

BARNARD

SPRING 1995



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SPRING 1995

BARNARD

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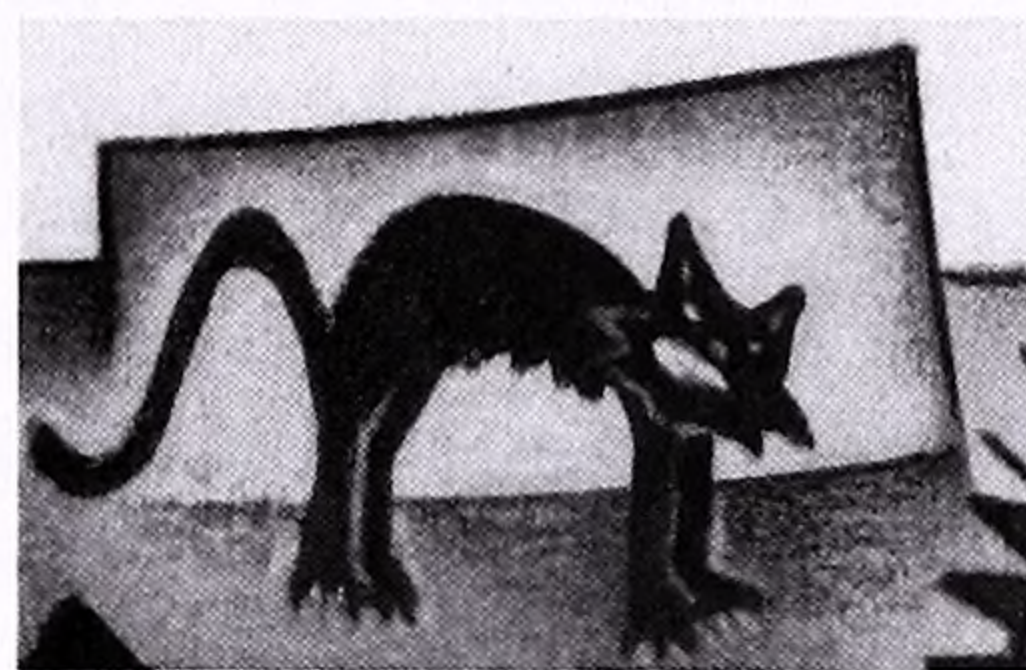
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KAZUYUKI HASHIMOTO/PHOTONICA

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KRISTINE LARSEN

Comments on the Faculty Essay

Many Europeans and Americans regret, as does Sanya Popović in her eloquent article (*The Dance of Death in Bosnia*, Winter 1995), the dissolution of the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia and the loss of its potential to be a successful democratic, multinational government and multicultural society. Others may simply believe that a larger single state is better than “Balkanized” statelets. This last argument may account for the indecision of the governments of Britain, France, and the United States in the face of the attack by the Serbian-controlled Yugoslav National Army on Slovenia and Croatia in July 1991. Hoping to preserve Yugoslavia, they ostensibly favored neither one side nor the other; the United States even imposed unilaterally an arms embargo for that purpose. Instead of stopping the war, this neutrality ensured the victory in Croatia over the vastly superior Serb-controlled forces, and permitted them to extend the war into Bosnia where it became even more murderous and where the embargo prevented the Bosnians from defending themselves. A Yugoslav state is now a concept beyond the horizons of immediate reality, however regrettable that may be.

The history of the dissolution of Yugoslavia needs to be clarified. Sanya Popović tends to give limited credence to the argument that Serbian policy was the cause of conflict, a view she finds simplified and falsely reassuring. Nor, she states, did deeply-rooted ethnic and religious hatreds inevitably breed conflict, as the media and Western governments often assert in a litany that has become a platitude. Yet Ms. Popović contends the same, albeit with a more sophisticated argument: Yugoslavia failed “to create a pluralist political system” and a “common framework that would allow political programs to form untethered to republic or ethnic lines.”

She extends this argument to Bosnia as well, whose diverse groups are unable to “co-exist” without force imposed by “an external power.” Such reasoning reinforces the “Realpolitik” thinking of the British and French governments, and of some within past and present United States administrations that look to Serbia as the strong power to assure



regional stability. Such logic is a fig-leaf that barely covers acceptance of the fruits of Serbian aggression and genocide.

To foist indiscriminately on all the ethnic groups in Yugoslavia and Bosnia responsibility for the dissolution of the two countries is to beg the question. Did Humpty-Dumpty (Yugoslavia, or Bosnia) merely fall of his own weight or weakness? Or was he pushed?

The leadership of the Serbian Republic had itself been pushing against the Federation from at least as early as 1987 when the Serbian Academy of Sciences denounced it as an anti-Serb arrangement promoting the destruction of the Serbian nation. Slobodan Milosevic’s accession to power in the Serbian Communist Party then ushered in a coalition of the Party apparatus and extreme nationalists. In both word and deed the Milosevic leadership reverted to the traditional Serb nationalist program (dating from the 1830s) of Greater Serbia—a Serb unitary state in all territory where Serbs live, and in which other nationalities could live.

Separatist tendencies among the component republics of Yugoslavia developed in response to the emerging power and goals of the Serbian leadership. Before the Serbia Republic’s takeover in 1987-88 of two autonomous areas, Vojvodina and Kosovo, the other republics were demanding more autonomy within a confederation. The brutal, racist, military occupation of Kosovo (still going on), where the population is Albanian, compelled many to fear the resurrection of a “Serboslovakia,” as in the pre-World War II period: a Yugoslav state as a facade for Serbian dictatorship. In 1991, the unholy alliance between Serbian Communists and

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nationalists set out to create a Greater Serbia without the facade of a federal Yugoslavia: a pure Serbian state with all other nationalities cleansed from it. Genocide committed to achieve that end makes a lie of efforts to equalize culpability among all the national groups.

The Yugoslav idea—unification of the South Slavs in some form of cooperation—which emanated from Croats, Slovenes, and Serbs, is as old as the Greater Serbia idea. History has twice shown that they are mutually exclusive. If a Yugoslavia re-emerges it will not be because people will give up their national identities, or because an outside power will force them to cooperate with one another, as Ms. Popović implies. It will be because the South Slav peoples will democratically agree to join as equals within a larger state in which none will dominate.

Vivian R. Gruder '57

Professor of History, Queens College,
City University of New York
Manuela Dobos, Ph.D. Columbia '74
Associate Professor of History,
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Death in war-time wears many faces. Sometimes it is caught by a camera lens reflecting anguish, terror, and blood. Sometimes it is framed in detached political analysis. In *The Dance of Death in Bosnia*, the author, with a colliding tectonic plates analogy for complex human tragedy, distances herself and the reader from the horrors of reality. This smashing metaphor is used to present a Serb view: "Balkan Nazis, known as the Ustashi and composed of Croatians and Bosnian Muslims," exterminated hundreds of thousands of Serbs in World War II. That enormous tragedy happened and has never been properly accounted for and mourned. But is it now justifiable therefore for Serbs to kill Muslims in Bosnia?

The phrase "religion in Bosnia does not distinguish ethnic groups; rather it serves as a marker, differentiating people according to their respective political histories" is misleading and directly contradicts other parts of the text. In fact, religion not only "serves

as a marker." It is a life and death issue. All the peoples of Bosnia are South Slavs. All lived together until the mayhem broke out. The labels "Bosnian Muslims," "Bosnian Croats," and "Bosnian Serbs" bear inherent inconsistency. Two groups are designated by ethnicity and one by religion. Understandably, the author rejects the West's media image that "currently there is a war of aggression by one party, the Serbs," and the concomitant demonization of all Serbs. But how can all Croats and all Bosnian Muslims be condemned? (Some Serbs supported the Nazis through a puppet administration in Belgrade.)

The sadness of former Yugoslavia is known to me only too well. With no ethnic affiliation to any of the warring sides, I have lived and worked there intermittently over a forty-year period. Fledgling anthropological fieldwork was started in Yugoslavia in 1953, directly following graduation from Barnard. Over the decades research has been done in all of the six then constituent republics. Long-term studies have been carried out in rural Serbia and in ethnically diverse villages in Bosnia. In a 1993 field trip I spoke with rape victims and skirted mines to witness psychological, cultural, and material deaths.

Just this week (mid-March) death in Bosnia came close to home, palpable and personal. It was an item on the Internet's Bosnia newsmag, a terse statistic, a break in the negotiated cease-fire, a senseless retaliatory killing. The news moved swiftly from Sarajevo to this small New England college town and numbed into mute grief a victim's sister, a Sarajevo friend temporarily residing here. The only certainty is that the dance goes on. The West and all the peoples of former Yugoslavia must confront crimes against civilian populations. Somehow each side must find a way to acknowledge the humanity inherent in the other.

Barbara Kerewsky Halpern '53, Ph.D.
Amherst, Massachusetts

Some Thoughts on Aging and the Women's Movement

Although The Women's Movement of the 1970s was focused on career opportunities for

young women, one of its byproducts has been to enrich all of life for middle-aged and senior women.

For example, now that physical beauty has been demoted as the primary criterion for judging females, older women's laugh-lines can move from being a source of chagrin to one of self-respect. Today when seniors pass a mirror they no longer avert their eyes; they merely stick out their tongues.

The Women's Movement has also added decades to a woman's life by encouraging her to report frankly to her doctor (in 1970 most M.D.'s were male) about her symptoms as soon as they arise. If the doctor shrugs these off as "hysterical," she is advised to go doctor-shopping. The Women's Movement also had a liberating effect on fashion. A senior is no longer imprisoned in a corset or girdle. Today she is free to take what attracts her from racks of pants, leggings, T-shirts, suits, tunics, skirts, and jogging gear, as well as short or long dresses. Because she is also expected to exercise, the phrase "little old lady in tennis shoes" may mask a whizbang on the courts, or a speed-walker of impressive durability.

She is no longer set apart by being addressed by anything other than her first name. This contemporary practice, indulged in by children and household help as well as by telephonists for good works and some new acquaintances, is a shock to some seniors—yet the egalitarianism it fosters has much to recommend it. Whereas in the past, when the world changed little from generation to generation, seniors were accorded automatic respect for having been around longer and therefore knowing more; today, with the world on fast-forward, seniors need to keep learning as well as teaching. And this learning in itself can be an invigoration.

Because the Women's Movement has outlawed ageism along with sexism, a senior woman is often asked probing questions by the young and middle-aged, by men as well as women. The senior, while trying to answer, may discover a wonderful validation for what she has learned—often the hard way—over the years. As the novelist Storm Jameson wrote, "I am too old to be mortified by failure." Today's senior does not need to

camouflage her inglorious past, but can report honestly on its goofs and its successes.

Though, when thus encouraged, she may talk at length, she can also be a better listener than ever before. A certain detachment was probably always part of aging, but today it is enhanced by the practice of Sisterhood. As a result of it, a senior can unfeignedly rejoice in the good fortune of younger women. This, in turn, provides the senior with a lift unlikely to have been felt in the days when women were forced to act in a competitive rather than collegial way.

Although the need for role models subsides as people age and those older than themselves die off, it remains in vestigial form. When I, for one, receive my copy of *Barnard Magazine*, I read the notes from the diminishing number of classes ahead of mine. It was there that I first found the phrase, "Old age is for sissies." It is there, too, that evidence continually appears to reinforce Elisabeth Kubler Ross' observation that people facing death don't think about the degrees they earned, the positions they held, or the wealth they accumulated; what really counts is whom they loved and who loved them.

That is an aspect of life that the Woman's Movement of the mid-1990s has been coming abreast of—and which I happily applaud, as I watch the mother of my great-grandchild putting her career on hold for several years, with the full consent of her liberated husband and the joyous response of her son.

June Bingham '40
Bronx, N.Y.

Editor's note: *The writer is the founder (at age seventy) of the Trained Liaison Comforter program at New York City's Presbyterian Hospital.*

Out of Oregon

Susan Mulcahy (*How to Escape New York ... and Bears*, Winter 1995) writes of buying a lamb and watching while the "Mobile

Slaughterer" dispatched it, revealing how she could live there and I couldn't.

I left after a year, although I had bought twenty acres in southern Oregon, and was to build a house. I was sickened by the contempt for animals and the environment I saw there. On the forty wooded acres I rented, most of the trees were dying, saplings decaying before they reached shoulder height. Over-mined and over-cut, the woods were home to a handful of birds, one or two squirrels, and a jack rabbit. I was told the elk had been all rounded up and slaughtered for their meat and hides some years before, and only one bear was to be seen in the hills. Deer were still about, and the sound of gunfire, rifles, and rapid fire weapons was often loud and incessant.

Dairy cows were kept knee-high in stinking muddy slop. Dogs were chained to trees in front yards among the carcasses of old cars and rusted hot water heaters. Horses hung themselves on broken barbed wire fences when they didn't knock them over and escape onto the road to be hit by a pickup. Children were left sitting in front of the Safeway with boxes of sickly kittens to give away—to spay or neuter cost too much, or wasn't "God's way."

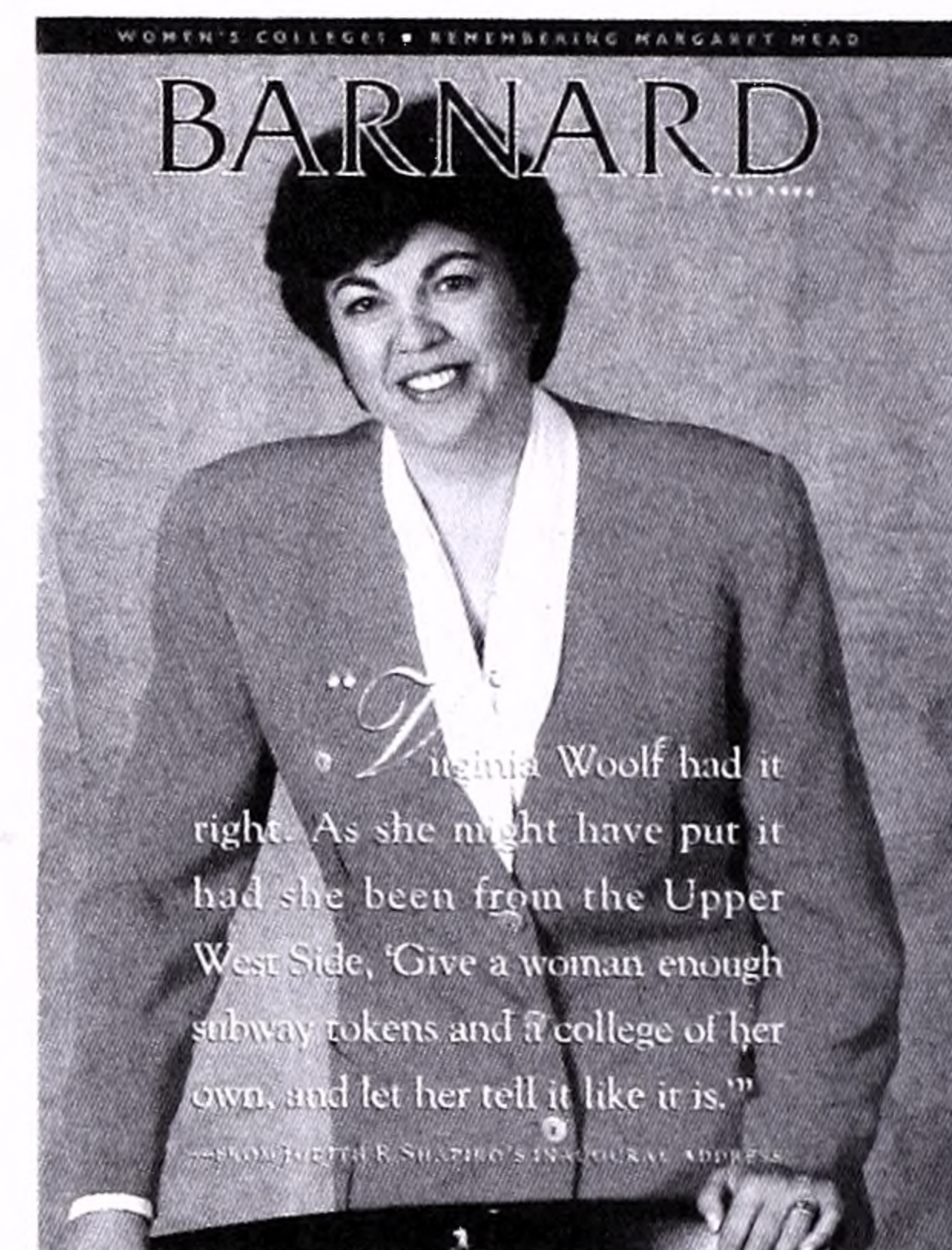
Was it all bad? Pretty nearly. I'm back in Marin, eating tofu and contributing to PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals).

Patricia Morgan '51
Tiburon, California

Debating the President

Although I agree with President Judith Shapiro that women's colleges offer something of special value to their students, I wish to take issue with several points made in her inaugural address.

President Shapiro refers to the AAUW study titled "How Schools Shortchange Girls," citing its conclusions that, as she says, "[show] that boys were getting more than



their fair share of air time and a different level and quality of attention from teachers." These conclusions have received much press in the last year or two and are by now widely accepted as true. I was therefore fascinated to read in May/June 1994 issue of *Heterodoxy* about the studies by Myra and David Sadker to which the AAUW gave its imprimatur. According to the *Heterodoxy* journalist, these studies were never published or submitted to peer review, did not support the researchers' own claims and, on the whole, provided unconvincing evidence of anti-girl bias on the part of teachers. It is an interesting story, and I commend this article to anyone interested in women's education.

President Shapiro argues that single-sex education does not benefit men as it does women—that all-male institutions foster misogyny and are therefore a bad thing. Yet apparently no similar danger exists in women's schools. Why not? This resembles the argument that black people can't be racists, only whites can, because of their history of power and prestige, etc.

Finally, "Political correctness has led to ways of speaking and of thinking that are euphemistic to an extreme point of silliness," says President Shapiro. Right on. Yet earlier in the same speech she quotes C. Wright Mills at some length, mentioning in a foot-

Barnard Magazine received top honors in the 1995 awards competition sponsored by CASE (the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education). The Magazine won the Gold Medal for Publication Improvement and a Bronze Medal in the category of College General Interest Magazines.

note that "I have changed the language, replacing the generalizing term 'men' with 'people' and with the first person plural." To rewrite a footnoted quotation seems to take political correctness rather far.

I am glad that Barnard has only become more popular since Columbia went coed, and continues to offer young women the best features of both single-sex and coeducational schools. But one need not argue that elementary education is sexist, or that men shouldn't have men's colleges, to justify Barnard remaining as she is.

Jessica Raimi '73
New York, New York

Elocution Lessons

This is the way I remember the "short essay" about Mrs. Seals' "friend" the rat Arthur (*Did You Know?* Fall 1994):

"There once was a young rat named Arthur who never could make up his mind. If ever a friend asked if he would like to go out with him, he would always shirk making a choice. He would never say 'Yes,' or 'No,' either."

In 1934, my freshman year, I rather liked Arthur. At that time, I had great difficulty with the phrase, "The Leith Police dismisseth us!" At sixteen years of age, I was wearing full dental braces, so felt only horror at the Leith Police, whoever they were. By comparison, Arthur was almost a friend.

Mary Lawlor Lynyak '38
Nova Scotia, Canada

Miller Remembered

The article on Alice Duer Miller (*A Lady Who Wrote*, Winter 1995) would have been more complete had it included her single sentence, which so inspired us at the celebration of Barnard's 50th birthday in 1939. Here is the quote from *A History of Barnard College*, published twenty-five years later on the grand occasion of the College's 75th anniversary: "Don't ever dare to take your

college as a matter of course—because, like freedom and democracy, many people you'll never know about have broken their hearts to get it for you."

The footnote indicates the quote is from "The Dean's report, 1940, p. 10." Back in my day the opportunity for women to get a good education was still quite new—as was the chance to vote!

Jane Eisler Williams '36
Portland, Oregon

Clarifying the Barnard Policy

Taking Care of Business (Winter 1995) was a timely article about one of the most pressing concerns of today's working women: meeting the demands of balancing work and family.

In a sidebar to the article, it was noted that Dean Virginia Gildersleeve, showing great foresight in 1932, envisioned offering maternity leave benefits to Barnard employees. In describing Barnard's current policy, however, the article stated only that Barnard's current policy conforms to the Family and Medical Leave Act While Barnard certainly does do that, it does much more than just meet the basic legal requirements.

The Barnard College Maternity and Childcare Leave Policies for all employees are quite comprehensive. Policies have been in place for union members, administrative staff, and faculty for a long time, and have recently been revised to conform to the Family and Medical Leave Act. Barnard is and always has been concerned with the needs of our employees, and maternity and childcare leave benefits are just a part of our comprehensive benefits package.

Administrative staff and union members are eligible to receive salary continuation benefits during their maternity disability period. These benefits have been increased by the college within the past year for administrative staff.

Our current childbirth/childcare leave policies are as follows: Union employees may

take a combined paid pregnancy/childbirth disability leave and unpaid maternity leave of up to nine months. Administrative staff members are eligible for up to three months of job-protected unpaid childcare leave time following their paid pregnancy/childbirth leave. Faculty members may choose from a number of options offering both paid and unpaid childcare leaves that may last as long as a year. Barnard also offers employees part-time work options. In addition, when and where feasible, the college tries to accommodate employees who request flexible work hours. Barnard is acutely aware of the difficult work/family issues facing women today, and continues to actively pursue better ways to address these issues.

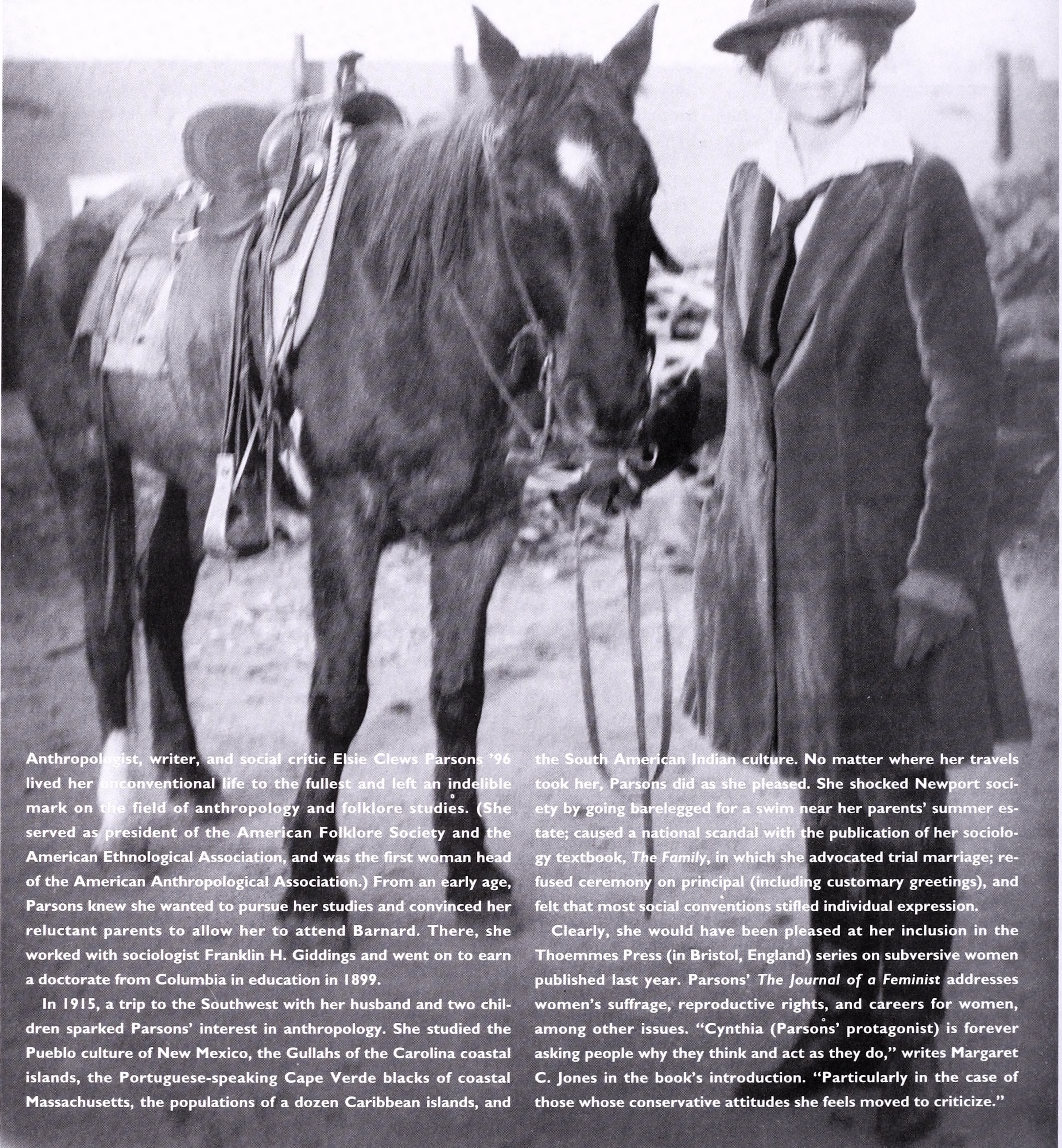
Shari Stern
Manager of Benefits &
Compensation
Barnard College

RESUMED EDUCATION AT BARNARD

The College welcomes inquiries from former students who wish to resume their studies. Such students generally fall into two categories: those who have graduated and would like to take additional undergraduate courses (e.g. in order to fulfill premedical requirements); and those who wish to resume their studies toward the B.A. after having left Barnard five or more years ago without the degree. Students in both categories may study full or part time, and of course are eligible to make use of all regular services and facilities, including academic and career advising, the libraries, and the gyms. For further information about policies, procedures, and fees, please call or write Aaron Schneider, Associate Dean of Studies and Director of Resumed Education:

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A SUBVERSIVE WOMAN



Anthropologist, writer, and social critic Elsie Clews Parsons '96 lived her unconventional life to the fullest and left an indelible mark on the field of anthropology and folklore studies. (She served as president of the American Folklore Society and the American Ethnological Association, and was the first woman head of the American Anthropological Association.) From an early age, Parsons knew she wanted to pursue her studies and convinced her reluctant parents to allow her to attend Barnard. There, she worked with sociologist Franklin H. Giddings and went on to earn a doctorate from Columbia in education in 1899.

In 1915, a trip to the Southwest with her husband and two children sparked Parsons' interest in anthropology. She studied the Pueblo culture of New Mexico, the Gullahs of the Carolina coastal islands, the Portuguese-speaking Cape Verde blacks of coastal Massachusetts, the populations of a dozen Caribbean islands, and

the South American Indian culture. No matter where her travels took her, Parsons did as she pleased. She shocked Newport society by going barelegged for a swim near her parents' summer estate; caused a national scandal with the publication of her sociology textbook, *The Family*, in which she advocated trial marriage; refused ceremony on principal (including customary greetings), and felt that most social conventions stifled individual expression.

Clearly, she would have been pleased at her inclusion in the Thoemmes Press (in Bristol, England) series on subversive women published last year. Parsons' *The Journal of a Feminist* addresses women's suffrage, reproductive rights, and careers for women, among other issues. "Cynthia (Parsons' protagonist) is forever asking people why they think and act as they do," writes Margaret C. Jones in the book's introduction. "Particularly in the case of those whose conservative attitudes she feels moved to criticize."

THE ADVENTURE OF LIFE

New York Times reporter Esther B. Fein '81 spoke on "The Adventure of Life" at the Barnard Senior Dinner held on Thursday, February 16, 1995.

Adventures happen when you decide to cross borders, to defy stereotypes, to challenge systems—wherever they may be. Yes, being a reporter seems like a natural way to find adventure. Every day there is a new story that forces you to knock on and open new doors.

But you can find adventure as a school teacher, helping a child everyone else has abandoned learn to read and write. You can find it as a lawyer, taking on a case that everyone says is hopeless. You can find it in advertising, breaking the mold in creating ways to reach people. You can find it in the business world, discovering new ways to finance municipal projects or manufacturing products that enhance the lives of the disabled.

There is adventure in being a doctor, exploring areas of the human body that continue to baffle us, reconstructing the face of someone disfigured by illness or simply offering compassionate care to patients of all backgrounds.

There is adventure in being a politician, fighting to keep humanity in a system ever more focused on the bottom line.

There is adventure in being a mother and seeing the world anew every day through the eyes of your child. For as much as I have seen and discovered as a reporter, nothing compares to

what I have learned from my children, Alex, who is now four and a half, and Noah, who is twenty months. They have taught me to see hunters in the stars, mermaids in the sea, dragons in the playground.

The best advice I can give to you about looking for adventure—and looking for yourself—is not to let anyone else tell you where to go and how to get there.



MUSIC AND MENTORSHIP

Aimee Sims '98 so much liked to practice the flute and guitar in high school (she went to the "Fame" school, Fiorello H. LaGuardia High School of the Arts, in New York City), her music teacher used to have to shoo her out of the room after class. The diligence paid off, however, when that same exasperated teacher recommended Sims for an arts scholarship from the Hadar Foundation, established in 1993 by retired entrepreneur Richard A. Hadar.

Awarded for the first time this academic year, the Hadar Scholarships provide money and mentoring to nineteen students from New York City who have demonstrated outstanding talent in the arts, but whose families cannot afford college tuition. The students are selected through their high schools, arts education programs, and community-based organizations such as the Manhattan Valley Youth Program run out of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The money awarded ranges from \$1,000 to \$12,000 per year.

Three mentors are assigned to each student, including a professional mentor (preferably in the student's chosen field) who advises the student for five years (including that crucial year after college), a faculty mentor, and a peer mentor. "If you look at any successful person, they have at least one mentor in their past," says Hadar, who credits his early musical training with giving him the focus to succeed in a variety of entrepreneurial pursuits. "I've been very successful in business and now I want to give something back," he says.

It hasn't taken long for Sims, who grew up in East Harlem and plans to major in political science and urban affairs, to make her musical presence known at Barnard. Her duo is called "Aimee and Heide"; Sims does most of the singing and plays acoustic guitar and Heide Goertzen, a student in the School of International and Public Affairs, joins in on violin. They perform "soft rockish folk" songs written by Sims, songs that speak to urban problems. Is this Barnard's next Suzanne Vega or Laurie Anderson?

Sims has other plans. "I'd like to teach and then run for office," she says, adding that she does not aim to change the world, just her hometown. "I just want to change New York City and let the shock waves filter out to the rest of the country," she says.



STEPHANIE'S SENSE OF ICE

"One time the fog came in and that was a little dicey," says Stephanie Pfirman, associate professor of environmental science at Barnard, of an especially harrowing moment on an Arctic ice floe. Pfirman has been on a total of seven expeditions to the Arctic, traveling on 100-meter ice breakers through a landscape she describes as looking like a frozen lake dotted with snowdrifts and pressure ridges. Lifted by helicopter from the ship, she is often set down on an ice floe ahead of the ship's path; the ice breaker will pick her up a few hours later ... if it can find her.

But Pfirman welcomes the time alone on the ice (a typical expedition lasts for two months). Her work is literally to track the progress of the floes in order to gain insight into the questions raised by her research: namely, the path pollutants, carried in sea ice, take through the Arctic landscape, and when and where these pollutants are released.

Pfirman began this line of research at the University of Kiel in Germany, where she studied the ways in which sea ice transports natural sediment. This eventually led the graduate of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and former member of the House Science and Technology subcommittee on the Environment, to

investigate whether pollutants might be carried the same way.

"Sea ice accumulates everything deposited in the atmosphere," says Pfirman. Since most pollutants are released in the wintertime, ice becomes the ideal repository of these winter contaminants. It also carries pollutants that have settled on the sea floor. For instance, she explains, sea ice forms along the Siberian coast, where the shallow turbulent waters churn the pollutants released into the big Russian rivers.

"The ice picks up the contaminated sediment from below and above," says Pfirman. "Then the ice drifts and comes out, eventually, near Svalbard and Greenland. That region is the most productive fishing region in the world."

Releasing pollutants in one area often harms distant ecosystems. "People have no concept of that," she says. "It appears that the areas are not linked at all." Pfirman believes pollutants carried in Arctic ice floes, which, in contrast to water- or air-borne pollutants, are compounded rather than diluted with time, might be responsible for the devastation of the ecosystem that supports whales, polar bears, seals, walrus, and other animals in the Arctic. Through continued research, she and her colleagues hope to stem the flow of these deadly pollutants.



A MILLION AND COUNTING

"Thrift shops are frequented by people who do not like a tremendous amount of order," says Nanette Hayes '40. "They think they're going to have a find in chaos."

Hayes, the chairman of the Barnard Unit of Everybody's Thrift Shop at 261 Park Avenue South, speaks from experience. During her forty-two years volunteering to look for "good thrift" in the name of Barnard scholarship funds, she's succeeded, with the help of a handful of other volunteers, in raising over a million dollars from chaos. And she's had some memorable moments in the process. Take, for example, the house in Chappaqua left to the thrift shop by a member of the class of 1911. "We kept coming upon little envelopes filled with ashes and we thought, 'Well she must have been some smoker!' " laughs Hayes. "After we found an urn and pictures of dachshunds, we put two and two together."

The thrift shop, in existence since 1938, was begun as an outgrowth of Bundles for Britain; today, Hayes continues in the spirit of her former co-chair, Isabelle Morrison Stevens '12, who "never wanted the money to buy a cake of soap" but stipulated it be reserved for unrestricted scholarships. Last year, at the first of what will be an annual Barnard reception for scholarship donors and recipients, Hayes met two current students for whom thrift has yielded riches. "I found it very worthwhile," she says of the experience. "You feel you have a tangible touch with someone you've been working for."

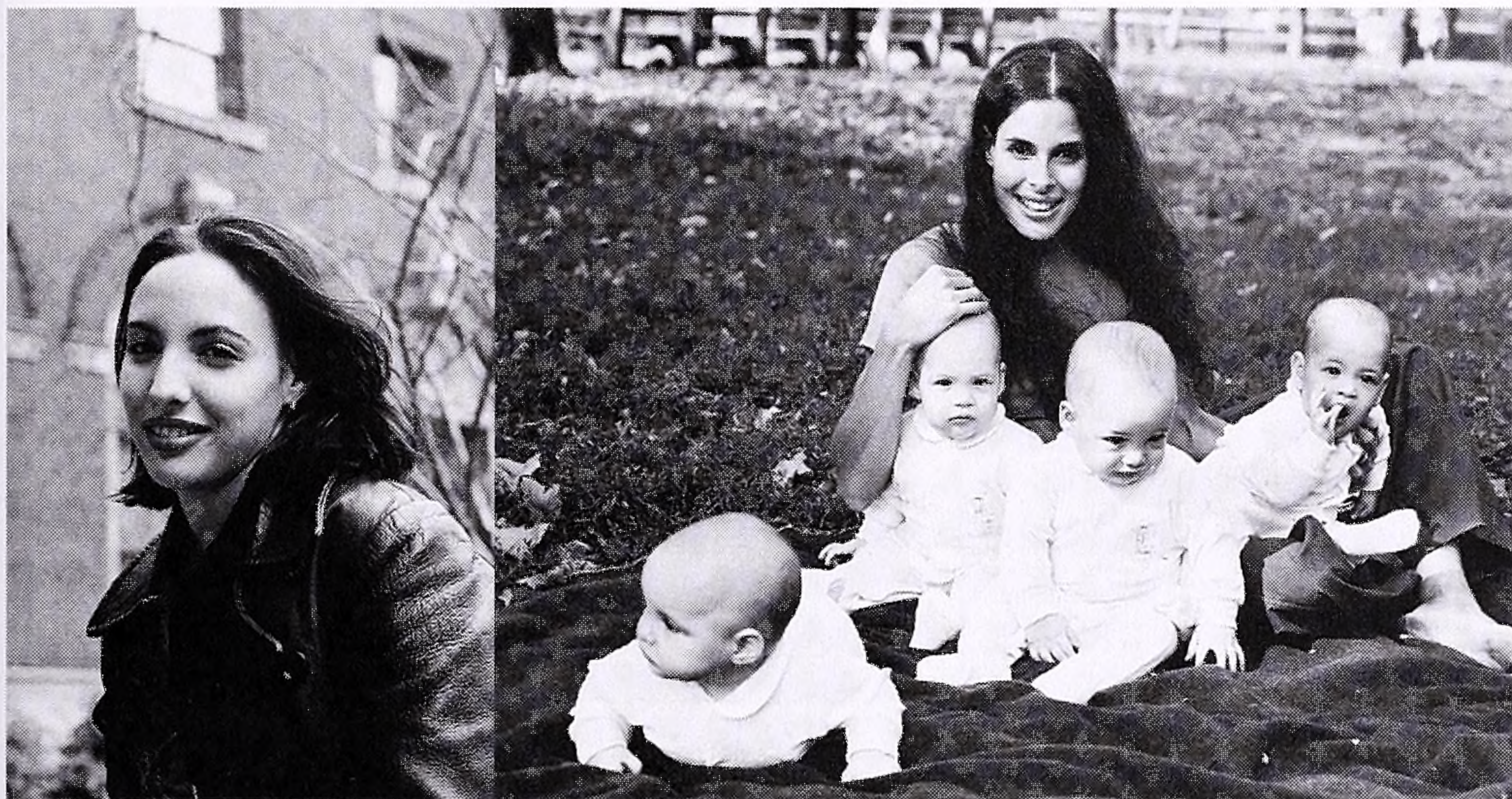
If you're in Manhattan, the thrift shop has a pick-up service that operates free of charge below 120th Street. For more information, contact Nanette Hayes at (212) 749-6251.

Environmental Science Professor Stephanie Pfirman at home on an Arctic ice floe ... and ready for anything (including polar bears).



COMMENCEMENT QUANDRY

Glorious as they are, commencements are sometimes logistic nightmares: coordinating family schedules, securing the necessary tickets to the ceremony, finding lodging. But imagine the predicament of Linda Paulding. This spring, the quadruplets she delivered in 1972 are all graduating: three from Brown (Zachary, Amanda, and Danielle Schreiber) and one from Barnard (Elisabeth Schreiber). Luckily, the Brown and Barnard graduations are two weeks apart. But because Brown has separate ceremonies for each major, Paulding (Elisabeth's parents are divorced and both have re-



Elisabeth Schreiber '95
today (left) and as
a baby (with mom)
crawling away from
her sibling pack.

married) will still need to be in three different places at one time, a feat she finds undaunting.

"No problem," laughs the former marathon runner, noting that she did the same mad dash during middle school parent nights. "I'd end up running from class to class to hit all the teachers," she recalls.

Elisabeth shares her mother's attitude; she isn't so worried about her parents' breathless scramble, but she is concerned that her three siblings might not make the Barnard commencement, which falls in the middle of Brown's finals. "They have promised they're going to come," she says, adding, "if they don't come to mine, I'm not going to theirs." There's a brief silence. "Just kidding," she says.

Growing up in Greenwich and Westchester as one of the Schreiber quadruplets was always an adventure, she remembers. There were early morning ice hockey practices with their father and traumatic goodbyes as each left for a separate summer camp. Eager to see the world, Elisabeth spent her senior year of high school in Switzerland and then made the decision to buck the Brown trend and attend Barnard, where she studied psychology and set her sights on becoming a doctor. "Elisabeth charted her own course," says her mother, clearly proud.

A ROYAL FLUSH

Last Fall, the Barnard penchant for playing hard and studying even harder was epitomized by the five student-athletes who swept the academic All-Ivy honors, an award conferred to five men and five women athletes three times a year. Ivy league coaches recommend athletes who have at least a 3.0 grade point average and excel in their sport for the honor. Senior soccer players Susie Bartlett and Shelly Toussi, cross-country runners Martina Brosnahan '97 and Janet Fu '96, and Tiffany Gunhold '95, a standout volleyball player, comprised the Barnard royal flush. "They're a tremendous example of the kind of commitment that is necessary to be a student-athlete here," says Merry Ormsby, associate director of intercollegiate athletics.

"Generally, athletics and academics are complementary," volleyball star Gunhold said at the time the award was announced.

"[Playing on a team] forces you to have structure." Soccer player Toussi agreed. "Soccer gave me the confidence and discipline I needed."



