about the table not being set or the chicken carved or some such crap. And I thought of the older generation, Aunt Charlotte with her "poise" in the kitchen, carping to Uncle John at his croquet; it came to me at once and definitively out of the experience of my extended family that I liked men and not women because men were easy-going and women were bitches.

This was based on reunions and picnics. Why did Aunt Anne run off?

I thought of it later as *I* bitched. The source of the bitching is that women set the table and serve the chicken. Especially at picnics. It is hard, and that's the truth of it, to have an easy-going nature over a hot stove.

Mostly women and children are linked as victims. But in this respect maybe men and children are natural allies, not needing to deal and not wanting to deal and having no respect for the dealing with the daily nittygrit. The one thing I most resent in my children is the one thing I have most resented in men: insufficient attention to,

insufficient appreciation of, the massive organization of mundane detail.

Thas what a novel is, ain't it?

27 June

There's a great problem of timing. I work on a life clock that allows me summers and vacations to write; I'm lucky to have it, most people get two weeks off in the summer. But the novel to be written works on a clock of its own, and so does my own psychological state of readiness. It is virtually impossible to get the three together. When by accident I do, the writing is wonderful ("Too Tightly in Warm Hands" written in 36 consecutive hours, the last 125 pages of *Raw Silk* in three weeks)—I meant that it feels wonderful to write but the writing is also the best that I do, at those times. Now I've set up an unusually good year, with summer off, autumn teaching in Florence, a sabbatical in winter, teaching here in spring, summer off: nine out of the next fifteen months to write. *The Opening* has been around my mind for three years (why am I so slow?—I wish I could sit down and turn out a book a year like Murdoch; or, like a person of Victorian self-control, take a brisk walk before breakfast, sit down to do my five pages before lunch, read in the afternoon, dine at 7 etc.) The book is not as ready as I thought it was, not as ready as *Eyes* was when I began; still it is readier than either *Buzzards* or *Raw Silk*. So that, as I chatter to my colleagues, if I don't write it "it will be my fault."

*

Of all the human tools invented, who would pick words to work with, the clumsiest for the job at hand? shovels dig, wheels roll, levers lift, but words do not express.

*

I do not admire giving up. People who keep demanding attention in the guise of giving up bore and anger me. In *Lovers and Tyrants* du Plessix Gray strikes a strong note, says that what men dislike most in women is what they fear in themselves: hysteria, breakdown, not coping. Struck me at the time that what women dislike in men is also what they fear in themselves: violence, brutality, hatred, contempt. What I love in Freen is what I would like to have in myself: patient stillness. "I have everything I need." His level of expectation for every day is commensurate with the day's rewards. Mine is not.

4 July

Sitting here now (with twenty people due in a couple of hours to celebrate our

Independence), trying to mold and make, rewriting and rewriting these first Shaara pages, I'm reminded of the gentle author in Camus' *Plague*, who spent years perfecting the first sentence of his great opus, the message being that he would never write it. The message being that, in writing as in any other endeavor, you must choose compromise, you must forgive yourself and *settle for* if anything is to be accomplished. And yet there's no point in writing adequately. This, above all, is why it's so hard. Everything else that I do I do to fulfill a need, and if some days I teach only adequately, well then all the same some information passes from me to those who have arrived at the appointed hour asking for information. If I mother only adequately, all the same the children must be fed and bedded. Nobody needs another novel. The only justification for writing one is that it should be *wonderful*. Adequate is inadequate. So I sit and pass judgment on myself: this is dull, this is unclear, this is insignificant: ergo I am dull, I am unclear, I am insignificant.

8 July

A moderate blessing-counting mood. I sit hour after hour, reading snippets of myself and others, not knowing (as Auden accurately observed) whether I am procrastinating or must wait for it to come, but not wanting to avoid the desk. Wanting to be here in fact. And the fact is that I can be. The children are of an age and Freen of a disposition that there is no hour of the day or night I can't say: I want to work, and do so. This is something I never had before, or when I had to have it, I had to *take* it with great violence. The kids are noisy and negligent, and Freen, I am perfectly certain, is *wrong* about the washing machine! but there is no turmoil under. I forget. M. came into the kitchen on 4th of July with a face blank, numb with suffering over a marital quarrel and I thought: oh, oh, I forgot what it's like. I forgot to bless that base of a life without violence and turmoil, where I may concentrate on the little torture of writing a book.

11 July

In my procrastination-or-waiting-for-it-to-come yesterday I reread the journal of the awful year Illinois-to-Tallahassee. Peculiar that I look back on terrible times with affection. The Greeks knew the opposite, that "no suffering is greater than remembering happier times."

I see why this record of my sense of waste now fills me with nostalgia: I sur-

vived it. When I returned to Illinois last year my friend Julia was astonished that it didn't depress me. "I thought the memories might be too painful," she said. I thought about this. And I told her: no, because it worked. If I had given up and gone back, then I would have to have thought of that period in Illinois as "the time when I was crazy." But however awful it was, I went through and out the other side. And rereading what I felt then, I look back liking myself for the guts that felt so gutless, whereas I look back on myself in times of strength judgmentally, see myself as pushy, overconfident, full of illusion. Is this a good thing? A sort of balance? Merely inevitable?

It is almost exactly six years since I drove down from the stop-gap job in Illinois to take up as an associate professor at Florida State. The boys with Walter in Champaign and I alone on the road—the Big White American Woman in the Big White American Car—I felt lost in space. Nobody knew where I was. I did not know where I was. Between Birmingham and Montgomery, those violent towns, I picked up two girl hitchhikers for the company, then heard their redneck violence as my short future, waited to see them take pistols from their white vinyl purses.

Carefully, on arrival in Tallahassee, I reminded myself that I had come to love places that I hated as much as I hated this one. Clearly I did not believe it. The asphalt outside the window of the La Jacaranda apartments sickened me. I could not write with a view of painted parking lines on graveled asphalt. I wanted to go *home!* And believed that I would never have a home again.

Here, in the house that *Raw Silk* built, I can see from my den window, and have done so for two years: hyacinths, azaleas, pine, palm, pecan, oak, dogwood, gardenia, ivy, camelias, honeysuckle, wisteria, and figs that are nearly ripe. On the feeder over my head outside, the black-capped chickadees strew seed at me; the tufted nuthatchers, cardinals, jays, two doves, and one woodpecker squabble at each other and at my typewriter.

Several days ago I recorded that I had 21 pages of *Opening Nights*. Today I do not know how many I have, and I suspect it is little better than two-thirds of that. What I have is no good. But something is happening. □

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These excerpts from Janet Burroway's journal were published previously in "The Writer on Her Work" (W. W. Norton, 1980).

Nobody needs another novel. The only justification for writing one is that it should be wonderful.

TAKING IT SERIOUSLY

by Lynne Sharon Schwartz '59



Thomas Victor

For eight years I worked under a bed: there I wrote two novels, three halves of novels, twenty-odd stories, several dozen reviews, a few translations, and other odds and ends. It was a loft bed so I was not writing lying on my stomach in the dark with the pen between my teeth. Nonetheless it was a bit limiting. The space was about five feet four inches high (I could just stand up without crouching) and its length and width were equivalent to those of a double bed—the size of an ungenerous cell. Not a bad image, actually, since a writer is a prisoner of her own desire to write, captive audience to her own fantasies. A night I slept on top of my work, like a hen, and dreamed of space.

A few months ago I went out and rented the proverbial room of one's own; since I was jailer as well as prisoner, why not provide the best quarters I could afford? I furnished this room to make it resemble the room I had dreamed about up in the loft bed, so that now I am not sure whether it is a fantasy room or a real room. When I shut the door and go home it may vanish, springing into material existence the next day at the sound of my key in the lock. No one close to me has ever seen it, and perhaps no one ever will. I pay the rent and I pay the electric bills; I buy my dream, month by month. I wonder if anyone can understand what serious business that is. When I receive a check for my work I immediately calculate how much rent it will

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pay, how much longer I can maintain that dream by selling off my fantasies one by one. Serious business indeed.

On cork boards above my desk I have hung pictures and sentences that reverberate in my mind when I look at them, reminding me of certain essentials: I want to keep the essentials before my eyes at all times. Some are beautiful, some frivolous, some austere. I find that my favorites share a distinct tone of defiance: Willa Cather saying, "Whatever is felt upon the page without being specifically named there—that, one might say, is created." I can imagine her shaking her head sternly as if to add, "And nothing else, don't pretend otherwise." Jean Cocteau saying, "Whatever the public blames you for, cultivate it—it is yourself." So much for the critics. And a potent dare for someone brought up to be, in the eyes of the world, a good girl.

The most potent, though, is a small black and white War Resisters League poster of the late Dorothy Day, obviously at a protest demonstration. The photo is taken from a low angle: you see Dorothy Day seated on one of those portable folding aluminum stools, with legs crossed and bumpy veined hands clasped implacably on her knees, wearing a nondescript dress and a big straw hat—perhaps it was a grueling hot day—her jaw tilted upward and her mouth set in immutable resistance, her face bony and wrinkled with eyes barely visible yet fiery behind thick glasses, while surrounding her like columns are the thick legs of policemen hung with clubs and holsters. Dorothy Day is taking her life and her work very seriously; somehow you know she will not be moved from that stool, she will have to be dragged. Below, her comment reads, "Our problems stem

from our acceptance of this filthy, rotten system." That, above all, is what I want to remember, because it took such a long and muddled time to learn.

I wrote my first story when I was seven. It was about the creation of humanity by a "kind scientist." Probably at no other age would I have dared attempt such a mighty theme. I completed it at about eight o'clock one morning and immediately brought it to show my father, who was shaving. To his eternal credit, he put down his razor and, standing in the steamy bathroom wearing a towel, his face covered with lather, read the two pages through, then gave them the sober praise writers so badly need. I came away feeling I had achieved one of the few things in the world whose importance was transcendent and beyond question—not merely the writing of the story, but having had it read and comprehended.

A couple of years later I was so enthralled by *Little Women* that I began copying it in order to take possession of its magic: " 'Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents' "—words that unsealed an incorporeal universe mirroring our own, only better, because all the feelings and sensations were miraculously articulated and transformed: ink on the page set off vibrations in the blood. That was the universe I wanted; I felt it was mine by instinctive right. When the time came, presumably adulthood, surely it would gather me in.

So for the first thirty-odd years of my life I secretly hoped and expected that being a writer would happen to me one day, descending rather like a state of grace. (At least something of the sort must have been in my head: my outlook then seems as distant and benighted as the attitudes of prehistoric man.) Meanwhile I dabbled on the respectable peripheries of writing—translating, producing spoken records, editing. Even more respectably, I married and had children. Not until I was about to embark on a Ph.D. thesis in comparative literature did I grasp that being a writer required more than being a good girl and waiting; it required action, labor, and a certain daring vis-a-vis the truths of the heart. Unfortunately nothing in my past had prepared me for such a quiet but mighty revolution. Quite the contrary. The 1940s and '50s were hardly a breeding ground for originality.

Of course in any generation the world conspires—in all innocence, perhaps—to make its children feel insignificant and powerless. Clogged by the detritus of tradition and habit, it teaches that acceptance

of many "filthy, rotten" systems is the easiest and wisest path. My twelve years in the New York City public schools, for example, were a pungent lesson in passivity—I was quite a good girl there. But acceptance is not the easiest path, especially not if attended by frustration and eventual atrophy of the spirit.

Back then the notion of inventing a life and a life's work, rather than accepting those given us, required first a certain vision of possibilities, which we lacked, and second, taking ourselves very seriously indeed. And taking oneself seriously was a failing to be mocked: worse than fatuous and inaccurate in the light of world events (we were still reeling from Hiroshima and retching at Joe McCarthy), it was unsophisticated. Far more chic to lean back and roll with the inevitable punches, wallowing in irony like pigs in mud. Irony was our cardinal virtue; looking back, it is not hard to see why. At college we listened to many speeches on our future, particularly on the theme of combining marriage and "career"; the advice might have been good or bad—again, I don't remember. I do remember that we laughed, with affectionate irony, at the earnestness of the speakers: they took it all so seriously!

Unprepared as I thus was, when I grasped what I needed to do in order to be a writer, I tried to yank my life out of its accustomed path. With a sense of recklessness I became an activist: I wrote.

I put aside the notes for the Ph.D. thesis that I had come to regard with fear and loathing. "A *novel!*" sputtered my adviser at NYU, a well-known literary critic. "But you can do *that* sort of thing any time!" I claimed for my virtues many of those qualities I had been taught were vice: dropping out, selfishness, aggression, stubbornness. I stopped trying to be a generous person and tried instead to learn a little ruthlessness; it was eminently clear, all at once, that I could be a writer or I could be a good girl, but never both together. And I resolved to take my work seriously somewhat in the manner that Pascal advises skeptics to risk believing in God: there is everything to be gained and nothing much to lose. A writer's life is built on this sort of pretense; some might prefer to call it faith. It was when my pretenses became too large for that space under the bed that I rented this room. Here they have so many square feet to fill: with some awe I watch them grow, and try to suppress the sense of irony—but not entirely. □

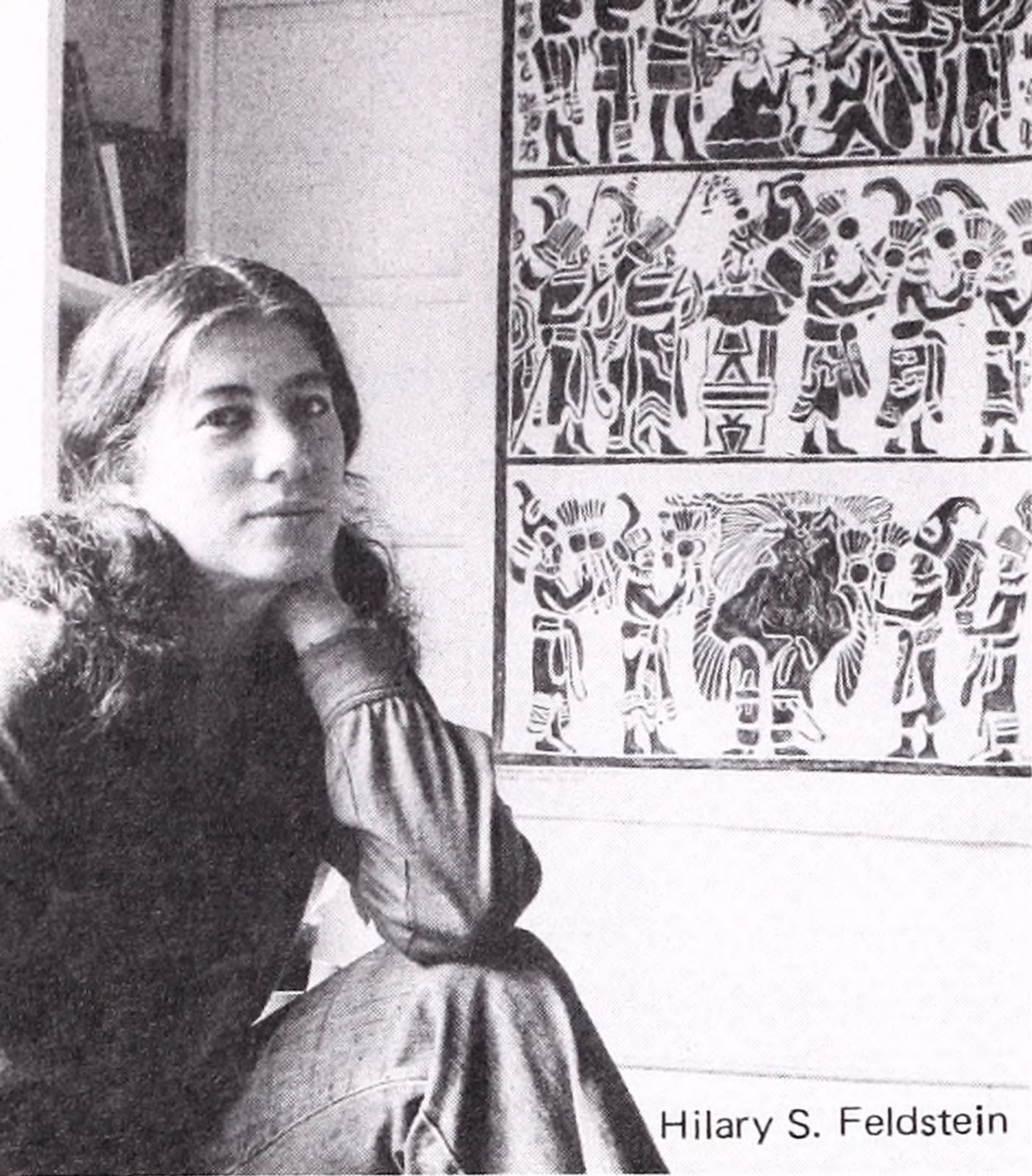
NEW GROUP IN TOWN

Barnard alumnae in New York City, along with graduates of 14 other colleges and universities, are now welcome to join in the activities of the Intercollegiate Alumni Association (ICAA). The group was founded in October 1978 by Elizabeth Westcott '71, then president of the New York Barnard Club, to stimulate interest and participation in alumnae/i club activities. It has certainly accomplished its purpose. From its initial membership of six, it has expanded to include Barnard, Brown, Bryn Mawr, Colgate, Columbia Business School, Cornell, Dartmouth, N.Y.U., Princeton, Skidmore, Swarthmore, Vassar, Wheaton, and the Universities of Pennsylvania and Southern California.

Although it began as an information network, ICAA now presents its own programs, starting with "I Love New York Night" on January 28 at the Princeton Club. Over 300 alumnae/i of all ages, from ICAA member institutions and others, heard about the joys (and headaches) of life in The Big Apple from City Council President Carol Bellamy, WOR radio personality Joan Hamburg '57, Shubert Organization president Bernard Jacobs, and Convention & Visitors Bureau vice president John Fanelli.

Future events on the ICAA schedule include a Travel Night Exposition on April 27 at the Yale Club and several weekend ventures outside NYC. The first of these, entitled "Bicycling, Ballooning and Blue Grass," will take place on Memorial Day weekend at the Tarrytown Conference Center. Jim Fixx, author of *The Complete Book of Running*, will be the principal speaker. The weekend will combine indoor and outdoor activities with the Conference Center's well-known gourmet cuisine. Further details can be obtained from Ellen Sax (212-832-0350).

ICAA is also planning a series of summer and fall events which will include opportunities for New York area alumnae of Barnard and the other member schools to meet and share social and cultural experiences.



Hilary S. Feldstein

On Not Writing A Novel

by Rosellen Brown '60

There is nothing most of us would rather hear than stories about the difficulties of getting a book or a poem or a story to "work." Is it that writing, a sedentary sport, needs to be made to seem dangerous? (How I navigated these tricky narrative waters! How I made the eleventh hour choice between first person and third, and how that has made all the difference!) Or is it simply that the books or stories we admire, met with whole, seem in spite of our own experience to have been born perfectly formed, felicitously edited, and therefore invulnerable?

What we rarely hear about, of course, are the works that don't survive their birth traumas, although there may be as much to be learned from the "failures" as from the "successes."

I want to deliver this memorial to a book that will never be written. The idea has been with me for a very long time. About five years ago, waiting in the library for a friend, I had stood absently flipping through a book on the new acquisitions shelf and come upon a brief reference to an Englishwoman, late Victorian, named Mary Kingsley. She had angered the queen, apparently, for differing with British colonial policy in Africa, this book said, and the queen (Victoria) had sent her off to a plague spot to die—which Kingsley most conveniently did. There were no details about the woman and no way to know what a profound and delightful person she would turn out to be. Why, I ask myself now, did I respond to this single sentence about Mary Kingsley? Though I have subsequently been asked over and over again why I was writing about this woman dead in the year 1900, all the answers are, to be honest, after the fact.

They recount a biography that is patently interesting and they draw parallels with contemporary concerns, especially with a search for genuine unselfconscious heroines, that are perhaps valid but they no more explain or account for the initial half-blind attraction than one can usually make comprehensible an initial sexual attraction. There are as many kinds of chemistry at work between writers and their subjects as there are between potential lovers: some of them are rational, some are based more on hope and dream, on *as if* and *if only*, and perhaps on the smallest bit of perversity. Sometimes, as in "real life," we attach ourselves to impossible objects which turn out

Rosellen Brown has published two novels, The Autobiography of my Mother and Tender Mercies, a collection of stories, and two volumes of poetry.

to be just that; other times we stretch ourselves, learn the new skills we need and try new styles. If those revisions of our natural style don't take, then we have at least learned who we cannot be, and thus perhaps a bit about who we are.

Mary Kingsley was born in England in 1862. In 1893, having lived an exceptionally unadventurous life, she went to equatorial West Africa to pursue research begun by her late father. There she began a remarkable career which consisted, to begin with, of a succession of astonishing acts of courage involving crocodiles, cannibals, previously un-navigated waters and unclimbed mountains, unimaginably fierce epidemics that consumed foreigners without regard to age or moral intention.

But Mary Kingsley's true courage lay only in part in her brazen confrontation with physical danger. What she became, unintentionally, was a voice raised on behalf of the native tribes whose ability to legislate their own lives was continuously and fatally under attack by English, French, Belgian, German colonial administrations.

Mary Kingsley went back to England to attempt to influence colonial policies and wrote two extraordinarily interesting, witty books. She became an incandescent public speaker who attracted huge audiences everywhere she went, pursued her beliefs modestly but with force; became in short a pest, an embarrassment, an enemy of a queen who did not take kindly to opposition. When the Boer War began, Mary Kingsley volunteered, was rebuffed, and finally was asked—clearly challenged—to promise she would go anywhere they chose to send her. She agreed. And so she was sent off to Simonstown where an outbreak of virulent fever was murdering many more men than the Boers ever could; and, after serving a hospital full of dying soldiers, Mary Kingsley caught this plague called enteric fever, died without much ceremony at the age of 38, and was buried at sea.

Now to the part I fancied for myself in all this. Having been introduced to Mary Kingsley via that final episode—the "and so she was sent to die and die she did" sort of thing—I believe I began with that scene in my head. My writing has always suffered (if that is the word) from an absence, or at least a minimum, of plot. "Imagine," I thought: "There sits Queen Victoria, squat and stubborn in her power; here Mary Kingsley stands, frail, righteous, selfless, but perhaps a little bit ambivalent about her position as an opponent of Empire, ready to dare and challenge but perhaps to allow herself to be punished . . . Talk about plot. Intricate motive. Power of the state,

power of the person . . ." I began to spin out the friendships Mary Kingsley might have had, could have had, given the dates of her life: her correspondence with Beatrice Webb or Alice James or . . . What I had in mind was not biography, not even fact, any more than, say, Doctorow gave us the real situations of Emma Goldman and J. P. Morgan in *Ragtime*. I would play fast and loose with history and try to do a semi-biographical, semi-novelistic portrait of a strong and complicated woman in her age. Once upon a time I was as good a grad student as the next, I knew how to do research; I looked forward to the kind of focusing of attention that makes everything suddenly relevant, germane to the period or place. For a Calvinist like me who likes to feel she is accomplishing something every minute, I can't think of a better state to be in than research, unless it is pregnancy.

But. And here begins the long list of Buts.

To begin with, I had quit graduate school because I wanted to write, and *now*, and I was endlessly frustrated by the passivity of research. And so, confronting my deskful of books that were to bring me close to Mary Kingsley, I began to see that it would be an age before I could begin to write, feeling solidly placed. If there has been a constant in all my work, that has been an obsession with place, with the specifics of where my characters are. I was going to have to know one hell of a lot about London, Cambridge, Libreville, and a series of African villages to be satisfied. All right, I said, and began making plans to go to all those places. But none of it was writing.

A small noisy part of me was pleased with that qualification: it set up a racket in my head. You have been writing and not much besides that for years, cravenly staying at home contemplating the QWER—TYUIOP on your typewriter keys. Now it might be time to "put poor words away and be content to live" as another Old Irish obsessive said one time. But research is not necessarily living and a month in another town, even if it's a jungle town, may turn out only to be expensive tourism.

The subject herself, fine feisty Mary—she was courageous, indefatigable, selfless, and not even minimally introspective. Those who can write adventure stories would have a fine time with Mary Kingsley's adventures. On the other hand—though I was about to furnish her with what I am calling, for short, an "inner life"—Mary Kingsley was real, not a function of my imagination, however much I'd like to have brought my inventiveness to bear on her. I owed her

respect for the very essence of the life that had first attracted me: that it was active, that it was *not* innately self-regarding. There is, for example, what a reader might call no "love interest" in Mary Kingsley's life. This absence engages me: how instructive a life for today's readers who are so hungry, many of them, for examples of how that can be done: so-called "masculine work" accomplished with not even a suppressed hope that her co-workers be good looking or otherwise "eligible." Fine or not for Mary Kingsley, but there is one fewer emotional complication to write about. For the biographer such dryness may be grist for a thousand speculations. For the novelist, it is a blank, a lost opportunity for intensity. When you are not writing *about* a person, as biographers do, but trying to evoke one more impressionistically, as fiction writers must, you need a sort of emotional foothold; and both the resolved soul and the adventurer, both of which Mary Kingsley was, have sheer straight sides with very few declivities in which to sink your toes.

Well then, said I, feeling brash and daring in Mary Kingsley's uncharacteristic territory, I'll have to invent a new way. Maybe discuss the problems as I go? I will forge the structure that can transform the absence of inner complication into some other kind of complexity. Possibly I could have done that, but I know myself at least well enough by now to realize that in all of my writing it is shape that comes last, or at least late. I go through many many opening pages until I have the only perspective that will show what I want to see, or rather hear, no more, no less, and trying to pin myself down before those first pages are written is useless, I don't take it seriously.

Then how, in Mary Kingsley's case, could I spend all this time reading, chasing down the rivers she crossed in her dugout canoes, and not know what I was going to need to know? Biographers may have to find similar perspectives, let me not minimize their difficulties, but they are at least certain their *subject* exists. My subject, in her new life as quasi-invented character, did not yet exist, nor would she until I felt ready to make her. Catch-22. And, trapped between the visible life she herself had so beautifully recorded, and the invisible life I doubted I ought to create for her out of whole cloth—there I stayed for a good long while, working arduously, falling asleep over my books every day after lunch—and the questions I was thrown back upon were so basic as to appall me and sap whatever energy I had left.

continued on page 28

The way I have made most of my characters has been to start from life and to narrow my eyes until all the real details disappear, and then to fill in the empty form.



Thomas Victor

Blood and Guts: The Tricky Problem of Being a Woman Writer in the Late Twentieth Century

by Erica Jong '63

The question of whether or not writers are affected by the politics of the times in which they live has always been a tricky one. Some part of them assuredly is—but whether it is the part that tunes into the communal unconscious and makes poems and novels is doubtful. Yet a writer is a person of his or her age and must live in it. For women writers the systematic discouragement even to *attempt* to become writers has been so constant and pervasive a force that we cannot consider their literary productions without somehow assessing the effects of that barrage of discouragement. Often discouraged in the home, often at school, often by families and spouses, the rare woman writer who does not lose her determination along the way is already a survivor. That one should next have to face the systematic discouragement of a male-oriented literary establishment is absurd and sad but nonetheless a real fact of life for many women writers. The truth is that many of us are doomed to do our best work in an atmosphere of condescension and loneliness. Yet perhaps there is some sense in which that lack of establishment approval is a blessing, for an artist must learn (the sooner the better) that he or she works for the work itself, not for approval, and it is easier to establish that sense of creative independence when approval is lacking than when one is seduced by it. Prizes, awards, rave reviews are, after all, snares, and perhaps they are more destructive to one's sense of creative independence than the systematic discouragement the perpetual outsider receives. Still, we cannot truly understand the situation of the woman writer unless we are honest about this systematic discouragement, and unless we try to see clearly the form it takes, and the strategies of survival it imposes upon the individual artist. School is as good a place to start as any, for school is a microcosm of our society's values.

One of the most notable (and faintly horrifying) memories from my college years is the time a Distinguished Critic came to my creative writing class and delivered himself of the following thundering judgment: "Women can't be writers. They don't know blood and guts, and puking in the streets, and fucking whores, and swaggering through Pigalle at 5 a.m. . . ." But

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*All the good things that have happened to me
have come from a willingness to change,
to do the very things I feared the most.*

the most amazing thing was the *response*—or lack of it. It was 1961 or '62, and we all sat there— aspiring women writers that we were—and listened to this Maileresque claptrap without a word of protest. Our hands folded on our laps, our eyes modestly downcast, our hearts cast even lower than our eyes, we listened meekly—while the male voice of authority told us what women could or couldn't write.

Things have changed since then. When I went to college, there were no women's studies courses, no anthologies that stressed a female heritage, no public women's movement. Poetry meant Yeats, Lowell, James Dickey. Without even realizing it, I assumed that the voice of the poet had to be male. Not that I didn't get a good literary education. I did. Barnard was a miraculous place where they actually gave you a degree for losing yourself in a library with volumes of Byron and Keats, Shakespeare and Chaucer, but the whole female side of the library heritage was something I would have to discover for myself years later, propelled by the steam generated by the women's movement.

No Distinguished Critic would dare say such things to a college class today (however much he might think them). Sexism is somewhat better hidden now—though it is far from eradicated. And no college class would sit meekly listening to such rubbish. That is one of the things that has happened in the years since I graduated from college, and I am proud to have been part of the process. Now, when I go to read my work at colleges, I find the students reading and discussing contemporary writing by women as if there never had been a time when a Distinguished Critic could say "Women can't be writers"—even in jest. I am grateful and glad for that change, but it has not been won without pain. Nor is it necessarily a lasting change. Like the feminists of the twenties, we could easily see the interest in female accomplishments once again eclipsed by reactionary sexism, only to have to be passionately rediscovered yet again, several decades later.

It's ironic that Mr. Distinguished Critic should have identified Blood and Guts as the thing that women writers supposedly lacked, because in the first years of the women's movement, there was so *much* Blood

and Guts in women's writing that one wondered if women writers ever did anything but menstruate and rage. Released from the prison of propriety, blessedly released from having to pretend meekness, gratefully in touch with our own cleansing anger, we raged and mocked and menstruated through whole volumes of prose and poetry. This was fine for writers who had a saving sense of irony, but in many cases the rage tended to eclipse the writing. Also, as years went by, literary feminism tended to ossify into convention. Rage became almost as compulsory to the generation of writers who came of age in the late sixties and early seventies as niceness and meekness had been to an earlier generation. Feminists proved that they could be as rigidly dogmatic as any other group. They did not hesitate to criticize works of art on political grounds and to reject poems and novels for dealing with supposedly counter-revolutionary subjects.

This was unfortunate. It was also, I suppose inevitable. Anger against patriarchal stifling of talent had been so proscribed for so many centuries that in letting it loose, many women completely lost their sense of humor. Nor could anyone maintain that getting in touch with anger was unimportant. It was, in fact, a vitally important phase for women's writing to go through. Nothing is more destructive of the spirit and ultimately of creativity than false meekness, anger that does not know its own name. And nothing is more freeing for a woman (or for a woman writer) than giving up the pleasures of masochism and beginning to fight. But we must always remember that fighting is only a first step. As Virginia Woolf points out in *A Room of One's Own*, many women's books have been destroyed by the rage and bitterness at their own centers. Rage opens the doors into the spirit, but then the spirit must be nurtured. This is hardly easy because women writers (like women) tend to be damned no matter what they do. If we are sweet and tender, we are damned for not being "powerful" enough (not having "blood and guts"), and if we rage, we are said to be "castrating," Amazonian, lacking in tenderness. It is a real dilemma. What is the authentic voice of the woman writer? Does anyone *know*? Does anyone know

what the authentic voice of woman is? Is it sweet and low like the voice of Shakespeare's Cordelia, or is it raging and powerful like the voice of Lady Macbeth? Is it an alternation of the two?

The problem is, I suppose, that women have never been left alone to *be* themselves and to find out for themselves. Men need them so badly and are so terrified of losing them that they have used their power to imprison them. To imprison them in castles of stone as long as that was possible, and to imprison them in castles of myth thereafter. The myths were mostly ways of keeping us out of touch with our own strength, and this confused many generations of women. We were told we were weak, yet as we grew older, we increasingly sensed we were strong. We were told that men loved us for our dependency, yet as we grew older, we observed that, despite themselves, they loved us for our independence, and if they didn't—we didn't always care! We found that we could grow only by loving ourselves a little, and loving our strengths, and so, paradoxically, we found we could only grow up by doing the opposite of all the things our culture told us to do. We were told our charm lay in weakness; yet in order to survive, we had to be strong. We were told we were by nature indecisive; and yet, having been told that, our very existence often seemed to depend on our decisiveness. We were told that certain mythic definitions of women were immutable natural laws, biological "facts"; yet so often our very endurance depended upon changing those supposedly unchangeable things, and upon embracing a life credo of change.

In fact, when I look back on the years since I left college, and I try to sum up what I have learned, it is precisely that: not to fear change, not to expect my life to be immutable. All the good things that have happened to me in the last several years have come, without exception, from a willingness to change, to risk the unknown, to do the very things I feared the most. Every poem, every page of fiction I have written, has been written with anxiety, occasionally panic, always uncertainty about its reception. Every life decision I have made—from changing jobs, to changing partners, to changing homes—has been taken with trepi-

The point is not to keep women from establishing families but to make their position less that of semi-slaves and more of autonomous individuals.

dation. I have not ceased being fearful, but I have ceased to let fear control me. I have accepted fear as a part of life, specifically the fear of change, the fear of the unknown, and I have gone ahead despite the pounding in the heart that says turn back, turn back, you'll die if you venture too far.

I regard myself as a fairly typical member of the female sex, and as a fairly typical member of the class of '63. I may have a greater talent for self-expression, but in my fears and feelings, I am the same. My talent to write may propel me into places and situations I wouldn't otherwise find myself in, but in the dark of night, having insomnia, I think the same thoughts as you or you. I get impatient with successful women who feel that their success has lifted them out of the ordinary stream of women's lives and who say to their fearful, unfledged sisters: I did it against the odds; you can, too. As a writer, I feel that the very source of my inspiration lies in my never forgetting how much I have in common with other women, how many ways in which we are all—successful or not—similarly shackled. I do not write about superwomen who have transcended all conflict; I write about women who are torn, as most of us are torn, between the past and the future, between our mothers' frustrations and the extravagant hopes we have for our daughters. I do not know what a writer would write about if all her characters were superwomen, cleansed of conflict. Conflict is the soul of literature.

I know I would not mind envisioning a world in which my daughter were free *not* to be a feminist,* were free (if she chose to be a writer) not to write about women's conflicts, not to assume that the accident of her gender compelled her work to have a specific creative bias. But I would also like to see a world in which male writers wrote without masculinist bias, in which for example Hemingway's masculinist mythology (and that of many other contemporary American male writers) was perceived as quite as bizarre and hysterical as the most absurd excesses of militant feminist fiction, and in which consciousness had become so

truly androgynous that the adjective itself would be puzzlingly obsolete. Alas, I do not think our culture is heading in this direction. I think, rather, that after a brief flirtation with sensitivity to patriarchal attitudes the culture is sliding back into its habitual sexism (with perhaps a few new wrinkles of equality, created more by the birth-control revolution and the ravages of inflation upon the average family income than by feminist theory). Radical feminists have, in a sense, abetted this process of backsliding by becoming quite as simply-mindedly dogmatic as the most dogmatic male chauvinists, by disassociating themselves from the realities of most women's lives: i.e., a desire for children and warm affective relationships with men. It is unrealistic to assume that after living in families and tribes for millions of years of human evolution, women will suddenly cease to need affective relationships with men and children and become either solitaries or feminist communards. The human need for companionship and sexuality is far stronger than any intellectual theory, and the point is not to keep women from establishing families (a desire that may even be instinctual) but rather to make their *position* in families less that of semi-slaves and more that of autonomous individuals within the protection of the group.

