

The World's Only Quarterly
Thirderly Newsletter

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Issue No. 17

"Lies! Lies! All of It, Lies!"

JHS Class of 1972 Thirderly On-Line Newsletter

Welcome to this, the seventeenth
newsletter of the Jericho High
School class of 1972 and friends.

Official Propaganda Tool of Jericho High School's Class of '72

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Be There or Be Square ...

FOX News Poll Shows That Real Americans Agree "Reunion in 3-D" Will Be Best Party Ever

In a new FOX News poll — and *what could be more* reliable? — 99.9 percent of Americans surveyed agreed that the October 6 reunion party starring the classes of 1971, 1972, and 1973 will be the best in the history of carbon-based life forms. Only one dissenting voice was heard, from a Mrs. Ethyl Chloride of Tachycardia, Arkansas, but according to her sullen grown daughter, Polly Chloride, "Mama don' like no nuttin' no-how." So there. ■



What can you expect at this fabulous party?



*A fun, energetic,
upbeat crowd! →*



Rockin' music, baby! ↓



Elegant cuisine! ↑

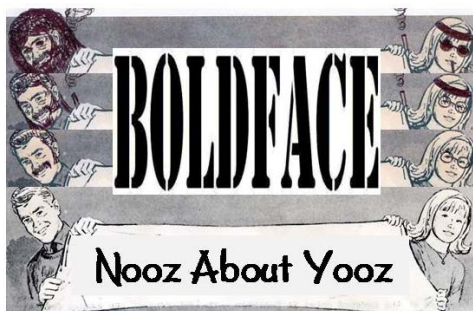
*A chance to renew
old friendships! ↓*



*Wild, uninhibited
dancing! →*



So be there!!!



Two-Ringler Circus

The postcard shout-out (below) from the class of '70's **Meredith Ringler** is self-explanatory. Meanwhile, sister **Randye Ringler** (technically '73 but graduated in '72) is part of a group trying to bring America's national pastime to India.

Randye, who worked for the New York Mets for many years and has a 1986 World Series ring to prove it

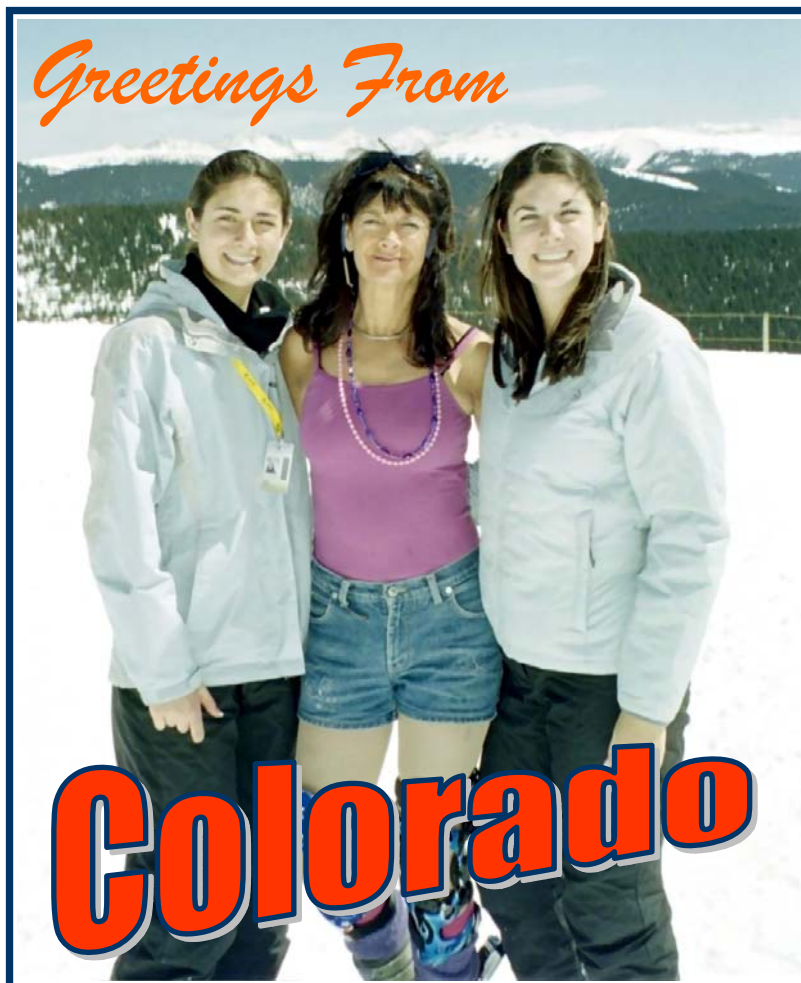
(where's yours, Bill Buckner? Oh, that's right: You don't have one!!!), is on the board of directors of First Pitch: The Us-Manipur Baseball Project. "I contacted Spalding Baseball and Major League Baseball International last year," she explains, "and we sent hundreds of free gloves and balls to Manipur, a small state of in the Eastern Himalayas, to upgrade their woefully inadequate equipment. Their instruction level was also subpar and MLBI sent two coaches to conduct an intensive camp and clinic, certifying dozens of coaches and teaching dozens of children.

