

2023



**Class of 1963  
60th Reunion**

Dear Classmates,

Sixty years! That is worth celebrating and contemplating.

When we entered our freshman year at Brandeis in the fall of 1959, we brought typewriters, radios and phonographs. We lived in dorms separated by sex. Some of us spent hours in the library doing research using books. Some of us were involved with the world and its problems – the threat of nuclear war, human rights, developing nations, etc. – issues which still involve us. We were all trying to figure out who we were as individuals and what we wanted to do with our lives.

After 60 years, we look back and take stock. We have had to negotiate changes in the world and in our lives. Communication has become so much easier technologically. We carry the world's knowledge base on phones in our pockets. And we have so many more people to talk to. Think of our email inboxes.

This reunion is our chance to catch up with our classmates and to consider the varied journeys we have taken. So far, we have had three zoom meetings including many members of our class in advance of the campus celebration. People who are coming to the campus events began conversations. Others who won't be attending campus events were able to tell each other about how they've spent the last 60 years and what they're doing now. On campus we will continue our conversations. Off campus in the future, we plan to have periodic zoom conversations.

We look forward to seeing classmates in person at the reunion and to celebrate our class reunion and the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Brandeis. The University has changed over the years. So have we.

The reunion yearbook provides a peek at who we were and who we are now.

Thank you to those willing to contribute a little about your lives.

Sheila Efron Taube, Doris Stein Cohen and Len Lubinsky  
Reunion Yearbook Committee

# Hallucinogens Induce Blissful State Unequaled by Sex, Art, Literature

By THERON MOHSETT

Modern science has advanced since the Renaissance with such speed that it has

# Coed Quad Plans Being Considered

# The Tables Turned: Biology Dissected

By Daniel Shapiro

As a student of the Inman House, I am hesitant about

Vol. XIV, No. 2

# 'Cholmondeley's' Grand Debut Set

Cholmondeley's, the long-awaited coffee shop, will open

# Truth Unto Its Innermost Shreds

Norbett L. Mintz

Editor's note: Dr. Mintz, a former Brandeis student, is an

# Brandeis Students Learn New Computer Language

By UNA VACK

# University Increases Tuition \$200; Action Set to Take Effect in 1964

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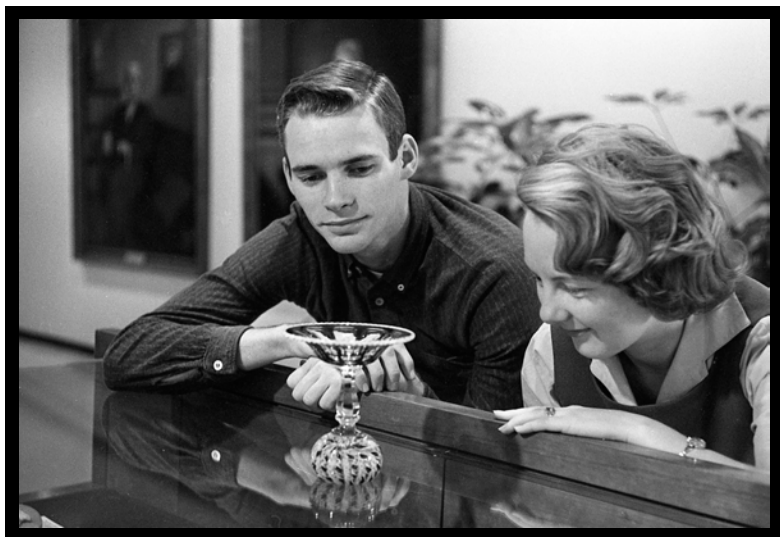
ANOTHER FIRST FROM **NORTHEAST AIRLINES**

# New Dimension: Electronic Music

By ROBERT FALCK

February 12, 1963

# Brandeis to Construct New Science Complex





50th Reunion - 2013



60th Reunion - 2023

# Joyce Antler

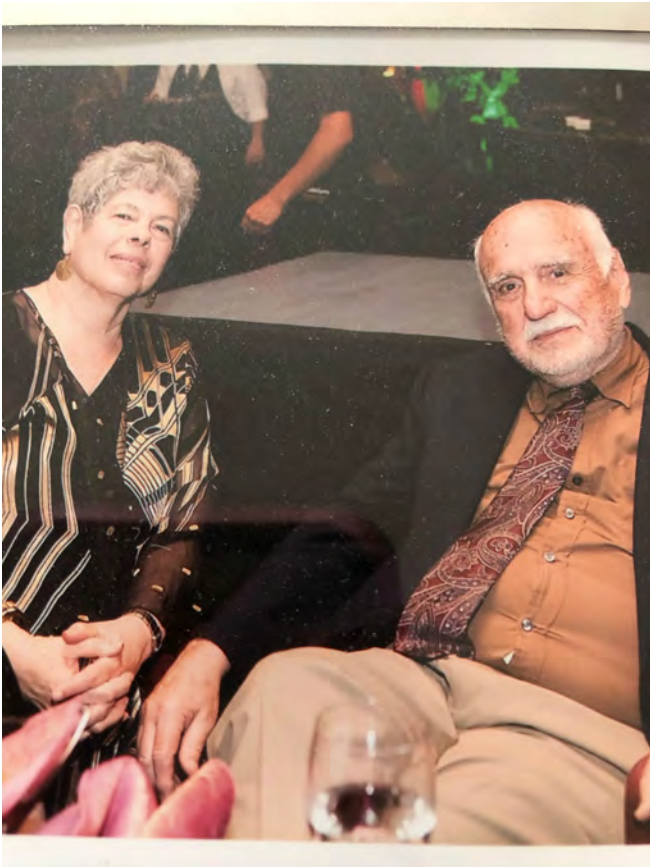
antler@brandeis.edu

After Brandeis, I worked in politics and government for a few years, running the research operation of a Congressman who ran for New York City mayor in 1968. I joined the superagency staff of the New York Health and Hospitals Administration, serving as special assistant to the administrator in 1969-71, when a bill to repeal the state's restrictive abortion legislation was up for a vote in the New York State legislature. I bombarded the execs at HSA and the mayor's office with memos on how urgent New York City support was for the bill. Maybe in a small way, it helped the cause! I began writing a documentary anti-war play in the late 1960s with Elinor Fuchs. We were looking for times when the U.S. had had vigorous anti-war movements, and wound up writing about the U.S.-Philippine War at the turn of the twentieth century. *Year One of the Empire: A Play of American Politics, War and Protest* was published in 1973 by Houghton Mifflin and performed in Los Angeles, where it won a playwriting prize, in 1981, and in New York City in 2008. It has some 50+ characters!

I received my Ph.D. in U.S. History from SUNY/Brook, where my husband Steve was teaching. I had a post-doctorate fellowship at the Radcliffe Institute, and immediately afterwards, found myself back at Brandeis, teaching in the American Studies department. I helped found and grow the Women's, Gender and Sexuality Studies department, and was associated with WGS as well as American Studies for 37 years. I was also an affiliate of the education, history, and AAS departments. Today I'm the Emerita representative to the Brandeis Faculty Senate. I'm a co-founder of the Boston-area Graduate Consortium in Women's Studies, a former president of the Massachusetts Foundation for the Humanities, and founding board member and former chair of the Academic Advisory Council of the Jewish Women's Archive.

I have written and edited many articles and books, mostly in women's history and Jewish women's history. My most recent book, *Jewish Radical Feminism: Voices from the Women's Liberation Movement*, published by New York University Press, tells the stories of over forty women's liberationists and Jewish feminists who profoundly influenced second-wave feminism (10 had been Brandeis students!) Other books include *The Journey Home: How Jewish Women Shaped Modern America; You Never Call! You Never Write! A History of the Jewish Mother; Lucy Sprague Mitchell: The Making of a Modern Feminist; Talking Back: Jewish Women in American Popular Culture; America and I: Short Stories by American Jewish Women Writers; and The Challenge of Feminist Biography: Writing the Lives of Modern American Women.*

I was married to Steve Antler for just about 50 years; Steve passed away three years ago. The lights of my life are my two daughters and three grandkids. Lauren, the oldest daughter, is a comedian and arts administrator who lives in Vermont, with husband Carl and daughter Tillie. Rachel, a lawyer, and her husband Dan and their two boys, Max and Micah, live in our old house, ten minutes away in Brookline. I am fortunate!!



# Ellen Baker

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I began my my forty teaching years in Sterling, MA and then traveled to Japan to the island of Kyushu. Although I taught on an Air Force base, I also taught English to graduate students at Kyushu University. That year is still a wonderful memory. After returning to the U.S., I taught in Lexington in an elementary school where team teaching was in its beginning phase. After forty years in Lexington, I thought about continuing until I considered other ways in which I wanted to use my time and ended up at Boston University, studying French. At that time, Howard Baker, my husband of twenty five years had died, and my partner, Fred Cheyette, was finishing his book, Ermengarde of Narbonne and the World of the Troubadours. We traveled widely in France, Italy, and then on to Moscow, and I helped with the editing of the text as the page proofs were received.....I have lived in my house in Cambridge for close to 50 years. Here, I enjoy my garden and the pleasure of wonderful neighbors. Each week, I drive to Woburn to play duets with a friend. Soon, I will begin giving tours once again at the MFA to school groups!



# Richard Bernstein

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Dear Classmates,

Sixty years since graduation is a long time in an eventful life for which I am truly grateful.

After graduating from Brandeis, I spent a wonderful summer in Europe traveling at times with classmates Sheila Efron, Carol Cutler, Jason Roussos. And even went to the Soviet Union for week in Leningrad and Moscow.

I married my high school sweetheart, Toby in 1964 during Med School at NYU and Interned at U of Miami, Jackson Memorial Hospital.

Drafted and sent to Vietnam for a year, where I became an OJT anesthesiologist and was then assigned to San Francisco for the second year arriving just after the Summer of Love. With our 6 month old son Jeffrey we moved to Mill Valley, California.

While nominally assigned to Letterman General Hospital, I worked at the Oakland Army base as a general medical officer. A 2 year Medicine residency followed at Mt Zion Hospital and I was subsequently offered a 2 year fellowship in Endocrinology and Metabolism at UCSF Medical Center. Our second son Daniel was born in 1972.

I opened a solo practice in Marin County and became involved in diabetes clinical research. I was subsequently joined by Linda Gaudiani, MD and we practiced together until my retirement at the end of 2019 at the age of 78. I was a member of the clinical faculty at UCSF and enjoyed teaching in the diabetes and endocrine clinics.

My wife Toby worked at Kaiser Hospital as a social worker and we raised our sons in this beautiful part of Northern California.

Those were exciting times in medicine as Diabetes care was revolutionized by the development of personal blood glucose monitors and both new kinds of insulin and a number of new oral medications that prevented many of the severe complications of the disease. I feel very fortunate to have participated in the research that dramatically changed the outcome of this and other endocrine conditions. I retired at the end of 2019.

Mountain biking, skiing, snowboarding and backpacking occupied some of my leisure time as well as travel to Europe, China, Bhutan and Africa and the Carribean. We've had kayaking and rafting trips with Classmates John Dahlberg and Carol Cutler and Adventures with Sheila Efron Taube , Bernie Lind as well as Paul Tanners over the years.

My sons are married and we have one 11 year old grandson and are enjoying our years of retirement. It's been a great life and I feel lucky to be alive.

# Roslyn Bernstein

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I grew up in Long Beach, NY, spending most of my childhood on the beach, collecting shells and dreaming about what I was going to be when I grew up. At first, it was a ballerina and every morning I polished the nose of my small bronze statue of the great Anna Pavlova. Then, it was a physicist. I would sit in my small town library reading all the physics books – never realizing that most of them were out of date. Then, it was a poet, contributing poems to the high school literary magazine *Fragments* and entering Brandeis at the age of 16, fully intent on becoming an English major.

Somehow, though my first English class turned me off and I fell in love with the activism at Brandeis. I majored in Political Science and remember fondly classes with John Roche, Herbert Marcuse and Milton Sacks. I loved the back and forth in those classrooms, the fierce arguments. When I went to Israel in 1961 on Brandeis's first Hiatt Program, it was the year of the Adolf Eichmann trial and I was drawn into the tensions between Sabras, survivors, and new immigrants. That year changed my life. In fact, I carried images and stories about it with me for more than 60 years, just last year publishing *The Girl Who Counted Numbers*, a novel about that time. You can read all about my writing career on my website [roslynbernstein.com](http://roslynbernstein.com)

My personal life has been filled with joy and sorrow. My father was killed by a drunk driver during my senior year at Brandeis and my first husband Elliott Bernstein., a journalist, died of a sudden heart attack leaving me with a 4.5 year old and a 5.5 year old to raise. But my life has been filled with so much joy, too. I remarried the SoHo architect Shael Shapiro in 1984 and we combined our families. Our three children have produced 10 grandchildren, seven of them live as Orthodox Jews in Israel. Two of them have left the Haredi world –one was a paratrooper in the Israeli army and is now a traveling hippie and the other is a criminal lawyer and white collar fraud expert for the Jerusalem Department of Justice. I earned a MA and Ph.D. at New York University and taught journalism and creative writing for 42 years at Baruch College, CUNY. It was a perfect place for me, largely teaching first generation in college students. I launched the Sidney Harman-Writer-in-Residence Program and began a popular magazine, *Dollars and Sense*, now online.

While teaching, I continued my career as a journalist. My arts and culture journalism has been published widely in *Guernica*, *Tablet*, *Huffington Post*, etc. Many of the pieces have been reprinted in my collection *Engaging Art: Essays and Interviews from around the Globe*. I co-wrote with my husband a book on the history of SoHo, *Illegal Living: 80 Wooster Street and Evolution of SoHo* and I wrote a book of linked short stories *Boardwalk Stories* on a beach town, largely modeled on my life in Long Beach, NY. But I am especially proud of my latest work, *The Girl Who Counted Numbers* –which returned me to that very special time in 1961 when I traveled to Israel on the Brandeis Hiatt Program. The book won a Kirkus starred review and was a finalist in the Jewish Council fiction Awards.

<http://getbook.at/GirlWcN>



# Constance (Connie) Berke Boykan

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Mother of two daughters and grandmother of three grandsons; wife of retired Columbia U classicist.

After Brandeis, I freelanced and soloed as a flutist throughout the USA and in Italy, and taught flute and chamber music at various colleges in the area.

I switched gears in 1989 and moved back to NYC, where I headed the Alumni & Friends of LaGuardia, formerly HS of Music & Art and Performing Arts; I am a graduate of M&A. This led to much fundraising and mentoring students in the arts, drawing on great alumni musicians and artists for performances, and initiating master classes and fundraising art exhibitions.

My older daughter, a Juilliard modern dance graduate, also switched careers and is a pediatric hospitalist in Stony Brook, NY, and well as work in the study and mitigation of the teen vaping epidemic, serving as chair of the smoking cessation division of the AAP. My younger daughter whose entire family chose Oberlin, is a violinist and violin instructor in Boston. Both are happily married career women as well as political activists and terrific Moms.

Highlights for me, in addition to mothering two extraordinary women, was performing with such groups as the Boston Symphony and performing quite a few premieres of contemporary works. I also enjoyed playing some of the old time shows, with My Fair Lady with Rex Harrison a particular favorite. Also, at her request I gave Lili Tomlin a brief flute lesson after one of her "Search" performances (keeping the Governor's wife waiting!). Some of the LaGuardia students I mentored have become major performing artists, and part of my extended family. Grandsons are now 25, 21, 20, all terrific musicians, sports fans, and excellent students; the younger two are at Oberlin and Tufts.

My husband, James Coulter taught Classics at Columbia U. for 43 years and since the pandemic, returned to zoom "teaching" with family and a few friends.

We enjoy traveling, good food, opera and theater, though we have curtailed much of that in recent years. I am grateful to be here, and pray that this country starts to deal with our pressing issues and becomes a habitable place for our grandchildren.

P.S. A bit of grandmotherly kvelling+: my mentor, the late Irving Fine, beloved composer and professor, would be dismayed by developments concerning the elimination of Brandeis's graduate music program, but he would have been so proud of his grandson, MSNBC's and Politico's Sam Stein!



# Phyllis (Pnina) Wachsman Caplan

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Greetings from Jerusalem to Class of 1963.

Trying to encompass events of 60 years is daunting. 60 years! I know that in demographic terms I am old—let's just say senior citizen. I find that I am slowing down. Climbing the Jerusalem hills is harder than previously. Many are extremely steep, but I manage. I sometimes walk more slowly and occasionally sit and rest for a few minutes. Fortunately, I can still dance for at least 2 hours at a time without problems.

Of these 60 years, nearly 52 have been spent in Jerusalem. This has been a wonderful if not always easy experience. As you know, Israel is not an easy country. Wars and terrorism were and still are serious problems; but somehow we generally go about our daily routines without missing a beat. In some ways the political problems and relationships among Jewish Israelis bother me more than the Jewish-Arab issue. We know that a large part of the Palestinian and also Israeli-Arab populations do not want us here. It is a given, but I hope that somehow we can progress to some peaceful resolution.

My husband, Dov (Bernard) Caplan, passed away when our 2 sons were little. Being a single parent wasn't easy, but I am gratified at how Ilan and Gadi turned out.

Since I was a "late bloomer" in terms of marriage and childbirth; and my sons and their wives were as well, I have very young grandchildren: 6, nearly 2, and 5 weeks. Both couples--Gadi and Madeleyni and Ilan and Yifat-- are wonderful parents. Madeleyni was born in Peru and converted to Judaism a few years ago. My granddaughter Lini is fluent in English, Hebrew and Spanish. Yifat was born here, but has managed to get Portuguese (and therefore European) citizenship. Her Tunisian born grandfather had sufficient documentation of the family's roots in Portugal that she was able to prove descent from Jews expelled from that country in 1536 during the Portuguese inquisition. Like Spain, Portugal has given citizenship as compensation for the inquisition and expulsion

I am definitely enjoying retirement. I am very busy with dancing, German literature, museum courses, concerts, films, theater. No idea how I ever had time to work.

My career was in social work, particularly vocational rehabilitation and geriatrics. I think my greatest professional achievement was as a guardian of people who for reasons of dementia or mental illness, neglect or abuse by families, and, in very few cases, orphans and minors with neglectful or abusive parents were unable to look after themselves. My responsibilities included looking after the physical and financial wellbeing of the ward. It was a very challenging and fulfilling

When I arrived in Israel, I knew only one or two people. At my 75th birthday party, there were about 60 guests. Most of my friends (including my partner Louie Singer) are native speakers of English. One of my closest friends is Israeli and I have some other Israeli friends. We usually speak Hebrew together. Many Israelis like to show off their English. Often when people hear my accent, they assume that I don't speak or understand Hebrew. Perhaps I should not get annoyed but I do.

I consider my becoming part of Israeli society to be one of my greatest achievements of the last 60 years. I made Aliyah completely alone and now have many friends. It was not always easy to be accepted professionally. As much as Israel touts its need for immigrants, many of us were told that in spite of our credentials, we were new and did not understand the Israeli mentality. It took time to prove myself once given the chance of a position commensurate with my abilities and experience.

I take great pleasure in my most important achievement—my family.

Brandeis opened the world to me. I grew up in Bayonne, New Jersey, a small city with a mediocre school system and not much of a cultural life. Its saving grace was easy access to Manhattan, which compensated for the cultural wasteland which was Bayonne. I learned much more at Brandeis than just the curriculum and am grateful for having had the chance for so many experiences that shaped me as an adult.

I am sorry not to attend the reunion. I'm sure that there will be lots of pictures and written material that will allow me to "participate" from a distance. It is difficult to participate in the Zoom meetings because of the time difference. By 9 pm in Israel I am either not at home or tired. I hope to see as much of the recordings as possible.

My very best to all of my former classmates.

Phyllis Wachsman Caplan (aka Pnina)

# Doris Cohen

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GRATITUDE! GRATITUDE! GRATITUDE! That's what I feel most of the time. I've led a truly blessed life, I think. It's amazing that I've reached this age which neither of my parents did. I finally have achieved the glorious title of Omi (grandmother) and my husband, David, and I are hoping to celebrate our 60th anniversary next spring. We've both had successful careers. I've been a teacher, having taught all levels from elementary school to graduate school and switched careers mid-life, getting a doctorate in psychology. I loved my work and now I am engaged in truly meaningful volunteer activities. I'm proudest of our having founded, along with a couple of friends, The Young Scholars Fund, which awards college scholarships to inner-city elementary school children providing incentive to stay in school and go on to college. In addition to money,, we provide mentors, and enrichment activities. We've awarded 89 scholarships to date, and our newest group this winter will bring us to over 100. Check us out at [Youngscholarsfund.org](http://Youngscholarsfund.org). I'm also, like many of you, politically active and engaged in environmental causes.

Despite some inevitable changes due to aging, we are still able to travel, including by hot air balloon!. We've been to every continent except Antarctica. And we may yet get there. Our most recent trips included a self-designed civil rights tour through the South which had a profound impact on us, and a long-delayed trip to Istanbul and Egypt. This winter we're signed up to spend two weeks volunteering in an orphanage in Peru.

I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible at reunion.





# Steven P. Cohen

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At Brandeis I took all the courses taught by Nahum Glatzer. Took lots of music courses. I wrote for the Justice Picketed Woolworth's. Grew 9 inches taller Freshman year. Didn't smoke marijuana. My official major was American History. Made wonderful lifelong friends. And then:

I've had some interesting experiences in the past sixty years since graduating from Brandeis:

When I was in VISTA in Buffalo, NY after Columbia Law School, my job included running an afternoon rap session with/for a bunch of Black high school boys (that was how we talked then). One day one of the guys said, "We've gotta have a Black Power statement." It went round the room; everyone was enthusiastic. The head kid turned to me: "Steve, would you please draft our Black Power statement." I looked at him and then at the rest of the crew.

"The first thing you guys have to do is get rid of people like me." And I walked out of the room.

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In 1972 I was one of three Steve Cohens in the McGovern Campaign's national headquarters in Washington DC. My focus was urban politics, particularly mayors. Princeton Professor Stephen Cohen was the in-house Soviet Union expert. And the third Steve Cohen was in charge of rallies and concerts. One day I called the campaign's Pennsylvania state coordinator. I heard her assistant telling her boss, 'It's Steve Cohen calling from headquarters in Washington.' The state coordinator asked, 'Is it the good Steve Cohen or the bad Steve Cohen?'. Years later, when electronics had made significant inroads into our lives I set up my email addresses as all starting with TNSC@; stands for The Nice Steve Cohen.

When I was the City of Boston's Washington Lobbyist during the latter part of Nixon's presidency, one day in late June 1974 I was reading a collection of Nixon speeches while waiting for the start of a meeting in the White House. Nixon's eulogy for Senator Everett Dirksen included a line about how a good politician does not treat opponents as enemies. This

was after Nixon's 'enemies list' had been outed. After my meeting I ran from the White House to the Washington Post and told my friend David Broder about it. That quote became the focal point of his column the next day.

In 1976 I was director of the Jimmy Carter presidential campaign for the entire world – except for the USA. My job was to encourage and assist expatriate US citizens to vote. I had offices and/or committees in about 15 countries. There were two committees in Israel; the Jerusalem and Tel Aviv committees didn't talk to each other. When I was interviewed by an Israeli newspaper reporter she kept trying to get me to tell her what might bar a Carter victory. I finally broke and said, "Jimmy Carter will lose if . . .". The headline under my photo the next day said, "Jimmy Carter Will Lose". Luckily most Americans don't read Hebrew.

The international Carter campaign assignment was extremely convenient for me for personal reasons. As head of the City of Boston's Air Pollution Control Commission In early 1976 I attended a UN conference on Urban Development and the Environment in Belgium. To be polite I'll characterize that conference as unimpressive. I asked a female American reporter working for Belgium's biggest magazine if she knew any 'nice American girls' in Brussels. She thought, then said, "No. Will you settle for English?" That night I met Andréa F. F. MacLeod. She was born in Scotland, but that's not too far from England.

When I went back to Europe for the Carter campaign after the 1976 Democratic National Convention, Andréa and I were able to arrange to get together virtually every weekend.