Where does all this leave the woman writer of our age? Usually in a quandary. As a sharp observer of her society she cannot fail to see that it discriminates against women (often in emotionally crippling and physically murderous ways), but as an artist she cannot allow her vision to be polluted by the ephemeral dogmas of political movements. It is simply not possible to write a good book that "proves" the essential righteousness of either lesbianism or heterosexuality, childbearing or its avoidance, man-loving or man-hating. Righteousness has, in fact, no place in literature. Of course the keen observer of her culture will feel deeply about the oppression she sees around her, the inhumanity of man to man, of man to woman, but her vision of it must be essentially personal, not abstractly political. Books are not written by committees—at least not good books. And the woman writer has as much right as any other artist to an essentially individual and idiosyncratic vision. If we judge her books

according to their political "correctness," we are doing her as great a disservice as if we judged them according to her looks or her behavior in the voting booth. Certainly human history is full of such judgmentalism—most of it not coming from women—but always it is antithetical to the creation of works of art.

After saying all of this, I must also gratefully acknowledge that the second wave of the feminist movement liberated my writing and was a liberating influence upon my whole life. How? Not by supplying me with dogma, but by making it easier for me to look into myself and assume that what I felt as a woman was also shared by other women (and men). For one of the most positive by-products of the so-called second wave of the feminist movement was its discovery of a new audience of readers—readers both female and male—who came to realize that literary history as we previously knew it was the history of the literature of the white, the affluent, the male, and that the female side of experience had been almost completely omitted (except as seen through the eyes of the traditional victors in the war between the sexes—men). And this audience was suddenly passionately interested in dispatches from the center of the female heart which represented a sort of dark continent, a *terra incognita*, the exploration of which was necessary to a full understanding of human consciousness in all its permutations.

From the courage the women's movement gave and from the reinforcement I received from grateful and passionate readers, I learned the daring to assume that my thoughts, nightmares, and daydreams were the same as my readers'. I discovered that whenever I wrote about a fantasy I thought was wholly private, bizarre, kinky—(the fantasy of the Zipless Fuck in *Fear of Flying* is perhaps the best example of this)—I invariably discovered that thousands of other people had experienced the same private, bizarre, and kinky fantasy.

In the past several years, I have learned, in short, to trust myself. Not to eradicate fear but to go on in spite of fear. Not to become insensitive to distinguished critics but to follow my own writer's instinct despite what they say women should or should not write. My job is not to paralyze

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* I assume here that feminism is necessitated by our patriarchal culture. In a truly egalitarian culture, feminism would be obsolete. Let us all pray for such obsolescence.

IN PRAISE OF WATERCOLORS

by Mary Gordon '71

Theodore Roethke said that women poets were "stamping a tiny foot against God." I have been told by male but not by female critics that my work was "exquisite," "lovely," "like a watercolor." They, of course, were painting in oils. They were doing important work. Watercolors are cheap and plentiful; oils are costly: their base must be bought. And the idea is that oil paintings will endure. But what will they endure against? Fire? Flood? Bombs? Earthquake? Their endurance is another illusion: one more foolish bet against nature, or against natural vulnerabilities, one more scheme, like fallout shelters, one more gesture of illusory safety.

There are people in the world who derive no small pleasure from the game of "major" and "minor." They think that no major work can be painted in watercolors. They think, too, that Hemingway writing about boys in the woods is major; Mansfield writing about girls in the house is minor. Exquisite, they will hasten to insist, but minor. These people join up with other bad specters, and I have to work to banish them. Let us pretend these specters are two men, two famous poets, saying, "Your experience is an embarrassment; your experience is insignificant."

I wanted to be a good girl, so I tried to find out whose experience was not embarrassing. The prototype for a writer who was not embarrassing was Henry James. And you see, the two specters said, proffering hope, he wrote about social relationships, but his distance gave them grandeur.

Distance, then, was what I was to strive for. Distance from the body, from the heart, but most of all, distance from the self as writer. I could never understand exactly what they meant or how to do it; it was like trying to follow the directions on a home permanent in 1959.

If Henry James had the refined experience, Conrad had the significant one. The

Mary Gordon's published works include several short stories and two novels, Final Payments and The Company of Women (Random House, 1981).



Mary Gordon Blakely

most important moral issues were his: men pitted against nature in moments of extremity. There are no important women in Conrad's novels, except for *Victory*, which, the critics tell us, is a romance and an exception. Despite the example of Conrad, it was all right for the young men I knew, according to my specters, to write about the hymens they had broken, the dinner waitresses they had seduced. Those experiences were significant. But we were not to write about our broken hearts, about the married men we loved disastrously, about our mothers or our children. Men could write about their fears of dying by exposure in the forest; we could not write about our fears of being suffocated in the kitchen. Our desire to write about these experiences only revealed our shallowness; it was suggested we would, in time, get over it. And write about what? Perhaps we would stop writing.

And so, the specters whispered to me, if you want to write well, if you want us to take you seriously, you must be distant, you must be extreme.

I suppose the specters were not entirely wrong. Some of the literature that has been written since the inception of the women's movement is lacking in style and moral proportion. But so is the work of Mailer, Miller, Burroughs, Ginsberg. Their lack of style and proportion may be called offensive, but not embarrassing. They may be referred to as off the mark, but they will not be called trivial.

And above all I did not wish to be *trivial*; I did not wish to be embarrassing. But I did not want to write like Conrad, and I did not want to write like Henry James. The writers I wanted to imitate were all women: Charlotte Brontë, Woolf, Mansfield, Bowen, Lessing, Olsen. I discovered that what I loved in writing was not distance but radical closeness; not the violence of the bizarre but the complexity of

the quotidian.

I lost my fear of being trivial, but not my fear of being an embarrassment. And so, I wrote my first novel in the third person. No one would publish it. Then a famous woman writer asked why I had written a first-person novel in the third person. She is a woman of abiding common sense, and so I blushed to tell her: "I wanted to sound serious. I didn't want to be embarrassing."

Only her wisdom made me write the novel I meant to. I can say it now: I will probably never read Conrad again; what he writes about simply does not interest me. Henry James I will love always, but it is not for his distance that I love him. The notion that style and detachment are necessary blood brothers is crude and bigoted. It is an intellectual embarrassment.

And I can say it now: I would rather own a Mary Cassatt watercolor than a Velasquez oil.

Here is the good side of being a woman writer: the company of other women writers, dead and living. My writer friends, all women, help me banish the dark specters. So does Katherine Mansfield; so does Christina Rossetti. I feel their closeness to the heart of things; I feel their aptness and their bravery.

I think it is lonelier to be a man writer than a woman writer now, because I do not think that men are as good at being friends to one another as women are. Perhaps, since they have not thought they needed each other's protection, as women have known we have needed each other's, they have not learned the knack of helpful, rich concern which centers on a friend's work. They may be worried, since they see themselves as hewers of wood and slayers of animals, about production, about the kind of achievement that sees its success only in terms of another's failure. They may not be as kind to one another; they may not know how. These are the specters that men now must banish. Our specters may be easier to chase. For the moment. They were not always so.

To this tale there should be an appendix, an explanation. Why was I so susceptible to the bad advice of men? What made me so ready to listen? Where did I acquire my genius for obedience?

I had a charming father. In many crucial ways, he was innocent of sexism, although he may have substituted narcissism in its place. He wanted me to be like him. He was a writer, an unsuccessful writer, and my mother worked as a secretary to support us. Nevertheless he was a writer; he

could think of himself as nothing else. He wanted me to be a writer too. I may have been born to be one, which made things easier. He died when I was seven. But even in those years we had together I learned well that I was his child, not my mother's. His mind was exalted, my mother's common. That she could earn the money to support us was only proof of the ordinariness of her nature, an ordinariness to which I was in no way heir. So I was taught to read at three, taught French at six, and taught to despise the world of women, the domestic. I was a docile child. I brought my father great joy, and I learned the pleasures of being a good girl.

And I earned, as a good girl, no mean rewards. Our egos are born delicate. Bestowing pleasure upon a beloved father is much easier than discovering the joys of solitary achievements. It was easy for me to please my father; and this ease bred in me a desire to please men—a desire for the rewards of a good girl. They are by no means inconsiderable: safety and approval, the warm, incomparable atmosphere created when one pleases a man who has vowed, in his turn, to keep the wolf from the door.

But who is the wolf?

He is strangers. He is the risk of one's own judgments, one's own work.

I have learned in time that I am at least as much my mother's daughter as my father's. Had I been only my mother's daughter it is very possible that I would never have written: I may not have had the confidence required to embark upon a career so valueless in the eyes of the commonsense world. I did what my father wanted; I became a writer. I grew used to giving him the credit. But now I see that I am the *kind* of writer I am because I am my mother's daughter. My father's tastes ran to the metaphysical. My mother taught me to listen to conversations at the dinner table; she taught me to remember jokes.

My subject as a writer has far more to do with family happiness than with the music of the spheres. I don't know what the nature of the universe is, but I have a good ear. What it hears best are daily rhythms, for that is what I value, what I would wish, as a writer, to preserve.

My father would have thought this a stubborn predilection for the minor. My mother knows better. □

This essay is drawn from "The Writer on Her Work," edited and with an introduction by Janet Sternburg, and is used with the permission of the author and the publisher, W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. © 1980 by Janet Sternburg.

CARVING OUT A LITERARY CAREER

by Victoria Sullivan '64

What are the demands that love makes on a person—the love between mother and daughter, husband and wife, sister and brother—the love that runs from generation to generation, sometimes healthy, sometimes obsessive? This is the question Carole Morgan '63 explores in her first published novel, *Heirlooms* (Macmillan, 1980). Morgan has been writing seriously ever since college but she has had a whole series of odd jobs, combined with marriage and

Victoria Sullivan is a poet, playwright (with three plays produced Off-Off Broadway), and associate professor of English literature at St. Peter's College (NJ).



motherhood, while developing her skill.

As an undergraduate, Morgan studied creative writing with poet Robert Pack: "The strength of Pack's course was that we read short stories and analyzed them; it was this reading literature, with great attention to detail, that proved helpful." After two decades she still remembers a visit of Anatole Broyard to that class: "He was talking about silence and the tension between expression and silence—using words and not using words—and he told a story about a girl with whom he'd lived for a year who never spoke." That recognition, that there are strong non-verbal modes of expression, affected Morgan's own writing.

Immediately after Barnard, she entered a graduate program in comparative literature but found that reading great literature was by now a tease: it was so satisfying in itself and yet left so little time to write. A casual remark by a teacher, "If anybody here really wants to write literature, that person shouldn't spend too much time in graduate school," served as a catalyst for Morgan's desire to "take the plunge." Already near the end of the master's program, she picked up her degree but abandoned plans for further study.

Since that time she has written eight short stories, three of which have been published (in *Redbook*, *The Little Magazine*, and *The Jewish Art Quarterly*), and three novels. Like the central characters in *Heirlooms* (three generations of women and their husbands, siblings, children), Morgan has had to deal with a myriad of demands upon her time—emotional, economic, familial. She has worked part-time for a deaf, mute Russian translator of cybernetic textbooks, then for a literary agency which "would look over *anyone's* manuscript for a fee," and finally as a freelance editor for Penguin books.

Being a mother, she believes, has been helpful in the creative process: "I would be

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RICHARD NORMAN

by Elizabeth L. Caughran



If today's news events feature a remote area or an exotic name, Dick Norman's telephone is ringing. After consulting his dictionaries and gazetteers, or phoning the appropriate consulate or a university colleague who knows the language, he will be ready with an English-equivalent pronunciation for the next broadcast of CBS network news. Later on, after his class in public speaking, he may confer with a doctoral student who is writing a thesis on the sermons of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Or he may encourage a student from the Anglo-Saxon class to polish her translation of Caedmon's "Hymn." His typical day reflects the teacher's thoughtful interaction with students and colleagues, and exemplifies his immersion in the labyrinthine ways of the English language.

Professor Richard Norman came to the Barnard English Department in 1954. A philologist and rhetorician, a successful radio commentator and a scholar of broad interests, he had been teaching speech and rhetoric courses at Teachers College, at Columbia College, and in the graduate division of Hunter College. His fascination with the communication arts dates to his boyhood in Ohio and his participation in the Columbus Civic Theatre productions of radio plays. Moving to New York in the mid-thirties, he worked as a radio announcer and producer until World War II, when he served in Tunisia as a captain in the Air Transport Command.

After the war, Dick resumed his formal education and his association with radio in Washington, D.C. As producer and commentator on "good music" programs, he was responsible for such broadcasts as the Library of Congress chamber music series. After completing his undergraduate study at George Washington University, he came to New York and received his M.A. and

Elizabeth Caughran is a speech consultant and teaches Barnard's course in American and British Dialects. She has been a member of the English Department since 1956.

Ph.D. from Columbia.

New York has become not only the place where his many interests mesh smoothly, but the very object of his research: he has completed an account of the development of the dialect of New York City. Finding the artifacts of early residents' speaking and writing led to a personal collection of memorabilia about the city. Old maps, prints, holographs and portraits surround the books and Victorian antiques in his Riverside Drive apartment.

Early in his association with Barnard, Dick Norman became involved in a variety of college activities ranging from debate and Greek Games to an oral history. He recorded dedications of new buildings and the reminiscences of alumnae and professors who had lived Barnard's early history. He served for many years as Chief Marshal for ceremonial occasions. In 1967, when colleges engaged in more frivolous actions and the challenge of the television quiz program *College Bowl* was flung to Barnard, Dick coached our students on the fine points of camera technique, the rapid solving of problems in calculus or physics, and the recall of minutiae from music, literature, and art. The Barnard team was victorious five times in succession, and after a brief retirement, defended its laurels in a super bowl. Barnard's winnings in scholarship money and the headlines in New York papers were tangible gains, and while our confidence in the Barnard education would not have been shaken by a defeat, the victories visibly boosted morale.

The energy and skill Dick has always brought to college activities is mirrored in his formal teaching. Students who in the sixties would have participated in extracurricular events now focus their interest on careers. The course in *Persuasive Speaking* has been especially popular for the past decade. Pre-law students from Columbia College, Engineering, and General Studies compete with Barnard women for a place in the class. "You don't just speak. You learn to see the assumptions and fallacies,"

I overheard one student remark.

Serious students of the English language register for *The History and Use of English* and for *Anglo-Saxon*, courses taught by language authority William Cabell Greet until his retirement in 1968. Dick Norman's resemblance to Professor Greet extends to his dedication to liberal education and Barnard College, to his stout-hearted service as chairman of the English Department, and to the undertaking of many outside activities in his field.

Since 1971 he has served as speech consultant to newscasters and correspondents of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He writes a bi-weekly series of "Notes on Usage" for house publication. Coauthor with George W. Hibbitt of *A Guide to Speech Training* and the radio series, *The Wonder of Words*, he has acted as educational consultant to the publishers of several dictionaries and has recorded more than fifty "Talking Books" for the blind. He is now vice president of the Axe-Houghton Foundation which sponsors projects in the investigation and improvement of language.

Dick hopes to have more free time when he retires this year. He will teach a few Barnard classes and the language consultant commitments will continue, but he would like to resume his research on nineteenth century dialects in New York City. He hopes to spend more time with his collection of recorded operas which now numbers in the hundreds. He intends to polish his accent in the several languages he speaks, and, if he can find a trustworthy sitter for his cat, he will continue to travel.

Barnard students and faculty have been fortunate in their association with Dick Norman. He is a talented performer in his discipline; he is a gentleman and a scholar in the best sense of the old tradition. His sense of fairness and proportion combined with his unfailing generosity with his time have advanced our common enterprises. We shall miss his clear distinctions, his cordial voice. We wish him well in his new ventures.



MARGARITA UCELAY

by Vilma Bornemann '50

A diagonal column of sunlight settled on the glints of silver in her dark hair, bobbed smartly in gentle waves that barely grazed the silk of her blouse. When first I saw her three decades before as a freshman in Spanish 3, her hair was black as jet, straight and lustrous and pulled back severely into a stylish twist at the nape of her neck. Looking at her now, I realized that little else had changed—the same mirthful eyes, the smooth ivory skin, the deeply dimpled smile, and that special blend of chic and erudition uniquely hers—all remarkably intact. It seemed incredible that Margarita Ucelay's retirement from the College was imminent, that she had taught two full generations of Barnard women, and that she was soon to leave us.

Born and reared in Madrid, Margarita was one of three daughters of Enrique and Pura Ucelay. Her father, like his father before him, was chief counsel to a local utilities firm, and her mother, an anomaly in the Madrid of her day, was the fervent feminist who in 1932 founded the *Club de cultura femenina* and organized its activities.

Pura Ucelay's mission was to make available major works of dramatic literature to women of limited formal education through their direct involvement in programs of lectures and in an experimental theatre company known as *Anfistora*. The group presented annual productions of impeccable quality to which playwrights and directors of high caliber contributed their talents. Among them was Federico García Lorca. It was Pura Ucelay who, with irresistible determination, succeeded in retrieving from the police one of Lorca's censored plays, *El amor de Don Perlimplín con Belisa en su jardín*, a jewel of a romantic farce of melancholy delicacy in which the poet

elevates erotic love to heights of lyrical splendor. Formerly entitled *Alaluya erótica*, the work had been classified as pornography and withheld from the public. (“¡Fue absurdo!” Margarita observed.) After the play's release, Pura Ucelay's company gave its premiere performance under Lorca's own direction. (“Como director era fabuloso,” Margarita recalled.)

Margarita Ucelay participated in several of her mother's enterprises, and, at the age of 20, married one of her fellow actors, Ernesto Da Cal, a young university student who had been recruited for a role in Molnar's *Lilió*n. In this *ambiente* was nurtured her deep love and knowledge of the theatre.

Educated in Spain (at the progressive Instituto-Escuela de Madrid) and in France and Germany, Margarita Ucelay prepared to follow her father and grandfather in the practice of law. As one of only three women enrolled at the University of Madrid School of Law, Margarita ranked *first* in her class of 500. (“Education was the dowry that my mother chose to give us,” she noted. “My sister Matilde was Spain's first female architect.”)

With her law degree only a year away, Margarita's studies were interrupted by the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War. When Barcelona fell, she fled Madrid and sought to join her husband, then a Loyalist army captain on special assignment in the United States. In April, 1939, Margarita Ucelay was received in New York City as a political refugee.

Quickly integrated into the Morningside academic community, Margarita was selected as the initial recipient of the Kimball Fellowship and was persuaded to resume her graduate work in another field, Spanish literature. When that first award was followed by two others, her academic career was solidly established.

“In 1942, I received the M.A. and Columbia invited me to matriculate for the doctorate in the Spanish department. Be-

cause women were rarely considered qualified for doctoral study in those days, to receive an *invitation* was a special honor. The prevalence of such an attitude in the United States surprised me,” she mused. The Ph.D. was conferred in 1950 after ten years of teaching at Vassar, Hunter, and Barnard.

Margarita Ucelay joined the Barnard Spanish department in 1943. (“I lived in Hewitt one term, and, though I was married, Ernesto was not allowed to visit!”) By 1965 she had risen to a full professorship, and, since 1957, has served as Chair of the Department many times.

During the forties and fifties, Professor Ucelay and her colleagues in the department, Amelia Agostini de del Río, Eugenio Florit, and Laura de los Ríos de García Lorca, were closely associated with a distinguished body of emigré educators and men of letters who had settled in the United States during the earlier Franco years—Fernando de los Ríos (Laura's father), Tomás Navarro Tomás, Américo Castro, José Montesinos, Juan Ramón Jiménez, Pedro Salinas, Jorge Guillén, Angel del Río (Amelia's husband), and Francisco García Lorca (Laura's husband). It was indeed the Golden Age of Spanish Letters for the American colleges whose faculties they enriched.

Morningside Heights was charged with the intellectual fervor and creativity of these hispanists. One manifestation of this extraordinary energy was the initiation of a series of dramatic presentations as part of a pioneering effort to bring classic Spanish theatre to American audiences. Begun by Professor Federico de Onís of the Columbia Spanish department, this university troupe flourished in collaboration with Barnard colleagues. In 1943, management of the productions passed to the Barnard Spanish department, which has continued the tradition with distinction, and without interruption, to the present day.

Margarita Ucelay, steeped in the theatre at her mother's knee, has been a catalyst and driving force for Spanish drama at Barnard throughout her 38 years at the College. A consummate director, producer, actress, and creator of a dazzling wardrobe of authentic period costumes, she has guided and inspired colleagues and students in over 70 plays, each a polished gem. The proceeds of these productions have financed scholarships for Barnard women to study in Spain, stocked a distinguished department library, and paid for the handsomely furnished Spanish Room in Milbank, an elegant lounge (decorated by

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Vilma Mairo Bornemann, Dean for Academic Services, has been a member of the Spanish Department since 1971 and served as Barnard Registrar from 1977 to 1980.

BETWEEN TRAIN AND STATION: *The Italian University of Today*

by Maristella de Panizza Lorch

It was announced last Fall that Barnard College has entered into an agreement of cultural cooperation with the University of Rome. The agreement will allow direct exchange of ideas between interested scholars of the two institutions, offering parallel courses, research seminars, joint publications, exchange of personnel, and a bibliographic center.

In a memorandum describing the agreement, Professor Maristella Lorch, chairman of the Italian Dept., has written that she has long felt the need for "a direct and personal contact with Italian intellectual and artistic resources."

During a sabbatical leave in 1979, she writes, she "had a chance to become aware of the vitality of research being carried out in and around Italian universities." This article is drawn from an open letter written by Professor Lorch to her Italian host-colleagues upon her return to the U.S.

A congress which took place in Bressanone, in the heart of the Alps, in July 1979 is still vivid in my memory, after many months and across many thousands of miles. A friend, speaking at the congress on iconology and literature, began with the image of a train. It was his aim to evoke the different concepts of time and space experienced by a person who sits in a train compartment and by one who lives at the station—a helpful way also to consider the Italian university.

Of all the modern means of transportation available in Italy, it is only the train which seems still to maintain a human dimension. The car means isolation. The bus collects a group of isolated individuals. The train allows a kind of relaxed communication among those who by chance or by choice travel together. In spite of strikes

and other inconveniences, the trains seem to function well and the train constitutes, more than the café or the restaurant, the place where people can speak to one another without having anything special to say, just to pass the time. It is the place where one still can practice the true art of conversation as the *Illuministi* and before them the Humanists conceived of it. One has the impression of moving on neutral ground, where nothing is all black or all white, where the sting of our daily responsibilities pricks us less. When we get to our *station*, all changes. Each one assumes a role and a place, and there are consequences for our actions.

For a foreign scholar, a "train experience" is a potentially precious occasion, allowing a unique kind of contact which complements the work done in the library, the archive, the museum, the committee, the congress. An afternoon in an Italian train will help you, if you are lucky enough to travel with the right kind of passengers, to see the very delicate problem of the Italian university today, the problems "at the station," in an objective manner. What one has heard and read before crossing the border will be confirmed; the Italian university will come alive in the despairing expressions of your new guides as a sort of condominium of "autonomi" and Red Brigades on the one hand, and on the other as an amorphous mass of unemployed young people called students, many of whom fortunately show up only for the final exams while others occupy the *aule magne*—for political gatherings—instead of the libraries; where libraries or laboratories hardly function when they exist; where a group generally labeled as "precari" is allowed to camp for life, whereas the true professors, remains of the old university, wait with dif-



At the University of Rome last October: Dean Charles S. Olton (l.) and Professor Suzanne F. Wemple (r.) with Professor Lorch and the Chairman of the Italian delegation to their meetings on the agreement for cultural cooperation.

The fact is that the university reflects a society by registering even its slightest crisis.

ferent degrees of patience for the moment of retirement; where exams are like draft examinations where 90% of the inductees are declared fit for service (the so-called "trenta politico"); where for those who graduate there is no outlet because of the country's economic condition. The Italian university *in summa* may appear indeed, after a couple of hours of train conversation, as an ill-disciplined army whose task is to keep its soldiers alive at all costs, even when there is no food.

I had come to Italy on sabbatical leave and had been invited to conduct seminars at several universities. I was therefore working with my Italian colleagues *in loco*, and could live their problem "at the station." Between engagements, since the peninsula is not very extensive and is well served by the train, I could also reflect on the situation "from the train windows."

Looking at the issue from the train, discussing it with young and not so young Italians from different political parties or no party whatsoever, one saw the Italian university going through a most serious crisis with no solution in sight. Often my companions displayed resignation and frustration: their university is overcrowded. It needs classrooms, libraries, laboratories. What can one do with the mass of young professors, some excellent, some ill-prepared (there was always disagreement as to whose fault this was), kept in a limbo of immobility, discouraged beyond words because they, like the students, have no future?

"Why," I asked a few "precari" one day on a train from Cosenza to Salerno, "Why don't you look for another job?" "Oh," one answers while the others nod in assent, "because perhaps the only thing we can do and want to do is work with books. Perhaps we cannot do anything else." It is hard to see a possible remedy when one is caught in such a web of problems. Is it simply the *structure* which is missing? Or the law? Or when there is a law, is there no one who sees to it that it is enforced? You find yourself wishing that the university could function like the trains. Most of them depart and arrive in time. You have a comfortable seat, corresponding to your ticket, and nobody would dare to deprive you of it. And then, while we discuss the problem, the train moves so that we'll get where we want to go. But we know that the problem of education in a society like Italy today, which is in frenetic movement, cannot be solved by building a track to direct overflowing popular energy.

It is an accepted fact that the university reflects a society by registering even its

slightest crisis. A democratic society of the type we have in Italy, in over-rapid evolution, can hardly be expected all of a sudden to develop a structure, translate it into formulas, provide practical suggestions and see to it that this ideal is accepted, applied and respected.

How then can the Italian university survive? How is it possible that it continues to work and produce? Even if the windows broken in 1968 had been repaired, the air in the universities has changed and irreversible decisions have already been made. When the problem is examined in the abstract, there is no apparent answer.

The only answer that *can* be obtained today is not in the train but at the station. I found my answer when I got off at *my* station with some colleagues. Others were always waiting for us. The station might have been Turin or Milan, Venice or Vicenza, Padua, Florence, Rome, Salerno or Cosenza. Between stations there is one obligatory stop: Rome.

The university buildings were often a kind of squalid barracks whose prefabricated walls are covered with inscriptions. Sometimes they were apartment buildings made into classrooms; sometimes Renaissance palaces which decorate a beautiful avenue or a quiet *canale*. Often their halls resembled waiting rooms of a railway station, precisely as if one were there only *di passaggio*. Colleagues and students were still able to carry out their work within those walls. Be it a conference, a seminar, a lecture, a reunion for a project we have in common: conversation fell immediately on our work, on the last initiative, on the project, on the latest number of the Journal that the Istituto published.

I remember the lively quality of the work, its creativeness, and the enthusiasm they shared with a person like myself who works in an environment of order and organization. Once in a quiet restaurant I was told that classes the previous day had been stopped by the explosion of a bomb, a fact of ordinary life. What really mattered was our last project in the "Centro Studi Europa delle Corti" and the possibility of codirecting the results of the research of our students.

At the end of my sabbatical leave, the Preside of the Facoltà di Lettere of the University of Rome proposed an exchange of research between his institution and Barnard College-Columbia University. It has now been approved on both sides of the ocean and is fully functioning. We meet regularly at fixed stations and between one station and the other we shall continue to enjoy the train together. □

BARNARD INTERNS

How Sponsors See Them

by Frances Unsell

Since 1974, hundreds of Barnard students have participated in the internship program conducted by the Office of Career Services and so have learned about a variety of business and professional fields "from the inside." The most popular time for internships is the January intersession, when students can work full time, without the pressure of the classroom. There is growing interest, however, in part-time positions during the academic year and part or full-time internships during the summer.

The students' role and responsibilities in the internship program are the subject of numerous on-campus meetings, and their positive feelings about the experience are well documented. What has been missing up to now has been information about the sponsors' view of internship: how to prepare for the student's arrival, what to expect, does it work.

Frances Unsell, Internship Program Supervisor, has compiled a summary of four internships which are a representative sample of the 150 which took place this January. Although the vast majority of the internships, like these four, are located in New York City, prospective sponsors are welcome wherever Barnard students live.

INFECTIOUS ENTHUSIASM

"I want to be just like Dr. Winterkorn, to say 'Wow, I get paid for doing this and it's fun, besides!'"

These are the words of Lisa Wiatt, a ju-

Needed: SUMMER INTERNSHIP SPONSORS

Summer is an ideal time for students to do career exploration. Paid summer internships are particularly desirable, but unpaid ones are also requested by students. Summer vacation at Barnard starts in mid-May.

For additional information write or call: Frances Unsell
Internship Program Supervisor
Office of Career Services
Barnard College
New York, NY 10027
(212) 280-2033

nior who spent January working with Dr. Jacqueline (Schuker) Winterkorn '67, assistant professor of anatomy and a researcher in animal behavior at Cornell Medical Center. Lisa and Carol Kwei, a Barnard senior, spent their days shaping the behavior of animals and testing them for ocular paralysis, a condition related to crossed eyes in children.

Dr. Winterkorn has sponsored several interns each January for five years. She finds that when several interns work together they begin immediately to interact with one another regarding their work. "Discussing interesting results with bright people," she believes, is one of the things that makes working in a research laboratory enjoyable.

According to Dr. Winterkorn, the most difficult aspect of sponsoring January interns is "designing an experience which they can do and make their own, which gives them a sense of completion and achievement in a three-week period, at the same time they are having fun."

This year both Lisa and Carol caught Dr. Winterkorn's enthusiasm for her work and will continue their work in the lab as independent study.

LEARNING AND WORKING

"An internship should include both education and aspects of work," says Evelyn Weinrich Feit '53, an assistant vice president at Kidder Peabody and a five-year veteran of the intersession internship program.

To set the stage for the arrival of Caroline Halama, an economics major, Ms. Feit circulated a copy of her resume and the internship program brochure to her department head and the people with whom Caroline would be working.

When Caroline arrived, Ms. Feit encouraged her to read back issues of "The Top

50," a Kidder Peabody report on companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange having the highest price/earnings ratios and meeting certain other criteria. "A cardinal rule in working with interns," according to Ms. Feit, "is to give them the big picture—help them see how their work will be used."

During her internship Caroline took advantage of educational opportunities in the financial community, such as a tour of the Federal Reserve Bank and briefings at Kidder Peabody by investment experts in diverse fields. In preparation for a career in finance, she continues to work part time at Kidder Peabody during the spring semester.

Ms. Feit's experience with Barnard interns has been so positive that her husband, a vice president in another investment banking firm, sponsored a Barnard intern for the first time this year.

CREATIVITY AND DILIGENCE

"My best source of information was old New York Times obituaries," says Lori Marsden, a junior architecture major. Her internship was sponsored by Roberta Cooper '77, Director of the Pratt Area Community Housing Office.

The Clinton Hill section of Brooklyn has been designated a "historic district" by the NYC Landmarks Preservation Commission, which means that information must now be compiled on the architect, building date, and history of every building located there. This was Lori's assignment.

In addition to the newspaper files, she learned to read property deeds and conveyances dating back to the 1600s, when the Dutch settled this section of Brooklyn. Old descriptions, in terms of square feet, often had to be compared to current city blocks. At times, she had to track down the descendants of the original owners in order to get all the needed facts. Finding the sources of information was often an exercise in creativity, backed up with a lot of hard work.

Lori will continue her work this summer if Ms. Cooper and the Landmarks Preservation Commission can secure the funds needed to make it a paid position.

A SENSE OF SELF WORTH

Joan Feldman Hamburg '57, host of the Joan Hamburg Show on WOR Radio, sponsored an intersession intern for the first time this year. Things worked out so well that the station asked Rosemary Augusta, a biology major from Queens, to continue her work there.

continued on page 25

COMING ATTRACTIONS

The Class of '85

High school seniors who have applied to Barnard for admission this September will have learned of the disposition of their applications as this issue of *Barnard Alumnae* goes to press. Approximately 525 of these students will be entering the College in September, and about 300 of them will be able to live in college housing. If we can use the past as predictor, approximately 36% will be receiving financial aid from the College and many more will receive scholarships and loans from other sources, as well as income from summer and year-round jobs.

The admissions process for the new class was in many important respects similar to that of last year, when a record number of applications—51% more than in 1977—were received from students at an increasingly wide range of secondary schools, both public and independent. In terms of academic strength, the pattern also seemed similar to last year, when the entering class showed median SAT scores of 620 Verbal and 600 Math.

As always, there is a wide variety of backgrounds, interests, and goals among the prospective students. To the extent that the Committee on Admissions has sought a common thread among them, aside from their academic ability, it is what Admissions Director Christine Royer calls “eagerness for the urban experience.”

In general, they can also be described as extremely purposeful, perhaps even more serious than their predecessors about the opportunity being offered to them. They may be less optimistic than recent classes but they also seem to feel less pressure to demonstrate excellence on every front—to be “superwomen.”

The anticipated size of the new class is less than in the past two years, primarily to assure that the standards for acceptance of both resident and non-resident applicants would be comparable. This also permits continuation of the trend toward a higher proportion of resident students in the College as a whole. The boundary between the resident and non-resident “zones” is defined by the time needed to travel to the campus by public transportation; next

year’s commuting limit was set at 60 minutes each way.

Most resident freshmen will be housed in double and triple rooms in Reid Hall, with a few in Brooks and Hewitt and others across the street in “616.” While all the occupants of Reid are women, other college housing facilities are co-ed, reflecting an exchange of rooms with Columbia College (currently involving 209 spaces).

*

In an effort to mitigate the impact of limited dormitory space, the Office of Residential Life sponsors “Space Ltd.” This is a mechanism for putting commuting students in touch with alumnae and friends who live relatively near the campus and have rooms to spare. Students pay rent and/or perform services in exchange for their rooms. Rosemarie Dackerman, Assistant Director of Residential Life, would be pleased to hear from alumnae who would like to participate in this project (208 McIntosh Hall, 212-280-3040).

*

A very significant change for next year’s students has to do with dollars. Tuition and fees totalled \$6190 this year and are expected to increase by 10 or 12%; room and board costs will doubtless keep pace. If one calculates the likely impact of inflation, one sees that new students and their families will be looking at a total cost for the next four years approaching \$50,000(!).

Complicating the financial picture for many—upperclasswomen as well as those who will be coping with these expenses for the first time—is the uncertainty surrounding several federal aid programs. The Pell (formerly Basic Education Opportunity) Grants, which are available only to the neediest, were an important source of help for 650 students this year. Proposed changes in eligibility standards and maximum amounts would create an impossible situation for many recipients, since Barnard’s financial aid packages already assume the maximum possible family contribution and potential student earnings. □

—TCC

CARVING OUT A CAREER

continued from page 16

a little frightened if I were off alone somewhere and could do nothing but write. Having to get a clean gym suit for somebody or make a meal and talk about a child’s school problems takes me out of myself.” Morgan’s children are Jessica, eleven, and Adam, eight.

Being a mother has also proved useful to Morgan in terms of her subject matter, the complex, intense family ties at the core of *Heirlooms*. “What I have been exploring are mainly the boundaries between people, the responsibilities between people who love each other, the difficulty of relationships between parents and children.”