"Our chairman has a diplomatic background," she continues, "and the U.S. Embassy cosponsored us and our coaches to travel to eight cities in India, promoting baseball. The whole experience went so well

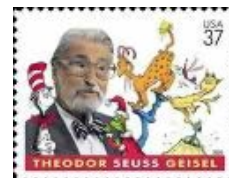
that India has donated land in Manipur, and will pay for the building of a baseball complex for us in Imphal. It will be a *real* Field of Dreams, with the Himalayas in the background! We are planning to start a Little League soon. Two of their top coaches are traveling here in September for more training, and our coaches from MLB return to India in November for more clinics and to work on the new baseball complex."

To learn more about the Us-Manipur Baseball Project, go to www.baseballinIndia.com, says Randye, who lives in Queens. "You can also google us easily though 'First Pitch Manipur November 2006.' In conjunction with the baseball development, we are producing a documentary, too."

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That's the class of 1970's **Dr. Meredith Ringler**, surrounded by daughters Sarah and Kimberly, both 5'10" basketball players. She writes:



Hi there! Happily single again after thirty years. Loving life with a great career as a psychologist, fabulous kids (seventeen and twenty-one), fun, active lifestyle, a friendly "ex," and two great dogs. Live on a mountaintop in a home I built next to a hiking trail. (Yes, I also do real estate development.) For fun I do triathalons, skiing, biking, hiking, mountain climbing, weight lifting, swimming, water-skiing, diving, snowshoeing, skate-skiing, skating, and traveling with my daughters. I'm actually a lot stronger and more athletic than I was in high school (even though I was captain of the Jayettes) — it's all that Rocky Mountain water and the thin air! So come to vail for a visit, and I'll show you around! Hope all of you in the class of '72 are doing well!

Nooz About Yooz

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Play bawh! All pray to "Lefty," the Hindu goddess of our national pastime.

Anyone interested in sponsoring or investing should contact Randye at randye-ringler@aol.com or on her cell phone at (917) 846-4640. ■

Big Move for Sanford Sylan



Ordinarily, a person's move to a new city doesn't merit an article in the newspaper. But opera singer **Sanford Sylan** is one of the most celebrated baritones in the world, so it's understandable that the city of Boston

was sorry see him go.

Sandy, who came there from New York in the late 1970s, recently relocated to Montreal to teach at McGill University. As he reflected in an interview with the *Boston*

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face 2 face

In our travels around cyberspace, we frequently come upon photos of former classmates. "Face to Face" features folks who perhaps didn't make it to the last reunion, so we haven't seen them in a while. If they come to this October's big party, now you'll recognize 'em. Since the photos and brief biographical info are in the public domain anyway, we don't think they'd mind being featured here for old friends to see. Can you *believe* how good everyone looks?! *Maybe they're all robots.* Yep, that must be it.

Robert Cohn



Lives in Orange, CT • Attorney specializing in estate planning and administration, and elder law • Married to Cindy; three children • Secretary of the Connecticut Surfcasters Association.



Robert Belkin



Lives in Scarsdale, NY • Cardiologist and internist practicing in Hawthorne, NY • Married to Beth Broadwin from the class of '74, and daughter of math teacher Mrs. Judy Broadwin.



Arlene Berrie (1973)



Artist, lives in Miami Beach, FL • Master of Fine Arts from Boston U., Bachelor of Art from Harvard U. • Has exhibited in New York and Miami • Resident artist at Art Center South Florida • At right, "Super Squad"





Catch Up With ...

Gail Spiegel Cohen



I had a lot of different interests in high school. I wrote for the *Jer-Echo*, I was in the tutorial society, I was a Booster, I played volleyball. And I was president of the German club; we started in seventh grade with about forty kids, and by the time we were seniors, the only ones left were me, Arlene Brimer, Laura Herrick, and maybe two or three others. (That was still double the size of the Latin club, though!)

Most of all, I loved science. First I had the double team of Mr. Efrim Sherman and Mr. Herbert Kramer for biology; those guys were a couple of pistols. They were absolutely fantastic. In eleventh grade, I had Dr. Barbara Krahm for chemistry. She was really devoted to us, and she had the ability to get this complicated material across. Then in our senior year, I had Mr. David Martin for physics. He was another wonderful teacher. (He offered to buy us all a steak dinner if we got 100% on the physics regents.)

I remember him calling me over one day, saying, "Gail, I have to show you something." There was this small room off the physics classroom. Maybe eight feet by eight feet. He opened the door and pointed excitedly to this wall of machinery.

"What in the world is this?" I asked.

"These are computers."

I had never seen one before. They were enormous, and took up the entire room. I have no idea what they were being used for.

"Just wait," he said to me. "This is the wave of the future." I thought he was crazy. When I saw Mr. Martin at our thirtieth reunion five years ago, I reminded him of what he'd said to me. Of course, he was absolutely right.

From Jericho, I went to the University of Pennsylvania. Four other people from our class were there: Bernie Silverman, Joel Lerner, Andy Iskoe, and Bob Banner. Joel and I decided to live in the same dorm. I studied biochemistry. I always thought that I was probably going to go into medicine, but I wasn't 100 percent sure in what capacity. After my freshman year of college I worked as a volunteer at Long Island Jewish Medical Center. At one point, I landed in the dental department, and I thought, *This is it!* I found it fascinating, plus I loved working with my hands. It required the same course of study I was already on, too; I didn't have to change a thing.

