

Brandeis
Class of 1966
55th Reunion
Yearbook



April 9, 2021

Dear Classmates,

What an incredible year to be to be celebrating an anniversary marking over a half century since our graduation from Brandeis!

The one word that best describes my feeling, and probably applies to all of us reaching this milestone is GRATITUDE – a readiness to show appreciation and to return kindness.

When you think about the last fourteen months, life on planet Earth has been tumultuous to say the very least. A worldwide pandemic that spread incredible stories of loss and added universal stress. Disruptive U. S. politics. Incredible acts of violence. Unresolved societal issues that continue to divide. The list goes on.

However, I remain incredibly grateful. The opportunity to reengage with people who shared a common journey grows more special with each reunion.

Many thanks to the members of our class who willingly contributed their time and energy generously to ensure that our virtual return to campus remains a special occasion for reconnecting and celebrating.

Phyllis Cohen
Mike Leiderman
Nadine Payn
Peter Siris

Ken Davis
Susan Levinson
Bob Safron
Paul Solman
Mary Huff Stevenson

Bert Foer
Marian Lubinsky
Mike Shaffer
Helene Stein

We all owe a special expression of gratitude to Barbara McCarthy from Brandeis' Alumni Relations Department. She worked tirelessly to ensure that our class' plans came to fruition.

Isn't it interesting when we graduated from high school in 1962, most of us didn't know each other? . Nearly six decades later, many of us can say we are lifelong friends. We do have much for which to be grateful.

I hope you will enjoy the yearbook and the short essays submitted to provide perspectives on these five years since our major 50th reunion. Hopefully, five years from now we will all be healthy and able to gather in person at Brandeis. Until then, consider this digital yearbook as a souvenir of the year we lived on Zoom.

Looking forward to being with you,

Joe Perkins,
'66 Reunion Chair

THE JUSTICE



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**Five Years, Two Impeachments, 600,000 Dead:
Reflections on Our Brave New World
Bert Foer & Carl Sheingold**

Our fiftieth reunion took place in 2016 as we were absorbing the shock of Donald Trump winning the presidency. By the midst of his first year in office, it was already clear to unbiased observers what Trump was and would always be. A noteworthy two impeachments (and no convictions) later, we are in June, 2021. It is halfway through the first year of Joe Biden's restorative presidency and we don't know whether we are done with Trump or Trumpism. Trump didn't even have Richard Nixon's grace to declare, "You'll never have Trump to kick around again."

We are gathering remotely because of an historic pandemic which was exacerbated by the incompetence and mendacity of a president whose Big Lie generated an insurrection as his farewell gift to the country. The number of Covid deaths is shocking, but we are at a stage of life when confronting death becomes more unavoidable. The length of the list of our classmates who have died is also shocking, but then it reflects a probabilistic fact that is too easy to project forward in a personal way. We think: Who will not be with us at the next reunion? Indeed, will we, who are writing these words still be part of that "us." Meanwhile, Covid has altered all our calculations and made a confrontation with death an even more collective experience. Ironically, in many places our very age may have both targeted us disproportionately for death by coronavirus and rendered us among the first to be vaccinated. We folks whose deaths would in a sense be the least tragic were moved to the front of the line.

Aside from coronavirus and MAGAvirus, some other noteworthy dynamics have dominated our recent past. For instance, there has been a greater recognition and internalization of inequality, both economic and racial, that hopefully will begin to be addressed under Biden. How hopeful ought we to be?

When we arrived at Brandeis, Jim Crow and the Lost Cause mentality still ruled in the South. The race question seemed clear on moral grounds and remedies seemed easy to identify -- laws were the key and by the time we graduated, transformative civil rights bills had been passed.

Although there has been real progress on racial inequality and race relations on many fronts, there have also been setbacks. School busing, for example, didn't work out well and ending legal segregation of schools proved easier to do than dealing with inequalities of outcome, many connected to systemic/structural features of a society less amenable to legislative mitigation. Mobile cameras caught racism in the act, making it impossible for Americans to ignore what had been such a central, but often invisible, part of the day-to-day oppression experienced by black people—the oppression of having to fear rather than feel protected by police. It was startling to many of us to learn about "the conversation" so many black parents have to have with their sons.

Many of us cried when a black man was elected president, but other hearts hardened. Literally in reaction, racism, nativism, and fear of The Other was growing and became the nucleus of the next president's base. With demographics favorable to Democratic dominance, Republicans focused on suppression of voting, particularly by minorities. With economic equality already fading, the pandemic struck minority communities with particular animosity.

How many of our concerns over these fifty-five years, have been marked by welcomed progress followed by a more complicated terrain as well as unintended consequences that were less welcome?

Technological innovations were supposed to create platforms for connecting the world and spreading knowledge in pathbreaking, positive ways, but the actual impact has been less to spread good will and more to divide the world. The promise of sharing information included the spread of conspiracy theories and false information. Cell phones connected us and facilitated not only legitimate protests, but also violent riots. Authoritarian regimes are now in possession of tools of control that folks like Hitler and Stalin could not even have imagined. Similarly, we've learned more and more about both genetics and the brain, improving our prospects for better health, but also our ability to manipulate each other and generations to come. Google and social media grow into powerful institutions trading on our love of transparency and the apparent usage price of "free", but we are beginning to understand that these values are traded for privacy and autonomy. The possibility for genetic engineering has raised profound ethical and policy dilemmas. Can anyone be comfortable in nominating any group, any institution, any process that we'd be comfortable making such decisions?

In our lifetime we've experienced a near nuclear exchange with the Soviet Union and the collapse of communism – the apparent victory of democracy itself, followed by an airborne attack on our homeland by those who reject the claim of Enlightenment values. Several countries that seemed to have achieved democratic governance morphed into "illiberal" populist democracies. Trumpism, thus far, has been a near miss at home. The progress made in regard to a more liberal community has in some ways been remarkable. (Think gay marriage, TV ads for contraceptives, and the mundane use of "fucking" as an adjective.) But now we are confronted with the phenomena of political correctness and the demands of woke culture that paradoxically find the Right blaming the Left for selling out free speech, history, and the duty to contextualize a person's flaws.

We've also moved from a faith in individualism, combined with responsibility to common interests, through a period of laissez faire economics and privatization, to a time in which refusing to wear a mask or be injected with a vaccine can epitomize a political ideology, even at the risk of increasing the level of disease and death for compatriots, as well as self. In 1966, our graduation class yearbook included an essay by Bert Foer and Carl Sheingold reviewing the world events during our four years at Brandeis. The opening Dickensian sentence intoned, "...it was the best and worst of times." The concluding sentence began, "Undoubtedly paradox will continue to reign."

Indeed.

The Curse of Lucky Us Paul Solman

Like the rest of the contributors to this yearbook, I was born lucky: children all of the Greatest Generation just as it was finishing off the bad guys; raised in an American economy that was the only serious one left standing after the war.

We were also lucky because Doctor Spock's Baby and Child Care came out just as we hit the Terrible Twos, endorsing "a general relaxation in child discipline and a greater effort to give children what they seemed to need as individuals." Sweet.

Lucky again because quick-witted immigrant forebears passed on their genes, their cultural capital and their blind faith in education — a trifecta transit visa to upward mobility in an increasingly "meritocratic" world economy. Small wonder we aced the standardized tests that were the ticket to a gold-standard university, if not quite Harvard. And then, because we were so gifted, as our Spocked parents and high scores constantly reminded us, we demanded that the school we'd chosen grant us the autonomy we'd earned, and to which we'd become accustomed. No "in loco parentis" for us, even though with pre-frontal cortices that wouldn't fully gel for another decade or so, we might have benefitted from a bit more parentis-ing. No "parietal hours": no one would tell *us* what to do in the privacy of "our" own dorms.

We were also lucky because the rising tide of Baby Boomers lifted all boats, but ours first and faster, because we were born just ahead of the wave. We bought the houses whose prices the Boomers then drove up, got jobs at the colleges they were about to flood as students. Plus, they gave us market power by aping our tastes. Hey, the Beatles are *still* on radio. Even the Isley Brothers. Who could ask for anything more?

All the while, we prided ourselves on our indisputable progressivity, inclusivity, and achievementivity, personal and societal. And seriously, who could argue, then or now, with Freedom Summer, sympathy for the Vietnamese, Ms. Magazine, Christopher St. — with our trying to dimensionalize and de-gender One-Dimensional Man? Who wouldn't agree that the arc of history bent toward justice? That academic and career diligence were virtuous (if sometimes a pain)? That devotion to family and the needy were the way to go? We were the kids who gave up our seats on the subway ("aren't you the little gentleman?") and even when we took to the streets, many of us went out of our way to befriend police, a few even trying to bridge the political divide by consorting with members of the 82nd Airborne guarding the Pentagon — guarding it against *us*, the enemy enlistees in the "Army of the Night."

Of course, we knew there were people who despised our politics. Some of us were even aware that champions of our first presidential favorite, Adlai Stevenson, were derided as "egg-heads," though I doubt any of us knew that the man who trounced him, General Eisenhower, defined an intellectual as "a man who takes more words than are necessary to tell more than he knows." (Full disclosure: in 1952, my family actually supported a socialist named Vincent Hallinan.)

But we didn't believe the contempt of intellect. What about FDR's "brain trust" and JFK's Ivy League Camelot? If intellectuals weren't prized, how come even Richard Nixon made Harvard's Henry Kissinger and Daniel Moynihan his righthand men?

The bottom line is that because of when, where and to whom we were born, we became know-it-alls with a one-way ticket out of Pinsk or Palookaville. And even among the marginalized for whom we fought, things appeared to be getting better, getting better all the time.

In retrospect, however, there turns out to have been one big hitch. As now seems clear (at least to me), we helped pave the path to President Donald Trump — because our abilities increasingly separated us from the pack and because in making every effort to pass on our astonishing good fortune to kids and grandkids, we are further widening the gulf between our families and those less fortunate, those ever more resentful of the divide.

As we were hitting our teens, an emigre Russian economist named Simon Kuznets came up with and published the "Kuznets Curve," a graph with a hump that depicted economic inequality increasing as societies grew richer (the rising side of the hump, left to right) and then, once the societies began to industrialize in earnest, inequality *decreasing* as more and more people moved from hardscrabble farm labor to better paid, "higher value-added" work in the cities. It was a pretty picture that pretty well described the immensely encouraging American economy from the Great Depression to somewhere around 1980.

And then, fatefully, shockingly, the Kuznets curve inflected once more. Up and up it climbed again as inequality *increased*, much as it had after the first Industrial Revolution. The turn would have come as no shock to Michael Young, however, a British sociologist who wrote a fanciful bit of futurology in 1958 called *The Rise of the Meritocracy 1870-2033*. The retrospective chronicle of English history over those 163 years was triumphalist: against considerable opposition, meritocracy had prevailed. The best and brightest were systematically sifted, tested, sifted again. Regardless of race, creed, assets or influence, only the most able made it to the top. Perfect equality of opportunity. Perfect justice.

But the chronicle comes to an abrupt end in 2033 when the narrator is assassinated — by a member of an increasingly restive, however well-selected underclass. The message of Michael Young's "meritocracy" is that nothing would breed greater resentment than the idea, enshrined by society, that those who missed the brass ring *deserved* to be dissed. Donald Trump became the champion of those very people in America. He embraced the uneducated. He embodied them, so many of them the children who never made it to college in 1962, much less graduated from Brandeis. Trump spat on us, the happy few. He won once. And tens of millions of disaffected Americans think he won a second time too.

I don't know what we as a generation might have done differently. But I can't escape the conclusion that we were in large part responsible for Trumpism in America, for as long as it lasts.

Trump and Polarization in the United States

Peter Siris

While Democrats look at Donald Trump as an aberration, I believe he was and will continue to be a symptom of the deep division in our country, a division that could get worse, not better.

Trump's victory in 2016 was a surprise to many, who attributed it to Hillary's unpopularity. In 2020, Democrats should have won by a landslide. Trump was personally unpopular. A pandemic was raging, and the economy was cratering. Yet if only 41,596 votes in Wisconsin, Georgia, and Arizona had changed hands, or if mail-in votes had been rejected at their 2016 rate, Trump would have been reelected.

Although Democrats won the Senate, (because Trump trashed Republican officials in Georgia, they lost seats in the House, a governorship, and two state legislatures. The question Democrats should be asking is why is Trump still so popular?

As we approach redistricting, Republicans control 212 seats compared to 55 for Democrats, with the rest controlled by independent commissions. With control of so many seats, Republicans should be favored to take back the House and the Senate in 2022. Our country is more divided than at any time since the Civil War. People in cities think of those in rural areas as "deplorables," while people in rural areas think of people in cities as illegal immigrants.

Yet both groups suffer from the same problems- the widening economic divide. Wealth imbalance is the highest ever and the highest among all developed countries. Yet rather than focusing on this economic divide, both sides are turning on the other. Each party caters to its bases. Republican Senators are retiring rather than risk being "primaried" by more right-wing candidates. Moderates have disappeared. Bipartisanship has become nonexistent. Where once important legislation, like the Civil Rights Act and Social Security, were passed by bipartisan majorities, now all legislation is strictly partisan. The two parties are a restrictive duopoly, setting their own rules. With gerrymandering, politicians draw districts to maximize their strength and punish their opponents. As a result, few elections are competitive. Almost half the state legislators run without opposition. The concept of one-person-one-vote is disappearing. In 7 states that voted for Biden, Republicans control a majority of the seats in the legislature. In Wisconsin, in 2018, Democrats received 18% more votes for the State Assembly, but Republicans won almost 2/3 of the seats. In response to Biden's victory, Republicans in 43 states have introduced 250 bills to restrict voting access. If these bills are passed, and many will, voting will become more difficult, further accelerating the divide.

With current trends, our government will become even more polarized. This is especially problematic for Democrats. The Electoral College, Senate, and State Legislatures currently work against them. With gerrymandering, the same pattern could apply in the House. Democrats

could win most of the votes and still be in the minority. When one party wins more votes and the other wins more seats, Democracy is at risk.

We need to act now to reduce the polarization of the two parties. The first step is to change the way elections are run. In most states, the two parties control the primaries, which, because of gerrymandering, essentially determines the final result. Independents, the largest voting group, are often barred from participating, and turnout is extremely low. Primary turnout in N.Y. in 2016 and 2018 averaged 2.8%.

To fix this system, we should open primaries to all voters. This will create more competitive elections and allow moderates to win some seats. More states should adopt nonpartisan primaries, like the ones used in California, Washington, and other States. These primaries have resulted in more moderation and much higher approval for government. New voting systems, like Ranked Choice Voting with instant Run-offs, should be implemented in more states and cities. RCV has increased participation and decreased polarization. Redistricting should be taken out of the hands of politicians and placed in the hands of independent commissions, restoring the concept of one-person-one-vote. If we don't let children select their own grades, why should we let politicians draw their own districts? Voting rights for both parties should be protected.

The impact of special interests should be limited. If Citizens United cannot be overturned, public financing of campaigns should be expanded.

Both parties should act to reduce the wealth imbalance, providing education, infrastructure, and healthcare to people on both sides who are deeply alienated.

This is a critical time for our country. If we cannot not reform our election systems and work together, 4 years of Donald Trump will seem like a picnic compared to the polarization that will follow.

Reflections on the Plague Year Carole Horn

We have just emerged from a year of living dangerously. It may be the most dire we'll ever know. The week in March when COVID-19 reached Washington DC, I was sitting in the Convention Center with three of my medical colleagues, all of us retired, all studying to maintain our licenses. Not that we'd be using them, but we doctors don't give up our identity easily. We found out the next day that we had just dodged a bullet, since people at another meeting in the center had been exposed to the virus, and almost simultaneously we recognized that the front lines were no place for older doctors. That realization was painful for me. My worry when I retired in 2017 had been that I'd soon not be able to keep up with the barrage of new medical information or work rapidly and effectively enough to care for people as I always had. Last spring, I had to face the possibility as well that a 75-year old doctor could end up on an ICU ventilator, another burden for overworked colleagues. With equal measures of guilt and relief, I tried to figure out what else I could do to be useful.

Since then, more than 30 million Americans and more than 125 million people in the world have been diagnosed with COVID-19. By April of this year, more than 2.7 million people around the globe had died, 550,000 of them Americans. Of those Americans, eight out of ten were--like us in the class of 1966--older than 65.

These numbers are grim, but they could have been far worse. The Black Death in the 1300s wiped out nearly half the population of Europe, and the 1918-19 flu pandemic killed 50 million people. This pandemic, our pandemic, pales in comparison, thanks in part to the rapid development of vaccines that now offer hope and relief. But it has indelibly marked us, just as previous pandemics marked times of historical disjunction and unforeseen change. We were born during World War II, when 75 million died, many our own kin. The years between that war and this plague--the span of our lives-- had been comparatively serene for the privileged among us in this country. And that certainly includes many of us who are celebrating this 55th reunion. Then COVID emerged. If we've taken a hit ourselves, we still may be better off than many of our neighbors and acquaintances. The cumulative economic loss is projected as a staggering \$16 trillion if the pandemic actually ends by the fall of 2021, and more if it drags on. Walking through the empty streets of downtown Washington, staring at boarded-up windows and shuttered restaurants, I think about how much harder it is to measure the human loss. Staggering unemployment rates are reflected in long lines outside our food banks and a dramatic increase in street crime here. Footage of hospital ERs spilling into parking lots in New York and Los Angeles to contain the mortally ill will not fade soon from our memories; my younger medical colleagues, lives at risk, soldiering on in abysmal conditions last May and June will not soon fade from mine. National lockdowns loom again in France, Germany, and Italy as the variant strains of the corona virus continue to wreak havoc and we may face that here if we cannot manage to achieve herd immunity soon.

How did we cope? Like every family, mine has its strengths and vulnerabilities. Health is always a concern, and we rapidly calculated last March that podding, working from home and taking our grandson out of daycare were important survival moves. So his other grandparents

and I began spending many hours with young Sam while our daughters teleworked. We planted vegetables, baked, hiked, Zoomed and read incessantly. My daughter's free moments were occupied foraging for mushrooms and collecting bottles she found buried in the woods, including milk bottles like the ones that were delivered to my childhood home. What she calls vintage was our daily fare. And maybe she was discovering what she could salvage from the wreckage our generation has left theirs. My husband began writing a family memoir, another way of reaching for the safer past. We bumbled along and compared notes with our friends, recognized our good fortune and struggled with our anxiety, and we have survived. Who have not survived so well are Black, Latin and other marginalized Americans. Four times as many have been hospitalized, and their death rate is twice as high as that of whites. What have we learned from this pandemic year?

We found out that when bad things happen it would clearly be helpful to be prepared, at least for predictable ones. This one was predictable—the only question, to paraphrase Bill Gates, was when. And now, how do we get ready for the next?

We've learned our version of democracy can be confusing and perhaps not very effective at coping with a pandemic, particularly when political clashes and misinformation complicate it. We have understood for a long time that concerted national effort is required in dire situations—that is why war powers were granted to Congress and the president. In the face of a pandemic—and there will be more as global warming allows tropical disease-spreading organisms to migrate here—can we create a more effective early warning system? Should we legislate to centralize power more rapidly in order to enforce basic measures that may save lives? Should we require Congress to vote on the record, as we do for a declaration of war, before the president can use that power?

We have learned that people in some countries work together out of respect for civic duty and a sense of shared sacrifice which—along with good luck-- made it possible in Australia, New Zealand and South Korea, for example, to utilize contact tracing, testing, enforced quarantines and shutdowns to keep COVID case numbers extraordinarily low and to help preserve quality of life. Here, not so much. While we have been brilliant at rapidly creating good vaccines, we have not managed to deliver them so effectively or to share them with other countries. And we must be invested in controlling the virus elsewhere if we want to stop new surges here.

More happily, it has been eye-opening to witness the environmental healing which occurred in just one year as reduced human industry lessened air, water and noise pollution. And surprising to observe how well many people have adapted to working at home. And fascinating to see how rapidly many people abandoned big cities for fresh air and more space when work and school routines no longer trapped them. We've learned many of them would rather not go back to offices, and we may be in for a major cultural change.

We have also been dismayed by how many children are struggling, including those in families of essential workers. Most are not as lucky as Sam, with two sets of grandparents able to offer relief to overworked, overstressed parents. For me it has been a joy to teach a four-year-old, play with a four-year-old, even think like one. I have been able to give Sam the

focused time and attention it was so much harder to give my own daughter when she was young because of the demands of my medical work then. I have also continued to commiserate with and to counsel my former patients, who still call, in friendship and for advice; and I've reestablished rich relationships with scattered, dear old friends on Zoom. A real silver lining has been the discovery of a group of 500 family members I had not known; we share stories about our lives and our ancestry on Zoom. There has been time to think, to listen and to reflect—and I have gorged on mushrooms.

What next? Whatever this coming year brings, we have our work cut out for us. But if the threat is great, human kindness and human ingenuity are also real and powerful. And so is hope.