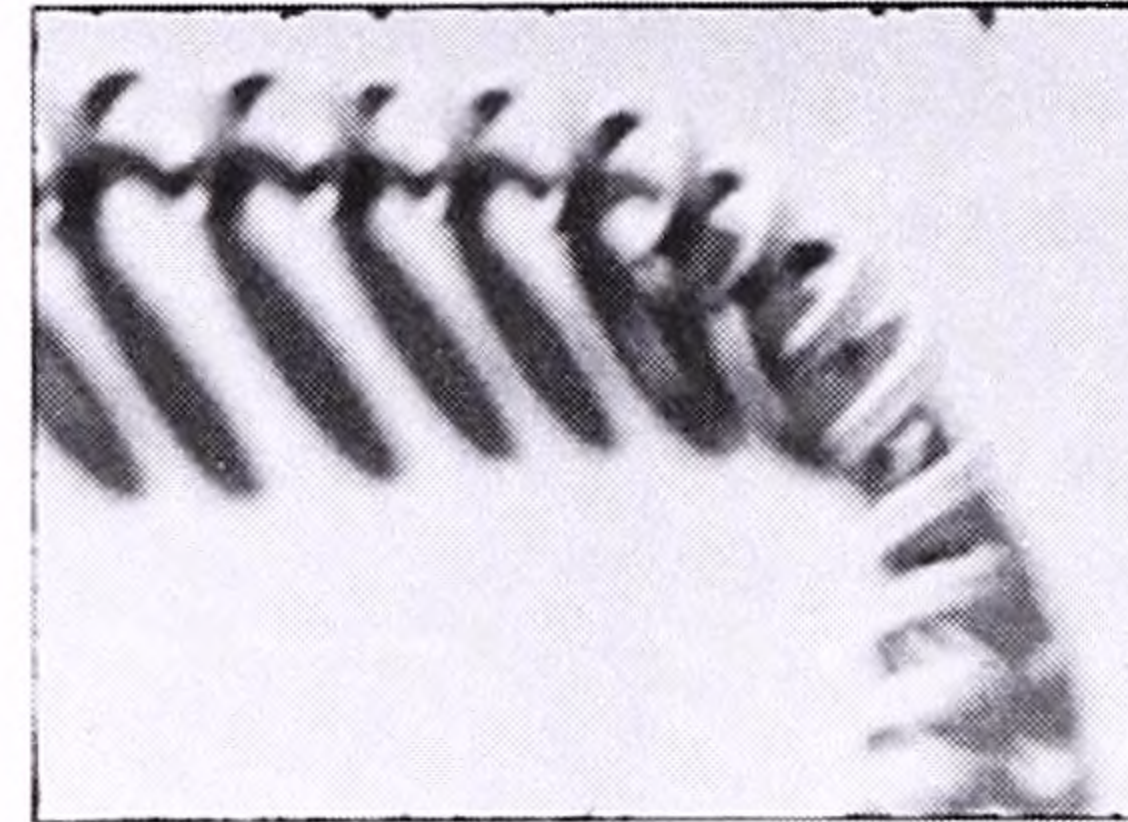
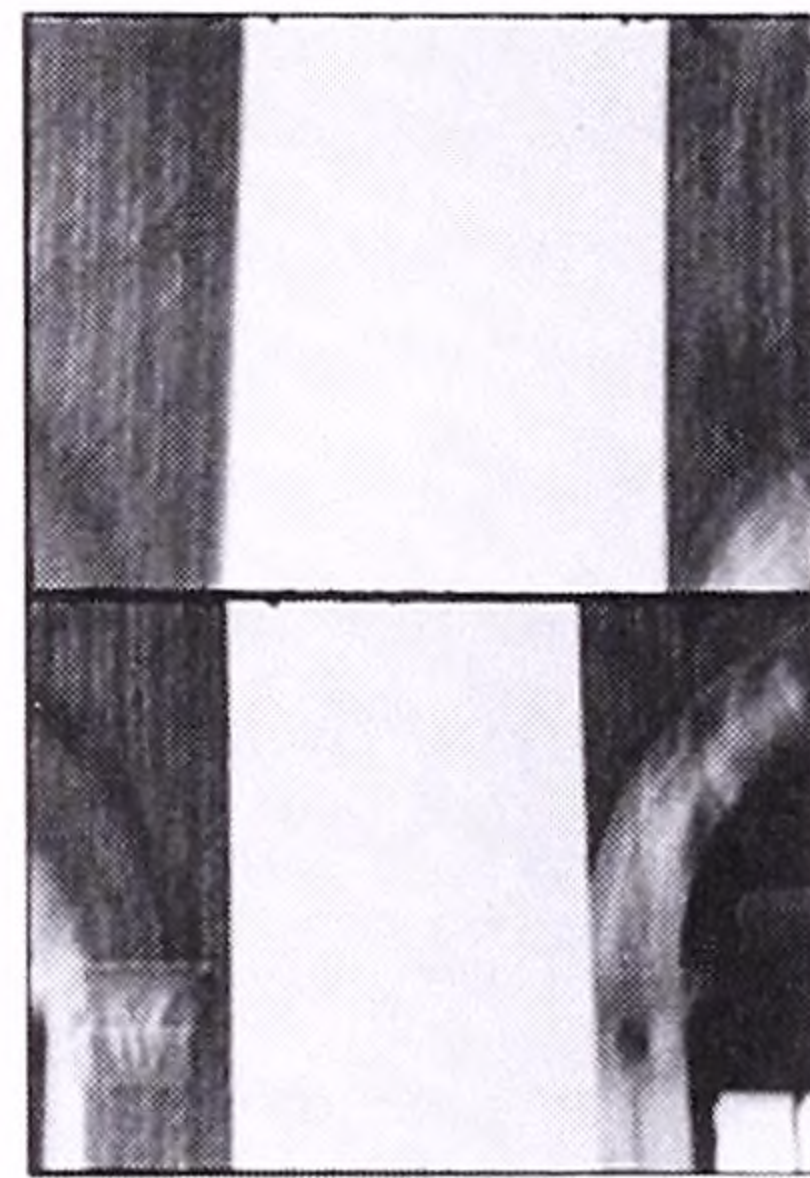
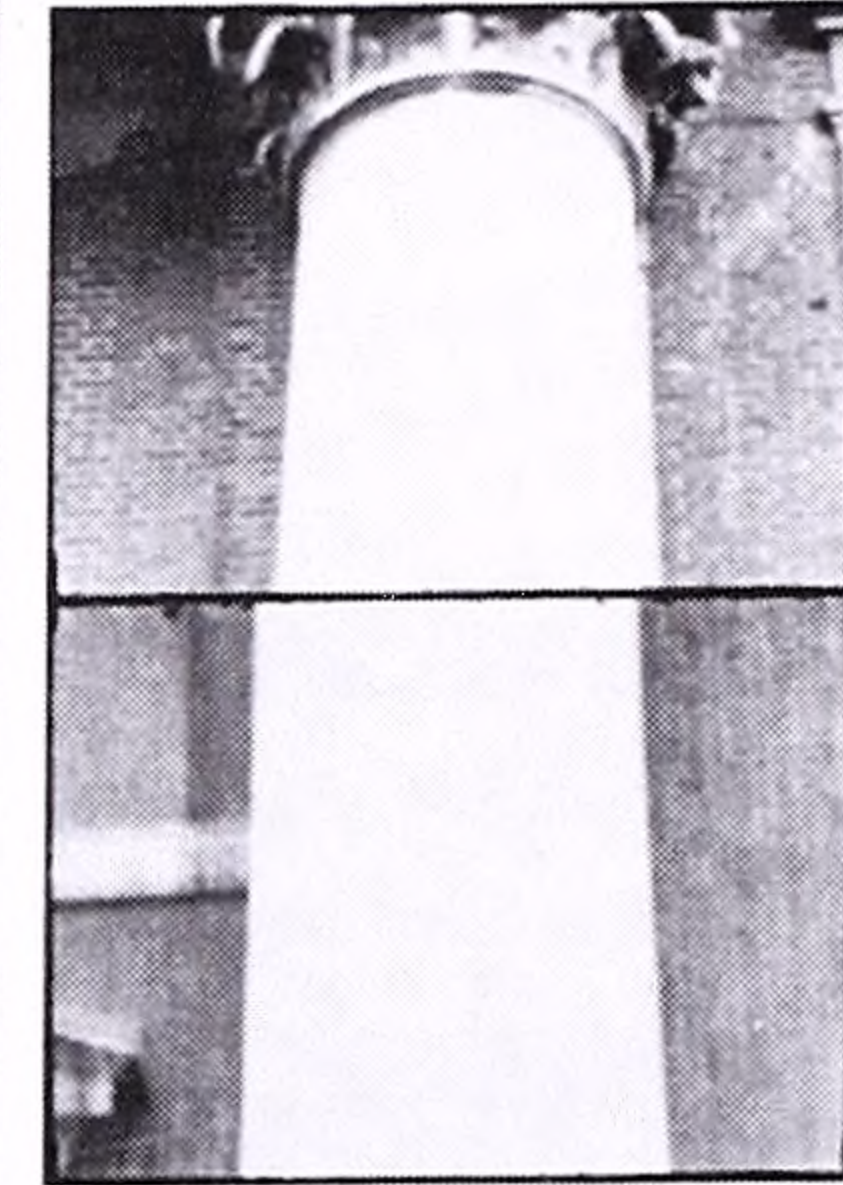
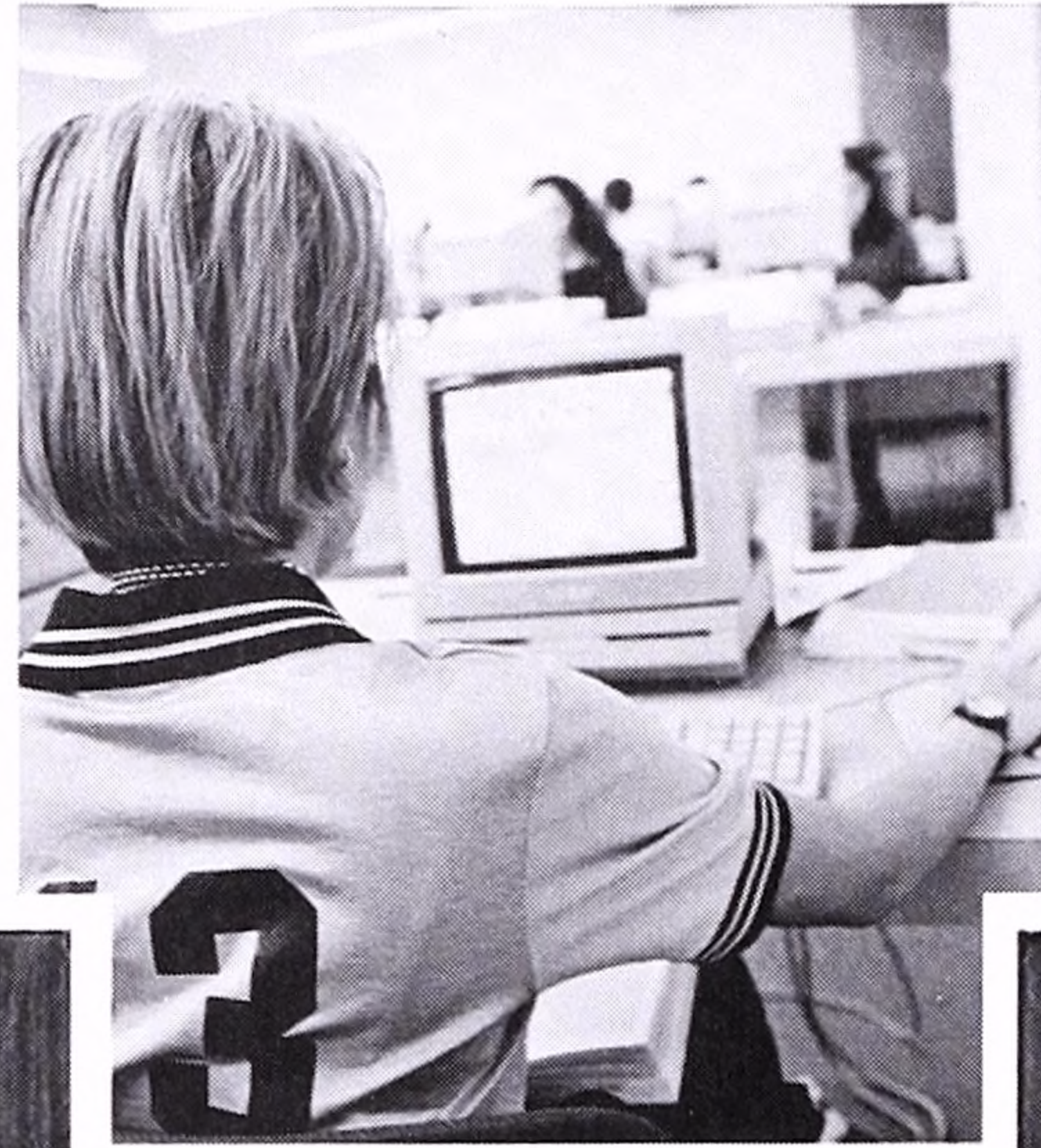
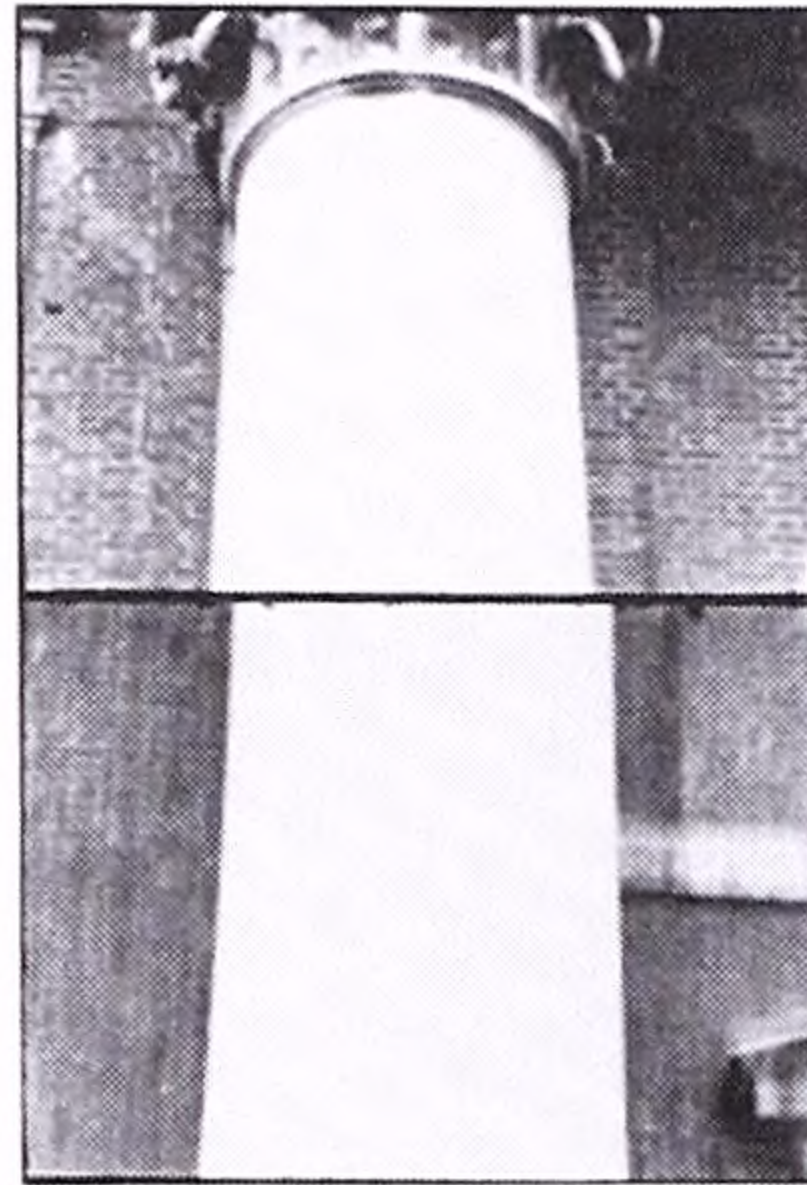
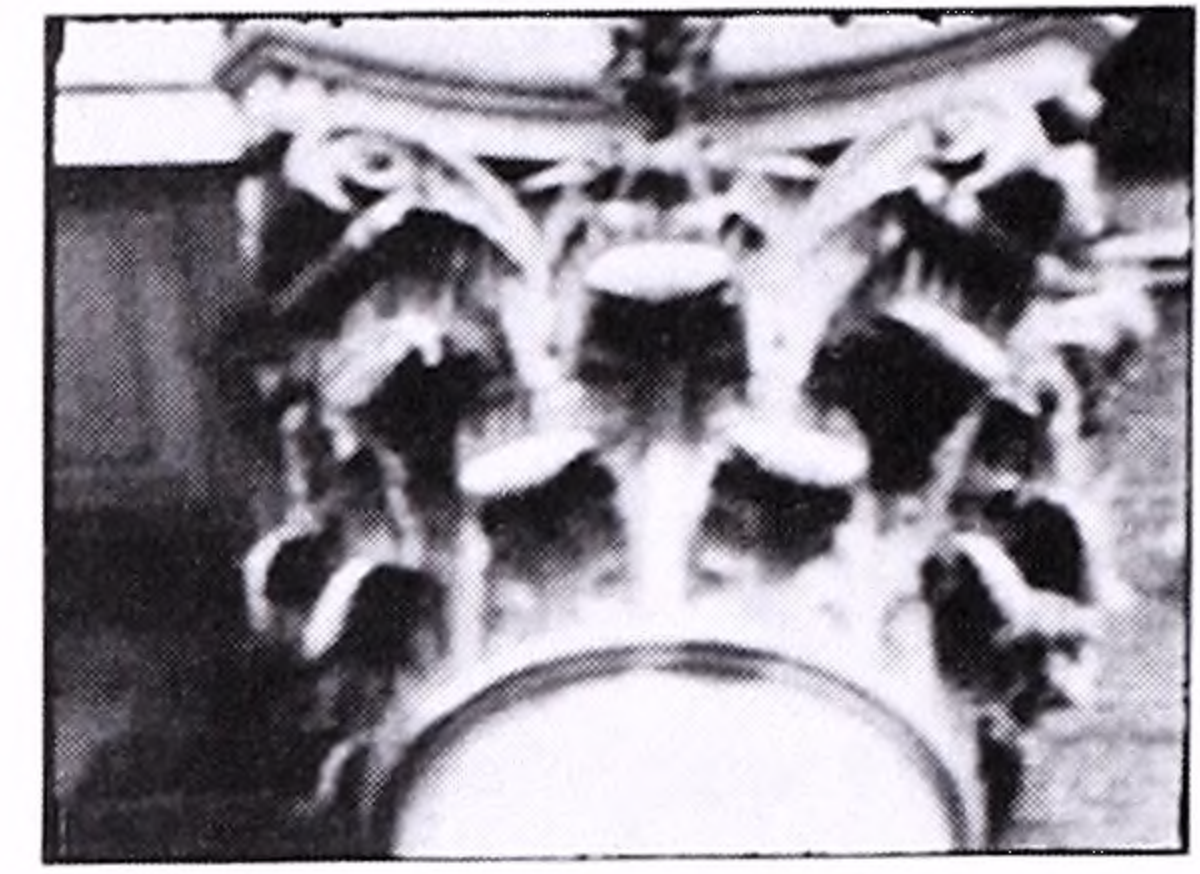
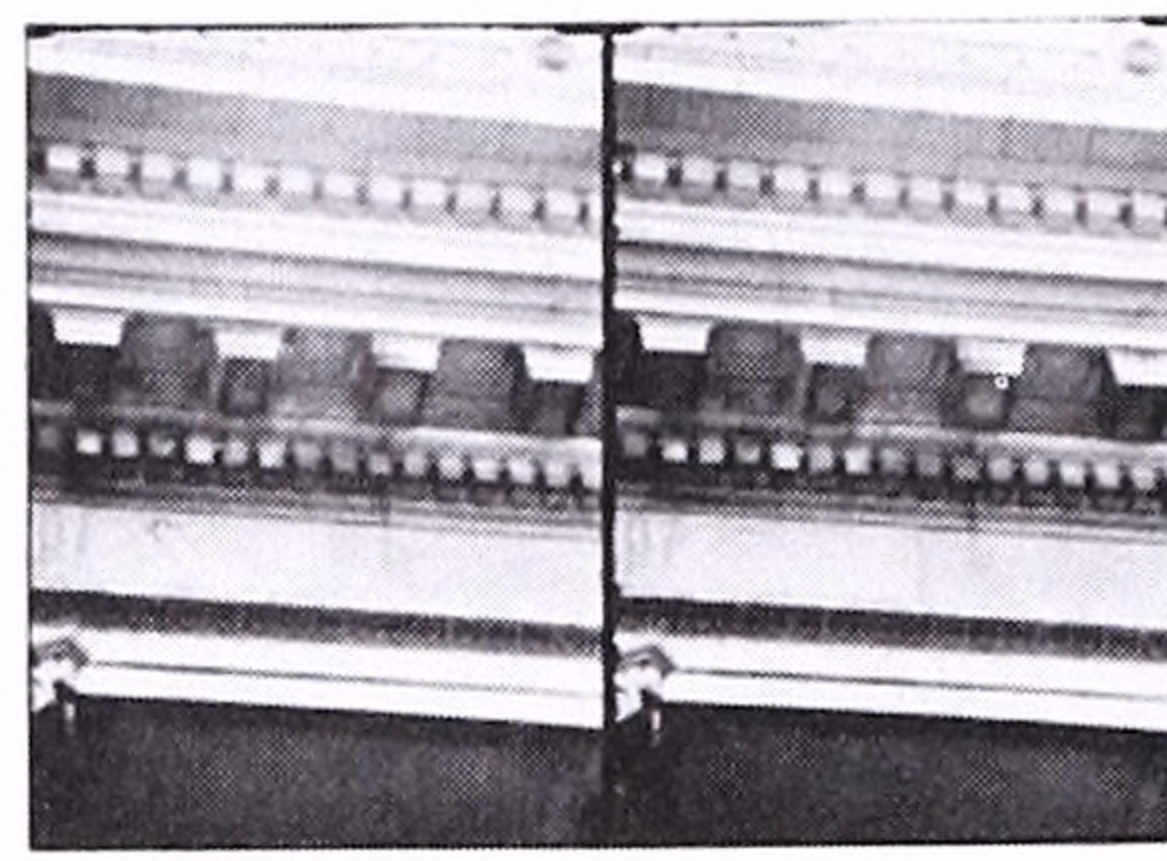
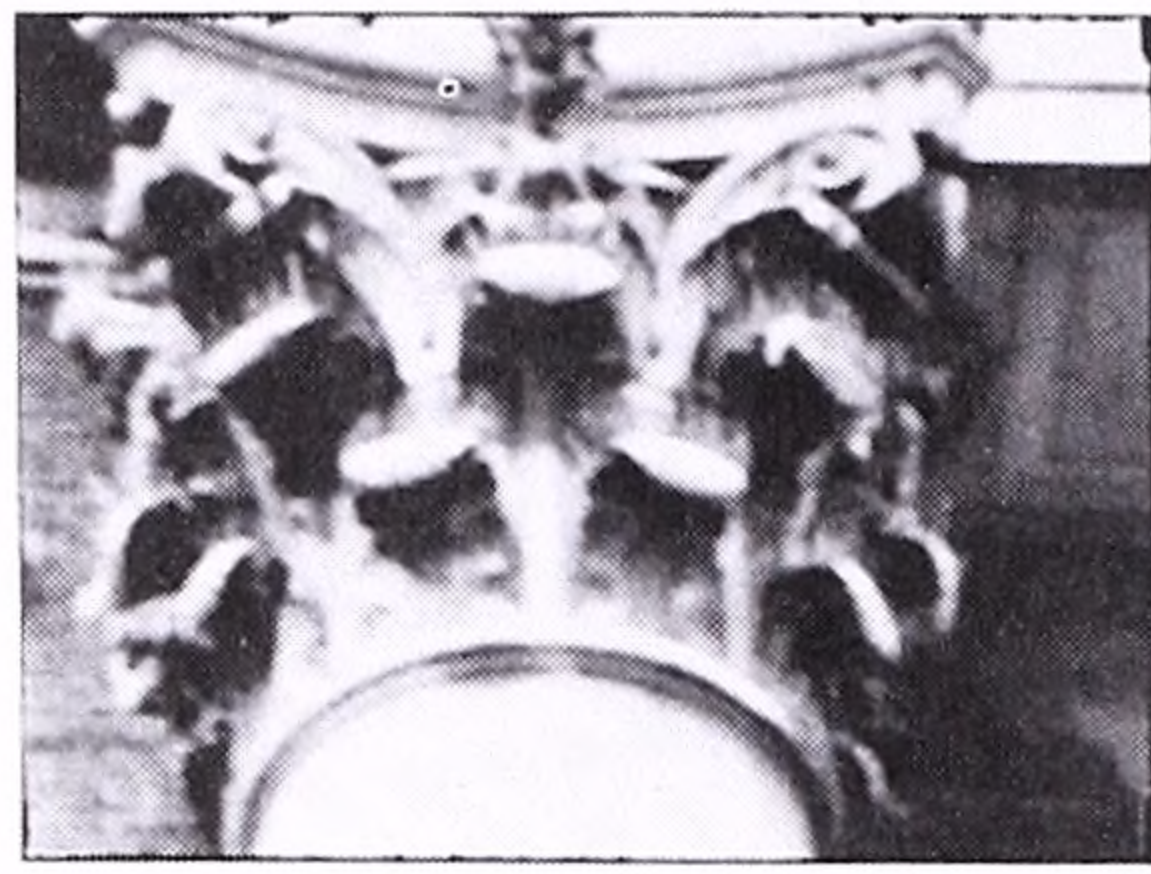
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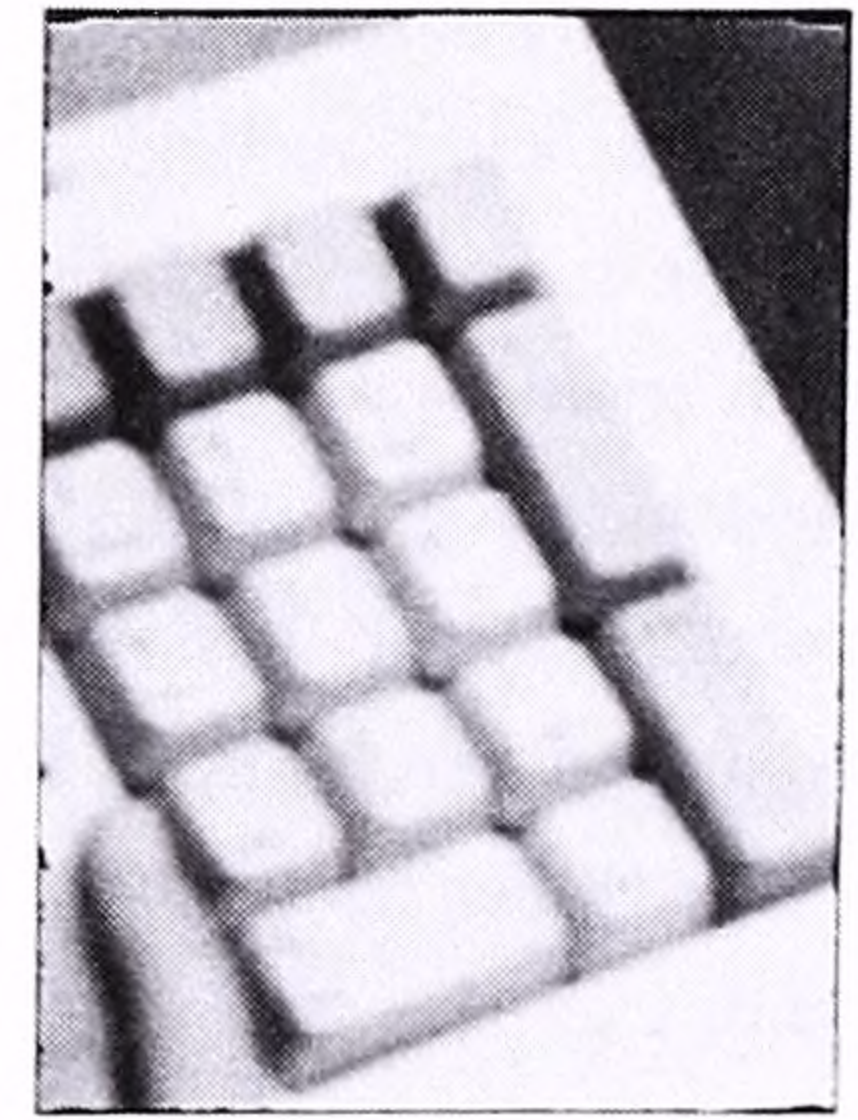
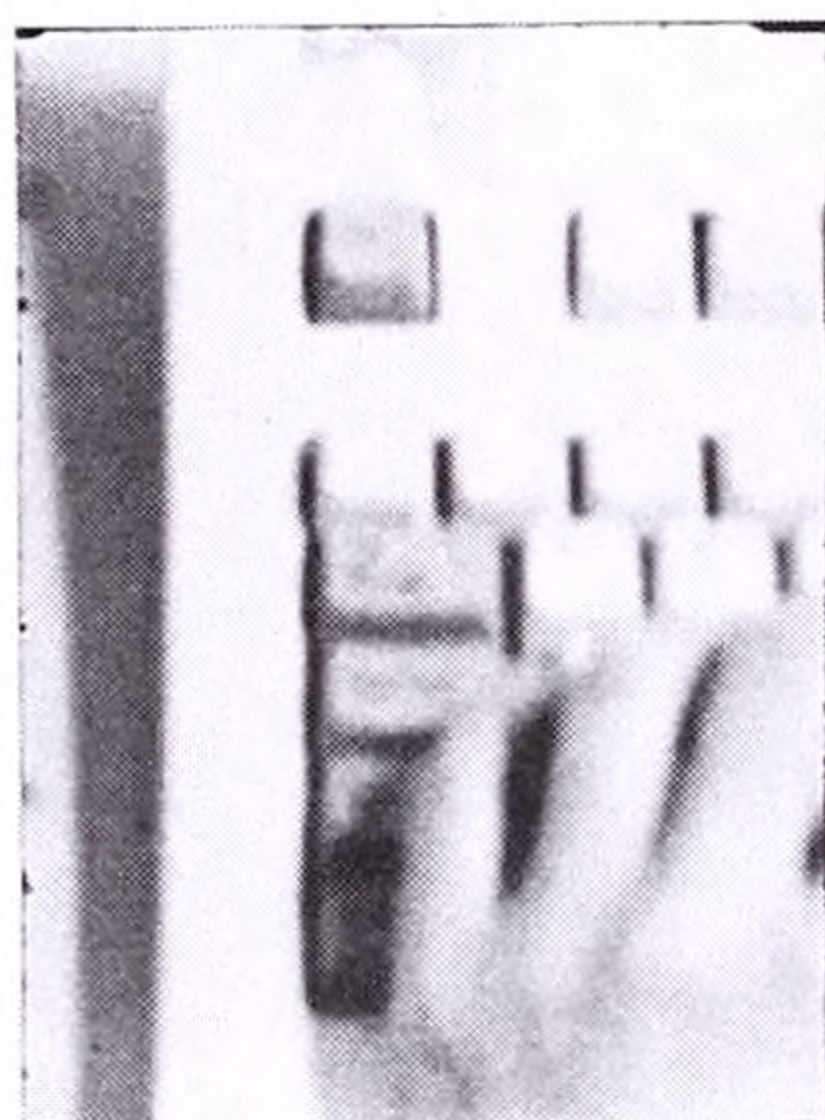
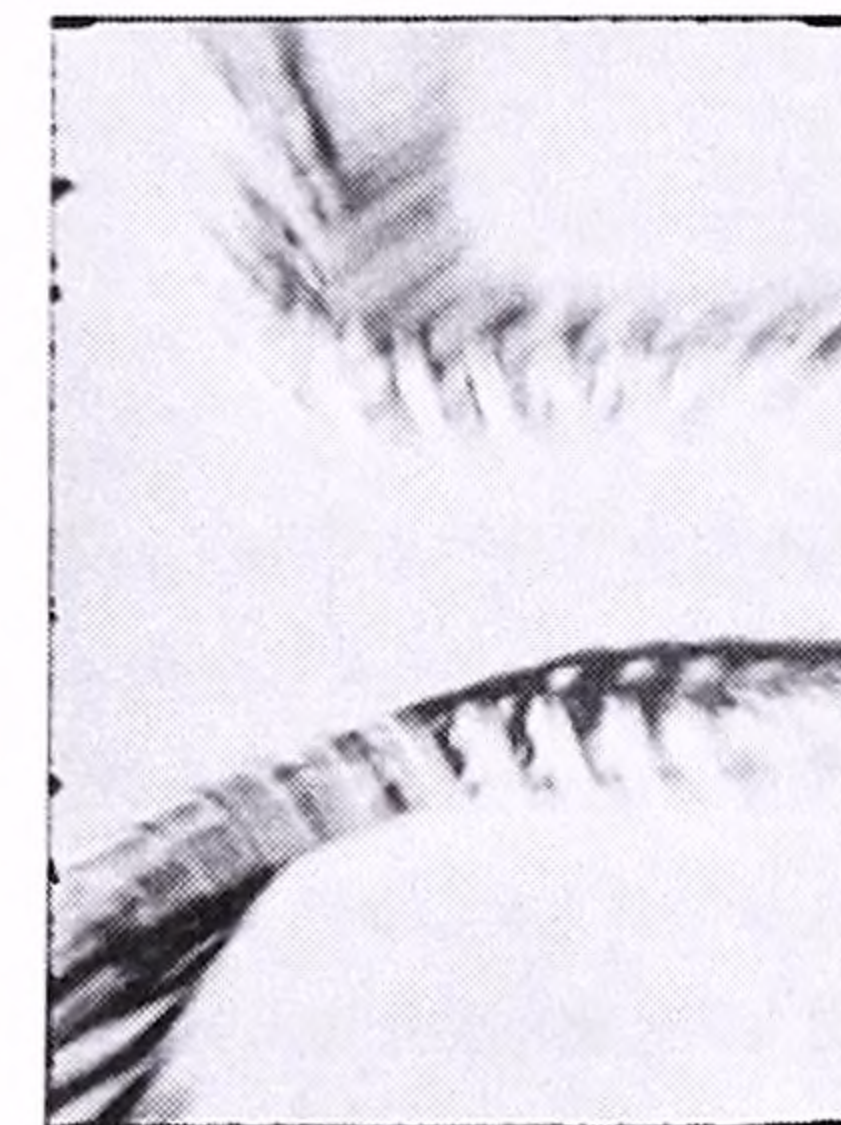
COURTESY OF THE BARNARD ARCHIVES

During the spring of 1945, Virginia Gildersleeve, Dean of Barnard from 1911 to 1947, left the College to serve as the sole woman representative from the United States at the United Nations Conference on International Organization in San Francisco. Delegates from fifty countries spent nine arduous weeks hammering out a charter for

the United Nations, which was signed on June 26, 1945. Gildersleeve played a major role not only in structuring the language of the preamble, but in guaranteeing the inclusion of human rights. "Perhaps the most pleasant part of the San Francisco Conference for me was the photograph which was taken just as I was rising from the table after signing and was shaking hands with President Truman," she recalled of the experience. "The expressions on the faces of my colleagues of the Delegation as they look at me and applaud, warm my heart."



THE PRICETAG IS ASTRONOMICAL, BUT
BARNARD AND OTHER SMALL
 LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGES MUST KEEP
COMPUTER CURRENT TO
 ATTRACT TEENAGERS RAISED ON
 MTV AND THE MOUSE.



COMPUTERS

IMAGINE AN ART HISTORY COURSE where instead of sitting in darkness punctuated by the occasional click, flash, and buzz of the slide projector, students put on gloves and visors and are instantaneously transported via computer to the Louvre. Suddenly, they can scrutinize the collection in exactly the way they would if they were on a visit to the museum: standing in front of the *Mona Lisa* (minus the crowds) to study da Vinci's brush strokes, walking around the *Venus de Milo* to get a view from every angle, or simply, stopping beneath I.M. Pei's glass pyramid and losing themselves in thought.

Imagine an economics course where a guest lecturer from the Sony Corporation in Tokyo and a guest lecturer from a Wall Street brokerage house "visit" a classroom at Barnard via a computerized telemonitor. Students pose questions to both speakers and the two experts interact as the students listen in.

Difficult to imagine? are possible today. New can revolutionize the teach-

IN THE

Perhaps, but these scenarios technology offers tools that ing experience and literally redefine the meaning of a classical education. But how to fund and integrate these seminal advances in technology into the classroom experience is a question Barnard and most small liberal arts colleges are pondering. Barnard is acutely, even painfully, aware of the changes sweeping through the outside world due to the "computer revolution"; the college also realizes that it needs to address these changes in the classroom in order to attract students and evolve as a place of higher learning. Yet to move from Chaucer into cyberspace requires a quantum leap, a leap not only of conviction and planning, but of tremendous financial investment.

"While the cost of technology is dropping, and most companies are able to continually up-date employees' computers, the price-tag for an academic institution is still monumental," says Jean Follansbee, director of computer and network systems at Barnard. "The revolution in teaching is yet to come, because we simply don't have the money to have a revolution. We are now getting a handle on the most basic needs for the school." Addressing the basic needs of Barnard has, in fact, transformed the campus. Computers are everywhere: in four student computer centers (in Sulzberger, Brooks, Lehman, and Altschul), on faculty desks, in the library, in administrative offices. Indeed,

CLASSROOM

BY WENDY DETERMAN '87 PHOTOGRAPHY BY KOLIN SMITH



Barnard began an ambitious plan to network the college over five years ago, an effort that has cost nearly one million dollars to date.

Although the network won't be officially complete until every dorm room on campus is wired, it has already infused new meaning into sharing campus-related information and finding information in the world outside the Barnard gates. Right now, if you log onto the network, which every staff member and student is able to do from office computers, the student computer centers, or from home with a computer equipped with a modem, you can tie into all of the resources of the campus. For example, a student might plug into an events calendar, a staff member might plan a future meeting, the alumnae affairs office might book a room for Reunion. The network also connects Barnard to the Internet, which, in turn, is connected to thousands of other computers—computers that track satellites, computers that hold social science bibliographies, computers that compile medical information ... etc.

"Before we had the network, computers were stuck off in each department running individual software," says Lewis Wyman, director of planning, finance, and administration. "Now it's as if each computer is tied into a major phone network. It's been a very exciting time."

"Certainly there is a great deal of emphasis on technology now, which there wasn't in years past," says Flora Davidson, acting dean of faculty. "Everyone is talking about it. Everyone believes it will transform the way we teach."

"I think that growing in the area of computing is centrally connected with

Barnard's mission as a women's college," says Judith Shapiro, Barnard's president. (Before Shapiro even moved into her office, she made sure that it was "wired" for her laptop.) "This is one of the many areas where men have traditionally had the advantage. Now is an important time for Barnard to move forward, to show how women excel in this domain when they are given the skills and tools."

Even with such clear enthusiasm, a well-articulated sense of purpose, and movement forward, if one were to poke one's head into a Barnard classroom, the scene would be entirely familiar. There is still the scratch of chalk on the blackboard, the hiss of the overhead projector. To find anything "high-tech" in most classrooms takes some hunting. And the reason is largely financial. Case in point: Smith, with an endowment of \$442 million (as compared to Barnard's \$70 million) and a long history of alumnae giving, was able to implement its first network over five years ago and is now devoting \$2 million to make it run twenty times faster. Classroom advances have been made; for instance, the college has a language lab where courses are taught using intense multi-media aids. Students actually "enter" foreign cultures—they hear the words spoken as they would be in the context and framework of a different country with different life situations.

This is the future for Barnard, but the future is ... when?

"The question really isn't whether or not we'll move forward," says Wyman. "It really is how quickly we'll move forward."

The dearth of computer-related technology in Barnard's classrooms highlights what has become a major conundrum fac-

ing administrators. Because the need for technology funding is so great throughout the college, and the college's existing operating budget is so high (the cost of its metropolitan setting), administrators must pick and choose—a frustrating position when the options available are so enticing: Do the limited funds go for laptop computers for all students? Into student computer training? Into more computers at the computer centers? Into computers in all dorm rooms? Into updating the library further?

The questions become more pressing given Barnard's computer-savvy clientele: the students. Raised in an era where the number two pencil has been replaced by the mouse, students arrive at Barnard proficient in the language of cyberspace; they expect, as a result, a sophisticated environment in which to nurture what they already know. Barnard's student computer centers have become as popular as The Hungarian Pastry Shop. Young women fill the centers, sitting side by side at computer terminals through the days and late into the nights. They might be scanning the Internet for a particular piece of information, or e-mailing friends at other universities around the globe (regular mail is now called "snail mail").

"It's really second nature for students," says Wyman. "The women who attend this school want more and more in the way of computers. They have continually rising expectations based on what they've seen in high school; what they've seen on MTV; what they have at home. In fact, we are now aware that students make decisions about attending Barnard based on how advanced they believe we are technologically."



The computer room in the ground floor of Lehman is always a hive of activity, with students using the computers night and day.

Barnard faculty, aware of the students' interest, are eager to utilize the academic potential of computers in the classrooms. To this end, the college is now developing a strategic plan to bring the whole campus—faculty as well as students—forward at a more even pace. "Certain groups may leapfrog a bit, but we can't move ahead unless every constituency is addressed," says Follansbee.

"We now have an administrative task force, an academic computing steering committee, and a student computing committee," says Wyman. "These committees are studying what the school needs and we expect the results in the early fall. From there we'll make a strategic plan with priorities and then tie in resources. Judith really wants to make this a major undertaking of the college."

A number of professors have already begun to incorporate some elements of technology into teaching. "I think computers will compel students to do much more advanced work," says Angela Zito, assistant professor of religion. "The computers can hook them into an intense intellectual life." Last fall, Zito attempted to "electronify teaching" with Kate Cooper, a former colleague in the religion department. A component of their course, entitled "Cultural Construction of the Body-Embodiment in its Chinese and Mediterranean Context," involved students writing responses to readings on the computer, as well as commenting on paper drafts.

Similarly, Larry Heuer, assistant professor of psychology, has integrated the use of computers into his classroom. Every student hands in weekly assignments on e-mail, and Heuer also encour-

ages students in his "Psychology and Law" class to "sit in" on news groups on the World Wide Web. He provides them with addresses and location sites on the Web where interesting discussions are likely to take place.

"There are [Internet] groups where psychologists and lawyers maintain dialogues. I really encourage my students to monitor those dialogues," says Heuer. "It's hard for something in the news to happen that doesn't have some kind of implication in my courses. The O.J. Simpson trial is a perfect example. We've been exploring many issues regarding that trial in class, such as how jurors keep up with and assess huge amounts of information for eight to ten months. These issues are now being discussed at length in many of these Web discussion groups by people who are tops in their fields."

Because Heuer's classes tend to be driven by news elements, Heuer also encourages students to hook into a site based at Cornell University—a legal research institute where U.S. Supreme Court decisions are compiled and released immediately after they are reached.

"I feel that students need to become comfortable with computers on a very advanced level. This computer world is, after all, the world in which they are going to have to exist once they leave Barnard," says Heuer. "Also, I really believe computers can help teaching tremendously. Interactions on the computer absolutely increase the dialogue between students and teachers. I was reading an article just yesterday and I knew one of my students wanted to write a paper on it, so I scanned it into the computer and sent it to this student. A computer facilitates these interactions and allows me to stay much more aware of what my students are up to. There is no end to the possibilities for computers to expand teaching and the professor/student relationship."

Several professors interviewed for this article said they would like to explore new teaching methods, but felt limited in the time they could give to a complex reengineering of coursework, as well as constrained by the lack of proper training and tools. "I simply don't have the hours to pursue it right now," said one Barnard professor who wished to remain anonymous. "I think it will take a commitment on the part of the whole college to really involve the faculty, train them, and allow

them to explore and experiment with this new technology."

"We are beginning to think of creative ways to address the problem," says Follansbee. She cites a recent proposal to allocate funds for a faculty computer/curricular development lab on campus. The lab, she explains, would be a place where faculty members could come to get hands-on computer training, as well as to listen to guest lecturers who are experimenting with innovations in teaching.

"If we build it, they will come," says Follansbee. "A computer lab also has the potential to offer tremendous rewards at a fairly modest price."

According to Cynthia Bennett, director of corporate and foundation relations, funding for computer hardware is difficult to attain; most donors would prefer funding advanced research rather than something as seemingly unglamorous as computer hardware. Grants to date have included \$150,000 from the Charles A. Dana Foundation in 1990 to bring the library on-line and automate cataloguing, and \$100,000 last year from The Howard Hughes Medical Institute to build a computer science lab. More recently, Bennett and her staff secured a \$300,000 grant from the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation. While the grant was designed for the development and innovation of new ways for curricular communication and not directed at computers, *per se*, it was expected that computing would be incorporated into every course.

"While the Mellon Grant was intended for curriculum changes, we were also able to direct the money towards computers," says Follansbee.