When it came time for dental school, I decided to stay at the University of Pennsylvania. I really loved Philadelphia, which is kind of like a mini-Manhattan. Growing up in Jericho, I went into

the city, but I really wasn't street smart. Philadelphia was a more manageable size. Very diverse, but not always very safe; I became street smart pretty quickly. I got season's tickets to the orchestra, went to basketball games and football games, the shopping and restaurants were great, and the Philly museums are incredible.

I would have continued living there, but after dental school, in 1980, I was accepted into a residency program at LIJ. (Dentists don't have to do residencies, but if you can get one, it's a real feather in your cap.) My older brother, Alan, from the class of 1970, is a cardiologist at New York University Medical Center and lives with his wife and three children in Englewood, New Jersey. He convinced me to live at home for my residency year, which would allow me to save up some money. So I moved back to West Birchwood with my parents.

We had moved to Jericho from Queens — didn't everybody? — when I was in the fourth grade. Both of my parents are Holocaust survivors, from the same small town in Czechoslovakia, though they were twelve years apart in age. In 1995, on the fiftieth anniversary of the end of World War II, they flew back to Czechoslovakia and met

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"Dentistry is so different today than when I went to dental school. Years ago, you mainly did 'drill and fill,' and clean teeth. That was it. Now, of course, a lot of my work involves cosmetic dentistry."

Gail Spiegel

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many of their old neighbors. Even though it had been so long, they all recognized each other. I couldn't go on that trip, but my brother did, and he videotaped the whole thing. While in Europe, they also went to the temple in Hungary where my father had been Bar Mitzvahed. It was a very emotional experience. My dad died two years later, so it was good that he got to go back. My mother, incidentally, still lives in our old house.

Love Blooms in the Emergency Room

My husband, Martin Cohen, MD, is a colorectal surgeon. We met during my yearlong residency at Long Island Jewish, in the emergency room. At the time, he was a second-year resident, one year ahead of me. We got married in 1982. Except for three years spent in Queens and in Allentown, Pennsylvania, where Martin did his fellowship in colon and rectal surgery, we've lived in Westchester.

And except for the dentist I have now, I had always gone to Eileen Marder-Mirman's father, Dr. Lawrence Marder, even after I was out of college. He was such a good dentist, and so nice!

My solo practice is in Mount Kisco — not far from our home in Bedford. I do pretty much everything: restorative work, prosthetics, implants, surgery. Dentistry is so different today than it was when I went to dental school. Years ago, you mainly did "drill and fill," and clean teeth. That was it. Now, of course, a lot of my work involves cosmetic dentistry. And with the new technology, there really is a solution to any problem. The technology changes so fast, that's why we have mandatory continuing education, which I really love.

I work three long days a week — Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays — so that I can be with my family and run the household the rest of the time. Martin and I have two children. Our daughter Stephanie, is a competitive tennis player. This summer, she spent one month playing in Spain, Monaco, and France. Have I

ever been to any of these places? No. I just pay for it.

Stephanie is entering her junior year of high school. She's a great kid. Besides tennis, she loves to read and write, she loves math, science, and English. She recently took up photography. And she just started driving — other than driving me crazy.

Our twenty-year-old son, Jonathan, is also an avid tennis player and musician. He is a junior at the University of Pennsylvania, studying business communications and real-estate development and finance. Right now he's studying abroad in Belgium.

Jerichonians — They're Everywhere!

I rarely get emergencies in my practice. Adults, children, infants — I see everyone, including some people from Jericho. I treat Michael Starobin and his family. He's Amy and David Starobin's younger brother. The first time I met him, fifteen years ago, I said, "Starobin? Do you have a sister named Amy?"

"Yeah. How do you know Amy?"

Well, she sat right in back of me: Spiegel, Starobin ... We had many classes together. Michael, like David is a musician. He conducts, orchestrates, and arranges for Broadway shows, as well as for television and radio. He's even won a Tony Award.

Here's another funny coincidence. Two coincidences, actually.

Joel Lerner and I have been friends since junior high school. Well, he married a woman named Bernice. It turns out that her parents were friends of my mother and father, from Europe. They were also Holocaust survivors.

Not long ago, we were up in Boston looking at colleges for our son. We were at the hotel, having brunch, when I noticed this young man who

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Gail at our communal 50th birthday party in 2004 with another Westchester-ian, Lori Nelson Shuster.

*First Person Singular***Lee Rose (nee Bloomerosen):
Ready for Act II**

My first acting role was playing the "allergy kid" in Can-tiague School's third-grade health play.

My parents, who both passed away in the last few years, are culpable in my moving into theater as a trade, and my younger brother, Jay, too. They used to take us to West-bury Music Fair, back when it was still in a tent, to see plays like *Annie Get Your Gun*, starring Lee Remick, and *West Side Story* with Richard Chamberlain. We used to go to Broadway all the time as well. That's really where my roots in theater came from.

I did a lot of acting in junior high and high school, starting with Mr. Michael Chairmonte's *Ten Little Indians*, but math and science were my big interests. I attended Union College, in Schenectady, New York, as a bio/premed major, probably due to pressures from growing up in Jericho to do something "professional." To my parents' credit, they were not suicidal when, after my freshman year, I realized, "I don't want to do this!" Dad was a salesman; Mom was a teacher in Syosset. I always felt that teaching was the most noble of callings — still do — so I decided to combine that with my love of theater and teach theater to college students. So I switched my major to English.

