

BARNARD

SUMMER 1997

FICTION

Rivalry in a two-career marriage

MEMOIRS

Building the Barnard Women's Center;
Early days of women in the Navy

ESSAY

At peace in a mother's garden

Also inside:

Commencement
and Reunion

Summer Reading

PUTTING OUR TRUST IN BARNARD

Azelle Brown Waltcher '45



Retired Professors Azelle Brown Waltcher '45 and Irving Waltcher

I LOVED MY TIME at Barnard: the good friends I made, the faculty and the paces they put us through, the varieties of programs, both academic and extracurricular, and the Barnard spirit in general. I had been a scholarship recipient and was keenly aware of the fact that my way at the College was made easier by the generosity of some who went before me. Altogether, I have had a lot to be grateful for and had planned for quite a while to give something back to Barnard.

Then, two years ago, a company whose stock Irv and I had long held was slated for takeover. Not only were we going to lose the dividends we had been receiving, but the capital growth that we had planned to distribute through our wills was going to be markedly diminished by capital gains taxes.

After talking with the Development Office at Barnard, we realized that we could use the full pre-taxed value of the stock to set up charitable remainder trusts that would not only provide lifetime payments to my husband and me, but would also allow us to make a larger gift to Barnard than we ever dreamed possible.

Making this gift has been a very happy event for us. We now receive a very generous income—several times what we had been receiving in dividends from the stock—and we enjoyed an income-tax deduction as well. Most of all, we derive real satisfaction and delight from knowing that, after our deaths, the trust proceeds will establish the Azelle B. Waltcher '45 and Irving Waltcher Scholarship Fund. We couldn't be more pleased.

For information on how to make a deferred gift to Barnard, please contact: Stephanie Whitsitt, Associate Director for Planned Giving, The Barnard Campaign, Barnard College, 3009 Broadway, New York, NY 10027-6598; phone: (212) 854-2001; fax: (212) 854-7550; or E-mail swhitsitt@barnard.columbia.edu

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BY RACHEL RAPP CAREAU '86

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KRISTINE LARSEN

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STEVE BERMAN

On Parents and Memoir

My thanks to *Barnard Magazine* for two fine articles in the Winter 1997 issue—"Artifacts of the Imagination: Writing a Parent's Life" and Gina Luria Walker's "Walking Alone." For five years I've been working on *Balancing Acts: Memories of American Political Expatriates in Mexico 1947-1965*, a communal memoir about my parents and other communists and progressives who fled the United States during the "Red Scare" years.

These articles allowed me to see my own work for what it really is—not a historical analysis of political exile, but a way of trying to come to terms with my parents' choices. In dealing with an entire community, more than fifty families, instead of tackling the central issue I just managed to find a round-about approach to the same thing. (Perhaps my next book will be about my parents.)

Diana Zykofsky Anhalt
Lomas Chapultepec, Mexico

More Buried Treasures

There is another buried treasure, a physicist that I am almost certain Ruth Lewin Sime never heard about while she was studying physical chemistry at Barnard ("Unburying Treasures," Spring 1997). Margaret Maltby was an instructor in chemistry at Barnard, a rank that was the highest held by a woman at Columbia when she took charge of the department of chemistry in 1900. When Marie Reimer was hired in 1903 to head the department, Maltby was promoted to adjunct professor of physics and chaired the Barnard physics department from 1918 to 1931. A graduate of MIT, Maltby had done distinguished doctoral research at Gottingen on the measurement of high electrolytic resistances and in 1895 became the first American woman to earn a Ph.D. in physics from any German university. She continued working in this area as the first woman to become a research assistant at the prestigious Physikalisch-Technische

Reichsanstalt near Berlin.

As a physicist, Maltby's research talents remained buried while she taught at Barnard, although she devoted much time to the recently founded Association of Collegiate Alumnae (later, the American Association of University Women). Perhaps Ms. Sime could shed some light on the circumstances for women scientists in the academic world of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century that might have contributed to this strange outcome.

Shirley Sexauer Harrison '44
Bayside, New York

Modern Media

Firstly, thanks for all your efforts. I always look forward to reading *Barnard Magazine*.

I want to suggest that it may be time to have a new category in the *Ex Libris* section. "Multimedia," which may be a special Internet "thing," or a computer product, or...? I have an interest because I am a producer for computer games, but I am always interested to see what other hi-tech products are being made, distributed, created, or published.

Meg Storey '81
San Francisco

Bigger is Better

I'm sure you're aware that as some of us grow older we have problems with our eyes. I have been finding *Barnard Magazine* increasingly difficult to read because so many of the articles are printed in very small type.

Would it be possible to consider those of us who may be dealing with cataracts and other eye problems and enlarge the type used in the Magazine?

Renée F. Cooper '45
Chevy Chase, Maryland

Editor's Note: Yes, certainly. We will keep this in mind in future issues of the Magazine.

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UPfront

A NEW SISTER SCHOOL

WHEN SHE ENROLLED AT Barnard, Alison Cross '97 never imagined herself bonding with distant relatives, strolling down quiet, leafy paths, and eating rich Southern cooking. But that's exactly what she did during the fall semester, as one of the first Barnard students to participate in a new exchange program with Atlanta's Spelman College.

"I loved it," says Cross, an architecture major from Fremont, California. "My roots are in Georgia. My family has a Spelman legacy. The whole school is like one big sorority."

Indeed, Spelman, a historically black women's college, prides itself on its "sisterhood," which extends to other women's schools with whom it has long-standing student exchange programs. With its New York City setting and relationship with a major research university, Barnard is a welcome addition to Spelman's network, which also includes Smith, Mount Holyoke, Vassar, and Bryn Mawr.

"[The exchange program] provides an opportunity for students to have similar-yet-different experiences," says Cynthia Neal Spence, Spelman's associate academic dean. "Both our colleges are well-grounded in issues of women, but Spelman has a more specific focus on the development of African-American women and women of color, and Barnard has New York City."

From Barnard's perspective, the new program also sets two firsts, as the College's only student exchange with a domestic school and with an institution where the majority of students are women of color. "The exchange with Spelman adds to the diversity of experiences you can get here," says Vivian Taylor, Barnard's associate dean of student affairs who oversees the program.

So far, three students from each college have participated, and both schools are reporting great interest from future juniors, for whom the program is intended. For Cross, as well as other participants, the exchange enriches the college experience inside as well as outside the classroom. In "Twentieth-Century African-American Literature" at Spelman, for instance, Cross said she learned much from her classmates, who came from what she described as "an interesting mix of black cultures." For LaShay Jones, a theater and philosophy major at Spelman, Barnard's "Text and Movement" class was a unique addition to her training as an actor.

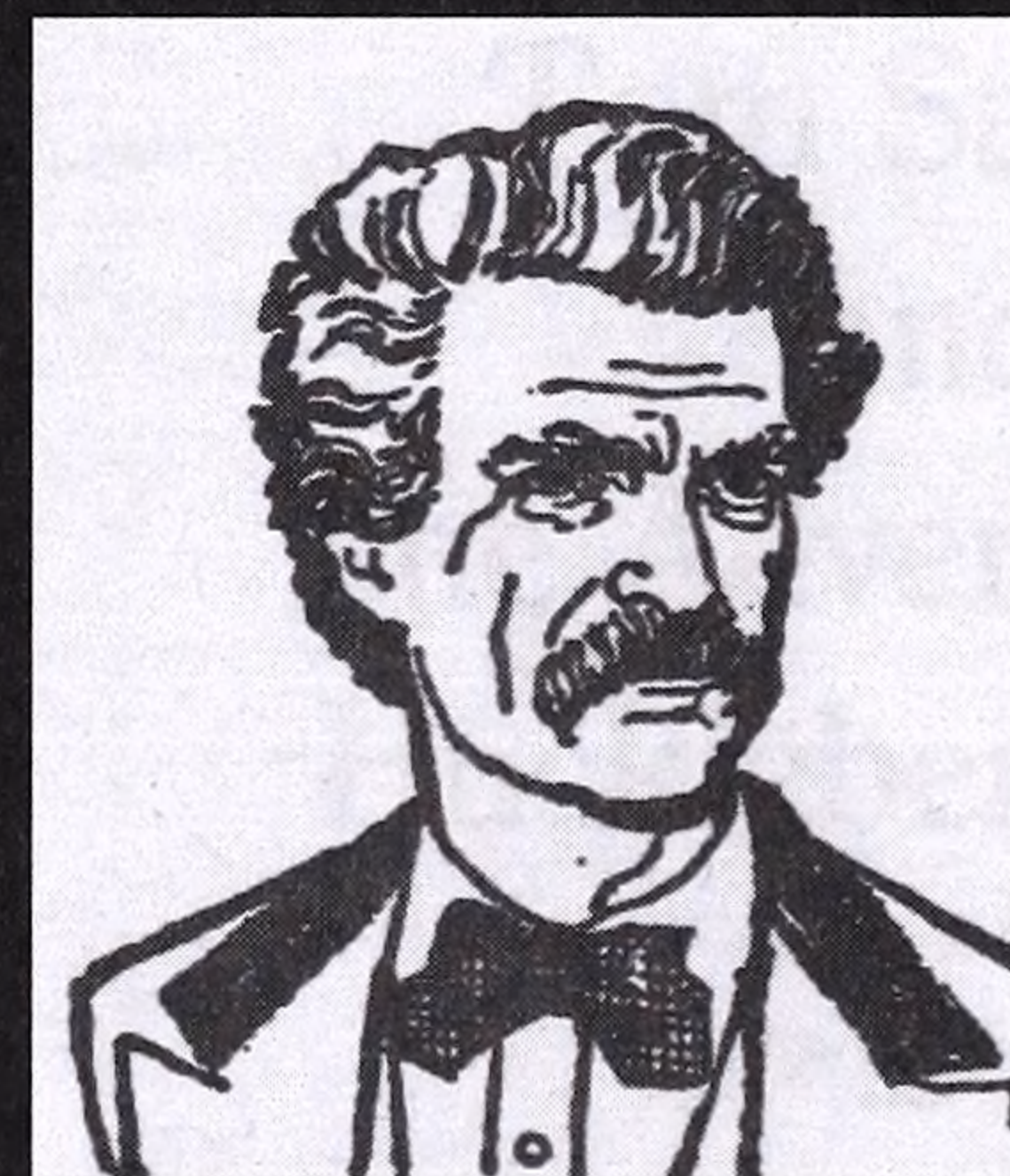
Jones and Cross learned another lesson, too; they each came to appreciate what it was they loved most about their "home" schools. Jones lamented missing Spelman Founder's Day in April, a large-scale event attended by alumnae and renowned speakers, while Cross says that by the end of her semester down south, she yearned for New York City's quicker pace and more easily accessible midnight snacks.



Spelman College students LaShay Jones (left) and Stacey Dougan come to Barnard

DID YOU KNOW?

IN THE SPRING of 1906 Mark Twain visited Barnard, kicking off a series of speaking engagements to exclusively female audiences—which earned him the moniker, "the Belle of New York." At the Barnard Union, dues-paying members gathered to hear Twain's self-deprecating reflections on "Morals and Memory." "It's my opinion that everyone I know has morals," began Twain. "I know I have. But I'd rather teach them than practice them any day." He was a big hit, as were the "lemonade and small cakes" that were served, reported the *Barnard Bulletin*.



UPfront

reunion '97





Left page (clockwise from top left): Panel of food experts, Sissy Biggers '79 (foreground), Stephanie Wanger Guest '72, Michele Urvater '67, Lisa Cohen Ekus '79, and Joan Hamburg '57; the audience enjoys a laugh during panel discussions; art historian Susan Weber Soros '77, recipient of the Woman of Achievement Award, and President Shapiro; members of the Class of '77 in Reunion Parade; Françoise Kelz '44 and Ina Campbell '44; 50th Anniversary Breakfast. **This page:** Vera Joseph Peterson '32 and Charlotte Hanley Scott '47 at the Reunion of Women of Color; World War II veterans Ethel Greenfield Booth '32 (left), Elinor Maslon '48, Ethel Paley '49, and Jo League '49 at the Veterans Reunion; Carol Herman Cohen '59 (right), president of the AABC, presents Alumnae Recognition Award to Barbara Schmitter, former vice president and dean for student affairs; young alumnae in McIntosh Plaza; President Shapiro entertains the Class of 1947; writers Rebecca Goldstein '72 and Sigrid Nunez '72 (center photo) sign their books.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF DREAMS

BY PRESIDENT JUDITH SHAPIRO

TODAY'S CEREMONY IS what we anthropologists call a big-time rite of passage—you cross one of the major thresholds in your educational, professional, and personal lives. And you should do so with a great sense not only of trepidation—which is to be expected—but also of confidence and exhilaration, since the work you have done and the experiences you have had during these past four years at Barnard are a strong and solid foundation for all that is to come.

This is an occasion when well-wishers say they hope that all your dreams come true. I hesitate to wish that upon you, though, since I have recently read a study about what are in fact the four most common dreams that occur among the American population—which turn out to be fears: the fear of falling; the fear of being chased; the fear of being unprepared for an exam (which is one of the reasons why students have a hard time telling when they're asleep and when they're awake); and the fear of appearing naked in front of strangers.

But, of course, we know that the dreams we hope will come true are our best waking dreams, which, in your case, I am sure, are both ambitious and idealistic. And I am also sure that you understand a very important truth about dreaming: that in dreams begin responsibilities.

My sense of your dreams and what you are prepared to do to realize them comes not only from knowing you, but also from the many comparative surveys that are carried out on student attitudes, values, and activities. Barnard students rank exceptionally high among their peers in altruism and in social activism. And, you have taken on the responsibilities that go with your dreams

for a fairer and more generous society.

Over the past four years, the majority of you have volunteered in community service programs, working in soup kitchens, tutoring young children, caring for the elderly, organizing activities such as the Peace Games, which teach nonviolent conflict resolution skills to middle school students. You have organized and participated in highly effective voter registration drives. You have worked for political candidates of your choice. You have been energetic, entrepreneurial, and imaginative in taking on a range of civic responsibilities.

Which brings me to the second most common message at commencements: given what you've learned at college, your mission—should you accept it—is to save the world. Your graduation is the time when your elders lament the fact that the world is pretty screwed up. Sometimes they explicitly blame themselves, sometimes not. But either way, they seem to be asserting that you are the ones who have to fix it.

You should not accept any such messages uncritically. It does so happen that our world and our country are not what they should be—far from it.

Our communities are weakened and many of our political institutions are dying on the vine, deprived of our faith and our commitment. And we are very much looking to the role you will play in making things better, especially given how much talent and ability you bring to the task. But this does not mean that the older generations can abdicate. It means that we are in it together.

And we are in it whatever careers we choose to follow. Those of us who end up occupying privileged positions in society are especially responsible for thinking

beyond ourselves and our immediate interests, since we have resources at our disposal to help address our society's needs. We are, in fact, the ones who must especially heed the words of Marian Wright Edelman, founder and president of the Children's Defense Fund, who said, "Service is the rent each of us pays for living—the very purpose of life and not something you do in your spare time after you have reached your goals."

When we think about what's wrong with our society, when we worry about a breakdown in values and in the social order, we usually think first of poor urban neighborhoods, single mothers on welfare, street gangs. Or of young people generally—of college campuses where there is friction between students of different ethnic groups and various kinds of behavior that are fairly rude.

But how about looking instead, for example, at Orange County, where a group of rather privileged folk decided that they weren't going to be held responsible for paying their debts when the county filed for bankruptcy in 1994. What lessons of morality and civic responsibility were to be drawn from their actions? What kind of example were they setting to those less fortunate and those younger than themselves? If our social fabric is indeed unraveling, it seems to be unraveling from the top.

Crain's New York Business reported this past winter that the boom times we have been seeing on Wall Street have not led to higher levels of philanthropic activity, on the part of either companies or individuals.

People seem to be in take-the-money-and-run mode. Some of the more senior members of the city's financial community are expressing worry about the generation after them, whose members don't seem to understand that good fortune involves a responsibility to give back.

Ted Turner tells us that the reason the very wealthiest don't give more is that they don't want to lose their place on the list of the richest people in the world. He proposed that there be a list for those who have given the most, or that those at the top of the most-wealthy list all get together and decide to reduce their net worth by the same amount of giving. These are interesting and welcome ideas, but it's rather depressing that we live in a world that needs them.

And then there are those who have reached the top even though they came from seriously underprivileged backgrounds, who have never enjoyed a level playing field in our society, but who have instead had an unusually forbidding mountain to climb. Many of these successful people not only want to forget those they have left down below, they want also to forget the various programs and initiatives that served as their mountain gear during the climb; they want to forget the others who scaled the mountain first and held the ropes. They want to believe that they got where they are by their own efforts alone. But nobody does.

This basic truth is too easily forgotten in a society so focused on the individual. Social scientists and social critics have been trying to alert us for some time now to the parlous state of our communal life. Their concern is both for our basic institutions, including those that comprise our government, and for our local communities, our neighborhoods.

Communities, at least historically, have been places where people of different circumstances live together and share responsibilities. They are places where people develop what the urbanist Jane Jacobs called "casual public trust." They are different from what have come to be called "life-style enclaves": that is, groups of people who come together because of their likenesses, their common interests.

There are many people in the United States who now live in places where they only see people their own age, for example, not to mention their own income-level. They socialize only with people who are very much like themselves. The things they read and the clubs they belong to depend on whether they are wine enthusiasts, environmental activists, gun fanciers, or bridge players. Our new information technologies, which are supposed to broaden our horizons and bring more of the world to our doorsteps, have, in fact, exactly the opposite potential, offering us ever greater refinement and specialization in our choice of friends and associates. We can find a group of Internet partners who are interested in the early poems of T.S. Eliot. People interested in the later poems can form their own group.

Now this is all well and good as long as we also experience life in real communities, communities where we brush up against people different from ourselves, where we have to learn to deal with people we did not necessarily choose for ourselves. You have been doing that these past four years. You have lived in a real community—particularly given the combination of Barnard, Morningside Heights, and the wider city—and you have lived the life of one of our society's great institutions, an institution with a strong tradition and history: an outstanding residential liberal arts college.

And that is a gift and a privilege that you take with you as you go on to make a life for yourself. You will understand in the deepest way that the life you make will be not only for yourself, but for and with others. You will need them; they will need you. The meaning you find in your life—and, remember, whatever else people may be looking for in this world, they are *always* looking for meaning—will depend very strongly on the communities you help to build and on the institutions you help to strengthen.

Good luck to you. May you do fine things and take great joy in them. And keep coming back to tell the rest of us your stories.

THE GIFT OF LIFE

BY ANNA QUINDLEN '74

IF I HAD STOOD here in my twenties, I would have talked to you about fighting the good fight, about taking all your brains and psychological brawn out there and getting and doing what you want. I would have told you that this place had prepared you superlatively for the battle, and that the world would not welcome you, or honor you, as women, as you have been welcomed and honored here.

That's all still true.

If I had stood here in my thirties, I would have told you that the battle was only half the story. I would have told you that it could also be wonderful to lay down your arms and open them, to children, to friends, to love, to peace. I would have told you that there were things we had taken for granted, we women, all these years, that we never should have taken for granted, much less cast aside: home and hearth, nurturing and teaching. That, freely chosen, leavened with our adventures in the great world, they brought great satisfaction.

Still true as well.

But I am in my forties now, and so I want to talk to you about something more basic, and more important, too, more overarching than either of those. Something that is at the root of both a good life in the great world and one in the world of the heart and the home.

Almost ten years ago, when I was hugely pregnant with our third child, I traveled throughout New York and all America to promote a collection of my columns, my first book, entitled *Living Out Loud*. I was prepared for almost anything. I was prepared to explain how I feel about abortion, Catholicism, and feminism. I was prepared to tell how my husband, my father, and my sons feel about my work. I was prepared to tell how much weight I'd gained during my pregnancy, whether I expected to breast or bottle feed, and whether I was prepared to go through childbirth without drugs.

I was prepared to have people write that I don't write

very well, or that I'm not really terribly insightful, and a few of them did. But the criticism lodged against me most frequently was one that came as a complete surprise. "From the depths of happiness," read the headline in a magazine article that described my work as "sunny" in the same tone usually reserved for Satanism. "I don't believe her," one writer said in another piece. "She may be the only happy person in New York, but somehow I doubt it." It was an odd experience, having to defend yourself against the accusation that you were too content with the world.

It's odd to have to, because in some ways it should be so apparent why this should be so. In a world of divorce and disillusionment with romantic love, I am lucky enough to be married to the Columbia College man I fell in love with my first year at Barnard. Amid an epidemic of infertility, we had no difficulty conceiving any of our three children. We were prepared for them to be an extraordinary drain on our time and energy, but no one told us that they'd be more fun, and more satisfying, than anything we'd ever done. Both of us have satisfying work that pays well. What's to be unhappy about? And yet so many of the people we knew were complaining about finding a nanny when they are lucky enough to have children, bemoaning the demands of work when they are blessed with good jobs. And so I realized that I had to look beyond my day-to-day life to discover how I had somehow wound up in the depths of happiness.

I've written a good bit over the years about being Catholic. I've realized, too, that there is something broader to me than religious affiliation, which has determined how I feel about myself and about the people I love and have come to admire. And that is something I think of as "my attitude." It has to do with what you are made of, with how you approach the world around you, and, ultimately, whether you perceive it as a worthwhile place and your fellow travelers as worthwhile human beings.

Fortunately, I came by my attitude pretty young. Unfortunately, I came by it in the worst possible way. I was nineteen years old when I was told that my mother had stage four ovarian cancer, which meant she would not live much longer. At the time I'd just finished my first year at Barnard, found myself able for the first time in my life to swear and not be reprimanded, to go out at midnight and not have to tell anyone where I was going. But I was the oldest of five children, and our mother was dying, and at the beginning of what would have been my sophomore year I packed my things in the room on 2 Reid, where I'd planned to spend the year as a dorm counselor, and found myself instead making meatloaf and administering morphine in a house in the suburbs.

I don't think I had any appreciation at the time for how horrible it really was. Certainly not the appreciation I have for it now, as the mother of young children. But you don't know much when you're nineteen. Or at least I didn't. My mother was forty years old at the time, and I thought that was a great age. I myself am now forty-four, which is second cousin to adolescence.

And yet it is amazing how much you can learn in just one year. I'm not sure I learned anything much about mortality, or death, or pain, or even love... but I learned something enduring about life. And that was that it was glorious, and that you had no business taking it for granted. I went home in September and my mother died in January, leaving an index card on which she had written the words to the section of St. Paul's letter to the Corinthians which begins, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not love..." By April, I realized I had salvaged one thing from the ruin of my life as I had known it. And that was that I was still alive, and that it was so wonderful that I could actually take pleasure in the feeling of my lungs filling up. I looked at the daffodils and the azaleas in our suburban neighborhood, and my God they were so beautiful.

I came back to Barnard and looked around at all the kids I knew who found it kind of a drag. And I knew that I had undergone a sea change. Because I was never again going to see life as anything but a great gift....

It's ironic that we forget so often how wonderful life really is. We have more time than ever before to remember it. Many of our grandparents had to work long, long hours to support lots and lots of children in tiny, tiny houses. In some of our families, three or four generations ago, the women worked in factories and sweatshops and then at home, too, with two bosses—the one who paid them, and the one they were married to, who didn't. It was a tough life. I've met women who had a narrow groove worn into their front teeth, the groove that appears there when you've used that tooth for years and years to bite off thread from your sewing machine.

There are new generations of immigrants now, who work that hard; some of you graduates here today know that because they are your parents or grandparents. But those of us who are third and fourth generation are surrounded by high-tech appliances, beautiful cars, family rooms, pools—the kinds of things our grandparents thought only rich people had. Yet somehow, instead of rejoicing, we've found the glass half empty. Our jobs take too much out of us. Our children are an awful responsibility. We're expected to pick the kids up at preschool and run the microwave at home. Come on, let's be honest. We have an embarrassment of riches. Life is good.

And that, more than anything, is why we have an obligation to make it better. It is so easy to think that things will be taken care of if you take care of yourself. It is easy to say to yourself, I cannot give a minute more. There are not enough hours in the day.

Whenever I feel that way I remember a day I spent as a reporter with a graphic designer who made soup twice a week at a soup kitchen in Chelsea. She had a husband and two kids and a big apartment to take care of along with her job, and I was standing at a sink watching her scrape carrots. I said to her, "How can you find the time to do this?" She looked out the kitchen window at the line of men and women that had begun to form outside and to curve around the block. With scarcely a pause in her peeling, she answered, "How could I not?"

The question is not will we do that, because we must. If each of us doesn't give something back, it makes a mockery of all that we have been given. But first we have to recognize and acknowledge how much we have; we have to see the glass half full, not half empty.

The only way any of us can find the strength to try to save the world—or any small part of it—is to firmly, passionately believe that it is so grand it is worth saving. It was no accident that many activists of the last century—the abolitionists, the suffragettes—came from privileged backgrounds. They knew how good life could be because they had good lives. And good lives at once stoked their spirits and made them impatient for good lives for others.

Many more of us now have good lives than our ancestors had. We should find strength in that to do our part. Because we are in a position to know that life is—for lack of a better term—divine.

So this afternoon, I offer you, my sisters, the challenge that in our hyperdriven times may be the most difficult of all. Consider the lilies of the field. Look at the fuzz on a baby's ear. Read in the back yard with the sun on your face. Learn to be happy. Learn to look at all the good in the world and to give some of it back because you believe in it passionately.

Anna Quindlen is a novelist and journalist.



Building a Women's Center

Jane S. Gould '40
was the first
permanent
director of the
Women's Center
at Barnard,
serving from
1972-1983.
The following
are excerpts
from her
forthcoming
memoir.

THE MAGNITUDE OF the social revolution that was developing outside the ivory tower in the late 1960s and early 1970s was much larger than I had ever imagined. In the fall of 1970 I joined a small group of faculty members, administrators, students, and alumnae who began meeting informally to explore what Barnard could—and should—do to formally acknowledge the challenges of the women's movement. After a few months the group was much smaller due to attrition. We settled in to work on what turned out to be a year-long effort. President Peterson designated us an official college task force and charge-dus with drawing up a plan for action.

We were a varied group, with different backgrounds, interests, and commitments, but we shared the conviction that it was time for Barnard to do more than provide a superior education for women. We believed that "this superior education for women" should offer more than admission to a still discriminatory, white-male tradition. After months of arguing, pleading, suggesting, agreeing, and disagreeing, we voiced our hopes in a persuasive report that became the basis for the establishment of the Barnard Women's Center.

Knowing the reluctance of traditional institutions to change and to innovate and recalling the hostility shown in response to the antiwar movement, I honestly didn't expect anything concrete to emerge from these discussions....

But these were extraordinary times, and we were an extraordinary group. Although all the students had dropped out—most of them mistrustful of a college-run project—seven of us had stayed to become the task force and the founders of the Women's Center: three faculty members—Annette Kar Baxter '47, Patricia Graham, and Catharine Stimpson; two alumnae trustees—Eleanor Elliott '48 and Iola Haverstick '46; and two administrators—Barbara Hertz '43 and myself.

Catharine Stimpson, a young, charismatic English professor, chaired the task force, providing strong leadership, unflagging enthusiasm, and good humor. Her understanding of the importance of feminism and its place within the academy was undoubtedly the most important factor in the creation of the Women's Center and of some of the early women's studies course offerings. She kept us together, moving forward, insisting that we focus on realistic goals. The two alumnae trustees used their influence with other trustees and with the president and managed to secure the necessary funding. Both women were steadfast in their commitment and scarcely missed a meeting. Iola Haverstick, after raising a family, was enrolled in the Ph.D. program in English at Columbia and was full of ideas for a women's library. When this didn't happen, she made a large personal contribution to augment the Overbury Collection, a small special collection by and about women, already housed in the Barnard library. Eleanor Elliott was a remarkable woman who had devoted her energies to taking leadership in organizations that she believed in, the most important of which was her own alma mater. I soon discovered that whenever she took an interest, things happened.... No

matter how radical the suggestions or the plan, she always ended a meeting by saying, "What do we need to do next?"

Although there were many questions and reservations about the need for a separate women's institution in a women's college, the Women's Center opened in the fall of 1971. It was housed in a prominent spot on campus in a tiny, dingy room with a crumbling ceiling. Catharine Stimpson was released from one-third of her teaching obligations to direct the center for one year, while we looked for a permanent director. Although it was underfinanced, understaffed, and unfocused, the establishment of the Women's Center felt like a major victory. We also knew we were not yet a permanent part of the college community. In the minds of many, we were simply an administrative gesture.

Our first public program was a spirited panel discussion entitled "Is There Male Chauvinism at Columbia?" It turned out to be an evening of high comedy: a packed audience listened to a panel of eight Columbia male professors, including such reputable figures as George Fraenkel, Eli Ginzberg, Loren Graham, Seymour Melman, and President William McGill, as they pontificated on an issue that most of them, obviously, were considering for the first time in their lives and, for the most part, without much understanding or conviction. The one exception was Loren Graham from the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, who acknowledged the deep-seated chauvinism at Columbia and made several constructive suggestions for change, such as hiring husbands and wives with children on a part-time basis and, if parents so desired, granting maternity and paternity leave.

Anne Sutherland Harris and Elaine Showalter skillfully moderated the panel, maintaining a light touch, avoiding confrontation, and soft-pedaling the unspoken

rage that women in the audience must have felt as they listened to men baldly revealing deep-seated prejudices that they assumed were quite acceptable.

HOW DID IT happen? What made a traditional women's college acknowledge the force of the women's movement in such an innovative way, at the very beginning of the 1970s, when few other colleges and certainly no other women's college had shown such an interest? And how were we going to build, shape, and maintain this structure? These important questions consumed me during the next few years.

There is no easy explanation. The strong commitment of a few women was essential, along with their willingness to heed academic protocol so that the Women's Center could be rooted firmly within the institutional fabric of the College. The charter was a great help.... The charter committee worked for a whole year and through nine drafts to satisfy the committee and to receive college approval. Its mission was inclusive: "to assure that women can live and work in dignity, autonomy, and equality... [to address] the broad needs... of women... [to serve as] a physical and psychological meeting ground

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for women.” The charter stressed “the open sharing of knowledge and experience” by encouraging “ties among diverse groups of women.” It encouraged the creation of both academic and nonacademic programs and projects that “complement or coincide with Barnard’s distinctive academic strengths in women’s studies.” All of this took place at a time when we still didn’t have a formal women’s studies program—just a handful of course offerings.

The charter was a remarkable document, both expansive and specific. It spelled out a wide range of academic projects the Women’s Center might undertake, including a research library, departmental and interdepartmental courses, conferences, lectures, and publications. A framework was laid for a variety of nonacademic programs, including: providing information on activities and organizations of special interest to women; establishing noncredit courses on feminism, projects in the arts, and vocational counseling for college women in the metropolitan area; and creating a clearinghouse for women’s professional and educational projects.

Governance was a major issue for the charter committee. The executive committee was to be the policymaking body of the Women’s Center. The committee, composed of twelve members, would represent the four major constituencies of the Women’s Center: three students, three faculty members, three alumnae, and three administrators....

When I became director, I inherited an executive committee appointed by President Peterson. In addition to the four founders with whom I had worked closely to establish the center, there were several other remarkable women: Suzanne Wemple and Danielle Haase-Dubosc ’59, Barnard faculty; Pat Ballou, Barnard librarian; Susan Rennie ’61, Barnard alumna and Columbia administrator; and Janet Axelrod ’73, then a Barnard student.

IN THE EARLY 1970s, the Women’s Center’s very existence tapped a great reservoir of feminist energy, which—in turn—helped to shape our identity. It was like opening a floodgate. At times I felt as if I were part of an ongoing consciousness-raising group. So many new issues were debated daily that I often left the office with my head spinning. Legal abortion, women-centered healthcare, sexual orientation, and the new scholarship on women... joined those issues that we had been struggling with for the past decade—primarily discrimination in education and employment. We were faced with an embarrassment of riches: ideas, proposals, and offers of assistance for a wide range of projects and services, all designed to fill unmet and emerging needs.

We were also overwhelmed with inquiries: telephone calls, letters, and visitors inquiring about women’s groups, services for women, women’s events, women’s studies courses, current research, and publications. What seemed to be needed most in the early 1970s was information about what was available. We started collecting this new material, which was emerging so rapidly that we could hardly keep up with it. We took on projects—including compiling the first nationwide, interdisciplinary bibliography of scholarly research on women—that helped us become a national resource center and a clearinghouse for information about women. The projects were started and initially carried out by volunteers, a working precedent that

was to become an integral part of the center’s fabric and success. From the beginning, committed and capable women sought us out, wanting to participate in the burgeoning women’s movement....

Word of our existence spread so quickly that we were overwhelmed with requests from scholars, artists, filmmakers, writers, activists, and women’s groups to hold public forums and creative programs on a whole range of emerging issues. Although we couldn’t accommodate all these requests, most of the movers and shakers of the women’s movement did, in one way or another, participate actively in at least one Women’s Center program during the tumultuous 1970s. This included visits from European feminist leaders, among them Hélène Cixous, Juliet Mitchell, and Sheila Rowbotham, and delegations of women from the Soviet Union and from China. Without any paid publicity or special media attention, I found I could depend on the feminist community to publicize an event and to ensure a good attendance. Within a few years, we became a strong feminist presence in the New York metropolitan area, living up to one of the principles stated in our charter: “to become a physical and psychological meeting place for women.” So urgent was the need for public exploration of perspectives that were directly related to the new thinking about women and to the particular experience of women from different races, class backgrounds, and sexual orientations, that, once started, many of our programs—the Scholar and the Feminist conferences, a film and video festival, a series of monthly women’s issues luncheons, and the Reid Lectureship—quickly became a permanent part of our calendar.

As we became known, the number of events multiplied, and in any month our calendar might include such programs as a lecture entitled “A View of Women as Seen through the Eyes of Christine de Pizan,” a fifteenth-century woman of letters; a film entitled *Women of Wounded Knee*; a discussion of grass-roots organizing for battered women; a workshop on “Lesbianism and the Social Function of Taboo”; a women’s art exhibition; an analysis of the theological question “Is There a Feminist Understanding of Sin?”; a discussion on “Perceptions of Black Women Writers”; or a talk by a Salvadoran woman describing how women in El Salvador were oppressed both by the junta and by the machismo of the men with whom they lived. In addition, it was not unusual for the Women’s Center to cosponsor a program with an outside group, an easy way to make connections with the feminist community and to provide space and support for programs that we might otherwise not be able to offer.

So great was the demand for space that our small office was constantly in use, either for our own meetings, which often spilled over into evenings and weekends, or by one of the many newly formed women’s groups. A consciousness-raising group met regularly once a week for six years and, for a period of years, a women’s caucus in sociology held quarterly weekend meetings at the Women’s Center. Walking down Broadway on almost any night and seeing the lights still burning in the Women’s Center was confirmation for me of the vibrancy of the women’s movement.

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The
BATTLE
of
GRAND
CENTRAL

The Early Days of Women in the Navy

BY ETHEL GREENFIELD BOOTH '32

ILLUSTRATION BY ROSS MACDONALD

We were off to the wars bright and early that fateful December morn, 1942. Most of us had been waiting some weeks for the summons to active duty, but nevertheless, when it came it was a surprise.

My father had never believed the Navy meant to have anything to do with me. When October faded into November, and here it was almost Christmas, he was convinced that their formal acceptance had been a clerical error. He refused to believe that anything running so counter to his plans for me could possibly come to pass. Mother was proud but sad.

I was proud but scared. The instructions that came with my orders had said: "You may have to carry your own baggage. Bear this in mind when packing. No trunks will be allowed." I had struggled manfully to comply, but what with the bulky shoes, the heavy stockings, the woolen underwear, it still added up to two suitcases.

So we took a taxi to the station, Father, Mother, and I, each absorbed in our own thoughts. I don't know what my father expected, but when he saw the crowd of Navy-bound females on the balcony overlooking the great hall at Grand Central, he panicked visibly. Pecking me on the cheek after an apprehensive look at the harassed sailor who seemed to be in sole charge, he made a hasty retreat. I think he expected to be told that lady-sailors didn't get kissed in public; or maybe he had a horrendous vision of his precious daughter in bell-bottom trousers within the week.

Mother stayed to the bitter end. Men that go down to the sea in ships notwithstanding, I thought then—and I still think now—that women are the sterner sex.

Now that it's all behind me, I will confess that that morning was something of a disappointment. I had thought that our leave-taking rated at least the presence of a senior officer—a Captain maybe, although I'd have settled for a Lieutenant Commander. Instead, there was only one uneasy sailor who kept calling out names and checking them off on lists to which he referred constantly. Two photographers showed up, but nothing spectacular or even mildly memorable was in the script.

But we did have some last-minute unscripted excitement when it turned out that one of our number might have missed the boat—by missing the train! Our sailor lined us up not once but twice, many minutes after the time for departure had come and gone. We stood at our civilian idea of attention as our names were called. All answered "Present," all save Donovan. "Donovan?" he cried, "Donovan from New Jersey," almost beseechingly the second time around, but there was no answer.

God bless Donovan from New Jersey. She was the sole topic of conversation for us from 42nd Street to 125th. Her mysterious absence took the edge off leaving. She gave us our first laugh together, our first shared experience. She made it, after all, boarding the train at the 125th Street station. She not only made it but became my first roommate, and the first girl to fall out of a double-decker bed. Not that the practice became commonplace, but it happened often enough to rate one short laugh instead of the prolonged guffaw occasioned by Donovan's magnificent descent.

For Harriet Donovan was the serene, majestic type. To look at her was to conjure up drawing-room scenes and polite conversation over tea cups. And always Harriet would be pouring. It was this supreme air of self-confidence, of having the situation well in hand, that made her our Morale Officer in the days to come.

That day we had no Morale Officer, we had no *esprit de corps*, we had nothing but our orders which puzzled us infinitely. We compared the cryptic abbreviations each letter bore. We tried to unravel the mysterious sentences which held the clues to our individual fates, but to no avail. Orders or no orders, we were still very much civilians. And hungry. The dining facilities were inadequate and a couple of hundred girls began to feel virtuous as they experienced what they fondly believed to be the first rigors of war. This was the day before Christmas.

By three that afternoon we had inundated the Northampton station. We were greeted by brisk WAVE officers who had the situation well in hand, but instead we found ourselves embroiled in still further mysteries. We were then divided into the Holyoke group and the Smith group, and no one could fathom the reason. Theories sprouted full-grown all about us, and in this way, our very first hours of active duty in the Navy, we were introduced to that greatest of Navy institutions: scuttlebutt. We didn't even know the word then, but we did our part in furthering the tradition right then and there.

Scuttlebutt is the Navy word for rumor, gossip, hearsay. Scuttlebutt is very often manufactured from whole cloth. And scuttlebutt is often gospel truth. It may not have been fact when started, but it often has the power to mold the facts to conform. Scuttlebutt has it that one naval instructor earnestly advised his young students to keep the ball rolling and manufacture scuttlebutt if none came their way by eleven A.M.

In those first hectic days at Smith there was little time to think, much less to indulge in flights of fancy. First we had to learn the art—art?—of making a bed. To make a bed the Navy way is to make a bed the assembly-line way. But the finished product is indeed a work of art. Every corner on every bed is parallel to every other corner. Every pillow lies at the same angle. The bold letters

on each blanket that spell out *U.S. Navy* face the same way on every bed. No suspicious bulges are permitted to even suggest themselves beneath the taut blankets.

To achieve this masterpiece entails long hours of arduous practice, expert teaching, a painstaking eye for detail, and a ruthless taskmaster who will rip the bed apart for you—when you haven't the heart to—if one single crease is out of line. We were in luck: it was just before

As they
marched
in hazy twilight,
the WAVES
looked like a
dazzling
group of
Marlene Dietrichs.

Christmas and the holiday spirit prevailed. There was a delay in starting classes so we had the time, the only occasion on which that precious commodity was available, to get a thorough course of training under the guidance of the Mate-of-the-Deck.

Ah! The Mate-of-the-Deck! She was that lordly creature assigned us humble ones to see that we did what we were supposed to do. We who had been independent women of the world were now Apprentice Seamen, the lowest, most subservient rank the Navy bestows. She was one step higher. She wore a uniform topped by the officer's cap of the WAVES with the fouled anchor signifying her Midshipman status. She had but recently been promoted from our humble estate and consequently was the cockiest member of the Women's Reserve.

She taught us to make beds. She taught us to say we were going to chow at 1730, instead of going to dinner at 5:30. She inspected our room every hour on the hour and insisted we keep it shipshape. She talked of *topside* instead of *upstairs*, and she wore wonderful, clumsy, sheepskin-lined rubber boots to walk through the snow and ice of New England. She looked glamorous in her rainhat, that lovely concoction known as a havelock which made the WAVES look, as they marched, like a platoon of widows, or maybe Foreign Legionnaires, or, in the hazy twilight, like a dazzling group of Marlene Dietrichs.

And then we had to learn to break in those shoes which our preliminary instructions had said were "to be broken in before arrival." No shoes ever received such a thorough breaking in. No tender feet ever marched so long and covered so little ground. No women ever before hopped so grimly to the sing-song cadence of the drillmaster. And there was a drillmaster! We called him the Drill and Discipline Officer, Navy-style.