Many Barnard administrators and faculty members feel confident that with Judith Shapiro at the helm, the technological future at the college could very well be now. Shapiro, who has reiterated her commitment to the issue on many occasions, has made it a mandate to push Barnard into the twenty-first century by planning that technology needs will be a major component of the second phase of The Campaign.

"Computers are certainly an area where I want to put a great deal of emphasis. We already have a campus-wide effort underway and I believe this is only the beginning," said Shapiro. ■

Wendy Determan is a staff writer at Tour & Travel News in Manhattan.

SUITING YOURSELF: A TALK WITH

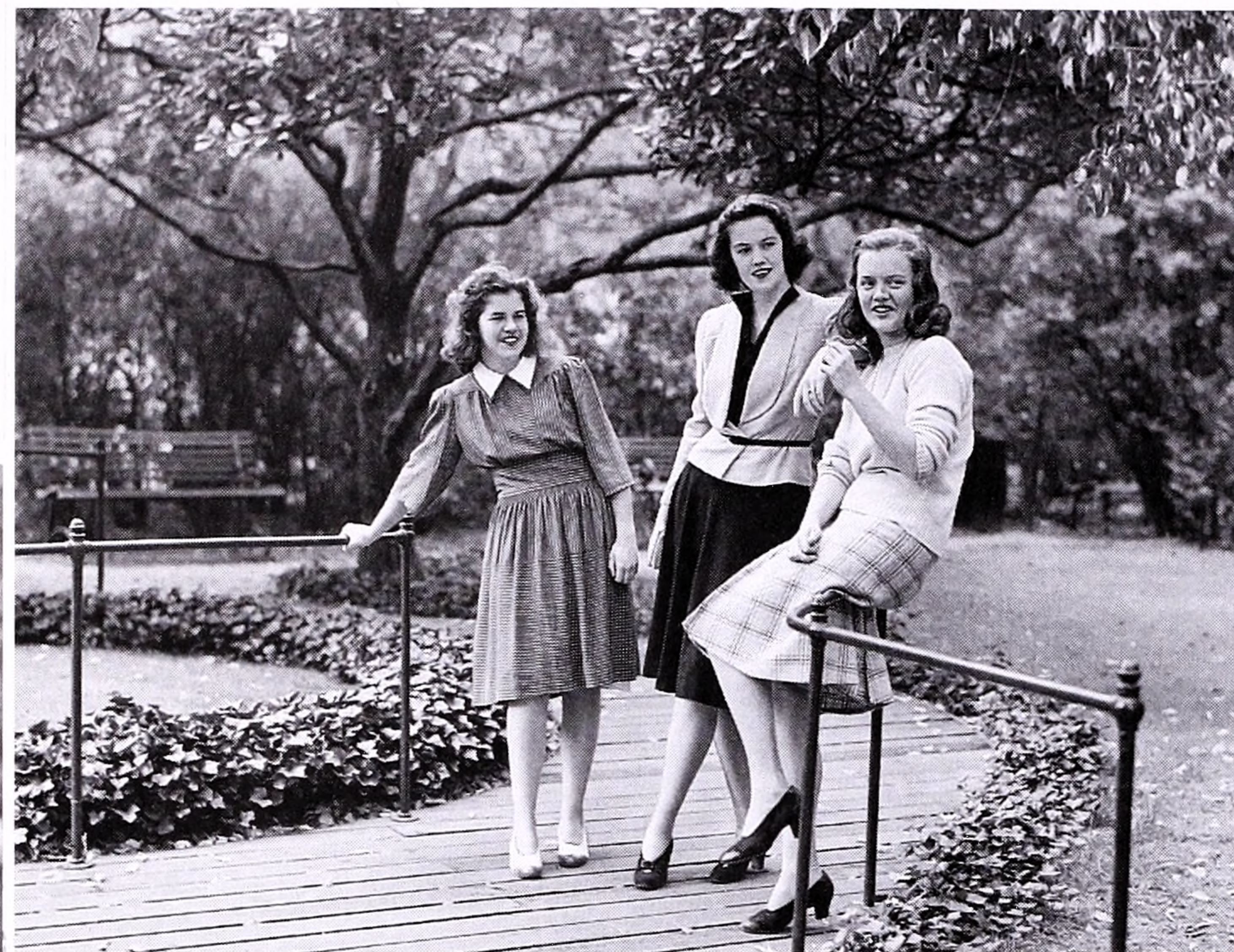


ANNE HOLLANDER

BY SUSAN GOODMAN '74 PHOTOGRAPH BY CLAIRE HOLT

“Let me show you my men in suits,” says fashion historian Anne Hollander ’52 as she leads the way into her airy Washington Square apartment. Dotting the apartment walls is an eclectic collection of European and American paintings—a portrait of a daunting French nobleman in full armor, lace jabot, and red cravat, circa 1690, by Largilliere, an itinerant’s rendering of Silas Hutchinson, a nineteenth-century gentleman farmer and a great-great-great-great uncle of Hollander’s.

Over her desk, dozens of photos and postcards of men in suits through the centuries are on display. Oscar Wilde in dandy mode, Gary Cooper in dashing double-breastedness, Edward Hopper in a lightweight summer number, Frank Lloyd Wright, his suit topped with a coat, and a miniature of a black-garbed Hollander ancestor dating from the nineteenth century. Among these well-known suit-wearers are snapshots of Hollander’s husband, the philosopher Thomas Nagel, with whom she lives half the year in New York, where he is professor of



philosophy and law at New York University, and the other half in an apartment in the seventh *arrondissement* in Paris, between *Les Invalides* and the Eiffel Tower.

Hollander grew up in Cleveland in the thirties and forties in a household of arts patrons and practitioners. Her uncle was renowned Broadway musical composer and lyricist Frank Loesser, and her father, a concert pianist, music teacher and critic, wrote a classic social history of the piano entitled *Men, Women and Pianos*. It was her mother, however, a former art student, who passed on to Hollander her love of art and fashion in equal measure. “My mother had elegant clothes to wear out in the evenings. The house was filled not only with *Vogue*, but with books filled with pictures of people either nude or dressed in beautiful garments from the past ... *Vogue* and art books did not look different to me. It was all the same story.”

Indeed, Hollander has fashioned a highly original career writing books that show how pictures convey a vision of fashion.

Hollander’s works include *Seeing Through Clothes*, and most recently, *Sex and Suits*, an acclaimed examination of the male suit in which the author credits its development as the most avant-garde to have come along in all of fashion history. In *Sex and Suits*, Hollander chronicles how the suit transformed fashion by allowing the articulation of the body—in the early nineteenth century for men, and by the twentieth century for women. The suit has persisted because it allows the wearer to be sexy and serious simultaneously, Hollander contends.

Today, Hollander is conspicuously not wearing a suit. But her simple appearance—a short black skirt with a cream-colored silk blouse and black suede pumps—presents a picture of completeness. It’s a habit of hers, she admits, to compose a fully coordinated outfit every day, even though she primarily works at home. (She confesses that she has bought a pair of jeans only once.) “One of the reasons I can love adult female costume is that I don’t *have* to wear it,” she admits. She dresses not only to be ready for whatever the day may bring but to feel complete

“A postmodern person, now one of either sex, has further learned that not only may disparate wardrobes cohabit in one person’s closet, as if on backstage costume racks, but they may now be combined. Beyond the classic cinema, in the new world of music video and free-wheeling, overlapping unrooted camera imagery, old denim and fresh spangles or pale chiffon and black combat boots are worn not just in quick succession but together. The new freedom of fashion in the last quarter century has been taken up as a chance not to create new forms, but to play more or less outrageously with all the tough and solid old ones, to unleash a swift stream of imagery bearing a pulsating tide of mixed references.” *from Sex and Suits*

Right: Barnard fashion today, a “pulsating tide of mixed references.”





Hollander reads Barnard fashion through the ages, left to right:

(1941-42) "Women were changing to girls in the early 1940s. The dress on the left looks as if it could be worn by a ten-year-old; the woman in the middle has more of a transitional ladylike look; the woman at the right appears to be in a high school costume, accessorized with heels." (1953) "Casual sportswear that was considered suitable for schoolgirls before trousers became possible." (1979) "One of the ancient ways of wearing a suit was to combine plebeian trousers and a nicely-tailored upper-class jacket."

whenever she glimpses herself in one of the many mirrors throughout the apartment. "I love mirrors," she says. "I think of them as very benign presences. I love the truth that they offer." She seems to be describing a way she has of studying the pictures she makes of her own costumes.

Hollander's charmingly chatty talk is punctuated by surprisingly objective observations concerning her circuitous path to an intellectual life. While her first husband, the poet John Hollander, studied for his graduate degree at Indiana University in the 1950s, and then began teaching at Yale, she became an independent scholar, amateur costume designer, and full-time wife and mother.

"I was an anachronism," she says of her decision to pursue independent interests instead of a career. "I was behaving in the way I was raised to behave ... like a lady."

It was only in 1970, when a friend suggested she submit an article on costume history to a new journal, that Hollander's intellectual passion turned into a paying profession. At that

point, she decided to forget about designing costumes and to begin, instead, to write about them. Her article on understanding the history of clothes through the study of pictures became the nucleus of her first book. During the seven years that she worked on the manuscript, she also established herself as a journalist with an expertise in fashion history, publishing articles in *Esquire*, *Commentary*, and *New York* magazine, among others. In 1976 she won a Guggenheim fellowship.

Although much recent writing on fashion history has been of a political nature, Hollander remains staunchly independent. She groups herself not with the social historians and critics so much as with the art historians. She neither denies nor adopts the political view, but insists that there are other threads in the fabric of fashion history—namely aesthetic and emotional ones.

"We have been taught lately to find that fashion is political, and that is no doubt the case," she says. "But seeing [political] meaning in fashion is risky. Certain fashions have no meaning other than a change in shape."



On the subject of the suit, however, Hollander is clear: it stands as an emblem of power, an emblem women have adopted from men.

In *Sex and Suits*, the shapes and silhouettes of the centuries metamorphose before the reader's eyes as Hollander vividly traces the suit's genesis. Our first view of man as he really is (although certainly in heroic proportions), she writes, was by way of medieval armor. Beginning in the late twelfth century, men began dressing in clothing reminiscent of these body-sculpting "suits" of armor, with clearly defined legs, feet, and genitals. The garment that more accurately stated the evolution toward the modern suit was the padded layer that protected man from metal. Hollander considers linen armorers, the makers of those form-fitting undersuits, the first European tailors.

By the late seventeenth century, the buttoned coat had gained ascendancy as a form of what would become the modern suit. This eventually gave way to the English aristocrat's "natural" attire. The landed English gentleman preferred to stay in the country hunting and shooting; his outfit reflected a certain ease with the natural world. Seams were visible, and the "natural man" wore three-part ensembles in wool and leather, which resembled the rugged skins of his dogs and horses. In France, the look of the revolutionary "sans-culottes" was jaunty and rough, and gentlemen began to imitate their street look.

Throughout Europe, the burgeoning neoclassic movement in art and design idealized the classical nude figure. All of these elements eventually converged as the male nude body was reinvented via the natural fiber suit. Indeed, Hollander believes the suit has evolved and continues to flourish because it has "kept its ability to make that nude suggestion," even if the suggestion may hide the truth. "If the man does not have the perfect figure, the suit will make it for him and idealize him on the spot."

The lounge suits of the nineteenth century (worn with a shorter, easier jacket and all three parts made of one fabric) most resemble the suits of today. Unlike the contemporary suit, the lounge suit was made for leisure wear and meant to make the off-duty gentleman feel more accessible and at ease. The working class appropriated this outfit for their best wear and fashioned it in new ready-to-wear versions. And by the early twentieth century, the modern suit had thoroughly arrived.

And what of women? While male clothing, since the Middle Ages, evolved to bring the male body more clearly into focus, female clothing was a form of selective exposure, often creating a corporeal blur.

"A woman's arms and head might be fairly intelligible, but her hair was usually carefully bound up and often covered by headgear that further disguised the actual shape of her head and its normal relationship to her neck," writes Hollander. "Her pelvis and legs were always a mystery, her feet a sometime thing, and her bosom a constantly changing theatrical presentation."

By the late seventeenth century, Louis XIV had approved of a scheme to create a guild of female tailors. Thereafter, women dressed women and men continued to tailor for men. (Corset makers, the secret architects of female clothes, remained male.) Although the king's decree appeared at the time to be a great step forward for women's fashion, the results proved disastrous. Dressmakers were trained in needlework, not tailoring, and consequently became pruning-and-shearing instruments for their customers. Add a flower here and a furbelow there, commanded the client, and the dressmaker humbly followed.

The arrival of Charles Frederick Worth, the preeminent Parisian designer of the late nineteenth century who became the czar of women's fashion, prompted women to rebel against their perennial fictionalization *via* dress. The fact that a man had come into control of the way women were displayed made it suddenly clear to women that the fashion they had been wearing all along was a form of sexual tyranny, whether created by themselves or the opposite sex. Their response was to co-opt the male symbol for their own. "Women copied the male scheme in this century because they wanted the power of reason and the power to have sexual fantasies about the other sex," says Hollander. "After all, women in the garb of the opposite sex gives rein to the idea that women's sexual fantasy is much broader, and includes a predatory side."

By the 1920s, the hand of women designers was also felt in the way suits were cut and how they felt. Garments began to cling to the body; fluid fabric caressed it. Women designers had found their niche by freely expressing this new "tactile delight" and the "working beauty of the garment in wear." The final liberation was the emergence of the long-hidden leg, an event Hollander believes gave men and women "clothed parity."

"It [the short and narrow skirt] gave the female body a coherence that had been a male privilege," writes Hollander. "The head was shown to have a necessary relation to the feet, as thought has to action." Soon thereafter the hemline became a variable thing. Women were, at last, allowed to choose from short to long, as men had been allowed, six hundred years before, to choose a tunic length. Pants would be adapted by women only after legs had become a "customary sight."

What has followed is a kind of fashion schizophrenia, a "pulsating tide of mixed references": the combination of old and new, dressed up and dressed down, even what Hollander calls an attempt to turn ourselves into "latter-day androgynous children" in our off-duty outfits of zippered jackets and sweatpants.

"Fashion makes you wish to be like everybody else, a tribal longing, while you also wish to be unique," says Hollander. The source of these longings is often personal, often a mystery. For years, she confesses, she had been attracted to light suits with dark blouses, not knowing exactly why. "After years it finally leapt into my mind," she says. "At a certain point in my life my mother owned a light suit with a dark blouse and she looked so elegant in it. There must have been something going on between us or in the world at that moment—that's why I had taken it on."

Interestingly, despite her recent examination of the suit-as-emblem, Hollander posits that what we ultimately decide to wear is a very private and emotional matter. "The famous messages of dress, the well-known language of clothes, is very often not doing any communicating at all," she writes. "A good deal of it is a form of private muttering."

Hollander takes her leave on Sixth Avenue, a long way from the contemplative quiet of her apartment high above Washington Square. In the evening twilight, she reiterates her belief that the communicating we manage to achieve by way of fashion is at best evanescent. "We don't really make any statements," the author says before disappearing into the murky hodgepodge. "We just sing our little song." ■

Susan Goodman is a writer living in Manhattan.

A BRIEF SUMMARY OF MY CAREER



BY ANNE MOORE '82

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
LESLIE COBER

I. THE CALL

A Barnard alumna new to the area calls and says she's organizing a career continuum panel and would I speak about how I combine work and family. (Not well.) Someone mentioned you'd be good, she says. (Who, and how will I get her back?) Details to follow. She was putting together a panel. The date and place would be decided some other time. I stuck it where it belonged—no date, no place, no need for me to worry.

II. THE PURSUIT

Could you write a brief summary of your career? So I could introduce you? I do—it begins with my Barnard advisor, who when asked what I should consider for a profession paused and said, "Why, you're a poet." As though this would a) pay my bills forever or b) absolve me from ever having to worry about bills. I stick the summary in an envelope and am about to mail it when I get a call: the panel discussion has been postponed. Phew.

III. THE SUMMER

I spend all summer writing a screenplay for a screwball comedy—the sort of movies I like best, with a fast-talking heroine in a delicious but silly predicament—pausing only to write the few articles I had previously agreed to. I hire a cleaning lady (who calls me Lady, but that's another story) because my nanny can't handle cleaning and child care if I'm no help with the kids. My husband keeps wondering why we have no money at the end of the month.

The first draft is well received and my LA connections urge me to finish it, quickly. I try to set my mind on some articles but I can't stop writing and revising the screenplay: I love what I've created, it's funny and substantial and the best and most accomplished thing I've written in years. Never mind that I've joined an outdoor pool for

the summer but never swim laps or teach my older son how to swim: I just sit by the side of the pool with my legs dangling in the water fleshing out scenes while my son hangs onto the ladder, refusing all entreaties to get his head wet. Never mind that my younger son barely registers on the radar screen and so has developed an ear-shattering scream to get my attention. That it has been weeks since my hunting dog had a long walk let alone a good run, that the dinner hour falls back to 10 P.M. and I keep getting up from the table to scribble down dialogue.

I recall that while writing articles or essays is an everyday thing, like breathing, writing a big piece of fiction is an obsession as consuming as a love affair or a book you simply cannot put down. When I finish the screenplay at the end of the summer I'm distraught, lost, uncertain what to do despite the pile of article ideas to the left of my keyboard. It's like having a baby but worse: I have to let it go.

IV. THE DRIVE

The panel is scheduled for 2 P.M. on September 18 in ever politically correct Evanston. It's at the new home of an alumna I know and like. I'd like to see her new home, and I like Evanston, the one "suburb" I feel I could live in: home to a major university, on the lake, big old Victorian houses, grass but not too much. I'd live there already but each time I've driven up to look around I've gotten stuck in traffic—I hate to drive—and I've become frustrated by the idea that this would happen to me all the time. Still, I'm committed to going to this thing, and I've already written up what I'm going to say. There won't be traffic on Sunday, and a short drive won't kill me.

V. THE SUMMARY

I realize my brief summary is just that: brief. I'm supposed to talk for ten minutes and what I have down would take up about thirty seconds. Have I touched on some of the many bumps in my career? Am I skirting the money issue? That were it not for my husband's steady salary I'd be slug-

ging it out in a newsroom and writing plays and poems and stories at 4 A.M.? Do I admit that my income varies so greatly year to year that my husband now considers it gravy, and actually gets mad when I make "too much" because it throws us into another tax bracket? I am happy to say that a home office has afforded me the pleasure of breastfeeding both my sons for a full year with-

out the help of mechanical devices, but do I admit that I often resort to the idle threat that I can't buy them toys if they don't get out of my office? I settle with the line that it's not so bad to be interrupted by a little boy looking for a Batman and a kiss.

VI. THE DISASTER

The Friday night before the Sunday panel I make sure my husband doesn't have a squash match or a pile of work he has to attend to so he'll be in charge of the kids. Turns out he's busier than ever because of two volunteer boards he serves on. He has to spend all day both days of the weekend working on the annual report of a literacy program. I suggest he quit that board, that he doesn't have time for it. A not-very-nice discussion about time, work, pay, children, exercise—you know, basic life choices—ensues and an ugly reality arises: I haven't contributed squat to the family coffers in months, indeed, my husband refers to this past summer as time I spent on my hobby. (Remember, and all of you stay-at-home moms know this one: work for which you earn no money is not considered work.) Horrors! I am a fraud. I can't possibly talk to a group of Barnard graduates about my career. It's in shambles.

VII. THE DECISION

The next day, Saturday, I take my two little boys down to the Botero sculptures in Grant Park and consider life as a single mother. I love my husband, but the hobby line was truly a low blow. The sculptures don't take much time, so we head over to the Art Institute even though my little guy is in a stroller, the steps are monumental, and he's the proud owner of the ear-shattering scream. But he doesn't



let loose until we reach the armor exhibit, and then it's not with a scream but a rhythmic grunting followed by two of the few words he knows: "Power Rangers." My older son stands in front of the wall of battle axes and swords and wants to know what each one does. Maim is the obvious answer, but I swallow my anti-violence *shtick* and read from the plaques the names of the different weapons and when—not how—they were used. A man I haven't noticed compliments me on how well I handled it all. Phew. I'm doing something right.

The rest of the afternoon I clean out the garage (really) while my kids nap, and figure out all the jobs I could get but don't want. I remember that a fat check is coming for an article I wrote months ago and make a mental note to list it under "hobby" in our checkbook ledger. I recall that I committed

professional suicide when I got off the daily journalism path to move out here and get married, and have been working sideways ever since. I remember a reader calling me at the newspaper to compliment me on my travel pieces but asking for far more: her husband would go anywhere I wrote about, would I travel around the world so they could, too? (Perhaps she would speak on my behalf.) I think of all the ill-paying but good and funny and caustic pieces I've done for the *Reader*, Chicago's alternative paper, of the folder full of encouragement from editors at *The New Yorker* and big publishing houses. If only all that praise came attached to a check.

I come in that evening to a marvelous meal of roast duck and polenta, just one of the many great dinners my husband makes on the weekends, and serves well before 10 P.M. I don't want to be a single parent, I just want to sell my screenplay, to throw us into some tax bracket that doesn't even exist yet. And I decide I've accomplished what I set out to do many years ago: journalistic writing for pay, creative writing that may or may not pay, and time to be with my kids.

VIII. THE DAY

Sunday dawns, an improbably gorgeous—remember, it's Chicago—crisp but warm mid-September day, a day I'd usually walk my kids over to the zoo or the lake. Instead we go quickly to the little park by our house and get chased out by ferocious yellow jackets. My older son wants to know why they're so mad. Because they're going to die, I say. As soon as it gets cold, they'll all be dead. (No one compliments me on the handling of this issue.) He wants to know about the ants (he's been collecting

them, in plastic bags full of dirt that I throw out when he's not looking). Will the ants die, too? No, I say, nothing kills them. We get home and I head out—late, because my babysitter arrives late—to Evanston with my career/family speech outlined on out-of-date postal cards. I choose the highway instead of the slower scenic route, but get stuck in five-mile-per-hour traffic caused by highway "construction" that is nowhere in sight: all but two

lanes are closed but no work is being done. (I can't help but remember my mother, the proverbial small-town New Yorker, sitting with me stuck in the same sort of traffic asking where all the cars and trucks were going: Indiana, I said, Wisconsin. But why would anyone want to go to those places? she asked.)



What should be a fifteen-minute drive takes me an hour and fifteen minutes and the whole time I'm inching there I'm wanting to bail out.

IX. THE GIFT

I'd forgotten the pleasure of a group of Barnard women. Curious, thoughtful, unafraid to jump in with a comment or a question. All ages, all bright-eyed. (Okay, there's one napper. But wasn't there always? And besides, when she wakes up she's bright-eyed, too, and smiling.) I'm the last to speak—I was the last to arrive—so I get to hear about others' not-necessarily-wise personal and professional choices, about reaching for a new goal despite the odds.

When I begin speaking I notice older women nodding along, remembering their own experience raising children and working, about the need to work, to use the mind. I see women closer to my age taking notes when I'm asked for specifics about my work schedule and child care needs, about what happens when I take on a huge project like writing a screenplay. (Everyone else suffers, I say, I'm not "there.") I can see that for some women it's important to hear that work can be done at home behind a closed door, that children love rules and stick to them.

For my small bit of trouble and fear I receive a fine gift in return. An older woman who'd piped up to say she'd taken the exact same path in life corners me at the end of the afternoon. She presses her name and number on me, then gives me the best advice and encouragement I'd heard in a while: "Write what you like and hope that it sells," she says. "Just make sure it's true." ■

Anne Moore is at work on another screenplay.



WATCH CONSULTING

AN EXCERPT FROM
THE FATIGUE ARTIST

A FORTHCOMING NOVEL FROM
LYNNE SHARON SCHWARTZ '59

ILLUSTRATION BY
ROBERT M. PASTRANA

THE MEDICINE WOMAN'S DEN IS IN A STATELY brownstone several blocks from the river, on a tree-lined side street, cool and hushed on this steamy day. In the distance, over in Central Park, rise the unstimulating tops of trees. The halls inside are dim, their walls stripped down to brick. I trudge up the narrow stairs. At the fourth floor landing a door is open and the unmistakable sweetish odor of marijuana wafts towards me. 🖐️ "Hi, Laura," a light female voice rings out from the inner room. If the voice had shape and texture it would be a big rainbow-tinted bubble. "Make yourself comfortable. I'll be right with you." 🖐️ I sit in a canvas director's chair. The room is large and airy, with hanging plants at the sun-struck windows and posters on the walls: a many-handed Indian goddess advertising a bioecology conference on saving the earth. A huge photograph of a famous rock formation in Australia, the rock, carved by millennia of wind, shaped uncannily like an ocean wave. A few of the usual Impressionists—sunflowers, water lilies. 🖐️ A Chinese anatomical chart shows the fourteen meridians of the body running vertically and horizontally in dotted lines, an unfamiliar map of familiar terrain. It's as if the well-known perimeter of North America enclosed brand-new

mountain ranges, rivers, lakes, and internal borders. Another wall chart is pentagonal: each point represents one of the five vital organs in living color, along with their corresponding elements, seasons, senses, and tastes, all linked by a network of arrows.

Opposite me are floor-to-ceiling wooden shelves, the top ones holding tall mason jars filled with herbs and labeled in Latin and Chinese, and below, thick tattered books bound in black leather with gold trim. It feels like a sorcerer's chamber or alchemist's study, except that on the desk across the room sits a state-of-the-art telephone and answering machine, and in between two jars of herbs, a radio is tuned to the yuppie classical music station.

"Sorry to keep you waiting."

She appears from within, a goddess-like creature herself, tall, large-boned, with dangling earrings and waves of abundant black hair tumbling down her back. Young, I think. Her age is hard to fix. Thirty-one or two? An olive complexion, piercing blue eyes, full lips. Glowing with West Coast vigor and outfitted not as a goddess but suitably for a New York summer, in a short skirt and V-necked T-shirt. Strong, suntanned legs, Dr. Scholl's sandals.

The inner room where she leads me is smaller and its walls are bare white. On the floor is a mat covered by a striped Indian bedspread. She gestures to me to sit and kneels opposite me, flicking the hair off her neck. "So, tell me again how you feel." She rests back on her heels listening, nods, jots down a note now and then.

"Okay, I'm going to take your pulses." Not pulse, but pulses, up and down the inside of the lower forearms.

"Hm, yes. Chinese medicine," she says, the searching blue eyes taking my measure, "is based on the movement of energy, or chi, through the body. It flows in patterns along the meridians. From the pulses I can tell if any of the organs are in an unbalanced condition, too active or not active enough. That blocks the energy. With the treatment I try to unblock it and get it flowing again. I think you'll be fine—you have a strong constitution—but it might take some time. We have to get rid of the toxins first. That means you could have some uncomfortable symptoms, but once those pass you'll feel better. Let me see your tongue. Yes, that's what I thought."

She tips a small brown bottle over her palm and a lush forest odor rises into the room. She massages the oil into my stomach and my legs. Her touch is warm. Then she presses her hands down hard all along my legs. "Turn over." She presses again. Laying on of

hands. She's transmitting something through the hands; I only hope it's something good. When I turn on my back again, my body feels different, as if it's drawn something alien and interesting from the hands. She opens a package of long thin needles tipped with red plastic. At my look of alarm, she says, "This won't hurt, I promise."

"Do you sterilize the needles or what?"

"I use fresh needles for every patient." She holds up a miniature red plastic garbage can with a flip top, a cute gadget smaller than a beer can. "See, the old ones go in here. As you'll see, I

open a new package each time."

I peer into the little can. Dozens of discarded needles. She must use hundreds, maybe thousands, each week. Someone is making a fortune on them. "What about these uncomfortable symptoms? I have enough uncomfortable symptoms as it is."

"Well, I can't always tell what they're going to be. That depends on your body. But sometimes after the treatment you might get a headache or a skin rash or a stomach ache. Or maybe muscle aches, a cold, fever, menstrual cramps."

"Great. You mean you can give me all that?"

She laughs. "That's not my aim. But as I'm moving out the toxins, they have to find a path to leave by, and there are only the obvious ways. Everything in the body moves in certain directions—from the organs to the skin, from the center to the extremities, from up to down. The particular path they take is your body's choice. Afterward, as I said, you'll feel better than before."

"I feel like a sewage disposal plant, with all those toxins."

"Don't take it personally. It's the body's natural process—taking things in from outside, using them, and producing toxins to be released. Okay, I'm going to insert the needles now. Breathe in."

They don't hurt. The thickness of a hair, she says. I crane my neck to study the landscape of my body, in bra and pants, punctured here and there by the long, red-tipped stalks. I look like an exotic planet growing hair-thin vegetation.

"They go in triangular patterns." As she inserts several more and twirls them a bit, she points out the triangles they form. She's a kind of performance artist, it seems, and I'm a canvas for her abstract art, an integral part of the project.

"You see," she says, "how the ones on your stomach aren't standing upright but kind of leaning? That's because of the low chi there. As the treatments continue, you'll begin to see them stand up straighter."

"That's something to look forward to."

She returns an ironic flash of her blue eyes, then reaches over to a little witch's chest and brings forth an object resembling an extremely long cigar. She lights one end with a cigarette lighter and instantly the air fills with the sweet marijuana odor.

"Don't tell me you're going to smoke that."

"It's not pot. It's moxa, a Chinese herb. Everyone thinks it's pot, the first time. Mothers in China still use this when their kids have colds or coughs. It's very healing. You hold it above certain parts of the body and the fumes penetrate." She holds the moxa over my stomach, which grows quite warm as I inhale happily.

"It smells good. It's a long time since I smoked any pot."

"It's terrible for the immune system, unfortunately. One joint is equal to sixteen cigarettes. I'll give you a couple of moxa sticks to take home, and show you where to use it. Also, you should take baths in Dead Sea salts. They'll help release the toxins through the skin. You can buy them in the health food store."

"A whole new world is opening up." I wonder, in fact, if my body's inner map is shifting into the alien design I saw on the waiting-room wall.

"It's very pleasant. You'll see your arms float. I think you might like that."

While the hair-thin needles are poised over my skin and the drifts of pungent smoke move between us, she asks many questions. Where I was born, childhood diseases, eating and sleeping patterns, work, exercise, tastes and distastes. With each response she nods as if she figured as much, making an occasional note on the diagram of a nude body she holds on her lap, on which she's

She's a kind of performance artist, it seems, and I'm a canvas for her abstract art.

marked x's here and there. After twenty minutes her knowledge of me is encyclopedic.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. I keep dropping things."

She explains this as a loss of yang, which she pronounces so as to rhyme not with "bang" but with "gong." "Health depends on the proper balance between yin and yang. If one or the other becomes too powerful, you're thrown off balance, and you can feel it." Yang, she says, is the grasping or holding-on faculty, as distinct from yin, the unfurling, receptive faculty.

"In other words, I'm losing my grip."

"You could put it that way. It could be you went through some experience recently—physical or emotional or even professional—that required you to hang on too tight in one way or another."

A witch.

"As a matter of fact ..." Under the spell of the moxa—mock-po—and the needles that sway like palm trees over my smooth terrain, I find myself telling her about the shoot-out on the Bronx street in which my husband was killed, and the grand jury that refused to indict anyone.

"Ah," she says. "That could certainly weaken you. I'm so sorry."

"So how can I strengthen my yang?" I must be bewitched. If she tells me to avoid stress, though, the spell will be broken.

"There are exercises, but at this point I don't think you should try anything strenuous. What you should definitely avoid are cigarettes, alcohol, sugar, and caffeine."

"All of them?" They always helped keep a grip on things.

My dismay amuses her. "As much as you can. Start with one or two. And you should eat foods that cohere tightly around a core, bud-like foods. Brussel sprouts, cabbage. Tight foods."

"Tight?"

"Yes. Rather than foods that open outward, like spinach or kale. Foods have certain properties, and when you ingest them you ingest their properties as well. I'm not suggesting you change your diet completely because I can see you're not the type who'll do it, but at least eat things that aren't too processed. The shorter the distance the food travels from its natural state, the better. It's the same as with people—the more you try to alter their nature by processing them, the less authentic they get."

Full of metaphors, no less. "Yes, well, I don't mind eating fresh vegetables. I like them. It just sounds ... you know."

She smiles and leans over to remove the needles, which she drops delicately in the toy garbage can. Her fingers are long and thin too, tipped with red. "You don't need to believe anything. Just eat the stuff, okay? Also, I'll give you some oils to rub in, and herbs which should improve your energy. They're in capsule form. I like to brew them myself, but not everyone has the patience. Oh, and another thing. Walk."

"Walk?"

"Yes, a little at a time. Walk where there are trees. For the oxygen."

"Can I move now? Are they all out? I feel a little spacy," I say, sitting up.

"That's the energy moving in unfamiliar patterns."

"You're the first person who's offered any real help." I toss the jars of herbs into my bag. "One of the worst things about this is that almost no one believes me, especially with so many people dying of AIDS and other terrible things. You know what people think—they make you feel like a fool."

"Yes, the virus that dares not speak its name."

A very literary witch.

THE WITCH IS an artist of the most radical kind. She overturns the usual configuration of fairy tales, where it's the Prince who appears in the nick of time to break the spell. With her laying on of hands, her unobtrusive needle pricks and her captivating company, she's making an upside-down story, undoing this spell with one of her own.

She offers me spells to work at home, too. I light up the moxa stick and the apartment smells like a marijuana den. I rub the aromatic oils into my skin, conjuring forests and fields: pine, eucalyptus, rosemary, fennel, caraway, lavender ... I practice deep breathing. The air disperses inside to become tingling energy, an amber glow like inner sunlight. I watch my arms float in baths filled with salts from the Dead Sea; I could almost levitate in the water. I can't swear any of this will cure me, but I follow her instructions on faith, the way you have to do in a story.

And yet, and yet, she hurts. In her effort to make me well (I do feel some energy returning, it's unmistakable), her potions and treatments make me sick. She sets me painful trials, like sewing shirts out of nettles. The skin rash alone would have been sufficient. The skin rash and fever would have been sufficient. The skin rash and fever and sore throat ... But like God raining down plagues on the Egyptians, she's unleashed the whole arsenal.

One afternoon as I lay on her mat in the cool, quiet room, she began her performance by pricking my ear with needles.

"Hey, wait a minute! That one really hurt."

"Sorry," she said. "That was for the kidneys, where your energy is weak today. That's why you felt it."

"The kidneys? So why make my ear suffer?"

"The meridians of the body pass through the ear, so by inserting needles in the proper ear points you can influence different organs."

I gave her my skeptical look. She knew it well. She merely smiled the virtuous California smile and carried on.

"The ear is shaped like a fetus. Have you ever noticed?" she said. "Picture the fetus lying upside down in the ear. The acupuncture points correspond to where the various organs would be located in that position."

The ear is shaped like a fetus? "It is, isn't it? Those photos of fetuses always reminded me of something. Or maybe it was the ear that reminded me."

"Chinese medicine has used acupuncture points in the ear for centuries, but the analogy to the fetus was just noted and tested in the nineteen-fifties. It was a French doctor, Paul Nogier. It's not witchcraft, I assure you. You can read about it in respectable books. That's what I was studying in Paris when I met my former husband. A whole new set of ear points was developed as a result. What's uncanny is that many of them correspond to the old Chinese points."

"The ear and the fetus," I mused. "Maybe that's why lovers like to lick ears. They could be licking points that correspond to sex organs."

"Funny, I never thought of that." She began pressing her hands down hard along the length of my legs. "I'd like to check it out, but unfortunately no one's licking my ears at the moment."

"What ever happened to that rabbi you mentioned a few weeks ago? Is that progressing?"

She sighed. "Slowly. It's up and down. He called once or twice, we met for a walk, we had coffee. There's definitely a strong attraction, I know that much. If this weren't such a Puritanical age we probably would have made love by now. Ten, twelve years ago,

well ... But I'm glad we haven't, because I'm not about to get all involved while he's living with someone, and I as much as told him so. I also ran into him on the street several times—he lives in the neighborhood. But I think the fates had something to do with that."

"Which fates?"

"Well, a couple of weeks ago, before I knew for sure about his girlfriend, I cast a spell with my mother."

"Your mother? Didn't you say she was in California?"

"She is." She grinned as she pressed down on my ankles. "We did it over the phone."

"Oh, is she a witch too?"

"No, a computer programmer. But she's very supportive. We lit candles simultaneously and offered up dried flowers at little altars we improvised. Some real witches have elaborate altars to goddesses in their apartments, but I don't go that far. We told each other how the candles were flickering, and they seemed to be making similar patterns. Three thousand miles apart. I think something powerful must have been passing through the air. Then we both whispered some wishes, and over the next few days I met him twice on the street. By accident, so to speak."

"I hope your phone isn't tapped."

"No kidding, there are covens that do witchcraft over the phone, goddess and spirituality stuff. Conference calls. You know how hard it can be to get a bunch of people together in the city. But I'm too busy working and keeping up with the scientific literature Well, since that first spell seemed to work, I tried again with a friend, not on the phone. We lit the candles and we also offered up some pieces of very expensive chocolate. Godiva. I figured, if I were a goddess, I'd have high-class tastes. What would induce me to grant someone's wishes? The thing I came up with was Godiva chocolates."

"And did that work?"

"I think so. It was right before we had a date to meet in Central Park. We had a lovely time, I thought. We talked, we held hands, we sat on the grass and kissed a little. But that was over a week ago. Since then things have cooled. I ran into him on the street last Friday and he was very casual, as if nothing had ever passed between us. So I'm beginning to think he's just a playboy, the kind who acts very seductive and then when they're sure they've got you interested, that's the end of it. Do you know the type I mean? They can be pathological, especially when they don't even realize what they're doing."

"Yes, I do."

"He got what he wanted, which was to get me hooked. On the other hand, he might have changed because I asked him to please clarify for me what is going on with his girlfriend. If we're going to be just friends, then why doesn't he invite me over to meet her, I said. And if we're going to be more than friends, why is he still living with her and deceiving her? I think I might have frightened him off."

"I bet you did. You're too much for him. It stands to reason—a witch, and he's a mere rabbi. He must be scared to death and I don't blame him."

She reached over for a small, ornately-carved brass box covered by wire mesh. "Your abdomen feels cold. It's partly the change in weather, but I think I need to send some warmth there." She placed a gauze pad on my stomach. With a small knife, she scraped some muddy stuff from inside the box and deposited it on the pad to form a little mound.

"What's that?"

"It's just moxa in a different form." She flicked her handy cigarette lighter and applied the flame to the mound resting on my stomach. It sent up plumes of smoke like the warning signs of a volcano. "Tell me if it gets too hot."

"What kind of spell is this? What horrible symptom will I get now? Haven't you given me enough?"

"Nothing from this. The symptoms you're referring to are a result of the herbs and the acupuncture doing what they're supposed to, Laura." It was the first time she'd shown a trace of exasperation. "You can't tolerate the skin rashes or the stomach cramps or the fever. If you find it all unacceptable, then my hands are tied."

"Your hands are tied?"

"Yes. Why, what's so odd about that?"

"Nothing. It's just ... You know how sometimes you hear expressions literally, as if for the first time? That happens to me lately. Knowing you, I can't imagine your hands are tied. You'll find something. How about a vaginal infection? Yeast or whatever. That's not so bad, and I'm not using it at the moment."

"I can try, but I can't promise. It's your body that chooses how it responds to the treatment."

"This potion on my stomach is heating up," I said sullenly.

She quickly removed the gauze pad, grasping it deftly in her long fingers. "You are getting better, though. Don't you feel it? Over and above the transient symptoms?"

"It could be. But the doctor said I might get better in a few months anyway. Who knows? I'm just tired of feeling this way. My patience is wearing down."

When I was dressed, we kissed good-bye and hugged. She was large, and her body felt hard and supple as a palm tree. "Hold on," she said.

"SO, WHAT DID YOU have this week?" The witch's greeting. "Did you get the vaginal infection?"

"No such luck. I've been having trouble sleeping. At night, that is. During the day I sleep fine. Some nights I woke every hour with my heart pounding and a weird kind of energy. I had to get up and move around."

"Sleep disorders. That's common when the immune system is off."

"I also kept breaking out in a sweat every so often. It feels like what my mother used to describe about menopause. You're not going to cause menopause, are you? Because I'm far from ready."

"No, no," with a merry laugh. "There are ways to make you stop menstruating, but don't worry, I haven't gone near that. Let me see your tongue. Oh, it looks much better. Less heat. And your pulses?" She pressed her fingers into my inner forearm. "Have you had any alcohol lately?"

I gasped. I had met a friend in a local cafe yesterday and felt in good spirits, a faint hint of my former energetic self. To celebrate I'd risked a glass of wine.

"How did you know?"

She smiled. "Oh, I can feel it in the liver pulses."

"You know, sometimes you really scare me."

"It's nothing special. Anyone could learn. It feels like you're doing better. Have you felt any different?"

"Yes. The other day I walked six blocks without stopping. I'm not as tired as I used to be. Or not in the same way. It's the kind of tiredness where I feel I'll topple over before I make it to the bed."

Or where I sink into the bed like a sack of sand. Not the kind

of tiredness that feels beyond death.

"On the other hand, I'm dropping things more, the way I did at the beginning. Last Sunday I dropped the entire *New York Times* right on the street. It caused quite a scene. A few people came rushing to help before it blew away, including one very attractive man who I think owns a new Greek restaurant at the corner of Well, anyway, that's not a good example, the Sunday *Times* is absurdly heavy, but other things too—pencils, envelopes, keys."

"That's not surprising," she said, placing a needle in my bare stomach. When has she ever been surprised? "The way these viruses work is, they often go out the way they came in. As you get stronger, they can't find as many vulnerable areas to lodge in, so they look around desperately, so to speak, and try the old familiar paths they used when they first started in on you."

"Have you ever thought of writing poetry?" I asked.

"I used to as a teenager, it so happens. But I don't have a musical ear. I am writing a novel, though."

"About love."

"How did you know that?"

Ah, for once she's surprised. "Look at those needles," I said. "They're standing up straighter, aren't they? Remember you said that would happen when I was a little better?"

"Yes, they definitely are. There's a lot more chi there." She inserted another, and another. "But how did you know?"

"About writing," I told her, "I'm the witch. So bring me up to date on the rabbi. Have the spells been working?"

She hesitated. Her radiant face dimmed as she leaned down to twirl the needles. "I was having grave doubts and now ... He came over last Sunday. It wasn't a romantic date—I think he understood I wasn't getting into that unless he cleared up his situation. But we were having a nice time, talking about one thing and another, mildly flirting, you know how it is. Until he said something that disturbed me very much. I have a new kitten, she's so lovely, a white Siamese, and she was climbing all over us on the couch, so I very gently brushed her away to teach her not to climb on the furniture, and accidentally knocked her to the floor. When he saw that, he said, Cats are like women, a little abuse goes a long way."