Dayenu.

COVID-19 in ISRAEL: YON DANGLING APRICOCKS Stephen Raskin

*Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.*

[Richard II, Act III Scene 4, Shakespeare W, 1597. Thank you, Aileen Ward.]

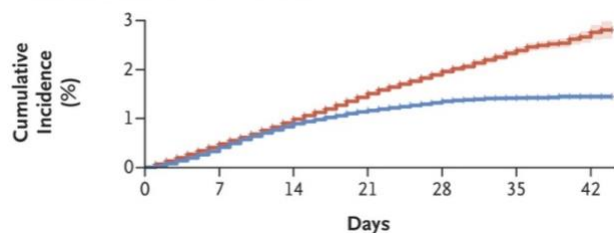
Widely described as “Doses for Data,” a secret deal between Pfizer and our “*l'état, c'est moi*” [Thank you, Edgar N. Johnson. See Vol 2 page 216] Prime Minister, gave the people of Israel early access to unlimited Covid-19 vaccine. The benefits to both parties were obvious: Pfizer would get data and Israel would get all the vaccine it needed to protect everyone living or working within its borders. The country would be saved medically, economically, and socially, and of course, in the process, if “Bibi’s gambit” worked, the PM would get re-elected and avoid criminal indictment [Thank you, John P. Roche]. Usually the pariah, Israel would again be לגויים אור “a light unto the nations.”

Why Israel? There are many reasons. Israel is a geographically small country with centralized, universal health coverage and a social safety net, a strong academic, medical, scientific, statistical, and epidemiologic infrastructure, vibrant media outlets, experience in emergency planning and execution, a “can do” tradition, and a mostly educated population with access to and experience with information technology. In short, Israel had the will and means to do vaccine distribution and follow-up. Pfizer was smart to make this deal. Vaccine became available to the public by the middle of January, 2021. As senior citizens, and after waiting on telephone-hold for an hour or two, my wife made our appointments, and, 4 days later, we got our first dose on January 18, at a very well-organized vaccination center about a mile from our home. Soon afterward, waiting times were minimized, on-line reservations became routine, and limitations on age were lifted; vaccine is now given without restriction to anyone over the age of 16, including undocumented foreign workers and workers from the West Bank. Israel’s vaccination program is a model of efficiency.

The Ministry of Health provides a cellphone app that verifies vaccination, so anyone can show it at a restaurant, museum, or clinic to verify vaccination. At the moment of this writing, my cellphone tells me that 5,228,322 people out of a total of 9,000,000 have been vaccinated.

What has the data shown? Although the emergence of new variants of Covid-19 may complicate things, mass vaccination has

Documented SARS-CoV-2 Infection



modified the Covid-19 rate of infection (top line unvaccinated, bottom line vaccinated) as well as its severity (www.nejm.org/coronavirus).

Prior to the vaccination program, Israel experienced several waves of the pandemic, and these are abating, perhaps due to the vaccination program (www.worldometers.info/coronavirus/country/israel/).

Israel turns out to be an excellent test case. Israel has its dangling apricocks, specifically significant pockets of cultural resistance to vaccination among the extreme Orthodox and other large segments of the population that are anti-establishmentarian, such as underprivileged segments, overprivileged “rules-are-meant-for-other-people” types, scoffers and science-deniers, and outright sociopaths. Despite this, the rates of infection, hospitalization, and death have declined in a time-delayed manner with the vaccination rate. This linkage has benefited from the fortuitous effectiveness of the Pfizer vaccine against U.K. variant B.1.1.7.

The success of the vaccination program has led to unanticipated questions, such as the conundrum of balancing the public’s safety against personal privacy. Can a company compel an employee to reveal whether he/she has been vaccinated or to reveal a medical condition that prevents vaccination? Is this fair to the employee? Is this fair to everyone else who may be exposed to a possible super-spreader? *Primum non nocere* cuts both ways.

We have many who have suffered emotionally, physically, and economically and who are desperate for normality, old or new. In deciding how and when to end the lockdowns we should understand their pain and have compassion for them. But restoring some kind of new normal will lead to an inevitable rebound. We are witnessing right now a restaurant-obsessed population that can hardly restrain itself from crowding, unmasked and elbow-to-elbow, into overcrowded spaces, perhaps jeopardizing continued success. At this point we just don’t know. Israel shows the epidemiology of viral control: although human nature is ultimately in charge, the epidemic – at least as of this writing, which is less than a week following Seder, the greatest communal event in the Jewish year – appears to be waning. Only time will tell if this remains true. We must humbly recognize that this is still a work in progress, and we do not understand everything that is happening.

And so, the “doses-for-data” deal turns out to be the story of the global Pandemic, writ small (and maybe from right to left). Vaccines work. Properly planned and executed vaccination programs work. In short, the epidemic can be contained if all is “even in the government.” However, human nature is still our biggest obstacle as the human race confronts this, and future, epidemics. Success requires everyone taking responsibility for others.

Forget the Bard. Stick with the Bible, specifically Genesis 3:9 (author unknown, sometime after Creation):

השמר אחי אנכי?

Am I my brother’s keeper?



Some Advances in Medicine Since our 50th Reunion

Richard Fertel

Recent Advances in Biomedical Research

Today's research breakthroughs are often the payoff for basic research carried out decades ago. Two such advances that have been worked on over the past decade have now begun to make news. The first is a novel technique for the development of vaccines, and the second is the use of CRISPR techniques to modify genes.

mRNA use in vaccine production

Traditional antiviral vaccine development depends on our ability to identify a target organism, isolate it, grow it in fertilized chicken eggs, purify the virus from the eggs, inactivate it and then inject it as a vaccine. This technique still works, and is the source of the influenza vaccines in use today. In contrast to traditional antiviral vaccine producing methods, the newest approach uses a man-made sequence of viral RNA, which is injected into patients. The viral protein is then made by the patient. It is this patient-produced viral protein which the patient makes antibodies against.

While the newer RNA approach had been discussed for a number of years, the urgency of the pandemic provided resources that considerably sped up the process. The flexibility of this new approach will result in more rapid and less expensive production of new antiviral and other vaccines in the future. For example, there are currently studies which are using this technique to produce antibodies against the cancer cells of a single patient. The RNA technique may also be useful in the development of a vaccine for HIV, which has thus far presented challenges to conventional vaccine approaches.

DNA modification using CRISPR

The second widely discussed advance was the discovery and development of CRISPR techniques for the modification of genes in plants and animals, including humans. In brief, this technique allows for the relatively rapid and inexpensive removal of a specific unwanted gene sequence in any organism, and its replacement by another more desirable sequence. The value of this is potentially incalculable. Projects that are currently underway include the modification of genes associated with human disease, including a form of inherited blindness, treatment for a variety of cancers, and sickle cell anemia. As the specific genetic basis of other diseases is discovered, more uses for this treatment approach will be developed. Of course, genetic modification is currently being used for projects not directly affecting the human genome. For example, foods such as eggs, wheat, and peanuts can be modified to be less allergenic to humans. In addition, genetic modification may be used to cause the eradication of harmful pests, including the anopheles mosquito, which is the carrier of malaria. However, as with all powerful techniques, there are many problems which must be solved before its full potential can be reached. First, we have to know exactly what the portion of the gene which is removed does. This is not always straightforward, since a given gene may control many disparate cell functions. As a corollary, we have to know what the piece of gene we put back will do. As we have seen many times in nature, what appears to be a straightforward solution to a problem often introduces new and even more intractable problems.

Other Advances in bioengineering

Other advances in bioengineering are well underway, and may be fully implemented over the next decade. These include an increased ability to tag cancer cells for surgical removal or drug treatment; the possibility of gene mapping for an individual patient to ensure the optimal choice and dose of drug used in treatment; the computer- assisted 3-D printing of biomaterials to form tissues for medical use, including skin, bone, and organs; computer-based self or physician monitoring of patient health; and nanotechnology for the targeting and release of therapeutic agents.

Social implications of new biomedical approaches

Inevitably, with the introduction of any new technology, there will be societal resistance. The latest refusal to accept science can be seen in the case of the current coronavirus pandemic. Among some, perhaps for political reasons, there has been a reluctance to accept the reality of the infection itself. Despite overwhelming evidence that the infection is easily spread and clearly life threatening for the most vulnerable, it was dismissed as the fictitious creation of some enemy. Even on their deathbeds, people were denying the reality of the infection. Some refused to follow even the simplest methods to decrease the likelihood of infection.

Scientific research has now allowed us to readily identify the causative organism, determine its genetic sequence, and use innovative technologies to produce very effective vaccines. The science is excellent. However, as with many new scientific findings, there are those who refuse to use the resulting vaccines, even though they are safe and effective. This latest fear of new scientific work has been amplified by the internet, which carries information and misinformation with equal speed. For example, it has been suggested that the vaccines can alter human DNA (they can't), that the vaccines have not been thoroughly tested (they have), that they can cause viral infection (they can't), that they contain fetal cells (they don't), and that they contain microchips (they don't!). In addition, there is the general distrust of government, which has a basis in fact for some populations.

This reluctance to accept new technologies is magnified when considering gene modifications, which come with their own inherent ethical challenges. Questions about modification of fetuses *in utero* to remove undesirable characteristics, or the addition of desirable genetic alterations raise significant concerns. Regardless of the resistance to new biological work, the prospects for increased new life-enhancing breakthroughs remain bright.

Quarantine and Accessibility: The Democratization of Culture
By Ann Tanenbaum

*“Let’s drink to the spirit of gallantry and courage
that made a strange Heaven out of unbelievable
Hell and let’s drink to the hope that one day this
country of ours, which we love so much, will find
dignity and greatness and peace again.”*

– Noel Coward

Maybe from a town named Wuhan in the People's Republic of China, possibly from the heart of a bat, came a SARS-like virus called COVID-19. And it spread like a fiery dragon with a very long tail that came to encompass Earth.

Many people became sick. Ambulance lights blazed; they moved throughout towns, cities, villages, the countryside; picking up the ailing, transporting the sick to hospitals, nursing homes, funeral parlors, mortuaries.

We were all shut down; alone in our homes. We were unable to visit beloved family and friends and we were afraid. Our babies, our children—were they possibly prey to this disease? We were told yes; we were told no. Truly, we didn't know.

Restaurants, bars, stores of every kind, theatres, movies, concert halls, private clubs, libraries, even churches, and synagogues were closed. How would we live? We were told we could walk outside, in the open air, on streets and in parks and open squares. But we had to be certain to wear a face-covering that kept private our noses and mouths; otherwise we could be stopped and questioned by the Police.

Public transportation was stopped. We were all alone. We couldn't leave home except, perhaps to walk outside and look. In cities, more and more electric lights went out; people and their children left their homes, but for where? Maybe another home in the countryside? So many were alone. So many had no home.

"The huddled, the yearning, the masses to be freed..." Could those of us in New York have visited Ellis Island, visited the Statue of Liberty, to pray, to feel peace? I don't know. We never tried... Fewer and fewer people took public transportation, except to get to work—if work was open. It wasn't safe to be with people, less than 6 feet apart, which was virtually impossible in a subway or any public vehicle.

Many of us just stayed home. Home seemed safe.

Then, all of a sudden, as if by M*A*G*I*C, ZOOM emerged. Our electronic devices were transformed into magic carpets of exquisite hues, nuance and variety by genies of infinite imagination. We could transport ourselves by clicking on screens, and be inside magnificent museums and galleries, theatres and concert halls and opera houses the world over. Collections

large and small, from the Louvre to the Frick and even to Brandeis' own Rose Art Museum have been made available online—Rembrandt's *The Night Watch* could live in our homes.

It's vital to mention—that as, hopefully all of us, are wishing to be part of a separate, but equal, quilt of earthly humanity—ZOOM and similar online platforms with tailored accessibility aids for the visually or audibly impaired can bring individuals, with almost any requirement together.

Just as we need not be limited by physical challenge, we also strive to not be limited by financial challenge. There are extraordinary cultural opportunities that, of necessity, have been very highly-priced to attend in person. Through the ingenuity and social magnanimity of online entertainment—and propelled by the desire for healing in the physically and emotionally-wounded USA of 2020—the world-sensation, "Hamilton" was made available on the streaming service Disney+. Prior to 2020, a person would have had to fly to NYC or London and purchase a very costly ticket to witness Lin-Manuel Miranda's remarkable work created for theater. Now, access to a TV and an \$8 subscription suffices.

How remarkable and wonderfully strange, that, today it is feasible to consider that the hideous Pandemic that brought so much isolation, death and destruction to Earth has also brought a Democratization of access to Culture, heretofore unknown.

On our 55th reunion, my thoughts go to all of us and our country's future. At Brandeis, we were perhaps historically bound together most particularly by the assassination of JFK and the march with MLK across the Bridge to Selma, Alabama. In those years, we didn't think forward to this time in our country's history. I hope and pray that someday, not too far from now, the United States of America and all its peoples will come together in solidarity, peace and compatibility.

Would the Class of 1966 choose to work together toward that Goal? I hope so. What an unimaginable 60th Reunion we would then share!

Remembering our 50th reunion, my thoughts go to Lisa M. Lynch, Ph.D. April 14, 2016, the letter is dated, informing me I've been selected as a Fellow of the University I love.

The Chickens Came Home to Roost
Ruth Needleman

“If there is no struggle, there is no progress.”
Frederick Douglass

For the past five years, I have spent my Friday mornings at the Gary Airport, witnessing what I have come to call “human trafficking.” Immigrants are rounded up from Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana and Kentucky, detained for lacking proper documents, and are crowded into buses and vans to be deported. Illinois’ McHenry County Sheriffs bring them. The immigrants used to be taken to Brownsville and pushed over the border without clothes, money, or toothbrushes, where criminal gangs awaited them. These days—even under the moratorium on deportations—ICE arrives to carry the detainees to Louisiana and from there to Guatemala or Honduras, two of the most dangerous countries in the world.

The immigrants come from those “s___-hole” countries in the southern hemisphere, not just from Central and South America but also from Africa, fleeing from the wreckage caused by colonialism, neocolonialism and neo-liberalism: the “isms” at the root of so many other “isms” such as racism, sexism, slavery and genocide.

Living in Gary, Indiana makes it impossible to ignore what a century of exploitation and oppression did to my city. I live on land stolen from the Potawatomi Indigenous tribes, in the shadow of belching steel mills that destroyed the lives of generations of workers, immigrants and blacks. The city itself has been shrinking (from 180,000 to less than 80,000) due to decades of white flight, leaving a majority black population with unemployment rates hovering at 40%. Gary has only one remaining public high school. Vouchers drained the coffers of the public school system, accelerating the privatization of education. Now, gentrification is making a path into this urban disaster.

This Region, Northwest Indiana, also has some of the most toxic industrial waste sites in the country. Hundreds of black and brown families lived for decades on top of a lead foundry. The city of East Chicago and the EPA knew the land was poisoning the children, but did nothing. Still what has most characterized the last years has been the awakening of multiple movements against the “isms.” Standing Rock Sioux against the pipeline. Black Lives Matter against mass incarceration and the killing of blacks. The Dreamers. The “Me, Too” movement. Environmental justice movements. Students against crippling debts. Powerful disability movements. The Fight for \$15. Global solidarity movements.

I would like to think that my college education prepared me to understand the world I live in. After all, there are many parallels between today and the 1960s. The civil rights movement. Martin Luther King and, of course, Malcolm X who spoke at Brandeis while we were there. Public sector and farm worker organizing. Liberation movements in Africa and a wave of anti-imperialist governments throughout the hemisphere, for example, in Brazil, the Dominican Republic, and Guatemala. The second wave of a women’s liberation movement was forming.

Yet for the most part we studied in a cloistered elite space, where you could count the black students on one hand. Likewise the female and minority faculty. The only women I read in college were Emily Dickenson and Santa Teresa. And worse, there were quite a few known sexual predators on the faculty—no names.

Yes, the times were different, which really just meant that for the most part our education did not question white supremacy, male domination, class elitism or U.S. hegemony. We did have a graduation protest when Arthur Goldberg spoke. Some of us stood and turned our backs.

Today it is not enough to stand and turn our backs. Not in the face of a resurgent Confederacy. Not in the face of children torn from parents and put in cages. Not when unarmed blacks going about life are shot down by police who go free. Not when corporate greed is destroying the earth itself.

Are We [Too][Insufficiently] Politically Correct? Allen Zerkin

I agreed to take on this fraught topic not because I had anything to say about it but rather because I *didn't* and thought that I *should*, what with one daughter married to a Black man and having two bi-racial children and a second daughter who identifies as queer married to a non-binary transperson, and with me teaching at a progressive university in a leftist “graduate school of public service”!

As Brandeis students in the '60's, it was easy to take free speech for granted. We didn't have to be as careful, taking others' sensitivities into account, though maybe we were remiss. It's a different time now. Though similarly tumultuous, this is not *déjà vu* all over again!

Oxford Languages defines “political correctness” as “The *avoidance*, often considered as taken to extremes, of forms of expression or action that are *perceived* to exclude, marginalize, or insult groups of people who are socially disadvantaged or discriminated against.” (Italics added.)

Note the use of the word “perceived”. Astute, that, but a very delicate matter. What distinguishes the current time is oppressed people's sensitivities, how quick people are to take offense, whereas, when we were kids, one would say, “Sticks and stones can break my bones, but names can never hurt me.” I did, anyway, and I think that there is great wisdom in that. I'd go so far as to say that nothing external to oneself can *cause* an emotional reaction. As we live we develop triggers - sensitivities - but they are *ours*, and our reactions are *ours*. The fact is, nothing anyone else does or says can actually *cause* the reaction, even if they want to! While knowing this yields many life benefits, the truth of it neither gives us license to be offensive nor be dispassionate about others' pain. External causality of personal experience is most people's reality, as in “You made me angry;” and, being enlightened about the falsity of that should not be used to say, as a defense, “You *shouldn't* be angry; I just said what I said, and *you caused yourself* to be angry. Not my problem.” As the Dalia Lama, among others, would tell us, one should have compassion for the world's benightedness, neither critical of nor oblivious to the hurt others experience. Neither does compassion mean sympathy or validation, as in “You're right to be offended.” It is still appropriate to make an apology and to agree not to say that again, acknowledging that they *experienced* being offended without agreeing that the speech or deed *was* offensive.

The Oxford definition seems, however, to be wrong in one respect. If my non-binary transperson-in-law tells me that what I am saying is biased and marginalizing, and if, seeing the point, I thereafter avoid saying it, I consider myself to be respectful, sensitive and supportive, but not “politically correct”. But according to the definition, I am - I'm *avoiding a form of expression* that they, as a non-binary transperson, *perceive* to be (In truth, I've always wanted to find something wrong about Oxford.)

So, what, then, does “PC” refer to?

Say a female student accuses me of being sexist, and I disagree but decide that it is best not to argue, am I being PC? Yes, I think so, because my behavior is not based on conviction or acceptance but out of concern about possible consequences. Bowing to pressure, a loss of

authenticity, just going along, or giving in to avoid repercussions is, I think, the essence of what makes an act of “avoidance” “PC”.

By contrast, respectful silence, not out of concern about consequences, is not PC and is usually appropriate. Author/professor Bell Hooks wrote: “The oppressed struggle in language to recover ourselves....” (Talking Back: Thinking Feminist, Thinking Black. Boston: South End Press, 1989, p. 29). What that means, I think, is that what gets said by the oppressed in that struggle can be hyperbolic and, to people in an historically privileged group (e.g., men, whites, straights), threatening, but such rhetoric probably isn’t the final word. Therefore the privileged owe the oppressed some latitude, and mostly, it is not for the privileged to opine. The oppressed need us to *listen* - and maybe inquire - but we should not argue. This kind of silence is not PC “avoidance”.

Another aspect of PC is how institutions deal with allegations of offensive expression. Bret Stephens, in “Woke Me When It’s Over,” NY Times op-ed, Feb. 23, 2021, tells of the U. of Illinois at Chicago law professor “placed on indefinite administrative leave, barred from campus and kicked off his committee assignments after students protested that he had included ‘n ____’ and ‘b ____’ as part of his semester exam on civil procedure.” Mind you, he didn’t spell them out and the hinted-at words were integral to the exam! Stephens writes, “In the game of Woke, the goal posts can be moved at any moment, the penalties will apply retroactively and claims of fairness will always lose out to the perpetual right to claim offense.”

And then there was the in-coming U. of Tennessee freshman who lost her cheerleading scholarship and place on the team when a years-old video of her saying the N-word was posted. Outrage from alums and students led to the punitive actions - and an equally outraged backlash followed.

These universities are being horribly PC, and these incidents are examples of what is called “cancel culture”. It’s a serious problem. Life-changing punishments such as these are both unnecessary and unjustified. Institutions need to see themselves as conveners of dialogue rather than arbiters. These universities should have used the incidents as learning moments for all concerned, e.g., for the young woman, as an opportunity to indicate whether she would say that sort of thing today and to describe what may have been normal and acceptable speech in her family or community. It’s fine to call people out, but just meting out punishments is PC run amok.