The germ idea for *Heirlooms* was a desire to write about mothers and daughters, “before that became fashionable.” She wanted to deal with what is passed on, the emotional “baggage” that moves from generation to generation, especially in the mother-daughter relationship. Having come from a non-religious family, Morgan was fascinated to discover in herself in her early adulthood a seeking, even a craving, for spiritual values. She felt a need to go back and find some link with the past, something prior to her secular upbringing.

Although *Heirlooms* concerns three generations and deals with the lives of immigrant Jews and their children, Morgan maintains that it is neither a “saga novel” nor a merely “Jewish novel.” Rather, “the immigrant Jewry aspect is local color, irrelevant to the major themes. On the religious level, it’s as close to Christians who are looking for spiritual roots as it is to Jews. And on the interpersonal, psychological level, it’s really universal.” (*Heirlooms* has been chosen as an alternate selection of the Jewish Book Club and will be published in paperback by Pinnacle Press in August.)

What has kept Morgan writing over these years, waiting until 1976 to see her fiction in print and working for two years on this latest novel? She has become an expert in deferred gratification, sustained by faith in what she’s saying and a drive to write. She is now at work on a new novel, placed in contemporary times in a medical setting, in which she will investigate the extent of control one has over one’s life. Living in Westchester after years in Manhattan, she has a “room of her own” to work in, an attic space made into a sunny study, with a large desk and her faithful typewriter. In this safe place she is prepared to go on investigating the darker side of life. For her, that’s what literature is about. □

The Barnard Campaign

THE BARNARD CAMPAIGN reports that early commitments from all sources total \$5,183,893 toward the campaign goal of \$20,000,000, as of January 31. "Having reached 25% of the goal just as we begin the major alumnae phase of the effort is most encouraging and certainly gives every indication that success is possible if we all work together," national chairman Helen Pond McIntyre '48 said.

The resources generated by the campaign will be used to augment the endowment fund of the College to provide new revenue for financial aid and support of academic programs in the amount of \$7,500,000; another \$7,750,000 for renovations, alterations/new construction and energy conservation; and \$5,000,000 for the Annual Fund over a five-year period to provide support for the operating budget during the campaign.

In any capital campaign success is achieved only when a significant number of larger gifts is received, and when a significant range of smaller gifts is also generated. The scale of giving produced on this page tells the story of how Barnard College will complete this campaign successfully. Every

gift is important, but it is a fundamental principle which has been demonstrated over and over again that a campaign of this magnitude must have the larger kinds of gifts depicted in order to achieve success.

The overall schedule calls for most alumnae in the Greater New York area to be solicited by the end of June. This effort will include northern New Jersey, Westchester and Fairfield Counties, as well as all of Long Island and the five boroughs. During the fall of 1981 six more metropolitan areas will be canvassed, followed by six more in the spring of 1982, with all alumnae efforts concluded by the end of 1982. Leadership recruitment began at the beginning of the year and will be completed by early March so that solicitations can begin in April. Concurrently, effort will be made to secure the major gifts from special friends as well as corporations and foundations which are required if final success is to be achieved. Reflecting on the progress of those recruiting leadership, Mrs. McIntyre added that it is evident that the alumnae of Barnard are loyal, committed and eager to help strengthen the College's financial foundation.

The Pattern for Success

To assist in the organization and early campaign activity, professional counsel has been retained, and new staff has been added to work specifically on the campaign. The campaign office is now located in the Ella Weed Room in Milbank Hall and a separate phone number has been listed — (212) 280-2619. Questions and other communications should be addressed there.

Number of Gifts	In the Range of	Totaling
1	\$1,750,000	\$1,750,000
2	1,000,000	2,000,000
3	500,000	1,500,000
6	250,000	1,500,000
15	100,000	1,500,000
20	50,000	1,000,000
35	25,000	875,000
125	10,000	1,250,000
175	5,000	875,000
200	3,000	600,000
800	1,000	800,000
Several Thousand	Under \$1,000	1,350,000
Several Thousand Annual Gifts Over Five Years		<u>5,000,000</u>
		\$20,000,000

COMMITMENTS TO JANUARY 31

Individuals	\$1,977,571
Foundations	1,115,000
Corporations	120,000
Government (National Endowment for the Humanities)	400,000
Annual Giving	1,242,228
Bequests	<u>329,094</u>
	\$5,183,893



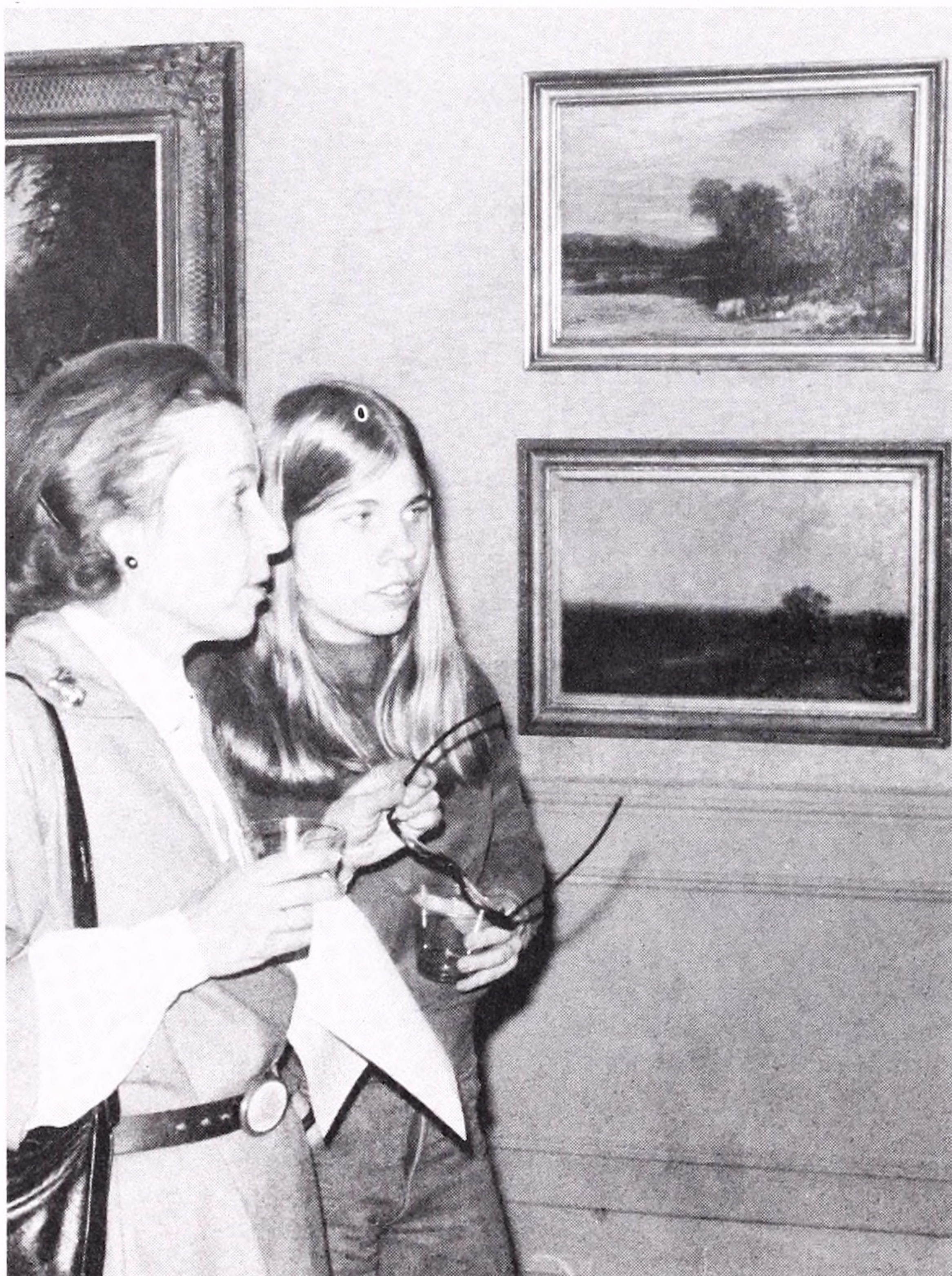
Former president Millicent McIntosh with Acting President Ellen V. Futter and trustees' chairman Arthur G. Altschul at a recent Barnard Council dinner

Our Family Album



Three members of the Class of '65 share happy thoughts during Alumnae Council 1980: Betty Booth Michel, Barbara Vedrody Grants, Ellen Kozak.

When the New York area alumnae clubs sponsored a private viewing of the landscape art at the National Academy of Design, Janet Wessling Paulsen '48 came with daughter Emily '83.



Caught wide-eyed at the Barnard Fund Benefit at Sotheby Parke Bernet last year was Faye Hermine Schwartz, accompanying her mother, Dr. Ellen Greenebaum '73.



At the National Academy of Design in December, Suzanne Gaba '80 and Barbara Kahn Gaba '55 wait to hear a talk by Barbara Novak '50, who organized the exhibition of American landscape paintings.

ANNUAL REPORT OF GIFTS AND GRANTS

1979-1980



The generosity of alumnae, parents and friends of Barnard makes it possible for us to continue to educate women of the highest ability in a supportive environment.

In the pages that follow you will read the report of the gifts and bequests received by Barnard in the fiscal year 1979-1980.

The annual generosity of our alumnae, trustees and friends makes it possible for Barnard to balance the budget and to provide the superb education, the special intellectual environment and the scholarship aid that attracts more and more remarkable women each year. Since Barnard, unlike other comparable institutions, started without an endowment, the support of its alumnae is all important to the very existence of the college. We should all take pride, as we continue to work together, in what we accomplish.

Blanche K. Graubard
Chairman
Committee on Development
Board of Trustees

HIGHLIGHTS

- ** Alumnae participation was 36% for a total of \$1,165,075: \$665,572 in annual giving, \$197,366 in capital gifts, and \$302,137 in other gifts and bequests.
- ** Barnard parents contributed \$88,225, \$68,225 in annual giving and \$20,000 in capital gifts.
- ** Trustee participation was 93% this year, for a total of \$617,628. \$179,162 of this was annual giving and \$438,466 was in capital campaign payments or capital gifts.
- ** Total gifts and pledges to the Capital Campaign amounted to \$4,614,167. This includes a \$400,000 Challenge Grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

SUMMARY OF ALL GIFTS BY SOURCE

Alumnae *	\$1,165,075
Non-alumnae:	
Trustees *	404,497
Parents	88,225
Faculty and Staff	3,870
Other Individuals	113,150
Foundations	611,200
Corporations	114,818
Other Groups	4,484
Research Grants	879,110
NEH Matching Funds	135,000
Total Gifts and Grants, 1979-80	\$3,519,429

**Included in alumnae gifts is \$213,131 received from trustees who are alumnae. Total giving from trustees therefore amounts to \$617,628.*

Summary of Alumnae Gifts 1979-80

Classes, Thrift Shop, Alumnae Clubs, Miscellaneous:	
Annual Gifts	\$665,573
Capital Campaign	197,366
Bequests	274,965
Pooled Income Funds	17,065
Special Gifts	10,106
Total Alumnae Giving, 1979-80	\$1,165,075





Founded in 1974, The Barnard Council annually brings together the College's most generous annual supporters. Barnard owes them a great debt of gratitude, and takes pride and pleasure in listing their names below.

Members of The Barnard Council are:

Founding Members

Helen Goodhart Altschul
Hortense Koller Becker
*Doris Fleischman Bernays
Alice Rheinstein Bernheim
Marjorie Marks Bitker
Kathryn Glasford Black
Cecile Parker Carver
Anne Richard Davidson
Katie J. Dexter
Margaret King Eddy
Eleanor Thomas Elliott
John Elliott, Jr.
Dorothy Dillon Eweson
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Richard M. Furlaud
Sibyl Levy Golden
Harriet Wilinsky Goodman
Roy M. Goodman
Elizabeth Hughes Gossett
Blanche Kazon Graubard
Emily Morris Hadley
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*Edith Altschul Lehman
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William A. Marsteller
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Louise Heublein McCagg
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Samuel R. Milbank
Linda Zakim Murphy
Dorothy Brockway Osborne
Jean T. Palmer
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Francis T. P. Plimpton
Gertrude Buttenweiser Prins
Mary Louise Stewart Reid

*Richard Rodgers
Dorothy F. Rodgers
Josephine Grohe Rose
Renee Baruch Samstag
Katherine Flint Shadek
Lois Voltter Silberman
Catherine Strateman Sims
Claire Wander Stein
Estella Raphael Steiner
*Marion Levi Stern
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*Henrietta H. Swope
Kate Eisig Tode
Mildred G. Uhrbrock
Helen Blumenthal Valentine
Catherine Baldwin Woodbridge
Virginia Bloedel Wright

Regular Members

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Hilda Minneman Bell
Esther Grabelsky Biederman
June Rossbach Bingham
Judith Gurland Blaker
Virginia Salkucki Brewer
Eileen Evers Carlson
Toni Crowley Coffee
Madeleine Perner Cosman
Junia Cassell Doan
Aida DiPace Donald
Winifred Meagher Donoghue
Marie Ward Doty
Monika Schwabe Eisenbud
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Georgia R. Giddings
Cecile Meister Gilmore
William T. Golden
Mary C. Gordon
Patty Freiberg Green
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Barbara Rosenberg Grossman
Antoinette Guerrini-Maraldi
Stephanie Wanger Guest

Olga Haller
Barbara Valentine Hertz
Martha Bennett Heyde
Barbara Silver Horowitz
Cornelia Allen Ireland
Gloria Callen Jones
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Marion Kahn Kahn
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Suzanne Sloss Kaufmann
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Ellen Fogelson Liman
Beatrice Goelet Manice
Adele Baron Marks
Julie V. Marsteller
Margaret E. Martin
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Joan Houston McCulloch
Helen Pond McIntyre
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Marcella Jung Rosen
Doris Schloss Rosenthal
Barbara Glaser Sahlman
Nanette Eisler Scofield
Dorothy Nolan Sherman
Roslyn Schiff Silver
Carol Hoffman Stix
Renee Becker Swartz
Francine Salzman Temko
Dorothy Coyne Weinberger
Jane Eisler Williams
Elizabeth Pruitt Wright

Junior Members

Marilyn Chin
Elissa Forman Cullman
Ellen V. Futter
Ellen C. Goldschmidt
Linda R. Lebensold
Naomi F. Levin
Jamiene S. Studley
Ching-Wen Pu Taylor
* Deceased



Annual Giving Statistics by Class July 1, 1979 to June 30, 1980

CLASS	CLASS PRESIDENT & FUND CHAIRMAN	NO. OF DONORS	AMOUNT GIVEN	% PARTI- CIPATION
1903		1	\$ 25	50.0
1904		2	525	100.0
1905		2	876	50.0
1906	Jessie Parsons Condit	3	5,580	100.0
1907		1	50,000	16.7
1908		1	1,250	20.0
1909		5	11,805	29.4
1910	Adelaide Loehrsen	3	996	30.0
1911	Florrie Holzwasser	1	400	5.9
1912	*Edith Valet Cook Lucille Mordecai Lebair	6	275	19.4
1913	Joan Sperling Lewinson	14	9,924	45.2
1914	Edith Mulhall Achilles	9	805	25.0
1915		17	1,161	38.6
1916		10	7,816	22.2
1917	Frances Krasnow Margaret Moses Fellows	26	2,516	40.0
1918	Mary Griffiths Clarkson	27	2,276	36.0
1919	Dorothy Goldsmith Michaels Dorothy Morgenthau Eaton	25	2,946	35.2
1920	Elaine Kennard Geiger Dorothy Robb Sultzer	39	8,702	52.0
1921	Leonora Andrews Mildred Peterson Welch	32	3,492	40.0
1922	Louise J. Schlichting Agnes Bennet Murphy	32	3,475	40.0
1923	Agnes MacDonald Winifred Dunbrack	57	5,355	58.2
1924	Eleanor Kortheuer Stapelfeldt Cicely Applebaum Ryshpan	47	2,218	40.2
1925	Madeleine Hooke Rice Julia D. Goeltz	77	23,572	62.6
1926	Ruth Friedman Goldstein *Helen Moran O'Regan	72	10,412	54.1
1927	Louise Gottschall Feuer	90	9,874	61.2
1928	Constance Rouillion Critchfield Helen Hope Dibbell	49	5,130	36.3
1929	Eleanor Rosenberg Amy Jacob Goell	71	35,253	41.3
1930	Marion Rhodes Brown Ruth Goldstein Fribourg Mildred Sheppard	98	12,991	59.0
1931	Else Zorn Taylor Esther Grabelsky Biederman	108	11,751	65.5
1932	Lorraine Popper Price Caroline Atz Hastorf	92	7,918	58.6
1933	Frances Barry Denise Abbey Martha Loewenstein	120	9,813	67.8
1934	Alice Kendikian Carskadon Gertrude Lally Scannell	73	5,311	44.8
1935	Ruth Bedford McDaniel Marion Meurlin Gregory	90	10,328	51.1
1936	Electra Guizot Demas Elizabeth Dew Searles	97	14,162	53.9
1937	Joan Geddes Ulanov Olga Spica Marino	54	4,690	28.9
1938	Suzanne Sloss Kaufmann Frances Meyer Mantell	102	11,893	51.0
1939	Elaine Hildebrand Mueser June Marie Williams	102	9,204	58.0
1940	Geraldine Sax Shaw Joy Lattman Wouk Nanette Hodgman Hayes Ann Landau Kwitman	78	8,903	41.9
1941	Helen Sessinghaus Williams Jeanette Halstead Kellogg	121	15,138	66.1
1942	Judith Hyde Boyd	60	7,431	29.0
1943	Lucille Osmer Hutchinson Christiana Smith Graham	87	5,597	47.5
1944	Shirley Sexauer Harrison Helen Cahn Weil	106	5,710	48.9
1945	Betty Hamnett	68	5,198	28.7

* Deceased

1946	Lillian Oswald Layton Florence Butler Quinlan	75	8,777	32.9
1947	Roberta M. Paine Helen DeVries Edersheim	75	6,444	27.2
1948	Nora Robell Mary Wilson Bodenstab	117	14,756	39.1
1949	Marilyn Karmason Spritz Marilyn Heggie DeLalio	114	6,298	40.6
1950	Maureen McCann Miletta Cecile Singer	132	15,637	47.1
1951	Naomi Loeb Lipman Marisa Macina Hagan	101	12,323	44.7
1952	Miriam Schapiro Grosop Margaret Collins Maron	96	7,336	36.9
1953	Elise Alberts Pustilnik Gabrielle Simon Lefer	96	8,050	37.5
1954	Herberta Benjamin Schacher Marlene Ader Hirsch	98	6,623	43.8
1955	Barbara Silver Horowitz Jane Were-Bey Gardner Diana Rubin Gerber	117	40,850	47.0
1956	Toby Stein Julia H. Keydel	137	8,180	47.6
1957	Eileen H. Weiss Teri Kaplan Bardash Dolores Johnson Henderson	95	11,055	33.1
1958	Ruth Wolfers Pappelis Linda Master Sumner	128	6,407	40.1
1959	Firth Haring Fabend Evelyn Goldstein Gelman	135	9,244	41.9
1960	Diana Shapiro Bowstead Muriel Lederman Storrie	134	6,969	47.0
1961	Sydney Oren Brandwein	103	7,853	37.2
1962	Barbara Nolan Alice Finkelstein Alekman	165	12,410	56.2
1963	Sharon Flescher Vicki Granet Semel Pearl Sternschuss Vogel	99	4,720	30.6
1964	Susan Kelz Sperling Susan Romer Kaplan Phyllis Peck Makovsky	128	6,887	40.0
1965	Elizabeth Booth Michel Ellen M. Kozak	99	7,113	34.3
1966	Kathy Candel Epstein Marsha Kayser Hutchings	90	10,119	33.2
1967	Arleen P. Hurwitz Jane Allen	66	5,108	22.6
1968	Jill Adler Kaiser Mary Just Skinner	103	7,021	26.8
1969	Judy Gould Flora Sellers Davidson	146	5,345	37.3
1970	Camille Kiely Kelleher Joan Woodford Sherman	80	5,702	21.3
1971	Naomi F. Levin Barbara Ballinger Buchholz	98	4,558	26.7
1972	Stephanie Chelak Kinzey Caryn R. Leland	44	1,868	10.5
1973	Jane Tobey Momo Ilene Karpf	125	4,110	31.1
1974	Claire S. Jacobs Elyse W. Glaser	88	2,357	19.5
1975	Lisa Churchville Theresa Vorgia Shapiro Iris Albstein	93	2,050	17.9
1976	Robyn Grayson Katherine Cellini	51	1,783	11.6
1977	Suzanne Bilello Ruth Leibowitz	73	1,861	19.6
1978	Claire Tse Emily Gaylord	82	1,630	16.6
1979	Jeanette Price Katherine Cunningham	73	1,372	15.6
1980	Paula Franzese Mandy Huang		499	
	TOTAL	5,632	\$616,012	35.6%
	Other Alumnae Gifts		49,560	
	GRAND TOTAL		\$665,572	

REUNION GIFTS

Reunion Classes raised a total of \$274,932.70. \$151,547 was in annual giving, \$118,426 came from bequests and \$4,961 was in capital funds. We thank all for this successful fund raising year.

PHONATHON '80

This year's phonathon campaign, chaired by Harriet Wen Tung '68, resulted in contributions totaling \$72,480 to Barnard's annual alumnae fund. In the phonathon, 3,103 alumnae were reached and 61.7% of them made a pledge to the Fund. Participation by dedicated alumnae and students contributed to the event's success.

THRIFT SHOP

In 1979-80, \$39,962.45 was raised by the Barnard Scholarship Unit of Everybody's Thrift Shop. This provided scholarships for 38 students, with an average grant of \$1,687. Special recognition and thanks go to Thrift Shop Chairman, Nanette Hodgman Hayes '40 and the dedicated team of volunteers.

CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS

The following Barnard College Clubs contributed a total of \$9,598 to the College as a result of Club benefits and other fundraising projects:

Atlanta	\$ 50	Rochester	\$ 400
Baltimore	150	San Francisco	454
College for a Day	60	Seattle	75
Fairfield	1,500	Springfield	175
Long Island	700	7 College Conf	3,805
Monmouth	50	Washington	1,500
New Jersey	193	Wilmington	230

STUDENT FUND RAISING

Under the leadership of Mandy Huang, Judith Mohr, and Jane Adamo, the Class of 1980 raised a total of \$498.76 through the sale of an attractive sterling silver bear pin.

The pins are still being sold, which will add to the senior class gift; all proceeds are to go towards dormitory renovations.

CORPORATIONS

Through matching gifts and outright gifts and grants, corporations contributed a total of \$174,363 to Barnard during 1979-1980. Once again we would like to give special recognition to the Empire State Foundation of Independent Liberal Arts Colleges, Inc., whose efforts raised \$39,458 for Barnard from large and small businesses throughout New York State.

Corporations which contributed to Barnard in the past year are listed below. Those which made an outright gift or grant are indicated by (*).

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| <p>A. S. Abell Company Foundation
 ABEX Foundation
 Aerospace Corporation
 AETNA Foundation
 Air Products & Chemicals, Inc.
 Airco, Inc.
 Alcoa Fund
 Alexander & Alexander, Inc.
 *Alitalia
 Allied Chemical Foundation
 American Brands, Inc.
 American Broadcasting Company, Inc.
 *American Can Company
 *American Express Foundation
 American Home Products Corporation
 *American Telephone & Telegraph
 Amoco Foundation, Inc.
 Associated Dry Goods
 Atlantic Richfield Foundation
 Avon Products
 Bank of New York
 Bank of Tokyo
 Bankers Trust Company
 Bechtel Foundation
 Becton, Dickinson Foundation
 *Bell Laboratories
 Bergen Record
 Malcolm Black Associates, Inc.
 Borg-Warner Foundation, Inc.
 Bristol-Myers Company
 Burroughs Wellcome Company
 Celanese Corporation
 Chase Manhattan Bank Foundation
 Chemical Bank
 Chevron U. S. A., Inc.
 Chubb and Son, Inc.
 C. I. T. Foundation, Inc.
 *Citibank, N. A.
 Cities Service Foundation
 Citizens Fidelity Bank & Trust Company
 Cleveland Electric Illuminating Foundation
 *C. T. Clyne Company, Inc.
 CNA Foundation
 Colgate-Palmolive
 Combustion Engineering, Inc.
 Connecticut General Insurance Foundation
 Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance
 Company
 Consolidated Foods Corporation
 Continental Bank Foundation
 Coopers & Lybrand Foundation</p> | <p>Corning Glass Works Foundation
 C. P. C. International, Inc.
 Crocker National Bank
 Digital Equipment Corporation
 R. R. Donnelley & Sons
 Dow Corning Corporation
 Dun & Bradstreet Foundation
 Egan Machinery Company
 *Empire State Foundation of Independent
 Liberal Arts Colleges, Inc.
 Ensign-Bickford Foundation
 Exxon Education Foundation
 Exxon U. S. A. Foundation
 FMC Foundation
 *Fiat Corporation
 Ford Motor Company Fund
 Freeport Minerals Company
 Gannett Newspaper Foundation
 General Accident Corporation
 General Electric Foundation
 General Foods Fund, Inc.
 General Reinsurance Corporation
 Gerber Electronics
 Gilman Paper Company
 Girard Bank
 Goldman, Sachs and Company
 Grace Foundation, Inc.
 Alexander Grant Company Foundation
 Great Northern Nekoosa Corporation
 Grumman Corporation
 GTE Automatic Electric
 Guardian Life Welfare Trust
 Gulf + Western Foundation
 Gulf Oil Corporation
 John Hancock
 Harper & Row Publishers
 Harris Foundation
 Hartford Insurance Group
 Hewlett-Packard
 Hoffman-LaRoche Foundation
 Hollywood Federal Savings
 Honeywell, Inc.
 Hughes Aircraft Company
 IBM Corporation
 INA Foundation
 INCO United States, Inc.
 Intere, Inc.
 International Telephone & Telegraph
 Interpublic Group of Companies
 Irving One Wall Street Corporation
 Johnson and Higgins</p> | <p>Walter C. King Association
 *Macy's
 *Mailbag International
 *Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company
 Marathon Oil Foundation, Inc.
 Marsteller Foundation
 McGraw-Hill, Inc.
 Mellon National Bank & Trust
 *Merck Company Foundation
 *Metropolitan Life Foundation
 Minneapolis Star & Tribune
 Mobil Foundation, Inc.
 Monsanto Fund
 Montgomery Ward Foundation
 Morgan Guaranty Trust Company
 Mutual of New York
 Nabisco Foundation
 *New York Telephone Company
 New York Times Foundation
 North American Philips Corporation
 Norton Company
 Nuveen
 Olin Corporation Charitable Trust
 Peat, Marwick, Mitchell Foundation
 Pechiney Uguine Kuhlmann Corporation
 J. C. Penney Company, Inc.
 Pepsico Foundation
 Pfizer, Inc.
 Philip Morris, Inc.
 Prentice-Hall Foundation, Inc.
 Price Waterhouse Foundation
 *Procter and Gamble Fund
 Prudential Insurance Company
 Quaker Oats Foundation
 *Rai Corporation
 Reader's Digest Foundation
 Reliance Insurance Company Foundation
 R. J. Reynolds Industries, Inc.
 Richardson-Merrell, Inc.
 Rohm & Haas Company
 St. Regis Paper Company
 Salomon Brothers Foundation
 J. Henry Schroder
 *Sears-Roebuck Foundation
 *Sejak Corporation
 Shell Companies Foundation
 Sherwin-Williams Company
 Singer Company Foundation
 SmithKline Corporation
 Squibb Corporation
 Standard Brands, Inc.</p> |
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Sybron Corporation
Tektronix Foundation
Textron Charitable Trust
J. Walter Thompson Company
Time, Inc.
Times Mirror Company
TRW Foundation

Union Oil Company of California
United States Gypsum Foundation, Inc.
United States Trust Company
United Technologies Corporation
Warner-Lambert
Washington Post

*Western Electric Fund
*Westinghouse Foundation
John Wiley & Sons, Inc.
*Xerox Corporation
Young and Rubicam Foundation
Arthur Young Foundation



FOUNDATIONS

Gifts and grants totalling \$611,200 were received from the following foundations in 1979-1980. Of special note is \$267,000 from the Max C. Fleischmann Foundation and \$238,000 from the Pew Memorial Trust. Both grants were restricted to the program for handicapped students and specifically for modification of the physical plant.

Fondazione Giovanni Agnelli
Theodore H. Barth Foundation
C. Ulrick & J. Bay Foundation, Inc.
Davison-Foreman Foundation
Exxon Education Foundation
Max C. Fleischmann Foundation
Ford Foundation
Howard Johnson Foundation
Pew Memorial Trust
Research Corporation
Helena Rubinstein Foundation, Inc.
Frank R. & Emilie Stamer Foundation
Tudor Foundation, Inc.

BEQUESTS

During the last fiscal year, Barnard received 18 alumnae bequests and one from a friend for a total of \$316,665. These bequests ranged in size from \$1,000 to over \$120,000. Bequests of endowed funds were received from the estates of the following persons:

Dorothy S. Boyle '40
Margaret Bullowa '30
Elsa Grimm Bunn '18
Fanny Steinschneider Clark '24
Morton Hirshkind
Lucie Burgi Johnson '17
Lucile Wolf Koshland '19
Gladys Bateman Mitchell '14
Corine Rowe '25
Miriam H. Tobias '35
Florence Meyer Waldo '05

ENDOWED FUNDS

Alumnae and friends made contributions of \$624,393 to endowed funds in 1979-80.

The following new funds were designated by the Trustees:

Elsa B. Bunn Scholarship Fund
Caryl M. Curtis Scholarship Fund
Renee Fulton Memorial Fund
Lucie Burgi Johnson Scholarship Fund
Lucile Wolf Koshland Scholarship Fund
Gladys Bateman Mitchell Scholarship Fund
Miriam Tobias Scholarship Fund
Florence Meyer Waldo Scholarship Fund
Esther Lesh Weisman Scholarship Fund
Tina Woods Fund
Fern Yates Memorial Scholarship Fund

MEMORIAL GIFTS

Barnard College is grateful for memorial gifts received in memory of the following alumnae and friends:

Louise Levinson Adolf '55	Elizabeth Halpern Gilbert '37	Marjorie Bier Minton '24
Patricia Small Altice '50	Grace Gold '82	Beatrice Anderson Moses '05
Barbara Pepper Becker '63	Esther Greene	Helen Moran O'Regan '26
Eleanor and Charles Brinkmann	Hannah Shor Greene '29	Mabel Peterson Paul '08
Illa Cohn	Lucile Vogel Grotta '27	Edwin H. Perkins
Jean Crawford '30	Ann Barrow Hamilton '70	Edith Guldi Platt '33
Barbara Cross	Annette Hochberg Hervey '40	Gertrude Braun Rich '27
Katherine S. Doty '40	Roger Bonn Kaufman	Meredith Olson Schwartz '31
Elizabeth Lambrecht Eberlin '24	Emily Lambert '15	Lucy F. Sherman '03
Clara Eliot	Helen Bonstelle Lange '38	Phillis Beechler Steinfeldler '47
Willa Sack Elton '63	Margit and Howard Levy	Irma Von Glahn '13
Marie Bernholz Flynn '18	Prof. Henry Linford	
Ellen Freeman '59	Marilyn Milbank	

Barnard also deeply appreciates memorial gifts which were designated to the following funds:

In Memory of Marion McCaffery Backus and all deceased members of the Class of 1918	1918 Scholarship Fund
Dorothy S. Boyle '40	Boyle Scholarship Fund
Elsa Grimm Bunn '18	Bunn Scholarship Fund
Fanny S. Clark '24	Clark Scholarship Fund
Amelia Cary Duncan	Duncan Scholarship Fund
Suzanne Gold Farkas '61	Farkas Fund
Renee J. Fulton '26	Fulton Fund
Edyth Fredericks '06	Fredericks Scholarship Fund
Virginia Gildersleeve '99	Gildersleeve Scholarship Fund
Anita Hyman Glick '62	Glick Scholarship Fund
Ann Barrow Hamilton '70	Hamilton Prize Fund
Lucy Morgenthau Heineman '19	Heineman Fund
Mildred Kammerer '19	Kammerer Scholarship Fund
Edward J. King	King Fund
Stephanie Lynn Kossoff	Kossoff Prize
Matthew Alan Kramer	Kramer Fund
Judith Lewittes '55	Lewittes Scholarship Fund
Dr. Samuel Liberman	Liberman Scholarship Fund
Dorothy E. Miner '26	Miner Scholarship Fund
Julia Fisher Papper '37	Papper Scholarship Fund
Jacqueline Zelniker Radin '59	Radin Scholarship Fund
Nancy Ritchie	Ritchie Fund
Lesley J. Rosen	Rosen Scholarship Fund
Henry Sharp	Sharp Prize
Max Sloman	Sloman Scholarship Fund
Isabel Greenbaum Stone '18	Stone Scholarship Fund
Esther Lensch Weisman '24	Weisman Scholarship Fund
Hyman and Helen F. Werner '33	Werner Scholarship Fund
Tina Woods	Woods Fund
Marion Churchill White '29	White Prize Fund
Fern Yates '25	Yates Scholarship Fund

BLOOD AND GUTS . . .

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myself by anticipating judgment but to do the best I can and let the judgment fall where it may. The difference between the woman who is writing this essay and the girl sitting in that creative writing class in 1961 is mostly a matter of nerve and daring—the nerve to trust my own instincts and the daring to be a fool. No one ever found wisdom without also being a fool. Writers, alas, have to be fools in public, while the rest of the human race can cover its tracks. But it is also painfully true that no one avoids being a fool without also avoiding growth, and growth does not, alas, stop with the current feminist vision of reality. It goes on far beyond it.

It seems to me that having now created an entire literature of female rage, an entire literature of female introspection, women writers are ready to enter the next phase—the phase of empathy. Without forgetting how hard-won our rage was, without forgetting how many puritanical voices would still like to censor our sexuality, I think we must consider ourselves free to explore the whole world of feeling in our writings—and not to be trapped forever in the phase of discovering buried anger. The anger has been discovered, unearthed, anatomized, and catalogued. It may be a strong propellant to the creation of literature, but it is hardly the only propellant. Stronger even than anger is curiosity—emotional and intellectual curiosity—the vehicles through which we enter into other states of being, other lives, other historical periods, other galaxies. Patriarchy will have truly crippled women if it prevents us from experiencing our native human curiosity (because that curiosity has been so overlaid with rage at our position in society). The time has come to let go of that rage; the time has come to realize that curiosity is braver than rage, that exploration is a nobler calling than war. As artists, the unknown beckons to us, singing its siren song and making our hearts pound with fear and desire. Let us not tie ourselves to the mast of anger but sail into the unknown, fearful of the future, yet not paralyzed into immobility by fear; *feeling* the fear, yet not letting the fear control us. This is the ultimate test of our blood and guts. Those who pass it will discover new worlds and create a new literature by women truly worthy of our courage, our imagination, and our craft. □

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UCELAY RETIRES

continued from page 18

Margarita and her associates in the department) where students are encouraged to gather, to study, to learn, and to relax "provided that only Spanish is spoken." This year's Spanish play, Federico García Lorca's *Doña Rosita la soltera*, was directed by Margarita Ucelay, who also performed a cameo role.