We got married in London in January, 1978. Unfortunately the requisite immigration paperwork took weeks after we got married. I called Stephen Solarz '62 (Chair of the House Foreign Affairs Committee) and told him my problem. Ignoring time zone differences, Steve called a U.S. Consular person in Brussels – quite late at night. The bureaucrat grumbled. But he didn't want to be on the wrong side of a powerful Congressman. He got the paperwork rushed through. Andréa was able to join me in Boston while the city was still digging out from a Monstah snow storm.

In 1977, while I was still active in national politics, I was introduced to a Russian Embassy official who I was told worked for the KGB. He ultimately tried to entice me to get together with him for conversation on a regular basis; offering me cases of Georgian wine (which tends to be excellent) each time we were to meet. I was shaken by the offer. The White House friend to whom I reported this had me debriefed by two gentlemen from the FBI. Thank goodness. One bullet dodged.

Once Andréa and I were married it was time to start a more 'normal' career. I became the third generation of my family's commercial real estate business. My Dad and uncle had started building shopping centers in the late 1950s. It was a big – and welcome - change from politics. By then the family office had been in downtown Boston for about 50 years. Initially I could walk to work from our apartment on Commonwealth Ave in Boston's Back Bay. In 1981 we decided to move the office to the suburbs, to the city of Woburn.

By then Andréa and I had two offspring: a brilliant yellow Labrador named Bubbles, and an even more impressive first child: Julia. Andréa did the house-hunting, ultimately looking at 75 homes. She chose a place in Pride's Crossing, MA – a small very Yankee enclave within the city of Beverly.

I was taken to lunch by a high school friend to meet one of my new across-the-street neighbors. The new neighbor and I had grown up about two miles from each other in the Chestnut Hill part of Brookline and Newton. My house had about ten rooms. His – about 100. My new neighbor looked at me across the table.

“What made you decide to buy a house in Pride's Crossing?” “

My wife liked the house (it had been the gardener's cottage on the estate where his neighbor now lived).”

“No. I mean, did you particularly want to buy a house in Pride's Crossing for any reason?”

“No. If I had known the house was in Pride's I wouldn't have let Andréa look at it.”

“Why not?”

“ I have some trepidation about the neighborhood?”

“What do you mean 'trepidation'?”

“I don't know whether to be more nervous as a Jew or as a Democrat.”

“Democrat. We have Jews. . .”

That neighbor was a delight. He and his wife have moved out of state, but we are still in touch.

When I left the family real estate business I took a negotiation course at Harvard Law School. At the end of the five-day course I was asked to join the advisory board of Harvard's PON (Program on Negotiation). Rather than link my future with an institution, I founded The Negotiation Skills Company, Inc. – often referred to as TNSC.

My company trained corporate and public sector clients in about twenty countries. Many of my clients were listed in the Forbes global 100. McGraw-Hill invited me to write a book; *Negotiating Skills for Managers* was published in 2002 and has been published in seven international editions. I guest taught at business schools in the USA and several European countries. In 1995 I joined the faculty with the rank of assistant professor at Groupe HEC (Paris) where I taught part time for ten years. In 2003 (I think) Peter Petri asked me to join Brandeis's International Business School faculty; I was a non-tenure track Professor until 2016. My second book, *The Practical Negotiator* was published in 2013. I claim to have retired in 2016.

Our daughter Abigail was born in 1982. She has three masters degrees. She lives in Boston's gentrified South End – where she's president of her neighborhood association. Abigail mentors people with executive function disorder, travels a lot, and is my go-to person for wine choices. Her older sister Julia, a Manhattan private high school English teacher based in Brooklyn has two masters degrees from Columbia. Julia's two sons, Eli (12) and Pip (9) are brilliant, good looking, great athletes, charming, cosmopolitan – in other words, normal grandchildren.

I was 81 when Pip turned 9. I gave him a t-shirt indicating he's grandpa's square root.  
And my t-shirt says Pip<sup>2</sup> (Pip squared).

Practically my entire adult life I've been on nonprofit boards (about 25 thus far) focused on the environment, food insecurity, Jewish issues/institutions, etc. I'm chairman of the board of a company that retrofits existing dams with the capacity to generate electricity. And I'm a gardener:

In November, 2020 – full Covid – we decided to see what we could do to live more independently. We put seventeen tomato seedlings in our greenhouse (remember our house used to be an estate's gardener's cottage). Over the winter the greenhouse was heated to 65° and there are fluorescent lights to fool plants into thinking the day is longer. In May, 2021 we finally got some ripe tomatoes; each one cost us about \$20. It was a good experiment, demonstrating what cannot work. I never stop learning.

In fact I never want to stop learning. Brandeis was a great place to expand my capacity to learn, to meet people and ideas that one rarely finds in a nice suburban neighborhood or any 'comfortable' place. My Brandeis experience opened many doors. I may not have traveled in a straight line, but it has been one hell of a trip!!!

# Donna Robinson Divine

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To say that Brandeis changed my life is an understatement. It structured it. To study with many of the professors at the center of American intellectual life was to watch how the activities of the mind affected the heart and soul. To benefit from the University's generosity in a path-breaking academic program in Israel was to be provided with a template for a career and for how a life of learning and teaching was possible. Having been raised by parents who never finished high school [with a father afflicted with Parkinson's and a mother working in a cleaning store for minimum wage] and educated in a town with reportedly the worst school system in the state of New York, all of this was nothing short of a revelation. Then, beyond expectations and certainly outside of my imagination at the time, Brandeis brought me together with classmates whose kindness and support were unwavering, if not exceptional and whose friendships I treasure and esteem to this day.

After graduating, I began a doctoral program in Political Science at Columbia where I had the opportunity to gain fluency in three Middle East languages—Arabic, Hebrew, and Turkish—and intensify my knowledge of the region's history and culture. After completing my doctorate, I began teaching at Smith College in its Government Department. At the time, Smith defined itself as a college for women taught by men, a statement as true as it was ironic, given its two most famous alums—Betty Friedan and Gloria Steinem. There were indeed very few women in the permanent ranks, and those who achieved this lofty status mostly resided in Departments related to College run study abroad programs because administrators were needed. We, feminists, had challenges.

I was part of a generation that introduced the study of gender into the curriculum and helped bring to the college large grants for cross-cultural research on women. We created models for teaching and faculty engagement that had a ripple effect across departments and disciplines. Teaching courses on the Middle East also permitted me to broaden offerings and create a number of joint frameworks for Jewish and Islamic Studies. Because Smith had what is considered a heavy teaching load—six courses for many years—I also taught in its yearlong Introduction to Government, organized, when I arrived, around the political theory canon. When I was handed responsibility for the general lectures and course design, I re-structured and diversified it to broaden the readings to include philosophical work on women, Islam, and on African cultures and societies.

I take enormous pride in having launched many former students into exciting careers: an advisee and student from Pakistan, enrolled in many of my courses, won two Academy Awards for her documentaries on women refugees, a research project she began under my direction; another, from Jordan, founded an educational organization for refugee children brought to this country from war-torn regions. That organization now has a generous endowment winning national recognition for its work across its two US locations. Others have gone on to prestigious positions in banking, law, and journalism, and not only in America. A former student is one of the few Americans inducted into France's Legion of Honor because of her innovative work in setting up a digital medical education service; another created an important NGO in Spain recently accorded international recognition.

I have also been fortunate to be able to engage in research projects supported by the kind of grants—NEH, Fulbright, Mellon-- expected for tenure and promotion eventually being named to the first chair at the College in Jewish Studies. Sabbaticals allowed me to accept visiting appointments at Harvard and Yale as well as at some major European universities in Germany, Switzerland, and in Israel—from Hamburg to Haifa you might say. My teaching and scholarship received Smith designated honors, the result of recommendations from colleagues who knew me and my work well.

I began my focus on the Arab world with research on Egypt. I lived there in 1973, and if you are familiar with what happened in that year, you know never to ask me for travel recommendations. You can understand why, particularly after the birth of our children, I shifted my attention to the Palestinians. Research on the history and society of Palestinians gave me access in Israel to important archives and to people. When our children were young, I often rented an apartment for the summer and enrolled them in one or another camp while I traveled to the West Bank for interviews or rummaged through documents and memoirs.

At Smith I formed deep friendships with colleagues who made academic and personal life there a source of incredible intellectual excitement and fulfillment. My election as President of the Association for Israel Studies, an international organization of scholars who teach and write about Israel [many at Israeli universities], the year it held its annual conference at Brandeis, seemed not only to bring together all my intellectual endeavors but also to mark them in the place where they all began.

I won the lottery for husband and children. I met my husband when we were both studying in Israel. We fell in love twice, with the country and with each other. After earning a doctorate in Philosophy at Columbia, a law degree at Yale, and completing a clerkship with a Federal Appellate Judge, Tom began his career as an attorney in Hartford, Connecticut. Tom and I moved to West Hartford in 1984 searching for a vibrant Jewish community for us and for our young children. What we found was so much more. There was the Solomon Schechter Day School moving from Temple Emanuel's basement to its own building and Tikvoh Chodoshoh, an exceedingly small synagogue as unique in its membership of Kristallnacht survivors as in the German tunes used in the service. We forged friendships and attachments through both of those institutions that we continue to cherish. Tom and I also helped found what we called a Beit Midrash, a two-year course on Jewish history and traditions. It offered no degrees but it did provide an exciting curriculum that, in its fifteen-year run, drew lots of professionals who simply showed up week after week to learn.

Our children, well-educated, fluent in many languages, have paved their own ties to Israel, to Judaism, and to the world. On Friday nights, Tom and I always pronounce the blessing for children when one or both are with us for Shabbat. We put our hands over but not on their heads to acknowledge that they are free to make their own choices—that they do not belong to us. Still, I feel a certain pride in having transmitted more than one important Jewish value, if not emotional attachment to them.

Retirement has given me the opportunity to spend ample time on research and writing about Middle East Politics. I have continued to travel to the region, and I still spend time digging into archives that are more than ever accessible.

And in a truly lucky twist of fate, one night when I was searching for something to watch on TV before falling asleep, I stumbled on an Australian drama called A Place to Call Home. It generated a whole new focus that took me to Sydney in March 2017 where I interacted with actors as well as with the series' local fans and writers. While I was in Sydney, I offered lectures at the university and at one of the large synagogues. I authored a book on the program and on what drives its narrative power.

Covid turned what was supposed to be a longer trip to Australia as a Mandelbaum Fellow into several talks via zoom to the University and to Sydney's Jewish Museum. Returning to Australia is still a goal as are visiting Damascus and

Baghdad, the sites of so much of the history I have spent my life studying. In a sense, since I left Brandeis, a lot has changed and a great deal has stayed the same. A Brandeis education affirmed the value of analysis and intellectual rigor but never stopped encouraging students to find their own voice. And that is precisely what it did for me.

## THE END OF THE SPRING SEMESTER PANTY RAID

Picture the scene if you can recapture the agonies and impulses of 1963 late adolescence. A warm Spring night as our last semester of Brandeis classes ended.

Only final exams stood between that evening and graduation. At round 11 PM, the females in Hamilton Quad heard shouts beckoning us to unlock the doors and let the guys who had descended from their own quarters into what was, then, a distinctively female precinct.

Many in Renfield—my dorm—opened windows and waved their bras. The noise must have upset the administration because the Dean of Students, I. Milton Sacks, soon appeared on the scene to put an end to the nighttime revelry. But unlike the panty raiders, none of whom was able to cross the dorm threshold, Dr. Sacks had a pass key. He entered Renfield frightening the bra-wavers who ran into the bathroom for sanctuary.

I was reading my notes on Hegel in preparation for the Marcuse exam. I looked up and saw Dr. Sacks standing at my doorway. He ordered me to enter the bathroom, record the names of the people sheltered there, and hand the list to him. I told him I could not do what he was asking because it meant betraying everything I had learned at the University, including in my two classes with him. He left saying that I would regret my decision.

A few days later, I was summoned to meet with a committee, he had apparently assembled authorizing it, I learned later, to examine my behavior to determine whether it warranted expulsion. Apparently, Dr. Sacks intended to create a Star Chamber; instead he put together a Committee that insisted on due process ruling that I was, in fact, eligible to graduate.



AIS Conference at Brandeis  
in 2017 marking 100 Years  
since the Balfour  
declaration. For me,  
it felt appropriate to say:  
‘אֲשֶׁרִי יוֹשְׁבֵי בֵיתְךָ,



Sydney's Iconic Opera  
House



Joining the Falcon Contest in the UAE



# Stephen Donadio

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During my years at Brandeis, which a scholarship allowed me to attend and which changed my life, the place was alive with ideas (not all of them benign, as it turns out) and full of restless intellectual energy. In no other institution would it have been possible to find a faculty that included Irving Howe and Philip Rahv -- New York Intellectuals maintaining their operations at a distance from the city -- as well as J.V. Cunningham, Allen Grossman, Abraham Maslow, Nahum Glatzer, Alexander Altmann, Max Lerner, Herbert Marcuse, Frank Manuel, Lewis Coser, Eugene V. Walter, Maurice Stein -- just to name a few of the most influential figures, not to mention the numerous visitors who had a significant impact (among them, Norman Mailer, Robert Lowell, James Baldwin, Malcolm X, Hannah Arendt, Norman O. Brown, and many others).

After Brandeis I spent a year in Paris on a Fulbright fellowship, then completed graduate work at Columbia under the direction of Lionel Trilling. I continued to teach at Columbia for a dozen years before joining the faculty of the Bread Loaf Graduate School of English at Middlebury, where I have taught (and continue to teach) virtually every summer since 1976. (During the regular academic year, I taught a wide range of courses in English, American, and comparative literature at Middlebury from 1977 until my retirement in 2019.) For twenty years I served as editor of the New England Review, with which I still have a regular affiliation as Editor-At-Large.

As many of us will recognize, the last few years, in which we might have anticipated some sense of hard-won serenity, philosophical detachment, and emotional balance, have proven to be in many ways the darkest of our lives, and the worldwide storm that we may have thought was coming to an end in our early childhood now seems to be returning with unparalleled ferocity -- and this time with no promise of refuge in any established political or cultural institutions we judge in our heart of hearts to be credible and worthy of respect.

Under comparable circumstances, in the immediate shadow of two catastrophic decades, Brandeis was founded as such a refuge, a community defined by the assurance of personal and intellectual freedom. The example that it was meant to offer could not be more desperately necessary than it is at the present moment.

# Jim Felsen

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I am retired living on a West Virginia mountain overlooking the fall colors and Potomac River. Leaving a year early to attend medical school, I subsequently spent 40 years in clinical and public health medical practice at the local, state, national and international levels, 30 years with the US Public Health Service, including over 15 years with the Indian Health Service. I remain active in several public health and medical organizations pursuing better health care delivery for rural and underserved populations.

I have had my share of high positions, recognitions and awards but professionally cherish most making house calls on horseback on the Havasupai Reservation at the bottom of the Grand Canyon.

I remember frog racing, sub sandwiches, Joan Baez singing at the castle and other frivolity but mostly the diversity and quality of the faculty who instilled the essence of “critical thinking”. That is “the strength that remains behind”.

# Charles Giulian

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My mother, Dr. Josephine Flynn was a graduate of Middlesex Collage of Medicine and Surgery which was later to become Brandeis University. In that sense I was an early legacy admission.

The intent of my parents, my father was a surgeon, was that I follow their profession. That ended abruptly during my freshman year when I failed chemistry and thrived in art. That was the end of medicine and the beginning of a life in the arts.

That meant a career in arts journalism covering jazz, rock and blues, fine arts, theatre, film and dance. At Boston University I was an ABD in American Art and Architecture. That led to teaching at the college level primarily for Suffolk University.

When my wife Astrid Hiemer, and arts administrator for MIT, and I retired in 2006 we moved from Boston to the Berkshires. There we established a website Berkshire Fine Arts. We cover the arts and edit a number of contributors. Since 2014 I have published eight books. Astrid and I continue to write and edit on a daily basis.

Brandeis informed me with a radical education which I have applied to covering the arts.

# Marian Glasgow

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Happy and healthy at age 82 and married to Arthur (class of '61) for almost 60 years. Our 3 children and their spouses live nearby. Our 2 daughters-in-law are Brandeis grads. We enjoy 8 grandchildren who are mostly in the area. Dani (Brandeis 2016) is married, living in Cambridge. Sam (Bates 2016) is married, living in Dedham.

Arthur and I retired (he from surgery and I from my own interior design business) just before our 70th birthdays. We have continued 5 mornings a week of yoga (since 1970), volunteer work and activities for Climate, Reproductive rights, local and national political issues, our local food pantry, and so much more. Time flies and I have a hard time accepting that this is a 60th reunion for Brandeis class of '63.



# Larry Goldman

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I have always been a bit averse to writing yearbook entries and, as I recall, at the urging of a classmate declined to submit one for the graduation yearbook (although he then did for himself). I write with a heavy heart since my wife of 58 years, Kathi Schleifer, passed away 18 days ago. We have two wonderful children, a daughter who is a teacher of English as a second language in the New York school system, and a son who is an English professor at New York Institute of Technology, and four terrific granddaughters, the oldest of whom is applying to Brandeis. Clearly, they are my and my wife's greatest achievement.

After Brandeis I attended Harvard Law School, where my particular interest was criminal law. Upon graduation, I became an assistant district attorney in Manhattan, mostly prosecuting rackets and corruption cases. I left after 5 1/2 years and became a criminal defense attorney, then (but no longer) considered one of the least honorable areas of law practice.

I practiced criminal law for over 45 years, representing all kinds of accused, from Congresspersons to narcotics traffickers. I loved the work. At Brandeis I was editor-in-chief of the Justice and a member of the Student Council, and was considered "anti-administration." As a defense lawyer, I could continue to fight the administration (there the government), and made a living at it.

I spent a considerable amount of my practice doing pro bono work - both in representing clients and in bar association positions. I was president of three bar associations, including the National Association of Criminal Lawyers, and the Chair of the New York State Commission on Judicial Conduct. I retired about five years ago.

My wife and I lived in New York City for about 55 years, then gave our apartment to our daughter and her family. I now live in East Hampton, New York for most of the year and winter in Longboat Key, Florida.

I have met many Brandeisians of different ages in my life, including a number of clients. I have always found a special bond among us. I thank Brandeis for much of my development.

Larry Goldman

# Frank Goldschmidt

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If you remember my name from 60 years ago it will be because you saw me running around the track far more than studying in the library.

One of the guiding lights from my Brandeis experience occurred during freshman orientation. We were in Ford Hall and the dean of students talked to us about what to expect in the next four years. The quote that stuck with me for the rest of my life is that “a liberal arts education will not train you for anything, but will prepare you for everything “. At that moment it didn’t compute for me, but was, in fact, very true for my life. I was able to take on diverse roles and activities and never felt overwhelmed.

During our senior year I had a blind date with a coed from Boston University and we recently celebrated our 58th wedding anniversary.

After graduation I completed my military obligation which took this liberal Brandeis grad to forts in South and North Carolina and saw very clearly some of the differences in our country which certainly are playing out right now.

I had two careers - first in the world of Information Technology going from programmer trainee to VP of a department in a national company. Then I decided to take my aggressiveness into the world of sales and was among the top performers for a Fortune 500 company until I retired 20 years ago.

My wife and I had the pleasure of raising two sons each of whom has been very successful in their chosen fields of public education and glass art.

We have been happily retired for 20 years and spend equal amounts of time in our Massachusetts and Florida homes.

I did have some direct activity with Brandeis some years ago. I was a founding member of Friends of Brandeis Athletics and for a few years consulted to the Hiatt Program.

I hope that the returning grads have a good time reconnecting with old friends.

Frank Goldschmidt

# Beth Goldstein

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Well, I have not yet unearthed our 50th Reunion Yearbook [need for serious decluttering] but I seem to remember having written extensively about my career experiences. So, I will avoid excessive rehashing of what I considered important to communicate 10 years ago.

Briefly, I studied Molecular Biology, Genetics, Microbiology, had a productive career in the pharmaceutical industry, published papers, made presentations, was granted patents, saw several antimicrobials become valuable treatment options...

But most of all I enjoyed **interactions** with mentors, colleagues, clients, new friends at Brandeis, Columbia, in Madison, in Italy for 22 years, and back again in the US.

And **travel**. And **music**.

Of course, when you reach 80, some of your friends and colleagues, and most of all mentors, have become fond memories.

From **Brandeis** I fondly remember Mitzi Shurin (later Schweber) who taught Genetics and had a fruit fly lab. Early during my time in Milan, I attended a conference in what was then Czechoslovakia, and we visited the Gregor Mendel site in Brno. On my first vacation back in the US I was able to visit Mitzi in Lexington and bring her a copy of the locally published 'Iconografia Mendeliana'. Mitzi's daughter stayed with me in Milan during a visit to Italy.

From **Columbia**, I have been consistently in contact with 3 of my fellow grad students (and 2 husbands). Up until the pandemic hit, we had annual reunions, all but one in NY, but most recently a weekend here in PA, the highlight of which was the Valley Forge National Park trolley ride conducted by the rangers. These friends all visited me in Italy as well.

My late friend Ilse from **Madison** and her husband and daughter stayed with me in Milan, and we traveled together in Italy during their European trip. Ilse was born in Berlin; I was there for a meeting shortly after the wall came down and was able to bring her a small piece of it (authentic, I believe) on one of my visits to Madison. More recently we lost Bill Dove's wife Alex; in 2014 the Doves hosted a marvelous 50th Dove Lab anniversary that attracted students and

postdocs from different eras. A couple who were my neighbors in the converted house on West Wilson St. have lived in Toledo, Spain for many years and I visited them while I lived in Italy; we also traded off dog- and cat-minding duties while moving from country to country.

Living in **Italy**, I was able to host friends, cousins, my niece, my mother, friends of the above... or to meet up with them in nearby cities or countries. In Milan I had the kindest and most generous colleagues imaginable; great friends including other expats; wonderful music, in particular the Societa' del Quartetto and of course La Scala. I was privileged to experience its bicentennial celebration in 1976. Great fun taking my mother to the nosebleed seats to see Madama Butterfly. And I was able to visit several European countries, sometimes in conjunction with conferences and courses. I had some wonderful reunions in Milan and the surrounding area a few years ago, after a Brandeis Travelers trip to Puglia. Sadly, we have since lost some of these friends.

Back in **NY** for a few years, reuniting with family and old friends – and bonding with some new colleagues and making new friendships. I owe my move to **PA** to colleagues from Italy; in the first few years we collaborated and merged with their company, and I greatly enjoyed this renewed interaction. In PA for the past 20 years, I have of course made some new friends – and now almost all of them are younger than I am. It is a good year when you make a new friend. I've done some traveling for pleasure in the past several years, although I am slowing down now. I particularly enjoyed trips to Cuba and Costa Rica, in part because I could communicate quite well using Italian.

Unlike almost everyone else I have neither a long-term significant other nor children. [I was married for a short time right after graduation.] My sister lives in Florida but spends most summers in NY. Sadly, we lost my brother-in-law a number of years ago. I have a niece [who is a Brandeis graduate] and a nephew, both married, living respectively in New City, NY and Brooklyn, and an 18-year-old great niece who has just embarked on her college experience at SUNY Binghamton. She is planning a career in biology, but I will grill her next time I see her on what sort of 'core curriculum' she can manage. Since I do not have anyone else to support, I am able to save her from going into debt.

Looking forward to seeing as many of my classmates as possible.



# Marcia Graydon

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In 1962 I married my high school sweetheart and transferred from Brandeis to the University of California, Berkeley, where I finished up my B.A. in English and American Literature. This was a fairly useless degree which, I suppose, I had realized when I was totally turned off by Professor Levitan at Brandeis jumping up and down about the tradition of courtly love in Chaucer while there was so much of importance then happening in our country and in the world at large.

In 1963 we moved back East where I worked in advertising for a time before abandoning any serious career aspirations in favor of raising two amazing children and continuing my painting.

Next up was a degree in Art Therapy from Pratt, continuing my painting and working as an Art Therapist for several years.

Getting divorced in 1978 led me to Law School. (My Dad had loved being an attorney and I figured I needed to be able to support myself and my kids in some reasonable style.)