The toughest cases are when the perceived offense is deliberate and the offender unrepentant - e.g., speeches made by white supremacists and hateful speech published on social media - and as repugnant as such speech usually is, and as tempting as it is to silence it, the issue is free speech. Greg Lubianoff, an attorney at the Foundation for Individual Rights in Education (FIRE), reminds us that free speech is the “eternally radical idea” and actually exists to protect minorities. He decries the “Conservative Outrage Mob” no less than the university administrators who ban “hateful” speech or establish speech codes and token “speech zones” and the illiberalism of students and the “professoriate” who say that hateful speech is “violence” and that “violence toward racists is self-defense.” He posits the “*value* of being offended”, since “discomfort is critical to learning”. (Excerpted from remarks made during a Bard Center for the Study of Hate webinar, “What’s the relationship between ‘cancel culture’ and hate?”, March 4, 2020.

Lubianoff recommends that universities adopt the University of Chicago Statement, from 2015, which states, in part, “Because the University is committed to free and open inquiry in all

matters, it guarantees all members of the University community the broadest possible latitude to speak, write, listen, challenge, and learn [I]t is not the proper role of the University to attempt to shield individuals from ideas and opinions they find unwelcome, disagreeable, or even deeply offensive.” I agree.

Michelle Goldberg, in a NY Times op-ed, Sunday Week in Review, Feb. 28, 2021, “The Campaign to Cancel Wokeness,” notes that “conservatives have claimed the mantle of free speech” regarding what they consider “an intolerant left that is afraid to engage with uncomfortable ideas,” and she admits that “[e]very embarrassing example of woke overreach . . . fuels this perception.” But she points out that the right is just as guilty of cancel culture. “[W]hen it comes to outright government censorship, it is the right that’s on the offense, . . . an ironic quest to [legislatively] cancel . . . any curriculum or events that “encourage ‘division between, resentment of or social justice for’ specific groups of people,” (Arkansas) or that promote “‘divisive concepts’ . . . , including claims that ‘the United States is fundamentally racist or sexist,’” (West Virginia). She acknowledges that while “[p]arts of the critical race theory tradition are in tension with liberalism, particularly when it comes to issues like free speech,” she is “persuaded by Henry Louis Gates Jr.’s challenging of “the movement’s stance on the first amendment.”

Free speech is fundamental. To bring the matter home, I want to note that the efforts of many Jewish students on American campuses to ban advocacy of the Boycott, Divestiture and Sanctions (BDS) movement on behalf of Palestinian rights - on the grounds that criticism of Zionism is inherently “anti-Semitic” - is an egregious violation of free speech, and, universities must vigorously resist. This example may make some readers very uncomfortable. Well, that’s what you get with free speech. So, now, the question is, will my writing this get *me* cancelled?

What Happened to the Games?

Mike Leiderman

My cherished baseball glove ended up in the garage sale. It was more than 40 years old, yet still flawless to me; curated by gobs of neatsfoot oil, a softball strapped inside by an old belt and countless “thwacks” - the sound of the ball slamming into its deep pocket. With it, I “owned” third base, from summer camp in my teens to the Sunday leagues of my 40s and beyond. Now, though, it was time to pass it on to someone younger who could enjoy its perfection.

My love of sports as a kid took me to a career covering them on TV. Technically this was “work,” but I had the best seat in the house for free, every game.

I must admit I have trouble recognizing those games today.

I used to pore over baseball’s daily box scores, reveling in the minutiae. Pitchers won or lost, gave up X-number of runs; batters were judged by hits, homers and runs batted in. Today, we have “launch angles” “slash lines,” acronyms like “wOBA,” “wRC+,” “fWAR,” “UZR.” You can look up those initials, but “TMI” are the ones that stand out for me.

Such “progress” has made baseball unwatchable, a 3-4 hour slog through strikeouts, walks and home runs, pitching changes and fielding shifts. Major Leaguers still spit and scratch, but those were never inducements for me to watch.

And basketball? Pretty much ruined by the 3-point shot that takes much of the discipline and fluidity out of the game. Watch the NBA, if you can. Two events stand out: a 3-point “bomb” launched 25 feet from the basket or a slam dunk that threatens the structure of the backboard. College games are a little better, mostly because the shooters aren’t as good, but the game feels monotonous and distorted.

Football has its problems. Physical development of the athletes has far outstripped the game. 35 years ago, “Refrigerator” Perry was a freak at 320 pounds. Today, most teams’ defensive lines average that size and the offensive lines are even bigger. The NFL’s repeated attempts to balance game flow with player safety leave both teams and fans confused and frustrated over the shifting rules. And within every play is the specter of serious injury or debilitating decline after a football player retires. A frightening number have died young or by their own hand. The last several years have exposed the many suffering from CTE - chronic traumatic encephalopathy - a degenerative and fatal brain disease caused by repeated head trauma, e.g., smashing into an opponent thousands of times a season. What’s more unfortunate - the disease can’t be confirmed until the brain is analyzed after death.

Let’s get to some good news. Today’s male and female athletes have become exponentially better at their craft. Forgetting the PED issue for now (a separate discussion), they are physically larger and better conditioned, with diet, training methods and facilities their predecessors could not have fathomed. Youth travel teams, specialty camps, biometrics and individual instruction have produced specimens groomed to excel - or weed out those who fall short.

Perhaps more significantly, athletes have also developed a voice, not only about their play, but their worldview. In the old days, jocks would paw the ground and spit in the dirt when interviewers asked the most innocuous questions. There are plenty of those mind-numbing interviews today, but more athletes are stepping outside their games to take stands on social issues. Colin Kaepernick's kneeling during the national anthem to protest police brutality and racism gave new impetus to civil rights advocates. It also got him blackballed from the National Football League where he'd led the San Francisco 49ers to a Super Bowl.

Other stars took up Kaepernick's mantle. NBA great LeBron James eschewed FOX News troll Laura Ingraham's exhortation to "shut up and dribble" and has spoken out repeatedly on racial inequality and Black Lives Matter. U.S. Soccer's Megan Rapinoe and tennis pros Naomi Osaka and Venus and Serena Williams are among those who have come forward in support of human rights while the WNBA's Atlanta Dream rose as one against the racist rhetoric of team owner Kelley Loeffler and helped defeat her attempt to win a seat in the U.S. Senate.

The Miami Marlins' Kim Ng shattered one of the world's thickest glass ceilings to become, at age 51, Major League Baseball's first female general manager. It only took 150 years for that milestone. Rachel Denhollander marshaled more than 200 other female gymnasts to expose the repeated sexual assaults by USA Gymnastics team doctor, Larry Nassar. Nassar is now serving life in prison for crimes that spanned decades and which authorities repeatedly ignored.

Athletes are also more actively protesting their status as highly paid (or non-paid) pawns at the hands of their schools, coaches, teams or owners. They continue to speak out on issues from salaries to working conditions. The courts have given college players momentum to be paid for their play and to earn fees from licensing rights to their name, image and likeness. The NCAA, as is its habit, continues to fight or slow-walk these gains, claiming such radical change will dilute its influence and break athletic department budgets. However, they know change is coming.

A few words about Title IX. It is true that the federal statute mandating equality in education has provided a huge lift to female athletes and their sports from grade school through college. (I remember announcing a collegiate women's gymnastics meet at Michigan where the University of Alabama's team arrived by private jet!) Yet, wide disparities remain with promotion, budget and support for women's sports heavily outpaced by men's. Title IX compliance has also resulted in severe cutbacks among so-called "non-revenue" men's sports such as soccer, wrestling, swimming, baseball and gymnastics. These days, you'll find barely a dozen men's gymnastics teams among major (Division I) colleges. While administrators claim budget restrictions and the pandemic are responsible for the cutbacks, there's been little financial impact on the behemoth Division I programs I call "Collegiate Pro Football" and "Collegiate Pro Basketball."

So, yes, it's all about the money - from fans, sponsors, TV, radio and online streaming rights and new legalized gambling laws generating billions in bets where the states get a cut. If you don't bet, get on the couch with me and try to find something to watch.

I'll occasionally stumble on a close game on TV and watch it to the end; there's nothing like a buzzer-beater, tie-breaker, walk-off base hit or overtime goal to get the adrenalin flowing.

But while I applaud today's athletes for their skills and their activism, I miss the rush I used to feel from the games I still want to love. Maybe it's aging, or a denial of progress, but I still remember the simplicity of sports - who wins, who loses and the thwack of a ball in a glove.

Letter to the Editor

Internal Affairs

Obviously I should be estopped from second guessing your approach to the yearbook content, but that doesn't deter me. I am, however, wondering what the value add is for having our classmates write about well-trod subjects about which we are already likely to be very well informed

Clearly I can write 500-800 words about many, if not most things, even foreign affairs if I have to. And cataloguing the 12 (or is it 27) horsemen of the apocalypse that have emerged or are strengthened or changed over the last 5 years is something I could take on. But I question why anyone would want to read such a piece (including whether I would want to read it even if I wrote it). Joe McBride or Bill Schneider would likely bring a deeper and more knowledgeable perspective to that subject.

Maybe ginning up an email exchange among 3 or 4 of us would be more fun - asking us to identify and react to each other's lists of the 4-5 most pressing new or changed foreign affairs issues, and how it might impact us and future generations.

More generally, I would think that as we are all of us in our mid-70's, looking back with affection, nostalgia, regret and other emotions at our lived lives and looking forward with, hopefully, some excitement, but certainly with trepidation at our more limited futures, adjustment to diminished capacities and ultimate demises, some reflections on that aging (and retrospective) process would be more meaningful to our cohort.

We can all read the Washington Post and NY Times op eds; I don't see a pressing need to read Gary Jacobs or any of us bloviating about stuff we only know something about.

But we all know about aging; we all know (whether we acknowledge it or not) about our successes, failures, regrets; we all know about our hopes and fears for the future. Isn't that what a 55th reunion (even a virtual one) is about? I think some honest essays about that sort of stuff would be more meaningful than a bunch of casual pieces on foreign policy, etc., for which there is no pressing need.

Brandeis is a special place, and we were there at a special time. Thank you for all that you do.

Gary Jacobs '66

From our Archives:

Remarks

Stephen Paul Raskin

Brandeis University Commencement

June 12, 1966

Mom, Dad, Ambassador Goldberg, President Sachar, Dean Morrissey,
My friends, and friends of this, my school, which is so young and so anxious to be old.

I thank President Sachar for introducing me as “young Raskin.” I hope that after Commencement – in fact, I’m sure – we won’t exchange the words of Lear and Cordelia, when Lear said: “So young and so untender.” And Cordelia replied: “So young, my Lord, and true.”

For I’ve been quite struck by the amount of truth that’s come out this weekend.
But the question. I’d like to have answered is: “What is Youth, and how does it feel to be young?”

Youth is not counted in years; it’s too elusive for mathematics. Youth is that period in each person’s life when he has peak physical and mental strength. Feeling young is feeling this strength. Feeling young means flexing our mind as well as your muscles. Feeling young means sharpening your eyes, and rejoicing in the alertness of your own reflexes.
It’s blue skies, clear seas, and sunny motor-scooter rides. It’s a great time, full of reckless abandon. The young identify with all that’s new; they enjoy new ideas. They sit in parks, eat oranges, and throw the peels away. They spend solid afternoons walking in unmown fields, just to smell the grass crunch underfoot.

This is enjoyment. Why shouldn’t the young enjoy themselves? In the very act of enjoyment they are contributing to society, because, whether or not they like it, they are a part of society. Even if only in spite of themselves, they are contributing freedom.

For the young will contribute freedom to society. Certainly not that freedom which constitutions or money in the bank guarantees. The young have no access to the machines of political and economic freedom. I’m speaking of the freedom not to care what anybody else thinks, unless they have more common sense. This is the freedom of Kazantzakis, as it is written on his tombstone:

“I believe in nothing.

I fear nothing.

I am free.”

This is a freedom that only the young have, and they give it up too soon. The exercise of this freedom is youth's greatest responsibility, and it is a weighty one. The young are not *permitted* to question the old. They are *obligated* to do so. And he who would repress such questioning, whatever his reason, whatever the form of questioning, has lost his own ability to question.

But sometimes the young critics become rude and intolerable – in Dr. Edwin Canham's words they become sassy, undisciplined, disordered. But they are free to criticize and we are free to criticize them in turn. This is the way the game of freedom is played. No one who would be free can expect peace and lack of criticism. In fact, no one who would be free can expect even a generous spirit or as Ambassador Goldberg said this morning, sometimes we cannot expect – and this is his word, not his statement – sometimes we cannot expect even decency. But this is the way the game of freedom is played.

To be free is to enter an arena, and to enter an arena is to expect a fight. But why should carefree youth enter this arena? What obligates youth to fight for freedom? It is strength – for we must be strong to stand as freemen. We need the mental strength to free ourselves from old ideas and the physical strength to assert our new ones. Feeling young is feeling that expansive strength to assert ourselves. For remember, I defined youth as strength. Oh, how fortunate that the young possess at one time both the spirit of newness and the strength to be free.

It is a weighty responsibility to be young and free, and the Heavens rain tears when the responsibility is rejected.

And so we have a young university which has sold its birthright to freedom for a bowlful of Hasty Pudding. A university whose goal of Academic Greatness is translated every day into "catching up." A university where faculty departments dictate educational policy *in loco parentis*:

There hasn't been a new idea in the language department in ten years. Bio Sci has only deteriorated in five, and departments still think, as Ptolemy did, that the moon, the sun, the heavens, and general education requirements all revolve around the specks of matter they call home.

This is a university where administration suppresses dissent *in loco tyranni*, for, and I quote Shakespeare, and I refer not to what happened this morning, but to what we all lived through in our sophomore year, "Oh it is excellent to have giant's strength, But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant."

And remember – speaking of youth – this is the Administration too young for Herbert Marcuse. Don't applaud too fast.

Finally, this is a university where the student body wants its education spoonfed to it, *in loco infantis*, in the place of an infant.

Where is the strength, the youth, the freedom?

Where is the spirit, the bright-eyed enthusiasm?

The sense of pride, and strength, and newness. The pulsating desire to innovate. The confident impatience. The strength and faith to act on one's own.

The sweet smell of experiment.

Indeed, where are the trees, the flowers, and where are the birds? Where is the youth

Valedictorian Castigates Brandeis Administration

Valedictorian Stephen P. Raskin gave the Brandeis administration a roasting in his remarks to an audience of 4000 assembled for the commencement exercises.

Raskin harshly criticized "my school, which is so young, and so anxious to be old."

He spoke of the joys and freedom of youth and charged that this spirit of youthfulness is absent in the Brandeis hierarchy. "We have here a young university which has sold its birthright to freedom for a bowlful of hasty pudding," he said. "A university whose goal of academic greatness is translated every day into 'catching up.' A university where faculty departments dictate educational policy in loco parentis."


He said Brandeis is a "university where administrators suppress dissent."

"Where is the strength, the youth, the freedom?" he asked "Where is the bright-eyed enthusiasm, the sense of pride and newness . . . the pulsating desire to innovate . . . the strength and faith to act on one's own?"

"Where is the youth?"

His classmates stood to applaud him.

June 13, 1966 Boston Globe



STEPHEN RASKIN
... decries "hasty pudding"

Bob Acker

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

I'm involved in three projects in Laos, working on a nation-wide museum survey, helping to renovate and reconstruct some of the temples, and working at Souphanouvong University (teaching and library support), projects that have all evolved since 2016.

"Grow old along with me; the best is yet to be."



Wat Ban Sing (rear)



Wat Ban Sing (chao faa or sky cluster)



Wat Ban Sing (roof naga)

Bernard Appleman, PH.D, J.D.

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Brandeis update

Bernard Appleman 1966

In the last five years I have continued to practice law in Southern Florida as a public defender. I have two young grandchildren, ages 4 and 6, in New York City and a 12-year old grandson in Portland Oregon. Visiting has been challenging in the Covid age but I have managed a few trips.

I have two very accomplished daughters, one is a law professor in Salem, Oregon and the other a veterinarian in New York. They are both excellent and dedicate mothers and have allowed me to be a doting grandfather mostly from afar.



lawyer daughter and family



New York grandchildren



me shopping

George Baral

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

One of my fondest memories was playing bridge throughout freshman year instead of studying; after a 57-year hiatus, I have taken it up again and am enjoying it immensely. One night, I walked across Ridgewood barefoot in the snow to get to a game in a nearby building; trying to prove something, I guess.

Brandeis had no real career counseling. I ran into the person who filled that shoe; she asked me what I wanted to do after graduation. I told her I wanted to be an iconoclast. Looking back, I have done a pretty good job. My criminal record is short but interesting.

Disgusted with the political situation, I moved to Grenada in 1972 for a couple of years. Later, a former radical classmate led a violent overthrow of the government there. I knew a few of the people who were killed. Then I lived in rural Tennessee, Florida, Baltimore and Palo Alto before I settled in Los Angeles in 1976.

My career path, which included a 5-year MS in chemistry at UChicago (I was too busy making and experimenting with drugs to finish my PhD) and an MBA from Stanford, was anything but conventional. Big business and I did not get along, and I became an entrepreneur doing my own thing. One thing after another, until I finally ended up by accident in something that suited my skills, talents, and inclinations.

I was very fortunate to have 33 years in a career where I loved every day of fun and exploration while helping interesting people (it was not work), at least after I realized it was perfect for me and I got good at it. It gave me the ability to travel, and I spent a lot of time in other countries.

Very fortunate indeed, as the '80s and a few years before and after were spent in the throes of alcoholism, and I didn't accomplish much until I recovered. Now, I practice a mix of spirituality and Buddhist principles.

A year and a half ago, I retired from the main one of my three businesses and

moved the Philippines where I am living the dream. There are many great diving locations throughout this beautiful country, and it is full of (mostly) wonderful people including a few special ones.



I still have a construction business in LA, and am developing a business helping people identify skills they have that they can monetize, and showing them how to earn money wherever they can get an internet connection. This is a helping business, like my main business was, and replaces the satisfaction I get from helping.



I am done with LA, and sick of the divisive US politics. It is the most corrupt country in the world, as far as I am concerned, although I still love America. Here, 35 miles outside of Manila, I can (had best) remain ignorant of politics and therefore undisturbed. And I am living a life beyond my wildest dreams....

Frank Bloch

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

I wrote a brief summary of my life since Brandeis in the 50th Reunion yearbook, which boiled down to this: law school at Columbia followed by graduate school in politics back at Brandeis; legal aid lawyer in the San Joaquin Valley, during which time married Melissa Roth '67; clinical instructor at the University of Chicago Law School, during which time our daughter Julia was born; professor and director of clinical legal education at Vanderbilt Law School, during which time our daughter Sara was born; retired and moved to New York City.

Looking back over the past five years of retirement, I can add a few things. First and foremost was Melissa's and my entry into grandparenthood. Felix came first (he went to ski school for the first time yesterday!) and then came Frances (Frankie), now almost six months old. While I still maintain some professional connections, most notably working with law school legal clinics around the world, we're able to visit the kids regularly in California and also take greater advantage of a place we've had in the south

of France since the late 1990s. And this has been great: After spending most of the past 55 years far from concentrations of Brandeis graduates, living in New York has led to wonderful renewed friendships with two of my roommates (Hillel Gedrich and Les Levine '65), Veronica Biehl Gedrich '65 and Mary Huff Stevenson, Melissa's roommate (Jane Sills Teitler '67), my all-but-roommate Danny Greenblat (now Daniel Gidron), and my Summer '66 travel companion to the former Soviet Union Allen Zerkin and his wife Ellen.

Having survived the truly awful past four years and what seems to be the worst of the horrific pandemic that capped it off, my generally optimistic nature has me looking forward to the years to come.



