

CLASS OF 1961 55th REUNION



Special Thanks

On behalf of the Institutional Advancement Division,
we would like to thank the members of the
Class of 1961 Reunion Committee.

Bruce B. Litwer, Co-chair
Stephen Reiner, Co-chair

Stephen Bluestone, Yearbook Coordinator

Edward Feldstein

Jeffrey Golland, Memorial Service Coordinator

Ronald Lipton

Norman Merwise

Paula Resnick

Judith Schatz

Michael Schatz

Judith Silverson Sloan, Memorial Service Coordinator

Morton Sloan

Merle Glee Snyder

Martin Zelnik

Dear Classmates –

As we write this, the Alumni Office tells us we have over sixty profile updates in this Reunion Book, which is a remarkable response to the Reunion Committee's solicitations and reminders. This is the eleventh time we've done this as a class since 1961, and the number and fullness of the entries speak volumes about our sense of identity as Brandeisians. We've come a long way together and still have much to share. We're truly a special class.

And we know that the same sense of community will carry over to the activities of Reunion Weekend itself. We look forward to a full schedule of get-togethers, discussions, and dinners. There will also be a memorial service for departed classmates that will take place on Saturday morning, for which we express our special thanks here to fellow committee members Judith Silverson Sloan and Jeff Golland. Much hard work went into the meticulous research they did for the Remembrance Book that accompanies this volume; we're grateful to them, as well, for planning the service as a whole.

So please enjoy this keepsake of the occasion and record of our progress over the past half century plus five. A special class forum of reflections and remembrances also comes with the package (see introduction on the next page). We're calling it our **55th Forum**, and we'd like to thank the twenty-four classmates who took part in the conversation. This personal presentation of voices is unique among the alumni classes at Brandeis, and we're especially proud of it.

We're indebted also to Barbara McCarthy, Lisa Fleischman, Ashley Meissner, and others of the Alumni Office staff for their patience and expertise in helping to make Reunion Weekend and this publication possible. They were available when we needed them and kept us on track throughout the whole process leading up to our gathering in Waltham in June.

With best wishes,

Stephen Bluestone

Bruce B. Litwer

Stephen R. Reiner

for the 1961 Reunion Committee

ON THE CLASS OF 1961'S 55TH FORUM

“Old age,” Melville writes, “is always wakeful; as if, the longer linked with life, the less man has to do with aught that looks like death.” Well, maybe. Here we are again, at any rate, like Ahab, putting up some kind of fight against the darkness, pacing the deck, watching out the night. And here’s our **55th Forum** to prove it. Like its recent sibling, the **50th Forum**, it’s a wonderful collection of essays, reflections, reminiscences, and poems by our classmates (twenty-four of them) about our journey since Brandeis and, in some cases, about our time there as students during a remarkable period in our lives. In many cases, though, this compilation is about nothing more than the fact that we’re alive and checking out the stars.

These are a few of the voices we associate with that time. We can hear them as we read the words, and it’s like a needle dropped on an old record: the sounds of an earlier time return, but we listen in the present. Thanks to memory, we’re in two places at once. Meanwhile, a certain kind of closure happens – for better or worse, we were part of an experiment, and, now that we’ve achieved seniority, the results are in. During the past fifty-five years, we took our passion for justice, our continuing search for truth, along with us. At each step of the way, the years at Brandeis never stopped shaping our journey.

Thanks to all. It was an honor to have helped the Reunion Committee create this forum.

With best wishes,

Stephen Bluestone

Matt Abrams

Life since Brandeis...

Continue as President of CANAMCO (1982-). We represent Canadian firms and departments and agencies of the Canadian Government in Washington on legislative and regulatory matters. Had lived in Ottawa and Montreal for 10-12 years. Former Fellow, Canadian Institute of International Affairs.

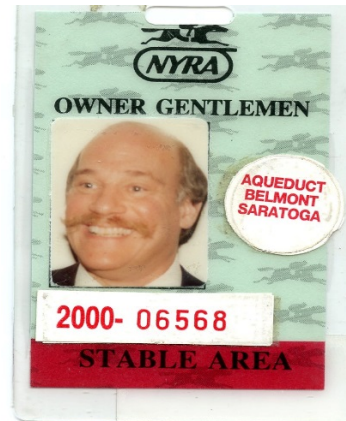


Photo only 15 years old, but who's counting?

Susan Rubenfeld Bernard

Life since Brandeis...

My Brandeis education and the friends I made there will always have an impact on my life.

After Brandeis, I obtained a Master's Degree from Harvard University.

My life has been filled with so many opportunities and experiences. I have been an educator, the owner of a publishing company, a real estate broker, and a legal assistant. I have been active in my Homeowners' Association (President for 10 years followed by many years as a member of the Board)

as well as other organizations. I am active in my synagogue---where I began a monthly walking group called Torah on the Trails six years ago.

One of my passions is travel, and I do many times each year. I have visited all of the continents but still have more locations on my Bucket List.

My husband passed away in 1993. Life is unpredictable, so I am focused to do all the things I can while I am still able to do them.

Sandra Cutler Bernstein

Life since Brandeis...

As a child, I used to ride my bike the five miles from my home in Newton to see the castle at the Massachusetts Medical College in Waltham. Several years later, I joined the Brandeis student body at the same site where I pursued the study of science. I reaped so many benefits, good friends, a fine education, and ultimately opportunities to study at the Hornstein program of Jewish Communal Service with Bernie Reisman, and most recently BOLLI, the lifelong learning program. Brandeis all the way! Except for a Masters of Education at Boston State and a CAGS at Boston University.

I married Neil, whom I dated since age sixteen and married after my junior year. We have two daughters, Phyllis and Vicki, their husbands, Dave and Herschel and children, Justin, 24, Ilana, 20, and

twins, Hadi and Lev, 14. We now live in our dream house on Lake Cochituate in Wayland. I also travel quite often and recently returned from my seventh trip to Israel.

Work for me began doing cancer research at the Jimmy Fund, then teaching science in both Sudbury and Walpole. I then ran the Volunteer Program for Combined Jewish Philanthropies before I retired. I then joined with Rhoda Kaplan Pierce to write two novels, Leah's Blessing and The Spirit of Kehillat Shalom.

As for the arc of my life, it has been like a rainbow, multi colored with a distant stretch. I feel so blessed in all realms that has been enriched by incredible people and constant new opportunities. What more can I ask for!

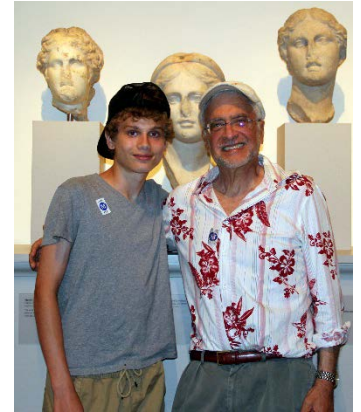
Stephen Bluestone

Life since Brandeis...

Since early 2010 Mary Jo and I have been living in Park Slope. We met at a tango class in Atlanta and, over the years, she would visit me in NYC during the summers when I managed to cobble together enough grant money to pay for sublets in Manhattan. I stayed at Doreen Rappaport's place on the Upper West Side for a few summers, then at Joe Richman's (Joe is Phyllis Richman's son), then elsewhere in the East Village, including Paul Elie's, in Stuyvesant Town. Paul had just published "The Life You Save May Be Your Own," and the karma in his apartment, I have to say, was very good. Paul is an expert on Catholic-American literature, and I, for some lucky reason, had just won the Thomas Merton prize. Then it was time to say farewell to Georgia and come home. I had been teaching literature and film in a small private college for several decades and had made a life for myself in a medium-sized Southern town. I had owned an antebellum house and then a turn-of-the-century one in a Dixie version of a Frank Capra-style neighborhood. At the end of the 90s, I moved to Atlanta (75 miles away) and commuted twice weekly to the college and continued to teach a full course load. Often I'd stay over with friends and be in Macon three days a week. Not a bad life, really: Beckett in the morning, Shakespeare in the early afternoon, and Kubrick-Scorsese-Fellini-Truffaut in the late afternoon. The money wasn't fabulous, but I had freedom, some very good students, and time to write. And Mercer, thank goodness, pretty much left me to my own devices. I also advised and helped run the Mercer Film Society and the Mercer Shakespeare Society. On weekends in Atlanta I played MSBL baseball (not softball!) and, for a while, even managed a team. This complemented fast-pitch stickball (the prince of all games) during summers in NYC. (If you can throw strikes, you can help the team. The other 90% is mental.) And then, as I say, it was time to come back. Mary Jo and I sold our places in Atlanta within a month of each other and pooled our resources and found a small co-op right off Prospect Park in a building with low maintenance and no mortgage. We then migrated to Brooklyn, the coolest of all the boroughs, another country, and began the current chapter of our lives. Between us we have eleven grandchildren, who live elsewhere, but whom we see from time to time. In the meantime we've been able to travel extensively on our own, since home exchanges make extended visits abroad (Paris, Rome, Istanbul, etc.) in real homes and neighborhoods possible. Everyone, it seems, wants to be in Brooklyn, which is now a global brand, and we've had no difficulty finding great exchange partners. In the meantime, I continue to write and Mary Jo does a combination of senior care and in-home foot care, at both of which she's remarkably skilled. On anniversaries and birthdays, we go dancing. And I recently co-edited a bilingual anthology of the poetry of Mexico City and NYC, for which there was a fabulous launch in Mexico City, to be followed by another one this month (April) at the Mexican consulate in NYC. A new book, with a long poem about Treblinka, is on its way to the publisher as I write this profile, happy to be thinking about the Brandeis friends who have been so important to me for so long.



**Mary Jo & Stephen
in Mougins, France**



**Micah (grandson) &
Stephen at the Met**



**Keith (son) & Stephen
in Red Hook**



**Brunch on New Year's Day (Stephen's birthday)
with Keith (son), Keiren (daughter), & family**

Susan Biberfeld Candell & Steve Candell

Life since Brandeis...

Steve and I will be celebrating our 54th anniversary on April 15, and thank Brandeis we must for starting us out on our road to happiness. Steve became a dentist in New York and then expanded his career to dental management which morphed into Excellent, owning thirty dental practices in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. While Steve was the businessman, I taught English in both the middle school and high school. We have now retired in Boca Raton, Fl. for most of the year.

What has made both of us happiest has been our family and friends. The pleasure we get from our two children, Elizabeth, a pediatric rheumatologist in New Jersey and Scot, a lawyer in San Francisco is boundless. Our six grandchildren ranging in ages from seven years to twenty years put a smile on our faces, especially when it is their idea to visit us.

We marvel that our Brandeis friends, most of whom were made freshman year, still feel the closest. Susan Turitz Goldberg, my roommate for the three and one-half years I lived at Brandeis now lives in our Boca Raton community. Romney Kushel Hellinger moved across the street from us last year... we feel we are back in Hamilton E where we started. We still share our joys and sorrows with Adrienne Udis Rosenblatt and Judy Levitt Schatz and Michael Schatz. Thank you Brandeis for our continued present friendships and our happy past memories.



**Then... We lived together and went to class at Brandeis.
Now... We live together in Boca West and go to class at FAU.**

Friends for life ☺

Left to Right: Steve Candell, Sue Biberfeld Candell, Romney Kushel Hellinger, Mel Hellinger, Sue Turitz Goldberg, Jerry Goldberg

Ron Carner

Life since Brandeis...

Tried to live life to its fullest.

Time to take a rest before I start all over again.

Shep Cohen

Life since Brandeis...

Linda ('60) and I are still living in the Boston area, and still working (albeit part-time), enjoying good health and life in general.

Fortunately, our daughter and six-year old granddaughter (the cutest, smartest and loveliest of any class of '61 granddaughter... perhaps for some great granddaughter) live close by in Arlington, which borders on Waltham.

A few years ago, we bought a small cottage on the Cape and totally wait for summer to come around.

While Linda and I have led a modest life, we have both experienced very satisfying careers in social work and in health care administration; Linda helping individuals and families navigating through difficult situations; and I contributing in small measure to advances in local public health and to the education of young physicians in training.

And did our Brandeis years impact our personal growth and careers in a very positive way.....most certainly.

Now I am off to campaign for the Donald (just kidding, just want to see who reads this profile).

Miriam Mandel Congdon

Life since Brandeis...

Not many changes here since our 50th reunion, and I said it all, and possibly too much, in the Forum section of our 2011 reunion yearbook.

Since then? Mixing the positive with the not-so-much: My impulse to say what I think has grown stronger, not necessarily a good thing. Perhaps it's because the older I get, the less I feel I have to lose. I've put short stories on the back burner for a while and now write memoir pieces, some heartbreaking, some sharp and funny. I have absolutely no interest in publishing – I'm quite happy to have family, friends and OLLI writing instructors and acquaintances as my readers. My other love is wild, unfettered dancing, following where the music leads. Dancing to Middle Eastern music, I can almost feel the sand under my feet and between my toes, a cellular memory of ages-old desert ancestry.

I thrive when I'm with people with whom I share common points of reference and a quirky sense of humor. That's just one of the reasons I love my daughter. And while I'm on the subject of family, my son-in-law, except for the fact that he wasn't born to me, is about 90% son. Without my daughter and her husband, I could not have survived bacterial meningitis in 2013. My granddaughter, now 18 and a high school senior, suddenly grew into a wise, compassionate and talented young woman while I wasn't looking. But soon I'll lose the company of this wonderful person: she was granted early admission to Oberlin and will be leaving for college all too soon.

I am fighting aging tooth and claw, yet I envy those who can accept it with grace. It's not the dying I fear, rather it's the gradual loss of energy, strength, quick mind and youthful looks that I deplore. I still sizzle and stomp, and I refuse to go gently into the long twilight before the metaphoric good night.



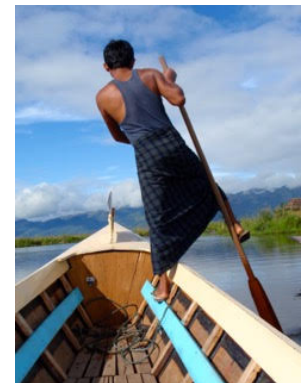
**Daughter Deb &
granddaughter
Sadie**

**Deb &
son-in-law
Dave**



Easy hike in Maine

Inle Lake, Myanmar



Stan Davis

Life since Brandeis...

Did your life follow a clear arc of development?
[Yes, with uptick turning-points.]

Were there revelatory turning-points during college or afterward?

[Both: to be a professor, changing fields, leaving academics and going out on my own as self-employed, writing more books than I ever expected, getting unexpectedly retired by 9/11, retiring to academic life via Harvard's Institute for Learning in Retirement.]

How do you think the culture of the late 1950s or afterwards affected you? [Minimally].

What was the best part of your time at Brandeis?

What was the hardest? [Developing a love of learning.]

What memories are especially sweet (or bitter)?

[Divorced at 35 after 10 years of marriage; sweetest was remarrying at age 40 and staying happily so to this day.]

Your greatest achievements or what have you crossed off your bucket list.

[A successful marriage, committed childrearing, and a career beyond my wildest expectations.]

John Duhig

Life since Brandeis...

This is similar posting to mine of five years ago.

My love for Brandeis and gratitude for the years spent there is unwavering. I was ill prepared for the rigors of study there, but our famous registrar, Charlie Duhig, felt the brain power sufficient.

I quickly realized that my reading and writing skills would not allow me any field of concentration other than Physics or Mathematics. My first semester D in Physics 10 and my A+ in Mathematics (Trigonometry) quickly chose my career path. I 'majored' in Mathematics, even tho we only had 'Fields of Concentration.' I also took all of the Physics courses (faring somewhat better than I did in that first course), but none of the labs.

The best training I received at Brandeis was in slowly learning how to study. This has paid dividends through life, as all subsequent courses taken we met with great success, yes, even As.

Worst moment - that D first semester. I survived.

Best happening: Meeting and marrying our 1st Phi Beta Kappa, Sybil Schwartz '62.

Almost 54 years of marriage and 2 boys and 1 girl, saw me finish a 36 year flying career (Navy and TWA), Sybil have a successful career after the kids hit college of selling golf country club memberships, and enjoying the pleasure of being proud grandparents to 6 beautiful granddaughters, the first two of which are nearing completion of college.

We love to cruise and are especially looking forward to an immediate 19 day tour of China. Bucket List? We do most of it. :)

Our class ListServ has proven to be fascinating, with most replying being of a far left political bent, though not quite all. Being a moderate conservative, I quite enjoy the writings of those who think the Republicans are all felons and that we are doomed should Donald Trump become president. I feel he says many of the right things and then lets his true colors show, which are basically insensitive and pompous. Do I fear his winning? No more than I feared Obama winning, and I have been proved correct there.

Our class ListServ has been very rewarding to me and



Ed (Eddie at Brandeis) Feldstein

Life since Brandeis...

Our Brandeis journey began almost six decades ago. Unlike some of the illustrious members of our Class of 1961, I personally did not have a remote clue as to what remarkable changes were going to become part of my life forever. My safe, secure, insular, tunnel-vision world was dramatically altered forever. I was so naïve as to what a metamorphosis I was experiencing and going to experience the rest of my life. I was bombarded with life-changing thoughts, ideas, attitudes, stimuli and approaches to life that are still reverberating in my head today. To a degree, it was the content, but the most important impact was the encouragement, actually the necessity, to critically and analytically look at every personal contact and experience that I encountered.

As the years unfolded I became aware that the Brandeis motto of "truth, even unto its innermost parts" was becoming part of my psyche. I continually realize that this is a healthy and necessary approach to deal with all of the positive and negative events that have been occurring at a dazzling rate all around us. I believe I have internalized this approach and fortunately it is still a work in progress. It is great to ask "why," but as Robert F. Kennedy and others before him, eloquently said, that instead, we should ask, "why not?" The journey from the fall of 1957 has been game-changing, agonizing, bitter and sweet, life-altering. My four years at Brandeis has become fuel for my fifty-five year (and counting) quest for the possible dreams.

Elaine and John Frank

Life since Brandeis...

Thoughts from John and Elaine:

The best part of our time at Brandeis was almost all of it. Who would have thought that we would meet one another orientation week in 1957 and end up in Philly, married, psychiatrist/social worker, partly retired, Israeli Dancers and just returned from an amazing trip to Cuba.

The hardest part was to leave the nurturing academic shelter of the campus and enter the real world.

The culture of the 50's and 60's had a permanent impact on our social/political lives. We've deeply appreciated two Brandeis traditional values; critical thinking and social justice. We live in a racially/religiously integrated Philadelphia neighborhood (45 yrs. and counting). We participate in a racial awareness discussion group in our psychoanalytic community and have created an annual award for a paper written by grad students on racism and mental health.

We will always remember the excitement and stimulation provided by our Brandeis friends, professors and classmates.



Vinales Valley, Cuba 2016



We are not usually a gun-toting family but at least all the kids and grandkids are in the picture.

Esther Paran Geil

Life since Brandeis...

First job after graduation: computer programmer with Westinghouse in Pittsburgh. Met husband and married there. Two children, both boys.

Husband's job required move to Annapolis, Maryland. Lived and worked there almost 40 years. President of county National Organization for Women and of Toastmaster club at work. Chair of Anne Arundel County Conflict Resolution Center. Taught algebra at Anne Arundel Community College for fun.

Moved to Honolulu about a year ago to be near son and his family here, after husband developed Parkinson's and could not continue his part-time love of playing and recording music. Ardent Democrat. Still can't figure out why some perfectly good and intelligent friends can be Republican in today's Republican Party.



Family approx. 1973 with Esther's parents



Family approx. 1971



Esther with her grandmothers approx. 1946

Arthur Glasgow

Life since Brandeis...

Brandeis was a fall back option for me. Despite that I enjoyed my time there and did well enough to get accepted to a medical school, I was eager to go. At medical school, where I was amongst students from many other colleges or universities, I realized how good my Brandeis education had been. At Brandeis I met the woman whom I would later marry although I did not date her while at Brandeis.

My medical career was successful and gratifying. My marriage continues to be successful and gratifying. I owe both of these to Brandeis.

Two of my daughter in laws have graduated from Brandeis, one as an undergraduate and the other as a graduate student. One grandson is about to graduate. We have celebrated the Bar or Bat Mitzvahs of 6 grandchildren and will celebrate a B'nei Mitzvot of the youngest 2 this June, the time of my 55th reunion.

I believe my wife and I have been blessed with good health, good family, good fortune and happiness. We both retired April 1, 2011 and have enjoyed our retirement thoroughly. We hope our good luck continues.

Susan (Susie) Koskoff Glazer

Life since Brandeis...

I grew up in a small blue-collar mostly Catholic town in Connecticut, where my family was somewhat known because we were one of the few Jewish families, and my attorney father was a socialist (he had been Connecticut Chairman of the Progressive Party in 1948 to elect Henry Wallace president, and an early advocate of civil rights). Imagine my surprise arriving at Brandeis and finding that for the first time in my life I was part of the mainstream--a large crowd of mostly Jewish liberal minded students and faculty. Getting to know some of the best (and most notorious) faculty was eye opening. Took the most classes with the bombastic, entertaining and enlightening John Roche. Lasting outside of class memories include singing the Mozart Requiem in the chorus, working on the Justice and stage managing Where's Charlie productions.

After college I worked in the 1960's student civil rights movement staffing the Northern Student Movement based at Yale, organizing freedom rides in the south. I flirted with law school (did one year), lived in New York, worked in drug addiction treatment programming, and finally moved to the Boston area (Newton) where I have been for the past 40 years or so. I've primarily worked as a health care administrator, first for the Department of Public Health where I was a Deputy Commissioner working in the area of Handicapped Children's services, then at the Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center, and before retirement, 13 years as the Administrative Director of the student health center at Simmons College. Along the way I earned an MBA degree at Boston University, a degree the 21 year old me couldn't have imagined would ever be part of my future.

I've been active in my community, have many loving friends, and am still relatively healthy--going to the gym regularly. Saving the best for last, I have a caring husband, three terrific sons, two great daughters- in-law and three fabulous grandchildren, as well as a large extended family. Wondering what the next years will bring.



Eastern Europe Spring 2015



Our gang

Jeff Golland

Life since Brandeis...

My arc changed at Brandeis; it's been clear since as to vocation (psychoanalytic psychology), took a major turn with my divorce (after 21 years) and remarriage to Marcia two years later, and has been reasonably steady since then. I've been to each of our ten prior reunions. Since the first of these 50 years ago, involvement with Brandeis has been central to my life. Brandeis now seems to have been precociously "of the '60's" during our stay - opening a vast set of possibilities, for me (us) and for the world. It's now evident that prospects for the world have not met naive expectations.

I was among the youngest of us. Socially awkward, I focused on studies, pretending to be well-adjusted by joining in extra-curricular activities on top of my

12-hour weekly campus job at the gym. I didn't know I was unhappy until senior year, so I finished the degree in January to return to New York for graduate school and personal psychoanalysis. My professional life has always been gratifying, and I have no intention to retire. Raising children wasn't easy, but I have deep friendships now with both sons, Dave (a history professor near Chicago) and Rich (a grade-school teacher in DC). My second marriage brought two more (grown) children, Rob and Danielle, and now eight grandchildren (ages 24-4) among our four kids and their spouses. I remain professionally ambitious and hope to write some more. I spend time with the grand-kids, having learned to relax and enjoy just playing. I have no bucket list; I hope to keep doing just what I've been doing for the past 20 years.



My grandchildren don't believe I had red hair

Mike Golub

Life since Brandeis...

It is a blur. Med. School (Tufts) followed Brandeis. Intern at Hartford Hospital and then 2 years in Public Health Service, assigned to California and Atlanta. So enjoyed being in L.A. I returned to do my Internal Medicine training. Found that Endocrinology fit me, so continued on in that area and secured a position at the V.A. with a UCLA faculty appointment. That turned out to be my only career move as I remained at the VA and UCLA until retirement. I ended up as Vice-Chair of the

Dept. of Medicine at UCLA, Full Professor and brief stint as Chief of Medicine at the Sepulveda VA before it was merged with West LA VA (following our significant earthquake). Had a research lab at the VA and studied how certain substances affected blood vessel relaxation as well as clinical studies of high blood pressure. Met my wife in our blood pressure clinic (she was a Nurse Practitioner). Judy and I have 2 wonderful kids and one 16 month old grandson (cutest kid ever). Retirement has focused mainly on travel. Best to all.



Antarctica 2007

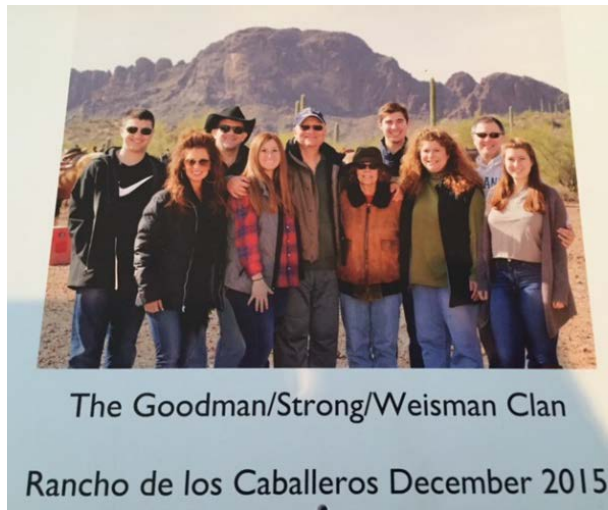


Grandson Brennan (February 16)

Jordan Goodman, M.D.