My mother was one inspiration for my decision; Mr. Steve Piorkowski was another. At Jericho, he really motivated us to find a love of theater, whether we were going into it professionally or nor. One thing I've learned over the years is that theater is a great tool for anybody in any

field, just in terms of being able to communicate and organize yourself. Or in learning how to play roles, which also comes in really handy in life.

California, Here I Come

I realized that if I wanted to teach college theater, I'd obviously have to get some training in it. Union College offered a truly liberal arts education; it didn't have a major in theater. So after graduating, I attended the California Institute of the Arts. I went there partly because its two-year program was new and innovative. For example, the movement program was tai chi! Plus, the school was in California, and who didn't want to go to California in 1976?

I got my first job teaching as a guest artist — which is a very common thing in the theater teaching trade — at Tulane University down in New Orleans. For a lot of people, when they graduate the choice is to stay in Hollywood and go into film, or go back to New York and go into live stage. I decided to split the difference and go to the Gulf Coast and do what one does in New Orleans. I stayed there a year, which is probably about as long as anyone with an addictive personality should remain in New Orleans.

In 1979 I returned to New York and did what actors basically do in New York, which is pick up jobs here and there, theater jobs, doing everything from making coffee to sweeping stages. Over the next ten years, I produced a couple of shows, directed an off-Broadway show, and



got involved in stage management. Everything's sort of intertwined.

I never did wait tables, though. I always worked backstage. I took my carpentry skills and helped built sets — I actually worked as a general contractor for a while. The impetus was that, being a teacher, of course I would want to know what goes on backstage. I really got into sound design, which has turned out to be my theater-tech specialty. I've presented on digital sound design at a number of conferences and things like that. As I tell my students, it's the cheapest form of theater tech. Sound can create all sorts of atmosphere, with hardly any expense at all, whereas lighting and set design requires a shop and people to build stuff. My first sound job was at Joseph Papp's Public Theater in New York City. It was an all-black production of *Long Day's Journey's into Night*, with Earl Hyman playing James Tyrone.

I also did some acting. One of my first jobs, interestingly enough, was acting opposite Cindy Rosenthal in a production of *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*, at the Priscilla Beach Theatre, in Cape Cod, Massachusetts. She played Lucy, I was Schroe-

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Lee Rose

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der. The first time I was in that play was in the 1972 One Act Play contest at Jericho High. Back then, I played Charlie Brown. And I was on crutches, having suffered a skiing accident the week before. Cindy was the director; to this day, she hasn't let me forget that. Cindy is probably my oldest friend. After the thirtieth reunion in 2002, we got back in touch, and it was funny to discover that we'd both gone in the same direction, teaching college.

Throughout the eighties, I was a visiting professor at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey. I taught acting, directing, film history — whatever course was available whenever someone was on sabbatical or leave.

In 1986, I married Jody Stollmack. We'd actually met while students at Union College. In fact, we acted together up there, then went our separate ways for about fifteen years. But some friends of

ours in New York obviously knew something that we didn't and kept inviting us to the same place at the same time.

Not long after, we moved together back to Schenectady, because a teaching position had opened up at Union. Originally we planned on staying just two years. It was so enjoyable though, that we stayed for eight years. Also, I had a spousal credit of one free course per semester. I told you that I'd started out as a bio major and switched to theater? Well, Jody had been doing professional theater, but she wound up earning her masters degree in biology at Union, one course at a time.

Then it was time to move on. In academic theater, you often get to the point where you outgrow the position; you develop yourself as an artist and instructor, and eventually the schools you're at can no longer supply what you're looking for. This doesn't necessarily happen to everyone, but it has happened for me, and the arts have a very circuitous path to get you where you're want to go.

Another reason that we wanted to leave Schenectady was that it was too far from the beach. I still miss Tobay Beach and always make it a point to go there anytime I'm back on Long Island. So we started scanning the country for where

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Nooz about Yooz

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Globe, "I'm fifty-three, and it seemed like a good time for a change. For me it came down to one thing, which is that the level of students I get to work with there is extraordinary because McGill is like Harvard and Juilliard smashed together, for Canadian kids.

"I started young, and I've done a lot, and it's nice to do a little bit less now and to focus on teaching. I've been blessed. There's nothing I haven't done that I wanted to do, and that's a nice thought."

Jon Carin: On the Dark Side

If you caught **Roger Waters's** set to end the televised Live Earth concert spectacular in July, you saw Jericho's **Jon Carin** ('82) not only playing keyboards and guitar but singing lead on "Us and Them" from **Pink Floyd's** *Dark Side of the Moon*. Jon holds of the distinction of having supported not only Waters but Pink Floyd itself and PF guitarist **David Gilmour**.



His musical CV includes dozens of famous names, including **Bryan Ferry**, **the Who**, **Billy Idol**, **the Psychedelic Furs**, and **Soul Asylum**. He started his recording career while still a teenager with the band **Industry**, which featured another Jerichonioid, **Mercury Caronia** from the class of '74.

Still More Music News: Mitchel Forman

Jazz keyboardist/composer **Mitchel Forman** recently returned from a tour of Poland with a band that included brass man **Randy Brecker**. "I was amazed by the jazz scene in Poland," he writes from California. "We did ten gigs and were greeted very warmly by a young, hip Polish audience." The last time Mitchell visited Poland was 1980, when he was a member of jazz legend Stan Getz's band.