With Felix and his parents



Melissa with Sara and Julia



The retiree

Paul Bloom

**With a focus toward the last five years,
tell us about your life since Brandeis...**

Brandeis '66

Reflections on 2016-2021

Paul Bloom

'16-'19 reflect

a difficult if fortunate trajectory

–decades of weekday routine

up five am

home after dark–

now done!

retired

into work of my own choosing

my own routine–

one fortunate critter

don't live in a war zone

grew up loved

educated

can climb mt washington

from time to time

backpack in the wind river range

immerse myself

in custom furniture design.

we fortunate ones

can step out of the work world

profit-only economics

creativity as manservant

creativity as maidservant

profit as king

while our poorest brothers and sisters

have lost employment

can't buy food

while our congress debates

fifteen dollars per hour–

has your family

ever managed on less than thirty-thousand

a year?

we know that

quality and profit can dance

profit and creativity embrace

the fortunate and the challenged pull

together

to sew up the rift of covid–

but that's revolutionary stuff

covid–

a blip on the screen

in a chinese poultry market 2020

morphed into pandemic lockdown
shines a spotlight
on the traumatic inequities of race
of status
of death by skin color
of death by income level

covid-
pandemic lessons
less personal than illuminating
the toxicity of economics that
disenfranchise
the toxicity of social structures that race
built

we know
quality and profit can dance
profit and creativity embrace
the fortunate and the challenged pull
together-
even if revolutionary.

will the fortunate allow themselves
to pull together with their underclass
to make a better planet for all
to make a better planet



Wind River Rocies, WY (prior to 2016)



Trinity Interfaith, PB 2nd from right

Carol (Lukin) Carl

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Happily retired after working 30 plus years in state govt. A sociology professor once told me to take comfort in the fact that I might not be able to make great changes, but I may be able to stop bad ones! I tried to turn Texas blue! Not giving up on this although with my limited mobility, not working polls anymore, just writing letters and calling. Thrilled that my son Daniel just lives two miles from me with his beautiful family, Being fully vaccinated since mid February, I was able to participate in a super hero birthday party for my four year old grandson last weekend and will be going to Seder tomorrow with the family of five. Three boys and parents. I'm just making a mushroom matzah kugel and they are doing everything else including barbecuing a brisket! My daughter, Rebecca lives in Philly. A JTS graduate, Cantor Carl is a board certified chaplain at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia, serves as a high holiday cantor and teaches religious school. Has tutored many bar/bat Mitzvah students over Zoom this year! Hoping that we all stay safe here by listening to Dr Fauci, President

Biden and ignoring the current folks running Texas govt!

Carol Lukin Carl '66

Joe Cimmet



Jeff Cohen

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

3/5

JEFF COHEN: 5-YEAR UPDATE

Our family has grown. We now have nine grandchildren – still in Israel and Denver. Esther, Tova, Shalva, Chana, Yehuda, Avigayil, Ahuva, Eli and Willa. Hopefully, we'll be able to give them real hugs soon - Zoom and WhatsApp have been ok, but just ok. As of mid-March, I'm still working, but I've turned away from energy matters. For the past three+ years I've been trying to help solve the many problems of the Erie Canal. You can still navigate "from Albany to Buffalo" (feel free to pause and hum a few bars), but the Canal is incredibly expensive to maintain, generates next-to-no revenue, and is deeply embedded in the hearts and minds of folks who are very suspicious of change, radical or other.

Our cottage in the Southern Adirondacks – on Brant Lake – was a truly wonderful place to live and work - and play - from May through October of the plague year. Very much looking forward to getting back there in the spring.

Bonnie paints, and she now has two work

spaces ("studios" is a bit much to call them). She has taken over about 1/3 of our living room in Delmar, as well as most of our garage at Brant Lake – where she keeps the garage door open, down to about 50 degrees. Over this past summer she gave a few painting lessons to some kids whose families have seasonal homes close to ours at the Lake.

Most pleasurable discovery: singer/songwriter Guy Clark. I'm told there are shrines dedicated to Guy Clark in Texas. Most impressive book: Revelation & Authority by Benjamin Sommer. Among other things, dispelled by 3rd grade view of Biblical Judaism.

Phyllis Cohen

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Life since 2016:

I still count myself among the luckiest: I am still here and still have the same great partner and wonderful sons! The only expansion in our family is Beezl, Adam's adopted dog, a Xoloitzcuintli [I dare you to pronounce that!], which he fostered and adopted during Covid. Hairless and kinda ugly, this creature proves the maxim that love is blind.

Our lives in the Berkshires are full. We are both active in the community: Jeff has been instrumental in bringing internet to our teeny town [which has the most expensive, least busy, police department in the state] and I am soon to begin my 2nd term as Co-President of our Jewish Women's Foundation, founded for the purpose of supporting our needy neighbors in this community that nurtures our souls.

Most years, we spend 3-4 months in Los Angeles, to be near our guys, then drive leisurely cross-country. Last year, however, we packed up hurriedly -- as did our

ancestors from Egypt -- and high-tailed it home. It was a hellish trip: We subsisted on whatever we had loaded into the car -- matzah, hardboiled eggs, popcorn, chips, apples, and water. The trip was grueling. The fact that public restrooms were scarce did not help. That we made it home in 4 days was due equally to determination and the fact that great audiobooks spurred us to the next exit. Alas, the 5 pounds I lost on route were quickly found upon our return!

Sending wishes of good health, good times to all.

May we all be together for the 60th!



Ken Davis

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Alison and I have 2 sons. Our youngest, Adam, lives in Brooklyn and works for the website BuzzFeed. Our oldest, Ethan ('11), an Employment Attorney, was married to Sarah Kreditor in 2017 in Dallas, Texas, where they now live.

After their wedding, Alison, Adam and I traveled to Austin, San Antonio and College Station, where we visited the 2 Bush Presidential Libraries and the Johnson Presidential Library and gained interesting perspectives on US history.

Most people wouldn't consider a tick bite as a fortuitous event. However, in August, 2018, I got a tick bite that caused a fever, chills and lower back pain. My overnight visit to the Berkshire Medical Center ER included an MRI and quite a surprise. They found 2 tumors near my kidneys that were cancerous. After we recovered from the shock, we returned to Boston where I was admitted to Beth Israel Hospital for several days of observation and testing. It took about 5 weeks of outpatient testing to determine the best course of treatment- a gene therapy designed just for

me!!

If I didn't have the lower back pain and MRI, it is likely that the tumors would have grown until they caused kidney or other serious issues. For that reason, I felt that this was something that was fairly easily curable and never felt that I was seriously ill. Often cancer is not diagnosed until it is too late, but I had the great fortune of receiving an early warning.

After the chemo treatments (thankfully with no major side effects), I was cancer free as of Feb. 2019. That timing was critical since my granddaughter, Maya, was born in Dallas at the end of March. Fortunately, I was fully recovered so I could make it to Dallas to greet our new granddaughter!! Unfortunately, the last time we saw Maya in person was Dec. 2019, when she was 9 months old and just starting to crawl. We missed her first birthday last year and we missed her second this year. However, via Zoom, we see her weekly. She knows who Nana and Grandpa are (although Alison thinks she may only think of us as 2x2 inch characters on the computer!). She has a delightful smile and laugh and we are going to Dallas at the end of April to see her.

It is a small world: one of Ethan's rabbis is Bob Sunshine's son, and Bob's granddaughter helps take care of Maya. I am still working, although after COVID we plan to visit our son, daughter-in-law and granddaughter in Dallas every few months, visit the Berkshires and do some overseas travel as well.

I have participated in 3 temple theater productions. The roles ranged from being cast as a brother in "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat" to a ballplayer in "Damn Yankees". I'll never forget the locker room scene where some not so young temple members played very young ballplayers.

I look forward to seeing you virtually this year and in person in 5 years.



Maya, Ethan and Sarah ~ October 2019



Ethan, Adam, Ken and Maya ~ April 2019



Alison, Maya and Ken ~ December 2019

Gene Epstein

**With a focus toward the last five years,
tell us about your life since Brandeis...**

In Jan 2018, I stepped down from a 26-year stint as Economics & Books Editor at Barron's Financial Weekly, but still work full-time on articles and Tweets, while serving as Executive Director of the debate society, The Soho Forum, which I co-founded in 2016.. I've done six debates, and my debate on socialism vs. capitalism with Prof. Richard Wolff has gotten more than 2 million views on YouTube. With two grown kids and four grandchildren, I live with my wife, artist Hisako Kobayashi, who I married 13 years ago, in her loft in downtown Manhattan.

Charles P. Fischer

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

I only attended Brandeis my freshman year (1962-63) but that year made a lasting impression on my life. I was influenced mainly by three professors: Joachim Gaehde who gave me my lifelong interest in art history, Herbert Marcuse who got me started on reading political philosophy, and John Van Doren who made the "great books" vivid. After Brandeis I dropped out for a year before transferring to UC Berkeley and finally graduating from UCLA in Theater Arts.

In the last five years I have been semi-retired from a consulting career in custom database development and living in Bloomington, IN, where I have taken classes in French, German, Dutch, Japanese, and Italian. I am in the midst of preparing to move to Pittsburgh, PA to buy a condo in a more urban area. My greatest achievements have been writing "The Recorder From Zero" and creating an AI credit/risk/allocation rating for private companies in Japan who are not ranked by the major credit scoring firms. This was a three-year project for Citibank, Japan.

(1987-90). My current biggest project is creating an online art database of high-resolution photos of paintings and sculpture in various museums in both the US and Europe. This fall I am planning to visit over 50 art museums in Italy to add to my collection.

I visit my two daughters from my marriage of 1980-98, who both live in California and play recorder in a small consort. We keep in touch with regular Zoom sessions during the pandemic.



My Saturday morning recorder group
(2016)



My two daughters, Kay and Julie and myself
in California (2017)



Myself and some friends at a pickleball
class in Bloomington (2017)

Lucy Rose Fischer

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

I met my husband, Mark, at Brandeis. It was October of my freshman year. Mark was a sophomore, and we were in the mailroom, stuffing mailboxes for a student organization. I walked over to him and asked, "Where should I go next?" He answered, "Right here, next to me." We've been married 55 years.

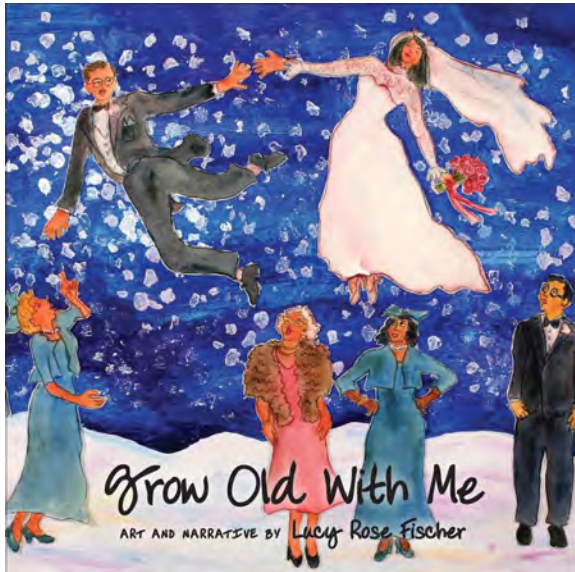
Last year, I published a book about our marriage –GROW OLD WITH ME (Temuna Press, 2019). This picture-book-for-adults captures our journey from our first meeting (at the university—where sex hormones hover in the air) to the birth of our child (seeing cows as "sisters in milk-ship") to our middle years ("high wire artists") and through our older years ("we still have our dreams"). After more than fifty years, we look at one another with a sense of wonder and tender trepidation—"How did we get to be so old?"

My latest book is THE JOURNALIST: LIFE AND LOSS IN AMERICA'S SECRET WAR (Spark Press, 2020)—the story of my

brother, Jerry Rose, who was a journalist in Vietnam in the early 1960s. I wrote this book in "collaboration" with my late brother, based on his journals, letters and other writings—giving the term "ghost-written" a whole new meaning.

I had a long career as a gerontologist. At age 60, I launched a new career as an artist and creative writer. Now, at age 76, my life is full. I continue writing and doing art—painting upside-down, inside-out and backwards on hand-blown glass. I also do a lot of public speaking. I founded and continue to lead an art group—the Interfaith Artist Circle. We have exhibits all around the Twin Cities. In addition, I teach art in senior facilities. You can see my art and find my recent books on my website: www.lucyrosetdesigns.com

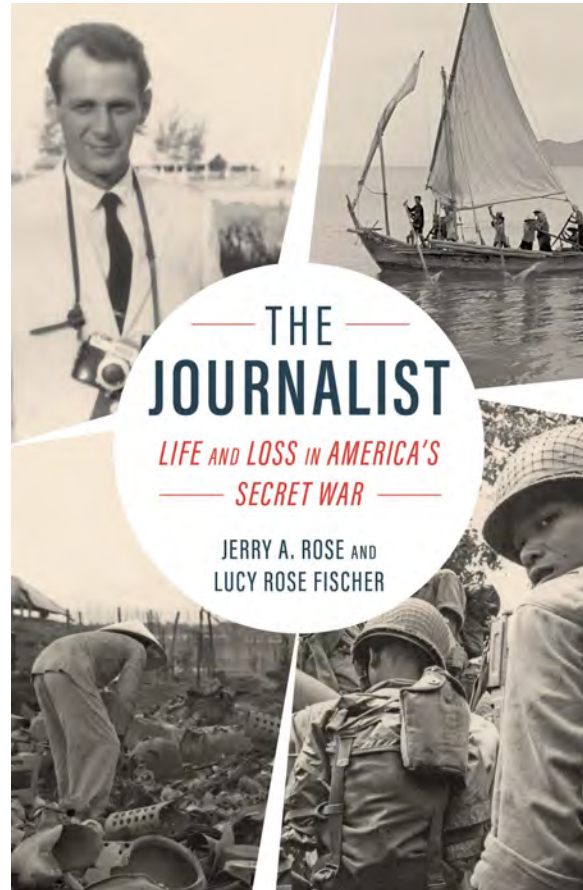
We have one son, who lives with his family in Israel. We recently moved to downtown Minneapolis, to a very interesting independent senior housing facility, with lots of cultural programs.



Grow Old with Me



Lucy Rose and Mark



The Journalist: Life and Loss in America's
Secret War

Bert Foer

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Refer, please, to the 2016 reunion yearbook, which Phyllis Cohen and I also had the pleasure of co-chairing. Not a whole lot has changed for me in 5 years. Esther and I have thus far survived Covid together. Our three sons and their families are still thriving in Washington, Brooklyn, and Brookline, only there are now six grandchildren. Josh, the youngest of our sons, is still finishing his book about hunter gatherers in the Congo, and is the creator of AtlasObscura.com and Sefaria.org, which has hugely impacted Jewish research and education; Jonathan has published *Here I Am*, a novel about the breaking apart of US and Israeli Jews, and *We Are the Weather*, making the case for eating less animal protein; and Frank left the *New Republic*, wrote *World Without Mind*, a book about the impact of the high tech platform companies on our culture, wrote political articles for the *Atlantic*, and is now researching a book about Biden's first 100 days. Meanwhile, Esther retired from the Sixth and I Historic Synagogue and wrote her first book, *I Want You to Know We Are*

Still Here, a post-Holocaust memoir that will be re-issued in paperback this spring.

It has been duly noted that only one member of my family thus far has failed to produce a book, but I did edit three and wrote a bunch of chapters and articles about aspects of competition policy, and I have been working on a book since we last got together. This represents an important impact that Brandeis (Louis D.) has had on my life. Some of my fondest memories of Brandeis (the university) were shared with housemates Paul Bloom, Jeff Cohen, Carl Sheingold, and Paul Solman. During this year of Covid, we (and Mike Moscovich) began Zooming together every Sunday at 5:00 pm, continuing and updating many of the same conversations started nearly 60 years ago.

This past year had its ups and downs. Just as Covid arrived in town, I flunked a nuclear stress test and found out that I needed a triple by-pass open-heart operation. Fortunately, we convinced the hospital to operate three weeks sooner than planned, which spat me out before the Covid cases

over-ran the hospital. I healed well. Finding me alive, the organization I had started, the American Antitrust Institute, presented me its lifetime achievement award and an international publication in the competition field dedicated a book to me, with chapters by many of my antitrust friends. It is called Albert A. Foer, a Consumer Voice in the Antitrust Arena. It would probably be a best seller if the price had been a little less than US\$290 (but maybe there will be a paperback one day). Also, the National Consumer Federation presented me its consumer service award around the time of our last reunion.

The same non-profits as five years ago still occupy me, plus boards of the Violence Policy Center, Northwest Neighbors Village, and the Cosmos Club. The days and weeks fly by faster and faster, a sure sign of aging.



Granddaughter Theo's Bat Mitzvah in our backyard, 2020



The Family Foer 2018

Nancy Foner

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

The big news of the last five years, not surprisingly, is the 20-21 pandemic period --- in which Peter Swerdloff (my husband of more than 40 years) and I spent virtually the entire time in our house on Shelter Island, on eastern Long Island, where we were quite isolated and, fortunately, safe. We are in fact still there! I continue to teach at Hunter College and the CUNY Graduate Center (in sociology), although had a wonderful semester as a fellow at the American Academy in Berlin in fall 2017 and shorter stints since then at the University of Trento, INED (French demographic institute), and Netherlands Institute for Advanced Study. I can't wait to be able to travel again and spend time with friends and colleagues in Europe. I've opted for a three-year phased retirement plan which begins in fall 2021 so am going to slowly ease into a non-teaching life. I still write a lot and have a book (my 20th!) coming out in fall 2021 with Princeton University Press, *One Fourth of the Nation: Immigration and the Transformation of America*.

On a more personal front, I'm now a grandmother to two-and-a-half year old Sam who lives with my daughter, Alexis (now deputy editor of New York Magazine), and her husband, Byron, in Brooklyn Heights. We of course think Sam is most amazing in every way!

So, basically, things are good on my end, and, though I didn't make it to the last reunion, hope to "tune in" virtually to the coming one.

Nancy Foner nfoner@hunter.cuny.edu

Susan Salzer Fort

**With a focus toward the last five years,
tell us about your life since Brandeis...**

Pre pandemic my husband and I enjoyed travel(usually Overseas Adventure Travel) and visits to family and friends across the country.

I enjoyed my walking group, aerobic classes, knitting and lifetime learning classes. Since the pandemic I've spent time

Zooming any of the above that I can. I take a daily walk to a Little Free Art Library and photo text its changing contents to my 6 grandchildren and a growing number of interested individuals. I have also reconnected on Zoom calls each month with Brandeis friends who lived in our dorm freshman year and Zoomed regularly on extended family calls.

I'd say my biggest hobby is trying to declutter our 100+ year old house which we have lived in for almost 44 years. Even though very little seems to be coming in; it's a constant struggle and very mysterious how much continues to accumulate.

Linda Zlatin Gaibel

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

My fondest memories from my four years at Brandeis, include going on the Hiatt Program in Israel the first semester of my Senior year. I lived with a lovely Israeli couple and took four very interesting classes, included History of Israel, given by Dr. Sachar's son, Howard Sachar. We took wonderful field trips to get a better understanding of Israel.

In 1972, I returned to Israel with my husband who did a post-doctorate degree in Chemistry at the Technion., so my first trip through Brandeis was a good introduction.

Also, my favorite year at Brandeis was my junior year when I shared a suite in the New Dorms (now 56 years old), with Joan Kalafatas, Luane Cole, Nancy Woods, and three other Seniors. We became close friends and still stay in touch. We had a reunion in the Berkshires two years ago. Also, that year I was very pleased to have Abraham Maslow for a psychology professor. I still have my notes from that class! I also had Morrie Schwartz, whose struggle with ALS, was documented

in the wonderful book, Tuesdays with Morrie, written by Mitch Albom. Besides the book, I saw the movie and play that was based on his inspirational life.

My greatest achievement was establishing a Gerontology Program at Dominican University in River Forest, Il. I was an Associate Professor in the Sociology department, but also developed a major in Gerontology and a Certificate Program. I had worked as a social worker at the Council of Elderly in Chicago, after getting my MA in Social Work.

After moving to Florida in 2005, I continued working with the elderly, and even currently, I do telehealth therapy with older adults (close in age to myself) and still enjoy that type of work.

On a personal level, I have had difficult losses in my life. We had three sons, but when my youngest son was age 17, my husband developed Non-Hodgkin's Lymphoma and after an unsuccessful bone marrow transplant, he passed away at age 51. Then, my middle son, Dan, was living a happy life with his wife, Taiya and had just adopted a two year old son, Kai, from S. Korea. Two years after the adoption, Dan

was in the emergency room with terrible pain that he thought was appendicitis, but it turned out it was liver cancer. He had successful experimental treatment for several months, but then there was no more hope and he died two years ago. On a happier note, my son, Ben, who works at a cancer unit as a social worker, welcomed his first child, a daughter named Maya who will be age three in July. We plan to see them in June when we go to a nephew's Bar Mitzvah in Denver where they live. Luckily in 2003, I met Art Weinberg, who also had been widowed, and we have been together for 18 years. We bought a house in Delray Beach, Florida 15 years ago. When we moved here, my mother was age 91 and lived another 5 years. My geriatric care management background turned out to be helpful in her care. For the future, Art and I mainly plan to visit our adult children and grandchildren.



Dan's adopted son, Kai



Art and Linda with Maya



My three sons, Josh, Ben and Dan

Norman P. Goldberg

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

To be frank, I haven't given that much thought to Brandeis over the last five years. My wife Putzi (of the last ten years) and I have been thoroughly enjoying life. We have traveled and hiked all over the world. We have a home in Cabo where we ordinarily live in the winters. (This winter was an exception; we rented a home in West Palm and had the opportunity to catch up with Mike and Hermine Leiderman, ending a 55 year hiatus). Otherwise, we stay active playing golf,, pickleball, and exercising.

I have three daughters and Putzi has a son. Between us, we have ten grandchildren, eight living on the West Coast. We visit them as frequently as we can.