Life since Brandeis...

In the end, all that really matters are friends and family...without them, all the rest is, all too soon, a memory forgotten...



Our clan...

Carol Snyder Halberstadt

Life since Brandeis...

This is a very brief backstory of how my life has been saved to reach this moment, and how "Pulmonaria, a poem cycle" of 12 poems came to be written and published in the Journal of the American Medical Association (JAMA) Poetry and Medicine Column. They happened at the intersection of two of my lifelong passions: verbal/visual arts and the arts of science and medicine, which are so closely intertwined. On December 15, 2015, the date of my surgery in 2014, I became a one-year survivor of lung cancer. I've been living with this since 2008--almost seven years of "watchful waiting" for a slow-growing tumor (picked up at 2 mm on a routine mammogram) and followed by CT scans and my wonderful oncological surgeon, who promised me it would never reach a cm. At 9 mm we scheduled surgery. All my life I've been writing poetry, which is my autobiography, and publishing many. I wrote "Pulmonaria, a poem cycle," about this new odyssey of my life. They've been published in JAMA between June 9 and Nov. 17, 2015; two other poems have been published in 2016, and three are scheduled for later this year. The editor tells me I've broken the record for most poems published by

a single poet in JAMA since its first issue in July 1883. The prognosis is good, the genetic mutation is not good, and the odds for life are still in my favor. I continue to be followed by scans every six months, and the two this past year have shown no recurrence. I'm in remission, and now in the last chapter of my life, am trying to focus ever more deeply on healing and compassion; to teach, to write, to advocate, to do justice and to act with kindness in and for our grievously wounded world. I have several disabling conditions unrelated to my cancer, which are limiting, but not life-threatening, and I will never cease until the end.

Dreamtime

Let there be stillness in the silence
of leaves speaking.
Let quiet waters feed them
and the humming song of living
hold us near and fold us
in the endless space of hope.

© July 16, 2015 Carol Snyder Halberstadt

Bob Hammer

Life since Brandeis...

This is an update to my response to the 50th Reunion Questionnaire. It has been “the best of times and the worst of times.”

The worst: the unexpected death of my wife Barbara in October, 2014. We had been married 46 years. She is sorely missed.

The best: the entire immediate family is now living in Israel. My son Michael, daughter-in-law Bat-Ami, sons Gavi, 14 and Ezra, 11, came in July 2012. They live in Modi’in, about 40 km NW of my home in Jerusalem. Son Jonathan (Yoni), daughter-in-law Michelle (Meesh) and their one year old, Leora, came in 1999, settling in Jerusalem. Leora is now 18; her two brothers, Avi 15 and Shalom, 12. Barbara and I had bought our Jerusalem apartment in 2004.

The adults are busy with their professional activities. Yoni is a software engineer for Cisco. Meesh (B.A. Brandeis ’91; PhD, Talmud, N.Y.U.) is at the Pardes Institute for Jewish Studies in Jerusalem. She teaches Talmud, heads the “Social Justice” track and is Director of Admissions. Mike (PhD molecular biology, J.D.) is a patent attorney with an intellectual property law firm. Bat-Ami is a customer service representative with a “high tech” company.

In 2015, Meesh and a friend and colleague from Pardes received Orthodox rabbinical ordination from Beit Midrash Har’El in Jerusalem. They are among the first Orthodox Jewish women to achieve this distinction.

My bilingual grandchildren are thriving: at home, at school and in their other activities. Leora, who is graduating from high school, was active in B’nei Akiva, the Religious Zionist youth movement and recently completed two years as a group leader. She has continued to serve as a leader in Kanfei Krembo, an organization that pairs children with special needs with “normal” children – from all backgrounds – for youth activities. Leora will spend a “gap year” at Midreshet Be’er, combining Jewish studies and community service; after which she will do her compulsory army service.

I keep busy with the family and friends; with the Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel, which serves the English speaking community, providing immigrants to Israel with absorption services, cultural and social activities. I am secretary-treasurer of its 501(c)(3) affiliate, American Friends of AACI. I am also working to improve my Hebrew language skills. Despite Barbara’s passing, life is good and I have much to be grateful for.

Shalom from Jerusalem,

Bob

Norman Jacobs

Life since Brandeis...

I went on to law school and then to practice law, as I had always envisioned since my youth. Coming to have Dr. Lawrence Howard as my mentor at Brandeis and then being invited to practice law with one of the great trial lawyers in the 20th century, J. Newton Esdaile, were definitely turning points in my college life and beyond. The culture of the 1950s at Brandeis still keeps me feeling youthful and engaged, which is a huge benefit in my interaction with my four cherished teenaged grandchildren. The best part of my time at Brandeis

was the incredible faculty and wonderful friends that I made. Although I worked very, very hard at my studies, my four years at Brandeis were among the happiest of my life. I am proud of the academic and professional accomplishments that I have achieved and the wonderful career I have been blessed to have and in which I continue to be actively engaged, but most important is the relationship that my wife, Susan, and I have with our children and grandchildren and our daily connection.

Zina Finkelstein Jordan

Life since Brandeis...

I have been retired from the Brandeis University administration for 15 years and highly recommend retirement. The only downside is that my children and grandchildren all live far from me, so I don't see them as often as I would like. After major abdominal surgery four years ago, my health has never been better. To keep my hand in, I still take

minutes for both the Planning Board and the Zoning Board for a community near where I live. I belong to two book groups, usher at the Nashua Symphony and have an active (although widowed/single) social life. Happily I can indulge my taste for travel, with 1-2 trips abroad each year and have discovered an artistic bent for photography and creating Shutterfly photo albums of my travels. Life is good!



Elephant ride in Thailand



At Machu Picchu

Lucy Nathan Kashangaki

Life since Brandeis...

There have been many changes in my life since our 50th reunion. I had to leave Nairobi, our home for 50 years, to live with our daughter in Princeton. I underwent two operations and have had various health problems. Joseph, my husband for 52 years, died after a short illness at the age of 83. I recently moved into a small apartment not far from my daughter and her family.

I taught for over 30 years and did volunteer teaching for another ten after retiring. Once a teacher, they say, always a teacher, so now I give weekly lessons to my Princeton grandchildren. Andre and Sophia come for Spanish and French. Their younger brother Isaac does phonics and reading, mostly through interactive games.

The study of languages has been my avocation throughout and I still spend two hours a day enjoying my studies. The languages I have pursued are French, Spanish, Italian, German, Russian, Swahili and Luhaya, my husband's tribal language. I obtained a commercial translation diploma in French and won a scholarship to study German for two months in Germany.

Highlights of my life have been my travels in Europe and Canada. My happiest moments are my times with my children, their spouses and extended families, and my eleven extraordinary grandchildren ranging from 6 to 25 years old. Vicky graduated from med school in Nairobi in December.

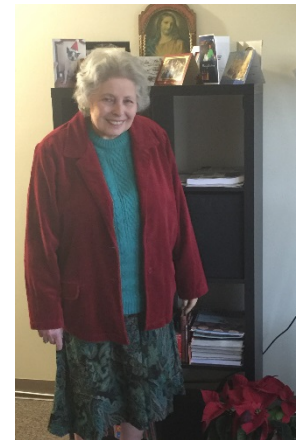
My years at Brandeis were challenging. I entered as an immature 16-year-old and never felt at home. Instead of majoring in languages I foolishly chose sociology. However, I certainly gained a great deal of general knowledge and met some very interesting people. Over the years several classmates visited us in Nairobi and I have kept in close touch with a few, notably my roommate Lorraine Kaufman Schweer. I appreciated the chance to see Boston and Cambridge and here I am in lovely Princeton where my father was a fellow at the Institute for Advanced Study way back in the 1930s.



**Christmas reunion with most of the family
Nairobi 2009**



**With our 7 children
Nairobi 1980**



**Christmas 2015
Princeton**



**Granddaughter Vicky and parents U. of Nairobi
Medical School**

Leslie Neiman Kingsley

Life since Brandeis...

I am happy that so many of us are here for our 55th Reunion, ready to enjoy each other's company and be together on our favorite campus!

At this stage, I am keenly aware of how much life we all have lived, and yet I still think of us as young as we were "back then." I am grateful for my meaningful relationships, the full life I have had (and still want to have) and my wonderful husband Chris (of 28 years). I am so pleased with our children and grandchildren, and with how their lives are turning out.

I have been well and busy, and yet, I am still learning how to be retired. Having time to try new things is fun! Having worked most of my adult life, I still found retirement an adjustment. I'd felt successful in my long HR career, and experienced a few turns, usually for the better. I worked until age 74; the last five years of which involved part-time HR Consulting.

We've had the opportunity to do some wonderful traveling, something we always enjoy. This included regular trips to London to visit our children and grandchildren living there, and some other spots in Europe. Italy remains a favorite.

I face the next phase of life with some anxiety, but also with excitement, imagination, and a sense of adventure. My best to you all!



Chris and I on vacation, Venice, Florida 2016



With our grandchildren at a birthday dinner, March 2015



Chris and I at our granddaughter Hannah's Bat Mitzvah Party



Our daughter Karen with her daughter Sophie

Walt Klores

Life since Brandeis...

For the past five years I have been on a third career - Finance. My first two decades after grad school were in Advertising, then a quarter century in Market Research.

Having a great time being partners in private equity funds with my Brandeis roommate Ron Carner. So Brandeis runs through my life in important dimensions. Many of the friendships I made continue to this day.

In the five years since our fiftieth Emily (Brandeis '69) and I have stepped up our travel schedule. Croatia, Bosnia, New Zealand, South Africa, Cuba. Repeat trips to Italy, France and Spain. I am writing

this note sitting in an airport lounge on our way to Japan for three and a half weeks.

After thirty years in the same apartment Emily and I are moving to new, more luxurious digs just three blocks from where we are now. So we are indeed enjoying the good life.

Couple of bumps along the way. In 2012 I was diagnosed with a Cholangiocarcinoma. I endured three operations related to that cancer in 2012, 2013 and 2014 along with chemo and radiation therapy. However at the moment I am cancer free and a happy camper.

To all of my classmates I say Carpe Diem.

Noriko Kobayashi

Life since Brandeis...

I had one good year at Brandeis, 1960-1961, as a Wien international student. Had a chance to watch inauguration of John F. Kennedy on TV due to cancellation of classes on a snowy day.

After a year at Brandeis, I moved to LA to attend USC Library School. Had a chance to work at Caltech library, 1963-66. Then, switched my major to linguistics and studied English as a Second Language at UCLA. Returned to Japan, Dec. 1966. Started teaching from April 1967 until retirement 2007. First ESL at Kyouritu Women's Junior College, then library science at Musashino Women's College. (My current official affiliation

is: Prof. Emeritus Musashino University, Tokyo, Japan)

My family: a biologist son, Shin Kobayashi, Ph.D., Tokyo institute of Technology. Currently, visiting assistant prof. at Medical Research Institute, Tokyo Medical and Dental University, Bunkyo-ku, Tokyo, Japan. I live close to my son and help Tokyo Children's Library via internet as a volunteer.

With the best of wishes and highest of hopes to Brandeis university and all the alumni, honoring the centennial of Louis Brandeis' nomination to the Supreme Court.

Eleanor Miller Kohansky

Life since Brandeis...

When I graduated from Brandeis I went into show business (singing – acting) for about 8 years. My parents suggested during that time that I take some education courses so I could have something to fall back on. Well I fell back for 45 years as a New York City elementary school teacher.

I now work very part-time at my local library, volunteer 2 days a week at the American Red Cross and sing in a senior signing group.

I've been married to a fabulous guy for 42 years.

Brandeis was a great experience. I'm so glad I chose a rather small university. Most of my memories are very sweet (including great friends). The only bitter memory was "Economic Statistics." I majored in Economics, enjoyed it, but hit a wall with that course – at least I passed it.



My husband Bob and I at a friend's granddaughter's first birthday.

Irene Kotlar

Life since Brandeis...

Children: Jeremy – photographer, film maker and producer now in London. Matthew – actor, writer, bar and restaurant owner of Brooklyn Social and Henry Public.

Granddaughter: Esme, age 7 and Ogden, age 3 ¾

Education: Brandeis, BA Sociology. U.B.C., MSW 1973

Occupation: social worker, movie extra

Volunteer activities: social activist – civic, provincial and some federal political work; education committees – school, parent, civic party committee, and ushering theater.

I have lived in the beautiful, but often rainy, Hollywood North for 45 years. Worked in child welfare and films. Arrived after 13 years in Mass. (Waltham and Cambridge) with 3 year old and 10 day old boys, both of whom now live in Brooklyn. I visit NYC once a year, and wish I could reside on both coasts. I swim daily, do weight room, indoor cycling and walk regularly. Now less active had hip replacement!

Work with Democrats Abroad in last few US Federal elections, urging expatriates to register to vote, and travelling to Bellingham, Wash. To help in the Kerry campaign. This coming election voted via Mass. I am involved with the Peretz Centre, a secular, humanistic cultural Jewish organization. I am proud that my social politics and ethical, humanistic view have not changed. I am intolerant of discrimination and abhor war. I have lost some of my idealism as I view the world around me. Canada seems to be peacekeeping again and could easily lose its universal healthcare, as the wait lists get longer. My life has been significantly different than what I had imagined – 3000 miles from home (NYC & Cambridge), divorced, was not regularly employed and dying my grey hair. On the plus side, I am healthy and the “boys” are thriving.

Important lesson – quoting Phil Kotlar, my dad, “We should only judge people by how they treat other human beings.”



Irene Kotlar Dawson and Elaine Greenberg Frank, summer 2015



Dan Kurland

Life since Brandeis...

At Brandeis I shifted majors yearly: math, biology, theater, English, chasing mentors long the way.

In later years I have been Assistant to the Chaplain at Johns Hopkins, editor-in-chief of the education division of Simon & Schuster, a machinist, a high school math teacher, a middle school science teacher on the Hopi reservation, a college English teacher at various institutions, and off and on between gigs a stone carver and stone carving teacher. I have published articles in juried journals in psychology, chemistry and English.

I am not sure if my experiences at Brandeis didn't change me at all or actually honed my desire for discovery in my later life. Mostly importantly it got

me out of the draft and out on my own and into the world

My most moving experience at Brandeis was being given a key to the newly installed electron microscope my freshman year (such trust!), and my most memorable times time spent with my roommates over the years.

I guess my latest achievement is kayaking 6.5 miles on Lake Titicaca at 12,500 feet, at 74. Still going!

What am I up to today? See my two ongoing passions at www.criticalreading.com and www.criticalreading.com/sculpture/index.html

Sally Lee Ledger

Life since Brandeis...

Since I majored in Anthropology at Brandeis, there did not seem to be many opportunities for a career in that field after graduation. I wanted to stay in the Boston area and got a job as a Children's Librarian in the Boston Public Library system and enrolled in the Simmons College Graduate program. After earning a Master of Science in Library Science in 1965, I followed my fiancé to Delaware where he had taken a job with DuPont. Frank and I were married 6 months after we moved & I continued working as a Librarian in New Castle County. I reached the level of Branch Librarian in charge of a newly opened branch in the County. When I became pregnant after 3 years, I left my career in 1970 to be a stay-at-home mom. Unfortunately, with the first Oil Crisis & the impact the higher prices had on our budget, it became apparent in 1973 that I needed to re-enter the job market. With a lack of part-time jobs available in my field and a toddler to raise, I took a series of clerical jobs through an agency. That led to a full-time job at what was then ICI Americas, where I learned computer programming. After several years in the MIS department, I transferred my computer knowledge to the Research Library, where I became acquainted with research via the early versions of the Internet and the World Wide Web. It was interesting that the two different paths my career had taken came together in this way.

In early 1998 I retired from the company which had become Zeneca. After our son was married in 1999, we completed our move to Sussex County in 2000. My husband, with several health issues, had retired 8 years earlier and I had been dividing my time between homes as I had continued working. After his death in October 2000, I became a part-time caregiver for my widowed mother. My siblings and I made the difficult decision to move her into an Assisted Living facility in 2009 after she was diagnosed with Alzheimer's Disease. She passed away in 2011.

In addition to caregiving, I have been keeping busy in the community. I have served on the Board of the local Boys & Girls Club since 2001. In 2008 I joined the GFWC Womens Club of Indian River and have served as Treasurer of the club since 2012. I also have a son & two grandchildren living about 80 miles away and visit family spread out from Connecticut to South Carolina as often as possible. I have enjoyed traveling to many places in the USA with a local group. This summer I plan to go on the Grand Danube trip with a Brandeis Alumni group. I have recently become an avid participant in 'Words with Friends' with several ongoing games with relatives and friends. I am trying to keep well and busy and hope to avoid the development of Alzheimer's or some other problem of aging. I plan to enjoy my life as long as I am able. It is hard to realize it has been 55 years since Brandeis but my life has been full and mostly a happy one. On that closing, I hope Reunion is a success.



Sally (Shoemaker) Ledger

Sooncha Lee

Life since Brandeis...

Received MS in Library Science from Columbia University; married in 1964; moved to Cincinnati in 1967; retired from Public Library of Cincinnati in 1999; and lived happily ever after!



Performing as the Old Soul of China in the Cincinnati Opera's "Nixon in China" in 2007.

Raph Levine

Life since Brandeis...

Still active and practicing Orthopedic Medicine in Englewood, NJ! For a fuller update, along with reflections, please see my 55th Forum contribution.

Peter Lipsitt

Life since Brandeis...



Family portrait at marriage of Alex and Maggi, June 2013. Dan and Alex are the wonderful sons. Maggi is our dear daughter-in-law. Lois and Peter are the happy parents.

Bruce B. Litwer

Life since Brandeis...

My early childhood memories include everyone in my family telling me that I had "a gift for gab" and would become a lawyer. So, it was no surprise that I went to law school and became an attorney. But there were many things that happened throughout my life that I didn't expect: I relocated to Miami in 1968, not when I was 68. I've had three wives, not led three lives. My first marriage lasted two years. My second wife, who was not of my faith, and I were together for 7 ½ years. Vicki and I have been together for 30 years, and are still going strong. If that's not progress, I don't know what is. I never had children, but Vicki's daughter, Wendy is more like me than she is to her dad. We never thought we'd be grandparents, because Wendy didn't marry until she was in her 39th year. We now have seven year old twin grandchildren, Andrew and Ayaela, who live very near to us and in whose lives we are very much involved. Here's what I like to say about the twins: every grandparent thinks their

grandchildren are adorable, but mine really are. Watching them grow up is better than television. Vicki and I are good health and enjoying our retirement. We travel a great deal. We've been on 22 cruises since 2006 and spent, in total, about a year at sea. As I write this, we are on the 68th day of a 73 day cruise, around South America, from Miami to Miami. During the last leg of our journey, from Rio to Miami, we met one of Justice Brandeis grandchildren and great grandchildren. We are active in our synagogue and our community. I'm a member of the Coral Gables Cultural Development Board, which oversees the city's "Art In Public Places" program and also distributes grants to various cultural organizations. I'm still active at Brandeis. In addition to co-chairing our 55th reunion, I serve on the steering committee of the Board of Fellows and the Executive Committee of the Brandeis National Committee(BNC) formerly BUNWC. Life doesn't get much better than this.

Marc Lubin

Life since Brandeis...

For me, a major update event is that I have recently cut back on my work as a full time faculty member. After over 40 years of teaching, I am now a part time teacher. The prompt for this was a recent, non-terminal illness (hydrocephalus) which occasioned a 3 month leave from school and then a decision to return in the fall part time. My condition was mildly impaired cognitive functioning, a consequence of pressure on part of the brain from a problem in discharging the fluid from the protective sack around the brain. Very fortunately, this situation was able to be surgically corrected. It is not likely to recur with the correction. So, now I just have the normal aging issues with memory, etc. During that enforced leave time and as I recovered, I began to realize that with my age, and those many years of full time teaching behind me, it was time to cut back and think about what mattered to me most in the years ahead. Aside from my wonderful family, I also thought about what I will leave for others.

Since part of a very general goal for these updates is to track how Brandeis has figured into our post Brandeis experience, my ideas about how to spend the coming years have been derived in part from my experience as a student. My Forum statement basically describes the nature of what I learned about teaching from selected faculty members. It has been evident, that how they taught and the kind of individuals they were influenced me in ways that affected and will affect my teaching and my thinking throughout my career. Because of the continued satisfaction I experienced all these years, I decided to hold on to a part time teaching position along with maintaining a clinical practice in the years ahead. I have done so not just because both activities have been enormously gratifying for me, but I also believe it has been meaningful and helpful for my students, who are future psychologists. And doing so has required time to reflect more extensively about what I am doing.

That is where the Brandeis impact is felt as I go forward. Since I have always lamented I didn't have time to think and write and read to more extensively deepen my understanding and enjoyment of my work with students and patients, as I have wanted to do, I am now going to be taking that time.

As for my family, Kathy and I are finally grandparents. So that is part of our future, along with some travel, and possible special retiree programs at UCLA. I recently found an article on Google by Stan Davis about Maury Stein, which has further inspired my retirement interests. (By the way, you might check out the Google references for Allen Grossman, James Klee and Maury Stein to further restore memories about them, in addition to my Forum article.) And then, quite simply, and given our sons' connection to the film world (shared interests), we see all of the good independent films that are abundantly which are available in the Santa Monica area. So, it has been and is a very good life always and hopefully will continue as I enter the quasi retired world.

These reunions have been and are very important to me for the chance to see old friends and reflect with them on our past and the present together. It speaks to the magic of those years that we can so easily find the old connections with each other. Those memories have been strong and deeply satisfying, and have reconnected me to the social and intellectual parts of my life at Brandeis. I am always reminded at these times that the significance and specialness of those years has not diminished over time.

Devra C Marcus

Life since Brandeis...

I am deeply grateful to Brandeis. When I came as a terrified and extraordinarily naive 16 year old all I knew was that I had nearly insatiable curiosity. What a fine institution it was in which to begin to learn how to acquire information and to think critically.

I fear for the school now, however. Young people need a skeleton on which to build a solid body of ideas which will help them to stay centered and to behave ethically and morally throughout their lives.

I think that skeleton is now missing parts which saddens and angers me as well.

I have had a rich and full life. My curiosity and concern for the wellbeing of us humans everywhere remains intact.

I love many people including two husbands, three children, seven grandchildren, numerous patients, and many friends.

Thank you, Brandeis.

Dick Mazow

Life since Brandeis...

By no means did my life follow a clear arc of development. For some reason unknown to me even to this day, not only did I apply to dental school upon leaving Brandeis, but I was accepted, even though I had failed at Tinker Toy. Big mistake on their part. After spending a year at the University of Pennsylvania, there was a mutual acknowledgement that I should consider another profession. Uncle Sam thought I should consider Viet Nam once I lost my student deferment, but that really didn't interest me. I attempted to flunk the physical at the Boston Army Base, but failed at that as well. After visiting

various medically related schools, I thought about law school. Even though the classes were filled since this was July, I was undaunted and applied for September admission. I returned to waiting on tables at the Mt. Washington Hotel until August when I came home to take the LSATs. The results came out three weeks later, and I did well enough to get accepted at the three laws schools to which I applied, and chose Boston College. I was sworn into the Bar on 11/9/65, the day of the northeast blackout, went into sole practice in Charlestown. Fifty years later, I can't imagine doing anything else, and I've loved every minute of it.

Baila Milner Miller

Life since Brandeis...

Our life continues in a satisfying manner. My husband, Irv, and I moved to a condo in Evanston, IL last year after our 14 year stint in the city of Chicago. Since we had raised our kids in Evanston, our move has been a homecoming. We love the ease of condo living and our great view of Lake Michigan, downtown Chicago, and the western sunsets. We have been blessed so far with good health, except for the typical minor aches of aging bodies. Family continues to be most important; we have celebrated over 54 years of marriage and enjoy our two children and 4 grandchildren. Feeling young, it's hard to reconcile having adult children over 50 years old and a granddaughter in college. I continue with my retirement pastimes of painting, taking classes at Northwestern, playing bridge, theater, walking and a little volunteer work. We travel more, and recently returned from a trip to Cuba, a fascinating experience.

When I think back to Brandeis days, I remember the intellectual excitement and opening up of the world at large. Now I'm more apt to muse about the loss of dear friends and wonder what's ahead rather than looking back. I was a gerontological researcher for many years and realize that studying aging and living it are two very different things.



Elinor Mirza, *nee* Christian

Life since Brandeis...

Brandeis has been a life changer for me. It was a big surprise to me to be awarded a Fulbright Scholarship along with a Wien Scholarship in the academic year 1960/61. I was studying translation and interpreting at Vienna University with English, Russian and French as subjects. We students from Austria made our first big journey into the world on the SS United States, the holder of the Blue Ribbon (for the fastest Atlantic Ocean crossing). I shall never forget our arrival in New York Harbour with the morning sun painting the formidable skyline into a fervent red, which hit me, as at first sight it reminded me of the burning streets of WWII. Unforgettable my first step into fashionable 5th Avenue, it was overwhelming. The suit which I wore and thought to be very classic looked all of a sudden so drab and provincial among the chic New Yorkers!