I practiced Law and Family Mediation for about 25 years until a bad spinal surgery more or less sidelined me. During Law School I met my wonderful second husband who sadly developed Parkinson's and passed away twelve years ago.

I might add that I've enjoyed traveling throughout, both luxuriously in Europe, North Africa and Asia as well as one summer backpacking through Greece with a crazy Australian artist.

I now enjoy life with my sweet, accomplished children and grandchildren. Continuing to paint, I also continue to travel (with boyfriends) and take advantage, from Morristown NJ, of all New York City has to offer.

Well that quickly sums up my 60 post undergraduate years. Not nearly as impressive as many of my fellow 1963 alums!

Marcia Klosk Graydon, '63

# Larry S. Greenberg

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It is impossible to believe that I graduated from Brandeis 60 years ago. When I received the latest Brandeis Magazine, I immediately was informed that my picture was on the inside cover. There I was, with a full head of hair, with my roommate Darryl Deaktor. WOW! I called Darryl to tell him he was famous, too. A reminder to me that the lifelong friends I made at Brandeis are what I cherish the most. When our friend Bob Greenberger died, Bill Goldberg and I each were asked to deliver a eulogy. We both recalled and spoke of our meeting with Bob and others on the second day of orientation. ON THE BASKETBALL COURT at the lower dorms. (Of course I cannot remember the names of the dorms!) To this day some of the guys get my emails, we speak often, and we get together whenever we are in the same zip code.

Judy, my wife, and I are very thankful for the interesting life we have lived in Washington, DC. It has been ideal for the friends, and cultural activities we experienced. Judy was the Director of the Kreeger Museum, and I learned a lot about art and architecture. I often thought I should have taken more art and music courses at Brandeis. And less science courses! One of my two sons lives nearby and when I need IT help, he and/or my grandkids come over and fix things in five minutes.

Of course, I am very thankful that Judy and I are in good health. As are my sons and grandchildren. Even with my new knee, I can still play some basketball and tennis. It seems that I don't run and jump as well. Honestly, I never did!

I am happily retired. I was a lawyer, and I guess I still am, though I don't practice. I do send daily emails to about seventy people. These are jokes and interesting facts, not long diatribes and lectures. Everyone seems to like these emails, as they are meant to start the day, or week, or month, with a smile, a chuckle, or a laugh. When I am away from my computer, there are inquiries about my health, etc. It makes me feel good.

Recently my granddaughter, a junior in high school, visited Brandeis, as she scouts out colleges and universities. She sent me pictures of Brandeis, and said the campus was beautiful. It made me happy! I will again visit, maybe at the Reunion!

Larry

# Michael Haimo

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I retired as colon and rectal surgeon and past president of the Florida Colon and Rectal Society. I have 2 children, both lawyers, one who attended Brandeis. I have 4 grandchildren. I am living in south Florida and playing lots of sudoku.

# Barry Haimson

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Most of my professional life was spent at the University of Massachusetts Dartmouth and its predecessor institutions. I started in 1967 prior to completing my doctoral dissertation at Boston University and retired in 2014. The early years were chaotic due to the impact of the Vietnamese conflict on our campus as well as across the country. The campus evolved from a technological institute to a university with a strong College of Arts and Sciences. Being a faculty member at an emerging institution was a challenge and I feel I played a major role in the development of the Psychology Department even when I was a new instructor. Of course, my impact on the department increased as I rose through the ranks to Chancellor Professor. Also, I chaired the department between 1989 to 1999 and from 2004 until I retired. During my time as Chair, I was instrumental in securing funding for the development of our laboratory resources and establishing MA programs in Research Psychology and Applied Behavior Analysis (ABA). I believe that the ABA program was a major accomplishment. The program trains behavior analysts that work with children on the Autism Spectrum. Even though Behavior Analysis was not my area of specialization, I was mainly responsible for the program. This involved negotiating financial issues with an external sponsor who financially supported the program and provided some support to other programs within the department. In addition, I directed this program and secured its progress while chairing a department with 18 full-time faculty and about 6 part-time. When I retired, the program continued due to my efforts and has become an important program for the department and university.

Over the years my research activity was modest and evolved from my previous focus on brightness perception to an interest in EEG measures attention, hemispheric differences, and information processing. This interest was strengthened by an appointment as a visiting scientist at the EEG lab at the Bedford VA Hospital and a half-year Research Fellowship at the Evoked potential Lab at Boston Children's hospital. Ultimately, I received a Research Grant from the Institute of Neurological Disorders and Stroke (NIH). The grant supported the development of an Event Related Potential (ERP) laboratory. My laboratory resources enabled me to continue my research and to mentor the research of many graduate and undergraduate students. In addition, I collaborated with research faculty at the University of Massachusetts Shriver Center. Finally, I was the major author of a textbook on Research Methods in Psychology published by McGraw Hill.

My wife Anita and I met during our first year of the graduate psychology program at BU and we have been married for 56 years. Both our daughter and son were Psychology majors at Harvard University. My son received a PH.D. from Carnegie Melon in Psychology and works as a Cognitive Scientist in the DC area. He and his wife have two daughters. One is a sophomore in college; the other is a high school freshman. My daughter is a research analyst and lives with her husband in the Boston area. Prior to the pandemic, Anita and I travelled extensively. We loved cruising as well as trips to the West Coast of the US and to Europe. Our last memorable trip was a cruise up the coast of Norway from Amsterdam. We traveled through fjords and reached North Cape Norway, which is about two hundred fifty miles above the Arctic Circle. Since the pandemic, our only trip was to my granddaughter's high graduation. If COVID-19 conditions continue to improve, we might consider further air travel. After retirement, I decided to return to playing bridge, which I enjoyed at Brandeis, took a class from a

lifelong learning group, and played with a group at a local senior citizen's center. In addition, I joined a photography club at the center. The bridge group stopped during COVID-19, but the photo group meets over Zoom, and we share and critique each other's photos and discuss the use of software such as Photoshop and Lightroom. Finally, I spend a considerable amount of the time reading mystery novels.

Note:

I enclosed two graduation pictures and one relatively recent picture of my wife and me. In graduation picture #1 I am included with Peter Leepson, Charles Teller, Steve Hilzenrath and somebody I cannot identify.



# Laura Harris

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Sixty years since graduation from Brandeis seems impossible and yet this is the reality. While attending Brandeis, I didn't quite grasp how new the university was. There were so many opportunities there that I should have grabbed but didn't. School seemed very challenging to me at the time. It would be wonderful if I could repeat some of our courses now!

It disturbs me that certain areas of the humanities that are so critical to understanding what it means to be human are being dropped now by so many institutions of higher learning. Even Brandeis has reduced these requirements for its students.

My family consists of 3 children, 6 grandchildren, one of whom is married, and a wonderful, caring partner named Joseph Solodow. My oldest son, Steve, and his wife, Ellen, attended Brandeis as well. Joseph is semi-retired but still teaches in the Classics department part-time at Yale.

My career has gone in many directions. I trained to become a Speech and Language Pathologist. For a few years I taught children in both a school system and in a clinic. Then an opportunity arose that gave me the opportunity to teach at the college level. That continued for several years. Part of that experience led to writing a college textbook on children's language disorders designed to help classroom teachers interact with children with disabilities. This was essential because Federal mandates were created that placed children with differences into classrooms. Along with teaching, I also became an advocate for children with learning differences to make sure that they were placed appropriately in learning situations. I also gave seminars to school staff as part of their training.

The location of my home has varied through the years. After college I lived on Long Island. Then we moved to Minnesota which was a wonderful place to raise children. New York city was our next stop and we lived in an apartment on the upper west side. My last stop, so far, is Connecticut, in a suburb of Hartford. After retirement I became a docent at the Wadsworth Atheneum, the oldest public art museum in the United States. It has an exceptional collection which, unfortunately, is overshadowed by Boston and New York. Since my involvement there, I have become a trustee and the President of the Library Association connected to the museum. Between preparing for weekly tours, attending meetings, and writing for occasional publications, the museum work keeps me very busy.

I've been very fortunate to travel a great deal and take advantage of music, art, opera, theater, and dance, both around the world and in Hartford and New York. Although I have had several partners in my life, they have all enriched me and made me feel so lucky to lead the life that I do! At reunion I hope to see many of my classmates. Let's hope that we can recognize one another!!

# Betty Newburger Hoffman

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I have a cartoon on my bulletin board which summarizes the trajectory of my life after Brandeis. The top line states: “Life as it is Supposed to Go” with a straight arrow below it. The next line says: “How Life Actually Goes” with what looks like a tangled ball of spaghetti below that. And, that’s how my life has worked out with lots of twists and turns, surprises and adventures, and changes of direction.

My senior year at Brandeis was transformative. Several days after returning from the Hiatt program in Israel—life changing in itself—I met Herb Hoffman, a Physics grad student, and started courses and student teaching as part of an experimental education program. This culminated in a certificate to teach elementary school in Massachusetts. I don’t know why I thought this was a good idea because I had been accepted at Columbia Graduate School of Social Work.

Columbia offered an excellent program, but I realized almost immediately that I was not cut out to be a social worker. The only two courses I liked were Sociocultural Aspects of Casework (cultural anthropology) and Basic Casework (interviewing and writing). I also made one friend who told me that her husband had survived the war in France by being hidden by the nuns. At this time, I didn’t connect any of this, but it later became the method and focus of my work.

After my first semester, I left Columbia and went back to Boston, and in February 1964 Herb and I were married by Rabbi Marvin Fox, our neighbor in Ohio. He eventually went to Brandeis, where he became a prominent member of the faculty.

While Herb was working on his Ph.D. I substitute taught and then went to Boston University to complete a masters in education. When he finished, I left my job teaching in Lexington, and we set out for our Israel adventure. Herb taught physics at Tel Aviv University, and I taught English as a Second Language (ESL) at a vocational school in Jaffa. I loved the work and kids, mostly boys, from North Africa, Iran, and Iraq. They spent the Six Day War school outside watching the soldiers sign into the Army office across the street. We had to drag them back inside for classes. We also met a variety of interesting people, one a young man who was on a fact-finding mission for his family who wanted to leave the U.S.S.R.

When we returned to the U.S. after the war, Herb got a job at NASA in Cambridge, MA, and I taught Head Start on the South Shore. In 1970, Rina, our first daughter, was born. She was followed by Elana two years later and by Abby and Liat sixteen months later. During that crazy time, Herb, who had been unhappy with his physics job, decided he wanted to go to med school. I said, “Sure, why not?”

Concurrently, I began my 25-year career as an adjunct teaching writing at University of Hartford, but that was not enough.

By my mid-forties with four teenagers in the house, I needed to refocus my brain, which I did by entering the Ph.D. program in Anthropology at UCONN. Here is where all my interests, previous education, and skills pulled together. My major area of research was on the Jews from the Soviet Union who settled in Hartford, but that eventually branched out into a multi-year oral history/photographic project on Jewish survival during the war.

Over time, I also picked up courses including Anthro, sociology, and oral history in other colleges, and for nearly four years in the early 1990s, I taught ESL to Jewish refugees from the Soviet Union. Only once in all the years did I grab the wrong briefcase as I ran out the door.

My philosophy of education, honed at Brandeis, was that everyone should start with a broad base of courses to introduce them to many aspects of the world and culture. However, I understood that this would mean that graduate school for training in a specific field would be necessary. By 1993, all of the girls were in college for their first round of education. They had all held a wide variety of jobs which gave them numerous skills that I had missed. Within ten years three had changed fields—Rina from being a secretary and low-level social worker to an MSW, Abby (Brandeis 1996) from teaching experiential science in elementary school to certified prosthetist and Clinical Professor at University of Hartford, and Liat from teaching environment education and civic responsibility through bike mechanics to physical therapy. Elana stayed with music, working odd jobs and freelancing as a flutist in Houston and New York.

In the early 2000s, my first book, *Jewish Hearts*, based on my dissertation, was published. At that time, since none of our daughters had significant others, we decided to downsize. Soon after moving to the condo, three of them announced that they were getting married. We had so many parties that the condo Association gave us large orange cones to control out guests' parking. Three weddings (mixed marriage—now divorced, Chabad, and Conservative) in thirteen months employed all my organizational, financial, and negotiation skills. A year later, number four gave us two weeks to plan her gay Jewish wedding.

Over the next few years, I published six more books, one used in middle schools to teach about Holocaust, and the others local history. Then the grandchildren started to arrive. In our blended family, we now have thirteen with a great-grand on the way.

Weaving in and out of all of this for forty years, I have bought and sold real estate. I currently have two small businesses, one managing my own condos and the other with our grandson, who seems to have inherited the gene.

I stopped teaching about fifteen years ago, and Herb retired from his medical practice the year before Covid. Currently, he is busy with gardening and study groups at our synagogue. Some days we realize we are old, but on others we're just fine although a little creaky. We are grateful for all of the twists and turns that brought us to this life, and we are grateful to have moderately good health, active minds, and a wild and wonderful, supportive family.





# Miriam (“Mimi”) Osler Hyman

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“... Must Be Smart.....Went to Brandeis”

Those words of Woody Allen (printed boldly on a t-shirt of a '63 Reunion) gave me instant credibility in making each of my career changes, which have been numerous:

- High School English Teacher
- Probation Officer – Nassau County Family Court
- Executive Director – NY ACLU/Nassau County Chapter
- J.D. Degree – Hofstra University Law School (1977)

I have been an attorney in private practice since 1977 specializing in international corporate law, heavily focused on Brazilian – American transactions. Frequent travel to Brazil and learning Portuguese were collateral benefits. My experiences differed greatly from my career expectations at graduation.

My family has definitely been a source of pleasure. My husband, Steve Hyman (also an attorney) and I recently celebrated our 60th anniversary. My daughter and son-in-law (both attorneys) have two children, our granddaughter (currently working on a PhD in Oceanography) and our grandson (a Junior in college).

We reside in NYC and continue to enjoy the city’s energy. For “R and R” we spend time in our get-away in Vermont. I relax by studying classical piano.

My husband and I have been involved as advocates for civil liberties and social justice (and are members of various not-for-profit Boards that pursue these goals). Our common goal is to remain active and relevant.

# Susan B. Jones

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What can I say. I had a fulfilling and interesting, if not enriching, career in computers and on the fringe of academics. I went to graduate school on a fellowship in critical languages (Arabic and Hebrew), because I was afraid to apply to the Fine Arts Department in painting.

When I retired, I finally felt free enough to call myself an artist and joined a studio and began to show my work and change my work and ended on a new road of discovery. (That's what a Liberal Arts education is all about, being ready to twist and turn and go with the flow and change course when you're ready.)

Last year I rejoined the Boston Workers Circle Yiddish Chorus, A Besere Velt, and continue my studies in Yiddish literature.

So in the last ten years, I have moved from 2-D to 3-D and have spend my time cluttering my world and house with people who have emerged from somewhere in me. Sometimes I feel as if I am trying to create a golem, sometimes I just feel like maybe I'm the Creator. Sometimes I just feel like I don't know what I'm doing beyond just hanging on. Here is a small sample of some of my peeps. Happy to still be alive and enjoying my work and my dearest friends and very conscious of the dwindling time. Although last week, I celebrated

the 101st birthday of a dear friend and fellow artist with other artists not quite as old as either the honoree or I.

If you are interested you can see more of my work on Instagram at  
susanjones4732



# Stephanie Karger

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Definitely not what some might expect in a Yearbook entry - not even really a coherent narrative - but what I would want my kids, grands and greats to become aware of at different stages of their lives. Even if nobody reads this, I find writing useful - a record of what I thought at specific times of my life, to be interpreted or developed later by me or if others become curious, during theirs. Many of my friends and classmates have detailed memories of activities growing up; I don't, and have largely forgotten the routine daily activities and pattern of my life, so that I couldn't write that if I tried. But there are a few "standouts" that I recognize as core to how I lived, made decisions, became what I am. This essay will concentrate on the impact of Brandeis and my goals for where I wanted/want to make a difference. As I often have apologized to my kids and grands, sorry for so many words.

My world of the 40's included the 2 very large immigrant Jewish families of my grandparents (most of whose faces I barely remember but who intentionally supported one another as they earned a living in sweat shops or small businesses and their children became "Americanized." My parents remained close with their many siblings (despite my father being the only one who completed College) and all the cousins gathered regularly for Sunday dinner, Rosh Hashanah, Thanksgiving, Passover and Mother's Day. I went to public (rather than Jewish) schools because that's what they thought Americans did; the Judaism they cared about, I would learn at home, while I would learn "the American Way" and a modern curriculum in school and "when I grew up" I could decide "how Jewish" I wanted to act. So I always KNEW I wanted a large family and that I was Jewish, but had little idea what that might mean.

My "first Jewish memory" is of attending Simchat Torah Services as a 6 year-old with my grandfather in Brooklyn. There was the excitement of marching home holding a flag with an apple and lit candle on top. There was also the gnawing realization that something was unwelcoming in the small Synagogue, where my grandfather was not a member, was ignored by other attendees, and was not given a turn to carry a Torah - until everyone else had finished.

Because most students and teachers at my elementary school in Brooklyn were Jews, almost nobody came on Jewish holidays; the few non-Jews spent the time in the cafeteria doing craft projects. After one holiday, we were assigned an essay on "How I spent my day." I have no idea what I wrote, but a classmate bragged that she had seen a play in NY. The teacher commented that "theatre" was not the right activity; I decided the teacher had no business telling someone else how to observe Jewish holidays - but it didn't occur to anyone to complain about the teacher.

In 1952 my father - by then an attorney and a Baker's Union Official - bought a house in a new

area of West Hempstead, LI. My grandmother had immigrated with her parents at age 14, and pretended she was 16 so that she could work to support her parents rather than attend school; after marriage she continued working in the bakery my grandfather was finally able to open. It never occurred to my parents that my mother might work to help save more quickly for their house; that would have been an insult to my father. She had had to drop out of College after 2 years because pregnant women and mothers did not belong in school; she was a wonderful cook, event planner, housekeeper, seamstress and frugal manager and was actively engaged in the numerous sisterhoods and non-profit women's organizations of the Jewish community (while despising their gossip and politics). A natural, strong, well-liked leader, my father worked his way quickly to the top elected post in each of the many organizations he joined - and didn't notice the extent to which he relied on his support staff and assistant officers and support personnel (although they felt appreciated and loyal). I don't think he ever really appreciated their or my mother's talent; leaders cannot exist without followers; schools might better train followers, and show them how to choose and influence their leaders.

In West Hempstead, the religious demographics were reversed; although our corner of the new area was mostly Jews from Brooklyn (and mostly children younger than me), 90% of my public school was Christian and school let out early on Tuesdays and Thursday for "religious instruction" at the local church. I was annoyed by the annual "school holiday festival" consisting 1/3 of beautiful religious and 1/3 of "secular" Christian music and Christmas plays." The other third was supposed to be a Jewish celebration, but aside from pretending to light candles, the only song anybody knew was "I have a little Dreidel." Starting in October, the bus rides to and from my team's basketball games ran through the rest of the Christmas Catalog and I learned to sing along - wondering why Jews hadn't written any good music.

Despite their decision to send me to public rather than religious schools and their attending synagogue only a few times a year on holidays, my parents were very "Jewishly engaged" in our new community. They were determined that that I marry someone Jewish and raise a Jewish family (whatever that meant). My father was active and prominent in the Jewish labor movement, invested substantial portions of the Union's pension funds in Israel's infrastructure bonds and frequently met officials from Israel's labor and political structure. As their first order of business in W. Hempstead, my parents supported construction of a synagogue and hiring a full time traditional rabbi and cantor. The rabbi conducted Saturday morning Junior Congregation services in the main sanctuary for about 200 children (dropped off by parents who were then free to run errands) and a Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday Hebrew School (which most children quit after completing their Bar Mitzvah) with very weak curriculum, being largely a collection of children's bible stories taught by mothers with little Jewish academic or pedagogical background whose response to most student questions approximated: "that's what it says and that's what we believe."

Again my experience differed some from my peers; my grandfather loved Jewish music and drove to my home from Brooklyn every Saturday morning to walk me to synagogue, where he joined the dozen or so men who held services in a small classroom. By riding the subway 2 hours every day,

my mother had able to take Hebrew as her foreign language in public school and even earned pocket money as a teen by giving Bar Mitzvah lessons . With her encouragement I continued studying Hebrew at the afternoon school (using the same text for 3 years) until I began at Brandeis - when I suddenly thought to switch from Hebrew to Russian as a "patriotic" gesture - and she reminded me that I really wanted to know Hebrew. I think I was 1 of only 3 children who stubbornly did not attend school on Jewish holidays - though I otherwise behaved as on every other day and did not have much knowledge of what religious practice might be. At one point, concerned that my family didn't have much structured religious observance, I had spoken with the Rabbi; he noted in apparent agreement with my parents - that while living in my parent's home I should follow their ways and could decide how to observe when I helped build my own family. As my graduation prize (in a class of one) - the synagogue gave me three texts about Judaism that tweaked intimation that Judaism held more than I had yet learned - but what, and how would I find out?

I had been a "tom boy" in elementary school, preferring stick ball with the boys in the Brooklyn streets and alleys to dolls, "tea" and gossip with the girls in my building; my father had assumed I would be a boy (no ultrasound scans then), had originally thought to call me "Steven" after my mother's grandfather in Europe, and bought "me" a set of Lionel Trains for my 3rd birthday. I was even appointed 6th grade "Captain" of the AAA monitors charged with shepherding groups of elementary school students across busy Brooklyn streets on long walks to and from school. In West Hempstead, I helped my father with handyman and gardening tasks around the house while my sister preferred to shop and socialize with her girlfriends or our mother. I don't remember talking about "what I would do when I grew up;" obviously I would be a mother and housewife. I always assumed I would have a job - unspecified - since all of my fathers' friends did. Enjoying, and being successful in math and science in High School with little effort (scoring 5's on the Math and Biology AP's), I just imagined that perhaps I would discover a cure for Cancer.

Applying to Brandeis in 1959, I had NO idea what College might be or why one should attend. My parents thought it a good possibility and had a vague idea that a girl could become a teacher or lawyer - but why would I want to if my "destiny" was "mother and housewife"? Since I had good grades, recommendations and test scores, the High School guidance counsellor suggested Vassar, Radcliffe and Wellesley. "Formal Hi Tea" at rural Vassar convinced me that I did not want to attend a place where I'd have to wear long tweed skirts and dorm among gothic ceilings and furniture with people whose manners and small talk seemed foreign to my experience; Harvard Square seemed dirty, noisy and hurried and I didn't think I could find my place; at Wellesley I suddenly realized that - after always having both girls and boys in my classes - I did not want to spend 4 years at a girl's school. My mother - like many other suburban Jewish housewives - had been collecting books for the library at a NEW university - so I also visited Brandeis; as soon as I stepped on campus and saw students learning on the hill under the Brandeis statue (coat flying behind as he dashed off to the library) I decided it was my place.

Not "naturally" talented at socializing, but realizing that I wanted solid relationships with a few good friends (so I could be myself without missing family) as well as others with whom to resolve

immediate issues and world problems, I 1) was grateful for the rooming coordinator (who found a roommate - Joan Smolin - who seemed unlike me in any way and even wore long tweed skirts to class, but became my lifelong friend), 2) made the girl's basketball team (although I never played well, but could sub to give others a short rest and resumed caroling on bus rides), 3) frequented Hillel events (for inspiring Shabbat services, singing and meals and 4) joined with civil rights activists to meet students from Southern colleges who were actually fixing the world (not concerned that running from Shabbat services to paint signs for picketing against segregated theaters or lunch counters might be considered incongruous). What about curing cancer? A Bio Major who had "placed out" of Freshman Biology, I enrolled in Chemistry to prepare for the 2nd year advanced bio course. But I found Chem labs much less interesting than my SocSci reading - or the basketball bus rides. (I'd only had one lab experience in high school, which involved demonstrating that a flat worm (Planeria) could regenerate into 2 entire worms when cut in half. I had no idea how to do this correctly and my specimens all quickly died.) Rather than cure cancer, I would have to make a different contribution.