"Uh-oh," I said. "Uh-oh."

"Yes," the witch agreed, her mouth grim. "When I heard that, something turned over inside me. I withdrew, sort of curled up in a corner of myself, and he left pretty soon after. Do you know, the next day I was so sick—I haven't felt that sick in years. It was the realization that this is no good. He's really no good for me."

"I didn't think you ever got sick."

Again she looked surprised. "Me? I'm susceptible like everyone else. The only difference is, I stay in good shape, and when I feel something coming on I can usually head it off. I've got every kind of herb out there on the shelves. Actually I'm always trying them out to feel the effects, so I'll know what I'm letting people in for when I prescribe them. It's true, everyone responds differently, but I need to have some idea. It's only fair. Sometimes I'm not happy with what I find out and I have to look for other remedies."

She used her own organs as a medium, then, the way some artists paint their skins. Or the way actors use their bodies as instruments. In her kind of witchcraft, the viscera were the experimental field, through which nature's green bounty worked its charms.

"I can't imagine regular doctors doing what you do. It would

She used her own organs as a medium, then, the way some artists paint their skins.

never occur to them."

"You can hardly blame them, can you? Their techniques are so invasive, from surgery on down I wouldn't subject myself to any of that either, if I were a doctor."

"So what did you do as an antidote to the rabbi?"

"Well, Monday was my night for the AIDS clinic and I didn't know how I was going to get myself over here, I felt so rotten, but I knew I had to. Anyhow, it's always better, with that kind of misery, to get outside yourself. The first patient I saw was so scarred, his body looked so ... mauled, that I sat here studying him, wondering where I could find an opening. And as I concentrated on how to approach him I suddenly felt better, so glad I had useful work to do in the world, and glad I hadn't gotten too involved with this rabbi, so that all I had from it was a day's sickness and a little misery but not years of anguish, which was what I had the last time I knew a man like that, when I was very young. After that affair I married someone else, the French biologist I told you about—a quiet marriage, we were good companions, but it was hardly a wild passion. I think it took me the eight years of my marriage to ... to kind of recover my balance after that man."

It was then that I told her all about my life, the lover I had had on and off for more years than I could remember, the other man I finally married, who was shot on the street two years ago—a bystander in a drug bust. While I talked she removed the red-tipped needles and dropped them delicately, one by one, into the little plastic garbage can, then sat cross-legged on the mat with her hands folded, listening.

"However," I wound up. "However, about this rabbi. That's another story altogether. You could still have a fling with him if you really want to. You say you're very drawn to him. What's the harm, as long as you know exactly what you're doing and do it for fun without expecting anything, then end it when you've had enough. What I'm saying is, try using him for a change. A little exploitation goes a long way."

"You can't do that if you do my kind of work. It's not even a matter of principle. Just in practical terms ... no."

"Why not?"

"Because the kind of energy I need, which is physical and flows through the body and into the hands, gets depleted very fast if you engage in a meaningless affair that gives you nothing except sex, which this would be. It's different with something that gives you real sustenance, but the other, no. I can't afford the expenditure of energy. I need it for my work."

"The expense of spirit in a waste of shame, eh?"

"Exactly," said she.

A very literate witch indeed. 🖐️

Lynne Sharon Schwartz is widely known for her novels and short stories, as well as for her reviews, essays, and translations. Her most recently published novel, *Leaving Brooklyn*, was nominated for the 1990 Pen Faulkner Award for Fiction. Her earlier novels are *Disturbances in the Field*, and *Rough Strife*.

DR. DOLITTLE IN MANHATTAN

BY ALICIA CHENG '92

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KRISTINE LARSEN

VETERINARIAN AMY ATTAS '80 never expected to treat patients out of a little black bag on wheels. But then, Attas is not exactly your typical animal doctor. After working in a posh Park Avenue animal hospital for years, Attas had attracted a loyal client following. Shortly after leaving the group practice three years ago, she received an emergency cat call. Attas decided to pack up her syringes, vaccines, and medicines, and bring the office to the patient. "The day after that call I got five more," she says. "I realized there was a real need for this kind of service."

As testimony to her growing popularity, Attas' clientele has increased to 1,000 and includes such diverse luminaries as playwright Wendy Wasserstein, *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein, and comedienne Joan Rivers '54. To her knowledge, she's the only vet who makes house calls on a full-time basis.

Her wheeled suitcase filled with a supply of animal treats and medical gear, Attas is also armed with a car phone, an electronic personal organizer, and a beeper—all in constant use. Attas, who employs a full-time driver, dashes from brownstone to apartment to penthouse with animal technician George Simonof, managing to see an average of eight patients a day. She also makes regular stops at the Center for Veterinary Care on East 75th Street to see other patients who may be seriously ill.

Scheduling client visits can become an organizational headache, dependent as it is on the frequent complications of traffic and animal emergencies. "It's a lot more stressful than a regular practice," Attas admits.

"My schedule can get completely thrown off. I eat lunch in the car and never get a moment's rest. But," she says, "there are other paybacks you don't have in a regular practice." For instance, she gets to know her clients on a much more personal basis. "They almost always become my good friends," she explains. "It's much easier to get to know the client in their kitchen rather than in an examining room." When her own dog, a pug named Bumper, died recently, Attas received a shower of letters and flowers. Recently she heard from the University of Pennsylvania Veterinary School (Attas' *alma mater*) that a client had made a sizable donation to the school in Bumper's name.

This relationship allows Attas to go beyond standard veterinary duties and interact with pet owners on a deeper level: "One woman wanted to put her elderly cat

to sleep because she was moving—she wasn't sure if the cat could handle the stress and adapt to the new place," Attas recalls. "That kind of decision is a very personal thing, but we knew the cat well enough to tell her she shouldn't do it," adds Simonof. "We felt we had a right to say what we really thought," says Attas. "We often get just as attached to a pet as the owner." After much gentle persuasion that lasted up to the day the owner wanted the cat put to sleep, she relented. Today the cat is alive and doing well in its new surroundings.

On this typical morning, Attas throws her bag in the car and meets Simonof at the first call on the upper east side. Their agenda includes treating dogs with various infections, visits to two sick pets at the animal hospital, and the administering of some feline vaccinations. Simonof owns eight cats—five of which were abandoned or unwanted—and specializes in soothing the occasionally savage feline soul. His talents are required at the first few visits, where reluctant pets are cajoled out from under bed frames, down from bookcases, and otherwise lulled into cooperating. Attas deftly administers injections to a rotund cat named Opie on a coffee table in an east side apartment; then the pair are off to examine two feisty Rhodesian ridgebacks with heart worm.

Although Attas and Simonof treat exclusively dogs and cats, there are definite perils to their work: last June, Attas was bitten on the wrist by a cat and needs to undergo surgery for nerve damage; Simonof was "almost eaten" while treating a great dane in a dimly-lit living room. "Grappling with a struggling cat on the sofa obviously isn't the same as an office examination," notes Attas. "You can't control the situation half as well."

Clearing off a cluttered kitchen counter, Attas ministers to Toi, a gray and white poodle with an ear infection. After the requisite cookie and dispensation of medicines, Attas totals the bill: a basic fee of \$80 per visit. She chats amicably with the client and plays with Toi, whom she has known since birth. Whether crawling under furniture to entice reluctant kitties or wrestling with horse-sized canines, Attas maintains an admirable air of friendly professionalism with each pet and owner.

"It doesn't take many visits for everyone to become friends. We all have fun," says Attas, "except for the pets sometimes," she adds. ■

Alicia Cheng is an associate editor at America's Agenda.



ABOVE: Attas and Simonof tote their treatment bags to the Upper East Side. Attas checks her Filofax in the elevator on the way up to minister to Coco, their first client of the morning. LEFT: In a crowded kitchen, Coco receives a routine examination.

RIGHT: Coco and her happy owner after the doctor's visit.



Hurston Rising

Twenty years have passed since Alice Walker published "In Search of Zora Neale Hurston" in *Ms.* magazine, but by now, the paradoxes of Hurston's life—one that mirrored her best-loved characters who rise above their poverty with grace and vigor—are widely known. Hurston was buried in a pauper's grave in the Garden of Heavenly Rest, Ft. Pierce, Florida. She studied with Franz Boas at Columbia and graduated from Barnard in 1928, the first African American to do so. In order to mail her first novel to Lippincott Co. in 1933, she ask a friend for the two dollars required for postage. Three years later, she received a Guggenheim fellowship to research voodoo in Haiti and in the seven weeks of her visit to that country completed *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, perhaps her best-known work of fiction. (Still, according to Robert Hemenway, her biographer, the "largest royalty any of her books ever earned was \$943.75.")

In her last years, she spent much of the little money she earned writing to help finance an expedition to find a lost Maya city in Honduras; she worked as a maid, a reporter for *The Pittsburgh Courier*, a librarian, and a substitute high school teacher. Her faith in her talent as a writer never waned; but at her death in 1960, she was dispirited, disheartened, and discouraged by the rejection of her last manuscript, *The Life of Herod the Great*.

And now the world, nudged by Walker, has done an about face. In February, the Library of America heralded Hurston as the first African-American woman to be included in its prestigious series, publishing a two-volume set of her complete works, including the first unexpurgated edition of her autobiography, *Dust Tracks on a Road*.

Add to this the April release from HarperCollins Publishers of *The Complete Stories of Zora Neale Hurston*, an annual (now in its sixth year) Hurston festival in her native Eatonville, Florida, and numerous plays inspired by or adapted from her



works, and you have a legend in the making—or more accurately, a legend made. Indeed, the epitaph Walker chose for her idol's tombstone stands without question today: Zora Neale Hurston, "A Genius of the South."

Below, a typescript page from Hurston's autobiography, *Dust Tracks on a Road*. Almost 10 percent of the original typescript was deleted by the editors at Lippincott when the book appeared in 1942, according to Cheryl A. Wall, editor of the Library of America editions. The deletions fell into three categories: possibly libelous material, sexually explicit passages, and political commentary. "This was considered too risqué, too crude," says Wall of the passage below. Wall restored all the edited passages to the Library of America volumes. "The significance of the publication is symbolic," says Wall. "It marks Hurston's acceptance into the literary canon."



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OVER PAGE 24 CONTINUED.

~~were talking about, and he slapped me all over the place. He and my second brother, John, were in secret session upstairs in their room. I went on down and crept back to listen and heard John asking how old the woman had to be? It seemed that Bob was not sure. He had forgotten to ask. But it was evident that some great discovery had been made, and they were both most eager to grow big, manly moustaches. It was still mysterious to me. I was out of college and doing research in Anthropology before I heard all about it. Then I heard that a man's moustache was given him by a woman anyway. It seems that Adam came to feel that his face needed more decoration than it had. Eve, obingly, took a spot of hair from where she had no particular use for it---it didnt show anyway, and slapped it across Adam's mouth, and it grew there. So what Bob was being told, was regular knowledge he was supposed to get when he approached manhood. Just as I learned at puberty that a girl is supposed to catch water-beeiles and let one bite her on each breast if she wants a full bosom. There was another way, of course. You could let a boy---anywhere from sixteen to sixty do what the boys call, "steal a feel" on you, but of course that would not be nice. Almost as bad as having a baby, and not being married.~~

EXCERPT

Wait till I light up my coal-pot, and I'll tell you about this Zigaboo called Jelly.

Well, all right now. He was a seal-skin brown and papa-tree-top-tall. Skinny in the hips and solid built for speed. He was born with this rough-dried hair, but when he laid on the grease and pressed it down over night with his stocking-cap, it looked just like that righteous moss, and had so many waves till you got seasick from looking. Solid, man, solid!

His mama named him Marvel, but after a month on Lennox Avenue, he changed all that to Jelly. How come? Well, he put it in the street that when it came to filling that long-felt need, sugar-curing the ladies feelings, pimping, sweet-backing, he was in a class by himself and nobody knew his name, so he had to tell 'em. "It must be Jelly, 'cause jam dont shake." Therefore, his name was Jelly. He was a Scooter-pooker from way back. That was what was on his sign. The stuff was there, and it was mellow. Whenever he was challenged by a hard-head or a frail eel on the right of his title, he would eye-ball idol-breaker with a slice of ice, and put on his ugly-laugh, made up out of scorn and pity and say, "Youse just dumb to the fact, baby. If you dont know what you talking 'bout, you better ask Granny Grunt. I wouldnt mislead you, baby. I don't need to,—not with the help I got." Then he would give the pimps' sign, and percolate on down the avenue. You can't go behind a fact like that.

—From "Now You Cookin' With Gas"



FICTION

Krik? Krak! (short stories)
by Edwidge Danticat '90
Soho Press, 1995, \$20

The Complete Stories of Zora Neale Hurston
by Zora Neale Hurston '28
HarperCollins, 1995, \$25

Novels and Stories: Jonah's Gourd Vine, Their Eyes Were Watching God, Seraph on the Suwanee, Moses, Man of the Mountain, Selected Stories
and
Folklore, Memoirs, and Other Writings: Mules and Men, Tell My Horse, Dust Tracks on a Road, Selected Articles
by Zora Neale Hurston '28
Library of America, 1995, each volume \$35
Main selections of Reader's Subscription and Book-of-the-Month Club.

The Carousel
by Belva (Offenberg) Plain '37
Delacorte, 1995, \$23.95
A Main Selection of The Literary Guild and Doubleday Book Club. Also on Bantam Doubleday Dell Audio, two cassettes, \$16.99

Flight from Fifth Avenue
by Catherine (McLarney) Rae '35
St. Martin's Press, 1995, \$18.95

The Love Letter
by Cathleen Schine '75
Houghton Mifflin, 1995, \$19.95

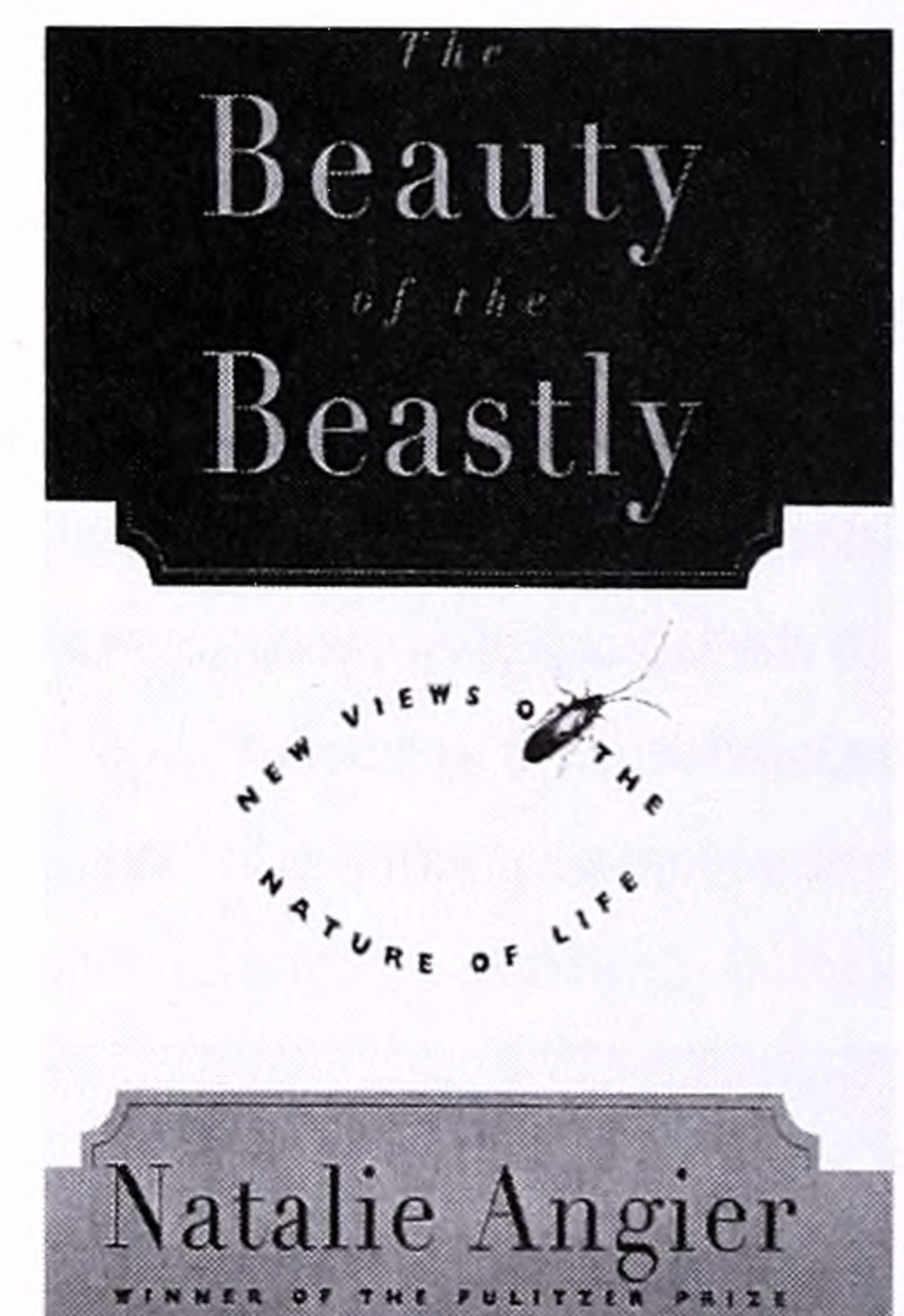
The Fatigue Artist
by Lynne Sharon Schwartz '59
Scribner, 1995, \$21

Louisa May Alcott Unmasked: Collected Thrillers
edited and with an introduction by Madeleine Stern '32
Northeastern University Press, 1995, \$55/24.95

Loving Edith
by Mary (Gaffney) Tannen '65
Riverhead Books, 1995, \$22.95

GENERAL NONFICTION

The Beauty of the Beastly: New Views of the Nature of Life
by Natalie Angier '78
Houghton Mifflin, 1995, \$21.95



Making America: A History of the United States
by Carol Berkin '64, Christopher Miller, Robert Cherny, and James Gormly
Houghton Mifflin, 1995, \$53.16

The Psychodynamic Treatment of Women
by Anne E. (Hendon) Bernstein, M.D. '58 and Sharyn A. Lenhart, M.D.
American Psychiatric Press, 1993, \$55

The World of Roman Costume
edited by Larissa Bonfante '54 and Judith Lynn Sebesta
University of Wisconsin Press, 1995, \$47.50

Women Against Women: American Antisuffragism, 1880-1920
by Jane Jerome Camhi '58
Carlson Publishing, 1995, \$60

Feminist Perspectives on Jewish Studies
edited by Lynn Davidman '75 and Shelly Tenenbaum
Yale University Press, 1995, \$28.50

The A-Z of Non-Sexist Language
by Margaret Doyle '85
The Women's Press (London), 1995, £6.99

The World of Children
by Claire (Teitelbaum) Etaugh '62
Harcourt, Brace, 1995, \$52

ARCO Internships: A Directory for Career-Finders
by Sara Dulaney Gilbert '66
Macmillan, 1995, \$18.95

Practical Guilt
by P.S. (Patricia) Greenspan '66
Oxford University Press, 1995, \$39.95/19.95

The Majestic American Chestnut: A History and Cookbook
by Jane Willets Huntwork '36
Princeton Hall (Cadillac, MI), 1995, \$10

Men Without Ties: Gianni Versace
edited by Tama Janowitz '77 *et al.*
Abbeville Press, 1995, \$67.50

Lesbian Erotics
edited by Karla Jay '68
NYU Press, 1995, \$17.95

U.S. History as Women's History: New Feminist Essays
edited by Linda (Kaufman) Kerber '60, Alice Kessler-Harris, & Kathryn Kish Sklar
The University of North Carolina Press, 1995, \$37.50/15.95

Manna & Mystery: A Jungian Approach to Hebrew Myth and Legend
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Chiron, 1995, \$16.95

HardWear: The Art of Prevention
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Quon Editions, 1995, \$19.95

French Dressing: Women, Men, and Fiction in the Ancien Regime
by Nancy K. Miller '61
Routledge, 1995, \$55/16.95

Hendrick Hondius and the Business of Prints in Seventeenth-Century Holland
by Nadine Orenstein '83
Van Poll Publishers, 1995, \$118

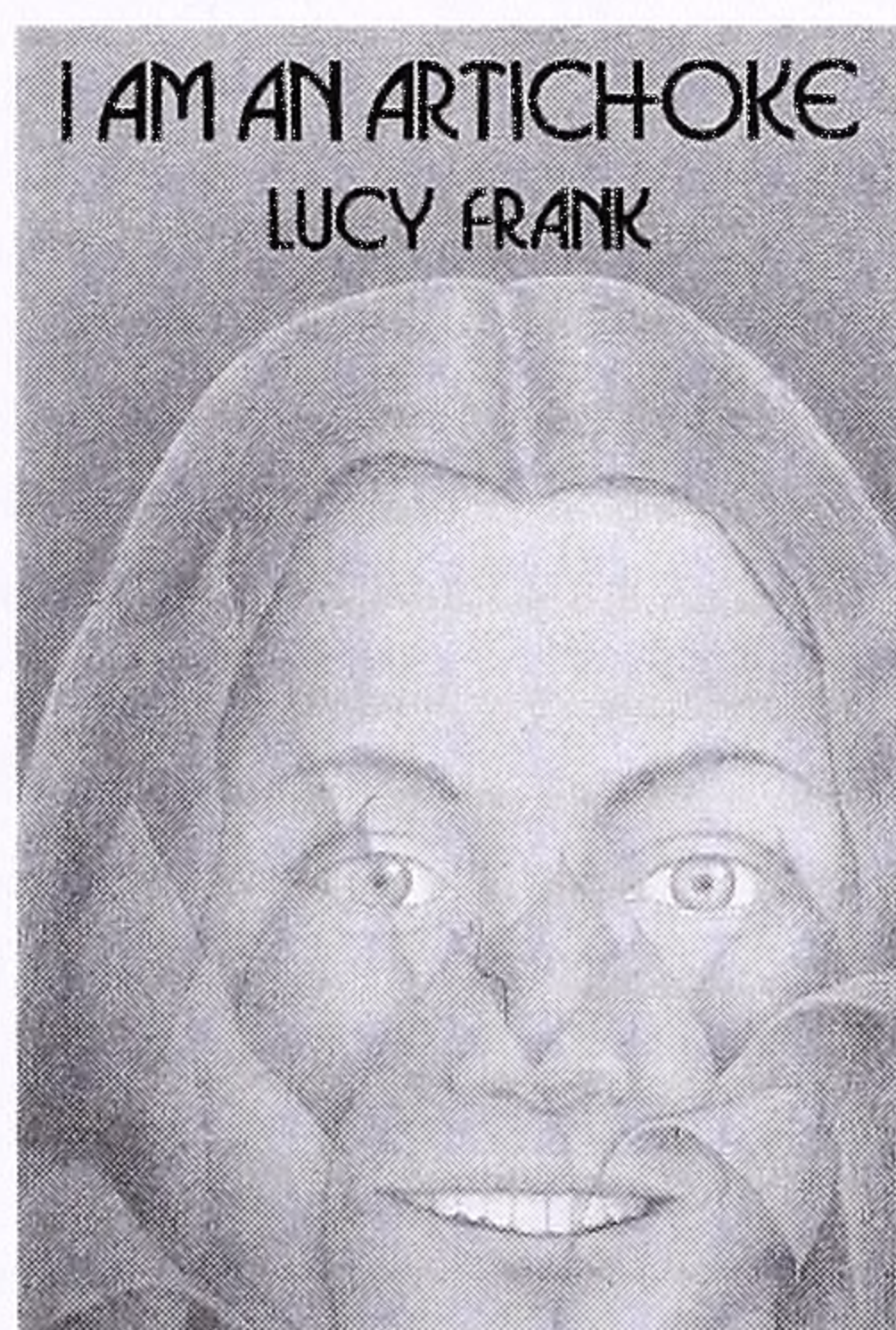
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Moms in Tutus
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Harper Paperbacks, 1995, \$3.50 each

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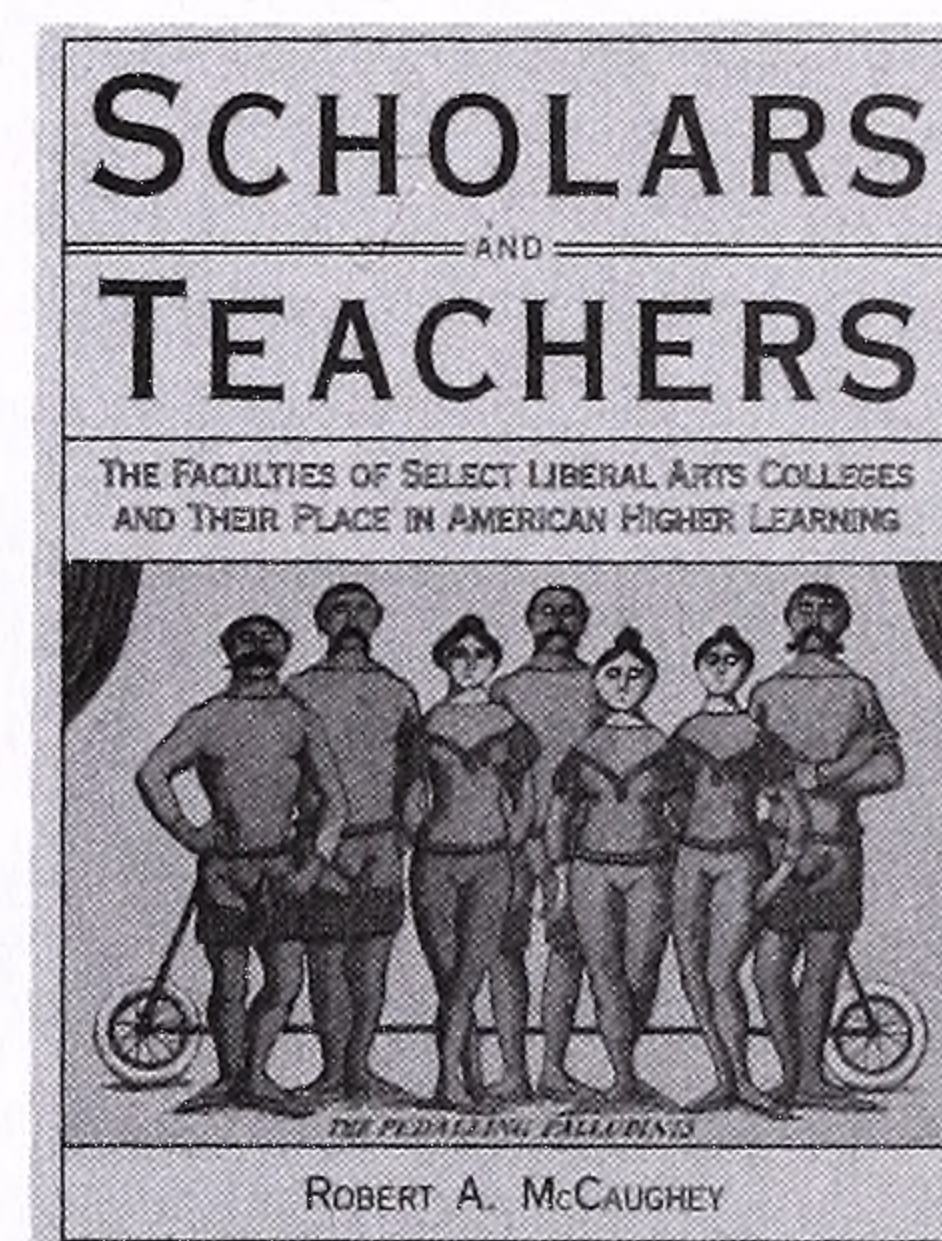
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by Amy Gelman '83
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The Spaghetti Party
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Delacorte/Bank Street Ready-to-Read Books, 1995, \$12.95/3.99

FACULTY BOOKS

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edited and translated by LeRoy C. Breunig,
Professor Emeritus of French
University of Nebraska Press, 1995, \$35

Reading Seminar XI: Lacan's Four Fundamental Concepts of Psychoanalysis
co-edited by Maire Jaanus, Professor of English
State University of New York Press, 1994, \$16.95



Scholars and Teachers
by Robert A. McCaughey, Professor of History
Barnard College, 1994 (published with a grant
from the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation)
Copies available from the author

OTHER

Losing Isaiah (film)
screenplay by Naomi (Achs) Foner '66
produced by Howard Koch, Jr., and Naomi Foner;
released by Paramount Pictures, 1995

CollegeWhere (software)
by Beth Lipsey McCabe '73 and Kevin McCabe
McCabe Software, 1995, \$79.99
(\$64.99 for Barnard orders—call 800-677-1606)

Straight Out of View (poetry)
by Joyce Sutphen, winner of the 1994 Barnard
New Women Poets Prize
Beacon Press, 1995, \$12
Introduction by Judith E. Johnson '58

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ALUMNAE OFFICE

17

We were delighted to send congratulations to **ALTA VAN AUKEN RUTHERFORD** on her 100th birthday in March. She lives at St. Clare Meadows in Baraboo, Wisconsin, where she enjoys many activities, especially public radio and the Saturday afternoon broadcast of the Metropolitan Opera, which she attended during College years. Her family, which includes eight grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren, joined her for a celebration of the great event.

ALUMNAE OFFICE

19

Our very best wishes were sent to **DOROTHY HARRIS THOMSON** on the celebration of her 100th birthday in January at her home in Union, SC, surrounded by her books, her family, and friends.

ALUMNAE OFFICE

20

75th Reunion!

We hope to have a table of classmates at the Reunion luncheon on May 19.

ALUMNAE OFFICE

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We regret to report the death of **ALICE BRADY PELS** on February 23 at her home in Larchmont, NY. Among her survivors is her son, Donald Pels, member of the Barnard Board of Trustees. We extend sympathy to the entire family, which also includes nine grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

ALUMNAE OFFICE

23

Thanks to **ADELINE BOSTELMANN HIGGINS '41** for alerting us to the March issue of *House Beautiful* with its article about **NANCY BOYD WILLEY** and her two-pronged involvement in American architecture. In 1932 Nancy and her husband commissioned Frank Lloyd Wright to build a house for them in Minneapolis, a hip-roofed, L-shaped structure of cypress and red brick, within their budget of \$8,000. The design and materials foreshadowed Fallingwater, Wright's next commission, and also inspired him to design and build many more affordable dwellings. The Willeys found living in the visionary house "ennobling" but at the same time Nancy was becoming concerned about the destruction of historic buildings in her native Sag Harbor, LI. In the 1940s she became a leader in the fight to protect its pre-Civil War architectural treasures and she continues to live most of the year in a 1735 Sag Harbor cottage. Now 93, she is still working on a history of her Wright house, on the computer she bought for her 90th birthday; during her winters in Florida, she swims daily before breakfast.

ADELE BAZINET MCCORMICK
1900 S. OCEAN DRIVE, APT. 809
FORT LAUDERDALE, FL 33316

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We're pleased to have news of **LEILA KARAGHEUSIAN**, sent to us by a friend. Leila continues to work at her family business. In addition, she has had a life-long concern for the poor and has had a more-than-60-year association with Union Settlement on New York's Upper East Side. Soon after graduation, Leila volunteered as a youth worker at the Settlement. In many years she served on its board of directors with special concerns for children and youth. She remains an Honorary Director today.

EMMA DIETZ STECHER
FLUSHING HOUSE
38-20 BOWNE ST., RM. 318
FLUSHING, NY 11354

25

70th Reunion!

In anticipation of our 70th Reunion, we rejoice that we have classmates like artist **MAUD CABOT MORGAN**, who writes that she is 91 and "not too well but still working."

MARY TERRY GOODWIN KUYK lives in a retirement home, Brandon Oaks, and writes that she likes it very much. Her son Dirk teaches English at Trinity University in Hartford, CT. Her daughter has moved to Roanoke with her husband and son and they live in her house in town; their daughter is in her second year at the U of St. Petersburg in Russia.

We hope all who are able will join us for the Reunion luncheon on May 19. It is not too late to send in your reservation by mail or to call the Office of Alumnae Affairs, 854-2005, to reserve a place.

LOUISE GOTTSCHALL FEUER
270 WEST END AVENUE
NEW YORK, NY 10023

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In her latest note, **HELEN SMITH WEBB** mentions that she has two porches to sit on, "with my husband at my side. 62 years married! One thing about being glued to a wheelchair—I have more time to read. I also have a very old dog who keeps me company."

ELIZABETH GOULD NEFF usually spends her summers with her son and his wife in the Catskills, an ideal location for her hobbies of painting watercolors and reading mysteries.

Come on, classmates. Share your memories and your thoughts with us.

RUTH RICHARDS EISENSTEIN
419 EAST 57TH ST.
NEW YORK, NY 10022

28

Shakespeare, thou shouldst be living at this hour—if only to describe the stages in the career, if such it be called, of a Class Correspondent. At a certain stage, one begins to feel that the title should be changed to Class Sleuth. For this issue I can report brief but pleasant conversations with **SIDNEY STEMMONS JACOB** of Old Lyme, CT, and **EMILY MORRIS HADLEY** of Hamden, CT. Neither had news to offer.

We regret that we must report the death of **ALICE MANDEL ROTH** this past December. In a recent book entitled *It Happened in Brooklyn*, there is

a very warm reference to her by her students at Lafayette HS. One wrote, "She was so composed and witty. She used to say girls who are pretty often rely on their looks and don't bother developing personality. Those who are not pretty work on their personality and that's much more important. I didn't know where I fit in, but I knew I wanted to be like her." Another recalled: "It was Mrs. Roth who brought Sing to Lafayette. Sing, wonderful Sing! It made you have a real school spirit in addition to your class spirit....The excitement started in September. It built all through the fall as you wrote the script and cast the show and rehearsed...and then, finally, in December, the climax—three glorious nights of performance."

ANNY BIRNBAUM BRIEGER
120 EAST 81ST ST., BOX 45
NEW YORK, NY 10028

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From **ELEANOR ROSENBERG** we hear that **IRENE COOPER ALLCOCK** lives in a retirement home in New Jersey, near her daughter; however she misses her home in Maine and its ocean view. Reminiscing about Barnard days, Irene writes: "I bemoan the fact that my special pals (Marion Churchill, Elizabeth Hughes, Ruth von Roeschlaub, and Harriet Smith) are no longer with us."

We mourn the loss of **EDITH HARRIS FEYER** who passed away in January.

AMY JACOB GOELL is going to a retirement home in Harrisburg, PA. We are most grateful to her for her leadership, diligent work, and enthusiasm as chairman of 1929's alumnae fund for so many years. She wrote countless letters and pursued her goal with sincere devotion to Barnard. In this she was ably assisted by **DOROTHY NEUER HESS**, to whom we wish a speedy recovery from hip surgery. Amy, though living farther away, is close to our hearts and deserves congratulations for a job well done.

The Marion Churchill White Prize and Scholarship Fund was established in 1974. Thanks to Amy and Dorothy, and contributions from our class, it now yields an annual income of \$12,900. The first award was given in 1975 and 1995 marks our 21st year in furthering the studies of the recipient of this grant.

Alert! Keep 1929 alive by reporting events of your golden years. Your correspondent and all our classmates are eager to hear from you.

HELEN CHAMBERLAIN JOSEFSBERG
53 PEBBLE PATH LANE
BREWSTER, MA 02631

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65th Reunion!

We hope many of you are planning to attend the Reunion luncheon on May 19. There is still time to make your reservation. If you have any questions, call the Office of Alumnae Affairs, 212-854-2005.

JEANNETTE ABELOW JARNOW wonders whoever first called these the "golden years." In between appointments with doctors, however, she is kept busy with theatre, movies, bridge, and reading. Retired from the Fashion Institute of Technology after 38 years of teaching and administration, she lives in an interesting part of New York City.

For **AGNES SLAWSON WILKIN**, along with many others, the Barnard years have provided lifelong friendships. Agnes has particular connections with the Westport/Weston, CT area and always enjoys the

work of that peerless gardener **HELEN FULLER MULLER**. In Sturbridge, she has been in the struggle to keep out WalMart before it changes her village as it has so many others.

FILIPPA VULTAGGIO SCAFURO writes that **JENNIE SCHMIDT KORSGEN** has moved to nearby Lavallette, NJ, and they meet often for lunch and reminiscing.

CYNTHIA (PEGGY) WALKER HERRIOTT, after Roger died 2 1/2 years ago, moved to a retirement home in Rochester, NY, to be close to her daughter's family. This includes two great-grandchildren. Her family still has the summer home in Vermont and Peggy expects that her son's family in Seattle, including more great-grandchildren, will assemble there this summer. Meanwhile, as a postlude to her career in early childhood education, she has joined a "Rock and Read" group at a local elementary school.

The son of **IVY-JANE EDMONDSON STARR**, Frederick Starr, formerly president of Oberlin, has written *Bamboula!*, a life of composer Louis Moreau Gottschalk, which received a laudatory review in *The Washington Post*.

It is with regret that we note the passing of **GERTRUDE CARMODY KLINE**. As a naval officer's wife, she lived in several countries, earning a master's at the Sorbonne and teaching French. In retirement she was active in various social, civic, and political organizations in California. In a letter informing the college of her death, her son (who is retired from the US Army) wrote that "she always spoke so highly of Barnard and the many friends she made there, I am certain that she took many fond memories with her."

Another great loss is **EMILY RIEDINGER FLINT**, who died on March 16 at her home in Bedford, Mass., following a stroke. Classmates may wish to write to her husband, Paul, who receives mail via their son at 515 North Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. A memorial tribute will appear in the next issue.

BEATRICE ZEISLER
635 POMANDER WALK, APT. 335
TEANECK, NJ 07666

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MARGARET VOORHIS TURNER writes that "this has been quite a year for me. My children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren have all been to visit me several times. Since they live in east coast states, it is quite exciting to have them here—a special treat. A sad event was the death of my husband last April. He had had emphysema plus macular degeneration for many years. We had been married for 57 years."

We mourn the loss of our classmates **DORIS BANKS HARDING**, **ELIZABETH FUCHS CROLL**, and **MARY LOVE GLENN** and extend our sincere condolences to their families.

DORA BREITWIESER STOUTENBERG
1 STREAM COURT
FARMINGTON, CT 06032

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Your secretary has enjoyed telephone visits with a few classmates recently. Those of us who live beyond the suburbs of Manhattan treasure the chance to talk over college days and compare life experiences.

HELEN APPELL recalled our athletic days and our stays at Barnard Camp—remember waking up to new snow and frozen wash-up water? Helen's years of high school teaching developed into her real career, counseling middle school and elementary

pupils, "not exactly based on the Latin and Greek I majored in at Barnard." Her retirement years have been devoted to the work her brother pursues in Belem, Brazil, with a leprosarium at the mouth of the Amazon. Helen takes care of business here, gathers funds, writes a newsletter, and fosters interest in the leper colony, which began as a medical service under the Trappist monks.

MARGARET FORDE LOGAN says her career has been raising three children while she and her husband lived in several areas of South America: the high Andes, Bolivia, Chile. Margaret had to be the total teacher for the children until they outgrew home teaching. Then the Logans moved back to the USA, to Bronxville. Margaret's major at Banard was geology, which she says "has enriched the lives of all of us" but had nothing to do with their selection of a home on Boulder Trail. "The rocks were here, and we have all added to our knowledge of geology."

OLGA MAURER WOLFE is enjoying being a great-grandmother, although, as in most families, her children (two sons and a lawyer daughter) are not nearby. Olga and her husband live in a retirement residence near Princeton, NJ. They enjoy the freedom from domestic chores and can take advantage of cultural opportunities.

MADELEINE STERN, along with her partner in the rare book business, Leona Rostenberg, has been studying Louisa May Alcott and her works for the past 50 years. Stern's book, *Behind a Mask: The Unknown Thrillers of Louisa May Alcott*, is being reissued by Morrow later this year with a new afterword by Stern. These "pot-boilers" were written by Alcott as money makers, anonymously and pseudonymously. They were gaudy, sensational narratives of hashish experimentation, opium addiction, revenge and murder, sexual struggle, feminist manipulation and triumph. Other volumes of Alcott works edited or co-edited by Madeleine Stern which are being reissued this year include *Plots & Counterplots: More Unknown Thrillers of Louisa May Alcott*, *From Jo March's Attic: Stories of Intrigue and Suspense*, now in paperback as *The Lost Stories of Louisa May Alcott*, and *The Selected Letters of Louisa May Alcott*. In the fall, Modern Library will issue a new collection of five Alcott thrillers, *Modern Magic*, edited and with an introduction by Stern. All in all, her research has resulted in great changes in the image of Louisa May Alcott as author of the *Little Women* we all have loved.

MARGUERITE KRAMER LEWIS writes, "Only two important events this year: the birth of two great-grandchildren."

VERA BEHRIN hopes to make it to our 65th Reunion. She writes, "The trip to New York is over two hours, so I don't go. I live in a continuing care retirement community. So far I am in great shape, not in need of the physical care facilities available, although I'm glad they are there. I played tennis until six months ago. I go to everything for which a bus is available: the Philadelphia Symphony, the play series, opera, ballet, and various sightseeing excursions."

MOVING? REDECORATING?

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TEQUESTA, FL 33469

MURIEL KELLY MAJOR
5111 MONROE VILLAGE
JAMESBURG, NJ 08831

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We were sorry to hear of the passing of **FRANCES PRINCE SCHUMAN** on Dec. 19, survived by son Anthony; of **SUSAN BAKER** on Dec. 22; and of the husband of **BETTY ADAMS CURRIE**, who had so recently moved to Florida.

FLORENCE DICKENSON O'CONNELL escaped Florida heat in October for a grandson's wedding and happy days with her daughter.

ANITA MARKS NORTON and husband have it all: three lovely granddaughters whom they babysit on occasion, the pep to swim five days a week, and access to excellent PaperMill Playhouse shows.

VIRGILIA KANE WICHERN worries about her granddaughter down at Duke (after all those years we subway-ed to Barnard!). **ELEANOR CRAPULLO** visited with her.

GRACE IJIMA spent three weeks in Korea and Japan in October, seeing historic and cultural sites and visiting relatives whose homes in Kobe and environs were destroyed in the recent earthquake.

CHARLOTTE FAIR SCHWEIKERT now has an apartment near the Verrazano Bridge, with a view and a swimming pool. Sounds great.

Gena Tenney Phenix forwarded a Christmas note from **KATHERINE LEWIS**. Kay painted a series of "Working Cats" for the ASPCA to use in their fund appeal.

OLGA BENDIX and her sister are now living in a condo in Hackensack, NJ.