Among Professor Ucelay's many other accomplishments are numerous articles, films, conferences, and studies (on Juan del Encina, Cervantes, Gracián, Calderón, Galdós, Unamuno, Benavente, and Lorca) and three books: *Los españoles pintados por sí mismos* (1951), an important contribution to the study of *costumbrismo*, a movement in nineteenth century peninsular Spanish literature; *Literatura del siglo XX* (1955), one of the most consulted critical anthologies of twentieth century Hispanic literature, issued in collaboration with Ernesto Da Cal; and *Visión de España* (1968), an exquisitely mounted literary text for second-year college students co-authored with Amelia del Río, her dearest friend and former Barnard colleague.

Margarita Ucelay's contributions to Barnard and to Spanish scholarship are varied and exceedingly rich, but it is perhaps her classes and their impact on four decades of students that represent her most precious legacy. A gifted teacher, she is, in the words of her *alumnos*, "a resounding success on all counts . . . witty, informative, and vibrant . . . a real pro . . . superb . . . extremely knowledgeable and competent . . . a wonderful human being."

And she has important work still to be done. There will be critical editions of *Don Perlimplín* and *Así que pasen cinco años*, the original manuscripts of which are in her possession, and there will be additional work on Lorca. She plans to write in Spain, dividing her time between her native Madrid and Barcelona where her son Enrique (a Columbia M.A. and Ph.D.) is Professor of History at the University of Barcelona.

There are four of us who have had the supreme good fortune of knowing Margarita Ucelay as students *and* colleagues and we find the prospect of life at Barnard without her inconceivable, so accustomed are we to seeking her wise counsel, tapping that lively encyclopedic mind, being energized by her zest for learning and nourished by her wit, her warmth, and her loving friendship. Margarita's dowry to us is her indelible presence as a teacher-scholar-friend of towering talent who has shown us how a passion for excellence can be tempered with humanity and humor. □

WOMEN IN SCIENCE

Summer Program in
Chemical Instrumentation

August 3 - August 14, 1981

or

August 17 - August 28, 1981

A tuition-free program supported by
the General Electric Foundation

at Mount Holyoke College

Now in its fourth year, the two-week course is designed for women who have been away from the field of chemistry for a number of years and want to learn current chemical instrumentation and usage. Classroom instruction and "hands on" laboratory experience with emphasis on individual attention are offered. Career counseling is provided.

Applicants must have received the bachelor's degree at least two years before June 1981 and have majored in chemistry or biology with one year of organic chemistry.

For information write:
Dr. Edwin S. Weaver
Professor of Chemistry
Mount Holyoke College
South Hadley, MA 01075
413-538-2214

INTERNSHIPS

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Each applicant for the WOR internship was asked to listen to WOR and make ten story suggestions. They were also asked to write two five-minute scripts for a program on consumer affairs. A resume and a personal interview completed the screening process.

Rosemary's interest in the position stemmed from her desire to learn more about consumer affairs as a possible career choice. She thought it might be a way to combine her interest in medicine and her science background with communications. And so it was. As part of her internship, she researched and wrote the rough drafts for a series of shows on "Burns and Fire Prevention."

According to Joan Hamburg, Rosemary developed during the program "a real sense of her own self worth." In addition, as in all the internships described above, her Barnard experience has been enriched and her ability to make an informed career decision was greatly enhanced. □

EVENTS IN THE ARTS

NEW BOOKS

Mary Ellin (Berlin) Barrett '49, *American Beauty*, E. P. Dutton, 1980, \$12.95

"I wanted to create a character so memorable, so much a part of her time, that people would link her name with all the great musical theatre stars, and would believe she actually could have existed," says Mary Ellin Barrett of *American Beauty*. She succeeds in drawing a larger-than-life character, a star, in the person of Mary Gay, golden girl of Broadway. In a distinctive, compelling style that weaves past and present, Ms. Barrett tells a story of ambition, triumph, and family entanglement.

Sandra Brant and Elissa (Forman) Cullman '68, *Small Folk, A Celebration of Childhood in America*, E. P. Dutton, 1980, \$29.95

This book traces changing attitudes towards children and childrearing as they are expressed in early American folk art. Portraits, cradles, crib quilts, schoolbooks, and toys provide insights into a history of childhood, from the Puritan notion of infant depravity to the 19th-century popular interest in child development. The authors have "stressed the *art* rather than the *folk* in folk art" and the illustrations are fascinating.

Barbara (Kauder) Cohen '54, *Fat Jack*, Atheneum, 1980, \$8.95

When the new fat boy in school is given the part of Falstaff in the high school play, his status changes from social outcast to winner. In the process he gains, and almost loses, a best friend. This novel for teenagers plays off the theme of alliance and betrayal in *Henry IV, Part One* in an insightful and convincing manner.

Marjorie Housepian Dobkin '44, ed., *The Making of a Feminist: Early Journals and Letters of M. Carey Thomas*, The Kent State University Press, 1980. \$15.00/\$5.95

M. Carey Thomas was the first dean and long-time president of Bryn Mawr College. These early journals and letters, selected, annotated, and with introductory materials by Marjorie Dobkin, show the influences of Quaker family life in Baltimore during Thomas' childhood years, and the experiences of a pioneer coed at Cornell and the universities of Leipzig and Zurich, where she received her Ph.D. They also show a strong-willed young woman determined to prove that women are as capable as men of engaging in demanding intellectual endeavor without suffering irrevocable damage to their health, as predicted by the highest medical opinion of her day. By her own example and her insistence that qualified women be given the same educational opportunities as men, she raised the level of women's higher education in America. Although the volume ends at the outset of her career, it predicts the dynamic public personage she would become. The foreword by Millicent Carey McIntosh adds the perspective of a niece's personal reminiscences.

Angeline Goreau '73, *Reconstructing Aphra: A Social Biography of Aphra Behn*, Dial, 1980, \$14.95

"A learned woman is thought to be a comet that bodes mischief whenever it appears" was a common view in the 17th century. Thus Aphra Behn, the first woman to earn her living by her pen, was the target of scandalous charges for the "immodesty" of

putting pen to paper, and for rivaling the bawdy wit of male Restoration dramatists. Ms. Goreau has constructed a fascinating account of the life and times of Aphra Behn, whose picaresque adventures ranged from spying for Charles II to writing successful plays, poetry, and novels. This book is an impressive undertaking, especially since most of Aphra Behn's work was suppressed by publishers who found her work—and the very idea of a woman writer—licentious and unfeminine.

Emily (Tarasov) Hanlon '67, *The Wing and the Flame*, Bradbury Press, 1980, \$8.95

The author's third novel for young people concerns 14-year-old Eric's involvement with a sensitive but eccentric sculptor called "Stoneface." This is a romantic tale of initiation into adulthood, including a sexual rite of passage between Eric and his friend Chris. The eerily beautiful stone sculptures lend a mysterious air.

Mary Gray (Stilwell) Hughes '51, *The Calling*, U of Illinois Press, 1980, \$10.00/\$3.95

Many of the eleven stories that make up this first collection focus on the painful ironies of family life. In "The Foreigner in the Blood," a woman must cope with the advancing senility of her maliciously clever father. "The Thousand Springs" portrays an 18th-century woman struggling to write within the grueling demands of household and nature; where she fails, her son succeeds. In these and other stories Ms. Hughes uncovers the unexpected emotion beneath the calm.

Darline Gay Levy (Shapiro) '60, *The Ideas and Careers of Simon-Nicolas-Henri Linguet: A Study in 18th-Century French Politics*, U of Illinois Press, 1980, \$30.00

A monarchist who advocated redistribution of wealth and other reforms, Linguet was a controversial social polemicist during the French Revolution whose divided loyalties cost him his head. This scholarly work examines Linguet's ideas and their effects on his countrymen, providing an appreciation of the fate of a reformist in a revolutionary time.

Darline Gay Levy (Shapiro) '60, et al., *Women in Revolutionary Paris, 1789-1795*, U of Illinois Press, 1980, \$22.50/\$10.00

Collected here are documents illustrating the role women played in the political and social upheavals of the French Revolution. Trial transcripts, correspondence, pamphlets, petitions, records of arrests and interrogations are some of the evidence revealing women's impact and furthering our appreciation of our feminist forebears. Among their demands: education and vocational training for girls; legal equality in marriage (women were liable to two years' imprisonment for adultery, a liberalization of the public whipping penalty); women's rights to employment; and licensing and support for midwives.

Barbara (Lewittes) Meister '53, *An Introduction to the Art Song*, Taplinger Publishing Co., 1980, \$11.95

Most of the world's greatest composers have written songs for solo voice and accompaniment or voices in combination. This book defines the "art song" (as differentiated from the aria, folk song, theater song, and popular song) and traces its development throughout Europe, beginning with early Italian songs of the 17th century. A glossary of musical terms is included.

Marietta (Dunston) Moskin '52, *In the Name of God: Religion in Everyday Life*, Atheneum, 1980, \$11.95

The author's second book for young people on world religion investigates "the battle between religion and science, religion and the state, religion and education" by tracing the role religious systems have played in the development of modern culture.

Anne (Attura) Paolucci '47, ed., *Problems in National Literary Identity and the Writer as Social Critic*, Griffon House, 1981, \$5.95

These are selected papers from a seminar on Foreign Area Studies held at Columbia.

Lucille Recht Penner '63, *The Honey Book*, Hastings House, 1980, \$9.95

Copiously illustrated throughout, *The Honey Book* is brimming with honey lore, honey recipes from around the world, and tips on buying and cooking with honey. Included are chapters on the uses of honey throughout history (in ancient Egypt, women ate honey as a treatment for obesity) and on the private life of the honeybee.

Nancy Ritchie-Noakes '71, *Jesse Hartley, Dock Engineer to the Port of Liverpool 1824-60*, Merseyside County Museums, 1980

Liverpool, 1843: the man who planned and built the docks that could accommodate what was then the biggest ship in the world was Jesse Hartley. By the end of his life Hartley was recognized as a first class engineer, bridgemaster, and architect (even the devastation of World War II left his sturdy dock works intact). Ms. Ritchie-Noakes' monograph is handsomely illustrated with archive photographs, blueprints, and drawings.

Mirella (d'Ambrosio) Servodidio '55, *Gabriela Mistral*, Universidad Veracruzana, 1980. In Spanish.

This is a summary of works presented at a symposium held at Barnard in 1978 entitled "A Reevaluation of Gabriela Mistral Two Decades After Her Death." Gabriela Mistral is the Chilean, Nobel Prize-winning poet and educator.

Lora Sharnoff '69, et al. The following three books were published by Sansendo, 1980, in Japanese.

Bi no Chishiki 88 (Knowledge About Beauty: 88 Essays). Some of the subjects covered are the concept of Japanese beauty over the past fifty years; the beauty of Wagner's music as used by the Nazis; the concept of beautiful writing; whether or not foreign products are beautiful; beauty in tragedy and comedy; beauty in the Kabuki theater; the idea of "black (or brown) is beautiful" in the West; Japanese beauty as reflected in Western eyes; and the beauty of growing old (the last three by Ms. Sharnoff).

Kin no Chishiki 88 (Knowledge About Gold/Money: 88 Essays). This book takes up the subject of "kin," which, depending on the usage, can mean either money or gold in Japanese. Included are essays on money and social instability; gold plating in Egypt; money and suicide; millionaires; ransom money; and the concept of gold stars in the sumo world.

Kami no Chishiki 88 (Knowledge About God/Gods: 88 Essays). This book contains essays on religion and various gods. Among the topics are the liberty goddess in the United States and in France; Greek mythology; religion in Communist countries; the concepts behind fortune telling and divination; and the god of poverty.

Fran Weber Shaw, PhD '69, *30 Ways to Help You Write*, Bantam Books, 1980, \$2.50

30 exercises aimed at helping you relax into writing. The author shows how to heighten your powers of observation and

imagination, and how to shape and streamline what you write. Advice is offered to sufferers of "writer's block" on composing effective memos, reports, letters, résumés, essays, term papers—even stories and poems. A glossary, with bibliographical and footnote forms, is included.

Susan Kelz Sperling '64, *Tenderfeet and Ladyfingers: A Visceral Approach to Words and Their Origins*, Viking, 1981, \$9.95

Ever wonder about the origin of expressions like "the walls have ears," "let your hair down," or "put your best foot forward"? This book is an entertaining study of words and phrases incorporating parts of the body. Organized from head to toe, the sections delve into word derivations, surprising histories, and etymological folklore behind these and other expressions, including epithets such as "egghead" and "rubberneck." An eye-opener!

Mala (Weltsman) Tabory '69, *Multilingualism in International Law and Institutions*, Sýthoff & Noordhoff, 1980, \$65.00/\$32.50

What are some of the language problems involved in drafting international documents? How can conflicts over terminology be resolved, especially dealing with treaties and other sensitive multilingual documents? Dr. Tabory offers useful suggestions in this guide for scholars and international civil servants.

Jacqueline Thompson '69, *The Very Rich Book*, William Morrow & Co., 1981, \$13.95

A gold mine of information about the lives of the rich rich (those worth \$50 million or more), this book gives us facts and figures as well as offbeat topics, such as "8 Ways Heirs Fill Their Days," "Eleven Rules for the Would-be Rich," and "The Silliest Parties of the Past Century." Fascinating reading, with a comforting epigraph from the Talmud: "Who is the rich man? He who is satisfied with what he has."

Tobi (Bernstein) Tobias '59, *How We Got Our First Cat*, Franklin Watts, 1980, \$5.95

A charming narrative for children about Sylvestress, the cat who came to dinner. Illustrations by Emily Arnold McCully.

Eugenia (Rich) Zukerman '66, *Deceptive Cadence*, Viking, 1980, \$11.95

This first novel by a musician (Ms. Zukerman is a flutist) portrays a celebrated concert pianist who mysteriously disappears before a concert. The author captures the world of the performing artist with its endless pressures and schedules, but this is a love story as well. Tibor Szabo, a Hungarian pianist of the first order, must reconcile the harrowing demands of his career with his own need for personal commitment and stability.

TELEVISION

Ellen M. Violet '46 adapted Dorothy Parker's "Big Blonde" for "Great Performances" on WNET/Channel 13, televised in December. Sally Kellerman played the starring role.

MUSIC

Judith (Spiegler) Adler '59, pianist, in an afternoon of music for youngsters, at the White Plains Public Library in November and the New Rochelle YMCA in January. A Spring tour will include Carnegie Recital Hall.

Dona (Summers) Carter '71 plays piano for the Dona Carter Quartet which performed at NYC's Jazz Gallery in February.

EXHIBITIONS

M. Lucia Hathaway Carver '47. Interiors and facades were shown at Caravan House Galleries in NYC in March.

Marguerite Mair Kisseloff '52 participated in the "10th Annual Contemporary Black Artists in America Exhibition" held in Great Neck, NY, January - February.

Louise Heublein McCagg '59. Sculpture, "From Grandmother Gate to Grandmother Steps" will be dedicated at the Dana Hall School, Wellesley, MA in May.

Daphne Pascucci '75 exhibited her work with The Claremont Arts Group at the Cork Gallery, Avery Fisher Hall, in Manhattan. January through February.

Ruth Locke Selzer '66 was part of the Challenge Exhibitions Series at the Samuel S. Fleisher Art Memorial in Philadelphia. January - February.

Janet (Schreier) Shafner '53 showed her still life oils as part of

the Connecticut Invitational Exhibition at the Slater Memorial Museum, Norwich, CT, December - January.

Jane (Simon) Teller '33. Drawings and sculpture were exhibited at the Queens College Art Center (Paul Klapper Library) in Flushing, NY in February.

Judith Reiter Weissman '61 is curator of an exhibition of needlework masterpieces to be shown at the Museum of American Folk Art, NYC, May 19 - August 23.

THEATRE

Barbara Florio Graham '56 is director of "Holly," a one-woman show starring singer-actress Holly Larocque to be presented at Canada's National Arts Centre in June.

FILM

Ellen Geiger '71 is associate producer of "The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter." Shown at the New York Film Festival and at P.S. 41 in Manhattan, in November.

LETTERS

continued from IFC

To the Editor:

I cannot understand how an alumnae magazine produced by one of the top women's schools in the U.S. can still use the outmoded title "Miss" when the rest of the country has adopted the title "Ms." for professional women.

Sheryl A. Spitz, Ph.D. '72
Great Neck, NY

To the Editor:

Have just received your Winter '81 edition. Congratulations are in order. This issue, too, is ever so impressive and interesting. I can assure you that my classmates, who reside in widespread states of our land as well as in Greater New York, will be sending letters of appreciation.

Elizabeth Valerie Rabe '20
Chester, NY

AUTHOR SEEKS WOMEN IN PART-TIME CAREERS

Jan Gregory Frazer, Box 368, Naples, FL 33939, has asked to hear from women who have put together part-time careers during their child rearing years. Mrs. Frazer is currently at work on a book about Mini-Careers. A Mini-Career is defined as one in which you work less than 40 hours a week and are paid. Please contact Mrs. Frazer at the above address if you have developed a Mini-Career so she can send you a questionnaire.

ON NOT WRITING A NOVEL

continued from page 11

Just because the novel is a capacious form, is it really the *best* shape to swallow any mouse or elephant that happens along? If the novelist feels that her live subject is in need of significant revision to make it emenable, why not start somewhere else altogether—with fiction, for example, where invention, not revision, can go on unashamed, with debts owed to no ghosts. Even poetry could better contain Mary Kingsley, I think now. Consider Margaret Atwood's *Journals of Susannah Moodie* or Ruth Whitman Tamsen Donner's poems, *A Woman's Journey*. Both these writers were willing to be content with a series of short meditations which isolated a few characteristics of their subjects that could stand for the whole, and thus make felt their impact against a vaguely sketched-in background. The characters hang somewhere halfway between fact and metaphor, between what is known and recorded, and what their chroniclers chose to see in the cracks and shadows. But they do not, by way of the large assertions of the novel, and the thousand exact details by which it proceeds, try to replicate real life or pretend to tell the whole story. Nor would any reader take the poems for such.

I'm certainly not speaking against experiments in subject matter and form: none of us would grow beyond our adolescent writing if we didn't dare them. My own writing has been very different from one book to the next. But what I needed to understand about my own work, and for a long time

refused to, is that the way I have made most of my characters has been to start from life—a face, a stance, a real friend's or acquaintance's situation—and to narrow my eyes until all the real details disappear in a blur. What enters my line of vision then is all invented. Filling in the empty form. It is fiction as a means of completion, the ending of the sentence that begins "What if . . . Say someone were . . ." I can very well understand why it is that the composers of the best *lieder* tended most often to set mediocre poetry, poetry that needed their music to join and enlarge it. So I think what I need, and what many others do, is not so much strong subject matter, vivid plots and fascinating personae, as subjects that could never live without the breath I give them. And Mary Kingsley, as I now can see, having her own extraordinary but alien integrity, did perfectly well without assistance. What she didn't have that I might have made for her I needed, and she didn't.

Therefore I am leaving her life intact, its mysteries—or non-mysteries—unprobed. None of this process was a waste of a minute of my time, I ought to add. But finally, turning back now to my own ideas I think this must be the same feeling a baseball player has when he swings five bats so that the one he takes to the plate will feel like a toothpick—planning that begins and ends in my own head feels like the easiest, freest kind of work I've ever done.

© Rosellen Brown 1979. A longer version of this essay appeared in *The American Poetry Review*, November/December 1979.

IN MEMORIAM

- 06 Blanche Marks Hays-Fagan, April 19, 1980
- 11 Augusta Lustgarten Roth, December 1
- 12 Florence deN. Anderson, December 31
- 13 Elsa Gottlieb, February 1981
- Etta Fox Markham, October 29
- 14 Mary Kenny Allen, January 27
- Rose Marie Wise Younker, December 1980
- 16 Ruth Cohen, February 1, 1980
- Betty Alexander Corwin, December 1979
- Mary D. Farrell, December 1980
- 17 Marion Kidd Schwaneflugel, December 8
- 18 Elizabeth M. Stewart, October 19
- 19 Edna Van Wart, November 19
- 20 Margaret A. Nance, November 6
- 22 Maurine Halsell Catto, July 13
- 23 Dorothy A. Barta, December 6
- 24 Helen McDermott Platte, February 2, 1980
- 25 Alice Mace Vaughan, January 26
- 26 Elizabeth Reynolds Griffiths, May 9
- Helen Gallagher Sullivan, October 2
- 27 Evelyn Hoffman Heppes, 1978
- 28 Margaret C. Booss, November 2
- 29 Dorothy Schaefer Genghof, November 12
- Maria Ippolito, December 15
- Edith I. Miles, September 6
- 31 Margaret March Batchelder, November 20
- Adele A. Froelich, July 27
- 32 Inge Gorholt, June 1980
- 33 Violet Marie Hemminger, August 15
- 38 Catherine Kneeland Gibson, January 8
- Anne Kremer Levine, September 2
- Elizabeth Wharen Mainwaring, May 23
- 44 Sara Hart DeLeon, 1979
- 45 Joy Hellman Resnikoff, November 9
- 51 Lois Campaine, September 29

- 53 Ellen Schleicher Bodenheimer, January 7
- 56 Pearl Saxe Rosen, November 25
- Patricia Stern, March 15, 1980
- 59 Lillian E. Dumont, January 17
- 62 Valentina C. Donahue-Turner, December 7
- 64 Beth Tilghman Niemi, December 22
- 69 Deborah Karlan Block, January 17

Henrietta H. Swope '25

Henrietta Swope's accomplishments in the field of astronomy have received full recognition in the press, on various occasions at Barnard, and in the form of numerous academic accolades. All this is part of the historic record of a distinguished scientist. However, we prefer to remember now the gentle, loyal and modest classmate, dedicated to Barnard, who as an undergraduate was always on hand for the laborious, less spectacular jobs.

A vivid recollection from those faraway halcyon days is of long hours spent with Henrietta in the old basement of Milbank Hall, dyeing and stencilling costumes for Greek Games. Following our graduation, she and her father were most generous in their support of Barnard, and Henrietta took a personal interest in individual students whose need for loans and scholarship aid came to her attention.

Her classmates remember her unfailing presence at Reunions over these many years, the last in May 1980 when, in spite of failing health, she shared with us the satisfaction of a 55th Reunion. It seems appropriate now to mention also one of many examples of her loyalty and devotion: several years ago she came from her home in Pasadena to New York City to make certain that a gravely ill classmate had sufficient and adequate medical care—a gesture in keeping with her thoughtful, generous,

and unassuming nature. In her lifetime she would not have wanted mention of such.

We of 1925 join in loving tribute to a cherished member of our class.

Madeleine Hooke Rice '25

Maria Ippolito '29

The death of Maria Ippolito on December 14th came as a great shock to her friends and colleagues. The following quotations are but a sampling of our expressions of grief. So much more could be added—so many more could have been quoted.

*Like a sun that never sets,
She shared with many friends her love of
beauty:
her Italian garden, her paintings, her
cooking,
her music, her warm smile, her listening
heart.*

*For Maria was the center of many worlds.
Through her, many of us learned
the meaning of love.*

Maria's unexpected death has shaken all who knew and loved her. I called her "Angel"—not so much as a token of affection but as descriptive of her unusual qualities. She was always reaching out to help others while downplaying her many acts of kindness. The undergraduates in the classes she audited at Barnard considered her one of them.

Maria Ippolito—truly a giant for the many facets of her personality. What comes to mind is her great enthusiasm for life, and people. She had sympathy, empathy, and an unusual sense of humor, which enabled her to cope with many difficulties and problems. She was an enthusiastic world traveler—not just a "tourist," but one who travelled to know and appreciate new countries and people.

What do you say about a friend who was your competent landlord, your overnight hostess on so many, many occasions, who became your interesting travel companion? Every day spent with her was a joy. She took everything in stride—nothing was a problem.

A son of mine came to know all those lovable traits. When she arrived in London, she called him "just to say hello," and wound up at his studio. He knew immediately that a rare person had entered his life.

My family lost a good friend when Maria died. So much to be missed: the warmth, the thoughtfulness, the stimulating mind, the modesty, the gift of gracious hospitality. I know her deep faith gave her the courage to meet life as she did, and to meet death quietly and with dignity.

I was shocked, and saddened, and grieving with you at the loss of a wonderful woman and a grand friend.

Maria was a devoted wife and daughter, an affectionate relative, and a dependable, understanding friend. She loved people, enjoying their absurdities as much as she appreciated their finer qualities, and she had friends of all ages, in many countries, and in all stations of life. There were hardly any bounds to her range of interests. She embodied so much of the spirit of Barnard—friendship and caring, eagerness for learning, appreciation of true values, a wonderful sense of humor!

Frances Barry '33

Hazel Bishop '29

Aline Blumner '35

Shirley Gleason Church '12

Marion Burrough Clifford '26

Geraldine Gutkin Crasson '26

Ruth Saberski Goldenheim '35

Marisa Macina Hagan '51

Florrie Holzwasser '11

Annette Decker Kynaston '27

Anne Miller '27

Lorraine Popper Price '32

Sallie Sewell '36

Kate Eisig Tode '27

Iris Tomasulo '29

Lois E. Campaine '51

Lois seemed as lithe and slim and attractive last year as when she returned to West Hartford after Barnard. For years she worked as a free-lance writer and in public relations, and then, in 1973, she was appointed to the Connecticut Commission on Alcohol and Drug Abuse. In 1978 she became Deputy Director—one of the handful

of women in the US to head such an agency. In 1979 she received the National Achievement Award of the National Institute on Drug Abuse for her pioneering work in alcoholic and drug care programs. Always stressing that alcoholism should not be seen as a moral problem, Lois was particularly concerned with the often-overlooked plight of women alcoholics in the affluent suburbs. In January, the Connecticut Commission established a scholarship fund in her memory to support training in alcohol studies.

Throughout these years, Lois served Barnard in many capacities, including area representative and two terms as president of the Hartford alumnae club.

She was planning her wedding when she died of recurring cancer at the age of 50.

Barbara Skinner Spooner '52

Valentina E. C. Donahue, M.D. '62

In looking at Valentina's life there is a tendency to emphasize her professional accomplishments and overlook her remarkable personal qualities. True, she was a Harvard Medical School graduate, an Assistant Professor at her alma mater, a Fellow of the American College of Physicians and Surgeons, and one of the few gynecologists in this country with advanced certification in oncology. But it will be for her dynamic personality, generosity, and integrity that she will be remembered by those who came in contact with her. Val was blessed with physical attractiveness and a fine mind. Her interests ranged far beyond the medical field. She brought to a demanding career a boundless energy and a marvelous, at times iconoclastic, sense of humor that endeared her to family, friends, colleagues, and patients. Despite a busy practice Val gave freely of her time to training residents and appearing frequently on local Boston television and radio programs and on behalf of the American Cancer Society. Appropriately, the Harvard Medical School is establishing a fellowship in gynecologic oncology in her memory.

Knowing Val was a delight. I only wish I could have enjoyed my sister's company longer. She died on December 7, 1980 at the age of 39.

Ruthana M. Donahue '64

Beth Tilghman Niemi '64

Beth Tilghman was a student of mine at Barnard. Quiet and attentive, apparently younger than most of her classmates, she evoked with her first piece of written work that thrill of recognition of a fine mind in motion which is a durable joy of teaching.

For she displayed without ostentation the qualities of intellect which came to fruition in a career of increasing professional distinction. Even those early student efforts exhibited the flair for acute analysis and close reasoning which identifies competence among economic theorists. More than that, she wrote lucid, terse, even elegant English. I astound no one when I say that few scholars, certainly in the legions of social science, possess the gift of language. Beth conspicuously did.

These talents she applied to themes of general significance, notably the position of women in the American economy. As a mature scholar, her published inquiries amplified the promise of the young student: impeccable handling of factual materials, command of analytical tools, and something more. Even in the austere pages of *The American Economic Review*, a hint of her indignation against the injustice of sexual discrimination, her impatience with condescending male attempts to minimize the importance of barriers to equality, and her expectations of progress, broke through. In her quiet way, Beth left no doubt that the sooner discriminatory patterns became historical curiosities, the better. In one essay, she allowed herself accurately to describe as "blatantly prejudiced" a proposal from the National Association of Manufacturers that unemployment targets be set twice as high for women as for men.

I have reported what those who knew and cherished Beth speedily realized in her company, that her gifts of intellect were happily joined to luminous attributes of personality and spirit. Neither of us strayed far from Mother Columbia, so that from time to time I encountered Beth accompanied by Peter and Josie in their progressive stages of growth, from baby carriages, through strollers, to independent locomotion, inevitably on Broadway—Columbia's nearest approach to a public forum. Such meetings were far from the smallest of urban delights.

At best teachers do very little for their students. Still, it is a rare teacher who does not hope that his efforts made some minor contribution to his former students' achievements—or at least did nothing to impede their progress. I was fortunate enough to know Beth for seventeen years and rejoice in her success as an economist but even more in her qualities as a person.

Our sorrows are proportioned to our affections. For Beth, both are commensurately great. We shall remember a departed spirit of rare nobility.

Robert Lekachman

CLASS NOTES

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09 Emma Bugbee
80 Corona Street
Warwick, RI 02886

Helen McPherson turned 94 this February. She is a remarkable woman who still has piano and voice students. She received an MA from Teachers College in psychology and was a music teacher in the NY public schools most of her life. Our congratulations go out to you, Helen.

10 Marion Montesor Miller
525 Audubon Avenue
New York, NY 10040

11 Florrie Holzwasser
304 West 75th Street
New York, NY 10023

12 Lucile Mordecai Lebair
180 West 58th Street
New York, NY 10019

13 Mary Voyse
545 Asharoken Avenue
Northport, NY 11768

A new leaflet from the Weis Ecology Center (the environmental project founded by *May Hessberg Weis*, our classmate, and her husband Walter M. Weis, in Ringwood, NJ) brings, among many other items, news of remodeling the main building "to give a cheery, uncramped setting" and forming an Explorer Post—a co-ed branch of the Boy Scouts—to allow high school students to share in the administration and activities of the center. Anyone wishing further information may call (201) 835-2160.

Joan, our president, sends greetings and best wishes for 1981 to every '13er.

Your correspondent took a cruise, early in December, to the Caribbean on the beautiful Queen Elizabeth 2. The weather was perfect and the Queen stopped at Canaveral (Florida), Nassau, Puerto Rico, St. Maarten, Antigua and St. Thomas.

14 Edith Mulhall Achilles
417 Park Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Fanny Schwartzman Ress writes, "I am now 87 years old, a widow, one of the oldest living Barnard graduates. I belong to the Institute for Retired Professional People at the New School." She adds, "In the discussions, I do my bit."

15 Alumnae Office

16 Alumnae Office

17 Freda Wobber Marden
Highwood-Easton Ave.
Somerset, NJ 08873
Elizabeth Man Sarcka
51-01 39th Ave., W 26
Long Island City, NY 11104

Agnes Saul Conroy still lives in White Plains where her son and two grandchildren visit her.

Babette Deutsch is happy over the marriage of her grandson, Benjamin Levi Yarmolinsky, to Rachel Martha Elwyn, an artist from Brooklyn. The ceremony was held on the Music Barge at Fulton Ferry under the Brooklyn Bridge. The

young couple will live in Tangier where he teaches music in the American School.

Sara Lewin Diska and her sister spent 3 months last winter on Spain's Costa del Sol, with trips to Torremolinos and Barcelona. Later they stayed in La Coste, France, with her daughter, Diska, a noted sculptor, who took them to see some of her recently installed sculptures. Sara's granddaughter visited her for 2 summer months in NY with visitors coming in from around the world.

We all send our deepest sympathies to *Frances Krasnow* whose distinguished husband has died. Several 1917 members sent gifts in his memory to the Bavli Memorial Fund.

Helen Kahrs Kronenbitter writes that the most wonderful things in her life have been her beloved husband, Walter, their son and daughter, 6 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren. Also Barnard, which she dearly loves.

Beatrice Lowndes Earle has left her long established home in Reston to live at 1515 Great Falls St., McLean, VA 12101, near to her daughter Roz.

Dorothy Leet is permanently settled in Meadow Lakes, Hightstown, NJ 08520. She has found 4 other Barnard alumnae there and they lunch together every Thursday. She gets to Columbia for meetings of the Reid Hall Board of Directors, of which Prof. Fritz Stern is now President, and for meetings of the Sterling Currier Fund Committee which arranges for seminars at Reid Hall. One of these was recently held on the 90th birthday of Nadia Boulanger. All concentrate on promoting Franco-American understanding. She keeps in touch with several committees in Paris on which she long served and is often called for consultation with them.

Freda Wobber Marden and her husband were given a 50th wedding anniversary party by their son Philip in Armont, NH, on July 20th. They had champagne and dinner for 20 people in the "Victorian Room" of a charming old house. Friends wrote recollections and put them together in a book for the granddaughter.

Frances Siegel Rosenman lives at Country House, 2000 Baldwin Rd., Yorktown Hts., NY 10598. She flies to Los Angeles to visit her granddaughter, Dr. Amy Rosenman.

A beautiful luncheon in honor of *Elizabeth Man Sarcka* was given at the Sorrento Restaurant, Forest Hills on July 11th, by the United Nations Association (Queens Chapter), Queens Coalition for Peace & Justice, and Women Strike for Peace (Flushing-Hillcrest Division). Almost 100 friends

and relations were present. A warm program was followed by the award of a Certificate of Merit from UNA Queens, in recognition of creative service.

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Alumnae Office

Grace Munstock Brandeis
177 E. Hartsdale Ave.
Hartsdale, NY 10530

We regret to report the death of *Edna Van Wart* on November 19th, 1980. She had been chairman of the mathematics department of Huntington (LI) High School, from which position she had retired in 1962. Our sincere sympathy to her family.

Helene Wallace Cockey has sent a clipping of her interview with the local newspaper. She lives in Columbia, MD in a senior community. She spends part of each weekday in Longwood House where she is site manager for the federally subsidized lunch program. She is proud of being the oldest paid worker in Maryland! Daily she listens to complaints (and some compliments, too) on the way the food is cooked. This gentle lady listens sympathetically to other problems as well. Keeps her on her toes, she says.

She is the mother of 4 children, 15 grandchildren and 3 greats. Four live near, the rest have scattered. If she thinks letters are due, she sends a stamped self-addressed envelope. This seems to be effective.

She enjoys her family, but refrains from advice, as the world is so different today.

20

Elizabeth Rabe
Box 547
Chester, NY 10918

Our news spans several seasons even as we hail the return of Spring.

Amy Raynor and sisters enjoyed "The Sound of Music" at Jones Beach, "Richard III" at Stratford, CT, a weekend at Montauk Point, and a host of winter activities.

Esther Schwartz Cahen and husband Leon flew to Boston, thence to Whitefield, NH by rented car for a 4-week summer vacation.

Veronica Jentz Hill and husband Jacques left in mid-August for extensive travel in Europe. She told of the return from a year's stay in Ireland of one of her grandchildren, daughter of Jacqueline Hill Lane, Barnard '49.

Helen Ashley Fred from her home in Winchester Center, CT wrote of difficulty in walking, but is cheered by visits from 3 generations of her family, especially those of her daughter.

Transportation complications caused the absence of *Ruth Brubaker Lund* and *Frances Kidd Cooper* from our May and October Reunions. We also missed *Eleanor Coates Bevan* who had promised to come from Sarasota in spite of serious injury to her hand. Unfortunately, she would have had to stay in a downtown hotel one night and then transfer her baggage to the campus, and she feared the strain would lead to further damage to her hand. As a result, and with great disappointment, she gave up the trip.