Prior to Brandeis I lived with my host family in the Experiment of International Living Programme. It was such a warm, welcoming experience, still vivid in my mind! Brandeis, its set-up so different from Vienna University, the faculty, my classmates especially those of the Wien Program became very much part of me. Coming from an ethnically and religious monochrome country my new surroundings were an instant eye-opener to a multi-facetted reality. I was made aware of the brutality of the holocaust, the reality of which I had not been exposed to before. An important period of learning, understanding and widening of "my horizon" began.

At an international evening hosted by the Jewish community of Marblehead I met my husband, Dr. Firoze Dara Mirza, who was connected with Tufts Dental School. This was my introduction to India, the Parsis and Zoroastrianism. Over the years I imbibed a lot of ancient Indian and Persian history, tradition, religion. And now I am studying Persian language, an extra impetus is my daughter-in-law who hails from Teheran.

Mumbai, the bustling city, has been my home for over 50 years. The eye-opener Brandeis has been followed by the Mumbai eye opener (I personally like the old name Bombay, it encapsulates its rich varied history). It's a constant atmosphere of learning, seeing, believing and above all living! 38 years working at the German Consulate General in Bombay gave me a chance to put my formative year at Brandeis to good use in dealing with people of various backgrounds, ages and problems. Thank you Brandeis.



Robert Moulthrop

Life since Brandeis...

In the last five years ...

- My life-partner of 21 years, Richard Winkler, is now a four-time Tony Award winning Broadway producer; he's a Tony voter, so lots of theatre on the calendar with him; at the same time he continues to work as a lighting designer for the theatre.

- I've published two collections of short stories: *To Tell You the Truth* and *Elvis's Dog...Moonbeam* (both available on Amazon).

- I'm the translator/adaptor of a Danish children's book about death and grieving by Glenn Ringtved. *Cry, Heart, But Never Break* was published in March 2016 by Enchanted Lion Books (New York) and continues to receive very positive reviews.

- I've been a finalist for the Humana Festival's one-act play Heinemann Award, had a reading at NYC's Abingdon Theatre of my play "Sextet For Lovers," and have had readings for four other new plays.

- I've won a couple of prizes for my fiction, and had several new short stories published, the last being "Miss Honeybunch Takes a Dip" in *Tahoma Literary Review*, which also posted a podcast of me reading the story.

- One new grandchild has been added in Kansas City, bringing the total there to four, added to the three in Cleveland, making a total of seven. The older ones are now five years older than they were in the last update. Everyone's fine, for which I give great thanks.

- My son William (in KC) works in tech development and sales for mid-sized companies; his twin brother Daniel (in Cleveland) is now CEO of the City Club of Cleveland; their older brother Peter is now production manager at the rock venue Hammerstein Ballroom in NYC.

- I've enjoyed being on the Class of 1961 ListServ: keeping up, broadening horizons, enjoying the discussions among "friends who are family."

Advice from the middle of my 70s: Stay present, stay open to the new, deal with the health stuff as it happens; mourn the losses, enjoy each other's company; take naps.



Robert Moulthrop @ 75

Dorothy Shubow Nelson

Life since Brandeis...

We went our own ways like condors cared for in the high nest caves of the Grand Canyon and then pushed out to fly. Most spread their wings and soared on their own, signatures in the vast space and depth of this spectacular opening in the earth.

Unlike some who attended Brandeis starting in fall 1957, I was not well prepared for college. I went to high school in Somerville, Massachusetts as my father was the Rabbi in that city. But I was confident of my place at Brandeis and would be determined to do worthy things with my life. The borders I straddled were generative. Somerville borders Cambridge, and my father who graduated from Harvard in 1924, loved being close to the university, going to lectures there and in Boston and the theater now called the A.R.T. My mother was a pianist and they both attended the Boston Symphony often. They had long-time friends as well as relatives, throughout greater Boston.

This was my domain, good friends, Jews and Christians from Somerville in the late 40s and 50s, and the world beyond which I also participated in, seeing no difference between people until I began to realize restrictions on my life. It was those limits, lack of freedom to choose and to think on my own, that helped to form my relentless search for meaning and truth. Brandeis was a good place for me. Although I had a few teachers who were reading from old notepads and were not interested in engaging with students, the good teachers influenced me greatly because of their passion, knowledge, openness and appreciation of their students. Two years of humanities courses with Allen Grossman were immeasurable gifts bestowed; the intellectual and aesthetic impact of studying world drama from ancient times through the 1950s with John Matthews expanded my mind in ways unaffected by textbooks. Reading Alan Watts and Zen writers with James Klee introduced eastern thought, countering western ideas for the first time.

We came of age before the cultural and political revolutions of the 60s and 70s. The seeds were sown earlier by movements that continued despite world wars and cold war repressions. The sixties offered possibilities for remarkable changes; I caught on, and was lucky. Once people have the freedom to interpret the world, once they can study

together, organize and act together, and develop political consciousness of the heart and the mind, change is possible. It was a great time.

Recently, while napping, I heard helicopters and wondered what's to come since the recent bombings in Paris and Brussels. I was active in the anti-war movement in the late sixties and early 70s. Now I am teaching a creative writing course to veterans in the Gloucester Veterans Center. This May will culminate three years of these workshops. I am back in the community after 25 years of academic teaching. I hope to help these writers recognize their common concerns, a phrase from Allen Grossman's introduction to his book of poems *How to Do Things with Tears*.

Three books of my poems are waiting to be finished. I am very close to my sons, Joshua and Raphael Brickman and Matthew Nelson and fortunate to enjoy the loving company of my grandchildren, Nathan, Edie, Isaac and Samuel, daughter-in-law Leila, and others. My closest Brandeis friend is Claes Brundenius, a 1960 Wien scholar. In 1974 I worked with coal miners in West Virginia and crossed over, committed to struggle against the exploitation of the working class. In 2006 I taught in New Mexico and my heart grew larger. In February 2017, I will have been married to the love of my life, Jim Nelson, for 40 years. Because of Jim's large extended family in Ireland and Montana, I have traveled to these places ever more convinced of the sacredness of this earth.



Sue Packel

Life since Brandeis...

My four years at Brandeis were very positive for me. I learned a lot, I grew a lot (intellectually and emotionally.....not physically). In my junior year I met the man I've been married to for almost 55 years. Happy times.

I got much satisfaction as a wife and mother. My early career as a teacher was not satisfying to me. At 40, I became a librarian and spent many happy years surrounded by books and people who love books the way that I do.

Len taught at Villanova Law School for 40 years and we had a wonderful community of bright and interesting people. Still very much involved. My politics were formed in the cradle. They haven't changed much. At this point I can't say that I am happy with either choice in the Democratic Party. I will vote for that candidate because the Republican choices scare the living daylights out of me.

I feel as though I am in the last generation of stay at home moms, identified through my husband's career as well as my own. Many things changed in the 60's and 70's. Autre temps, autre moeurs. It worked for me, not for everyone.

This is the hardest part of my life...saying farewell to too, too many friends and family members. I don't feel old, but am called 'elderly.' If I ride the bus or subway, people offer me a seat. Strange feeling. I prefer weddings to funerals. As I write, Len and I are coming to the end of a wonderful California February. Much better than a Philadelphia February.

Life goes on, I miss my children, grandchildren and friends. It was fun to visit with friends here (John and Sybil Schwartz Duhig, among others) enjoy the climate, museums, etc. We love to travel. Last year we went to Spain and Portugal. Who knows where we will land next.

Time to go home and keep on living.

Sue



Me and my guys.



In Toledo, Spain



In Venice

Jim Polito

Life since Brandeis...

My high school principal helped me get into Brandeis University at the last minute, after my plans to attend another university fell through. Brandeis was not my original choice, but in hindsight, it was a brilliant choice for me. There, I was exposed to social, cultural and political ideas that I had never encountered before. My Brandeis education provided me with a strong intellectual foundation that helped me to navigate every job or life situation I have encountered. While I am not close to the Brandeis community today, I am forever grateful for the education I received there.

Now, approaching 80 years of age, viewing how the world has changed since my graduation in 1961, I appreciate how my Brandeis experience has helped me understand and adjust to the rush of events we deal with on a daily basis, and to enjoy all the cultural opportunities in music, literature and performance that are available to us. My wife Brita and I are proud of our son and daughter and our seven grandchildren; our family is our greatest treasure. I am still working, conducting survey research for long time clients in the information technology field.



**Brita and me celebrating 50 years
together in Orleans, MA**

Doreen Rappaport

Life since Brandeis...

Fifty-five years, it doesn't seem possible. What a piece of luck that I went to Brandeis in those early years. I don't have any friends who went to other colleges who were so stimulated and energized about learning as we were at Brandeis. The professors were extraordinary, complex, stimulating, and demanding. But it wasn't just the intellectual stimulation. It was a particular time in history, especially for we women (really "girls" then) who were struggling around sexuality and trying to figure out our futures in an era when marriage was still considered the prime road for women. Brandeis didn't solve those problems, but it gave me a grounding to think about them.

At Brandeis I made intense friendships that to this day enrich my life. Brandeisians speak a common language, and so even with people I was not close with then, or fell out of contact with over the years, I find at these reunions we have a lot to talk about.

As important as Brandeis was, the civil rights movement and the women's movement that followed those years revolutionized my thinking and set me on a path of teaching children, and that led to writing children's books. History is my subject and I pride myself on the variety of approaches I use to tell stories to kids. I'm still researching and writing, working half time I guess. I can't give it up. There are so many stories still to tell though I know I'm not going to have enough time to tell them all.

My husband Bob and I, together sixteen years, live in a small rural town about 2 1/2 hours from the city and also spend time in the city. We're trying to figure out how to live the next years, indulging ourselves and yet be committed to some kind of community service. I still want to go back to singing, but something always seems to interfere. Right now we are crazed over this election. Enough! Ask me more questions about where I'm at when you see me.



Hey, I let my hair go gray, and I LOVE IT!

Stephen R. Reiner

Life since Brandeis...

After Brandeis I spent the next three years at NYU Law School, graduating in 1964 with an LLB, and I was admitted to the New York State Bar later that year. While at law school I worked at a construction company, and afterwards joined a small law firm with a general practice and a specialty in business and real estate. In 1968 I joined a business controlled by my family. It was a public company engaged in a variety of activities including intimate and children's apparel, real estate and several other small enterprises. I became CEO a few years later, took the company private, and remained actively engaged with it until the late 1990's, by which time most of the businesses had been sold. Bits and pieces still survive.

Beginning in the early 1970s I became involved in nonprofit work as a volunteer, an avocation which persists. I serve or have served on more than 15 different boards including that of Brandeis (since 1976). Most of these are in the Jewish world, whether local, national or international. This work has been a major part of my life, and always will be. Indeed, professionally I now act as a consultant in the nonprofit arena, specializing in strategy, governance and management. Most recently, along with another Brandeis alumnus, I became the Co-Chair of the Board of the Brandeis Hillel, which we hope to nurture and grow.

I have been happily married to my beautiful bride Patricia (ain't love grand!) for almost 32 years, and have two sons, Anthony and Jonathan, now in their 40s from a prior marriage. Following a career on Wall Street, where she was one of the earliest women engaged as an analyst in the investment business, Patricia changed course. In the 90s, after many years of collecting, she became an expert and dealer in American and English silver and later studied for certification as an appraiser in the decorative arts, specializing in silver. She is continuing her studies for further certification in Jewish ritual art.

We are blessed with four beautiful grandchildren ages 5 months to 12 years, Charley (our newest granddaughter), Jonathan, Amaya and Nyemah. Both my parents are deceased as are Patricia's and one of my two younger brothers, Robert. My other brother, Wesley and his lovely wife, Lauren, live close by. Patricia's brother and his wife, Susan, also a Brandeis alum, live in Miami and we see them often. We also have nieces, nephews and cousins, who add greatly to our lives.

Patricia and I live in New York City on the Upper West Side of Manhattan in the same apartment as when we were married. While advancing age has subjected us to various minor ailments, we both enjoy excellent health, truly a blessing.

Speaking of blessings, in addition to health and family and stimulating work, we have many friends, including those from Brandeis. Brandeis has been a constant in my life, in both of our lives, really. I relish my visits to campus, and enjoy the warmth of feelings and memories, both old and more recent, of its importance to me.

Patricia considers herself an alum by marriage.



Phyllis Richman

Life since Brandeis...

With the birth of my sixth grandchild seven years ago, my family was complete. Each of my three children has two kids; the oldest is 10. As for their parents, Joe and Sue live in New York; he produces Radio Diaries for NPR while she makes films. Matt is married to Kristin, a midwife; he works from home—in Petaluma, CA—where he is a "sound designer" or more familiarly, a sound engineer, Libby commutes two blocks from her Takoma Park, MD, home, she produces TV shows; her husband Brian is improving school systems. My family also includes Bob Burton, whom I married about a decade ago after living together for 17 years. We like to be sure.

After a largely delightful, self-indulgent 23-year stint as the Washington Post's restaurant critic, I retired when I was diagnosed with Parkinson's. Over the years I'd added the food editorship and a syndicated column to my tasks. I'd started one of the Washington Post's earliest blogs. I'd written for every section of the paper, done articles on soup kitchens and successfully argued in print to retry a rapist. I'd traveled to China, Japan, Hong Kong, Morocco, Yugoslavia, Turkey, and Europe for my job. I'd written three novels and a stack of restaurant guidebooks. In 2000, I realized that I loved NOT going out for dinner.

The next decade demanded a lot of adjustment from me. My disease and my parents' final illnesses were only a start.

Karen Auster Levy and I were already best friends by September 1957, when we first met in our Brandeis dorm room. At first glance, though, we

didn't seem to have all that much in common. Barely skimming five feet tall, I was nearly a foot shorter than Karen. So much for sharing our wardrobe.

We shared nearly everything else. We could anticipate each other's preferences and reactions. We visited each other's families, knew cousins and uncles and aunts.

Only Karen could draw me into a screaming match in the lobby of Atlantic City's Trump Plaza. We could also comfort each other like nobody else. Though we never lived in the same place again, even after graduation our relationship remained intense and close. Through the years, whenever Karen's family had a medical emergency, I happened to call just as they were returning from the stitching, or the X-rays. It was unfailing.

My mother was in a coma from lymphoma when Karen called to tell me that she'd been diagnosed with stage 4 breast cancer. We cried a lot those days—for each other, for ourselves, for everybody.

Karen's death took a lot more from me than has 16 years of Parkinson's. I skipped the 2006 reunion. My memories of Brandeis seemed inextricable from Karen.

That was a turning point. Giving up Brandeis, in retrospect, seemed counterproductive and unnecessary. I reminded myself that after all, it was because of Brandeis I met Karen. At the 2011 reunion I didn't mourn her as much as I celebrated her.

Adrienne Rosenblatt

Life since Brandeis...

As far as the culture of the late '50's affected me, I was most keenly aware that the 2nd wave of feminism had started to drop its seedlings on me. I remember four separate incidents that deeply touched and upset me (were we even allowed to be "angry?") with their inherent unfairness. Briefly, they dealt with Jewish patriarchy and competition between the sexes in academics, athletics, and other school activities. A heavy dose of feminist thinking was certainly in order - but that was yet to come. And I was ready for it: Letty Cottin Pogrebin lived on my floor and became a role model for many of us. I read her books, taught my kids "Free to Be You and Me", attended her lectures when possible, and occasionally corresponded and conversed with her. Through a BNC study group, I started reading women's lit; majoring in English and American Lit, I'd never before even heard of these wonderful writers. And although I credit Irving Howe for really teaching me how to read, I can't picture him ever teaching this genre. Some years ago when Letty's first novel was published, I was asked to introduce her to a large Hartford audience and will never forget her hugs and praise: "What a stellar introduction!" she said, adding "See what a good Brandeis education can do!?" That has left its imprint on my heart.

When I became President of the Hartford Chapter of Brandeis University National Women's Committee (now BNC) in my mid-30's, the stationery letterheads used the husband's name, even though men were ineligible for membership at that time. When, without any discussion, I placed the order with Adrienne Rosenblatt, not Mrs. Joel Rosenblatt, imprinted on it, many eyebrows were raised but nothing untoward was ever said to me. The Board consisted of women older and more traditional than I, but it didn't take too much longer for the name issue to be permanently resolved. A victory! And how mutual the pride when years later, my daughter was asked about me and my involvement in BNC and she mentioned the name issue, indicating how proud she was of me for initiating the change.

Negatives of the '50's: All the do's and don'ts, the shoulds and should nots, women's limited professional opportunities, the conformity, the behavior (don't make waves; was being assertive almost as bad as being aggressive?), the anti-intellectualism, and - most of all-- don't sound too smart as the boys will feel threatened and won't like you.

Academic Memories: Sophomore Year - Irving Howe's first assignment in "The English Novel" was to write a paper on "Tristram Shandy" by Laurence Sterne. Not an easy novel, but a very influential one, many people would find it very funny. I did. Howe read a portion of the paper that he had given the highest grade to - a B -.... And it was my paper! OMG! Elation - or should I hide? He might call on me and start questioning me and I wouldn't know the answers. Moreover, he remarked that never before had he experienced my particular insight into the section he discussed. Perhaps I was beginning to learn how to learn. I don't think I ever told anyone (except Joel) about this academic validation...



Adrienne and Joel

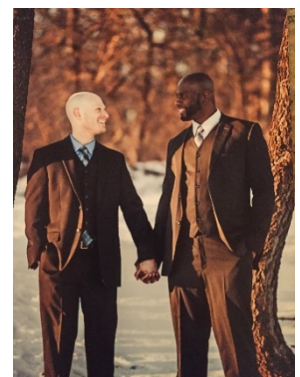


**Summer Weekend
in the Berkshires**



**Granddaughter
Emily's Bat Mitzvah**

**Son Lenny
with husband Kofi**



Connie Simo Rosenblum

Life since Brandeis...

This brown haired freshman science scholarship student met Bobby Rosenblum, playing the piano in the Student Union in 1957, and I'm still heart-achingly glad he chose to make his life with me. I was 'home' wherever we were, for these past 50+ years. He died in March of 2015. <http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/nytimes/obituary.aspx?pid=174407951>

The culture of the early 60's prompted belief in being able to be an agent of change in one's private and public life, and so as a young person one could acquire risk-taking and rule-breaking skills, important to living with courage. Just as I was learning to feel 'everything is possible', I slowly realized it was hard for me to learn how to 'think' on my own, if I always had to get good grades, as my scholarship money depended upon them, and so I left in 1959 for Reed College, where there were no grades and all exams were 'open book', so memorizing stuff wasn't useful.

Although my creatively written CV brags success in commercializing technologies at several engineering universities, as the PI on Federal Agency contracts, the truth is I always chose personal life and times, with family and friends, over career prizes and am deeply content that I did. I never had an agenda, beyond having a "good look around", being, as an atheist, astonished by the experience of consciousness, but now, finally it seems, I am looking for something outside of and larger than myself to contribute to and be part of, so the passage of my life will have been of some small benefit to others and the Earth.



With Daisy and Max; summer 1979



With Daisy and Max; summer 2013



Sailing in the Aegean; June 1968



Fifty years after first meeting

Arlene Cohn Rubin

Life since Brandeis...

Since graduating, I've been on a 55-year exhaustive search for a submarine sandwich (Italian meats & cheeses, extra hot peppers) as delicious as one from the Sub Shop on Main Street in Waltham -- or for breakfast from a diner as funky as the one further up Main Street -- or for a roast beef sandwich with special sauce from Harvard Square. (Lox & bagels from Newton were easy to replicate.)

Ah, Newton. Where we picketed Woolworth's to show solidarity with the brave lunch counter sit-ins in the South. Those weekends were more important

to the trajectory of my future life of political activism than any academic endeavor -- although majoring in American Civilization did provide a context for the history we lived during the anti-war and Civil Rights struggles and since.

That my wonderful kids and their wonderful spouses are as politically informed and involved as they are is my proud legacy. Grandson Max was 3 when he assured he didn't mind waiting in line a long time, because he "want[ed] to vote for Obama!"

Roberta Spector Safer

Life since Brandeis...

Who I am and what I have accomplished in my life has been and continues to be influenced by my Brandeis experience.

After being extremely intimidated by the intellect and brilliance of my classmates I learned that hard work can make up for that deficit. That lesson has guided my life.

When Brandeis did not recognize Education as a credible career in the 50's and 60's, I earned those credits at other institutions so that I could teach school. When early moves with my first husband Arnold Safer '58 meant leaving teaching for motherhood in Houston and Minneapolis but when they attended school, I retrained for Real Estate for 5 years. When they were older I again found new challenges in becoming a Gemologist/appraiser, a career that I loved dearly and practiced in New York and Washington DC for 24 years until I retired in 2002.

Again, more guts than brains kept me going when my husband had several health issues including a bout with Prostate Cancer and heart issues which resulted in his early death at age 59 in 1996. I was not spared since back surgery and a bout with breast cancer were my dues. (Now 22 years later). Lucky for me, good friends introduced me to my 2nd husband, also a widower, Klaus Zwilsky, another 40 short, PHD, and Leo, this time from MIT. We have been together happily for the last 20 years.

It has been an eventful life, my first husband and I had 3 daughters, now each educated and successful with careers and husbands who provided me with 4 grandchildren and 2 step grands. As an Energy Economist, Arnold Safer started the Oil Futures Market and I got to travel extensively and moved 8 times learning to adapt each time.

This travel made keeping up with classmates more challenging and not being in the dorms during my Brandeis stay limited those connections. Although I loved my school it was difficult to keep up and juggle the early romance that blossomed from my sophomore year on to my marriage in February 1961 even before graduation. Finding a mate so early is not a recipe for creating school friendships.

As for accomplishments: I have done everything that I had ever dreamed to do... 1st education, 2nd Family, 3rd Travel and now Community activism. From starting a Jewish congregation in our rural Calvert County outside of DC, to my continuing involvement with the League of Women Voters in 3 states and our involvement in county politics to ensure transparency in county government I am still busy and active. I have been honored by my county 3 times for community work and still am Chair of the garden committee for my local homeowners association as a Master Gardener...still have lots of plants and gardens about our home above the Chesapeake Bay.

With exercise, reasonable good health and some financial stability, Klaus and I continue to travel yearly to visit my two daughters in San Francisco as well as plan varied trips to new places that we have not been. This year the trip to Berlin that Klaus takes to give talks to the Jewish Museum in Berlin that houses his documents about his survival in the Jewish Hospital in Berlin during the war will be a family event that my three daughters, husbands and grandchildren will share. We will go on to Greece for a trip and cruise to take advantage of the European visit in June. This trip precludes joining you for the 55th. Maybe at the 60th.



**Klaus and I in
Palm Springs
- March 2016**

**Klaus and I in San
Francisco rooting
for the Redskins
with daughter
Jocelyn**



**All of my daughters
camping it up at
Jocelyn's 50th
B'day bash
in Puerto Vallarta,
Nov. 2015**

**My 4 grandchildren
and my daughter
Karen celebrating
my granddaughter
Julia's HS
graduation.**



Judy and Mike Schatz

Life since Brandeis...

2 & 1/2 months after reunion, we will be married 55 years. 3 children, and 6 grandchildren later, it has been a wonderful ride. Mike with a successful Ob-Gyn practice, the last 8 only Gyn, with markedly increased freedom, and Judy as a 'professional volunteer', leading many organizations. These include Friends of the Library, Leominster Cultural Affairs (not an oxymoron), first woman president of the Synagogue, and first local, then regional, and then National Board member of Hadassah.

After 7 years of a pied-a-terre in Boston, we moved in full time in 2008. We exchanged lots of floor and storage space for a South End location. We have found the trade-off to be extremely positive. We walk almost everywhere, or take public transportation (the T), when needed. We discovered that we are city folks. We are determined to make the most of that, and have. Multiple subscriptions to symphonies, theatres, ballet, and of course, our beloved Red Sox. Now entering 31st season as part of season ticket group. Our first year with The Boston Symphony was 1973 the same year Ozawa came. We have outlasted him.

We periodically complain of doing too much, but instead of cutting down, we add a lecture here, a play there, etc. On top of this, 4 years ago we found the Evergreen program at Boston University for folks over 58. Just barely made it. We audit classes with the students, and learn without the agony of a term paper or final exam. We are now very into art history. Currently taking a course on Beethoven with a marvelous professor. Music not too shabby either. Have taken astronomy, archeology, and geology; really love doing this. Physically, despite the usual aches and pains of being in our 70's, we continue to ski. Skiing with our grandchildren is wonderful, and we can still keep up with them. We bike in nice weather, and walk a lot. We hope to continue these exercises as long as we can.

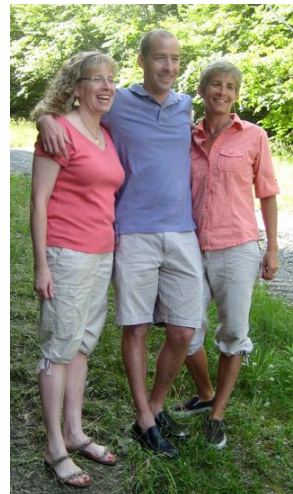
Our oldest grandson is a senior at RPI, and his brother a sophomore at Brandeis. We are now a 3rd generation Brandeis family, as daughter Debbie and her husband Glen are both class of '87. They have a daughter, a sophomore in high school. This semester she is studying in Jerusalem. As good grandparents, we recently visited her (we do love to travel). Our other grandkids live in San Diego. Ages 9, 7, & 5. Our son Dan, their father, is 43, and a lawyer. Our middle child is Naomi, a PhD in psychology. No children and currently unattached. She too lives in San Diego. We try to see West Coast family 4 times a year, and generally do. Very much looking forward to the reunion, and all of our classmates who will be there.