My experience at Brandeis recently re-entered my consciousness, as a consequence of having read Steven Whitfield's new book, Learning on the Left. As many of you may know, Professor Whitfield traces the origins of Brandeis and its evolution. The book is rich in detail,

interesting and insightful. It stirs many memories of the four years that we spent at Brandeis. I couldn't help but reflect again on my own experience which took many years hence to process and ultimately come to appreciate..

I recommend the book to anyone who would like to better understand, not only the history of Brandeis, but the political and intellectual dynamics that were in play at the time we were there.





Emanuel Goldman

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

My life has been upended by the pandemic, but not in the way you might expect. Early in the pandemic, there was an intense focus on disinfection and cleaning of surfaces, food and package deliveries, etc. I'm a microbiologist, and I wondered what was the scientific basis for these concerns, which seemed excessive. So I delved into the literature and assessed the evidence, which I found to be sorely lacking. I wrote up my analysis in a Comment that was published by Lancet online in July 2020, titled "Exaggerated risk of transmission of COVID-19 by fomites" (fomites is the term used for inanimate objects and surfaces) ([https://www.thelancet.com/journals/laninf/article/PIIS1473-3099\(20\)30561-2/fulltext](https://www.thelancet.com/journals/laninf/article/PIIS1473-3099(20)30561-2/fulltext)). The lay press picked up on my article, which has brought me the proverbial 15 minutes of fame. Some of the best interviews and articles referencing my publication are <https://www.theatlantic.com/ideas/archive/2020/07/scourge-hygiene-theater/614599/>, <https://www.pbs.org/newshour/show/how-a-focus-on-cleaning-surfaces-can-distract-from-actual-virus-spread>,

<https://www.wired.com/story/its-time-to-talk-about-covid-19-and-surfaces-again/>, <https://www.nature.com/articles/d41586-021-00251-4>, and a Nature editorial <https://www.nature.com/articles/d41586-021-00277-8>. There are many others, including the NY Times, NBC, ABC, NPR (several stories), Time Magazine, Washington Post, etc. To my surprise, even Wikipedia decided I merited an entry. I also shifted my research towards this issue, using a non-pathogenic bacterial enveloped virus as a surrogate for SARS-CoV-2, and will be submitting results in another paper soon. It's been an interesting year, with people all over the world emailing me for advice and the media attention. Still, I would give it all up to not have had the pandemic in the first place.



Taken about 10 years ago, but I'm told I still
look pretty similar

Irle Goldman

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Brandeis 55th Reunion
5 Reflections

1. When I think about one of the most important things that happened to me over the past 5 years...it was my decision to do the Aravah Institute 150 mile bike ride from Jerusalem to Eilat with my younger son Zachary in Nov of 2019. It was a real stretch and challenge for me physically as well as a fabulous way to spend a week with Zach as well as a stretch for me in the fundraising sphere. All contributed to making this one of the best things I have ever done.

2. GRANDPARENTHOOD can't be beat...I'd been hearing about it from friends for many years...but it's been even better than what I have heard...Jonah is now 3yrs old and Ethan is 1 ½...they're now living in Atlanta.

3. My years at Brandeis from this perspective of years...For me, it was a revolutionary experience. Coming from a Boston Lubavitch Yeshiva which I had

attended from kindergarden through high school and graduated with 8 guys, 5 of whom I had been together for 12 years...coming to a class of over 200, opening me up to the wider world, and adding to the development of my sense of social justice and community. The perspective is that this is something I do...throw myself (or agree to accept) new places, people and things...It makes my life richer.

4. Getting Older...especially in pandemic times...when you are told that the older you are, the more chance that you can get sicker or die...forces me to confront my mortality more often these days (that may have happened even without the pandemic)...I still don't have any answers!

5. From this perspective, looking through the old pictures, I am amazed by the richness of life...the richness of seeing clients and teaching students...the richness and challenges of long term relationships...the travels, the people, the experiences...so many...and hoping for even more.

Lawrence Grylack

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis... happiness.
Larry

Dear Classmates:

Bi Bi and I and our families are in good health. Bi Bi and I still live in Northern Virginia. My son, Ira, is a (music) recording engineer in Los Angeles. Bi Bi's two children and four (soon to be five) grandchildren also live out of our area.

Travel for all of us has decreased due to the pandemic, and FaceTime has increased. In the meantime, Bi Bi and I play tennis, hike and bike. I still play the piano. I am involved with some Jewish activities/groups.

One Brandeis-related memory that has been brought to mind during the last five years, is as follows: during that time frame, I feel that I have become more politically conservative. I recall that when I was a student at Brandeis, I thought that I was "right-of-center" politically, and relatively over-dressed. When I entered medical school, I thought that I was "left-of-center" politically and relatively under-dressed. These apparent differences occurred without changing my politics or my dress during that transition.

Best wishes to all for continued health and

Victoria Hilkevitch

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Since our last reunion, I finally stopped doing research in social gerontology, but stay in touch with my wonderful colleagues. I officially dropped Bedford from my name, so I am back to Victoria Hilkevitch, a name that honors my heritage. Both my beloved uncle and stepmother died, so now mine is the oldest generation in my family. I have become more active in the music world -- in the Bloomington Symphony Orchestra as a first violinist, programming one of its concerts for the first time, and launching Eine Kleine Porchmusik on my porch, which performed every week when the Pandemic cancelled live concerts and the weather was warm enough. We offered live music to the community, both classical and Klezmer. I also became more politically active, joining the local NAACP and distributing BLM signs for starters. Finally, my family is thriving and thanks to Zoom we are able to celebrate holidays and birthdays together. As for Brandeis's contributions to my life, I have zoomed some of Brandeis's very stimulating programs. I keep in touch with old roommates and freshman

dormitory mates and they are very dear to me. My twin in Florida who never went to Brandeis is very active in the local Brandeis club and I have met several of the members. Brandeis reinforced my love of learning, which probably helps explain why I am now taking violin lessons, biblical Hebrew, and various beit midrashim offered by my synagogue. I look forward to our upcoming reunion.

Steven Hochman

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Jane and I have been married 48 years, 46 of them living in White Plains, NY. Our daughter, Sarah, and her husband, Ted, live about a mile away with their three kids. In the past year, when the weather was warm enough, our grandchildren would bike over and play in the yard to entertain us, and join us for a socially-distanced outdoor meal. Jane and I recently had our covid-19 vaccinations, and look forward to hugging our grandchildren again soon.

For many years, Jane and I have celebrated New Year's Eve over dinner with Elliot Evans '66 and his wife, Karen. (This past year, we zoomed.) We introduced Elliot and Karen some 40 years ago; this was mainly Jane's doing, but I'll take whatever credit I can. I retired from my last paying job in 2018. By 2019, looking for something new to do, I joined Rep. Nita Lowey's local office as a constituent services volunteer. Like nothing I've ever done before, and fascinating: a combination of bureaucratic problem-solving, social work and just listening with sympathy. This came to an abrupt end in March 2020, when Jane and I returned from

vacation and I found the office shutting down, staff switching to virtual mode, and only paid staff assigned the equipment needed to work virtually. I plan to re-volunteer once things return to semi-normal; let's see if my new congressman wants me.

After graduation, I joined the Peace Corps and served in Venezuela, then studied economics at Brown.

After Brown, I worked ten years for New York City agencies and related non-profits, focusing on human services planning and budgets. Early on I met Jane. Funny story: Jane works for a group of non-profits funded by the City, and I hold a parallel role in the City agency that engages the non-profits. My boss, playing matchmaker, tries to put me in proximity to an OMB analyst she knows, while Jane's boss pursues an opposing strategy in favor of Jane. When we marry, he boasts, "Another example of how much more effective the private sector is than the public sector!"

In 1980 I was hired by Moody's as a local government credit analyst, which proved to be a rich learning experience and an endless source of anecdotes, insights and

entertainment. As a colleague and I once commented to each other, "Can you believe – and they pay us to do this!" In my last ten years at Moody's, I worked primarily on governments in Latin America, regaining the fluency in Spanish I acquired in Venezuela.

In 2008, I left Moody's and joined US Treasury as a contract employee, to advise emerging market countries – mainly in Latin America – on infrastructure finance. A more amorphous, more challenging role than assigning credit ratings. After ten years with Treasury, I retired.

Carole Horn MD

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

In June, 2017, I retired from my internal medicine practice of 36 years. The changes I noticed beginning that June were a relief and a delight. Instead of laboring every day with the dread that some lovely person I cared for and cared about was going to get very sick, and that I would not be able to pull off a rescue, I looked out our window at sunrises, at the seasons changing, listened to the birds chirping their morning census, drank coffee extravagantly and lazily savored the newspapers, Post, Times and Wall Street Journal. I hiked along the C&O Canal with friends, planted the garden full of bulbs and daphne, lavender, and lilies, exercised every day. I took classes at the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute at American University and read incessantly. Like most of us, I tried to ignore what was emanating from the White House and avoided television news. The nightmares I woke from became political, not personal; book groups and social evenings morphed into postcard writing groups and long strategy discussions at midterm election time and in anticipation of 2020. Then

COVID-19 roared into our lives—my daughter Annie and daughter in law, who work at the FDA and NIH, respectively, began doing their research and evaluations from home, and I took on childcare weekday mornings for our grandson Sam, who became four in February. My husband Steve Weissman shifted his psychiatry practice to phone and Face Time; there was no let-up in the concern and self-protectiveness that we have all had to deal with—but no one in our podded families became sick and everyone has had something meaningful to do. The air has been cleaner, the roads less crowded. For months downtown DC was quiet, empty, deserted. We all became pros at 7 AM grocery shopping, distancing in elevators, getting tested in a heartbeat. We coped. And the relief of Inauguration Day coupled with that of completing our COVID boosters this month leaves me with powerful mixed feelings—a sense we may soon again have some of the freedom to be ourselves—to hug one another, to enjoy casual meetings, to take real summer vacations—and yet a regret that the family intimacy created by the pandemic, the chance to have such a

wonderfully close connection to the piquant sweetness—bursting with energy and as ready to pillow fight as to cuddle—that is my grandson, will dissolve away as he returns to school and they take up their lives again—I desperately wish it for them, but will feel diminished when it happens. So the end will be a beginning, and the beginning in some ways an end. Time to take a deep breath and turn the page to whatever the next chapter brings.



Sam and I this February

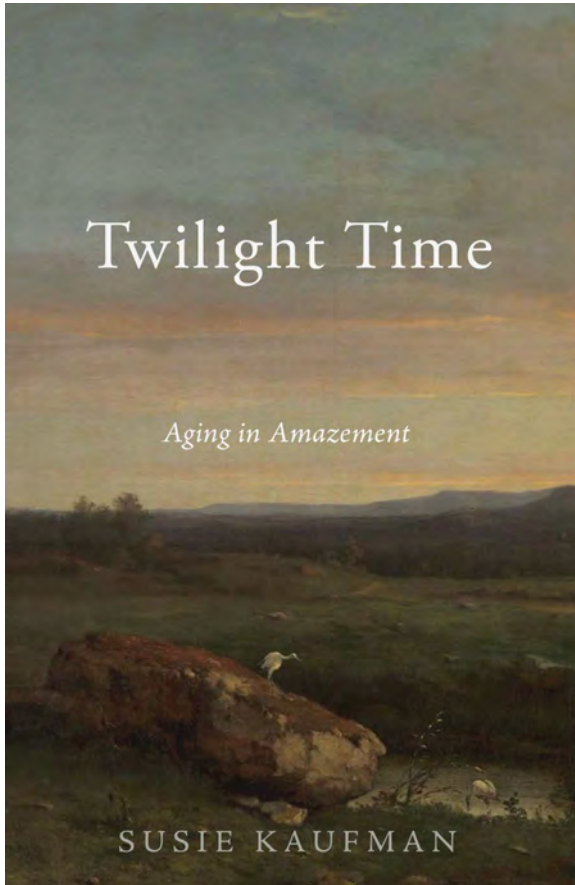
Susie (Rosenberg) Kaufman

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

I went to Brandeis because, even way back then, it was the family school. My sister, Roberta Rosenberg, and my late brother-in-law, Bob Maisel, were in the class of '55. I studied modern European history, but what stays with me were my encounters with literature and teachers who lived and breathed it. Allen Grossman and Philip Rahv come to mind. It was such a luxury to sit around reading and talking about books. I don't think I realized that my greatest attachment was to stories. I took several twists and turns along the way, trying to figure out how to pursue story as the organizing principle of my life. I went back to school to get a degree in library science and got involved in several archival projects, including arranging the papers of Yaddo, the artists' colony, and Steepletop, the home of Edna St. Vincent Millay. In midlife, I trained to become a chaplain and a spiritual director. I was particularly drawn to the life experience of elders and worked in several nursing homes before landing at hospice in the years before my retirement.

My son, Isaac, now doing investigative legal work in the Minneapolis area, was born in Sweden. I lived there with my first husband in the early '70s as part of the Vietnam war resister community. In 1977, I met Frank Gioia on the Amtrak from Grand Central to Hudson. We both had five year old sons from our first marriages and in no time had re-grouped into a family and set up house in the Berkshires. We are now the parents of two 49 year old sons, four grandchildren and a great-grandson with a great-granddaughter expected in the spring. There are many stories to be told.

My book *Twilight Time: Aging in Amazement* came out in 2019. It's a collection of pieces primarily from my blog *seventysomething*. The blog (susiekaufman.blogspot.com) has just recently migrated to Substack where I'm writing about memory, aging in amazement and the inner life. (<https://susiekaufman.substack.com>)



2019 book cover



Frank and I in Lisbon



Rhinebeck hot air balloon festival/substack
logo

Mike Leiderman

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

As this old sportscaster would say: "Here we are in the last of 7th (8th? 9th???) Yikes! Life's gone by fast. We were fortunate to have our parents into our 70s. Now they are all gone. We said we'd never so much as visit Florida, now we live here. Times change. We came to Palm Beach to sell my parents' condo and found some wonderful old and new friends, including several from Brandeis. We ended up staying, first as snowbirds, and, since 2019, as full-time residents.

I'd shovel Chicago snow in years past. These days, I look at the ocean outside our windows and smile. Then reality sets in. A certain would-be Orange Dictator whom I call "Mussolini-Lite" has set up shop barely three miles from us after four years of trying to destroy the country. Like others, I dismissed him as a flimflam artist and buffoon - "The Music Man's" Prof. Harold Hill without the trombones. At least Hill eventually got a band together. It's scary to drive by Mar a Lago today and see 45's acolytes still waving flags, banners and

screaming how they and their fearless leader have been wronged by the Democrats and "globalists." Sadly, 1/6/21 proved they can't simply be dismissed and I worry for a democracy I never thought would become this fragile. We wrote postcards and made calls for Biden last fall. Thankfully, the results turned out well nationally, but Florida remains red and bleeding. You couldn't believe the responses from those we'd canvass who blindly backed Il Doofus. We don't talk to several neighbors anymore, either. It's pointless to dialogue when they call you a socialist or worse, Biden a doddering fool who still managed to "steal" an election and the federal government the cause of the country's problems.

Hermine Stern '67 and I have been married going on 52 years. Both of us were sociology majors and neither of us social justice firebrands as undergraduates. These days, we enjoy our life, our children and our grandson. Yet, we worry about the world they'll inherit, fraught with landmines on the left and the right. "Keep your head down," the drill sergeants taught me in the

Army. It was good advice then. Now, it's "Keep your head up," and treasure your life and freedom while taking neither for granted the way I did at Brandeis. Some of us take longer to get the message. Hermine and I appreciate how fortunate our lives have been. We look forward to emerging from COVID lockdown, seeing friends and family again, and scoring a few more runs in the innings that remain.



Florida Man, Florida Woman



Hermine and Grandson Rocket Lee Cohen



Our Gang: Buddy the Schnauzer, Eric, Hermine, Mike, Rocket, Jill and husband Rob Cohen

Judy Kaden Lewis

**With a focus toward the last five years,
tell us about your life since Brandeis...**

I've had a wonderful career as a nurse and educator. Since retirement we've traveled quite a bit, and were fortunate enough to visit Tanzania last fall, before the world went on lockdown.

One of my most important achievements was having the opportunity to serve on the Secretary's Advisory Committee on Genetic testing where we were charged with advising HHS Secretary Donna Shalala on the appropriate governmental role as the Human Genome Project portended new directions in health care.

Elsa Lichman

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Brandeis in my era had amazing professors who inspired me in areas I never thought possible. The quest for fascination was instilled there. I spent my working life as a Master's level social worker, in London, Cambridge, Mass, Burlington, and Medford, as child care officer, medical social worker, private practitioner, and school social worker. My career was a privilege and I never burnt out. In fact I still miss the intimacy of connections with clients and colleagues.

I was always an artist, traveled and studied abroad, painted, and worked in a variety of media. My current art form is writing, and I have a regular newspaper nature column and have published poetry, prose, and photographs in many journals and venues. Although fearful, I became an adventure traveler, creating many of my own experiences. I lived in England and France, and in the Caribbean, traveled to swim with dolphins, sperm and humpback whales in the wild.

I learned to play percussion and steel drum and went to play out at many gigs.

I was loyal to my family of origin and had the great pleasure of being with my parents in their later years, forming a new intimacy as I helped with the vicissitudes of aging and illness.

My white dove, Nupi, was my constant companion for 23 years, almost double the usual lifespan, despite a long term serious illness. I'd like to spend more time acting and doing improv in future, and certainly to be with beloved groups again, and to continue my serious study of singing.



on my stoop

Jay Livingston

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

I grew up in a WASP suburb of Pittsburgh. The public schools I went to were in effect Protestant schools. Every morning, we were read ten verses from the King James Bible and recited the Lord's Prayer. (I'm probably a lot more familiar with the Book of Matthew than you are.) Lox, bagels, Yiddish phrases, relatives with accents, davening — these were a small and negligible part of my life. Brandeis was my intro course: New York Jews 101. Useful too — I wound up living on the Upper West Side.

I went to grad school in an inter-disciplinary department that fell apart while I was there, its components going their separate ways. My degree, officially, is in "Psychology and Social Relations." But even when I was in grad school, when I needed help and advice, it was my Brandeis sociology professors that I turned to — Phil Slater, Irv Zola, Bob Weiss. I taught in a psych department for one year — I even had an article published in *Psychology Today* — but, I realized that my area was really sociology, and that's where I remained. I owe much to

the Brandeis sociology faculty.

I retired in June 2019. Retirement meant not going to work, not seeing colleagues, not even seeing much of non-work friends, and trying to figure out how to live my life under new circumstances. It was like Covid but starting eight months earlier.

I was at the 25th reunion, where most people seemed much more "together" (as we might have put it then) than they were as undergraduates. I don't know why that should have surprised me but it did. I hadn't been back to Brandeis since, but then a dozen or so guys I knew from freshman year in Ridgewood were organizing a mini-reunion on a weekend in October, 2019. They were Fruchtman, I was Allen. They were class of '65; I didn't graduate till '66 (I was held back); but they included me anyway. The reunion turned out to be a great idea. We spent one full day on campus. The Ridgewood dorms were gone (no surprise), but Gordy Fellman was still there, and it was good to see him again.

On the bus back to NYC, I found myself seated next to a young woman, and eventually we started talking. She had graduated from Vassar that spring. "What are you going to do now?" I asked, and as soon as the words were out of my mouth I realized that this was the same question that I myself had been dodging and resenting. I still don't have a good answer.

Marian Solomon Lubinsky

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

In the last five years, I have taken some wonderful trips - one of which was a Brandeis trip to Cuba. Victoria Hilkevitch and Eleanor Liebman Johnson were also on that trip. Len and I have had three family bat mitzvahs - two of our granddaughters and my adult bat mitzvah at age 73. I continue to cherish my closest friends who are Brandeis alums and keep close contact with my roomie, Helene, as well as my bathrobe sorority sisters; Madeline Karpel and Rhoda Ribner, both class of 67, and Syrl Silberman. I meet on Zoom monthly with Mary Huff Stevenson and other friends from Parsons Junior High School and Jamaica High School. Before life changed with Covid, Mary and I would sometimes meet up and we had brunch with a number of class of 66 alums.

In the past year, I have written hundreds of postcards to voters to get out the Democratic vote and while upset by many of the political developments am gratified that the office of the President of the United States is now occupied by someone

worthy of the title.

Len and I remain happily married after 55 years and are fortunate that both our sons and their families live in the New York area. We are looking forward to life post-Covid. We've been vaccinated and this coming weekend will take an incredibly daring trip - by subway to our family in Brooklyn. I'm looking forward to seeing many of our classmates virtually at our reunion.



Life during the pandemic.

Pat Rosenthal Mann

**With a focus toward the last five years,
tell us about your life since Brandeis...**

55 Years ago? It seems like yesterday. New Friends, College Classes, the Library, Dorm life, Meals at Sherman Dining Hall, Suites in the NEW DORM, Quad BBQs, Basketball Games, Softball, New Friends, old boyfriends, train rides to downtown Boston, Skiing (once), trips to the Cape, or the North Shore.... more New Friends...Distant Memories, Fond Memories!