He was tall and handsome, and he paced up and down the gym floor as we tried to carry out his commands. Two women ensigns were our company commanders, and they tried us out on the easy ones. We marched and we counter-marched, we columned right and we left-flanked determinedly for an hour every day. But when *he* took over, all was different. As the male resonance of his voice sang out, spirits lightened, and strangely enough the hour seemed to go faster. Ah, the frailty of women! It was so nice to realize we hadn't left it all behind. Of course he was married—they all were, we soon discovered. On purpose? Probably. There weren't any open-minded (translate "single") officers on the entire station. Or if there were, we never met them.

There was another choice activity to which we were

initiated those first days. These were the "shots." We were shot full of typhoid and typhus and smallpox and yellow fever. We learned to recognize all the stages of each one. We waited with interest for the typhoid arm to grow numb and the vaccination to itch. We suffered in sympathy with the girl who became feverish, and we expounded elaborately on our own unique symptoms. Never before had I known how comforting human com-



panionship in suffering can be. The night the typhoid shot began to make itself felt, that climactic point when all the little germs were using my poor arm as a battleground, found me happier than I'd been in a long time. For there, underneath me in my Navy double-decker, Florence was having chills and fever. Across the room Harriet moaned in her sleep, and up above, Libby had her bathrobe wrapped in a ball on which she rested her useless arm. Not that I have sadistic tendencies, but the knowledge that others felt as I did did more to make me realize the fellowship of mankind than fifty Sunday sermons.

In spite of it all we lived. The food helped. True, we couldn't put bobby pins in our hair with our bum right arms, but when faced by the

delicious repasts set before us in the quaint dining rooms of the Northampton Inn, we found we could manage to lift a spoon at least as far as our mouths. Such sausages and such desserts! Who could forget the peppermint candy ice-cream, the chocolate marshmallow cake icing? Surely the Navy was never like this before. And surely will never be again.

Those first days passed quickly. We learned to take orders, and we learned to like it—or make believe we did. We learned to rise at six and retire at ten. We marched to class, and we marched to meals. We stood on line to do everything, and we did everything in groups. From the moment we reported to the sailor in Grand Central to the day we received our commissions and were sworn in as Ensigns, we lost the handles to our names. It was Donovan, or Greenfield, or Seaman Donovan and Seaman Greenfield. And if we were announcing ourselves, it was more likely than not as "Seaman Greenfield, Sir."

So now we were in the War at last. The battle had started, and the Navy was on its way to making worthy shipmates of confirmed landlubbers—and women at that. The Navy did all it could to put its mark on us, but we in turn did a good deal to stamp the Navy with some of the distinguishing marks of our sex.

Ethel Greenfield Booth is a writer living in Los Angeles. She recently rediscovered this essay, which she wrote in 1944.

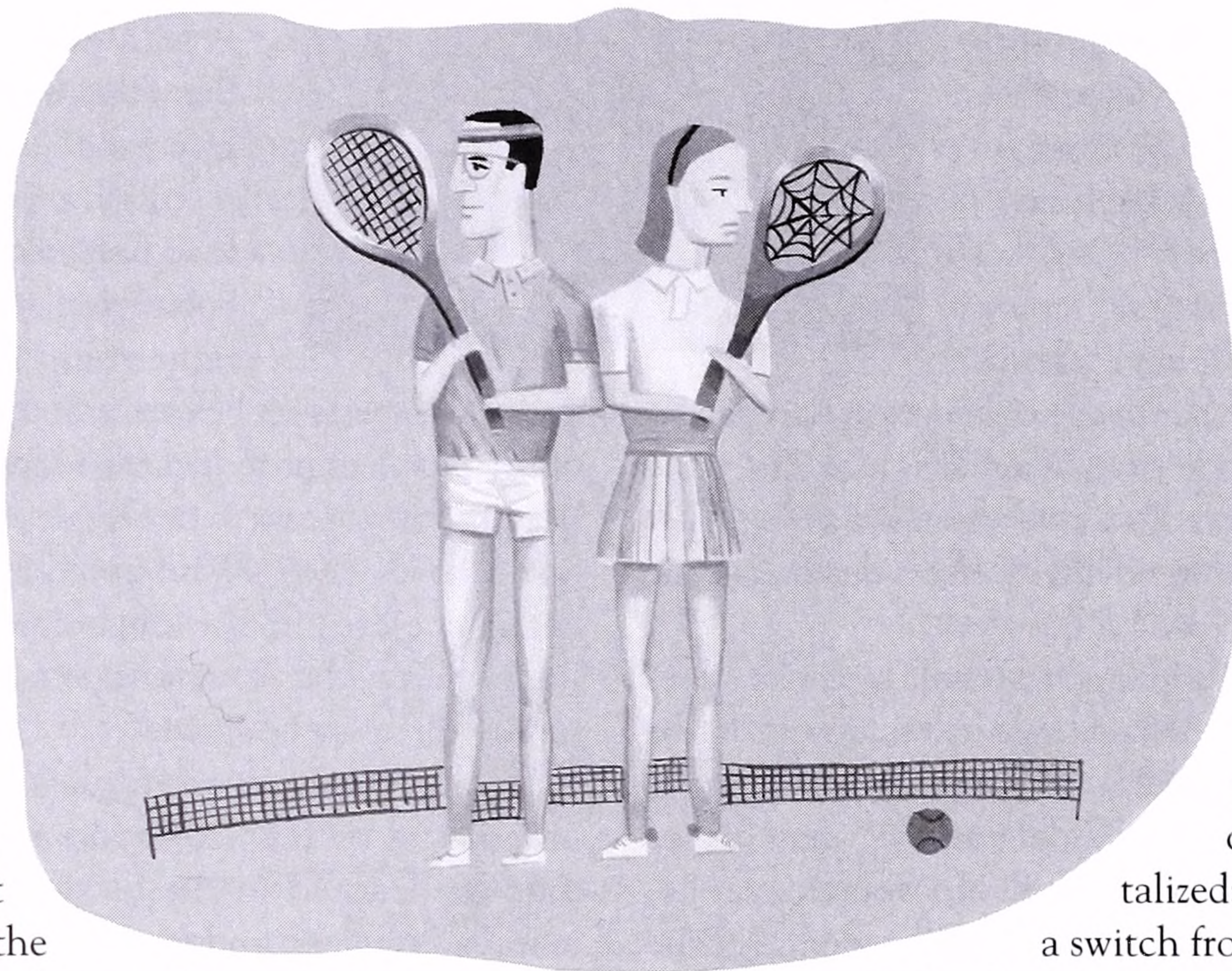
Ad-Out

Keeping score in a two-career marriage.

BY LIONEL SHRIVER '78

A CAREER IN DECLINE, as opposed to ascent, rarely obliges with a cathartic event. Failure is apt to be marked by what doesn't happen. True, a few lives do yield turning points: the day a banker is arrested for embezzlement, the Tuesday in November a politician loses what the party has agreed will be his last Senate race. But more typical is the career that sinks in a leisurely fashion, with no single cataclysm at which instance its custodian can take stock.

Disappointments accrue—another promotion denied, a flutter of resumé's "on file," a dusty accumulation of "we had many applications this year," postcards referencing prizes gone to strangers or (worse) to someone you knew, and whom if you did not dislike before, now you do. But no single catharsis provides for the venting of great grief; instead, many little griefs preempt a moment of reckoning. Always, promise beckons—a want ad, an untried contest, a friend's advice, a fresh attitude on waking Saturday. *Mere set-back*, a voice whispers. *A fallow period, adversity to overcome*. Or, as Willy's husband Eric graciously dubbed the injury-plagued disaster of her last two years on the satellite circuit, a slump. Bingo, you're seventy.



Illustrations
by
JULIETTE
BORDA

As professions go, tennis allowed more reckonings than most. Besides confronting the outcome of matches themselves, players shuttled a published hierarchy of who's who. Still, more tournaments continually beckoned. A pristine year on the computer enticed another go. Quick-fix solutions tantalized: a new racket, redoubled jogging, a switch from power to finesse. Until at least the knell of thirty you could deceive yourself.

It was consequently difficult for Willy Novinsky to get her hands on her despair. Careers are prone to total in slow motion, like an auto accident that takes decades; the phone never rings in the middle of the night. A blighted aspiration has all the earmarks of a missing persons case: nothing certain, no date to circle on the calendar when catastrophe occurred, just an absence, going on and on, the front door stays shut. Failure is one long no-show, a surprise party when the guest of honor stands you up; a *Great Expectations* with moth-eaten lace and a cake full of rats. When should Willy stop waiting for opportunity to knock? And when she'd waited this long, why not one more day, and another after that?

By way of understatement, it didn't help that her husband Eric's own tennis career was taking off at the same speed and severe angle at which Willy's was crash-land-

ing. So naturally, there were scenes. In fact, melodrama grew monotonous: the tears, entreaties, accusations, the streaking to the sofa with the bedspread in tow. Eric's ritual pleading to come back to bed developed a weary trace of sarcasm. For her husband could only recite trite, impotent platitudes that might have been lifted wholesale from *The Little Engine That Could*. Willy would deride his counsel to "believe in herself" as bland and simplistic. Eric would bunch on his side with all the blankets, but neither of them would sleep.

Willy didn't blame him for getting bored. She was constantly sounding the same alarm—I'm *foundering*, *this is killing me*, *anything that kills me kills us*. But the alternative was to be lulled complicitously into Eric's contented domestic fiction: that they were an industrious two-career couple each with their own tournaments to play, careful to arrange a week out of six when they would both fly back to New York, to trudge famished hand-in-hand to their favorite Cuban-Chinese dive for the broiled chicken. In truth they were easing over a dark maw, as if the floor of the West 112th Street apartment were wafer-thin and with too heavy a tread they would plunge a story. By the spring of 1996 their stereo plug had developed an erratic connection. Eric was too busy to fix it, Willy too lethargic. Every time one of them stepped on or near the cord the music stopped. They had literally begun to tip-toe around their own house, lest the tinkle of normalcy cut abruptly off.

"WILHELM, POUR US another round of your dee-licious iced tea, will ya?" Gary Sidewinder routinely helped himself to her nickname, deploying the Germanic V and its aura of mock obedience, as he likewise helped himself to Willy's husband.

The two men were brainstorming around the dinner table, surrounded by the dog-eared Association of Tennis Professionals Rule Manual and registration blanks, the phone at ready hand to explore another permutation of the spring's airline schedule. Sidewinder had set his glass on bare wood, and condensation was bleaching a white ring on the table. To Willy, who replaced the highball on its coaster, this carelessness was typical. Gary was accustomed to other people taking care of details. He was a middle-man, a delegator; in other words, a parasite. He did nothing that Eric couldn't do for himself besides pander to her husband's vanity.

Which Eric was fully capable of fostering as well, except that a pushy advocate allowed her husband his false modesty. Humility, like magnanimity, was a luxury of the prosperous. When Willy affected the same unassuming air, it came off as low self-esteem.

"Nah, you don't want to stay in that fleabag," Sidewinder advised. "The Hilton in Tokyo is top-drawer."

Gary Sidewinder was Eric's agent. He dressed like Tom Wolfe: white suits, sea-green tie, jade cuff-links; sea-green socks, set off by a canary button-down and

topped, when donned at the door, with a Panama. But Sidewinder relied on hirelings—dry-cleaners, bell-boys who'd have his suit pressed within the hour. Accordingly, his tie was spattered with salad dressing, and the white jacket was badly creased. He appeared less dapper than once well-heeled and down on his luck. Since Gary always looked as if he needed a wash, maybe he couldn't get anyone else to shower for him.

"Speaking of accommodation, Slick, ever think of moving out of these digs?" Sidewinder was recommending. "Mean, this apartment's got a cramped, graduate-student feel. Like you expect jug wine and fish sticks in the kitchen. With your income, you could shift into a doorman building in the eighties..."

Willy had never had an agent. Oh, she understood what Gary was for: to negotiate with the ATP over which tournaments her husband would deign to play, to haggle down fines (as if the well-bred Eric Oberdorf would ever do anything censure-worthy on court), and of course, to lure sponsors. Gary was an instrument of the *family* interests.

"Gotta say, I wondered if you shouldn'ta gone for the Slams last summer," Gary declared. "But the way your points stack up now, I figure you made the right move. Even if you scraped through the qualies, players have an *attitude* about qualifiers. That puts you at a disadvantage. Lotta tennis is psychological in my book—"

Duh, thought Willy, rubbing butter into the white ring.

"This year," the agent went on, "is your peach for the picking, my man. Just get to the quarters of the Italian again and you'll stick at a solid 75. That's in the running. Makes for a superior mind-set. Gotta watch yourself in the Slams. Go down in an early round, and from then on that event has a bad smell—"

"Willy's the one who advised me not to go for the Slams last year," Eric interrupted.

"Wilhelm's got smarts."

"Willy knows a lot about tennis, Gary."

"Sure she does," Sidewinder purred.

"I've thought of writing a book," Willy quipped on the way back to the kitchen. "A sequel to Brad Gilbert: *Losing Ugly*. Three hundred individual tips on how to throw a match to your grandmother with cerebral palsy."

"Kids with cerebral palsy don't usually live to be grandmas, sweetheart," Sidewinder called after her. "The question is *which* Slam." They'd talked this out a dozen times, but Sidewinder loved saying *Slam*. "You're most at home on hardcourt. Down Under's Har-Tru now, but that's behind us—and I can respect, I mean *respect*, that you wanted to take January instead to work on your marriage. Besides, lots to be said for initiating a bright-lights career in your own country. I don't see there's two ways about it. It's the U.S. Open or bust. Leaves you all summer to gear up. You given any more thought to getting a coach?"

"Nah," said Eric. "I've got my wife."

“HE HAS THIS proprietary swagger, because he ‘discovered’ you,” Willy growled when Gary was gone. “As if you’d never gotten anywhere until you signed with Pro-Serve. He tells you where to stay, what to eat, and meanwhile he treats me like room service. He’s a leech, and I wish you’d get rid of him.”

“I know Gary’s a little oily—” Eric granted.

“A little?”

“But I’d never have been able to pull in sponsorship by myself, at my ranking.”

“At *your ranking*,” Willy mimicked, whisking lunch dishes from the table. “As if 75 were shameful. I hate it when you little-ole-me. It’s so fake.”

“75 is a long way from giving autographs.” Eric bus-tled to help with the plates. “It was Gary who conned those companies into investing in an up-and-coming instead of another up-and-been. They’re small sponsor-ships, too, but they do line our coffers.”

“They line *your* coffers.”

“Fine, have it your way. The money’s all mine, you can’t have a dime.” Eric’s latest tactic was to acquiesce.

Willy sloshed Sidewinder’s undrunk tea down the sink.

“I wish you wouldn’t run yourself down around him,” Eric mumbled.

“Aren’t you attractively self-deprecating? You ‘can’t give autographs?’”

“No, that stuff about *Losing Ugly*. It’s different.”

You bet it’s different. I genuinely give myself a hard time, and your meekness is a fraud.”

Eric lingered in the doorway, absorbing her spittle like a sponge. The last year had taught him passive for-bearance. “What do you think about aiming for the Chevrolet again?”

“Why would *you* play the Chevy?”

“I meant you, stupid.”

“No, even a training-wheels tournament like the Chevy—which you wouldn’t touch now with a barge pole—‘stupid’ can’t get into anymore.”

Her husband’s mention of the Chevrolet Chal-lenge was uncharacteristi-cally tactless. The Chevy was a high-profile co-ed satellite, designed specifi-cally to hoist the promising aspi-rant into the international game. In Eric’s case, that’s exactly what the Chevy did. Two years earlier in 1994, Willy and Eric had both entered the tele-vised D.C. tournament. They had both made the finals. Much was at stake—too much. While previous to the Chevy Willy’s ranking had always been higher than Eric’s (indeed, when they met Willy was hundreds of

rankings ahead of him—ah, the old days), their mutual victory in the finals would have put them exactly on a par at 200 each. Anyway, Eric won; Willy choked. Most casual onlookers would identify her subsequent tourna-ment, in which she tore the ligaments of her right knee so calamitously that she was out of the game for six months, as the beginning of the end. But for Willy it was the Chevrolet that initiated her downfall. When Eric’s trajectory intercepted and exceeded hers, Willy could as well have been shot down by a surface-to-air missile.

“You could play the qualies,” Eric suggested.

“You won’t even play the qualies for a Grand Slam!”

“My opting out of the Big Four last year was your idea.”

“Which was probably dumb,” said Willy, loading their new dishwasher. “If it hadn’t been for me you could have taken Wimbledon by storm a year ago. You could have snubbed Gary and his travel agents because you’d be tooling around in your own private jet.”

“Bullshit, you were dead right. Better to take my time, get a handle on the level below—the German, the Italian. And it worked. I’m in a much better posi-tion this year... So what do you say? About the Chevy?”

“Oh, please stop condescending to me!” She broke the iced tea glass, but they could now afford to replace it with a hundred more. “I’m ranked 864! I know that, I re-cite the number to myself at night like counting sheep. But I didn’t used to be a nonentity, so I know the ropes; I can run my tinker-toy schedule by myself. I wish you wouldn’t be so fucking solicitous.”

“What, I should run on about my plans all the time, ignore your career?”

“What career?”

“There’s no talking to you when you get like this. Forget it.” Eric retreat-ed to the living room and slid in a CD. (Though Willy had made do with a cassette player for years, they now owned three hundred sil-ver frisbees.) When Willy tromped out for the last lunch dishes, she disturbed the wire again, and the Sibelius ceased abruptly mid-chord.

“Really,” Eric appealed a last time. “Your advice last spring was right on target. I’d have gotten noth-ing in the Slams but abuse. This year we’ll do great.”

We’ll do great, will we? Women must have some genetic predisposition to hiding out in kitchens. Willy rested her forehead on the wet counter. Sure she’d talked Eric out of breaking down the gates of the All England last year. But not because Eric wasn’t ready. Willy wasn’t ready. And the long, strenuous discussion had pro-duced nothing but delay. Willy still wasn’t ready. She never would be.



THE NEXT MORNING Willy was jangled awake by the phone. She no longer set her alarm for 6 A.M. to go for a sunrise run. There didn't seem much point.

As she groped for the receiver, Eric's long, sinuous arm pinned her to the mattress. "Hello? Right, Gary. ...Chump change, but doesn't hurt. Free shades, anyway. Thanks."

When he hung up, Willy growled through the cord dragged in her face, "You assume it's for you."

"Wasn't it?" asked Eric, getting up. He was fond of facts and used them to protect himself from what they meant.

"Move the phone to your side of the bed, then," Willy grumbled, grabbing the set. "You're right, it's always for you. Another company offering you an electrolyte contract. A tournament director dangling a guarantee—" She gave the phone a yank, and the jack popped from the wall.

Eric picked up the jack and stuck it stoically in the socket. "You broke it," he announced calmly. "The plastic tab snapped off."

"Buy another one. You're rich." Willy grabbed her clothes. Lately she felt uncomfortable when Eric saw her naked.

"I'm not rich. For the first time I'm making a living wage. That doesn't mean you can start smashing things up. For once what you've broken doesn't cost much," he lectured with Daddy-ish self-control, "but the repair will be a hassle."

"Don't worry, I'll end up taking care of it. Just like I buy all the groceries, and vacuum, and take out the garbage—"

"I said we could get a maid."

"You've got a maid!"

The polarity widened; it always widened. The more mature reserve her husband marshaled, the more childish Willy became. If anything, awareness she was being puerile made her more so, from the same punitive strategy she employed at her blackest on court: hitting an even ghastlier shot as fitting reprisal for the gaffe that preceded it. For no matter how disgusted Eric became with Willy's petty invective and hypersensitivity, Willy was far more disgusted with herself. Since additional disgraceful behavior seemed appropriate penance for disgraceful behavior, her tantrums tended to snowball.

Banging about the apartment, Willy concluded that Gary was right, the place had gotten cramped. The foyer now spilled two dozen rackets—all, barring Willy's three Pro-Kennex frames, gratuities from Eric's sponsor. How distant the era of one treasured, beloved trusty—like the Davis Imperial whose wooden laminate she'd lavished with lemon oil as a child, neurotically ramming the frame in its press the moment a game was over. In those days there was no such thing as *one of my rackets*. When she'd recently come upon the battered Imperial in the Walnut Street attic it had looked doleful—once so faithful, now abandoned, like a sidekick in grade school who

gets dumped when you become popular in junior high. The small face and arcanelly tight throat had dated all out of proportion to its time. These days Willy would no more play a match with the Imperial than drive to the court in a horse and buggy.

But Eric's state-of-the-art freebies were impersonal and interchangeable. He was like a man with too many friends who wouldn't notice when one or two didn't call for a year. Willy might have filched one, but they were all the wrong grip size, intensifying her awareness that her husband's bounty had not fallen to her own hand. Eric's rackets collected at his feet, begging for the privilege of being played with, and she had come to disdain them as she might human sycophants.

The floor rolled with plastic Wilson cans. Eric brought his discards home to Willy for practice balls, but the ambiance of his rejects was distasteful, like one-night stands thrown over for fresher game.

And the clothing! How Willy missed his threadbare shorts and limp socks draped over the radiators, the stench of cut-rate sneakers reeking from under chairs. How she had loved to nuzzle her cheek against his flanneled 3-for-\$10 T's when they were first married, both striving, and happily broke. Nowadays? Eric sent out his laundry: collared knits with loud logos and clever underarm netting for air. Even Eric admitted the designs were hideous, but he was paid for wearing them.

Willy glugged boiled water into the caf tiere and plunked it, sloshing, on the dinner table. As the coffee steeped, Willy left to wrench the bedclothes in order, leaving Eric barricaded behind the *Times*. She shot a cool glance at the dusty line of tournament trophies over her bureau. They were arranged in chronological order, from the cheap chrome figurine of the Montclair Country Club Championship to gaudier chalices, cups, and crystal bowls. Two years before Willy had anticipated adding a third shelf, but the few recent additions were the dwarf sort for semis or quarters. Midget achievements had fit easily on the remaining board.

As she stooped to tuck the sheet under the mattress, a glaring neatness nagged the corner of her eye.

Eric had never built his own display shelf. He'd piled his trophies on his dresser higgledy-piggledy, though he was a tidy man. The overflow had lined the baseboard; Willy was prone to trip on the clutter of her husband's success.

"ERIC!"

He took his time. "What now?" he asked warily from the doorway.

"What have you done with them?"

"Done with what?"

"Your trophies. They used to be all over the place, and now your dresser is crowded with exactly one comb."

He shrugged. "Too junky."

"You didn't throw them out?"

"Probably should have. But as you're ever eager to point out, I'm too conceited for that, so I stuffed them in

"I'm ranked

864!

I recite the

number to

myself at

night like

counting

sheep."



the closet." As if to emphasize this renewed concern with order, he whisked up a wad of socks and stuffed them in the hamper. She didn't know why he bothered with laundry anymore. With several unopened cartons from sponsors beneath the bed, he had enough new clothes to use them once and throw them away, like tennis balls.

"Besides," Eric noted, carting two more pairs of shoes—gels and air-pumps, with fuscias and aqua stripes—to the closet, "those trophies are garish."

"If you think they're kitschy or boastful, I should take mine down, too."

"No, don't!" Eric cried as she stretched for the Montclair Country Club Championship and tossed it on the bed. "Those are history!" Hastily he revised, "I mean, they're precious."

"Because they're an endangered species?"

"Because they're yours." He returned the chrome figurine to its place. Flakes of waning silver came off on his hands. Willy pushed him out of the way and rose on her toes, toppling the New Freedom trophy with her fingertips. The bowl nicked the dresser and clunked onto the carpet.

"You're being infantile!"

"I'm being adult for once," she countered. "Why keep my trophies in view and yours with the shoes? All those shoes? You're the one treating me like a kid, wanting to magnet my drawings to the refrigerator."

Defeated, Eric allowed, "Put yours away too, then. But I thought you were proud of them."

"I was. But now they mock me. You're right, they're history. I'm twenty-six. Too young to live in the past."

Resolutely, Willy edged two cups forward and pitched them on the mattress. Likely pained by watching Willy crane her neck, her six-three husband laid a hand on her shoulder and removed them himself. Eric lined the tributes lovingly in order on the bed, then insisted on shrouding each in tissue paper and wedging the mementos into stiff cartons left over from a shipment of shirts. While he packed, Willy glanced in the closet and her heart melted. Eric had tumbled his own trophies, unwrapped, into a battered, open-topped box.

"Sweetheart?" she asked timidly, vowing to make fresh coffee; by the time he was finished, the pot would be cold. "If you were married to somebody else—like, a real homemaker, or some insurance executive, or another super-successful player—would you stuff your trophies away like this, as if they were dirty secrets?"

"Of course," he said gruffly. "They're vulgar."

"Then mine are, too—"

Eric crushed a sheet of tissue and threw the wad on the bed. "They don't mean as much to me as yours do to you! Tennis doesn't mean as much to me. It's something I'm good at, but I don't love it. And in no time I'll be too creaky to play professionally, I'll have to do something else, and that will be fine."

Willy looked at her hands. "Ironic, isn't it?"

"No, it's not. There's a connection. You want to be a

A
tennis
career was
too short
to allow
for the
unraveling
of the
soul—
as was
life.



champion too much. That's why you seize up. If you didn't care so damned much, you might get farther."

"Apathy is the answer?"

"No, but a dose of easy-come wouldn't hurt. A few extra-curricular pleasures."

"Like what?"

Eric gripped her shoulders and wheeled her to face him. "Like me."

WILLY'S FALTERING FORTUNES may have transformed her husband into one more affliction, but they had just as utterly revised her vision of herself. Characteristics that she'd once have considered fixed, impervious, revealed themselves as subject to the elements, like a hat in the rain. It transpired that confidence, for example, was not some inviolate trait, but the offspring of encouraging events, and therefore vulnerable to disaster. Willy had never thought of herself as quiet, but her voice had measurably ebbed—unless she was screaming—so that Eric had often to prod, "Pardon?" on long-distance calls. The tonality of her speech had musically transcribed to a minor key, and there was a tentativeness about her assertions that in another woman Willy would have found objectionably deferential. Certainly she had always adjudged herself energetic, yet now she slept unprecedentedly long hours, and rarely rallied the vigor to make it to the cinema. If on one of his dutifully scheduled weeks home Eric proposed a movie, she'd accede early in the day, but by nightfall, up against trooping out the door, she would instead sag into a chair and claim, truthfully anyway, that she was tired. Though Willy had prided herself in the past on a cynical bite, she had always been, in regard to herself and the fineness of life in general, an optimist. Yet now that acerbic edge had flipped inward, carving graffiti on the walls of her head. While she'd have previously expected—maybe gullibly, stupidly expected—for matters to turn out well enough in the end, lately she gave intelligent credence to every new day's potential for catastrophe. It was an unwelcome education. She'd have given her eye teeth to go back to being an idiot.

Effectively living with a stranger, she sometimes reminisced about Untrammelled Willy as she might have over a bosom buddy with whom she'd lost touch—her Davis Imperial. On the other hand, she was disillusioned with the *joie de vivre* her doppelgänger had exuded. Wistfully Willy imagined the go-getter she'd be on a winning streak instead—consuming sports pages and tennis magazines, sharing gossip about boyfriend bust-ups in locker rooms, game for new ethnic cuisines, controversial plays, and late-night sneaks into locked motel pools. Now even were that mischief-maker to return Willy would never quite trust the vivacity again. She'd cast an uneasy eye at her own springy step, so easily shuffled by a woeful tennis match. By the spring of 1996, Willy was forced to accept that a self was not an unassailable constant, but a ragbag accumulation of batterings and bolsterings, not only an agent but a conse-

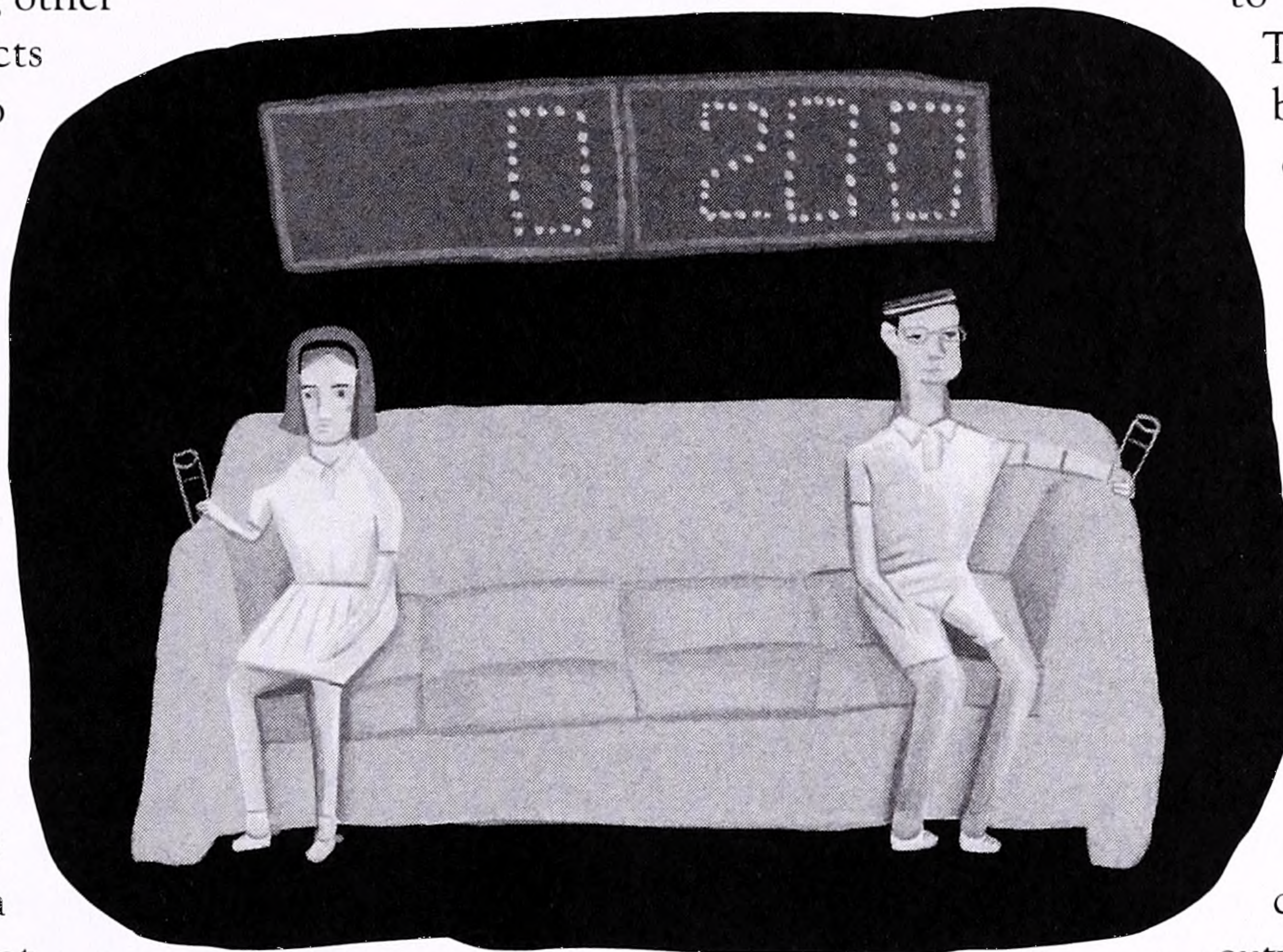
quence. Even happy people were victims of a kind.

If as a group the accomplished were buoyant and looked on the bright side, was their airy disposition to their credit? Why, there were days Eric had to *pretend* to be in a bad mood. Similarly, was it sheer coincidence that the disappointed were collectively misanthropic, distinguished by an aloof, smoldering abstention and a sadistic pleasure in bursting other people's bubbles? Torture subjects testified that the stalwart who could undergo any mutilation and keep his integrity was a 007 myth. At a point, every martyr cracked. Every damned one.

Meanwhile, the whole outside world disclosed itself as treacherously subjective. Neither good nor sinister, dull nor fascinating, luminous nor black, the exterior universe possessed no innate qualities, but was nightmarishly reliant on the grind of her interior lens. That the Boat Basin in Riverside Park would not, at least, remain a sublime and halcyon copse atrot with friendly dogs unnerved her, for the same Hudson walkway could transmogrify into a bleak and trashy strip, its dogs ratty and hostile, the vista of New Jersey grim and aggressively over-familiar. Willy resented having responsibility for the fickle landscape outside her mind as well as in; there was no resort. As the seafarer craves dry land, she yearned for anything ineluctable and true, immutably one way or another. Instead Willy was smitten with the awful discovery that even the color of a lamp post was subject to her own filthy moods.

On single evenings in Riverside Park Willy remembered herself. It would actually slip her mind that her ranking was on the edge of oblivion, and personality, malleable or not, is among other things a habit. If only because she had so often in the past, Willy would swing Eric's hand and playfully corral him into the river rail, bantering with garrulous lunatics while the sun returned to its originally sumptuous vermilion and sank good-naturedly into Hackensack. She could tell from the expression on Eric's face that in such twilights she was pretty again, her forehead smoothed out, the muscles around her mouth loosened so that its corners lifted naturally like sea birds from house boats, her hair whipping free of its stern nylon tie. But there was, in his eyes, a new element—of gratitude, of mournfulness, as if he were seeing her from a long way off or were gazing at youthful photographs of a lover since grown haggard.

Willy might have been grateful herself for these respites, which attested to the chemical impossibility of a misery that is perfectly unremitting. Surely glimpses of the woman he'd fallen in love with must have discouraged her husband from cutting his losses and bolting for



the door. But in a way resuscitation was cruel—like the gift of an orange to a prisoner who would return to bread and water, or the wickedness of too-brief remission in a terminal case.

The rudimentary fact of Willy's downfall overshadowed its causes. But in the vast free time available to early-round rejects, it was impossible not

to ponder: what had gone wrong?

There was that dratted knee injury, but in refusing to confide to anyone else about the electric twinges that still jolted up her thigh and pulled her up short on the court, she had successfully denied them in private. Besides, she was dispositionally averse to excuses of any kind.

Accordingly, Willy could only surmise that she was defeating herself. This last year her opponents had hardly to lift a finger; Willy was playing both sides of the net. Whatever quantity that she had once aimed outward now pointed the opposite di-

rection, as in Bugs Bunny cartoons where Elmer Fudd's blunderbuss is U-turned to explode in his face. Why she would wittingly warp the barrel of her own gun was another mystery, but a tennis career was too short to allow for the unraveling of the soul—as was, no doubt, any life. By the time you understood it, it was over. So Willy could only draw conclusions from the crude statistics: she was about to turn twenty-seven; she was ranked 864. Ergo, her career was finished.

Yet if personality is partly a habit, so is ambition. Mechanically, Willy continued to file applications to the lowly tournaments that would admit her. She took the train to the Connecticut academy where she trained, numbly tromped to practice, and ran six miles a day in an anesthetized haze. Faith in one's self has all the earmarks of religion, and is equally susceptible to crisis. Willy sleep-walked through the motions of aspiration as the life-long churchgoer will continue to rouse and dress on Sunday mornings long after he's ceased to believe in God. If nothing else, she did not know what else to do with the day. She had set her sights from childhood on the U.S. Open at Flushing Meadow. Having charted no alternative destination, Willy continued to shamle in the same direction, like a downed pilot in the desert who hasn't a prayer of reaching civilization before he runs out of water, but who keeps slogging over dunes because the unthinkable alternative is to lie down in the sun and wait to die.

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Deborah Dickson '68

Poetry in Motion

HAD DEBORAH DICKSON '68 become the poet she aspired to be at age fourteen or the doctor she intended to become when she arrived at Barnard, the world of film would have been a poorer place. But thanks to her dislike of memorization—which helped her flunk zoology during her first year at college—the world has gained a filmmaker who, with each piece of film that she cuts and splices, renders life anew.

Dickson, whose first artistic influence came from bookstores rather than cinemas, is known today for her documentary films, many of which have won awards and critical acclaim. Her latest, *Suzanne Farrell: Elusive Muse*, a collaboration with Anne Belle on the career of the legendary ballerina who was George Balanchine's most revered muse during the last years of his life, was nominated for an Academy Award this year. Her previous films include: *Frances Steloff: Memoirs of a Bookseller*, which relates the story behind the success of Gotham Book Mart and was nominated for an Oscar in 1988; *Abortion: Desperate Choices*, a 1992 Emmy Award-winning collaboration with Susan Froemke at Maysles Film Inc. that features three women facing the decision of whether or not to have an abortion; and *Letting Go: A Hospice Journey*, another Froemke collaboration, which explores the life of those soon to die, their families, and the hospice workers who care for them.

"I love vérité films because

there are always moments that you could never imagine or write, and when they happen, they're even more amazing than fiction," Dickson explains.

The filmmaker traces her love of creating worlds to her childhood passion for literature and writing. "I lived my life through books," she recalls. "I so loved reading. I loved being in other worlds."

That passion for books and storytelling is evinced in many of her films. The Frances Steloff documentary, for instance, not only documents how the venerable Gotham Book Mart came to be, but also shows the power of books. As Steloff recounts her book-starved childhood and the history of the bookstore unfolds, the film takes on a mythic quality, telling the story of a great quest—an ordinary woman's heroic search for the thing she loves most.

Dickson's road to filmmaking began in 1967, when she first saw François Truffaut's masterpiece, *Jules and Jim*, the story of a love triangle based on a novel by Henri-Pierre Roche. At the time, the young Barnard College student was feeling like a frustrated poet. "I didn't think I was going to be a poet," she explains. "Someone told me that if I wasn't getting up at six every morning before classes to write, I must not really be a writer." She had, however, been doing a lot of work in still photography, and film seemed the perfect combination of the two mediums.

Dickson went on to study film at New York University's Tisch School of the Arts in 1968 and then in 1973 made what she

considers her most poetic film, *Water's Dream*. The experimental film had no sound, except for that of water, and had no narrative. "I was trying to get away from words, because I felt that I was too word-driven," she says. "I wanted to deal with image alone."

Through the years, Dickson has worked on films of many genres. After *Water's Dream*, she made *Country Days*, a narrative film composed largely of interior monologue. Then came the documentaries, where Dickson really hit her stride.

"I think she's one of the most talented filmmakers in the documentary genre," says Froemke, who has collaborated with Dickson for more than twenty years. "She has a way of being able to incorporate humor and poignancy in a scene—she will see what other editors will not see. There might be a very small nuance in a very small detail of life that speaks volumes, and she will find it and incorporate it into the film."

Froemke also admires Dickson's skill in structuring a documentary. "She brings a dramatic element into even a physically uneventful thing," Froemke notes. "This could go back to her love of poetry and literature."

While Dickson's reverence for fiction and verse has afforded her a sharp and sympathetic eye, it has also inhibited her from writing her own fictional film: "Every time I try to write, I get paralyzed because I care about it so much," she confesses. "I have an idea for a film, and I try to put it down on paper, and I just

think, ugh, this stinks.

"I'm too good a critic," she concludes.

Despite this, Dickson has started working on her first feature-length fictional film—an adaptation of a book she discovered four years ago. *Celine* will tell the story of a sixteen-year-old girl surviving the dysfunctional world of the '90s. "It is a comedy that will also make you cry," Dickson says.

Dickson is also currently directing a film on art and the nature of influence. The film, an Alternate Current production due to air on the cable channel Bravo early next year, features twenty artists in various disciplines discussing the twentieth-century artist who has had the most influence on him or her. The list includes violinist Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg on Maria Callas; Nobel Prize-winning writer Kenzaburo Oe on Günter Grass; playwright Carlos Fuentes on Luis Buñuel; choreographer Bill T. Jones on Proust; and singer Sinead O'Connor on Bob Marley.

"It's funny," Dickson muses, "in my current project, so many of the masters that the contemporary artists have chosen to talk about—Cocteau, Buñuel, Jean Genet, Brecht—are all praised as poets: Buñuel was a poet of cinema; Genet a poet of the novel. Cocteau always said he was first and foremost a poet—everything he did including his films he considers poetry.

"And so," she continues, "I feel like I've come full circle in some way, like I'm touching base with my own roots."

—By Daisy Chan '96



Anne Attura Paolucci '47

Public Intellectual, Public Servant

WITH THE decisiveness of a CEO and the reflective demeanor of a scholar, Anne Attura Paolucci '47 sits in her mahogany-paneled office on East 80th Street and speaks of launching a second career long after many women would have opted for leisurely retirement. In February, six months before she was due to retire from her faculty position at St. John's University in Jamaica, Queens, she accepted Governor George Pataki's appointment to chair the City University of New York's Board of Trustees.

It is rare to find an academic on such a board, and rarer still to find an internationally respected scholar from a humanistic discipline—comparative literature, in this case. As she is a faculty member and a relative unknown in the politics of education, not to mention a woman, her appointment to the unpaid post has already garnered perplexed responses in the *New York Times* and *Chronicle of Higher Education*.

At a time of shrinking budgets and eroding public confidence, Paolucci is taking on one of the most challenging assignments in American higher education and one that, lasting into the twenty-first century, will certainly help shape the future of public universities in New York City and the nation. She plans to hold CUNY schools to the highest standards. "I'm a rigorous person," she says. "I'm not going to back down and waffle."

With her first act as chair, she signaled her intent to head an activist board charged with maintaining the fiscal and academic integrity of the twenty-one-campus system. She began her term by requesting—and receiving—a one-million-dollar budget so the new board could hire its own research, legal, and audit staff and by immediately

asking for facts and figures from university and college administrators. This way, she figured, the new board could make autonomous decisions on the basis of hard data rather than political expediency. "I want to be fair," she says, "fair to the university and the taxpayers who support it."