"It's a beautiful country and has been through a lot of positive changes since I was there last," he contin-

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Lee Rose

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we wanted to live. *Money* magazine has an online service where you input all your criteria about where you'd like to live, and it spits back to you a list of cities you should consider. Of course, we put in all our criteria, and it came back: "Sorry, there are no places that meet all your criteria."

Sure enough, though, a position came up at the University of Maine in Machias. We'd been up the coast of Maine through Acadia National Park many times, and we thought it was absolutely gorgeous. We're nearly at the farthest tip of the country, just about thirty-five miles shy of the Canadian border. That's east of us, not north, which a lot of people don't realize. As a matter of fact, we really ought to be in the Atlantic time zone. The time zone actually jags along our eastern border to keep us in the same time zone as the rest of the east coast. You really pay the price when it's sunset at three-thirty in the afternoon in the middle of January. It's really crazy.

I've been an associate professor and director of the UMM theatre program for nine years. I like to say that I have a faculty and a half. It's me and a part-time person. He teaches acting, and I pick up everything else.

Loving Maine

As I'm writing this, I'm sitting on the deck of my house in Jonesboro, Maine, watching a seal floating on the water. Here come the blue herons. We overlook the Chandler River, a tidal river. The only water traffic are the clammers and the lobstermen. You don't hear any jet-skis out there. It's really cool, and pretty far from Jericho. It's quite isolated; we're surrounded by seventy undeveloped



Sweet! Home sweet home in Jonesboro, Maine.

school team, and we have a hoop in our "door-yard." (That would be *driveway* for you non-Down-easters.)

Growing up in Jericho, you'd tumble out onto the street, and there was usually a baseball game going on. Here the kids have to get on their bikes and ride some-



Sons Ben and Corin

acres, and the nearest house is across the river.

Jody and I came late to parenting. We have two boys, Ben, age twelve, and nine-year-old Corin. I wanted my kids to grow up in a place where building a fort in the woods and playing on the tidal flat was a normal everyday thing. And that's what they do. We're lucky enough to have a pool, a rarity in Maine, so all summer we've been swimming. We've also discovered the joys of basketball. The kids play on the

where. In fact, I'm working on a project to get permission from some of the local landowners to make a backwoods trail from our spur road through the woods to the school, so kids can ride their bikes there without having to go along Route 1, which is the major thoroughfare.

Ben and Corin do all the things kids do; they just have to go farther to do it. Which is pretty much what life is up here. I didn't think I'd ever live somewhere where I'd have to drive an hour and a half to buy underwear and socks. But that's pretty much the way it is. You can do shopping in Machias, the town where the university is, only about ten miles away. But for "real" shopping, you have to go up to Bangor, which is the nearest city. (Or what they *call* a city up here; of course, we know there is only one city ...)

There are lots of places to eat here in Machias if you like deep-fried seafood. Or there are ritzy places that mostly are open only for the summer tourist trade. That's

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Everybody's Got a Story to Tell — Even You!

So how about sharing it in a future issue? You can either write it yourself or be "interviewed" over the phone. It's your story entirely in your words. Pretty painless, really — even therapeutic. If you're interested, get in touch.

Lee Rose

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That's the other thing that's interesting about living up here, is that there's a real schism between the people from here and the people "from away." In the summer, the population triples. You see a lot more Volvos. It really is funny.

We crossed the border into Canada recently, which of course takes much more time than it used to, and the border crossing guard looked at Jody's and my licenses and said, surprised, "You live full-time in Jonesboro?" It's actually a shock to find people who "don't look" like they're from here who live here year-round.

From Directing and Producing to Writing

My brother Jay, who lives in Florida and also has been involved in acting on and off, said to me recently, "Don't you think it's time to stop teaching theater and getting back to doing it?" That's where I'm at right now. After twenty-eight years of teaching college, I've decided to leave teaching and return to being a

full-time artist. I'm on sabbatical for the fall 2007 semester, after which I am going in two new directions.

One of them involves my wife, and it stems partly from our being parents. We're starting this new venture called Tales Told. Over the last twelve years, we've come across lots of recorded audio for children. It was great to listen to in the car, especially when we'd be driving down to Jericho when my folks still lived there.

We realized there was nothing in the adolescent market of recorded audio. I've also realized from nine years of teaching college, that for some reason, adolescents are not learning to write anymore. I'm trying to figure out the reason for this. But I've found that the writing level of my students has really dropped precipitously.

It's frightening. I mean, people that you can hold a normal conversation with, and who sound intelligent when you're talking to them, you read a paper that they've handed in, and you can't believe it. It's like reverse plagiarism: Instead of the paper being too good, you think, *He couldn't have written this; he has a brain!*

A Bloomrosen by Any Other Name ...

After our oldest son, Ben, was born on February 11, 1995, we took the new family name of Rose.

With Tales Told, we're hoping to market CDs with associated study guides to the adolescent literacy market, which, I'm discovering, is drawing a lot of attention in academia these days. We also intend to market to home-schooling parents who may feel not qualified to teach the intricacies of writing.

Up to now, the two of us have done a lot of live performing, using sound. For the past three Halloweens, Jody and I have done Halloween ghost-story readings, which was what gave us the idea to proceed with this as a entire business.

The other thing I'm doing is playwriting. It's something I've been toying with your years and years. My first play, *Agency*, was just performed in a reading at the Opera House Arts, about two hours away from here in Stonington, Maine. It's a beautiful place, where they put on readings, performances, performance art, all sorts of stuff.