...Marriage, Children, Travel, Grandchildren - the Loves of my life....

Where has the time gone... In our 70s now....older than our parents were 55 years ago.

Life was good!

Life is good!

Sending love to all of my classmates!

Pat



Roberto "Bob" Marquez

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

A Spanish Harlem-born-and-bred Afro-Puerto Rican, & evidently the first such on campus, I came to Brandeis, in 1962, as a vocational H.S. trained aviation mechanic, with post-graduation night school attendance, following my day-job as a Photostat Machine operator in the Acquisitions Branch of the NY Public Library at 42nd St. Alumnus of the Ford Foundation's "Operation Second Chance" program, I arrived with a vague anxiety & a dazed mix of anticipatory excitement and hopeful expectation. Intellectually hungry & eager to learn, Brandeis did not disappoint. With much more than its fair share of really first-rate professors & a student body to match, it would give a seminally defining texture, shape, & direction to my evolving development & commitments ever since. After graduation, I spent a year as a Fulbright Fellow in Peru. The summer following, as Area Coordinator of the Migrant Education Program in Middlesex County, Mass., I effectively worked as a labor organizer, before starting graduate school at Harvard's Department of

Romance Languages & Literatures. Returning to campus for a time while at Harvard, I became the first Coordinator of Instruction & Assistant to the Director for a year of the newly created Transitional Year Program. Completing my Phd, I went on to a long & very satisfying career as literary translator, critic, scholar, college and university professor that saw me regularly traveling, living, studying & working in various parts of Spain, South America & the Caribbean. Founding-Editor of Caliban: A Journal of New World Thought & Writing, I would also later serve as President of the Puerto Rican Studies Association (PRSA); become a charter member of the journal Latino Studies; was one among the Board of Directors of the North American Congress on Latin America & the editorial board of its Report on the Americas. Author of two books of essays, editor-translator of several volumes of poetry from the Spanish-speaking Caribbean & Latin America, my collection Puerto Rican Poetry: An Anthology from Aboriginal to Contemporary Times, earned the 2008 New England Council on Latin American Studies Prize for Translation.

After 16 years as one of Hampshire College's founding faculty, three years at George Mason University, & even a semester as Visiting Lecturer in Brandeis' Department of Afro-American Studies in the early '70s, I've more recently entered retirement as the William R. Kenan, Jr. Professor Emeritus of Latin American and Caribbean Studies at Mount Holyoke College, after a twenty-four years tenure there. The rest, as they say, is history. It was Brandeis & its willingness, above all, to take a risk on the rough-hewed, at best still embryonic possibilities of a son of the working poor with less than orthodox or stellar academic credentials, that ultimately made it all possible. I also met Maddie ('69), my wife of fifty-one years, there. Our two sons, their families, & our three grandchildren are our deepest pride.



Maddie & I, with the family, at home in Amherst



Flying in lockdown with Amaya & Myles

Lloyd Michaels

**With a focus toward the last five years,
tell us about your life since Brandeis...**

Lloyd Michaels retired from Allegheny College in 2015 after 42 years as a member of the English Department, four of them as Dean of the College. His fifth book, "Sweet and Lowdown: Woody Allen's Cinema of Regret" (Columbia UP) was published in 2017. He and his wife Mary recently observed their 50th anniversary, which they hope to celebrate with family and friends in 2021.

Ellen Goldstein Miller

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

We have been fortunate. Aaron and I, our family, and our closest friends are all in good health.

Five years ago, after our older daughter got married, I wrote that we were now a family of five. Our younger daughter is also married now, and we have three adorable grandsons under the age of three. We are elated grandparents and now a family of nine.

My practice as a psychologist/psychoanalyst continues to broaden my thinking and to challenge me. Aaron continues his career as an internationally known expert in Multiple Sclerosis. This guy loves his work and has no plans to retire; nor do I.

In the last few years, we have enjoyed life in NYC as we always have. Add to this many summer weekends in CT, time on Cape Cod, and travel abroad. So many dear friends have always shared and enriched our lives.

I treasure memories of our girls' varsity basketball team. At our 50th reunion, Aaron agreed (reluctantly?) to visit the now older "new" gym. There we were, and I decided, at age 71 (with confidence), to take a shot at the basket. How high did the ball go?

Perhaps high enough to clear a volleyball net. The height of the basket was never an issue during student days!

Brandeis gave me Aaron, and classes taught by professors whose words have remained relevant through the years. And Brandeis gave me many lifelong friendships.

My wishes for the next however many years are to resume our pre- COVID life, to pursue my work and other interests, and to enjoy our grandsons as they grow.

Susan Sarill Miller

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

I returned to the DC area in 2016 after a yearlong adventure at Harvard University as part of its 2015 Advanced Leadership Initiative (ALI) program. I attended my orientation in Cambridge less than 10 days after I retired as a senior IT manager for the federal government and we moved to our Harvard Square apartment a few weeks later.

Once back home, it became apparent that I had not prepared for 'retirement'. After a rich intellectual and social experience at Harvard (there were 53 of us in our cohort and we partied often) I was at a loss for how to spend my days. I discovered I also missed many aspects of my former work environment - the structure, teamwork, camaraderie, and technical challenges.

I reconnected with my past world - joining two book clubs, attending reunion lunches for my agency, working out with our trainer, dealing with the mundane tasks that were ignored over the prior year, and traveling frequently now that we could. We visited

our West Coast kids, and returned to Cambridge each Spring and Fall – an invitation open to us as ALI alumni to attend lectures and meet with cohort members of both our class and others. We also participated in fabulous 2015 cohort sponsored trips to New Orleans, Morocco, and Tuscany.

I became more seriously involved as a member/advisor to several NGOs in water security, climate resilience, and peace building efforts – and also because of my work at SAMHSA, in a mental health foundation initiated by one of my ALI friends. I began taking courses through OLLI at American University where the caliber of the session leaders is quite excellent as it benefits greatly from those who previously served in high-level positions within the Federal Government and DC Think Tanks.

Most meaningful of all, however, has been the birth of our granddaughter, Sloane. Len and I spent in total almost half of 2019 in the Seattle area with my daughter, a solo mother by choice, helping out until the

baby transitioned to day care and my daughter back to her position at Microsoft.

Of course, once COVID hit, our world turned upside down. I now participate in most all of the same activities – and more – through Zoom or Facetime; and while it works, it simply is not as much fun.

For the most part, Len and I have been well although we (primarily me) have had a few inconvenient medical 'tune-ups' over the last two years. We have been vaccinated and it's now six weeks since Pfizer vaccination #2. As a result, we are planning to head out to the Seattle area to visit with my daughter and granddaughter who will be turning 2 while we are there. It has been a long 15 months and we really are looking forward to those special hugs!!



Sloane - March, 2021



Sloane - August, 2020

Alexander Nacht

**With a focus toward the last five years,
tell us about your life since Brandeis...**

Still working fulltime as a staff
anesthesiologist at New York University
Medical Center/Bellevue. Adam just
graduated from Emory University. Sophie
will be a junior at Colby College. Laurie is a
staff attorney at McKinsey & Co. Looking
forward to the next reunion. Call me if
you're in NYC--would love to hear from you.
917-647-0038.

Ruth Needleman aka Dr. Truth

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

I have dedicated my life to the fight for justice & equality. After working in Chile during Salvador Allende's presidency (1972-73), I quit my plum job at UC Santa Cruz to work for Cesar Chavez and the United Farmworkers. While at Santa Cruz I founded a Latin American Studies program as well as a Women's Studies program. I have done community and workplace organizing and spent 35 years teaching adult workers how to fight for their rights at Indiana University in a Labor Studies Program. I built a college program for working adults called Swingshift College which existed for 15 years, held classes am and pm for shift workers, provided streamed copies of classes, took students to study in Canada and Brazil. I have returned to my Latin American beginnings, writing articles on free trade in Colombia, transformational education in Brazil, radical democracy initiatives in southern Brazil, representational democracy in Cuba. I wrote a book on black steelworkers in NW Indiana: Black Freedom Fighters in Steel: the struggle for democratic unionism.

Currently I teach one class on global social movements at the School of the Art Institute in Chicago. I helped found NWI Resist, an organization that fights the weekly deportations at the Gary airport, and stands in solidarity with BLM, Amazon workers, the fight for environmental justice and more .

I am in weekly conversation with my great niece and great nephew, and with adopted families in Brazil and across the country. I am an inspired teacher and have won the hearts of literally thousands of workers, as well as top university awards for excellence in teaching, research and service.

I have traveled to learn, to Chile, Brazil, Ecuador, Cuba, Costa Rica, Mexico, Japan, China the Philippines, Nigeria, the old USSR, Poland, Yugoslavia and Europe. Still quite a few place I hope to visit!

My greatest achievement...helping workers realize how much they know and how important their agency is building a better world.

Jeremy Paretsky

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

There is little to report. I thought I had retired from teaching in 2014. In 2015 I returned to New York from Berkeley by way of Oxford and spent three years as economic administrator of St. Vincent Ferrer Priory while helping in the parish. I had bi-lateral knee replacement in February 2017. Spent five weeks in Granada that summer supplying in a parish with three churches. Upon returning to NYC I received an invitation to teach at the seminary in Kingston, Jamaica and an unrelated invitation to return to Berkeley for two years to teach New Testament at the Graduate Theological Union under the auspices of the Dominican Order. (My area is technically the Jewish background of the New Testament.) After visiting Jamaica I decided to return to Berkeley, having been disturbed by the rich-poor divide and violence in Kingston. I would have stayed in Berkeley, but a younger replacement was finally found. I was considering checking on whether there was still a need in Kingston, when the pandemic upended all plans. I'm not a fan of teaching by Zoom and don't

when it will be safe to travel again. So I remain in New York, do copy-editing for a Maltese Dominican who writes on early Muslim philosophy, copy-editing for a retired professor of Russian history, and copy-editing for a remarkable woman whose expertise is classical architecture and who is trying to synthesize Greek architecture and philosophy.

Ed Paul

**With a focus toward the last five years,
tell us about your life since Brandeis...**

My wife Jan and I are alive and well, "at home for Covid" and very much looking forward to being able to travel as the epidemic subsides. I am enjoying retirement, reading, gardening, web surfing and preparing to go forth into the world again. I note, in passing, that our eldest grandson is finishing his Freshman year at Brandeis. He, too, is looking forward to a life on campus after Covid - a freshman year in lock down is not as much fun as a non-epidemic freshman year.

Nadine Michèle Payn

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Since Reunion 2016, my mission has been to research and write about my paternal grandparents' experiences in WW2 France. They fled Paris as the Wehrmacht was on the cusp of victory in June 1940, and ultimately were hidden by a devout Catholic family in an Haute-Savoie village. Unfortunately, that's all I was told, because my father and grandmother wanted to shield this post-war Baby Boomer from the horrors of the Shoah. I knew only the names of the family and village, but I decided to travel there with my husband and become a detective/historian. My long shot paid off: I unearthed original Vichy documents and found several nonagenarians who as teenagers had met my grandparents! My fluency in French (and Rob's) has been a key to my success. Merci, à mon professeur à Brandeis, Stephen Gendzier! We've returned every summer since my initial discoveries, picking up a bit more on each visit, but were thwarted in 2020 by the pandemic. Still, I have enough material now to publish my grandparents' untold and important story about Jewish

survival in Pétain's Vichy France. Bonus: I've fallen in love with the beautiful mountain village and have made wonderful friends. I remain a docent at Museum of Fine Arts Houston and write articles for our newsletter, joyful activities that have been squelched temporarily by Covid.

Big news: My 7 year-old (in 2016) granddaughter Carlie has morphed into 12 year-old grandson Zach. As a psychologist, I conclude s/he is genuinely transgender, but only time will confirm this. Daughter Ana is coping well, and we all make sure Zach feels loved, no matter what.

As for best Brandeis memories academically, they're my courses with Profs Gendzier, Grossman, Hindley and Roche. Friendships with Wien students like Vineeta Singh Rai were enriching and expanded my world. As for other fondest memories, I stand by my 2016 statement: unsuitable for public consumption (but fabulous!)

Greatest recent achievements: 1) Grandparents' project. 2) In my small way, helping Dems get elected in November 2020. 3) Staying Covid-free -- in Abbott's Texas, no less!

Bucket list: 1) Traveling ANYWHERE! 2)

Producing more publishable writing, including my semi-unconventional life in Berkeley, such as waiting to marry until age 42 and becoming a mother at age 45. 3) Staying alive and kicking for our 60th, 65th, and 70th Reunions! And just maybe, the 75th ;)



Me: Samoëns, France with same mountain!



Daughter Ana and Grandson Zach



Husband Rob Arndt & friendly feline

Joseph Perkins

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Looking Back While Moving Forward: My first visit to Brandeis occurred sometime in the mid 1950s. I was aware that the school was relatively new and enjoyed a good reputation. At nine or ten, my impressions were fairly fleeting. After my mother was hired as the director of the Lemberg Nursery school (now the Children's Center) in 1960, my interest in the school changed significantly. I was quite fortunate to have been accepted to the incoming class of 1962 and even more fortunate to have graduated four years later. While my Brandeis academic career was far from stellar, the lessons learned continue to be gifts that keep giving. Priceless friendships create lasting memories. Even with a growing campus, Brandeis in the 1960s was still relatively small. As a student, I enjoyed the intimacy that the campus provided in meeting people of different backgrounds, ethnicities and interests. Each five year reunion celebration serves as a reminder of how fortunate I am to still be a part of such a dynamic group of achievers. I still enjoy getting better acquainted with members of

our class.

Routine events can lead to big surprises. It is still hard to believe that Freshman English has had such a significant effect on my life. I use the lessons learned in that course daily while continuing the struggle to be a more effective writer. No one would have predicted that I would be marketing an online business writing course in 2021? Definitely a surprise and one of those unintended consequences.

Service and participation count. During the summer of 1965, our classmate, Roger Barkin, asked me to serve as a co-lead on the orientation committee for Brandeis' incoming class of 1969. That committee assignment helped a mid-year senior, who had no idea about his next move after Brandeis, receive an Allen Funt Fellowship to Syracuse University, which led to a first job, and a career path to my life's ultimate pursuit – self-employment.

Since our 50th reunion, I have grown accustomed to no longer being a day-to-day parent and a son. My children and

grandchildren are grown. While I am a part of their lives, they are either embarking on or have already entered adulthood. Ascending to the head of the line of a family unit is a reminder to stay focused on completing important to-do items sooner versus later. I plan to work for as long as I have the health and desire to do so.

My top travel destination is Alaska, a trip that will complete all 50 states. Enjoying family and friends will always remain a priority. A couple of stretch goals that are beyond my immediate reach today; but I intend to go for them. Most importantly, I remain grateful for the lessons learned and the friends gained through my Brandeis association. All things being equal, attending the 2026 and 2031 Class of '66 reunions are a part of my five and ten year plans.



Gayle & Joe



Catherine Frances Perkins



Christian & Justin Perkins

Deborah (Debbie) Weber Perry

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

I received the Brandeis 55th reunion announcement on Groundhog's Day. It was nostalgic to look back in the 50th reunion book and see what I and others wrote five years ago. Wouldn't it be wonderful to rerun the past five years and change a few things in the world to put in our 55th reunion book? George and I married 52 ½ years and both retired, have our health, our home, our children and grandchildren, and good fortune to have had time to travel, continue our cultural activities and to stay in shape before COVID hit. Since COVID, we have missed being close to people, but we have embraced ZOOM and daily walks, new and old hobbies. I have my book group and taken adult education classes that have kept my mind alert. My big disappointment is not being able to sing in my choir, but the group does meet and music listening is still in my life. A new joy is meeting the challenge of a photography group. Each week I take a picture that has topics such as "leading lines", "water", or "focal point" in the picture. A delightful activity has been writing emails with our grandchildren ages

15, 15, 13, and 12. The older two are good correspondents, and it is heartwarming when the young want to communicate with their grandparents. Of course, we also see them with FaceTime or Zoom. Two summers ago we took 10 Perrys to Israel to celebrate our older grandchildren's bar and bat mitzvahs. Luckily, I can say that personally things have been good. Here are the 10 Perrys:



Dear Bubbie,

Happy Birthday!!



You haven't changed a bit!



Love,
Masha

Vineeta Rai (nee Singh)

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

It's taken a while to recollect my life in the last 5 years because the gloom and doom of 2020 the year of the pandemic has sadly eclipsed the " normal years " before 2020 . We saw huge sufferings the loss of friends , a situation shared by many of you . All that said , keeping in view the huge population and an inadequate health infrastructure especially in the hinterland , both the Union and most state governments managed to get the message about how to keep safe quite well .So masks worn by all the politicians including the Prime Minister did set an example and in most parts of the country cases are declining and people are queuing up for vaccinations we have 2 at present .

To recap what's been happening in my life , I finally retired from my full time work with the Govt of India in 2014 when I turned 70. My several decades in the Federal civil service (called the Indian Administrative Service) was hugely satisfying and enriching and I retired from the Ministry of Finance as Revenue Secretary (I broke a glass ceiling to be the first woman civil

servant to get this position in a Federal ministry)

I now lead a semi retired life but am still involved in working part time in institutions dealing with health and governance I My spouse and I have a son who is a lawyer and lives in Delhi with his wife who is a consultant with World bank and my daughter who went to Caltech in 1993 , married a freshman colleague Jamie Walls and both are tenured Associate professors in Medicine and chemistry in Miami I have 2 granddaughters ...the joy of my life and I visit them at least once a year ...not in 2020 alas !

I remain in touch with a number of friends from Brandeis many of who have visited India Nadine Payn Carla Singer .Kent Lawrence to name just a few from our Class . I have been attending several events and Award ceremonies organised by the University on zoom and I realise how enriching my life at Brandeis was In terms of not only the academic life but also so many cherished personal friendships in the US and several other countries which have endured for so many decades ! Truly the world became my oyster !

Keep safe and well ... and let's hope that
for all of us the worse is behind us!
Vineeta Rai (nee Singh)

To recap

Steve Raskin

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

"Grow old with me . . ."

Status: 76 year old male, alive and well, living a little north of Tel Aviv. Working full-time, principal radiologist, oncology Clinical Trials Program, Sheba Medical Center, since 2010.

"Teach your children well": Sarah is a PhD anthropologist researching dental health disparities at Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond. Emily has taught high school math at Washington Latin Charter School; many years. Orly (Sarah's) and Hannah (Emily's), ages 9 and 7, attend Breakthrough Montessori Charter School in DC. Any Brandeisian would be proud of their commitments to social justice and activism. They are all leading, or about to lead, productive lives, dedicated to helping others in substantive ways. Due to Covid, we haven't been with them in well over a year.

Adina's two sons and five grandsons, all sabras, would be the pride of any Israeli mother/savta: growing up free in their own land. Both sons are in the Israeli high-tech

world. The boys, ages 11 through 16, are delightful. Now that everyone has been vaccinated, we even get to hug them.

"Ah, love, let us be true to one another!":

Adina retired from volunteering at the local school a few years ago. We live in the house that Adina built about 50 years ago, and we are trying to figure out what the next step will be when we can't manage the maintenance or climb the stairs. Probably Tel Aviv, maybe near to Adina's parents' balcony, where I wrote my 1966 remarks way back when. Somewhere near a beach.

"Truth, even unto its innermost parts": My remarks in 1966 were not those of anger, but more of rebellion, coming directly after my return from a semester spent traveling in Europe and Israel. Although I am now old, my outlook is just as young as it was then. The problems are greater: climate change, wealth concentration, thought control, and growing authoritarianism. Still, I refuse to descend into negativism, however much warranted. My Brandeis education is the pride of my intellectual life. I can say it now: Thank you, Abram Sachar. Conclusion: ". . . the best is yet to be."



"Close your eyes, and I'll kiss you, tomorrow
I'll miss you."



Grandsons Part II. For translation of the
Greek, see "Remarks, 1966"



Adina and now-huggable grandsons (Part I)
b'Artzeynu.



"I've got so much honey, the bees envy me."

Lois (Galgay) Reckitt

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

The last five years have been a mixture of happiness, joy, tragedy, loss and a new life work.

My wife Lyn and I have now been married 8 years - and together 18. We have now 5 grandchildren with the arrival of the youngest, Hazel, 4 years ago.

I am now in the throes of the fifth year of my later life career as a State Legislator in Maine.

Unfortunately, this year has been especially tough as we are operating almost entirely on Zoom – and I am most definitely not a computer genius. However, I have learned a lot about Maine and its people and am looking forward to closer connections in person sometime soon.

I have been accepted by my peers as reliable spokesperson on women's rights, LGBT issues, domestic violence – and marine biology. And thanks to my varied and comprehensive education at Brandeis I am also, I believe, viewed as smart. I have

for all three terms been serving on two major policy committees – Criminal Justice and Public Safety as well as Judiciary. It has been a lot of work – but gratifying.