By a roundabout route involving Olga and Gena, we learn **DENISE ABBEY** attended an Elderhostel at the entrance to Denali Park in Alaska. At the orientation meeting telling about the history of the area, Denny had to correct the information given. She was with her dad in 1922 when he made the original survey. Since then she has been asked to give talks and has made tapes on the subject.

BERENICE GOTTFRIED DE AENLLE's son visited her from London over Christmas. She and I have exchanged experiences in name pronunciation, she Donnelly (begorra!) in this country, I OO-HAY-S in Spain.

—EKH

JANE STEIN ABERLIN
961 VICTORY BOULEVARD
STATEN ISLAND, NY 10301

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There was an obituary in the *Staten Island Advance* for **CLORINDA MARDUS MCATEER**, a member of 1934 for the first two years only. She lived in Hewitt and may have been known to some of you before she transferred to Wagner College on Staten Island. She received master's degrees in education and psychology and subsequently another from the Yale School of Nursing. She worked as a nursing supervisor at Staten Island Hospital and as a teacher of homebound students and then taught elementary school before retiring in 1978. Our condolences to her family.

It was a great thrill to hear from **SISTER KIRA SOLHDOOST**, who is a member of the Cenacle convent community in Liverpool, England. I remember Kira very well, as Kira Friedlieb, a cheery, bouncy,

red-cheeked girl with a hearty laugh. After college she worked as a nurse in Teheran, where her family lived because of her father's business. They moved to England and Kira joined the Cenacle Order in 1940. She was superior of the Liverpool community for nine years and now is in charge of its infirmary. She is also UK president of St. Joan's International Alliance, the oldest Catholic feminist movement—dating from 1911—and editor of the twice-yearly *The Catholic Citizen*. Although she is a eucharistic minister and holds a daily communion service for nuns, she does not expect women's ordination in the Catholic Church to come for a long time.

We also have a note from **JANE MARTIN SHAIR**, who enjoyed a trip to Vienna and on the Danube in the fall. She recalls with pleasure Barnard's art history courses which she feels have "really enriched" her life. **ELINOR REMER ROTH** and her husband visited the Shairs in Vermont.

VIVIAN WHITE DARLING
15 JEFFERSON AVENUE
KINGSTON, NY 12401

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60th Reunion!

NAOMI DIAMOND SACHS has been making a slow recovery from an accident last summer. Before the accident she had a bit part in the movie *Quiz Show*. Naomi is producer of a theater workshop and, until her accident, was acting in its productions.

The "Did You Know?" in the Fall issue of *Barnard Magazine* about Professor Cabell Greet and "Arthur, the Rat" reminded **ELIZABETH ANDERSON ULDALL** of her graduate work with Professor Greet and the eventual trans-Atlantic crossing of "Arthur" to the phonetics dept. of the U of Edinburgh.

Don't forget! Reunion starts on Friday, May 19. It's going to be so exciting! I know you have all received the special letter from Kay Heavey and hope you have sent in your reservation as well as your entry in the "Memory Contest."

Our graduation year of 1935 was also important to the town of Brewster, NY, as it was the year **SUZANNE FOGLESONG TRURAN** started teaching at the Doansburg School there. She married, had four children, and returned to teaching several years later. She retired in 1977 as an asst superintendent in the Carmel school district. Since then she has been a member of the board of education until retiring again in 1994, when she was 80. She is loved by all in the community and known for miles around as the area historian. Suzanne says it's not so much the history that interests her but the stories people have to tell.

NORA LOURIE PERCIVAL
ROUTE 1, BOX 139
VILAS, NC 28692

36

My appeals for news have not fallen on deaf ears! I have two chatty letters to share with you.

LAURA WERNER WALLERSTEIN writes: "I really enjoy seeing your class notes, so feel guilty that I don't often send news. The one class member I saw occasionally was **PEG REILLY**, and I was shocked when she died last year...."

"Our granddaughter, Laura Lynn Wallerstein, now 12 1/2, is hoping to go to Barnard, as did her aunt, **LYNN WALLERSTEIN HUBER '64**, and her grandma (that's I) and her great-grandma, **HELEN FRANKFIELD WERNER '06**. I hope she can make it. We had done much world traveling over the years,

but recently have been getting hooked on Elderhostels. This year we are to go to one in Fayetteville, Ark., and one in Oklahoma between visits with our daughter Lynn, who lives in Pine Bluff, Ark., with her husband, an Episcopal priest. Then we go to the mountains of North Carolina for a final Elderhostel. [*I wonder if it's near Boone?—Ed.*]

"We took a splendid trip on the *Delta Queen* from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati last May to celebrate my 80th birthday. Both our children, their spouses and the four grandchildren were with us; their age range is 8 to 23, but there were things of interest for all.

"My husband and I deliver Meals on Wheels two days a week, and I volunteer once a week as a social worker (counselor) at a center for the aged. I'm also active on the board (for life) of the agency of which I'm considered 'Founder,' which provides all kinds of services for severely handicapped, mentally alert people, such as spinal cord injured. All in all, life remains great, in spite of losing many friends."

BARBARA GRAHAM JUNGE's letter, on the other hand, starts on a less happy note. She writes: "I was shocked to read in the Fall 1994 issue...that 'Barbara Graham Junge was in a retirement home in Lenox, Mass., with limited vision.' I am writing to you at once so that Jane Eisler [Williams]' next report will not be: 'Barbara Graham Junge is in a nursing home, and incontinent.' I haven't written a word under class notes since 1936, and now the only word anybody has of me is that I'm in a retirement home with *limited vision*. I really think you should not publish news through hearsay....I have just written letters to my two senators and to President Clinton on the subject of GATT. Next month I will give a report on *The Bell Curve* to the current events group at Kimball Farms; I am co-chair of the literary group here. So much for a few of my present activities, which should include my role as mother of Stephen Graham Junge, Meg Junge Griffin, and Ingrid Shaffer. I have six grandchildren and a great-grandson.

"I was a teacher of high school English for 17 years...and after retirement I concentrated on writing poetry. I self-published a book of poems in 1981 and have been publishing modestly in small magazines including one poem this year. The study of poetry has taken me to writers' conferences: Bread Loaf in Vermont, Centrum in Washington, Rocky Mountain Conf. in Boulder, Mount Holyoke, and last summer Bennington. I've also taken several courses at Barnard in the Writers on Writing program.

"I was an activist in the peace movement during the Cold War, joining a peace cruise down the Volga in 1984 and a follow-up peace cruise down the Mississippi. Now I write letters to Congresspersons and others in power, often guided by the organization 20/20 Vision." Barbara enjoyed the directory with addresses of Barnard friends. She says her husband died in 1954, so "being a single mom to three young children kept me from being as active in the world as I would have liked." She concludes: "I had an operation last year for glaucoma, and am due for the same operation in the other eye. Both operations are to preserve my vision....Who of us at Class of 1936 age has *limitless vision*?"

I am sad to report that we have had word from her brother Raoul of the death of **DR. ADELE BEGHE** in Rome in November '93.

Your correspondent is happy to report a wonderful Christmas holiday in the Yucatan with her son and his family. Memories of the fabulous Mayan ruins everywhere and the delicious turquoise waters of the

Caribbean helped her survive the miseries of a bitter winter, and her youngest daughter's move to Alaska.

Who'll be next to sound off in this column? I'm hoping for *three* letters in the next one!

HELEN HARTMANN WINN
8420 CABIN BRANCH COURT
MANASSAS, VA 22111

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SANDY (MARY-PAUL SEGARD) RICE and husband Edwin realized a long-held dream this past fall when they embarked on a two-month "Grand Pacific Cruise" which took them, on a Holland-American cruise ship, to Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and many of the islands in the South Pacific. She commented on the cleanliness of the cities and the generally progressive attitudes encountered "down under." This trip was in celebration of 55 years of marriage and the wonderful blessings of good health. Sandy continues her career as an artist and this trip may prove an inspiration for a new spurt of creativity.

MARY WILLIS HEEREN HANSER and her husband, Dr. Otto Hanser, celebrated their 57th wedding anniversary last June. She writes, "My life has been full—much traveling, committee involvement, trustee emeritus of John Bourroughs School, past president of the St. Louis Woman's Club, elder of the Ladue Chapel Presbyterian Church, and mother of two wonderful daughters." The Hansers also have four grown grandchildren who live far enough away to inspire periodic travels for reunions.

GEORGIA PHILIPPS GATES apparently spent Christmas in Lapland. This is an unusual destination for the Yule season unless perhaps Georgia was researching the origins of the Kris Kringle folk tale?

Our sympathies are extended to **SHIRLEY ADELSON SIEGEL** whose beloved husband Elwood died on November 25. Shirley, as far as we know, continues to work in her law practice in NYC.

We regret to report further losses to our class. **MARION ALLAN VOGT** died on November 25, survived by her husband, Kenneth, a retired educator, and her son. Marion received an MA in history from Teachers College and a degree in library science from the U of California. She taught high school history until the outbreak of WWII, which impelled her toward a 3 1/2 year hitch in the WAVES. She served at NTS Smith College, the Eastern Sea Frontier in NY, and in Washington, DC. After the war and a period as archivist with the National Archives, she married and began a long career as middle school librarian in Yorktown Heights, NY, from which she retired several years ago. You may remember that she was one of the six who read out the names of departed classmates at our 55th Reunion.

A note from **MYRA SERATING GAYNOR** brings news of the death of **GERTRUDE LEHRER GELOBTER** on January 1. She writes "I remember her as an outstanding dancer in Greek Games. She and her husband, Marty, took over the operation of Camps Equinunk and Blue Ridge which her father had started." Besides her husband, Gertrude leaves two sons, Steven and Lewis, grandson Evan, and a sister.

Other news from Myra is more cheerful. She and husband Arnold are retired, he from his consulting engineer practice, she from her music and bookstore occupations. She is a volunteer at a recreation center, is active in musical organizations, and performs (piano) at retirement and health care centers. The Gaynors have a daughter, Carol, and are the proud grandparents of two young musicians, Todd and Brad.

BARBARA LAKE DOLGIN
150 WEST END AVENUE, APT. 18D
NEW YORK, NY 10023

38

Please note my new address—and write to me!

MARTHA ANKENY SCHAFFER
636 PROSPECT ST.
WESTFIELD, NJ 07090

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ELINOR STIEFEL APPLEBY says she is still an active volunteer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "The balance of my time I spend at duplicate bridge, golf, and traveling with my dear husband, Bill. This winter we'll visit friends in Florida, go to St. John with children and grandchildren, and cruise to Greece and Turkey in the spring."

Even though she misses her garden since moving to a retirement community in Williamsburg, VA, **GRACE SEIDL BUELL** and her husband like it very much. She does container gardening and they enjoy their many friends and PEO organization work.

"We're fine," says **EDNA WICH HEMPEL**, "not planning to travel," though they visited The Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxembourg last year. Instead of the power boating they used to do on Long Island Sound, they prefer to read, visit the local theatre, and see their eight grandchildren.

ELIZABETH BRUPBACHER GRIESING and her husband are active in their church, "have a pleasant existence," like to read, and are glad they haven't moved from Fair Lawn, NJ. She thinks it's good for them to have people of all ages around them.

When not busy with her three grandchildren, **JEANNETTE STOKES THULIN** is active in her church and transcribes textbooks into braille for blind children. She had taught a course in this.

We are sorry to have to report the death of **GERTRUDE SMITH KOHLER** this past September. She is presumably survived by daughters Susan and Nancy, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

SARITA BLAGDEN CHOATE mentioned having transferred to Barnard from Hollins. It turned out she knew two girls from there on my street here in Westfield! She has decided not to go on with Housing Authority work but to catch up on domestic things like genealogy for her five children and six grandchildren, one of whom is engaged.

MARY EVELYN RICHEY MINER felt the baseball situation was tragic. Her husband Bob had his right eye checked at Johns Hopkins Hospital after he lost the sight in it last fall. They weren't able to help then but recently were able to help with a different problem and she is very grateful.

"Husband Ron and I had a super trip recently," writes **HELEN DOLLINGER WICKHAM**. "A week in northern Italy at Stresa, another at Gstaad, Switzerland, and a third at Sefeld, Austria. It was truly an Alpine experience."

The columnist who writes "Past and Present" for *American Anthropological Association News* is our own **NATHALIE SAMPSON WOODBURY**. Her husband Richard's book, *Sixty Years of Southwestern Archeology*, came out in 1993 and he is now doing an inventory of their archeological collection. Nathalie has been active in their town of Shutebury, Mass., and was a selectman and served in the departments of conservation, finance, and roads, and as dog officer.

Our class president, **NINETTA DI BENEDETTO HESSION**, saw **EMMA LOU SMITH RAINWATER** recently at an "afternoon of recollection." On St.

Patrick's Day 1994, Ninetta and husband Martin were attempting to cross the street in front of the cathedral as the parade was passing by and found themselves on "The Dave Letterman Show."

FLORA EHRSAM DUDLEY
437 MELBOURNE AVENUE
MAMARONECK, NY 10543

40

55th Reunion!

By the time you read this, Reunion will be just around the proverbial corner. You should have received your mailing from the College, marked your calendar, and, we hope, made plans to be there. If you haven't yet sent in your reservation, please do it now—we are looking forward to a gala occasion!

In other news, we are sad to report the death of **CATHERINE DONNA VINT**. She is survived by her husband, John, and sons Peter, Roger, and Derek. In addition, we have just learned that **OLGA STASIUK STYLES'** husband, Thomas, died in December. The class extends deepest sympathy to both families.

From Kenneth Scott, husband of **MARGARET SHACKLETON SCOTT**, comes more sad news. Margaret, he writes, has been suffering from Alzheimer's disease for several years. She had a distinguished career in Washington, Indiana, a small city in the southwestern part of that state. Besides raising three children to "success in their fields," she was asst public relations director and alumni relations director at Vincennes U, a bookmobile librarian for a three-county program, lead news reporter on the local paper for 11 1/2 years, and in retirement chaired the human relations council to assist the less fortunate in her county. As her husband notes, "Margaret deserved a lot better."

REINE TRACY KIDDER writes from Oyster Bay, LI, that she and her husband have sold their boat and are now busy keeping "four acres of flowers and poison ivy" under control! Reine also keeps busy with her garden club and three book discussion groups. After a winter trip to St. Lucia to visit her sister, **ALICE TRACY ATTRIDE '36**, Reine hopes to find time for Reunion. Please do!

MARGARET BOYLE KINSELLA reports from St. Louis that although she has retired, her husband, also a doctor, has not. Seven of their eight children live in the St. Louis area, and among them and her eleven grandchildren a wide variety of professions is represented, including law and medicine.

AGNES CASSIDY SERBAROLI's older son, Francis, is a columnist for the *NY Law Journal* and other national publications. A partner in Ober, Kaler, Grimes and Schriver, he specializes in health law, and in his latest writing discusses the federal False Claims Act with its civil penalties and a provision for large recoveries to private litigants.

Agnes recently participated in the telethon for Barnard's Annual Fund, together with **NANETTE HODGMAN HAYES** and **ANN LANDAU KWITMAN**. If you received a call from one of them, we hope you enjoyed the chat and pledged money! If you didn't, there is still time to send your check and have your gift counted for our Reunion Fund total.

Your correspondent recently enjoyed a lengthy telephone conversation with **JOAN SENGSTACK GUILMARTIN**. Joan, who lives in Sarasota, is semi-retired but continues to do family counseling. She lives in a lovely villa and would be happy to hear from any Barnard alumna in the area.

That's it for this time. See you at Reunion!

ADELINE BOSTELMANN HIGGINS
9685 MOCKINGBIRD LANE
SEBASTIAN, FL 32976

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A delightful message from **BETTY CLIFFORD MACOMBER** and **MARY GRAHAM SMITH** came as a thank you for arranging the mini-reunion on January 26. They also sent thanks to **CHARLOTTE CASSELL DAVIDSON** ("who looked striking in a Barnard sweatshirt loaned by friend **KIMBERLY BROOKS '93'**"), who sponsored our luncheon at the Vero Beach Country Club. Also present were **DORIS WILLIAMS YANKEE**, **LIZ HARRIS MERSEY**, **TINEKA VAN WALSEM '42**, who was visiting me from Holland, and **JANE RINGO MURRAY**.

Jane is still director of the Learn to Read program of St. John's County, Florida. No money, but a lot of satisfaction in seeing the program grow and become established. About 200 working tutors and 255 students were enrolled last year. A third great-grandchild was born this year. Husband Milton is director of pastoral care for a national rehabilitation company and loves the work.

The Alumnae Office forwarded a letter from **ATHENA CAPRARO WARREN**, who sent them her book published last fall—"written by me, I can hardly believe it," she says. *Into the Lives of Others, Moments of Connection*, published by The Tiresias Press, 116 Pinehurst Ave, NY 10033 for \$13.90. Athena married Richard B. Warren in 1975; she was formerly the wife of Professor Louis Cohn-Haft, retired from the history dept of Smith College. One of her three children is Dr. **HERA COHN-HAFT '69**, a psychiatrist in West Hartford, CT. Athena founded and is executive director of Second Mile, Williamsburg, Mass, a volunteer social agency dedicated to nursing home enrichment. The book illustrates how communication and relationships can be fostered by using any medium at hand, whether art materials, gardening or household objects, or even mundane items from a handbag. The book is recommended for all who work with the elderly. Congratulations, Athena!

CYNTHIA LAIDLAW GORDON shared several items upon her return from visiting her granddaughter who is enjoying a junior year abroad at Reid Hall. Cynthia was surprised to come upon a large portrait of Dean Virginia Gildersleeve in the library of Reid Hall, and to learn that she was one of its founders.

Cynthia wrote Julius Held, her Barnard art history professor, telling of her visits to the Louvre and to the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam and received a wonderful reply: "Believe it or not, I do remember your name, after more than 50 years! It may have something to do with my special attachment to the Class of '41 since I joined Barnard in 1937 and hence had come in with your class....It is a coincidence, but a welcome one, that your letter arrived in the beginning of the year in which I shall turn 90! Teaching lies long behind me but I treasure any contacts that remind me of those 33 years on upper Broadway."

DORIS PROCHASKA BRYAN and husband John celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with a two-week stay in a London flat. They have three daughters and eight grandchildren. Doris reminded us that she too served in the military, as a Lt. jr. grade USNR in the Waves, from 1943 to 1946 as disbursing officer, Mare Island Navy Yard, Vallejo, CA.

While vacationing in the Barrier Islands of North Carolina last summer, **CHARLOTTE CASSELL DAVIDSON** and husband Kirby stopped in Morehead City to see Shux's roommate, **MARY COLBETH**

KORFF and husband Fred. The Korffs' daughter recently retired as a captain in the Navy and their son is an administrator at UCLA.

A Christmas note from **BEVERLY GILMOUR LEE** to **MARTHA JANE LIVESAY WHITESIDE '43** included information that her husband is holding his own and is able to enjoy visitors, daily walks, and occasional outings, even by bus. They celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on December 30, remembering Seattle and engineering work for the US Navy.

It is with sadness the death of **WINIFRED FISK COURTNEY** on September 13, 1994, is reported. She is survived by her spouse, Dennis A. Courtney, 360 Plantation Drive, Greenwood, SC 29640.

Our condolences are also extended to **JANE STEWART HECKMAN** on the passing of her brother, federal judge Peter Stewart, last November.

Tentative dates have been set for the groundbreaking of a magnificent memorial bldg at the main gate of Arlington National Cemetery for this June 21-22. Veterans who want more information should write or call Women in Military Service of America Memorial Foundation, Dept. 560, Washington, DC 20042, 1-800-222-2294.

Mark your calendars now for our 55th Reunion—Friday-Sunday, May 17-19, 1996. As Liz Harris Mersey has moved from Fifth Avenue to Boynton Beach, FL, we are eager to locate "home hospitality" for our class "soiree." Hers will be a hard act to follow.

HELEN MARRARO ABDON
779 SCHAEFER AVENUE
ORADELL, NJ 07649

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From **LOUISE WOOLFOLK CHESNUT** came a message about metropolitan transit services, usually adequate for her needs. She made several trips in 1994 to Alaska and Hawaii, always with a stop in Los Osos, CA, to see grandson Will Chesnut. Second grandson Giles Cabe lives in Charlottesville so is more readily available to her; his mother teaches art while his father is finishing medical school.

A nice update came from **HELEN CORNELL KOENIG**. She was on an Alaskan cruise in June '92, Mexico in March '93, where she climbed a pyramid, all 91 steps. Two trips in 1994—Hawaii and a rubber raft "float" down the Salmon River in Idaho. Helen's heart's desire for a grandchild was granted in January '93, when her youngest son's wife gave birth to a baby girl. Congratulations, Helen.

Best wishes to **ELEANOR MAMEL WOLLACK** for a speedy recovery from her recent operation.

JEANNETTE VAN WALSEM is wonderful about keeping in touch. Last year she visited the Baltic states and the region around the Bay of Naples with Europa Nostra/Internat'l Castles Institute. In January she came from Belgium to visit Adeline Higgins '41 in Florida. Otherwise, she writes, "I have four children and five grandchildren and lead a rather quiet life."

In Florida in February, **JOAN BROWN WETTINGFELD, KAY BRUNS SWINGLE, FRANCES MURPHY DUNCAN, EDITH MEYER LAURO,** and **ANA DEL VALLE TOTTI** were reunited at Edith's home in West Palm Beach. From the photo they sent, it seems clear that they are all well and enjoying the scene and each other's company.

Sad to report the death this winter of **PATRICIA HIGHSMITH**, in Switzerland, where she had lived for many years. She will be remembered for her many books of suspense and mystery, which captured the attention of a wide reading public.

MARTHA LIVESAY WHITESIDE
380 HART ROAD
LEXINGTON, KY 40502

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Thanks to Sophie Vrahnos Louros for sending a clipping from the *NY Times* about **NONNIE (MARJORIE EILERS) MOORE's** wonderful retirement party at the Museum of Modern Art. She had been with Condé Nast Publications, most recently with *GQ* magazine. Now she has time to continue her painting.

After 39 years in Norwalk, CT, **RUTH WILLEY SWANSON** has moved to 71 Quarry Dock Road, Branford 06405, so as to be closer to her lawyer daughter and engineer son.

GRETCHEN RELYEA HANNAN's brother keeps me up with her trips, such as one to Ireland last fall; he visited at her Bear Lake, MI, home in the summer.

MARION BROMILOW MENDELSON is facing the future with a renewed smile, catching up with old friends and enjoying being closer to her grandchildren in Doylestown, PA.

A rough tumble for **MAGGIE O'ROURKE MONTGOMERY** resulted in a broken leg in late summer so she recuperated in Maine through the colorful fall season. We hope her progress is good so that the walker is now put aside. Her second grandson William joined a three-year-old brother in October. The joy of a first visit came at Christmas.

LEONORA GARTEN MEISTER is recovering from eye surgery and was anticipating a 51st wedding anniversary trip to New Zealand and her favorite place, Kauai.

Our loss of **GWENDOLYN MCCORMICK LOPEZ** (predeceased by husband Kenneth by almost exactly one year) occurred in November. Her sister, **ZELMA MCCORMICK HUNTOON '50**, reports she leaves a daughter Susan, son Kenneth, and six grandchildren.

My brother drove me and our spouses from Lexington to Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward Island in October. The leaves lived up to their colors and we inlanders enjoyed the coastal scenes especially.

Rarely is Barnard an item in our local press, but reading about the death of **PAT HIGHSMITH '42** in the *Courier-Journal* reminded me of my winter walks to the little building in front of Riverside Church for first-year French class with her, taught by Prof. Helen Bailey, and the changing scene in The Jungle.

MARTHA MESSLER ZEPP
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RICHMOND, VA 23236

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Wonder how many of us are celebrating 50th wedding anniversaries this year. **VIRGINIA BENEDICT KATZ** and husband Herbert have happily done just that in Coral Springs, FL, and "are working on our next 50." I hope they had a chance to meet Barnard president Judith Shapiro on her "get acquainted tour" in Florida this past winter.

I heard about the Florida trip from Melinda Davis, who works with grants and bequests at Barnard, when she visited me while in her hometown of Richmond in February. We crossed the considerable generation gap with two hours of non-stop talking about Barnard and the amusing and sometimes perplexing problems she encounters when alumnae want to give the college six-carat diamonds or art treasures needing 24-hour security.

A treasure of another kind comes to mind as I

reflect on recent correspondence from **SISTER JOSEPH (CHARLOTTE MCKENZIE) JESUS AND MARY**. She described a whirlwind of activity which took her this past year to Washington, DC, Seattle, and Salt Lake City. (Ever consider how fraught with danger is travel in long skirt and scapular?) She reveled in the information she received about Reunion, going so far as to sing the reprinted songs. "I can close my eyes and see Barnard's physical plant as it was way back in 1944. How I cherish my four years (there) and the beautiful 'girls' who were friends." With her note were photos in which the expressions on her face and those of her companions reflected a happiness and joy that I will long treasure.

Another photograph which has come my way is from a Connecticut newspaper and shows **FRANCOISE KELZ** wearing white gloves as she examined an ancient crazy quilt, part of a project of preservation and documentation for the Sharon Historical Society. She views such activities as helping school children of the community "learn about life in the distant and not so distant past, making history come alive." A similar philosophy, I imagine, motivates other '44ers who now can fuse their areas of expertise with opportunity. A bout of walking pneumonia slowed Francoise only temporarily. On February 25 she once again headed for Scotland, England, and France, this time foregoing gardens for figure skating championship trials which culminated in competition in Birmingham. Then she went from London to Paris via the Eurostar train through the tunnel!

JEANNE WALSH SINGER's musical contributions to future generations continue with her composition for orchestra and tenor, "To Be Brave Is All." It was recorded in Bratislava, Slovakia, last summer by the Slovak Radio Symphony Orchestra and was dedicated to Raoul Wallenberg, Swedish WWII hero. MMC Recording released it as a CD. Jeanne is working on a sequel CD as part of a Wallenberg Cycle with texts by American women poets. She is also director of the Musinger Players, which performed works composed by Jeanne and classical composers in a program at Great Neck House, Great Neck, NY.

Classmates, you are amazing people!

Amazing, too, is **DORIS KOSCHES DAVIDSON** who, since Reunion, has moved from a ten-room hobby- and collection-filled home to an apartment. Please, Doris, give us some pointers on down-sizing.

DAISY FORNACCA KOUZEL
112 WEST 72ND STREET, APT. 4B
NEW YORK, NY 10023

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50th Reunion!

Our **GOLDEN REUNION** is suddenly almost upon us. I can hardly wait, and hope to see a whole bunch of you. Meanwhile, I have once again worked the phones on behalf of the Annual Fund, and besides winning a bottle of wine for collecting many pledges (and thank you again for your generosity), I culled the following news items:

PHYLLIS CROSS PERLO is still working full time as community health nurse educator in Hingham, Mass., and enjoying her children and grandchildren, four in each category.

GLORIA ZIRPOLO RAFFETTO, a successful New Jersey realtor, has two sons, an attorney and a banker, and a daughter who is a psychologist. Her work and family help her cope with widowhood and, like myself, she has not found anyone even remotely suited or likely to take the place of her Fred.

JUNE WERNER TAUSCHER is comptroller for a real estate company and working full time, as is her husband; they have two sons and three grandchildren and enjoy their travels; they live in Rego Park, Long Island, so attending Reunion won't be a problem!

A shame that California is so far away! Still, I hope these classmates might consider attending: 1) **HILMA OLLILA CARTER**, who sent *Three Plays by Eduardo Pavlovsky* as a gift to the Barnard Library. She helped the translator edit the plays, which were performed in NYC in 1988 as part of the First NY International Festival of the Arts. 2) **JOAN (JODY) WRIGHT GOODMAN**, who with husband Charles has rebuilt the house in Oakland annihilated by the 1991 firestorm; they keep busy, as do son Nick, an attorney, and daughter Diana, a writer-cum editor-cum kids karate teacher. I am personally soliciting the rest of the West Coast denizens to join us at Reunion.

Longtime Florida resident **ELLIE NICASPHAELOS LOUMOS** plans to attend, and writes glowingly about how enriched her life has been by a first-class education at a first-class school. My sentiments exactly, and those of **MEREDITH (MIKE) MAULSBY JACKNESS** who, after retiring as assistant to the director of the Little Red School House in Manhattan, is into ceramics and birds and related trips to Arizona, Texas, Venezuela, Yucatan, Trinidad and Tobago; her daughter **EMILY '65**, a pediatric cardiologist, has two daughters who have added a never-expected dimension, and may end up at Barnard like their mother and grandmother. "Life has been good," says Mike, "and some of it I owe to the Barnard experience." And if you keep up with theater news you know all about her son, Andrew Jackness!

BERNICE LINDENBERG LEICHER is working hard to make Reunion a success. Her husband having retired, she reduced her workload so they can do things together: travel, enjoy the NYC cultural scene, play bridge, and visit the children and grandchildren.

ANNE MCCABE OUSTERHOUT JOHNSTON and **HENDRIKA BESTEBREURTJE CANTWELL** sent long letters which I must save for the next issue.

Now I must regretfully inform you of the death of **BETTY SACHS ADENBAUM**, whom I had seen recently. And how can I describe the shock when I phoned **JACQUELINE OTT DOWD** in Hingham, Mass., and her husband told me that she had passed away in 1988? Over the years I had tried to coax a letter out of Jackie, and I have one happy memory of her—when she announced her forthcoming marriage, all those decades ago. May I extend to both families the heartfelt condolences of our entire class.

SUSAN WEAVER
BEAVER MEADOW ROAD
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Dear classmates: I write of our class news as if I were writing a letter, and I do feel as if I am writing to each one—so it would be wonderful to hear from you. I'm hoping this column becomes more and more a way to get to know one another better, as we could not while we were busy and maybe also commuting to Barnard. This is a way of bringing together new and old friendships, from these Vermont woods and hills.

First, all our sympathy and thoughts go to **CYNTHIA WEISMAN KOLKER's** husband, Melvin, and their sons on the death of Cynthia this January.

SYDNEY COOK BRYDEN writes, "After serving two years in the Peace Corps as a teacher-trainer in Cameroon, West Africa, from 1990 to 1992, I

returned to Colorado to visit my daughter and there I met Bill Bryden. Bill and I were married in June and are living on Lookout Mountain, Golden, CO."

A note from **ANNE POWELL LOWE** tells us that she and her sister, also a resident of Tennessee, spent a week in NYC on a great theater tour.

Then this news from **EMILY O'CONNOR PERNICE**: "Recently **DOROTHY DIETERLE ADAMS** and husband John, **JOY DREW BLAZEY** and husband Frank, and my husband, Paul, and I all celebrated reaching the age of 70. We met at Lake Toxaway, in North Carolina, where we three members of Barnard '46 reminisced and had a great time."

A long, great letter came from **ANN-TRUTH WEST LANGE**, in White Plains, NY, citing special memories of Barnard: "I'm sure you remember those geology field trips to the Palisades, where we climbed around and identified schist and strata and other formations. One day, the ferry lost power and drifted into the shad nets, where we sat for a long time. The fishermen were not very happy about that!...Those were the days! Golf across the street and archery between Riverside Drive and Claremont Ave. The green wood fences that surrounded Barnard—no graffiti in those days! Nice sitting in the 'jungle' and volleyball on the green outside Barnard Hall, where we had tea on the 4th Floor with Dean Gildersleeve. Being asked to pour was the thrill of our lives..."

For current news, Ann-Truth wrote, "I retired from business in 1987 and have worked ever since as a volunteer in the office of a religious publishing company in NJ. I commute 64 miles a day, whereas when I worked for Reichhold Chemicals for 24 years in White Plains, I drove four miles! *C'est la vie!*"

Then this wonderful letter from **GLORIA CALLEN JONES**: "There you are way up in beautiful progressive Vermont. Our beloved minister from St. John's Church, in Charleston (WV), is now Bishop Mary Adelia McCloud of Vermont. She's a most remarkable woman. What have I been doing besides keeping in touch with four children and grandchildren—our daughter, Chrissy Jones Huber, is getting her PhD; she has taught art history at UNC and is working at the North Carolina Museum of Art. Our son Herbert is a composer musician in Nashville. Callen has an art gallery, and Adelyn sells real estate in Florida. One of our grandsons is on the varsity water polo team at Princeton, so apples don't fall far from the tree. Years ago I coached swimming here and the program has grown; members practice longer hours and they swim faster and break records. I've been an adviser for 'Archives of American Gardens' at the Smithsonian and have visited hundreds of gardens and given talks on 'Landscape architecture and passionate gardeners'. So you might say I'm an amateur garden historian. I'm a regent at Kenmore and have served on the board of the Garden Club of America as a vice president. Herbert is very busy serving on college boards, retired from the coal business..."

Thanks to these correspondents—now let's hear from more of you!

MARY ROUSH BAXTER
5016 FINN ROAD
VIRGINIA BEACH, VA 23455

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ANN RUTH TURKEL, MD, spoke last May at a joint meeting of the American Academy of Psychoanalysis and the International Forum of Psychoanalysis. Her subject was "Twenty Years of Women's Liberation

and Its Impact on Psychoanalysis." She presented the same topic to the International Congress of Psychotherapy in Seoul in August, where she was honored by the Korean Medical Women's Association for her contributions to women.

BOBBIE PAINE is balancing retirement and museum work in Rockport, MA. She is curator of the Museum Collection at the Rockport Art Assn with enough time to travel, serve on town committees, and sail on Sandy Bay. Last spring, she did a program for the Barnard Club of Boston at the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum. To her delight, **DENA KRANOWITZ MANN** was there—a '47 moment.

Last November, **JANE ALLEN SHIKOH** was a member of a tour to Yucatan to visit the ruins of the ancient Mayan cities of Chichen Itza, Uxmal, and Izamal. Then on her own she traveled to the Mexican states of Chiapas and Tabasco to take in the ruins at Palenque and the famous jungle park of Olmec art in Henmosilla. In June she spent three weeks in Ireland and was a participant in the "Bloomsday" celebrations of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. She continues to work part time at the IRI Research Institute in Stamford, CT.

In Washington, DC, for holiday visits with her two daughters, **EVA FIELDS MAZE** called to say she will spend much of this year in Paris. She looks forward to studying art history at the Louvre. She will appreciate hearing from alumnae in Paris. Eva will continue to maintain her permanent home in Berlin.

JANE DAVIS HEATON and husband Bud spent early 1995 touring aboard the Queen Elizabeth II. Departing from Florida in January, the ship took them to St. Thomas, Cartagena, and through the Panama Canal. After visits to 22 Pacific Rim ports, they continued to locations on the Indian Ocean and, via the Suez Canal, to places of interest on the Mediterranean coast. Following a stop in England, their trip ended in Ft. Lauderdale in April. Please bring all tapes and anecdotes to share at our next reunion, Jane!

NEVA NEWMAN HILLYER MOULTON returned recently from three months in Florida. She writes, "My husband died three years ago and this made my life very difficult. However, time passes and we have to adjust." She feels fortunate that her three children are married and living near her Connecticut home. The eldest of her four grandchildren is studying at the U of Connecticut.

CAROLE RINDLER MADISON died on December 18, 1994. The class extends sympathy to her sons, Scott and Kevin Madison.

FRANCES JEFFERY ABRAMOWITZ
43 BERKSHIRE PLACE
HACKENSACK, NJ 07601

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HELEN ARCHIBALD WALLER, now professor emeritus, continues lecturing and writing in areas of American religious life since her retirement from United Theological Seminary of Twin Cities (MN) in 1991. Her travels took her to Scotland and England to visit relatives and to Laguna Niguel (CA).

LAWRIE TREVOR NOMER reports many activities now that she has retired as asst library director at the WM Logan Library of Schreiner College. ("Loved my job, but am delighted to be retired.") Based in Kerrville, TX (near San Antonio), she's within easy launching distance of numerous state parks and national forests in Texas, Colorado, Tennessee, and other scenic locales where she now enjoys her new 5th wheel travel trailer, a Shadow Cruiser. It's a great enhancer to her passion for mountain biking:

during 1994 she logged hundreds of miles after total hip replacement surgery in January. Between camping and biking trips, Lawrie enjoys visits with her extended family, which now includes a second grandchild born last March. Her sister **HELEN VIETOR '47** runs a nursery/kindergarten school in Houston. Lawrie concludes: "In between gadding about, I still participate actively in Trailblazer walks (co-trail director), Hill Country Youth Ranch Auxiliary, Kerrville Bicycle Club (treasurer), Red Cross Blood drives (11 gallons), a weekly book discussion group, senior citizen swimming, Unitarian Outreach Committee, and quarterly meetings of the Hemlock Society. National and world issues concern me deeply, but I haven't come up with easy or quick solutions."

Does this leave you breathless, as it does me? Please share your news about second careers, retirement activities, or challenging jobs and hobbies, and find your name in this column in our next issue.

YVETTE DELABARRE DE FELICE
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RIDGEFIELD PARK, NJ 07660

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ROSARY SCACCIAPERRO GILHEANY
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CALIFON, NJ 07830

PAT ROTH HICKERSON writes from her home in Alameda, CA, that the *San Francisco Chronicle* has been publishing excerpts from her memoirs; so far Barnard has not been mentioned. Retired from editing and reporting, she began freelancing articles and short stories about four years ago. Five of her stories have appeared in *Penthouse*. She spent last Christmas in New York with her daughter Rachel, who is executive director of Feminists for Free Expression, an organization promoting First Amendment rights.

HELEN JONES FREDERICKS, who was most enthusiastic about Arizona when I spoke to her at our 45th Reunion, sent news from Scottsdale of her expanding family. Her son, Charles Sabo, recently married the mother of three boys. Her son and daughter-in-law are expecting a child in July. As of last May Helen had only two grandchildren, Samantha and Billy, both living in New Jersey; their mother, Jeanne, was remarried in February.

RUTH CRANE FRIEDBERG has informed us of the publication in October 1994 of the first three volumes of the series *Art Songs by American Women Composers* (Southern Music Co.), of which she is the editor and collector. Ruth has taught at Duke U and for ten years was pianist with the San Antonio Symphony, where she lives. Six further volumes of songs are scheduled for publication this spring.

It was with deep regret that I learned of the death of **EILEEN HOWLEY HIGGINS** on December 21. I have also learned of the death of Neil McCaffrey, Jr, husband of **JOAN MELERVEY MCCAFFREY**, in December. We extend our deepest sympathy to Eileen's husband, John Higgins, of Norwalk, CT, and his four sons and three daughters, and to Joan and son Neil. Joan lives in Pelham Manor, NY.

In our last issue we reported that **MARILYN HEGGIE DELALIO** and her husband, Louis, had moved to North Carolina, where they were looking forward to the lively cultural scene of a busy university community. It is especially painful, therefore, to have to report to you that Louis died on March 11. We know that Marilyn's many friends share the pain of her tragic loss.

—YDD

MIRIAM SCHARFMAN ZADEK
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BALTIMORE, MD 21209

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LAURA PIENKNY ZAKIN
6550 EVENING ST.
WORTHINGTON, OH 43085

45th Reunion!

MURIEL KILPATRICK SAFFORD continues to travel. This year saw Muriel and her husband in Sicily, where they attended an Elderhostel, and Lipari. From there, they went to Maine; they have just returned from New Zealand and a freighter cruise to SE Asia.

ALICE STERLING HONIG received Syracuse U Chancellor's Citation for Academic Excellence in 1994—the first time the award was given to the College for Human Development. She rejoices in her seven grandchildren, the first of whom will be Bar Mitzvah this year. Her mother turns 94 this year and Alice recalls her parents' attendance at our graduation. Congratulations to both Alice and her mother.

MARILYN SCHULHOF SMITH writes that 1994 was a far better year than 1993, when she was hospitalized for pulmonary embolism and other illnesses. This past year saw her return to the U of Hartford, and celebrate the birth of her first grandchild, Tyler William Swanberg. She sees **BEPIE RICHARDS CHISHOLM** often and saw **VICKIE THOMSON ROMIG** recently.

News from the Annual Fund phonathon: **CHRYSSIE MAMALAKIS COSTANTAKOS** and her husband are retired. Their older daughter is married to David Ben Gurion's grandson, has two daughters, and lives in Washington, DC. Their younger daughter is studying to be an opera singer.

Also recently retired is **PAT CURRAN DOWD**, who was with the NYC Dept of Health. She is planning to come to Reunion. Unable to come to Reunion, unfortunately, is **ANN EDGE CONN**, who lives in Plainfield, IN. She is having hip surgery this spring. Best of luck!

After years of talking about it, I retired last summer. I followed the advice given by my college roommate, **GRETA HERSCH GRANET**, and planned for retirement. Consequently, I have been busier than ever, enjoying grandchildren, taking courses, traveling and serving on the board of the Hearing and Speech Agency and the Low Vision Information Center. It's fascinating to see life from this perspective.

We are saddened to hear of the death of **PHYLIS BRADFUTE KNOWLES** and send condolences to her daughters, Pamela Fleizach and Debra Zakarin.

I look forward to seeing you at Reunion!

—MSZ

MARISA MACINA HAGAN
401 FIRST AVENUE, APT 8A
NEW YORK, NY 10010

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There would be even less to report than usual but for the annual Christmas card from **LOIGENE NICKEL GENDZEL**, complete with photo. This time it's a wedding picture, since daughter Amy married her John last April. Loi adds that her art students exhibited their paintings at the Palo Alto Senior Center and that the Library and Information Service at the United Nations Association Center at Palo Alto is growing and reaching out to their diverse community. All is well with husband Ivan and son Glen and even with the family cat Betsy.

We seem to be needing an inordinate amount of space in this and recent columns for death notices, and I regret that I have yet another item of sad news to share with you. **EDITH WITTY FINE**, an associate justice of the Massachusetts Appeals Court, died of cancer in January at home in Brookline, MA. A memorial tribute will appear in the next issue.

You know that I don't as a rule report deaths in classmates' families. But when surfing through the *New York Times* obituaries I happened to come upon one in which **NAOMI LOEB LIPMAN** was cited as the source of information regarding the cause of death of her brother-in-law, I thought I'd tell you. It reminded me of the time I was reading the obituary of poet and essayist Laura (Riding) Jackson, and found that the cause of death (a long illness) was given by Joan Steen Wilentz's husband, Theodore. I wrote to tell him that I had noticed and got a copy of Jackson's book, *The Telling*, by return mail.

As I write this in late winter, I am preparing to go to Vermont to visit my granddaughter's baby brother. Thaddeus Martin Buttrey was born on January 2, too late to be any help on his parents' 1994 income tax return. Tate, as he will be called, was 9 pounds plus.

Believe it or not, we have a date for our 45th anniversary reunion—Friday to Sunday, May 17 to 19, 1996. Our class was represented at the March briefing session of the Reunion Planning Committee and you will be hearing about plans in the fullness of time. There will of course be an associated fund drive, so get out your checkbooks as well as your calendars!