It's a comedic mystery, basically about a writer who's had a hit play but now has writer's block as he searches for motivation to write a new play. God knows where this idea came from. One of the actors turned to me and said, "I know you're Neil." You obviously work autobiographical elements into things. That character's forgetfulness figures in the plot, and while, yes, I am a bit of an absent-minded professor, it is not about me.

Anyway, Neil's friends says to him, "Look, you can't write a play by just sitting here in your room. You

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Lee and Jody telling tales.

Lee Rose

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March 4, 1972: Lee stars as Charlie Brown in the seniors' winning One Act Play entry.

have to get out, meet people, do things, find source material." So he goes out, meets a woman who looks familiar, can't figure out why, and, long story short, she's in the government witness-protection program.

In Act II, everybody's after this play, and people are jumping in and out of windows, and hiding, and blowing up safes. It's what we'd call a farce, but in the end it has a serious message.

It's taken me a long time. I workshoped it once with students, in a reading. You do staged readings for many reasons. One of them is for the author to actually hear his or her words and "see" what they sound like. We then actually mounted a workshop production that was done in a local theater. After that, I rewrote the play to be more modern.

At first, Neil was writing on a typewriter. I decided to update it by

having him work on a laptop. In this reading at the Opera House, which took place on August 29, the director, Judith Jerome, decided to give it a film noir-type feel, with a narrator.

I sat in the audience as just another audience member. Afterward, the cast invited me up on stage to sit and lead the talkback session with the audience. That's a great experience, hearing a bunch of strangers respond to your work. A lot of their comments have informed where I'm at with the play at this moment.

Again, this is all a process. When is a play done? In a sense, it's never done. Theater is a much more personal art form than film, in that way. I like directing theater and acting in film, and the reason is, I don't want to be the last person giving the finished product to the audience. In film, that would be the director. The actors are finished, the film is in the can, then it's up to the director (and the film editor) to decide what the art is. On stage, it's the actor who hands it to the audience, by being up there

acting; that's the final interface between the actor and the audience. I prefer to be in the background, which I guess is why I'm gravitating toward writing, because that's even further in the background.

Follow Your Heart

I believe in the importance of following your heart. It's would be impossible for me to pursue playwriting and Tales Told while still being a full-time professor. That's why I'm leaving the University of Maine. I feel very strongly about these two projects and about the importance of the arts in general. I noticed a sign at the Stonington Opera House: "Incite art, create community." I think that's what art does. It's a shame to see what's happening in schools, and how shrinking budgets are causing administrators to cut back on classes in the arts. That's part of the reason why Jody and I are taking this tack to turn to Tales Told and hopefully fill that void. ■

Gail Spiegel

Continued from page 5

looked exactly like Joel. My son said, "Mom, what are you staring at?" I said, "That young man over there looks exactly like somebody that I went to school with. But as a teenager."

"Are you in the Twilight Zone, or something?" he asked me.

I said, No, I'm not kidding."

I turned my head, and there was Joel. That was his son, Joshua, up there. His parents were up in Boston that same weekend and were staying in the same hotel. ■

**Don't Miss the Reunion in 3-D!
October 6, 2007!**

Gail's Mr. Voigt Story

I had Mr. Voigt for Asian-American Studies, in ninth grade. One of the assignments was to write a paper describing the armamentaria for all of Africa. Well, there were something like 120 countries in Africa. All of these little dots on the map!

I spent an entire school vacation writing this paper: over one hundred pages, typed. And this was when all we had was Correct-a-Type. And do you know what he wrote on my report? "Not long enough." Not "You did a nice job; you got all the countries." Just "Not long enough." Maybe he was kidding, but my mother actually called him to complain.

Mr. Voigt was ... unique! But he was a great teacher! ■

TOONS CARTOONS CARTOONS OTOONS SCARTOONS SCARTOONS



By Dan Clurman

About Dan:

"I have been a coach and educator for the last twenty years, delivering training and classes in non-profits, universities, and corporations.