Working with visiting students from Southern colleges (as well as NewEngland schools) was eye-opening and exhilarating. Traveling by train with family to a Bakery Workers Union conference in Florida in the late 40's (planes were rarely used by the middle class) I had noticed many dark skinned people. I did not recall having seen any in Brooklyn, asked about "white" and "colored" signs on station water fountains - and promptly forgot the experience after arriving home. There had not seemed to be any dark-skinned people in my High School - though we had "learned" about the Civil War and Reconstruction in History. Now at Brandeis, it was initially difficult to relate the intelligent, well spoken dark students from the South to my images of Blacks picking cotton or caring for white babies or rioting. They explained the economics of chain store boycotts so that we could make Northerners (annoyed by having to cross our lines to enter a local Woolworth where Blacks and White COULD sit together) understand that corporate management could FORCE Southern chains to desegregate if they noticed a decrease in revenue because of the Northerners' boycott. And it worked! -without guns or violence and (at least in the North) without our being sent to jail as long as we kept our picket lines moving and didn't block the street! I knew deeply that people, united with information and an appropriate goal, could improve their lives and the lives of others.

Though my Jewish life did NOT begin at Brandeis, my adult Jewish life did. Dancing with Torah Scrolls from the Chapels to Renfield Pond my first Simchat Torah on campus, I suddenly became aware that Judaism was a pattern for living that had evolved over more than 4000 years, that I could discover, understand and appreciate its contributions and find my and my (projected future) family's place in its fabric, and that I had a responsibility for its continuation - while also doing what I could to assist those outside my community. The missing link in my parents' belief that I could decide "how Jewish" I wanted to act after I grew up was the fact that Judaism is very "knowledge based," firmly set on 3000 years of documentation, discussion and surprisingly democratic decision making about behavior. Broad conduct guidelines can be drawn from a few basic principles - as a beginning. Beyond that one has to know what is there in order to decide what



to accept or reject. By Sophomore year I was running the Friday night Shabbat dinner in Sherman - which also enabled me to serve extra portions of food and attention to Arieh who had no family in the States. (In "Jewish Geography's" way, Arieh's older sister, Shoshana, while visiting from Israel one summer, had been Joan Smolin's bunk counsellor and been asked to find Joan an Israeli penpal; Shoshana suggested Arieh - who wanted to improve his English before completing his Army Service and applying to study in Boston. Arieh visited Joan after he came to Brandeis and she introduced us.)

Continuing my study of Hebrew language and literature introduced me to areas of Jewish culture and values about which I had been totally unaware. Professor Talmon visited from Hebrew University and taught selections from the prophets in Hebrew so that as an adult I began to understand the Bible's literary and philosophical depth - and why so many had studied, interpreted, commented and relied upon its core for over 3000 years. Simultaneously in courses with Profs. Manuel, Cantor, Marcuse and others I began to see areas of overlap and differentiation. We read Voltaire and Condorcet and their dreams of progress - which were crushed in the revolutions and wars of subsequent years. Apparently, as Marx and Hegel argued, the causes of change are much more complex than simple models might have us believe; they set their own models which also just seemed accurate, in part, sometimes. Ideas emerge, seem to be validated, trend, work, get disproven and replaced - and emerge again in a different form.

In High School I might have argued that Science finds TRUTH by experimentation and can be relied on to be correct, but religion and philosophy are "just opinions" and yours is as good as mine. My graduation speech began "the World is on Fire" and assured listeners that Education would fix all. At Brandeis I realized that although science is "self correcting," it can only be valid within its field and definitions. Philosophers like Kant made it clear that many can live successfully in the belief that the world is "real" and create amazing things - but that belief is in fact "just an opinion"; science cannot PROVE - within its own system and rules, that the external objects are "real" rather than some mass hallucination. Even worse (from my perspective), scientists function outside of value systems. In the words of Tom Lehrer: "Don't say that he's hypocritical, Say rather that he's apolitical. 'Once the rockets are up, who cares where they come down? That's not my department!' says Wernher von Braun." The point is not that "Science" has "Truth (to its innermost parts)" and "Religion/Values" does not, but they are interacting structures on which to build a life. With a stable system of definitions and rules, one can comfortably assign a truth value to a statement - which may nevertheless not matter to anyone. A narrative cannot be assigned a "truth value;" it may be internally coherent or not; it may frighten or sooth; it may be more accurate today and unbelievable tomorrow or to somebody else. But it can still be a valuable device for teaching and learning.

Summer of 1961 I traveled to Israel on a Brandeis program and Arieh insisted that I visit his parents. (How many young men do you know who enjoy sending classmates to visit their parents? He cared as much about family as I did). I remained with them for several days and they were warm and welcoming while I learned about their Jewish families and life in Germany and in Israel

after they arrived in 1934 (and most relatives who'd remained had been killed). Arieh and I married in West Hempstead in Sept. 1962 and I return to Brandeis, a Senior, with a new name.

Writing the essay of Arieh's achievements for our 50th YearBook had been easy; since his family moved to the Weizmann Institute in Rehovot, he lived among famous scientists and had professional goals and numerous achievements (along with a few disappointments) to mark each stage. After we married I just sort of followed him. He'd chosen Ohio State for his MS because it had an outstanding professor of Spectroscopy. As his wife, I went along since nobody cared where I obtained my BS in Ed for a teaching certificate. I finished my BS in one year and started a Masters in History while, to pay our rent, teaching in the same type of afternoon Hebrew School I'd criticized before. There was a new twist, though.

A Jewish philanthropist had noticed problems and paid to completely revise the Bible curriculum. New texts were written to integrate current archeological findings and modern pedagogy - and my task included both developing new lesson plans and teaching them - using the original Hebrew text - (instead of the "Children's Bible Tales" to which I had been subjected). Student response was amazing; third graders interacting with the biblical narrative and interpreting to find the values and behaviors being taught rather than being repelled by the silly science and chronology and told not to ask questions. I was only in the program for 1 year, and suspect I learned more than the students who only had time to do a few lines a week, and likely never even finished the first book during their 4 or 5 years in school.

I had a shocking experience student teaching for Ohio State, though it was intended by no one: Columbus public schools were based on segregated residence districts. Ohio State normally assigned White teachers to majority White schools, and Black to Black. So I became aware of Black education and attitudes before the push to integrate Northern schools by busing.... I remember sitting with my 7th grade students in the balcony during an all-school assembly. Looking around at the fingers grasping the railing I realized that mine were the only ones that were White (and what it felt like to be the "only"). Class placement had been sorted by student "academic" achievement, and I had the 2 "highest ranked." At parent-teacher meetings and during class homework review, I became aware that the 7-1 students were significantly more academically successful than those in 7-2 (and worried that those in 7-3 and "below" might be learning little). The parents of my students were the black community professionals (pharmacists, nurses, ministers, teachers, business owners) positive models for their children with goals similar to mine and my friends within a nurturing cultural environment. Parents explained to me that they had pushed to have their children enrolled in the "Black" schools because in "White schools" the Black children were automatically sorted to the lowest classes. "Thinkers" of the 60's knew that "segregated" was not "equal" but opinions differed about what would happen when the Black middle class and schools were replaced by "White-owned" chains and forcibly integrated schools - another social problem more complex than anyone had modeled.

Arieh was offered a position in Boston, so we moved. Interested in starting our family, I decided to

use an "easy" topic and primary source for my M.A. The Boston Public Library had a complete collection of L'Univers Israe'ite, 1920-1941 which I could manage using my High School French with a dictionary. But "easy" it turned out did not mean "boring" or a waste of time. It introduced me to complexity within the Jewish community, where French Jews feared to exacerbate anti-semitism in France by supporting Socialist Leon Blum or providing too close an identification with the Jews escaping from Poland due to their "primitive" religious practices and dress, low level of secular education and poverty. Differentiating vocabulary was invented, calling the Polish Jews "Juive" while referring to themselves as "Israe'ite". A similar split had occurred in the US as Jews who immigrated from Germany in the 19th century and become wealthy, polished and Americanized feared being identified with the Eastern European Jews who arrived during the 20th.

All Jews may be brothers, but families also argue and fight.

The position I then obtained - teaching community college - was a disaster for the class. At Ohio State I had received A's for my lesson plans. But having always enjoyed reading and learning, I don't think I really believed it was my responsibility to motivate students. I was shocked that most of the female students had been told, as I had been, that teaching would be a good profession. Under no circumstances did I want people - who clearly hated to read anything beyond Cliff Notes - to "ruin" my children, who I then taught to read myself. But it also began to dawn on me that my unwillingness to try to motivate the students actually deprived them of their rights and perpetuated another dangerous "split" in our democratic society. With my attitude, I should not be teaching. Changing careers was actually forced on me because - as an engineer - Arieh often had to move at the whim of his employer. Looking for a teaching job one March, while obviously 5 months pregnant, I realized that I needed a more "portable job" not dependent on whether hiring managers thought women should stay home with their children.

The "natural" solution for me turned out to be returning to school for a CPA. I'd always done well with math and logic. Having placed out of Calculus, among my Freshman courses as a Bio Major at Brandeis, had been an Honors Honors Math Theory class. To obtain the minimum number of students needed, if I remember correctly, the professor agreed to give any student with a B first semester, who completed class assignments during the 2nd, at least a C for the year. I had found the 1st term exciting; we completed the workbook on differentiation and integration after class by ourselves instead of wasting class time, and it was fun to think through the various equations and theorems. By 2nd term, I was lost, and there were just a few who amazed me by their ability to imagine or predict the figures resulting from various equations. I finally decided that - if I had to - I probably could master a few of the series we were proving, but it would take so long I could learn nothing else and I would never finish. I think I was starting to learn that knowledge may be infinite, but my brain and time were not. It made no sense to stubbornly insist on mastering everything myself.

Once I started the accounting program, I realized that accounting was "just a language" with parts of speech and rules of grammar and that once these were mastered, success as an accountant was simple. (There is also a "creative" side to accounting which is likely more interesting and lucrative; I

ignored this because - rather than building a "career," my goal was to have a stable, portable 2nd source of income; Arieh regularly earned twice as much as I did and as much as we would likely need.). I obtained a CPA certificate because I decided it would protect my ability to find work if the market was tight - and it did. From 1982 - 2006 I worked at Harvard, Wellesley, Brandeis, and MassBayCommunity College in various Finance Offices, often re-organizing procedures, training staff (a kind of teaching that worked well for me because they were internally motivated to learn what I wanted to teach) and counseling parents and students who needed creative solutions to the problem of paying for college. I also understood one of my father's maxims: Equality may not be Equity. For a student with wealthy parents, a \$10,000 loan is nothing; her parents can pay it off if needed. For the poor student that debt can be a yoke that threatens her future if she gets sick or fails a few courses because she is working too many hours a week to cover expenses.

Going back to Brandeis subsequently as staff to help implement PeopleSoft was a wonderful experience and reinforced my loyalty to the College as I noticed "bits of democracy" in its treatment of staff. The daily minyan on campus also meant that I could easily say Kaddish for my father that year. More recently I switched from "accounting" to bookkeeping for non-profit organizations; I charge less than a CPA because I do not have the responsibilities and stresses of doing audits. I charge more than a standard bookkeeper because my creativity, training and experience deserve the extra fee. And it is a pleasure to help worthwhile organizations serve the community.

I have reduced my client load to 1, though, and may drop that soon, because I have family - including grands in various Colleges around the world that I enjoy visiting and learning from and great-grandchildren just starting to show their personalities. Young adults are astonishing, doing more than we ever dreamed possible, and when I watch my great grands smile, I am assured that we can improve life for people on earth (even if I leave finding the Cancer cure to someone else).

There was what I at first thought a "throw away" line in the recent Barbie film -when she decides that she chooses no longer to be exceptional. I have become concerned that the current emphasis on exceptionalism is dangerous both to the individual who feels a need to be exceptional and to the earth as resources and time are dedicated to this - without benefitting the rest of us. I remember learning "a man's reach should exceed his grasp, Or what's a heaven for?" But while it is exciting to stretch and see what one can do, especially while competing with oneself, and while so many achievements in art and science occurred because people tried to do exceptional things, that is not, and should not be expected to be, every person's motive. Rather than some defense of mediocrity, I see this as an imperative for individuals to define and pursue their own goals.

One of the suggested prompts for this yearbook was "how is the world different because I was here." Arieh was a talented engineer who created devices that helped many. I didn't, but my influence is equally left on the people I helped and ours - the children, grands and greats of our family who will contribute in ways larger or smaller to the future.



# Judy Kaufman

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Hi to all from Judy Epstein Kaufman:

Sixty is a big number for a reunion! Though I am not attending in person it is great to have a group of our class celebrating together on campus.

For the record, I can report that I am happy, healthy and well living in NYC and Wainscott NY. Happy 75th Birthday Brandeis! Thank you Brandeis for opening and enriching minds, laying foundations for explorations and pursuits and for launching sustained, invaluable friendships.

# Steven Kazan

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Not much has changed work-wise in the last ten years, so my 50th reunion yearbook entry recycled below is still pretty accurate, except ten years later. Covid changed a great deal, tho so far I have escaped the actual illness. As most did, I pivoted immediately to working at home, and what was once our rarely used dining room became my constantly used and very messy home office. I am almost never in my old office office so that phone number isn't much use and neither is my listed home number- try my cell!

My law firm turns 50 next March 1, and I turned 81 last September 1... the firm is doing well, increasingly focused on asbestos contamination in cosmetic talc and resulting cases of mesothelioma, especially in women who used baby powder on their children and themselves. My personal professional focus remains on the area of bankruptcy reorganization of asbestos defendants; the most recent trend is for rich, solvent, and greedy companies [Johnson & Johnson, Koch Industries, Trane, St Gobain...] to put their liabilities in a newly created sacrificial lamb company and try to walk away...

At Brandeis I learned what Micah taught- we are here to seek justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God. So we continue to fight the good fight.

I am not quite ready to ride off into the professional sunset, though I am thinking about getting the saddle ready.

I did finally go to another school's reunion- my law school's 50th. I was impressed with what many of them have done but not nearly as much as they seemed to be of themselves; many missed the 'walking humbly' part of Micah's directive.

I continue to read in Biblical archaeology, and follow events around the world. I started adult life as a registered Liberal in NY, and remain comfortably ensconced at the Progressive Democratic end of the political spectrum; I probably qualify as a bundler of campaign contributions for Presidential, Senate and House candidates and committees as well as a bit of California state political efforts. I am under no illusion that those of our elected officials who call me Steven really remember who I am without benefit of staff assistance, or in fact value me for my intellect or personal charm. nonetheless, I remain optimistic that helping to elect good people can make a difference in the long run....even tho our long run seems to be winding down as we move on into our 70s.....

My professional life has been very satisfying - I've worked locally - in California courts and our legislature- , nationally- in Congress and before Bankruptcy Courts around the country and with Bankruptcy Asbestos Trust Funds - and abroad, with the efforts to ban asbestos and protect victims world-wide- and think it has helped. Helping an innocent cancer victim die with the knowledge that his [some hers too ]family's financial future is secured means a lot. My children have turned out to be really good people and have found happiness in their lives, which I guess is what we all wish for our kids.

I was just 17 when I arrived in Waltham, and Brandeis is where I grew up, or at least made some progress in that direction. Friends in the dorms, room-mates, the Fencing team and intra murals, the roiling intellectual atmosphere in classes and all around, trying new subjects [being the worst advanced math student in the freshman class at the expense of all my other subjects until I survived the first semester and gave up math], all of it was very intense, with some disasters along the way - anyone else have both a Brandeis wedding and a Brandeis divorce? - but lots of wonderful times that were over too soon.

I'm amazed at how much technology, computers, and the web have changed my work and life over the past 15 years - far more than anything did, for me at least, during the previous 35 years. As I look at my photo in the 1963 yearbook, I think of the word strange, considering that mostly I feel much more like I did back then than the change in appearances would suggest-

I have enjoyed all the past Brandeis reunions I've attended, and recently realized I've never gone to a single high school or law school reunion or other school event. I guess the Brandeis experience really was the most formative of my life so far!





# Ron Kemper

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I'm retired from a 45-year career in health care administration including 3 years as a lobbyist for the Kaiser Permanente Medical Care Program in Sacramento California. During the mid 1980s I served a 4-year term on the Berkeley Board of Education. Since retiring I wrote my first novel published in 2020. My second novel, "A Confidential Life" will be released next month. Doing Pilates 2x a week, walking/jogging, puttering in my garden has kept me somewhat healthy and flexible. I wish my fellow classmates reasonable health, happiness and many more years of life.

# Joan Smolin Korenman

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After graduating from Brandeis, I remained in the Boston area, getting a Ph.D. from Harvard in English and American Literature. Harvard was also where I met my husband, Vic Korenman. We married in 1968. I moved to Maryland, where Vic was already employed as a physics professor. I finished my dissertation and got a job teaching English at a new branch of the University of Maryland: University of Maryland Baltimore County, or UMBC. I taught there for my entire career, 36 years, with a year off when I gave birth to our son, Edward, in 1972. In 1982, in addition to teaching English, I also became the first director of UMBC's new Women's Studies Program, a position I held quite unexpectedly for 16 years. In 1990, I got an email account at UMBC. I immediately became fascinated with electronic communication and how it could be useful for Women's Studies. In 1991, I started an academic email forum or "listserv" called WMST-L for discussion of Women's Studies teaching, research, and program administration. Doing this really changed my life, giving me a kind of recognition I'd never experienced as an English professor. I'm happy to report that WMST-L is still alive and well 32 years later, with more than 2000 members in 30-some-odd countries. However, throughout the 1990s I was worried that so few women appeared to be at all interested in information technology, a new technology that seemed to me extremely valuable and important. A survey in 1995 reported that only 5% of Internet users were women. And those of us who did use the Internet were dismayed to find that if we used terms like "women" or "girls" in a search engine, 80% or more of the top returns were likely to be pornography. I began giving talks and writing papers calling attention to these problems. Finally, in 1998, I stepped down as director of the Women's Studies Program in order to start the Center for Women and Information Technology, whose mission was to encourage more women and girls to become involved in computer science, information systems, and related areas, both as users and as developers. I am pleased to say that CWIT (pronounced "see-wit") is celebrating its 25 th anniversary this year.

I retired from UMBC in 2005, the same year Vic retired from the U. of Maryland, College Park. We have always enjoyed traveling. Even while we were working, we managed to use vacations to travel to much of Europe, including less-traveled countries such as Russia, Latvia, and Czechoslovakia, as well as to the Galápagos Islands and an amazing trip to East Africa. We were also fortunate in being able to spend 6 months in Munich, thanks to Vic's having won a Sloan Fellowship, and we also enjoyed two 6-month sabbaticals in Paris. Once we had retired and were no longer confined by the academic calendar, we traveled even more: New Zealand (2007), Argentina (2008), India (2009), Morocco (2010), Cambodia, Laos, and Vietnam (2011), Paris and Northern Italy (2011), Malaysia, Indonesia, and Singapore (2012), Mexico (2013), China (2013), Vienna, Bratislava, Krakow, and Paris (2014), South Korea and Japan (2014), Iran (2015), Australia (2018), and Cuba (2019). We traveled independently on almost all these trips, which were wonderfully planned by Vic. I put up briefly annotated photo accounts from each of these post-retirement trips at <https://userpages.umbc.edu/~korenman/travelsJV.html>.

Alas, the Covid pandemic (and perhaps excessive caution) put an end to our travels, at least for now. In 2017, Vic and I moved from Maryland, where we had lived for almost 50 years, to San Francisco. We did so in part to be closer to our son, daughter-in-law, and twin granddaughters, and also because, after living for many years in a rather boring Maryland suburb, we were eager to live in a vibrant city like San Francisco. We are delighted that we can walk to just about everything--shopping, restaurants, movie theaters, libraries, concerts, doctors' offices, beautiful parks, and so much more. And when we want it, public transportation is at our doorstep.

Of course, moving to California after a lifetime on the East Coast did present some challenges. Aside from our son and his family, I knew only one person in the Bay Area. Fortunately, that person, my good friend and Brandeis classmate Emily Schottenfeld Stoper, invited me to join a small group of women from the Class of '63-- Judy Secunda William, Miriam Cohen Glickman, Rosie Budnick Rosenthal, and Emily--who live in the Bay Area and have been getting together occasionally for many years. The pandemic made the group switch to Zoom. To our surprise and delight, that turned out to be a good thing: instead of meeting in person once or twice a year, we now get together on Zoom every month. I also joined a book club and began taking courses at San Francisco's OLLI (Osher Lifelong Learning Institute), both of which offer intellectual stimulation and opportunities to make new friends. And though the pandemic curtailed some of the activities that make San Francisco so appealing, Vic

and I are very happy we made the move. We're especially delighted that even during the pandemic we were able to continue to get together frequently with our son and his family, something that gave us immense pleasure and continues to do so.

I'd love to hear from other Brandeis friends. I can be reached at [jskorenman@gmail.com](mailto:jskorenman@gmail.com).

# Judy & Fred Krell

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Sixty years! Much too overwhelming an assignment! Almost bagged it.

We are currently enjoying our fairly quiet retirement: reading, writing, gardening, bird watching, walking and enjoying dinners with family and friends.

Fred's professional career took several interesting turns. He was a child care counselor, ran residences for children with problems, was a psychotherapist with a private practice and a forensic psychologist dealing with court-involved individuals and families. Judy also had several careers, teaching college and working for over twenty years for the Boston Jewish federation.

Family is still a central part of our lives. We have six grand kiddies that range in age from 5 to 25.

Brandeis remains an important part of our history. One of our twins also attended and met her husband there. Our friendship circle is filled with Brandeis grads!

We look forward to seeing old friends!

# Lucy Landesberg

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As I reflect on the different stages of my life, I feel very fortunate. From my early childhood years in a loving family, with the excellent educational opportunities at the Bronx High School of Science and Brandeis University, to my marriage to Joe, to being able to stay home with my sons while they were growing up, and then to have a successful professional career in college teaching for over thirty years. I retired as a Professor of Mathematics at Nassau Community College seven years ago.

When asked in an interview where I expected to be in five years, I responded, “I never was a great planner. Opportunities just seemed to fall into my lap.” Luck perhaps, but more likely my background made this happen.

I have had some extraordinary mathematics educators. Among them, Paul Sally stands out. He taught my first calculus course at Brandeis; he inspired me, encouraged me, and motivated me to continue my study of mathematics.

I received a master’s degree in mathematics from Hunter College, and I taught there for three semesters until I resigned to be a full-time mother. My first son was born 2 months later. Over the next fifteen years, I took courses at night at Adelphi University, where my husband, Joe, was a Professor of Chemistry. At that time, tuition was waived for family members. I took advantage of this, studying mathematics as well as computer science.

I also volunteered as a teacher for the Mathematics Olympiad Program for elementary schools. This new enrichment program, similar to high school Mathletes, offered young students the chance to compete in contests to solve mathematics problems. The experience helped them develop problem-solving strategies, and then gave them a chance to experience the satisfaction and thrill of solving problems and meeting challenges.

This experience was valuable for me as well, for my future employment at Nassau Community College, where I specialized in Developmental Mathematics. I was part of a program that helped underprepared students transition from high school to college. I wrote curriculum for the mathematics component. The course that I created taught fundamental concepts of arithmetic, by focusing on problem solving.

Challenging “real world” problems motivated students, encouraged creativity and helped them gain confidence in their problem-solving ability. I derived immense satisfaction from teaching mathematics to college students who lacked the skills to cope with credit courses. I motivated them, provided strategies, diffused anxiety, and offered encouragement and praise. Their challenge was my challenge. Their success was my success! In 1995, I was honored to be the recipient of the SUNY Chancellor’s Award for Excellence in Teaching.

During these years, I volunteered in the community with several organizations. We offered Family Math Days, where parents and young children had fun together at Math workshops. I was a member of the “Working Group” for MoMath, the first National Museum of Mathematics, located in New York City. I continue to be a supporter of MoMath, and I recommend that you visit this extraordinary innovative museum.

My husband, Joe, and I will be married sixty years in June. Joe retired as Chair of the Department of Chemistry at Adelphi University, where he taught for fifty years. We have two sons. Leonard studied at Yale and Yale Medical School; he is currently a pulmonologist in Lake Success, NY. He is married to Helene, and they have 2 daughters. Erica graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Wharton School and is presently living in New York City and working for McKinsey. Melanie is studying mechanical engineering at Yale and will graduate in June. My younger son, Jeffrey, is a pediatrician in Bellevue, WA. He studied at Yale and the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. Jeff is married to Kim, and they have an adopted son from Korea, Eli, who will be 15 next month.