Nuclear family, minus one grandson, May, 2014



All six grandchildren, plus one, May, 2014: Alyssa (Ben's SO), Talia, Sarah, Gabe, Ben '18, Josh, and Emily



**Our three children,
June 2013:
Debbie '87, Dan and Naomi**



Red Sox World Series Trophies, February, 2014: Debbie, Mike, and Judy

Chick Scher

Life since Brandeis...

My wife, Reda, and I live in New Orleans, but recently have rented additional space, an apartment in Wynnewood, PA to be near our children, Deborah and Matthew, and five grandchildren. I retired from practicing Pediatric Hematology/Oncology at Tulane Medical School six years ago, but remain active--teaching Pediatrics to medical students, auditing courses in the Judaic Studies Department of Tulane, playing the recorder in an early music group, doing daily physical exercises, and being active in synagogue.

At Brandeis I spent three invaluable summers in the organic chemistry laboratory of Dr. Orie Friedman, an experience that affected my whole career. After graduating, I obtained an MD degree from the University of Pennsylvania. My Pediatric residency training at Albert Einstein College of Medicine was interrupted by call to national service because of the Vietnam War. I was fortunate to be able to join the Public Health Service and spent four years at the NIH doing basic research and learning the techniques to: 1. study cellular growth control and 2. the properties of viruses that cause cancer in animals. Afterwards I completed my Pediatric residency at Boston Children's Hospital (Harvard Medical School) and then completed a fellowship in Pediatric Hematology/Oncology. I continued to do basic research and have published more than 70 original scientific papers in refereed journals plus

numerous review articles. Perhaps my most important work established groundwork for the discovery of a drug which acts on a molecular basis to cause long-lasting remissions in what previously had been a lethal disease of humans, chronic myelogenous leukemia.

I was appointed Professor of Pediatrics and Human Genetics at the University of Pennsylvania and Children's Hospital of Philadelphia where I continued to do research, treat patients and teach. In 1994 I accepted a position at Tulane to Head the Section of Pediatric Hematology/Oncology and hold the Marcelle Schaeffer Vergara Chair of Pediatric Hematology/Oncology. However, hurricane Katrina hit in August 2005 and both Tulane Hospital and Tulane Medical School were flooded and required extensive repair. Our house was not flooded but had significant damage. Reda and I lived with a kind family, whom we previously did not know, in Baton Rouge for more than four months, as I treated our Pediatric Hematology/Oncology patients at a hospital there. After we returned to New Orleans all the other doctors in our Pediatric Hematology/Oncology group at Tulane had left the city permanently because of the devastating flood, and I assumed responsibility for all the patients. Eventually the city of New Orleans returned to its normal state, and I was able to rebuild the group; after I did so, years later, I retired.

Herb Schimmel

Life since Brandeis...

Since the last biographical sketch I submitted to the reunion yearbook 5 years ago my life has been busy with work, family, and friends. We have been able to throw in some travel abroad and closer to home. Brenda has worked for three month stints at American bases in Italy and Germany and I was able to stay with her for some of her time there. Our sons have proven successful in their careers and we are confident (as much as one can be these days) that will continue. Our 5 grandchildren are not yet out of high school but that time is getting closer and I hope that I can hang around long enough to see them launched into adult life. One of the woman is even taking Advanced Latin this year. With my struggles with languages who would have thought such a thing was possible.

I am hoping that this year will be my last year of work. I am looking at some volunteer activities to take up my time when I don't have the pressures of work. I keep downloading books to my Kindle and hope that I can start reading them for longer than it takes for my eyes to close at night. We continue to travel and will be heading for Italy (with the oldest granddaughter) in June and then to China in the fall. We timed the trip to China, in part, to be able to miss the craziness of the "Election Season."

We are hoping that we can continue to stay healthy enough to be able to travel, visit the children and our friends and family who are scattered in many places, and come back to the 60th reunion in 2021.

Susan Nemser Sekuler

Life since Brandeis...

As our 55th reunion approaches I am happy to be able to join in the celebration, having conquered cancer eight years ago and having had open heart surgery this winter which replaced a failing valve. I am so grateful to live in a time when medical advances have made it possible for people, like me, to remain healthy and active well into late middle age.

In addition to our reunion I am looking forward to celebrating my 55th wedding anniversary with my husband, Robert Sekuler, '60. Together we raised three daughters: Stacia an accountant, Allison, Dean of the graduate school at McMaster University, and Erica, who is a rabbi. We are also the proud grandparents of 6 wonderful and talented grandchildren.

When I left Brandeis, I had hoped to go to law school, but as few law schools allowed women to attend I looked in another direction. I returned home to New York and took a job as a copywriter. The following June I got married and moved to Providence, and at the urging of my parents, I got an MAT from Brown. But it soon became clear that I was not cut out to be a high school teacher. Once I had children I decided to stay home until they were all in school full time. It was then the mid 70's, women were making inroads in formerly all-male fields, and I was encouraged to join the ranks of women entering the legal profession. I graduated from Northwestern Law School in 1977, and then spent 12 years as a litigator and mediator in Chicago, mostly working for government agencies where I was able to affect the public in positive ways. Along the way I was writing for a number of legal publications and realized that I had the

potential to have a second career as a legal journalist. I received an MSJ from Medill School of Journalism just as Robert was offered the position of Provost at Brandeis. So we returned to Boston where I worked as an Associate Editor of a professional biweekly, *Lawyers Alert*, followed by four years as Executive Director of a legal services agency under the auspices of the Boston Bar Association. During that time I also mediated for Massachusetts courts, taught at the Massachusetts College of Law, and in the Legal Studies department at Brandeis.

As my professional career progressed my personal life became busier. The kids graduated from college and grad school, got married and began to have children of their own. And then my mother began to fail and moved to Massachusetts so I could help care for her. I was traveling around the country and Canada to help my children with their young families and returning home to help my mother as well. I no longer felt it necessary to work full-time, and I wanted to devote more time to personal endeavors. So I quit "working for money" and for the next decade I divided my time between family and volunteer programs...DeCordova museum, League of Women Voters, and local Democratic politics. I also began to socialize with friends more, something I hadn't had time for while working. The latter turned out to be a boon when I was recuperating from my two major illnesses, as friends, neighbors and family have been a wonderful support.

In retrospect, I realize that much of my life and my work has been influenced by the concepts I learned in my years at Brandeis: Good deeds and good friends count most.

Valya Kazes Shapiro

Life since Brandeis...

Did my whole life follow a clear arc of development? I cannot fathom how one describes such an arc...

If it can be illustrated as: I graduated in 1961, married Robert Shapiro six days later, built a career, had children, worked, brought my parents from Istanbul to live with us as an extended family for 26 years, became a caretaker, survived breast cancer after a double mastectomy, buried my parents, saw my children after college and graduate school become one an attorney and the other a radio and TV talk show host, witnessed their marriages, had grandchildren, lost my spouse and eventually found the way to survive and enjoy life, I have indeed followed a clear arc of development.



June 16, 1959



1959 Istanbul



Our Sons BRAM & STEPHEN



LEYLA, ISAK, SOPHIE, NOLA, ROBERT

Judith Silverson Sloan

Life since Brandeis...

While my love of reading preceded Brandeis, first-rate courses and professors set me on career paths that provided tremendous satisfaction for many years: as an English teacher at New Rochelle High School; as Senior Writer at Long Island Jewish Medical Center; and as free-lance writer. Post retirement, I derive enjoyment as discussion leader for many book clubs, including the biography group at the Harvard Club in NYC. Whether the reading is in the form of hard copy, kindle or audiobook (great for exercise bikes, walking in the suburbs and a lifesaver when caught in traffic), I've signed on. Is it any surprise that I've given a great deal of time, (not to mention money) to the Port Washington Library Foundation! Ironically, I became a Board Member at the request of then-president Fern Cohen '62, who lives just around the corner with her husband Hirsch '62.

When I entered Brandeis, I was a pianist and sang in acapella choruses and madrigal groups, yet I knew little about music. A survey course without benefit of books and an opera course formed the foundation for both appreciation and support of musical institutions: the NY Philharmonic, the Metropolitan Opera, a Chamber Music Society and Juilliard, where I take courses in their Night Division. Most of my focus, however, is directed at MasterVoices (formerly Collegiate Chorale), a symphonic chorus, enabling me to sing the world's best music with singers such as Debra Voight, Thomas Hampson, Bryn Terfel, and Eric Owens on some of the great stages of NYC. We're now rehearsing "Dido & Aeneas" with Kelli O'Hara.

While I never took a course in NEJS, a love of Israel and "tzedakah" are in my DNA. To that end, Morty and I support AIPAC, (where I bumped into Phyllis Cohen '62), Hadassah, UJA, the Tal Piyot Village near Tel Aviv, and political candidates who believe in a strong Israel. We are also supporters of Steve Emerson, who early on warned the world of the dangers of Islamic fundamentalism. Brandeis friendships are still strong; Arthur Bovarnick '58, was a recent house guest (he has been living in London for the last 40 years). I look forward to daily phone chats with Paulette Feigenbaum Rose '59, who with her husband Joe, shares many an evening at Mostly Mozart or the best of Broadway (and a wonderful New Year's week this past December in Vienna). Yesterday brought with it lunch with Heather Holiber Gerson '61, and it was a pleasure seeing Mickey Lieberman Josephs '61 at a recent MasterVoices

performance of "Pirates of Penzance" at City Center. Co-chairing the Memorial Services and Book with Jeff Golland has been a sobering experience, forcing me to face my own mortality and goals not attained. Yes, perhaps I will walk on the ice in Antarctica, sing solo, and accept my daughter's invitation to go with her the next time she travels to Uganda to see the marvelous work of Innovation Africa, an Israeli-based organization that brings water and solar power to the poorest villages in many African countries. I owe it to whatever forces - God, genetics, or just dumb luck - that have kept me alive and in good health - to try and continue to be active and to give to those less fortunate here and abroad.



At the AIPAC conference 2016 with my daughter

In the botanical gardens



Verbier Music Festival
in the Swiss Alps

Morton Sloan

Life since Brandeis...

My life most certainly did not follow a clear arc of development. I entered Brandeis as a pre-med major, but ended up getting an MBA from NYU. I then became an institutional research analyst at a boutique Wall Street firm, Oppenheimer & Co, and later worked with Muriel Siebert, the first woman to hold a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. When I was in my early 30s, my father, the owner of three supermarkets, decided to retire, whereupon my brother and I opted to buy his interests in the business where I had delivered groceries and worked the cash register in junior high school.

Today, we have 15 Morton Williams supermarkets- almost all of them in Manhattan - along with two wine and spirit stores. Most of the stores are upscale, with executive chefs handling prepared gourmet dinners and supervising catering operations. We also concentrate on healthy, international and organic foods. My brother William, my son, my son-in-law and nephew are all in the business, now in its fourth generation. Few family operations survive this long, but we strive to enable everyone to derive satisfaction and enjoyment at work. While I work six days a week, nobody docks me for arriving late, leaving early or using extra vacation time. I also enjoy being with my family who are in adjoining offices. Running a profitable business has enabled me to support many charitable enterprises. These include community-based organizations, the Arts, educational, medical, Israeli and religious institutions.

Judy and I are still happily married, and I refer you to her page to find out what we do for entertainment and leisure. Since our last reunion, we have enjoyed trips with our children and grandchildren to Machu Pichu and the Galapagos. The two of us loved a river boat cruise from Budapest to Amsterdam; traveling to Singapore, Malaysia and Myanmar this past fall, and spending New Year's week in Vienna. Almost every year, I travel on a Chabad trip to Israel (all men, naturally) with my son-in-law and his friends from Westport, Connecticut. On several occasions, Arthur Bovarnick '58 has joined me from London.

Life has been good. I pray that it continues this way, along with the good health to enjoy it.



Trying out the produce in Cuzco



Getting a ride in Malaysia



With a friend at the Taj Mahal



In the Italian Alps: Morty, Walter Klores, and Arthur Bovarnick '58

Merle Glee Snyder

Life since Brandeis...

Brandeis has been a big part of my life since high school, when I read the brochures with tuition at \$750 a year! I chose to come to Brandeis, because of its newness, its mission and the opportunity to grow out of the world of my childhood.

After being head of Jewish schools in Atlanta, Cleveland, and Danbury, CT for 17 years, I came home. And lo and behold, I came back to Brandeis for another 18 years. This might not sound like a very creative life style, but it has been. I was a single mom, raising two sons, an 8 year old and an 11 year old. Twenty-six years ago they both travelled west to Law School in Chicago and to UC Berkeley School of Architecture. Now I travel to San Francisco to visit my 11 year old grandson, Isaiah and his father and to Chicago to visit 9 year old Orli and her parents.

Other recent travel has included a fabulous trip to Cuba last spring and am anticipating the Brandeis Danube Cruise this coming June.

As a recent retiree, strange word, I can enjoy activities I never made time for before. I am now reading Beckett and Ionesco, Pinter and other Theatre of the Absurd authors and participating in the "Sages and Seekers" program, as a SAGE. Yes, I do smile a lot, and am thankful for that.



Rickshaw Ride in CUBA, May 2015



My son, the tenor, and grandson, ISAIAH in SF



Sisters and Chicago family, including granddaughter, ORLI.

Isabel Kravitz Sodickson

Life since Brandeis...

During the 55 years that followed our Brandeis graduation, I developed an increasing appreciation for what I gained in my years at our young and vibrant university, along with some regrets that I did not take advantage of more that it had to offer in those early years. My years since Brandeis have indeed been full and rewarding, centered on family, careers, friendships, and life in our changing world.

For 53 years, my husband Lester has been the greatest gift of my life. We marvel at how our family now includes 16 of us who remain central in our lives. We see our children, Daniel, Deborah and Aaron as wonderful people who have fashioned their own lives with their spouses and children in ways that we value. They have distinguished themselves in their lives and careers. All are devoted to their families and have brought us joy with our eight grandchildren. What a lively bunch we are when we are all together, especially with all the grandkids or even some combination of them! Fortunately most of us live close to each other, with only Daniel's family not too far away in New York.

Now retired from my social work career, I appreciate my good fortune to have had opportunities to work with others to develop programs that continue to make a difference in the lives of many worthy people. In the process I have experienced the rewards of connections that have enriched my own life and sense of meaning as well. My volunteer activities are ongoing and I am always open to new involvements and relationships.

So many milestones have filled the years, mostly good ones, but no one escapes the tough ones. Having to cope with the inevitable painful losses of many relatives and some of our closest friends has been an ongoing challenge. As always we continue to treasure our cherished family and friends who remain with us and are so deeply a part of our lives.

And it appears that Brandeis will remain a part of our life also. Living in Newton so close to Brandeis, I have enjoyed witnessing not only its impressive expansion but even more so the increasing recognition of its academic excellence and opportunities for its students beyond anything I could have imagined in 1961. To my great delight, in December, our oldest grandson, Rafi, received his acceptance to Brandeis. Now that clearly brings me full circle from graduation 55 years ago!

At our 55th reunion I expect we will share many deep concerns about the state of our country and world. I wonder how the new generation of Brandeis students will prepare to face the challenges ahead. Now in our senior years as we continue to face our own challenges, we also focus on the lives of our children, grandchildren

and the generations beyond. I believe that I share with all of you the wish that those who follow us can find ways to create a future with a more peaceful, loving and joyful world!



Left: Deborah's Family -- center: Isabel, Lester & Aaron's Family -- right: Daniel's Family



Lester & Isabel



Rafi: Brandeis Class of 2020

Gitte Gram Swensson

Life since Brandeis...

I was a Wien special student and did not get to know any of you, except Lewis Koplik. He also visited me in Norway on his Europe tour after graduation. But I have kept in touch with the US and the Boston area through my very good friend Roberta Star Hirshson, who graduated in '62. She will come to visit me soon, in May. I have a brother with a wife and son in Connecticut and another brother's three grandsons in California. I was married for 45 years, then met my sweetheart from school, lived with him until he died a year later and am now living with a wonderful man who lives in the same apartment building as I have my flat. I have been teaching elementary school for 20 years, starting and heading a national group for parents of lesbians and gays for 25 years, been a girl scout for almost all my life, and enjoy having four children and five grandchildren. Come and visit me.



Reception at President and Mrs. Sachar's



Gitte and Maurice Roumani from Libya



Gitte and Petra



Gitte dancing with Lewis Koplik, summer programmne

Judy Arnold Traub

Life since Brandeis...

Community advocate, passionate about women's reproductive rights, early education, and access to health care led to election to the MN Senate for one term. Leader of National Council of Jewish Women in both Minnesota and Florida. Innovator of TRAFFICKED TEENS, a project of NCJW that raises awareness and education on the trafficking of our children as young as 11 years old for sexual services that has been replicated in cities across the country.

I have been lucky to be married to the same man for 51 years, mother of 2, and grandmother of 3. We have traveled extensively and now that the world is less safe than the idyllic place we believed it to be in 1961 (how innocent we were) most of the places on our bucket list have been visited or are not safe for travel.

Hobbies: bridge, knitting, beading, paper art, reading.



Judy and Fred Traub

Arthur H Weiner

Life since Brandeis...

After leaving Brandeis, I continued my education at the University of Chicago - receiving my MBA WITH HONORS in 1963. Positions held subsequently were with IBM and the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, from which I retired at age 50 in 1990.

My lifetime partner and I jointly operated an Antiques business, exhibiting at international shows/fairs in Chicago, New York, Miami and London. Our specialty was Art Deco, Art Nouveau, along with Chinese works of art. Many of our items found their way into major museum collections, including the St. Louis Museum of Art, the Mint Museum in Charlotte, NC, and the City Museum of Hong Kong. We retired from the business in 2005. Since that time, we have spent most of our time traveling with our dogs and cats, visiting the US and Canada. After 51 years of living together, my partner and I were married in Chicago in 2014.

As to leisure activities, when at home in Chicago, I have been teaching step aerobics and Zumba classes several days a week at a major Chicago fitness center.



Celebrating my 75th birthday with a surprise party at the Westin Hotel in Cape Coral, Florida



With my partner (on the left) and one of our dogs, in a photo taken in 2004

Arthur Wilner

Life since Brandeis...

I graduated from Boston University Law School in 1964 and continue to practice law in Eastern Massachusetts area. For thirty-three years (1970 to 2003), I was the Second and First Assistant Clerk-Magistrate of the Brockton District Court, from which I retired in June 2003. I currently practice law part-time with other attorneys, take off three months in the winter in Florida and vacation part-time in Maine in the summer.

I have been married to Bernice since June 2, 1963, have two children, Steven age 50 and Sheri age 47, and three grandchildren, Joshua age 19, a sophomore at University of Michigan, Matty age 18, who is contemplating accepting several colleges including University of Michigan, and Sarah age 16.

Judy Liskov Zabin

Life since Brandeis...

I feel incredibly fortunate – indeed, blessed – as I reflect on the many years since leaving Brandeis. I have been married to Albert ('59) for the past 54 wonderful years. Our three children and their dear spouses have produced our 9 grandchildren. While each of them has a different personality and present different challenges, all are a source of continual wonder and joy.

When I graduated from Brandeis, I pursued a Master's in Social Work. That career has been both meaningful and satisfying, I have been fortunate to have use my clinical skills in Family Service, Hospice and Private Practice.

I do believe that Brandeis has had a major influence on who I am. Two values have had a lifelong impact- the joy and challenge of learning and the profound importance of social justice.



Family in South Arica 2014

Marty Zelnik

Life since Brandeis...

•Did your life follow a clear arc of development?
More like a segmented arc with various directions pursued concurrently. Parallel careers as an architect, a college professor teaching Interior Design, author, real estate development, and community and public service all neatly interacting with each other.

•Were there revelatory turning-points during college or afterward?

Whether "revelatory" or not, I am not sure. And not sure they were turning points but rather significant influences. I enjoyed my athletic career at Brandeis and participated in many varsity sports. Coaches Bud Collins in tennis, Benny Friedman in basketball, and Glenn Howels in soccer were all great and memorable mentors, especially the late Bud Collins who passed away in early March. Art teachers such as Peter Grippi and Mitch Siporin provided great guidance

•How do you think the culture of the late 1950s or afterwards affected you?

I only grew to appreciate the influences of the cultural changes in the late 1950s after I graduated from Brandeis. I must admit that while I shared the

attempt by many of my classmates to boycott or sit in Woolworth's lunch counters, I regret not having been a participant in the cause. A greater influence on me were the Cal/Berkeley FSM demonstrations which were led by Mario Savio and where my late brother Reggie Zelnik, a noted Russian historian, was a professor and activist coming down on the side of the students

•What was the best part of your time at Brandeis? What was the hardest?

BEST: Friendships and bonds that exist until today and sense of community.

HARDEST: Wished that I had been more politically active and aware of the need for social activism and social justice beyond the campus.

•What memories are especially sweet (or bitter)?

SWEETEST:

Having been inducted into the Brandeis Athletic Hall of Fame and having helped influence getting the late Hal Zinn '61 also so recognized

•Your greatest achievements or what have you crossed off your bucket list.

No bucket list...just trying to continue to contribute to society and help others the best way I know how to.

Paul S. Zonderman

Life since Brandeis...

After Brandeis came Cornell Law School and passing the Massachusetts Bar (1964). I was then married to Ann. This was immediately followed by three (3) years of active duty in the US Marine Corps, where I spent all of 1967 in Vietnam. Came home to a six month old daughter, and began a law practice in the Boston area (1968-1976). In 1977, moved family (2 children) to Schenectady, NY where I was hired as an in-house labor counsel for General Electric. Remained with GE for ten years, and in 1986, left GE to practice law in the Albany area, and also began a career as a labor arbitrator. That became my full time occupation (1990). In 2002, I became the Town Judge of Niskayuna, NY, a town of 20,000 where I resided. I served in that capacity for twelve (12) years (elected to three 4-year terms) and retired on Jan. 1, 2014. I went back to being a full time labor arbitrator for another two years, and then fully retired by March 31st of 2016. My daughter lives in Newbury, MA and works in the field of Special Education. My son is an ophthalmologist and lives here in Schenectady with his wife and two girls. My wife and I spend time with our grandchildren and hope to do some traveling. Summarizing 77 years in a paragraph seems a bit strange. I liked the "Leave it to Beaver years" we grew up in. We had respect for our government and felt secure. I am not so pleased by where we are today in this country.



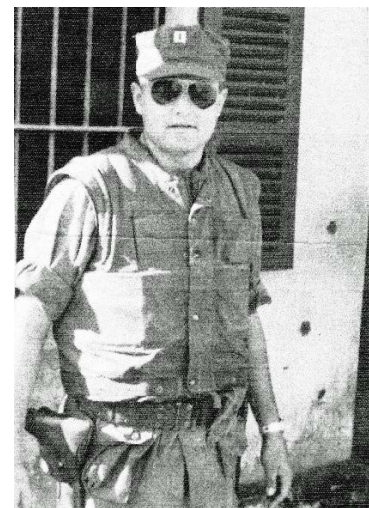
Recent cruise



Ann and Lauren



In the robes



1967

THE 55TH FORUM

CLASS OF 1961

REFLECTIONS ON OUR JOURNEY, REMEMBERING, YOUTH, AGING, FRIENDSHIPS, EDUCATION, AND MUCH MORE

Contributors:

**Stephen Bluestone
Ron Carner
Miriam Mandel Congdon
Stan Davis
Ed Feldstein
Jeff Golland
Carol Snyder Halberstadt
Bob Lapidés
Raph Levine
Peter Lipsitt
Marc Lubin
Robert Moulthrop
Dorothy Shubow Nelson
Sue Finesilver Packel
Doreen Rappaport
Steve Reiner
Phyllis Chasanow Richman
Adrienne Udis Rosenblatt
Constance Simo Rosenblum
Roberta Spector Safer
Mike Schatz
Valya Kazes Shapiro
Judith Silverson Sloan
Marty Zelnik**

A SOUL-TESTING CURRICULUM

Stephen Bluestone '61

Sam Oni, a native of Ghana, was converted to Christianity by missionaries from Mercer University, a Baptist-affiliated institution, where I taught Shakespeare, film, and other subjects for several decades. Oni's acceptance to the university changed it entirely and was, as it turned out, part of a new chapter in the history of civil rights and higher education in the state of Georgia. Admitted to Mercer as an undergraduate in 1963, Oni was the first black student to attend that institution. Mercer was under no court order to integrate at the time, and, in fact, in September 1963, as Oni and two other black students began their careers there, the bombing of the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham took place, the third bombing in eleven days in Birmingham in response to a federal court order to integrate the Alabama school system. At Mercer, meanwhile, thanks to the efforts of people I later got to know as colleagues, integration took place without violence as part of a major shift in Southern Baptist self-understanding and the role of the Christian mission in higher education in the South.