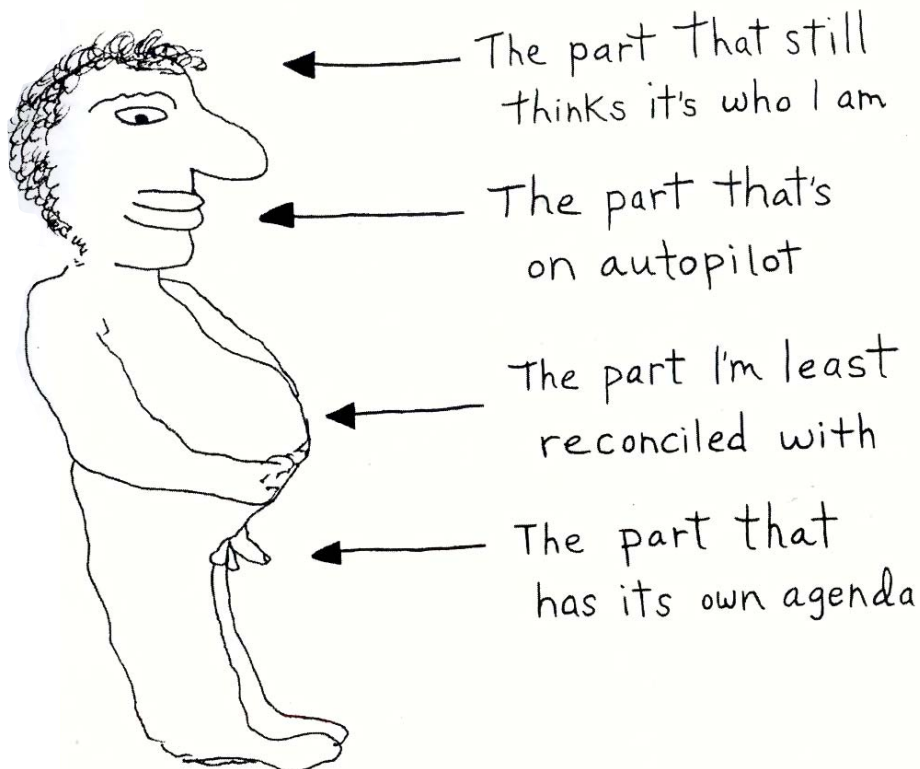


"I assist professionals, business people, couples, and students to more skillfully navigate life transitions, as well as improve their communication and presentations. I also have a small practice as a Feldenkrais® practitioner, a movement-based form of education.

"I've cowritten a few books, *Money Disagreements: How to Talk About Them* and *Conversations With Critical Thinkers*, as well as a book of poems and drawings, *Floating Upstream*."

These toons are part of Dan's just-published book *You've Got to Draw the Line Somewhere*, available for \$15 at <http://www.dantoons.com>.

Daniel Goleman, best-selling author of *Emotional Intelligence*, has this to say about *You've Got to Draw the Line Somewhere*: "impish but pointed, edgy and astute, wise, and just plain funny."



CLURMAN

History of Jericho, Part XCVI

The Jericho Free School (1973–1974)

An Oral History

Featuring: Diane Freedman ('73) • Janice Grubin ('74)
Mr. Robert Hoffman • Lynne Margo Rosenbaum ('74)

How It All Began

The Jericho Free School, a school within a school, evolved out of Mr. Bob Hoffman's Future Studies class.

Mr. Hoffman: I taught Future Studies for years, starting in 1970. It came from reading Alvin Toffler's book *Future Shock*. The idea was that kids learn history. Fine. But none of these kids are going to live in the past; they're going to live in the future, and nobody's talking about the future. I proposed a class where we examined the future and seeing which trends were possible, probable, and predictable.

I think it was the first Future Studies class east of the Mississippi. The concept became popular nationwide later in the seventies and early eighties. I must have spoken about it at 150 to 200 seminars all over the country. At one point, I was teaching three or four Future Studies classes.

One of the big topics we talked about was the biological revolution. About two or three years ago, I was jogging in my Jericho neighborhood when a car pulled up alongside of me. It was one of my former students, who also still lives in White Birch. He said, "Remember when we used to talk about cloning, and everybody thought it was so ridiculous and would never happen?"

The notion of a free school came partly from talking about Summerhill, the British alternative school. Janice Grubin was the leading advocate for it. She was a worker, and very serious
Continued on page 13



← *Dome, dome on the range. Rich Walters (right) works on constructing the Free School's geodesic dome in the spring of 1973. By the end of the '73-'74 school year, the structure had been vandalized and more or less abandoned, though it remained standing for several years.*

THE DOME RAG

By Lynne Margo Rosenbaum, 1972

Are you living in the wilds of suburbia?
Maybe it's a bit of a drag (can't dig it).
I got something, I said we're onto something,
That maybe you should give it a chance.

'Cause when you're living in rows and rows,
It kinda gets to feeling like dominos.

Oh, dome, dome, build me a dome,
I can't live in a box anymore.

Is it true that right angles make you square?
Oh, they're definitely so uncool (I believe it).
Wouldn't you rather be a slick dome hippie,
smoke dope, and join the Community School?

No place finer on the land or sea.
If I had a dome, that's where I'd be.

Dome, dome, build me a dome,
I can't live in a box anymore.

You're building a home, the choice is your own.
An overgrown doghouse or an elliptical home.
Buy one that deflates and when the neighbours balk,
You just pack up your dome and take your home for a walk.

Do the walls and the ceiling make you so up-tight?
Maybe it's time for a change (why don't you try it?).

Share it with the stars and your friends and a garden,
You give your head a little re-arrange.

No finer deal that I could wangle,
To be a geodesic rather than rectangle.

Dome, dome, build me a dome,
I can't live in a box anymore (anymore).
Can't live in a box anymore!

Free School

Continued from page 12

about things. If Janice said she was going to do something, she did it.

Talk about establishing a free school within the high school surfaced late in our senior year. But the concept really gained momentum at the start of the 1972-73 school year.

Janice Grubin: Mr. Hoffman's Future Studies class was incredible. It provoked me to set myself on a journey to find a better way to learn. Aside from Mr. Hoffman's class, and a few other gems, found school boring.

Growing up, we were products of a certain age; I reveled in being a rebel and a hippie and thumbing my nose at the establishment.

For me, the idea of a free school was a way to address the boredom and frustration I was experiencing.

There were already alternative schools on Long Island, although most of them were private. I began visiting them. The other two people who were mainly involved in this were Roy Schwartz ('73) and Glen Lebowitz ('74).

The three of us plotted to figure out a way to bring something like this to Jericho. We wrote up a proposal. It took a lot of effort, thought, and research; I was very proud of it.