MILLICENT LIEBERMAN GREENBERG
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NEW YORK, NY 10021

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RUTH GROSSMAN HADLOCK writes from Berkeley, CA, that she has been a librarian at a private elementary school, Marin Country Day, since 1972 and is now working 3 days/wk, leaving time to study Yiddish and see more of family and friends. Husband Richard is active playing and writing about jazz and doing a weekly "Annals of Jazz" program on local public radio station KCSM-FM. Son Jason Wilder 33 works with handicapped and homeless people in Berkeley. Ruth says that Berkeley is a great place in which to age gracefully because it is a richly diverse, culturally and politically active community with mild weather and a good public transit system.

HARRIET NEWMAN COHEN now has her own firm, Cohen, Hennessey and Bienstock, PC. They are four divorce lawyers, including her oldest daughter.

ELIZABETH "BETTINA" BLAKE wrote that she intends to leave her position of vice chancellor for academic affairs and dean of the U of Minnesota, Morris, at the end of June, or as soon thereafter as a successor can assume the duties. She assures us that she is neither ill, bored with her job, nor "burned out"—after 16 years it just seemed like the right time to set in motion a process of change, for both herself and the institution. She has a leave of absence for 1995-96 and hopes to complete the public liberal arts college writing project that she began during her 1992 leave and then move on to some other writing that she wants to do. She is not retiring as a tenured member of the faculty. I wish I had space to share Bettina's very moving and beautiful Christmas poem, "Safe Passage," with all of you.

It is with great sadness that I report the death of **WINIFRED WEEKES VAGLIANI** this past December. Our condolences to her family.

STEPHANIE LAM BASCH
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We have word from **JOAN BELENKEN KRAUSS** that she and husband Pesach have retired to Jerusalem, where she volunteers in the absorption of Russian immigrants and guides at the Israel Supreme Court and the Museum of the History of Jerusalem. Joan's activities are completely unrelated to her prior career as an economics professor and later as a consultant and rabbi's wife. The Krausses have traveled extensively—Nairobi and Moscow are each only four hours from Jerusalem. They are also able to enjoy the close proximity of two of their five children as well as three grandchildren.

FELICE DRESNER has retired from teaching out in West Covina, CA. She now has her first grandchild, Adam, almost 1. Readers of *The NY Times* may have noticed bylines featuring Felice's son, Richard Pérez-Peña, in the paper's "metro" section.

LOUISE FINKELSTEIN FEINSOT is busy with her public relations and marketing company, in addition to teaching a course in media relations at the School of Continuing Education at NYU. Louise and Aaron have two grandchildren under the age of two.

JULIE KOEGLER FRANK, an associate professor of computer science and math at Widener U, is in Germany on a Fulbright Fellowship.

JOHANNA ROSENGARTEN GARFIELD's 1990 book *Cousins* will be reissued in paperback. She wrote a piece for the City section of the *NY Times* last summer and has an article on the artist Will Barnet in the *Smithsonian* magazine this spring. Her daughter Clara writes proposals for the development dept of the Jewish Museum; son Jed is in real estate with his father in NYC; and son Cory is working with REI, an outdoor sporting goods firm in Colorado.

ANNE BETTY JAFFE WEINSHENKER has been chairman of the fine arts dept at Montclair State College (NJ) for six years and has published books, articles, and reviews dealing with art from the 18th to the 20th century.

James Tetreault sent us word that the translation prize named in honor of his wife, **ELIZABETH CONSTANTINIDES**, has been awarded for the first time. At the time of Elizabeth's death in 1992, the prize was established as a tribute to her scholarly work by the Modern Greek Studies Assn and by private donors.

MARION TOMKINS has been in touch with **OSA PHILIPSON ERICSSON**, who lives in Bromma, Sweden. Osa wrote: "Our doctor son, Sverker, was married last fall to a journalist. The wedding was held at a church with a lady minister and the dinner for 40 persons was at our home. As the bride comes from northern Sweden, only Lapp delicacies were served: smoked salmon, reindeer filet, and cloudberry for dessert (small yellow raspberries.) My mother, now 88, lives in Switzerland and manages totally on her own. When she dies, she wants to be buried wherever she is—not necessarily in Sweden. Too bad Sweden now again has a social-democratic government. Sweden voted for membership in the European Union—it would have been difficult to stay outside, as did Norway and Iceland." (If anyone is planning a trip to Sweden, write to me for Osa's address.)

CLASS NOTES DEADLINES
MAY 15, AUGUST 16, NOVEMBER 13

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As a freelance travel writer, your new correspondent is accustomed to writing about news items and travel! I hope to hear from many of you in the months to come, about your family and professional news and your travels. I'm also into volunteerism, a major Los Angeles activity. I'm co-chairing a benefit for The French Foundation for Alzheimer Research on April 23, honoring former First Lady Nancy Reagan.

(MARY) JOAN HALL was honored recently by the Penobscot Bay Medical Center in Rockport, Maine, for her 5200 hours of volunteer service. Most of those hours, she worked in the medical center's health service library. She has a degree in library science from Pratt Institute and was the librarian at the Guggenheim Museum for 16 years. She lives near Port Clyde in Martinsville, ME, and also volunteers at the county humane society animal shelter and at the nearby Marshall Point Lighthouse Museum.

MERNA HAUSMAN MILLER writes, "Our 40th Reunion was both educational and festive. I enjoyed meeting so many classmates once again. I am looking forward to the 45th." Merna is involved in several interior design projects and recently traveled to Florida and California, and also to New Orleans with her husband for a conference on finance.

SHIRLEY HENSCHERL is still running Alaska Momma, the licensing company she founded almost 15 years ago. She bought an apartment in S Palm Beach, FL, where she hopes to retire, and has been able to spend some time there. Shirley saw Arlene Chambers in Los Angeles in May after Reunion. She'd love to hear from any classmates in the Palm Beach area!

MARCIA GUSTEN PUNDYK's youngest child, Joanne, was admitted to the New Jersey Bar in December and is planning an October wedding.

RENA FEUERSTEIN STRAUCH
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RYE, NY 10580

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40th Reunion!

Since you have not been sending news for this column, I hope you are saving it to share in person at Reunion—it will be a wonderful weekend, and the more of us who come, the more wonderful it will be!

LILLY SPIEGEL SCHWEBEL
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Just when many of us are considering retirement, a note arrives from **EVELYN GARRETT WRIGHT** to say she is finishing a master's degree at the Graduate Theological Union, Berkeley, and applying to their doctoral program. She plans to attend the Women's Conference in Beijing this year. Anyone else going?

I did receive a letter from **LIZ MOODY** after the last issue had gone to press and have found out that Stetson U is in St. Petersburg, FL. Obviously, she is not retiring and looks forward to seeing any '56ers who come to the west coast of Florida. Liz says that the law school buildings are some of the most beautiful in the country.

CAROL RICHARDSON HOLT has been appointed to the clinical faculty of the Yale Child Study

Center. She teaches and supervises family therapy there. Daughter **LIZ '86** will do her residency in internal medicine at Johns Hopkins after graduating from Yale medical school in June.

Did anyone else catch **HAZEL GERBER SCHIZER** on television? ABC and Diane Sawyer did a program featuring Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg and her female classmates at Columbia Law. I only caught part of the program but I actually recognized Hazel before she was identified.

One person thinking about retiring is **ANITA MACEO CREEM**. She is manager of a bookstore.

Barnard was one of four institutions sponsoring a trip to the Galapagos this winter, and the travelers included **JANET BERSIN FINKE** and **TONI CROWLEY COFFEE**. They report that the trip was quite an adventure—all the wildlife and scenery you've ever seen in *National Geographic*, but with the extra thrill of being right in the middle of it. Lectures and ongoing commentary by Barnard professor of biology (retired) Toney Warburton provided just the right amount of academic background to the physical surroundings.

We regret that much of our space must be devoted to sad news this issue. Our deepest sympathy to **ELLEN BATT** on the death of her mother in February. Our condolences to **ALICE HOROWITZ CHEYER** on the death of her husband, Tom, last year; Alice has three children and is a freelance copy editor. And also to **SONDRA PORETZ VISER**, whose husband, Dr. Sidney Viser, died in January.

MILLICENT ALTER
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NEW YORK, NY 10024

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We received some newsy notes in Annual Fund mail. **LOIS FRANK GRINKER** writes, "After having three sons, two husbands, and one career as a TV documentary researcher and writer, I have topped it all with four grandchildren—including three girls! They are infinitely easier to bring up than boys were and definitely headed for Barnard in the early 21st century. I'm looking forward to the best part of life with my wonderful husband Charles." (A friend I read this to wondered if girls really are easier than boys, or if other people's are easier than your own.)

SANDY DIBBELL-HOPE reports, "I am in full-time practice as a licensed psychologist in the East Bay of Northern California. I also supervise trainees in clinical psychology and teach family therapy and expressive arts to interns. I'm always on the lookout for effective short-term approaches to add to my basically psychodynamic orientation—like EMDR or narrative therapy. My daughters, Beth 30 and Kate 28, are both involved in the field of global ecology, planetary and personal health, native wisdom, self-sustaining communities—and are teaching me a lot about new ways to think, see, and act on this planet."

Another Californian, **SUZANNE MOGUL SPEC-TOR**, got a PhD in clinical psychology from the Union Institute. She has a private psychotherapy practice at home and is director of the Center for Studies of the Person, the Carl Rogers organization in La Jolla. In August she presented a paper to the American Psychological Assn annual convention describing her research on single women in their fifties who are happy. She is writing a book on the subject. (In response to a note I sent complaining about her penmanship and asking for clarification, Suzanne sent me a copy of her paper and I found it fascinating.)

**BARNARD
STUDENT
ENTERPRISES**

**BARNARD
BABYSITTING
SERVICE** 854-2035

**BARTENDING &
PARTY HELP** 854-4650

STUDENT STORE 854-7871
The Student Store is located in Upper Level McIntosh. Most items are also available by mail—see page 34.

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MYRIAM JARBLUM ALTMAN
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NANCY ROSENSTEIN MAYER was elected to a second term as general treasurer of Rhode Island. She has been honored as "Public Servant of the Year" by *Rhode Island Magazine* and "Woman of the Year" by the RI Federation of Business and Professional Women, and received the first "Golden Broom Award" from Operation Clean Government.

MENORAH LEBOWITZ ROTENBERG lives in Teaneck, NJ, and is a therapist at a local mental health center. She also writes and both creates and teaches Jewish ceremonial fiber art, specializing in women's prayer shawls. Her son Josiah lives in Israel, son Ethan is a senior at Penn, and daughter Elizabeth is a sophomore at Barnard. Husband Aubrey is "perched on the eve of retirement." Menorah says, "We are all trying to figure out what to do when we grow up."

JANET SUSSMAN GARTNER continues to appear in concert as a member of the New Piano Trio. She is also on the faculty of the Westchester Conservatory of Music.

CAROL HERMAN COHEN's older son, Seth, married Deborah Spey, MD, in October. Seth is a Yale graduate and Columbia MBA and is a special adviser to the NYC Dept of Finance. Debby, also a Yale graduate, is a resident in dermatology at Presbyterian Hospital. She is the daughter of **KAREN ROSENTHAL SPEY '62**. Dr. **SANDRA NEUMANN COHEN's** daughter Eve also was married in October. Eve, Columbia '87, is director for the International Media Project at the NYU Center for War, Peace and the News Media. Sandra's son Aaron, Vassar '86, is a computer engineer in NYC.

The final wedding news for this issue is that the Altmans had a second 1994 wedding and added another lawyer to the family. In November, our son Michael, an asst district attorney in Manhattan, married Lisa Goldenberg, who is in private practice. **EVELYN GOLDSTEIN GELMAN** and **LOIS FORT-GANG WEISS** again joined the festivities.

Finally, I had the privilege of carrying the 1959 banner at the inauguration of President Judith Shapiro in October and enjoyed walking to the ceremony in procession. As with all Barnard events, the ceremony was characterized by wit, brilliance, excellent taste, and perfect timing. —MJA

piano concert with the Stamic String Quartet of Prague at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in January. Caroline also spoke on "Music on the Edge of Life: Music of the Holocaust" at a concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra that was dedicated to those who perished in the Holocaust.

Just as snow was building up on the window ledge outside this office, we heard from **VIRGINIA BIRKEN-MAYER SVANE**, who wrote that she and husband Eskvil continue to enjoy retirement in the south of France: "We have a large circle of French and non-French friends, so we have a most active social life. We try to fit in two big trips a year...(and just returned from a three-week tour of Tunisia." In September there was a mini Barnard reunion in Perpignan, France (near the Spanish border, at the foot of the eastern Pyrenees). "Present were **GIOVANNA BASEGGIO TINTORE**, who came up from Barcelona with her sister **MARIACARLA '60**, who resides in Cuba; **MARY PHILIPS LOUDON** and husband Rodney; and I and my husband. We spent a wonderful lunchtime together." Virginia says that **BARBARA MILTON ANDREWS** "has become a 100 percent New Jerseyite, working in Lawrenceville and living in Princeton."

ABIGAIL ROSENTHAL's new book, *Conversions: A Philosophic Memoir*, has been published by Temple University Press. She is a professor of philosophy at Brooklyn College.

True stories of Barnard women department: **ANNELLY BAYLES DEETS** recounts that she and her husband had to take their household employee to the emergency room of Grady Hospital in Atlanta, "where one doctor stood out among the rest for her ability to command the flow in this understaffed inner-city ER. My husband Dick remarked that she looked like a Barnard Woman in Action! The doctor's name is **JENNIFER WEIL** and it turned out that she is Barnard '84! She greatly impressed us: dynamic, energetic, organized, and compassionate."

Having spent last spring in North Carolina and the summer in Newfoundland as a consultant to the Provincial Government, **ENID REICHEL KAMMIN** is leaving again for a year in New Brunswick. First, though, they're taking a vacation in Barbados.

We were saddened to read in the *Trenton (NJ) Times* of the death of **LINDA MASTER SUMNER**. She lived in Flemington, NJ, and is survived by her husband, the Rev. Edwin R Sumner, Jr., and her children, with whom we share feelings of sorrow.

To one and all of you great communicators in the class of 1958: we received more news for this column than space would allow us to print, but each of you will be heard—promise—and keep communicating!

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A winner of the Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Fund annual writing awards is our own talented and prolific **JUNE JORDAN**. Each recipient receives \$105,000 over three years and works with a nonprofit cultural and/or community organization to foster greater appreciation of contemporary literature.

Many of our classmates seem to be turning to the arts in a participatory way. **JUDITH KAPLAN SCHREIBER** writes, also from California, "I retired in June '93 after 28 years of teaching. I started oil painting as a hobby and won 3rd prize in a juried show (my second painting) which encourages me to continue. My husband and I returned recently from six weeks in Europe, mostly visiting friends. Two things of interest: (1) the Portuguese were friendly and charming (not a surprise) and (2) the Parisiens were friendly and charming—a total surprise since we didn't speak French! We decided the recent D-Day celebration must have been the reason. Hello to **MONA PECHEUX KARP**, **VIRGINIA CROSS MCDAVID** and **ANN SOUTHWICK RICHMAN**, wherever you are! (Ed. note: Nyack, NY; Doraville, CA; and unknown, respectively.)

With great personal sorrow I report the death of **PHYLLIS SHAPIRO WORBY's** daughter Rebecca in February from a cancer she fought back seven years ago. We extend our sympathy to Phyllis, husband Allan, and son James. Becky's story is remarkable: she was 30 when she died. When she was 2 1/2, Phyllis and Allan were told that she was retarded, that she had an untreatable disease which caused the retardation and that it would end in a painful death within ten years. They were advised to institutionalize her lest she destroy their marriage. They felt otherwise and kept her with them. As Phyllis put it, "We had a wonderful 30 years....She was a never-ending source of amazement and joy....Although she could not compute and was only functionally literate, she could feel and express every level of emotion....She made me question the tests that measure intelligence." I met Becky only a few years ago and quickly came to love her. Thank heaven for the time she was with us.

FRANCOISE DEARDEN BARTLETT
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CHAPPAQUA, NY 10514

From Jerusalem **JANE JEROME CAMHI** writes, "Since you specifically asked to hear from alumnae who haven't communicated for a long time, I thought 37 years ought to qualify." Jane's book *Women Against Women, American Antisuffragism, 1880-1920* (based on her doctoral dissertation at Tufts) was recently published by Carlson Publishing of Brooklyn, NY. In Jerusalem Jane is publications editor for Pardes Institute of Jewish Studies, where she edits two publications, *Havruta* and *Quark*. "The latter is neither a software application nor a physics magazine. Quark stands for Quite Unusual Acts of Remarkable Kindness, and is about the unsung heroes and heroines of everyday life in Israel—individuals who go out of their way to help other people. It is not as sappy as it sounds." Jane, husband Jeff, professor of biology at the Hebrew University, and their 9-year-old son Alon live in an old stone house "that accommodates, in separate apartments, our married son Jeremy, a designer and craftsman of fine hardwood furniture; his wife and child; and my mother, who emigrated to Israel last January at the age of 90. We're four generations under one roof!"

CAROLINE STOESSINGER performed in a

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611 BRYN MAWR AVENUE
PENN VALLEY, PA 19072

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CAROL ROSENBLATT WEINBAUM
6532 NORTH 12TH STREET
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35TH REUNION!

JOY HOCHSTADT, our Reunion chair, has founded Diagnostic Development Team, Ltd. (DDTL), a consulting company offering management expertise, clinical laboratory direction, and technical operations staffing to health care products manufacturers and especially independent clinical laboratories. She happily reports that the company grew significantly in 1993-94 and she expects robust growth to continue in 1995. Joy looks forward to seeing us all at Reunion.

As you have probably noticed, 1960 is strongly represented on the Reunion program, with **IRENE WINTER** and **LOIS GINSBURG PINES** speaking on two of the very interesting panels, in addition to **ROSELLEN BROWN's** award and reading which we mentioned last time.

ERNA OLAFSON has joined the faculty of the dept of psychiatry at the U of Cincinnati and its Children's Hospital. She serves as associate director of the program on Childhood Victimization and the Law. Son Ben is a freshman at Oberlin, daughter Elizabeth is managing a restaurant in the San Francisco Bay Area, and daughter Rebecca works at the Boston Federal Reserve. Erna would like to hear from Barnard women in the Cincinnati area.

HELENE RUND ISAACS has lived in Israel for four years and continues to enjoy the rich texture of life there. She still works for AMIT Women, setting up special programs, and sees lots of Barnard alumnae. Her youngest child, Rebecca, married an Englishman and lives in Israel but her other two children live in the US, making grandparenting a long-distance affair via "remote control" video watching.

EMILY FOWLER OMURA reports from Birmingham, AL, that she enjoyed a mini-reunion in Boston with **JANET GERTMENIAN MACFARLANE** from Denver, **DONNA RICHMOND BARNARD**, **BONNIE MUNRO GATTI**, and **ANN DAWSON JOHNSON**. Emily was in Boston to watch daughter **JUNE '86** perform with the Mark Morris Dance Group. Emily's son is a freshman at Columbia College.

CLAIRE JAEGER TORNAY completed a master's in social work in 1993 and is well ensconced in a budding private practice as well as some agency work in mental health. Those who remember Claire as an avid bridge player will be glad to know that she is actively playing and teaching bridge, making her own schedules and enjoying that luxury. Claire and husband George report that after 32 years of marriage they can still find things to laugh about, despite their grief after the death of their son.

Your dedicated correspondents look forward to seeing all of you at Reunion on May 19-21.

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Can you believe that it has been 34 years since graduation? Start making plans now for next May 17-19, when we will reassemble for our 35th Reunion. Ways to celebrate: get in touch with a friend you have

missed at the last few Reunions and plan to meet; figure out how you'd most like to spend the time and get in touch with a class officer (if you don't know any of their addresses, write to me); order a play ticket in advance. And write to me with your news and any queries about missing buddies—maybe we can figure out how to get you together.

CAROL KREPON INGALL has joined the faculty of Jewish Theological Seminary. Since she and husband Michael still live in Providence, she has also joined the northeastern academics commuter club.

SUZY MCKEE CHARNAS' latest, *The Furies* (published by Tor Press) was on the *Publishers Weekly* list of Best Books of 1994. Pick up a copy.

JOAN SHARP FELDMAN is the new director of Mount Clare Museum House in Baltimore.

ARLENE WEITZ WEINER is a research associate at the U of Pittsburgh. She writes she "enjoyed dinner and brunch and catching up with **LINDA GOLDWATER GOCHFELD** when she came to town. Now that sons Ben and Matt are grown and paying their own tuition, Arlene and husband Bob have been gallivanting more: a trip to England in May 1994 included a week's conducted walking tour in the Lake District, alternating strenuous mountain-scrambling with cozy hotel dinners and pubs. It was intimacy with a group of strangers in a setting that would have suggested *Murder at the Moss Grove* to any reader of mysteries. But we all survived cheerfully."

Our last item is a terrible follow-up on an item in our Winter column. We have to tell you that **LESLEY BUNIM HEAFITZ** died on February 9, following an enormously courageous struggle against cancer. Her husband, Dr Morton Heafitz, wrote: "During the four years she survived with advanced cancer, she achieved an unusual notoriety with her positive attitude towards her disease by educating faculty and medical students at Harvard towards a better understanding of patient care. She did this while writing a book of poetry, raising six children, appearing in a half-dozen stage performances, building a house, and conducting a pediatric practice. I think this all reflects to a degree the Barnard experience." We extend our very deepest sympathy to Dr Heafitz and his children.

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Catching us up after too many years, **SUSAN SELTZER** wrote that she was married on July 24 to Rabbi Dr. Mordechai M. **SCHNAIDMAN** at Mt. Sinai Jewish Center in NYC, where he is spiritual leader. He is also Jewish chaplain at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital. Susan is a bilingual evaluator with the NYC Board of Education; the Spanish she studied at Barnard is crucial to her work. They live in the Fort Tryon section of Manhattan.

MARSHA CORN LEVINE has been living in Bethesda, MD, since 1972. She is a research professor at George Washington U and a consultant in educational policy. Husband Les, Columbia '61, is president and CEO of a high-tech company he helped found 25 years ago. They have two daughters—Rachel, a junior at Haverford, is spending spring semester at the U of London; Sara, finishing her doctoral dissertation in American history at Columbia, was married last June. She is pictured on the cover of Barnard's current catalogue, teaching a history class!

Three years after returning to the east coast (NJ)

from a 24-year sojourn in Ohio, **CAROLE KAPLOWITZ KANTOR** is beginning to see her fourth career taking off! She is a freelance medical and science writer, working for a variety of publishers and individuals, such as clinical investigators. Each project requires assimilating state-of-the-art information and reinterpreting it for another audience. Book chapters have been her largest assignments so far, but she is aiming for a book project in the next year.

Received e-mail from **JUDY TERRY SMITH** in the Stanford U Development Office. She wrote that the office has been so downsized she's scrambling to keep up with fundraising mailings, thank-you letters, and other data entry. The fun part of her job promoting Stanford Earth Sciences is the travel; her territory is Denver-Texas-California, occasionally Nevada and New Orleans. She enjoys seeing the alumni, although many have lost jobs in the oil and mining industries. At home she has an office full of fossils waiting to be written up. Husband Jas is still with the USGS; last year he and colleagues mapped in northeast California, working to crack the code of the volcanoes and explain the age and history of faulting.

MARSHA WITTENBERG LEWIN has moved back to L.A., to a (hopefully) safer location. She's working on a major project in San Bernardino County, involved with the renovation of a large hospital, and is writing another book. Son David graduated from the U of Oregon in June. She spent some time over the holidays in Arizona with her nearest "family," John and **SUSIE LEVENSON PRINGLE**, and enjoyed a reciprocal visit in March. Marsha and Susie attended a reception for Barnard's new president, Judith Shapiro, before the Pringles embarked on a cruise where John practiced his new avocation as a bridge cruise instructor. Last year they went through the Panama Canal and to Alaska. Susie is still doing training and consulting in Lotus Notes.

JUDY ASTOR SMITH and husband Mickey moved from Massachusetts to Lancaster, PA, to be near grandchildren. Mickey convinced his company (a software firm) that he can work out of the house.

GAIL ALEXANDER BINDERMAN has really come into her own as a pianist—she's giving a concert at Carnegie Hall on April 30, the same day as our Class Brunch. She's busy enjoying her job with Bear, Stearns and her "great kids."

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VERA WAGNER FRANCES
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SHEILA RAVITCH GITLITZ sold her practice in speech-language pathology and audiology to her colleagues and she and husband George "took off in a tent-trailer and four-wheel-drive vehicle for a four-month primitive camping trip across the USA, through British Columbia to Alaska and back. We learned so much about birds, plants, ethnology, music, animals, history, weather—and got to know each other very well. We loved being in the wilderness, be it muskeg, tundra, mountains or rainforest.... We met and enjoyed so many people from the Pribilofs to Kotzebue."

We received a news clipping about a nice job change/promotion for **HELEN GEYH GOODMAN**. Previously senior vp-human resources at Tambrands,

she is now senior vp and director of human resources for ITT Hartford Insurance Group in Hartford, CT, overseeing human resources for its domestic and international insurance operations.

LESLEY HAZEN KAMENSHINE sent a note about the poster Barnard recently sent to all alumnae, the one that says Barnard women define success on their own terms. She wrote: "The poster felt like me! I always wondered why I came to Barnard and what Barnard did for my psyche. I probably walked in pretty independent and walked out fiercely independent. Here's to more independent-minded souls!"

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RAE TEMKIN EDELSON continues to work hard at Gateway Crafts, a Massachusetts arts program for adults with disabilities. She has two children in law school, Chris in the second year at Harvard and Jay in the first year at U Michigan.

KAREN RUBINSON has been elected a trustee of the Archaeological Institute of America.

After several years at home, **JEAN MURPHY** assumed the responsibilities of executive director of FRIA, Friends and Relatives of the Institutionalized Aged, an advocacy program for vulnerable seniors. She invites all who are dealing with any aspect of caring for a member of this population to take advantage of the FRIA hotline at (212) 732-4455.

As president of Vanguard Communications, **ESTHER SPILBERG NOVAK** oversaw the recent opening of new offices in midtown Manhattan. Vanguard is a multicultural marketing communications and public relations agency.

Among the listings in the *Ex Libris* section of the last issue of this magazine was a book by **BRENDA MYERSON LUKEMAN** entitled *Journey Through Illness and Beyond* (Steppingstone Press), which was awarded the Best Book of the Year award in the category of health by the North American Bookdealers Exchange. Brenda lives in Great Neck and has taught psychology and philosophy at Adelphi U and The New Seminary and conducted workshops widely. She teaches Zen and psychology at the Zen Studies Society and has drawn on the teachings of Zen in writing this book. She is also the mother of four.

ELLEN KOZAK
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65

30th Reunion!

We're in the home stretch to our Reunion—how can it be 30 years? This is my last column as Class Correspondent; I'm not sure how it happened, but I have now held every class office except that of president and have learned that we are a group of incredibly dynamic and accomplished women—each of whom, thanks to the five-course system or the world in which we were raised, feels she hasn't accomplished quite enough. All of us hope we are younger at fifty than our mothers were at that age. Perhaps we are—not only due to good nutrition and the abandonment of girdles and spike heels, but also because we think of ourselves as works in progress.

Because of this, the old friends you meet at this

Reunion will be different from the same old friends you met at the 20th and the 25th. Don't miss the chance to interact with this year's version; like a mother, Barnard will make room for you.

Now the news. **JANE CARROLL MCGROARTY**'s daughter is a freshman at Barnard, which has given Jane extra excuses to drop in on campus. Jane, who has been doing a terrific job as fund chair, has been in touch with many classmates. She tells me that **ELOISE ANGIOLA** is a professor of art history at the U of Alabama in Tuscaloosa; she won't be able to attend Reunion because she'll be in Florence, Italy, conducting a summer program. Jane also notes that **LILA BATES BISHARAT** is back in NYC as director of planning and coordination for UNICEF. Jane herself is an architect and is also a member of the Bd of Governors of the Brooklyn Heights Assn, which was described in *The NY Times* as "arguably the most powerful community group in the city."

DIANNE SNYDER has located **BUFFIE (ELIZABETH) PEEBLES BROWNSTEIN** for us in Bethesda, MD.

ISABEL WAGLEY KOTTAK and her husband continue to enjoy life in Ann Arbor, where she is a social worker and he is a prof of anthropology. Their son Nicholas graduated from Columbia in 1993 and is in graduate school at Emory U; daughter Juliet and her husband are doing medical residencies in Seattle.

EILEEN ST. DAVID (nee Parsons) has returned to Boston after 24 years and says it is wonderful to be home. She is living with Bob Brokaw and this spring directed the Spring Show, *Patience*, for the Harvard-Radcliffe Gilbert and Sullivan Players.

Apologies to anyone who sent me notes that did not make it into a column—I've moved both my home and my office during my term as class correspondent. Please re-send anything I've missed, and any new news, to the new correspondent we'll elect at Reunion. I look forward to seeing you there!

ANNE DAVIDSON KIDDER
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66

With all the challenges in the world, it is interesting to note that many of our classmates are in the "helping" professions. Of course those of us who have children and manage homes are always in the never-finished "helping" profession.

MARTHA PORTER HAESELER writes, "I am an art therapist and wonder how many Barnard graduates have become art therapists. I'd like to hear from them (54 Water St., Guilford, CT 06437). My biggest news is that my daughter Miranda, who graduated with me *in utero*, is expecting her first child."

JANET SULLIVAN is also distinguishing herself in therapy by training at the Institute for Expressive Analysis. She is a music therapist at a psychiatric hospital, has a private practice, and still loves singing.

MARSHA KAYSER has resumed her maiden name. "...it is strange after being Hutchings longer than I was Kayser. (I am) still employed as director of systems for a group pensions company, Diversified Investment Advisers. Son Michael is a grad student in math at Harvard. Son Daniel is a double degree (conservatory and college) sophomore at Oberlin, majoring in performance (voice) and computer science."

AUGUSTA SOUZA KAPPNER is Asst Secretary for Vocational and Adult Ed Programs at the US Dept of Education. She presides over a staff of 103 and her office administers nearly \$1.5 billion annually. For those of you interested in community college educa-

tion, she is interviewed in the October/November 1994 issue of *Community College Journal*.

As I mentioned in the last column, I have been writing to a few of you for each issue of this magazine. I enclose self-addressed envelopes in order to make the request for info irresistible. However, my plot has been foiled by the mystery of the envelope returned...empty! A class note has fallen out into the vast mail system of Greater NY-NJ. Mystery person, if I have not included what you wrote, please write again. Of course, I am assuming no one is perverse enough to send an empty envelope!

BARBARA JONAS CHASE
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Imagine my surprise when I received a letter from **SUSAN KOENIG LARK** and learned that she is the very same Dr. Susan Lark whose *Premenstrual Syndrome Self Help Book* has held a prominent place on my bookshelf for years! Susan has specialized in women's health care and preventive medicine in the San Francisco area for the past 20 years. She has been a member of the clinical faculty of Stanford medical school and has eight other books to her credit. Two of her recent books, *The Menopause Self Help Book* and *The Estrogen Decision* (Westchester Publishing), seem especially relevant as we all approach our first half-century. Her latest book, *The Women's Health Companion: Self Help Nutrition Guide and Cookbook*, was published by Ten Speed Press. She lives in the Los Altos area with husband Jim Richards, daughter Rebecca 12, and their Himalayan cat.

SANDRA WOLMAN MOSS is director of outpatient medical clinics at St. Peter's Medical Center in New Brunswick, NJ, and a clinical associate professor at Robert Wood Johnson Medical School. She continues her interest in the history of medicine and has been an occasional contributor to the NJ Medical Society journal *New Jersey Medicine*. Her son, a history major at Rutgers, spent last semester at Columbia.

NANCY HURWICH OLEY was elected chair of the dept of social and behavioral sciences at the new Medgar Evers College of CUNY. She writes that it is difficult managing both career and family, especially since her son, Loren, is eight, and her mother is 92!

CATHERINE FEOLA WEISBROD is director of clinical services at Trinity Mental Health Center, which serves the Metrowest area of Boston. She also has a small private practice and continues to be a faculty field advisor for Smith College graduate students in social work and a Barnard Alumnae Admissions Representative. She is "...involved with the disquieting task of helping...daughter Erika, a junior, begin to think about college." Like many other of our classmates, she exclaims that she never has enough time!

An article last summer in *NY Newsday* profiled Queens resident **BARBARA CRAMPTON MCGREGOR** and her work as co-founder and president of the Friends of Station Square in Forest Hills. Barbara and the organization work closely with the Metropolitan Transportation Authority and other local groups with the goal of preserving this historic LIRR Station and its surrounding area. Barbara told me in a recent phone conversation that she would be pleased to hear from anyone living in the area interested in working with her on this continuing project.

Congratulations to **SUSAN SCRIMSHAW** who became dean of the School of Public Health at the U of Illinois at Chicago in January, after 20 years at UCLA. Her husband, Daniel March, who has a PhD

from Columbia in sociomedical sciences, and daughter, Mary Corey March, will join her in June, when Mary finishes high school. Susan feels fortunate that Dan is willing to expand his computer furniture business into the midwest. She looks forward to meeting other Barnard alumnae in the Chicago area.

Chef and cookbook author **MICHELE URVATER** has a new role—host of her own television cooking show! "Feeding Your Family on \$99 a Week" is on the Food Network on cable TV four times a day, seven days a week. A second book in her cookbook series, entitled *The Monday to Friday Pasta Book*, will be published by Workman in June and she is working on a third, featuring chicken. The first book in the series, *The Monday to Friday Cookbook*, won a James Beard Best Book Award. Michele's husband is coordinator of math and science at the Bank Street School Upper School, which daughter Alessia 12 attends.

KAREN KAPLOWITZ
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DEBORAH BURKE, Thatcher Professor of Psychology and dept chair at Pomona (CA) College, was recently appointed a William M. Keck Distinguished Service Professor. She has been on the Pomona faculty since 1977 and is the author of *Language, Memory and Aging*, published by Cambridge U Press in 1989. She is conducting research to determine why word retrieval and name recall decline with age while word comprehension does not. The study was funded by the National Institute on Aging.

LINDA ROSEN GARFUNKEL reports that her daughter is in graduate school at Boston U; her son is a freshman at Princeton; and life is different *sans* children at home!

ANNA SMALLEN-ISAAC married Richard Isaac last May. She is a mathematician and professor at Lehman College.

MARY JUST SKINNER and her mother enjoyed a fabulous three-week trip to Kenya and Madagascar. Her son Justin is in 10th grade at Phillips Academy in Andover, NH, and son Wilson is in 7th grade.

JOANNE TUMINSKI KABAK
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ESTELLE FREEDMAN is chair of the program in feminist studies at Stanford U. She continues to teach women's history and social history there.

SALLY HOWE is teaching French and Spanish at Athol (Mass.) HS; she lives in nearby Orange.

SHERRY SUTTLES MARSH is deputy county manager of Guilford County, NC. She is the first African-American woman to be a manager in local gov't in that area. Her son Kamau is a student at Oak Ridge Military Academy.

For many of us this period of our lives is complicated and demanding. In January, **SHEILA GALLUP** wrote that "1995 seems to have arrived too quickly for me. 1994 was a bit overwhelming—my husband had knee surgery, then a few days later my dad died. However, my 2 1/2 year old son Michael and 5 1/2 year old daughter Moira are plunging ahead with great vigor and enthusiasm. I'm still a job share (half time) medical social worker at Rose Medical Center in Denver. My husband continues his work in rural mental health in eastern Colorado."

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70

25th Reunion!

Very little news has come in since the last edition but perhaps that's because you're all saving it up to share in person at Reunion on May 19-20.

JOAN SIMON RONGEN continues to live and work in Stavanger, Norway, where she and husband Ole have been since 1970. Daughter Ruthie began studies for a BA in mathematics at Cambridge, UK, last fall. Ole is a radio journalist at the Norwegian Broadcasting Co, with an occasional stint on TV; his translation of *Mencius* was recently published. Joan is in the commercial dept. of Conoco; her primary responsibilities involve the negotiating of oil transportation contracts. Her work involves some travel and the family also enjoys traveling for pleasure.

An exhibit of photos by **RUTH LUBKA**, poet-printmaker-photographer, was shown at Naugatuck Valley Community-Technical College as part of a show "In Remembrance of Anne Frank." Ruth's parents are Holocaust survivors and the theme of remembrance is important in her photos and poems. Ruth's work has been shown in other exhibits and several galleries. She holds a JD from the CT School of Law and has studied at the School of Visual Arts in NYC, Farmington Valley Arts Center, at NorthLight Photo Workshops in Utah and Arizona, and in Israel.

JOANNE RAND FREUNDLICH, former security analyst and adjunct lecturer at Baruch College, CUNY, was profiled last fall in the *Stamford Jewish Ledger* for her work to increase funding for cancer research. Diagnosed almost five years ago with ovarian cancer, Joanne has been fighting her own personal battle as well as the larger war for others. She initiated a "chain letter for life" campaign, with letters petitioning legislators for more research and the development of better treatments arriving daily and totaling in the thousands. Her goal is to have a truckload of letters for delivery to NIH for their spring meeting. Among her successes is a letter-writing campaign and testimony that influenced the Connecticut legislature to guarantee cancer patients reimbursements for off-label use of approved cancer drugs. In 1992, she testified before a FDA committee re release of interleukin 2, a treatment for kidney cancer. Joanne's husband of 23 years, Lester, a lawyer for the MTA, has been her active partner in the dissemination of information about cancer research funding. Joan and Lester have two children, Marc 5, and Sharon 10.

By the time you are reading this column, we will be on the brink of Reunion. Don't think twice! Come—we will all enjoy seeing each other. In Wendy Wasserstein's wonderful play *Uncommon Women and Others*, about a group of Mt. Holyoke graduates only a tad younger than we, a character named Rita (Swoozie Kurtz in the PBS production) tells her classmates repeatedly over the years that they are "amazing." In my five years as correspondent, I've learned that we are pretty amazing, too. I hope many of us will share that powerful feeling at Reunion.

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Yeh! Some news at last has begun to flow in. Please keep it coming. Though it may seem far away, our 25th reunion will be next May 17-19, which should

give us all time to save the date and think of ways to celebrate and enjoy the Barnard campus.

ANNETTE ADAMS has been transferred back to the Washington headquarters of the Agency for International Development to be general counsel for Latin America and the Caribbean. The transfer came, she writes, after "five glorious years" as legal advisor in Dakar, Senegal. Annette is also bringing back to DC her fiance, a Senegalese Supreme Court judge. They plan to marry on her return. "Now that I'm stateside, I will be able to attend Reunion next year!"

PATRIA BARADI PACIS and husband Camilo toasted their 25th wedding anniversary and renewed their wedding vows aboard a dinner-dance cruise last June. Among the guests were several classmates and spouses: Tony and **ELYSE VON EGLOFFSTEIN MIGLIACCIO**, John and **LINDA NEALON WOODS**, George and **MELINDA SHERER CHAU**, Frank and **WINIFRED MONTOURI SORRENTINO**, and Phil and **LEE CANOSSA NEUSCHELER**. Pat has been a passenger service agent with Delta Airlines for the past 23 years.

SHIRLEY POMERANZ was awarded tenure and a promotion to associate professor of mathematics in the dept of mathematical and computer sciences at the U of Tulsa last August. Husband Anton Pintar is an associate professor of chemical engineering at Michigan Technological U in Houghton, Mich.

After several years of teaching college English and running a desktop publishing business, **BARBARA GINSBURG SHAW** decided to go to law school. She graduated *magna cum laude* from the U of Maine last May, passed the bar, and practices with Friedman & Babcock in Portland. She is "enjoying this new career as the oldest junior associate. Portland is a great family town." Husband Peter (P&S '72) has a cardiology practice in Portland. Daughters Emily, a junior at Brown, and Abby, a high school junior looking at Barnard, have grown "into lovely young women."

ELIZABETH WIENER adopted Mat Haddaway Leonard in February 1994. She loves being a full-time mom and plans to continue in that role until his second birthday. She also hopes "crazily, at age 46, to adopt a sibling for him."

PAULA JOHNSON PHILLIPS met husband Alan on a Caribbean vacation, got engaged after four days, and married eight weeks later. Now married 23 years, they have three daughters—Amanda 18, Celina 16, and April 12—and live in Hamilton, NY. For the past 11 years, she has owned and taught in a Montessori preschool and kindergarten; she'd love to expand into the elementary grades but the size of their community (6,000) doesn't offer the necessary student pool. Previously she worked as a speech pathologist.

My family and I are getting ready to celebrate our elder daughter Joanna's Bat Mitzvah this May. It is the first "big" event my husband Ed and I have planned. In between my writing assignments, I have found that computers make list-keeping easy.

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ELIZABETH MARLIN LEGATT writes that she is still practicing ob/gyn in Westchester. "Our children are growing fast: Michael is a 16-year-old computer and ham radio whiz, Joel is 11, and Rachel is 6. Trying to get all of us to agree on family activities is a challenge so we take turns picking. The results have ranged from operas and museums to jazz and rock

concerts to movies I would never have taken Michael to when he was six! I'm blessed with a patient and most helpful husband, our parents who are nearby, and a wonderful housekeeper. In short, my kids are having a tribal upbringing, which is working out well."

The last issue of this magazine included a brief excerpt from a new novel by **SIGRID NUNEZ**, *A Feather on the Breath of God*, which has received wonderful reviews in papers all over the country. Sigrid received an MFA from Columbia and worked on her writing while also working in many different jobs, including editorial assistant at *The New York Review of Books*, teaching English as a Second Language, and teaching creative writing at Hofstra. Short pieces of the novel have appeared in literary magazines such as *The Threepenny Review* and in various anthologies. In 1993 she was the recipient of a Whiting Award. A second novel is in the offing.

A clipping from the *Connecticut Law Tribune* included word of **CAROLYN KONE's** law firm, Fabiani & Kone, PC, in New Haven. Carolyn has been a hearing officer for the CT Commission on Human Rights and Opportunities and her firm represents both employers and employees in employment law matters.

ANNA GARFINKEL RESNIK is on sabbatical from the world of business, spending time with sons Simon 9 and David 7, and doing consulting work on the side. She graduated from Columbia Business School and is class correspondent for the business school magazine, which is where we read this news.

We regret that we must pass along the news of the death in January of **FRANCES WAHRSAGER FRIEDLANDER**, from breast cancer. A graduate of Rutgers Law School, she began a trailblazing career as the first female administrative law judge at the Bronx Traffic Court. She was law secretary to a Supreme Court Judge and treasurer of the Bronx Women's Bar Assn. She was also the driving force behind the annual breakfast of the Judges and Lawyers Breast Cancer Alert. **MINDY SEIDLIN** was among those who spoke at her funeral. Survivors include husband Mark, whom she married while at Barnard; a brother and two sisters, including **PAMELA WAHRSAGER WEISS '75**; sister-in-law **MIRIAM WEISS BENSINGER '69**; her parents and three children.