I bring this up in our 55th Forum because I recently returned to Mercer for the memorial service of one of the key participants in that drama so long ago. The life of Joe Hendricks, who passed away in December, was celebrated by family, friends, faculty, and former students in a stunning tribute that took place in January on the Macon campus. It was the first time I had returned to Georgia in six years, and, as so often during my career at Mercer, I had yet another chance to reflect on the differences between Brandeis University, founded in 1948, and a much older Southern liberal arts institution whose finest hour was its response to the call of social justice in mid 20th century. Because of its willingness to integrate without being forced to do so, Mercer changed itself profoundly not only for those associated with it at the time but for everyone who later studied and worked there. At the time of Oni's matriculation, the supporters of integration found themselves in opposition to just about everything in their world: church, family, tradition, even the law itself. White supremacy had shaped literally every inch of public space: parks, schools, hospitals, stores, sidewalks, buses, trains, as well as the libraries. Coming to Macon in the Seventies from Brandeis by way of Ann Arbor, I learned, after the fact, to be sure, just how race-bound the norms of life were in the South during that period.

In the late Fifties and early Sixties Brandeis University was about great professors, important books, and, by current standards, small classes. We also know that this mix wasn't unique in higher education at that time. I surely would have a similar education elsewhere: at Carleton, Amherst, Oberlin, Yale, Cornell, and many other schools, public and private. (I'm always reminded of this when I talk with friends who went to those schools during the years I spent in Waltham.) There was something about the Jewishness of Brandeis, though, an insular quality, and, of course, its North East-urban-parochial demographic. In the late Fifties Brandeis was an upwardly mobile ghetto in transition from the walled ghettos of the European past, one result of a new American prosperity available to many, though not all. In those years, we no longer expected to be rejected at the top medical schools, and, in fact, we weren't. We were also accepted at graduate schools of all kinds. Even gender discrimination was (much too slowly, to be sure) on its way out. The moral arc of the universe, it seemed, had begun at last to bend in the right direction, and, as students, we were lucky indeed to be where we were at that time.

At schools like Mercer University in the late Fifties, on the other hand, the situation was quite different. The legal basis of the Southern way of life was under siege; local mores were under attack both from within and without; an atmosphere of crisis informed everything. During the same period at Brandeis, on the other hand, I was free to admire teachers like Maslow and Held and Morant in an almost ideal academic setting. Grossman was remarkable. Myron Rosenblum could be a tyrant, but he knew his stuff, a *Paper Chase*-like figure who might have loved his students but wanted to save science from them at the same time. It was grueling, but it sure set you up for medical school if you could get through it. In the classroom Brandeis had a certain Germanic charm, with exceptions. It took years, for example, to learn how heterodox and brilliant Ronald Sukenick was. (There was no way to know, of course, until much later, after he'd made his mark with *Out* and *Down and In*.) Sukenick, like others in a Fifties academic enclosure, played it very straight where he was.

And then, a few years after Sam Oni had gone on to graduate school at Berkeley, I arrived at Mercer as an assistant professor, landing, like Oni, on another planet. After Brandeis, this was another world, a complement to cloistered ideas and scholarship. There were other kinds of teachers, too, colleagues who had put it all on the line and, in ways too numerous to count, had changed their world for the better. Whatever Mercer's cultural ethos was, it had something to do, as I soon found out, with an approach to learning that tested your courage and engaged your character as much as any traditional notion of the liberal arts. Martin Luther King Jr.'s idea of non-violent change was a part of it, and there were connections to Gandhi and the Quakers, too. But the old canon needed airing out, no question. If you found yourself teaching the culture of materialism, you might, for example, just as well assign the *Sears Roebuck Catalog*, a work Joe Hendricks in fact proposed, along with Dickens and Marx. I stayed with Shakespeare myself, but saw the point. The hallowed syllabus as an end in itself didn't much matter. A better understanding of consumer society was the goal, wasn't it?

The liberal arts should be, above all, a soul-testing curriculum. Faculty brilliance at Brandeis in our time was a gift. There was another dimension of the learning experience I discovered later on that helped, too. Not ethical "goodness," but something else: a more redemptive and personal, even American, approach, I'd call it. As one colleague, praising Hendricks, put it, "Don't have enough money to pay for your books? Call Joe Hendricks. A death in the family? Call Joe Hendricks. Want to get married? Call Joe Hendricks. Need to get the administration to do something? Call Joe Hendricks." An exaggeration? Perhaps, but not by much. To be as humanly available as Joe Hendricks was turned out to be as important as academic brilliance and the reading lists themselves. In the end, to do the right thing was to do everything in your power to see that Sam Oni and others like him were free to set their own course. "Let me go with you," Joe would say, an echo of something deep in the same heritage Brandeisians share with other traditions. Long after Brandeis, I'm still learning what those words mean. The liberal arts shaped me, and Brandeis University has always been a part of the adventure. But there were surprises ahead, and the sequel was as exciting as anything I was lucky enough to experience at the start.

ON MACCABI USA: AN INTERVIEW WITH RON CARNER

(from *Long Island Jewish World*, April 8-14, 2016)

RON CARNER '61

LIJW: You have been the president of MUSA for close to seven years now, what would you describe as the most important aspect of your current responsibilities?

Ron Carner: There are two very important aspects I feel responsible for as the President of Maccabi USA. One is looking for a new generation of leadership to continue our good work, and the second is to try and put the organization in a better financial position in order to continue the work of our mission, which is to promote and build Jewish pride through the vehicle of sports.

LIJW: What makes Maccabi USA unique?

Ron Carner: We bring thousands of young Jewish people to Israel to learn where they are from, who they are, instill in them the pride of achievement and then have them return to the USA as excited ambassadors for the State of Israel. Most of the participants in the Maccabiah Games are visiting Israel for the first time, a significant number never competed against such high level Jewish athletes, and they come back not only impressed by the athleticism of worldwide Jewry but have gained pride in that realization.

There are other organizations that provide young Jews the opportunity to visit Israel, however our participants are members of a team, whether it is basketball, soccer or the overall Team USA. The camaraderie amongst and between the athletes creates a different level of enthusiasm and involvement. As an example, as part of our program we conduct a B'nai Mitzvah ceremony where we ask the athletes to sign up beforehand to participate. Only 80 signed on in advance, but by the time the ceremony took place, almost all of the 800 Juniors, Youth, and Open athletes came up to the Bima to participate in the ceremony and be with their teammates. That is the power of what we are able to do through sports. Each wanted to join their teammates for such a wonderful event.

LIJW: Maccabi USA uses sports as a vehicle to bring Jewish athletes to Israel to participate in the World Maccabiah Games every four years. Is there a bigger purpose for these Games other than elite international athletic competition?

Ron Carner: Absolutely. The primary purpose is to create an affinity for the importance of the State of Israel within worldwide Jewish life. Our program includes a mandatory seven-day ISRAEL CONNECT educational and cultural program from which our athletes gain a great deal of knowledge about their own culture and heritage. As a result of this intensive program, the athletes, who had no idea what the program was about when they first arrived in Israel, are surprised and grateful for the experience and the emotional impact the program had upon them. I have been told countless times by many athletes that this was a “life-changing experience,” “most important Jewish experience of their lives,” and many other accolades.

As for me personally, if this was solely a sports event, I would have perhaps stayed involved for one or two Games and not committed myself to thirty years of volunteerism to what I consider a most worthwhile project. We are so much more than just sports; we are about instilling pride in being Jewish and in the accomplishments of the Jewish people. And we uniquely do that through sports. No one else does it the way we do, and I am very proud of that.

LIJW: What is the role of Maccabi USA in relation to Maccabi World Union and other Maccabi organizations around the world?

Ron Carner: I'll compare Maccabi World Union (MWU) to the International Olympic Committee. MWU runs the World Maccabiah Games, the world's third largest international sports event. Maccabi USA, like each country that is designated as a Territorial Organization, is obligated to bring the participants to Israel for the competition. To give you an idea of the scope, the last Games in 2013, the 19th Maccabiah, there were over 8,500 participants from around the world representing 75 nations, and Team USA had 1,102 participants in 112 teams in 37 different sports at a cost to the Maccabi USA Organizing Committee of close to \$10,000,000. Each nation has their own level of ability to participate in the Games and hopefully each nation takes their responsibility of participation seriously. Maccabi USA always brings the largest Diaspora delegation to the Maccabiah Games, providing more Jewish athletes the opportunity to experience the magic of Israel and be immersed in the worldwide Jewish community.

LIJW: How would you describe the future of the Maccabi Movement and in particular, Maccabi USA?

Ron Carner: The future involves many parts, one is financial, and in the last seven years we have more than doubled the endowment fund of Maccabi USA and increased our participation in all international games by at least 50%. We have a product – sports – that people understand, love, and appreciate. Therefore, there are many, many people that want to be involved with the organization. The camaraderie and dedication of our leadership are essential to the success of the projects we work on, and I believe we have accomplished that and will continue to build upon it.

LIJW: What role does Maccabi USA play in fund-raising for the movement and how will the money raised from the upcoming launch gala be used?

Ron Carner: The money from the gala will be used to add to the sum that we contribute to MWU, not just for the participation of the Team USA but for the participation of athletes from economically disadvantaged countries, particularly Eastern Europe. We have consistently contributed money in excess of our participation costs, to not only cover the costs of Team USA but to also to make sure that all qualified Jewish athletes from countries that are isolated and economically distressed have the opportunity to participate in the World Maccabiah Games. That is what will help build a stronger worldwide Jewish Community. And in these most difficult times that is a very worthwhile goal.

LIJW: You will be honored at the upcoming launch gala, how do you feel about that?

Ron Carner: I look at this event less than an honor to me but more that Maccabi USA is being honored. If I am able to help in any way with the fund raising by being honored, I am thrilled, and anything I can do to aid Maccabi USA maintain its position as a leader in the worldwide Maccabi Movement as well as the worldwide Jewish movement is important to me.

(55th Forum Editor's note: the next set of Games, the 20th, will take place in July 2017. Ron Carner was honored at a gala dinner on April 20th of this year in New York City, at which the launch took place for a \$12 million fund-raising campaign to send Team USA to Israel and to help ensure that all qualified Jewish athletes from countries around the world will have the opportunity to participate in the Games.)

LIFE AFTER LIFE

Miriam Mandel Congdon '61

This reflection speaks of love, and joy, and surprise. It is the story of my husband, Don, who returned in different and wonderful ways after his death.

But first, you need to know that I was the most unlikely person to welcome contact with the spirit world. When I was a child, I read far too many horror comic books, with their graphic depictions of the undead. These had such a profound effect that even as an adult, when I slept alone all doors to my room had to be shut tight, and I absolutely needed the reassurance of a night light. Thinking logically, I didn't really believe anything was out there (did I?), but in this realm logic didn't apply.

Then suddenly, my life-long fear all but disappeared following Don's death from cancer nearly twelve years ago. The second night after he passed, my night light began to flicker, which it had never done before, and I knew instantly that it was Don, saying "I'm still with you." Not only wasn't I scared – I was thrilled and I wanted more, more, more! And I got it, in various different ways. For the first month or so he made himself known almost nightly through that small light – which I no longer needed but kept so that he could communicate.

For the next while, Don's spirit replicated the sounds of temple gongs, ranging from the strong, deep tones of the enormous ones we hiked to in the hills of South Korea all the way down to the delicate reverberations of the small brass bowl that Don would strike to begin and end our meditations. And with his interest in Buddhism, it was no surprise when I returned home one day to the strong scent of incense surrounding a statue of the Buddha in our living room and a smaller one in our bedroom. Nothing material could account for it: for weeks there had been no flowers or perfume or candles in the house, and, of course, no incense.

After he abandoned gongs, Don turned to telephone calls. The phone would ring just once in the middle of the night, and, even knowing I'd hear only dial tone, I still picked up every time, saying "I love you," or "Goodnight," and easily went back to sleep. And one night, and one night only, I felt our mattress quake, exactly as if he were getting into bed: first a single quick movement as he sat on the edge, then a bump and shake as he lay down, and, last, a series of small ripples as he got comfortable. And I *was* frightened then – frightened that if I looked, there would be nothing there. So, eyes closed and heart pounding, I ran my hand over his side of the bed, and, sure enough – nothing.

My Unitarian/Buddhist husband even attended our church's annual business meeting, seven months after his passing. For decades, he had never missed a single one; in fact he was usually at the podium. So he wasn't going to let a little problem – like being dead – stand in his way. This time, he didn't speak to the congregation or wave *Robert's Rules of Order*, but he did bring the scent of incense. Was I the only one who knew he was there? I asked friends after the meeting whether they had detected that scent, and, yes, some indeed had, regardless of where they had been seated. I didn't tell them, at least not then, why I wanted to know.

His last regular method of contact was to ring my cell after I had turned it off for the night. But when he called twice in the wee small hours, the second call really woke me up. "I love you," I whispered, "but please, don't call again tonight. I'm desperate for sleep." The next morning I tried to take it back, but it was too late. That was the end of nine months of frequent and wondrous manifestations. I like to think he stopped because he knew it was time for me to fly on my own.

But I know Don is still with me, even though I sense his presence far less often. During a difficult time four or five years later, there was the sudden smell of a burning match followed by the scent of vanilla from a candle in our bedroom, a candle that we lit regularly in earlier, better days when he was alive, when we made love. And when I first drafted this reflection a long while ago, a light over my computer desk flickered off and on, as if he were saying, "You can do it! Don't give up!" as I struggled with finding just the right words.

Now I live far from the home that Don and I shared in New Jersey, but of course he has found me here in Maine. Sometimes, too rarely now, wanting to share a passing thought, he walks along the hall to my office just as he did back home, though he never enters, and I never learn what he wants to say. Of course, my Maine home has a different layout, and there is no hallway, but when he is here the landscape shifts for just a few moments and we are both transported to our former house, for so many years so full of love and laughter, joy, and deep sharing.

He has moved on to do other soul work, yet I know that at the same time his spirit is near, not really perceptible but still encouraging me as he always did in life, and letting me know I am still loved. And to my soul mate I say, "Can you hear me, sweetheart? You did more for me than you could possibly have realized, and I thank you for all you gave me. You will always be in my heart."

A GIFT: A CONVERSATION WITH MAURICE STEIN

Stan Davis '61

Maurie was my professor when I was an undergraduate at Brandeis University, and he was my study group leader a half century later at HILR (the Harvard Institute for Learning in Retirement). He had then, and still has now, a wonderfully different way of looking at the world, at life, and at intellectual exploration. We've been friends for a long time and, as part of a New Pathways in Aging project in 2009, we sat down together to discuss things like teaching, learning, and leading at HILR. Once again, I came to learn from a master.

Stan: You've been teaching for over five decades now, mainly at Brandeis and for the past few years at the Harvard Institute. How would you compare these two experiences?

Maurie: HILR has a little of the feeling of the early years at Brandeis University, where I spent virtually my entire career. It was a bounded community of 550 people, all relatively available, and with a sense of the need to confront real issues of human life in their courses. At HILR, many members want to pull together their studies with their lives. In my life, the two places are like bookends, and the big story for me is the evolution over 55 years of my teaching and learning self.

Stan: That's a pretty strong statement. What happened to cause this?

Maurie: I taught my first class at HILR a year after I joined at age 75. I'd taken a few study groups before I began teaching. I had been teaching at Brandeis University for almost 50 years, so I thought I knew how to do it. I developed a study group on aging and some of the most interesting people at the Institute showed up. I had a very difficult and long reading list and intended to go through it by focusing, not on the texts themselves, but on what we learn from the texts. Probably very few of the members got through the list.

Stan: Why was that?

Maurie: I used Helen Luke's classic book *Old Age: the Journey to Simplicity*, which discussed Homer's *The Odyssey*, Shakespeare's *King Lear* and *The Tempest*, and T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*. The second section dealt with meditation texts about aging, including Ram Dass's *Still Here Now* and Toni Packer's *The Wonder of Presence*. These texts involved a lot of reading and we were all having difficulties.

I was wiping them out, and they were wiping me out. I'd unleashed a terror in me and in everybody! My lesson from that was that we shouldn't let this go by, that we needed discussions about aging. I never found time or felt safe enough to talk or let anyone else talk about our shared experience of aging. I was torn between talking about the texts and talking about ourselves. Apparently, this was the first aging course taught at HILR, save for one in the distant past. I guess I had hoped to explore my own aging. At that time, I had not yet had a major illness.

I was also trying to take off from a course I had been teaching for a long time at Brandeis, "The

Sociology of Birth and Death,” but I really had not done the hard work of adapting it for a class of elders. I had decided to teach “The Sociology of Birth and Death” when my daughter was born as I turned 50. Suddenly, I had to learn about both beginnings and endings. When I tried to transplant the course into HILR, I had great difficulty. Still, I was convinced that HILR needed a place where we could discuss aging.

Stan: So what did you do?

Maurie: Rhoads Wald and I encouraged the Curriculum Committee to let us set up four conversation groups on aging, outside the regular curriculum, to look at research on aging, wisdom and aging, literary approaches to aging, and the politics of aging. The groups were quite wonderful, and they motivated several of us to lead regular study groups on the topic.

Stan: Then health problems got in your way.

Maurie: Yes. You might say that my personal study of aging accelerated when I fell several times, the worst down a flight of stairs at home. I also collapsed in a supermarket in Hartford, Connecticut. It turned out that I simultaneously had a kidney stone and acute urinary retention. They didn’t quite know how to treat either because the two were interwoven. I became really sick and had to withdraw from HILR for a year. People tried to visit me, but it was hard to deal with my catheter and my mental state. I returned in the fall of 2007 to take one study group and then took three the following spring.

Stan: You taught sociology and anthropology. How did these subjects enter into your explorations of aging?

Maurie: Well, HILR facilitates exploring big questions about how the world works. My focus as an anthropologist and sociologist has long been about the different ways societies handle vital information—from the epic stories and myths in the non-literate world, to the role of print and other media in the literate world, and finally to computers and the internet in post-literate society.

Before I got sick, for example, I led a course with Peter Spellman on three Polish poets: Czeslaw Milosz, Wislawa Szymborska, and Adam Zagajewski. Understanding them required combining poetry, history, politics, and spirituality. This course gave me a sense that HILR could allow me to examine the deeper threads of my intellectual life. Milosz had entered my life in the early 1950s with his book on communism, and he inspires me through his poems and essays to the present moment. He explained through life stories what it was like to become a communist. He honored the dead. And he gave me a sense that HILR could give you the chance to examine the unexplored threads of your life.

Returning to HILR after being ill, I was delighted to find that all four courses that I took dealt with large issues of aging. Murray Smith’s superb study group on “The Greek Awakening” was directly relevant. And my study groups on Yeats, the Koran, and Japanese landscape gardens could also all be placed in this context. The connections among these seemingly disparate subjects continue to be a source of delight and new knowledge for me. It’s the opportunity to connect what’s in my head with the energy that’s present in these subjects. This intellectual gift

was almost as important as the personal experience, after being ill, of being welcomed back by so many friends.

Stan: Two threads that come across strongly are that you specifically learn by teaching and that you strongly integrate your learning into who you are.

Maurie: My strategy as a teacher was always to arrange courses that allowed me to expand the growing edge of my own learning, which eventually led to the conversations on aging. I always tried to select texts and classroom settings that help push me beyond my current level of understanding. At Brandeis I taught to learn. I taught meditation for 25 years and learned something in every class, particularly from students who had trouble getting a hold on it and finding out what they gained when they did. I never quite realized how dependent I was on learning from the classroom encounter. Our conversations on aging were an effort to do the same thing by allowing us to figure out how elders could explore this ever-present issue together.

Stan: One of the reasons that you were a favorite professor when I was an undergraduate is that we could see how hard you worked at applying what we were studying to your life. You still have that knack.

Maurie: Retiring, aging, and dying are great mysteries and sometimes we like to pretend they aren't. I don't know why my recent illnesses had to happen simultaneously, and I still try to understand what it means to have eight months of forced withdrawal from the world. I had wonderful support from my family and friends but was incredibly dependent on them. I learned that I could come back, but I also realized that at some future time I wouldn't be able to do that. I vastly underestimated the severity of retirement, the demands of aging, and the finality of death. In the meantime, though, I can stay at school, which means that I can continue to use my head and to learn from friends.

One of the most profound teachers I have had at HILR is Tom Hooper. That semester his poetry course was on Emily Dickinson, Robert Frost, and Philip Levine. The most important lesson he taught me, above and beyond new insight into the poems, was his supreme confidence that when he is teaching, if he doesn't know something, someone else in the class always will. Tom creates a learning environment in which everyone feels welcome and able to contribute.

Stan: You and Tom are very much alike that way. People will take whatever you are teaching, because they "take the teacher, not the course." But where you let us see your struggle to find relevance, Tom is much more laid back. He's much more relaxed about the different meanings that people find and apply.

Maurie: One great lesson of HILR came rather early on. It is wonderful to watch people invent so many different styles of teaching. We come from many different backgrounds, but HILR allows us all to recreate ourselves as innovative teachers in our own ways. We're all members of study groups that we've chosen. Unlike the university there are no tests, no grades, and everyone has lifetime tenure. Students in one class turn out to be teachers in another, and everybody participates on committees and community service.

They're all intellectuals, but they hadn't taught. One was a librarian, one a computer specialist, one a physicist, and another a human resources manager. HILR is a seedbed of novel ways of teaching. Some are very cynical about this, and say you can find this variety at any university. But they're wrong. It's different because, unlike the university, HILR students don't have to be there. One's teaching therefore comes more from your human qualities than from a curriculum or an agenda.

Those who have the gift have become real elders, esteemed elders in the HILR community. They're bringing equality, cooperation, openness, and recognition to the classroom; they're embracing mystery, not resolution. Kids require and deserve structure, so you can't do this with them.

Stan: I remember taking a course with you on economic anthropology. Does this apply here?

Maurie: Offering a study group here is a gift, and participating effectively in one is equally a gift. No one is paid, and the fees are relatively modest for membership. We are an economy based on mutual gift-giving and mutual recognition. Most of us are trying very hard but no one is working in a conventional sense. Everything people do here, like teaching and committee work, is a gift. It's community service, not work, and that's one of the beauties of the place. It's also the confusion between these two that makes contributing such a complicated enterprise. We all have to make the jump from education as competitive, to education as collaboration and gift.

Maintaining quality in the context of mutual aid becomes a complicated enterprise. The Curriculum Committee has a delicate task when it decides to modify or reject a proposed study group. If you're on the Curriculum Committee and turn down a course, you're turning down a gift. And this New Pathways project, after all, is also self-study, a special kind of ethnographic research, and hopefully a gift to HILR.

THOUGHTS ON MORTALITY

Ed Feldstein '61

A few months ago (March, 2016), I was honored to have been asked to deliver a eulogy for a dear friend of mine who died at the age 102. Until the last two weeks of his life, he was fortunate to be able to lead an incredibly dynamic and meaningful life. His guiding principle was that it is never too late to start something new, to learn a new skill, to establish a new group, to form a new relationship, to select a path not taken, to explore ways to create new worlds. He believed that it was essential to continually re-invent one's self in order to "successfully" adjust to new and ever-changing realities. As we age, it appears that most of us live and function at levels far below our capabilities. So much of our energy is unfortunately merely potential energy, waiting to be transformed into a vibrant kinetic force. Whether we are in our 70s, 80s, or 90s, we must be prepared to embrace some sort of personal makeover at the appropriate junctures. It is never too late to explore, invent, morph, evolve and find new meaning in life. Arts and music, volunteer opportunities, making the world a better place, sports, intellectual pursuits, mentoring, family involvement, are bursting with possible opportunities. In the last weeks of his life, my friend was under the care of a hospice, and a daily question to his incredulous care givers was, "What are the activities on the schedule for today?" The hundreds of people who attended his uplifting funeral were a testament to his ability to make appropriate significant adaptations and even re-create his very persona. Over the past decade, his personal inspiration relates to my Brandeis experience. The tenth line of our Alma Mater ("New worlds to create") has taken on an even deeper meaning and is a life lesson for all of us. What are we waiting for?

ON TIME

Jeff Golland '61

I have a reputation for always being on time. I'm never very early, perhaps five minutes occasionally, and I'm hardly ever late – and always upset and apologetic when I am. Several years ago I decided to address this neurotic symptom by purposely coming late for a committee meeting to be held at my college's departmental conference room, a short walk from my private office (my presence was not at all important to the agenda). I was nearly out the door at 10 AM, the meeting time, when my phone rang. The committee chair was calling to see if some terrible accident had occurred – or if I had died! This colleague was not a friend.

What is this thing we call time? Much of my musing and writing these days is about philosophy of science issues as they pertain to my field, psychoanalysis. Whether or not this field is a science (or even scientific) is a matter of considerable dispute, with traditional scientists and psychoanalysts on both sides of the argument. The more generous critique is that psychoanalysis is a craft, perhaps an art; more hostile critics call it an obsolete mythology, or charlatanism. Analysts are paid for spending time with people. One naysayer called psychoanalysis “the purchase of friendship.”

Surprising as it may be to most non-scientists, Albert Einstein concluded in his later years that past, present, and future all exist simultaneously. In 1952, in his book *Relativity*, Einstein wrote:

Since there exist in this four dimensional structure [space-time] no longer any sections which represent ‘now’ objectively, the concepts of happening and becoming are indeed not completely suspended, but yet complicated. It appears therefore more natural to think of physical reality as a four dimensional existence, instead of, as hitherto, the evolution of a three dimensional existence . . . Physicists believe the separation between past, present, and future is only an illusion, although a convincing one.