During our meeting one sunny afternoon in April, Paolucci



remained composed and relaxed despite constant interruptions—phones ringing with calls from college presidents and the Governor's office. Myself a not-yet-ready-to-retire faculty member at one of CUNY's four-year colleges, I find our conversation electric, sparked by Paolucci's genuine interest in the university, which includes ten senior colleges, six community colleges, one technical college, a graduate center, a law school, and a medical school. We marvel that since we left Barnard, our combined careers total a century of experience! In the small world of Barnard alumnae, our paths have crossed a number of times. We had last met on my own

campus, Lehman College, in 1995 when she received its honorary Doctor of Humane Letters.

I remember my classmate as a beautiful girl with penetrating brown eyes and a level gaze, her face framed by clouds of dark hair. I can picture her crossing Jake, attending meetings of Wigs and Cues, addressing the staff of the *Barnard Bear*. This image

morphs into one of a still-beautiful woman, with shining silver hair now but the same level gaze. She has always been one to follow her own interests and define her own terms. She eschews the label feminist (which I declare proudly), but she has been sensitive to women's issues throughout her academic career. Her doctoral dissertation, written under the supervision of renowned scholar Maurice Valency at Columbia, was titled "The Women in Dante's 'Divine Comedy' and Spenser's 'Faerie Queene.'"

After coming to Barnard on a four-year scholarship and majoring in creative writing, Paolucci embarked on an eclectic

and unpredictable career, characterized by a sense of creativity and love of learning. "It seems there has never been a time when I was not learning as well as teaching," says Paolucci, who is married to Henry Paolucci, also a distinguished scholar.

She received her Ph.D. in Italian Literature from Columbia, taught for several years at private secondary schools, then spent a decade teaching English at City College. She joined St. John's in 1969, headed its English department for ten years, and directed its Doctor of Arts Degree Program in English until last year. Her fifty-one-page *curriculum vitae* is highlighted with accomplishments and honors—a Fulbright followed by teaching appointments in Australia, the Chinese University of Hong Kong, and several Italian universities. In the course of her academic career, she has published widely, not just academic treatises but also creative works such as poems and plays. She was honored recently by the Order of the Sons and Daughters of Italy in America with the prestigious Golden Lion Award for her contributions to the arts. An authority on the work of Luigi Pirandello, Paolucci served from 1978-1995 as president of the Pirandello Society of America, an allied organization of the Modern Language Association. In the May issue of *The World & I*, a general-interest magazine of culture and politics, she asserts that today's audiences can learn much from the turn-of-the-century playwright.

The Italian-born Paolucci, who did not learn English until she moved to the United States permanently at age eight, has maintained a lifelong interest in comparative cultures through the study of literature and linguistics. She serves as president of the Council on National Literatures, which she founded, and is clearly proud of the group's publications

on display in her office; these include critical essays on literature from “nonmainstream” countries. “This has been a joy for me,” she says. “[The council] views literature as an expression of national character and as the repository of national culture in its most readily communicable form.”

Her own bilingual background will allow her to draw on personal experience as CUNY seeks to serve students from diverse cultures who struggle with learning a second language as they undertake their education.

As we continue to reflect on her scholarship and her current responsibilities, I ask her whether her studies on Machiavelli will help her deal with the difficult budgetary and policy issues facing CUNY today. “It won’t hurt!” she replies with a laugh.

—Patricia (Mayakovsky)
Thompson ’48

Eileen McNamara ’74 Everyday Stories

EILEEN MCNAMARA ’74, a columnist for the *Boston Globe*, has a knack for seeing the larger story in the smallest of human gestures. As such, it would be easy to imagine a McNamara column about how a young high school teacher financed a promising student’s fifteen-dollar college application—and that student grew up to win a Pulitzer Prize.

The teacher is Margaret Rodgers Feuer ’64, and the student, McNamara herself, who won this year’s Pulitzer Prize for commentary. Feuer “plucked me out of the second seat of the second row” of freshman English at North Cambridge Catholic High, McNamara recalls, and steered the budding journalist to Barnard.

“The application cost fifteen dollars—which I didn’t have—and Margaret Feuer wrote out the check,” says McNamara. “It’s

extraordinary, but she did.”

The daughter of a postal worker, McNamara lived a small-city life in Cambridge. (“My whole freshman year at Barnard, people kept saying, ‘Oh, does your father teach at Harvard?’ she recounts. “I said, ‘No, but he delivers their mail.’”) No one in her family had been to college, and the nuns at her high school were so provincial that when she requested a catalogue for Columbia, she was asked why she wanted to go to college in South America.

But, with Feuer’s help, McNamara made it to Barnard, where she wrote for the *Columbia Spectator*, although she did not climb the editorial ladder, deciding instead that as a scholarship student her priority had to be academics. After college, she worked for a year at a small newspaper in Connecticut, went to Columbia Journalism School, then joined the *Globe* as a secretary. After a stint at United Press International, she returned to the *Globe* and over the next eighteen years covered a range of beats, from night cops to Congress. In 1995, she landed one of journalism’s most-coveted assignments: her own column.

“I didn’t get the column a minute before I was really ready to have it,” she says. “I think some people are natural-born columnists. They can be reporters for a couple of years and find they have something to say. I never lacked for opinions, God knows, but ten years ago I didn’t have a voice that would have added anything to the paper.”

Whether about politics or everyday lives, the ten columns for which she won the Pulitzer are all written in a clear, no-nonsense voice. The subjects include: the death of a neighborhood busybody; personal memories of an unexplained murder; the death of twelve-year-old pilot Jessica Dubroff; and what a vote for senator would say about the people of Massachusetts. In praising

McNamara’s writing, *Globe* editor Matthew V. Storin cited “the courage of her convictions” and “the genuineness of her passion.”

“Life is in the small ceremonies,” begins a column about two mentally retarded men buying a house in the suburbs after spending their lives in state institutions. “Learning to ride a two-wheeler. Trembling on report card day. Asking for a first date.... Passing papers on a new home.”

While the voice in her columns is distinctly personal, most cover the lives of others—politicians, neighbors, or even strangers—rather than events of her own life. “What makes my thoughts about a topic worth printing is that I took the time to go to the place where news is made, talk to people, and form an opinion,” she says. “Good columns are reported columns, and they come out of the real world. They don’t come out of the arm chair.”

Even when she is writing about a personal subject—such as her mother’s nearly fatal heart surgery—she tries to find the thread that makes the story universal. “I thought, ‘Well, you can write a column that says my mom had heart surgery and almost died,’ and everybody’ll say, ‘Oh, that’s too bad Eileen,’” she explains. “But there was something about that experience, and I knew it when I was in the waiting room. Everybody has been in that waiting room, or if you haven’t been there yet, guess what, you’re going to be.” The resulting column told the story of various characters in the waiting room, including one woman who assuaged the anxieties of strangers while she herself awaited news of her eighty-five-year-old mother, comatose in intensive care.

McNamara believes newspapers today spend too much time worrying about giving readers what they want. “Today I open my *New York Times*, and I

see on the front page a story I know I wouldn’t have seen there when I was a Barnard College student,” she says, indicating the headline “Mini-Vans Facing a Midlife Crisis at Age 14.”

“I don’t know if that would have been in the paper fifteen years ago, but it certainly would not have been on page one.”

When it comes to her own work, she is proudest of the stories about difficult subjects: racially skewed infant-mortality rates in Massachusetts or inadequate health care at the state’s women’s prison. “You think anybody really wants to read about that over their Wheaties in the morning?” she asks. “I don’t, but too bad. They need to know.”

As early as North Cambridge Catholic High School, McNamara was using journalism to rock the boat. As editor of the school newspaper, she was once suspended for inviting a Marxist history professor to speak in a lecture series, without fully disclosing his politics to the nuns. Controversy or not, she was hooked. “With the shield of the newspaper, you could ask really impertinent questions, and people felt some kind of compulsion to answer you,” she says. “That was pretty attractive.”

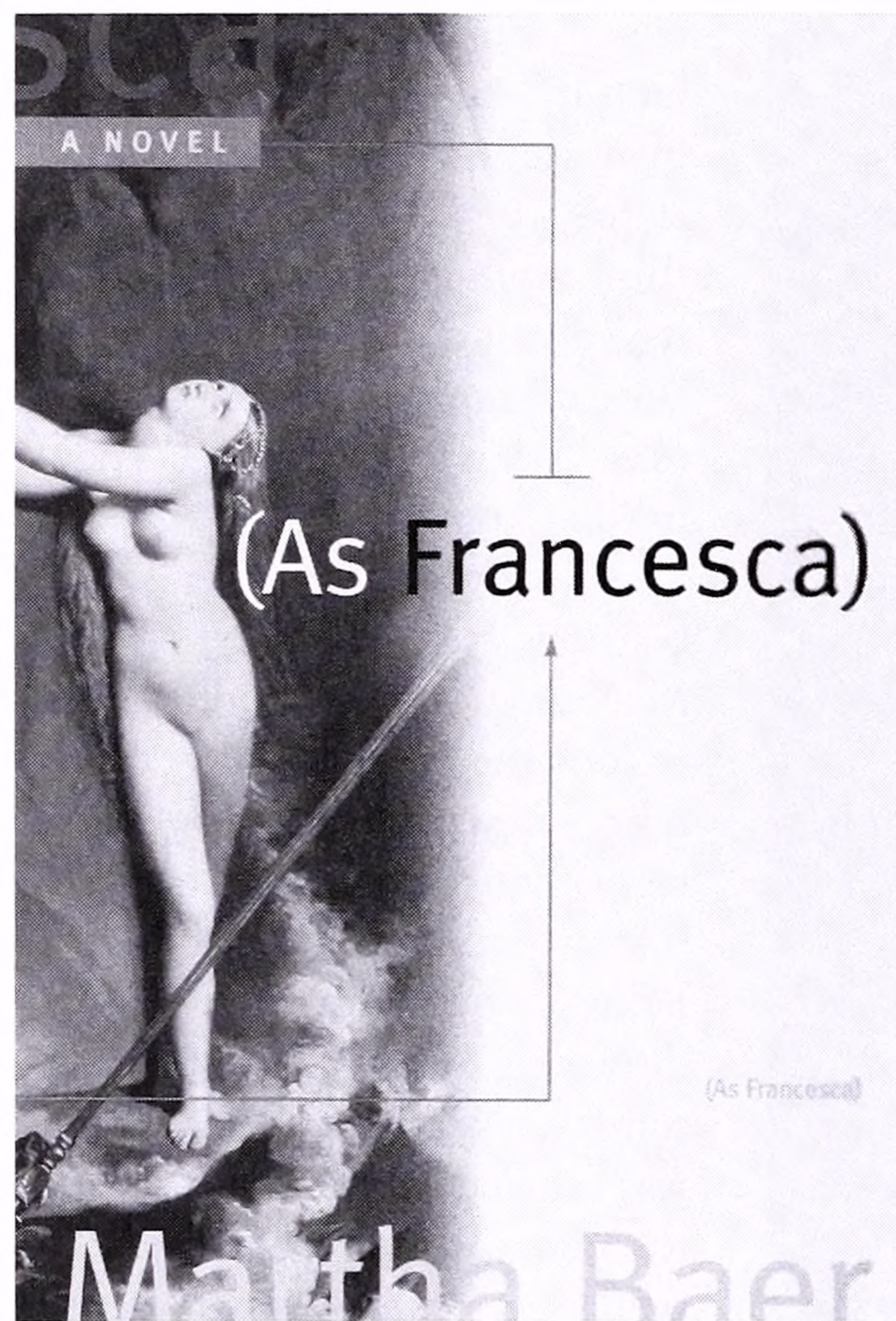
Now, McNamara mixes the confrontational with the quotidian. She has just decided her next column will be about a state education adviser, Michael Sentance, normally a model of restraint, who “pulled a nutty” while coaching a youth soccer match and got ejected for verbally abusing a referee.

“This goes to one of my core beliefs, which is that soccer and baseball and all that stuff make perfectly rational people insane adults,” says McNamara, who coaches her daughter’s kindergarten soccer team. “Now this speaks to something much larger than Michael Sentance. I don’t know what it is yet, but by Wednesday, I’ll have figured it out.” —Jonathan Sapers

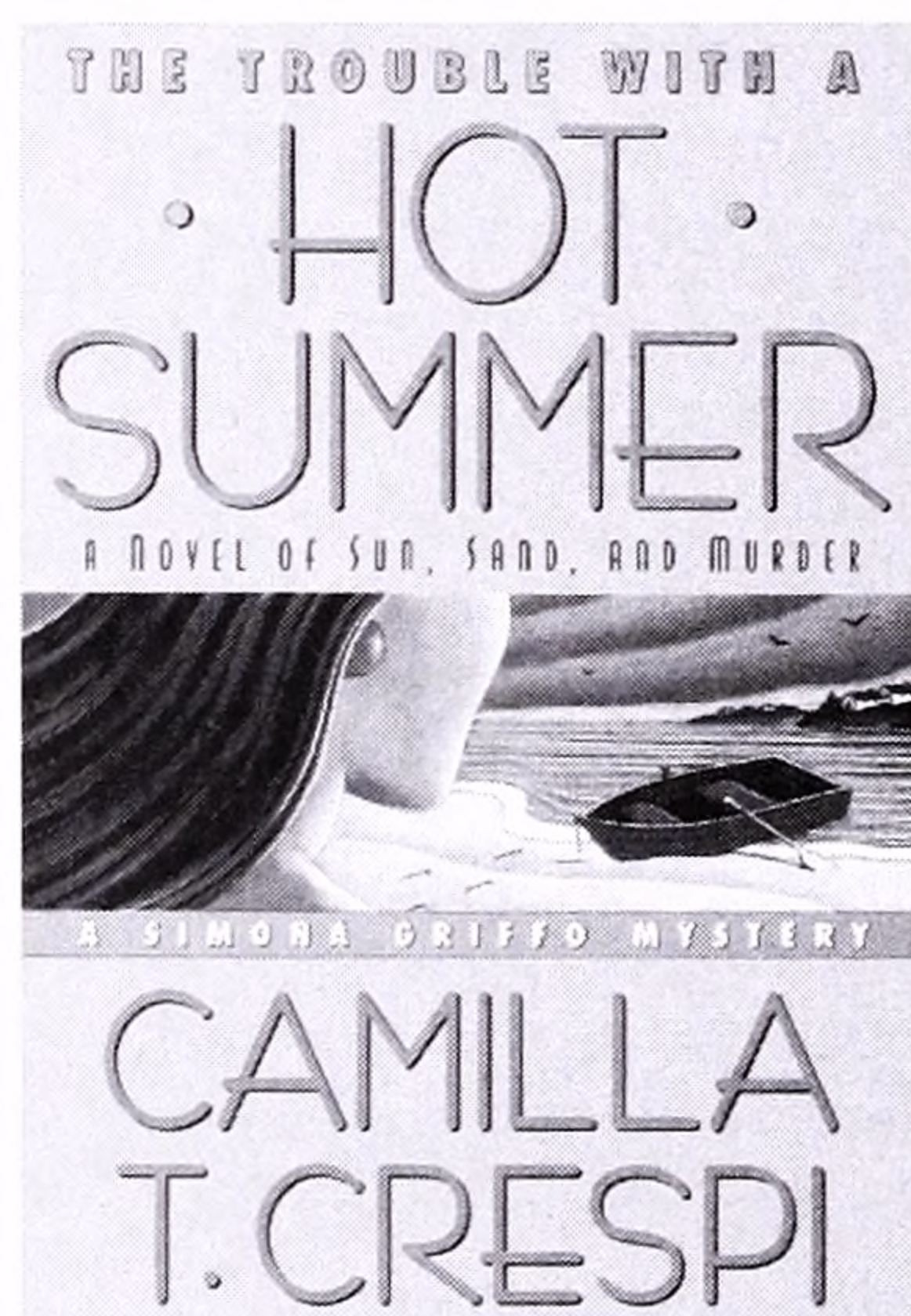
FICTION

(As Francesca)

by Martha Baer '83
Broadway Books, 1997, \$22.50



The Trouble with a Hot Summer
by Camilla (Trinchieri) Crespi '63
HarperCollins, 1997, \$23



Inventing Memory: A Novel of Mothers and Daughters
by Erica Jong '63
HarperCollins, 1997, \$25
Also available on Dove audiocassettes, \$25

Terminal Degrees (A Novella)
by Anne (Attura) Paolucci '47
Potpourri Publications/Griffon House Press,
1997, \$10

Secrecy
by Belva (Offenberg) Plain '37
Delacorte, 1997, \$24.95
Also available on audiocassettes: Bantam
Doubleday Dell, 1997, \$16.99

Double Fault
by Lionel Shriver '78
Doubleday, 1997, \$22.95

The Duke of Sumava
by Sarah J. Wrench '82
Baen Books, 1997, \$5.99

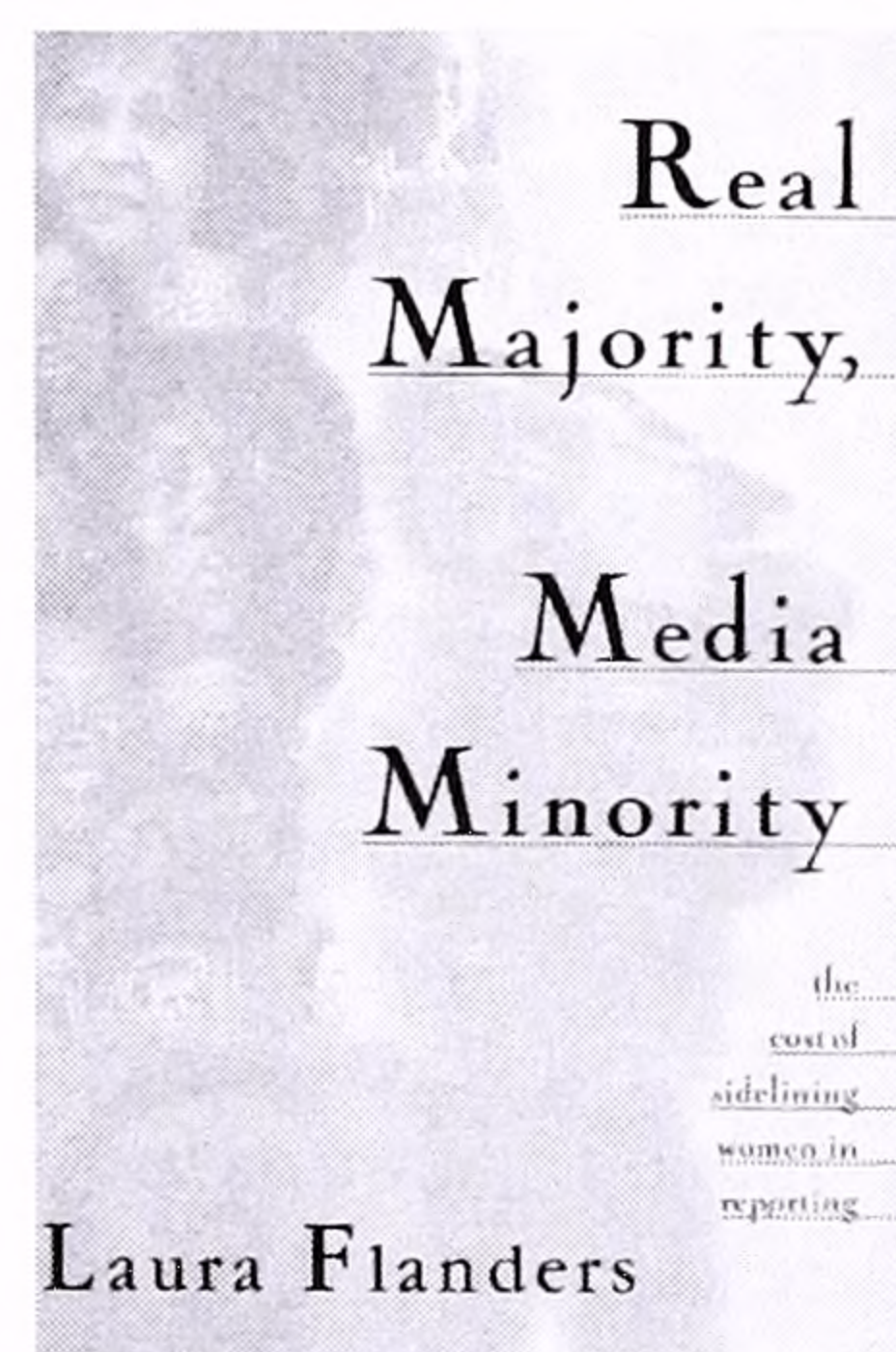
GENERAL NONFICTION

**The Place of Judaism in Philo's Thought:
Israel, Jews, and Proselytes**
by Ellen Birnbaum '71
Scholars Press, 1996, \$39.95

A Social History of American Technology
by Ruth Schwartz Cowan '61
Oxford University Press, 1997, \$18.95

**Our Parents' Lives: Jewish Assimilation
and Everyday Life**
by Neil M. Cowan, Ruth Schwartz Cowan '61
Rutgers University Press, 1997, \$29.95/16.95

**Real Majority, Media Minority: The Cost of
Sidelining Women in Reporting**
by Laura Flanders '85
Common Courage Press, 1997, \$29.95/16.95

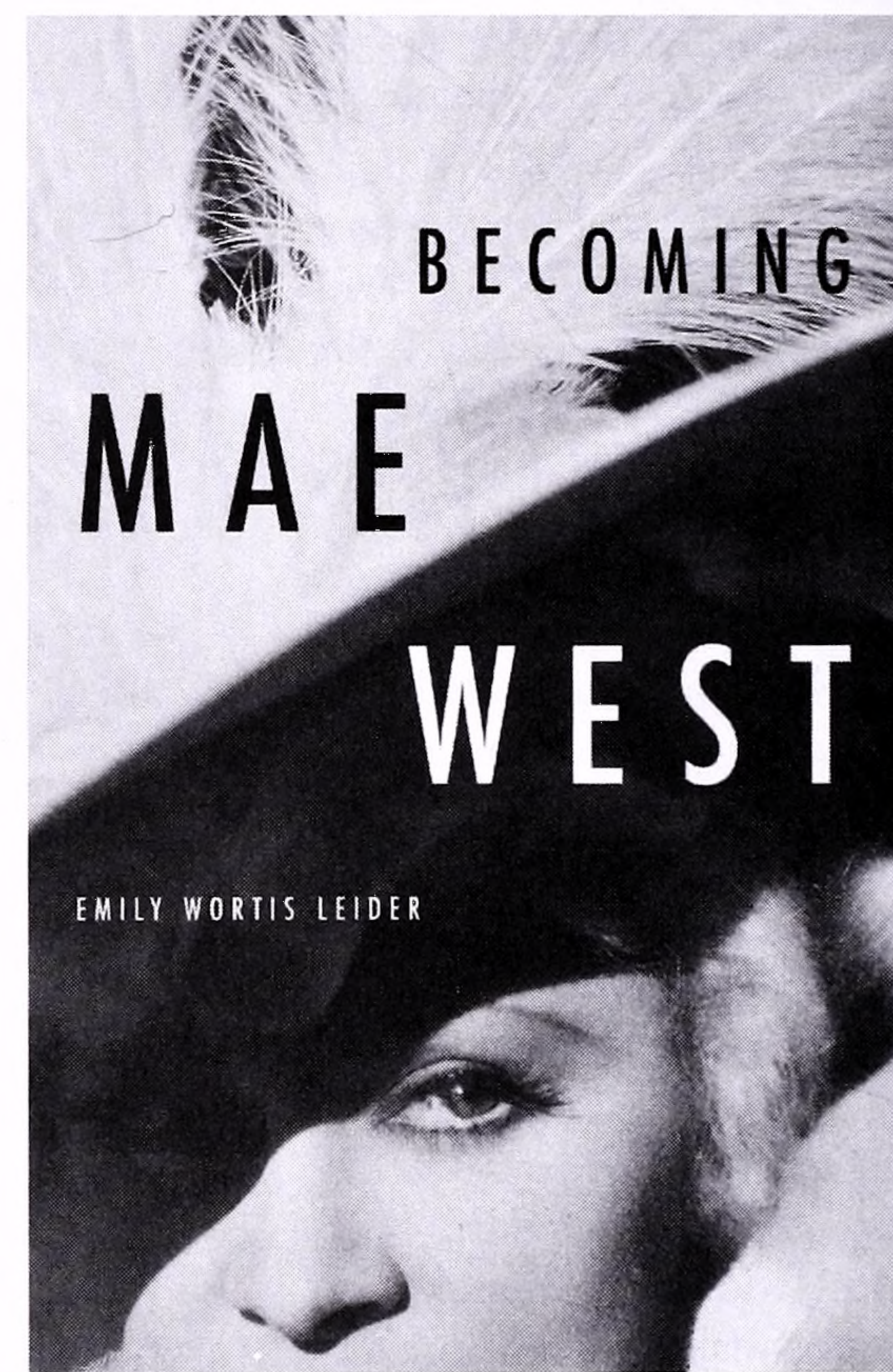


Lesbian and Gay Youth: Care and Counseling
by Caitlin Ryan, M.S.W., A.C.S.W., and
Donna Futterman, M.D. '74
Hanley and Belfus, 1997, \$33
Volume 8, Number 2, in "Adolescent Medicine:
State of the Art Reviews"

The Possible Human
by Jean Houston '58
Tarcher/Putnam, 1997, \$15.95

The Search for the Beloved
by Jean Houston '58
Tarcher/Putnam, 1997, \$15.95

Becoming Mae West
by Emily Wortis Leider '59
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1997, \$30



**The Landscapes of Louis Remy Mignot:
A Southern Painter Abroad**
by Katherine Manthorne '74 with
John W. Coffey
Smithsonian Institution Press/The North
Carolina Museum of Art, 1996, \$55/29.95

The Names of Things: A Passage in the Egyptian Desert

by Susan Brind Morrow '78
Riverhead/Putnam, 1997, \$25.95

Protecting Danube River Basin Resources: Ensuring Access to Water Quality Data and Information

edited by Irene Lyons Murphy '41
Kluwer Academic Publishers (Dordrecht), 1996, \$129

Anais Nin: Literary Perspectives

edited by Suzanne Nalbantian '71
St. Martin's Press, 1997, \$17.95

The Print in the North: The Age of Albrecht Dürer and Lucas van Leyden

by Suzanne Borsch and
Nadine M. Orenstein '83
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1997, \$8.95

The Reader's Catalog

Stephanie Smith '89, editorial
director/associate publisher; Tracy Shupp '89,
contributing editor; Elaine Smith '93 and Sara
Kramer '96, editorial staff
RC Publications, 1997 (2nd edition), \$34.95

Old Books, Rare Friends: Two Literary Sleuths and Their Shared Passion

by Leona Rostenberg and Madeleine Stern '32
Doubleday, 1997, \$22.95

Laughing in the Dark: A Decade of Subversive Comedy

by Laurie Stone '68
Ecco Press, 1997, \$24

The Shadow King: The Invisible Force that Holds Women Back

by Sidra (Levi) Stone '57
Delos, 1997, \$12.95

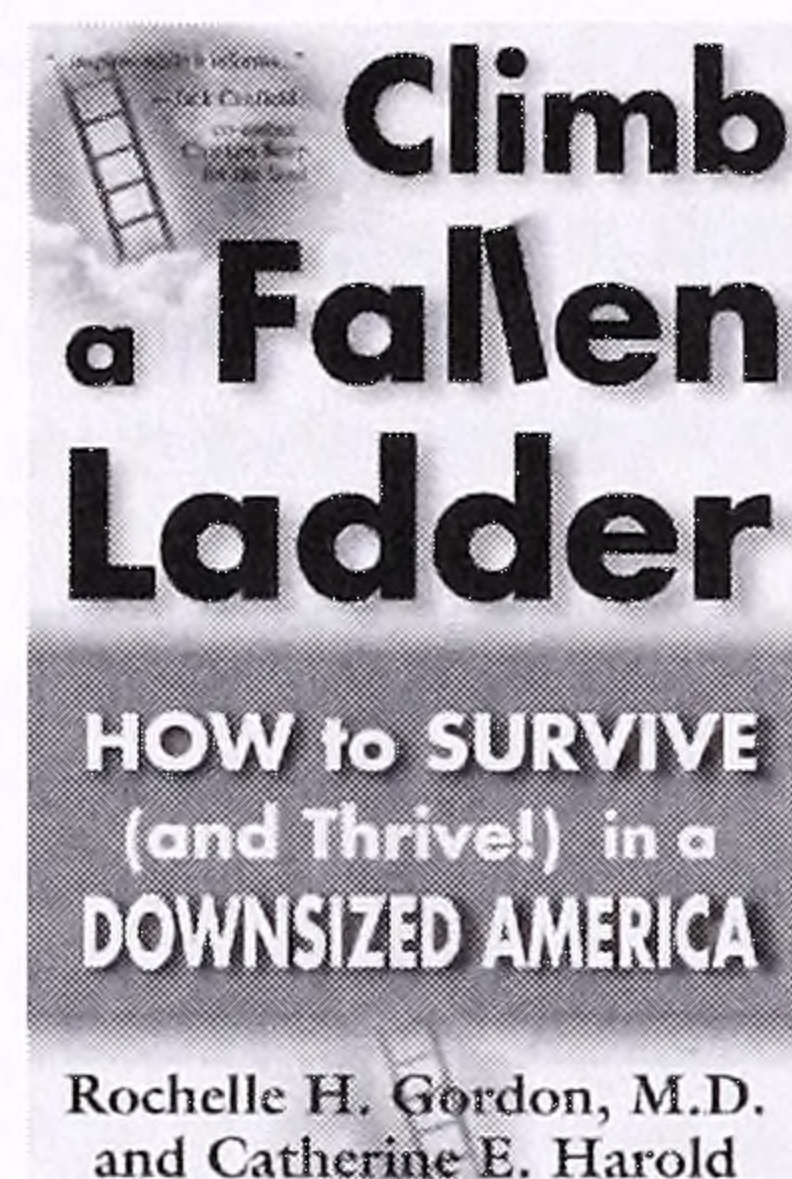
SELF-HELP / ADVICE

Firing Back: Power Strategies for Cutting the Best Deal When You're About to Lose Your Job

by Jodie-Beth Galos '73
John Wiley, 1997, \$16.95

Climb a Fallen Ladder: How to Survive (and Thrive!) in Downsized America

by Rochelle (Haimowitz) Gordon, M.D., '66
and Catherine Harold
Hatherleigh Press, 1997, \$21.95



Smarter Than You Think: A Revolutionary Approach to Teaching and Understanding Your Dog in Just a Few Hours

by Paul Loeb & Suzanne Hlavacek '76
Pocket Books, 1997, \$22

The New York Edge: 1997 Savvy Shoppers' Guide

by Susan Dollinger and Jane (Roberts)
Lockshin '65
Custom Databanks, 1997, \$14.95

FACULTY BOOKS

John Osborne: A Casebook

edited by Patricia Denison, lecturer in English
Garland, 1997, \$55

Reason Diminished: Shakespeare and the Marvelous

by Peter Platt, assistant professor in English
University of Nebraska Press, 1997, \$45

OTHER

Jabber

by Abby Cahn '81
Feedbag Music (Eatontown, NJ), 1997, \$10
(compact disc)

Partners Surviving: "My Partner was Sexually Abused"

produced by Marge Greene '71 et al.
Partners in Video, Inc., 1997, \$29.95
(videotape)

EXCERPT

BECOMING MAE WEST

BY EMILY WORTIS LEIDER '59

MAE BELIEVED THAT her abundant figure appealed to people because it conveyed optimism and plenitude. The leanness born of scarcity and deprivation gave way, in her person, to a vision of opulent indulgence. "My corseted silhouette," she mused in an article about her impact on fashion that was published in *Vogue*, "what is it but a return to normal, the ladies' way of saying the Depression is over?" Trend watchers in Paris and New York took note of a new fashion frenzy. The hour-glass figure was "in" again. Hips, busts, and cinched waists made a comeback. "Today everybody is wearing everything à la Mae West, from diamond shoe buckles to false bosoms. She has become a furor."

Every star, Mae West remarked, starts something new: "Garbo and her 'I Won't Talk.' Clara Bow and her 'It.' Marlene Dietrich and her trousers. Katharine Hepburn and her weird mannerisms. Well, curves would be something new in talkies." And Mae West spelled curves that were wedded to wisecracks delivered in a nasal drawl redolent of New York.

She won the day as the perfect Depression diva, a human antidepressant, tough, round, upbeat, funny, financially ascendant, but still in touch with a past that included struggle, hard times. She could make you forget your troubles, without asking you to deny your roots, your sexuality, or how good the lush life looks. Like her Lady Lou, she reminds you that she wasn't always rich; she can remember back to the days when the wolf was not only at the door but "when he came into my room and had pups." With her common touch and air of complete assurance, she encourages: If I could make it, so can you.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT of the AABC

In the words of the incomparable Cole Porter, "We're the top!" It's been a great year for the AABC, the College, and its alumnae. The Office of Alumnae Affairs and the AABC, as part of its strategic plan and in conjunction with other offices of the College, have provided many venues for thought-provoking and stimulating programs for alumnae of all ages and interests.

Among events which are becoming traditions are programs for women in the law, with the topic this year being "Justice and Gender," and women in medicine, who enjoyed a panel on "Balancing a Medical Career and a Private Life." "Age Isn't What It Used to Be" has become an annual event for women over 50, with a keynote address this year by Francine du Plessix Gray '52. The 1997 Gildersleeve professorship brought to the campus French scholar Julia Kristeva.

The Barnard Connection grew stronger and wider as President Shapiro, staff from the Alumnae and Development offices, and members of the faculty visited alumnae, parents, and friends in Illinois, California, Massachusetts, NY, Florida, North Carolina, Ohio, DC, and London. Alumnae in the New York Metropolitan Area have already begun to enjoy the fruits of the recent appointment of Leslie Calman '74, Director of the Center for Research on Women, to the additional post of Director of Metropolitan Alumnae Programs.

ANNUAL FUND

As of June 17, the Annual Fund had received gifts and pledges totaling \$2,565,316, 99% of our \$2.6 million goal, with over 40% of alumnae participating. The Annual Fund phonathon, with 86 volunteers, was once again an effective tool for strengthening ties with alumnae across the nation as well as soliciting gifts. A special phonathon resulted in a significant increase in participation.

AWARDS & FELLOWSHIPS

At Reunion this year we honored Madeleine Stern '32, Jessica Pernitz Einhorn '67, and June Jordan '57 with the Distinguished Alumna Award, recognized Susan Weber Soros '77 as a Woman of Achievement, and bestowed an Alumnae Recognition Award on Barbara Schmitter, for many years Vice President of the College and Dean of Student Affairs. Elsewhere on the Columbia campus, Nancy Underwood Lourie '53 received the Columbia Alumni Federation Medal for Conspicuous Alumni Service, and Anna Kazanjian Longobardo '49 was the first woman to receive the Egleston Medal, the highest award of the Engineering School Alumni Association.

Our Fellowship fund allows us to support the academic aspirations of alumnae with grants for graduate study. From 34 applicants, the Fellowship Committee selected Andrea Denny-Brown '96, Bridget Ford '91, Stephanie Marquet '89, Wendy Nolan '91, Shaindy Rudoff '87, and Jena Renner Schwartz '95.

UNDERGRADUATES AND YOUNG ALUMNAE

The AABC continues to generate loyalty to the College among current students and our most recent alumnae through sponsored events and the work of the Young Alumnae Committee. The committee's newsletter, *YAC On*, reached more than 3,500 alumnae in the New York area with news of the College and of events designed for them: a Homecoming tailgate party at Baker Field, performances at Merkin Concert Hall, and a reception, co-sponsored with the Office of Career Development, for alumnae who had majored in psychology.

The Class of '92, anticipating its five-year Reunion, placed special emphasis on participation in the Annual Fund and Reunion by calling the entire class on a single evening in December. And we welcomed members of the class of '96 who attended their first Reunion as our guests.

The AABC provides a visible tie to undergraduates by sponsoring the Senior Dinner, where the speaker this year was Donatella Lorch '83, NBC foreign correspondent. We also co-sponsored the Emily Gregory teaching award and dinner, and the "Clash of the Classes," an updated version of Greek Games. The Alumnae Affairs staff worked again this year with the College Activities Office and student leaders, to identify alumnae speakers for undergraduate class dinners.

CLUB & REGIONAL PROGRAMS

In addition to visits by President Shapiro, a variety of social, professional, and educational programs were presented by alumnae groups around the country. The quality and diversity of these activities becomes more ambitious each year. It is particularly gratifying that so many members of the faculty are eager to lecture and participate in programs sponsored by clubs and regional networks.

Again this spring, the Office of Alumnae Affairs worked with the Office of Admissions to arrange receptions for high school students admitted to the Barnard Class of 2001 in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Boston, Washington, D.C., and Miami.

CLASSES & OTHER AFFILIATIONS

The primary Barnard affiliation for most of us is with our class, and the five-year Reunions are our most significant College events. More than 1000 of us attended this year from 34 states and from as far away as Japan, the Philippines, and Australia. More and more "mini-Reunions" have been taking place, on and off campus, and several classes who are celebrating a "big" Reunion in 1998 are already at work to insure its success.

The Alumnae of Color Subcommittee held a dinner this year for alumnae of color who serve as student mentors. These women provide a range of experiences, from informal lunch meetings with students to arranging internships at their

offices. The mentors at this year's dinner spoke about professions which included finance, medicine, academe, sculpting, and TV production.

The AABC also supported the Office of Career Development in the maintenance of the Contact File, which is used by alumnae of all ages, the Working-in-Washington Shadowing Program, and the development of programs for Barnard Business and Professional Women.

OTHER NEWS

Congratulations go to *BARNARD* Magazine and its staff, led by editor Deborah Schupack, for winning a silver medal from CASE among College General Interest Magazines. Alumnae volunteers also receive the newsletter *Bear Outlines*.

Proposed amendments to our Bylaws were approved at the Annual Meeting. The purpose of these amendments is to reflect changes in the structure of the AABC Board and Committees and to respond to current and anticipated needs.

This has been an exciting, interesting first year for me as AABC President. As I have become better acquainted with members of the Board and committees, I find that my respect and admiration for Barnard women continue to grow. Barnard women of all ages do things with intelligence, imagination, and care, understanding the big pictures as well as the details—all with a sense of humor as well as grace. Barnard was, is, and will continue to be a college of excellence that welcomes young women of diversity and intellectual strength. To continue to serve this gifted undergraduate body, it is critical that we support Barnard in many ways, especially financially. The extraordinary young women enrolled in this College, and the equally extraordinary people who teach and advise them, deserve our best.

Let me thank all who have served the AABC with me this past year, especially those Board members who are retiring today: Carol Murray Lane '60, Evelyn Giaccio '82, Ruth Horowitz '83, Annette Stramesi Kahn '67, Carole Mahoney Everett '77, and Pamela Durborow Gallagher '69. A warm welcome to new members of the board, including alumnae trustee Abby Gilmore '67, and new members of the Nominating Committee, Jami Bernard '78, Patricia Herring Parisi '77, and Susan Lane Schnell '90.

Special thanks go to the staff of the Office of Alumnae Affairs: Eva Oppenheim, Toni Coffee, Christine Corcoran, Deborah Schupack, Susan Lemma, and Shelly Morris, and to Carol Herring, Vice President for Development and Alumnae Affairs, and her staff. And most especially to Irma Moore, who is retiring this year after nineteen years of extraordinary service to Barnard and to all of us as Director of Alumnae Affairs.

Carol Herman Cohen '59

ALUMNAE OFFICE

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We record with sadness the death in June of **ELEANORE LOURIA BLUM**, a devoted member of our class and of the NYC community. Long a member of the board of Louise Wise Services, she was also a leader of Recreation Rooms and Settlement. She is survived by a son, grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

ALUMNAE OFFICE

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We send condolences to the family of **MARGARET ROTHSCHILD KATZENSTEIN**, who died in May at the age of 101. Survivors include her daughter, **LEE KATZENSTEIN LOUIS '43**, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren.

News has also come of the death of anthropologist **ESTHER SCHIFF WITTFOGEL**. An obituary will appear in our next issue.

ALUMNAE OFFICE

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NANCY BOYD WILLEY attended the annual event for the mini-park named after her in Sag Harbor, NY.

ADELE BAZINET MCCORMICK
207 WESTMINSTER MANOR
1224 EAST LAS OLAS BLVD.
FORT LAUDERDALE, FL 33301

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*A note from the editor and all of us at Barnard: Congratulations and birthday greetings to **ADELE MCCORMICK**, who will celebrate her 95th birthday on July 23!*

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

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ALUMNAE OFFICE

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

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CLASS OFFICERS 1997-2002

PRESIDENT/CORRESPONDENT: *Louise Gottschall Feuer*
Four classmates were present at our 70th Reunion on May 30, and recorded their thoughts on the day. **FRANCES GEDROICE HAVINGA** attributes her good health to athletics; in Barnard days, this included tennis and baseball with the faculty. She has always kept busy, and loves to see old friends.

DOROTHY MUELLER HOLT went to law school after college but has no regrets that she exchanged her professional goals to be a wife and hostess. She still plays bridge and goes to the theater

and says, "I enjoy it all thoroughly." She lives in a retirement home in Red Bank, also the residence of **AGNES BENNET MURPHY '22**.

EUGENIA FRYSTICK said she had "nothing to complain about. I'm able to live alone and if I can keep people from interfering with me, I'll be fine." She maintains extensive correspondence with friends and relatives in Europe, Australia and all over the US.