We have travelled extensively in the last thirty years, in this country, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia.

During the pandemic, we put our travels on hold. We did a “Bucket-List” trip with Road Scholar last spring, “Discover the World by Private Plane.” We visited seven countries, England, Egypt, Jordan, India, Cambodia, Indonesia, and Oman in three weeks. This adventure was beyond extraordinary!

Sixty Years! Wow! I hope to see you all at reunion!!!



# Bernard Lind

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## “Sandwiches here, Sub Sandwiches”

As I think back on my Brandeis years and where my life's journey took me I remembered some experiences while at Brandeis.

How many of you living in the dorms remember the nightly sandwich delivery. I started with a job on the cafeteria dishwashing line. The memory of cleaning plates of pancakes with syrup that immediately stuck to my hands and anything I touched was one of the less pleasurable parts of the job. Somehow I found my way to becoming a sandwich seller. Particular thanks to the girls in Hamilton who were great consumers of the bagel with cream cheese.

I had an old car and as unimaginable as it would be today the University actually had me pick up important guests and drive them around the campus. I particularly remember driving Senator Benton and Jack Goldfarb and getting some wonderful insights in how Brandeis got the Goldfarb Library and the power of Abe Sachar to influence the way people supported the University.

My four years were a challenge as I started out (time of Sputnik) thinking I could pursue a joint BA and BS program. That had me load up year one with science, math and Russian courses. I quickly realized that I was not going to make it as an engineer and switched in year 2 to anthropology. As I needed to meet the Brandeis language requirement it meant that I went to summer school (CCNY) twice so that I could graduate on time with the class of 1963. No summer holidays but I did make it through in 4 years.

As graduation approached the reality of the draft loomed and in a bit of luck I applied to Columbia Business School where I received an MBA in international business. I spent a semester living and working in Rotterdam as part of the AIESEC program. Working on a freighter to get there is a whole other story.

Graduating from business school and still without real sense of direction I joined a trainee program at a major stock broker. After a few years I joined their government securities department as a money market trader.

My life really changed when I joined a French Bank's newly opened operation in NY and added FX (foreign exchange) to my remit. My travel world expanded and I had the opportunity to learn (at least basic) French.

My first marriage ended in the early 80's but left me with two sons one of whom is an IT specialist with the US Government in NJ and the other a cancer researcher and professor in Oregon. I also discovered a daughter that I had not been aware of when she became a teenager. It was very nice to be able to add her to my life. There are 4 lovely grandchildren. The oldest at 34 just graduated with high honors (remarkably in Anthropology) overcoming substantial health issues along the way.

From the French bank I joined the NY branch of a major British bank. While I had always wanted to live in Europe my roles with these banks kept me based in NY. It all changed when an event called Big Bang occurred in the UK and I was asked to move to London. I had been dating Sonja Rossi, a beautiful lady from The Commonwealth of



Dominica. I asked her to move with me to London - We celebrated our 35th wedding anniversary in May and last year our 155th birthday with a party in Venice.

I was finally European based. After leaving banking I started doing consulting which found me having a rich variety of assignments including projects to Russia, Africa, Asia as well as Europe. We were living in London when in 1992 the Maastricht Treaty was signed allowing for freedom of movement and residence across the EU. We applied for and were granted UK citizenship. You can imagine my surprise and disappointment when the UK decided to leave the EU (BREXIT) taking away that privilege.

Our life changed again with the purchase of an apartment on the French Riviera in 2000

We started spending substantial time there and added a return to the US with a condo in Florida for winters. There we have as neighbor my good friend and Brandeis classmate, Steve Cohen.

I kept some of the Brandeis link by being part of a group that created a Brandeis Club in London. For many years we held a Thanksgiving tea at the magnificent home of Alberta Strage and were able to have visiting professors speak. I kept contact with a small number of classmates. I want to specially mention Bob Schneider and Bob Kleiner who sadly are no longer with us.

Since being involved in a banking startup in Ghana I have traveled there regularly. I got to know some of the Heller School alumni who had returned home to live and work. I was very impressed with the things they do in support of their countrymen and we created a small fund to offer support at the School.

We spent much of COVID lockdown in France and it was a calm place to be. I started to learn Italian so that when I go to lunch in nearby Italy I can communicate.

A final note. My mother died when I was a teenager and I started to explore her life. She was born in Lithuania at the turn of the 20th century and moved to the states in the late 1920's. I visited and learned more about her life in Kaunas finding out that I was entitled to claim citizenship which I did along with my younger son. We recently visited Lithuania and had the opportunity to learn more about the life and tragedy that occurred there and visit places where she had lived.



# Ira T. Lott

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## Your career/work

Pediatric neurologist. Education: Brandeis, Ohio State University College of Medicine; training at Massachusetts General Hospital and National Institutes of Health; Appointments Harvard Medical School and University of California, Irvine. Now Professor Emeritus; research focus has been development, aging and Alzheimer disease in people with Down syndrome

## Your particular achievements

30 years of continuous funding from the National Institutes of Health; national and international awards

## What you have done that has made a difference

Helped to elucidate the lifespan neurological issues in people with Down syndrome; 30 years of practice in pediatric neurology

## Your family

59 years of marriage to my childhood sweetheart Ruth W. Lott; 2 children and 2 grandchildren; daughter is Superior Court Judge and son is writer editor; Granddaughter at University of Michigan; grandson senior in high school

## Your friends

Many; some from Brandeis

Your bucket list, if you have one that you have crossed off, and what else you would like to do.

Keep travelling and staying upright

How Brandeis impacted your life

Brandeis taught me how to think

## Memories of Brandeis

Cable dorm; the Castle; seeing Boston in the distance while trudging through the snow



# Len Lubinsky

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Eleven years after graduating from Brandeis, five years after finishing my third year teaching at Weeks Jr. High School in Newton, I got a job as Superintendent of Schools.

I spent 25 years, from 1974 to 1999 as Superintendent of the Erving (MA) School Union. The district was composed of 5 small towns north of Amherst, 4 school committees (or 7 depending on how you count them). We had four elementary schools and fewer than 1,000 kids. Though their responsibilities varied, there were 25 school committee members each year. I have sometimes claimed that four school committees over 25 years was the rough equivalent of 100 years of experience as a school superintendent, but working with four tiny school districts.

In that small corner of Massachusetts, I had a goal. I would restore confidence in public institutions – or at least the public schools which I oversaw. To some degree, I achieved that goal. A particularly difficult parent from my first year gave me a speech not long ago about how successful I had been, how his kids had such a good experience in school they insisted he support the school budget at Town Meeting. Being a school superintendent requires combining some knowledge of education with some political endurance. Liking the job helps. I grew to be fond of the communities I worked with and some of the people in those communities were fond of me. Blue Collar Erving, exurban Leverett and Shutesbury, rural New Salem and Wendell – each town had its own distinct and interesting character.

I am particularly proud of the imaginative and progressive principals I worked with and the many outstanding teachers who made a difference in kids lives. I appreciate the support and the occasional resistance of caring school committee members.

I retired early to take a job as head of a non-profit with a private school, a professional development arm, and a publishing house. I moved on to found an alternative teacher education program for a Collaborative of school districts and stayed with them for more than ten years.

Marian and I retired to her home town, New York City, in 2007. I continued working part-time with the teacher education program until 2013 and then reviewed pre-school programs for Bill de Blasio's Universal Pre-Kindergarten effort.

After the Donald Trump inauguration, I started a newsletter, Len's Political Notes. I write the occasional essay, but mostly I write bios of Democratic candidates for whom some financial support could make a difference between winning and losing. We began a political crisis for this country in 2016. My notes are one of many efforts around the

country working to end that crisis. You can find the Notes on my website and, if you like, subscribe to the free newsletter. <https://lenspoliticalnotes.com>

## Family

I met Marian Solomon orientation week at Brandeis when I was a senior and she was a freshman. She occasionally reminds me and tells others that I met her in line at the Newton-Waltham Bank as we each were depositing our meagre funds into checkbooks

for the semester AND that I neglected to offer her a ride back to campus. We met again and again. After those meetings became a romance, I was shocked to learn that, like many who graduated from NYC schools, she was only 16. We overcame that obstacle, married after her junior year, and anticipate celebrating our 60 th wedding anniversary in 2025.

We lived in Deerfield, Massachusetts for over 30 years. She taught English at Greenfield High School and the Franklin County Vocation School, went to law school, practiced in Greenfield, and then settled into her job for almost 20 years as a staff attorney for the Massachusetts Appeals Court.

Our two sons grew up in Deerfield. Both Charlie and Adam went to Brown after attending Deerfield Academy. That posh private school's had very low tuition rate for in-town day students in those days. Miraculously, both of them and their families moved to New York after Marian and I retired here. Charlie is a partner at Denton's specializing in health care law and policy in that large, international firm. Adam is the managing principal of WXY, an architecture and urban planning firm and is also an Associate Professor of Professional Practice at Columbia's architecture school.

It is nearly unimaginable that Charlie and Adam are in their fifties. They are each married to the same women they married. They each have two children. Charlie's wife, Robin Luband (Charlie and Robin combined their names when they married) is a psychologist with a practice in Westchester County where they live. Adam's wife, Rebecca Faulkner (She kept her name), is a poet with a fistful of prizes, residencies, a published book titled "Permit Me to Write My Own Ending," and a second book in progress. Her writing success is recent, a product of a renewed focus on her writing during the pandemic.

Charlie and Robin have a boy and a girl. Their son is entering his junior year at Tufts (after transferring from Wesleyan). Their daughter has begun as a freshman at Tufts in a joint program with the Museum of Fine Arts. Adam and Rebecca have two girls. One will begin at George Washington University after she completes a gap year. The other will be a freshman at Bard High School -- Queens, one of two public high schools run by Bard College in New York City.

#### Brandeis Friends

We stay in close touch with a few Brandeis people – some from the Class of 1963, some from other classes.

For reunions, we stay with Marshall and Helene Stein. Marshall is from our class as most of you know. Helene was Marian's roommate when they were freshman. We also remain good friends with Fred and Judy Krell.

Other friends include Richard and Madeline Karpel (PhD Brandeis and BA Class of 67 respectively), Rhoda Ribner (Class of 68) Syrl Silberman (Class of 66) and Barbara Roston (Class of 64). All but Syrl live nearby in New York City. Recently, we have become reacquainted with Natasha Lisman (Class of 68), who joined the senior program at the 92 nd Street Y that Marian and I belong to.

Photos below are from a pre-pandemic Thanksgiving dinner, high school graduations, and Marian and I on a trip.



# Donald Newman

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I started to write something about my memories of my four years at Brandeis as well as the impact Brandeis had on me. But then I decided to reread what I had submitted 10 years ago for our 50th Reunion Yearbook and I realized I had recounted many of the same memories. They obviously had made deep impressions on me. As well, I can't say I have anything to add regarding my career, achievements or anything I've done that has made a difference that I didn't write 10 years ago, not that I had much to say about the last matter then, or now.

I guess the most significant fact about me since 2013 is that I'm still alive. And, I'm sure like most of you, realizing that I never had any idea previously as to what old age does to the body and the mind. The single biggest recent change for me was the passing last year of my partner, Judith Laub, of 16 years. I'm recognizing that being alone at 80 is far more challenging than, say, having been alone when I first met Judith in my early 60s.

With apologies for repeating some of what I wrote 10 years ago, I thought I'd share some reflections about my life at Brandeis and the impact that experience has had on me.

I was a very socially immature 16 years of age when I arrived at Brandeis and, even after four years, I was still quite insecure in social relations, particularly with the opposite sex. But I gradually grew up during those four years, with help from many classmates and some in the class behind us, particularly as I found my passion for politics and roomed with Victor Hausner '64 in my junior year. The opportunity afforded me to serve as treasurer of the student union and a member of student council had a major impact on me, getting me deeply involved in student organizations, funding various campus publications and events, and working with others in constructive pursuits. I still recall moderating a disastrous town hall meeting at which Allen Dulles tried to speak, and having breakfast with him the next day during which he admitted he should have responded to critics rather than refusing to do so. And sitting across the table from Malcolm X in the Student Center after his talk at Brandeis.

I'm not sure I will ever be able to fully appreciate the positive impact that Brandeis faculty had on me. Faculty like John Roche, I. Milton Sacks, Alan Levitan, Richard Sklar, Philip Rahv, and others, helped me learn, develop analytical skills, shape my values, and begin to spread my own wings before departing Brandeis. Their impacts have been lifelong.

I'm also grateful for friendships I made at Brandeis that still remain today, sometimes with temporal interruptions. I remain in frequent contact with Ed Perlmutter and Larry Goldman, both of whom settled permanently in NYC at about the time I was relocating to Southern California. I often share thoughts via social media with Faruk Logoglu, I've reconnected there with Ansori Nawawi and I get to see some of Julian Weitzenfeld's beautiful photography there as well. Here in Southern California I am close with Alan Penkower and was as well for decades with Rich Rogal until his recent passing.

By now, we've all lived long lives filled with love, beauty, joy, sorrow, pain, heartache, achievements, frustrations and all that life brings. I wish you all well. And if any of you find yourselves in Southern California, or even simply on Facebook, please say hello.





# Theresa (Terri) Castellana Orr

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I was born and raised in Waltham. Growing up my friends and I saw Brandeis as that separate “village with a castle” set apart on the hill off South Street. It was a wonderful advantage to my Brandeis experience that I lived on campus all four years with the opportunity to be influenced by a different world view than my sheltered upbringing and to make new friends. And the most precious of those friendships has been with Marian Alben Pruslin – a friendship of 64 years enduring even through my divorce from her husband’s pal, a match-up she had arranged.

To get some inspiration to write this 60 th Reunion entry, I went back to the 50 th Reunion yearbook to see what others had written. And I read my own with some surprise at the length of it. Don’t think I’ll do that again! But reading my own narrative of my career, I am again filled with gratitude for my Brandeis education that fostered intellectual skills that enabled the career opportunities I’ve had. At Brandeis we learned to think critically and comprehensively and to write clearly. Was there ever a course that didn’t require essays and papers!

My first career in 1963 was as an elementary school teacher in Waltham – with the barest of teacher preparation training through the Teacher Certification Program instituted at Brandeis to qualify liberal arts majors for a teacher certificate to address the teacher shortage. Through 2 pregnancies, I subbed and tutored in the system. By 1971 the shortage had turned into a teacher glut but I needed a full-time job and found it at Brandeis in the Financial Aid Office, courtesy of Dean of Students Mathew Sgan, for whom I had worked as a student in the Brandeis Admissions Office. And that began my second career in higher education administration, going to graduate school nights and working up the ladder of responsibility and title – 6 years at Brandeis, 3 years at Tufts Medical School, and 25 years at Harvard Medical School from which I retired in 2005 as the Associate Dean for Admissions and Student Services.

From Brandeis Admissions as a student to Harvard Med Admissions as a dean – a wide circle.

During those nearly 4 decades in higher education administration, I was active in professional organizations and spoke widely on topics of student loan debt management and diversity in admissions. I felt I had contributed to my areas of expertise and am now somewhat dismayed when I see advances I valued being disputed. In the financial aid arena, I convinced the Massachusetts Higher Education Assistance Corporation, the student loan guarantor, to devise ways to counsel students about debt and budgeting. They made me chairperson of the task force, and we designed a student loan counseling strategy that became incorporated into federal regulation by the US Department of Education. But that was years ago. Since then tuitions and costs of attendance have spiraled out of control in tandem with the availability and accumulation of student loan debt. The student loan industry – and it has become a vast industry – has become incredibly complex with loan portfolios being bought and sold by banks so that repayment is confusing not to mention very burdensome.

Pleas for the federal government to

provide relief and solutions sadly are opposed by many. In the admissions arena, I spoke widely on using criteria beyond the hard objective academic grades and scores to assess the contribution an applicant might make to enriching the educational environment. Would the applicant benefit not only themselves but also the experience of classmates, their future profession, and society? Looking at these criteria in thoughtful and systematic ways, the numbers of underrepresented minority students enrolled in medicine increased. These days the news is rife with challenges to “affirmative action” to undo years of legislative and societal progress in this area.

After retiring from Harvard, I still wanted to continue connection with young people embarking on a new phase in their lives. I sought and was granted a commission from the Governor as a Justice of the Peace to officiate marriages – a third career. What a great run that turned out to be joining hundreds of couples in matrimony! (One of those brides was classmate Barry Haimson’s daughter Jennifer back in 2015.) I was commissioned about the time that same-sex marriage became legal in Massachusetts, and gay couples were looking for officiants. I performed many same-sex marriages including several couples who traveled to Massachusetts to get married. (One couple traveled up the east coast from Florida during Hurricane Sandy just to be sure they could get their marriage license in time for their scheduled celebration.) And then happily in 2015 full marriage equality became the law of the land. The recent challenges to undo marriage equality are dispiriting to say the least.

When my Justice of the Peace commission expired in 2019, I decided not to reapply. My energies now are devoted to my family and to volunteer ministries at my church and recovery fellowship. I seem to have come to another full circle having begun in 1963 teaching first grade and now running a little class of first-graders in my parish After-School Program. It’s sweet and uplifting.

Along the way I met a wonderful man, Jerry Packer, and remarried in 2003. Jerry, an attorney and athlete, succumbed to Alzheimer’s and Parkinson’s in 2015. We both knew how lucky we were to have found special love and joy the second time around in our sixties.

My life remains full and active. If we look for the good, we’ll find it – or create it!



# Marian Alben Pruslin

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60 years! WOW! I came to Brandeis from Brooklyn a month before I turned 17. I came because my parents wanted me to go, never questioning their choice. And, once again, I thank them for the wisdom of their choice. I majored in psych, felt pretty overwhelmed most of the time and often homesick. But things got better and I didn't act on my plan to transfer to Brooklyn College.

I got married at the end of my junior year to Dennis Pruslin, a grad student at MIT who coincidentally graduated from my high school, two years ahead of me. With over 5000 students, we didn't know each other in Brooklyn but rather met on a blind date. After graduation, I worked at the Sloan School at MIT until my son, Stewart, was born in 1966. We moved from Back Bay to an apartment in Newton and I enrolled in an M.Ed program at Boston University. After receiving that degree, coinciding with Dennis receiving his D.Sc., we bought a house in Wellesley in 1968 where I still live. My daughter, Rebecca, was born in 1971. I started volunteering at the Newton-Wellesley-Weston Multiservice Center which catered to the needs of teenagers with issues revolving around family, school, and risky behaviors. In 1978, I transformed my volunteer interest into paid employment as a learning disabilities tutor at Newton North High School. The tutor status changed to full teacher status and I continued to have a long (31 yrs.) successful and fulfilling career there, keeping in touch with many peers and former students.

After retiring in 2008, I resumed my volunteer life and began to get involved in a program called College Behind Bars which helped inmates work toward their college degrees. I worked with a team of four at Framingham State Prison, the only prison for women in MA. This was an incredible eye-opening experience culminating in a powerful afternoon where I spoke in defense of "Anne" at her parole hearing. She got parole but it took the system almost a year to find a placement for her. In addition, I volunteered as a tutor and mentor for a Newton family who were part of Second Step, a program for battered women. I continue my relationship with this family to the present. It is a great source of joy to me to watch how the young daughter has grown and matured and is wracking up a whole bunch of healthy accomplishments as she approaches 25.

My son is married and lives in Wilmington, MA, about 25 miles away. He has continued the teaching tradition changing his certification in elementary ed to phys. ed. He also works as an activities therapist at an after-school program. He is the father of my only grandchild, Kevin, who was born on 9/11 of 2007 and is a constant reminder of how good events can coexist with awful memories. He also reminded me that now he can get his learner's permit!

My daughter is married to a Scotsman and lives a good life in New Jersey and in Uvita, Costa Rica where she and her husband bought a house ten years ago and have just finished a major remodeling project. She is the director of foreign rights at a literary agency in Manhattan and gets to meet lots of interesting people and travel to interesting places. She and I FaceTime every other night and I feel blessed. It is almost as good as having her here.

My husband, Dennis, died 5 years ago of pancreatic cancer. With help, he was able to stay home until the end, a promise I made to him. We had been married for 56 years. He worked at MIT Lincoln Lab for over 50 years and got this awful diagnosis two days after he officially retired. But there were lots of good memories, lots of travel, and adventures. We collected Russian lacquer boxes on our travels and from on-line vendors and amassed an amazing collection of miniature art. When Dennis died, I donated a large part of the collection to the Museum of Russian Icons in Clinton, MA. They were thrilled to get the boxes and I was thrilled to find such a wonderful home for them.

I continue on the journey of learning how to live alone, though the support of many friends and family often eases the hard parts. I look forward to visiting my daughter and son-in-law in Costa Rica this January and then going on a cruise of the Mississippi River with Terri Orr who I first met freshman year on Deroy 2. I have not written any great books nor won any notable awards but I feel I have led a full life and hope that I have loved and helped others along the way.

# Raphael Richman

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The past 5 years have been busy and rewarding. Here's some highlights.

Music - I wrote and recorded the "Donald Trump Blues" in 2017. I wrote the lyric; the music is an old, unattributed Blues called "Evil-Hearted Man". A cousin who plays guitar and has a home studio made it sound almost professional. There are two versions. One is called "Bully" and the other "Doctor". Intro & Close are the same; the difference is the center section verses.

Link: <https://soundcloud.com/search?q=Raphy4134>

Last Winter I started composing a musical satirical take on American Politics out of a sense of frustration that our charlatan ex-president could continue to brazenly lie in public, yet attract so many millions of followers. Moreover, much of our bedrock law has been influenced or written by the super-rich. When that's not enough they can pay to circumvent the law. I turn to humor to deal with frustration. I adapted "I Write The Songs", a Bruce Johnston tune from the 70's. (Barry Manilow made it into a hit.) With new, alternative lyrics it's now named: "I Write The Laws." My first version is called "Plutocracy". After that, another 7 versions just flowed out: "Property Rights"; "Minority Control"; "Freedom of Speech"; "Freedom to Choose"; "Personal Liberty"; "and, "Model Society." Alas, my cousin wasn't free to help, so I took a recorded version of the tune and sang over it. No longer semi-pro!

But the words are clear, the tune is catchy and it skewers the GOP, even if I can't sing.

Link: <https://soundcloud.com/search?q=Raphy4134>

Novella - After George Floyd was murdered in May, 2020, people protested in the streets of New York and around the country. Old guys like me were getting bopped on the head by police for just gathering or marching in protest. I started searching for a way to express my solidarity with the protesters, people of conscience, people who'd had enough of racially-skewed, police brutality. One evening, we happened to watch a re-run of Spielberg's "Lincoln".

It sparked a thought. What if Lincoln had lived? How might America be different today? But, who could have intervened and saved Lincoln's life at the theater that night? After updating myself on the period, I chose Frederick Douglass. They both grew up poor; Lincoln's mother taught him to read from the bible; the kindly wife of one of Douglass's owners' did the same for him. They both turned to the bible and later Shakespeare, the Constitution and Aesop for wisdom. They had met more than once after Lincoln's election. They were respectful but adversaries. Lincoln, conservative, and reluctant to get out ahead of the public on slavery; Douglass, radical in his out-spoken eagerness to confront it. It also seemed to me that Lincoln needed a friend he could trust and confide in. He needed an alter ego. Frederick Douglass was the perfect fit for this piece of historical fiction, my first attempt. Thanks go to Julian Weitzenfeld. He critiqued my first draft and taught me how to improve my writing.

"If Lincoln Lived" is on Amazon. I priced it as low as they allow to get a broad audience for an uplifting story.

The drama resolves by showing the path we could have taken. A faster, smoother, safer path that would have allowed the ex-slaves to secure an equitable place in society. That is, of course, If Lincoln Lived.