Margaret Wilkens gave news of great-nephew Fred, an engineer on a month's business trip to Egypt and Jordan that left him, his wife and tiny son time for sightseeing. Margaret spent Thanksgiving with her good friend Justine and Christmas with nephew Donald in Rye.

We welcomed *Concetta Scancarello Monti*

again on Oct. 15. She added a cheery message on all 14 Round Robin letters we sent to absentees.

I greatly enjoyed my trip to the Pennsylvania Dutch Country around Lancaster in early August. The amazing Amish farmers, unlike those near us, do not rely upon electricity and autos.

September messages received: OK so far! Regards to all" from *Aline MacMahon Stein*. "No news except that I am still alive": *Agnes J. Leslie*. *Margaret Myers*: "Sorry I can't get to the luncheon." "I'd hoped to make it, but out of question; love to all"—*Marion Travis*. "Sisters and I visit our brother in MA in Oct."—*Elsa Meissner*. *Florence Schaeffer's* health precludes travel. *Henrietta Rose Swezey* actively directs and is proud of the fine stores in Patchogue & Riverhead, LI, founded by her family.

Severe arthritis limits the activities of *Beryl Siegbert Austrian*. Very proud of her sons Geoffrey and Carl, she tells of the high honors won by her grandchildren: Suzie in her 3rd year at Cornell Medical after graduating from Wellesley, Sarah a junior at Brown seeking a law career, Gabrielle a graduate of Dartmouth and Harvard Law, and Carl Jr. a college sophomore hoping to be a marine biologist.

We are all saddened by *Conchita Goenaga de Acosta's* report of the death of *Margaret Nance* on November 6, 1980 in Thornton, CO. Peggy had resided in Puerto Rico for many years.

We received many enthusiastic acknowledgments of the ballad of *Josephine* and of *Amy's* Reunion poem that evoked fond memories of our undergraduate days. Pres. *Katharine Decker Beaven* had the poems copied and mailed to classmates.

Warm greetings and good wishes to all 1920s from the aforementioned classmates and from *Marjorie Lockhart, Janet McKenzie, Dorothy Robb Sultzer, Gertrude Ressemeyer, Elaine Kennard Geiger, Edna Colucci, Tekla Landauer Gottlieb, Evelyn Garfiel Kadushin, Marjorie Kydd, Mabel Wood Naft, Margaret Mochrie, Lois Wood Clark, Aline Leding, Hortense Barten Knight, Florida Omeis, Mary Opdycke Peltz, Lucy Rafter Sainsbury, Peggy Rawson Sibley*. Send news of yourselves to *Katharine* and *myself*. *Josephine MacDonald Laprese* urges us to continue to keep in touch.

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Helen Jones Griffin
3030 Park Ave., Suite 6N8
Bridgeport, CT 06604

In response to your secretary's appeal for news of our classmates, *Edyth Ahrens Knox* came through first—and most happily. She and her husband, "deeply rooted" in the pleasant PA countryside of Wyomissing, have enjoyed 23 years of life there. Both are retired, but both are busy, busy, busy. Husband, among other activities, serves on the Board of Directors of the Berks Water Authority; he's also on the Board of Directors of the library. Edyth is active in a literature group and a Current Issues study group. She also works for Common Cause. They are far from "the silent majority." Their daughter Alice teaches English in the Denver Country Day School.

After most successful hip replacement surgery in September, your secretary (Jonesy) is again among the active and very contented members of 3030. A few months ago she was most happy to welcome a classmate who came to visit and "look over" 3030! The classmate was

Helen Frances Williamson Lehrich (Mrs. Henry Lehrich). If you remember her, you will surely remember her ambition for a law education. Well, Frances went far—not only as a practicing lawyer, but also as a judge in a NYC court. Now retired, she is looking for an "out" from city life, considering Florida slightly, but more drawn to New England.

Thanksgiving for your secretary was a day for thanks—as a guest at son Hamilton's home in W. Redding. Christmas was shared with the New Hampshire family (Joyce, husband and 4 young people). The two oldest "grands" are only home for holidays—Peter is at Washington & Lee, Hilary at Duke. Andrea, a high school senior, has been admitted to Tulane. The fourth member, a gymnastic specialist, goes to high school next fall—in Meredith, NH.

News from Washington, DC area—specifically Silver Springs, MD 20906 (3603 Gleneagles Dr.)—came from *Ruth Clendenin Graves*. After a serious illness she is on the mend now and would certainly enjoy hearing from old friends!

Christmas greetings to all arrived from *Theo Bay*.

A brief, but significant notice comes from *Gladys Edwards Kranz* that after 43 years in the business of antiques, which she and her husband ran, Gladys has retired! What next, Gladys?

A Christmas greeting from *Marie-Louise Soley* arrived to be shared, she asked, with all her Barnard friends. Her current address is 15815 S.W. 88th Ave., Miami, FL 33157.

In response to an appeal for news, the answer came from *Winthrop Bushnell Palmer* (Mrs. Carleton H. Palmer) that poor health has caused her to move to a better climate in Arizona. Through her secretary, she sent good wishes to all her old friends.

From *Alice Brady Pels* comes word that, after a bad year for her husband (in and out of the hospital 5 times), he is home again and they are able to lead normal lives! They enjoy backgammon, but even more the fact that their 3 children, 11 grandchildren, and 1 great-grandchild live within easy visiting distance. They did a lot of traveling in the past and so are quite content to "stay put" now.

From *Helen Rivkin Benjamin* comes best wishes to all '21ers. Although she has been very ill (several major operations) she is happy to report she's now "much better."

Frances Rudd Blinn is fortunate in that, after her husband's death, her daughter's family joined her in her Scarsdale home. Her granddaughter, Carolyn Sutton, attended the same school her mother had, graduated with honors from high school, and is now a freshman at Harvard. Aside from a recently suffered eye problem, Frances sounds really healthy and enjoys continuing to live in Scarsdale.

Ruth Jeremiah Matson has for seven years been living at Judson Park, a retirement center in Cleveland Heights. She enjoys her activities there in the church and attendance at concerts and the Play House. Her health is fair, although she is tied to an electric wheelchair because of a neurological impairment. She also depends on talking books for her reading. Sounds quite comfortable and contented!

Mary Stuart Gwathmey still lives in Baltimore, has seven grandchildren and two "greats." Her daughter Mary Gwathmey Stillman (Barnard '46) lives in Paris; her older daughter, Anne Stillman, is a dress designer in New York under the

name of Sophia Année. Our Mary's youngest daughter, Eleanor Gwathmey McNulty, lives in Alexandria, VA. In '81, two "grands" will graduate from college and two will be married.

Alas, reports must be added as received from the Alumnae Office of the death of two of our classmates, *Laena R. Kahn* in 1976, and *Pauline Taylor* in 1978. In neither case are there known survivors.

22 *Louise J. Schlichting*
40 Riverside Ave., 4M
Red Bank, NJ 07701

Our last Christmas cards brought a record number of replies—46 in all. Most of the news was good but some sad. *Margaret Fezandie O'Mara's* card was returned from Nantucket marked "deceased." If any of you have more information, do let us know. A note from Ambassador Henry Catto, Jr. told that his mother, *Maurine Halsell Catto*, died July 13 in San Antonio where she had lived. Maurine had been active in a great many church and civic affairs and most influential in raising \$20,000 for the symphony. We're sorry to lose both of these classmates.

Evelyn Orne Young must have moved because her card was returned "not known." We'll try to get in touch with her again. The following sent greetings last year but not this year: *Edith Baird Bowles*, *Catherine DeVoy*, *Eloise Norris Kelley*, and *Ruth Scott*. Many of you are happy to hear from the class but too busy to respond. Perhaps this year?

Marion Marshall Brassert sent a note telling of a most enjoyable trip to the British Isles, followed by an 80th birthday celebration with her son and his family in Maine. She says "life can be beautiful."

Margaret Hannum Lerch had major surgery last April and is getting around slowly but well. "Darn getting old, anyway!" She hears from *Majel Brooks Miller* who sent best wishes for 1981. *Donah Lithauer* wishes us all a happy and healthy 1981. She is still active in the labor movement in spite of breaking her upper thigh bone last November. By this time she is walking again.

It was good to hear from *Dr. Marjorie McIntyre* who has practised medicine in Ontario, Canada for a long time. All is well with *Helen Mack* who was glad to read a line on her card from *Helen Dayton Streuli*.

Kay Young McNamara addressed a lovely note to all of you and expressed her appreciation for the friendly message from *Isobel Strang Cooper*. She's had a bad year with cobalt therapy for her right shoulder and then had to return to the hospital when she developed acute appendicitis. However, the doctor's comment that she is "indestructible" was most heartening. Good luck, Kay.

Katharine Mills Steel wrote she was glad to know that I am enjoying my new retirement home so much. "Thankfully I am able to continue on in my home of 56 years, under the watchful care of loving children living nearby. Problems of age are slowing me down and at times it's a bit lonely as the 'last leaf' clinging to the top of the family tree! But what a pleasure to watch the newer branches grow and new 'sprouts' appear. Two great-grandchildren, and a new arrival expected any day now! How blessed I am." Katharine's note expresses the joy and loneliness a great many of us feel. One of the highlights in her life in 1980 was attending the dedication of a stained glass window in the "Church on the Hill"

in Flushing which was designed and crafted by her grandson while an art student in Michigan. Its theme is the Tree of Life in memory of Katharine's late husband, whose hobby was gardening.

We had not heard from the above well-wishers last year and we are glad to send their greetings to you this year.

I visited *Marion Vincent* after Christmas and showed her all your cards. She still has the same warm feelings for the class and sends greetings to you all.

In The News

Louise M. Rosenblatt '25



The 1980 recipient of the David H. Russell Award for Distinguished Research in the Teaching of English was Louise Rosenblatt, professor emerita at NYU. The award is presented by the National Council of Teachers of English and carries with it a plaque and a prize of \$1,000.

The award citation dealt primarily with Professor Rosenblatt's 1978 work of criticism, *The Reader, the Text, the Poem: The Transactional Theory of The Literary Work*, which it hails as a seminal and definitive study. The book builds on her earlier work, *Literature as Exploration*, itself considered a definitive work on response to literature. The award citation says, further, "The ideas in her early work have been confirmed by a generation of critics, of cognitive psychologists, and of educational researchers."

Professor Rosenblatt received her doctoral degree in comparative literature at the Sorbonne. She taught at Barnard and at Brooklyn College and was director of the doctoral program in English Education at NYU from 1957 to 1972. She then served as a visiting professor at Rutgers until 1976. Previous honors include NYU's Great Teacher Award.

23 *Charlotte MacNamara Guedalia*
816 Seneca Road
Great Falls, VA 22066

This news is for the spring edition and Burpee's seed catalogue has arrived, but it is freezing!

We have just returned from a tour of Washington, DC and were fortunate to be there at early dusk so we could easily see the Christmas tree with its lighted star on top. The tree, a white spruce grown in Vermont, must enjoy the cold—it was 5°F! Where did it grow in Vermont? Winhall, the hometown of *Emily Martens Ford*! She says there was a big send-off when the tree started its journey to DC.

Estella Raphael Steiner left for Taxco, Mexico—probably her last visit there as her friend is moving to Arizona. Also, Emily has heard from *Helen Gray Shaw*, *Margaret Bowtell Wetherbee*, *Elizabeth McGuire Langslet*, *Dot Scholze Kasius*, *Anita Hughes Meyer*, and *Leah Murden Bayne*. All seem to be well.

Had a lovely Xmas card from *Clara Loftus Verrilli* telling of her trip east to see her relatives. It was really a tour of NJ, NY and CT.

Our sad news to report is the death of our classmate *Dorothy Barta* last December. We send sincere sympathy to her brother.

Julia Collins Johnson is in a nursing home—Arnold Home, 18520 West 7 Mile Road, Detroit, MI 48219.

Emily Galt Bready keeps very active. She and her sister toured the British Isles last summer; they especially enjoyed the English lake country and also found Ireland very beautiful. Emily keeps in touch with *Alice Burbank Rhoads* who is down there in Kentucky.

A Memorial in the name of Barbara Seward '48, daughter of *Georgene Hoffman Seward*, has been established to help women students (the older ones) who are endeavoring to get back into some sort of career. Barbara died while she was an instructor in the School of General Studies at Columbia.

Dorothy Maloney Johnson and her husband tell of a new arrival—their second great-grandson! Their daughter, Dorothy Hayden Truscott, is now the women's bridge champion of the world! Her successful playing for the US victory in the world team championship, held in the Netherlands, placed her first in the World Bridge Federation. She has won fifteen national titles; her husband, Alan, writes the daily Bridge column in the New York Times. And Dot's husband, Reg, has had his crossword puzzles printed in the NY Times!

Classmates, we need news from you. Please Write!

24 *Adele Bazinet McCormick*
1900 S. Ocean Dr., Apt. 809
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33316

The Board of Trustees of Temple Shaaray Tefila in Manhattan commemorate a Shabbat Service each year in October or November in memory of *Fanny Steinschneider Clark* and her husband Dr. Eugene Clark.

The news from *Christine Einert* is that she has not been too well. We hope she will be back to her old self in 1981.

Your correspondent was on a pre-Christmas cruise on the QE 2 and spent the day in St. Thomas with *Loulette (Marie Louise) Cerlian* and her sister Mimi Cerlian (Class of 1927). Their home faces the port of St. Thomas with one of the most spectacular views. We talked of our good years at Barnard.

Elizabeth Price Richards has sold her home on Capitol Hill and is moving to a senior citizens' apartment house. Thomas House is located so that she can continue being active in the League

of Women Voters and doing volunteer work in archeology at the Smithsonian Institution.

Florence Denholm, world traveler, was to see the Passion Play in Oberammergau last summer but she had a serious fall, injuring her back. We regret to hear this and hope for her speedy recovery and another trip.

25 *Elizabeth M. Abbott*
466 Larch Avenue
Bogota, NJ 07603

Madeleine Hooke Rice attended the meeting of the Alumnae Council and reports that there was a fine representation of 1925. *Pearl Bernstein Max* and her husband, *Marion Kahn Kahn*, and *Emma Dietz Stecher* were there to hear a reassuring and enlightening report on Barnard and its relationship to Columbia from Acting President Futter.

We are very sorry to have to report the death September 20, 1980 of *Elsa Preische* and send our sincere sympathy to her husband, Mr. William Halstead. We have also to report with sorrow the death of our distinguished astronomer classmate *Henrietta Swope*, November 24, 1980.

26 *Eleanor Antell Virgil*
190 Mineola Blvd., Apt. 5L
Mineola, NY 11501

Adele Epstein Stein spent two weeks last summer at the Cornell Adult University on the Ithaca campus, taking some very interesting courses. "What rather astonished me was meeting four (4!) other Barnard alumnae—Ruth Heitzman Murray '33, Kay Heavey '35, Charlotte Hoyt '40 and Dorothy Scheer Hill '41. Perhaps there were others I missed. Of course I had senior ranking but that happens these days almost everywhere."

Information has been received that our classmate *Nora Tze Hsuing Chu* passed away in 1977. There were no known survivors, words that I hate to see, but since she lived in Taiwan that piece of information may not be correct.

In the summer of 1980 issue I reported the death of *Elizabeth Lundy Nimbkar*. Recently a letter arrived from her son telling about his mother's career. One of the first in India to be trained in the Froebel System of primary education, Betty founded a school in a Bombay suburb. Later she came here for training in occupational therapy and, returning, founded a therapy school in Bombay, the first of its kind not only in India but in all Asia. She set up a second one later in Nagpur. Betty was co-founder of the Indian Society for the Rehabilitation of the Handicapped and founder of the Nimbkar Rehabilitation Trust. She was also a founder-member of the National Leprosy Organization and founder-president emeritus of the All-India Occupational Therapists Association. She started "The Journal of Rehabilitation in Asia" and edited it for years. She contributed articles to national and international publications. With one of her trustees she organized an afternoon class for problem children.

Among Betty's awards was the Albert and Mary Lasker Award, the highest in the field of rehabilitation, presented at a world congress in Australia in 1972. Others were the Bombay West Rotary Club award for World Understanding in 1976 and in 1978 the N. D. Diwan Award given by the National Society for Equal Opportunities for the Handicapped, for the outstanding volunteer worker of the year in India.

Betty's biography appears in The Times of India "Directory" and has been included in the fifth edition of "Who's Who in the World of Women, 1979." She died August 29, 1979 and her husband the following June. An amazing career!

Most of you probably know that the well-known NY Times columnist Anthony Lewis is the son of *Sylvia Surut Lewis*. He is also the author of "Gideon's Trumpet," which was recently made into a television movie with Henry Fonda and John Houseman.

Sylvia has 9 grandchildren, all very different from each other, "but all lively and concerned young people who keep their grandmother very alert. Retirement has definitely not been a bore." My hunch is that grandmother Sylvia has helped to keep her young people alert, too.

27 *Eva O'Brien Sureau*
40 Mangrove Road
Yonkers, NY 10701

Clarice Philhower Beam in October was having problems with a "trick" knee which had to be fixed either with surgery or metal braces. Let's hope by this time it has been taken care of successfully. One bright note was that her family moved from Maine to Virginia, which means they are 100 instead of 600 miles away.

Miriam Michelson Bodner reported she has "the same husband of 50 years, same two sons, two daughters-in-law and four grandchildren."

Ethel Burack Cohn is one of the two authors—Richard Miller is the other—of the third edition of "The Atlas Of The Nervous System In Man," published by William and Wilkins, Balt. This edition should be ready for the next academic year.

Harriet Reilly Corrigan retired from teaching this year and—like so many of us—wonders how she found time to work!

Virginia Fisher had a letter from *Margaret Goodell Achenbach* from Germany to thank her for the trouble she took to get Peg a Phi Beta Kappa key to replace her lost one. She expressed her hopes to get to our next class reunion.

Katharine Bordages Matthews is still living on the farm in Texas with her husband of 52 years. They have two grandsons in college: Michael Pastore, a junior at Amherst, and John Pastore, a freshman at Hamilton. That leaves two other grandchildren still at home in Connecticut.

Elizabeth Merk Williams sent an interesting note from Vermont in December. Lib had "total knee" surgery done in November but said she was doing very well—crutches and all. The winters she spends with her daughter and great-grandchildren (ages 10, 8 and 2) in Yorktown Heights. The summers she is busy weaving, knitting, sewing, and doing volunteer work at the hospital. She is also Treasurer-Secretary of the church women's group and treasurer of her church. She wondered if some of the rest of us don't have great-grandchildren. Let us know.

Unfortunately too late for the winter edition of this alumnae quarterly we learned of the death of *Mary Vincent Bernson's* husband. Our belated but very sincere condolences to Mary.

Elsa Lohrke Ronalds reports that she is now teaching on a regular basis (1st and 2nd grades) at All Saints' Church, Glen Rock, NJ. She was also elected this month to serve on the Vestry of All Saints' Church, and, she writes, "Our Episcopal Church Women keep very active. Some of us have been attending 'New Dimensions,' a series of lectures in our Diocese. I look forward to meeting Dr. Elaine H. Pagels (Chairman, Dept. of Religion, Barnard College), who

will speak to us in April. Before I close, I would like to thank you for getting me in touch last spring with *Laura Church*. Hello again, Laura!"

And a note from *Janice Moses Sullivan*: "Living in Delray Beach, FL (having recently sold our home in Westport, CT), we're now looking forward to vacations up north in the summer (without responsibilities!). I continue to be an active Volunteer Brailist working through the West Palm Beach unit, and at present "brailing" a book for the Library of Congress. I find this work very interesting and rewarding. My son John is a senior vice president at the Marchalk Co., NY. He graduated from Brown U. '59; his daughter Vicky is Brown '82; and his stepfather is a Brown graduate. One of my step-granddaughters is going to Harvard next fall. No one at Barnard yet! But I have three more step-grandchildren (all girls) who will be ready for college over the next twelve years so there is a chance for another Barnard grad in the family!"

Please keep the little notes coming.

28 *Eleanor Michelfelder*
445 Gramatan Avenue
Mt. Vernon, NY 10552

This column is being "put together" on January 17, a really cold day in the Northeast, but it is hoped you will read it on a fine spring day.

Recently I had a phone chat with *Janet Frankenfelder Lesser*, who told me that the week before *Helen Sohn Marx* and her husband Robert celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary at a party given in their honor by their children, but much to Jane's disappointment she and husband Erwin could not join in the festivities as she was suffering with a bad case of flu. She was hoping, however, to recover in time for them to attend the Inaugural Ball for the President at the Waldorf in NYC.

A Christmas card from *Frances McGee Beckwith* brought the news that she is now national vice chairman of the DAR Museum and that from 1977-80 she loved her job as New York State Chairman of American Heritage—as she says, "a natural for me as my major was history." However, she and her family lived through a tragic time during 1980 as her grandson, Jack, had to undergo brain surgery twice. Since August he has been living with Frances and is being cared for by Dr. Frank Spellman, *Marjory Nelson's* husband. She says Dr. Spellman has been wonderful to him and Jack "just loves him." Let us hope that Jack makes an excellent recovery in the near future.

Another Christmas letter—from *Helen Johnson Coshland* and husband Bob—provided much interesting and enlightening information. In the fall of 1980 they traveled through much of California and were especially thrilled with visiting Point Reyes National Seashore, just north of San Francisco. Quoting from their letter: "Point Reyes is a peninsula, attached to the mainland by a short neck of land across which passes the San Andreas fault. It was a violent shift in this fault, where the Pacific tectonic plate rubs against the American plate, that caused the destructive San Francisco earthquake in 1906. Evidence of the fault has been preserved by a self-guiding nature walk called 'The Earthquake Trail.' The day we were there a cold fog blanketed the coast." Inland, they visited Lassen Peak Volcanic National Park (a volcano that "blew out" in 1915 similar to Mt. St. Helens); also at the lava beds, they descended into a cave down three long

steep flights of steps, where collected water at the bottom was frozen solid—it never melts and is aptly named “Skull Ice Cave” (animal skulls, not human ones, were found there). From there they went on to Tule Lake National Wildlife Refuge, used by thousands of migrating birds as a rest stop. To reach northern California, they traveled along the Pacific roadway from San Diego and were rewarded with spectacular views, such as Big Sur and Point Lobos State Park, south of Carmel, with its seal and cormorant colonies, and also they were awed in the redwood groves by the gigantic trees, some over 350 feet high with trunks of 15 feet across at the base—in their words, “an emotional experience.” Helen and Bob, your frequent wonderful and unusual travels are “awesome” to many of us, I’m sure.

Early in December another cheery letter came from **Laura Orta** in Puerto Rico, saying she hoped to get two more A’s, in Biology of Plants and Pest Control, and she plans to take two more courses this present semester. Such wonderful ambition and such fine success she is having in her late-blooming studies! Good luck, Laura!

A nice Holiday greeting from Prez **Constance Rouillion Critchfield** said, “all continues well with me,” and of course, she hopes with all of you—and she also hopes you will contribute as generously as possible to the Barnard Fund this year. So get out that checkbook—if you have not as yet sent in your contribution.

From me to you—Best Wishes for a Happy Valentine’s Day, a merry St. Patrick’s Day, and Blessed Easter and Passover Holidays.

PLEASE SEND ME ITEMS FOR
FALL ISSUE BY JULY 15

29 **Anny Birnbaum Brieger**
120 East 81st Street
New York, NY 10028

Twenty members of the class met for dinner at the Deanery on Oct. 9, 1980, our annual reunion. Christine Royer, Director of Admissions, was our guest of honor: she gave us an informal and refreshing talk on Barnard prospects. We urge those who hesitate to attend to join us next year; you will have a good time and a warm welcome.

Hope Van De Water has a busy volunteer schedule, but singles out singing in the choir at Christ’s Church, and raising a Burmese kitten.

Elizabeth Hughes Gossett could not attend the Deanery dinner because she was traveling in China with her youngest daughter Elizabeth. After being president of the Supreme Court Historical Society for the past five years, she is now chairman of its board.

The science fiction novel, “The Revolving Boy,” written by **Gertrude Tonkonogy Friedberg**, has been reissued in paperback.

Olive Bushnell Morris suggests we name our 1989 reunion the “Stupendous Sixtieth.” Incidentally, she writes, “it will coincide with Barnard’s 100th anniversary.”

Julia Quinones Sanchez writes from Puerto Rico that her son is established as a plastic surgeon in the NY metropolitan area.

Golden wedding anniversaries in 1980—**Mary Elizabeth Simpson Kite**, **Martha Weintraub Goldstein**, and **Anny Birnbaum Brieger**.

Margaret M. Jennings and sister Eleanor were on a 15 day trip to Germany this past summer with their church choir, organists, and ministers—65 in all. They visited churches and cathedrals

and gave concerts, but on July 4th were at Dachau, site of one of many concentration camps. Margaret writes: “May the prayers on Dachau’s memorial NEVER AGAIN be granted.”

Ruth Rablen Franzen had a delightful spring in Yugoslavia followed by an expensive two weeks in London.

Dorothy R. Funck, who lives at the Whitney Center, a retirement complex in Hamden, CT, cannot believe that it is already seven years since she waved One Wall Street good-bye! She is a member of the House and Flower Beds Committees and grows a small garden of her own.

Irene Emerson Allcock lives in an apartment in Brunswick, Maine, after “selling her darling house by the sea.”

Best wishes for a speedy recovery to **Elizabeth Keuthen Gaffney**. She has not been well since the death of her husband in 1979.

Dorothy Neuer Hess has just returned from a great trip to southern Europe. **Marguerite Beutenmuller Offhouse** travelled through the People’s Republic of China last fall and missed our reunion.

To our deep regret, we have been notified of the death of classmate **Edith Pomeranz Schrank**. To her husband and daughter Julie, we send sincere sympathy.

Julie Van Riper Dumdey writes, “Sorry I couldn’t attend the Deanery dinner on Oct. 9th as I was on a trip to St. Louis. Perhaps I can see you in May?”

And **Ethel Callan Burgess** spends her winters in Southern Pines, North Carolina—“delightful living.” Her husband still assists in the churches, “mainly weddings and funerals!”

As we go to press, we are saddened by the news that **Maria Ippolito** has passed away. Her charm and bubbling spirit will be missed by all.

30 **Helen Chamberlain Josefsberg**
45 Sussex Road
Tenafly, NJ 07670

Grace Reining Updegrove
1076 Sussex Road
Teaneck, NJ 07666

We want to share with you a letter dated November 21, 1980 from **Viola Robinson Isaacs**. “Since our reunion in June, several things have happened . . . After 15 years as social worker and family counselor at Family Counseling Service in Wayland, Mass., I retired on September 1st. In October we embarked on a five week trip which took us around the world. First to Japan where my husband participated in a conference at Tzukuba University and we visited with many friends in Tokyo and Kyoto. From there we went to China as guests of the Chinese Writers Association. Our return after 45 years to Peking and Shanghai, where we had spent the first three years of our marriage, and our re-encounters with friends we had not been in touch with for so many years proved to be deeply moving experiences. In this time of great change in China, those we spoke with, old friends and new, freely shared with us the stories of their lives in these decades, especially their harrowing experiences during the anti-intellectual Cultural Revolution. Most of them—youthful fighters for the Revolution and now in their 70s and 80s—had only in the past year or two returned from exile or imprisonment. We saw much that had changed and much that had remained the same. Present and past blended, for us personally and on the larger scale. An

unforgettable time.

“On our way back we moved very much into the present—and future—as we visited with our daughter and grandchildren in Jerusalem, where her husband, David K. Shipler, is correspondent for the ‘New York Times’. We stopped briefly in Paris for visits with family and friends, returning home in early November. We plan to spend Thanksgiving with our son and his family in Baltimore, where he is on the editorial staff of the ‘Baltimore Sun’. In September we passed another milestone. Our first grandchild, Jenny, entered Johns Hopkins College.”

Pauline Berry Dysart thought of us all at Reunion, but she was busy touring Europe. Her trip included Germany (the Passion Play at Oberammergau), Austria, Italy, the Swiss Alps and Paris.

Virginia Darby Sloan is still working at her antique shop, Arden Antiques, on Staten Island.

We were interested to learn from **Mildred Sheppard** that Dr. Jonathan V. Wright, who writes a regular column for “Prevention Magazine”, is the son of our late classmate **Mary Iannone Wright**. Mildred also reported that she had a cheerful note from **Helen Leuchtenberg** in November. We trust that she is continuing to regain her good health.

Delia Brown Unkelbach moved into a smaller home about a year ago and now she has what seems like the best of all worlds! “I am very happy about the new owners who love it (her former home) as I did, have sufficient funds not only to maintain but to improve, and who are warm, friendly, cordial folk who understand how hard it was for me to leave and allow me to return at will, row on the lake if I choose, even leave a set of keys in my possession so that I can see to the place in any long absence. They are only part-time residents for the nonce, looking to retire there in a few years.”

A letter from **Dr. Elaine Mallory Butler** describes a busy life in Scottsdale, AZ. She is treasurer of Women in Transition, an organization for ex-offenders, and corporate secretary of 7th Step Foundation, which serves male ex-offenders. And she writes the newsletter for her husband’s organization, the National Association of Retired Federal Employees. She and husband Hal have 1-3/4 acres on which they planted 160 citrus trees ten years ago; they sell to a fashionable restaurant and to a supermarket.

31 **Evelyn Anderson Griffith**
209 Eldrid Drive
Silver Spring, MD 20904

This may be the last column I will write before our reunion in May. I have appreciated so much the letters I have received from you. Be sure to let Barnard know if you plan to share more of yourself at our 50th reunion.

Alma Champlin Smythe wrote that her son Bob was home for Christmas. Bob has been in Washington for almost two years. He’s teaching part time at George Washington U and working for his congressman’s committee staff (House Sub-Committee on Science and Technology).

Else Zorn Taylor spent the holidays with relatives and friends in Jacksonville, FL. She said the weather was not too balmy.

Travel plans of **Cornelia Merchant Hagenau** and her husband for 1981 are a missions trip to Peru, Chile, and Argentina in August. They

were asked to go to China on a church trip in May but, in Neal's words, "I'm not missing our class reunion even for a trip to China!"

I'm sure you want to join me in sending our sincere sympathy to the families of the following classmates who have recently died: *Florence Sherman Wolper, Dorothy Osborne Howard, and Florence M. Mindell.*

32 *Janet McPherson Halsey*
400 East 57th Street
New York, NY 10022

After being class correspondent for fourteen years, I suddenly find myself with very little news. So I entreat you classmates to please tell me what you are doing! Besides ourselves, our column is read by members of '31 and '34, I've been told!

Edith Tarbes Gellert wrote to tell us her eldest granddaughter, Ilene Sussman, is a freshman at Amherst College. This past summer Edith and her husband Percy took a trip to California. They spent winter in Hallandale, FL.

Your Executive Committee is making plans for our 50th reunion in 1982. Could some of you who live in or near NYC write to an out-of-town classmate inviting her to your home for the night instead of the dormitory or a hotel? You will be glad you did this! Please send us any ideas you have and husbands are welcome!

33 *Grace Iijima*
788 Riverside Drive
New York, NY 10032

Ruth Payne Hellmann
309 Plainfield Street
Westbury, NY 11590

Mary R. Donzella
280 North Main Street
Spring Valley, NY 10977

The many items we accumulate from personal mail and the Alumnae Office prove the customary spunk, spirit and style of '33. Your class correspondents and president always try to reach those whose mail is returned undelivered. Our next report should have the latest list.

We express our condolences on the death of *Dr. Violet Hemminger* on August 15, 1980. Our sympathy also to *Mildred Pearson Horowitz* whose husband Max died recently after a long illness. Mildred keeps busy with activities: New School French Conversation class; Institute for Retired Professionals—Art History, Music Workshop for Piano; Secretary of the Board of Directors in her co-op.

We are sad, too, on hearing that *E. Lucile Scudder Matheson's* son David died recently of multiple myoma. He learned of his illness in the Fall but was able to return to Finland, defend his thesis and receive his Doctorate. He was married to a Finnish girl and left her with a son and a daughter. Lucile and her husband move to Florida April 30. Their new address is Rt. 3, Box 4062, Summerfield, FL 32691.

Helen Leonhardt Hoyer has retired from her part-time job. *Dorothy Sachs Isenman* was planning a trip to Mexico. She is a volunteer social worker two days a week for Informational Referral Service, Manhattan Branch, JASA.

Marie Eccles Knudsen's husband has retired. They have two daughters and seven grandchildren and are enjoying baby-sitting and travel. *Mary McPike McLaughlin's* grandchildren are six boys and two girls. She and her husband Russell enjoy

frequent travel. It will be Mexico in May after a winter in Ft. Lauderdale.

Last summer, *Ernestine Bowman* visited Anne Davis '32 in San Francisco. *Jo Skinner* and *Denise Abbey* spent two weeks in Alaska. Jo's new address is Marcus L. Ward Home, 125 Boyden St., Maplewood, NJ 07040. Our ever-moving target Denny has 34,000 slides as of December, 1980.

This fall *Grace Iijima* helped edit an international cookbook compiled by the New York Chapter of the Pan-Pacific and Southeast Asia Women's Ass'n. The book was ready for the printers in December.

Elsie Behrend Paull's husband Joseph is now assistant to the U.S. Commissioner of Consumer Product Safety. Daughter Kathryn Paull Brown has opened her law office in Washington and Barnard daughter Betsey '68 is working with the Ass'n for the Care of Children in Hospitals. *Dr. Isabel Roberts*, still practising gynecology, was planning to visit *Evelyn Goodman Paxton* in Cocoa Beach. Isabel also gave news from Hawaii: *Ivy Williams Parks* retired from her duties as head court reporter for the Federal Court in Honolulu and is traveling.

Lois Shoaf Slayton has been doing book reviews for a Key West paper. Her husband is retired and they enjoy their boat and duplicate bridge. *Dr. Mary Catherine Tyson* married Richard Belcher, an architect.

Julia McNeely Vance is still an attending physician at a residence for elderly in East Orange. *Katrine Groves McCormick* retired in June from her job in San Diego. She has moved near her son, 333 S. Alarcon St. No. 11, Prescott, AZ 86301.

Katherine Crawford Spencer and her husband Thomas D. have retired and moved to 726 Chelham Way, Santa Barbara, CA 93108. They are enjoying the climate, golfing, and "all the rest."

Evelyn Hirsch Nemrow says her husband Allan is now retired. They are planning to spend winters in Sarasota where she has seen *Ruth Jacobson Leff, Zelda Serge Berman, and Frances Wiener Krasnow* at a mini-reunion.

Lucy Cores Kortchmar has a new book, her eighth, coming out. The title is "Katya," a romantic novel with an early 19th-century background. Already out is her paperback, "Year of December," published by Zebra. She is now working on a book about Pushkin.

Mary Blackall Robson retired from teaching in June 1979. Her son Michael is studying for his MA in library science at McGill U (he was graduated from Concordia U cum laude in 1979). And, sadly, Mary wrote of the death of her husband, Rev. John Robson, in August 1979. Our belated condolences to you, Mary.

Denise Abbey wrote, "I'm back from 'the uttermost part of the earth' (Tierra del Fuego!) and catching up on Christmas and other things."

34 *Josephine Diggles Golde*
27 Beacon Hill Road
Port Washington, NY 11050

Madeleine Davies Cooke sent the following note to the Alumnae Office: "After traveling for five years, Wendell and I have finally settled down in an apartment in Summit, NJ, the town where we lived for many years. We are near our son and daughter, who both live in Chatham, and like to visit with them and our four grandchildren."