LOUISE GOTTSCHALL FEUER has been taking a course in adaptive skills for the blind and plans to take others, such as a course in typing, that will help her deal with blindness. She has always worked for causes and says, "I'm indebted to Barnard for helping me cope with the challenges that come in life."

Preparations for Reunion had been clouded by news of the death on May 12 of **FRANCES BANNER PLOTTEL**, who had been planning to join us. We offer condolences to her daughters, **MARILYN PLOTTEL '54** and **RHEA PLOTTEL '52**, and daughter-in-law, **JEANINE PARISIER PLOTTEL '54**, and the rest of her family, of whom she was so proud.

Among those regretting that they could not attend our 70th was **MAFALDA GIANOTTI BUHLER**, who lives in Miami, FL. She wrote that she recently gave up her car but "I'm still kicking!" **JUDY CAUFFMAN DRISCOLL** also wrote that "traveling logistics" would make it impossible for her to attend.

HARRIET WILINSKY GOODMAN had planned to come until, as she wrote, she "joined the ranks of the hobbling wounded. I've broken my hip, playing bridge. There I was, coffee cup in one hand, cane in the other, pencil in my teeth, and I caught my heel on the chair leg as I rose to move to the East-West position at the next table. I suppose bridge can now be classified as a body contact sport."

JANICE MOSES SULLIVAN was not able to be at Reunion but hopes to see pictures of those who were there. She writes that she flew up to her son's 60th birthday party: "my first time away from Florida since I broke my hip 5 1/2 years ago."

We missed you all.

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

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News from our classmates is sparse, but I hope you will write and share your thoughts and experiences as we approach the 70th anniversary of our graduation from Barnard. The Annual AABC Luncheon will be held on **Friday, May 29, 1998**. We are all invited as guests of the College. It would be wonderful to see you there!

With sadness we report the death in April of **DOROTHY WELCH WHITE**. A retired school teacher, she was a well-known naturalist in Connecticut. There are no immediate survivors.

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

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Our only classmate to follow religion as a career was the late **REV IDA VAN DYCK HORDINES**. With her husband, John, she lived at Harvard Farm in East Branch, NY, where growing flowers was a passion. John now runs an annual national flower contest, and with the help of the village mayor he is undertaking to establish a National Flower Growers Hall of Fame.

Hillary Rodham Clinton sent John a letter of acceptance as a permanent member. The plan is to have public gardens and an important indoor display. John Hordines writes, "there are 60 million flower growers in the US and they deserve a Hall of Fame."

We send deepest sympathy and heartfelt condolences to the families of **HELEN PHELAN NUGENT** and **GERTRUDE BUTLER LOMNITZ**, who passed away recently. We will miss them but hope to be sustained by memories of their companionship during happy years at Barnard.

HELEN CHAMBERLAIN JOSEFSBERG
53 PEBBLE PATH LANE
BREWSTER, MA 02631

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ANN BEERS BACKUS died on March 11 at the age of 90 in Martinez, California. Her daughter, Nancy Meagher, of Orinda, CA, wrote that "she always maintained a connection with Barnard and enjoyed a lifetime of memories about it."

With sorry we note also the death in June of **MARY DUBLIN KEYSERLING**. An obituary will appear in our next issue.

EDNA MEYER WAINERDI
HOLLANDALE APTS., #42-H
CLIFTON PARK, NY 12065

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Statistics compiled at the time of our Reunion last year included the numbers of our children (37), grandchildren (91), and great-grands (26 at that time, now up to at least 28). Leading the list are **JOSEPHINE GROHE ROSE**, with four children, twelve grands, and one great-grandchild, and **MARJORIE NICHOLS BOONE**, with three children, seven grandchildren, and six in the third generation.

As **ERNA JONAS FIFE** writes, "the grandchildren are the interesting ones now." Her granddaughter is taking a term of her junior year at Oberlin to learn Portugese in Brazil. One grandson is combining art and his BA at the U of Michigan; another is "great on the clarinet."

Our class has suffered two further losses. **JULIA BEST SCHREIBER** died in April in Red Hook, NY, where she had lived for many years. A botanist, she was co-owner with her husband of Sawkill Orchards. Survivors include two sons and one grandson. **BLANCHE SERWER-BERNSTEIN** died in May; an obituary will appear in our next issue.

DORA BREITWIESER STOUTENBERG
1 STREAM COURT, P.O. BOX 1225
FARMINGTON, CT 06032

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CLASS OFFICERS 1997-2002

PRESIDENT: *Virginia Weil Burman*
CORRESPONDENT: *Dora Breitwieser Stoutenberg*
FUND CHAIR: *Isabel Boyd*

Some twenty of us attended the various events during our 65th Reunion on what seemed, to those of us who stayed throughout, a very successful weekend. We wish you had been along. We began with a before-luncheon sherry party in the Deanery, where President Judith Shapiro greeted us; for some of us, it was the first opportunity to meet her.

We returned the President's greeting with our Junior Show "Wench Song," a Greenfield/ Calisher product, and then joined the all-College Reunion

luncheon in Barnard Hall. We noted the new buildings, the shade trees that have grown so much larger since 1932, the new position under the trees of our beloved Greek Games statue, and, as we entered the gym, the presence of so many lively young alumnae, our generation's granddaughters.

At the luncheon, we applauded for **MADELEINE STERN** when she was presented with a Distinguished Alumna Award, and then separated to take in the wide choice of programs and discussions. **VERA JOSEPH PETERSON** took part in a discussion among "Barnard Women of Color" and was interviewed by *Columbia Spectator*. **ETHEL GREENFIELD BOOTH**, who had served in the US Navy, attended a reception for alumnae veterans, which drew the attention of reporters from NY, Philadelphia, and the BBC. (See also *Ethel's essay elsewhere in this issue*.) **HORTENSE CALISHER** was unable to be with us in person but had sent a lovely poem which was printed in the Reunion program. Her latest book, *In the Slammer with Carol Smith*, has just been published.

Three of us stayed on campus in Sulzberger Hall, the newest of the dormitories. We had a ninth-floor view of Columbia, upper Broadway, the soon-to-be-replaced greenhouse atop Milbank Hall, and, looking south, of the attractive quadrangle enclosed by the four residence halls. On Saturday morning four of us led the "parade" from Milbank to Barnard Hall, pennants waving, and were roundly applauded.

Our weekend concluded with a party at the Sutton Place apartment of **VIRGINIA WEIL BURMAN**, whose gracious hospitality was much appreciated. After sharing our Reunion profiles (copies available if you write to Virginia or me), we enjoyed champagne and sandwiches and stayed on chatting and playing with Virginia's entertaining little dog.

ELINE HOLST MCKNIGHT could not attend Reunion since she is nearly blind and is still recovering from injuries received in a "brutal mugging" nearly four years ago. Some of Eline's works as an artist are in the permanent collection of the Library of Congress and four woodcuts purchased by the USIA have been distributed to US embassies all over the world.

Others who could not return for Reunion sent greetings and bits of news which your secretary will endeavor to convey in future columns.

News has come only recently that two of our classmates, **DOROTHY REYNOLDS** and **MABEL SUTTON SEQUIN**, died in 1995, and that **HELEN FINN BLUNT** died last September. We also received a note from Charles Gallanter, the son of **DOROTHY ROE GALLANTER**, who served us for many years as a class officer and died in April. He writes that "she was a very proud Barnard alumna."

CLASS NOTES DEADLINES

Copy for future issues should reach the Alumnae Office by these dates:

FALL: AUGUST 13

WINTER: NOVEMBER 10

Write to your Class Correspondent at the address shown in these pages before these deadlines, so your news can be included in her next column.

EILEEN KELLY HUGHES
MURIEL KELLY MAJOR
BALDWIN ROAD, RR1, BOX 62B
TICONDEROGA, NY 12883
(SUMMER ONLY)

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We send sympathy to the family of **MARIA D'ANTONA MELANO**, who died in February.

Gena Tenney Phenix sent us a poem which won first place honors for **EVELYN BRILL STARK** in a poetry contest sponsored by Altrusa International of Middletown, CT, this spring. Altrusa is a volunteer service organization of business and professional leaders. We enjoyed Evelyn's words of wisdom and are happy to share them with all of you.

All I ask for in life is a comfortable chair
Indoors or outdoors—I really don't care
I don't want to travel or go anywhere
I just want to sit in a comfortable chair.

I've done everything and I've been everywhere
I've reached for the heights and I've drowned in
despair

What I do from now on is my own affair
And I choose to collapse in a comfortable chair.

It may be hard to believe, but our 65th Reunion is almost around the corner. Plan to be with us at Barnard on **May 29-30, 1998!**

JANE STEIN ABERLIN
961 VICTORY BOULEVARD
STATEN ISLAND, NY 10301

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Sorry to have to report two deaths of classmates. The first was **SONJA BORGESON BAKER**, last December. She lived in Barre, VT, and is survived by her stepson, Ralph Baker. The second was **ESTHER BACH WOOD**, who passed away in January. She lived in New Canaan, CT, and is survived by a daughter, Ann Wood, of Port Orchard, WA.

On a much happier note, I heard from **MARION SHAPERO JACOBSTEIN**. She and husband Milton still live in Rochester, NY, and spend summers on Cape Cod. Their three sons have produced eight grandchildren who are in various stages of college, many with good jobs lined up. All, including grandparents, are in excellent health and spirits.

Two of my grandchildren are also investigating colleges and two are in Brooklyn Poly Prep. All are in good health and I am suitably grateful.

VIVIAN WHITE DARLING
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A few years ago (April '92), *Gourmet Magazine* published a wonderful article, "Portrait of Lake Como" by contributing editor **GERALDINE TROTTA**. It includes a description of the lake and its many towns and vast estates, as well a history of the area. A footnote mentions that Geri has a special fondness for Italy, where both sides of her family have their roots.

It is sad to report that two deaths occurred in our class in February. **ADELAIDE RUBSAMEN CARTER** is survived by her son Douglas of Cambridge, NY. **EDITH KANE JAKOBSSON** leaves two sons, Eric of Urbana, IL, and Carl of Poulsbo, WA.

In addition, there were two deaths last November: **REBECCA HOPKINS HAMMER**, whose son James lives in Richmond, VA, and **SOPHIA MURPHY TRAVIS**, whose daughter Carole lives in Chicago.

Our most recent loss is that of **MILDRED FISHMAN STEIN**, who died in Washington on April 21. We send deepest sympathy to her husband, Herbert, and to their two children and three grandchildren.

We are all saddened by these losses.

HELEN STOFER CANNY sent a delightful letter about her life in Whitney Center in Hamden, CT. She likes being near her son, and life in her apartment is very comfortable. Meals are served in the dining room but each apartment has a kitchen also. Many programs are provided, including lecturers from Yale and music of various sorts, and a bus takes residents to concerts and other events in New Haven. Helen has a grandson in college and a granddaughter.

EDITH CANTOR MORRISON writes that she attended the wedding of her granddaughter in Cologne last June. "The wedding inspired me to take a trip to Munich to visit my son Tom. A stopover in Frankfurt permitted me to enjoy a leisurely exploration of the old city. The train ride along the banks of the river evoked memories of a Rhine journey over 30 years ago."

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Quite a bit of news this quarter, mostly from my faithful correspondents. If the rest of you won't write, you'll just have to make do with their news.

I begin with an apology for botching up **ALICE ACKERMAN MARKWOOD**'s name in the Spring column. An unfamiliar computer is no excuse. I guess a cog just slipped momentarily. Sorry, Alice!

Now to the mail...Our president, **VIVIAN NEALE**, reported on May 1: "I have just returned from a week in Kentucky visiting Kay Hand. I luxuriated in true southern hospitality. In February I was at an Elderhostel in Montecatini, Italy [near Florence]....We were saturated with 15th century culture and interesting talks on modern Italy....One of the lecturers was **ROBIN CLAPP**, class of '84."

JANE EISLER WILLIAMS wrote of big changes in her family life. Her husband George has been diagnosed "with early Alzheimer's...and has been moved to an excellent facility....When an appropriate apartment is found...I will move there too." Jane's '97 travel plans include two weeks in the interior of Alaska with Elderhostel, a Nature Conservancy trip to Big Bend Park on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, the Shakespeare Festival in Oregon, and in November "a whopper of a trip" to Brazil, Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego and the Darwin Channel.

ADAIR BRASTED GOULD loved her Christmas vacation on Virgin Gorda, "a real paradise!" She also visited **HELEN (OTTO) MAY STRAUSS** and helped to assemble the Reunion photos which we've all since enjoyed. I'm sure you're as grateful as I am to Otto for this labor of (I hope) love! Otto was also at Reunion this year, to attend a reception for alumnae who served in the armed forces during WWII.

Sadly, we have a long list of losses to report, including two that occurred some time ago: **JEANNE DELEVIE MANNING-BOUCHER** died in 1991 and **FLORENCE LEOPOLD GREEN** in November 1995; this was reported by her daughter-in-law, **PATRICIA THOMAS GREEN '79**. In April our roster was shortened by three: **HELEN KEMP SCHWEITZER** died on the 17th; she is survived by her husband Roland daughter, Linda Mason, two grandsons and a great-grandson. **JEANE MEEHAN BUCCIARELLI '34**

sent word of the death of her sister-in-law **ROSE BUCCIARELLI** on the 19th. And on the same day, **MARGARET HOOVER ECKARDT** died; she is survived by her husband, Jack.

Just as I was working on this column I received a letter from France, from William Davenport, head of European studies for Northwood U in Michigan: "Very sad to tell you that **ROSELLE [RIGGIN DAVENPORT '35]** died on March 23rd...We would have celebrated our 57th wedding anniversary on June 15th. Surviving are our son Tony, a sculptor and professor of art at Ohio U; our daughter Anne, teaching history of science at Harvard; seven grandchildren, and her husband...Roselle leaves a special legacy: her luminous landscapes and portraits, an extension of her radiant personality. There is an exhibition of her paintings at the Hammond Galleries in Lancaster, Ohio. This will be followed by shows in Midland, Mich, and next winter in Honolulu, where we lived from 1945 to 1957." I have fond memories of Roselle, both from undergraduate days, when we were dating literary students at Columbia, and when as Alumnae Director I organized a trip to Paris and she entertained us at Reid Hall, where Bill was then director.

Your correspondent is happy to be at home again and busy. I finally got to visit the Outer Banks of Carolina on a delightful trip with our Senior Scholar group and an enthusiastic young ornithologist; saw or heard 92 species of birds! I need YOUR news, please!

ETHEL LEWIS LAPUYADE
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CLASS OFFICERS 1997-2002

PRESIDENT: *Felice Teplitz Ross*
VICE PRESIDENT: *Joan Geddes Ulanov*
CORRESPONDENT: *Ethel Lewis Lapuyade*

A final column from **HELEN HARTMANN WINN**:

Our intrepid little band of survivors assembled for our 60th Reunion dinner on May 30 at Sulzberger Hall. What a difference five years have made in the number who were able to attend. So many were prevented for reasons of health, family obligation or the difficulties of travel that we numbered a scant dozen old friends, whose spirits remained high in spite of all.

Traveling all the way from the west coast, **ETHEL LEWIS LAPUYADE** came with her daughter, making a NY adventure out of the event, while others came from the middle west, Maine, and Washington, DC, as well as the environs of NY/NJ. Vice president **JOAN GEDDES ULANOV** had done a wonderful job of analyzing the questionnaire sent to all class members which gave us a profile of who we are and what our attitudes have become since graduation. One third of our classmates have already departed this vale of tears, and only 20% of those who remain returned the questionnaire, so the replies are not statistically significant, but are interesting nonetheless.

Those who responded listed 16 daughters, 31 sons, 38 grandchildren, and 26 great-grandchildren. We live all over the continental US and in four foreign countries. We have the usual ailments that flesh is heir to, but most are quite vigorous and do our own gardening and housework. No servants! Six of us are still gainfully employed, but nearly all of us volunteer for a variety of social services and institutions such as hospitals, libraries, schools, retirement homes, and religious organizations. We are generally pro-choice, against smoking, and for peace. We believe in family values, gun control, welfare reform,

and wildlife protection. We do not seem to be more conservative than when we graduated and remain interested in art, theater, music, politics, and women's rights.

MARTHA REED COLES came down from Maine and showed some photos of her paintings, which are truly remarkable. She and a colleague are planning a second exhibit as soon as she has enough work ready. **RUTH HARRIS ADAMS** came for lunch with her daughter, and **DOROTHY MIESSE** was here from Ohio. She has been retired for some ten years but leads an active life as a volunteer for American Heart Assn, in the Discovery Shop of the American Cancer Assn, and with the IRS Vita Program.

SHIRLEY ADELSON SIEGEL, far from retiring, is teaching for one semester each year—this fall at Fordham and Cardozo law schools. Shirley's late husband, Woody Siegel, was a film producer and director of documentaries. Their 50+-year marriage was blessed with two children: Ann, an attorney on the executive staff of the American Museum of Natural History, and Eric, a computer network consultant based in the Washington, DC, area.

Others who attended our merry Reunion were **MARJORIE HAAS EDWARDS**, **FLORENCE KRINSKY**, **VIRGINIA LECOUNT**, **EDNA FUERTH LEMLE**, **MOLLY MINTZ TOBERT**, **FELICE TEPLITZ ROSS**, **JESSIE HERKIMER STRAUS**, and yours truly, **HELEN HARTMANN WINN**.

We were shocked to learn that our class president, **GERTRUDE DOUNN SCHWIMMER**, died on April 27. She is survived by her son Mark and daughters Shoshanna and **GEORGIA '68**. Gertrude had been active in the League of Women Voters and was a founding trustee of the Bergen County Commission on the Status of Women and a member and chairman of the board of Bergen County Community College.

A further loss occurred on March 7 with the death of **SHIRLEY GOLDSTON ROSEN**, who is survived by her husband, Herbert, daughter Jane Barowitz and son David. We send condolences to both families.

This is my last column for *Barnard* magazine, so let me wish you all Godspeed. I hope you will keep your new correspondent informed about your doings!

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ANNA WALDRON FILMER and husband Charles have given up their home in New Mexico. She writes: "I will be spending most of the year in Florida, when not visiting my grandson in Virginia. Last year we took a wonderful cruise from Rio de Janeiro around the bottom of South America to Santiago, Chile."

HELEN JEFFERSON THOMAS is organist *emerita* at Grace Church in Madison, NJ, principal organist of the Presbyterian Church in Springfield, and concert accompanist for the Orpheus Club of Newark, a men's glee group.

We mourn the loss of our former class president, **VALMA NYLUND GASSTROM**, who died suddenly on May 12. Valma was a longtime resident of White Plains, NY, and taught English for many years at the Berlitz School in White Plains. In addition to her class activities she was a former president of Barnard in Westchester and was a founding member of the Westchester Assn of Retarded Citizens. She is survived by her husband Evald, her son and daughter, her grandson, and many Barnard friends.

Sadly I must also report the death of **RHODA SHARLOT RADISCH**, on February 21. A longtime

resident of the Chelsea neighborhood in Manhattan, she had a career in economics and planning. She worked in the NYC Dept of Housing Preservation and the NYS Housing Finance Agency. Her daughter **LOIS '72** is an attorney in NYC.

And we have also been notified of the death of **MIRIAM SPENCER NYLIN**, in California in March. She is survived by two brothers, William and Robert.

Our deepest sympathy to the bereaved families.

It is not too soon to note the dates of our 60th Reunion—**May 29-30, 1998**. It will be here before you know it. Start planning now!

MARTHA ANKENEY SCHAFFER
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NINETTA DI BENEDETTO HESSION found another Barnard girl, from 1933, where she lives at Glen Arden, Goshen, NY. She and husband Martin are busy with church and discussion groups, and he is in a French group; our fearless leader loves crossword puzzles. Anyone up that way should stop in.

In June **ELVIRA NAGEL MORPETH** and husband Bill moved to Tidepointe, still in Hilton Head and near enough to Atlanta for them to see their two daughters and five grandchildren. One daughter has three girls, the other has two sons. The Morpeths golf and swim and Elvira is very good at contract bridge, her husband says.

Although she loves to read "anything I can get my hands on," **RUTH ARONSON MEYER** volunteers at the White Plains Hospital Center, the Scleroderma Foundation, and her local temple. She has a daughter in Orange County, CA, a son in Cleveland, OH, and another in Charlottesville, VA. Ruth knows what "I'm having a senior moment" means.

My deepest apologies for the error in reporting that **EMMA LOU RAINWATER**'s husband was with her in Europe last fall. As she graciously pointed out when I called her, her trip also included Stockholm and when she told me that it reminded her of when they were there for him to receive the Nobel Prize, the "they" evidently stayed in my mind.

Science fiction and detective stories are **DOROTHY BRAMSON HAMMOND**'s favorite reading. That and keeping up with her family are her two favorite things. Her daughter **SUSAN BRAMSON MORTON '66** lives in NYC; her son and two grandsons are in Northampton, MA.

We regret to report the death of **ANN MENDELSON GRONNINGSATER** in November. And a brother of **ELIZABETH PATRICIA SPOLLEN**, has told us of her death on May 9, in Newtown Square, PA. Prior to her retirement in 1983, she was garden editor of *The Philadelphia Bulletin*. Our sympathy goes to the families and friends of both these classmates.

The last weekend in May was a big Reunion for the family of **CHARLOTTE PHILLIPSON HENCKEN**, with members coming from all directions for a grandson's wedding in Chicago.

Each weekday, Al and **ELAINE HILDENBRAND MUESER** have two grandchildren for breakfast, check their homework, and get them to school. Anna mara is taking ballet at the NY Conservatory for the Arts. The children are helping clear and chop the many trees lost in storms at the Muesers' summer home.

Two years ago, **DOROTHY STOCKWELL WEBSTER**'s husband died. Sometimes she goes to see her sons, sometimes they visit her, at home in Lockport, NY. One is a psychologist in Long Beach, CA, and has three boys. The other is with Phillips Electric, Ann

Arbor, and has one grown son, a married daughter, and a teenage son. Dorothy belongs to the Zonta Club and YWCA, and is an elder in the Presbyterian Church. Aerobics several times a week keeps her fit.

VERA VIDAIR REEGEN was just out of the hospital when I spoke to her. We wish her well.

DORIS LOWINGER ROSENBERG is president of NY Citizens' Commission on Aging. She is also on the Jewish Board of Family and Children's Services, the largest mental health organization in the country, with 120 programs in NY, and she is active in Planned Parenthood. You would never dream that this lady has had three back operations. When her back "isn't too bad," she travels, most recently to Indonesia. At home she enjoys theatre, reading, and chamber music, and until recently was an avid golfer.

JEAN JOHNSTON MILLER had a fall in December, and after two months at a subacute facility has returned home to Rocky Hill, CT. Daughter **JEAN RUSSELL "RUSTY" MILLER RICH '62** has been taking care of her.

FLORA EHRSAM DUDLEY
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Our most recent mini-reunion in the NY metropolitan area has come and gone, and, as usual, it was a very pleasant occasion. Twelve of us, including two husbands, met at the Frick Collection, always a pleasure, and then had lunch at the nearby Gardenia Cafe. Watch your mail for news of future plans; these get-togethers are a great way to keep up with old friendships and strengthen ties to Barnard.

Unfortunately, we have again to report two deaths. **MURIEL PADVE GAINES** died this past December and **ANNETTE BERGOLD BUCK** in February. Our sympathy to the bereaved families.

From Ethel Lewis Lapuyade '37 comes interesting news about **AGNES ADAMS ROBINSON**. On June 1 the Senior Coordinating Council of the Palo Alto (CA) area honored seven men and women, including Aggie, at a "Lifetime of Achievement" reception. She is described as "a lifetime educator, school board member, and civil rights advocate." She told an interviewer that she very early had a strong sense of fairness but her interest in politics was sparked by reading George Bernard Shaw's *An Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism*. When she and her husband moved to Palo Alto, she immediately volunteered at the school which their five sons attended. After years of PTA work she ran for the school board, where she served for ten years, including two years as president. Subsequently she was appointed to the California Postsecondary Education Commission, the Board of Governors of California community colleges, and, most recently, the Accreditation Commission for the Western Assn of Schools and Colleges. With her sons and eleven grandchildren scattered along both coasts, she now spends most of her time visiting them and dealing with family business. She also continues a lifelong interest in painting, especially tempera—"great big bold colors that make a statement."

Now we know something about Aggie Robinson. What about the rest of you?

ATHENA CAPRARO WARREN
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I asked **JEAN MARIE ACKERMANN** about her plays and musicals so that I could become acquainted

with them. She said her most-produced musical so far is *Sing O Sing of Lydia Pinkham*. It's about that "fearless housewife who faced down the medical establishment in the 1880s and helped women to not only health but self-esteem." Jean Marie says there is a trend "from the three-act play to the one-act short, to unbelievable ten-, five-, and even one-minute scripts...and much writing can gain from being condensed....I have taken to dissecting my long plays and musicals, with remarkable results." I'd like to read *Sing O Sing* and then take Jean Marie up on her remark that she would love to hear from classmates on any of the issues she raises. That is a great project for some of us; we might come up with some provocative material, even before our next Reunion.

"Three cheers!" is the message from **MARJORIE ULLMAN HAWKSWORTH**. "The city of Santa Barbara has finally acquired the 66-acre Wilcox property along its coast, through a heartwarming community effort in which some supporters nationwide participated. Thanks to any of you who may have helped. The land will be known as the Douglas Family Nature Preserve, in honor of Kirk Douglas, whose son Michael was chief contributor to its purchase under the auspices of the Trust for Public Land." Marjorie insists that this is more important than her own news, but we are happy to include that, too. She writes that she "thoroughly enjoys" painting, which she has been doing since 1990. Her work has been accepted in juried exhibitions and last July she was selected to hang a month-long solo show in a gallery at the Santa Barbara Library. In January, her picture "Jalama Bend" won an award in a Santa Barbara Art Association landscape show in the library's main Faulkner Gallery.

BETTINA BOYNTON has returned from a world cruise on *Crystal Symphony*, "visiting everything from Honolulu, Australia, Indonesia, Hong Kong, India, Africa, Brazil, Caribbean, back to Fort Lauderdale—103 days." She says "it was wonderful" and we can certainly believe it.

ESTELLE CROSS enjoys taking courses at Harvard Institute for Learning in Retirement, and seeing her six great-nieces and nephews, who are, luckily, in the Boston area.

MARGUERITE BINDER ZAMAITIS has good news about her husband: he has recovered from a hip replacement operation and does the grocery shopping regularly. My husband, too, does the shopping, following a second knee replacement. (Attention, surgeons: free commercials for body part replacements.) Peggy has finished her 16th annual three-month stint in AARP's Tax-Aide Program at a nearby senior center. She reports that **BABETTE JACOBSON SOMMERS** suffered a stroke in early April and is in a nursing home and getting rehabilitation. Call Peggy for further information.

Peggy was at Barnard for Reunion in May, along with **VICKIE HUGHES REISS**, **MARIE TURBOW LAMPARD**, **MARTHA BENNETT HEYDE**, and **MADÉLINE SHIELDS POWELL**. They all attended the dedication of the Reunion courtyard, between the gym and the Deanery, where a plaque was installed recognizing classes that have contributed over \$100,000 to the College in one year, as we did for our 55th Reunion.

As for me, I've added a weekly teaching-assistance stint with first graders to my volunteer services with nursing-home patients; the kids call me Gramma-thena. The *coup de grace* will be when parents of the children allow them to go with me on visits to the lovely old people. That's bound to be a huge success.

BARBARA HEINZEN COLBY
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CLASS OFFICERS 1997-2002

PRESIDENT: *Virginia Rogers Cushing*

VICE PRESIDENT: *Elaine R. Grimm*

REUNION CHAIR: *Glafyra Fernandez Ennis*

CORRESPONDENT: *Barbara Heinzen Colby*

FUND CHAIR: *Frances Murphy Duncan*

TREASURER: *Lois Voltter Silberman*

NOMINATING CHAIR: *Mabel Schubert Foust*

It's all over—but the reminiscing will continue! Thanks to the organizing capabilities of Reunion chair **VIRGINIA ROGERS CUSHING** (our new president), the Class of 1942 enjoyed a memorable 55th Reunion. By the time of our final Sunday breakfast in Sulzberger Tower, we had counted 38 classmates at the various events. **ENID PUGH BEECHAM** and **NINA THOMAS BRADBURY** traveled the farthest, from Wales and California respectively.

The College provided us with a delightful locale for our Friday dinner, the Quad Café, on the south side of the newly-dedicated Reunion Courtyard, facing lovely green lawns and monumental old Brooks Hall, with its egg-and-dart architectural motif. **JOAN BROWN WETTINGFELD** had arranged an exhibit of classmates' publications and other accomplishments. For our cocktail buffet on Saturday evening, we gathered at the apartment of Susan and Jonathan Colby and enjoyed an informal evening while also electing the officers who will plan for us into the next millenium.

HELEN BAKER CUSHMAN was thanked for the thoughtful booklet she wrote as a memorial to classmates who have died since our 1992 Reunion. (By the way, Helen's e-mail address is different from the one listed in the Reunion Booklet. The correct address is <handr@intac.com>.)

We applauded our retiring Fund chair, **EDITH MEYER LAURO**, who had led us to great heights in giving. With 57% of our class contributing to the Annual Fund, we were in second place in participation at that point! Our class finances are also sound and any balance remaining after Reunion expenses will be given to the College.

With '40s music in the background, **LILLIAN RUTHERFORD ROMA** gave a demonstration of her "dancercise" and what it can do to help us keep fit. Lillian continues to teach dance even after several joint replacements. Her granddaughter, Kelly Wade Brown, joined us, as did **MARJORIE ROSSER PHILLIPS'** daughter Barbara Higgins, whose daughter Sherri is a Barnard junior. Barnard daughters and granddaughters who were present included **ANNETTE TOTTI RODRIGUEZ '75**, **LORI SWINGLE GORMLEY '78**, and **JAYA CUSHING MELWANI '71**.

Of the programs planned for us by the College, the most popular were Professor Helene Foley's lecture on "Women in Antiquity" and a panel discussion on "Living for Food...and Food for a Living."

On Saturday morning more than a dozen of us walked over to St. Paul's Chapel to see the beautiful wooden Nakashima Peace Altar, the gift of Professor WT and Fanny Brett de Bary '43. On Saturday afternoon, President Shapiro hosted a reception for alumnae who had served in WWII, including Navy veteran **EDITH CANNON HERBST**. Other classmates who were in the armed forces include Barbara Klipsteir Carrington, Louise Woolfolk Chesnut, Lucy Pollard Guthe, Mary Jane Heyl, Marie-Germaine Hogan

Louise Davis Peck, and Lillian Riblet; and also Zenia Sachs Goodman, Gertrude Schaffer Heimer, Rebecca Allinson Immanuel, and Caroline Laidlaw, who are deceased.

In addition to individuals mentioned above, classmates who were present for Reunion were: **ROSALIE GELLER SUMNER ALTMAN, ELEONORA BOGGIANO, JUDITH HYDE BOYD, KATHARINE HANLY BRETNALL, MABEL CAMPBELL, RUTH YOUNG CHREKJIAN, FLORENCE HASLAM COLE, DORIS BAYER COSTER, ELIZABETH ALLEVA DIAZ, ELEANOR COLGAN ELWERT, JULIETTE KENNEY FAGER, ELIZABETH FULLER, NANCY LENKEITH HORNEFFER, HELEN CORNELL KOENIG, PHOEBE HYRKIN LANE, DORIS BURLEY MAXWELL, EVELYN BASWELL ROSS, AMY ZASULY SELWYN, AMELIE ANDERSON SLOAN, MARION BLUM SWEET, KAY BRUNS SWINGLE, ELINORE JACOFF TUNICK, RUTH HENINGHAM WEBBERT,** and your seven newly elected class officers (above).

We received "regrets" from **MARIE WALL FAY**, in Stuart, FL. She is "spending these golden years with my husband Jack in this Edenic setting, playing golf and duplicate bridge, volunteering, and traveling with Elderhostel during the hot summer months. And **ANGELA CUCCIO SCHIRONE** writes, "As usual, I'm off to Italy for May and June and maybe even longer now that I'm retired."

To all classmates who could not be with us: please know that we missed your company. Souvenir Reunion booklets will be in the mail soon.

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Texas wildflowers were blooming everywhere during our visit to my brother and other relatives in April. Rain in the right times and quantities made our drives around Fredricksburg, especially for bluebonnets, quite wonderful, as we looked through live oaks up hillsides and across streams. But driving in rush hour in Austin, Dallas, or Memphis are *not* to our liking.

Our best wishes go to **RUTH WILLEY SWANSON**, who has a new permanent address at her house in Keene, NH.

A notice from the Bank of Ireland told us that **NATHALIE FALLON CHADWICK** died in December '95. She and her husband had been running a small Irish estate. Survivors include six grandchildren. Our classmate **KATHRYN GIBLIN JACOBS** has also died. We send sympathy to her husband, Jack Jacobs, MD, of Bayside, NY.

Have you started thinking about 1998? Our 55th Reunion will be held on **May 29-30**, so make a note now, save your pennies, and plan to come. Details will be coming in the mail in the fall. Meanwhile, of course, please send news.

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INA CAMPBELL's month in Florida in the spring enabled her to visit three classmates. First, there was **ROLANDE REDON PURSE** "in her lovely life-care place." Rolande continues to utilize her artistic talents by coordinating the making of Victorian ornaments by fellow residents for a Christmas tree to be auctioned for the benefit of the Naples Symphony. Last year's tree brought \$900.

In Fort Lauderdale Ina enticed **MARY DAVIS**

WILLIAMS to leave her Spanish-style house with its historic marker and **HELEN CAHN WEIL** to take time from her social work for the handicapped to share a long lunch. Historic marker? It states "Built in 1923" and Mary pointed out, "That's old for Florida."

FRANCOISE KELZ once more flew friendly skies to Europe to take in the world figure skating championships in Switzerland and then jumped to Africa, where Rabat, Fez, and Marrakech provided background for her photos: "Saw cypress forests, orange trees along the streets, olive groves, snow-capped mountains, the Sahara and its dunes (hard to walk on those dunes!), and oases along with the varied and interesting Moroccans themselves."

Francoise arrived back in the US in time to accompany **ALICE EATON HARRIS** to our April mini-reunion at Barnard. Along with **INA CAMPBELL, ASTRITH DEYRUP, SHIRLEY SEXAUER HARRISON, EDNA FREDERICKS ENGORON, JACKIE SHADGEN MENAGE, LILLI KRIEGER KEENE, ELIZABETH MURRAY,** and **JEANNE WALSH SINGER**, they relished the view from the top of Sulzberger Hall. Also present were **DOROTHY KATTENHORN EBERHART**, who had helped make the arrangements, **CAROL MALI DU BOIS**, attending her first reunion since college, and **AUDREY BROWN**. Carol chairs an environmental group on Long Island. Audrey is now semi-retired but still a professor of pediatrics at SUNY/Brooklyn Medical Center and chair of a study group on the impact of early neonatal discharge in NYC hospitals. She wrote: "I continue to organize and serve as moderator for the Kenicterus Symposium which is held in conjunction with the annual meeting of the American Pediatric Society....Severe jaundice with consequent brain damage is re-emerging in part because of early discharge but also because of relaxation of concernWe have addressed the subject before the National Institute of Child Health, the surgeon general's office, and the Irish and American Paediatric Society." While Audrey focuses on present and future medicine, her husband, Dr. A. Jay Bollet, is finishing a book on medicine in the Civil War.

IDRIS ROSSELL is still a realtor in West Virginia several months a year, while wintering in Bradenton, FL. Still a "top producer" in her board, she has just sold her third restoration of a Victorian home in Berkeley Springs. She was planning to attend the jubilee celebration of the Carmelite Monastery in Terre Haute, IN, in June, where Sister Joseph, DC, (**CHARLOTTE MCKENZIE**) is the Superior.

When **BETTY GORMLEY HUBBELL** left Washington, DC, last year, she was delighted to discover that **MAVISE HAYDEN CROCKER** had settled in Falmouth, MA, before her. They had not met since taking "early departure" from Barnard during WWII.

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Last time around I ran out of space (much better than running out of news!) and couldn't report that, before going to Australia/New Zealand in January, I finally got to visit **MARY LUCCHI SALTER**, after years of epistolary contact, in her house in the story-book Arizona town of Oracle. It was snowing like you wouldn't believe, but it was cozy in her home, which she shares with her handsome British-born husband Martin. Also there was a son, a talented painter, visiting from Brazil. Martin is involved in work at the local library and directed the execution of a beautiful mural juxtaposed to same. He also built

a lovely papier-maché Humpty Dumpty, which sits on the porch surrounded by cardinals and robins. Mary keeps busy making jewelry and entertaining friends.

Back at the ranch, it was phonathon time again—a bonus for class correspondents who get to talk to classmates and collect news. **MARILYNN SIMON MCMENNAMIN**, happily married, enjoys life in New Canaan, painting, gardening and looking after her four grandkids. Likewise, **NANCY MORGAN MCVICAR**, also a painter, mother, and grandmother, living in Bedford, NY.

I enjoyed chatting with **CARLYLE MILLER OTTO**, with whom I picked apples during WWII, who lives in Staunton, VA, in a house she built and designed but finds "almost impossible to landscape." Organist and music director for an Anglican church in nearby Lexington (she attended all but one of the annual singing reunions at St. Paul's Chapel at Columbia from 1977 to 1991), she manages frequent get-togethers with her sons, bachelor George (with Bell Labs) and Richard (with the CIA), father of two girls.

I then moved on to **PHYLLIS CROSS PERLO**, still residing in Belmont, Mass, with her Vincent and enjoying her four kids and six grands, whom she loves to look after. Finally, I connected with **ANGELA BORNN BACHER**, who keeps busy in Sea Isle, NJ, with church work and as president of the Women's Civic Club. She has two children and three grands. I told her I still think her sister Edith should be governor of the Virgin Islands.

Next on the calendar was our mini-reunion. **AZELLE BROWN WALTCHER, SIBYL POLKE KARN** and **ANNETTE AULD KAICHER** arranged a beautiful luncheon-cum-speaker at Columbia's Faculty House. Annette was unable to join us, due to a fall which prevented her coming from Florida. Sibyl reported that she is at long last a grandmother, of Rachel. **HOPE SIMON MILLER** happily shared similar news; her granddaughter is named Ruth Scott, in memory of her second son. **RUTH BISCHOFF HUCKLEBRIDGE** came all the way from California; she has lost Ted, who had been ill for some time, but seems to be bearing up well; having, as they say, "been there," I sympathize with her fully. I was happy to see **PAT CADY REMMER, ELEANOR WAX MAMELOK, EDNA FREDERICKS ENGORON, BARBARA SANDERS LANDOWNE, BERNICE LINDENBERG LEICHER, RUTH CARSON WEST** (Fund chairman and my comrade-in-arms at phonathon), **RHODA OXENBERG MILLER** (more power to her for her work on organ transplantation!), and **KATHARINE CARSON**, attractive and busy as always. Our speaker, Professor Peter Juviler, challenged us with a riveting presentation, "Communities Imagined and Real."

I look forward to another mini-reunion, with larger attendance. I understand not coming from the other coast, but from a few blocks away?? Give us a break!

Before I close, I offer condolences and those of the class to my dear friend **MAY EDWARDS HUDDLESTON** on the loss of her husband, Jim. Jim also left a very aged father, who can't get over being the survivor. *C'est la vie*, I guess.

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It is May as I write this, and according to local TV weather reports, this is the coolest, coldest May in the history of Vermont weather records, but I send all warm greetings to everyone.

Congratulations and felicitations to **RUTH FARRELL WAYS**, who was married to Jacob Pocheban, a retired Boeing engineer, in Seattle on May 23. In attendance were her sister **MARGARET FARRELL KRUSE '51** as well as children and grandchildren.

DR MARY EICHRODT PERRIN writes from Thousand Oaks, CA, that she is a professor of distance learning and emerging technologies, College of Education, and director of Business and Industry Programs for the Television Education Network at San Jose State U. She is also managing editor of *Education Journal* and *Education at a Distance* magazine, the official publication of the US Distance Learning Assn. Her husband of 30 years is Dean of Learning Technologies, Riverside County Community District, and they have five children and two grandchildren.

BEATRICE BODENSTEIN is a clutter control counselor in NYC.

GLORIA GRIECO writes from Preston, CT, that her grandson graduated from UC-Santa Barbara, with plans to pursue an advanced degree and go into medical research.

MIRIAM WHITE would like to hear from alumnae in the Albuquerque-Santa Fe area. (She lives at 558 Camino Monte Sol, SF 87501.)

JOY DREW BLAZEY writes that she and husband Frank enjoyed an "educational and pleasurable tour through Normandy" this spring. "This was our first experience with Elderhostel and we can't say enough for this fine organization. We studied the Impressionists, and the sites where they painted *en plein air*, plus visiting Monet's gorgeous Giverny. As a retired general, my husband was really impressed with the bravery of our soldiers who stormed the beaches of Normandy. The French cuisine, per usual, was superb." Joy added that she was anticipating a weekend with **EMILY O'CONNOR PERNICE** and **DOROTHY DIETERLE ADAMS** and their husbands—"we all went to the 50th class Reunion together and enjoy one another's company."