Scientists, Einstein tells us, believe direct experience is an illusion, not merely a lesser reality, like the shadows in Plato's cave. Psychoanalysts focus on personal experience, Freud's “psychological reality.”

I recall enjoying the comic strip “Gasoline Alley.” I had misremembered it, believing its literary conceit to be condensing time. I thought its characters aged several years each year; in a decade a baby would mature to grandparenthood. When I did some research, I found its format to be real-time; the characters aged exactly as we did, with birthdays and anniversaries specified. This error of memory seemed to result from my mental comparison with usual comic-strip format, timeless, like Einstein's universe.

And so, fallible memory is the norm, lapses increase with aging; forgetting is no definitive indicator of Alzheimer's disease. Also common to aging is the strong sense that time is going faster. My sister asked my mother for deathbed words of wisdom; my mother replied, “It goes fast.” It's hard to believe my own grandchildren are growing up so quickly.

I know that I'm ignorant of entire realms of experience familiar to others. My ignorance, faulty memory, and distorted time sense support the physicists' dismissal of experience. But can psychoanalysis consider dialogue based on that experience to be substantive or even useful as the basis for treatment? Aristotle contradicted Plato, saying let's not believe only in ideas and ideals. I believe Einstein's discovery that space is curved; on earth, Newton's Laws apply anyway. Ideas and ideals are important, and I admire the work of physicists, but life is experience. Psychological reality is not the only reality, but it has validity. Life is measured with Dali's distorted clocks. Experience is subject to scientific inquiry; it is not the entire story of the universe, but it counts. Life **is** time. Life is short, but it's all we have; it's not an illusion. I don't want to waste it.

My analytic hour remains fifty minutes, though most therapists now stop at forty-five. I hope to keep being on time for a long time to come. Moments can be momentous.

THREE POEMS FROM *PULMONARIA, A CYCLE*

Carol Snyder Halberstadt '61

Mind

Inspired by and dedicated to Steven James Mentzer, MD

Will I still think and dream
as I am put to sleep again
and when I wake will I still write
the unknown chapter of my life—
these words that wait now deep within,
indolent, slow growing—
emerging as a drowsy bear
half-sleeping from her den,
or like the chipmunk in my yard
who digs and eats and burrows deep
to store what may remain for winter's chill.
And will the trees embrace me
as they hold my shadow when I wake
and will I breathe the air they give
to all that lives from deep within their roots—
My branching capillary breaths of leafless twigs
of dendrites, axons, and the galaxies who feed my mind
beyond the DNA and genome
that I am.

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Holes

*Once upon a time there was an old woman who found a small hole
in her blanket and she tried and tried to cut it out until
the blanket was all gone (from a children's folktale)*

There are holes in me that cannot be filled—
parts forever taken from my stitched and stapled flesh,
x-rayed, scanned, and shadowed on a screen,
and some have cured.
And there are those that are invisible,
the places of the lost and broken times
we all endure. The eye blinks
and the scissors snip

until there is no more.

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Physicians

Does he feel like me?
Does she care, does his art and skill
and will and heart all work as one?
Is she wise?
We go together on these odysseys—
I live within my body, as does he.
My brain is changed by pain and doubt
and what we know too little of
no matter how I dig—they must know more.
But I contain the symptoms ticking off like multiplying clocks,
medications memorized by dose and time,
the errors that I find in almost all encounter notes.
Phone calls, consults, tests, and files pile up
as each condition worsens or arrives.
Some are brief and heal—moments of surprise
in my catalog of comorbidities.
Referred from one physician to the next
each comes with teams to diagnose and manage me,
I manage too, and thank them all,
the growing cohort of my specialists.
I am tired and would rest.
But I'm alive, and fierce, and old,
and life still brightly burns in me,
consuming what there is
while my physicians do their best.

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HONEST, FRIENDLY CONVERSATION

Bob Lapidés '61

One of my projects during the last five years has been Brandeis1961@yahoo.com – the listserv that succeeded the more informal discussion group I started prior to our last reunion. After some initial squabbling, this second group developed a strong sense of community, and our thoughtful, sometimes complicated interactions have continued until the present. We've had our share of conflict, but we've come to care a lot about each other. Our honesty and openness are invigorating, and we relate to one another with kindness and curiosity. We talk about art and music, current events, good and not-good personal news, Brandeis matters, Jewish issues, childhood memories, etc. About 30 or 40 of us chime in, with other classmates letting us know that they enjoy the conversation, even if they don't join in.

I recently asked for comments about our listserv, and a number of people responded. Here are a few samples of their remarks:

– “I was really touched when the announcement of my dear Joel's passing last year was posted (by Bob) and I received so many beautiful messages of condolence. The compassion and warmth that I felt provided me with much solace during a very difficult time.” Adrienne Rosenblatt

– “I've come to know more of my classmates, and more about them. I've liked hearing the variety of viewpoints on so many topics, been fascinated by those who have shared parts of their lives. And I appreciate the level of discourse that's enabled the conversations to thrive and flourish.” Robert Moulthrop

– “It has certainly helped to reunite some forgotten friends. And Bob's provocative comments have kept the little grey cells working. I doubt any other alumni group has something similar going for them.” June Colvill

– “Although I participate little, I find most discussions interesting and I see how much different a segment of our society thinks than do I. However, I find that I think about things that I didn't think about previously. The endeavor is very worthwhile and hope it continues.” Ed Bograd

– “Ditto Ed. The discussion is engaging – and I very much appreciate your leadership, Bob.” Beth Rapfogel Roy

– “The longevity of the list speaks volumes, and those who've participated have been eloquent. Variety of posts, differences of opinion, art, politics: all have been valuable.” Jeff Golland

– “I also have been a voyeur, viewer, listener, or "lurker," different terms for enjoying the conversation, even though I have spoken only a few times. Bob, your questions and topics have been fascinating and effective stimuli for discussion, and the intelligence and varied viewpoints of our classmates have been very fulfilling to experience. I hope this listserv continues.” Elaine Greene

– “The listserv's posts are the ones I most frequently forward to others. The Brooklyn & Queens high school ones were especially popular with those friends we tease when they say "Nowth," when discarding a North mah jong tile. Israeli politics, which Simon and Garfunkel version was

best, our early civil rights activity in Newton, Art Green's recent book, anything about Letty Pogrobin, American Jewish writers (!!!!), beautiful Rosh Hashanah cards (which I outright stole), even Chinese scenes of natural beauty are among the many emails my non-Brandeis friends received and appreciated. What a wide-ranging list of items we've enjoyed. More than once, recipients have admired and wished they had a similar listserv. At first I thought I'd most enjoy memories of classes, professors, Waltham, and sub sandwiches. But there's increasingly so much more." Arlene Cohn Rubin

I replied: "What we've done is usually possible only in a family. Ours is a long-term conversation, one that takes its time, is attentive and respectful to anyone who speaks, feels safe, operates on many levels, shares great sadness when it arises, is open to different views, is thoughtful about public issues and culture, enjoys a good laugh, has memories and experiences in common, is curious about one another's separate stories, treats everyone as equally important, remembers what we and the world were like when we were kids, can compare then and now – and more."

Among the posts I still think about are Raph's on meeting Jackie Robinson, Valya's on growing up Jewish in Turkey, Lucy's about her life in Kenya, John's about his father the Registrar, Jeff's about Maslow, Robert M's about theater at Brandeis, Fran's on the Bronx, Miriam's, Lucy's, and Linda's on how they met their husbands, Dick's and Joan's about working on campus, Arthur Drache's on Canadian views of the U.S., Art Green's and Robert H's on Israeli opinion, our heated discussion about the older men who slept with Brandeis girls, conversations about Peter's sculpture, Beth's book on Little Rock, Marion's novel, Art Green's Intro to Jewish ideas, Robert M's short fiction – and still more.

It's been good.

TWISTS AND TURNS

Raph Levine '61

When I think of our class of '61 as individuals, the images that were formed in 1957 come to the surface after being firmly embedded for fifty-nine years. I note the opportunities given by reunions to re-establish our youth. Only in these twilight years do we understand the brevity of life and appreciate these moments of recollection all the more. We've all experienced the twists and turns of the years – with sadness and joy, disappointment and pride. We've tried to emotionally experience historical events as if we were present. Only now can we reflect on those emotions.

Our own family developed and grew amidst day-by-day travails and necessary chores mixed with *simchas* and sorrow. We are still in the midst of deep grief a year after the passing of our youngest daughter, Batya, at the end of February 2015. Her four older siblings, nieces and nephews, have been unable to fathom the fact that this energetic, opinionated, mischievous, fun, and integral part of our family will not burst through the door at any moment! We commemorated her first *yahrzeit* a few weeks ago. At the Shabbat table, each of her eighteen nieces and nephews was asked to share a memory of a personal interaction with Batya. You can imagine the laughs and tears that were evoked with this activity!

Indeed, raising a family with my wife, Letha, has been my priority for the past fifty-one years. My two sons have become physicians. Zalman, my oldest, has been practicing Reproductive Endocrinology (fertility) for over ten years and recently became a father-in-law when Zeeva, our oldest grandchild, was married about five months ago. Zalman's younger brother, Yehoshua, spent thirteen years in Boston for medical training. Six months ago, he accepted an academic position at the U. of Tennessee in cardiac electro-physiology and has settled in Memphis with his wife, Danielle (dermatologist) and three boys. Shoshana, our oldest daughter, teaches Bible at Stern College and has developed an enrichment program of repute for students with limited backgrounds in Judaic studies. Shoshana and her husband, Yitzy, live in Monsey, N.Y. with five children, each of whom continues to bring much pride to us.

Our daughter, Chavie, has met, and dealt with, significant challenges in life. In 1995, she was victimized in a bus bombing in Israel in which her roommate, Alisa Flatow, was the first fatal American casualty resulting from terrorism. For several weeks in April '95, we entertained a host of multi-network personalities camped on our front lawn on a daily basis. Chavie and her husband, Rabbi Stephen Knapp, live in Teaneck, N.J. with five children. Their oldest, Amalya, is a competitive gymnast, and their seven-year-old daughter Sophie is an active participant in the world of entertainment. From 10/14 until 1/15, she was the youngest Broadway performer in a musical, *Once*, and, upon its closure on Broadway, went on a seven-week tour with its national company. Chavie's two sons are very active in a variety of sports, sapping much of our energy in going from game to game!

Professionally I feel very fortunate in being able to maintain my orthopedic practice when the vast majority of colleagues (from forty years ago) have been long retired. I see some old medical friends in the office when they bruise a knee or sprain an ankle. I came into this field after

exposure to horrendous war injuries as a Naval medical officer during the Vietnam years, and have never regretted it. At this stage, I enjoy the personal relationships that I've established with most of my patients and have had the privilege of taking care of three, and on occasion four, generations of families. The powers that be have not made this activity particularly productive, but I cherish the relationships that I've made over the years, and intend to continue doing this as long as I am physically able to do so.

The Brandeis years were very molding. I have fond memories of the Castle and Smith Hall (where good games of Hearts or Bridge could go on until the wee hours!). I appreciated the opportunity to play freshman football and baseball under the mentorship of Harry Stein, and can still sense the sting of a Charlie Napoli tackle and the exhilaration of hitting a foul ball off Ned Jones in scrimmage games against the varsity. We had to use finger glue while taking notes in Dr. Myron Rosenblum's rapid fire Organic Chemistry lectures – legend had it that someone once dropped his pencil and had to repeat the course! I remember playing tennis with Bernie Ploscowe (of blessed memory) and, to this day, have a weekly singles match. Driving back and forth to New York for vacations with a car full of friends led to closeness and affection that carried forth on campus. I commend my good friend Bob Lapidus for his persistence in maintaining the listserv for the past five years. I must admit that I haven't been much of a contributor but am an avid fan and follower and have taken the opportunity to make some personal contacts with old friends through Bob's efforts. I pray that our class can continue relationships, in optimal health, for many years to come.

THE MAKING OF AN ARTIST

Peter Lipsitt '61

The four years at Brandeis seem like an island hop, part of a zig-zag maneuver on water skis. However, it was at Brandeis that I first sensed it was possible for me to have a career in visual arts from the pleasure I received from it and the support of teachers and peers.

My arts background originates in my family on my mother's side. Of my mother's siblings two aunts and an uncle were professional musicians, while a well-regarded Cambridge sculptor aunt lived driving distance from our town on Buzzards Bay. We visited often, and my Russian-born Aunt Bashka once let me apply clay to a plaque she was preparing for a commission. My mother was my first piano teacher, and, while I enjoyed some of the many years of piano lessons, it was how music informed later visual studies that stayed with me. My father, though a lawyer by trade, was a deft illustrator with a sign-painter's brush and taught me how to draw a straight line without a ruler. My parents earmarked me for a medical profession, as I won a high school prize in biology, another in Latin, and they had their own wishes. As I was the youngest of five children (all boys), my mother and father had twenty years of considerable practice guiding their offspring.

My parents moved their brood of four kids to Marion in 1939, about a year before I was born, to be near a private high school. After my brother outgrew the elementary school, I was the only Jewish child in the school, a perfect candidate for anti-Semitic verbal barbs from some kids. Wondering what brought this on at first, because my parents weren't religious, I felt safer away from the school playground and at home, but less trusting of adults and kids who seemed to consider me an ethnic oddity.

I entered Brandeis educationally, socially, and emotionally unprepared, but gravitated in junior and senior year to visual studies. I knew immediately where I belonged. Some of those classes students crudely nick-named "guts," or unchallenging courses. Perhaps symbolically, however, with one's viscera one could best acquire abilities that could transform materials into a structure that other disciplines might lack. Thereby a student might fail the larger test of connectivity. In public general education, American culture from the '50s, even until today, has not been able to encompass and incorporate the arts through all the years of school. At liberal arts colleges there are art departments and museums, though they have traditionally had a tenuous relationship with the wider university. We are a practical society, and my parents understandably wished for me to choose a profession that would financially support me. Being idealistic and full of inchoate anticipation, I rejected their concerns.

I saw the issue later more than then, as I sought to secure teaching positions, over the years and at different times, in a number of colleges, which included a sabbatical replacement position in sculpture at Brandeis. As a practicing artist, I maintained a sculpture studio as I do today and continuously showed my work professionally in museums, at residencies and art galleries, at one of which I was a member for two decades. Today I have a regular part-time position leading very young children making three-dimensional functional wood art, which is a very enlivening experience that influences my own art making, though I don't need to give grades or attend faculty meetings.

At Brandeis the art department was in the gym, a contrasting relationship, though in truth for both admiring disciplines the *métier* was the human form, only from different perspectives. Today with pervasive yoga, sports psychology, “body sculpting,” and the celebrated fusion between Greek-inspired Olympics and the arts, the two fields make a perfect inter-departmental discipline. Back then the politics of the art department within the department itself were mysterious, though palpable, and difficult to navigate, even more so at Yale where I did graduate work first towards a BFA, then a Masters. Peter Grippe had been my Brandeis sculpture teacher, whom I was fortunate to have on my side to urge me on to graduate school. I believe he worked wonders because I arrived at Yale with less of a formal arts education than most students from Pratt, The Art Students League, or Cooper Union. For this encouragement I am deeply appreciative. After the student-teacher relationship, though important *pro tempore*, it’s important to loosen the bonds for the artist to mature successfully and find his or her voice, while acknowledging the educators that first lifted the student up.

With the death of my dear wife a year and one half ago, I have entered a new chapter, more optimistic after a bad dream, intrigued by what direction my sculpture and printmaking will go, finally repairing my house, keeping close to my two male children, my daughter-in-law, and my two-year-old granddaughter. I cherish all the family connections and friends.

ON CLASSROOM LEARNING AT BRANDEIS

Marc Lubin '61

I have been an educator for over forty years, teaching graduate students in clinical psychology. My most treasured part of this role has been leading class discussions, and talking to the students about the psychotherapeutic relationship. It is also the time when I can be directly engaged with my students, and they with me. What is said and how it is said in these conversations are powerful parts of any teacher's communication with students in the classroom.

In those contexts, certain implicit and stylistic qualities of our Brandeis professors' conversations with us were often more illuminating than some parts of an explicit course focus. Those qualities suggested additional and sometimes subtle meanings that demonstrated our professors' particular ways of understanding the world. With this in mind, and thinking about how those professors affected my own teaching years later, I have gathered some moments from my favorite professors' interactions with me. These experiences were later to inform my own ways of teaching and have stayed with me personally for the past fifty-five years.

The reasons why such particular memories have been preserved perhaps have to do with what seemed so different from what, in part, I then expected from professors and what seemed so distinctive and creative in expanding my understanding of the particular worlds being studied. So, as we all know, it was not always the content that we took in – it was sometimes the underlying qualities inherent in the kinds of people and the way they delivered their thoughts and observations. It always fell under the questions Who are you taking? vs. What are you taking?

Just a few memories: I know I wrote about Allen Grossman for the last reunion collection. I didn't mention then how he was in the classroom, with his eccentric and dramatic way of speaking, his collecting chalk dust on the back of his jacket as he moved back and forth in the front of the class. While we students were amused and engaged by his almost oblivious immersion in what he was teaching, we also caught phrases, and sentences dramatically scribbled on the blackboard, such as "Through suffering comes wisdom" (which seems to be even more relevant now than during those years. Hopefully.). But even more than those moments, I observed what such immersion could yield in terms of our learning. It was this profound engagement with the course literature that exposed me to the excitement of literary discovery and built a foundation for later psychological discovery in working with my patients and my own teaching.

With Maury Stein, in a class co-taught with Max Lerner, it was his lively and occasionally sardonic interest in whatever was happening in the world. The *New York Times* was an informal textbook for occasional conversations he had with his class, and not necessarily the assigned readings. He occasionally used Eisenhower's press conferences as a kind of instructive political cartoon for the class, pointing to the inarticulateness in the President's communication skills. By bringing this issue into the classroom, Stein expanded for me the idea of what domains were available for learning and how such topics could be used; he introduced a reflective lens to students in drawing on the news, and linked it to a way of looking at what we could all learn from the world of journalism. And, for me, it placed Maury in the company of Mort Sahl (a

notable stand up comedian who actually used a newspaper in his act). I also remember a conversation with Stein about Charlie Chaplin in the course on American Civilization. Stein's comments touched on his own recognition as to my own personal appreciation of Chaplin's films. That quality of attention to my expressed interest and enthusiasm seemed outside of what I had expected from a sociology professor. For that reason, his comments have stayed with me for all these years. [Ed. note: see also Stan Davis's Maurice Stein interview elsewhere in this Forum.]

I had only one class with James Klee. He had a special chair, built to accommodate his 6'7" height. He always spoke without apparent preparation or notes about his views of psychology, from behaviorism to psychoanalysis, from our culture to the ideas and beliefs of Native American culture. He could reconfigure ideas from one area and place them in unexpected alternate contexts. For example, he would connect a concept about existential meaning to the experience of a desperate mouse in an experimental maze. He juggled forms of expression and created unexpected and enlightening impacts on his students. One most memorable comment which I never forgot and posted on my dormitory wall: "Brandeis students want to know about behavior but want nothing to do with it." No one has ever described more dramatically how a student might resist new and evocative ideas. I have used that quote in multiple classes throughout my teaching career. Klee's approach to the Oedipus complex opened up a new way of thinking about context and concept. He said one time, in discussing this phenomenon: If you were alone on an island with your mother or father, what would be the problem with making one of them a sexual partner? This was said casually and whimsically, and in this way Klee introduced his students to a new way of understanding contexts.

As I remember some of Klee's "teachings," I also realize that I took hardly any notes in classes with each of the above professors, except for a few brilliant and concise comments that emerged unexpectedly in class conversations. I think there was an implicit tribute to their teaching in my reluctance to take notes. In short, I realize I was so engrossed with their comments and observations that I did not want to distract myself by taking notes. And some of the ways I now teach I believe I've learned from observing how such professors communicated in class. Encountering their unorthodox teaching styles and creative ways of presenting new perspectives surely opened up my thinking both inside and out of the classroom.

While we were studying course-related topics, such professors taught the value of stepping outside the usual bounds of a classroom and finding something quite new and meaningful. At the time, I didn't fully realize how those experiences were influencing me, but, over the years, I've become more and more grateful for how I learned to open up to them. Most particularly I'm deeply glad for the time spent with those professors in their classes, and, as I write this, in remembering their continuing presence in my life.

VISITING PRISON

Robert Moulthrop '61

(an abbreviated, earlier version of this essay was published in the magazine
Quaker Life, January/February 2013)

“What's it like?” a friend asks me. I describe the process (the lines, the waiting, the multiple check points), but he persists. “No, I mean, what's it like for you?” Visiting someone in a cinderblock room inside at least two stretches of barbed wire. Again, I find myself describing the process, until he interrupts. “No,” he says. “I mean, why do you do this, what do you get out of it?”

The true first answer is, I'm not sure. How did I even get there? Well, the first invitation was a Good Friday prayer card in 1996 that brought me first to writing, then visiting, George Cameron, a prisoner in Alabama serving Life Without Parole for murder: a drug deal gone bad. I didn't know what he looked like until I met him in person: George was then 35, a short skinny white guy with a lopsided grin. In 2006, an essay called “You're In Prison” in *The Sun* magazine made me weep and took me to John Purugganan, a prisoner in California also serving Life Without Parole for murder: another drug deal gone bad. John was then 45, a fit, basketball-playing Irish-Samoan with high cheekbones, long, dark hair, and an infectious laugh.

I thought that two would be my limit. But when I wrote a version of this piece and it was published in *Quaker Monthly*, I received a letter from an inmate in Florida: Michael McKinney had been in solitary confinement for over 10 years. Subsequently, another piece in *The Sun*, this one a letter from John Catanzarite, who had then been in solitary confinement for 18 years in California's notorious Pelican Bay prison. By chance, both men in California are exceptional writers.

Knowing four incarcerated individuals, two serving Life Without Parole, that's all I can bear to think about right now. Especially since both men are serving “The Other Death Sentence” terms for unplanned crimes with mitigating circumstances for which others — similarly charged but with more skilled counsel — have received lighter sentences. It would be great if I could begin a crusade, but our corporate oligarchy's negative priorities put items like Climate Change, Women's Rights, and Patriot Act Abuses a little farther up the priority pole. Right now I don't have the energy to climb another barricade and wave a flag for change. In today's USA culture, where the Business of Prison is thriving, being in touch with four prisoners is all I can do: tying a business trip through Atlanta to a trip to Birmingham; making sure a visit to California to visit friends and family includes a stop or two. Plus the occasional letter, sometimes a small money order, a signature on a petition or two, maybe a call to the warden's office when circumstances dictate. “Four Prisoners” is not a cause. (I'll admit, I sometimes think that if each of us got to know one or two prisoners, the system might become ready to undergo change. But that's another story.)

Visiting someone in prison is an unnatural act. First, there's the process of surrendering control along with your identity: waiting, filling out forms, taking off shoes and turning out pockets,

holding only a plastic baggie with a drivers license and \$50 for the vending machines, and finally handing over your driver's license, your only ID, to a series of guards. And waiting.

In California to see John, I discover that the door to the visiting room is locked, an old fashioned large brass lock, large keyhole, and large old fashioned key kept on the guard's belt. When the guard unlocks it, the "clank" tells the listener "This is a serious lock." Inside, locked in like a prisoner, you hold no proof of identity: you have surrendered every piece of modern-life paper and plastic that tells the world, tells you, who you are and where you live. The guard who sits behind the desk in the visiting room, in back of a bank of video monitors that play feeds from the cameras in the ceiling, assigns you to one of the 40 tables with three metal chairs facing forward. At the far end of the room, close to the guards, there is an area for plate-glass-separated meetings: prisoners who have forfeited their right to an in-person visit, but who are allowed, through the glass, to see family and friends.

And there is an open area with carpet, surrounded by a low wrought-iron railing, an area with blocks and books and cars and toys where young children play, and prisoner fathers or grandfathers get down on hands and knees and feel the touch of progeny flesh against their fingers ends and newly shaved cheeks. Up by the guards at the desk, next to the painted mural of a mountain scene (used as a backdrop for Polaroid pictures) there is a door to an outside patio where concrete picnic-style tables sit surrounded by a 15-foot high fence and razor wire.

Opposite, against the white cinderblock wall, a row of vending machines. And on the other side, facing west: a wall of windows shows desert gray dust that leads to the black asphalt internal bus road; another 25 feet of barren rocks and gray weeds; a razor-wire topped fence; more gray dust and weeds; another razor-wire topped fence, this one sprouting 30-foot tall manned guard towers every 60 feet; beyond, more moonscape; beyond, the parking lot; beyond, the far far distant mountains; above, sky.

The first priority, once inside: Food. We visitors, now excited to be at our destination, to be, we hope, moments away from a visit, line up by the vending machines in attack mode, dollar bills in hand, ready to feed the machines, one dollar at a time, one button push after another, to make the frozen burritos turn to where the rock-hard cheeseburgers are, hoping the plastic door will slide open and not stick, ready to pounce on an occasional plastic container of real fruit or even, sometimes, an avocado, or, when all else has failed, the plastic wrapped pizza or bag of popcorn, and, of course, the can of soda, all items never seen inside. We lay them out on our tables, arranged just so: We set our tables with the paper plates and napkins and plastic sporks (no knives, of course), with paper packets of salt and pepper, plastic packs of catsup, mustard and mayonnaise. And then we wait.