The Link:

<https://www.amazon.com/If-Lincoln-Lived-Raphael-Richman/dp/B0939ZG5GT>

## Trump Organization Fraud Trial.

I was called for regular jury duty on October 24, last year. The juror pool that day was the usual 100 people. Unusual was the fact that we all got called into one courtroom simultaneously. Then, we got the surprise of our lives. Judge Merchan took his seat and told 100 flabbergasted New Yorkers the purpose of the trial. “Manhattan D.A., Alvin Bragg, has brought multiple charges of tax fraud and falsifying business records against The Trump Organization.” Merchan went on to say: “I admonish jurors to ignore the elephant in the room. You must swear that you can set aside any views about Donald J. Trump” because ... “only the Trump Organization is on trial, not Donald Trump or his family.”

About half the potential jurors opted out. Judge Merchan and 9 prosecuting/defense attorneys screened them in private, one at a time. It took hours. I sat there thinking: Can I swear to such an absurd admonition? How can the law be so bracketed? Is this Justice? Late that afternoon, I took the oath. By the end of the day, the lawyers had chosen 7 jurors. I wasn't called. Jury selection continued the next morning and I was called. The procedure included a ten page questionnaire about me, my neighborhood, my associations, if any, with lawyers, judges, Trump. No one's name or address was mentioned. Finally, it came time to look the defense attorneys in the eye and say aloud whether my feelings about Trump would prevent me from rendering an objective verdict. I had spent a sleepless night wrestling with my conscience. How I wanted to have a role in bringing this life-long liar and cheat to justice. Oh, to expose this brazen crook, even though the \$2 million fine/penalty is only a “wrist slap” for a billionaire. But I couldn't bring myself to lie to the court and I said so. The truth got me sent home. (Fittingly, NYC paid me for 3 days even though I'd only worked 2!)

In retrospect, perhaps this mini-step, legal process was the only rational way to proceed. Bragg didn't have sufficient evidence to indict Trump himself. He had cut a deal with Allen Weisselberg, the Trump family's lead accountant for nearly 50 years. But Weisselberg would only testify against the organization, not against Trump or the family. In return, for being the key witness to fraud, his sentence was reduced to 5 months. Perhaps Bragg was playing a long game, figuring this case was just Round 1 in a series of indictments to come. Anyway, justice was somewhat served. The Trump Organization was found guilty on all 17 counts. They paid the \$2 million, suffered humiliation in the press and a further loss in business reputation. A beginning.

### Hiatt Program, 1961

This past June, participants were asked to write a short essay on our experience by Brandeis's Schustermann Center. They are publishing a virtual book with our memories as well as those who participated in successive years. I included photos of wondrous occasions: talking with Ben Gurion about the birth of his country, just 13 years prior; picking cotton on Kfar Blum, a kibbutz in the far north; attending the Eichmann trial in Jerusalem. Unforgettable.

Here's a photo of me picking cotton (Ouch!). Kfar Blum is way too close to The Golan Heights - - the hills behind me, harboring Syrian assassins with automatic weapons.

Sad to say that two from the Hiatt Charter Year group of thirteen have passed away. Carole Cutler and Henry Shoolman. At our 50th reunion, Carole told me how she met her husband, serendipity for sure. Out for a walk one day in Cambridge, some years after Brandeis, she ran into Michael Wolff, the son of the owners of our home-base in Jerusalem, Pension Wolff. Michael was continuing his studies there. They hit it off, fell in love, married and moved to Jerusalem. Henry Shoolman is the other Hiatt '61 member who passed. Henry and I were the only Brandeis grads who went on to the University of Chicago Graduate School of Business. We got our MBA's in 1965.

### When

Henry moved west to work, we were pretty much out of touch. The Hiatt Memories Book has many of my pictures of Henry, Carole and the group over those 6 months.

It will be on line at: <https://tinyurl.com/57rv3yfb>

## Observations re “Woke”

How has a term that, back in our day valorized those who possess a social conscience, come to be inverted by MAGA-Conservatives and turned into a sneering put-down? Where’s the public voice condemning the MAGA-maniacs? How can the minority voice of ignorance and lies be louder than the voice of the majority? Are we too self-involved? In MAGA-land, the antithesis of “Woke” is said to be “Based”. But Based on What? The Anti-Woke certainly avoid the Truth. Brandeisians could adopt a simple, honest retort. “Woke? N0! We are Truth-Based”.

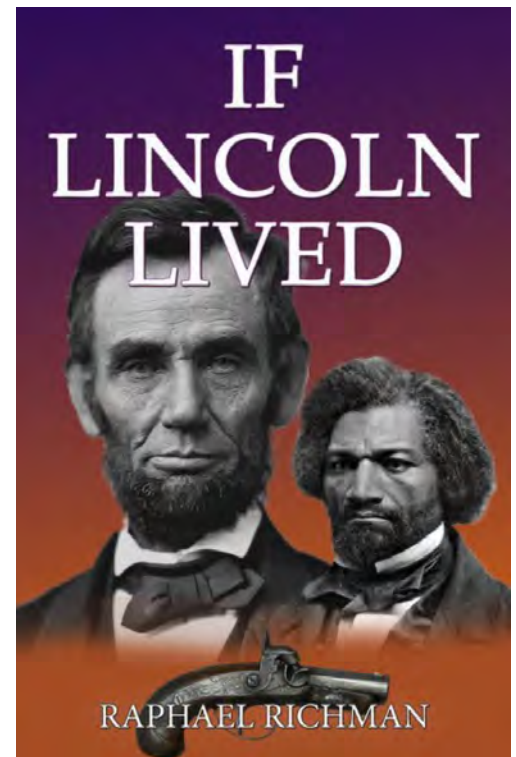
## Planned Graphic Essay on “America Today”

A virtual deck which I hope will provides some clarity on big questions: What makes America tick? What’s holding back progress? What are the root causes of our social atomization and societal dysfunction? Is the preference for money and property among the wealthiest 1% stoking the so-called “culture wars” driving out a reasonable regard for morality and probity? Are Thucydides, Lord Acton, Maslow and Bernie more helpful in understanding our predicament than Pinker, Sandel, Hobbes and Friedman? Does the arc of the moral universe really bend towards justice or is that just aspirational? I suspect we all stew over such issues to one degree or another.

For the URL write  
to: raphy4134@gmail.com

Holly and I are looking forward to seeing you at our 60th ... and perhaps at #65, in 2028. (We should be so lucky.)

Raph





# Lawrence Rosen

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Larry Rosen retired several years ago after teaching anthropology at Princeton and law at Columbia Universities. As an anthropologist he has worked mainly in North Africa; as a lawyer he has worked on cases of Native Americans and family law. Author of more than a dozen books and named to the first group of MacArthur Award recipients, he most recently served as a senior fellow at Harvard Law School and a fellow at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton. He is currently back in Princeton but will probably be heading back to Maine for his retirement. Brandeis was a crucial factor and the recent gift of a large collection of books is but a small token of appreciation for the years spent there. Wishing all my classmates well.

# Bobbi Samuels

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My life turned totally inside out in the ten years since our 50 th Reunion. Vic and I loved being at Brandeis together to see our Brandeis friends back then, having little idea of what was to come. Ten years ago, Vic and I were both more or less retired. I left my position on the faculty of the School of Education at University of Houston Clear Lake. Vic was still going to his office at Victory Packaging, although our oldest son Ben had taken over management of the company and Vic was serving mostly as an advisor. Two of our sons worked in the company at the time; Jeremy, our youngest son, was a regional manager. Josh, our middle son, was then and still is a nephrologist on the faculty at University of Texas Medical School. My life was filled with activities with our seven grandchildren, all living in Houston, and with a variety of community boards of directors and projects.

Sometime around then, in 2013, Vic noticed that he was forgetting names and I became aware that he often repeated himself. We went to a neurologist who tested Vic and said it was too early for a clear diagnosis but that Vic had signs of cognitive loss and could possibly be headed towards Alzheimer's disease. We didn't change our lives then, but over the next few years he went for annual testing and we realized that Vic's condition was worsening. Names weren't the only things he couldn't remember and he often became confused.

At around that time I became Chairman of the Board of the Jewish Community Center of Houston, excited that this was something Vic and I could share. He had been Chair in the late 1970's and was still connected to the J and to the people involved there. I loved the time I spent as Chair, focusing my tenure on more direct involvement of the Board of Directors, bringing people together, starting a program of Jewish theater, and beginning to explore options for expansion of the J's role in different neighborhoods of Houston. Unfortunately, I quickly discovered that Vic was no longer able to understand and follow the issues I brought home to discuss with him. Sadly, his mind was clearly deteriorating. Alzheimer's is a slow and relentless disease.

In spite of Vic's early Alzheimer's, we continued to travel, going on to see polar bears in northern Canada, spending about three weeks in the Berkshires during the summers, taking a Viking river cruise, until about 2019, when Vic's balance and physical condition started to parallel his mental state. I was fortunate to be able to hire some wonderful caregivers to help Vic so I was able to continue some of my community engagement, book clubs, and classes. Alzheimer's is dreadful! Vic was still living at home with me that last year, but he was a shell of the strong and active person he had been.

Vic died in June, 2020, while CoVid was raging. I lost my husband and best friend. Unfortunately, we were allowed only 30 close family members and friends at his funeral, held outdoors at the cemetery. Limiting the celebration of a life filled with achievements and friendships was another of the wicked ironies of that crazy time.

In the three years since then I have built a new life. At first, of course, CoVid kept me largely isolated and home. I saw my children and grandchildren, I got together with close friends by walking together outside in the park or eating out together in restaurants that had outdoor seating. I attended lectures or book clubs on Zoom, I did lots of reading. It was a time to heal and a time to grow.

I'm very proud of our three sons. Their commitment to the community is strong. Following in our footsteps, our son Jeremy just completed his term as Chair at the J. At the same time, Ben was Chair of the Jewish Federation in Houston. Josh is President of the Board of Camp for All, a camp in Texas that provides camping experiences for children and adults with various physical and mental challenges.

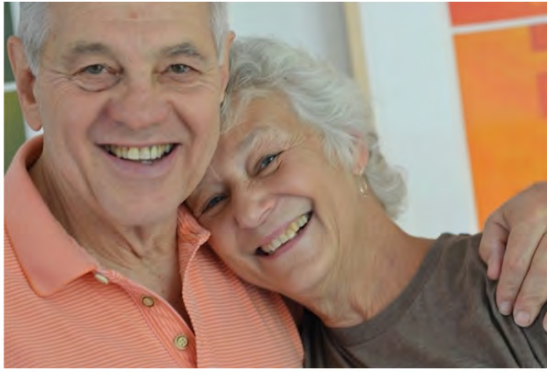
My life today is filled with family, friends, travel, and community. My grandchildren are all in college with one in medical school now, but I enjoy time with them when they're home in Houston or when we travel together. This summer, for example, I went to Alaska to visit a great niece and to go with her to watch bears. In July I spent a week at a Samuels family reunion in Switzerland with 46 other members of the extended Samuels family followed by a

week traveling in Vienna and Prague with two of my sons and their families. I flew from Prague to Boston and on to the Berkshires where I rented a house for three weeks and enjoyed visits from family members and friends. In September I enjoyed a terrific Metropolitan Museum trip to India, Nepal, and Bhutan, looking at Buddhist monasteries. I'm ready to enjoy a little time at home after my trip to Boston for our reunion and for quick visits with three grandchildren in college in the Northeast.

My son sold Victory Packaging, the company that Vic and Ben built, about eight years ago. We set up a Samuels Family Foundation guided by my sons, daughters-in-law, and myself. Some of my time now is spent visiting and researching projects and organizations we support with our funding. Our major focus is on early childhood education, but we also support social justice and Jewish continuity. As a memorial to Vic we made a substantial gift to Brandeis to support COMPACT (Samuels Center for Community Partnerships and Civic Transformation) which aims to encourage community engagement by both undergraduate and graduate students and faculty. The program is growing and developing in many directions on campus.

In Houston I still serve on the Board of Directors of our Children's Museum, of Inprint (which supports the sharing of literature and good writing and the creative writing program at University of Houston, of the Alzheimer's Association, and on committees at the Jewish Community Center, the League of Women Voters, and occasional other projects. My book club meets monthly, I take some classes, and I enjoy theater, symphony, and ballet performances.

In short, life is relatively busy and good.



Vic and Bobbi Samuels



Vic Samuels



Bobbi Samuels



Jeremy, Bobbi, Ben, and Josh



Samuels family in Turks and Caicos, November, 2021

# Margaret Shirley

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What a boon to be around to appear in a second Brandeis yearbook, 60 years after my first!

Since 1963, I have become more and more aware of the grounding Brandeis gave me; often against my inclinations, which were to scrape by most of the time without taking advantage of the wonderful opportunities to learn from superb faculty and fellow students. I think I was too young, at 16, to swim at the deep end, and regret it.

Anyway, the Biology professors, among others, inspired me enough to know that being a lab tech for the rest of my life, even at Harvard (my first job), was not going to be fulfilling, and I went on to a PhD in Biochemistry from Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia. I often remembered that I was next door to Greta Rosenberg's mythical home of Newfoundland--perhaps will finally get to Gros Morne in the next 60 years post college!

On to a post doc at Sick Kids, Toronto, and then being driven further to take up medicine. No North American school wanted a 30-ish female with a mediocre undergrad record, so I started in Grenada. I missed the invasion because I had flown out on the day of the coup for a midterm vacation in New England with my future husband from Toronto, then at Yale for a Physiology post-doc. Dalhousie was kind enough to take me back for third year and to take him onto the faculty! Since then I have been doing internal medicine and now part-time hospitalist work in Nova Scotia at a regional hospital. We live in Lunenburg, a town which has forsaken catching fish for catching tourists. Unfortunately, we have no children, but we do have a poodle and two cats. Any visitors are welcome to request a tour!

Best to All,

Margaret Shirley

# Evan Stark

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## Professional Work Life Since Brandeis

I've had two careers since Brandeis, both seeded here, first as an activist, then as a Professor and feminist social thinker. At graduation, I was high on mushrooms friends had harvested behind Kalman in the spring. My whole family picketed McGeorge Bundy, including my Ukrainian grandmother. When I ran into Maurice Stein,

my faculty advisor, he told me he'd learned more sociology on a lunch line from Hans Gerth than in four years at Columbia. The next day, a friend from drove me to Madison, Wisconsin to find Hans Gerth. When Gerth extended a sabbatical in Japan, I took a position at Washington University in St. Louis with Stein's old mentor at Buffalo Alvin Gouldner. In St. Louis, where I worked with CORE, the short story here is that I was fired from my position after I was arrested and spent the xmas holidays in solitary confinement for sitting in at the Jefferson Bank. Back in Madison, I was a full time activist for two years.

A stereotype student leader: constant meetings, speeches, debates, marches, picketing and always organizing 24/7. I helped lead the anti-draft sit-ins in 1966, started the Anti-Military Ball' ("Do anti-militarists have balls?" – ugh), designed the arrest of the Commander of the Truax air-base and spearheaded the Dow protests in 1967, at the time, the most massive use of police on a US campus.

Amidst all this—here comes the Brandeis piece-- we also built a vital counterculture, with a Free University, a literary magazine 'Quixote,' and on alternative theatre, including a production of McBird with playwright Barbara Garson (whose husband Marvin was Brandeis "61) .

No one will forget those years in Madison, even many alums who were never there. This was an experience of our possibilities that made the rest of life look wanting by comparison. Among the many informers identified in 600 pages of FBI files I've recovered is Dick Chaney, then a graduate student in political science.

I was also in NYC for part of this period, living with two class of "65 Brandesians, Steve Slaner and Victor Hausner, dating Geraldine Fabrikant "65, working with East Harlem CORE and organizing a left faction of the anti-war movement called 'The Revolutionary Contingent' which brought me in frequent contact with movement stars Abbie Hoffman—who had sold subs in the Castle—and Angela Davis "65 , a Marcuse protégé who had been Gerry's roommate.

I was expelled from Wisconsin and fled an all points bulletin to Canada, where I worked on rural development in the Department of Forestry and made a series of films for the Canadian Film Board on Saul Alinsky, the American organizer. In February of 1968, I married Sally Connolly, the woman who drove the getaway car from Madison, with my Brandeis roommate Peter Elkin as best man, was arrested our honeymoon at 'Babe and Eleanors" in the North Woods, and moved to Minneapolis, where I enrolled in graduate school, but then was quickly removed by the FBI.

In Minneapolis, I worked with Clyde Bellacourt, Dennis Banks and the American Indian Movement (AIM) to start neighborhood patrols to keep the police out of the southside, was the Administrator of a government Community Center where we organized tenants unions, an alternative high school and 'Glendale University," a full-tuition college program for welfare moms where faculty hired by the mothers taught courses they helped to design in their homes.

When the FBI forced the resignation of

the 3 political leaders of the new mass organization in the City—myself, Matt Eubanks and Clyde Bellacourt—we resigned to save the jobs of others. For the next two years, I worked with Marv Davidov on the ‘Honeywell Project’ a locally-based international campaign to stop the production and use of anti-personnel bombs in Vietnam. As part of this effort, I coordinated “Proxies for People,” an organization that collected proxies from prominent shareholders to confront Honeywell, GE and other war producers at their annual meetings. In Minneapolis, Sally Connolly, myself and a small group of others put out “Hair,” an early underground newspaper, and “100 Flowers,” a paper we printed for several years. Among our achievements as organizers was the defeat of Charles Stenvig, the City’s right-wing mayor, and the victories of Rudy Perpich as Governor and Don Fraser as mayor.

#### Career

My second career began In 1972. My father was a visiting professor in Israel and Sally and I moved to their summer home in Hillsdale, New York where our son Aaron was born. We lived communally for some months with Peter Elkin. his wife Cia and their son Noah and then Peter and I got jobs, he in New York and me at a small college outside of New Haven, where my freshman roommate, Mike Koskoff was defending Lonnie McLucas, a Black Panther charged with murdering Alex Rackley. Soon after we arrived, Sally and I joined with five other couples to start a parent-run children’s cooperative day care, one of the country’s first. The Coop is still open today.

In 1976, I wrote a series of articles for the Union for Radical Political Economists (URPE), on medicine and health, including an article, “The Epidemic as a Social Event,” in which I argued for a social theory of disease rooted in the dynamics of employment and capitalist production rather than nature. The paper became a focus of an international group of radical health professionals and academics. An East Coast Radical Health Discussion Group (ECRHDG) of about 50 of us came together from about twenty cities and universities and began bimonthly meetings. We concentrated our work in a new journal (the Int. J. of Health Services) and I was recruited by Charles Lindblom, the Director of the Institution of Social and Policy Studies at Yale, to adapt the framework to new ‘nonmedical’ direction for health research. I was hired as Lindblom’s assistant, moved into ISPS, the health proposal was funded by the Kaiser Family Foundation and a number of new faculty were hired to pursue the nonmedical, multidisciplinary agenda in health.

When Aaron was 3, Sally and I decided to separate, share custody and continue to do turns in the day-care. Anne Flitcraft, whom I had met in Minneapolis, came to Yale for medical school, we reconnected and married, bought a house and almost immediately began sheltering women hiding from abusive partners with their children. Our friend in Minneapolis, Sharon Vaughan, started the first shelter for battered women in the U.S. By 1977, we had joined with 10 other women and men to form the New Haven Project for Battered Women (NHGPBW) one of the first such groups in the U.S.. Two years and loads of ground work later we opened, the New Haven Shelter in two buildings acquired from Yale . The NHPBW continues to operate. Today, shelters like ours circle the globe, serving and protecting millions of women and children annually.

For her medical school thesis, Anne Flitcraft showed the significance of domestic violence as a source of injury in a month’s sample of patients. Anne’s research became the basis for multi-year NIMH research projects at ISPS , numerous professional publications, and our first book, Women at Risk (1996) as well as the development of the award-winning Domestic Violence Training Project (DVTP), a program through which we contracted to provide training in appropriate intervention for hundreds of State, federal, local and professional health, police and social service organizations throughout the U.S and Canada.

The DVTP protocol was adapted by the U.S. Surgeon General, the American Medical Association and American Nursing Association and numerous health services and international agencies. Few other single pieces of research affected the profile of abused women worldwide more significantly. I consider passage of The Violence Against Women Act in 1994 the penultimate accomplishment of our movement.

By the time we completed the Yale Studies, Anne and I had three more children, I had finished a PhD in sociology at SUNY and taken a position at Rutgers University in Newark, and Anne had joined the UConn medical faculty as an internist with an inner-city practice at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford. With time out for sabbaticals and a Fulbright year in England, I stayed at Rutgers till 2012, 28 years. When I retired I had a joint appointment at the medical school, where I had helped start a new School of Public Health with a focus on urban health. During that time, I commuted 2.5 hours each way by car, but only three times a week, going down late afternoon to miss the traffic and returning at 9 pm, with the Yankees on the radio. We raised the boys in a lovely 6 bedroom colonial on Edgewood Park in New Haven with numerous other wonderful houseguests for periods up to several years, including two Italian professors wanted for 'commune crimes' in the killing of Aldo Mauro, a runaway teen who had aged out of the Yale system and was headed for prison facility, the head of the teachers' union in Chile who we rescued from 'the arena' and his wife and daughters and my mother. When the automatic stair mechanism we installed for my mother proved too cumbersome, we moved to a deck house in nearby Woodbridge, where she died, probably happier than at any time since her childhood with her cousins in the Bronx.

#### My Family

Some of you will remember my sister Joyce, who was at the Cambridge School in Weston when Mike and I were in Ridgewood and was on campus a lot to see her boyfriend Bob Penny, who worked with Ralph Norman. Joyce is a social worker who still maintains a private clinical practice with severely disturbed children. In Syracuse. Her husband, Rudy Duncan, is also a clinical social worker and runs a Karazenpo Go Shinjutsu karate studio.

I have three sons with Anne and one son, Aaron, with Sally Connolly, and she has a daughter by a subsequent marriage. We have three grand children. We celebrate Passover and most other major holidays as a blended family. When I got an visiting appointment at the University of Edinburgh in 2012, Anne retired from her inner-city Hartford medical practice. Although I stopped playing accordion about 10 years ago and no longer take piano lessons, Anne continued to stud piano, teach one class for medical students at Yale ("which side of the stethoscope goes up?") and is an avid quilter.

#### Activirty Since Retirement

For about 20 years, I have maintained a social work forensic practice in which I assess and testify on behalf primarily of women who are charged in the death of a partner, a child or another party that occurred in the context of abuse. In 2006, drawing on both the years of research Anne and I did at Yale and my forensic practice, I published Coercive Control, How Men Entrap Women in Personal Life, where I argue that most serious and fatal "domestic violence" occurs in the context of an ongoing criminal strategy to appropriate the privileges and resources in a family or personal space, that physical violence is one but not always the important element of this offense, and that this pattern has more in common with hostage taking and kidnapping than ordinary assault. Since the book's publication, a number of countries, including England, France, Ireland, Scotland and South Wales, and a number of U.S. states, including California, Hawaii and New York, have adapted coercive control as the framework for their criminal justice response.

Since 2006, I have testified in a number of high profile cases in which women were acquitted who had been charged or previously convicted in the death of an abusive partner.



For example, my evidence was critical when the Royal High Court of England freed Sally Challen in 2019 from the long prison sentence. During the last two years, I revised by book on Coercive Control to include the new laws and cas and expanded the argument to children. In Children of Coercive Control, I argue that the problem that is treated globally as “child abuse” is more accurately understood as a form of child victimization secondary to control over the mother. I call for the elimination of the child welfare and child protection systems as we currently have them—which are solely focused on mothers—and their replacement by more aggressive policing of coercive control and broad equity and support programs for women.

For me, the Brandeis experience, despite the racial and relative class homogeneity of our cohort, was an experience of acceptance among difference, a sense of solidarity in purpose which, no matter how ephemeral it may seem to me in retrospect, became the lodestar by which I judge everything that came after. Whatever I may have accomplished through our work, my ultimate accomplishment I feel is the recreation of the sense of community I felt at Brandeis in the communities of women and children that have sprung up spontaneously around us wherever we have lived or travelled abroad, from El Salvador to Taiwan, from Wales and Ireland to Turkey. It is sharing that sense of community, first inbred in a lute concert in an off-campus apartment by Karl Wolfram, or sing out with Joan Baez in Ridgewood, or a howl of anguish by Kathleen Gough Aberlee, Normal Mailer, Paul Goodman, Malcolm X or Herbert Marcuse or Allan Grossman or Frank Manuel, that stays with me. I have not so much had a career as I see it, but have lived a life, in which my personal travail seemed to mesh with the troubles of others. It was an immense privilege to have had my seed time at a place like Brandeis which, like me, was just getting on its feet.