Some classmates whose deaths were recorded in 1996 but were not mentioned in this column before now are **RAIFORD RAGSDALE** (September), **FRANCES LIEBESMAN** (October), and **MARCIA HOLSTEIN WOLFF** (November). We remember them and mourn their loss.

Please do send your news and thoughts. Here is one I found in a fortune cookie: "The stars appear every night in the sky. All is well." Happy summer skies to you all.

BETTY WARBURTON RIZZO
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CLASS OFFICERS 1997-2002

PRESIDENT: *Marguerite Traeris Harris*

VICE PRESIDENT/REUNION CHAIR:

Aline Crenshaw Desbonnet

CORRESPONDENT: *Betty Warburton Rizzo*

FUND CHAIR: *Nancy Cameron Dickinson*

TREASURER: *Jacqueline Branaman Bogart*

NOMINATING CHAIR: *Frances Warshavsky Zehngebot*

We've been indebted for news of classmates to a succession of class correspondents, the most recent of whom, **MARY ROUSH BAXTER**, will be a tough act to follow. But send your news to me and you can be certain that it will be read by all with interest.

The 50th Reunion was a huge success. If you were there, you know; if you weren't, you can be sure you

were summoned into our presence in name and reminiscence, the latter of which flowed freely: didn't you feel a strange shiver? The efforts of many, too many to list here, contributed to the event, but notably **RUTH MAIER BAER**, Reunion chair, and **VIRGINIA KANICK**, class president, led the planning committee. **ALINE CRENSHAW DESBONNET** organized the questionnaires, **HELEN DE VRIES EDERSHEIM** and **MARILYN SEBALD TANNER** chaired the booklet committee (their production was fascinating reading but is already out of print—excerpts, probably, next time), and **NANCY JEAN CAHEN**, **BEATRICE ARLT WOLFE** and Marilyn Tanner organized the dinner and entertainment. **GRACE RETZ DONALD** and **MEREDITH NEVINS MAYER**, as well as Helen Edersheim, offered their homes and hosted two cocktail parties and a brunch. **JEANNE BERGQUIST FLAGG** led tours of the Museum of Natural History. And **JANE ALLEN SHIKOH**, Fund chair, announced that our class led all the rest in percentage of contributors (59% as of May 31) and came in second in the amount contributed. **GEORGIA RUBIN MITTELMAN** served as nominating chair and dozens of others lent assistance. Obviously we are part of a cohesive, loyal, and appreciative class—I wish I could list everyone who attended! But I think we shared the uncanny sense of the temporary meaninglessness of the 50 years that have intervened since we paraded around the gym together to "Pomp and Circumstance." As I sat at the class dinner in Barnard Hall, in the room in which I met my husband, between **LUCIA HATHAWAY CARVER** and **DENA KRANOWITZ MANN**, with whom I once shared a dorm dining table, I began to feel that the logical thing to do next would be to go upstairs to my room. There's a great sense of euphoria in shedding 50 years, and I think most of us experienced it. Do plan to come next time!

The College filled in a busy three-day schedule with events which included a class breakfast with President Shapiro, lectures, panels, luncheons, receptions, and a parade.

News collected before Reunion include a message from **ANNE KOCK MONTGOMERY** in New Orleans. She wrote that they recently moved so she did not receive the Reunion brochure. Otherwise her life is much the same: she has been married for 47 years to George, senior partner in an advertising and PR firm, who has no intention of retiring. Their daughter Anne has three children, the eldest of whom was Queen of Carnival in Mardi Gras this year. Son Christopher has two children, and daughter Alston has a son and a daughter.

Also on the move was **JANE MIEDREICH HODGKISS**. She and husband Warren moved to a retirement community in Lima, PA in June.

YVONNE HAUSER SWING was in London for four years but moved back to Oregon 11 years ago. She writes: "Now divorced, I was married for 16 years and had eight children, all in Oregon. I've worked in theatre for the past 23 years, primarily in production. In three theatres at the Oregon Shakespeare Theatre we produce eleven plays in a nine-month season, all in repertory, always four or five Shakespeare plays. There are now 12 grandchildren and I'm semi-retired, but always involved in the theatre. I return to London every year, but Ashland, OR, is my home."

RENEE JONES TILLEY and husband Merritt divide their time between Wilmington, DE, and Green Valley, AZ. Son Scott (aerospace engineer) is married, has two daughters, and lives in Belmont, CA. Son Skip (computer analyst) lives in Texas.

JANET TAYLOR WILSON is "finally back in New England after an eight-year 'detour'" but a move date of May 15 made it impossible for her to get to Reunion. She writes that there is a charter bus from Heritage Village, where she now lives, into Manhattan every week or so—"I can hardly wait!!"

On a less euphoric note, we record the death of **HAZEL JANE DAVIS HEATON** in April in Boca Raton. She is survived by husband Lawrence, a son, and three daughters. And we have been informed of other losses among us: **MIRIAM GABIN** in April and, in 1996, **NEVA NEWMAN MOULTON** and **LOUISE SATHER**. Also, **CHARLOTTE SHERMER DUBNICK '52** informed us of the death of her sister, **ROSE SHERMER LENCHNER**, last July. We share the sorrow of all these families.

FRANCES JEFFERY ABRAMOWITZ
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HACKENSACK, NJ 07601

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It's time to plan ahead! Mark these 1998 dates in your calendar: **Friday, May 29 - Sunday, May 31**, for our 50th Reunion. The Big One. Don't miss it. Your suggestions and comments are invited, as we want to make this event enjoyable and meaningful for all classmates and their guests. You should have received a letter in June from **NORA ROBELL**, who has accepted the position of acting president of the class, and whom we can best thank by helping on Reunion and especially by being there! More information to come.

NANCY ROSS AUSTER retired in 1991 after 25 years on the faculty of SUNY-Canton College of Technology. She was the first Canton faculty member to be promoted by the SUNY trustees to the rank of Distinguished Service Professor and received the college's first Distinguished Faculty Award. She also received the NYS/United University Professions Excellence Award and was the first woman president of the SUNY Universitywide Faculty Senate, the first woman member of the St. Lawrence Valley chapter of Phi Delta Kappa, and the chapter's first female president. Nancy and husband Don continue to live in Canton, where she enjoys running and racing, skiing, quilting, and gardening.

VIRGINIA BOSLER DORIS and husband Hubert retired 2 1/2 years ago, he from the music faculty at Barnard and she from the Dance Notation Bureau, where she was a notator. Since then they have become grandparents for the first time. She writes, "After the challenge of fitting a NY apartment's contents into a small Maine farmhouse—the books!—my husband has devoted himself to chamber music and reading. I have become a yoga teacher. Gardening and good works also fill my time."

A letter from Ed Barlow brought news of the death of **BARBARA THOMPSON BARLOW**, his wife of 50 years, along with some happy reminiscences. Ed recalled the day when she was fined 25¢ for missing a Barnard assembly; she had accompanied him to Princeton, where he was giving a lecture on relativity theory; Albert Einstein was in the audience but she never offered that as an excuse. After graduation they moved to California and raised three children. Barbara became an outstanding gardener and also enjoyed quilting and stitchery. She had been fighting cancer since 1989. Our sympathy to Ed and their children, grandchildren, and many friends.

Other deaths which occurred in 1996 include that of **WINIFRED MURPHY**, an artist in Hastings, NY; her work included pencil drawings of local homes as well as paintings, sketches, woodcuts, and cartoons.

Also **BEATINA ALEXANDER O'CARROLL** and **MABEL INNESS-BROWN WALLICH**. And earlier this year we marked the death of **OLGA DIETZ TURNER**. We extend condolences to the families of all these classmates; they will be missed.

Finally, we learned from **JEANNE BERGQUIST FLAGG '47** of the death in April of **NANCY CONE**. Jeanne and Nancy were longtime colleagues in NYC publishing houses, where Nancy served as book editor before embarking on a freelance career. There are no immediate survivors.

YVETTE DELABARRE DE FELICE
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RIDGEFIELD PARK, NJ 07660

ROSARY SCACCIARRO GILHEANY
RR 4, BOX 376, GLENSIDE TRAIL
CALIFON, NJ 07830

EVELYN BOXHORN BECKER wrote an enthusiastic note about her life in Sedona, AZ, where she has been for three years. She has helped to organize the Sedona Boys and Girls Club, teaches English to Latino employees of local resorts and restaurants, works for several church organizations, and is taking lessons on the Celtic harp. She and her husband have taken 13 Elderhostel trips, including one last August to Great Britain and plan to attend another in July in Victoria, BC. She mentions that Elderhostel schedules are available at many public libraries.

PATRICIA HNIDA HACKETT has lived in Baltimore since 1960. An attorney, she is a retired administrative law judge.

I last saw **BETH HARDING SCHEUERMAN** in 1952, when we both lived in Wilmington, DE, and for Beth it is still "home." A math major, she worked in statistical economics and as an accountant for a real estate partnership. Her daughter has three children and her son lives in Aruba. She had already stopped working when her husband retired from Du Pont in 1990. They traveled to China soon after the Tiananmen Square incident, and their tour group received red-carpet treatment, probably as a ploy. Traveling in recent years has been curtailed because of health problems which are now cleared up. Beth keeps in touch with **JEAN BATCHELER HALEY**, who lives in Northford, CT, and **CAROL COLLYER BROWER**, in Burnt Hills, NY.

Many congratulations to **ANNA KAZANJIAN LONGOBARDO** on her selection as the 1997 recipient of the Egleston Medal for distinguished engineering achievement, the highest award of the Columbia Engineering School Alumni Association. The medal has been awarded annually since 1939 and Anna is the first woman to receive it. Among the first projects of her long professional career was the design and development of a submarine-towed buoy used to calibrate sonar, when she was working at United Technologies Corp. She joined Unisys Corp in 1965 and became the senior woman executive in its defense group, heading a worldwide organization to support military systems and weather radar systems in more than 100 locations. She is also a trustee *emerita* of Columbia.

I was sorry to learn that **CLARA FARKAS JOHNSON** died on May 8 in Santa Fe, NM. She had been a teacher of English and classics in Colorado until forced to retire because of the effects of multiple sclerosis. Her husband Don died recently. Our condolences to her daughters, son and grandchildren.

It was sad also to receive notice of the death in

MOVING? REDECORATING?

THE BARNARD UNIT
OF EVERYBODY'S THRIFT SHOP
WOULD WELCOME YOUR EXTRAS
212-674-4298

December 1995 of **HELGA MEYER**. A native of Germany, she had come to the US in 1939. There are no immediate survivors. —YDD

BARBARA DAWSON BRILLER
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NANCY NICHOLSON JOLINE
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After 20 years as academic vp and professor of literature and writing at the Massachusetts College of Art, **BETTY SANDERS BUCHSBAUM** has become an adjunct professor. Her poetry has appeared in literary magazines and, most recently, in an anthology, *Herself in the Mirror: Mothers and Daughters* (Beacon Press). Six grandchildren are "a very important" part of her life.

Also still working is **JOAN WEISS MAYER**, professor of medicine and director of the cardiology teaching program at the U of Miami. Joan's youngest daughter is on the staff of the Cleveland Clinic, in cardiology; her husband is a cardiac surgeon.

TAMARA CLEMENT GIANIS and her husband have given up their Manhattan apartment to live year round in East Hampton.

JEAN MOORE COOPER works full time at her interior design business in Ketchum, ID, where she also takes part in cross-country ski races. Her sons and their families live in Wellesley, MA, and Seattle.

Attorney **CAROLYN OGDEN BROTHERTON** has moved from New London, CT, to Orleans, on Cape Cod.

IRIS ROVEN BLUMENTHAL retired in 1991 as a senior editor at Cornell publications. She is a docent for the Chicago Architecture Foundation, guiding tours of both historic and modern buildings in The Loop. Iris also writes her synagogue's newsletter. Her husband is a professor of medicine at the U of Illinois and program director for internal medicine at Christ Hospital in Oak Lawn, IL.

Almost as unthinkable as Barnard without Jake is Barnard without **IRMA SOCCI MOORE**, but Irma will be retiring this fall after 24 years in the Office of Alumnae Affairs, the last 19 as Director. She will be greatly missed at the College but we hope to see her at class events since she and husband Frank will be staying in the NY area.

NANCY NICHOLSON JOLINE attends the annual crossword puzzle tournament every March in Stamford, CT, and was proud this year to cheer on three Barnard champs. **ELLEN RIPSTEIN '73** came in second in Class A; **PAT TRICAMO BUETHE '83** won in Class B, and **CHARLOTTE RAUP CREMIN '54** placed second in the 60s age category. "You wouldn't believe how fast these women can solve crosswords," says Nancy, who attends not as a contestant but "to schmooze and talk shop with fellow crossword constructors from around the country."

It is our sad task to record the deaths of three classmates. **DORIS HALVORSON KRONER** died in November in New Haven, leaving two daughters. On December 16, we lost **ROSEMARY BEECHING WILLIAMS**; survivors include her husband, Timothy (in Moravia, NY), and five children. And **PATRICIA SHUMAKER BERTRAND** died on December 29; she leaves two sons and two daughters.

ANNEKE BAAN VERHAVE
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FALMOUTH, MA 02540

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Those of you who were at last year's Reunion will remember **ANNE ATHELING's** demonstration of ballroom dancing, including the tango. Anne extends her love of dancing with a newsletter, *The Party Platter*, which gives dancing news of New England four times a year. She is also coordinator of the Argentine Tango Festival, which will include events at the Museum of Fine Arts, the Public Library, the Federal Reserve Bank, and other sites in and around Boston. She told me that at least one other alumna, **REBECCA SHULMAN '93**, is active in ballroom dancing.

ELEANOR MEYER is already looking forward to our next Reunion, in 2001. After retirement, Eleanor worked as a secretary for the Rochester (NY) Museum and Science Center, where her favorite project was an exhibit of photographs entitled "Images: Afro-Rochester 1910-1935." In 1996, the museum published a book about the exhibit, and her name appears among the acknowledgements.

KARIN MATTENKLOTT LIVA writes: "Kurt and I are both retired and spend at least three months each year traveling, mostly to Europe. The rest of the time we spend on various volunteer activities; I have been doing recording for the blind and dyslexic for over 20 years while Kurt devotes time to our special community here in Friendship Heights, an independent taxing district within Chevy Chase; we are a unique village of 5000 residents in six highrise buildings within walking distance of the metro—an unsurpassed advantage in these otherwise rambling suburbs. Visits to museums, concerts, theatre, and those wonderful lectures at the Smithsonian keep us busy, and whatever time is left we spend in the great outdoors, walking, hiking, and biking."

MILLICENT LIEBERMAN GREENBERG
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NEW YORK, NY 10021

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CLASS OFFICERS 1997-2002

- PRESIDENT: *Birgit Thibert Morris*
- CO-VICE PRESIDENTS/REUNION CHAIRS:
Marilyn Rich Rosenblatt, Florence Sack Kohn
- CORRESPONDENT: *Millicent Lieberman Greenberg*
- TREASURER: *Norma Glaser Justin*

This was the best Reunion I have ever attended! The turnout was great, the class dinner on Friday was great fun, and the cocktail party at **RONNIE MYERS ELDRIDGE's** apartment on Saturday was beautiful. (Afterward most of us went to Josephina's for dinner.) Sunday morning's slide show and talk at the Met prepared us for a most exciting exhibit of "The Glory of Byzantium."

Those attending were: **PHOEBE ABELOW, MARILYN SCHWARTZ ARON, NADA DAVIES BARRY, DOROTHEA RAGETTE BLAINE, ELIZABETH BLAKE, BETSY WEINSTEIN BORAL, HARRIET NEWMAN COHEN, BARBARA BONOFF GETTINGER, RUTH MAYERS GOLDBERGER, JOAN**

SEMERIK GOLDMAN, RUTH LEVY GOTTESMAN, BEATRICE NISSEN GREENE, MIRIAM SCHAPIRO GROSOF, MICHELA MITCHELL HALPERN, NANCY STONE HAYWARD, DELORES HOFFMAN, NANCY HEFFELFINGER JOHNSON, NORMA GLASER JUSTIN, NANCY ISAACS KLEIN, FLORENCE SACK KOHN, CAROL CONNORS KRIKUN, MARILYN SILVER LIEBERMAN, MARGARET COLLINS MARON, CLAIRE DELAGE METZ, JOYCE EICHLER MONACO, BIRGIT THIBERG MORRIS, PAMELA TAYLOR MORTON, MARIETTA DUNSTON MOSKIN, INEZ SCHAPIRO REISER, MARILYN RICH ROSENBLATT, MARIE KOPMAN SALWEN, EDITH BERNSTEIN SCHATZ, ELIZABETH BACHE SHWAL, PHYLLIS RUBIN STRAUSS, BETH STANISLAW STULL, ROSEMARY TARTT, SANTINA CUTI VAUGHAN, JOAN OPPENHEIMER WEISS, BETTINA LOMONT WINTER, and your correspondent. In addition, ANNE BERNAYS KAPLAN was one of the speakers on a panel about writing on Friday.

Everyone who attended received a wonderful book containing biographical pages designed by various classmates. If you would like a copy, write or call Birgit Morris, or send your request to me (along with some news!) and I will forward it to her.

Among those who wrote that they would be unable to attend Reunion was MARGUERITE MAIR KISSELOFF, who has been busy with exhibits of her work, including a solo show in February and a large group show in the spring. She has also moved to a larger home in Albuquerque, and after 29 summers in Newport, ME, shifted this year to Searsport.

Congratulations to KATHLEEN BURGE LUKENS, who has received an honorary degree from St. Thomas Aquinas College (her third) and the Medal of the University from the Rockland campus of Long Island U. Her family now includes nine grandchildren, and her husband, John, has been made a full professor at the College of New Rochelle.

I regret to have to report the death of BARBARA SKINNER SPOONER on April 22 after a brief illness. Our condolences to her family.

STEPHANIE LAM BASCH
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SUE HARRINGTON SALOMON reported that our mini-reunion at Barnard on April 7 was a great success. "The Deanery is a beautiful place for a tea and it was fun, and interesting, to catch up with each other's lives and share some Barnard memories as well. We also discussed our coming Reunion (the dates will be **May 29-30, 1998**) and are forming a committee to start planning. Volunteers should write to me at 310 West End Avenue, NY 10023.

"During Reunion, there was a lovely dedication ceremony for the Reunion courtyard, the square facing the Deanery. Plaques have been installed in the courtyard in honor of the classes of 1941, 1955, and 1953, each of whom contributed at least \$100,000 to the Annual Fund during their last Reunion. President Shapiro spoke, champagne was served, and we can all feel proud. Let's do it again for our 45th!"

In our mail is a note from RENEE MADESKER BERGER, who is "delighted to have joined the board of directors of the Women's Campaign Fund, the first national nonpartisan political committee founded in America dedicated to the election of pro-choice women to public office. WCF assists candidates at all levels of government, providing both financial and technical assistance."

LOUISE SCHWARTZ HOROWITZ writes: "currently in private law practice in commercial and general civil litigation. One grandson, Jason, 5 1/2. Son Roger, PhD, published two books this year on the meatpacking industry." Last winter she enjoyed a sailing vacation in Bali and islands eastward.

For the last six years, LORENE HEATH POTTER and her husband have been traveling around the world. He serves various cruise ships as doctor and she is chaplain for some cruises. She writes that they have visited "places I always wanted to see, like Cape Horn, the Angkor Wat, Java, Macchu Picchu—what an amazing development in our lives! We have four children and ten grandchildren under ten years old whom we hope to see gathered this August."

We regret to say that we have been informed of the death in April of FELICIA DECICCO DICORPO, of Woodbury, CT. Our sympathy to her husband and son.

EVA GRUNEWALD FREMONT
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MARIA CANNISTRACI DEFRANCISCI has moved from NY to Great Falls, Montana. She has completed her research on psychiatric rehabilitation and published her work in the Spring issue of *PsychoTherapy*. She is lecturing and teaching in psychiatric centers throughout the US and Europe and was nominated as Social Worker of the Year for her development of a new model of rehabilitating patients with severe psychiatric disorders. Her husband, Ignatius, is starting a new pasta company in Montana. Daughter Maria is a systems analyst, son Joseph is vp of the pasta company.

Wondering about the effects of old age past the century mark? MARGERY HUTTER SILVER is associate director of the New England Centenarian Study at Beth Israel/Deaconess Medical Center and the Harvard Medical School Division on Aging. (There are an estimated 1,200 to 2,000 centenarians in Massachusetts.) She is also co-editor of the *Journal of Geriatric Psychiatry* and is a clinical instructor in the dept of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School.

CAROL SALOMON GOLD
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It's two years since I assumed the responsibility of class correspondent and, in general, it's been a pleasure. Calling classmates, some of whom I haven't spoken with in over 40 years, is an experience I cherish, but when I request information to be included in this column, I am often refused. I hope more of you will contribute over the next few years, so that all of us can learn about the interesting things we're doing and thinking.

We have heard from GLADYS BOZYAN LAVINE, who reports that for many years she has been living "on a wooded hill in a small Connecticut town, and from here the City looks more and more attractive as a place of personal and intellectual freedom and challenge. My husband and I have been involved in state and local government here but our three children have left for urban centers." One daughter is studying law at NYU and is active in Manhattan politics. Another, in Boston, is a writer, editor, and cabaret singer. Their son has moved to Princeton with the software company he started as an undergraduate. Gladys adds, "They have given us

much pleasure, anxiety, and satisfaction. So has life in politics, though fighting the same battles over and over sometimes palls. We are on the verge of divesting ourselves of it all and moving to the Rhode Island shore to spend our declining years listening to surf, walking dogs, and writing books."

MARLENE MEDJUCK GREEN writes that she is "only dabbling these days in interior design. Dividing year between New Canaan and Boca Raton. My only claim to fame might be that my children are very prolific: grandchild #13 is expected in August. With five grandchildren living in New Zealand, my DNA is in both hemispheres."

From Rockville, MD, JOAN GOLDSTEIN COOPER wrote: "We spent a week hiking with LENORE PROSTICK GOUYET and her husband Jean-Pierre in Big Sur, CA. They were visiting their son and his family in Palo Alto. We had good fun and great weather."

I have very happy news of my own to share. Morris and I have a second grandchild, Victoria Rose, born to our daughter Sue and her husband in April. And our older daughter's husband was recently named president and CEO of GCI, the worldwide PR company of Grey Advertising. Their son is 15 and attends school in Manhattan.

SIFRAH SAMMELL HOLLANDER
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A successful mini-reunion was held in Boston on April 5-6. DIANA COHEN BLUMENTHAL reported: "On Saturday we convened at NAOMI STONE COHEN's house and were treated to the most elegant, beautifully presented and delicious dinner that I have attended in years." Diana couldn't get to all the people she wanted to talk to, but "many were so glad to see one another again that there is serious consideration of another get-together. It was great that the men in our lives were invited, and came, as they are certainly important and they had a good time, too, talking to each other as well as all the fascinating Barnard women!" In addition to Naomi and Diana, the group included SHERRY BLUMENTHAL AUTOR, DIANE SIEGEL BECKER, ANITA MACEO CREEM, MURIEL SAVITZ FINEGOLD, NANCY AUB GLEASON, MINA SCHENK HECHTMAN, CAROL CABE KAMINSKY, LOUISE SADLER KIESSLING, MARCIA RUBINSTEIN LIEBERMAN, REBECCA YOUNG PRESS, JUDITH RUBIN ULLMAN '55, ELINOR ROSS WORON '57, and RUTH YOUNG.

LILLY SPIEGEL SCHWEBEL (of NYC) met HANNAH (HONEY) KLEIN KATZ of Jerusalem while both were in Beth Shemesh, Israel, visiting children and grandchildren. Honey and her husband are happily retired but she keeps busy with volunteer work with new Russian immigrants and six grandchildren. Their oldest son lives in L.A., the other three are in Israel.

ELSE WEISS MOSKOWITZ wrote that her older daughter, Luise Zelide, was married in January and is living, working, and studying for an MA in Philadelphia. Daughter Marina has reached the ABD phase in American Studies at Yale. Else continues to do medical translations and has been running her own cruise travel agency. "Retire—who, me?"

BARBARA FLORIO GRAHAM writes from Gatineau, Quebec, that she was sorry to miss our Reunion last year. She is getting divorced (after 30 years of marriage) but is busy with work in several media. She has been teaching a marketing workshop

for writers, writing a Resources column for two Canadian writers' magazines, and contributes to periodicals in Canada and the US. She won two prizes in the 1996 Florida State Writing Competition sponsored by Cassell Network of Writers and the Florida Freelance Writers Assn, and her article "The Necessity of Art" was published by a new Canadian electronic magazine last summer. Her books, *Five Fast Steps to Better Writing* and *Five Fast Steps to Low-Cost Publicity*, continue to sell and will soon be listed on several websites.

We have sad news, too, concerning the death of **GWENN HUTCHINS HUNTER** in April. Gwenn was a librarian in Mount Vernon for many years and was honored for her work with Literacy Volunteers. Survivors include her husband, Ignazio Cavalluzzi, and her daughter. They have our deepest sympathy.

MILLICENT ALTER
172 WEST 79TH STREET, APT. 7E
NEW YORK, NY 10024

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CLASS OFFICERS 1997-2002

- PRESIDENT: *Dorothea Eidenberg Ellern*
VICE PRESIDENTS: *Susan Green Adleman, Ruth Chester*
CORRESPONDENT: *Millicent Alter*
FUND CHAIRS: *Rhoda Mermelstein Berley, Gaya Feinerman Brodnitz*
TREASURER: *Eileen Weiss*
NOMINATING CHAIR: *Judith Jaffe Baum*

After each Reunion we seem to say, "This one was the best." Well, this one really was.

I'm pleased to be returning as your correspondent. I apologize for past errors, which I try to blame on the editor. I do learn from experience, though. In future I shall make all new errors.

On the first day of Reunion, a Distinguished Alumna Award was presented to **JUNE JORDAN**, poet, essayist, and professor of African-American studies at UC-Berkeley (in case you've been living on another planet). Afterward she participated in a lively panel discussion on "The Power of the Word."

The theme of our Friday night dinner was "Barnard Then." A number of people lent memorabilia which featured pictures of us at Barnard Camp (so young! so thin!), a bursar's receipt for tuition (in the very low three figures), a postcard showing a grade of B+, programs from Greek Games and graduation, an "I Hate McCarthy" button, and much more. And we had two guests from the class of '56, Toni Crowley Coffee and Catherine Comes Haight.

After dinner, our panelists, **ELAINE BERNSTEIN BLOOM** (relation of major to career), **DOLORES JOHNSON HENDERSON** (Greek Games, athletics, Barnard Camp), **ANN LORD HOUSEMAN** (student government), **DOROTHY DONNELLY MEUNIER** (Honor Board), with **JOAN HYAMS GEISMAR** as moderator, were barely able to get to their topics. Their remarks evoked a flood of questions, memories, and anecdotes. Many people mentioned the influence of Mrs. Mac: she "did it all"—career, marriage, children—and persuaded us that "You can do anything." If it seemed more like a gigantic "bull session" than a formal presentation, that was intentional. Did our long-term memory gains offset our short-term memory losses? I thought so.

On Saturday, **JOAN FELDMAN HAMBURG** skillfully moderated a panel on "Living for Food...and Food for Living," featuring four alumnae in various aspects of the food business. She confided an old recipe for "Chicken Hawaiian" which she used to

SEMINARS FOR HOME STUDY

The Associate Alumnae presents the faculty of Barnard College in a series of courses for home study. Each course includes a syllabus, audio-cassette tape with commentary by the professor, and a set of books for primary reading.

I. THE BODY IN MODERN THOUGHT

Maire Jaanus, Professor of English

Major discourses on corporeality, its structure, function, power, pleasure, limits and drives; its oneiric and symptomatic language. Included in the readings are Nietzsche, Merleau-Ponty, Foucault, Freud, and Lacan.

II. ORIENTAL ENCOUNTERS: THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

*Barbara Stoler Miller
Milbank Professor of Asian and Middle Eastern Cultures (deceased)*

Readings introduce the works of prominent American writers whose encounter with Oriental culture had a significant effect on their literary expression and helped in the formation of American attitudes to that culture.

III. PAUL THE CONVERT

Alan Segal, Professor of Religion

In this account of Paul's work, Professor Segal argues that Paul's life can be better understood from the viewpoint of the religion he left behind. (Professor Segal's book, *Paul the Convert*, was a selection of the History Book Club.)

IV. JUDAISM IN THE TIME OF JESUS

(updated version)
Alan Segal, Professor of Religion

An introduction to the Hellenistic period in Jewish history as the cradle out of which both rabbinic Judaism and Christianity arose. The basic issue is how two religions so different today could have come from the same background. (Professor Segal's book, *Rebecca's Children*, a text for this course, was a finalist for the 1987 National Jewish Book Award in History.)

V. WOMEN'S STUDIES:

AN INTERDISCIPLINARY COURSE

Professors Helene Foley (Classics) and Celeste Schenck (English); Leslie Calman, Director, Barnard Center for Research on Women (Political Science); Professor Emerita Suzanne Wemple (History); former Professors Julie Blackman (Psychology) and Nancy Miller (Women's Studies)

Tapes and readings on women in antiquity and the early Middle Ages, feminist literary theory, mothers and daughters in literature, and contemporary feminist ideology and psychology.

All inquiries and orders should be sent to
BARNARD COLLEGE, OFFICE OF ALUMNAE AFFAIRS
3009 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NY 10027-6598

Cost for courses I-IV is \$50. The total cost for Course V, the texts for which could be said to constitute a feminist library, is \$225; the audiotapes and syllabus, which includes supplemental readings not readily obtainable elsewhere, can be purchased as a separate package for \$60. Please make checks payable to Barnard College.

impress her future husband—a Merit Farms barbecued chicken (remember them?), cut up and slathered with canned fruit cup. (Somehow she missed my signature dish—put frozen lamb chop in toaster oven; broil 'til smoke alarm goes off; season to taste.) At lunch we filled two tables, and enjoyed the proceedings and good table-talk.

That evening **LOIS LOGAN EVANS** hosted a delightful cocktail and dinner party at her home. The weather ignored the ominous forecasts so many people migrated to the terrace. The food was delicious, the company wonderful. A number of previously unseen husbands came and shared a warm and convivial evening. Many thanks, Lois.

Still on their feet after two days and nights, a small group of stalwarts gathered for brunch in Greenwich Village on Sunday. Eventually, the band dwindled to four, who enjoyed a walking tour of the Village.

Our appreciation to the people who worked hard to make our 40th a success, especially **DOROTHEA EIDENBERG ELLERN, JUDITH JAFFE BAUM, and EILEEN WEISS**. Thanks also to **FRAN FORTE ABELES** (who wasn't able to attend), **RHODA MERMELSTEIN BERLEY, GAYA FEINERMAN BRODNITZ, TOBY GOLDMAN, BARBARA SALANT, MARLENE ROSENFELD STANTON-GAST, NINA WISHNIA BUNKS, RUTH CHESTER, CAROL PODELL VINSON, and me, too**. And our panelists—many thanks to all.

Those who attended one or more events included the aforementioned and also **MARYALICE LONG ADAMS, SUSAN GREEN ADLEMAN, ANN SCOLNIK ARNDT, SARI MINTON BERLINER, LINDA LESSER BERNS, MARILYN MELTON BROOKS, POLLY ZELEZNIK GELLER, SANDRA DIBBELL-HOPE, MARIANNE WHITFIELD JACKSON, MARY ZABRISKIE JOHNSON, RUTH HABER JONAS, JOYCE KOSH**

KAISER, JOYCE GUEDALIA KICELIAN, LOUISE GREENE KLABER, NATALIE DICKMAN KUTNER, SELMA SLOTNICK LAIT, ELLEN FEIS LEVY, ELAINE AUDI MACKEN, GISELE MELMAN MELNICK, MARTHA HARRIS MOSKOWITZ, RITA SMILOWITZ NEWMAN, DORIS PERLMAN, NATALIE SCHOR PLAUT, PHYLLIS RAPHAEL, KAREN SETHUR ROTENBERG, CAROL SHIMKIN SADER, MARILYN FIELDS SOLOWAY, PAMELA ALEXANDER SCHLENGER, SUE ROSENTHAL SHIMER, VERA SALOMON STEIN, SUSAN KENNEDY STORMS, MORRISSA JAMPOLE TINER, JOANNE BLANK UPTON, ARLINE BERG WALL, LOIS LEVINE WOLFE, SANDRA SCHENKER WEITZ, PHYLLIS SHAPIRO WORBY, ELSPETH MACPHERSON ZAAYENGA, and the two who came the farthest: HIROKO OGAWA FUJIMOTO, from Tokyo, and ELEANOR IACUZZI NATILI-BRANCA, from Rome (tho she demurred, saying she came from a *pied-a-terre* in Manhattan). If I've missed anyone, please write to me so I can correct the record in the next column.

Uh uh uh, don't touch that dial! We have some non-Reunion news, too: DIANA DELO NIWA can be stricken from our list of missing classmates. She is now DIANA MARIE BETTS and writes: "My spouse died in November 1993. I retired in January '96 and moved to Gig Harbor, WA. Last June I changed my last name and added a middle name. I keep busy helping my fiancé, Doug, vacationing in our motor home, bowling, singing in the Tacoma Civic Chorus and working/playing with my new computer. Doug and I have purchased 160 acres in Montana and may move in 1999. My two sons live in Las Vegas (photo studio manager) and Seattle (sales rep). My father is still active at 91; he has outlived two wives and is married happily to the third. We plan a visit this summer."

On a sad note, we've learned of several deaths: JUDITH KESSLER ELLIOTT passed away in 1986, and BARBARA SCHWARTZ MAHN in August 1996. Our condolences to their families. Lastly, our hearts go out to DOLORES JOHNSON HENDERSON, who lost her daughter and son-in-law in 1995.

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HARRIET HEIT SANDMEIER is still working as an administrator at Rockland County (NY) BOCES and says she has no particular plans for retirement. One daughter, the mother of grandson Ray, is an attorney and arts administrator in Madison, WI. Their other daughter is a CPA with Arthur Andersen in Rochester, NY, and their son is a PhD aerospace engineer in Arlington, TX. It "makes for expanded travel options," says Harriet.

Your correspondent is still ecstatic over the arrival on March 31 of our second grandson, William Ernest Bartlett. His parents are Courty and CAROLINE FABEND BARTLETT '89, and his maternal grandparents are Carl and FIRTH HARING FABEND '59. Courty, Caroline, brother Hugh, 18 months, and Will live in Glen Ridge, NJ.

KARIN HERNBLAD KLINK has been named an AMWA Fellow by the American Medical Writers Association, an organization with over 3,500 members in the biomedical communications field. She is a past president, secretary, and treasurer of its

Metropolitan Chapter and is serving on the organization's executive committee. Her sons, both lawyers, live in Las Vegas and L.A. with their families. Karin is president of Creative Word & Image.

CLARICE DEBRUNNER ANDERES writes: "At a local fundraiser [last fall] I met NANCY ROSENSTEIN MAYER '59, who was running for the US Senate. As Treasurer of Rhode Island, a state with a lot of political corruption, she has been responsible for some serious reforms. I have reached the 18-year mark with the Naval Academy prep school in Newport, supervising eight naval officers & a civilian. Add that to 15 years with CUNY and that is a long time teaching physics and pinch-hitting in chemistry."

JEAN WERTHEIMER STERN and husband Jacob moved in '95 to Tucson, where they have two studios, one for art and one for music. Jacob is developing a new sound studio, and Jane is still at work "ruminating on canvas." Their children are involved in art, politics, architecture, and anthropology—"spread equally between Emily 35 and Alex 34." Jane is active in Tucson but says she misses the snow and the "intensity of New York, although it may be more intense than I am now."

JOY GOLD HARALICK writes that she is still on the sociology faculty at the U of Alabama in Huntsville and is doing research on women and minority undergraduates majoring in the mathematics-based subjects. "My research was interrupted last year by my mother's massive stroke and subsequent death. Although I teach gerontology, nothing prepared me for the actuality of certain caregiving decisions and life-and-death issues with which hospitals confront one, in the final stages of a loved one's illness. Shortly after all that, my 27-year-old daughter had open-heart surgery. She is now doing well and she and her husband have given me a grandson. His arrival was like a rainbow after a storm."

To finish on on a summery note, we have a message from VIRGINIA BIRKENMAYER SVANE: "We are on the grand tour of Portugal. The Algarve is charming but overrun by tourists. The mountainous east is largely unknown, with, seemingly, a fortress on every height. After days of driving on winding mountain roads, we are now on the Atlantic Coast, enjoying a magnificent peaceful beach. *Vive les vacances!*"

Our 40th Reunion coming up! **May 29-30, 1998.** Mark your calendars now!

BERNICE IDE AUGUST
5012 BARKWOOD PLACE
ROCKVILLE, MD 20853

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MYRIAM JARBLUM ALTMAN
333 EAST 23RD ST.
NEW YORK, NY 10010

Barnard ex-patriate JUDITH HALPREN NARROWE writes from Stockholm that she is finally finishing a PhD in social anthropology at Stockholm University while teaching anthropology at a small college in north central Sweden. "The whole project took me years and years and will, with some luck and God's help, be completed this December. That's happening after years of teaching anthropology at Stockholm U, working with Swedish Development Corporation in Ethiopia and Bangladesh, dabbling in the anthropology of nutrition, and trying to accomplish something in Jewish education in our Jewish community. It all went very quickly and pleasantly. Our three grown-up children at least assure us that 'it was great that we stayed in Sweden.'"

Also still working on a doctorate, JUDITH SPIEGLER ADLER reports, "one of the sweetest things to happen is the friendship of Dr. Victoria Rand (LILLIAN WISHNIA RAND's daughter) and Dr. Sharon Adler (our daughter), both physicians working, living and loving in San Francisco—a bonding through the generations. I've known Lillian since we were 16."

Nice news from SUSAN SCHWARTZ-GIBLIN: she is about to assume the position of dean of the graduate school at SUNY Health Science Center, Brooklyn. In May, she and Denis became grandparents of Emily Sarah, who are also in Brooklyn.

HALLIE RATZKIN LEVIE
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NEW YORK, NY 10024-3704

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JUDITH ROSE ALPERT, M.D.
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The *NY Times* recently announced the marriage of Robert Hanning, a writer for the show "Men Behaving Badly" and the son of Robert and BARBARA RUSSANO HANNING. Barbara is a professor of music at City College and the Graduate Center of CUNY; her husband is a professor of English and comparative literature at Columbia.

IRENE WINTER has been spending the year on sabbatical: one-half in France, where her husband, Robert Hunt, was a visiting scholar at ORSTOM, an institute for research in irrigation and development in Montpellier, and the other half in England, where she is Slade Professor in the history of art at Cambridge. Grandchild Ian is 2; another is on the way.

HRL recently had dinner with JUDITH SHAPIRO, who continues in the practice of dermatology and teaches at NYU. She has traveled extensively and we reviewed her beautiful pictures of Egypt. One of her daughters has worked in Poland; she and her husband are now working in England.

ELIE SHAPPELL EDELMAN rejoices that her daughter is now in the US after many years in Japan.

At a recent Dean's Day at Columbia, HRL learned that Alan and LIBBY HALPERN MILLER have essentially relocated to San Francisco.

Your correspondents and their husbands were happy to attend the wedding of Dr. Craig Tenenbaum, stepson of Sydney Stahl Weinberg Tenenbaum. A fine time was had by all.

News flash from JUDY BARBARASCH BERKUN: "I finally made it up another rung on the corporate ladder—a big one this time. After 18 years with Malcolm Pirnie, I was promoted to senior associate, one of only three women to hold this rank in this thousand-person environmental engineering firm. I am responsible for corporate marketing and communications. Family news: our granddaughters, I and 5, are the image of their mother, Fawne. Our youngest daughter has marked the fifth anniversary of the Brooklyn Youth Chorus, which she created virtually singlehandedly and now serves as artistic director. These 150 boys and girls, reflecting the borough's ethnic and socioeconomic diversity, have performed in venues from the White House and Carnegie Hall to Canterbury (England), St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the NBC Today and David Letterman shows."

Judy also reports that LUCILLE POLLACK NIEPARENT, director of the writing center at Kingsboro Community College, is involved in the creation of a Holocaust Memorial Park near her home in

Manhattan Beach. **ANDREA PENKOWER ROSEN**'s brother Monty, a scholar of Holocaust history, was commissioned to write the text for the historical markers at the site. Lucille's daughter Amy is working for a theatrical PR firm in NYC. Judy and Lucille have seen **BARBARA BERKMAN GOODSTEIN**, a senior vp at Rothschild & Co, and **BERL MENDELSON HARTMAN**, a consultant for a computer software company, who extols the virtues of grandmotherhood. David and **SHELLY SHREIBMAN KAMINSKY** trekked down from New Haven for an evening of wonderful theater and catching up, and Ed and **MYRNA NEURINGER LEVY** brought photos of their new grandchild (#3) when they visited NYC in the spring. Lucille reports that **SHEILA NEVINS** continues to rack up Academy and Cable Ace awards for her work as producer of HBO documentaries.

ALTHEA RUDNICK GLIICK
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WELLESLEY, MA 02181

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NANCY KAUFMAN LEVY writes, after many years, about her life since graduation, or a little bit later. In 1965 she married Stuart Levy, MD, who has been practicing medicine in the Milwaukee area for the past 25 years. Their daughter, Lenore Day, is a family practitioner in Fairfax County, VA. Son Kenneth is a doctoral candidate in philosophy at Rutgers. Nancy finally finished her dissertation last year and received her PhD in English from the U of Wisconsin-Milwaukee in December.