On the other side of the door, I've been told, every prisoner is stripped and cavity searched before being allowed to re-dress and then, as a group, enter. From the visitor vantage, eventually the door beside the plate-glass-visiting area opens and a line of prisoners walks, presents themselves one by one in front of the guard's desk and gets permission each to walk, slowly, to the table where his visitors are waiting. What happens next is, in our culture, an almost unnatural act. Think of yourself at a party — barbecue, cocktails, dinner, whatever. You come in, greet people, mingle, talk; maybe you find someone to talk to and for 10 minutes or so, you have a really good

chat . . . and then you move on, glass in hand, to another person, another group, another activity. Or if you're at dinner, after a brief time, the topic will change, and you'll turn to someone else and begin to talk with that person. Or dinner with good friends in a restaurant: three hours if everyone's having a good time.

Visiting in prison will be six hours. Across a table from one person for whom you are light and air, a messenger from the free world, an outside world that, increasingly, exists only as a shadow on the wall of a cave. When was the last time you were truly present? For anyone? "Just a sec; I have to take this call." "If this meeting goes on for more than an hour, we're gonna lose productivity here." Thanksgiving? "The game on yet?" Christmas? "Great to see you; lemme see what's going on in the kitchen."

Visiting in prison carries the promise of paying attention. Because you are the breather of outside air, the denizen and representative of "the free world." Your visit is your gift of time, of physical presence, of outside-ness, of listening, of being present. I've noticed that even those who visit frequently and therefore may not have much to say, even these, when playing cards or dominoes or doing Bible study, will stay focused. Your time, their voices and bodies seem to say, whatever you want to do, whatever I can do, whatever we do, I'm treasuring the moments, as I know you are. This is Visiting Time, separate from Doing Time. This is special.

So, to make the most of a visit, you engage, you share, or try to, for all the time you're there. This is the place and time for truth, even if it's just the truth about the latest movies or TV programs, or what happened in the family. What is there to talk about for six hours? I look around the visiting room. The families with small children don't have to search for conversation: the kids take up space and time and a half. The children, inside the prison, are precious treasure. Have you ever been in an office when someone brings in a baby for a visit, or a small child for an hour or two? Everything softens, melts, even the toughest, hardest CEO will allow him- or herself to be touched by the wondrous spectacle of a small child playing with a paper clip. Men in prison are the same, only more so. A baby brings joy, promise, and a kind of strength. The quiet screams and yells of children at play permeate the atmosphere, make it softer, more forgiving, among the cinder blocks and vending machines and particle-board tables and chairs.

But there are others. Some couples study the Bible, diligent and focused. Others are focused solely on themselves, hands under the table grazing fingers, touching knees, scraping by so the guard watching TV cameras focused on everyone will miss the significance. And others need only proximity and have resolved to play dominoes or cards, turning a visit into a Game Day marathon. But I, like what I have learned is a good prisoner, hold no briefs, take no inventories, make no comparisons. For me and John, it's all about movies, and art, and family, and movies, and books and books, and getting enough mayonnaise to make a mock guacamole with the one avocado that may be in the vending machine, or finding the remaining piece of fresh fruit.

We're allowed one or two small squares of paper and the stub of a pencil — think miniature golf — on which to, say, draw a diagram of my extended family so John can understand the ins and outs of the reunion I'm headed for; or for me to make a note about a book he's read that he thinks I might like, or a book that he hasn't read that I can send (never from me, always from a business so it comes to the prison in their packaging). Or things for me to follow up on: info he'd like. His

brain doesn't focus on politics, part of my free-world life's blood; I miss that. But I can understand. It's really totally irrelevant, except that today, with bankruptcies coursing through cities and towns throughout California, there's a real danger that the State Prison System will itself become bankrupt, especially with the Corrections Officers Union feeling threatened by proposed lay-offs and re-distributions of prisoners. But national politics, not so much. "Aren't they all the same?" John asked last time, putting an end to one of my rants.

I asked, early on, if there were things I shouldn't talk about. Free World Food, for example. Oh no, he said. I like to hear about that. And just regular life in general. Shopping malls, city streets, what's different about real life and Reality TV. Just, you know, stuff. And, for me, there's something to be gained by listening. There are always life lessons to be learned.

Throughout the day there are announcements: calls for bathroom breaks for prisoners, for this or that couple or family to stand against the painted mural and have a picture taken, for everyone to stand well away from the vending machines while they are being re-stocked. And there is the noise of conversation, sometimes punctuated by children laughing or crying.

And then, suddenly, there is only one hour left. And then minutes. And then it's over. Quick handshakes, hugs, and then the inmates are lined up, some waving, as the forms and IDs are passed back to the visitors, and the process — check the wrist stamp, wait for the bus, wait in the sally port, check the wrist stamp and ID and form — is reversed. And you are at the prison gate, in your car, handing over your ID at the exterior gate, popping the trunk of your car for inspection, so you can then be allowed to leave the prison.

The first time I visited George, in Alabama, I was with him in a room the size of a large closet for about six hours. George is bright: he likes crossword puzzles, fantasy fiction, and what TV is allowed inside. After that visit, on the way back to Atlanta along I-20, I stopped at Six Flags amusement park and rode every roller coaster in the park, screaming my lungs out, the wind roaring in my ears. Now, after visiting in Lancaster, my thoughts linger not on the Visiting Room, but on the area inside I don't know, the area where life inside is lived. John's told me about his cell, about the unit, about what a day is like. But words, even combined with imagination, can only go so far. Like most of us, I try to stop thinking. These people, I think, they're not like me, that's why we, society, put them away. Out of sight. Out of mind. Except they are like me. A few moments of bad judgment when you're 17; a wrong turn at the wrong time, a stupid mistake in a bar, and your life is gone, out of your hands, completely. A flash of grace puts me outside in the free world, and you there, inside. We are both human, both breathe the same air, except my air is free.

So what do I get out of this? A visit means my gratitude gets sharpened, sanded down to a fine edge. There are constant reminders of the humanity each of us carries. I learn how to listen. I learn to take nothing for granted, especially those things that still constitute my freedom — like eating a salad for dinner instead of the chipped beef I'm given, choosing from among 15 styles of yogurt instead of none, deciding to go on a road trip without asking anyone's permission. And, to tell the truth, along with the sadness of incarceration — the thoughts that inevitably lead to Why? and Why Not? — there's the ineffable sense that I surely must stay in my Now and be grateful

that, when I choose, I can rise, go to my kitchen sink, get a drink of water, and then, if I choose, leave my home and go for a walk.

But the Why? There is the feeling that being present for others, regardless of where they are, is just what I would hope someone would do for me were the situation reversed: had I, for instance, drifted farther over the white line after that all night party in graduate school, or had the kitchen knife been closer when booze and rage took me places I don't like to think about now? Isn't sharing of one's self the thing that, in the end, proves who we are? Of course there are priorities. But if I'm present for my family, for friends, and then there is something left over, then why not be present for someone who, but for the grace of circumstance, could be me?

THREE POEMS

Dorothy Shubow Nelson '61

1. Communion

for Allen Grossman (1932-2014)

This night waits in shadows
He lumbers forth
Leaning toward the cold
Under an opal moon
His broad frame stretched
By generosity
Presses forward – it's
All over
A large space remains
Ancient and recent
Correspondents await
Sound waves from pages
And outer places
The interceding
Communion of tongues
Read his words
Out loud
Listen
Speak to him

2. Two Poets on the Water

(Somewhere near the Persian Gulf)

You are
on the water -

I am
buoyed
behind

eye
even *ear site*
behind.

Yours
of the whole

mine
only parts.

I wake seeing
four volcanoes
separate
making a square -

not the four points
of the sacred
here

but molten pits
waiting in each
corner of the cross
taunting
“try to cap these!”

3. Fish Trees

Fish trees
swimming in the sun
all dropping
on the sound
of my beloved
and the who ha
with the wee hu
the buzz
opening the door.

Outside exploding
laughter in the dark
incessant deep-
throat chatter
gunning cars
slamming doors
coughing, choking
squeals of the
knock-about
the drone.

Inside my ticking
face
dropped jaw
bitter lips
scared as shit
with the screen
door banging
from the wind
after love.

THOUGHTS ON APPROACHING OLD AGE

Sue Finesilver Packel '61

In July I will turn 77. Still not old, just not young. Not middle aged by any stretch of the imagination. It hasn't been a perfect life, but it has been pretty good. I am blessed with a devoted husband, two loving sons, a great daughter-in-law, and two perfect grandchildren. Show me yours, I'll show you mine.

I was privileged to have a private school education. It was wonderful scholastically and a disaster socially. I didn't have the right address, clothes, or even accent. I wasn't one of "The Clique." It was painful. Brandeis represented freedom from overbearing parents and a chance to start over. Four of the happiest years of my life followed. Len and I were married six weeks after my Brandeis graduation. I was a very young 22 year old. I went from the cocoon of dorm life to marriage, work, adulthood. It took me several years and career changes to get the hang of that.

When I was 40 my older son was bar mitzvahed. I looked around the room and thought, "Wow! I am a grownup. I am in control of the world." Yeah, right. Years of teenage angst and chaos followed. I survived, we survived. We remained a family. I fought hard for that and am proud of our success. Yes, Jeff, years on the couch, but with someone who supported my choices and gave me courage. I will always be grateful for that. I learned so much about myself. I developed sympathy and empathy for others. I became a nicer person.

I lost my beloved father when I was 38. In my 50's I started to lose friends. Irene Gilbert Lorinczi was the first. I still mourn her 21 years later. 60's, more friends lost. My mother died just short of 99. 70's have been a slippery slope. We don't go to weddings and bar/bat mitzvahs. We go to funerals, to viewings, to shivas. We look around, and someone else is gone.

A close friend was diagnosed with glioblastoma three weeks ago. Shock and sadness. For the moment, until the next check up, we are ok. The men are disappearing from our group more quickly than the women. Some to the great beyond, some to dementia, some to physical illness. At this time Len and I are on opposite sides of a decade. I believe that we see things from a different perspective. One side of 80 is not like the other. We fear different things, but fear, spoken or unspoken, exists. Who will be the first to go? Have we made the proper plans? Should we clean up after ourselves or leave some of it for our children? Not easy questions. Not fun to think about, but we do. Too many friends and relatives have not had the privilege to have these problems. We are still among the lucky ones.

I became a librarian and spent many happy years at the nicest, warmest neighborhood library that one could imagine. I still volunteer at my second home. Len taught at Villanova Law School for 40 wonderful years. He is one of the professors the alumni seek out, at law school functions, on the street, in restaurants, even in the Louvre. "Professor Packel! You were my favorite professor!" I never get tired of hearing those words. I am a happy woman. I have survived family crises and physical illness. I'm still here.

WE WERE BLESSED

Doreen Rappaport '61

I'm trying to get a handle on fifty-five years! Doesn't seem possible because the memories are so strong and still so important. How lucky we all were to get into Brandeis in its early years. We were exposed to some extraordinary teachers who enlightened us and challenged us and nurtured us. (Not all were nurturing). Harvard had lecture classes of 300 or so and sections taught by teaching assistants. We had classes of thirty, even less, with Herbert Marcus, John Van Doren, E. V. Cunningham, Allen Grossman, Irving Howe, Philip Rahv, and Maury Stein, and these giants didn't just lecture, they interacted with us. I might add that not all were "gentle," but we hung on their every word. Their critiques of the world and politics and their knowledge of their subjects filled me with awe and set a standard of how to think about the world that still remains a model for me today.

As a "young girl" (we weren't "women" in those days), battling the sexual and career constrictions of the 50s, trying to carve out a future that would please me, not society's ideal of whom I should be, I was surrounded by other "girls" battling the same constrictions. The world offered by our professors helped lessen the hold of society's limited ideas of what we girls should become, though sexism was never a topic they spoke about during those years. In late nights in the dorm we shared our lives, our problems, our differences with our parents, our struggles, many of us talking about these things with others for the first time. Though these soul-searching conversations didn't resolve our inner conflicts, they were liberating.

The friends I made fifty-five years ago are still vital for me. I have a core of friends, male and female some who live across the Atlantic, who nourish me and interest me. We still have so much to talk about, to argue about, to laugh about. What a gift!

I close my eyes and see myself walking up to the Castle for my meals, studying in the library, walking around the Quad, having dinner with Allen Grossman at the apartment I shared with Ellie Leonard and Maggie Brill, the night Lorraine Hansbury and her husband visited us after her Gen Ed talk, Norman Mailer's lecture and his hostility when he didn't get the adulation he wanted, Bruce Litwer's hilarious interpretations of the nursery rhyme *Jack and Jill* as critiqued by Alan Grossman and Herbert Marcuse, endless nights of laughter with Louise Lasser, an individual critique session with Allen Grossman over my paper on *The Red And the Black* . . . etc. etc. etc.

So many friends I grew up with had hollow college experiences. We were blessed.

REFLECTIONS ON THE OCCASION OF MY 55TH REUNION

Stephen R. Reiner '61

Fifty-five years since I graduated. Wow, that's a long time! Even longer if I start the count from the day I arrived on the Brandeis campus, barely seventeen years old, totally unsophisticated, the product of a boys private school, and having experienced very little social life. It was a quiet time in America, and so it was during my Brandeis years. Excitement emerged around the election of JFK, and the campus seemed energized, but that was near the end of my four years. The turbulent 60s were still to come. Abbie Hoffman, my doubles partner on the Brandeis tennis team was selling sub sandwiches in the dorms at night, and if he had the seeds of a revolutionary growing within him, I surely never saw it.

I was proud of being at Brandeis. The reason for its founding resonated with me, as did the symbolism of the three chapels; its connection to Judaism was important. My years at a WASPY prep school, where even many of the small number of Jewish students seemed comfortable assuming the character of the majority, always felt alienating throughout my six years there. Chapel was required every week, a Christian service. I knew all the hymns and prayers. As my family was non-observant (other than my bar mitzvah), I had very little connection to Judaism, and yet, secular as I was, something at Brandeis seemed to resonate. Judaism mattered to me; Brandeis mattered to me. And then some years later when a friend asked me to get involved with a Jewish nonprofit organization, I said "Yes," and that was the beginning of what has become a major part of my life and a primary expression of my identity. In addition to my many years of work for Brandeis, my Jewish connections have led me through important and meaningful hands-on roles in a variety of organizations and settings. Most recently, I agreed to co-chair Hillel at Brandeis, a mission that seems appropriate to me, and I am committed to the work of elevating Jewish life on our campus.

While admittedly still not very observant in the synagogue sense, Pat and I light candles every Shabbat and say prayers over wine and challah, and we celebrate the important holidays. It feels good. At this point, I can honestly say that I feel very connected to Jewish life and the Jewish world, and I am not sure this important part of my journey would have been as fulfilled had I not attended Brandeis. My pride in the University's mission and values reinforced and nurtured the path I traveled. Had I attended another university, my life could very well have turned out differently. Not unsatisfactory, only different. And so, in my mind, Brandeis has been a key element in my development. Not the only thing for sure, but certainly at its core.

So I care a lot about our University, and I have worked hard to contribute to its success. And what a success it has been! This is not to say, however, that Brandeis is perfect or that I haven't been critical, because I have been, but I know that no place is perfect. And some of what I am critical about these days is not unique to Brandeis. A recent spate of protests on many campuses, Brandeis included, have highlighted stresses on a core principle of what universities are supposed to stand for: the free and open expression of ideas without fear of reprisal. Sometimes this is couched in terms of speech which some people claim causes them to feel threatened or unsafe, a new paradigm, which I believe has gone much too far. Worse still, others suggest that free speech is only that with which one agrees — but that, of course, is the very antithesis of free

speech. This is not only sad, but dangerous because it tears at the fabric of society in a very fragile world. At Brandeis, I am proud to say, things are very much better than what I see in many other universities. Without addressing the substance of issues being raised, which deserve to be debated, I believe our campus has an openness and sense of community that is heartwarming. Beyond the heat of the debate, most people are willing to listen to each other, and, while listening will not resolve many disagreements, it is a necessary element of civil discourse, without which dealing with substance is hardly possible . . .

Shifting gears a little, as I reflect on some of what I have learned over all these years of reading, studying, conversing and just observing, there is something that is very troubling to me. I have seen science and technology advance at a constantly accelerating rate, but human nature doesn't seem to have changed very much at all. Science can or will be a force for both good and evil depending on how it is used and in whose control it lies. As the impact of science become more powerful and as the world becomes a much smaller place than it once was, we are ever more at risk if what we have developed is subject to the baser instincts of human nature. We are all vulnerable to influences that can and often do make us act in destructive ways, some of which are extreme and dangerous and evoke divisiveness. These influences may be rooted in greed for wealth or power, religious beliefs, differences in race or ethnicity, or simply desperation. All of human history speaks to this same theme. People come and go; nations and institutions do the same, all in a certain ebb and flow; likewise science can be a tool for good or ill. In today's world, peace seems to be a diminishing possibility. Can the progress of science ever influence changes in human nature for the better? Will we be around to find out?

So, as I reflect, I worry; at the same time, I carry the hope that the forces for good will prevail. There is much goodness in people to kindle the flame of optimism and to keep most of us striving for the better. There is joy in helping people and seeing others do the same. And there is always love, along with the company of those we cherish, to make us smile and feel the warmth of life's worth.

INDEPENDENT LIVING

Phyllis Chasanow Richman '61

All my life I've been an optimist, my eyes firmly on the future. Even when I was diagnosed with Parkinson's, seventeen years ago, I responded to each change — in my walking, my speech, my stamina — as if it were only temporary, and I could work my way out of it or wait for a cure to come along. My illusions clouded up when I encountered “freezing of gait,” which means that at doorways and other threatening barriers, my legs become immobile for a moment, stopping me short as if they'd become encased in concrete. I have to use a “mobility aid” or a rollator whenever I walk. People murmur, “Take your time,” as I struggle through the elevator door.

Last summer I moved into what is ironically known as Independent Living. What qualifies me for Independent Living is that I can get along on my own or hire any help I need. What really differentiates me from the Assisted Living crowd (which has its own separate elevator to its exclusive floor) are my bra straps. As long as my husband is around to fasten them, I can get along unassisted. In the meantime, my attitudes towards life and death have vastly changed. I can now picture the world without me. And that doesn't alarm me, nor does it scare or sadden me.

I think about death not all the time, but often. The only yearning that sets in motion occurs when I consider friends and family who live far away and I wonder how many times I will see them before I die. The number always strikes me as shockingly small. In my Independent Living residence I am surrounded by people, as I was in college, and again they are nearly all of a similar age. We anticipate dinner as the highlight, the relaxation time of the day. It is our social hour.

Dinner is also a source of anxiety that recalls the insecurities of my school years. How long has it been since I entered a dining hall filled with friends and acquaintances and had to choose where to sit? There's room at one table, but I don't know the people. That other table has the one man I actively dislike. The empty seats over there are being held for someone who's late. Really? Seated at last, I find dinner a stimulating social opportunity.

What do I talk about? Have I already asked about where their children live? Do they have children? I have learned not to discuss illnesses, which may be met with silent stares. What else do we have in common? I was relieved to observe that I could talk politics, because virtually everyone here is a Democrat. The rumor is that one conservative moved in and immediately discovered that he was the only Trump supporter here. He quickly moved out. If the dearth of Republicans is a relief, the absence of Jews is disappointing. As far as I can tell, five to eight percent of the 120 residents are Jewish. I haven't heard a good rabbi joke in months.

One comfort is that nearly everyone here is gray-haired. One woman highlights her hair in sapphire blue, but almost everyone else has gone natural. In the business world, just about every woman dyes her hair as a protection against ageism. Also in my new home few people seem to diet. (What would be the point at age 95?) Obesity is rare. Yet nearly everyone indulges in ice cream every night, and there is much talk of flavors. Everyone is loyal to the house brand

(Hershey's), and every newcomer is told of the Great Ice Cream Protest, the day the management tried switching to another brand.

What's missing from the social life here is intimacy. A spouse of course provides the exception; I have never valued my husband more intensely. As singles and couples we sit around endlessly together — at meals, in the lounge, on bus trips. People are friendly and cordial. But I hear little personal conversation. I hear no gossip, few arguments, endless politeness. I wonder whether I will grow bored.

It's not that the people are boring. Eleanor Roosevelt's secretary is here, and her husband was an economics professor with a sense of humor. A diplomatic couple had been stationed from one end of the world to the other. One couple has a charming daughter, who built her beer brewery to a value in the billions, then turned ownership over to its employees. A woman in her 90s makes quilts with family photographs imprinted on the fabric. Senator Fulbright's widow is here, as is the widower of the first female network news host. Yet as I look and listen, I don't find anyone who strikes me as a possible best friend. And after two weeks without a visit from a friend or family member, I crave conversational meat.

The in-house movie theater is only an elevator ride away. The auditorium showcases some extremely good musicians. A witty man with endless knowledge gives forty lectures a year in our auditorium. I make time for most of them. We have a rooftop pool and a workout room with exercise classes daily. Buses take residents shopping. Free visitor parking encourages guests. A Friday happy hour encourages conviviality.

This still feels like temporary quarters, perhaps a hotel. Yet whether we live here for as little as two or as long as twenty years, essentially we are here for life. For most of us, this is the last stop. The countdown has begun.

MY ARBOR OF CONNECTIONS

Adrienne Udis Rosenblatt '61

Taking into account the directive that pieces submitted to this 55th Forum address some enduring aspect of the Brandeis experience, it occurred to me that my entire adult life has been one great big Brandeis experience extending way beyond the four years of the finest liberal arts education one could ever hope for. Think of it as the tree of my life with strong underground roots holding together the trunk – the four-year educational experience; the long branches, each with its own flowers, leaves, and expectations (BUNWC, AAC, Class Notes, reunions, friendships, and family); and the seeds for future generations. I'll try to illustrate just how my arbor of connections to Brandeis has changed me and informed my life.

The University itself: how exciting it was to attend such a highly regarded school of learning – though still in its infancy – and how proud we were to be members of the 10th graduating class! We felt somewhat special as we began to assess the growing achievements of our classmates, as well as the leadership roles so many had taken on in the development of Brandeis. Although we weren't exactly the “pioneers” of the first few classes, it felt good knowing that – as Brandeis was in the process of becoming – we were creating our own traditions and learning from some of the finest minds around.

I met Joel, my future husband of fifty-two years, during Orientation Week, and it was always exciting returning to campus and knowing he'd be there. And he continued accompanying me back to campus for reunions and special events until his sudden passing nearly two years ago. This will be my first reunion without him . . .

A brief bio of our lives together: pinned senior year, we were engaged on graduation day and married in 1962 after Joel completed his first year at NYU Dental School. Meanwhile I worked as a medical underwriter at a large insurance company until he graduated and entered the Army as a captain, gaining much experience in dentistry at a Nike Missile Site outside of Pittsburgh. After discharge we returned to Connecticut, and Joel set up his practice in inner-city Hartford, where he remained for 37 years until retirement. We bought our first home in neighboring suburban Bloomfield, CT – a racially and economically diverse community recognized as an “All-American City” for its attempted solutions to the problems of integration. Our children, Julie and Lenny, remained in the public school system despite the white (and then the bright) flight. They grew up differently from the other white Jewish children in the area and became better people for it, confident in their interactions with the pluralistic society around them and tolerant of differences.

Throughout the years, Joel had many opportunities to change his office location, but he never did. Perhaps from the impact of the early civil rights days while we were at Brandeis, his desire was to service the urban population – just as our son taught high school English in the South Bronx and our daughter was hired for her first teaching job because she had student-taught in Roxbury and was well-prepared to work with kids in urban environments. I, too, was influenced by the Civil Rights Movement and took pride knowing that we, in our one little nuclear group of a family, could make a difference. I worked off and on, full-time and part-time, as Joel's office manager throughout the years. When two of our cars had been stolen from our parking lot and I

was mugged by a masked man on the back staircase, we were genuinely touched when many of Joel's patients (thinking we would leave the neighborhood because of crime and drive-bys) begged us to stay.

BUNWC – now BNC (Brandeis National Committee): shortly after we moved into our home, I met a neighbor who was co-president of the Hartford Chapter of BNC. I knew she hadn't attended Brandeis but was very happy that I had, so she invited me to join this women's organization whose original mission was to provide books and maintain the library system. It has since become a major donor to the University in general. I was immediately made bulletin editor and, after two years, became president. Whether or not I was the first Brandeis alum in the chapter, I can certainly say I was the first alumna president in Hartford.

After a successful presidency, I started to be noticed by the "Boston ladies" and became VP of the New England Region, and then its president. The responsibility I felt as a Brandeis graduate to "do good" for this organization continued to grow. After my regional positions, I was given National Chairmanships every year (e.g. I worked with faculty to create the University on Wheels program, faculty-authored Study Groups, the University Speakers Bureau, and an Alumni Speakers Program, as well as chairing the National Nominating Committee, the National Conference, *Imprint* (the BNC magazine), and other groups I can't recall). In between, I was elected National Treasurer and National Vice President. Where else could I have been able to experience the creativity of a wonderful new job every two years?!