Over these last 5 years we have travelled to Hawaii, Australia and New Zealand with our oldest grandson, to Norway with Lyn's daughter and family visiting her Norwegian relatives as well as cruising the fjords on a lesbian cruise – as we also did while circumnavigating Iceland.

The hard part has been adjusting to going from earning a near 6 figure salary to earning \$13,000/year as a State Representative. It has been a jarring and difficult adjustment. And, of course, although lucky to live in Maine, COVID has touched our lives, but not fatally. And a month ago I lost a dear and special 40+ year friend to cancer, apparently as an after effect of Agent Orange exposure in Vietnam.

Remembering the draft lottery...

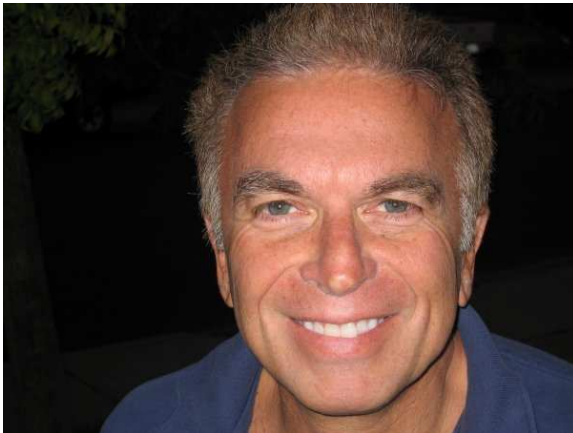


Robert S. Rein

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

I have been and am still practicing law in Los Angeles since law school. My son lives in Newton so I have driven around the campus when I come to visit. I hardly remember the place it has changed so much. By far my biggest achievement has been my children. I won the kids lottery.

I pretty much have lost touch with everyone from Brandeis, but I think back to my years there with fondness.



Emily Norris Rome

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

My greatest achievement has been, I think, raising two wonderful children mostly on my own. I picked up and moved from New York to Atlanta at age 65 not knowing a soul. My family and I had to cancel our trip to Paris last June for my 75th birthday, and now I'm trying to figure out how to manage a star-gazing trip -- hopefully in the next few

months, we'll be able to travel again!



This is from 2012. I've been holding on to it for all these years!

Marian B. Rosen

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Brandeis was an excellent milestone on the path to my greatest achievement -- being a life long learner. In 1968 I left a History PhD program to be an elementary school teacher and learned I was meant to be a teacher. In 1971 I went to Kenya for six weeks, stayed for four years and learned about another world. In 1982 I took a workshop on a computer language/teaching environment called Logo and spent the next thirty five years developing ways to use computers to teach thinking. In 1988 I met my husband and learned I could be married. In 1990 I joined a Jewish congregation and began an ongoing dive into Jewish learning. In between there are family, friends, travel yadda yadda. It's been up and down and all around but basically good. And now it's time to learn about old age...



Covid Jewfro 2020!

Shirley Sachs Rosen

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

In 1968, a year after the 6 Day War in Israel, I decided to go to Israel to volunteer for a year as a teacher in a poor development town. Within three weeks of my arrival in Israel, I met the guy who was to become my husband, and we decided to stay in the country for a few years. Here it is now 52 years later, and three children and ten grandchildren later and we are still in Israel. We live in the south, in Beer Sheva, the town where Abraham set up camp, according to the Bible. It was a dusty small town when we arrived in 1969, and now it is a bustling city of over 200,000 people and still growing. I stopped teaching EFL after a few years and got an MA in Medical Sociology and Epidemiology and starting working as a research coordinator at the Medical School of Ben Gurion University of the Negev where I worked until I retired a few years ago. I used to have to explain to everyone what is an epidemiologist until Corona came along and it became a household word.

These days, now that my husband and I are vaccinated and most of the our family and

friends are also vaccinated, we are back to doing many of our favorite activities: meals with the kids and grandkids, yoga classes, lectures, hikes, book club, etc. Still no flights to the US to see family there, but it will hopefully happen soon.

It's been quite a ride being in Israel all these years. Crazy country, crazy people, but we love it and although we will never be real Israelis, our children certainly are. You're all welcome to come and visit, whenever the skies open up again.

I remember my years at Brandeis very fondly, although I didn't appreciate much of what I gained from those years there until much later. Have never been back for a reunion since it never coincided with one of our visits to the US, so maybe this year with Zoom, I might actually be able to participate.



That's me in the middle in the pink shirt.

David B. Rosenfield, M.D.

**With a focus toward the last five years,
tell us about your life since Brandeis...**

I increasingly think of Brandeis, in part due to my running into Brandeis graduates but also because I am often aware that I truly obtained a good education. Regarding life lessons, I am still in that process but Brandeis was a good experience for same.

I don't really have a bucket list--I am very active, pursue multiple interests at work (professor at a medical school) and numerous outside interests (e.g., wrote two novels, climbed mountains, boating, golf) and pretty much go after that which is interesting/enticing.

My greatest achievement (with my wife) is our two children, one finishing law school and the other finishing her junior year in college.

James L. Rothenberg, Esq.

**With a focus toward the last five years,
tell us about your life since Brandeis...**

Two Grandchildren, Lilly- Age 3 and Logan-
Age 1. Parents are John and Carla Roy

Peter Rothstein

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

About 2 years ago I was invited to join a research group in the Department of Astronomy at Columbia University. The focus of the research is characteristics of low mass stars.



Robert Safron a.k.a “Bob” or “Saf”

**With a focus toward the last five years,
tell us about your life since Brandeis...**

2021 Update (Not Much New)

Career: Same as before (commercial real estate lawyer in NYC) but now part-time (no fraction yet available)

Residence: Same as before (White Plains, New York most of the year – Sun Valley, Idaho in summer and Longboat Key, Florida in parts of the winter).

Spouse: Same as before (Lynda – 51 years and counting)

Kids: Same as before (Casey – 45 and Carrie – 42)

Pets: Same as before (Louie and then Flossie – both R.I.P.)

Teeth: Same as before (32 - all still originals)

Knees: Same as before (two – BUT only 6 years old)

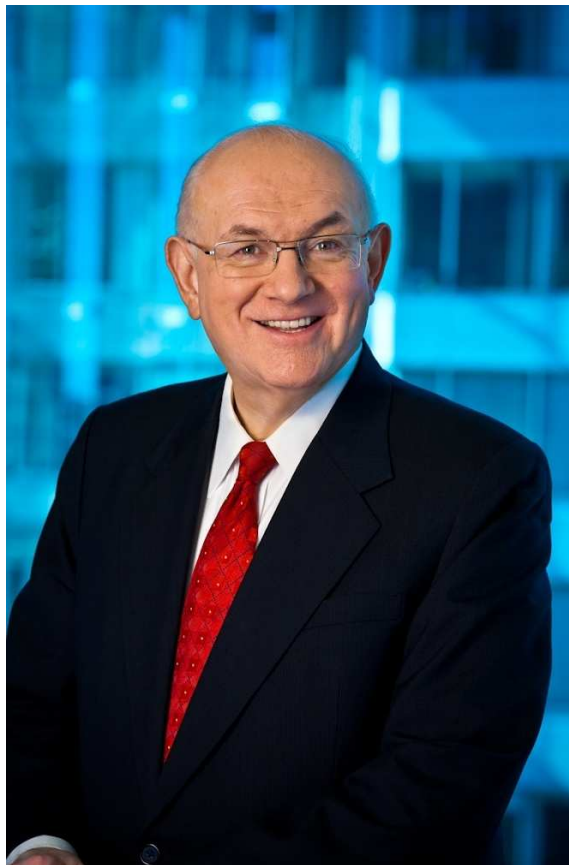
Jokes: Same as before (old – BUT well tested)

Bill Schneider

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

After fifty years of university teaching, I am retiring this year. Just from teaching. I continue to practice journalism. I am a contributor to The Hill (the daily online newspaper of Capitol Hill) and to Al Jazeera English (worldwide) television. I also signed up to give short Lifelong Learning classes (on politics, of course) for adults in the Washington area.

Oh, and I was infected with covid-19 in January (caught it from my housekeeper), spent two days in the George Washington University Hospital (a few blocks from my home at the Watergate) and came out O.K. No serious symptoms except fatigue.



Dr. Jeffrey Holden Schnitzer

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Married over 30 years to Lois. Am still in love.

Taught in the Chicago Public Schools on the South and West Sides - eventually became team leader of a wonderful team.

Master's degree from Loyola of Chicago - named University Scholar

Doctorate in Psychology and Human Development - Harvard - 1989

Discovered that I had been spied on and interfered with for decades by the FBI, CIA and Chicago Red Squad for my work with SNCC, NSM etc. - sued and won in class action

Running Schnitzer Associates since 1989.

Travel - most of the US and Caribbean - most of Europe

Happy - what I remember from Brandeis is Ray Ginger's attempts to destroy me because we were both involved with the same undergraduate young woman and likely because I was the first person ever to get a perfect score on his famously difficult final - he was a drunk and a mediocre historian who altered downward the grades his TA had given people, flunked

graduating seniors - he was kicked out of the University and drank himself to death in Canada. Brandeis has a named chair in his honor.

Have worked with poor people and minorities all these years.

Have maintained friendships that are up to almost 60 years old.

Got to be a pretty good squash player.

Have taught at Harvard, UMASS - Boston, Lesley etc.

Still write poetry - not that anyone much cares.

Have fond memories of people at Brandeis - not the school.

Leslie Shaff, MD, JD, MBA

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

A quick update. . . I have retired from medicine and business endeavors, attended law school, and am having a great time as an Adjunct Professor at Boston College Law School, teaching “Healthcare Law and Compliance.” I’m able to integrate many aspects of medicine, business, law and ethics in a class with eager and inquisitive young minds.



David and Family

Husband Harvey is retired from his dental practice, son David is Chief of Anesthesia at The Faulkner Hospital in Boston, and son Eric is CEO of Series Therapeutics, a biotech company dealing with the human microbiome. Four grandkids range from sixth grade to junior in high school and have every possible permutation of in-school and on-line learning.

I look forward to a time when we can walk outside, unmasked, unafraid of Covid 19. All – be safe; be well.



Eric and Family

Carl Sheingold

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

At our 50th reunion I was five years into having concluded my career in Jewish communal service. I was mainly engaged in writing, primarily as an exercise in self exploration. I was accompanied at that reunion by Janice Madden. We had met on Match earlier in the year. Janice's contribution to my sense of happiness and peace has never eased up. I'm in relatively good health. As I write these words I am feeling the glow of having gotten two doses of the covid vaccine. I have wonderful family and friends – not least my two kids and best Brandeis buddies with whom, thanks to covid and zoom, I now have a weekly get together. I'm reading up a storm and have some new friends with whom we have a kind of informal monthly seminar to talk about our joint reading. I am generally happy and filled with gratitude.

Hence, there's not much new to report.

Instead, I'd like to comment on a word that hasn't yet appeared in this update: "retirement." I'm not in denial about my age

or anything having ended that contributed to my sense of myself. I use the word in filling out forms, but it doesn't come easily to mind when thinking about this stage of my life. What gives?

I looked it up in the dictionary and thesaurus. The richest material is connected to the word "retire." The several dictionary definitions revolve around the word "withdrawal." The only exception is striking: "to fall back: recede." Oy.

The list in the thesaurus is worth reproducing. After "go to bed," we have: "efface oneself, retreat, recede, quit, be concave, [I had to look that one up – the meaning is to be hollowed out. Ow!], uncommunicative, scrap [meaning to get rid of], depose, resign, keep to oneself, seclude oneself, pay in full, dismiss." With the exception of "go to bed," a favorite activity, what a miserable list of unattractive states of being.

If I think about who I've been all my life the thread is my trying to understand things. It's asking: What's going on here? How do I

understand____? How do I make sense of ____? From the time I was a little kid, that's been what I couldn't help doing. What I've enjoyed doing. When I've been able to accomplish anything – at work, but also in friendship or as a parent or partner -- a major contributor has been my ability to come up with useful answers to such questions. Not always, but with a pretty good batting average. One of the features of this stage of life is that I don't have to be graded or grade myself.

The irony, then, is that this activity -- reading, conversing, following what's happening in the world and trying to make sense of all of it -- occupies a more central part of my current life than previously.

“Retired” works for my demographic status. Hollowed out? No. Rather, filled to the brim.

Peter Siris

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

5 years ago, my life looked pretty bleak. I got in the middle of an international political dispute between the United States and China and was forced to retire ignominiously. My wife and two children both had serious health issues. Then I had serious health issues of my own (cancer and heart disease among others.)

I had a choice. I could let all of these setbacks overwhelm and define me or I could fight back and reinvent myself. While my mind was still active, I made the decision to focus my energies on giving back to society.

The Harvard Business School Club of N.Y. has a program called Community Partners, which provides pro-bono consulting to charities. Since I could no longer work, I started to volunteer for these projects. Over the past 5 years, I have worked on 27 projects with non-profits in education (charter schools, educational enrichment, public schools, and public universities), criminal justice reform (especially with

organizations working with ex-offenders), museums, parks, and healthcare (domestic and international). Some of these organizations are very large and others are small but working with them has been a great learning experience. Being able to contribute to their success has been very rewarding. In 2019 the HBS Club of N.Y. even gave me its volunteer of the year award.

I also founded and am Research Director of an organization called Reform Elections Now (reformelectionsnow.org). We are a nonpartisan organization working to change the political system in the U.S. We believe the two parties are a duopoly that have created a toxic environment in which politics has become polarized, elections are noncompetitive, bipartisanship has disappeared, and our government works for powerful interest groups and not for the people.

For the last three years, I have been writing white papers and PPTs and making presentations to large audiences around the country. In March 2020, I predicted that

mail-in votes would lead to the losing side disputing the election, and in September, I predicted that there would be riots and killings in the aftermath of the election. Few believed me then, but these predictions greatly enhanced our credibility. Now we are tackling gerrymandering, new voting systems, restrictions on voting, polarization in the media, and the increasing wealth gap.

I believe our group, in a small way, is having an impact on helping to change both the political culture and the election processes. I take great satisfaction in the work we are doing.

I also spend a substantial amount of time mentoring startup companies in which I make “angel” investments. Helping to build new companies with innovative technologies is very intellectually stimulating.

I am very satisfied with the decisions I have made. I am working as hard as I ever have but am very intellectually stimulated and personally satisfied because I actually feel as if I am making a real difference. In many ways, this has been the best 5 years of my life.



Paul Solman

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Hey, I owe my entire career to The Justice, where I encountered journalism, and to Brandeis I also owe first wife Judy Edelsberg, our daughter & grandkids a host of dearest & other fond friends. An earlier Justice editor, Arnie Reisman '64, gave me my first journalism job (1970) when I was driving a cab, first daughter Rachel just entering the world. Memories? North B-hinds flag football championship as a freshman when a senior teammate, interviewed on WBRS, lauded the play of "Paul Sullivan." Being run over by Joe Perkins a few years later in the same sport as linebacker (also qb) of the Entire Polish Army. Mark Kramer driving his organ to one of our games to play the National Anthem. Allen Grossman offhandedly muttering in class that "Yeats often finds himself on the thither side of the eschatological watershed." Kurt Wolff teaching how to think logically. "This door is a jar." John Medeiros leading the chant of "1500 students." The Justice's April Fool's issue of The National Perspiner with the headline: "Wife cringes in horror as Charles Duhig

confesses: I am a woman!" Malcolm X. Paul Goodman. Dave Van Ronk at Cholmondeley's (and again at a reunion.) Getting high and, terrified of expulsion as a consequence, hiding out the morning of the bust in Bio Sci, which I wasn't taking. Writing an am final exam our last semester in a course I also hadn't taken, trying to stay awake for a pm final in a course I did take, prompting Duhig to later yell: "you haven't graduated YET!" Bucket list? More boxes checked than dreamt of in my philosophy. Achievements? Grandkids (7) + 2 new step-ones; same partner, year 47 (though perhaps more her achievement than mine); same job (PBS NewsHour reporter), year 37. Biggest mistake? Telling the grandkids they're my evolutionary purpose, thrown back whenever I try discipline. Daily schedule? Grandkids: NewsHour: hand weights & knee bends; 10k+ steps/day in the neighborhood, 7 minutes by car from Brandeis; studying Japanese, earnestly, desultorily, but quite ineffectively. Pandemic? Been very very good to me, relatively speaking. Job is easier (no travel).

In a pod with the young grandkids.



5 youngest grandkids, thanks to younger daughter Joanna (middle)



Older daughter Rachel with steps (to her R) and non-steps in front of a ptg of my dad's, 1930s

Mary Huff Stevenson

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

What's changed for me over the last five years? Short answer: At our last reunion I was still living in Massachusetts and bemoaning the fact that I didn't have grandchildren; I now live in New York and have two adorable grandsons.

Longer answer: A few months after our last reunion I moved to a cooperative apartment in Scarsdale, walking distance from the village and the train station. Both of my children (as well as the grandsons) live in Brooklyn, and my sweetheart, Hillel Gedrich '66, lives nearby in another Westchester town. Virginia Woolf may have needed a room of her own, but I needed a whole apartment. Nevertheless, after fifteen years of a long-distance commuting relationship, it's wonderful for us to be close by each other.

The pandemic year was stressful, but my family and I were able to avoid the worst of it; my heart goes out to the many families who were less fortunate. I kept busy working on the second edition of the urban policy textbook I wrote with two co-authors a few years back. We sent the new

manuscript to our publisher, Oxford University Press, at the end of 2020. I also continued to teach fitness classes for older adults, primarily through the United Federation of Teachers' program for their retired members, former New York City public school teachers. I had been teaching these classes in person until the virus put an end to that. Figuring out how to teach these classes online presented a steep learning curve for me, as did the need to familiarize myself with equipment such as USB audio interface mixers and wireless headset microphones, but it kept me out of trouble and helped me to maintain a sense of purpose through it all. Here's to better times going forward.



The two newest Stevensons

Ann Tanenbaum

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Ann Tanenbaum has been in book publishing for over 50 years, working for Viking Press, Random House, Harry N. Abrams, Inc., Doubleday International, and Newsweek Books. She's held executive positions in marketing, editorial, and management. Her employment highlights include editing Random House's children's history program, "The Landmark Series", planning and escorting Norman and Molly Rockwell on the publicity tour for what became the best-selling Abrams book, "Norman Rockwell: Artist and Illustrator." Ann published the first American book on Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, "Madam Prime Minister" by Allan J. Mayer, at Newsweek.

In 1980, Ann established Tanenbaum International Publishing Services, an agenting and consulting practice that created alliances between art, illustrated, and reference book publishers worldwide. In 2000, Ann founded, with two partners, LTD Editions LLC, a visual book agenting and packaging company. In 2010, Ann

folded LTD Editions into what is now Tanenbaum International Literary Agency. Ann works alongside her editorial colleague Ian McMahon. In addition to representing books on seasoned gallery artists and museums, the theatre, and children's books, Ann has a commitment to nurturing projects on current affairs, politics, the environment, and history. Most recently, Ann has had the pleasure of working with notable writers and artists such as Major Garrett, Seymour Chwast, James Radiches, and Ted Chapin.

Ann and her husband Lewis met in 1961, married in 2004, love each other and their two sons, Greg and Leigh Schlossinger, their daughters in law, Julie Tretsch and Lisa Yaros, and their grandchildren, Landon Gary Schlossinger and Paige and Petra Augustine.

Ann serves on the boards of The Rose Art Museum at Brandeis University, The Jewish Foundation for the Education of Women, The Asian Art Museum (in San Francisco, California) and the Colorado University Art Museum (in Boulder, Colorado).

Leadership is not a title, it's an act of
courage.

Natasha Dresner

Susan Thorndike

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Since our last reunion I have retired from working in a bookstore, have taken up art classes and pickleball, enjoying both. I continue with my book club of 20 years, now on Zoom. Same home in New Canaan for 40 years and I am staying put in good health.

Feel very fortunate.

Just returned from a drive from Colorado Springs to CT with my son. He has been working there remotely and skiing. Quite humbling to see other parts of the country and their living conditions.

The Broadmoor Hotel and Garden of the Gods, both in Colorado Springs, are stunning.

Had both shots before I traveled. Wish we could be live because most of us I assume have had their shots.

Best to all.



Edith (Zipser) Vermeij

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

No really big changes since the 50th reunion, and naturally very little during the past year. We never did retire and luckily we were not locked out of the university buildings. Even classes continued online and UC Davis made a name for itself in implementing city-wide COVID testing with some generous researcher re-purposing one of their machines. As a biologist, it is good to be proud of something your community has done.