JOYCE ROSMAN BRENNER writes from Israel that this has been a good year for her family. She is teaching courses in feminist therapy, advocating for women's representation on Religious Councils. She is also involved with MERETZ (politically left). Her oldest daughter is returning to Israel after nine years in the US and is bringing her two children with her. Joyce is looking forward to some "grandma" time.

JUDITH GOLD STITZEL is enjoying the blessings of her parents' ninetieth birthdays this year and her first grandchild, Kaya Seneca Stitzhal. Stitzhal is the name taken by her son David and his life partner Laurel Hall for their new family. Kaya was born in May 1996 and adopted through open adoption. David and Laurie are in touch with the birth parents and were present at the birth of their daughter. "A multiple blessing," Judith writes. She continues to write, teach, and work for women and men and justice.

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CLASS OFFICERS 1997-2002

PRESIDENT: *Gail Alexander Binderman*

VICE PRESIDENTS/REUNION CHAIRS:

Sara Ginsberg Marks, Rosalind Marshack Gordon

CORRESPONDENT: *Susan Levenson Pringle*

FUND CHAIRS: *Maya Freed Brown,*

Alice Finkelstein Alekman

TREASURER: *Deborah Bersin Rubin*

A final column from **ALICE FINKELSTEIN ALEKMAN**:

Reunion was wonderful, bringing several never-before-attendees and some of the rarely-seen. Hope they come around more often! Many thanks to **LINDA ROTH FUTTERMAN**, **RHODA SCHARF NARINS**, **KATE BLOCH HORWITZ**, and **LINDA BENJAMIN HIRSCHSON** for their presentations at the

Class Dinner; **JANICE WIEGAN LIEBERMAN** for a special tour of the Whitney Biennial; and **LANA LEAVITT ROSENFELD** for having our Sunday brunch in her beautiful home. Of this group, Linda joined a new law firm last August, Parson & Brown, where she heads the estates & trusts dept. Her daughter moved back to NYC so now both kids are nearby, still single, no mates in sight. Kate and husband Larry are in Denver; she is a professor of medicine and pathology at U of Colorado and is a molecular biologist, studying hormones and cancer. Son Phillip is a medical resident at U of Penn; daughter Carolyn is an associate editor at *Billboard* magazine in NYC. Rhoda's daughter Val, a teacher, is a stay-at-home mom with her daughter; her husband and Rhoda's son are lawyers in NYC.

REVA MARK KRIEDEL is still in Memphis, TN, practicing law. Husband Abe, still teaching history at the U of Memphis, recently liberated himself from the footnote and is writing humorous essays. Daughters Lara 28 and Miriam 24, while not Southern belles, can play the role when necessary.

SUSAN HAYDEN came from Miami, FL, where she is a licensed clinical social worker. **JOAN LEWIS KRETSCHMER**, pianist, photographer, writer, piano teacher, is starting a new chamber music series in NYC, with great performers and an artistic advisory board of world-famous musicians.

SYLVIA GOETZ PERLE wowed us with photos of some of her bronze sculptures. She's had an exhibition in Manhattan, is looking forward to a workshop in Trout Run, PA, and an exhibition in Whippany, NJ.

ELAINE LANDIS KOSTER is president and publisher of Dutton NAL, a division of Penguin-Putnam (where the ceo is Phyllis Eitingon Grann '58). Elaine has been at Dutton for 25 years, having started as vp and editor-in-chief, and is very excited about her new opportunity. Daughter Elizabeth is entering Oberlin in the fall; husband Bill will be starting his second career as a math teacher.

ROSLYN LEVENTHAL SIEGEL recently left the Literary Guild, where she was editor of the Health Book Club, and is now a senior editor at Simon & Schuster, where she began her publishing career 29 years ago. Her major duty is to develop a line of health books with Harvard Medical School for the layperson consumer. Roz is grandmother of three.

JOAN REZAK SADINOFF-KATZ is starting an administrative job at Lifeline Center, where she's worked for years in a clinical role. She is also reveling in her role as grandmom to six; three belong to a son who is a real estate consultant in Great Neck, one to her son in Scarsdale, a metal trader, and two to her daughter, a lawyer in New Rochelle. Her other married daughter just moved back to NYC, where her husband is an intern. Joan's three single sons are in advertising, in computer design, and at Wharton.

SHARI GRUHN LEWIS is studying for a new career, veterinary nursing, at LaGuardia Community College. She notes that "people nurses" only have to learn one species' anatomy—she's learning several!

ROSALIE SACKS LEVINE has been a copywriter for 30+ years and was honored by the direct marketing industry with the Irving Wunderman Award for a unique body of creative work (kind of like the Lifetime Achievement Oscar.) Son Maccabee just completed his first year at Brandeis.

JOYCE RAGEN PRENNER has completed 28 years in social studies education, the last ten as dept chair at a NYC high school. The day of our class dinner she received an award as Supervisor of the Year in Queens. She's looking forward to several more

ACCOMMODATIONS IN LONDON

An arrangement between the Barnard Club of Great Britain and The University Women's Club allows alumnae visitors (and spouses as well as children over 12 who are accompanied by an adult) to use the Club's overnight and dining facilities.

Centrally situated near Hyde Park and Piccadilly, and within easy walking distance of Oxford Street, the elegant and well-equipped clubhouse is also close to several bus and Underground lines. Bedrooms meet the same standards as international hotels, with telephones, fax/modem points, tea and coffeemaking facilities. Hairdryers and irons are provided.

Access to the Club requires a letter of verification which can be obtained from Barnard's Office of Alumnae Affairs. Reservations must be made directly with The University Women's Club, 2 Audley Square, South Audley Street, London W1Y 6DB. To telephone from the US, call 011-44-171-499-2268/fax 7046.

years in a very rewarding career.

BARBARA LOVENHEIM recently secured funding for her magazine, *NY City Life*; the launch is planned for the fall. It's been a long process—three years—but immensely rewarding and she loves it! She is now living with her significant other, John, a news-caster recently retired from ABC.

MARSHA CORN LEVINE is a consultant in educational policy in Washington, DC. She is celebrating her 34th anniversary with husband Les. Daughter Sara 29 and her husband live in DC; daughter Rachel 22 will start medical school in the fall.

Also from the DC area came **ROXANNE COHEN FISCHER**; she is still doing research in immunogenetics at NIH. Soon all her sons will be in NYC: Michael received his MBA in finance, Jonathan returned from Europe and has his painting studio in Tribeca, Michael is returning to continue in investment banking.

RITA GABLER ROVER is a nutrition counselor. After ten years, her practice is thriving and she's having a ball! She also does some public speaking, teaching and mentoring. Daughter **ELENA '88** is senior fitness editor at *Ladies' Home Journal*. Rita says her second marriage (11 years) gets better and better.

ARLENE PLAKUN is working at Citibank (for **BARBARA GREIFER KANE**) in applications software. She does volunteer work for Recording for the Blind and Dyslexic, and for the I Love Animals shelter. She found a university that provides courses via computer and has satisfied most requirements for her MBA.

RUTH NEMZOFF is happy as an associate professor of gov't and gender studies at Bentley College. She says she and husband Harris Berman are healthy and happy: "great work, great kids, life is good." Kim 29, married, is a consultant to Save the Children. Seth 27 is an ADA in the Manhattan DA's Office. Rebecca

AUTHORS!

HAVE YOUR PUBLISHER SEND A REVIEW COPY OF YOUR BOOK TO BARNARD MAGAZINE FOR LISTING IN THE EX LIBRIS SECTION. IT WILL THEN BE ADDED TO THE ALUMNAE AUTHORS COLLECTION IN THE BARNARD LIBRARY.

20 is a junior at Harvard, Sarabeth 13 is in grade 8.

ANN SUE KOBER-WERNER is working "more than full time" in a large pediatric practice in suburban MD, spending as much time as possible with her expanding family. Three of her four children are married and living in NY, along with her newest grandchild, age five months. Jeanine is a fellow at Memorial Sloan Kettering, Justin just graduated from the FIT toy design program, **JULIE '91** is a consultant with APM. Jody is living at home, working for the Discovery Channel. Ann is grateful for all.

ANITA WEINERMAN KORNBLUTH is a clinical social worker in Southampton, LI. Son Andy graduated from social work school, is looking for a job doing "Outward Bound" type therapy. Son Jon is teaching HS English and getting a master's at Middlebury.

PAT BERKO WILD is happily practicing law in NYC with her partner at their firm Meyer & Wild. She's enjoying daughter **RACHEL '87** and grandson David. Son Matthew is a lawyer in Manhattan.

GAIL ZIMMERMAN FIELDMAN is also practicing law (commercial & real estate) in Manhattan with her son, Eric (Vassar '87). Daughter Liz has been in Scotland for eight years; she has an MBA from Edinburgh U and expects to start law school there in '98. Son Jon, MIT '93, lives and works in NYC.

MARSHA WITTENBERG LEWIN is writing books, consulting, avoiding earthquakes, traveling, enjoying life and friends. Son David 26 is alternating between chucking it all to backpack through the universe and becoming the next Steven Spielberg.

SARA GINSBERG MARKS, after 26 years at the American Jewish Committee, is in charge of benefits and personnel. She has been with Harris Wilensky for nine years. Through him she has become a flea market/antique center/garage sale addict, perhaps accumulating inventory for a future business? Their children "get along great." Sara is looking forward to her daughters' weddings, and grandchildren, but none of this seems to be planned for the near future.

After ten years at a part-time social work job at a nursing home, **MAYA ROSENFELD FREED BROWN** was laid off due to HMO maneuvering; she still has a part-time psychotherapy practice in Queens. Her husband of four years, Carter Brown, is a transportation planner for Raytheon. Both daughters are married: Allison 29 is an attorney clerking for a judge in Queens, Adrienne 28 just received an MA in communications from SUNY-Buffalo. Maya is still involved in Holocaust-related activities and speaking engagements, and plays an ancient Mason & Hamlin piano which takes up her whole living room!

ELLIE YUDIN SACHSE is our class link to the Millennium: daughter Marianna is Barnard '01. Son Michael is Amherst '99. Ellie is still breeding dogs, gardening, and is very involved in synagogue finance.

VIVIAN LEVY EBERSMAN says she's happy with life but still searching for gratifying and relevant work

—keeping up with the art world and reading and working hard. Daughter **ANNE '89** is a rabbinical student at Hebrew Union College.

MARCIA STECKER WELLER teaches part time in early childhood education at Kingsborough Community College, Brooklyn. She and husband of ten years, Herb, are active in the West End Synagogue. Marcia has two grown daughters, Emily and Genevieve Schaab, three grown stepchildren, and a beautiful new step-granddaughter.

SUSIE LEVENSON PRINGLE says life in Arizona is great. She and John are planning a trip in their tent trailer through the national parks up to Canada. They recently saw Ed and **PENNY WHITE KILBURN**, who spend part of the year in the Phoenix area at Troon.

DIANA KLABIN FINEGOLD started a theater group, The Wild Thyme Players, in Greenport, on the North Fork of Long Island. She and her partner write, produce and perform audience-participation murder mysteries and musicals, for private and corporate clients.

Also in Greenport (part time, for the past 15 years) are **BETTE KERR** and her husband. She continues as a faculty member/administrator at Hostos Community College, and is involved in political and community life in Greenport, and in local theater groups (have she and Diana discussed this?).

LINDA ROSENBLUM PERSILY is enjoying retirement and taking advantage of NYC culture, including auditing Barnard courses—a great delight. **MIMI ERLICH** retired after 30 years of teaching and is doing everything she hadn't had time for.

HARRIET KAYE INSELBUCH was counting the days to her retirement (June 30) after 28 years in fundraising, and looking forward to time for reading, learning and exercise. **JOAN GREENBLATT RABIN**, still living in Amherst, MA, is newly retired.

JEAN SHAFFER says that having retired from teaching, and having suffered the loss of two dear friends and her mother, she plans to live the rest of her life in whatever interesting ways come up!

(JEAN) RUSTY MILLER RICH is still active in Central American refugee affairs and in various activities related to her time in the Peace Corps, and was interviewed on TV after Sen Paul Tsongas' funeral (they were in the PC in Ethiopia together). Daughter Rachel, Wellesley '94, is a community resource specialist at a Boston hospital and will be applying to graduate school in public health. Alexandra, Wellesley '99, has inherited Rusty's interest in Central America and plans a career as an immigration attorney. **NANCY KUNG WONG**, recently returned from Hong Kong, has a grandson, Matthew 2.

Also joining us were **CAROL WEBER RUTHEN**, **DEBORAH BERSIN RUBIN**, **JUDY EISENBERG BIEBER**, **VIRGINIA SAWICKI**, **KAREN CHARAL GROSS**, **CAROL FELDMAN SONNENBLICK**, **RUTH KLEIN STEIN**, **JANET WEINBERG**, **NAOMI ALBERT GARDNER**, **BARBARA STONE**, **ROZ MARSHACK GORDON**, **DEBBY NEMSER TOLCHIN**, **SUZANNE BILLITZER WOLKENFELD**, **BARBARA GOLDBERG APPELBAUM**, along with daughter/slightly younger-looking clone **DEBORAH '93**, **GAIL ALEXANDER BINDERMAN**, who gave a piano recital at Carnegie Hall, to benefit Parkinson's research, and your correspondent.

Expected but unable to attend at the last minute was **PAT FLETCHER**. Pat completed her BA in Chicago and relocated to Washington, DC, where she got her MBA in aviation management and also her pilot's license. She is a senior aviation analyst with Crown Communications, analyzing aviation systems

and dealing with the FAA. Son Mike 33 is in Seattle, Ted 29 is finishing a tour in Europe with the Army. His daughter Monica 2 1/2 is a delight

With us in spirit only was **JUDY TERRY SMITH**: "My job, and limited amount of vacation time (when I'm trying to visit my daughter, Natalie, in grad school in London), are keeping me away from NY. My second daughter, Allegra, is a travel agent, and Jamie 20 is a UC-Santa Barbara surfer and studio art major. Jas is still with the US Geological Survey, which is still in disarray after last year's furloughs and reorganization by non-scientists. He has moved from field mapping to on-line publishing and computer applications for the Survey, interesting but not as much fun as camping out all summer in the Cascade Range."

News received too late for the last column: **ANNE FRANCESE SIROTA** is senior counsel of the law firm of Bond, Schoeneck & King, LLP, in Syracuse. She is a member of the firm's business law dept.

ANNE VOGEL STEINHARDT plays bass in an all-woman world beat band, Pele Juju. They tour nationwide and played at the Winnipeg and Vancouver Folk Festivals. She also teaches writing at Hartnell Community College in Salinas, CA; daughter Alicia teaches biology there and works at the Hopkins Marine station at the Monterey Bay Aquarium. Anne has three published novels.

We are compiling a class e-mail directory, using addresses in the Alumnae Directory, those submitted at Reunion, plus those I have from e-mail received from you. If you have an e-mail address not in one of these categories, write to <AliceAlek@aol.com>. The resulting list will be e-mailed to all who are on it.

Write to Susie—it's been fun!

—AFA

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Greetings from NYC, where our grandson just celebrated his first birthday.

As there were no class gatherings this quarter, your reporter telephoned several classmates for news. I learned that **CAROL BERGMEN ASCHER**'s book, *The Flood*, which deals with ethnicity and prejudice, was chosen for the American Conversation Series, which is sponsored by the NEA and is aimed at high school and college students. First published in 1987, the book has now been reissued for the series. Carol is a senior research associate at the Institute for Education and Social Policy at NYU.

RONNIE KRAMER BRANCAZIO has retired after 14 years as a psychologist at St. Joseph's School for the Deaf in the Bronx and now has time to do "fun" things. She's learning to create botanical illustrations and is participating in crafts such as quilting and pressing flowers. A major joy is her grandson Nicholas 2, whose home is in Cambridge.

PAULA SCHWARTZ BERGGREN directs the Great Literature program at Baruch College in NYC and heads a team attempting to create software for the teaching of ethnic literature. They are focusing on the theme of pilgrimages (eg, *Canterbury Tales* and *Journey to the West*) to help a diverse group of students appreciate works from different backgrounds.

MARCIA RUBENSTEIN DUNN returned to NYC in '95 after 32 years in Miami and is enjoying the

city and the opportunities for continued involvement at Barnard. She has participated in a book course at the Women's Center and enjoys conferences and other offerings. She is looking forward to our 35th Reunion.

JOAN RITCHIE SILLECK continues to practice matrimonial law in NYC. She reports that a highlight of this year was attending the Oscar awards ceremony in L.A. in March. Joan's husband, Bayley Silleck, is a documentary filmmaker whose film, *Cosmic Voyage*, (which he wrote, directed, and co-produced, in conjunction with the Smithsonian Institution) was nominated for an award in the "short-subject documentary" category.

JOYCE SITRIN MALCOLM, a history professor who was on sabbatical leave this year, spent two months doing research in Great Britain and Ireland. She has been appointed to the Massachusetts Committee to revise standards for history and social science in grades K-12.

ELAINE GOLDEN ROBISON writes that her son Ezra (CC '95) married **ZIVA MANN '97** last July.

ALICE MILLER JACOBS reports that her daughter Molly Simpson was bar mitzvah in January; Alice is engaged and will be moving next year from New Orleans to Brewster, MA.

CAROL FINK JOCHNOWITZ is production editor of *Jewish Currents* magazine. Her husband, George, is professor of linguistics at the College of Staten Island, a branch of CUNY. Their older daughter, Eve, is getting a PhD at NYU in performance studies; daughter Miriam and her husband teach at the Spring (Montessori) School in Haworth, NJ.

ETHEL JOSEPH BARNOON continues to enjoy her practice as a gynecologist but has also completed her fellowship in primary care. **SHELLEY RAME FRIEDMAN** and **WENDY SUPOVITZ REILLY** attended the wedding of Ethel's son Barak in June.

BARBARA POSEN CHAPMAN's daughter Leah does website for the Lehrer News Hour; daughter Alice is a junior at Princeton. **MARILYN KRAMER KAMMERMAN's** son Todd is a sophomore at Brandeis. **BARBARA CHADIE LARKIN's** son Nicholas is a sophomore at Rensselaer; daughter Ellen (Skidmore '94) is doing data base development for Lotus.

MARIA BITTNER BIRDSEYE progressed from Greek Games at Barnard to the "real thing" as an Olympic torch bearer in Atlanta!

CAROL MILES and **ELIZABETH SMITH EWING** saw a performance of *Shanghai Lil's*, which was directed and choreographed by **TISA CHANG**. The production was featured at the PanAsian Repertory Theater, which was founded by Tisa 20 years ago. Although *Shanghai Lil's* has now closed in NY, it will be returning for a month on October 15.

Nile Kurashige, daughter of **ANITA REETZ**, was admitted under the Early Decision plan to enter Barnard in September, with the class of 2001.

Mark your calendars for our 30th Reunion—**May 29-30, 1998**. Think about how you would like to celebrate it, and have a great summer! —VWF

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Education for the 21st Century is a consulting business recently started by **RENEE CHEROW-O'LEARY**. Its focus is qualitative research, writing, educational and media materials development, and development of educational and training programs.

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 *inside back cover*.

Workshops on best practices in education and media literacy are also a significant part of her work.

Since being widowed in 1990, **MAUREEN HIGLEY METZGER** has moved back to England, where children David 21, and Hannah 17 attend school.

The Barnard College Club of L.A. recently featured a talk by **BEVERLY KRAFT FEINSTEIN, MD, PhD**, on "My Brain, Your Feelings: The Biological Basis of Affect Transmission in Infancy and Adult Life."

Two of our classmates have had books published recently. **JEAN MURPHY** edited *Eldercare in the '90s: A Consumer's Guide for New York Friends and Relatives*. **NANCY KLINE PIRE**'s book, *Elizabeth Blackwell: A Doctor's Triumph*, is an addition to the Barnard Biography Series, annual publications focusing on biographies of distinguished women for young-adult readers.

ELAINE COHEN AMIR has been appointed director of The Johns Hopkins U Centers for part-time graduate education in Montgomery County, MD, and Washington, DC. She was previously dean of business, industry and government services at Montgomery College, and lives in Rockville, MD.

NANCY ALLEN STEINBERG
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LOUISE PERL is a professor of economics at Roger Williams U, Bristol, RI, where she has been for 16 years. She served as economics area coordinator for six years, has been a member of many committees and active in the faculty association, and advised student groups. She is a charter member of Delta Sigma Pi, the business fraternity and took part in a faculty exchange for one semester. She writes that "it's been great fun and a good adventure."

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IRIS POLK BERKE writes from Fremont, CA: "After six years as a high school principal in Pleasanton, CA, dealing with total school attitude change (from low morale, poor performance to designation as a California Distinguished Secondary School in four years), architectural renovation, athletic league realignment, fundraising, curriculum reform, introducing technology, and developing skills I never thought I'd have, I now work as Director of Educational Services in the Los Gatos Saratoga HS

District. Besides working the horrendous hours of a school administrator, life has narrowed considerably to hiking and backpacking throughout this incredibly diverse and magnificent state. Daughter Elizabeth graduated from Columbia College in 1994 as editor of *Spectator*; she is married, living in Forest Hills, and working at Sanford Bernstein. Daughter Anne is a junior at UC-Davis, where she is a design major.

ANNETTE NIEMTZOW was the subject of a feature in *Columbia Daily Spectator* this spring. The article, says Annette, reported on "my checkered career path, landing on these last few rewarding years when I have been producing theatre in NY." She is co-producer of *Jane Eyre*, the musical by John Caird (*Les Miz*) and Paul Gordon (*The Fantasticks*) which is scheduled for Broadway this fall. (One of the other co-producers is **JANET ROBINSON '59**). "What else would a Barnard woman produce?" she asked.

Dates for your diary: **MARY BURTON**, "An Unfaded Garland: Meditations on Light and Silence" with paintings by the author will be published in England by Burns & Oates in the fall. There will be two watercolor exhibitions where books and paintings will be available for purchase, at Sheffield Cathedral November 22-23 and Hampstead Parish Church, London, December 5-7.

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CLASS OFFICERS 1997-2002

PRESIDENT: *Terry Colen Shapiro*
VICE PRESIDENT: *Jessica Lobel Kahn*
CORRESPONDENT: *Cathy Feola Weisbrod*
FUND CHAIR: *Jane Price Laudon*
TREASURER: *Christine Nodini Bullen*
NOMINATING CHAIR: *Arleen Hurwitz Zuckerman*

A final column from **BARBARA JONAS CHASE**: From the moment I arrived at Reunion, the words Susan Shih Riehl wrote in our 25th Reunion booklet echoed in my ears: "Barnard gave me a peer group where being the exception was the norm." In some ways we are exceptional because of our accomplishments, as a review of the Reunion program illustrates. **JESSICA PERNITZ EINHORN**, a Managing Director of the World Bank, was one of three alumnae who received a Distinguished Alumna Award. **SUSAN GOLDSMITH WOOLDRIDGE** (poet, writer, and teacher) read and talked about her works in a program on writing. **MICHELE URVATER** (food

writer and teacher) was a participant in a session on food. And who of us isn't just a little in awe of **JANE LEWIS GILBERT** for going to medical school and becoming a doctor 25 years after college?.

If you were unable to attend, you can obtain a copy of our class booklet by sending a check for \$2.00, payable to me, to 672 Weston Drive, Toms River, NJ 08755. **JESSICA LOBEL KAHN** and husband David were kind enough to print these booklets in the same beautiful format as our 25th Reunion booklets. I promise you a great read!

Our thanks to **TERRY COLEN SHAPIRO**, who did a superb job of planning and coordinating our Reunion events. From our class dinner on Friday night in Reid Hall living room to our final class event on Sunday morning, a Municipal Art Society guided walking tour of midtown Art Deco buildings and lunch at the Pierpont Morgan Library, our class activities were the icing on the Reunion cake. And thanks to **CHRISTINE NODINI BULLEN** and her lovely daughter Georgia 13 for decorating Reid with balloons and for making tapes for all of us of music popular during our Barnard years. **ADRIENNE AARON RULNICK** deserves thanks for her work for us during the past five years and for thinking of having Bacchantae, Barnard's *acappella* group, sing at our dinner. Bacchantae performed this year in *Acappelloza!*, the Barnard-sponsored *acappella* concert funded by **TERRY DAVIS DUFFY**.

JOSEPHINE MONGIARDO-COOPER and **SUSAN KROWN** hosted our Saturday night cocktail and dessert parties. The dessert party turned out to be a spontaneous dinner party when we decided on an impromptu Chinese take-out (actually take-in, shades of "Take Home") at Jo's.

Perhaps the highlight of Reunion weekend for many of us was staying in the dorms and talking into the wee hours about children, parents, relationships, NYC, careers, memories, the economy, philosophy, history, you name it! On Saturday morning many of us walked to the renovated Grant's Tomb. It was like that all weekend, with classmates walking together as a group, marching in the parade of the classes, or informally going for coffee even if we had paid for breakfast at the college—we just couldn't seem to get enough of each other! We have not lost our honesty, our idealism, our lack of materialism, in spite of our successes. We have become softer, wiser, nicer; we have more in common now than ever, in spite of our differences. If you have never attended a Reunion, plan now to attend our 35th in 2002. Don't worry that you haven't accomplished enough. It's not about accomplishing. It's about being yourself and following your passion in an environment that welcomes each of us. Give yourself this gift now, the gift of reunion with people who understand and know you in a way that only you understand and know yourself. I thank all of you for that gift, as well, the gift of reuniting with all of you, and thus, indeed, with myself.

Although I did try to speak with everyone who attended our class activities, I can't possibly include everyone's news and comments, so here are a few observations. **SUZETTE VON FELDAU BELL** came the farthest, I believe, all the way from Scotland via Vancouver, British Columbia, where she had visited **RHODA LANGE FRIEDRICHS**, two of her three children, and her husband. Suzette had last been in NYC in 1986 with her daughters (now 19 and 21) and is relieved and pleased that NYC is so much safer and cleaner now. Several came from California (**JOEMY WILSON** and **LYN LEDERMAN** are two that I know of); several came from Washington, DC

(**SUZANNE CROWELL**, **JUDITH SHAPIRO FEIGIN**, **JANE LEWIS GILBERT**, **SHARON SMITH HOLSTON**, **LAUREN OLDAK HOWARD**, **CAROL STOCK KRA-NOWITZ**). **ROCHELLE TINKELMAN KOLIN** came with husband Irv from Winter Park, FL. Some other places we hailed from: Colorado (**SUSAN SHIH RIEHL**), Illinois (**MARCIA LEFF ROSENBAUM**, whose daughters **KAREN '93** and **ROBIN '96** made an appearance at Friday's dinner), Ohio (**CAROLYN STARR STEPHEN**, **MICHALE MURPHY COYNE**), Pennsylvania (**JESSICA LOBEL KAHN**), Massachusetts (**JANET CARLSON TAYLOR**, **MARGARET PINNEY VANCE**, **CATHY FEOLA WEISBROD**), Texas (**MARY TRUEHEART WALKER**), Virginia (**ELIZABETH FIELD ZUCKER**), and Wyoming (**JANE MYERS REVERAND**). Then, of course, in addition to those already mentioned, many of us hailed from the NY metropolitan area: **SUSAN ABRAMOWITZ**, **CAROL REICHENSTEIN CHRISTIANSE**, **AMY KALLMAN EPSTEIN**, **ILENE RUBIN FISH**, **JEANNETTE LAUR FLAX**, **BARBARA ORLIN GREENWALD**, **LAIRD GRANT GROODY**, **ESTELLE HAFERLING**, **JOAN LERNER JOHNSON**, **KAREN KRASKOW**, **ROSALIE SALERNO LAMONTE**, **JANE PRICE LAUDON**, **FREDERICA LINICK**, **TONDRA CARLSON LYNFORD**, **ABBY PARISER**, **RHEA SEGAL PARSON**, **BARBARA KELMAN RAVAGE**, **JUDITH SACK SAGAT**, **SUSAN SGARLAT**, **DEANNE SHAPIRO**, **JAYME SPAHN STEWART**, **JANE MCCUNE WAUGH**, **SARABJIT KAUR ZAVALETA**, and **ARLEEN HURWITZ ZUCKERMAN**. If I've left anyone out, please let me or Cathy know.

I've used more than my allotted space but do want to share one news item with you and offer all our congratulations to **JOYCE PURNICK**. In the past few months Joyce has been promoted to deputy metropolitan editor at *The New York Times* and also received the 1997 Meyer Berger Award of the Columbia School of Journalism for distinguished reporting, for the "Metro Matters" columns she wrote over the past three years.

We had so much fun at Reunion that we are already planning a mini-reunion in NYC in the spring. We are also compiling an e-mail list; please send me your e-mail address <btjchase@aol.com> and send your ideas for a mini-reunion, and your news, to our new correspondent, Cathy Feola Weisbrod (address at top of this column). —BJC

KAREN KAPLOWITZ
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After ten years as a newspaper reporter and 15 years as a real estate broker, **ADELE DUSENBURY** is embarking on a final life segment as an oncology nurse at Stony Brook U Hospital. She loves the work and says she is the happiest she's been in her life.

LINDA ROSEN GARFUNKEL reminds us that we are one year from our 30th Reunion, scheduled for **May 29-30, 1998**, the same weekend as the Columbia College & Engineering School reunion. Mary Just Skinner is Reunion chair; if you have ideas for a theme for our Friday night dinner, or for a place for our Saturday night party, or would like to invite particular faculty members, or can help on the class directory, publicity, etc., please call Mary at (802) 223-5505/229-0200 or Linda (914) 683-0131. Everyone who attended the 25th Reunion had a great time and the 30th promises to be even better—mark your calendar now, start planning to come, and let us

know how you can help. Even half a dozen phone calls can be important!

MARY JUST SKINNER also sent news: her son Justin was president of the student body at Phillips Academy and will be entering Harvard in the fall. Son Wilson is starting high school; last summer, he hiked the Long Trail, which runs from the Massachusetts border to Canada. He hopes to do it again this year, with his brother, in the other direction.

ALISON HAYFORD is "still plugging along" in the dept of sociology & social studies at the U of Regina in Saskatchewan. She also works in French for Radio Canada, the French language CBC. Her daughter Jane is at Queen's University in Ontario. Daughter Meg is in Grade 10 in French immersion. Alison recently completed two weeks of intensive Spanish in Mexico and was pleased to discover that the basics she learned 30 years ago were still there.

For the first time in many years, **OLGA KAHN** is in a job that she thoroughly enjoys, only to find that her agency is looking to "downsize." An architect, she monitors the design and construction of affordable housing for the Massachusetts Housing Finance Agency.

MARIE LOUISE KANE was guest curator and author of the exhibition catalogue for "A Bright Oasis: The Paintings of Richard Edward Miller" at a gallery in NYC.

ROSALIND FINK has been elected president of the New York County Lawyers' Association, the first woman to hold that post. She is an employment specialist at Brill & Meisel in Manhattan.

AYA BETENSKY has been designing web sites in Pittsburgh. Her husband, Bob Kraut, is a professor of human-computer interaction at Carnegie-Mellon U. Son Daniel is a sophomore at Swarthmore, majoring in biochemistry, and son Joel is entering high school.

MARY ELLEN MURRAY TUCKER, who can still be found at the Barnard Library during working hours, has been elected president of the Leonia (NJ) Board of Education, which undoubtedly takes up all the rest of her time. Her older son has completed his sophomore year at Johns Hopkins.

HARRIET WEN TUNG lives in Hong Kong, where her husband, CC Tung, has assumed the chairmanship of the Tung Group; his brother is the new chief executive of the former colony. Harriet recently completed an intensive Putonghua (Mandarin) language course. Daughter Leigh works in merchandising with The Gap in San Francisco, and daughter Pamela has graduated from Georgetown U School of Foreign Service and returned to Hong Kong. For Harriet and CC, the highlight of 1996 was a 12-day trip to South Africa, which included a six-day safari to Botswana.

JOANNE TUMINSKI KABAK
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A clipping from a newspaper in Madison, WI, told about **LESLIE SCHWARZ PERELMAN**, who recently completed two years as president of the Friends of the Library in nearby Verona. "By day," she is a planning analyst with the State Dept of Health and Social Services. Husband Seth works for the Air National Guard and is also an active volunteer in civic affairs. They have two daughters.

DENISE SALDANA writes that she has been teaching second grade at West Hills Magnet School in New Haven since 1981, and loves it. Husband Michael is planning a six-month sabbatical from lawyering. Her son is doing doctorate work in Tübingen, Germany;

her daughter is getting an MFA at Rochester Institute of Technology. Denise has a new granddaughter, Alice Mae.

LINDA YELLEN's film, *End of Summer*, starring Jacqueline Bisset and Peter Weller, opened in movie theaters in June.

JANINE PALMER
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NANCY JELLINEK BEREZIN wrote that her daughter Amy graduated from Middlebury College and married classmate Matthew Ford one week later, in Vermont. Nancy continues to reside in Cambridge, MA, and maintains a home office as senior editor of the medical journal *Hospital Practice*.

MARIA DWORECKA ARNETT is practicing ophthalmology in Manhattan. Son David is at Wharton, daughter Sarah at Dalton, husband Harvey works for NYS Public Service Commission.

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MARGE GREENE, a psychotherapist in private practice in Ann Arbor, MI, has co-produced a 38-minute educational videotape titled "Partners Surviving: My Partner was Sexually Abused." The video deals with such questions as: How long will it take for my partner to recover? How can I help? How can I convince the survivor that I am not the one who has abused her or him? (Available for \$29.95 plus \$5 shipping and handling + 6% tax for Michigan residents from Partners in Video, Attn: Marge Greene, 2750 E. Delhi, Ann Arbor, MI 48104 (313-668-8667). Marge is also building a third house, on a lake in Onsted, MI, for weekends and summers. Daughter Janelle 7 competes in state chess tournaments and wins medals and trophies. Daughter Jennifer 12 is preparing for her Bat Mitzvah. Marge's mother died in April; we offer condolences to her and her family on this sad loss.

KATHLEEN BIDDICK is anticipating the appearance of her book, *Medievalism in Fragments*, which is to be published by Duke U Press in 1998. She is director of the Gender Studies program at the U of Notre Dame.

An article in the *NY Times* in April described the efforts of community groups in NYC to create new schools. **BETH LIEF** is president of New Visions for Public Schools, which has helped community organizations establish nearly two dozen schools. She believes that the obstacles to be overcome in these projects often go beyond education into politics and fear of the unknown.

BARBARA BALDWIN DOWD described her activities this year as "fabulous," and we have to agree: "First a cruise to the Galapagos Islands to photograph the two species of iguanas, tortoises, and the sea lions underwater. Then I took a four-week cruise to the Falkland Islands, South Georgia, the South Orkneys and the Antarctic Peninsula. I photographed the king penguins in sunshine and blizzards, leopard seals and Adelle penguins, and lots of crab eater seals lounging on the icebergs."

JULIA HONG SABELLA reports that the class pool party at her new home in Far Hills, NJ, drew about 15 participants. After celebrating birthdays and exchanging news, the group decided they would like to arrange a theater party during this year. Interested classmates should call Julia at (800) 526-5306

(Josephthal, Lyon and Ross). She also urges classmates to send good wishes to Irma Moore, Director of Alumnae Affairs, who will be retiring this fall. She's been just wonderful all these years!

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CLASS OFFICERS 1997-2002

PRESIDENT: *Susan Baer*
VICE PRESIDENT: *Jan Vinokour*
CORRESPONDENT: *Marcia Eisenberg*
FUND CHAIRS: *Jamie Studley, Iris Goodwin*
TREASURER: *Cheryl Foa Pecorella*
NOMINATING CHAIR: *Katie Cangelosi*

The report of our great 25th Reunion has been delayed but you will read all about it in the next issue of this magazine. Meanwhile, we think we have a complete list of those who attended some part of the program on campus. They are: **RENA MOSKOVITS AGINS, GOLDIE LIEBERMAN ALFASI-SIFFERT, GAYA ARANOFF, SUSAN BAER, VIRGINIA BALES, KARIN JOHNSON BARKHORN, VERITY BOSTICK, KATIE CANGELOSI, TERESA CHAN, SUSAN CLARE, BARBARA COHEN-STRATYNER, JANET COLLIER, JOANNA CROCKER and DIANE RUSSELL**, who spoke on a panel on economics and the environment on Saturday morning.

Also **LESLIE DEMUS, SUSAN DETZ, MARYANN FOGARTY DI LIBERTO, DENA DOMENICALI, BROOKE WILLIAMS DURLAND, EVELYN EHRlich, EVALYNNE GOULD ELIAS, DIANE FINGER, STEPHANIE FINS, MARTHA FLANDERS, JULIANA FLINN, PATRICIA FOSDICK, LAURA FOX, DIANE LEVINE GARDENER, FRANCINE GROSSMAN GERBER, REBECCA NEWBERGER GOLDSTEIN and SIGRID NUNEZ**, who read from their works on Saturday afternoon.

And there were **IRIS GOODWIN, LAURIE GORDON, KITA MCVAY GREENE, STEPHANIE WANGER GUEST** (also a panel member—she talked about the restaurant business in a program about "food for a living" on Saturday morning), **SUSANNE HAND, LESLIE HILL, MARSHA HILL, KATIE HOWDESHELL HILLER, BABETTE HORN, SHOKO MORIWAKI IWATA, BEVERLY SCHREIBER JACOBY, MILA ODEN JASEY, GLORIA KARSTEN, CAROLYN KONE, MINNA KOTKIN, LINDA RATET KRAEMER, VALERIE LAPORTE, CARYN LELAND, TOBY LEVY, and JOAN LICHT MANTEL**, who was also a panelist in the program on economics and the environment.

And **PEGGY NELSON, SUSAN PARKER, CHERYL FOA PECORELLA, AMY PERSKY, DEBORAH PLACHTA, HELEN SAX POTAZNIK, LOIS RADISCH, ANNA GARFINKEL RESNIK, LINDA RIE, SUZANNE LEVINSON SAMELSON, SALLY BRENDER SEYMOUR, RHODA WEINSTEIN SHAPIRO, CATHY SLOAT SHAW, JILL MOSER SHNAYER, SUSAN VAN SCOYK SIMON, JOYCE SINGER, JOANNE SLIKER, LINDA SLODKI, RUTH BAYARD SMITH, NAOMI HERMAN SNIDER, MARTY SPENCE, JOAN SPIVAK, JOANNA GILMAN STRAUSS, and JAMI STUDLEY**, our Fund Chair *extraordinaire*, who led us to award-winning performance in our support of the Annual Fund.

And also **HELENE TOIV, MERYL UNGER, NAOMI VILKO, JAN VINOKOUR, ELLEN WAHL, JEANETTE WASSERSTEIN, WENDY ZELDIN**, and our new correspondent, **MARCIA EISENBERG**. Marcia is also a former correspondent, so it can seem

ANTHROPOLOGY DEPT. DINNER

The Barnard Anthropology Department will honor the careers of Professors Paula Rubel and Abraham Rosman with a retirement dinner in December. Alumnae are cordially invited to attend.

For details, please call or write Mary Missirian, 301 Milbank Hall, 854-5417, mmissir@barnard.columbia.edu

like "old times." (If you were at Reunion but don't see your name here, you can be the first to write to Marcia to correct the record.)

One news item came in before Reunion, from the aforementioned **MILA ODEN JASEY**, with the promising heading, "Twenty-five wonderful years!" She goes on: "Earned an MS and RN after graduation and worked in pediatric rehabilitation. Didn't join WHO or UNICEF as planned but married Neil Jasey and had three terrific children: Neil, a junior at Princeton, Rhena, who will be attending Harvard in September, and Kyle, a freshman in high school. Have spent the past 18 years heavily involved in my community, South Orange (NJ), through the League of Women Voters and in our public schools as chairperson or president of just about everything! Realized one of my dreams when I convinced my mother to move in next door, where she's been for ten years and now lives with my sister, brother, his wife, and their brand new baby son—an extended family in the 90s. Now may be the time for my career!"

SHERRY KATZ-BEARNOT
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HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON, NY 10706

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Spring means soccer and baseball and spring concerts and "recognition nights" for all the myriad activities in which we all participate. I go to work to get away from the bustle of it all. Eddie 8 has earned his place as bat-boy to Andy's Little League team. Ben is growing like mad; at 14 he's larger than I am, and he starts high school in the fall. I imagine you are all as "pressed" as I am, but I appreciate those notes on the Annual Fund enclosures.

One such missive comes from **MOLLY POLLAK**: "Phil Gassel ('72 L) and I have been married 25 years. We have three children: Miriam 16, Harry 13, and Naomi 10. I've been teaching English (best idea I ever had; thank you, Davida) at Dalton for 23 years. I've added chair of the Middle School English dept to my duties, but the 8th grade classroom is still my favorite place."

SUZANNE MCALLISTER KURTIS moved to Michigan three years ago after meeting Doug, now her husband, at the NYC Marathon. She writes that she is a "veteran recreational runner with two marathons under my belt. I started running on Riverside Drive 27 years ago and haven't stopped yet. I have more endurance now than I did then, and I'm probably faster. It's nice to know that some things can get better with age." Doug is an elite marathoner with three world records and competes in races throughout the US and abroad. They traveled to South Africa in June for the Comrades Marathon, where he was planning to run in a 55-mile "ultra-marathon." In '94 and '95, they went to Viet Nam so he could compete in the Hanoi and Ho Chi Minh

marathons. When she is not running, Suzanne is a psychologist at RHR International. Doug is a systems analyst at Ford. Suzanne has two stepsons, 17 and 13, two cats and four birds. "To keep the food chain going, we are planning to create a fish pond on our property this summer."