Part of what I learned at Brandeis was how to think analytically and make connections between ideas. My BNC involvement offered me another type of connection interacting with volunteers from all over the country who valued learning and gathered satisfaction in providing the tools for future generations of students to share the delights and rewards that Brandeis alums fondly refer to as "The Brandeis Experience." During this time, I made friends from all over the country, and whenever Joel and I vacationed in another U.S. city, we'd have people to call and visit. Not to mention the dozens of wonderful BNC friends I've worked with and laughed with – especially the ones who gave me "bed 'n' breakfast" in their own homes during Brandeis meetings in Waltham. My closest friends from the Hartford area were drawn from an incredibly long-lasting book club that is still active after forty years.

Connecticut Alumni Admissions Council: just as I assumed the Presidency of BNC's N.E. Region, the Alumni Admissions Council was being formed, and I was asked to chair it in the State of Connecticut. I was responsible for recruiting alums to represent Brandeis at college fairs, as well as to interview prospective students from all over the state. Still involved with my BNC work, I acquired a cadre of alumni workers from all around the state who were delighted to give back to the University in this way. For thirty years, I personally averaged fifteen college fairs (hectic but fun) and five to ten interviews yearly – my main jobs being to inspire and educate prospective students about the Brandeis story, the Brandeis vision, the Brandeis profile, and anything else they needed to know. I loved it when students I had interviewed years before settled back in CT and joined the CT AAC, and I acquired many devoted and dependable Brandeis "phone friends" across the state who made my work easier. I couldn't wait to see the looks on the faces of the many admissions officers from other colleges who greeted me each year, amazed that I was still doing this work for free! Another group of Brandeis friends would

bring me up to date on all things Brandeis every Fall when recruiting would begin. Every year I invited one to stay at my house while he or she covered the state. I hosted many receptions for new students over the years and, as first Treasurer of the CT Alumni Association, also had other events at my home.

Heartwarming interview: many years ago, I interviewed a young Hispanic student. Tops in her class, with many potential and leadership skills, she was to be the first person in her family to attend college. Her SATs, however, were extremely low. I recommended her for the Transitional Year Program, designed especially for such “educationally challenged” students to prepare them for the college experience. I never heard anything more. Those selected for the TYP would spend a fully funded year at Brandeis taking courses to help prepare them for higher education. They could then apply for admittance to Brandeis or to any other college of their choice. Five years later, I was shocked to find in my mail box a Mother's Day card thanking me “for changing her life.” She had participated in the TYP, applied, was accepted to Brandeis, and had just graduated and been accepted to law school. She had opened a practice in East Hartford and married the Director of the Intercultural Center at Brandeis. I contacted her to offer congratulations on her successes, and she accompanied me to a number of inner city college fairs for the next few years.

Shortly after Joel and I retired to Florida, I was asked to assume the position of Class Correspondent for *Brandeis Magazine*. This assured me of continuing contact with you, my classmates, just as co-chairing one of our reunions and serving as Program Chair and Outreach Chair at others did. It was amazing to learn what each of you had accomplished and done with your lives – hopefully as enriched by Brandeis as mine has been.

Et cetera: although I can probably consider that my Brandeis volunteer work was my life's work, I was also involved in a good many other things. To name a few: *Synagogue Bulletin* editor for twelve years, edited books and sermons for my rabbi, created “Occasional Verse by Adrienne” (personalized poetry for special occasions), and participated in choral singing.

Family and friends: Brandeis brought me lifelong friendships along with sporadic, surprise reconnections at every stage. My eternal friendship and love to you all. I must take this opportunity to express my deepest love and gratitude to my children Julie and Eric, along with Lenny and Kofi and grandchildren Matthew and Emily, for their love, devotion, and support during these most difficult last few years of my life. I'm grateful for their sense of humor and capacity to love and enrich my life and allow me to continue to live with dignity. I know they will add goodness to the world and continue to make me (and Joel) proud.

Joel: too many tears are left and come too easily for me to open my heart in this Forum. You have always known you are my very favorite, and I'm counting on you to save me a seat right next to you in that final class.

The future: will my grandson Matthew, who was recently accepted to Brandeis with a hefty merit scholarship, follow his maternal grandparents and mother and become a third generation Brandeisian?

A LESSON IN KNOWING

Constance Simo Rosenblum (Reed '61)

I want to thank Stephen Bluestone for so persistently prompting this reflection on the past five years, as I resist all such memoir-ish exercises as so much chewed-out gum, even though I know finding words is a meaningful way to process experience. What I realized just from beginning to try to talk about my life since 2011 is that it has been and continues to be a lesson in knowing I have to learn about letting go, which is something I'm not very good at yet.

From the infinite small — a dress or dish I'll never fit into or use again — to the infinite big: forty years of everyday life in Greenwich Village and fifty years of everyday life with Bobby Rosenblum, I'm finding ways to hang on instead of move on. I say *knowing about* letting go, as I am only just now experiencing how final *yesterday* is, has of course always been, with the then-unimagined vanishing not only of the way we were, but the very rooms, quay-side shops, and some whole countries we were in, gone.

Wherever I was with Bobby was “home,” which went away also when he died in March of 2015. And so I had to begin looking for another “home,” not among the ruins of what had been or in the backyards of our children and friends, but one where I'd never been before and with a self I have yet to meet. As a guide I took these well-worn but not exhausted words of T.S. Eliot's in “Little Giddings”: *We shall not cease from exploration/ And the end of all our exploring/ Will be to arrive where we started/ And know the place for the first time.* And so, after Bobby died, I began moving in ever widening circles, finally, managing to travel as we always had, but alone, going to a place where we had never been, where I knew no one, and staying a while.

I use the words of Theodore Roethke's poem “Waking”— *I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow./ I learn by going where I have to go.* — to help me to continue to move out of my comfort zone . . . which is where I know I must go, to practice the skills required for that most significant letting go . . . a good dying.

THE IRISH RIVIERA

Musing on Growing Up Jewish in Massachusetts in the 50's

Roberta Spector Safer '61

What possessed three Jewish families to buy summer homes in Minot Beach, Massachusetts? This tiny community, a part of the seaside town of Scituate, was long known as the summer watering hole of Boston's "Lace Curtain Irish." The Catholic Archdiocese of Boston owned a lovely, large and gracious summer residence one block from the ocean. Right on the ocean was the faded, still elegant Cliff Hotel, which served lunch and tea. Two miles away was the exclusive and restricted Hatherly Country Club, where beautiful members played golf and tennis in white outfits and drinking was the sport of choice for the Irish senior members who sat around the pool and tennis courts after a morning golf game. Jews were not allowed to become members in the early 50's. It was not until the early 70's when they were accepted.

The license plate #1 was owned by Mayor James Michael Curley of Boston, whose home was four blocks away, and #5 was sported by Commissioner William Callahan of the Boston Public Works Commission, who lived on the same street as the country club. Those homes were lovely white shingle or brick Colonials with extensively manicured lawns and lovely gardens. My family's small cottages were just down the street, but we did not have grass or a garden, as the salt marsh lowlands that made our yard did not encourage either. In fact, *Saidy* insisted on painting everything he could get his hands on, including the mismatched stones out in front of the yard and the two wooden beach chairs that sat in the back on the remains of our old garage. It had been blown away by a hurricane, and we never had removed the wooden foundation, just used it for our yard chairs and patio.

The local kids were either "townies" or country club members, and neither group was friendly to or interested in the Jewish summer residents. So we had each other. My sister and I played with our two girl cousins, who were close to our ages, and, when my brother came along and my aunt also had a son, they too became playmates. We did have two other Jewish families, and we visited and played with those children often, but could have used more friends. I am not sure that even if we had been invited to the *goishe* kids' homes that our parents would have approved. Cavorting on the beach or playing sports seemed OK, but more than that was suspect.

As a teenager I used to parade around in my bathing suit or short shorts and flirt with the locals and often caught the eye of a local scion. I created assignations to meet one particularly handsome boy. As our friendship progressed, he invited me to the movies, and we set up a meeting place several blocks away from my home. I told my parents that I was going to the movies with a friend. The fact that the boy was the son of a wealthy local car dealer and a member of the Club was very appealing: I knew that my parents would not approve, but even more important was the total disapproval of my *Bubbie*, my immigrant Jewish grandmother who had spent years telling us what awful things would befall us if we dated "*Goys*."

I honestly thought that if I brought this boy home I would be the cause of *Bubbie's* demise: the Yiddish phrase that she would use was: "*Geshtorbin unter dem Messer*," indicating that if we

ever married out of the faith, she would end her life by committing suicide with a knife. I did date the boy, though, and went to the movies and did the requisite necking in the back of the new car. Although it did not go beyond that, I felt terribly risqué and guilty all at the same time. It was a teenage rebellion and very exciting

So, why did my family put us into this predicament? Was it a test? They certainly could have bought some multi-family homes near Nantasket Beach, a similar distance from Boston: this had a well-known Jewish population at that time. Or was it just that the place was perfect for their purposes? It had the requisite summer amenities, and it seemed that others loved it too. Did they feel that we would not mind being the outsiders? Did they feel that they wanted to stretch their horizons and learn how the other half lived? Now that they are all gone, I will never know the real reason. I simply have fascinating memories of those lazy summers by the sea.

But *Bubbie* did her job well. Of the six grandchildren, one did not marry, five married in the faith and four are still married to the same spouse. After my Jewish husband died I was lucky enough to find another wonderful Jewish man. I cannot say that my sister and I or our mother and aunt have had the same effect on our children or that of my cousins. We all attended fine colleges, traveled widely, moved to live in far-off neighborhoods and states. Our children and their friends spent summers at camp or in planned activities. My sister and I made valiant efforts to spend one or two weeks each year vacationing together with our children, but distance creates challenges. When she lived in Poughkeepsie, we lived in Houston. When I moved to Long Island, she moved to Boca Raton. We were always in different cities because of our husbands' jobs. But we each observed our faith and traveled far to celebrate holidays together. We joined temples, schlepped kids to Hebrew school until they were bar- and bat-mitzvahed, but to no avail. Our freedom to live in an open society with little or no anti-Semitism has had its lingering affects.

ALL of the children married out of the faith, much to our dismay and that of our parents, but WE never did threaten to die under the knife. Some interfaith weddings would have made our *Bubbie* spin in her grave, although she attended several before she died. The story is not sad: our non-Jewish sons-in-law and daughters-in-law are lovely. They are not particularly religious. Thus our kids are the committed ones in their families. With their spouses' support, they are raising their children Jewish. So there has been no net loss, but sadly, our families have not grown to encompass new relatives. There is a distance, not to be brooked, between the sets of in-laws with different beliefs. Still, we are very lucky that the cousins are all good friends and seek each other out for their holidays and events. *Bubbie* would be proud of this.

Perhaps my *Bubbie* had it right. When you expose the circle to the light, the enveloping and protective shield is gone, along with the fear and suspicion. Did that insularity keep us in the fold longer? I do not know. I only feel nostalgic at times for that simple way of life when we knew and observed the rules according to *Bubbie*. Today, things are much more complicated. There are fewer immutable rules. Perhaps it is for the best. I will never know. I do know that my life is good, my family is close, though far away, but my faith is still strong. I am only sorry that *Bubbie* did not live to see the good that can come of change.

THOUGHTS ON CONTINUING EDUCATION

Mike Schatz '61

For many years, it was simple. "Continuing Ed" meant "Continuing Medical Education" (CME's). One needed these for relicensing and for maintaining good standing in the specialty society. For me, as an Ob-Gyn, that meant one hundred and fifty hours every three years. This could be done in many ways. Courses and lectures, or, more pleasantly, conventions in nice places.

With retirement, Boston offered many ways to keep the brain functioning. Most were programs that were peer taught. We chose a different way. Boston University offers seniors, at truly nominal rates, the opportunity to audit regular student courses. We have been doing this for the past several years. We go Tuesday-Thursday, leaving long weekends free. Our first year we jumped on "Mozart." We then almost threw a dart to get a second course once we were out there and hit on an astronomy course that was taught by an amazing lecturer. The Mozart course turned out to be only OK.

In the ensuing years, we have strived to find subjects with which we were unfamiliar. We continue to take music courses, currently "Beethoven," with a wonderful prof. In the fall he will be doing a course on Bob Dylan, and we have permission to join him (all courses require permission of the lecturer). Our favorite subject has turned out to be art history. Who knew? The only art class all these many years ago was with Bronstein. Took me three years to discover what the "blueness of the blue" is. Found out in Bryce National Park, looking up at the sky.

We have now taken six courses in art, with another coming in summer school starting end of May. It is apparent that Judy and I love going to school, learning, interacting with the undergraduates. Not having to do final exams or write papers helps. We plan to continue keeping our brains alive while we can.

IDENTITY

Valya Kazes Shapiro '61

Lately, as I reflect more and more on aging and death, the subject of “identity” comes up for me almost on a daily basis. This is a theme that has been deeply embedded in my life.

What is the first word that comes to mind to describe my identity? “Jewish . . .” followed by “a Sephardic Jew whose ancestors came from Spain in 1492 to Constantinople during the Ottoman Empire.” I am a Jew, born in Istanbul, Turkey.

As I write these words I experience a feeling of fear, since describing myself in such a way was once a scary, as well as a shameful, experience for me growing up in Turkey. I remember how, when strangers would stop me, a sweet little girl in the street, with her school bag on her shoulders, they would smilingly ask me what my name was, and I would invariably lie and tell them it was “Ayla” an authentic Turkish female name. I had by then already experienced the same fear in elementary school, when asked by the teacher on the first day of class to identify myself by name and surname. The teacher had stopped at the name “Valya” and asked, “What kind of a name is that? What are you? You are not Turkish!” When I insisted that I was, she forced me to admit that I was Jewish. My Turkish citizenship did not qualify me as pure Turkish.

That is why I appropriated the name “Ayla” whenever I needed to hide my real identity. It was safe. I did not connect to the other aspects of myself: smart, cute, multilingual, and obedient to parents whom I adored, with a vast array of friends. That was the rest of me.

In my early teenage years I remember having deep conversations with my close friends about migrating to another country, Israel or the United States, in search of finding a home where I belonged and was not cowed. The need to emigrate to save myself or my parents was entwined with my being and, in those years, molded my identity. Endless hours of study and persistence created an inveterate pupil, who was eventually rewarded by a full scholarship to Brandeis University, in the United States.

I remember the Statue of Liberty, the ship that docked in New York City, my train ride to Boston, and my arrival at Brandeis. It was my first evening at the University, and I was walking towards the dining room; in the quadrangle, sitting by the pond, a group of students with a guitar were harmonizing songs in Hebrew. That same old fear grabbed me and, as usual, the way I had in my previous life, I looked over my shoulder for THE someone overhearing what was said . . . Such an instinctive gesture! The songs grew louder and softer, and, as I stood transfixed, a sense of peace slowly started to pervade my soul.

As any twenty-year-old in need of complete transformation would, I instinctively rejected everything linked to my years in Turkey . . . I refused to write or speak the language, cut off any relationships that would remind me of it, and, with my usual intensity, adopted the colloquial American language, manners, social conduct, mores, and, of course, all the liberal Brandeis beliefs and practices.

Some of those early fears have left deep scars, and, despite my American citizenship, I found out just three days ago in a conversation with some Pakistani Moslems that when I had to utter the words “I was born in Turkey” and “Yes, I am a Jew,” those words came slowly and with a twinge in my heart.

I know that my children would proudly identify themselves as “American Jews.” With all my gratitude for having been given the gift of freedom and a life that allowed me to reach most of my potential, I would today unashamedly identify myself as “Jewish-American,” with a name I am finally reconciled with, “Valya.”

THE TIES THAT BIND

Judith Silverson Sloan '61

For our Fiftieth and Fifty-fifth reunions, Jeff Golland and I handled the Memorial Services and the Remembrance Book dedicated to those classmates no longer with us. Planning for the services posed little challenge: securing a room and a musician or two, requesting a microphone and flower blossoms, and calling upon Steve Bluestone to read one of his beautiful poems. But the book!! How to capture the spirit and soul of someone I never knew or hadn't seen in more than a half-century? What to do if the Internet failed to reveal anything more than a date of death? How best to define a life lived?

For classmates like Donny Cohen, Joel Sharon, and Joel Rosenblatt, for each of whom there is a living Brandeis spouse, the task was much easier. Phyllis, Anne, and Adrienne were there to provide more than enough information: degrees earned, honors and titles conferred, hobbies enjoyed, destinations reached, involvement with community, and children and grandchildren born. Lines and lines, pages of exquisite detail whose end result was a three-dimensional person who was terribly missed. I was satisfied that in these instances I had done someone justice.

For many others, the Brandeis connections did their magic. Marty Zelnik supplied us with information on anyone who had ever held a tennis racquet, swung a bat, or sank a basket. Marty's knowledge (*his memory!*) was a wonderful tool, always at our disposal. And if he didn't recall something or other, he most certainly knew somebody else who did. Interestingly, for a school not exactly known for its athletics, we had many fine athletes in our class. Also of tremendous help was Leslie Kingsley, who, dissatisfied with our lack of information, went to work on making her friend and our classmate Binnie Harris come alive.

When we had little information beyond an obituary notice, we became detectives. The phone directory could be a good source; also a starting point might be the place where a religious service or internment took place. Sometimes the Alumni Office gave us something to go on. Once our Brandeis 1961 listserv came to the rescue. White space on the page was our enemy. Occasionally, the process of reaching out renewed old ties. I remembered that Matt Abrams knew Phil Gamm, who had died after our last reunion; I e-mailed Matt, asking for information. He came through, but during our conversation I was happy to learn that he is engaged. Morty and I hope to see him and his fiancée – maybe even later on this month.

When I called my cousin Susan Douglas Feibus, who roomed with Dorothy Cullman Treisman freshman year, Susan gave me a tidbit or two, but mostly we caught up with years of being out of touch. And so it was with Heather Holiber Gerson, a classmate and my roommate when I attended the Harvard Graduate School of Education. Heather supplied me with some, but far too little, information on Ruth Heiferman Prenner. We argued – only the way two Brandeis grads could argue – on the issue of privacy and divulging information that she wasn't sure Ruth would have wanted in the public arena. Heather won, but that tiny bit of copy for Ruth will haunt me. Something positive from that phone call was a date made for Heather and her husband Martin to attend a ballet performance at Lincoln Center with Morty and me.

In researching the lives and deaths of Dorothy (Dottie) Cullman Treisman, tied to the Philip Morris Tobacco fortune, and Susan Malvin Nathanson, who married a radiologist who was an heir to Hudson Paper products, I learned that extraordinary wealth and connections can neither stave off death nor mitigate the terrible crippling effects of disease that claimed both these classmates. They had many difficult and painful years to face.

In the case of Susan, who transferred out of Brandeis early on, I felt astounding connections, even beyond that proverbial “six degrees of separation.” She was first cousin to my husband’s closest friend, and we wound up together at several family functions. I was at her bridal shower, and when I worked at Einstein Medical School one summer, I had dinner with Susan and her husband Buzzy, then a medical student. Amazingly, Buzzy’s sister moved across the street from me. And, most astounding, my mother went to college with their mother! In searching for Susan, I uncovered much of my own history.

Dottie was shy and modest; few people knew the extent – not only of her wealth – but of her interesting family background. Not many Jews, especially those of our age, can point to parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents who were “junior” or “the third” and who belonged to the most rarified “Our Crowd” political/social circles. Even fewer have roots that precede the Revolutionary War. Having researched Dottie’s background, I intend to visit the Gomez Mill House, built by her forebears, and maintained by Dorothy and visited by thousands. (Care to join me, anyone?) I will pause outside the entrance and conjure up the memory of a beautiful dark-haired freshman standing outside Hamilton D with a ready smile and winning ways.

The most moving encounter I had doing these write-ups involved a Wien student from Germany, Lorraine, whom I had never met, but who was able to give us invaluable information about a deceased Wien student in our class, whom I had also never met. The story began with a simple announcement from the Alumni Office that Rochelle Manual Dishon had died and that she lived in California. There it was again, our dreaded enemy: white space on the page.

Through the Brandeis listserv and the continued friendship Rochelle had over the years with Lorraine, I was able to learn a great deal about this woman, whose life was rich and fulfilling. When I discovered that her husband, Yitzhak Dishon, was a refugee from Hitler’s Europe before emigrating to Israel – who survived the Nazis on his own as a ten-year-old orphan in Hungary – one step ahead of the Gestapo – and who had written a book about his experiences, I knew that I had to find that book. And so I did. *Child of the Holocaust* was his story – and also, in a way, his wife’s, who helped to write and publish his wonderful memoir. After serving in the Israel Defense Forces, Yitzhak came to the United States and became a top hardware designer for IBM; as a senior computer hardware designer, he published many scientific papers, gave presentations in Japan and Europe, and designed hardware that established twelve patents for that company. So a journey that began with just a name, a date of death, and the label “Wien scholar” ultimately led me to a veritable treasure trove of information.

Writing seven memorial pieces for our 55th reunion and dozens more for our 50th reunion has had a profound effect on me. I have started to wonder about my own story. Who will tell it? Will it capture the real “me?” Will it show achievement, accomplishment, adventure? Will a reader learn that I’ve used my degrees, talents, and resources to the best advantage? Did I help the less

fortunate? Will my missed opportunities be sufficiently disguised? Did I have an impact on my community? Make the world a better place? Will I be missed? Remembered?

An internet search for “Judith Sloan” would doubtless result in many impressive hits, but 90% of them would refer to the comedienne who bears my name – or me, hers. Advanced degrees earned? Yes, an MAT from Harvard. Honors conferred? Several: from the UJA, Hadassah, and a theater/civic group in my hometown. Interesting resume? Yes, as an English teacher in New Rochelle High School; as a volunteer for TESL at our local library; as a grants administrator and senior writer at Long Island Jewish Medical Center. Outside interests? For sure: singing with a symphonic chorus on all the great stages in Manhattan (with the exception of the Metropolitan Opera House) and leading book discussions, including the biography group at the Harvard Club in New York.

But all of that could not begin to describe my life as lived or what gave me the most pleasure. We could start with the books on my night table: *The Crucible*, *Walden* and *The Scarlet Letter*. They don’t reflect *my* reading tastes. Rather, they’re there because of a grandchild’s English syllabus, and I wanted to be able to discuss, question, and probe before moving on to the next step: essay editing! This is not searchable material for a Memorial Book. Nobody would ever figure out that a stack of books and the Google “Invitation to Edit” in my computer inbox sent by a teenager represent bonds of love between the generations.

No obituary could capture the pride I’ve felt when, on so many occasions, daughter and granddaughter asked me to join them for a day at a museum, a matinee, an AIPAC conference, or a Spa. Or to visit during a junior year abroad. (“You would really want your grandmother there?” “Are you kidding, ‘mamma’?” “Of course!”) There are no words to describe how any of this felt, especially when I think of the missed opportunities with my mother and the lack of any relationship with either of my grandmothers.

And nobody (beyond concluding that since Morty and I are still together after 54 years, that the marriage has “worked”) could ever begin to understand how much I’ve learned and gained and the degree to which I’ve grown because of the love and respect of a man who has made me very proud and who has encouraged me to be my best self.

I realize now that what means the most to me would not be found in degrees earned and honors conferred. Rather, what I most cherish would lie in that very white space that Jeff Golland and I dread so much in our write-ups: the private parts of a life, the indefinable, non-searchable, unwritten memories, the ties and imprints that live on the memories of those who mean so much to us.

NO REGRETS, BUT ON THE OTHER HAND . . .

Marty Zelnik '61

*Non, rien de rien
Non, je ne regrette rien
Ni le bien qu'on m'a fait
Ni le mal; tout ça m'est bien égal!*

*No, nothing at all,
No, I regret nothing
Not the good things they did to me
Nor the bad – may as well be the same to me!*

On the other hand . . .

Surely there were myriad events, circumstances, and social opportunities that I failed to take advantage of at Brandeis.

All of us have probably looked back at our four years and regretted our lost opportunities: alternate paths we could have taken.

Very disappointing that I left Brandeis without personal and intellectual connections with the outstanding liberal arts faculty.

Early on during my academic career, while making course selections, I focused more on my Fine Arts curriculum at the expense of a broader exposure.

This is probably my own fault, as I focused so much on my Fine Arts and extra-curricular activities beyond the classroom.

How could I not have taken courses with Roche, Lerner, or Fuchs and so many other very special faculty?

Ever eager to enjoy my college experience, I failed to involve myself with a broad range of extracurricular activities.

Creative opportunities existed for me in writing and drawing for Brandeis publications, including *The Justice*, which I regret not having pursued.

Architecture and art courses at Brandeis were quite limited, and, sorry to say, superstar teacher Leo Bronstein was just beyond my ability to appreciate and enjoy . . . even to this day.

So much of the architecture of the Brandeis campus could have been a far better laboratory for me to learn from than the classroom, yet I regret not having become more involved than I was with the design and construction process.

Today, I look forward to our 55th Reunion, especially not having been able to attend our 50th due to circumstances beyond my control.

Last chance we will have to see The Castle, an iconic structure that will become landfill, rubble, and a lost memory.

Even this saddens me as I fondly reflect on my years at Brandeis and the memories of a wonderful education.

At the same time . . . on the other hand . . . I do have a few regrets . . . but there are no do overs.