# Marshall Stein

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My career as a lawyer was a series of serendipitous events. My first job was with a small firm where I did their trial work. I wanted to join the Federal legal program . When I applied there was a large case seeking to change state law on housing standards. A lawyer was needed to work with clients and put their stories into a form that satisfied the rules of evidence. From there I began working with public housing tenant groups representing them in negotiating a new lease. Safety was a major concern. Contacting Senator Brooke' s office, I offered to coordinate a program on the safety issue with a pediatrician at Children's who worked with Berry Brazelton. My wife Helene introduced me to Brazelton. Brooke liked my work and offered to be my sponsor to join the U.S. Attorney's office, where I did several appeals to the First Circuit. They were searching for a person to create a Staff Attorney's office. Invited to apply I was hired as the first Chief. After a few years I returned to private practice.;

In retirement, I took up writing thrillers. The first one, RAGE BEGETS MURDER, came out in 2013. I have completed a second and sought an agent. One, who specializes in thrillers read the full MS. He loved the writing and the characters, but passed. However, he asked that I submit the next book to him. If I were 31, not 81, I would be thrilled.

My wife Helene, Brandeis'66, and I have been married 58 good years. Helene is a retired PhD psychologist.

Our daughter Lisa, Brandeis'90, met her husband Karim, when they were getting their MBA's. She is presently the COO and CFO of Story Corps. Our son Dan went into the family florist business, eventually sold it. and is thinking about what he wants to do next.

I am forwarding a recent photo of the 4 of us outside our house before selling it. We now live in an apartment, nine floors up with lovely sunrises and sunsets.



# Sheila Efron Taube

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Since I am neither a novelist nor a biographer, I will review my life as the scientist I am, providing the data first, followed by the results, discussion and conclusions!

## Data:

### Post-graduate education:

- PhD in Microbiology and Immunology (Virology) – Univ. of Pittsburgh Medical School
- Postdoctoral Fellowship – Yale University Medical School Career (in brief):

### Career (in brief):

- Assistant Professor, Dept. of Microbiology – Univ. of CT Medical School
- Program Director ->Branch Chief -> Associate Division Director (Div. of Cancer Treatment and Diagnosis), Director, Cancer Diagnosis Program – National Cancer Institute (NIH)
- FDA Advisory Panel Member
- NCI Liaison to European Organization for Research and Treatment of Cancer
- College of American Pathologists Cancer Committee
- American Society for Clinical Oncology Practice Guidelines Committee for Breast Cancer Prognostic Markers

### Family:

- Met my wonderful husband, Steven, in the first couple of weeks of graduate school
- Married in June, 1965
- Our daughter, Michelle (Brandeis '89), born in 1967
- Our son, David, born in 1970
- Our twin grandchildren, David's children, born in 2006
- Steven passed away following a brief battle with an aggressive lymphoma shortly after our 52 nd anniversary in 2017.

### Results:

Steven and I managed to take turns prioritizing one career over the other to get positions that allowed us to live in the same city and raise our kids together, despite many obstacles. There were few support systems in place in the '60s and '70s for dual career marriages, in addition to the uphill battles as a woman in science.

The first challenge came when I decided to switch graduate schools after the first year. My Brandeis advisor, Herman Epstein, had recommended that I not go to Albert Einstein College of Medicine for my graduate program because I would be the first graduate student in microbiology. His own experience setting up a new graduate program had taught him that the first students suffer and take longer to complete the program. How right he was! So, on the advice of Herman and the associate dean at Einstein, I switched to University of Pittsburgh Medical School, where I had also been accepted. However, that meant that Steve and I were separated and we put off getting married for another year. We weighed our options, Steve transferring to Pitt, my making another switch to Cornell Medical School (I was offered a place), or live apart until we both finished. Steven decided to transfer to Pitt after his 2nd year in medical school.

The second challenge came thanks to the Vietnam War. Steve was required to serve. He was able to complete his internship in Pittsburgh. Michelle was born during that year and I finished the lab work for my thesis but not the writing. Steve was lucky and got an appointment in the US Public Health Service so he would not have to go to Vietnam to complete his service obligation. However, we were required to go to Lexington, Kentucky for 2 years. Better than Vietnam because we were together, but not a place either of us would choose if we had our druthers! I spent the time writing my dissertation long distance and caring for Michelle while Steven dealt with addicts at the USPHS Narcotics Hospital.

The next move was to New Haven for Steve's residency in the Department of Psychiatry at Yale. We moved to New Haven in July, 1970. I flew to Pittsburgh 7 months pregnant to defend my thesis. David was born in September and then I started looking for a post-doctoral position. Fortunately, I was able to get a good position at Yale. The main challenges at that point were finding good child care that we could afford on our meager salaries and managing two inflexible schedules.

As Steve finished his residency, we had to figure out the next step, finding academic positions in the same place – not a trivial pursuit. After much looking around, Steve was offered a clinical faculty position at Yale and I was able to finish my post-doc. I was then able to get an appointment as an assistant professor at University of CT School of Medicine in Farmington CT. To minimize commuting, we moved half way between New Haven and Hartford to Cheshire.

After 8 yrs, a variety of factors influenced our decision to make professional changes. We looked for a more metropolitan location where if either one of us wanted to change positions, we would be more likely to have options that didn't require relocation. In addition, we wanted a better school system for the kids. I found a wonderful opportunity at the NIH and was accepted into a very competitive professional development program for mid-career lab scientists to switch to administration of scientific programs. Steve decided to switch from clinical administration to research and joined the Army to work at Walter Reed Army Institute for Research. We moved to Bethesda, MD. The school system was great and the move turned out to be excellent for the kids, who flourished.

Our plan for having options worked because after 6 yrs in the Army, Steve was ready for a change. He was able to change positions and pursue his career, ending after a number of years with a private practice he enjoyed as well as working part-time with the Arlington County (VA) Mental Health Center, providing care to severely and chronically mentally ill patients. I continued my career at the NIH, moving up the ladder in the National Cancer Institute and having the opportunity to create new programs and move the field of diagnostics research into the modern age of molecular biology and making clear linkages between diagnosis and treatment.

#### Discussion:

Both my family life and my professional life have more than met my aspirations. Despite the various challenges along the way, we managed to explore the world, both the cultural and the natural. We traveled widely as a family and enjoyed hiking, biking, going to museums, theater, and multiple joyous family events.

Michelle and David have become productive members of society with great values. Michelle (Brandeis '89) majored in physics and minored in art history as an undergraduate and then earned her Ph.D. in materials science.

She has been able to combine her scientific interests with her love for art in her professional life, working as a scientist at the National Museum of Denmark where she supports the conservators with analyses of paintings, objects, textiles, etc.

Her avocation is Democrats Abroad, working to help Americans living abroad to register to vote and obtain their absentee ballots. She's a whiz on all the complex state rules and the go to person for ex-pats all over the world.

David (Amherst '91) went on to law school and clerked in both the MD and federal appeals courts. He has since worked in a number of federal agencies in their office of general counsel, focusing on administrative law and ethics. During the Obama administration, David took a detail in the White House Counsel's office and, among other duties, he was involved in vetting nominees for appointed positions, including at the cabinet level. While working in the White House, he was able to take advantage of a few perks that included taking Steve and me on a tour of the West Wing which is not generally open to the public. David married in 2004 and he and his wife provided us with twin grandchildren in 2006. They are wonderful kids who are now thinking about what they want to be and exploring college options. While Steve was alive, we were able to take David and his family and Michelle on a variety of family vacations, including celebrating our 50 th wedding anniversary in Copenhagen.

My professional life was exciting and rewarding. This was particularly true when I left academia where I was more constrained by the constant need to apply for grants and keep focused on my relatively narrow area of research. When I moved to the NIH and began overseeing a larger field of research, I was able to look at the big picture and see where the bottlenecks were and where there were opportunities to facilitate research. When cancer researchers looking for mutations that drove a tumor's growth told us that they needed access to fresh tumor tissue from patients with different types of tumors, I was able to work with pathologists to design a system to procure the requisite tissues, protect the patient's diagnosis and privacy, and make the excess tissue available to researchers. I presented the plan to the executive committee of the NCI, obtained the funding and that tissue procurement system has now been functioning for almost 40 years leading to many breakthrough observations.

Over the years, I had the opportunity to shape and reshape the program I ran to respond to many needs. I began collaborating with the NCI program for cancer treatment development and clinical trials to link the development of diagnostics to the new drugs targeting driver mutations. Together, we worked with the relevant parts of the FDA to assure appropriate review of the diagnostic tests predicting response to new therapeutics.

One of the last projects I worked on was to develop a clinical trial to test whether a test designed to predict risk of recurrence of early stage breast cancer could be used to spare thousands of women from receiving toxic chemotherapies that likely would not improve their outcome. This was a combined effort between my program, the cancer therapy evaluation program and the national clinical trials groups. The TAILORx trial was a randomized control trial involving over 10,000 women with early stage breast cancer. The results of the trial were announced in June 2018 (after I had retired) and the diagnostic test, OncotypeDX, is now standard of practice and covered by Medicare and all insurance companies.

Since Steven passed away, life has changed. Clearly the children, grandchildren and I miss him very much. It took me some time to figure out how to thrive without him. I have rebuilt my social life to include new friends and many of the old friends Steve and I spent time with. I'm back to having theater and concert subscriptions and to traveling, but I miss having Steve constantly interrupt my breakfast time reading of the NYTimes with his comments on articles in the Washington Post and our many long discussions as we walked and hiked.

#### Conclusions:

My undergraduate years at Brandeis provided the tools for a productive and rewarding life. I made wonderful friends, with whom I've stayed in touch over the past 6 decades, and they have provided a continuum even after the loss of Steven. The professors and coursework taught me how to learn and be a critical thinker, a most important skill in our complex world. As noted in my Results section, Herman Epstein, my advisor, played an important role in my developing career. But he did more than advise me on graduate programs, he encouraged me to make clear decisions about what I wanted to do scientifically. He also taught a graduate course I took in my senior year that was probably one of the most important courses I took; the focus was to teach us how to read the scientific literature critically. That helped throughout the years and also helped me to mentor students and employees and my children. It also helped when I volunteered in the science classes in a local middle school. Obviously, we are all facing changes as we age. My only hope is that I can stay healthy and sentient long enough to continue to enjoy my daughter and son and my grandchildren for some years to come.

# Linda (Russack) Tobin

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## 1. What brought me to Brandeis and early impressions

1. The backstory: We had a visitor at our home in 1952 in Youngstown, Ohio whom my favorite aunt described as 'brilliant'! She was from a new school called Brandeis University. But, Aunt Bertha said, "She's a bit strange, and, she doesn't even shave her legs". That was a strong critique coming from my boho aunt who ate yogurt for breakfast and actually walked places instead of driving her car. Brandeis intrigued me at the age of 10.

Though I completed high school at Northampton School for Girls, a prep 'finishing' school, I didn't feel 'finished'. I need 'co-education'. A requisite for college was not Smith or Mt Holyoke or any of the 'seven sisters' schools. And, having tired of Christian psalms after too many morning chapel services, I was ready for a Jewish atmosphere. Brandeis seemed to fill the bill. And, with 17 year old hubris, I felt eminently prepared after two years of fine academics, never imagining that 10 years of sliding by without homework in our steel mill town might not stand me in good stead with New York Jewish kids who'd been reading Shakespeare and other fine literature since they were six years old!

Humanities 1 was a shock when we read Canterbury Tales. My junior prep school English teacher, who could read Chaucer with a Middle English accent, never told us about the Friar's real merriment! My simple description in Humanities 1 of this jolly robed clergyman offered a good laugh to my Brandeis prof. My first embarrassment. From there I kept learning that all is not what it seems. We need to dig deep, question, discuss, debate and write a lot of our own analysis.

What an education! I might not have concentrated enough to gain the depth of knowledge that our superb professors offered, but I also had fun. Sixty-four years ago this week, I was taken to Walden Pond on a date for my 18th birthday.

## 2. What now keeps me active and interested in my 9th decade.

2. Post Brandeis, I fell into a job in Paris with the Coordinating Committee for International Voluntary Service, an NGO of UNESCO. For two years I worked in Paris and hung out with French, North African and Yugoslav artists. One, Uros Toskovic, drew constantly and left me many of his works on paper.

Recently I realized he left me with 300 of his watercolors, ink and graphite drawings.

With the help of a curator from the Cleveland Museum of Art and an art historian from Case Western Reserve University and many others I have been curating my collection for the past 4 years. At first I intended to donate it to the National Museum of Montenegro. But politics and conditions being unstable or uneven, I've decided to wait and perhaps offer individual pieces to university museums, collectors or even mount exhibits with the help of Ambassadors from Montenegro.

Many contacts have provided me with constant challenges to learn about arts communities in new ways. It's been great fun traveling back to France, Montenegro and elsewhere to meet collectors and gallerists so I can promote Toskovic's art and find permanent homes for my collection. In addition to the excitement of this new project, I find solace in hiking trails in our beautiful metro parks and Cuyahoga National Park, attending Cleveland Orchestra concerts, seeing every exhibit at our Cleveland Museum of Art and the newly renovated Cleveland Museum of Natural History.

Between 1. and 2. I lived in Greece summers in the 60's before there was electricity on Paros. Lived in France again. Married, raised a daughter and two sons and have one adult grandson. I've traveled and worked in India several times; for the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, Aravind Eye Hospitals, and Takste International School in Gangtok, Sikkim.

I try to keep up with friends from all over, while family is a priority. Come visit me in Cleveland!



# Jane Vaknin

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Actually , " my life after leaving Brandeis in 1963" began during the summer of 1962 when I spent a month in Israel on my own. I had gone to Israel out of curiosity, having a clear 6-year-old's childhood memory of my mother's bursting into tears of joy near the family radio when Israeli Independence was declared in 1948. I had neither Zionistic nor religious motivation for choosing Israel as the place I would spend the month while waiting for my dear friend Pham Thi Mac (a Vietnamese Brandeis Wien Program Graduate,1962) to meet me in Europe. It was during that month in which I tried to see as much as I could of Israel, from Rosh Ha'Nikra and Kibbutz Manara in the north to Eilat in the south, that I met a young Israeli who was to become the love of my life. Throughout the 1962-1963 academic year we corresponded via postal mail, not an easy task for either of us. After graduation, I felt the need for time to decide what I wanted to do personally and academically with my life. When my father asked me regarding "that young man in Israel" my response was that Israel was too far away, that it would complicate our lives so greatly, my mother having passed away during our first year at Brandeis and my father's caring for my two younger brothers on his own, etc. It was due only to my father's being an incorrigible romantic ("If you admit that one day many years from now you might ask yourself, 'What would have happened if...?', then you should go back to see." ) and to Moshe Vaknin's persistence that I enrolled in a 4-month residential ulpan and returned to Israel in 1964, thinking that would at least give me the respite I needed to make the important decisions regarding my future. We were married in 1965 and would have celebrated our 57th anniversary in 2022. Very sadly Moshe passed away in May,2022, less than two months after being diagnosed with advanced pancreatic cancer.

After completing the ulpan and contemplating what I was going to do then, until I reached a decision regarding my academic/professional future, I was advised by a close friend to apply for a teaching job. My immediate response was, "No way. I could never be a teacher. You know that I'm unable to speak in front of more than four people without my knees beginning to tremble." Ultimately, I got a job in a high school in Tel Aviv, as a substitute for what was to be one semester and certain that it would be only my temporary solution to the need to do something until I applied to graduate school, either in Israel or in the States.

My "temporary solution" turned into what was to become a 35-year career as a teacher of English as a foreign language, a teacher trainer, concomitantly the head of two 12-15 member teams, one of educators working with pupils throughout their secondary school studies and the other consisting of the school's staff of English teachers. I spent the first months of this career teaching myself how to teach English as a foreign language and literally "playing the role" of a confident and very assertive teacher. (Israeli students were not, in general, attentive or well-behaved,)

I relatively quickly realized not only that I could do it and do it well, but that what I had considered the last profession I would ever consider seriously was excitingly challenging, satisfying and so very important in terms of my being able to truly make a positive difference in the lives of many of my pupils. But I also became aware of the extremely significant difference teaching was making in my life, of my actually becoming that confident and assertive individual that I, the shy Jane Grebler from Springfield, Illinois that some of you knew at Brandeis, had started out "pretending" to be. For that I am eternally grateful. After many years of teaching, I decided to change professions and in 1997 was granted a Master's degree in Clinical Social Work from the Wurzweiler School of Social Work, Yeshiva University in order to work as a psychotherapist.

Moshe and I had four children, three daughters (Yael, Maya and Michal) and a son (Yoav). Among their academic achievements are three PhDs and one Master's, in the fields of Clinical Psychology and Archaeology. Our eldest daughter, Yael, died in a traffic accident in Israel in 2009. Somehow Moshe and I both soon realized that despite our grief, we did not want to lose what we still had. If we could keep our home a happy home, our children and grandchildren would continue to come and play a big part in our lives, because they truly want to and not out of a sense of obligation. We have eight grandchildren, ranging in age from six to seventeen, each a real personality and a lovely human being. (Yes, I am a very doting and active, while not interfering Safta/ Grandma!) Today they are my source of energy and joy. Each of them had an especially close relationship with Moshe, who was an exceptionally warm and loving person and Saba/ Grandpa. We are all (our children, daughter-in-law, sons-in-law and grandchildren) going through the process of coping with having lost him together.

# David Weiner

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## An unexpected Brandeis encounter with Eleanor Roosevelt

It was a cold, wintry day in late January 1960, midway in my freshman year at Brandeis. I commuted to classes from Brookline that year and was in the midst of leaving Ford Hall where Visiting Professor Eleanor Roosevelt had just concluded lecturing. I considered myself fortunate to have been able to enroll in Mrs. Roosevelt's course on the history of American Civilization, one of the most sought after classes offered by the University at that time.

I left Ford Hall and hurried to get to my motor scooter, a second hand Lambretta I used to commute from Brandeis to my part time job as a hospital orderly at the Deaconess Hospital in Boston.

I jumped on my scooter parked close by Ford Hall, and as soon as I started forward it skidded on the black ice, throwing me onto the sidewalk and spinning up into the air making a 180 degree arc before landing curbside on top of me!

Lying there stunned, wounded and in considerable pain, who should come hurrying over to me but the great Eleanor Roosevelt, with her chauffeur in tow, and after taking it all in, she uttered in her unmistakable voice: "Young man, you should not be riding that vehicle in this kind of weather!" whereupon I managed to blurt out that she was right but it was worth it to have been present for her inspiring lecture! She smiled suggesting to her chauffeur I must either be delirious or studying for a career in diplomacy, and asked him to help her get me up and into their car so I could be taken to the infirmary.

Well, as they say "the rest is history". I went on to pursue a career in hospital administration and spent 35 years at Boston Children's Hospital in various capacities, the last 24 as its president and CEO.

Healthcare background aside, I will say with certainty that I never received a better welcome or more thorough medical exam than the one afforded me at the Brandeis Infirmary that momentous day. I suspect it had a lot to do with the phone call Eleanor Roosevelt made from her car, with me groaning next to her in the back seat, making it clear to all concerned that she was conveying an injured student in her vehicle and trusted the infirmary would be fully prepared and ready to receive him!

In gratitude,  
David Weiner  
Brandeis '63

# Julian Weitzenfeld

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My life, particularly in the decade and a half after leaving Brandeis, could not be easily tracked chronologically, so I have organized an account by recurring themes. But first, by way of an *apologia pro vita sua*, I'd like to mention an explanatory scheme I recently encountered. About a decade ago, the cognitive scientist Steve Kosslyn wrote a book in which he explained a rough classification of the brain's functions into top brain (cortexes, learning, perceiving, classifying, etc.) and bottom brain (complicated organs that do emotions, motivation, action planning and execution, etc.). Unlike the left brain/right brain styles foisted upon us during our lifetimes by charlatans (assisted by business schools and university extension departments), people have a characteristic favored balance of activation between taking in information and acting that is stable across time and situations. On this scale, I appear to be an extreme top-brain person. I get bored quickly; I have reading material in hand always, whether at curbside waiting for a car or in a hospital bed waiting for a doctor. And, conversely, I am slow to take action. I was always a procrastinator; I never got papers in on time; and I did no career planning whatsoever. I did what I had to do and not much more. Fortunately, Ruth, my wife, initiated life decisions such as having children, buying a house, etc. as well as quotidian management.

Post-graduate education (information input): I graduated from Brandeis as a psychology major, putting me about 10 years ahead of the average psychology major in the United States, largely because the department included Dick Neisser, Jim Klee, and Abe Maslow. I asked Neisser (for whom I was a research assistant) for a reading list in cognition and the list he drew up was excellent. I entered the Committee of Human Development at the University of Chicago, then in its third generation as an interdisciplinary program and largely drained of any reason for existing. I left Chicago 2.5 years later with an A.M. in philosophy, focusing on philosophy of science. The change in disciplines was profound. I felt as though I had at last found what I was born to do. I also worked harder than I ever had and learned to think hard and continuously about something. About 10 years later, I received a D. Phil. From Oxford University, largely for thinking through the problems that interested me. Not long after that, I received a certificate from the (then) N.Y.U. Graduate School of Business for a program designed to facilitate the movement of academics to the business world (intensive courses in accounting, finance, marketing, strategy).

I had never planned to be a teacher; it just came with research opportunities, but when confronted with students' needs, I responded. Major stops here included a year in a brand new college in southern Minnesota (that itself lasted only about a decade), 4 years at Oakland University in suburbs north of Detroit, and a few years in adjunct positions in New York and New Jersey, including about two years at Rutgers. I developed an interest in teaching critical thinking and devised methods that succeeded at it. Interestingly, after I left academia, on several occasions in different institutions, co-workers volunteered to me how much they had learned by working with me. This actually surprised me, since it was never my intent.

Non academic positions included planning and editing the psychology coverage of the Academic American Encyclopedia (later to become the Grolier), the last new published encyclopedia; research consultant with Klein Associates, a small firm founded by a former colleague; HR consultant at Bell Laboratories (now defunct); analyst and writer at Chemical Bank (now JP Morgan), Sanford Bernstein and Co. (now AllianceBernstein), and Prudential Financial. The key to my survival here was that I was more detached about the outcomes than I had been in academia. Bureaucracies also tended to be less intrusive than in universities.

I wrote peer-reviewed articles in psychology, philosophy, and software engineering, none while employed by a university. Of these, only 2-3 may have had enduring interest. One was on reasoning by analogy (Valid reasoning by analogy, Philosophy of Science, 1984) and another on the importance of “soft” skills in software engineering competence (Developing Software Engineering Expertise, in Software Engineering Education, SEI 1991). . A third (Surprise and intentional content) was read at a major conference and subsequently discussed by Dan Dennett with his friends (he had asked for a reprint), but never published. Over the past 15-20 years I have had photographs in juried shows in the greater Central New Jersey/Philadelphia area. I have appended five images, illustrating different aspects of the work. They have an emotional tone in common, I think.

Ruth, who was for about two decades the librarian at Siemens Corporate Research in America, and I have two children, now both in their 40s. Both also had mobility in their post-baccalaureate years, but were more forward-looking and bottom-brained than I, and now have jobs that they enjoy and for which they are well compensated. (Certainly, more than I ever was.) Between them, we have five grandsons ranging from 19 to 4 years in age, all of whom appear to be as inner-directed as as their forbears. Our daughter, Abby, has lived in France for almost 20 years and provides a base from which Ruth and I can explore small villages and cities and aspects of Europe that don't normally attract American tourists. We love to wander foreign neighborhoods and imagine life there, especially places that have been continuously inhabited for millennia.