35 *Kathryn L. Heavey*
238 Smith Ave.
Kingston, NY 12401

Notes of a busy life in Riverside, CA have come from *Ruth Snyder Cooper*. At the time of writing, she was writing two papers, studying, and attending seminars, while her husband, 2/3 retired as professor of biology at U of California, was busier than ever. Their son is a research chemist in Shelton, WA and "has a charming wife and marvelous 3-year-old son." Daughter Tera is a licensed psychiatric technician in a state hospital. Ruth adds that, although showing signs of "wear and tear," she and husband Kenneth enjoy an active life.

A Christmas letter from *Martha Surface Barnes* outlined a full winter. A house sold was being put back on the market because the buyers decided to get a divorce; friends not seen since college days were arriving for holiday reunions; a trip to the Mayan ruins was being anticipated.

Vivian Tenney's letter reads like a magazine travelogue, from San Diego, to a meeting in London on Death and Dying, to Branscombe in Devon where a 13th-century ancestor built a little church, then to Exeter Cathedral begun by this ancestor before his death in 1280. Anyone familiar with Devon can imagine Vivian's problems when the mini-car she reserved was unavailable and she was driving the narrow lanes in a large station wagon. Her summer vacation began with a week's tour of Switzerland, then 3 weeks of rest and treatment for a back injury at a Swiss Spa.

At Alumnae Council last fall were *Ruth Saberski Goldenheim, Ruth Bedford McDaniel, Dorothy Nolan Sherman* and *Elizabeth Simpson Wehle*. Elizabeth's husband Mark was one of the husbands attending the opening reception.

During a visit to your correspondent in Kingston last fall, *Mary Harris Legg* made a sentimental journey to Port Ewen, where husband Rev. J. Thoburn Legg's first church provided a parsonage whose kitchen might be viewed by today's homemakers as primitive. Toby's old church edifice was destroyed by arson but Mary had the heartening experience of visiting the new church which not only the members but the whole town joined in building. Remote from that first kitchen was housekeeping in Uruguay, Brazil, Guatemala, Chile and Peru where Toby's ministry took them. Mary's work now takes her to prisons in Connecticut and New York on counseling missions. She is still playing the cello and in Kingston enjoyed Yo Yo Ma as soloist with the Hudson Valley Philharmonic orchestra. She expected son Ivan and his family to come from Washington State at Thanksgiving. Her daughter Sara, whose career is in banking, lives in Illinois. Talking over memories of Barnard beyond the classroom brought back the Jungle with Mary recalling the day when, not wanting a cigarette she was smoking to show up in a picture being taken there, she held it behind her and soon had a hole burned in her skirt. Can anyone else think of similar unforgettable incidents not likely to be in Barnard's recorded history?

Mildred Wells Hughes' granddaughter was born in March 1980. Mildred's year-end letter details travels back and forth across the country which always seemed to include a visit to baby Aimee in Riverside, CA, even though Mildred and her husband were helping friends move from NYC to Vancouver, BC.

Greetings-of-the-season from several retirees show *Kay Hand* happy in Lexington, KY, *Anna Pustello* in Hartford, CT and *Margaret (Pat) Maher Rudat* in Pasadena, TX. With more free time Pat intends to be active with the Houston alumnae group.

Gertrude Pfingst Mitchell moved from Montreal to Toronto when her husband's office moved and she is thoroughly enjoying exploring the resources of another Canadian city.

Barbara Graham Junge is publishing her "small volume of poetry" which is entitled "Looking Up." Congratulations!

Regina Loewenstein is Senior Research Associate in the Columbia School of Public Health where her major field is health care services. In addition to research, she teaches and is an advisor to candidates for advanced degrees.

Marjorie Runne Allen, in anticipation of retirement from teaching at the U of Toronto, has joined four friends in establishing Venture Studio, located in central old Toronto. This is a print-making studio where Marj can enjoy and expand a long-time interest in etchings. We wish their venture great success; its first show was scheduled for January at the O'Keefe Center.

Sonya Turitz Schopick (Mrs. Louis E.) writes: "still working full time as a music teacher in Easton, CT public schools. Also perform with Cinquepace Consort (Early Music Group). Also teach privately: piano, harpsichord, virginal, recorder. Am proud mother of Julia (Columbia GS 1966), Frances (Barnard 1976), Daniel (Brandeis 1969, NY Law 1973), Philip (Antioch 1972), David (Swarthmore 1979—now a student at U of CT Med School). Daniel is married to Laurie Epstein Schopick (Barnard 1972) and they have made me the delighted grandmother of Emily (3½) and Neal (1½). I also write the newsletter for the Bridgeport chapter of the American Guild of Organists, of which I am a recent past Dean. Am also State Music Chairman of the UN Ass'n of Bridgeport and on the governing board of the Greater Bridgeport Symphony Society and CT Civil Liberties Union."

Virginia LeCount (faithful Virginia!) has forwarded a note she recently received from *Maxine Rowland* in which Maxine describes the trip she and *Anne Kiley Rudel* took to Egypt last October. The "girls" traveled up the Nile by boat as far as Abu Simbel and visited the fabulous temples of Karnak and Luxor on the way. Even though the October heat matched Little Rock in the summer, they confessed to having a wonderful time.

As we grow older, we watch with pleasure and pride the arrival of our children at places of high responsibility. *Miriam Kornblith Lauren* is justly proud to announce that her daughter Barbara is counsel to the president of Middlebury College in Vermont, where she is also Assistant Secretary of the Corporation and Assistant Professor of English.

Margaret Ritchie Axtell writes that her daughter Margaret, a graduate of Cornell, Harvard and the U of Maryland Architecture School, is an architect in Washington, DC where her husband,

Russell Bennett Stevenson, Jr., is a professor of law at George Washington U. Her second daughter, Karen, a graduate of Cornell and the U of Pennsylvania, is a land use planner in the Comprehensive Planning Office of Fairfax County, VA. She too is married to an attorney, William McCauley Arnold. Margaret's son Clayton has followed the family's legal bent by joining his father's law firm after completing his studies at Cornell Law School.

Marie Bell Davis writes, "I am the foolish grandmother of Edward Ashley Carraway . . . whose mother, our daughter Brenda Carraway, has been promoted to be principal of one of the larger elementary schools in Jefferson County (Alabama)—over 1,000 pupils." Welcome to the Foolish Grandmother Club, Marie.

On the sick list: *Ruth Gould Scoppa* (Mrs. Frank R.) who is confined to her home with emphysema. She might enjoy a word through the mail from her good Barnard friends, though she is not up to visits or phone calls at this moment. You can write her at RD 2, Box 152, Byram Lake Road, Mount Kisco, NY 10549.

Florence Carey Murphy and *Ethel Lewis LaPuyade*, who both live in Palo Alto, CA, recently celebrated their birthdays at the home of Charlotte Haverly Scherz ('36) who lives in the same community. Ethel is still working while Florence, who retired five years ago, has started a new career as a docent at the Palo Alto Interpretive Center. She also teaches yoga and relaxation for stress reduction to senior citizens on the San Francisco peninsula. *Dorothy Walker* visited "Carey" over the Christmas holidays and reports that while shopping they ran into *Martha Shoemaker Terry*, who had come west from Pennsylvania to be with her daughter and family. Palo Alto seems to be a Barnard crossroads.

Hildegard Becher continued her travels with a tour of Portugal and Spain last summer, during which she attended the six-day Bach Festival in Madeira. She is busy all year with her various musical interests and is serving a sixth term as president of the Woman's Club of Harrison, NY.

The class has recently learned that *Elizabeth Halpern Gilbert* passed away on June 29, 1979. Our condolences are extended to her family.

Frances Schelhammer Oberist recently sent the following note to the Alumnae Office: "My husband Charles and I are both busy with activities such as tennis and swimming 3 times a week, choir practice, and other church activities. We usually take a long cruise in September; however, due to an operation, it was cancelled this year. All is now well again. We will be with our two daughters for the holidays and hope to cruise in the spring through the Panama Canal to Mexico and California." Sounds like a wonderful trip!

Betty Pratt Rice mentioned on her card at Christmas that she had a new client and that she was planning a trip to England in the spring. A client, I thought, for what? So I gave her a call and found out that I was 16 years behind the times. During that time Betty has been the head of her own public relations firm, Betty Rice Associates. A non-profit organization, it services libraries, schools, trade associations and museums. She begins by selling an idea—an idea that when subscribed to puts forth a workable con-

cept. She must have happy clients. Through these years she has become very well known, her technique studied, her advice sought. Her book, "Public Relations for Public Libraries," published by H. W. Wilson, has become a classic in the field with a solid following not only in this country but abroad. Several people work with her, her primary assistant her daughter, Martha Whittier.

Martha's husband Brian is vice-president of Van Rice's (Betty's son) company, Bestek. Van designs and executes special theatrical scenic effects. He did those spectacular lighting effects much commented upon and enjoyed for years at Studio 54. Studio 54 still caters to fun big parties. He did the grand finale last New Year's Eve at the Radio City Music Hall. For special effects in the theatre he is called in to do, for example, the fog. Betty says he has the Cadillac of fog machines.

Daughter Jo-El is living at home, a credit manager of a computer supply company. That the three children are so close and companionable seems like a miracle today. Betty attributes this closeness to the fact that she had three children in four years, that being close together in age they are friends and therefore have similar interests. I go along with this—and would like your thoughts out there, your comments whether you agree or disagree.

Betty was in Florida in February and headed for England in April with Martha to spend a week in London and then a week in Derbyshire to watch the annual pageants there with old friends. Our chat was a marvelous revelation. If only everyone would write a note at holiday time . . .

Adi-Kent Thomas Jeffrey has two books on the supernatural in the offing and a book about to appear co-authored with her daughter Lynda on "How-to-Give-a-Tea Party." They're having fun writing it and she says it is a great change of pace for her. She dropped a note just before leaving for Washington to attend the Inaugural Ball. Lucky lady!

Emma Smith Rainwater writes, "The Rainwaters have another grandchild. She is Nellie Yvonne Rainwater, born on May 1, 1980, daughter of Jean and Robert, sister of Sarah." Congratulations!

The Class of 1940 had such a successful reunion in May 1980 that we don't want to wait five years to meet again. So your class president, *Lois Saphir Lee*, and reunion chairman, *Ann Landau Kwitman*, are planning a mini-reunion for Friday, May 15th (Barnard Reunion Weekend) at 12 Noon. We will have a buffet luncheon at Ann Kwitman's house (7 Canterbury Road, Scarsdale, NY 10583) and then we will go on an art tour either to Reader's Digest headquarters in Pleasantville or the Neuberger Museum at SUNY in Purchase, NY. The cost will be \$8.50 to cover luncheon expenses (and a little donation to the class if there is any money left over). Those who can make it should send their check (made out to Barnard College Class of 1940) to Ann Kwitman no later than May 1, 1981. **This is the only notice or invitation you will receive for this event.** Mark your calendar! (Anyone coming to Scarsdale by

CLASS NOTES DEADLINES

Copy for class columns for the next four issues should reach the Alumnae Office by these dates:

SUMMER 1981 - April 28th

FALL 1981 - July 21st

WINTER 1982 - October 20th

SPRING 1982 - January 21st

Alumnae, send news to your correspondent early so she can meet these deadlines!

Items received after these dates will be held over until the next issue.

train can be met at the station if you request it.) Ann writes that she "would like to thank the many classmates who sent in \$5 to the class fund to cover the cost of 'Class Profile—40 Years After Graduation.' From the checks and notes of appreciation received, from as far away as Holland, Seattle and California, as well as New York, etc., I guess it was a success."

Guidance counselor *Agnes Cassidy Serbaroli* and her husband Joseph became the grandparents of Adrienne Cecile, born in May in Munich, West Germany. A future member of the class of 2001? Their younger son is product manager (bilingual) for Wrigley's International. Agnes has an MA in Music, an MS in Guidance, and licenses in Music, Italian and H.S. Guidance from the NYC Board of Education.

Lois Saphir Lee became a grandmother for the 5th time when daughter Ellen had her third girl child in Boca Raton. Lois and her husband enjoy "commuting" between their son's family in Brookline, MA and Florida.

Another proud grandma is *Joy Lattman Wouk*, whose first grandson was born in July. Joy continues as program chairman of the Women's City Club of New York. In October Joy "spent a delightful day with *Nansi Pugh* (in England). She met me at the Wimbledon station and took me to her charming home, Maendy, which means 'stone cottage' in Welsh. After a delicious lunch we drove out into the countryside, visiting Box Hill, scene of an outing in Jane Austen's 'Emma.' The view is still magnificent."

41

Marjorie Lawson Roberts
1116 Sourwood Circle
Chapel Hill, NC 27514

Elizabeth Bishop Davis writes that she has retired from her "full-time-plus" job as Director of Psychiatry at Harlem Hospital Center; "now enjoying a delightful status as Emeritus Professor of Psychiatry at Columbia's P & S. This gives me lots of time to renew the many interests and activities which had to be shelved for years. In addition, my grandchildren are a joy, as are many long-neglected, now renewed friendships."

A delightful Christmas note from *Doris Prochaska Bryan* brings us up-to-date on her family's activities in 1980. Doris presented a paper at the annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association in May and also had two papers published—one on sexual abuse and one on depression and suicide among handicapped adolescents. Our congratulations to her on these exciting events. Doris and husband John spent two weeks in Switzerland in September, enjoying "marvelous

walking, spectacular scenery, fascinating small mountain villages, and beautiful weather." Doris has two daughters living in NYC: Patti is with a law firm and Julie is using her Portuguese at Primex International and also is in the MBA program at NYU in international marketing. Their third daughter, Carol, is in her third year of residency in psychiatry in Chicago and has a son aged two. "Highlights for John and me this year were seeing our grandson every few months."

Alice Drury Mullins writes, "Jack is 4/5 retired since July and we are busier than ever. He was elected Vice Chairman for U.S. Affairs of the Board of Trustees of the American College in Paris and this helps to keep him busy. I continue to do all the mailing in the U.S. for ACP and that grows every year. We have also been catching up on visits to family and friends, which has kept us away more than we should have been."

We are excited that *Ilse Wiegand Peters* is coming from Germany especially for our 40th Reunion—as soon as she returns from a cruise to

In The News

Clytia Capraro Chambers '42



Hill and Knowlton, Inc., public relations consultants, has announced the appointment of Clytia M. Chambers to the post of senior vice president.

Mrs. Chambers, who has been with Hill and Knowlton since 1967, is director of editorial services in its Los Angeles office. She was editor of *Critical Issues in Public Relations*, a collection of articles by Hill and Knowlton executives (Prentice-Hall 1975).

Mrs. Chambers also collaborated with Edith Efron '42 on two books: *The News Twisters*, an analysis of network coverage of the 1968 presidential campaign, and *How CBS Tried to Kill A Book*, which deals with the network's campaign against *The News Twisters* (Nash Publishing). Co-proprietor with her husband of a fruit ranch in San Diego County, Mrs. Chambers is also editor of the California Rare Fruit Growers Yearbook.

She received a law degree from Université de Lyon and a master's in sociology from Howard University.

South America. She writes, "You asked if I would like to stay in the dorms for one night? I, indeed, would love to return to Brooks Hall, the place where I spent the most important time of my life—more than 40 years ago." Ilse will be staying with *Helen Sessinghaus Williams* from May 8 to May 22 (except for May 15th in the dorms). Those who would especially like to arrange to be with her, get in touch with Helen, who is acting as her social secretary, at 336 Westview Avenue, Leonia, NJ 07605 (201-947-7018).

Beat the drum! Phone your friends! Plan to meet at Reunion! This year the dorms are co-ed. Remember May 15th and May 16th! Need addresses? Get in touch with Helen Sessinghaus Williams, the Alumnae Office, or Marjorie Roberts.

42

Kathryn Bruns Swingle
602 Tremont Avenue
Westfield, NJ 07090

I'm playing "catch-up" again, this time on old news. The sad news is two alumnae deaths. *Charlotte Garst Harrison* died in March of 1977, leaving husband Robert. *Elizabeth Young Roberge* (Dec. '78) leaves three sons and a husband. We are sad to hear of these deaths and also of an alumna husband's, Pat Roma. His widow, *Lillian Rutherford Roma*, who is still a dancing instructor, reports that a fourth grandchild was due as she wrote. Also, a son was getting his Master's from Cornell U; a daughter is a successful dance teacher in Oneonta, NY; son Jim has "a great job with Xerox in Rochester, NY" and daughter Pam "is into antique restoration."

Phoebe Hyrkin Lane has a new grandson, Marc Ian. *Carol Dunlop Patten* was recently appointed administrator of two historical sites in Ashley Falls and Stockbridge, MA. She directs curatorial and interpretive programs there and in Naumkeag. *Cornelia Elliott Wayburn* had, at the time of her writing, just signed a contract to write a new book about Alaska. She and husband Edgar are ardent conservationists.

Renee Wolfson Papper, MD, wrote that she is enjoying Oklahoma and her position as Assoc. Prof. of Radiology at the U of Oklahoma Medical School where husband Sol (Columbia '42) chairs the Dept. of Medicine. Renee speaks of Sol's talent as a "fantastic bread-baker." Sounds like an "under 30" marriage, considering that this successful MD team also raised three children. Son Bob and wife own and operate the radio station in Brunswick, Maine. Daughter Peggy is a speech therapist and Ellen is working toward a PhD in industrial psychology.

I didn't send Christmas cards this year and, in fact, received fewer than usual. I'll have to mend my social fences, I guess, if I want to receive more news to pass on to you next time. Meanwhile I'm off for two weeks of skiing at Sugarbush and thereabouts in Vermont.

43

Maureen O'Connor Cannon
258 Steilen Avenue
Ridgewood, NJ 07450

My Happy New Year greetings will be three months old or thereabouts by the time they reach you on the page, but it's that season of the year so I send them anyway. I hope January, February and March have been full of pleasures for you all, and may the next nine delight in many ways, too.

At this writing the world's snow white beyond the picture window, and I turn southwestward toward a dear friend, *Peggy Jamieson Wink-*

ler, who lives in Tucson and whom I envy totally, especially as I dig out from under drifts. Not that Peg and her husband Howie have been home in sunny Arizona recently. I learn from her Christmas card that they've been traveling for three weeks: to Taiwan first for a visit with son Robin; thence to Hong Kong for Christmas (surely an exotic port of call at any season); finally to San Francisco to visit son Tom, his wife, and their new baby, the Winklers' first grandchild. Wonderful, Peggy! Of the three Winkler sons, Robin is teaching (and, Peg adds, "learning") in Taiwan, Tom is an MD in his third year of surgical residency, and John is carpentering in Santa Fe, NM. Margaret Winkler, Peg's and Howie's daughter, is a nurse in Denver. The Winklers moved from Colorado not too long ago, and apparently want all things sent to their new address, please. Our hope here is that their further travel plans will include a visit with us in New York come May. Please put that glad plan on your calendar, Peg.

Gloria Copp Hewitt has retired after 20 years of teaching kindergarten and, with her three sons now grown, reports time for "catching up" with her golf, bridge, and theatre. Sounds blissful, friend. No clocks, no calendars, no five-year-olds gathered round for play time. Do play yourself; enjoy!

One of the nice things about this Class Correspondent job is hearing regularly from our Class President, **Lucille Osmer Hutchinson**. Obviously her job keeps her busier than many, and fund appeals and phonathons are high on the list of activities for her. I send thanks for your grand October letter, Lucille, and the fervent hope that we give a fine account of ourselves on all fronts. Our Class will do just that, of course, agreed?

If you were so inclined, friends, small items sent this way would be a lovely way to start a New Year—or to say thanks for the daffodils that are bound to be popping as you read this. Let's make a deal. If you'll share, I'll share further in the column. What about it?

44 Ethel Weiss Brandwein
2306 Blaine Drive
Chevy Chase, MD 20015

Reminder about the May mini-reunion: On Sunday, May 17, 1981, '44-ers will gather at **Audrey Brown Bollet's** home in Port Washington, LI, NY, for the between-reunions-reunion many of you requested at our 35th. By now, you should have heard directly from the committee about details. The time, most likely, will be for brunch/lunch. If you haven't heard, or want more information, call class president **Shirley Sexauer Harrison** (212 BA4-6002) or our hostess Audrey (516 883-3023).

While the mini-reunion will attract primarily those of you in the NY metropolitan area, we do hope that out-of-towners will come, too. Use it as an excuse to come back to NYC—I'm coming up from Washington, DC . . .

Also, we chose this particular weekend because it coincides with the big Barnard Reunion weekend; thus, if you want to go back to the college to attend any of the festivities, you can easily do so—just call the Alumnae Office for information.

Class fund-raising letter: Each year our class president and Fund chairman bring together a group of classmates to send out the class letter urging contributions to the annual Barnard Fund. This permits some personal PS's to be added to the letters which then, we hope, will generate not

only some immediate checks but also some news for this column. This year class president Harrison and Fund chairman **Helen Cahn Weil** were joined by **Edna Fredericks Engoron**, **Cynthia Ritzenband Friedman** and **Jeanne Walsh Singer**. Many thanks to all for their work! And have YOU sent in YOUR contribution yet? . . . PLEASE DO IT NOW!

Phonathon: Also, every year a group of classmates spend several hours calling all over the country (at evening rates), urging '44ers to contribute to the Barnard Fund. These calls can be a wonderful catch-up on what's been happening (and a source for this column), but the main purpose, of course, is to produce additional checks. Therefore, a new policy started with the calls this past February. Calls were made only to alumnae who actually gave a contribution within the last three years but who had not yet sent in this year's check. The feeling was that if you haven't bothered to send in **anything** (no matter how little) for all those years despite the phone calls, you most likely wouldn't bother now, and that the time calling would be better spent by calling those who do contribute but who might need a reminder to get the check into the mail.

News Items: For the first time in years, I do NOT have a lot of items (my Xmas mail was scant this year). The mini-reunion, however, should rectify that! One happy item is from Shirley—son Tom is now an MD, graduated from U of Mass Med School, and interning in St. Vincent's in Worcester, MA.

Diane Howell sent this note to the Alumnae Office: "Having spent the academic year 1979-80 as Acting Dean of Wyoming Seminary Day School, I have now returned to full-time teaching—eighth grade English and seventh grade beginning Latin. Although I am also serving as Chair of the school's English department, I have finally succeeded in sloughing off most administrative responsibilities and thus have a little more time for working on my house in Penn's Woods, which I started to build in 1978 and hope to complete sometime before the end of the century."

SEE YOU in May at the mini-reunion!

45 Daisy Fornacca Kouzel
54 Cayuga Avenue
Atlantic Beach, NY 11509

Wonders will never cease. After a quarter century of waiting I received a Christmas letter from **Roberta Wickersham Gutmann**, which really touched my heart. We were quite close, and I also knew her parents well (unfortunately they've both passed on), so her saying that she remembers me with affection and derives "sheer pleasure" from my column made my day. Roberta has been married to a Frenchman whose UN assignments have taken them to Bangkok, Cambodia, and finally to Paris where they've been since 1960. Their only child, a daughter whom I met when she was 5, is an MD in psychiatry, is married to a neuropsychiatrist, and has two little girls—and does Roberta love being a doting grandmother! I plan to stop in Paris on my way to visiting my parents in Rome this summer—God willing of course.

Now for some third-hand news tidbits.

Muriel Merker Gluckson, a genetic counselor at St. Vincent's Hospital, may be interested to learn that Estelle Sobel Sussman '46 retired from her prestigious position with the isotope lab of Lenox Hill Hospital in NYC and is living in Daytona Beach, FL with her handsome husband Allie.

HELP WANTED

There is a continuing demand for volunteers to price and sell items at the Barnard Scholarship Unit of Everybody's Thrift Shop, located at 330 East 59th St. in Manhattan.

The shop is run jointly by twelve nonprofit institutions and was the source of over \$40,000 in scholarship funds for Barnard last year. More workers are needed, however, to manage the volume of donations and sales which makes such a contribution possible. Every transaction helps three people: the donor, the buyer, and a Barnard student. Volunteers are asked to serve 3½ hours per week.

For further information, call the Barnard Fund Office (212-666-6774).

Jacqueline Baumann Wolgel works part time for her husband, an internist. Their son is a urologist at Mount Sinai, and daughter Vicki is in public relations.

Evelyn Stephenson Myers and husband Charles have become grandparents. Evelyn is still managing editor of the "American Journal of Psychiatry" and editor of "CBE Views," the journal of the Council of Biology Editors.

Margaret E. Bunce Kenmore's son Peter received a PhD in entomology from the U of California at Berkeley, and the three sons of Bob and **Elaine (Skippy) Engelson Schlanger** have graduated and gone forth into the working world, leaving their parents to enjoy their "work and play."

Beatrice Lindenberg Leicher is busy with her private psychotherapy practice plus work at a clinic, while her husband Seymour sounds even busier, what with his textile business, photography shop, and teaching of photography. They are happy grandparents of two little girls, daughters of Fern, Barnard '68, an attorney studying for a PhD in American history. I tell you, there's no stopping us Barnard women! We never did need a liberation movement! Bernice's son Bruce is also an attorney, Carol is a physician, and Amy, the only unmarried one, is at Boston U.

Renee Friedman Cooper, whom I saw at Reunion, enjoys her little grandson and is looking forward to the June wedding of her son. She does volunteer work as a tour guide and researcher for exhibits, and is on the Health Services Planning Board of Montgomery County, MD.

In November I attended Alumnae Council, an especially attractive event since invitations were extended to husbands and college-age daughters. While my girls were too young for such an honor, Alfred came along and enjoyed himself no end. We chatted with class president **Sibylle Polke Karn**, whose husband was then traveling in India with one of their three sons, leaving her household rather depleted but restful!

Katharine Whitman Carson, now a visiting professor at Yeshiva U, was in attendance, as were Arthur and **Hope Simon Miller** with whom I discussed the possibility of having an interim mini-reunion, and you will be hearing more if anything develops.

I got to shake hands with the new BC President, Ellen Futter, and that was the highlight of the evening for me. Ciao, ciao.

REMEMBER:
Our 35th Reunion
May 15th and 16th

After living in Montreal for almost 20 years, **Irma Silver Brandt** has returned to the US and now lives in West Hartford, CT, where her husband is head of medical services at the Hebrew Home and Hospital (a second career for him in geriatrics). Her daughter (Barnard '72) is now completing her third year of residency in psychiatry at Cornell and her son is a third-year medical student at Harvard. Irma was job hunting after

In The News

Sally Mather Gibson '45



Sally Gibson has been elected a trustee of Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Long active in civic activities, Mrs. Gibson is a former president of the Family and Children's Service of Lancaster County and of the Lancaster County Health and Welfare Foundation as well as a director and secretary of the Lancaster County Lung Association. She is a board member and former vice president for Exploring of the Lancaster-Lebanon Council of the Boy Scouts of America and was responsible for their Scouters Weekend, a unique training event for adults in scouting.

Mrs. Gibson and her husband own and operate several farms in Pennsylvania and Delaware, breeding and racing thoroughbred horses; she serves on the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Horse Breeders' Association. Probably their best known horse was Caesar's Wish, the ranking three-year-old filly in the U.S. in 1978.

The Gibsons are co-proprietors of the Barr-Hurst Book Shop in Lancaster. Mr. Gibson recently served as chairman of the American Heart Ass'n. They have eight children.

working with learning disabled children for many years at the McGill-Montreal Children's Hospital Learning Center. She writes, "We miss the special ambience of Montreal but it feels good to be back in the US."

Mildred Reed Hall continues to work with her husband Edward T. Hall on application of anthropology to contemporary problems. They live part of the year in Santa Fe, NM and the rest of the year in Washington, DC. Mildred's husband lectured in Europe and Japan during a recent round-the-world trip.

From Fort Worth, TX **Margaret Overmyer McBride** writes that she now has her first grandson. **Margery Kendall Greybrook** went into real estate in Vancouver, WA after her husband Henry's death. She now has her broker's license. Margery and her daughter enjoy tennis and golf and spend a great deal of time at their Mt. Hood home.

Hedva Hadas Glickenhaus is working in New York with author Theodore H. White on his book, "The Making of the President 1980." This will be the fourth book Hedy has worked on since 1970. Her older son graduated from Oberlin and is now a first-year law student at Boston U Law School. Her younger son is a sophomore at Oberlin.

For the past year **Lorraine Ford Lee** has been manager of support services for the Seattle-King County Division on Aging. Lorraine took two courses and spends her leisure time in church activities, volunteering in singles groups and writing poetry. She has three grown children—one daughter is a technical editor with Boeing Co., the other daughter is a partner in a data processing business in California, and her son is interested in electronics and music.

47 Katherine Harris Constant 39 Beechwood Drive Glen Head, NY 11545

There is a blast of Siberian air hitting the Northeast as I compose this column. The comforting warmth of hearing from chums far and wide makes it tolerable. **Marie Beltram McIlvennan's** note reflects her bouncy spirit. She sounds as if she enjoys having another married son: Len (24) has a new bride, Sue, as of September 13. John (31) manages to produce plays for Arvada Festival Playhouse when not working for the Rocky Mountain News. Phil (27) works for PIE Trucking. Josie (19) is a sophomore at Santa Barbara. Marie spent another delightful summer traveling—this time through the British Isles . . . even kissed the Blarney Stone!

Another traveler was **Betty Green Knap**, to Switzerland and Paris last summer for the Nassau Council of Girl Scouts . . . super perk after years of dedication. Quotes from Greenie's note: "Same husband. Same job (remedial reading dept., Malverne school district). Same location (Long Island). Same extra-curricular activities (Girl Scouts). No awards! No grandchildren!"

Career notes: **Joyce Dill McRae** is teaching ESL at Nassau County BOCES Adult Center. **Isabel Sarvis Aird** graduated from Medical College of Virginia in '79 . . . good show! Now physical therapist at Southside Virginia Training Center for Mentally Retarded, a state institution. **Dorothea Dultgen Newton** is administrative assistant for Queens Community Farm Museum in Belle Rose, NY, under grant from the Vincent Astor Foundation. She is bubbling with ideas—huge herb gardens as part of the interpretation. With

all this finds time to be an aide to State Senator Frank Padavan.

Leadership requires special qualities such as determination, sensitivity and creativity. Certainly, **Roberta Paine** possesses all plus more. Fundraising is difficult, and when '47's response was not great last time around, she decided to have a mini-fund raiser mini-reunion at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Those of us in the NY area were invited to view the new American Wing at the Met on Jan. 6. Bobbie escorted us and later we dined in the museum restaurant where much chatter aided the digestion. \$190.00 swelled the '47 coffers, and the sale of jewelry crafted by **Roz Brueck Spielvogel** added another \$50.00. How's that for class spirit? In addition to Roz and her daughter Sarah, Bobbie was a superb hostess to **Joyce Dill McRae**, **Bernice Mattus Hift**, **Marilyn Fabricand Grossman**, **Virginia Haggerty**, **Fran Warshavsky Zehngelot** and husband Phillip, **Annette Kar Baxter** and her lovely daughter, **Betty Green Knap**, **Nat Wildstein Greenman**, **Dot Dultgen Newton**, and Janet Wessling Paulsen '48.

It was a real treat for your correspondent to share this evening with dear friends, the Rizzos. **Betty Warburton Rizzo** brought along husband Ray, Jenny, a senior in high school, and Erica, who is married to Tom Kenny of Charter Publications. Erica just received her MA and is teaching at Fieldston. Betty is at City College as one of the few tenured women profs! Both she and Ray are publishing extensively. I'll try and get titles for next column.

Regrets and donations were received from **Hazel Jane Davis Heaton**, **Elise Ford Knapp**, **June Felton Kapp**, **Marguerite Traeris Harris**, **Ruth Baer Maier**.

Bobbie Paine squeezed the planning for all this in among her work as coordinator for the Met's Viking Exhibit—all divisions of educational programming. Her research took her to London and the British Museum Exhibit and the Scandinavian countries last summer, studying Viking art and archaeology. A remarkable gal and a fascinating overview of an important culture.

48 Joan Jacks Silverman 320 Sisson Street Silver Spring, MD 20902

A Happy New Year to all—although by the time this sees print we will be well into 1981. I apologize for missing the Winter issue; the deadline coincided with my departure for Japan, where my husband was chairing a scientific meeting in Tokyo. We also visited Nagoya, Nara, Kyoto, and Sapporo, seeing many beautiful sights and experiencing an extremely warm welcome from our Japanese hosts. Meetings in Stockholm and Copenhagen followed the Japan visit. Not precisely on the way home, but a fascinating, if exhausting, trip.

Now to catch up on the class news: **Jean Jordan Kirkpatrick** has been chosen by President Ronald Reagan to be the US Ambassador to the United Nations, the only woman to be named to a cabinet level post in the new administration. Dr. Kirkpatrick received her PhD in political science from Columbia in 1968. Since September 1978, she has been Leavey University Professor of Government at Georgetown. She is also a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute in Washington, DC. She is the author of numerous books and articles, the latest of which appeared in the January 1981 issue of Commentary Magazine. She is married and has three sons.

Another 1948 alumna in the news is **Muriel Fox Aronson**, one of ten recipients of the Northwood Institute Distinguished Women Awards for 1980. She was cited for her numerous achievements in the field of public relations as executive vice-president of Carl Byoir and Associates, Inc., and for her contributions in furthering the influence of women in professional and voluntary spheres. Muriel was a founder of the National Organization for Women and is president of the NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund.

Mrs. Anna Aldrich was nominated in October 1979 by Senator Howard Metzenbaum to be the Federal District Judge for the federal bench in Ohio. She was confirmed by the Senate early in 1980 and has served for almost one year, the first woman in this position in the state of Ohio.

Rosemary Ullman Howley is working as a school psychologist at Westidge School in Pasadena, CA. Her son, Francis, is at the UCLA Business School. Daughter Rosemary graduated from Stanford U while another son, William, is a third-year undergraduate at Stanford. Youngest son, Peter, is a junior in high school.

Robin Dunham Smith has let us know that her oldest son, Timothy, a graduate of the U of Pennsylvania, entered the Columbia School of Business in January 1980.

A story, "The Edessa Legend," by **Maureen Ennis Bettman**, was published in the Winter 1981 issue of The Virginia Quarterly Review.

Finally, it is with deep regret that we announce the deaths of two of our alumnae: **Muriel Stevenson Garnes** on July 25, 1979, and **Lois Stone**, on December 12, 1979. We extend our sincere condolences to Muriel's husband, Dr. Harold A. Garnes of St. Albans, New York, and to Lois' sister, Barbara Stone Kresge.

49 **Rosary Scacciaferro Gilheany**
21 De Vausney Place
Nutley, NJ 07110

Marian Gutekunst Boucher
44 Gower Road
New Canaan, CT 06840

While the new year is a time of rededication and renewal of our best hopes and dreams, for some it brings new ventures and a complete change from old, familiar ways. Among those of us experiencing a different lifestyle is **Jean DeSanto MacLaren**, having moved from west to east last spring. Jean and her husband, Donald, an executive with Exxon, now reside in New Canaan, CT but still maintain their home in Belleview, WA—as Jean explains, in hopes of going back one day. Meanwhile, Jean keeps busy with creative writing and painting classes, in addition to extensive travel with her husband. She speaks with pride of the children: daughter Aileen received a MSRD degree from the U of Miami and is enrolled in a midwifery certificate program; she is becoming an expert in gynecology, already having delivered 7 babies. Son Scott and wife are graduates of the College of William and Mary, involved in retail management and banking, respectively, and living in Richmond, VA.