I've outlined my life for a past reunion and don't want to repeat much. For someone who wasn't sure what they were doing as an undergraduate, I've been lucky. I hung on through grad school, talked my way into the Environmental Defense Fund, and worked there for two years. If I hadn't been married by then it would have been difficult living on their pay, but it was the fulfillment of one dream. I've been fortunate all the way through in my marriage, which helped me get around the fact that I hadn't studied much ecology or evolution. I know women aren't supposed to do it this way, but I've had a career as a research associate with

my husband Gary Vermeij and it suited me. If I've betrayed women's lib by not doing it alone, at least it got done. In the Smithsonian's new fossil hall there's a bit of ocean science we helped put there, and that is deeply satisfying.

I am very grateful to Brandeis. It gave me an excellent education, limited only by the relatively small size of the department at the time. It gave me 4 years of not being a minority, which, although I had never suffered from ill treatment, was still an interesting experience. It gave me wonderful friends. I think Brandeis fulfilled its mission of providing an education of equal quality to those from institutions which were, at that time, very difficult for people like me to access. Thank you.

Subagh Winkelstern

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Life goes on: education, career, retirement; Love, marriage, daughter, grandson; youthful vigor, advancing age.

I imagine all of us have seen some serious slowing down in the last five years. I try to develop new ways of doing what has always given me pleasure, ways that take less physical effort but give new kinds of fulfillment.

Mostly I want to say here that I really miss you, my Brandeis cohort. I've always felt we are like siblings. We shared some formative years and developed a special bond of affection and acceptance, with all our idiosyncrasies intact. Some of you I see fairly often, others only every five or ten years, but you are frequently in my thoughts.



Me



Wife, Linda



Daughter, Simran



Grandson, Lenny

Allen J. Zerkin

With a focus toward the last five years, tell us about your life since Brandeis...

Ellen and I have lived in an 1864 brownstone in the Prospect Heights section of Brooklyn since 2003. We live on two floors and rent two out, and Ellen has created a wonderful garden in the backyard.

My eldest daughter, now 49, is married with two bi-racial teenage children and lives Chapel Hill, NC. My son, 40, married a wonderful 30-year-old Indonesian woman in 2019 and is an augmented reality device inventor in Shenzhen, China. My youngest daughter, 35, identifies as queer, is married to a trans person, was for several years the snake charmer (working with a nine-foot boa constrictor) at the Coney Island Sideshow, and appeared in that role in the Metropolitan Opera's new production of Mozart's *Così fan Tutti* in 2018 and early 2020, and is an active burlesque performer. She lives in Brooklyn. Just your typical Jewish family. We're all very close, and that's a great blessing.

The most exciting aspect of the past five

years has been hiking and trekking. The biggest adventure was a 2018 ascent of Mt. Kenya's 16,350' trekking summit. I trained for a year - lots of work in the gym and then climbing a succession of increasingly high mountains in the weeks leading up to it (see picture). I reached 15,500 feet on Mt. Kenya before succumbing to the effects of altitude and severe cold on the final ascent. I continue to stay in shape and plan to have more mountaineering adventures.

Other than in 2020, Ellen and I have traveled a lot, and we are looking forward to getting back to it. Before our son Noah got married in Jakarta in a two-day traditional Sundanese ceremony - what a trip! (see picture) - we went to Ubud, Bali, and then to Hong Kong and Shenzhen.

Other trips have included a wonderful visit with Frank and Melissa Bloch at their house in the south of France; the French Alps and Provence; visiting Komodo dragons and swimming in open water with enormous manta rays in Indonesia; Morocco; teaching in Paris for many years; northern Italy; and New Mexico/Arizona/Utah.

The pandemic gave me a wonderful opportunity to return to playing the piano. Since performing in the student recital junior year, I have barely played at all. But despite having several funky fingers, practicing nearly every day - which I'm actually enjoying! - is paying off. Playing lots of Scarlatti sonatas, and more.

I still teach Conflict Management and Negotiation at NYU's Wagner Graduate School of Public Service - fun, even over Zoom. During the past five years I've had one big project - facilitating the building of an environmental, public health and medical coalition for the purpose of getting people to choose largely plant-based eating, both to reduce the rate of climate change and improve people's health. That project continues.



In Memoriam

As long as we live, they too will live; for they are now are a part of us; as we remember them.

- Jewish Prayer.



Stephen Altman



Richard Ames



Howard Barkan



Barry Berlin



Anne Brickman



Jack Canick



Lynda Goldberg



Jeffrey Golden



Harriet Goldstein



Victoria Hammer



Martha Harbarger



Norman Harris



Janet Kaplan



Dana Katz



Edward Klinger



Kenneth Levin



John Lisman



Myron Mass



Robert Moynihan



Robert Nelson



Barbara Pepper



Michael Pozen



Marlene Ratner



Donald Sachs



Margery Sager



Surendran Sambamurti



Esther Seidman



Kenneth Silk



Judith Smith



Mark Sonnenblick



Marsh Spector



Ann Sternberg



Melissa Trommer



Magda Turowicz



Rena Victor



Robert Waxman



Lee Weiner



Martin Weiner

Regretfully, we have no pictures for the following deceased classmates:

- Hiram Appelman
- Melesse Ayalew
- Denise Galinkin
- Margery Sager
- Marsha L. Edelman
- Michael Alan Fleisher
- Judith Glasner
- Gary David Goldberg
- Ellen D. Grossman
- Sue-Ellen Wolfson
- Edward Hines
- John Johnson
- Robert Liss
- Andrew Clement Meyer
- Christie Caswell
- Robert T. Penny
- Peter Sajovic
- Linda Goldberg
- Marsha M. Silver
- Michele T. Singer
- Abby Dorfman
- Richard D. Taub

Bonus Essay on Brandeis Friendships:

September 1962 was the start of a new journey for our incoming freshman class that ultimately became the graduating class of 1966. While a lot of learning took place and we all went on to positions of importance in our professional and personal lives, the friendships begun in Waltham continue to live on to this day.

The following essay by Lloyd Michaels , *Legend and Legacy of The Avengers**, is an excellent illustration of lasting relationships that grew out of the Brandeis experience. I know there are groups within the Class of 1966 other than the Avengers that remain in regular contact. These are the friendships that become more treasured with every passing year.

- Joe Perkins

*The Avengers, a group of ten (unfortunately now nine) men who met at Brandeis and have remained active in each other's lives through this publication

Legend and Legacy of The Avengers

Lloyd Michaels

On Saturday, December 15, 2018, I returned home from a day trip to discover a string of e-mails from Ron Weinger and many of my other old Brandeis friends informing me that Bob Nelson, “Nels” to all of us, had died suddenly in Helsinki, Finland while researching his most recent book. The news shocked us all. The ten of us, collectively known as “The Avengers,” had lived together as a group for two to three years at college and had remained close friends, returning for campus reunions every five years, for more than half a century. The Circle, which had included our wives, all living, had finally been Broken. Now, nearly six decades after we first met, with Covid-19 making us acutely aware of our shared membership in the “Vulnerable,” I have sheltered in place to tell our story.

The Avengers—Rich Fertel, Rob Hausner, Lloyd Michaels, Bob Nelson, Joe Perkins, Bob Safron, Alvin Stauber, Harvey Stone, Ronnie Weinger, Dick Winkelstern—became acquainted during our freshman year in 1962, when most of us lived in North Quad. Our friendship initially formed around intramural sports, where many of us played on the same teams. By the time softball season rolled around in the spring, we had formed the “Little Animals” and wore our self-designated nicknames printed on the back of our shirts (Saf was “Tiger,” Nels was “Antelope,” Fertel was “Bear,” Ronnie was “Spider,” the light-hitting Harvey was “Sparrow,” and so on). We were pretty good, but not *that* good—we never won a championship. The important thing about the Little Animals was that lifelong friendships were being formed.

The new East Quad was being constructed at this time, and as rising sophomores we had the opportunity to pair off and form a group of ten (four doubles, two singles) to apply for one of the available suites. Magically, mystically, the ten of us—formerly teammates, roommates, hall mates, or quad mates—reassembled in the fall of 1963 on the third floor as suite mates. We have remained in each other’s Circle ever since. The name “Avengers” came into being that first semester together. Contrary to what our classmates might have thought when we graduated, the name did not derive from the television show starring Diana Rigg and Patrick Macnee, which debuted on ABC in 1965, but rather from an incident early on during our first year together. We had been patiently waiting for Ma Bell to deliver our telephone to the suite’s lounge. Bob Safron, who, then and now, was our facilitator-in-chief, had called the company several times to no avail until Ronnie, our most obstreperous member, took over the

hall payphone: “Listen to me. We want our phone, and we want it *now!*” A few weeks later, the selfsame Spider was using the recently installed lounge phone to ask a girl—name long forgotten—for a date. There was no privacy for such calls in 1963, of course, and several Little Animals were circling the space imitating airplanes. When Ronnie received the inevitable rejection, one of us crouched in machine gunner position while the other “planes” crashed and burned. Undaunted by our contempt, Ronnie rose up enraged and, in his unmistakable high-pitched fury, unleashed his frustration: “Listen! We can’t continue to accept these insults! We must *avenge* these putdowns!” And so, a new name was born.

The Avengers lived together in East, room assignments intact, for the next two years. As seniors, we split up the living arrangements—four rented an off-campus house, the others remained in East or found housing elsewhere—but the strong friendships endured. When graduation neared, we asked a favor of the college’s revered photographer, Ralph Norman, to take our portrait in front of the statue of Justice Brandeis. We all dressed in jackets and ties (notably, Lloyd wore a sweater and Harvey wore white socks), and Ralph took a series of professional black-and-white photos from which we each selected our favorite.



**Pictured left to right: Lloyd Michaels, Harvey Stone, Alvin Stauber, Ron Weinger, Joe Perkins,
Bob Safron, Bob Nelson, Rich Fertel, Rob Hausner, Dick Winkelstern**

Beginning in 1986, when eight of the ten first returned for their 20th Reunion, the Avengers have re-created this photograph every five years through 2016. Only in 1991, however, were all ten of us present, each dramatically posed around the iconic campus landmark.



With all of us gathered for the 25th Reunion, the bonds of friendship grew even stronger as the memories returned: Rob driving his white '56 Caddy to Nathan's in the middle of the night with Gary Goldberg and Santo Cimino plus Saf to pick up a hot dog and returning for late morning class, going to Joe's home for Mother's Day brunch and having his mom ask Saf to say grace ("Please, Lord, let there be *seconds*," he prayed), watching Ron "go long" for one of Nels' passes when we decided to play football after waiting out a thunderstorm and seeing him nearly drown in the midst of a huge puddle, seeing Alvin work the crowd of young women in the kosher line at Swig, remembering how Rich threatened to kill his roommates Saf and Jeff Cohen after they had set his alarm clock ahead an hour before his final exam and sent him racing to an empty classroom. We held a banquet in Waltham that year. Lloyd recalled a hilarious moment freshman year when he and Rob had attended a Humanities 1 lecture on Homeric long-line alliterative poetry presented by a visiting classics professor and introduced by Professor Neville Rogers, who had been reputed to be a narcoleptic. As the guest presenter droned on in incomprehensible Greek, Prof. Rogers (who was the world's leading literary authority on Lord Byron at the time) slowly slumped back in his chair, spread-eagled, and fell asleep, at which point Lloyd and Rob burst out of the crowded hall before exploding in laughter in the empty lobby. Then Nels, who had been the most taciturn among us, launched into a story about chasing after a driver who had dented his car that same afternoon. The tale went on interminably—as his fellow Avengers encouraged him to elaborate and plied him with

questions to see how far he would go. Twenty minutes? Half an hour? Here narrative turns into myth. In fact, the narrative never ended. Everyone around the table simply drowned him out with their hilarity.

As a coda to the official festivities, it became a tradition to gather at Ron's home in Newton on Sunday morning for a brunch together before we all took off for home. After 1991, the Avengers also decided to meet a day or two prior to the weekend Reunion, giving us time to catch up with each other and repeat the stories that had become the group's founding myths. By then, the Avengers Auxiliary—eight of us have remained married to our wives of fifty years, a surprising statistic for the cohort!—had formed their own friendships and frequently went elsewhere (shopping, museums, sightseeing) while the guys stayed behind, burnishing their own legends. The couples visited some delightful places in Eastham, Rockport, Gloucester, Salem and Marblehead this way.

One very snowy night in the winter of 1964 or 1965, the guys—and perhaps a couple of others in the adjoining suite—decided to play a game of tackle football on the small plot in front of the dining hall, now covered with six inches of snow for a cushion. “Swig Bowl,” we called it. Memory may have clouded into mythology, but I recall that many residents on the women's side of East leaned out their windows to watch what was going on and subsequently to cheer our efforts. As the players trotted out in their sweats, I served as PA announcer and introduced them to the curious onlookers (“From Kingston, New York, majoring in chemistry and weighing 175 pounds, Richard FER-TEL!”...). My son, Jack Michaels, eventually became the play-by-play broadcaster for the NHL's Edmonton Oilers, so it seems appropriate at this stage for me to re-introduce my lifelong friends, The Avengers:

- **Rich Fertel** married his Brandeis sweetheart, Patti Eisenstein, soon after graduating, received a PhD in pharmacology from Washington University in St Louis, and did research and taught pharmacology at The Ohio State University for more than four decades, winning the University's Outstanding Teaching Award, which was presented to him in front of 110,000 fans at Buckeye Stadium. Among the most sociable and loquacious within the group, his unflagging interest in conversation continues to this day, though it is derisively regarded as babbling by some of us.
- **Rob Hausner**, from Roslyn, NY, met his wife Connie while attending Wayne State University Medical School. He has lived his entire professional life in Marin County, CA, and continues to work as both a psychiatrist and neurologist in San Francisco. Notably, he retains the fullest head of hair among us and weighs about forty pounds less than when he graduated, a consequence, he explains, of the stresses of med school. He continues to consume huge portions at mealtimes.
- **Lloyd Michaels**, from East Setauket, NY, met his wife Mary, an artist, while studying literature at Ohio University. Following his doctorate from SUNY Buffalo, he taught American literature and film studies at Allegheny College in Meadville, PA for forty-two years and also served as Dean of the College. He published five books about film,

including, most recently, one about Woody Allen. He dropped the “l” in “l. Lloyd” soon after coming to Allegheny but has acquired no nicknames during his lifetime.

- **Bob Nelson**, from Seattle, WA, got a PhD. from Princeton University and, after many years working for the Department of the Interior on issues involving public lands, joined the University of Maryland’s School of Public Policy, where he was a longtime contributor to *Forbes* and wrote many distinguished academic books on Economics, Philosophy, and Scandinavian culture. He is survived by his wife of fifty years, Jill.
- **Joe Perkins**, originally from Boston and a resident of Cape Cod for many years—Perkins Glen, Eastham to be exact—worked the first half of his career for the Colgate Corporation. For nearly three decades, he has headed CMI, a communications firm serving businesses; he also served as the Class of 1966 50th Reunion coordinator and is probably the most popular of the Avengers. He has also retained his good looks, as Gayle, his longtime domestic partner, can attest.
- **Bob Safron**, from Manhattan, archivist and court jester of the Avengers, met Lynda, an art teacher and superior athlete, while still at Brandeis. Saf graduated from New York University’s School of Law and has made his career as a New York real estate attorney. Saf’s primary home is in Westchester, but he also spends time at residences in Longboat Key, FL, and Sun Valley, ID. He is the source of the verb “to saf,” which means to persist in endlessly suggesting an option that everyone else has firmly rejected.
- **Alvin Stauber**, from Spartanburg, SC, married a Southern belle, Susan, while studying law at North Carolina University in Chapel Hill. He has taught in the Business School at Florida State University and lived in Tallahassee for more than forty years, frequently teaching in the summer program in London. The son of a rabbi, he remains the most religious among the Avengers, even performing Shabbat services on occasion and performing more than a dozen wedding ceremonies.
- **Harvey Stone**, from Chelsea, MA, met Fleur not long after leaving Brandeis, and they have lived together, mainly in Santa Fe and Boulder, ever since. He has been a corporate consultant, writer, and political activist as well as a therapist. Fair to say that Harvey is the most committed to social change among the Avengers, which may explain why he had the poorest attendance at our gatherings over the years, although he never completely lost touch. He began to re-connect a few years ago and has been a presence just before and ever since Nels passing. No jokes here: It has been a blessing.
- **Ron Weinger**, from Oak Park, IL, left Brandeis after three years to attend medical school in Chicago. He returned with his wife Kate to practice medicine in the Boston area, where he is now, by his own description, The World’s Oldest Oncologist in Continuous Practice. He remains argumentative, politically conservative (though definitely anti-Trump), and still at his Brandeis wrestling weight.
- **Dick Winkelstern**, from Lynbrook, NY, met Linda while he was attending Tufts Dental school, and they married soon thereafter. After serving as a storefront dentist for the poor in Boston, he moved to the Rochester area, where he joined the Sikh faith,

changed his name, and headed a successful dental practice that allowed him to retire early and build (with his own hands—and Linda’s) a new home at the Chautauqua Institution, where he still lives and co-directs the summer meditation program with his wife. Subagh is also an accomplished sculptor and woodworker. He continues to wear a turban, which helps to identify him in a crowd.

The point of this roster, besides serving as a “Where are They Now?” article for former classmates—the Avengers rarely have appeared in this magazine’s Class Notes—is to celebrate the diversity and accomplishment of this bonded band of overachievers. The Avengers can be found from Cape Cod to Florida to San Francisco. They are comprised of two medical doctors, three professors with PhD’s, two lawyers, one dentist, four authors (Harvey published a novel, Wink published four books on meditation), and two entrepreneurs.

Having worked in residential liberal arts education all my life, I understand the enduring ties that living, playing, and studying together can create among undergraduates. I also know that most of my readers have remained extremely close to one of two of their Brandeis friends after many years. But, hey, this is *ten* guys after nearly *sixty* years! That strikes me as remarkable. And another thing. Someone pointed out at one of our more recent reunions that *we never fought with each other*. That time with Rich Fertel’s alarm clock was the last occasion anyone could remember when someone was seriously angry at one of us, when we felt the need to *avenge* a personal injustice.

With advancing age, the Avengers have found ways to gather more frequently than every five years. In 2005, Lynda Safron arranged a surprise celebration for Saf’s 60th birthday in Sedona, AZ. The Fertels got stuck at the Columbus airport in the midst of a snowstorm, but nearly all the others made it to Arizona’s Red Rock sunshine. The Sedona weekend was followed by similar gatherings in White Plains, the Brandywine Valley, New Hope, Sun Valley, and, in 2019, Boulder. A subtle transformation had marked the 21st century gatherings: instead of simply re-telling the old stories, we began to focus on our present lives. Dick Winkelstern, “Wink,” had become a Sikh, Subagh Khalsa, or “Swink,” as we re-named him. Harvey had more or less left the group, and we speculated about what was happening with him, and then, unexpectedly, he returned. We shared our concerns about children, retirement, illness, grandchildren, politics. News replaced nostalgia. But always there was the laughter... and the profound regard that it imperfectly concealed. Joe Perkins began a new practice of calling each one of the Avengers on Thanksgiving Day after 9/11, simply to say hello and to give thanks for our friendship. In time, that tradition evolved into a conference call, with nearly all of us talking at once in cacophonous confusion. Here we are again at the 45th Reunion, minus Harvey:



**Pictured clockwise from the top: Nelson, Fertel, Michaels, Winkelstern,
Hausner, Safron Weinger, Perkins, Stauber**

Then Nels died. We had an emergency conference call soon after to exchange details, plan a summer gathering in Boulder, and express our grief. To lighten the mood, we took turns counting the number of prescription drugs we took each day. Three of the Avengers attended the memorial service at the Nelsons' summer home in Shepherdstown, WV. Six of us flew with our wives to Boulder, where Harvey showed us the sights.

Then Covid-19 arrived. Our technology skills had improved. Ron arranged for a Zoom conference and, despite a couple of glitches, everyone managed to appear. The virtual reunion went so well we scheduled another, and then another. Here we are, fifty-four years after Ralph Norman first took our picture:



The Circle had morphed into a geriatric version of Hollywood Squares, but the faces still reflect sheer joy in each other's company. For decades, we had jokingly discussed the idea of forming a legal tontine, a contract whereby we would each regularly contribute a sum of money, and the last to survive would inherit the fortune. When we reached our seventies, however, without acknowledging the fact, we stopped talking about the tontine. Our sense of mortality had overtaken our sense of humor. Instead of a financial inheritance, we had all privately realized that our friendship was a far greater legacy. Bob Nelson had the last word on this shared good fortune. In Sun Valley, at what proved to be the final reunion he attended, instead of re-telling the legendary car chase, Nels spoke about how much being selected to join us in 1963 had meant to him personally. He had thought he had been asked principally because of his athletic prowess (considerable, but still exaggerated) and without the prospect of enduring fraternity, but for the first time in his life he had found not just acceptance but meaningful camaraderie, and that this connection had provided comfort throughout his entire adult life. The rest of us around the table, wives included, became quiet. He had touched a truth that everyone felt. The moment passed, we lifted our glasses and laughed, but the memory now lingers behind our septuagenarian smiles.