MARTIENEKE FABER-SPRUYTENBURG writes from the Netherlands, where, she reports, "we hold Barnard alumnae meetings in Amsterdam. We met in October and again in April. We are **NANCI ADLER '85, DEBBIE STRAUS BACHRACH '87, NANAADJ BOOHENE '92, ELLEN DATLOFF '72, JUDITH FRISHMAN '76, SURYA GREEN '61, ARIANE GREEP '82, ANDREA MARIA MATAVIC CAYLEY '88,** and myself. We all have different professions and find it stimulating to exchange ideas. There is a writer, a professor in Hebrew studies, East European studies expert, attorney in the UN War Criminals trials, tv presenter. Also, I met **NADIA CHUNDRIGAR-HANIF '88** in Pakistan—Barnard is world-wide!"

Write when you can—maybe during those long, languid summer days I am so looking forward to.

CATHERINE BLANK MERMELSTEIN
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The amount of news I had collected for this issue was looking bleak when I recalled that two of my husband's cousins were in our class. I called **LYNN NEUMANN SLAMOVITZ**, who lives in Englewood, NJ, with husband Tom and son Gabriel. Lynn had just returned from the bar mitzvah in Philadelphia of Daniel Kitrosser, son of **DIANE AJL** and husband Neil. Also present was **MIRIAM NEWMAN**, who lives with her husband and three children in Newton, Mass. Another guest, **ELLEN COHEN** (mazel tov on the birth of your first child), lives in Boston and is a psychiatrist. Also in attendance were **ROBIN MATLIN**, a mother of three and a lawyer, and **SUE RUBIN SCHWARTZ**. Sue and her husband live on Long Island with their four children.

My family traveled to Jerusalem to spend Passover with our daughter Rebecca who is spending three months in Israel with the Solomon Schechter Day School of West Orange, where she is a senior. Rebecca's roommate, Sara Rosenbaum, is the daughter of **DEBRA BORUT ROSENBAUM '73** and Robert Rosenbaum '70 E, '75 P&S. Rebecca and Sara will both be freshmen at Columbia in the fall.

While in Jerusalem, we visited another of my husband's cousins, **REBECCA MERMELSTEIN**, who was renting an apartment there for Passover with husband Izzy Krakowski and children Moshe, Tiki, and Shana. Rebecca is a psychologist in Chicago. Her son Moshe will be a freshman at the U of Chicago in September. Coincidentally, the new owners of the charming house across the street from Rebecca's rented apartment in Jerusalem are **BEVERLY GRIBETZ '73** and her husband Ed Greenstein.

LEA RUTMANOWITZ wrote that she is assistant provost at Manhattanville College in Purchase, NY, "a position that I enjoy immensely despite the fact that it leaves me with no time for other pursuits." Lea also reports that "the rather high number of Barnard alumnae in the faculty and administration of Manhattanville is heart-warming." Lea lives in Westchester with husband Nathaniel, an attorney, and daughter Gabrielle 12. She has a PhD in musicology from Columbia and still teaches piano and theory.

It was not surprising to learn that **JACQUELINE**

BARTON has received more awards. In March, she was presented with the 1997 William H. Nichols Medal by the American Chemical Society's New York Section for her work at the interface of chemistry and biology. She is the first woman to receive the gold medal, which recognizes original research by a chemical scientist. And in May she received an honorary doctorate from Skidmore College. Jackie is a professor of chemistry at Cal Tech.

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We received no mail this quarter but several items came in through the Alumnae Office. **ELLEN GOLDSTEIN WERTENTEIL** sent a change of address, to Rechovot, Israel. She has two girls and three boys, all under age 7 1/2. "Due to a wonderfully supportive husband," she writes, "I still work part time, teaching optometry in the Tel Aviv Optometry School, which is affiliated with Bar Ilan University."

In May, **JANICE CLARK CHANCE** and husband Bruce (CC '74) celebrated their 22nd wedding anniversary. And in June, all three of their daughters graduated: Kimberly 20 from Brooklyn College, Tracey 18 from Brooklyn Technical HS, and Candice 11 from elementary school.

SUSAN PUTTERMAN is the curator at the Hebrew Home for the Aged at Riverdale. She and husband Jim Mann "enjoy watching our daughter Sasha 10 grow and thrive.

LORI RUBIN SUSER "still resides in Hewlett Harbor, NY, with husband Fred and daughters Samantha 10 and Stephanie 7. Actively practices dentistry from home office."

Unfortunately we also have two notices concerning the death of classmates. **PRUDENCE KWIECIEN** died in April, and **MARYANN TERZUOLI** in May. Our deepest sympathy goes to their families and friends.

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Congratulations to **LIZA CHEUK MAY CHAN!** Besides having the distinction of being the first classmate to write to me, she has set a legal precedent in Michigan. Liza sent along a copy of a story that appeared in the *Detroit News* describing her judicial victory. Liza, who is an attorney, sued the city of Troy when the police refused to accept her gun permit application. Her suit challenged a Michigan law which barred legal resident aliens from filing for gun permits. She is delighted that she won the case but calls it a "dubious victory" since she has never been a gun proponent herself. She believes, however, that the case should be "looked at as a broader issue of whether we should have laws that discriminate against people just because of their status." Liza, who immigrated from Hong Kong in 1972, said it was the principle of the matter that led her to sue. "Ironically, I got this ruling on October 20, 1994—the same day that I took the oath to become a US citizen." That was only the first round in the case, however, which Liza won. The city appealed and it was only this past

December that the Michigan Court of Appeals affirmed the lower court ruling and her victory. Meanwhile, Liza joined the firm of Dickinson, Wright, Moon, Van Dusen & Freeman at their Bloomfield Hills office. Specializing in immigration law, the firm has an international commercial practice with over 200 attorneys, four offices in Michigan plus Chicago and Washington, DC.

While I have not received any other letters via the US mail, I have heard news of three other classmates: **RONDA WIST** has been appointed Executive Director of the NYC Landmarks Preservation Commission.

LENORE DISTEFANO RICE lives in Short Hills, NJ, with husband Eric and two children. Having "retired" from the active practice of law following the birth of her children, Lenore now operates her own foreign import firm, Siebert & Rice. Also located in Short Hills, the business imports fine terra cotta pottery and accessories from Italy. I guess all our time spent over *caffè & conversazione* at the Casa Italiana is coming in handy.

I recently heard from **RENA EPSTEIN**, who lives with husband Paul Filson and their two daughters in Allentown, PA. Rena received her PhD in clinical psychology from the U of Connecticut several years ago and teaches psychology at a local college.

SUZANNE HLAVACEK has been working in TV and film production and is now also an author. *Smarter Than You Think*, her first book, is a manual on dog training; she and her co-author, animal behaviorist Paul Loeb, also have filmed a how-to video, "Forty Minutes to the Best Dog You Ever Had."

As for myself, I have found that being a commuting full-time PR executive and mother of two young boys does not work for me. While I managed to commute to Barnard from Brooklyn for two years, I didn't have to worry about making the Little League games after school or helping my third grader learn the multiplication tables as well as he knew several popular rap songs. The physical and emotional stress was taking its toll on me. I also lost a second brother to cancer in January and realized I needed to make more time to spend with my family, including my 84-year-old mother. I am now free-lancing out of my home for my former full-time employer and attending a great number of school trips and baseball games. I would love to hear from any of you who have had similar experiences and would like to share your tips for juggling the varied demands of career, motherhood and caring for an aging parent. You can write to me or send e-mail at the above addresses.

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CLASS OFFICERS 1997-2002
CO-PRESIDENTS: *Carole Mahoney Everett,*
Mary Ann Lo Frumento
VICE PRESIDENTS: *Andrea Shepard,*
Deborah Aschheim
CORRESPONDENT: *Ruth Leibowitz*
FUND CHAIRS: *Christine Riep Mason, Enid Krasner*

Our 20th Reunion, on May 30-31, was a wonderful two days. A big thank you goes to class vp **ANDREA SHEPARD** and her committee for their hard work in planning and executing our class activities, which began with dinner at the Faculty Club on Friday.

On Saturday the topic for our breakfast panel was

"Life at 40: Questions at mid-life," led by **MARY ANN LOFRUMENTO**, who after 12 years of pediatric practice in Morristown, NJ, took a 6-month sabbatical last year to study video production at NYU film school. Mary Ann and John Hallacy (CC '77) celebrated their 17th anniversary and have a daughter 10. Other physicians at Reunion included **LETICIA FILIP**, a family practitioner in Mystic, CT, who is married to Walter Sollar (CC '77) and has two sons. **BRENDA AIKEN**, an asst professor at Montefiore Hospital/Albert Einstein College of Medicine, and a practicing internist in the Northeast Bronx. **AMY MELTZER** is practicing pediatrics with a private group in Michigan; she is married to Scott D. Gitlin, MD, and has one son. **VALERIE BURKE** has an ob/gyn practice in rural South Carolina.

Continuing with Reunion events, President Shapiro presented the Woman of Achievement Award to **SUSAN WEBER SOROS** at the luncheon on Saturday. On Saturday night, on the steps of Low Library, there was a joint party with the Columbia College Class of 1977. For many of us it was a chance to see some of "the guys" for the first time in 20 years, and to reminisce about such activities as the Livingston Happy Hour.

Other Reunion news: **LORRAINE WATSON-HULLUM**, who lives in Southern California, wrote that she has "walked in the footsteps of James Herriott" and "provides veterinary care for all creatures not great, but small and exotic; and I'm the proud but exhausted mother of two boys." **LUCY HSU CHANG** worked for pharmaceutical companies for nine years; now she runs a cosmetic packaging import business with her husband. They have twin boys. **PO-CHUN NG CHENG** is a database consultant and has two children. Husband Daniel is a cytotechnologist with Quest Laboratory.

JAMI FIELDS writes she is "still managing inbound telemarketing for the direct marketing dept of Time, Inc magazines," and finding time for her major hobby as a ceramic artist. Also in marketing is **JUDY RATTNER DIBARI**, who works part-time for a technical resources (computer-related) company in NYC. Husband Michael is director of technical services at the same company. Judy devotes the rest of her time to her seven-year-old identical twin daughters.

LORI SOLINGER has two jobs in broadcast journalism: as an entertainment reporter at Media One News in Fall River, Mass, and as an associate producer at NBC 10 News in Rhode Island. **SUNIA ZATERMAN** has a master's in urban planning from Princeton and is executive director of the Council of Large Public Housing Authorities in Washington, DC.

ARUNA RAO is a gender and development consultant and writer. She and her husband, a Norwegian anthropologist who works for the World Bank, have two daughters. **MICHELE HALBERIAN KAZARIAN** also has two daughters, 6 & 9, who are the focus of her attention.

RANI VARMA SCOTT has a career in banking, and in the past 20 years has "moved all over the US just to end up back here in New York, where I started, where I always wanted to be anyway."

Lawyers in attendance included **KATHY RAYMOND**, **LUCINDA FINLEY**, **THERESA RACHT**, **DEBORAH ASCHHEIM**, and **NANCY CROWN**, and two former lawyers, **RIVKA WIDERMAN** and **DEBORAH GILLASPIE**. Theresa is a partner in the law firm of Rosen & Livingston, which primarily represents cooperatives and condominiums although she specializes as well in commercial finance and elder

law. She also travels whenever she can; in the last few years she has been to Egypt, Jordan, Russia, Turkey and Mexico. Rivka now serves on the Children's Book Committee at Bank Street College, where she reviews books and has renewed her interest in drawing and writing. Debbie is curator of the Chicago Jazz Archive at the U of Chicago Library. While she was still officially assistant curator, Debbie mounted a large and very successful exhibit at the library, called "From Dreamland to Showcase: Jazz in Chicago, 1912 to 1996." The show traced the important role that Chicago has played in the development of American Jazz. Debbie also notes that "my dissertation has been on hold through this exhibit business; I look forward to resuming and just getting it done! Husband Fred is fine, no changes, still with Fuji Securities as research person. No kids, five cats."

Others in attendance were **LAVERNE AUSTIN**, **ANN LOUGHLIN BERRIOS**, **CELIA WEISMAN CHANCE**, **MARIAN CHERTOW**, **WANDA CHIN**, **CAROL EHRlich**, **DEBORAH EPSTEIN**, **GLORIA EURE**, **CAROLE MAHONEY EVERETT**, **MARCIA FELTH**, **FLORENCE FONG-LOPEZ**, **MARIA FOSCARINIS**, **IRENE MALTABES FRAWLEY**, **CAROL GARDNER**, **FRANCINE BENZAKEN GLICK**, **CYNTHIA ROBINSON GOLDBERG**, **SARAH STRAUSS HIMMELFARB**, **EVA KALDOR KLEEMAN**, **L'TANYA KEITH-ROBINSON**, **ELLEN KUSHNER**, **HANKY FUCHS KUTSCHER**, **AMY LASKIN-HIMES**, **STELLA CHIN LEUNG**, **SUSAN KAPLAN LEVIN**, **AMY GERMAN LEVINSOHN**, **JOANNA LISANTI**, **MARGERY LURIE**, **GAIL MALKENSON-LOVE**, **CHRISTINE RIEP MASON**, **POPPY GANDLER ORCHIER**, **BETH PENDERGAST**, **ELLEN PRIOR**, **ANNE RICHTMAN-KAPLAN**, **LINDA CHIN SAM**, **BERNADETTE SIMMONS**, **LORI SOLINGER**, and myself, **RUTH LEIBOWITZ**. (If you were there, and your name doesn't appear here, please let me know.)

Two items of news came in from **JACQUELINE LAKS GORMAN**, who did a wonderful job as class correspondent for the past five years but was unable to come to Reunion herself. **RUTH MARQUIS** wrote that she earned a doctorate in organizational psychology in 1987 from Washington U in St. Louis: "To my surprise (as a native New Yorker)," she writes, "I've remained in the midwest and continue to call St. Louis home. During the past ten years, I've done consulting in EEO and workplace diversity, served as executive director of the English Language School (a school that taught English and GED preparation to adults), and was director of affirmative action at St. Louis University. Currently, I am director of employee relations for St. Louis U Health Sciences Center. On a personal level, I'm single and enjoying it. Much of my time is devoted to local non-profits, St. Louis Effort for Aids and local theater groups."

As of February, **LAURIE FELDMAN** was on maternity leave awaiting her third child. "Though he has not yet been born, we know that he is a boy and have named him Gabriel. I graduated from UC-San Francisco in 1996 with a master's in nursing and a family Nurse Practitioner certification." Laurie is a nurse practitioner in a clinic that serves the Medicaid and Medicare populations. She continues, "In August 1995 I married my wonderful husband, David Franden. We live in Chico, CA, with my children, Nate 15 and Noah 9. Laurie says she would like to see something in this magazine on "reproduction across a lengthy period. Eg, I had my first child at age 26 and the last (I hope) at 42." She'd also be interested in other women who got a number of degrees and/or refined their career goals.

A press release from the Freedom Forum announced that **SUZANNE BILELLO** joined the forum on May 1 as director of its new Latin American Center, based in Buenos Aires. For the past year, Suzanne was program coordinator for the Americas for the Committee to Protect Journalists, monitoring press conditions in Latin America. The new job is a great opportunity, and a great challenge. We hope she'll write to us about it.

As for me, in January I began a new job with Innovative Training, Inc. My responsibilities include providing clients with training, documentation, testing, and project management and technical support. For the past year, I was president of Barnard Business and Professional Women, an organization that provides networking and career development opportunities for alumnae. My involvement has kept me in close contact with the College and allowed me an opportunity to know Barnard women of other eras—an experience that has been very valuable, both professionally and personally. After my "retirement" (as president of BBPW), I hope to continue to be involved with Barnard, beginning with my new job as class correspondent. Reunions always bring a great deal of news. I've tried to mention those who have not been featured in a column recently, and will include the others in the coming issues. Please send me your news via e-mail, voice-mail or US mail.

The Mortarboard Reunion Book that was given out at Reunion was such a success that it is being expanded and will be available, together with photos of Reunion, for \$15. If you haven't sent in your own page of news of the last 20 years, you have until September 30 to do so. Andrea Shepard would like to hear from you, by phone or mail (212) 695-0868, 455 West 34th St, NY, NY 10001, if you want to be included in the book or want to buy a copy. In addition, Andrea reports that the "adopt-a-sister" program to prepare for our 25th Reunion is already under way. You may get a call from a long-lost friend soon!

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78

Who says Seattle isn't the hub of celebrity gossip? It is now that **SUSAN MULCAHY** is publisher and editor in chief of two online entertainment services that are based there. The former gossip maven of *The New York Post* and *Newsday* makes sure that Mr. Showbiz and Celebsite disperse into the electronic ether.

LYN PERLMUTH heads up a group that develops financial newsletters for the Institutional Investor. She has been married for ten years to novelist Chris Larson. Also sharing their Upper West Side home are Emma 8 and Harry 5.

I owe an apology to **LORETTA PRATT**, who sent me a gentle reminder of her previous letter. (Carbon dating suggests that the original letter was sent some time ago.) A graduate of Mt Sinai School of Medicine, Loretta has a dermatology practice just outside of Philadelphia, and is also mother of Allison 4 and Benjamin 3. She has somehow found time to co-author *The Life of the Skin: What It Hides, What It Reveals, and How It Communicates* (Bantam).

E-mail brought greetings and news from **LIONEL SHRIVER**, a novelist whose sixth published work, *Double Fault*, deals with professional competition in the two-career marriage (in this case, tennis). The

book will be released by Doubleday in August, but you can get an advance look by reading the excerpt that appears elsewhere in this magazine. In case you're wondering why you haven't seen Lionel around lately, she has been living in Belfast, Northern Ireland, for ten years with her partner, Jonathan Stevenson, a lawyer-turned-nonfiction writer.

MARLEE MINNO FLAHERTY writes of the difficult balance of motherhood and professional obligations. She works part time in financial development for the Pittsburgh YMCA when she isn't tending to some developments of her own: Jason 11, Katie and Brittany 9, and Christopher 5.

Some notes from those who weren't able to attend the February mini-reunion:

ANGELA FANIZZA-ORPHANOS has been settling into a new home with her husband of 15 years, Peter. She practices diagnostic radiology with a small group in Cincinnati.

December 2 was a big day for **PAMELA KARASIK** and husband David as they welcomed the birth of Jacob Solomon Karasik Rubashkin. Jacob has two sisters, Hannah 5 and Sophie 3. Before taking maternity leave, Pamela was an assistant professor of medicine and assistant chief of cardiac electrophysiology at the VA Hospital in Washington, DC.

KAREN NAETS-SEKIGUCHI has been living in Switzerland for the last eight years after a career in publishing at McGraw-Hill and in broadcasting at CBS and the BBC. Now she is a full-time mom to children aged 3 and 6. To save money on a plane ticket, you can e-mail her at tnaets@iprolink.ch.

CARA LIEB plans to "pack up my husband and twin toddlers for a marathon East Coast visit with all my friends" at the 1998 reunion.

SHARON GWATKIN NEWMAN has relocated to Portland with husband Perry, who was appointed by the governor "to be the first International Trade Director for the state of Maine." They have two daughters, Hallie 7 and Lennie 4. Sharon also continues to work part time at her Cleveland law practice.

ROBIN FENSTERHEIM GROSSER practices real estate law, which must create a nice synergy with husband Robert, who is a mortgage broker. I'm sure they had no problem finding a place to live in Rockland County with daughters Jacqueline 10 and Samantha 6. "Life has been good to me," she writes.

Former floormate and Barbie expert **KAREN TINA HARRISON** has been writing on fashion and beauty for the *New York Post*. At the time she notified me of this—do we sense a trend here?—she was adjusting to the hectic pace of newspaper publishing. My hunch is that she has adjusted by now.

From June '96, a card from **BARBARA FIELD**, who is gamely pushing forward with single motherhood and the challenge of a writing career.

The following items were submitted for the last issue but got lost during Internet transmission:

PAULA BARVIN, off in the Society Hill section of Philadelphia, enjoys the society of new husband Dan Katzenberg. "Our first year of marriage has been delightful," reports Paula, who works in political organizing on environmental and consumer rights issues. Dan is assistant to the budget director of the city.

JOAN KINGSLEY GOTTESMAN is living the Larchmont life with husband Larry, plus Joseph 8 and Alexander 5. Joan is veep of her kids' PTA and volunteers at the local ice skating club and summer camp program. "I play tennis whenever I can, and, according to my brother, have turned into my mother. Things could be a lot worse!" Yes, she could have turned into *your* mother.

ELLEN RADIN has her own law practice in South Plains, NJ, and also writes for figure skating magazines. (She should get together with Joan.) I would volunteer to demonstrate my death spiral, but it's not a pretty sight.

KAREN STUGENSKY
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OK, OK, so we did have a mild winter this year. Still, it feels nice to have warm weather back again. Happy Summer, all!

I'm afraid we have bad news again so we might as well deal with it first. Two of our classmates have died: **DENISE TAYLOR** at her home in Los Angeles in February, and **ELLEN DOHERTY**, suddenly, in New York in June. We send deepest sympathy to their families and friends. They will be missed.

On a happier note, **JULIE BERNSTEIN ENGELMANN** and her husband are owners of Vitamin Discount Connection and Julie writes that it is doing well, although "being a good employer is the most challenging thing" she has ever done. She is also mom to daughter Amber 4.

Congratulations to **SHELLEY SALTZMAN** for two accomplishments in 1996: her son Joseph was born on April 18, and she received a PhD in philosophy and education, with distinction, from Columbia. She is working full time, coordinating and teaching composition to international students at Columbia.

SUSAN LIU writes that she left her work as a physician at the Barnard Student Health Service and "quite happily decided to stay home full time with my children, Emily 7 and Peter 5. Their father travels a great deal and I wanted to be there for them. After being a dedicated physician all these years, I'd prefer to be a dedicated and, hopefully, fantastic mother."

NANCY HERRING was featured in a column in *Business Week* recently, in her role as co-manager of the Lexington Troika Dialog Russia Fund, the only open-ended Russia mutual fund trading in the US.

We didn't hear directly from **MONA CHAREN** but many of us are in cities where her column appears in the local newspaper. They are now being carried in the Lawrenceburg, TN, *Democrat Union* and Mt. Airy, NC, *News*, in addition to the more than 300 papers where they already appear, including the *Boston Globe*, *Baltimore Sun*, *NY Post*, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*. She is also a regular panelist on the CNN political roundtable show "Capital Gang." Mona and her husband and their two children live in the Virginia suburbs of DC.

JESSICA GREENBAUM writes that she is "so old, my niece, the stellar Esther Greenbaum, has completed her first year. (I also drank hot water and lemon the other morning.) In fact, I'm so old that a poem of mine, 'Conversation about Life, after Life' appeared in May 12 issue of *The New Yorker*. Proud resident, with my husband, Jed Marins, and daughter Isabel of Fort Greene, Brooklyn."

NINA HENNESSEY was married in January to Ray Marchica, a longtime friend and colleague. Their blended family consists of Madeleine 7 and Paolo 8. Nina is in the cast of *Cats*, the longest running show in Broadway history as of June 19. Her husband plays drums on the Rosie O'Donnell show.

Speaking of cats, **JILL COUNROYER** is a founder and officer of Friends of Feral Felines. This group, based in southern Maine, helps care for feral (unsocialized) cats by providing neuter or spay operations,

feeding feral cat colonies, and domesticating wild kittens for adoption. She is also involved with a new enterprise in Portland, "Shared History," which prepares histories of clubs and businesses, in order to keep local history from being buried.

Don't let *your* personal history go unnoticed: Drop me a line as to what you are up to. All news is welcome.

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Next up . . . Women With No Time For Bon-Bons

Today's first guest is **KATHE SMITH DUNDER** of Chapel Hill, NC, who has this to say about how she spends her time: "I'm project manager at Glaxo Wellcome pharmaceutical company in Marketing Information Services. I enjoy life in the sunny south—gardening, listening to music, singing with the local choral society (130 voices) and loving my new hobby of shooting pool." Clearly a bon-bon-free existence.

Now meet **RUMU SARKAR**, adjunct professor at Georgetown U Law Center. "I teach Law and Development, an LIM seminar, and will be teaching development finance at GULC's summer session in Florence, Italy." All right, Florence, the occasional gelato, but major absence of bon-bons.

MARIANNE BARDACH DORNFELD has joined Castles Unlimited, realtors in Newton, Mass. Formerly an account supervisor in NYC and Boston, she lives in Newton with her husband and two children.

LISA STEWART and **CELINA LIN** are working together in Hong Kong at a fund management company specializing in Asian growth stocks. (Definitely no bon-bons there!) The company, Bowen Capital Management, was founded three years ago by Lisa and **ELIZABETH SACCENTE '76**. Elizabeth has since moved to the UK with her husband and family.

Finally I present **GRATIA PELLICIOTTI**, who reports: "I married George Freimarch (CC '76) and have two daughters: Olivia 5 1/2 and Averyl 2 1/2. I work full time for Enhance Reinsurance Co and in my spare time am trying to restore an 1885 Italianate Victorian home in Glen Ridge, NJ." (Is there a bon-bon somewhere in your future, Gratia, maybe while you soak in your restored tub?)

That's all for today. The cameraman's tangled himself in the strings of my hammock—I may fall to earth any moment—and the lights are melting my bon-bons.

WENDY WHITE
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Sadly, I report the death of **SHARON BARCLAY**. She is survived by her sister, Brenda, who resides in Center Moriches, NY, to whom I extend deepest sympathy during this difficult time.

Future Millennium class members continue to arrive in the ongoing Class of '81 baby boom. **JULIE FRUMERMAN FOX** has a new family member, Kelsey Shay (Class of 2016), who joins her brother Skylar. Julie reports that life is very full; her consulting business is going well and she is considering moving her office out of the house. She is a volunteer member of the Economic Development Commission in Newton (MA), working on a strategic plan for the City and a nonprofit puppet theater for children.

LYNN WARREN PETERS had a baby in January, and **HELEN ZOBLER** gave birth to Elizabeth Claire

on April 7. Elizabeth joins a Barnard-Columbia clan which includes her father, Aldo Cugnini (SEAS '77, '79), and aunt, **MARIAN ZOBLER '85**. Big sister Charlotte Louise is 3. Helen is a stay-at-home mom but keeps her hand in architecture by renovating their 60-year-old stone house while also entering the computer age (agchuz@worldnet.att.net). Helen keeps in touch with **KAREN BOWER-BROWN** who lives in Lincoln, England and has a son, Angus, and a new daughter, Susannah.

On a sad note, Helen and Marian's father, who was known to many of us as Professor Leonard Zobler of the Barnard geography dept (later Environmental Science), died in December. He was very active in local conservation efforts right up until his death.

FELICE LIFSHITZ wrote from "paradise," Miami Beach, FL. She received a PhD in medieval history from Columbia in 1988 and is associate professor of history at Florida International University (the state university campus in Miami). The school opened in 1972 and has over 30,000 students, largely first-and second generation immigrants. Felice is proud to be helping to build something new, exciting, and useful. She has published many articles and a book, and is writing a new book on the way Roman-era martyrs were remembered in the early Middle Ages. She spends summers in the Czech and Slovak Republics, where her husband, Joseph Patrouch, an early modern historian, runs a summer program for FIU students. Felice will be on sabbatical for the coming year and will be doing research in Germany this fall. She has a stepson, Daniel.

JEAN BRATMAN worked as a reporter for several radio stations and WCVB-TV Boston, and is now making her way into the music business. Last summer she received honorable mention in the Napa Valley Music Festival's Emerging Songwriters showcase and she has put out a cassette sampler which she hopes will be expanded into a full CD this year. She and husband Gary Cohen, whom she met at WKCR, live in South Salem, NY, with twins Trevor and Kira, 5.

MICHELE REILLY STEVENS and husband Kris are living in Zurich, Switzerland, on a two-year assignment. Their son Michael is 6.

Arriving home after a month in Europe just in time to submit this column, I am proud to announce that I have finally mastered my first Dutch sentence. "Ik heb eew betje jeuk" ("I have a little itch"). I sold several paintings at an exhibition in Copenhagen, and a new gallery in Amsterdam will be exhibiting my newest work. In addition, the AB Franklin Internet Gallery (www.franklin-art.com) sold my first painting in cyberspace!

Remember to have fun this summer, and send your additions to Class Notes!

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CLASS OFFICERS 1997-2002

PRESIDENT: Mercedes Jacobson
VICE PRESIDENT/REUNION CHAIR: Evelyn Giaccio
CORRESPONDENT: Gloria Galloway
FUND CHAIRS: Susan Kahn, Lisa Ranft
TREASURER: Judith Fried Conrad

A final column from **MERCEDES JACOBSON**:

Reunion '97 was a success, thanks to the efforts of vice president **JUDY FRIED CONRAD**, who basically organized the entire event, down to the last bottle

of champagne. It was a terrific evening, with a chance to re-connect, share stories, discuss, argue, and provide support. **SUSAN KAHN** made name tags from our yearbook photos. Class president **EVELYN GIACCIO**, assisted by Fund Chair **PAM SPENCE**, spearheaded the Annual Fund drive (\$23,731 raised, with 26% participation). **ILEANNA TSARNAS PAPPAS** assured that elections for officers for '97-'02 went smoothly.

JOAN POVEROMO SAVINO and her husband will celebrate their 15th anniversary this summer with a trip to Hawaii. Also Hawaii-bound, **PAULA LEE** will make her annual sojourn to Maui to visit OB Lily Troy and her two boys.

ANDREA DIVERNIERI DRUCKER has a home in Staten Island and two active children, 6 and 4, and practices dentistry part time.

DOROTHY POLI spent a year traveling—studying art history in Rome, then exploring Australia and New Zealand. She is back in New York and plans to return to the world of investment banking.

JEAN GOLDEN-TEVALD, MD, has given up her "Family Practice" to become "full time mom" and home school her three kids. **ALICE HOM** is a 3rd grade math specialist at PS 6 in NYC, which was just ranked the #2 school in the state. She'll spend the summer in North Carolina and Utah working on policy-making projects.

DIANE BARRANS flew in from Juneau, Alaska, where she is director of Alaska's Financial Aid commission.

LINDA VAHDAT (vahdat@cuccfa.ccc.columbia.edu) is an assistant professor in the Division of Medical Oncology at Columbia P&S and a breast cancer specialist. Her team offers bone marrow transplants and other advanced treatments. Linda and her husband are about to celebrate their 10th anniversary and have two children.

AVA CHIEN (achien@chienco.com) and **LISA RANFT** have started a technology marketing firm, "Chien & Company," helping US software companies uncover markets in China. Lisa is also director of marketing at Health Telemanagement Services, which helps insurance companies launch Medicare/Medicaid HMOs.

GEORGIA ARVANITIS (arvanit@TCNJ.edu) loves her work as an associate professor of chemistry, with tenure, at the College of New Jersey in Trenton.

Gambling questions? Contact gaming consultant **ANDREA MERCADO** at AAMercado@aol.com.

THERESA YOON is as elegant and glamorous as ever and working at Swiss Bank Corporation.

MARY LOPEZ ATHANAIL is living in Bay Ridge and raising two wonderful boys, ages 2 and 4. And educator **MIRA MINCIS FOOTE** (miraf4082@aol.com) brought pictures of her two beautiful curly headed toddlers. **ANNIE BRAKO** also sent photos of her brood, Roxane Brako Sayde 2 and Alexander Brako Sayde 4. **INGRID GEIS** and Steve Delaney are the parents of toddler Conor Delaney.

HALA ELHABASHI MNEHMAY lives in Miami and has three daughters.

PENNY SPIERA TURTEL gave birth to her third son, Joseph Max, on Mother's Day.

MICHELE HIERHOLZER is a producer in New York, developing catalogues and advertisements.

JUDITH CARL is with the UN Development Fund in Cambodia but should be returning to NY soon.

KATHY ANN IRISH-BENJAMIN sent not only track & field photos to reunion but also pictures of her children, Nijol and Tesa-Marie.

LISA PRIESS FRIED lives in Jerusalem, has two children, Yonatan 2 and Yarden 5. She continues to pull "all-nighters", completing designs for a dance studio for choreographer Ohad Nahardin.

Filmmaker **COLLEEN BARR BOZUWA** missed reunion between projects in Italy and L.A.

Filmmaker **VANESSA BARAN** is a founder of two organizations, Voice & Vision, which encourages urban girls in the performing arts, and the Independent Film Circuit, which helps young filmmakers.

MARY PETERSON has an ongoing role as police cadet Nell Cleary on the soap opera "Guiding Light." She also appears in television commercials and appeared on "Law & Order" earlier this year.

MARIAN SAMELSON WADE started in a PhD program in psychology after Barnard but decided to switch to a field with more measurable outcomes and is now a physical therapist. She and husband Charles Wade became the parents of Jacob Aaron in March. Marian plans to return to work part time. She has also been accepted to the Motor Learning or Biobehavioral Studies at Teachers College and is a member of the Morningside Historic District Committee.

GLORIA GALLOWAY (our new class correspondent) is a neuromuscular disease specialist at LSU in Shreveport. Gloria juggles a busy schedule with research, teaching, a 4-year-old son, and a commuter marriage. If you think you are developing carpal tunnel syndrome, or more importantly, if you have news, write to her at the address above.

This is my last column. It has been a great pleasure to be part of the alumnae effort and to share in the joys and achievements of our classmates. Despite the extraordinary diversity in our class, I am always struck by the similarities: great enthusiasm for work, family or other pursuits, independence of thought and a humanistic spirit. Thanks and good luck!

—MPJ (Jacobson@allegheny.edu)

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My appeal to you has worked—over the past few months I have received several letters. Way to go! How many of you are now friendly with classmates you did not even know existed when you were at Barnard? Quite a few, as you'll see below. I just discovered that one of the few female partners at my firm also went to Barnard.

BERNICE HOFFMAN NATELSON and **ANDREA BARON** did not know each other at Barnard but met as classmates at NYU law school. Bernice is married to Dan Natelson (CC '76) and had her first child, Abigail Hope, in February. She works for a company that prepares training courses in insurance law; Dan works in sales for a children's wear manufacturer in NYC. They live in Somerset, NJ, and Bernice would love to hear from other moms in central NJ.

YVONNE KUNSTENAAR and I are good friends but did not meet until we both lived in San Francisco and Ellen Chanowitz told her to look me up! Yvonne and her husband, Ray Milkey (CC '82) are the proud parents of Alexandra Anne Marie, born in March, on the 60th birthday of her grandfather Milkey (CC '59).

Ray is a manager with Silicon Graphics and Yvonne has her hands full with Alexandra.

INGE POLAK BRAFMAN (I did know her at Barnard) and husband Lester (CC '84) are the parents of Isabella Rose, born in March 1996.

LYNN CHINITZ GRUENSTEIN is a radiologist at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital and enjoys life with her husband, Dr. Steven Gruenstein, and their children, Alexander 5 and Diana 3.

KAREN SHAPIRO AROESTY recently opened her own civil rights law practice. Her husband also practices law and they have two children, Joshua 4 and Sophie 1 1/2.

Newlyweds **HEIDI POKORNY** and Jonathan Wald are both in the news business, she as director of PR for The New York Times Co, he as a senior producer for "The NBC Nightly News" in NY.

Also newly wed are Rob and **BARBARA LOUIS CIRELLA**. They met on a ski trip in Austria 1995, were married in June 1996, spent their honeymoon in Hawaii, and live in West Caldwell, NJ. Barbara is a marketing manager for the Movado Group.

We had lost touch with **JEANINE TESORIERO** but her name has been in the papers recently. She is a composer (professional name Jeanine Tesori) whose credits include the dance music for *The Secret Garden* and *How to Succeed in Business... on Broadway*. She wrote the dance music for the new Johnny Mercer musical, *Dream*, and (and this is the best part) her own musical, *Violet*, was voted best musical by the New York Drama Critics Circle. Besides that, *Violet* won the 1997 Richard Rodgers Production Award for Musical Theater, presented by the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

This was a great spring for me, too. In March my boss told me he had a proposal that would involve a sacrifice by me and my husband. Not a financial sacrifice, as it turned out. The proposal was that I spend a month in France, working on a transaction for a French client. I had just started taking French lessons and after ten days in Strasbourg and the rest of the month in Paris I may not have been speaking French (except to order food and buy clothes—hey, one has to set priorities) but I was reading contracts in French! My husband, Jeff Braker (CC '83) joined me and we managed a trip to London as well as trying French cuisine.

Thanks for writing—keep it coming! —SB

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Many people have been enjoying new babies this past spring. In addition, several classmates have marriage and career news to report. Here's the scoop:

New arrivals: Two classmates tell us that their children made their entrances on special holidays. **CAROLYN HOCHSTADTER DICKER** reports the New Year's Eve arrival of Shimshon Menachem, and her receipt of a Tiffany sterling spoon as a prize from the hospital for the auspicious timing! Shimshon's red hair gives him a high profile in the neighborhood (seems that redheads are an elite group in New Jersey)! Carolyn is still at LeBoeuf in New York doing corporate reorganization and bankruptcy law. Husband Adam is still on the faculty of Thomas Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia, specializing in radiation oncology and spearheading its new prostate implant program.

CYNTHIA RAND BARABAS writes from West

Allenhurst, NJ, that Rebecca Pearl was born on February 14—Valentine's Day! Cynthia is married to Dr. Ronald Barabas, a child neurologist.

ALLISON WEINER of Los Angeles tells us that Sloane Weiner arrived in the world last November.

LYNN KESTIN SESSLER sends great news of the birth of Noa Memphis to **NOMI BARELL URBAITEL** and her husband. Noa is Nomi's first baby, and mamma, pappu and child are doing well. Noa's naming was a mini-Barnard reunion. On hand were Irene Friedland, Bill Schultz (CC '83), who just moved back to the area for work at the James River Company, and **LIZ KESSENIDES**. Lynn and husband Mark are busy loving their own little girl, Aliza, who just learned her first song, the always useful "happy birthday." She loves music and just "graduated" from her "Mommy and Me" music class. Yet another generation of creative Barnard women to come! Aliza will accompany mom and dad to Gothenberg, Sweden, to visit her mom's good friend, **LINDA RAVIN**. Linda's in-laws have a summer home in that lovely town.

Marriages: Congratulations to **AMY CARLEY**, who married Robert Revell on June 15th. Amy is an art director for Lowe McAdams Healthcare, a pharmaceutical advertising agency. Her own art has been shown in a gallery in Cleveland, different venues in NYC, and on the web. Her husband is a copywriter at another healthcare advertising agency.

LINDA HUBBARD married Al **KRUSEN** in June '96. Al is a brewer in the New Knoxville (Tennessee) Brewing Co, the first microbrewery in that area since Prohibition. He also brews for a local brew pub. The Krusens brew together on weekends just so that they're sure to spend weekends together. Linda brewed her first batch of beer at the brewpub, an East German Schwarzbier ("black beer") and was surprised at the enthusiastic reception it received. On her own career path, Linda earned a master's in environmental management at Duke U, and then worked as a regulatory compliance specialist in Oak Ridge for over six years. Federal budget cutbacks hit the area very hard, and she was laid off last year. Recently she obtained part-time work doing cloud sampling on Clingman's Dome in the Smokey Mountains. She also works part time as executive director of Tennessee Citizens for Wilderness Planning.

AMY ELLIS told us that she made a contribution to a book entitled *American Paintings Before 1945 in the Wadsworth Atheneum* which was published by Yale University Press in 1996.

MARIA HINOJOSA recently joined CNN as a New York-based correspondent, where she covers urban affairs for the network. As many of you know, Maria came to CNN from National Public Radio, where she spent six years as a NY-based general assignment correspondent. She will continue to anchor the Latino USA program for NPR, a weekly program of news and culture in the Latino community. Maria has received numerous awards, including the 1995 Robert F Kennedy Award, a National Assn of Hispanic Journalists Radio Award, and the NY Society of Professional Journalists Deadline Award. In addition, she was named one of 1995's most influential Latinos in the US by *Hispanic Business* magazine. Maria's 1995 book, *Crews: Gang Members Talk with Maria Hinojosa*, was based on her award-winning NPR report on that subject. Her next book, about raising a Latino child in a multicultural society, is due in 1999.

ALYSSA GRAY completed her JD at Columbia and is now a PhD candidate in Talmud and Rabbis

at Jewish Theological Seminary. She also has a master of laws degree from Hebrew U in Jerusalem, where she received an award as the outstanding advanced student in Jewish law.

Well, that's it for now! Please write soon and let us all know what you're up to. Enjoy the rest of your summer!

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RENEE KLOCK married James **SEVERIN** in May in Sag Harbor, Long Island, where she has been working as a writer and editor.

BRONWYN BEVAN writes that she is back in NY after almost ten years away. She is a senior research associate at the Educational Development Center and continuing long-distance as asst director of the Exploratorium Center for Teaching & Learning in San Francisco. "Lots of travel and my two-year-old boy, Aidan, keep me busy."

From Burbank, CA, **SHARON JOHNSON** sends happy news, of the marriage of **SONJA AUGUSTINE '86** to Adrian Tibbs in May. She also adds a sad note, on the death of her father in December—"he believed in me and my dreams and for that I will always be grateful."