Other new beginnings: for **Marian Gutekunst Boucher**, in the position of technical editor for the Corporate Technology Department of Combustion Engineering, Stamford, CT. As co-author of class notes and a would-be "William Bernstein," it is both exciting and rewarding to achieve this long-awaited career goal.

For **Marilyn Heggie DeLalio**, it's a new role as

sales counselor for Merrill Lynch Realty, Cold Spring Harbor, LI. Marilyn has quit politics for good and finds she enjoys the flexibility and monetary rewards of real estate.

Conversation with **Patricia Cecere Doumas** who, in addition to running her Fairfield County, CT household (husband and two daughters) is seeking to re-establish a career in finance, revealed that **Jeanne Goohs Davis** resides with her family in Pittsburgh, PA. We hope to have more news of Jeanne in the next issue.

Although accolades were given to **Anna Kazanjian Longobardo** in the Fall issue as recipient of the Columbia University Alumni Medal, we have received some additional personal news. Anna's son Guy is a junior at Williams College and daughter Alicia is a Bronxville, NY high school senior, while Anna serves as chairman of the Columbia Alumni Trustee Nominating Committee, among her other duties.

50 **Eleanor Holland Finley**
3777 Peachtree-Dunwoody Rd. NE
Atlanta, GA 30342

Evan Strizver Epstein
10 S. Briar, Hollow Lane #42
Houston, TX 77027

Claire Raick sent the following news to the Alumnae Office recently: "I have been living in Brussels for the last 16 years, 11 of which were spent working with Dechy-Univas, one of the leading Belgian advertising agencies. I worked there as a translator, copywriter, in public relations, and on some special assignments, while bringing up a family of 5 (4 of my own and a niece). One of my most interesting special assignments was researching and developing main themes for a campaign conducted for the EEC Commission on the occasion of the Elections to the European Parliament in 1978. I have also worked for a well-known translating agency in Brussels and have translated documents for the EEC Commission as well as several official speeches for Belgian government officials (French into English).

"The children are grown now and taking off on careers of their own: Eric (27) is a commercial engineer; Alain (26) is studying for his doctorate in medieval history and teaching at the U of Toronto; Marina (24) is a Brussels U graduate in physical therapy; Christine (24), my niece, is working in interior decoration; Yvan (21) is studying economics at Manhattanville College, Purchase, NY.

"Now divorced, I have decided to start a new career, so I'm moving back to New York to work with the Belgian American Chamber of Commerce at Rockefeller Plaza. I will be in charge of editing the monthly Trade Review and of providing commercial and industrial information within the framework of Belgian American exchanges. I can really say that my Barnard training has made me adaptable to new situations and will, I am confident, help me to meet this new challenge. And I may be back at Barnard for a course or two in economics or English (writing) once I get my new job organized!"

More honors for **Barbara Novak O'Doherty**: she was elected to membership in the American Antiquarian Society. Founded in 1812, AAS was the first national historical society established in the U.S. (Membership is restricted to 360.) And her book "Nature and Culture" (Oxford University Press) was nominated for a National Book Critics' Circle Award. Congratulations!

51 **Gertruda Brooks Lushington**
247 Riverside Avenue
Riverside, CT 06878

Karin Mattenklott Liva writes that she has served on the board of the Barnard-in-Washington club for two years and lately as treasurer. Her husband is vice president of Bechtel Int'l and Karin has worked for the Bechtel Wives' Organization. She also studies French at the Alliance Francaise and has recorded German texts for the blind and monitored Latin and French texts.

Doris Rogers Kuhns has been working for her local newspaper, The Malibu Surfside News, as "editor, proofer, whatever. The staff is all women." She and her husband have traveled to Hawaii and to Alaska.

We have been informed of the death of **Lois E. Campaine** on September 29, 1980.

Before Christmas **Naomi Loeb Lipman, Anita Kearney D'Angelo, Betsy Wade Boylan, Carol Vogel Towbin** and I lunched together and discussed plans for Reunion. Remember the dates—May 15 and 16, 1981—for our 30th! We cordially invite members of our sister classes 1950 and 1952 who are at Reunion to join us at our on-campus cocktail party on Friday the 15th at 5 p.m.

A feature of Reunion will be our Class of 1951 cocktail party at the Fifth Avenue home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson (**Ginny Kraft**) on Saturday evening.

COME TO REUNION, ONE & ALL!

52 **Eloise Ashby Andrus**
2130 San Vito Circle
Monterey, CA 93940

Betsy Weinstein Boral
311 Monterey Avenue
Pelham, NY 10803

This is your western correspondent writing! As the deadline approaches and I realize I have no news, I start phoning our California class members. It's a great way of meeting some I never knew and renewing acquaintances with old friends. **Eliza Pietsch Chugg** is still living in the Berkeley area and is now Costumer at San Jose State U. Her son is at Berkeley High and husband Gail is still involved in the theatre world all over the Bay area. Last summer he played Falstaff at the Berkeley Shakespeare Festival. Eliza designed all the costumes. We decided to try for a '52 theatre party sometime next year. Eliza would like to know if anyone hears from **Benita Johnson Mackie**. She would like to thank Benita for birthday wishes sent (but no return address). My Alumnae Office printout has no current address.

Frances Schmidt Havens has just moved to San Fran after 15 years in France. There are now about 15 of our class living in the San Francisco Bay area. Maybe we'll have our own 30th reunion (west coast style) come 1982.

A nice clipping came to me about **Marietta Dunston Moskin**. Her book, "In Search of God," was published by Atheneum in 1979. Marietta has written several books for children and young adults. She and her husband have 2 teenagers, James and Linda.

Mary Lee Thompson was on sabbatical in Fall 1980. She is working with the NYC Landmarks Commission on a survey of city architecture. She wrote an essay on Günter Grass' prints for Print Collector's Newsletter—the first by an art historian.

Barbara Seaman Freestone writes that she is expecting her first grandchild in May (son George and wife will be the parents). Daughter Sara is an engineer and younger son Paul started high school this year. He is in the gifted program and is into all kinds of sports. Husband George has been with Roadway Express for 20 years, and Barbara continues to work at Pomeroy's (Allied Stores) and to plan programs for AAUW.

Ronnie Myers Eldridge will team-teach a course on how women can gain political power at the New School's Center for New York City Affairs. (One of her co-teachers is City Council President Carol Bellamy.)
—EAA

53 **Jo Green Iwabe**
50 East 89th Street
New York, NY 10028

Annette Busse reports on a visit she enjoyed from **Harriet Brundage Lovitt**. Harriet, who has a PhD from Union Theological Seminary, and her husband, a philosophy professor, work together on translations and writing articles on Heidegger.

Sonya Livshin Gordon is an attorney with the coastal energy impact program of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration in Washington, DC.

Carol Browne Harrington continues in her own real estate business in Johnson County, KS. Since her husband Bob is with TWA, they make frequent trips abroad—recently to Innsbruck.

Ellen Conroy Kennedy has been a Woodrow Wilson visiting fellow to 20 colleges and universities in the past six years. Last year she received a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, to prepare a volume of works by Aimé Césaire. It was Césaire, writer and Martinique statesman, who formulated the concept of "negritude," or black consciousness, in the 1930s.

Barbara Lewittes Meister recently had two books published: "Nineteenth Century French Song: Fauré, Chausson, Duparc and Debussy" and "An Introduction to the Art Song." She is also an "ecstatic grandmother, courtesy of son Howard and his wife Paula."

Katherine Hutchison O'Neill is news correspondent for the State Journal in Lansing, MI. She writes theatre and art reviews, as well as general journalism.

Elizabeth Constantinides, who is a professor at Queens College, spoke on "Multiple Levels of Language Competence and Possible Solutions" at the First Conference on the Teaching of Modern Greek in the Universities of the English-Speaking World. The conference took place in Athens in January under the auspices of the Greek Ministry of Culture and Sciences.

54 **Louise Spitz Lehman**
62 Undercliff Terrace So.
West Orange, NJ 07052

Muriel Huckman Walter
15 Korwel Circle
West Orange, NJ 07052

Florence Wallach Freed writes that she has been promoted to full professor at Middlesex Community College in Bedford, MA. Her husband, Charles, was elected a Fellow of the Institute of Electronics Engineers for his laser research at MIT.

Our class president **Herberta Benjamin Schacher** informed me that **Mickey Otani Weller's** husband David died of a heart attack in August. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to Mickey, Robin and Paul. Mickey is head of tutorial ser-

vices at Burlington County Junior College in New Jersey.

"Things have been hectic but fun in the Schacher household," writes Bert. Margey spent the summer in Israel, having paid for her trip as an Avon lady, while David (Columbia '82) worked at Citibank.

Erica Levy Gordon has a very responsible job at Citibank; **Audrey Scheinblum Kosman** is working in the library at Tenafly High School; and special congratulations to **Susan Nagelberg Mullen** on the birth of her very nice and adorable year-old daughter Sara Marie—hopefully Barnard 2001.

Joy Ann Robinson Gristede's daughter Jane is a junior at Wellesley and her son is a freshman at Columbia. **Marcia Musicant Bernstein** writes that she has traveled quite extensively since our Reunion: "We flew to visit our son at the U of Oregon right after Reunion. Thus began a year of travel which took us to the Caribbean on a cruise for Neil's parents' 50th Anniversary; to Cheyenne, WY for the anniversary weekend in January, to Phoenix with our daughter Laura for spring vacation; and finally to Ireland in May for two glorious weeks of riding our tandem bicycle around the southwest coast. During homestays I have been working with Neil, preparing a supplement for a 23-volume set of legal texts. Next year, our daughter will attend the U of Kentucky in Lexington. The nest will be empty—a stage we eagerly anticipate, with just a little touch of sadness for the end of an era in our lives."

Please write to me or call with your news as I would like to keep you all informed. —LSL

55 **Norma Haft Mandel**
12 Butternut Drive
New City, NY 10956

56 **Toby Stein**
45 Church Street
Montclair, NJ 07042

I sit down to write this column on the morning of January 20th, a day which I hope and pray will go down in history happily. In about two hours, the government of this country will change hands in an orderly fashion—something which doesn't happen everywhere on this earth.

Also, later today, God willing, our hostages will leave Tehran and, slowly, head home. How many years will it be before we can begin to understand what happened here?

Minuscule beside these two events is another which gives me pause. This is the final column I will write as your class president and correspondent.

There is sad news to start with. Two of our classmates have died recently. **Penny Saxe Rosen** died last Nov. 25. And **Patricia P. Stern** died on March 15, 1980. We offer our condolences to their husbands and children.

Renee Steisel Saperstein writes that her daughter Barbara is a Barnard junior, majoring in sociology. Her son Alan is enrolled in the Science Honors Program at Columbia and is applying for admission to the College this coming September. That's one battle I haven't won: what are YOU doing, Renee?

Ellen Camisa Nelson Larson has been a teacher-principal-director of educational services and is now consulting and completing a doctorate at Stanford. Daughter Juliane is a senior at Mills College and son Larry is a sophomore at Vassar.

Peggy Anne Gilcher Siegmund says Hi! to everyone. She and her family spent four weeks camping in Europe last summer—marvelous fun, she reports. Her son Paul is a freshman at USC, planning to study aerospace engineering; he's also no slouch as a trumpet player, we hear. Son Bill is a junior at Kailua High School, with multiple extracurricular talents. Peggy's husband Harry apparently has some too. He plays soccer on two teams and sings tenor with the Honolulu Symphony Chorus as well as running his own CPA practice. As for Peggy herself, she is as usual very busy. She's in graduate school and working three (!) part-time jobs—directing a creative movement program for former mental patients; Title I tutor at the State Juvenile Correction Facility teaching guitar and creative writing; and aerobic dancing instructor. That was such a list, I think I mislaid my usage—but you get the idea. Peggy ends her note: "A little hectic—but so what else is new?" Reminder: you said, Peggy, during last year's telethon, that you might make it back for Reunion. Hope that's coming to pass.

We hear from **Elizabeth Mayer Stern** that her eldest daughter Caroline will be helping her celebrate her 25th Reunion by graduating from Barnard the same month. Elizabeth, trained as a psychiatric social worker, works in Washington, DC as a therapist at the SC Institute of Mental Hygiene, a low-fee, out-patient clinic—and is in private practice as well.

Carol Cabe Kaminsky says she is contemplating her next career. Twelve years of potting were "good but wearying." She adds: "See you at Reunion."

Indeed! I hope I shall see many of you, whom I feel I've gotten to know through your messages during the past five years. I get to read those messages first—but all of you have gotten to read them finally. So it should be true for all of us to varying degrees, that seeing one another at Reunion will be even nicer than at our twentieth because we've gotten a little better acquainted these past few years.

I assume that more of you didn't send in news this period because you're saving yours for the Reunion issue. We'll be ready to collect it, rest assured. It would be lovely, in fact, if you'd jot down a few notes and bring them with you—as taking dictation is not among my everyday skills. If you haven't returned your questionnaire by now, please use Federal Express or Concorde immediately! We want everyone to be counted!

There are plans afoot for a delightful Reunion. Don't miss it! If you don't make it back with us for this big one, we'll both be losers. And, frankly, on this day, when we get a new president—a new stab at being the country we have it in us to become—and a real chance as well that the hostages are actually at the Tehran airport as I end this column, I think of myself as a winner.

P.S. This postscript is being written three weeks into the Reagan presidency. The most exciting news so far is not out of Washington but from Massachusetts. Mrs. McIntosh has accepted our invitation to join us in celebrating our quarter-century mark. She will be spending a large chunk of Friday afternoon with us, talking with us about subjects on our minds and hers. Her time with us is tentatively scheduled to begin at 3 p.m. Frankly, this sounds to me like the highlight of what is looking more and more to be not only a sentimental experience but an energizing one. We have other treats in store—don't count on anything less than a terrific two days!

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Sara Ann Riesner Friedman
7 West 95th Street
New York, NY 10025

Barbara Rosenberg Grossman
631 Orienta Avenue
Mamaroneck, NY 10543

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Elaine Postelneck Yamin
775 Long Hill Road
Gillette, NJ 07933

Shelley Brown was married in December 1979 to Lyle Bonge, a photographer who is represented by the Neikrug Gallery in NYC. They live in Manhattan, where Lyle teaches photography at the New School. Lyle recently had a large show of Mardi Gras, nudes, and abstracts at the State U at Purchase, NY. Shelley continues to have a private practice in hematology and oncology and to be director of the blood bank at Lenox Hill Hospital.

Yvonne Groseil has been working as administrator for the Council of NY Law Associates, a non-profit organization that provides free legal assistance to community groups. She also participates in a community legal education program whose purpose is to have lawyers speak to groups about various aspects of the law. Yvonne says that one of her most gratifying experiences has been working on the Barnard Alumnae Advisory Vocational Committee. This is the committee that develops programs and conferences for alumnae, like the one on returning to business and the one on managing private life and career. Yvonne has become very interested in anthropology and plans to study for a master's degree in that subject at the New School.

59

Dolores Spinelli Kamrass
36 Lenox Place
Middletown, NY 10940

Joan Schneider Kranz
516 Pepper Ridge Road
Stamford, CT 06905

Susan Landy Littwin is living in a suburb of Los Angeles and writing for two magazines, "New West" and "Los Angeles." Her sons Alex (13) and Andrew (11) are both all-star baseball players. Husband Larry is Assoc. Dean and Professor of Political Science at Cal. State U at Northridge.

Louise Knopp Levine lives in Springfield, NJ with husband Jerry and two daughters, Ellen (18) and Janis (16). Ellen is attending Boston U. Louise teaches Adult Basic Education at the Adult Learning Center in Kenilworth, NJ. She has received a state grant to present workshops on "The Testing, Diagnosis and Remediation of Learning Disabilities in Adults" to other ABE teachers in the state.

Joyce Hill Canel and husband Vic are looking forward to spending a couple of years "bumming" around Europe and freelancing.

Laura Gagliardi Stettner has gone from part-time work in the Wellesley College Admissions Office to a full-time job in the Wellesley Archives. Laura writes, "Although most of my working and social life centers around Wellesley (my husband is Associate Dean of the College and Professor of Political Science), my heart still belongs to Barnard."

Sue Oppenheimer Brody has become a "commuter." She is working as a public relations writer in the Development Office of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York City.

ALUMNAE DAUGHTERS

The names of three members of the Class of 1984 were inadvertently omitted from the list of Alumnae Daughters in our Winter issue. They are Rachel S. Bressel, daughter of Dr. Ellen Newman Bressel '56, Polly Kanganis, whose mother is Effie Michas Kanganis '62, and Jessica Chalmers, daughter of Janet Gerard Chalmers '56.

Anthea Giannakouros Sylbert writes that she has become a "V.P. west coast production" for United Artists film corporation.

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Ethel Katz Goldberg
90 Cedarbrook Drive
Churchville, PA 18966

Judy Barbarasch Berkun
4 Charnwood Drive
Suffern, NY 10901

Lucille Pollack Nieparent is planning to return to work soon, perhaps as a court reporter.

Tina Davidson Berins, her husband and two children (ages 18 and 14) live in Amherst. She does private catering.

Joann Silverberg is an associate professor of Classics at Connecticut College, having earned a doctorate in Classical Philology from Harvard in 1967. She's enjoying a sabbatical this year to care for son Benjamin Andrew, born October 13, 1980.

Myrna Neuringer Levy writes, "I meant to write to you in May, after I returned from the Reunion—it was the most marvelous, fabulous experience (why did I wait 20 years to return?). I was so incredibly proud of all that my classmates have accomplished, and so grateful that I had the 'Barnard experience.' Thank you, Barnard."

Another note arrived at the Alumnae Office from **Marjorie Bernstein Levin**. "I was sorry to miss our 20th Class Reunion last May—but once again I was graduating on that day. After four years of part-time study, I finally received an MBA 'with highest distinction' from Babson College in Wellesley, MA. I was granted the Prentice-Hall Award as 'the outstanding graduate student in the field of Accounting' and the Graduate Program Award for outstanding academic achievement. Although I could not share the day with all of you, I was accompanied by my husband Ed (who had also attended both my high school and my Barnard graduation), my son Ed Jr. (a sophomore at Harvard) and daughter Sarah (a junior at Newton South High School). I am now working as a staff accountant for a public accounting firm in Newton, MA—a change from the world of academia and housewifery—and a challenge I am facing with both exhilaration and trepidation." Congratulations, Marjorie!

Mary Gallagher is a trial lawyer with her own practice in Washington, DC. Her articles "Contracts and Collections" and "Collecting Accounts Receivable Within the Limits of the Law" appeared in the February and March issues, respectively, of NAWBO Reports (Nat'l Ass'n of Women Business Owners).

That's all the news I have, so I'll use part of the remaining space to remind those of you who

haven't already done so to send in your Barnard Fund contributions. And then, send your news to Judy or me. —EKG

61

Dr. Arlene Weitz Weiner
1433 Denniston Avenue
Pittsburgh, PA 15217

Good news of growth from '61 members: **Suzy McKee Charnas'** latest book, "The Vampire Tapestry," is doing well. She was heading for a midnight reading at Poe's grave last Halloween, with the World Fantasy Convention in Baltimore. One of her children is graduating from college, the other is at the National Theatre Institute in Waterford, CT, and Suzy's working on her next book.

Ruth Bohrer Cohen finds it very exciting to be managing the entire personnel function for Zayre corporate headquarters in Framingham, MA as Corporate Personnel Manager. Her three daughters are "growing up beautifully." Ruth married an architectural designer 4 years ago and they have moved to an exciting contemporary home in Dover.

Get first-hand news: come to Reunion!

62

Rusty Miller Rich
14885 Greenview
Detroit, MI 48223

Libby Guth Fishman
2221 Spruce Street
Philadelphia, PA 19103

New Zealand, wrote **Marsha Wittenberg Lewin**, is known for its sheep, the warmth of its people, and soccer? Marsha spent 17 days last year playing soccer there with a women's league team from Los Angeles which she helped found over 4 years ago. The team compiled a 5-2-1 record and, we trust, is still going strong. Marsha just completed her first trimester of an MBA program at Pepperdine U and is still active in her consulting business.

Marian Friedman Greenblatt has been active in local politics in Montgomery County, MD for some years. She is presently serving on the school board, having been re-elected in what is being called a "landslide." We understand that **Ann Sue Kober Werner** helped in the campaign.

Ellen Torrance has been studying for the last portion of her actuarial exam to become a Fellow of the Society of Actuaries. Ellen is a staff associate at New York Life Insurance Co.

Barbara Stoler Miller, Professor of Oriental Studies at Barnard, gave a paper this past winter entitled "Harismarana (Remembering Krishna)" at Vrindavan, the center of Krishna worship and scholarship in India. Her trip was sponsored by a grant from the Smithsonian Institution.

A recent press clipping tells us that **Angela Adamides Bodino** has joined the teaching faculty of Somerset County College (NJ) as an instructor in English. Angela received her MA in English from Rutgers U.

Vivien Deutsch Wolsk writes from NYC that she is still busy in her private practice of psychotherapy and is also training at the Gestalt center in NY.

The Alumnae Office has received a memorial book compiled by Ching-chyu Waung in honor of her daughter, **Dr. Hsi-fong Waung**, who was injured in an automobile accident July 23 and died July 28, 1976. Mrs. Waung has gathered letters and remembrances that lovingly round out a portrait of Hsi-fong.

Let us hear from you!

63

Camille DiResta Schmidt
3566 Emanuel Drive
Glendale, CA 91208

May I begin my column with a plea? To those of you who have hurriedly jotted down your news on the flap of the envelope in which you sent a contribution to the alumnae fund... Help! In so many instances, we can't read your writing! To make matters worse, I receive a xeroxed copy, often faint, and long past the time when your news was "new." If at all possible, please send your news directly to me.

Irene Lurie and her husband, Thad Mirer, are teaching economics at SUNY in Albany, she in the Graduate School of Public Affairs and he in the department of economics. Their first son, Paul, is five and their second, Daniel, is two. Writes Irene, "Danny was born two weeks after we both received tenure—I still haven't gotten over all our good fortune!"

Alice Miller Jacobs gave birth to her first child, Nora Naomi Simpson, on August 18, 1980. Writes Alice, "I have basically set aside my law practice for a while to take up the work of motherhood. It's really quite something, this first motherhood at 39. I'm glad I waited and I'm glad I did it." Our very best wishes to Nora.

Congratulations are also in order for **Joan Breibart**, who gave birth to her second son on Dec. 14, 1980, at New York Hospital.

Marjorie J. Shriro has completed her PhD in speech pathology and is spending this academic year in Nice, where her husband is a visiting professor in the math department at the U of Nice.

Iris Friedlander, co-author of "The Orient Express Chinese Cookbook" (Prentice-Hall) and picture editor of "The Cooking of China" (Time-Life Foods of the World), is offering a private course in Chinese cooking, which includes a personally conducted shopping tour of Chinatown.

That's all the news for now. Won't you take a moment to write while it's still on your mind?

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Ann Dumler Tokayer
23 Devonshire Terrace
West Orange, NJ 07052

Congratulations to **Edith Barnett**, attorney with the solicitor's office of the Dept. of Labor, and to Vincent Treacy, who were married last February. **Helen Pugatch** was married to William Duffy, a film producer, in 1979. They live in a lovely house high on a crest in Laurel Canyon, overlooking Los Angeles.

Minna Levine Immerman is teaching pre-school special education in the Mamaroneck, NY school system, while **Ina Goldfinger Lieberman**, MD, mother of four, practices pediatric anesthesia at Babies Hospital in NYC.

Miriam Bokser Caravella sent a note written with much anticipation and enthusiasm for her new appointment to the Foreign Service of USICA. Her first assignment will take her and husband Wayne to New Delhi, where she will serve as Printed Media Services Officer. Miriam credits "the solid foundation and good study habits acquired at Barnard" with her ability to read in economics, current affairs, and international relations and pass the oral entry exams.

Hallie Rosenberg Black has fulfilled two long-standing dreams. She has become a ballet dancer—albeit not a professional. She also has been appointed to the Board of the Yale Peabody Museum Associates and managed to launch the first joint exhibit by the Museum and the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies. Hallie is

completing her second book, "Animal Cooperation, A Look at Sociobiology," which will be published this spring.

Ruthana Donahue Clark still lives in Great Barrington, MA, works as a full-time real estate broker, studies accounting, and enjoys her toddler daughter, Valentina.

With great regret, we must report that **Dr. Beth Tilghman Niemi** died last Dec. 22 while convalescing from routine surgery. Our deepest sympathy goes to her husband, Paul, and children Peter and Jocelyn.

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Louise Perl
212 Sandy Lane #201D
Warwick, RI 02889

Bonnie Sugarman Paul
26 Chessman Drive
Sharon, MA 02067.

So many of you have written with reports of impressive accomplishments. Hearing all this good news is absolutely terrific. Who said you couldn't be wife, mother, career person, etc., etc.? and all at the same time? Still lots of you left. It only takes a moment to drop a note to one of us.

Dr. Monika Schwabe Eisenbud and her family are now at home in Newton, MA, after a sabbatical year in Germany. Husband David is now a full professor of mathematics at Brandeis. They have two children, Daniel (4) and Alina (2). Monika is opening a private practice in adult and child psychiatry.

Betty Isabel Kottak has been in Ann Arbor for the past 13 years. Her husband is now a full professor of anthropology at the U of Michigan. Her two children, Juliet (12) and Nicholas (9), are "growing up to be interesting, intelligent, and nice people." Betty recently received her MSW at Michigan and loves her work as a family therapist and foster care worker at Catholic Social Services.

In 1981, **Nancy Fortgang Stern** will have three books published. "From ENIAC to UNIVAC: A Case Study of Evolving Technology," by Nancy Stern, will be published by Digital Press in the spring. "Principles of Data Processing," 3rd ed., by Robert A. Stern and Nancy Stern (John Wiley & Sons) and "Computers in Society" by Nancy Stern and Robert A. Stern (Prentice-Hall) will both come out in the fall.

Working "full time" as director of pediatric clinic Harbor UCLA and as asst. professor of pediatrics at UCLA is Mrs. David **Berkowitz (Carol Adler)**. David is practicing gastroenterology as well as being asst. clinical professor of medicine at UCLA. They have 2 daughters, Nicole (9) and Ellie (7).

Frances Witty Hamermesh just left her job working for the Michigan Dept. of Public Health, where she did some consulting on teenage pregnancy, pre-school screening and child abuse. She also wrote a teacher education manual, "Preparing Professionals for Family Life & Human Sexuality Education." Fran, husband Dan and their two sons are spending nine months in Boston while Dan is on sabbatical from Michigan State, where he is a professor of economics. He will be working at the National Bureau for Economic Research in Cambridge, MA. The family will spend the summer in London where Dan will continue his research at the London School of Economics. Then back to E. Lansing, where all will return to normal.

Sharon Klayman Farber, MSW, led a work-

shop for psychotherapists on "Special Concerns of the Private Practitioner in the Suburbs," sponsored by the Westchester Chapter of the Society of Clinical Social Work Psychotherapists. Also, she presented a paper on "Diagnostic, Technical, and Theoretical Considerations in the Treatment of a Borderline Patient" at a meeting of the Society for the Advancement of Psychoanalytic Developmental Psychology. She maintains a private practice and also a program for divorce and step-parents at the Scarsdale YM-YWHA. Sharon, son David, and dentist husband Stuart live happily in Hastings-on-Hudson, NY.

Winifred Rittgers Christ has been appointed associate director of the Westchester Division of Social Services, as well as instructor of social work in psychiatry at Cornell Medical College. She is a member of the National Association of Social Workers and the Academy of Certified Social Workers and is a NY State certified social worker. With a master's from Columbia School of Social Work, she joined the staff of the Westchester Division in 1969 as a psychiatric social worker, becoming chief social worker in the adult outpatient department in 1973. Recently she also completed a post-master's program in social work administration at Hunter College. Winifred and husband Dr. Norman Christ, professor of physics at Columbia, live in Irvington, NY.

66

Anne Cleveland Kalicki
8906 Captain's Row
Alexandria, VA 22308

Elena Zegarelli-Schmidt
100 Haven Ave., Apt. 18D
New York, NY 10032

We promised you the results from the questionnaire, so here, as we approach

FIFTEENTH REUNION
MAY 15 - 16,

they are. The sampling is too small to pretend to statistical validity, but the responses give an interesting picture of how highly educated 35-year-old women in the United States are shaping their lives. You may find a few surprises.

15% are single. Of those married, it is striking that more than a third have no children, 30% have only one child, and another 30% have two children. Only 5% have three or more children. This is not zero population growth; for this particular group, it is population shrinkage as each pair of adults averages less than one child. Five years ago, the figures would have been even more heavily weighted toward childless couples: 15% of these women have started their childbearing at the age of thirty or later. 20% of those married have already divorced or remarried.

Almost everyone gave Barnard high marks, and most went on for higher degrees. Only 10% stopped with the BA, 50% have master's degrees, 10% law degrees, and 30% PhDs.

In terms of careers, half consider themselves mid-career, a third are starting new careers, and about a sixth think of themselves as just starting their first careers. We asked a question about the primary achievement in life so far. Many (1/3, the largest grouping) gave mothering as their answer, with half as many saying their work ranked first. A sixth noted "flexibility"—whether moving numerous times, dealing with work and children, changing careers, etc. One was thankful to be alive after brain surgery, one to be sober after a bout with alcoholism, one to have reaffirmed a shaky marriage.

In The News

Nancy Lenvin '66



Bill Owyang/S.F.P.

In August 1980, Nancy Lenvin was appointed to the San Francisco Public Utilities Commission, which oversees the Municipal Railway and the city water and power systems. One of her interests is the elderly/handicapped transit system and one of her goals is to coordinate the use of social service vehicles from different departments.

Ms. Lenvin came to this view from her experience with the nonprofit, all-woman Bay Area Transportation Corp., a bus company which provides transportation for 500 handicapped and el-

derly persons and job training for low-income women. In addition to being a practicing lawyer, she has been president of this organization since 1972.

In 1978, the bus company received a grant from the federal Community Services Administration to provide door-to-door van transportation for the elderly. "The trouble was," Nancy says, "we discovered we couldn't serve anybody." Federal regulations limited CSA services to people whose income was below the poverty level. Senior citizens in California, as in several other high-cost states, receive Supplemental Security Income to bring them up to the poverty level, leaving them still poor but making them ineligible for a wide range of nutrition, transportation and medical services. Lenvin took the problem to Washington, where new regulations were finally issued in August 1980. And in September, Lenvin and the governing board of the local anti-poverty program received special awards from CSA for their efforts in obtaining the needed rule change.

Ms. Lenvin is a partner in the firm of Lenvin & Gesmer.

One message that came through loud and clear in these questionnaires was that Barnard had trained us to think, not to act in particular roles; what most of us have NOT done is pursue our majors. Look at these examples: a religion major is a marketing director in publishing, a zoology major becomes an interior decorator, a psychology major is today a singer, an art history major is an urban planner, a botany major is a clinical psychologist, an English lit major is a corporate and banking lawyer, a French major is a professional weaver. The list goes on and on. If any of us thought at the time that we were being programmed to fill niches in The System, we can now lay that notion to rest!

Two-thirds are working full time by now, with salaries averaging in the \$15-\$20,000 range. Only one sixth have worked full time since graduating, some are just starting, and the rest scatter fairly evenly between two and ten years. Three-quarters consider themselves Democrats. About 60% consider themselves nonreligious. Pleasures, activities and occupations ranged widely. More lawyers responded than any other group, with academicians a close second. Friendship, getting together with friends, was the most favored activity, followed by cultural pursuits and reading and, finally, sports and travel. One fourth had spent at least a year abroad, and a third had visited Third World countries.

Whether you were a respondent or not, we hope this gives you a sense of where you compare or contrast with your classmates. For more specifics, see them at Reunion in May!

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Jessica Ansell Hauser
4 Harmon Place
New City, NY 10956

Adrienne Aaron Rulnick
141 Wendell Avenue
Pittsfield, MA 01201

I can only attribute the lack of news for this column to the severity of this past winter. Nevertheless, the situation does allow me to share the sole letter that I received and finally to conclude my Missing Persons list.

Helen Finegold Friedman writes that she and husband Jeff became the parents of their first child, Edward Joseph, born December 10, 1979. Helen is currently on a child care leave from Hunter College High School and is enjoying being home with her son. Jeff has become president of the Dreyfus Third Century Fund and the Dreyfus Nine Fund. He is also a first-year law student at Fordham Law School.

Missing Persons: *Deborah Schein, Helen Eckstein Schwartz, Faiga Brussel Shaw, Catherine Sibert, Susan Steinhauer, Lois Golden Stern, Patricia Pein Tong, Arline Tannenbaum, Kim Timmers, Ada Vilar, Marilyn Wasser, Michele Werner, Alicia Weber Wilson and Monica Yee Chee Wong.*

Eileen Feldman Selsky sends news to the Alumnae Office that she is an attorney (USC '75) and works part time as the Associate Editor of The Entertainment Law Reporter. As of December 1980, she has two children: David, 3½, and Lauren, 7 months.

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Rebecca Schwartz Greene
19 Newell Drive
Hamilton, NY 13346

Barbara Inselman-Temkin
3444 N. Camino Esplanade
Tucson, AZ 85715

Adele Lefkowitz Sumner responded to my threat to fill this column with dissertations on saguaro cacti by providing some update. In July 1980, Adele became a mother with the birth of Louis and took a leave from her job as auditor for a national public accounting firm. By now, she has returned to work full time and, I hope, will keep us informed on her methods for managing all her roles. Husband Michael is a consultant in the health-care field. She (and we) would like to hear about *Julie Bohm Schorr* and *Sheila Belman Moses*.

Also combining career and motherhood is *Penelope Hunter Stiebel*, whose son Gerald was born last June. Penelope is associate curator, Department of Twentieth Century Art, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

In other family news, *Goldie Shabad Krivoshey's* son Ariel was born in April 1980. And Steven finally arrived in August to the delight of Marc and *Helena Baron Sbar* and his two siblings, Eric and Rachel. Last spring, *Lois Kwitman* married Dr. Howard Michaels, a biophysicist at Mass. General Hospital.

Fern Leicher Nesson's mother (Bernice Leicher '45) writes that Fern is an attorney studying for a doctorate in American history. *Phyllis Passariello* is also working toward her PhD, in anthropology, at Berkeley.

The Alumnae Office sent word that attorney *Diane Serafin Blank* served last November as a panelist to discuss Women in the Work Force, a presentation of the League of Women Voters in NYC. And I (*BRIT*) was pleased to learn of my inclusion in the 12th edition of "Who's Who of American Women."

The latest class list provided by the Alumnae Office indicates we have lost track of 20% (!) of our class. Please help us re-establish contact with: *Elaine Fiore Alt, Mary Jane Barthwell, Barbara Baum, Roberta Bellows Bergstrom, Katherine Borsody, Laurel Herbenar Bossen, Sarah Bradley, Jane Stavsky Broida, Norma Jeanne Solomon Bruce, Ann Owens Brunger, Elaine Helbein Buck, Alma Rutgers Bulazel, Catherine Foster Cabot, Katharine Parker Campbell, Anita Clark, Marilyn Cohen, Susan Condon, Mary Cunningham, Jane DeLynn, Barbara Fix, Joan Foster, Elizabeth Kopans Frantz, Sandra Fried, Barbara Dyskant Gagne, Melissa Todd Gaynor, Laura Geringer, Barbara Giudice, Ellen Hall Gleason, Sheila Golden, Robin Faine Grayman, Gertrude Litt Greener, Sharon Gurwitz, Diane Stern Hajagos, Judith Halberstadt, Diana Mallory Hawes, Susan Herman, Nina Moliver Hornbacher, Margaret Hunter, Bryna Leeder Kaitz.* More "missing persons" next time.