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73

Salutations! (This is really a quiz like the kind Will Shortz does on NPR. Can you identify the literary referent? There is a handicap on those who have children approx. age 8. Another hint: it's a classic. Answers on request.) This is my sneaky way to induce more letters for class notes, although I've no complaining to do this quarter: I've received lots of news morsels and one nice long letter.

KATHLEEN GRAVES writes, "I will be in Brazil through August with my husband and two daughters, 8 and 11. We will be starting a teacher development program for English teachers, under the auspices of Associacao Alumni, an educational institute in Sao Paulo founded by alumni of American universities. Our daughters will be in a Brazilian school. We look forward to the professional and cultural adventures during our leave from Vermont and the School for Institutional Training where we have been for 13 yrs."

Journalist **LINDA WEINSTEIN BARNAS** covers a lot of ground in the four lines she sent with her change of address in Albany, NY. She lists her title as "homemaker" and herself as "self-employed." She



IN SEARCH OF...ALL BARNARD ALUMNAE

Have you ever tried to get in touch with a Barnard classmate only to find that the address you have for her is eight years out-of-date? Or struggled to remember the name of the fascinating woman you met at a professional meeting who mentioned that she went to Barnard? Or moved to a new area and wondered if there were other Barnard women nearby? Or needed a new doctor/dentist/decorator, etc., and wanted to consult a Barnard woman if possible?

In these cases and more, your problem will soon be solved. In 1996, a new directory of Barnard alumnae will be published, including current name as well as name while at college, postal address, and, as applicable, e-mail address, telephone and fax numbers, and business information for each of our 22,000 alumnae.

The Office of Alumnae Affairs has contracted with the Bernard C. Harris Publishing Company to produce the new directory. We will begin our research in the next month by mailing a questionnaire to each alumna. (If you prefer not to be listed in the Directory, please notify the Alumnae Office in writing as soon as possible.)

We hope you will complete the questionnaire and return it promptly so that we can all enjoy the benefits of the new directory. Ordering information will follow.

married Michael Barnas (CC '74) in 1988 and worked for Associated Press until the birth of daughter Rachel, now 3.

SYLVIA FLESCHER, a fellow psychiatrist, writes: "Am living the suburban life in lovely Ridgewood, NJ. Dividing my time between psychiatric practices in Manhattan and Ridgewood as well as raising daughters Rebecca 7 and Sophia 4, who give me great joy. My husband, Tom Marlyes, has been editing programs for ABC's 'Turning Point.'"

More news from a proud mother of honor students: **MARIAN SABETY** writes from Mountain Lakes, NJ: "Robin is focused on creative arts and sciences and Anna is focused on horseback riding. I am launching a consulting practice focused on AT&T for American Management Systems, a technology consulting firm." She sends some sad news as well: "For those who remember my first husband, Michael Dzionik (PhD, Chemistry, CU '75), he died of undetermined causes in California in October."

MAGGIE O'ROURKE MONTGOMERY sends a line from Pacoima, CA. She has taken a leave from the L.A. Housing Authority (remember Northridge?) "to care for and enjoy my son, now pushing 14 months." By the time you read this, he will be a full-fledged toddler, and pushing EVERYTHING.

JESSICA RAIMI seeks to comfort me in my computer semi-illiteracy by pointing out that many cannot even buy the hardware, "fearing that whatever one gets, a year from now it won't have enough memory..." There must be a proper name for this phobia. Any Classics majors want to take a shot at a Latinate approximation? I'm grumpy because I spent a few hours typing this column, got up to find a letter, and managed to erase the whole thing. Phooey! How the mighty have fallen. In school, I made a living typing.

I will summarize the long and heartfelt letter from **LEE ANN MACDONALD BOURCIER**, who remembers me from Prof. Youtz's senior seminar for psych majors. Starting out in law school, she went into the field of social services for the disabled and ended up developing Oregon's model program for

the investigation and prosecution of abuse and neglect cases involving developmentally disabled adults. She derives enormous satisfaction from the work, and other community and political work. "My most recent efforts have focused on stopping the passage of anti-gay measures that keep cropping up here in Oregon." Lee Ann reports she has been married and divorced twice, to Alan Magan (CC '72) and to John Bourcier, whom she met in law school. She remains very close to her two (former, step-) daughters, a very rewarding relationship. She's had a rocky, complicated road medically: in 1991 she was operated on for the removal of a malignant brain tumor, she became severely depressed, and was subsequently additionally diagnosed with lupus. Her enormous courage is illustrated by her next paragraph: "The upside is that all of my maladies have allowed me to pursue my dream of becoming a writer for children."

Lee Ann sent capsule comments about these other '73-ers: close friend **SANDY GORDON STARKEY** also lives in Portland; she is married to Charlie (CC '72), an attorney, and they have two wonderful children, Jennifer and Ben. **MARGE STOLZ BERNSTEIN** got her MSW at Bryn Mawr and is a manager in aging services in Philadelphia. **GAIL SOPHRIN** is a dedicated attorney with Vermont Legal Services. **RACHEL JACKY** recently left the position of director of the Portland Office of Neighborhood Associations; status post a kidney transplant several years ago: "she's doing great."

I saw a few snowbells out there this morning. The boys want to try peas this year. Anyone know how much sun peas need?

CATHERINE BLANK MERMELSTEIN
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SUSAN MCNALLY spent the last year working on health care reform in the House of Representatives as senior health policy advisor to Iowa Congressman Fred Grandy, a member of the Ways and Means

Committee. In January she started a new job as legislative counsel to the National Assn of Community Health Centers, which represents clinics that provide health care to the uninsured and working poor.

SUSAN SCHNUR, a rabbi, is one of the editors of *Lilith*, the independent Jewish women's magazine which is celebrating its 18th year.

AVE MARIA BRENNAN was married in January to Michael Burns. She is an asst corporation counsel in the NYC law dept; he is also a lawyer in NYC.

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20th Reunion!

In case you did not read the Reunion brochure closely, we should mention that **ALLEGRA (HAPPY) HAYNES** will be one of the speakers on a panel on politics. A member of the Denver City Council, she recently participated in a discussion of welfare programs on the McNeil-Lehrer NewsHour. One more reason for you to come to Reunion!

JACQUELYN MURCH KAMIN and Larry still live on the Upper West Side with Diana 10, John 9, Madeline 6, and Paul 4. Jacquelyn hasn't practiced law since Diana arrived, but may go back part time when Paul starts kindergarten in September. She'd like to hear from others who have re-entered the Land of the Paycheck after years of childrearing. Actually, I suspect a lot of us would. Send your thoughts here after you've given Jacquelyn a call.

BETTY ISERI YEE and John (CC '75), with Katie 2, have left the east coast after 20 years and moved to Huntington Beach, CA. Betty writes that it'll take some getting used to, but it's nice to be closer to family. She'd love to hear from classmates in the area.

JANICE CLARK CHANCE completed conflict resolution training at Teachers College and is a peer mediation specialist at Midwood HS (that's the Brooklyn school with batches of Westinghouse winners). Janice also teaches AP psychology.

SHERYL BEREZIN and Al, an ophthalmologist, have built a new home in Armonk, NY. Sheryl fits construction supervision and dentistry, part time, around caring for Andre 6, and Dana 3.

IRENE WONG-BUSHBY has left the corporate world after 15 years in information systems for "the lowest paying but most rewarding job" she's ever held—teaching high school computer science in East Stroudsburg, PA.

We reported last summer that **MARIA GLORIA TRISTANI**, who practices law in Albuquerque, was a candidate for State Corporation Commission. Well, she won a contested Democratic primary and a contested general election and is the first woman to serve on the three-seat Commission. We should add that she is married to Gerard Thomson and mother of Vanessa and Jorge.

ROSA ALICIA RAMOS has been a visiting asst professor of Spanish at Williams College this year.

MARTHA NELSON
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Sometimes it's easy to think that the concept of volunteerism has vanished completely—not true! **LISA PHILLIPS DAVIS**, for one, is PTA chairperson for her children's elementary school in Chappaqua, NY. She writes, "It has been a very rewarding experience

and I recommend the position highly."

As you probably know, in the last few years RH Macy & Co has been through bankruptcy, an operational and financial turnaround, and finally merger, and **DIANE PRICE BAKER** has been on the front lines as group senior vp and chief financial officer. Having completed her responsibilities at Macy's, Diane is taking a few months off before seeking a new position but she spent one of her otherwise free evenings at Barnard on March 7, on a panel of women in finance discussing "Managing Transition."

Congratulations are due to **SUSAN VOLCHOK**, winner of the *Virginia Quarterly Review's* 1994 Emily Clark Balch Prize for fiction. In addition to *VQR*, her work has been published, or is soon forthcoming, in *Kenyon Review*, *Paris Transcontinental*, and elsewhere. Now she is working on a novel and assembling a collection of shorter fiction. In addition, she is working toward her third black belt in shotokan karate. And a continuing source of pleasure is her daughter, now 8 1/2, a "wonderfully companionable age."

Someone else with several irons in the fire is **AMBER GORDON**: "During the last year, I simultaneously took on an increased management role at my company (Hadron, Inc, a Fairfax, VA-based government contractor) and reduced my work week to four days. (I pay in late hours but the flexibility is worth it!) I teach art appreciation in daughter Merri's second grade class and build 'tow trucks' with my three-year-old son Nicholas. My husband, Mark Estren, runs a busy consulting company from his home-based office. (It's great to have him there!) I also financed the start-up of an alternative fuels conversion and automotive services firm. Busy times!"

MARTHA BAKOS DIETZ and husband Stephen have three boys, Christopher 10, Evan 7, and Graham 1 1/2. Martha is an asst professor of legal writing at Brooklyn Law School.

JACQUELINE LAKS GORMAN
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MARIANTHE COLAKIS recently wrote from Florida, enclosing an article from the *Tampa Tribune* describing her exploits as a Latin teacher at Berkeley Preparatory School. Marianne, who has a PhD from Yale and taught at the university level prior to joining the staff at Berkeley in 1988, spent five weeks last summer in Rome, taking an intensive course in Latin literature. She got to study with a Carmelite friar and "had a delightful time." Marianne especially enjoyed getting to speak Latin all the time. "I don't think people realize that Latin can be spoken and used to communicate just about any idea at all," she says. The *Tribune* article also noted Marianne's many accomplishments: she has participated in four NEH summer programs, has written dozens of journal articles, and published a book titled *The Classics in the American Theater of the 1960s and Early 1970s*. The chair of Berkeley's foreign language dept praised her teaching and called her a Renaissance woman, which seems only fitting for a classical scholar.

NORA LITWAK JINISHIAN dropped a note to tell us she has been "in Westport, CT, for 7 1/2 years with my husband Alex and three children—Julia 8 1/2, Samantha 5 1/2, and John 3 1/2. I am a full-time mother and involved in my children's elementary and preschools." Nora also recently completed "an extremely successful fundraiser to benefit two AIDS organizations in Fairfield County." The featured performer was Liza Minnelli.

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78

Remember the good old days when I made everyone feel guilty about not sending me class news? Well, now it's my turn to feel guilty, since I have located a few old pieces of alumnae correspondence that I failed to report in a timely fashion. Nothing less than a caning will do as punishment.

For instance, **JOAN GOTTESMAN** wrote in from Brooklyn back in, gosh, January 1993, to say that her life "has changed so much since our tenth reunion that I feel as if I attended it disguised as someone else." I can just imagine how she feels today, in 1995. Tirza Wahrman Mitlak had moved to the same town where Joan's parents lived; "it was pretty weird, for any number of reasons, to be dropping off our children at the same babysitting trailer during Rosh Hashanah services." Joan added that she loved how I wrote this column, but, hey, that was back in 1993 and things can change.

RUTHANN BEER ECKSTEIN wrote last May that after years trying to juggle children and a PR job (for a while she had her own agency), she chucked it all—well, not the children—and went back to Teachers College. She wants to know if there are any other alumnae out there who wound up as high school teachers. She's been married 15 years to Ken Eckstein, a partner at the law firm of Kramer, Levin and Frankel, and has three sons, Max, Sam, and little Zach. She stays in touch with Audrey Greenfeld, Debbie Richman, Ellen Shankman, and Debbie Alter.

Speaking of **ELLEN SHANKMAN WIDES**, she writes that she is "practicing intellectual property law"—trademarks to you anti-intellectuals—"a big jump from the public interest law I practised in the States." She lives in Rehovot, a "smallish town" in Israel "which boasts a number of Barnard alumnae. I have four beautiful children and am married to a wonderful man, Ron Wides." Ellen has been organizing grass-roots campaigns to disseminate women's health-care information.

Maybe she'll get a visit from **VIVIAN LEVMORE TANNOR** (and husband David), who are moving to Israel. "David will be working for the Weizmann Institute; I will scrounge and will teach karate and do psychology and divorce mediation." Vivian is one of those rare birds who can do everything, all at once, and raise four children at the same time.

LYNN ROTHSTEIN called me back in the Dark Ages to tell me about **MARIA IACULLO's** new baby boy, Alexander Donald Allport Bird, who joins older brother Jason. Lynn and **GRACE REUTER** were handling the phonathon and were hoping more classmates would join in next February and March.

Meanwhile, **CATHERINE LEE** has received the Caroline Duby Glassman Award from the Maine State Bar Assn, "given each year to an attorney whose work contributes to improving the status of women attorneys in Maine." The press release says she has "worked tirelessly to remove barriers to women's advancement in the legal profession, and to educate the bench, the bar and the public. She is truly a superb role model for younger or less experienced attorneys." Cathy serves in the municipal dept of Bernstein, Shur, Sawyer & Nelson, where her practice concentrates in the areas of legislative lobbying, employment, and environmental matters. She works in Portland and lives in North Yarmouth.

PAULA BARVIN has found that the grass truly is

greener—by the time you read this she will be married to Dan Katzenberg; she wrote that the ceremony would be at a lawn tennis club to celebrate their having met while lobbing the ball at a political fundraiser. Paula works for environmental and consumer rights organizations, and Dan is assistant to the budget director of the city of Philadelphia.

When I get a dare, it is usually to do something dangerous or embarrassing, but **TIRZA WAHRMAN MITLAK** dares me to print her message: "I had the pleasure of meeting the College's new president, Judith Shapiro, at a gathering of Barnard graduates who are lawyers. It was a Thursday morning and this group of graduates was looking rather weary. I thought to myself, this woman, an anthropologist, must be so gleeful that she bypassed the law as a profession...." Tirza, I have accepted your dare, but I can't say I understand it.

No time for puzzling that one out! I'm off to my caning, and I want to look my best!

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The warm weather seems to get people moving and doing (something about Brownian motion?). I hope you will be sufficiently stimulated to send news.

We heard from **JEAN ANTAKI BERKE** who lives in Cambridge, Mass, and works as an asst attorney general in Boston. She is married and has two children, ages 6 months and 3 years.

JUDY KORNER happens to be hanging out in my neck of the Manhattan woods. Judy completed her medical degree and PhD in biochemistry and molecular biophysics. She is a resident in internal medicine at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center.

KAREN FRIED gave birth to her third child, Zachary, on February 1, during this winter's only snowstorm. The proud father is Colin Mark Sullivan.

RANA SAMPSON has her own consulting firm, Community Policing Associates, which works with police departments and communities. Under a National Institute of Justice fellowship, Rana is writing a book about having an impact on crime.

LISA COHEN EKUS, who is probably the best-known literary agent in the US specializing in cook-books, has been elected to the corporation of the Culinary Institute of America.

CANDICE AGREE (aka Candy Martin) continues as the evening dj at WAXQ 104.3 FM, which recently marked its first anniversary as "New York's Pure Rock." She is also still doing voice-overs and narrations. (Sorry, but I still think her station should have remained classical.) Anyone who can get to Reunion this year can hear Candice and other panelists in a discussion of "mass media and the popular culture."

Whole lot o' writing going on. **ILISE LEVY FEITSHANS** has come out with several new pieces in the field of industrial safety and health. She has updated her book on *Designing an Effective OSHA Compliance Program*. Her paper, "Legislating to preserve women's autonomy during pregnancy," was delivered during the panel on feminist bioethics at the tenth World Conference on Medical Law held in Ramat-Dan, Israel, and is under review for publication. Her article on job security for pregnant employees appeared in a special edition of *Annals of the Academy of Political and Social Science*. Another article on implications of AIDS for international law and public health policy appeared in the *Michigan Journal of International Law*.

Here's wishing everyone a happy and newsworthy (good news only) summer.

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15th Reunion!

DARLENE YEE, professor of health education with tenure at San Francisco State, has now been appointed professor of gerontology with tenure. She is coordinator of the Long-Term Care Administration Program, SFSU advisor of the American College of Health Care Administrators, and co-director of the Health, Mobility and Safety Laboratory.

SUZANNE NAKASIAN has two master's degrees, in divinity and in sacred theology, and is studying for her doctorate in psychiatry and religion at Union Theological Seminary.

MICHELE PAPAVALIOU had a solo exhibit at the John Harms Theater in Englewood, NJ, in which she showed woodblock prints done by the Hanga technique, using water-based inks and handmade Japanese paper.

LINDA CATALAN SKLAR and husband Alan are living in Las Vegas "and loving it." Children Jenny and Danny are five years old. Linda works part time as a social worker with parents of the mentally retarded.

ROBIN BRONZAFI HOWALD writes, "Kevin Matthew Howald was born Feb. 5, 1994. He's a big boy and very jovial, stoic and laid back. In short, he's nothing like his mother."

ANDREA NICOLETTI BRUN gave birth to her second, Sophie Marie Clemence, last August. She honored my husband and me by asking us to be godparents in April.

This column was written on a plane on the way to London. We've just touched down and while we're taxiing all over the runway (to keep the snipers guessing), I'll update all who care on the Antokas news. We're finally in a home we can call our own, having joined the ranks of the "mortgage poor" in March. We moved nine blocks but it could have been 900 miles because we still had to pack and unpack everything. The show was great—the bank we used couldn't read a tax return, in-laws in-laws everywhere, everyone had the "great answer," my boss didn't understand why I needed time off, we've already put the plumber's kids through medical school.... But it all worked out. I just hope there's not a sequel anytime soon. See you at Reunion!

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There is no accident when you cross paths with a Barnard woman. As was the case with **DALE RICE JOHNSON** and **ANN GUENTHER SHERMAN**, who reunited in California when Ann was in town with her husband Dan for a professional conference. Class update from Dale included news of her post-graduate studies—she received a JD from Boalt Hall (Berkeley). After three years of practice in NY, she moved to San Francisco and in January 1994 became a partner at Heller, Ehrman, White & McAuliffe, where she practices in the complex litigation support and expert witness services. She and husband Jeff live in Mill Valley (Marin), just over the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco. Ann's post-graduate accomplishments included a PhD in economics from

the U of Minnesota. She joined the faculty of the U of Wisconsin, then in late 1992 relocated to Hong Kong, where she is a professor at the Hong Kong U of Science and Technology.

Dale wrote that she would like to hear from old friends, including **AMY GERBER**, and, happily, Amy was writing at the same time to say that 1994 had blessed her with a new daughter, Eva Alyssa Weintraub, and a new home, in Needham, Mass.

Barnard women are born to be promoted. A prime example is **RAMONA GOODMAN**, a new partner in Novick, Edelstein, Lubell, Reisman, Wasserman & Leventhal, PC. Ramona has been with the firm since 1986, with responsibility for real estate and bankruptcy litigation, as well as handling proceedings before the NYS Division of Housing and Community Renewal. Previously she was in the litigation bureau of the NYS Attorney General's Office. A resident of Teaneck, NJ, she earned her law degree at Yeshiva U's Benjamin Cardozo School of Law.

VIVIAN ALTMAN QUINTANILLA reported that her son 5 and daughter 2 keep her busy as she juggles her business which she runs from home. Vivian is an investment banker in public finance, primarily doing public advisory work.

It's official, Betsy Burns is now **DR ELIZABETH BURNS**. She finished her doctorate and is now an associate professor of humanities at the Albany College of Pharmacy and a full-time mother besides.

LAY CHENG LEE, based in Brooklyn, is a registered architect, and has worked eleven years now in both private and public sectors.

LEE ELLEN MORRONE is married to Joseph Fierro, mortgage banker and president of First Security Financial Services. They have two children, Joseph James 7 and Allegra 4. Lee Ellen is a partner in Corio-Morrone Ob/Gyn Associates, a three-woman practice affiliated with Mt. Sinai Medical Center.

On to more Class of 1981 baby news: **SUZANNE VEGA** and her husband, Mitchell Froom (producer of her album "99.5F"), are the parents of Ruby, who will be a year old in July.

ANN TUROBINER DACHS and husband Jonathan (CC '80) are thrilled to announce the birth of the latest future Barnard student, Julia Rebecca, on August 4, 1994. Greeting her with great enthusiasm were siblings Nina 5 and Joshua 3. Ann remains "retired" from the practice of law, while Jonathan is partner at Shayne, Dachs, Stanisci, Corker & Sauer.

DEBRA CHASON BALBUS and husband Andy and daughter Skyler happily announced the birth of Glenn Hunter Balbus in June 1994. Glenn has been found to be burning the midnight oil, poring over Socrates and Plato. As has been reported from several Barnard households, babies born to Barnard alumnae are attracted to very thick books.

Achievement is **SUSAN A. CANE**'s middle name as she is now president of Cane Powers Consulting, a NYC-based firm specializing in management and organizational effectiveness. She also teaches graduate courses in organizational behavior and human resources management in nonprofit organizations at the New School for Social Research. And she is the mother of Daniel 4 and David 2.

I'm signing off now to head to my "day job" as asst director of the Dept of Defense Environmental Training Program at NJ Institute of Technology. In conjunction with the downsizing of the US military and base closings, I help retrain military personnel to be environmental professionals through the DoD Scholarship/Fellowship Program. If the nation has to fight something, it's best to fight pollution.

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As you may already know, you can send Class Notes to this magazine via E-mail. You can now contact me directly via the Internet as well—see above for my address. Of course you can fax, phone or write me, too, but E-mail gives our classmates overseas an easy way to update us on their activities.

ADINA WEISS SHERER in Jerusalem (adina@optics.jct.ac.il) has already been sending info via Internet and would love to hear from classmates.

ANDREA MERCADO sent the most elated Christmas card after going to the White House for a Yale Law School holiday party. Showing the inner mettle of Barnard women, Andrea asked the president to dance (it was a slow dance). And they did!

ELENA ALVAREZ BERGER married Dr. Ken Berger 10/4/92 and is living in Riverdale. Elena has an MPA from Columbia and an MBA from Stanford.

TROY ROBBIN HAILPARN has not been shoveling snow since her move to Texas. Troy received her MD from Albert Einstein, completed her ob/gyn residency at Winthrop U Hospital in Mineola, LI, and is very happy as part of a large, multi-specialty group in San Antonio. She's an avid baker, loves cats, and would appreciate news from classmates.

LISA JENNIFER SELZMAN is a dance therapist and group therapist in the psychiatry dept at Dartmouth Hitchcock Medical Center. A writing major at Barnard, she also is fulfilling her dream to be a writer in both fiction and non-fiction.

NANCY TUTTLE SIEGAL is preparing for a *deja-vu* experience. As she finishes her PhD in clinical psychology from CUNY, she will complete an internship at St Luke's which includes a six-month rotation in the Columbia Mental Health Services in John Jay.

ALISE REICIN is an asst professor in the dept of medicine at P&S. She spends the majority of her time in the lab studying HIV virology. In addition to her busy academic and clinical load, she is mom to Daniel 5 and Jonathan 2 1/2.

BONNIE WOLINETZ CHASAN has married and relocated to Maale Adumim, Israel.

PATRICIA KING married David Hansen in December in NYC. **ANGELA MACROPOULOS** was a bridesmaid. Other classmates at the festive event included Laura Garner Saale and Kathleen Allen, as well as Christina Baltz '83.

PAULA LEE is in career services at NYU so she meets with many of the Barnard graduates in advanced degree programs there. She also keeps up to date with **LILY TROY** in Maui, Hawaii. Lily has two boys, Michael, nearly three, and Harrison, born last May. She is an ob/gyn for Kaiser-Permenente.

Babies: I'm delighted to be able to start this section with the news that my husband, Eric Greenblatt, and I became the happy parents of Marielle Paloma Greenblatt on March 30.

On March 1, Michael (CC '82) and **MARIA MANUCHE-ALLEN** became the proud parents of Michael; he was delivered by **CHRIS CREATURA**, MD—the first such all-'82 event, as far as we know.

Setting new land speed records, Sivan Mehta arrived on February 11, three weeks early but still over 8 lbs., after only 1.5 hours of labor! Proud but exhausted parents are **CAROLYN BAND** and Kamal Mehta (SEAS '82). Reflecting his parents' heritage,

Sivan's name is both Hindu and Hebrew.

Last September was a busy time for three classmates, who each welcomed a new baby that month. For **ELISABETH SIMPSON PIRES-FERNANDES** it was a second daughter, Elisabeth Genni, who joined older sister Catherine, now 2 1/2. Robert Hedin Gardner was born to Barnard Club of NY treasurer **RANDI HEDIN** and husband Andrew Gardner (SEAS '83). And Drs. **LAURA IOACHIM** and Martin Reichel (Harvard '83) celebrated the birth of Andrew Berkeley Reichel. Laura is finishing her third year of radiology residency at Lenox Hill Hospital. Marty is asst professor of dermatology at Columbia P&S.

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BARBARA LEWIS is completing her fifth season in the Admissions Office at Barnard as associate director of admissions operations and systems. She writes that "it is exciting to be at the College during this period of heightened interest in women's colleges in general, and Barnard in particular." She married Yvon Varunok in 1992 and they live in Hoboken.

ALEXANDRA DYER spent four years as chief financial officer of the South Bronx 2000 Local Development Corp, a group of companies focused on economic development through environmental enterprises, job creation and retention, and community development housing services. She is now executive director of the Rockaway Development & Revitalization Corporation, where she will continue to apply her skills and training. In addition to a master of divinity from Union Theological Seminary, she has an MBA from Columbia and a certificate from Columbia's Institute for Not-for-Profit Management.

JUDY STEIN married Chris Kohn in October. They met ten years ago while she was working at the Ford Foundation. Now she teaches kindergarten at the Fieldston School in Riverdale. She writes: "We had a beautiful outdoor ceremony by a lake at Mount Holyoke College. We had a mini-honeymoon on Cape Cod (I had to get back to the classroom!)"

KAREN POLGER BOLERA is director of sales administration at Guerlain, Inc. Husband Nick remains at the NY Road Runners Club, where he is race director of the Chemical Corporate Challenge series. "He was nice enough to accompany me, my father, and my stepmother through this year's NYC Marathon (his 12th, my 7th, my dad and stepmom's first). What dedication!"

FELICE MUELLER PIERCE lives in southwestern Colorado with her archaeologist husband, who works at Crow Canyon Archaeological Center, and their two children, Benjamin Dieboldt 3 and Margaret Louise 1 1/2, and many pets. She is trying to get a public Montessori elementary school started via the charter school option that Colorado offers.

Lots of "new baby" news. In Tillson, NY, **LINDA MCNALLY BURKE** gave birth to her third daughter in July. She writes: "I had a home birth, with two midwives attending—it was a wonderful experience. I enjoy being home full time. In my spare time, I sell Multi-Pure drinking water systems and I'm working on a master's in elementary education."

MARIAN ALEXANDER is in Albany, NY, and glad to be back in the northeast after five years in North Carolina. In November she gave birth to a daughter, Shulamit Alexander Ornstein; older brother, Joseph, is 3 1/2. She expects to start looking for a paid job in a few months but hasn't decided exactly what.

ANDA ANSONS CYTROEN lives in central NJ with husband Andy (CC '82) and new son Samuel (almost 1). She received an MPH in health policy and management from Columbia's School of Public Health in 1991 and wrote that she would be returning to work soon as a healthcare administrator at UMDNJ.

KAREN SARACHIK lives in Newton, Mass. She finished her doctorate in computer science at MIT last winter and had a baby boy, Gabriel, in October.

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Greetings from the land o' cream cheese. Hallelujah for springtime. And time for news received from classmates in the dead of winter. (Sorry, folks. Your news missed the Winter issue by a slim margin. Apologies for the delay!)

Ah, creative women of Barnard! Many of us are making a healthy contribution to the recently-reported baby boom. Lyle Lovett has a song on his recent album (we say albums, not cds—we must be thirty-somethings), "Fat Babies Have No Pride." Perhaps babies have no pride, but their parents sure do. **SALLY MILLS GEBBIE** told us of the birth of her daughter, Alison, last April. The family lives happily in London, having survived work on their new home.

DEBRA PARIS FINKEL and husband Seth are the proud parents of Jonathan Noah, born in July. Debra was on leave from her position as associate corporate counsel of Petrie Stores Corp when she wrote. Her husband is an investment advisor at Neuberger & Berman in NYC.

KIM CONNER and husband Nick Groombridge proudly announced the birth of Elizabeth Patience (that moniker will serve her well on line at the movies in NYC) in October. E.P. joins her brother Ian, now 2 1/2, at home in Cold Spring, NY. Mama Conner says that life as an at-home mom is a pretty far cry from undergrad days, but no less chaotic.

We heard from Alison Hanna that **MOLLIE KATZ GREENBERG** is doing well and has sent Alison pictures of her beautiful daughter, Clare, born 12/93 in Chicago. And **SARAH RICKS** and husband Tom had a baby girl, Kate, in August '94. Sarah left her position at a law firm to join the appellate/legislative division of Philadelphia's city solicitor's office. And the family just set up shop in a new home in Philadelphia.

Creative women of Barnard: **BAYLA TRAVIS** is editor of *On Our Backs*, an erotic magazine for lesbians celebrating its second decade of publication, located in cool and lovely San Fran. Bayla is also author of a play that is a hit there, *The Dyke and the Porn Star*. Bayla invites alumnae to get in touch with her for writing assignments for the magazine.

Some alumnae are channeling creativity by hanging in the record and music biz. Our very own "record ladies" (thanks, Lyle, again) have been at it again. **JENNIFER HALL** sent us a copy of her recently-published article in the WAMA News (that's Washington Area Music Assn), linking GATT and record laws. Her article describes how recent federal law will affect the trafficking of "bootlegged" records abroad, and how copyright protection will exist in the US for certain foreign works previously unprotected here. Jennifer also served as a panelist on music publishing operations and songwriter agreements.

DEBBIE SCHORE '85 is doing wonderful things at Polygram Jazz in NYC. She also squeezes in some horseback riding during her few off hours.

Speaking of creative and stellar. Women from our

class in medicine are in private practice or starting, slogging through, or finishing programs, and are impressing patients with their ability to command busy emergency rooms. This is the real "ER," folks! **POLLY KANGANIS** became the third partner in the Bronxville Obstetrical & Gynecologic Group last July, and loves her work. Polly is also busy in her private life, with 2 1/2 year old son, Alexander John. He's bilingual (Greek/English), creative, and very loving. She says he's the best support and inspiration any mom could have. Her mom, **EFFIE MICHAS KANGANIS '62**, cares for him, and teaches him to be supportive!

ALISON HANNA told us that she took a long and convoluted path to medicine. She is finally finishing residency in internal medicine in Tampa, Flahridah, at the U of South FL and is looking for a position in primary care/general medicine in that sunny clime.

AMY MORISHIMA is a third-year student at Columbia's P&S. This is her clinical year and she is beginning to feel as if she is making a difference. She's in a quandary, however, and wonders if anyone else has had the difficulty of having no idea where to specialize. Share your thoughts with Amy via this column, or directly by writing to her c/o the Alumnae Office.

For all of you MDs who think your hard work goes unnoticed...We were sent a note from **ANNELLY BAYLES DEETS '58**, relating an experience in the ER of Grady Hospital (a huge hospital in Atlanta). She wrote, "One doctor stood out among the rest for her ability to command the flow in this understaffed ER. My husband remarked that she looked like a Barnard Woman in Action." She turned out to be our own **JENNIFER WEIL**. Jennifer looks forward to returning north in July, but in the south she has impressed people, in the words of Annelly Deets, as "dynamic, energetic, organized and compassionate."

Now for the rest of you fabulous women out there. **MARIA DESLOGE** lives in San Jose, CA, and has been working there since earning her MBA from NYU a few years ago. (I'm finally beginning to understand why everyone is so darned happy...California, Florida, Atlanta...everyone is moving to places where Seasonal Affective Disorder is only a faint memory.)

BENETTE GILBERT married Robert Rosen in September and is managing property in Florida (see?) as well as doing psychometrics testing in her father's neurobiological facility. Bob is an anesthesiologist at Palms/Pasadena Hospital. Benette and Bob had a splendid honeymoon traveling through Italy.

In awful contrast with these upbeat messages, a note from **MONICA MARKS ABOODI '85** told of the sudden death of **JUDITH YELLIN** this past October in Tel Aviv. She writes: "Judy attended Cardozo Law School and practiced law in Manhattan. In 1992, pursuing a lifelong dream, she moved to Tel Aviv, where she continued to practice law. While she lived much too short a life, it was a very full life, and she is missed terribly by family and friends."

That wraps up this column. But you know what you have to do. Write. Don't think you can slack off just because we heard from a lot of people this time. (Tough, yet caring. We need your support.)

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10th Reunion!

Spring is here and that means our Reunion is right around the corner. I hope everyone will try to attend what promises to be a wonderful weekend for all.

Congratulations to **MARGARET DEVRIES PORETZ** and husband Victor on the birth of son David Joseph in September. Also to **ALIZA FREEDMAN AZIZ** and husband David, of Tucson, AZ, on the birth of Aryeh Yehuda in January. And to **CATHY DOVIK MAHMUD** and husband Shahid (CC '85), who have a son, Reza, born in July; daughter Alia is 4.

PATTY MADOW BORODACH wrote to tell us of the birth of their second child, Sarah Ilana, last June; Sarah has an older brother, Ben. Patty is a litigator and husband Sam is a patent and trademark attorney; they are both in private practice in Manhattan.

ABIGAIL EVE WEIDENBAUM married Gad Avner Dishy last August in Jerusalem. She received a law degree from American U and is a member of the Massachusetts Bar. She lived in Jerusalem and attended Mata Yeshiva for Women last year. At that time, she was research asst to political scientist Prof Daniel Eleazar of the Hebrew U. She is now employed by a law firm and preparing for the Israeli Bar, as is her husband. They plan to make their home in Jerusalem.

DR. ALYSSA DWECK lives in Bridgewater, NJ, and has joined the staff of seven board-certified physicians at Somerset OB/GYN Associates. Alyssa received her medical degree from Hahnemann U School of Medicine in Philadelphia.

SUSAN EINBINDER received her MSW at Columbia. She is asst professor at USC School of Social Work in L.A., specializing in analysis of family and child welfare. She also co-edited an anthology, *Controversial Issues in Mental Health Research*, and is a consultant to the National Center for Children and Poverty at the Columbia School of Public Health.

DEBBIE FARBMAN RUBENSTEIN is director of Hillel at UConn and has a son, Yonatan Benjamin, born last April. Her husband, Eric (CC '87), is finishing his doctorate in astrophysics at Yale.

TRACY TEICHER got a master's in journalism from NYU and is an associate producer at Worldwide Television News; she works on an international business show.

We also have news of **MARGARET DOYLE**, who has lived in London since 1990. She is a freelance writer and editor, and a volunteer community mediator. She is the author of *The A-Z of Non-Sexist Language*, published by The Women's Press in London, and was asked to make two TV appearances in March, even before the book was published. Margaret's mother, who sent us her news, wrote that "many in the media there find the topic of sexist language faintly amusing."

See you at Reunion!

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86

It is both comforting and inspiring to report that our class is busy with many more worthwhile activities than the latest American pastime—the O.J. Simpson trial! **MICHELLE LINDHOLM** completed a master's in education/creative arts in learning at Lesley College in Cambridge, MA, and is living in Boston with her boyfriend, Amit Ghosh, and two cats. Michelle took up quilting four years ago and is working on a commissioned queen-size quilt for a friend. She hopes to write a book someday with her boyfriend, who writes poetry and fiction in addition to working as a computer programming instructor.

PAULINE ALAMA wrote an interesting letter

that was seized by my toddler and made into her latest "arts-n-crafts" project. Fortunately, I was able to retrieve the information by calling Pauline and have devised a childproof system for collating and writing class notes, so keep those letters coming! Pauline had her first story published in 1994 in Marion Zimmer Bradley's *Fantasy* magazine. She also earned her master's in English en route to her PhD. Pauline and other alumnae from the Barnard/Columbia Science Fiction Society produced a memorial issue of the magazine *CUSFuSsing* in memory of **ELIZABETH EDERSHEIM '85**. If anyone wants a copy, please write to Pauline at 60 Crittenden Blvd, Apt. 534, Rochester, NY 14620, or contact her via E-mail: user ID HWYN@Troj.CC.Rochester.EDU. Pauline's eventful year included a bicycle accident and a car accident. Thank God she survived both.

Congratulations to **CYNTHIA HOLLEN** on graduation from Wharton in 1994; she works in management consulting in Boston at CDI. **PHYLLIS V WAN** recently moved to Castle Rock, a suburb of Denver, CO. She is still with her firm from NY, LeBoeuf, Lamb, Greene and Malrae, LLP, and is doing labor and employment law. Phyllis has seen **SOPHIA WU**, who is a new ob/gyn resident at Beth Israel Hospital.

SHOSHANA PEYSER married Robert Brody last August and is a research social worker at NY State Psychiatric Institute. **CLAUDIA MARBACH** lives in Pittsburgh where her husband, Daniel Jackson, is an asst professor at Carnegie-Mellon. Claudia spends most of her time taking care of their two-year-old daughter, Rachel Binah. She also practices law on and off, specializing in intellectual property.

DIANE SCHON WIRTSCHAFTER is a founding member of a small Reconstructionist synagogue in Minneapolis. She extolled the virtues of alma mater in a news magazine for middle school students "describing the positive ways going to a women's college shaped my outlook on life and actions." Diane teaches sixth graders and enjoys her children, Eli 3 1/2 and Marnina I. Her sister-in-law, **ERIKA PARDES SCHON '83** has provided Diane's children with five male cousins.

MAUREEN WILLIAMS-BROZDOWSKI and husband Paul have two children, Christopher 3 and Jonathan I. They moved to a house in Easton, CT, in March 1994 and have been renovating since then.

Congratulations to **YASMIN KHAKOO** on her marriage last September to Robert Fisher, a medical scientist at UCSF. She is in a pediatric neurology fellowship program at UCSF.

The stork has paid a visit to several classmates: **ROBYN LEWIS-LEFCOURT** and her husband welcomed their first child, Hanna Diane, on December 15. Robyn is a lawyer in private practice with her mother in Rockland County, NY. She writes, "My husband is an executive with a large shipping company based in NJ. Our summers are spent cruising and fishing on LI Sound on our 37-foot boat. This year will be especially sweet, going with our daughter!"

ERI TANAKA MILLROD gave birth to Allegra Miha last June. She continues to work part time as a dance movement therapist at the medical center at Princeton. Eri wrote: "there is nothing more special than giving birth to another human being and being able to be a part of her growth and development."

I visited **SHANI OKIN** in January. We had a delightful afternoon repast while our progeny proceeded to rip apart her beautiful home! She informed me that **TOBY KOSOWSKY FLEISCHMAN** gave birth to a baby girl, Dalit, in November.

LISA LICHT HIRSCH came to our New Year's

Eve party looking radiant with imminent motherhood. Fortunately, she did not turn my dining room into a delivery room, but managed to wait until January 25 to give birth to a baby girl, Malka Devorah.

Congratulations to **PHILIPPA FELDMAN** on being the first woman to be elected president of the Varsity "C" Club, the Columbia sports team alumni group. She had been the club's 1st vp and chair of the Women's Tennis Alumnae Advisory Committee. She received her MBA from Columbia in 1990 and joined Citibank, where she is asst vp in the global aviation dept, handling corporate finance for airlines. She also has been involved in the Citibank volunteer program.

JACQUELINE BARONIAN and her husband have moved back to NY from Baltimore. She is happy to be back in NY and I'm happy she's back, too.

That's all for now folks. Write to me!

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Knowing how hard it is for many of us to sit down and write a letter, I have asked the editor to include my Internet address at the top of this column. Feel free to write to me via the miracle of cyberspace.

The above was suggested by **RENEE KOPLON**, who finished her PhD in applied math at Rutgers in July. She moved to Cincinnati to be an asst professor at Wright State U in Dayton, taking along husband Marc Schwarzchild and daughter Gila. In November Renee had a son, Avi. All are happy in Ohio, where people just love their New York accents.

Three notes from the Boston area: **ELEA KEMLER** was ordained to the Unitarian Universalist ministry in November. She is associate minister at the Winchester Unitarian Society near Boston. Elea and her partner Fran live in Somerville.

DEBORAH HARTMAN moved to Boston after six years in DC. She completed her master's in information systems at George Washington U in 1993 and last summer she married Stephen Hale, a post-doc fellow at MIT, who, she writes, "had been in the picture since my senior year at Barnard." Deborah is a systems consultant for Sybase, a software company.

BONNIE HERSH married Michael Rabin in September and lives in Belmont. In July, she will finish her residency in neurology in the Harvard Longwood Program at Brigham and Women's Hospital.

TIFFANY MCDERMOTT married Craig Blackmon (CC '88) and is a resident in ob/gyn at Prentice Women's Hospital at Northwestern U in Chicago.

ELIZABETH LEE and her husband are proud parents of Alexander Lee Taddiken, born June 8, 1994 (their fifth wedding anniversary). Elizabeth is taking a couple of years off from dentistry to enjoy motherhood with Alexander and two-year-old Andrea.

MAGGIE LAUREYS is public relations and promotion director at Gilda, Inc., handling the four Caffè Buon Gusto and Gilda Restaurants in NYC. **SUZANNE HERZBERG** and husband Brian Mayer live in Providence, RI. Suzanne is a PhD candidate in gerontology, a geriatric occupational therapist, and part-time faculty member at a local college.

Columbia Spectator carried a story on **ULA LYSNIAK**. Ula, an all-time Columbia women's basketball star, was a Fulbright scholar at the U of Salzburg, taught English, received two master's degrees, is a PhD candidate in American history, was the assistant coach of the Columbia women's basket-

ball team, and is head basketball and volleyball coach at John Jay School of Criminal Law, where she was named Rookie Coach of the Year in 1991-1992.