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Greetings, classmates. The days are getting longer, the landscape greener, people are vacationing and I am worrying about swimsuits. It must be summer—hope yours is a good one. I've heard from the following people:

CAROLYN LEWIN WEISS has a new position at Brown Raysman Millstein Felder & Steiner LLP, a law firm that allows her to develop her real estate law expertise into the commercial and lending areas. She credits the Barnard Business & Professional Women's organization with helping her in her search.

VIOLA FONG was honored at the NY City Council celebration of Women's History Month in March for her role as founder and board member of Asian Professional Extension (APEX), a mentoring program she began in 1992 to interact with Asian inner-city children. The program has expanded from its original 45 people to 300. When she is not doing inspiring good works, Viola works at Fitch Investors Service as assistant general counsel. Prior to that, she was at Weil, Gotshal & Manges. She told me that switching to in-house counsel provides her with more time to work on APEX.

ALLISON BREIDBART WHITE called me the other day to tell me that when she was in the City (Manhattan, as opposed to the boroughs and the 'burbs), she literally ran into **CLAIRE KEDESHIAN**. Claire was going to the Rand-McNally store to pick up a map of Armenia prior to her trip there. When Claire is not taking exotic trips, she works as an attorney in the US District Attorney's office in Brooklyn. (Lots of lawyers out there.)

YVONNE YAO e-mailed me from Hong Kong (ah, the conveniences of the late 20th century) with comments on several issues. She said that the people she reads about in the column are rarely her college friends and says, "Come on girls, are you that busy?"

She and her husband Anthony Wang (GSAPP '88), recently returned to Hong Kong after a trip to the States for weddings and such. In response to a comment by **PAULINE ALAMA** about retaining maiden names, she writes that it is a common occurrence in Hong Kong to keep your maiden name and she hasn't experienced any difficulties yet. My own experience was that I wrangled with the 'name game' when I first got married and still use my maiden name at work (hence the hyphen). However, after a friend of mine informed me that she never changed her name, booked airline tickets in her married name and was stopped at the gate for lack of identification, I opted to keep both names. Different strokes.

Rang up **SHANA DAVIDS** the other day to see how she was getting along. I knew Shana both from my economics classes and later from Kidder, Peabody, back when there was a Kidder, Peabody. Shana has been working as an analyst in the corporate development department of Simon & Schuster for the last seven years. She is also midway through an MBA program at NYU.

That's all for now. Have a great summer and remember, keep those cards and e-mails coming. Otherwise, you may get a call from me.

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CLASS OFFICERS 1997-2002

PRESIDENT: *Debbie Lynn Davis*
VICE PRESIDENT: *Wanda Gonzales*
CORRESPONDENT: *Susan Hollander*
FUND CHAIRS: *Melissa Iteld, Deborah Feyerick*
TREASURER: *Ula Lysniak*

A final column from **DEBBIE LYNN DAVIS**:

Well, we've made it. Ten years since graduation and we seem to be doing well. Our Reunion events were a lot of fun, as was seeing old friends. I gathered a lot of news at the class dinner so I'll jump right in.

COLLEEN HADIGAN is starting a fellowship in pediatric gastroenterology at Children's Hospital in Boston. **BETH WIGHTMAN** is a PhD student in English at UCLA. **DEBBY FEYERICK** is a reporter at NYOne News, Time Warner's 24 hour all-news station. She is married to Mark Kirsch, an attorney in NY. Attending her wedding was **REBECCA EISEN**, who met and later married Debby's brother, Andrew. Rebecca and Andrew live in Florida with their daughter, Sarah Libby.

JULIE CASKEY is a public defender at the criminal division of The Legal Aid Society in NY. She graduated from Columbia Law School in 1992 and is now living in Brooklyn. After several teaching jobs, including an adjunct professorship at Touro College, **MELISSA ITELD** is teaching at a school for gifted and talented students in Brooklyn.

LORNA SESSLER GRAHAM is a writer and acting managing editor at "Good Morning America." Lorna is in a job-sharing position in which she works every other week—a situation she highly recommends. During her "off" weeks, she is working on a biography of her mother, a hematologist. **SHARON EICHER** is a PhD student in economics in Kansas. She plans to do developmental work in the former Soviet Union. She notes that she is living with a Kansan and is enjoying being an aging X-er.

MARGARET FOLEY RAFLE lives outside of Washington, DC, and works in the government relations office of WR Grace & Co. She is getting her

ASSOCIATE ALUMNAE GRADUATE FELLOWSHIPS

Each year, the AABC awards fellowships for graduate study to Barnard seniors or alumnae who show exceptional promise in their chosen fields. In 1997 six awards were made and the total amount was \$6000. To learn more about the fellowship program and obtain application forms, call or write:

FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE
ASSOCIATE ALUMNAE
OF BARNARD COLLEGE
3009 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, NY 10027-6598
(212-854-2005)

COMPLETED APPLICATIONS MUST BE FILED
BY JANUARY 9, 1998

master's in special education. Margo and her husband expect their first child in August.

DAWN ROWAN lives in Manhattan and is a senior publicist at NPM Advertising. Also in Manhattan is **DEIRDRE FOGARTY**, who is an executive search consultant by day and plays music and sings by night. **LISA WROBLEWSKI** is vp, international equities, at CS First Boston in Manhattan. She is also raising her daughter, Francesca Gottardo 9.

MARY SUTTER is still living in Mexico City and is freelance writing full time. **JESSICA ABRAMS** is moving to L.A. in July to write screenplays; she has been working for **MARTHA STEWART '63** on her TV show. **CINDY CHAN** is living in L.A. and is working for Main Street Incorporated, an interactive cable station. **LIZ FUERSTMAN** lives in TriBeCa with husband Dan and dog Sam. She is an associate at Simpson, Thacher & Bartlett.

INA/MARIA TJANDRASUWITA is practicing law on her own, handling child abuse and neglect cases in Los Angeles county. **SABRINA NICHELLE SCOTT** is pursuing a PhD in anthropology at the U of Florida. For her doctoral research she is process evaluator on a community-based coalition for the prevention of adolescent pregnancy in Jacksonville.

MAHALIA JOSEPH is a conflict management consultant/trainer, working with police officers, secret service agents, and students of all ages. She has taught conflict resolution at the U of the District of Columbia and continues to receive different and exciting projects. **ADELE JAMES** is taking a year off after five years in health education/community outreach. She lives in Oakland, CA, where she moved to pursue an MA in international development education at Stanford.

ELLEN LAGOW-NETTLES married Steven Nettles, a real estate banker, on April 1. **WENDY DETERMAN** and **JILL LITNER '86** were bridesmaids. Ellen works at Showtime Network. Wendy lives in Manhattan and travels frequently as senior editor for *Tour & Travel News*.

MAYA PANVELIWALLA is an A&R coordinator at Sony Music where she is busy listening to new music and assisting in the production of records. Last October, she married David Hartheimer, an attorney.

BRITT NYLUND moved back to the east coast after practicing law in Portland, OR, for six years. She is working in the property dept at Sprint PCS in New Jersey. Britt noted that she was amicably divorced and is now in love and extremely happy.

MARY SHEEHAN was married in April 1996. She is living in Astoria, Queens, with her husband, Bill Townsend. She is associate director for institutional giving at the Hospital for Special Surgery in Manhattan. **KARIN HANSEN**, who left Barnard for medical school in Denmark, is living with her husband, Casper, and their daughter Emma, almost 2. She is in training to be a general practitioner and hopes to have her own practice in Denmark in a couple of years.

SARI ZIMMER is a pediatric dentist in private practice in Ridgewood, NJ. She is also teaching at Hackensack U Medical Center and Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. **KIMBERLY MILLER** lives in Croton, NY, and is working for Rockefeller Brothers Fund in Tarrytown with her husband Patrick Bronner (SEAS '87). Kimberly is working towards her architectural license. **JULIA BONEM** is associate director of corporate & foundation relations at Barnard. She is married to Michael Dzialo (CC '85) and has an adorable son, Louis, 8 1/2 months.

WANDA GONZALEZ is still living in Boston, practicing general pediatrics at Chelsea Healthcare Center in MA. She is also on staff at Massachusetts General Hospital, teaching residents and med students. She says that she is now snowboarding, sailing, and scuba diving, and invites old friends to go sailing with her on the Charles River. **AUDREY HAM** is living in Brooklyn and working as a guidance counselor on the Lower East Side. She is also working on her PhD at NYU in counseling psychology.

MELINDA MAERKER is living in L.A. and working as a screenwriter. Her documentary film on pioneer women pilots is still in post-production. In between writing, she directs and produces corporate videos. **CATHY MIKELIS BLAKE** lives in Tenafly, NJ, with husband Chris and son Nicholas. She was recently interviewed on local television about rising coffee prices. **MARGO YANNEY** is a public finance attorney at Hawkins Delafield & Wood in Battery Park

City. **MARIAN ROTHMAN** left her job as a law associate at Fried Frank to be in-house counsel at Goldman Sachs. **VICTORIA PESCE ELLIOT** is living in Florida and writing travel books.

MARTHA BOUDAKIAN is studying to be a midwife at the U of Pennsylvania. **SHERYL ADLER** lives in Albany, NY, and is working in historic preservation; she is married to Alan Abbey and has a son Alex 2. **MASOOMA "SABA" ZAIDI** lives in Clinton Corners, NY, where she and her husband are both dentists and have a son, Jake.

Others who attended some part of the Reunion festivities included **DEBBIE CHANG**, **DANIELLE KIM**, **HUI-SOON KIM**, **BONNIE HERSH**, **JEAN AHN**, **ULA LYSNIAK**, **BRENDA BOATSWAIN**, **DEBBIE WOEI CHU**, **NANCY CLARK**, **FAHMILA IMAM**, **MICHELE MOHAMADI**, **ERIKA WALBERG NICHOLSON**, **CATHERINE VINCIGUERRA PANKHURST**, **ANNA GOLDSTEIN**, **EVA-JOSEPHINE HARBURY**, **SHAINDY RUDOFF**, **SARAH NAMNAMA SARIA**, **JUDITH STEVENS**, **MARGARET LAUREYS**, **SHARONA SCHWARTZ**, and **CHANASAI TIENG-TRAKUL**, who was a speaker on a fascinating panel on "The Immigrant Experience" on Friday afternoon.

As for me, I continue to work as director of new media development for John Wiley & Sons in NYC and live in Norwalk, CT, with my husband, John Porada, and daughter Julia, 11/2. I've truly enjoyed being Class Correspondent for the last five years but am ready for a rest. **SUSAN HOLLANDER** will be taking over this post. She will have additional Reunion material in the next column, and, I hope, new news from the rest of you!

KAREN LUE-YAT LEÓN
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PAMELA SIMKIN FRANCIS graduated from the University of Virginia law school in 1993 and is living in Dallas with her husband, Dwight Francis, and their daughter Lydia 2. Pam recently joined a plaintiff's litigation firm specializing in mass-tort litigation. Since her parents still live in New York, she gets to come "home" several times a year. She misses her Barnard friends terribly since she's lost touch with most of them, but she did hear that **DARCY SEAVER** was in Minneapolis, and that **LIBBY O'CONNOR** and **ANTONELLA DEVERO** were still in New York.

JAN LUTENBERG ROGERS was married on December 8 to Eric Rogers. **DR SHARA PULVER ISRAEL** was a bridesmaid. Shara lives in Stamford, CT, where she works at Stamford Hospital and is bringing up Adina and Yoni, with her husband, Rabbi David Israel (Columbia '88). David is the Rabbi who presided over Jan and Eric's wedding. It was one of his first weddings and many present were brought to tears. Also in attendance were **CAROLYN MOSTEL WEISER**, **DORIT HERMANN CHASIN**, and **SUSAN GEHM**. Carolyn is performing in community theater and raising her daughters, Samantha and Emily. They will be returning to Connecticut in July, after a two-year stay in Rhode Island, where her husband completed his fellowship. Susan and Dorit are enjoying their careers as pediatric dentists. Jan and Eric bought a house in Plainview, LI. She continues to work as a physical therapist at Beth Israel Medical Center where she is a clinical specialist for spinal rehabilitation. She does not mind being a "Long Island commuter" as she has read more books in the past six months than she had in the previous six years.

ADA GUERRERO GUILLOD and husband Carl welcomed their first baby into the world on April 13th. Arielle Isabella was born at St. Luke's Roosevelt Hospital. Ada is at home until September; she is exploring other career options. Ada also told me that **PAULETTE LEWIS JUDE** and her husband, Dwayne Jude, had a son in late March; Keenan Jerrold Dwayne joins his big sister, Kei.

THERESA GALLAGHER graduated from the Medical College of Pennsylvania, completed her residency at Temple U, and is now a physician in Lake City, SC. She was recently awarded board certification in internal medicine.

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Lots of news this time around from **NANCY MENDELSON**. Nancy moved to L.A. from NYC for a career change into the entertainment industry. Since starting in the mailroom at United Talent Agency in April '96, she has worked up to assistant to the head of television talent and is on her way to being an agent. Nancy is among many Barnard and Columbia people on the west coast, including fellow UTA staffer **LORIEN KRANEN**. Nancy caught up recently with **ADINA SAFER**, who is a freelance consultant in San Francisco, as well as with **LISA DIAL**, who is in her third year of medical school in NY, and new mom **DENISE BRODEY**, who also sent news. She recently left *Child* magazine, where she was lifestyle editor, and is a senior editor at *Fitness Magazine* in Manhattan. Denise and husband Jeffrey welcomed daughter Emily Alex into the world the day before last Thanksgiving. The family home is an 1860 farmhouse in Westchester. Denise told us that **REBECCA BOWEN** is married and living in Chicago and working as director of annual giving for the Chicago chapter of YMCA.

In February, I heard from **RACHEL GROSS**, who is living in Philadelphia and had recently had dinner with **SHARON PRIAULX** and **LESLIE SOKOLOV BLUESTONE**, who is now asst director of alumni relations and annual giving at U of Pennsylvania Law School. After serving as a clerk to Judge Curtis Joyner of the Eastern District of PA, Sharmon joined the law firm Ballard, Spahr, Andrews & Ingersoll, where she specializes in employee benefits. Last August, Rachel completed her clerkship with the Honorable Thomas Vanaskie in the Middle District of PA. She is a litigation associate with Kaufman, Coren, Ress, Weidman & Silverang. Also in Philadelphia is **ABIGAIL FLITTER**, who is a litigation associate at Ballard, Spahr.

KAREN WALLACE gave birth to her third child, daughter Sarah Eleanor. In addition to caring for her three children with husband Jeff, Karen teaches Bradley Method childbirth classes. She encourages anyone interested in learning about non-medicated births to contact her in Berlin, Connecticut.

Other tidbits: **SARAH WEINSTEIN**, who is still national director of media relations at Island Records in NYC, married Timothy Dennison on April 12, according to *The New York Times*.

JENNIFER SAMOWITZ GOODWIN had a baby boy about seven months ago, and was on maternity leave when she wrote.

AUDREY BECKER is continuing her graduate work in English literature. **FAYE ARCHONTOU** was married last May and now is Faye **GEMMELLARO**. She lives in River Vale, NJ.

SANTA AROCHO is working at the HEOP office at Barnard. **ANGELA MARTENEZ** is an associate producer for a small independent film/video production company. Angela lives in Brooklyn and wants to hear from those who avoided the MBA-MD-JD paths.

JILL JACOBY-BROWN and husband Matt moved to Belgium a year ago and she enrolled in a one-year intensive MBA program at Solvay Business School in Brussels. And 3,000 miles in the other direction, **MICHELLE CLAPP WILCOX** had a baby girl, Madeline, in February. She lives in Olympia, WA.

CAROLINE FABEND BARTLETT, husband Courty, and brother Hugh, age 18 months, welcomed William Ernest Bartlett into the world on March 31. Also on the welcoming committee were grandmothers **FRAN DEARDEN BARTLETT '58**, who supplied this news, and **FIRTH HARING FABEND '59**.

GAIL WEIKER is living in NYC and teaching 4th graders. Gail told us that **JACKY GROSSMAN** has been teaching 6th grade and will assume the role of director of the Greenwich Village Middle School, a new alternative middle school, due to open in September.

As for myself, I began working as an assistant producer for an NPR/WNYC radio program called "On The Media." It's a weekly media criticism program and I hope some of you will be able to tune in. In New York, we're on live from 2 to 4 pm Sundays, and repeated that same day from 9 to 11 pm.

Thanks for all your news. Keep it coming and hope your summers are fun-filled. —DK

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I just received word that **SHERYL O'SHEA** will be doing her residency in family practice in Las Cruces, NM. Sheryl graduated from Georgetown Med School in May.

ADINA STROMINGER LAVER is teaching at United World College of Southeast Asia in Singapore.

JACQUELINE SCHATZ recently opened her private psychotherapy practice in Manhattan. She specializes in treatment for couples and did her graduate work at Columbia Teachers College.

JENNIFER LEIBLER is executive asst to the NYC Executive Deputy Comptroller. She received an MPA from NYU's Wagner School for Public Service in May '96.

Also in NY, **GAIL ELLIS** is working in Global Credit at JP Morgan and living on the Upper East Side.

AMY MASTER recently joined the law firm of LeBoeuf, Lamb, Greene & MacRae in its Newark, NJ, office and continues to practice commercial litigation and employment law.

RACHEL KOBIN writes that "after almost 11 years in NYC, I've moved to the 'burbs! And I'm enjoying it. I moved to Elkins Park, PA, and I'm working as creative production coordinator at Advanta Advertising, a new division of Advanta Mortgage Corp. On top of my exciting new job, I'm still trying to write screenplays in my 'spare time.'" She would enjoy meeting other Barnard women in the area (rkobin@advanta.com) to have help/company in getting accustomed to her new surroundings.

KRISTY BIRD recently moved from Boston to

Sacramento, CA, to run a graphic design staffing service and start studying for an MFA/MA in design education. This means that she is no longer president of the Barnard Club of Boston but she promises that she if she hears any other news, she'll pass it on. And I hope the rest of you will, too!

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I received a warm letter from **ELANA MARYLES SZTOKMAN**, who has been living in Jerusalem for almost four years with her husband, Jacob, and two children, Avigayil 4 and Efrayim 1 1/2. Elana sent tragic news about Josh Liebowitz (CC'91), who was killed in February on the road as a pedestrian. Josh lived in Jerusalem and worked as an attorney in Tel Aviv.

Elana also wrote that she had a wonderful time when **ROBERTA LEVY** stayed with her last September. Roberta has a great job as a health care consultant with APM and travels all over the country to restructure health care institutions, especially medical schools and university hospitals. Also in Elana's neighborhood are **DEVORA BLACHOR**, who frequently writes for the *Jerusalem Post*, and **YAFFA SHIRA GROSSBERG**, who teaches second grade, goes Israeli dancing, and has a baby boy, Eden.

ELVAN TAHAOGLU has been living in Boston since receiving her master's in immunology at U of Buffalo/Roswell Park Cancer Institute in 1994. She works on apoptosis in the genetics lab at Mass General. Elvan is looking forward to August 23 when she will wed Jerry Cattelane, Jr, on an island in the Thousand Islands of NYS. They will live in Erie, PA, where he has an internship.

Elvan keeps in touch with **TARIA CRENSHAW**, who is at East Carolina U in North Carolina, studying for her master's and working; **MARIE-ANN DE LA FUENTE**, who is studying for her PhD in tropical evolutionary biology; and **AILEEN HUANG**, who is an attorney in Seattle, WA.

ZOE TITUS sent a card from Boulder, CO, where she has been for three years. She worked for a documentary filmmaker and took pre-vet courses. Zoe is proud to be entering Colorado State U's College of Veterinary Medicine in Fort Collins in the fall. This summer she is working the graveyard shift (which she loves) at a 24-hour vet clinic in Boulder. She is single and lives with her dog, cat, and rabbit.

Great news from **ALYSSA COHEN**, who was married in Brooklyn in February to Dr. Joshua **KAPLAN**, a resident at NYU/ Bellevue. Among the wedding guests were Evan and Royce Feld Maron and Gabe and Miriam Herman '92.

Great news also from **RIFKA ROSENBERG**, who was married in June to Jeffrey Weinbaum.

We read in the *NY Times* that **EMILY GREENBERG** married Brett Topel in December. Emily has a master's in art history from SUNY-Stony Brook and is studying for a master's in early childhood education at Bank Street College of Education. Brett is a sports reporter at the *New Haven Register*.

MARGARET RHEINGOLD is in Seattle. In 1995, she earned an MA in anthropology from the U of Washington, where she is also now studying for a master's in library science.

ELIZABETH FREESE wrote from Fayetteville, Arizona, that after swearing never to go back to graduate school, she is studying for a master's in communication, basically to be a better environmental activist.

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KRISTEN HOESCHLER is studying for an MBA at Columbia. She is our new Class Fund chair and urges everyone to give generously.

Congratulations to **ALYSSA BERGER GOLDBERG**, who had a baby boy in February.

My own good news is that my husband, David, graduated from Columbia Law School and will begin a clerkship for Judge Paul Michel of the US Court of Appeals for the Federal Circuit in Washington, DC. We are excited about moving to Silver Spring, MD, in August. I have enjoyed practicing law, primarily patent litigation, at my father's firm in Stamford, CT, and I will continue to do work for my father in Maryland. My new address will appear at the top of this column next time. Please keep writing!

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CLASS OFFICERS 1997-2002

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A final column from DAY LEVINE:

Hello all! There is plenty of news, so I will get right to it.

SOPHIE CHADDA TRICHAS, who finished dental school in Buffalo, is spending the summer in

Pennsylvania and then will be moving to New Jersey.

Another mover is **MELISSA DUGE**, who moved from NYC to Monterey, CA, in 1996. She is an editorial assistant at Brooks/Cole Publishing. She loves her job, and sent her hopes that our Reunion was successful. (It was!)

Other classmates in California include **KELLYX NELSON** and **ONIE BURGE**, who just got back from an amazing scuba trip during which they jumped off the side of the boat and swam with a gray whale and her calf. **CRISTAN TAMMINGA** lives in San Francisco and works in an investment bank. **KATE FREDLAND** received her MBA from USC and has a job with Intel in Santa Clara.

Also on the West Coast is **LYNN HASHIMOTO**, who, in addition to attending Reunion, sent me an e-mail message. After graduating from NYU law school, Lynn started clerking for a judge in San Diego. She misses NY, and is considering moving back after her clerkship.

SEUNG ELLIE CHUNG is enjoying life with husband Peter Glus (SEAS '92). They live in Baldwin, LI, and she teaches second grade in PS 22 in Flushing.

MARY JANE HAWES is finishing her MBA at Georgetown and has decided to stay in Washington. In late August, she will start as a senior consultant at Coopers & Lybrand Consulting in their Government practice. She looks forward to working in management consulting after spending most of her time in the public and nonprofit sectors since graduation. She will travel extensively over the summer and then find a new apartment in the DC area before starting this new career.

Two more recent graduations led to DC. **CONNIE MORROW PENDLETON** graduated from U of Virginia law school. After studying for the Bar in Charlottesville, she will travel through Southeast Asia for a month or so and will start working at Collier Shannon Rill & Scott in October. **KIMBERLY EGAN**, after graduating from Duke Law in May, will study for the bar in North Carolina before starting her job at

Covington & Burling at the end of the summer.

Also in DC is **IVETTE BASTERRECHEA**. After Barnard, Ivette did fundraising for the Doe Fund, a nonprofit organization for the homeless. She then ventured to DC to attend Georgetown Law, and stayed there to work at Morrison & Foerster.

Speaking of law school, **LILI-AN ELKINS** is at Rutgers Law, and is also Director of Planning at the Philadelphia AIDS Consortium. **ADENA ABRAMSON** has graduated from BU Law School and is starting work this summer at Kronish, Lieb, Weiner & Hellman.

ALYSSA WEINER graduated from CU Law School in 1995. Since then, she moved to Boston and is practicing at Choate Hall & Stewart. Her husband, Jay Rosenbaum, is also an attorney. They recently bought a house and are settling into suburban life.

CHRISTINA KOZLOFF, in between MBA semesters, will be a development officer this summer at the UN Association and the World Affairs Council in Seattle.

CARRIE KAYSER-COCHRAN lives in Aurora, CO, with husband Quinn (CC '92) and is working for Sun Microsystems as an account executive in the reseller area. ("Great company," she says.) A few of our classmates are in the sciences. **EVELYNE DELORI** has finished two out of three years of a family Nurse Practitioner Program (Master's in Nursing) at Yale. She is spending the summer in Southwestern Michigan, working at a rural clinic serving migrant farm workers and their families.

RANDYE RUTBERG recently published a paper which resulted from field work in Nebraska which she did for her master's. She is now in her fourth year (post-qualifiers) of a PhD program in earth and environmental sciences at Columbia. She is a geochemist using radiogenic isotopes to study past ocean circulation patterns and how they relate to climate change. Randye has traveled a lot since graduation, most recently to South Africa. She expects to finish her PhD in 1998.

GAYLE FRIEDLAND spent 1996-97 doing research at the Sloan Kettering Institute. Starting in August, she will be living with Rob Glik (CC '92) and will be a student at Cornell U Medical College. **DARA PAUL** just graduated from medical school and is relaxing for a little while before starting her ob/gyn residency in Newark, NJ.

RICKI GREEN just finished at Wharton Business School, as did **LYDIA BRECK**. Lydia will start a new job at Furman Selz, a boutique investment firm, in August. Prior to that, she will be traveling in Africa. And speaking of faraway lands, **LILY LIN** is living in Spain.

BETH ANISMAN recently became the proud new owner of a beautiful apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Across town, on the Upper East Side, **MIRIAM WIEDERKEHR HERMANN** is happily married and working in real estate and corporate law at Christy & Viener.

We certainly have our share of classmates in the arts! **DANIELLE EVES FERRO** owns and operates a dance school in Bloomsburg, PA. Her school offers ballet, jazz, tap and acrobatics to students from 3 years to adult. She also teaches in the dance program at Bloomsburg University. **ROBERTA WATERSTONE** is manager of public programs at the Children's Museum of Manhattan.

To sum up our fabulous Reunion, I will cite the words of Randye Rutberg, who wrote to me afterwards: "Reunion really brought back a lot of great memories about Barnard, and I was happy to have

the opportunity to renew old friendships. It also made me realize what a special place Barnard is, and how focused Barnard is on providing her students with a strong education and an exceptional environment..." I could not have said it better.

NEKESA MOODY-HAMILTON wrote that she "really enjoyed catching up with old friends." And, from **ABIGAIL WEINBERG**, "After five years of post-Barnard life, things are getting interesting! I'm in the process of deciding not to teach kids and to find another professional path. I am surrounded by friends and love, just as I was at Barnard, and I do think of you often!"

Reunion would not have been possible without the help of the whole committee, but especially **JANET ALPERSTEIN**. Janet, while enjoying her job as Housing Manager at Barnard, worked daily for more than a year to put together the events that we all enjoyed. The other committee chairs were Edina Sultanik, Liz Roddy, Susan Berkley, Melissa Fogarty, Julie Parker, Jeanne Rhee-Dechiario, and myself. Thanks also to all of our committee members.

I also want to make special mention of several classmates who traveled very far to attend Reunion; **KOHANYA RANCH** from Los Angeles, **SARAH VAN NESS** from San Francisco, **LYNN HASHIMOTO** from Seattle, and **NICOLE DEUTSCH** from Switzerland.

Over the past five years, I have been overjoyed to receive your letters. As I traveled from job to job (to job to job to job—there have been many), this column has been a constant that has helped to break up my year into sections, reminding me where I came from and the strength of those I was there with. Your accomplishments have awed and inspired me. I hand over this column to Jeanne Rhee-Dechiario and Susan Berkley with happiness that I can now concentrate more of my time on our Annual Fund activities, but with sadness that I will no longer be the recipient of your happy news items. My e-mail address should remain constant, as long as AOL is in service, and I expect to always be listed in the Manhattan phone book. Never hesitate to give me a call or drop me a line. I have said before and I will say again, it has been an honor and a pleasure. Thanks for the opportunity.

—DL

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JENNIFER ANN SALZMAN married Mitchell **WEISS** in August 1995. She graduated from law school and passed the Illinois bar exam in 1996, and is a prosecutor in the criminal division of the Cook County State's Attorney's office. She lives in Chicago. Her husband is a medical student at U of Chicago.

DEBRA MARKOWITZ is clerking for a trial judge in Philadelphia, drafting lots of opinions, and enjoying it. She also enjoys hip-hop and ballet classes.

RISA LOEBENBERG GEWURZ is working at the Jewish Museum in NYC as an asst registrar. She sent news of others: **ABIGAIL FEINERMAN** graduated from Columbia architecture school. **SARA ENKER CSILLAG** married Daniel Csillag (CC '93) last August and is living in Montreal. **KAREN ACKERMAN KOSOWSKY** has moved back to NY and is finishing optometry school.

CARIDAD ISAAC wrote that she "finally" graduated from SUNY Health Sciences Center at Syracuse. She is back in NYC to do her residency in pediatrics at Mt Sinai Medical Center. Joining her at Mt Sinai is

ILANA ZELTSER, who graduated from medical school at NYU. Caridad also tells us that **JENNIFER WALDMAN DOBIN** graduated from Miami U law school and is "happily working and living with her husband, Joshua, in Miami." And that **JENNIFER BUFFALOE** graduated from Harvard Law this spring.

We read in the *NY Times* that **EILEEN TORRES** married Norberto Soto in May, a few days after they both received medical degrees from UMDNJ. They are now in Philadelphia, where she is doing a residency in pediatrics at Thomas Jefferson U Hospital and he is a surgical resident at Temple U Hospital.

AMY RIESNER graduated from Columbia School of Social Work and wrote that she hopes to pursue work with youth. She sent other news as well: **NAOMI GOLDMAN** works for Citicorp; **DEENA RUCHLIN TRAUM** is earning her doctorate in school psychology from the Ferkauf School at Yeshiva U. **ELLEN BAGNER** works in marketing and will soon be moving back to the NY area from northern California. **RACHEL TARLOW** married Eric **GUL** and works in publishing.

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Thought they were going to shut down my e-mail account for lack of use—thank you to those who sent me news across the e-waves...

SARA GOLDSTEIN graduated from Tulane Law School and is returning to NYC after the bar exam to work on health care law at McDermott, Will and Emery. She is excited because her firm is "next door to the law firm of my cousin, Miriam Wiederkehr Hermann '92." Sara recently saw **ANNE D'APICE '95**, who drove from San Francisco to New Orleans for the Jazz Fest. **LEILA KAZEMI '93** is also at Tulane Law and is also returning to NY. Sara also attended **MIRIAM ROTHMAN's** wedding since Miriam married Sara's cousin Ezra Lightman. Sara also reports that **LORI HOEPNER** lives in Brooklyn and is doing epidemiological work in the maternal child health department of the NYC Dept of Public Health.

BRONWYN MILLER "finally graduated from the U of Miami law school (*cum laude*—I'm sure Barnard would be proud...) Now I am studying for the Bar, which I take in July, and in August I will begin working as a prosecutor in the Dade County State Attorney's Office."

I also received e-mail from **JENNIFER ZAHN SPIELER** in Germany: "I live in Germany, and have been here for over two years. I work for Lufthansa, and as an employee get to travel on a 90% discount. So I have been to England, France, Spain, Portugal, Japan, and, most recently, Africa. I got married to a German man, Thilo Spieler, and we are moving this summer to Seattle (where I'm from). I'm applying to law school for this fall." Jenn, Anne Kurdock and Bronwyn had a mini-reunion in London in March, where they spent the "entire weekend catching up on each other's lives in the spa at the London Intercontinental! It was great!"

MICHELLE RYANG (of course I remember you!) e-mailed me from New York—she has been working as head of A&R Administration at BMG classics, a classical record label that also produces recordings of Broadway shows, soundtracks, Victor Jazz.

NAOMI ROFF is living in Jerusalem, Israel, and working for the World Union of Jewish Studies.

MICHELLE KUPERMINC will be starting at NY Med School in the fall.

ANNIE FISHER is working in fundraising at Public Television/Public Radio in Philadelphia (and congratulated the Annual Fund Committee for writing a very effective letter).

ALATIA BRADLEY is an account manager at the New York office of *Southern Accents*, a Birmingham-based magazine.

ROCHELLE SHORETZ MIRSKY will begin a clerkship for Ruth Bader Ginsberg in June 1998.

TEJ RAE lives in Washington, DC, and teaches middle school. During the summer, she is running an adventure camp for inner-city youth.

We saw in the *NY Times* that **ALLISON MARSHALL** married David Whittaker in June.

As for me, I've finished my first year here at Harvard and am thankful for a much-needed break from studying. I've been pining for NY all year long; I'm hoping that Boston will grow on me this summer. So, I'll be at the beach waiting for your e-mails, letters and phone calls to come pouring in, reporting your exciting summer travels, discoveries (self or otherwise), promotions, weddings, births, or Barnard alumnae sightings in far away cities. If anyone is in Boston, let me know and we can check out the Freedom Trail together...

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Thanks to all of those who have been keeping me informed as to your whereabouts. I hope you keep this up!

GAIL-ANN BRADSHAW has a new job as program assistant at the Louis Calder Foundation. She writes that she is "still studying and aspiring to an acting career in TV and film."

JESSICA CLAIRE is going for her MA in theater in California. **ELHAM COHANIM** is studying in Israel. **EUNICE DONG** is a research technician at the NY Psychiatric Institute and is entering the U of California/Santa Barbara PhD program in clinical psychology this fall.

DIANA GONZALEZ is director of an after-school program at an elementary school in New Brunswick, NJ; she works with African-American and Latino students in self-esteem, homework, conflict resolution, sports, etc. She plans to go back to school in the fall for an MA in either social work or teaching.

MELISSA KEZIS is enrolled in her first-choice PhD program in clinical psychology & health psychology at Allegheny U, University of the Health Sciences, in Philadelphia. She is also working with cancer, heart transplant, and brain/spinal cord injured patients, doing problem solving therapy and assessment.

ELIZABETH LACOUTURE signed a third-year contract with JETT, teaching English in Japan. **TINA MIZUKAMI** is working at Lasalle Partners Ltd, an international real estate services and investment firm.

JOCELYN RUBIN will finish her MA in voice performance at Boston U School for the Arts this year; she lives in Brookline with **JILL KAUFMAN '96**.

DANA SUNSHINE has been traveling around the world for a year. **MEG TOMCHO** is beginning her third year of medical school at Wright State U in Dayton, OH, and says she misses NY. She received a US Public Health Service National Health Service Corps scholarship.

LAREINA YEE will be leaving for China later this summer. She has been working in Washington for the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and now has been awarded a Luce Scholarship; she will spend a year working for the Director of the National Economic Research Institute in Beijing.

SAMANTHA NICOSIA
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Kudos to **CHRISTINA LOVDAL**, who is going off to Stanford in September to get her master's in English. At the same time, **LAUREN SANDLER** is working for NPR in Washington and **SOO KOON LEE** is working for Bankers Trust.

THERESA TEBBETT is enjoying her first year of law school at St. John's, and **KIRA WILLIG** has been awarded a three-year dean's scholarship at the U of Miami School of Law. During her year off, she became certified in family and divorce mediation.

MEREDITH SCHWARTZ recently joined Geyer McAllister Publications in Manhattan as an editorial assistant and **LAURA CARUSO**, who worked on Clinton-Gore '96, is now on a state senator's staff.

CHRISTINE WOOD will enter the U of St. Andrew's in Scotland to work on her master's in international security studies in September and writes that **CHRISTIE MOORE** is doing research at New York Hospital before entering medical school. **NALO MCGIBBON** has just returned from working in London and is job hunting.

RACHEL ENGERS has been named researcher/writer for the *Hartford Business Journal*.

MARIE SEGARES is working for the Latin American Youth Center in Washington, DC, in an AmeriCorps program. She is planning a trip to eight European countries in September and then will move back to NYC.

MALISSA MARSHALL wrote that she has found her "dream" job, working at the Southwest Brooklyn Industrial Development Corp as director of economic development. "Figuring out exactly what I wanted was the hardest part; second hardest was having the patience to wait for it."

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CLASS OFFICERS 1997-2002

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NOMINATING CHAIR: *Jeannie Rosenfeld*

Congratulations and best wishes to us all! As your new class correspondent, I am delighted to greet you, to say that I hope you are all doing well, and to urge you to send me your news!

This issue of *BARNARD* magazine is being mailed to the address that is on the College records as of mid-June. If you have not sent the Records Manager your address, please do so as soon as you know where you will be, even if you know it is a short-term location for you; use the coupon on page 53, or e-mail or telephone, so that you will receive this magazine, as well as mailings from our class or from the regional alumnae group near you.

And please write to me so I can share your news with the rest of our great class.

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A PARTICULAR HARMONY

By Rachel Rapp Careau '86

I HAVE A PHOTOGRAPH of my mother as a little girl; she is perhaps eight years old, and she is with her mother. My mother sits cross-legged on the ground, wearing shorts, a striped T-shirt, and canvas sneakers. Her shoulder-length hair is parted on one side, and her expression is quizzical, probably because she is looking into the sun. She holds something delicate between her fingers—a wisp of grass perhaps. My grandmother is crouched beside her in a short-sleeved shirtdress, her hair in a style fashionable in the 1930s, a half-smile on her lips. They are in a garden, and my grandmother's hands are busy at some unseen task.

My mother's mother died a few years after that photograph was taken. My own mother died in 1994, on a sunny afternoon at the end of July. The telephone rang. It was the police in my hometown, who would not tell me over the phone what by then I already knew: my mother had committed suicide.

Two weeks later I planted three tiny, withered *Geranium endressii* in my mother's garden. She had ordered them just before she died, and they had sat for days in their box on the barn floor. They were probably already dead, but I carried them out to the sunniest of her gardens, her trowel in my hand. Where had she meant to plant them? I sat for a moment, then chose a spot beneath the rosebushes. It was an interlude of purpose and tranquillity in the weeks of emptiness and confusion that followed her death.

We had had a turbulent time in my adolescence. My mother was in many ways a traditionalist: She believed in unquestioning obedience in children and in the old maxim *Children are to be seen and not heard*. She lived by Emily Post. She preferred high collars and long sleeves and believed pants were unladylike. She needed always to be agreed with, and I disagreed with her about everything.

For years I had defined myself in opposition to my mother; I had tried to be everything she was not. And when she died, that thing I had been pushing against was suddenly gone, and I found myself pursuing, rather than avoiding, her presence in my life.

After my marriage in 1989, things gradually began to get better between us, although the old antagonisms never entirely disappeared. In 1992, my husband and I bought an old house in a beautiful, ramshackle city on the Hudson River, not far from my hometown, and with a house and yard of my own came the sudden desire to plant a perennial garden. Although my mother had kept gardens all through my childhood, I knew nothing about gardening. It had been my mother's one unflagging interest throughout her adult life, but for her, as perhaps for most gardeners, it was a solitary affair, something she didn't share with her children.

We bought our house on the threshold of summer. She came to help us with the last boxes and odds and ends on the day we moved in—from a rented house across the street—and treated us all to take-out Chinese that night. The back yard was a tangle of ground

ivy, poison ivy, and crabgrass, bordered by a lovely old stand of lilacs. In the front yard she pointed out peonies and chrysanthemums and suggested we get rid of a gangly rose, and I listened to her in a way I had not done in years. The day was a seed of concord between us, although neither of us knew it then.

The following spring, my mother showed me in passing one afternoon how to pinch off the heads of the chrysanthemums to promote branching and thus increase the number of blooms. We had paused idly on the front steps on our way somewhere, and she had stooped down and busied her hands in the garden as though it were instinctive, her explanation punctuated by rapt silences. I followed her example, and for a moment we gardened quietly side by side.

That fall the chrysanthemums were a mass of flowers, brilliant red and magenta with yellow centers, summer's last exuberant reprise.

Little by little my husband and I tamed the back yard. I planted a small perennial border along one fence. My mother admired the profusion of blue blooms on my *Campanula carpatica*, and we agreed that the orangy yellow of *Coreopsis grandiflora*'s flowers was too garish; she preferred *Coreopsis verticillata* "Moonbeam," with its airy foliage and delicate, pale yellow flowers.

"How about phlox?" she suggested one morning on the phone as we talked about my plans for the garden that year, the year she died.

"I don't really care for phlox—the colors are so bright."

"There's a white one that's nice—what's it called—?"

"Phlox 'Miss Lingard!'" I guessed excitedly. It was my one exception, that lovely, old-fashioned variety known as Wedding Phlox, and it was the one she had in mind.

She offered me a rosebush from her garden the last time I saw her, three days before she died. It was one of the nineteenth-century varieties I'd particularly admired in pictures, the alba "Konigin von Danemarck," a graceful shrub with flowers that open to a true rose pink, perfectly quartered, extremely fragrant. She had planted it the previous year, but she thought it needed more sun, which was increasingly rare in her thickly treed yard.

I never did transplant that rose. Everything changed after she died; the house is for sale now, and her gardens lie untended. Perhaps a new owner will lovingly bring them back to life. I will probably never know. But I have my own garden to tend, and it has flourished and expanded. I have planted some of my mother's favorites—the rose "Konigin von Danemarck," *Coreopsis verticillata* "Moonbeam," salmon pink *Papaver orientale*, monarda, daylilies—and added a few of my own, *Iris sibirica*, *Salvia nemorosa* "East Friesland," *Perovskia atriplicifolia*, echinacea, digitalis. It is a living memorial and an ongoing dialogue, partly hers, partly mine, and wholly a place where our lives found their brief, particular harmony.

Rachel Careau is a writer living in Hudson, New York.

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