Barbara Prostkoff Zimmerman writes that she is currently working three-quarters-time as a dental assistant—and is enjoying it thoroughly. She's still active in assorted Jewish organizations and involved with her family (husband Steve, Robin, 10, Michael, 8, and Marty, 4½).

Finally, I would like to use this column to thank and congratulate Linda Yellen ('69) for her production of "Playing for Time" which aired on TV last fall.

Until fall.

—BRIT

I was delighted to find a gift in my mailbox one recent evening—a book by **Fran Weber Shaw** entitled “30 Ways to Help You Write” (just what I needed!). Fran’s book consists of a series of exercises designed to “free yourself from the tensions that block creativity” and enable you to “put ideas down on paper, organize, edit, and re-write.” Fran is now a professor of writing at the U of Connecticut and her book is available in paperback from Bantam.

In November I attended the Alumnae Council dinner and was pleasantly surprised when Chris Royer marched **Louise Restituto Begley** over to me for a mini ‘69 reunion. Louise, who has recently completed an MBA, has returned to the metropolitan area with her husband, Dick, and two children, Rebecca, 6, and Peter, 3. Louise now has a part-time job as an accountant in Ridgefield, CT and Dick is a technical manager for Perkin-Elmer. She reported receiving a letter from **Margaret Korchnak Krasik**, who is practicing law in Pittsburgh and has two children, Ellen Frances, 2, and newborn David Alexander.

Jorganne Pierce has written to bring us up-to-date. She is presently completing an MBA and has worked as a real estate exchange counselor for the past six years. Her plans include setting up a real estate investment counseling firm, specializing in feasibility studies for theme parks.

Emily Bregman Rizzo has recently been elected assistant vice president of L.W. Biegler Inc., a subsidiary of Crum and Forster. She now heads the department handling directors’ and officers’ legal liability insurance.

Clippings have come in from all over the country on **Laurie Anderson**, a writer, visual artist, composer and performer. Laurie’s performances incorporate electronic and light innovations, music, projected images, and photo-narration. She has performed in Germany, Belgium, France, Italy, and Switzerland, in addition to regular appearances on the east and west coasts of this country. Her newest work is a four-part, six-hour epic entitled “United States.” Laurie was recently described in the New York Times as one of our finest performance artists and most exciting young composers.

Did you take a good look at the front cover of the winter issue of this magazine featuring a lovely drawing by **Joanne Gough Roy**? Joanne’s sketches continue to decorate an array of Barnard materials. Those of you lucky enough to obtain our class directory have a view of Barnard Hall. Last year’s Reunion program cover featured Joanne’s depiction of Milbank, and this scene also decorated a holiday card sent by the class of 1935 to its members.

Sara Baerwald reports that her landscaping business, Greenworks, is thriving. She was writing a monthly column for Vogue, and is now treasurer of the Interior Plantscape Association. Sara and her husband recently moved to an enormous loft. She says it’s very spacious, but “how do you clean 45 windows and two skylights?”

From **Amy Neff** comes word of a new appointment as an assistant professor in art history at the U of Tennessee.

Laura Adler Givner writes: “The Givner family is happily settled in an old house in Brooklyn. Laura still does free-lance copy editing for

McGraw-Hill. Rachel, 9, and Becky, 6, are taking ballet class, just like mommy, and Laura is learning the car pool routine.”

Katharine Colgan recently graduated from Brooklyn Law School, where she spent four years as an evening student, and went to work for the Legal Aid Society as a training assistant for new trial attorneys in the Criminal Defense Division. When last heard from, she was planning to move to Washington, DC.

Dr. Karen Robertson sent a note recently to the Alumnae Office to announce that she has received her doctorate and to inform us of her marriage in May 1980 to James Brain. Congratulations on both events!

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Leslie Naughton
609 West 114th St., Apt. 94
New York, NY 10025

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Meri-Jane Rochelson Mintz
6216 N. 12th Street
Arlington, VA 22205

Susan Roth Schneider
63-09 Dieterle Crescent
Rego Park, NY 11374

If you get as depressed as we do, turning all those pages back from the end before getting to 1971’s news, take heart: at least your correspondents are not yet reporting on the professional accomplishments of our (collective) children. We do, however, occasionally have an item worthy of note concerning one of our parents, and such is most emphatically the case as we offer our heartiest congratulations to Dr. Baruj Benacerraf, father of **Beryl Benacerraf-Libby** and one of three recipients of the 1980 Nobel Prize in Medicine. According to the New York Times report, Dr. Benacerraf was awarded the prize for his work in immunology, which has “helped to provide the theoretical basis for the development of tissue transplants and to explain why some people are more disposed than others to diseases such as rheumatoid arthritis and multiple sclerosis.” Dr. Beryl Benacerraf has, herself, completed a residency in radiology at Massachusetts General and is now on a one-year fellowship in ultrasound and computerized body tomography at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston.

More news from our class doctors: **Shelley Korshak** is a psychiatric resident at Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago. **Marilyn Miller-Levin** has opened a practice in plastic surgery in Eldersburg, MD, and on Sept. 29, 1980 gave birth to her second son, Brian Steven Levin. (Husband Phil is an endocrinologist at NIH).

Donna Rabin Erstling writes from Geneva, Switzerland, where she has been living for the past five years. Her husband, Jay, is a legal officer for the World Industrial Property Organization (WIPO), an agency of the UN. Donna taught at a private international school in Geneva until the birth of their daughter Rachel, now 4, who attends a local nursery school and is, as a result, bilingual in French and English. Donna is now working 2½ days a week as a research assistant at the World Health Organization, having also been variously occupied with free-lance editing, English teaching, perfecting her French, learning to ski, and taking care of Rachel. And all that in Switzerland! Sounds nice.

Wherever you make your home these days, we hope we’ll see you back at Barnard for Tenth Reunion in May.

Ruth B. Smith
10 Dana Street, Apt. 307
Cambridge, MA 02138

Report from NYC. This seems to be a continuing season for babies and degrees: **Jody Meyer Lockhart** received her PhD in mathematics from the U of Illinois and is now working at Michigan State. **Ann Wright** received her PhD in anthropology Jan. ‘80. She married Dr. Richard Wallat in May ‘80 and she is working as a medical anthropologist at the U of Arizona Medical School. **Joyce Singer** is the chief medical resident at the Brooklyn Veterans’ Administration Medical Center and lives in Brooklyn Heights. When she wrote in October she was expecting her first child in Dec. ‘80.

Notes from **Betsy Nichols** in Albuquerque gave me news about her and several others. She is job hunting now because her company closed and she is working on her MBA at the U of NM. She may be shifting from computer software programming to something in the teaching field. Her husband, Don Young, has put out his shingle. She sent news that **Barbara Barron** has started her legal practice in Austin, TX. Also news was sent that **Diane Finger** is working at the Bureau of Labor Statistics in DC after getting her MS in economics at the U of NC.

Jeanette Spero Wasserstein wrote in to celebrate turning 30 with news that she had returned to her maiden name, finished her PhD in clinical neuropsychology at CUNY, is teaching at the New School as an asst. prof., and does research on right brain functions. She says it’s time for her to start playing more. She sends news that **Laura Fox** has married and she and her husband have set up an ophthalmology practice in Beverly Hills.

Shelley Koppel wrote to announce that her first book will be out in summer ‘81. It will be a 19th-century historical novel written under the name of Lillian Shelley. She is also teaching remedial writing at a local community college, dealing with the basics—i.e., This is a sentence. She and her husband, Bob Newman, are living in and restoring a brownstone in Brooklyn.

Julie Flinn returned from the Truk Islands to Stanford, CA and is now getting down to the old dissertation and reacquainting her son, Colin, with the English language. Her husband, Jim Gorman, came back earlier to set up the house and resume his job with Big Brothers (he had had a leave).

Joanne Caha has left the US to be in charge of a maternal-child health and nutrition project in Togo, West Africa. She just finished her Master’s of Public Health at CU and is combining her other interest and degree (MA in international affairs) in this new and faraway job.

I am not getting any degrees or going or coming anywhere. I am still at the same law firm and apartment, but Robert Alpert and I have joined the baby boom—we are expecting our first in March. For those who may wonder if they missed an issue—no, you did not. We have been together for about 5 years and just got married in June. I did not report on the marriage because for me the real news was the baby. Hope to hear from more of you soon.

—MRE

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Alexandra Kim Bereday
320 East 42nd St., Apt. 2412
New York, NY 10017

Happy Springtide, fella honeybears. I bear good tidings for ye: **Sherry C. Katz-Bearnot** is an MD. **Beth Bloomfield** is planning on marrying Michael F. Altschul this spring and will continue to use her maiden name. Her new address is 1824 S Street, NW 401, Washington, DC 20009.

Jerrilynn D. Dodds has completed her PhD in art history from Harvard. Between 1978 and 1980 she had a series of teaching jobs with the U of Minnesota, the U of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and Duke U. Fortunately, Jerrilynn has returned to her grand old stomping grounds of CU and is an Asst. Professor in the Department of Art History and Archaeology at Columbia!

Jamie C. Gordon remains on the West Side and is selling a micro-processor-based word processing system for MICOM Data Systems; her territory is midtown Manhattan.

Lyvia Kalisky has been living in Jerusalem, Israel and is anxious to get together with other Barnard alumnae there. Lyvia followed up her BA in linguistics by continuing to study languages (Yiddish and spoken Arabic in addition to the Italian she learned in the year and a half she spent in Florence). Lyvia can be reached at Derech Hevron 114/12; Talpiot, Jerusalem; Israel. Phone: (02) 716788.

Shoshana Milgram Knapp was a Russian major and did graduate work in comparative literature at Stanford, receiving a PhD in June of '78. Shoshana married Raymond Knapp on June 13, 1974. Raymond is a classical style composer and graduated in the class of Harvard '74. Shoshana taught for the Departments of English and Humanities while at Stanford. She is currently an English prof. at Virginia Polytechnic and State U and hopes to transform her dissertation on Napoleon into two books.

Lucinda Laird, when last heard of, was to marry Michael Kuhn on Dec. 22, '80! Lucinda is seminarian on the staff of the Church of the Heavenly Rest. She and Michael expect to receive Master of Divinity degrees from General Theological in June '82. Lucinda will probably be ordained to the diaconate after graduation and within the following year, to the priesthood in the Episcopal Church! Lucinda wrote that her grades in seminary were good enough to have won her a scholarship for a month-long study tour of Israel, Jordan and Egypt (June of 1980) and she enjoyed her stay abroad very much.

Lucinda was kind enough to send me news of her class friend **Kati Dwyer** and Kati's husband Terry Blackburn (Columbia Law '73). Kati is a lawyer with Automatic Data Processing in New Jersey (as in-house counsel) and is also busy with their two-year-old daughter Allegra and part-time teaching at Seton Hall.

Anne McGuire and her husband Bill Werpehowski now reside at Chetwynd Apartments 832, 1030 East Lancaster Ave., Rosemont, PA 19010. Anne had been living in New Haven for the past 5 years. Both Anne and Bill (Princeton '75) are beginning tenure-track appointments in the Religious Studies Dept. at Villanova—Anne in Christian Origins and Bill in Ethics—and both are finishing up their dissertations for 1981 (PhD in Religious Studies from Yale).

Rena C. Sepowitz writes, "I am still at Kaye, Scholer and continuing to work for the ABA Affirmative Action Committee, and I'm a volunteer

WE NEED YOUR HELP TO KEEP OUR RECORDS UP TO DATE

If you have moved or changed your name, title or telephone number, please send us the new, correct information.

How do you prefer to be addressed? (circle one) Miss Mrs. Ms. Dr. M.D. None

Name _____
first maiden married

Street _____ Tel. _____

City, State _____ Zip _____

Class _____ Husband's name _____
first last

Do you want to be addressed by your husband's name (e.g. Mrs. John Doe)? _____

Date of marriage, if new _____ Shall we list the marriage in your class news? _____

RETURN THIS FORM TO:

Alumnae Records Officer, Room 221, 606 West 120th St., New York, NY 10027.

attorney for the Jewish Advocates for the West Side. Hope all is well with you."

Try to make it to the Alumnae Reunion, May 15 and 16.

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Susan McNally
6 West Chapman St.
Alexandria, VA 22301

Michelle Friedman, MD, is in a residency program in psychiatry at Mt. Sinai.

Randi Jill Jaffe writes, "I'm working at the Engineering School, as Alumni Affairs & Development Assistant, and the brief commute (5 minutes, from apartment to office) gives me lots of time for freelance editing, which I do for a variety of nonprofit organizations: the Municipal Art Society, the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, and others. I've been married to David Roe (Columbia College '74) since Nov. 1978 and we're both alive and well and happy living in New York. (In Butler Hall, in fact. He's working on his MBA at, of course, Columbia.) My MA, by the way, is from Columbia (1975) in English literature."

Jody Spiro writes that, after a five-year career with Chase Manhattan Bank where she was a 2nd vice president in charge of professional development, she has completed her master's in public administration. She is now Director of Planning and Management Development for the high school division of the NYC Board of Education and teaches a course in Leadership at Baruch College.

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Ellen R. Krasik
859 N. Bambrey St.
Philadelphia, PA 19130

Denice Figaredo Collazo writes that she and husband Ernest (Columbia Law '74) are the proud parents of Gretchen Pilar, born on September 16, 1980. Denice received her MBA from Columbia in 1978 and is a senior trust officer at Citibank.

Eileen O'Neill is teaching in South Bend at Notre Dame while completing the dissertation for her doctorate in philosophy from Princeton.

Helayne Angelus was recently promoted to Sales Training Specialist with Procter & Gamble

and was transferred to Cincinnati... Good luck! **Isabelle Ann Wilkins** graduated from Duke Medical School in May 1980 and is a resident in obstetrics and gynecology at Mount Sinai Hospital in NY.

Mary Spanondis writes that she and husband Paul H. Dalecki, MD, are working at Columbia Medical Center. **Judith Weisman** is interning in general surgery at St. Luke's. **Arlene Bradley** is doing a residency at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston, in internal medicine.

Our class is certainly busy in the medical arena! **Rosalind Volpe**, a health specialist with the Council of Lead Paint Industries, was a panelist for Barnard's Career Services in November 1980.

Classmates outside of the New York area have also written to me. **Gail Berkeley** and husband, Kerry Baker, live in Santa Barbara, CA with daughter Ilana. Gail is a lecturer in English at UCLA and Kerry is Hillel Rabbi at UCSB.

Hannah Strauss and Dr. Martin Magram were married in 1979 and live in Baltimore where Marty practices cardiology and Hannah teaches music and performs. **Pam Rosenberg** works with a film production company in Israel doing English speaking films.

Rebecca Thomson writes that she is a senior planner at the New England River Basin Commission in Boston. **Suzanne Perrin** is an economic analyst for General Motors. She completed her master's in applied economics at the U of Michigan.

Elizabeth Moscara works for AT&T in Bedminster, NJ and her husband has his own real estate business in Nutley.

Several of our class are attorneys... **Ann Thompson**, a graduate of U of Oregon Law School, works for a firm in Portland; **Susan Weinberg**, a Columbia Law grad, is with the Federal Reserve in Washington, DC; **Veronica Eckmann Reich** practices general law in Bridgeport, CT. After graduating from Fordham Law, **Iris Ann Albstein** practices in NYC, as does **Lori Zabar**, a graduate of NYU Law.

Our class also represents diverse areas of activity. **Frances Ficklen** is a Columbia graduate stu-

dent studying anthropology and *Jill Gay* received an MIA from Columbia's School of International Affairs with a concentration in anthropology. Jill worked as a community organizer in East Harlem and coordinated a film and panel discussion at the UN on "Infant Formula in Third World Countries."

Another SIA graduate, *Sheba Ginzberg Mittleman*, works as a researcher with the American Jewish Committee. Her husband, Stanley, is a chemist. *Beatrice Egekenze Duru* is the mother of a son and daughter and teaches math part time at Essex County College.

Linda Garfunkel married Bernard Levine in 1978 and has a son, Ezra Chaim. *Michele Brenner Galdi* is in business with her father manufacturing and importing handbags. Michele and husband Peter, an architect, live in New York.

Marina Dunn Nelson, mother of two sons, is pursuing a master's in counseling at the U of Bridgeport. *Caroline Okafor Ofodile* received her MBA from Columbia and works for the Nigerian Tobacco Company in Nigeria. *Rosalyn Levine Pomeranic*, also an MBA graduate from Columbia, is with Wertheim in municipal finance.

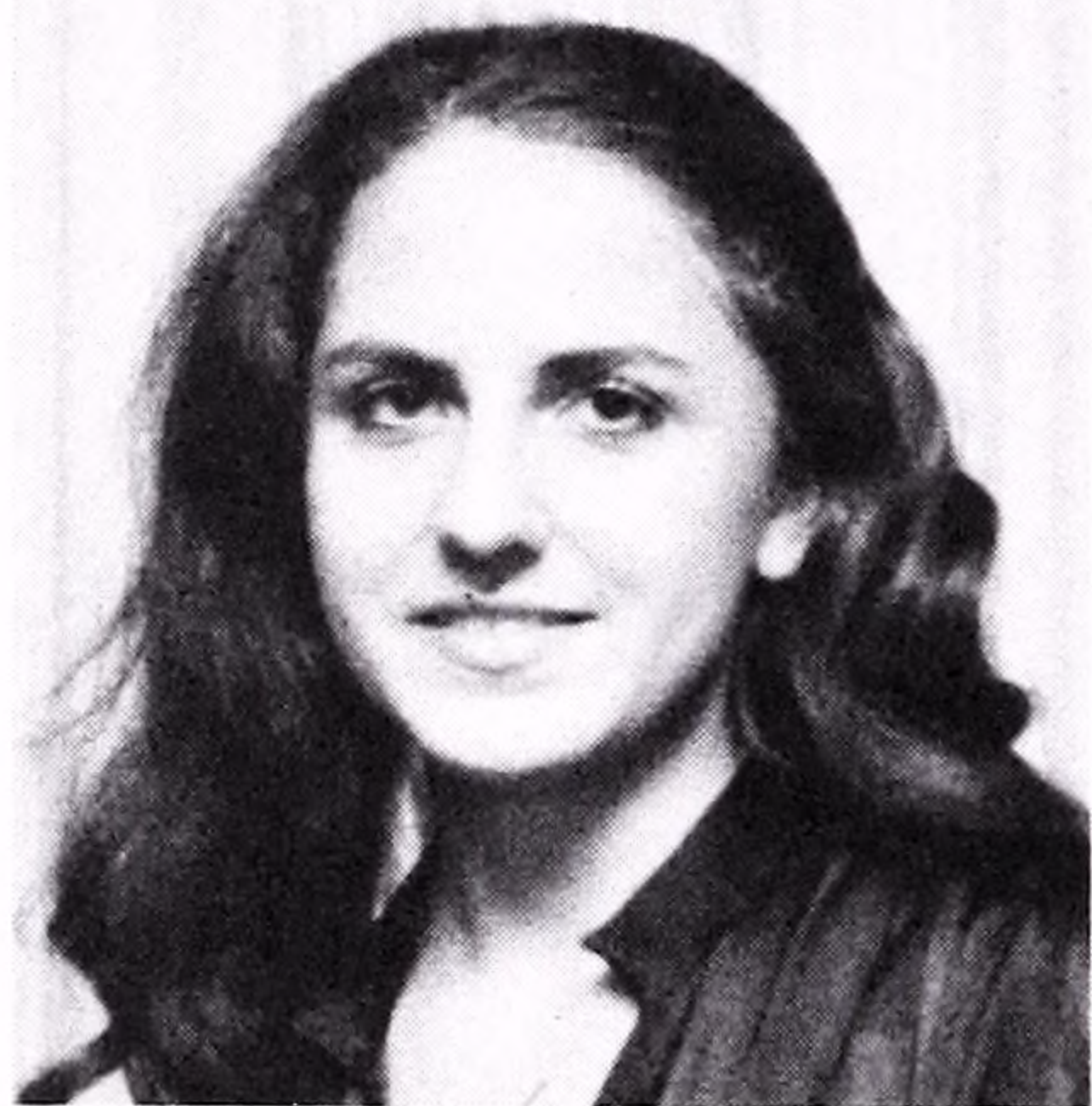
Marsha Bryan Edelman wrote to the Alumnae Office: "Our son, Eliezer Ben-Zion, was born July 15, 1980, and is a constant delight!"

I spent a wonderful three-week winter vacation in England and returned refreshed to Philadelphia where I await more news from the Class of 1975 which I will continue to print . . . at least as much of it as possible. So, please keep the letters coming!

76 *Patricia Stephens*
607 NE 15th Street
Oklahoma City, OK 73104

In The News

Robin Greene '76



The New York Financial Writers' Association awarded a \$1000 scholarship to Robin Greene this past winter. Paul R. Volcker, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, joined in the presentation of the award, which is intended to encourage men and women to enter the field of business and financial reporting and to promote high standards of journalism.

Ms. Greene is a student at the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism.

77 *Jacqueline Laks*
435 West 119th St., Apt. 1M
New York, NY 10027

Get your address books out, because there've been a lot of changes! *Anne Richtman*, at last word working for the government in St. Louis, packed up last June to move to Chicago. Anne "spent the entire month organizing my office during the day and my home at night—what fun." She began working as a social worker for Fellowship House of Chicago Youth Centers, but by October was promoted to the agency's Director/Social Worker. "The answer is yes, I am overworked and underpaid." Tell me about it . . .

Sharen Mailman Gilner, married last May to neurosurgeon Leon, pulled up stakes and left for Schenectady. Sharen is a physician's assistant.

Another person with medical interests is *Nancy Elliott*, in her "fourth and final (whew!) year of medical school at Mt. Sinai." Some months back, when I got her wonderful letter, Nancy had just begun interviewing for a spot to do her residency in general surgery. In her first interview, she reports that she was "one of only three women out of about a total of fifty interviewees. Surgery is just now beginning to attract women and we have a long way to go!" Nancy sees a great deal of *Adrienne Feldstein '76*, who is graduating from George Washington Medical School and plans to work for some months in Nairobi, Ireland and Scotland. Did I say "change of address"?

Wendy Marshall is working in the Water Quality Management Section of the Environmental Protection Agency at the Seattle Regional Office, where she manages the non-point source pollution program for the state of Alaska. I'm not sure exactly what that means, but it sounds great. Also involved in the environment is *Lisa Shames*, working at the US General Accounting Office in Washington, DC, evaluating the Energy Department's conservation programs.

Congrats to *Michele Halberian*, who graduated from St. John's Law School in June 1980. When she last wrote in October, she was working for a solo practitioner and awaiting her bar results. Hope they were good! And hats off to *Betty Mah*, who in November spoke on a panel sponsored by Barnard's Career Services Office. Betty, sporting her 1979 Harvard MBA, is a money market salesperson with Salomon Brothers in New York.

Theresa Racht writes, "I am living on the upper west side, working as a paralegal secretary for a NY attorney, and presently applying to law school for September '81. I have also recently started a dressmaking business."

78 *Jami Bernard*
41 West 90th St., Apt. A
New York, NY 10024

Okay, so you haven't climbed Kilimanjaro just yet. Instead, you're picking up trash in the South Bronx. That's no reason not to write. Three years later—what are your epiphanal moments? What are your thoughts? And for those of you who write in script, what in heaven's name is your address?

Regina Baio made it through Columbia Law School and is practicing antitrust law with Western Electric Co., the manufacturing arm of the Bell Telephone System. She's currently tapped into the U.S. v. AT&T case.

Cynthia Birkitt is just starting out in law—at Seton Hall U in NJ.

Vivian Levmore is finishing up her third year in clinical psychology at SUNY-Stony Brook. "I'm enjoying doing therapy with clients at the Psychological Center and at the LoPiccolo Marital and Sex Therapy Clinic," she writes.

On the Move: *Barbara McHugh* has a new address in Los Angeles, where she's attending the UCLA School of Management.

Hmmm, law school seems to be a pretty popular entry this month. *Susan Wagner* is almost through with NYU Law School with her eyes set on a job in the public interest or government field.

Kathlene Cuomo, a recent panelist for a Career Services seminar on business opportunities, is an account executive at Drexel Burnham.

Sharon Gwatkin, writing on attractive green-and-white striped computer printout paper: "After spending two years in a detestable PhD program in Industrial/Organizational Psychology (in what?—don't ask, but no, we don't beat the workers), I quit and joined the ill-fated Holtzman Senate campaign, ultimately coordinating field operations in Manhattan." Sharon's got the law school bug as well (am I the only holdout?) but she says she'll turn up at the next Fernald Folk Fest as if nothing had happened.

She also has news of *Debbie Richman* who's at, wouldn't you know, Northwestern Law School. Sharon says Debbie descends on New York periodically to visit her honey.

Marlene Weinstein broke the mold and went to medical school instead, at Sackler in Tel Aviv.

Lynn Moffatt Wray's cuddly baby Mary has one fatal flaw—the infant can't manage a racquet just yet. Give her a couple of years.

It's hard to say precisely what *Cyndi Stivers* is up to at the Daily News—I had a lovely chat with her answering machine but it was not very forthcoming on the facts.

Some guy out in Queens found a discarded copy of the Barnard Alumnae Magazine in the trash can and called me up, demanding to know whether Barnard women are as smart as they're said to be. I assured him that we're a lot smarter than he'll ever fathom. Now whoever threw that magazine within this guy's reach, I'd like to see you in my office immediately.

79 *Marianne Goldstein*
601 West 115th St., #33A
New York, NY 10025

I would like to thank the following people for providing class notes and saving me the trouble of having to make them up (and probably saving me several million dollars in legal fees . . .):

Gila Shoshany, who has settled, for the time being, in the midwest. After a stint in graduate school, she writes that she is "opting for the 'real world' at long last." Does the midwest count as the 'real world,' though?

Shari Teitelbaum, also relocated to the midwest, who is finishing up her first year at the U of Chicago Business School.

Donna Masters, sticking it out in NY and working on a master's in Latin American and Caribbean Studies at NYU. Donna is also contemplating moving on to business school.

Julie Bernstein, who is "having fun working as a textile colorist";

Stephanie Litwack, recently back in the Big Apple after living for a while in Paris (lucky girl!). She recently finished up a master's in French

literature at NYU.

And thanks also to:

Daria Vanides, toiling away as an account representative at Metropolitan Life, and **Leslie Marenberg**, a marketing analyst at Reiner Planning Services. Leslie and Daria returned to the fold (briefly) last November when they spoke as panelists on a Business Careers panel for Career Services.

Cathy Palmer, now working in the national division of European-American Bank, and, as she puts it, "making and breaking mortgage dreams and corporation ventures!" Sounds like pretty heady stuff to me; remind me to stay on her good side. (Oh, and Cathy, I consider anyone who managed to survive a couple of years at Barnard to be a sister, transfer student or not);

Donna Cassata, perhaps our class' only sportswriter (if there are any more of you, please step forward). Donna is one of only 15 women sportswriters for the Gannett chain; she writes for the Poughkeepsie Journal—hey, Donna, could you get me into some locker rooms? (Just asking . . .)

Kay Pfeiffer, who deserted all her New York friends to find fame and fortune in Boston. Kay is getting her master's in education and helps manage a children's theater company. She is on the look-out for some nice Kennedy boys to send down to her Barnard friends.

And Another One Bit the Dust Dep't: **Robin Blinder** was married last June to Frederick I. Miller and is living in New York . . . **Luiza Cohn** was also a June bride; she wed Mason Diamond, Columbia '78, a dentistry student at NYU. Luiza is employed by the Psychiatry Dep't at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, where she is a case worker and research associate; for the future, she is thinking about applying to doctoral programs in clinical psychology . . . **Maria Johnston** married Richard Caselli last August; both are second-year students at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons . . . Good luck and best wishes to all.

These notes recently came into the Alumnae Office: **Katharine Cunningham** reports that she is a third grade teacher at The Collegiate School. **Cathy Robin Weiss** has sent notice of her marriage to Seymour Zises, an alumna of New York U, on December 23.

A few words on the purpose of this column: I write Class Notes to help people keep in touch with one another, not so that you'll feel intimidated or embarrassed by what you're doing (or not doing). If you don't want me to include your present occupation, just say so in your letter; if you want to write just to let your friends know that you're alive, well and (hopefully) happy, then that's cool. Just keep in touch.

80 **Maria Tsarnas**
2 Leighton St.
Englewood Cliffs, NJ 07632

Thanks to all those fellow alumnae who have kept in touch with me. It's good to hear from you! Keep those cards, letters, phone calls, ESP vibes, electromagnetic frequency waves coming—there's always some receptor waiting for them, be it mailbox or antennae.

The grand consensus this time of year is that we're all starting to settle down in our little ruts and can't wait for graduation (again!) or the climb up the corporate ladder of success.

Sally Norris is pursuing her interest in linguistics by attending the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences full time at Columbia. However, the

Professional Student Award this time goes to **Joanne Sacks**, who is also attending school full time at City College School of Education; she'll graduate this year with her master's degree in psychology. Next year, Joanne plans to enroll in their PhD program in Educational Research. She's still living at home and has kept her sense of humor about it. Haven't we all.

And speaking about enjoying life, **Barbara Elliott** has added a third name by marriage and is now Barbara Elliott Snedecor. A January '80 graduate, Barbara has since worked for "Travel and Leisure" magazine, gotten married, moved to Utah, and is pursuing a master's degree at Brigham Young U while writing a novel and teaching two sections of freshman composition. She writes she's "enjoying marriage and the west while my husband works part time and completes his degree in mechanical engineering."

Also in the "Another One Bites the Dust" Department, **Nancy Ketcham** has become engaged to John Lagomarsino, Columbia Engineering '80. The wedding is planned for September 19th, 1981 and **Grazia Rechichi** and **Rosemary Volpe** are both going to be bridesmaids. Nancy has put her archery equipment aside for the moment and is concentrating on her job as a computer programmer for Equitable Life in NY.

As for other interesting jobs, a few cropped up but I'm still waiting for the professionally unemployed to come out of the closet. In addition, it's good to see a lot of our fellow alumnae staying in New York to start their careers. After four years of toughening up at Barnard I'm sure we can compete with the best of them. (Or should I say they should be competing with us?)

Our esteemed class president, **Mandy Huang**, is busy getting into the grind at E.F. Hutton as an assistant trader.

Former English major **Elizabeth Collins** is working for the U of Chicago's New York office as a Development Associate. **Gail Cohan** is working as a medical assistant for a dermatologist on Madison Avenue. "It may not sound like the most intriguing environment, but I'm enjoying it," she writes.

My pal, **Mary Larocca**, is working for Grey Advertising on the American Motors account. She's now retired from Active Social Duty and is concentrating on Dressing for Success.

And my apologies to **Faye Steiner** for getting her occupation wrong in the last issue. She is actually a medical technologist in the Dept. of Pharmacology at Columbia Presbyterian and a teaching assistant in the Biology Dept. at Columbia U. She's engaged to a pharmacologist/law student and will be married on July 11.

As for me, I'm working on Park Avenue at Crocker Bank in their International Division and love it! I'm still living at home (well, you can't win 'em all), partly due to those wildly spending Democrats—"It's all economics, my dear Watson!"—and mostly out of sheer laziness. I'm planning to start my MBA in the fall, courtesy of Crocker, moving into the city, and NOT going to law school.

Your other alumnae officers who ARE busy burning out in law school, however, have not forgotten you either. Paula, Beth, Karen, and I are enthusiastically planning our much-awaited class reunion in June. If any of you are interested in helping with it, please do not hesitate to contact one of us. Hope to be hearing from you!

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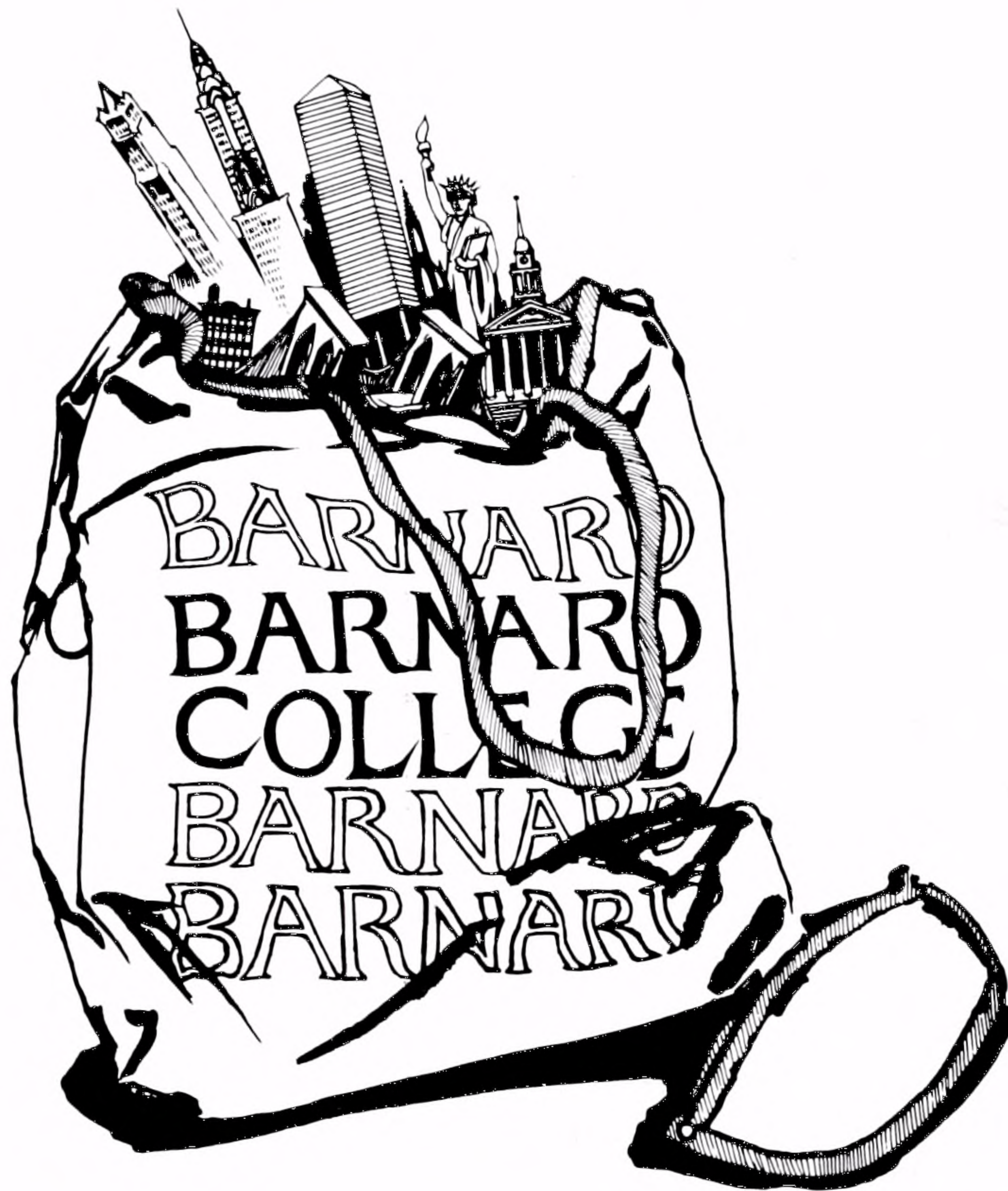
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