NANCY CLARK accepted a position as asst dean at Moravian College in Bethlehem, PA. She will oversee the administration of the music dept and the Moravian College Music Institute, and develop, implement, and manage new music programs. Nancy has an MS in elementary education from Hunter College.

News from **LAURIE KEPECS-SCHLUSSEL** tells us that she received her PhD in counseling psychology from Fordham U on May 21, 1994, and gave birth to daughter Jacqueline Danielle on May 23!

POLLYANNE POWER is serving in the Peace Corps in Namibia, Africa. She is teaching English, history and song to 8th, 9th, and 10th graders in a remote village northeast of Windhoek, the capital city. Pollyanne's mother writes that she is confident that Pollyanne will be an outstanding teacher, partly due to her quality years at Barnard.

Even farther away is **ELIZABETH KULLY-MARION**, who writes that "we are enjoying our life in Australia and plan to stay here for a while. We live in a small beach suburb of Sydney. My husband is executive pastry chef at the Inter-Continental Hotel in Sydney and our daughter Audrey (born in April 1992) attends our local Montessori pre-school. I hope to do more child-bearing and child-rearing in the next few years. Although I very much enjoy being a full-time Mom I sometimes dream about the glamorous art world that we left behind in NYC."

I received a letter from the class correspondent for 1945 with news about **KATHERINE FLEMING**, as passed on to her by Katie's mother. (Talk about a roundabout way of getting news!) Katie married Brian Smith in 1992 and gave birth to Elizabeth Smith-Fleming in 1993. She received her MA in history of religion at the U of Chicago in 1989 and is hoping to earn her PhD in middle eastern history this year from Berkeley. All are living in Santa Monica, CA.

KAREN LUE-YAT LEÓN
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BROOKLYN, NY 11229

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AURORA ANDREESCU found that the new year brought more turning points and decisions than she had bargained for: halfway point of her internal medicine residency, a reminder that GI fellowship applications were shortly due on someone else's desk, and for the second year in a row, she spent New Year's Eve on call at the same "outside hospital" rotation.

DEBORAH DE ROSA has sent an update, and there's lots to tell: she is teaching literature and composition at UNC Chapel Hill and working on her dissertation, "Into the Mouths of Babes: Abolitionist women authors subvert children's literature for political expression." She is also group coordinator/liaison to the UNC writing program and Creative Speakers coordinator (similar to Women Poets at Barnard). Finally, she contributed the section on "Womanism" to the *Oxford Companion to Women's Literature* (1994) and will give a gallery talk at the Ackland Art Museum on the Walter Evans African-American Exhibit.

JOY PERLA '62 sent news of daughter **DEBORAH PERLA**, who was married in September 1993 to Ezra Kopelowitz, a native of South Africa. They live in Israel where Ezra received his master's in sociology and Debbie is studying for a law degree, both at Hebrew U. In between studying and part-time work, they host friends and family from all over the world.

Some items gleaned from the *NY Times*: **JENNY KANGANIS** was married to Guy Minoli on January 8th at the Greek Orthodox Archdiocesan Cathedral in NYC. She received a DDS degree from Columbia and shares a dental practice with her husband in NY and Bronxville. She is also a clinical instructor at the Columbia School of Dental and Oral Surgery. And **LISA NADEL** married Paul **THOMAS** last June.

FELICITY LUNG is in her second year of law school and living in Tribeca. **SHARON PULVER ISRAEL** is completing her residency in internal medicine at NY Hospital and will begin a fellowship in infectious diseases. Sharon and husband David are the proud parents of Adina Michal, born in April '94.

ROBIN GRAFF-GOUBAULT and husband Philippe had a son, Jérémie Pierre, this past September. Robin also started a private practice in psychotherapy last year.

RITA FOURNIER BARNETT sent greetings from San Diego. She was married to Lt. Ted Barnett in October. Her best woman was **GLORIANNA VALLS**. Rita is attending California Western School of Law and would love to hear from other alumnae in the area. (If you want to write to anyone in the class and don't know her address, write to me for the information or send your letter to Barnard, c/o the Alumnae Office, and they will forward it.)

DIMITRA KESSENIDES
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ATHENS, GREECE 106 76

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ESTHER ROSENFELD
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DAVIS, CA 95616

Thanks for all the letters and notes!

AUDREY BECKER is pursuing her love of literature as a PhD candidate in English at the U of Michigan. She teaches a freshman honors class in ancient Greek texts, and her dissertation is on Renaissance drama. She returned to Barnard in December '94, this time on the other side of the teacher's desk, to present her own paper at the 14th annual Medieval-Renaissance Conference! Those who knew and loved Audrey's dramatic flair will be happy to hear she continues to act in her spare time, recently playing Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

LAURA WILEY got married in January '93 and moved from San Francisco to Orinda, CA. She is working toward an MA in literature at Holy Names College in Oakland and hopes to go into teaching. She is also keeping up her music and is getting a certificate in music education from the Kodaly Institute.

ROBYN PFORR had been working since graduation as a newspaper reporter. She braved the sloop pits to cover the Woodstock '94 concert for the *Times Herald-Record* of Middletown, NY. Her sum-up of Woodstock: "a combination of Fort Lauderdale and *Apocalypse Now!*" Robyn has since moved to Newton and attends Boston College Law School.

DEBI ASHLEY works in trade law at Baker and Botts in DC and is engaged to another Georgetown Law grad, John Farley. **JANICE YABLONSKI** got her master's in American studies from Columbia and is living in NYC, working in museums. **INGALISA SCHROBSORFF** ended her several-year-long Euro-Japanese tour and lives in Brooklyn Heights; she is coordinating fundraising events for NY School of Art.

DEBBIE NIEWOOD LOVICH graduated from Harvard Business School in '94 and has been working at the Boston Consulting Group. She celebrates her

4th wedding anniversary with husband Mark (SEAS '88) this spring. They live in Cambridge, about a block away from my 49 Claremont roommate, **GISELLE GINSBURG**. Giselle will be married this summer in Israel; she is still at Coopers & Lybrand, where she is a manager and just about a fully certified actuary.

JENNIFER ALICE KIMBALL is director of public affairs, policy evaluation and research at the US Securities and Exchange Commission.

ARLENE NOBLE is director of the Far Rockaway office of the AIDS Center of Queens County, the only HIV/AIDS service organization in Queens that provides comprehensive social services to HIV-positive individuals and their families.

In December, **ELIZABETH ANN HUNKINS** returned from Kathmandu, where she was working on a translation of short stories by Nepali authors. She put her photography skills to use abroad, taking portraits of Nepali authors for a photo book, and is now a freelance photographer in Santa Fe.

SANDRA WOLF is living in London and, at the time of her letter, was expecting a baby in March. In London she worked as the correspondent for CNN International-Latin America. She plans to take time off to be with her family.

A belated congratulations to **JENNIFER JACKSON-STRAGE** on the birth of Taylor Benjamin in January 1994. Jennifer is director of admissions and social services at Integrated Health Services Nursing and Rehabilitation Facility in W Palm Beach, Florida.

SHELLY WOLFSON KUPFER is teaching 3rd and 4th grade at the Jewish Primary Day School in Washington, DC. She writes that she misses New York and visits every chance she gets!

ANN-MARIE ACKLEY HALSTEAD and husband John are surviving in Boston, but miss Houston. They celebrated their second wedding anniversary in October. She is a senior consultant in the corporate finance group of KPMG Peat Marwick; the majority of her clients are closely held private companies.

Anne-Marie reports that **LAURIE GOTTLIEB**, former co-writer of this column, has been as successful as ever at Harvard Business School; she is looking for a job on the west coast (a very sound decision!).

LAURA WEINMAN is continuing her studies toward a PhD in psychology in Denver. **NINA LESSER** received her MA in architecture, with honors, from UCLA. After pursuing several small projects, she is practicing design independently with her partner, Stephen Sheng, in Sheng and Lesser Studio in L.A. She also teaches at USC and Woodbury U.

More knots were tied: congratulations to **SHARON MOERDLER** on her marriage to David Green, a doctor. After graduating with a joint degree from Barnard and the Jewish Theological Seminary, Sharon earned her JD from Fordham Law and a master's in public administration from Columbia. She is an associate at Baer, Marks and Upham in New York.

DENISE BRODEY married Jeffrey Kessler, who founded and directs his own advertising agency, last November. Denise is an associate editor at *Child* magazine in New York.

Enjoy spring, stay healthy, keep busy, and write!

—ER

VIRGINIA WASIUK
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ST. LOUIS, MO 63139

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5TH REUNION

LISA ROTMIL married Alexander Schmelzer at the

ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

STUDENT NAME _____ CLASS _____

INFORMATION FOR MAILING LABEL (AS YOU WISH IT TO APPEAR ON OUR MAIL TO YOU)

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

OCCUPATIONAL INFORMATION

TITLE _____

EMPLOYER _____

TELEPHONE (HOME) _____ (WORK) _____

SPOUSE/PARTNER'S NAME: _____

NEWS: _____

RETURN TO:
RECORDS MANAGEMENT OFFICER,
3009 BROADWAY,
ROOM 222 MILBANK, BOX A.S.,
NEW YORK, NY 10027-6598

end of December. She is studying for a PhD in art history at NYU, where she also received a master's. Her husband is studying for an MBA at Columbia.

YONINA JACOBS and Robert Roxbruch have their first baby, Jason David. Since graduating from cooking school in 1992, Yonina has been working part-time as a sous-chef for the Canadian ambassador and at DeGustibus cooking school. At Christmastime, she received a beautiful card from **CRISTINA MCKEEVER YOUNG** who is a teacher in Hawaii where she lives with her husband, Don Young.

Another beautiful note came from **SUSANNA SPIKOL DENEHY** in Hancock, NH: "Living on the edge of a huge wildlife sanctuary and teaching K-8th graders about the out-of-doors. I couldn't be more in love with life!"

ANGELA PARK READ is an asst district atty in Boston, living in Beacon Hill. At the time she wrote she was anticipating a trip to Europe with a friend for Christmas.

STEPHANIE PASTOR has her own public relations agency, Pastor & Co, in NYC.

KATHERINE BURRELL sent a new address in Bonn, Germany, where she is a PhD student/graduate assistant in the North American Program, part of the English Dept., at the University of Bonn. She would like to be in touch with other Barnard women in Germany.

ELIZABETH SHULTZ CONKLIN and Gregg were married last September. She is planning to bring their daughter Abigail to Reunion.

I guess **MELISSA FRONT** won't be at Reunion, since she is getting married on May 20 to Derek Cain (CC '91) in Naples, FL. They will live in Washington, DC, where Melissa will work in human resources for ITT Sheraton, the hotel company.

As for the rest of you—come to Reunion!

ALYSSA COHEN
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NEW YORK, NY 10025

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Got a letter in January from **LEORA GRUENBAUM GANCHROW**: "[My husband] Gary and I are living in L.A. now. Actually, we've been living here for the past 2 1/2 years. We have two daughters. Aliza is 2 years,

3 months old, and Shireet is 4 months. I keep having flashbacks to my Toddler Center days and am trying to apply what I learned there. Having a toddler is quite exciting and quite an adventure, as is watching the baby develop and grow. I taught part time after Aliza was born but have not been working (outside the home) for the past year and a half. I'm now thinking about working part time again. Gary is an attorney at a law firm near the beach."

Several classmates have gotten married and here's what they are up to: **SARA BUCHOLTZ** married Adam Feldman on January 15. He is a rabbinical student at JTS. Sara worked at JP Morgan for two years and for the Israel Women's Network in Jerusalem for 8 months, and is now a first-year law student at NYU. Present at the wedding were lots of Barnard women, including **SUZANNE KLING**, who is getting a PhD at JTS in Jewish literature; **JULIE ZUCKERMAN**, who is finishing her MIA at SIPA; **ADENA LEBEAU KRESS**, who is working part time in NY and is in a program in educational statistics at Rutgers; and **SHARON WALLER**, getting a PhD in clinical psychology at Northwestern.

ALYSSA BERGER GOLDBERG writes: "In February '94 I married Jay Goldberg and we are happily living in Fort Lee, NJ. I have studied at the Isabel O'Neal School of Decorative Painting and at Parsons. I am working in our family business."

AVIVA HARTSTEIN SOPHER married Jonathan Sopher (CU '92) in September 1993 and is a fourth-year medical student at NYU.

ELINOR REINHARDT writes: "I graduated from Fordham Law in May, married Michael Wohlstadt on November 5th, passed the NY State Bar Exam, and started work as an attorney."

REBECCA ANREDER is an asst buyer of gourmet cookware at Macy's; she married David Kekst last August. **DEBRA ADLER** married Hugh Bruck and they have a baby daughter, Maira. They are living happily in Idaho.

Other news: **YAFFA SHIRA GROSSBERG CAPLAN** and husband Michael made Aliyah to Israel in August. She continued in her field of special education and teaches 6th grade in a special ed school. She writes that she is fascinated by the number of Barnard alumnae in Israel.

ELONA KOGAN sends an update: "I have seen the light and moved out of Beverly Hills...." She works in the healthcare dept of Epstein Becker and Green in L.A.

DOROTHY MCCANN is finishing her studies at Fordham Law and plans to take the NY State Bar Exam in July and practice in NYC. She writes that she saw **ROSALIE STEINBERG**, who is in her last year at Harvard's School of Public Health—"she likes Boston but occasionally misses NY (especially bagels and cold sesame noodles)."

ELIZABETH MCLEAN FREESE writes: "My career as a writer and consultant is taking longer to establish than I would prefer. But my dreams are alive and slowly beginning to manifest; still loving relative country life in Arkansas."

KATE SHOJI is in her sixth year at Thirteen/WNET in NYC.

CORINNE RYAN LOMUTO wrote of a newly-purchased house in Rockville Centre, NY, and a growing family. Son Brandon is 3; a second child was due in February; and she is "thrilled to be able to stay at home and take care of my children."

ANASTASIA XENIAS graduated from Columbia's School of International Affairs in 1994 and was awarded a Presidential Management Internship for 1994-96. She is an international trade specialist at the US Dept of Commerce/US and Foreign Commercial Service, working in the NY office.

MELISSA LOMBARDOZZI would be happy to hear from any Barnard women interested in participating in the Columbia University Alumni Club of the Philadelphia area. Call her at 215-627-4819.

JACQUELINE CROOPNICK is in her first year of medical school in Chicago.

EDITH LEE KASE has been living in Japan for three years. "Like many other recent graduates," she writes, "I started out teaching English and then I spent a year with a software company. I have taken up studies of Japanese accounting and hope to find suitable employment in this field. Having already passed the intermediate level examination, I will be sitting for the second level at the end of this month—roughly the equivalent of a university level accounting major. I live in the Nagoya region but plan to move to the Kansai (Kyoto-Osaka-Kobe) or Kanto (Tokyo) area. My husband is a manager with Atlas Copco, a European industrial tool manufacturer. We will be here for the next three years." Please feel free to write to Edith c/o the Alumnae Affairs Office.

Closer to home, I ran into **VICKI BEER**, who is working at Bank Street, and **NAAMA LEWIN POLONETSKY** and husband Jules. At David Branfman's (CC '91) wedding to Elise Lubin in January I ran into **ROYCE FELD MARON** and husband Evan, who had just passed the bar. Royce reported that Evan's cousin, **Yael Dubroff-Laifer**, has twins! Also I hear that **SARI RUDITSKY** had a baby girl and **SHANI COHEN** married Gil Orbach.

An early note: our fifth year Reunion is coming up in little over a year. If anyone would like to help plan the Reunion, please write or call me (212) 666-1399. We need ideas for Saturday night and Sunday morning activities (e.g., reception at a museum, an evening at Amsterdam Billiards, Sunday brunch in Central Park, etc.). Also, we are going to try to have a class book in which all classmates can tell us what they are up to; you'll be receiving a letter about this shortly.

A closing note: I often receive letters from classmates who tell me how much they enjoy reading this column. Recently, however, I received an anonymous

letter from six alumnae who are "continually embarrassed by the content of the columns. Information about graduates of your class often contains much material about weddings and births. Most of the people mentioned in this column also appear to be Jewish, and seem to be connected socially. We believe that women from diverse backgrounds should be portrayed in alumnae news and also feel that working women should be equally represented." I agree that the column should represent a diverse group of people. However, I can only publish the information I receive, through the Alumnae Office, letters and calls to me at home, or second-hand through friends. If you feel that the column is not representing you or your friends, **WRITE TO ME**. I welcome all comments about the column but a) please don't be anonymous about it; I would like to discuss it with you directly; and b) please enclose information you have about others or especially yourself. **YOU** are the column; I just report what I receive. Thanks.

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92

Time for another column and many of you sent news but there are still more out there who I am certain read this column. Please write about **YOU!**

First off, as usual we have many '92 grads who are working for further degrees. **GABRIELLE W. CANAVAN** is in her first year at Fordham Law. **NICOLE DEUTSCH**, after two years in Yokohama City, Japan, teaching English with the JET Program and traveling through southeast Asia, is in the MA/PhD program in sociology at Columbia. **MIMI MENG** will graduate from SUNY Buffalo Law school this spring; she intends to work for community-based not-for-profits in affordable housing. As part of her master's in public health at Columbia, **JEANNE RHEE** is doing a practicum at Harlem Hospital Center. Mimi let me know that **ELLIE CHUNG** married Peter Gius (SEAS '92) in July; they live in Elmhurst and Ellie teaches in a NYC elementary school.

ABIGAIL HEPNER married Robby Gross last summer. She is finishing her law degree at BU and he will get a degree in architecture from Harvard this spring, after which they hope to move to NY.

MARY JANE HAWES left Senator Moynihan's office right before the Republican landslide and is a special assistant to the president of the Manpower Demonstration Research Corp, a research institute that studies social policy.

LORNA GOTTESMAN is in NYC and works for a private nonprofit doing HIV education and discharge planning for women in Rikers Island; prior to that she worked at a shelter in Harlem for people with HIV. Lorna also let me know that **JILL COLTON** is running workshops in four NY prisons; she plans to start a PhD program in September.

In the arts, we have **ANDREA BUNDONIS**, who left the Guggenheim Museum and joined Pacewildenstein, NYC, as manager of public relations; they represent the work of modern and contemporary artists.

RANA DOGAR is a freelance writer for publications such as *SELF*, *Working Woman*, and *Ms. Magazine*. **CHRISTINA KOZLOFF**, correctly surmising that DC was about to go under, has moved to Virginia; she is still working in DC at IREX, and will have an opportunity to travel to the former Soviet

Union and other areas this spring.

AMANDA SUTPHIN completed her master's in anthropology and is an urban archeologist at the NYC Landmarks Preservation Commission.

After two years as a financial analyst for Oppenheimer's investment banking group, **R. BAILEY DALTON** has moved over to equity research and is now an analyst specializing in casino companies.

ORADEE IMVISED, after a brief stint at INSCI Corp., is a UNIX systems administrator at Brothers Co. while taking classes at Columbia.

AUDREY MARRINAN is in my neck o' the woods, living in Alexandria, VA, and working in DC as business reference librarian at the Martin Luther King Memorial Library, main library of the DC public library system. She moved here after getting her MLIS at UT in Austin, TX. She is enjoying the nation's capital and is beginning to understand the "inside the beltway" mentality, which she describes as a mix of good intentions and utter insanity. Well said, Audrey.

With that in mind, I am still here, trying to get some Democrats back in office. I'm still working at Campaign Finance Consultants, doing fundraising plans for NARAL, Senator Wellstone, Senator Leahy, Congressman Hinchey, and the National Organization on Fetal Alcohol Syndrome. I have also started a class in Spanish at the USDA. And I have started training at a gym with intentions of running a marathon (or at least a 10K!) in the next year or so. Who'da thought!

Watch for information in the mail about our class dinner on the Friday night of the Barnard Reunion weekend, May 19. I look forward to seeing you there!

EMMILY WASHINGTON
267 MITCHELL AVENUE
EAST MEADOW, NY 11554

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In less than two years our class has shown that we are really movers and shakers, spread across this country and the world.

JENNIFER WARNER and husband Kyle moved to Rwanda in October 1993 to work with the UN. She worked part time at the American Embassy in Kigali and volunteered at UNICEF. The war, she writes, "took us by surprise, as it did most everyone....We were evacuated safely after hiding out in an office building for eight days, an experience I shall never forget. Now I am working in the calmer environment of NYC as asst editor of the UN 50th Anniversary Pictorial History."

SARAH COLES MCKEOWN joined the Peace Corps in August 1993 and has been in Mali, West Africa since then. She is helping farmers plant trees and soaking up the culture. She would love to hear from anyone who is interested in Mali. Write to me for the address for Sarah or any other classmates you would like to reach. (To others of you in foreign lands: please write and share your experience.)

Closer to home, several of us are involved in various aspects of publishing. **NICOLE ADLER DICKER** is a publicist at Oxford U Press, and **ILANA WERNICK** is an associate editor at *BackStage*, the performing arts weekly paper. Both live in Manhattan.

Others are continuing their education. **SHANA LEVINE** spent last year in Montreal but is happy to be back in NY and is in a doctoral program in psychology at Yeshiva U. **CARIDAD ISAAC** is in her second year of medical school at SUNY-Syracuse and writes that she is missing her friends from Barnard. Jazz composition student **SARA HOLTZSCHUE** is looking forward to receiving her master's from New

England Conservatory in May. She expects to continue her studies in both composition and voice, although at the time of her letter she wasn't sure whether she would be remaining in Boston.

KAREN KOSOWSKY (ACKERMAN) is enrolled in a four-year optometry program in Boston and recently celebrated her first wedding anniversary.

I hope everyone remembered and enjoyed Black History Month. Writing this as we enter Women's History Month, I encourage all the women of Barnard, especially the women of color, to be proud. We are part of a new breed of women who take from the past to enlighten those to come. We are focused on the advancement of all women.

ALYSIA KWON
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Well, it's February and we have received only a few written notes. Thanks go to Regina Angeles, Pam Eng, Monica Kim, Liz Sullivan, Ginger Wade, Maggie Matarazzi, Lisa Weiss, Aurelia Wong and Jenny Martinez for letting me ply them for information to fill this column.

Many of us are still in the city. **ANNA AFSHAR** is doing economic research on developing countries at the Federal Reserve Bank, **JENNIFER HENRY** is working at Lebenthal, and **RACHNA KHOSLA** and **KIRSTEN SHARETT** are at Salomon Brothers.

LISA WEISS does research on drug addiction at the Psychiatric Institute, **ANNIE PABLO** is in research at Columbia Presbyterian, and **HUMAIRA SERAJUDDIN** at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. **PAM ENG** works on welfare issues at Manpower Demonstration Research Corp, a social research firm. **SABRINA TAVI** works for Senator Moynihan. **STANLEY (LAURA) BROOKS** is in the Africa Dept at the Institute for International Education and will attend London School of Economics in the fall. **CATHERINE MOLLER**, who happens to be my roommate, has been promoted to program associate for Asia at the Trickle-Up Program, an international not-for-profit organization focused on microenterprise development. **YU-LEN FUNG** works for Columbia at Interchurch Center.

WAI-YEE CHAN is teaching and **VALERIE COLAS** is head TA of the Barnard environmental science dept. **ALLEGRA CUMMINGS** is at Einstein medical school. **BASHEVA GENUT** is at Cardozo law school and **KIM HSUEH** is at St. John's law school. **MARY CHO** is in law school in NJ. **KELLY KO** is studying sociology at Columbia. **KRISTIN MICHAELS** is pursuing a PhD in psychology at the New School. Contrary to the item that appeared here in the Fall, **DINA PINSKY** is working on a sociology doctorate at CUNY (apologies for the error).

GINGER WADE lives in the West Village with Kate DuBose and **SARA KRAUSHAAR** and works at the Speiler Agency, a literary agency. Sara is working at the Archive of Contemporary Music. **HOLLY FREDERICK** is at the Susan Schulman Literary Agency and **LISA KINDERMAN** at Random House. **EMILY KLEIN** recently began working at Scholastic. Her roommate, **CAROLYN COHAGAN**, performs her stand-up routine at comedy clubs in NYC.

DANIELLE CHANG has moved from *New York Times Magazine* to Threadwaxing Space, an alternative art gallery in SoHo. **LEILA RAFIZADEH** is at EMI Record Group. **JENNY MARTINEZ** freelances as a production assistant for remote shooting of the new

TV show "House of Buggin'" (and John Leguizamo is married to a Barnard alumna who also acts on the show) **RACHEL RINALDO**, who lives with Libby Lidz, works on *Stagebill* at Lincoln Center. **ELLEN MACKAY** is an asst director at the Public Theater. **LIZ SULLIVAN** lives in Brooklyn and works at Adam Young Broadcasting and on an acting career. **ANDREA STOLOWITZ** is pursuing playwrighting.

ADRIENNE GIBBONS and **SUZU TAKAHASHI** are both touring, Adrienne performing in the *Will Rogers Follies* and Suzy playing Bloody Mary in *South Pacific*; we saw a review in which Suzy's rendition of "Bali Hai" got a rave notice. **SOPHIE ASKIENAZY** was touring with the European company of *42nd Street* and is now back in NY; she wrote that she had "been having a wonderful year." **SHERIDA LIE** is dancing with a company in Amsterdam.

AURELIA WONG, who lives with Juhi Mehta and Holly Frederick, is copywriting at Groome Associates (and has just received her first business cards). **BETH MCDONOUGH** works for Ted, Inc., a PR firm.

Paralegaling seems to be a popular job among us. **ARMINEH BAGHOOMIAN** and **JENNIFER BERNSTEIN** are at Cravath, Swaine and Moore, **YUISA CARRILLO**, **JULIA ROMERO** and **SIMONE POWLIS** at Paul, Weiss, **MONICA KIM** at Simpson, Thacher, **SARAH CONRAD** at Cleary, Gottlieb, **KATE DUBOSE** at Skadden, Arps, **ANNIE FISHER** at White & Case, and **KEDARI REDDY** at Bivona & Cohen. **ELLEN SCHWARTZMAN** has moved from White & Case to Stroock, Stroock & Lavan and **JUHI MEHTA** is at Beldock, Levine & Hoffman. **ALISON SEIDES** is in the legal dept at Dean Witter, using her extra time to get involved in theater. **JEN MILLAR** is a legal assistant at Price Waterhouse, **LINDA WU** is at Howard, Darby & Levin. **JULIE CHOI**, **REESA KAUFMAN**, **JANE KIM**, **KIMBERLY LEOPOLD**, and **LAUREN ZORFASS** are also paralegals.

Those of us who have moved out of the city have found less congestion and equally interesting work. **KRISTEN ROBERTS** works for Outward Bound in the Florida Keys. **LISA HOUSTON** is a nanny in upstate NY. **LAURA ALLEN**, **MARLENA SONN**, and **VANESSA ZELENAK** are working on various artistic projects in San Francisco. Also in San Francisco are **ILONA MIKO** and **AMY HASSINGER**, who is working with the Summerbridge program. **ALEXIS BLACKMER** is studying whales in Maine. **ABIGAIL GORDON** and **LAURA WILLIAMS** are both in Vermont, Abigail working as a barn manager near Burlington and Laura with **VISTA** in Montpelier. **JAISHRI O'NEILL** is taking classes and working in a lab in Texas. **ANDI ANASTASI** is working for Kemper in Chicago. **ASHLEY HEYER** lives in Baton Rouge, LA, and is press sec'y to former governor Buddy Roemer, who is running for Governor again. **ALICIA KATZNELSON** is at the U of MD studying law, and is engaged to be married in June. **HEATHER HEIDE** works for Turtle Bay Music School.

In California, **EVA BLUMENTHAL** is studying psychology in Santa Barbara, **HY-YUNG PARK** is at Hastings Law School, and **EVELYN KWON** is pursuing a PhD at UCLA.

SARAH PARLOW is traveling in Europe and currently living in Milan. **ELLEN ROH** is studying in France. **SARAH GUNDLE** recently moved to Israel.

Congratulations to **YONINA WEINBERGER** and **EVE-LYNN SIEGEL**—both were recently married.

Remember that we are invited to this year's Reunion, May 19-20, as guests of the College (that means no charge, even for meals!). It's not too late to make a reservation—send in your form now!

IN MEMORIAM

- 16 Dorothy Miller Armstrong, January 17, 1995
Edna Thompson Brundage, May 7, 1994
- 21 Alice Brady Pels, February 23, 1995
- 22 Florence Stone Steele, August 26, 1994
- 24 Ada Gross Klein, February 28, 1995
Edith Rose Kohlberg, January 17, 1995
Lucia Alzamora Reiss, January 28, 1995
Margaret Young Woodbridge,
February 25, 1995
- 25 Dorothy Hogue Clarridge, February 11, 1995
Thora Plitt Hardy, 1993
- 26 Virginia Ehrman Greenwald, January 20, 1995
Martha Kline Tetzlaff, March 1, 1995
- 28 Alice Mandel Roth, December 23, 1994
- 29 Matilda Clayton Core, November 16, 1994
Edith Harris Feyer, January 6, 1995
Adelaide Armstrong Nixdorf,
February 9, 1995
- 30 Emily Riedinger Flint, March 16, 1995
Gertrude Carmody Kline, October 28, 1994
- 31 Elizabeth Fuchs Croll, January 11, 1995
- 32 Helen Garfinkel Wollin, March 1, 1995
- 33 Jean Decker Walker, February 7, 1995
- 34 Alice Semmes Mickelwait, March 3, 1995
- 35 Gertrude Rubsamens Brooks, January 15, 1995
- 37 Gertrude Lehrer Gelobter, January 2, 1995
Natalie Flatow Vasa, December 31, 1994
- 40 Catherine Donna Vint, January 31, 1995
- 42 Patricia Highsmith, February 5, 1995
- 45 Betty Sachs Adenbaum, January 14, 1995
- 46 Cynthia Weisman Kolker, January 3, 1995
- 47 Carol Rindler Madison, December 18, 1994
- 48 Janet Owen Roberts, January 31, 1995
- 50 Phyllis Bradfute Knowles, January 28, 1995
- 51 Edith Witty Fine, January 28, 1995
- 55 Anne Markowitz Levenson, June 10, 1994
- 57 Marion Grove Brown, January 22, 1995
- 58 Rosemarie Colaiuti Stevens, June 28, 1994
- 61 Lesley Bunim Heafitz, February 9, 1995
- 62 Andrea Ostrum, December 10, 1994
- 72 Frances Wahrsager Friedlander,
January 15, 1995
- 84 Judith Yellin, October 13, 1994

VIENNA REVISITED

By Doris Orgel '50

Last spring, on a windy May morning, my sister and I stood on the *Stephansplatz*, arms linked, necks craned, gazing up. We were waiting for the top of St. Stephen's solitary spire to pierce through the curtain. "*Der Steffl*," the Viennese call it, the third highest gothic spire in all of Europe. When it came into full view, we held our breath, watching it teeter and wobble. Of course we knew this was a trick of the eye; the clouds, not the spire, moved. Still, we broke out in shivers and goosebumps—just as we had as children imagining the thunderous crash if it came hurtling down and shattered into a million pieces.

"This is the first time we're here together since you-know-when," my sister said. Yes, I knew: the first time in fifty-six years.

My sister and I have been close all our lives. But we have differed, sometimes sharply, in our feelings about our native city. She'd come back the first time in 1946 and had stood inside the bomb-damaged St. Stephen's Cathedral looking clear up at the sky. Since then she has visited Vienna almost every year and keeps a large circle of friends there. I'd been back for only three brief stays. This visit was my fourth.

Our family had escaped, just barely, in August 1938, five months after the *Anschluss*, the Nazi annexation of Austria. At the border of what was then Yugoslavia, we came within a hair's breadth of getting sent back. My sister was fourteen; I was nine. We knew we were lucky, but only in a vague way. We did not know—hardly anyone could have imagined—that in the next seven years the Nazis would kill nearly 66,000 Viennese Jews just like us.

My first trip back was in the summer of 1965. I traveled with my American-born husband and our three young children. I thought I had put my childhood well behind me; I considered myself an American, a tourist who happened to have been born in Vienna.

Our first stop in Austria was at a lakeside hotel in Felden. Walking through the woods there, I bent down to pick a cyclamen—the kind that grew where I'd spent my first eight summers—and lost my bearings, feeling dizzy from its sweet scent and that of the moist, dark soil. Later, in Vienna, my husband, children, and I went into the small grocery store that still stood on the corner of my old street. The elderly storekeeper was waiting on a customer. She took her time. She looked me up and down. Finally she came out from behind the counter.

"Dorli?" she said. "Dorli Adelberg?" That was my childhood name.

She embraced me. She exclaimed over my husband and children, asked after my parents, insisted on giving me a box of chocolates to bring to them in America. I was moved—maybe more so than called for, considering this woman, a fervent Nazi during the Hitler time, had made me stand in a corner as a child and wait until all the "Aryans" in the store were served.

Since my husband is a psychoanalyst, we were back in Vienna for the 1973 Congress of the International Psychoanalytical Association. Many

ex-refugees attended, most notably Anna Freud. Vienna rolled out the red carpet, and there were lavish receptions and effusive speeches by dignitaries hoping to achieve an atmosphere of reconciliation.

In February 1977, I took my third trip back, this time on my own. I'd been sorting out some left-over feelings and was working on a novel based on how my family escaped. I needed to check on details. For instance, the sound of Viennese dialect to my grownup ears, the taste of *Leberknödel* (liver dumplings) and *Schinkenfleckerl* (square-shaped pasta with bits of ham), the look of certain houses, streets, the Danube Canal, and the *Stadtpark* in the wintry light at different times of day.

After that trip, I finished and published my book (*The Devil in Vienna*). The best thing, for me, was that now it was done. Enough about Vienna, I thought. I felt free of it.

My sister, though, continued to go every year. Then one of her good Viennese friends convinced the Austrian ministry of education to sponsor a retrospective show of her paintings. It was part of an effort to woo back Austrian-born artists who had fled during the Hitler years. How could I not be present at such an event? I decided to go for one week. For the very last time, I kept saying.

The show took place in a baroque palace directly opposite the Hofburg, where the Habsburg emperors had lived. The opening was festive. The paintings looked wonderful. I spent the week following my feet wherever they wanted to go: down cobbled, medieval streets, through parks in bloom, past monuments to emperors and warriors, and neoclassical river gods presiding over fountains. I went to the art museum and to a few of the myriad of churches. I looked for the synagogue in which my parents got married. It is the only one left in Vienna; all the others were destroyed. Evenings I went to the theater, once to the State Opera, once to the *Volsoper*, to *Don Giovanni*, sung in German, which I loved because my father used to sing it that way in the shower.

Everything I saw, heard, tasted, smelled, and felt was heightened by the idea that it was for the last time.

On the day before I was to leave, I wrangled the last available ticket to the Vienna Philharmonic at the *Musikverein*. I thought the audience seemed smug about their gilded concert hall with stolid caryatids holding up the ceiling. I wished it were tomorrow, longed to get home to New York. But then the lush sounds of Richard Strauss's *Alpine Symphony* swept over me. Lost in the breathtaking music, I caught myself thinking that my resolve never to come back was no more written in stone than were my earlier states of mind regarding the city of my birth. And the idea of returning—who knew how many more times?—made the concert still more splendid and my trip somehow complete.

Doris Orgel '50 has written numerous children's books. Her most recent book, *Ariadne, Awake!* (Viking, 1994) is based on a Greek myth.



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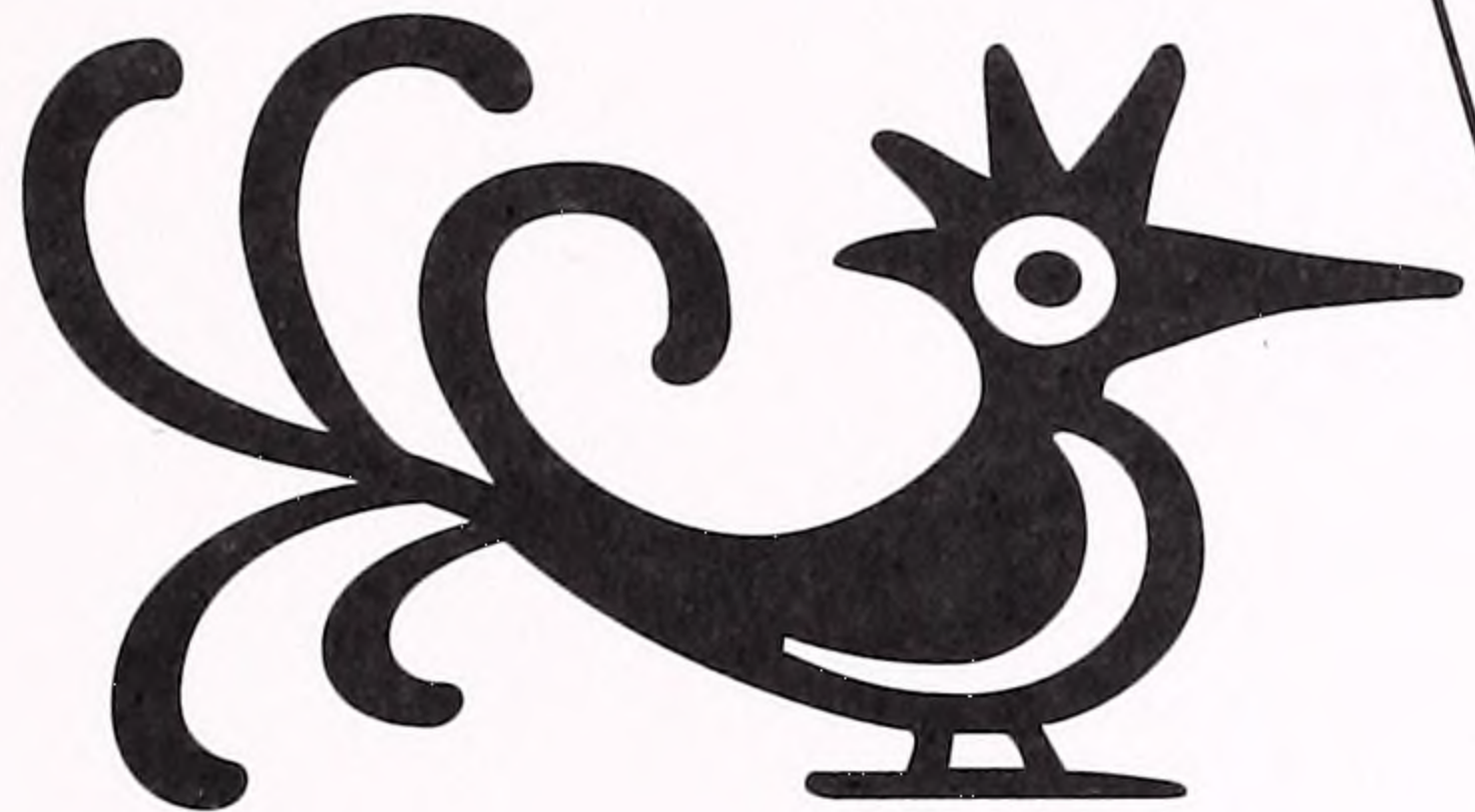
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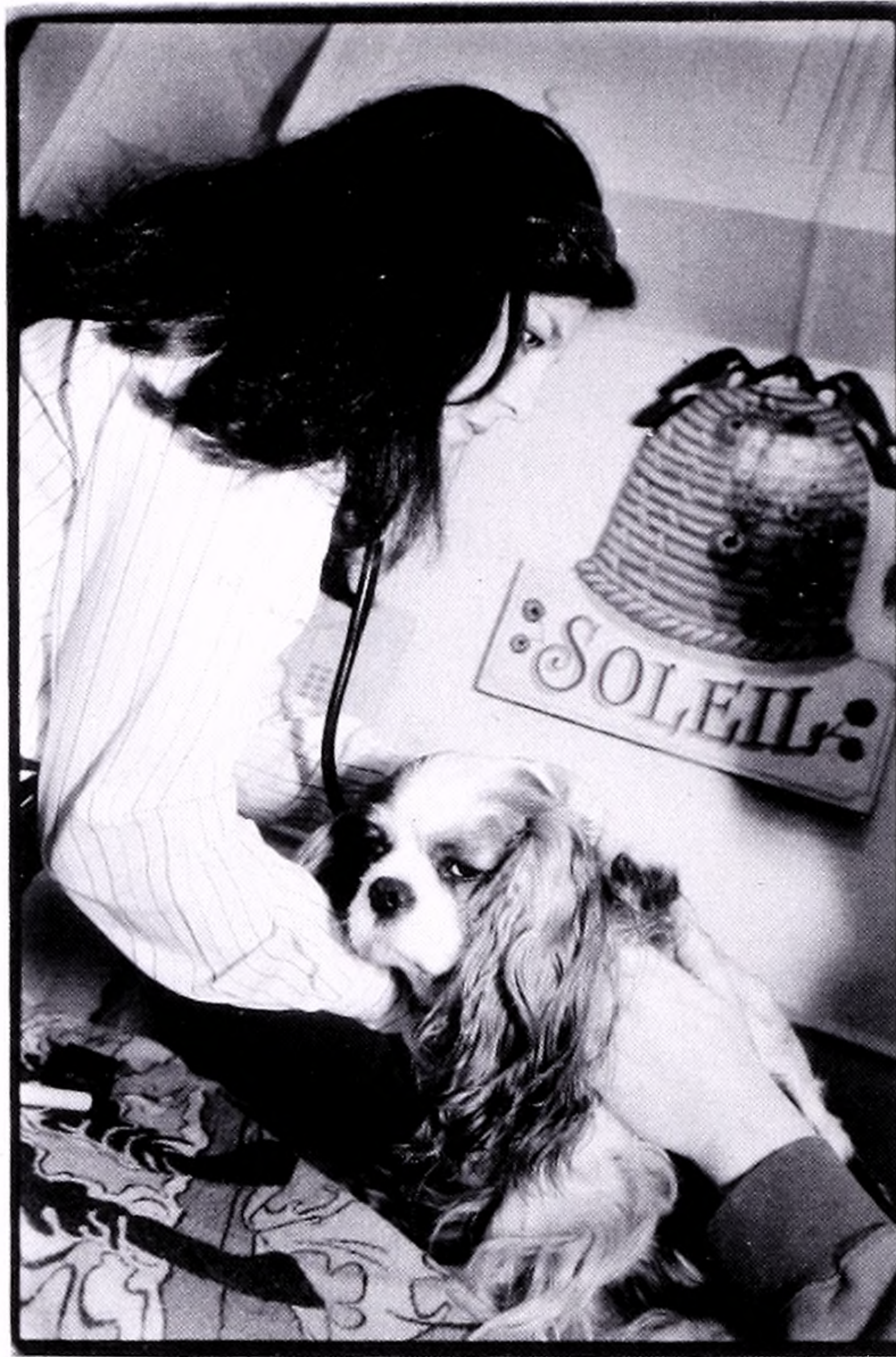
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