Other: I was on the staff on the Prince Edward Country Free Schools in 1963 and Project Headstart in Mississippi in 1965, in both cases serving mostly to integrate predominantly black programs in the South. When several of my friends (but not me) started a graduate student organization in the fall of 1964 to negotiate changes with the Committee on Human Development, I stood quietly in the back of the group that met with the department chair. When he suggested that we meet again in the spring to plan for next year, I was the one who piped up “Spring is long time away, and during that time people are likely to drift away. And I mean “drift away,” with a wave of my arm. This was said in all innocence. He sat bolt upright in his chair and asked “how many people are planning to leave?” I honestly replied “about a dozen.” He said “this begins to sound like a threat.” Subsequent meetings were planned for the near future. When my friends gave up on the possibility of real change I somehow wound up coordinating the actions of the grad student group. The power at the Committee was the one second generation Human Development professor (the first to receive a Ph. D. from the Committee), Bernice Neugarten, who controlled a lot of money and influence. When she offered to meet with representatives, I sent in three women, including the wife of the Dean of the College. The meeting was productive. Nonetheless, about a dozen first year graduate students did leave, including me. The subsequent year saw a lot of action at Chicago, including the occupation of the administration building of the university. In the small city in southern Minnesota in 1966-67, I helped organize a teach-in about the VietNam war. In Oxford, I and another American co-founded the Draft Information Service to provide draft counseling to Americans in England. When I started having to focus more on teaching and research after returning to America, I became less active in other ways.



Images: Potter's garden 1;  
Early start in Lisbon's  
Bairro Alto; Miss Havisham  
iris; Whiteout on the glacier;  
Pétanque in Avignon, 1970s.

# Judy Secunda William

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Two weeks after we graduated from Brandeis, Larry and I were married in New York, and so we recently celebrated our 60th wedding anniversary! Our daughter, Lisa, put together a 50-page compilation of memories of our friends and family over the years, which was very meaningful to both of us.

Both Larry and I are retired, but a bit tired of travelling, and so volunteer work has been a rewarding way of spending our days. I am on the Oral History Committee of the Los Altos History Museum, recording conversations with some important and interesting people in the community.

I had a heart attack a few years ago, but modern medicine did wonders for my recovery. Basically, my health is now unremarkable which, as life problems go, is a blessing. I wish the same for all of you!

We have two children and four grandchildren, and they are doing very well in their work and studies. Our granddaughter, Rose, just entered The Ohio State College of Veterinary Medicine, and is delighted to be a bit closer to her dream of becoming a vet. Do any of you live near Columbus, by chance? Our oldest granddaughter works as a physicist in Portland, Oregon, our youngest is a senior at Bowdoin College in Portland, Maine, and our only grandson is working as a computer software engineer from home now near us in Los Altos, CA. They all give us great pleasure when we see them or talk on the phone.

Zoom has been a wonderful thing for me during the pandemic. I have classes in French conversation, aerobic dancing, family reunions, and monthly Brandeis virtual meetings with classmates Emily Stoper, Miriam Glickman, Rosie Budnick and Joan Korenman, all of whom live in the San Francisco Bay Area.

I won't be at the Brandeis reunion this year, but please let me know if you're planning a trip to Silicon Valley. It would be nice to get back in touch!

Judy Secunda William

# Eileen Yager

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I left Brandeis after my junior year, in 1962, to go to medical school at Albert Einstein College of Medicine. So I never graduated from Brandeis..

I met my husband there, and we got married at the beginning of my third year. I finished pediatrics residency in 1969, and that year, Joel , a psychiatrist, was stationed at Fort Ord in Monterey CA in the Army medical corps (doctor draft during Vietnam war). Our son was born there, and we loved California, so in 1971 we decided to stay. After 2 years in San Diego (our daughter was born there), we moved to LA where we both worked at UCLA Medical School. I did medical education, general pediatrics and then pediatric chronic pain management.

We had 26 wonderful years there, but after the 1994 Northridge earthquake decided to leave California, relocated to Albuquerque NM and worked at UNM Medical School. In 2008, our daughter and her husband decided to stay in Denver, we moved there and we love it!

I recently retired from the U of Colorado Medical School, Children's Hospital Colorado, where I ran the Integrative Pain Management Clinic and included non-pharmacological techniques including yoga, meditation, guided imagery, and exercises to empower kids. I still give workshops on meditation and practical stress reduction at the U and in the community. Just got promoted to Clinical Professor Emerita of Pediatrics.

Meditation has been important to me for 54 years (have taught it for 27 years). I am a senior teacher in the Inayatiyya, a universalist Sufi Order, and a senior teacher in their Healing Activity. I believe that a combination of evidence-based state of the art allopathic medicine and people's healing prayers and meditations is the best way to cure people.

Our son is a cardiologist in the DC area. Our daughter is a Denver pediatrician. We have 7 grandkids ranging from 21 to 12.

And last year, 2022, the president of Brandeis happily surprised me by granting me a degree, so 60 years later, I am now a graduate of the Class of 1963!!



## In Memoriam

Let us remember those classmates who are no longer with us,  
but who will always be a part of us.

### 60th Reunion Deceased Classmate List

Mrs. Susan Krassner Abusch	Ms. Irene Cyrilla Giobbe	Ms. Emily Shain Mehlman
Mr. Elliot S. Alderman	Prof. Ellis E. Golub	Mrs. Carole Wallack Metzger
Mr. Fernando Alonso	Mr. Robert S. Greenberger	Dr. Amy Prupis Miller
Mr. Barry Andelman	Dr. Jerome Hantman, MD	Ms. Sharon F. Mills
Mr. Javaid Asar	Dr. Barton L. Heller	Mr. Bernard L. Plascowe
Mr. Barry E. Askinas	Mr. Ron Hollander	Mr. Alan Steven Rapaport
Mr. Murray F. Bahm	Mr. Roger Horwitz	Mr. Ronald Raphalian
Mr. Steve Ballas	Mr. Stuart Husband	Mr. Richard J. Ripp, Esq
Mrs. Ellen Weber Banks	Dr. Robbie Pfeufer Kahn, PhD	Dr. Richard Rogal
Ms. Barbara Barshay	Dr. Jonathan L. Kamin, PhD	Mr. David Roth
Mr. Bernard Beck	Mr. Arie Michael Karger	Dr. Jason S. Roussos
Estate of Frank H. Bellevue Jr.	Mr. Samuel B. Karp	Dr. Stanley R. Sacon
Ms. Janet Rachel Berkenfield	Dr. Martin G. Katz	Ms. Rosalind Wayner Sallinger
Dr. Judith Robbins Berman	Mr. Kenneth D. Kemper	Mr. J. Victor Samuels
Mr. Kenneth Murray Berman	Mr. Robert L. Kleiner, Esq	Ms. Judith Kerstein Schechter
Mr. Michael Bleich	Mr. Horacio Mario Kleinman	Mr. Robert S. Schneider
Mr. Roger Ian Bobley	Mrs. Phyllis Kalmis Kolman	Mrs. Anita Schwartz
Ms. Claire Bradley	Ms. Judy Kopp	Mr. Stephen Seligman
Mrs. Nancy Lichman Braganti	Mr. Charles Koshetz	Mr. Gerald S. Shapiro
Col. Peter L. Brune	Mr. Michael P. Koskoff	Ms. Barbara Shipnuck
Mrs. Maxine R. Carnahan	Mrs. Susan Cotton Lane	Mr. Henry M. Shoolman
Rabbi Edward Chesman	Mr. Thomas L. Leen	Mr. Emmanuel Sinderbrand
Ms. Elizabeth Mehler Cohen	Dr. Sharon Sherman Leiter	Mrs. Rebecca Taylor Stoloff
Dr. Daniel Comenetz, PhD	Dr. Michael D. Levin	Mr. Paul M. Tanners
Mrs. Alaknanda Samarth Duriaud	Ms. Ellen A. Lewis	Dr. Charles Heinroth Teller, PhD
Mr. Peter M. Elkin	Mr. Michael S. London	Mr. Ernest M. Torczyner
Mrs. Judith Rothenberg Feldstein	Mr. Yakubu Yariyep James Lot	Mr. Ian Kidner Williams
Ms. Amy Gold Fitzpatrick	Dr. Peter D. Magnus	Mrs. Arlene Shapiro Wiseth
Ms. Ruth Weinstein Friedman	Mr. Harlan M. Margold	Mrs. Carol Lorraine Wolff
Mrs. Helen Smith Frothingham	Dr. Martha J. McGowan	Mr. Herbert M. Yood
Dr. Margaret Gibbs, PhD		Prof. Katsumi Yorimoto
Mr. Gregory Mark Gilbert		Ms. Marcia Pomerance Young

**Irene Giobbe**  
**Sahadevan Amarasingham**

I would like to memorialize two members of the class of '63. Irene Giobbe, to whom I was married for only 2.5 years, died many years after our divorce (at the age of 50) from liver cancer. We had no children, but I thought we were close until I learned that she had fallen in love with another (married) teacher, whom she then divorced after 4 years. Later, diagnosed with cancer and mets Irene moved back to live with her mother in Somerville. I only learned of her cancer and death when I called her mom to find out where she was and how she was doing.

I was too late. Irene and I got married in 1964 upon my acceptance to Stanford Medical School. She was finishing her teaching credential work in Boston and I was a research assistant in human hemoglobin at Albert Einstein Medical College in New York at the time. Witnesses at our civil wedding in the Bronx were my wonderful former Brandeis roommate Sahadevan Amarasingham and Ethan Gluck. Saha himself died just last year. He and his wife Barbara were living in Denver near Saha's daughter from a prior marriage. Saha and I remained lifelong friends and I visited them from time to time. His life was extended by over two decades after he was resuscitated from a cardiac arrest in the Greyhound Bus terminal in D.C.; then had a pacemaker/defibrillator implanted. Saha's entire family were health professionals and immigrants from Sri Lanka. He played soccer and was a swift runner. Saha would wander around campus in shirtsleeves at 10 degrees F. I was appalled to hear he faced racist phone calls in the dorm because he hung out with some of the white girls. Saha had a fascinating career supervising a number of International Public Health programs. Before that he had worked in the Dukakis administration in Massachusetts. Irene taught high school biology in 3 different school districts in Northern California. When Alex Haley's Autobiography of Malcolm X came out I bought 50 copies and asked Irene to give them out to interested kids in her classes at the Ravenswood High School in East Palo Alto, at that time an essentially de facto segregated Black High School. She did. I much miss them both.

Marc Sapir

## **Jonathan Kamin**

Jonathan was my roommate in our sophomore year and a friend from our first days at Brandeis until his untimely death. He played several musical instruments, but mostly the guitar. He was a sociology major, received a master's degree from Wesleyan University in ethnomusicology, and a Ph. D. from Princeton in sociology for a dissertation: Rhythm & blues in white America: rock and roll as acculturation and perceptual learning. He taught sociology at Sonoma State in California, ran an arts reviewing service for the Bay Area, and later became a technical writer. He had a few wives, one at a time, and two sons.

He was able to see the best in anyone. As an undergraduate, he would bring new interesting people into our dinner table group. He had an extraordinary range of friends throughout his life. He was a creative and critical thinker. His dissertation focused on cover versions of songs as a mode of cultural education that made the songs of an minority aesthetically accessible to mainstream listeners. This was a sharp contrast to the "ripping off poor people's culture" line about cover versions that became prominent. He drew on work in philosophy, psychology, and musicology as well as sociology.

His taste in the arts, particularly in music, was very diverse and impeccable. He could appreciate the classical music of India, Navaho music, blues, jazz, classical, whatever. I was sitting next to him when we first watched the Beatles film A hard day's night and heard him mutter "what an interesting bass line." I introduced him to the music of K.D. Lang, then presenting herself as a country singer, a rebirth of Patsy Cline with a band she called "the Reclines." Jonathan immediately said, she's not a country singer, she's a torch singer. It took Lang a few more years to discover that and to shape her career accordingly. He made marvelous educational mixtapes of various sorts for friends.

He was generous and considerate in every way, loved by all who knew him.

Julian Weitzenfeld

## **Kenneth D. Kemper**

Kenneth D. Kemper '63 died of a massive heart attack while telling a joke in the elevator on the way to his office on his 54th birthday, October 23, 1996.

Ken was very active in Brandeis student politics, serving as student council vice president his senior year. After Brandeis he shared apartments with Steve Cohen '63 while they attended Columbia Law School.

Ken spent the summer of 1964 in Mississippi. At one point one of the good ol' boys he knew pointed out that Ken was drinking from a Colored water fountain. Ken looked over at the guy and said, "Oh. You mean the bigot spigot?"

After clerking for Federal Judge Constance Baker Motley, Ken went on to get a Ph. D. in Criminology at the University of Cambridge (UK). His five years in England were probably the happiest of his life.

When Ken returned to New York he began practicing law with a law school classmate; ultimately he specialized in divorce law.

Ken was a collector: fancy fountain pens, walking sticks, 18 Sony Walkmans/Walkmen, and loads of stereo speakers in the apartment he shared with his first wife (Diane Goldman) and their daughter Robin. After that marriage Ken partnered with Nancy Miller who he ultimately married in a ceremony officiated by the captain of the Russian tour ship on which they were traveling to Antarctica.

After Ken's death his brother Terry '67, daughter Robin, and Steve Cohen spread his ashes in the River Cam in Cambridge, England.

Steven P. Cohen

## **Alan S. Rapaport**

Alan S. Rapaport '63 died of brain cancer -- 1966. He was 24 years old.

Alan came to Brandeis from the Bronx High School of Science. He had an amazing mind – and a seriously high IQ. Alan roomed with Arthur (Archie) Radden his freshman year, Steve Cohen as a sophomore, and Ken Kemper his senior year.

After Brandeis he went to Harvard Law School.

Alan was Student Council President his senior year and a star member of Brandeis's Debate team. In addition to his academic and extra-curricular activities Alan was noted for his thoughtful character, his sense of humor, and a unique capacity to read people. Rapaport suffered serious headaches starting in his sophomore year. In his first year at Harvard Law School he collapsed while judging a debate tournament. That's when his cancer was diagnosed. Alan was extremely promising; we'll never know what he could have accomplished.

Steven P. Cohen

## Carol Wolfe

I met Carol Cutler [Wolfe] when I stepped on to the Brandeis campus and moved into DeRoy Hall.

We formed a lasting friendship, and I still feel her loss deeply four years after her death in 2019. Our friendship says a great deal about Carol. She connected. She welcomed people into her life with warmth and enthusiasm, listening attentively, always showing an abiding interest in others.

Wherever Carol happened to be located geographically or whatever task she was undertaking, she never evaded the moment nor did she ever forget or even diminish past relationships. To my stories, she would always provide animated feedback as if our conversations had never been interrupted by time or distance.

Carol showed a precocious aptitude for diversity and social justice even before those terms were brought out of the dictionary into public discourse and riveting attention. She insisted that her roommates be selected from the group of foreign students or what were known then as Wien scholars. She joined the first picket lines in protest of segregation. She marched for the extension of full civil rights to those long-denied the benefits of freedom and equality across America's south.

Fluent in three languages, Carol, by my count, crisscrossed the globe several times. A Harvard degree in education jumpstarted a teaching career, a period of professional creativity and satisfaction sweetened by marriage to Micha Wolfe and a move to Jerusalem. Once settled in Israel, Carol set aside teaching in elementary schools for a career as an instructor of English as a Second Language at the Hebrew University.

Israel did not change Carol, but she certainly tried to change the Jewish state by her volunteer work with Soviet Jewish immigrants, support for progressive causes, and forging relationships with people normally divided from one another by religious observance or by residence in West Bank settlements. Their shared interests in food, opera, or theater were alchemized by Carol into close personal relationships. No line, green or otherwise, would stop Carol from trespassing.

Carol had an extremely close and loving relationship with Micha. She meant the world to him as did he to her. They were passionate about raising their children and taking them out into the world on one or another adventure. And they were together side by side in all things until she died. Her sons—Elan and Amir-- sounded notes of deep sadness when they spoke about losing Carol, but they also signaled an awareness of the privilege of having had parents who bestowed so much tenderness, sensitivity, and devotion on them and on one another. Someone as uncommon as Carol is bound to forever remain part of the lives of those who loved her.

Words can only capture so much of what made Carol distinctive, so irrepressible and so irreplaceable: she was vivacious, loyal, utterly authentic, endlessly curious, wickedly funny, and sometimes cynical as she pointed out the fundamental absurdities of life. She had unwavering integrity and never came close to succumbing to the trappings of success, status, or fame. She lived too short a life, but there is no doubt she is and will forever be remembered among the mourners of Zion and Jerusalem.

Donna Robinson Divine

## **Carol Cutler Wolff**

Carol and I met in our first week at Brandeis, and that was the beginning of 6 decades of a wonderful friendship. Carol loved people and easily became part of many of our lives due to her interest and caring. She was involved in the world, both the larger world and the world of her family and that of her friends.

We shared many adventures over the years, which started a day or two after graduation when we boarded a charter flight to Europe. We spent a couple of weeks in the UK where we met up with Alaknanda Samarth, a Wien Scholar Carol had roomed with and unexpectedly ran into Richard Bernstein. At that point we decided that Carol and Richard and I would meet later in the summer in Athens and hook up with Jason Roussos, another Wien scholar we were friendly with. The four of us rented a car and drove around the Peloponnesus for 2 weeks, stopping at every archeological site along the way.

The fun of shared adventures continued throughout our lives, expanding to include our families as they expanded. We got together as often as possible despite the fact that Carol and her wonderful husband and family lived in Jerusalem and my family was in the US. We hiked in the Negev, rafted down the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon (with Richard and Toby Bernstein as well), rafted on the Snake River in Idaho, hiked in Alaska and in Maine, among other adventures.

Carol cared about the world, read widely and participated in activities to help make the world a better place. We spent many hours over the years discussing the inequities we observed and what needed to be done.

We also corresponded extensively over the years, despite the fact that neither one of us was great at regular letter writing. But, somehow, I have a large collection of letters and emails (once that became the easiest mode of communication) documenting our lives as we pursued our education, our careers, marriage and child-rearing. It's a great comfort to reread these from time to time to remind myself of the warmth, humor and vibrancy of my wonderful friend, Carol. I miss her very much.

Sheila Efron Taube

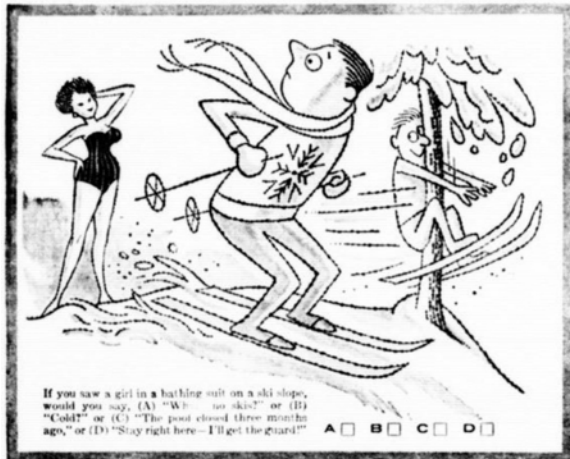






# Do You Think for Yourself?

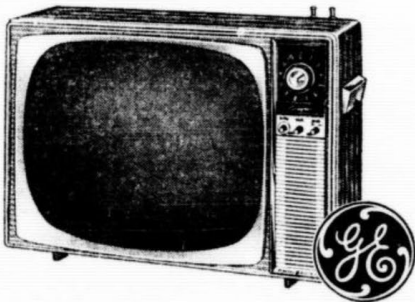
(SHARPEN YOUR WITS ON THIS!)



If you saw a girl in a bathing suit on a ski slope, would you say, (A) "What a nice girl!" or (B) "Cold!" or (C) "The post closed three months ago," or (D) "Stay right here—I'll get the guard!"

A  B  C  D

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Winners will be announced on Friday, November 20th and will appear in the next edition of your University Paper.

Decision of judges will be final. In case of tie — Decision of judges will be forth coming.

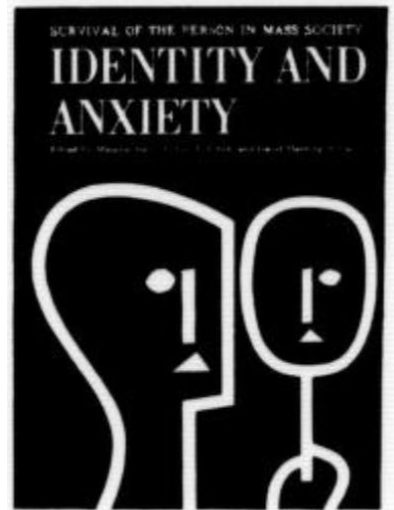
# Students Grumble As The Turret Crumbles

Gradually, as you read the *Turret*, you adjust yourself to the idea that it is not a very good magazine, that it doesn't get better as it goes along. As a matter of fact, the last story in the magazine is so bad that it really should be dealt with in the scatological terms which so pervade it. I'll talk about this story first, since, like a fat lady in a small room, it commands your attention by its very size. Literature is supposed to be about experience, and everything. Well, this story is about a kind of experience. Literary experience. Bad literary experience. The reason the story is so unnecessarily long is that (I admit this is a prejudiced theory) the author is stuffing every bit of reading and movie-viewing he has ever done into this one long opus. And his sound is no better than his sense. The story of Barnaby, who, one supposes, will finally step out of his fatigues into, one might suppose, an undershirt, instead of, one supposes, a gray-flannel suit, is presented to us in one of those half-baked well-done dishes which leave nothing to the reader's and demand still less from the writer's imagination. Dialogue and action is always accompanied by little explanatory gestures which tell you what they mean. People always "grin sheepishly" after they say something, or take a couple of deep breaths and expel them slowly, or something. The whole thing is especially too bad, since as illustrated by some exceptions in the usually strained dialogue, and by several interesting if irrelevant descriptions and insights, the boy does, as they say, have talent, and also he put so much work into the thing — all those pages.

Since all the stories in the *Turret* are just as exasperating as the boring monument described above, I shall deal with each of them in passages of a length proportional to their length relative to it. Thus, "Jaggy, a Very Short Story" is also a pretty old story, although fairly well written. "The Playmate" I like very much: the girl who is its heroine is interesting, and the story has many perceptive touches. Unfortunately, the story has a very derivative savor about it — specifically, it is like Salinger's story, *A Perfect Day For Banana Fish*, in about a million ways. "Grapes and Wine" and "They Lay Him Under A Simmon Tree" and the creation mysteriously entitled "A Short Story" are all pretty harmless. And Lucy Neumark's thing, I think, is a very nice kind of exercise thing, if unmemorable.

The poetry in the *Turret* is, you'll be glad to hear, much better than the prose. "Mediterranean Episode," Lyman Andrews' erotic cameo, has a kind of "milky-white" . . . shadowed . . . lascivious . . . crackling, phosphorescent . . . salt-cut" beauty to it. One assumes that there is no connection between the subject of this poem and the photograph on the opposite page. Judy Milan's poem has a quiet irony and verbal grace reminiscent of, of all people, E. A. Robinson. Roger Horwitz's poem about lambs and such is, at least, very difficult to understand. The only enjoyable lines in this strange work are the dedication: "To Burton, who is not yet wise but knows how to frown," which is a very accurate description of most of the writing in the *Turret*. I guess the *Turret* knows its pretty bad, since it had to use photographs for filler.

J.F.



Recent developments in ego psychology present an almost total shift in perspective. In contrast to Freud's psychology of scarcity, Erik Erikson notes the surplus of energy inherent in the young ego as it encounters crisis situations. He expands Freud's epigenetic system from only the first six years to include from birth to death. Instead of super-ego neuroses Erikson concentrates on the upsurge in the prevalence of ego neuroses. And since the ego is in touch with external reality, while the super-ego represents the unchanging remnants of the past, it becomes necessary to study the various stresses imposed on the ego by the unique social system. It is no accident that the first contribution to *Identity and Anxiety* is Erikson's fine paper, "The Problem of Ego Identity."

For the new emphasis on ego psychology practically begs some rapprochement between psychology and sociology. If the various revisionists are correct, Freud's ethnocentrism meant that his psychology was always socially conditioned; but the sociology was implicit rather than explicit. Whether or not he really could, Freud thought that he could divorce psychoanalysis from social analysis. Ego psychology makes the latter a condition of the former.

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