Lynne Rosenbaum Johnsen (now Margo Random, professionally): The treatment that Janice and Roy put together was absolutely brilliant, like a PhD dissertation: this long, weighty, learned, scholarly tome. I couldn't even wade through it! The administration just caved; they couldn't turn it down, that's how incredible it was.

Getting the District's Blessing

Mr. Hoffman: It actually was surprisingly easy to get the district to approve the idea. But then, one of the things I loved about teaching in Jericho was that you could do most anything. For instance, I invited the Mat-tachine Society out to talk to my Future Studies class; they were the first gay organization in the country. The term *gay* wasn't even used at that time. And there were no phone calls or complaints from parents or the administration.

Another time, in 1969, I invited a member of the Black Panther Party — this guy from Westbury — to speak at a general assembly in the auditorium. Again, no resistance at all. I remember, when he walked in the building, I stuck out my hand, and he refused to shake it; called me a honky or something.

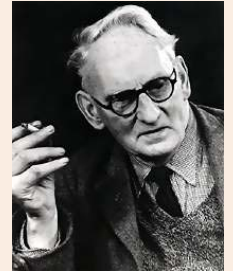
Janice: Dr. McKee, the principal, was a very nice man. (In my yearbook, he wrote:

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BUCKY WHO? FUTURE WHA-?

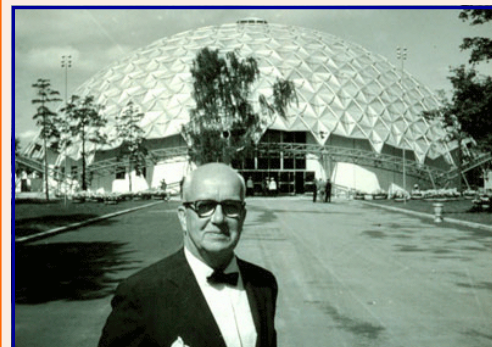
IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ...

- **Summerhill, founded in England in 1921 by Alexander S. Neill**, is the original alternative school. At the time, Neill was derided as a "corrupting influence" on children, and his program ridiculed as the "Do as You Please School." In 1960 his book *Summerhill: A Radical Approach to Child Rearing* became a number one best-seller in the United States. A sample of Neill's philosophy: "The function of the child is to live his own life — not the life that his anxious parents think he should live, nor a life according to the purpose of the educator who thinks he knows best." Even today, attendance at Summerhill is optional, although the vast majority of students can be found in class. Unlike in many colleges.



A. S. Neill, having just bummed a smoke from a Summerhill first-grader.

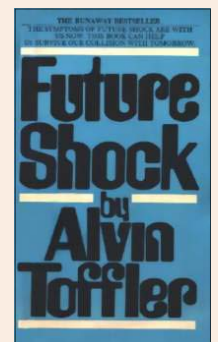
- **Designer, author, inventor Buckminster Fuller** designed the light yet strong, energy-efficient, and cost-



effective geodesic dome. He and his wife lived in one, too. To date, more than 200,000 of the structures have been built, most

notably at Disney World's Epcot Center and the U.S. pavilion at the 1967 Montreal Expo.

- **Futurist/sociologist Alvin Toffler** published *Future Shock* in 1970. The best-selling book predicted an explosion of new technologies in all areas of society. At the same time, Toffler warned that this influx of newness might prove overwhelming to human beings — hence the term *future shock*.



Free School

Continued from page 13

“To Janice: Best wishes to the girl who organized Jericho’s first community school, and in the process did so much for the regular school. Be sure to stop back and tell us how things are at Reed. You’re one great kid.”) He said, “This is a great idea. We’ll present it to the board of education and see what happens. I can’t remember the ins and outs and the back and forth, but it passed. I was surprised, actually, and elated when it happened.

The Free School, given its own room, near the art rooms, got underway in spring 1973, with shop instructor Mr. Robert Simon in charge. Then there was the dome ...

Diane Freedman: The room was painted blue and purple, and had a couch and a colorful rug in it; we got to mess around with its decor. There was something a little absurd, though, about having the Free School within a regular school.

Margo (who wrote the song “The Dome Rag”): There was a lot of talk about domes back then, what with Buckminster Fuller and all. It seemed like an appropriate symbol of our solidarity and our commitment to this counterculture thing. We built it ourselves; I remember passing the hammer. It was a tall geodesic dome made of tubular steel. No covering, though. Took up the entire circular patch of grass there in front of the school entrance.

Mr. Hoffman: We used to conduct classes out in the dome. Other times it was almost like a senior lounge; kids would go out there to play music and sing or just sit around and talk.

Principals of the Free School

(Not to Be Confused with Principals)

The Big Three



Roy Schwartz



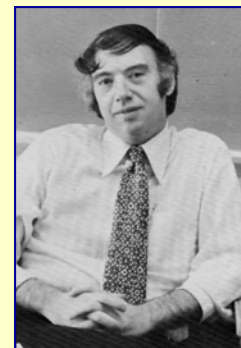
Janice Grubin



Glen Lebowitz



Mr. Robert Simon:
put in charge



Mr. Bob Hoffman:
big supporter

The Free School: Better in Principle Than in Practice

Margo: The idea was that we were going to teach one another, without the need for teachers and bureaucracy. There were no teachers. We did a few interesting things, like encounter groups, which was very much of its time. But mostly, we smoked a lot of pot, really. I remember teaching guitar to a few people and getting a flute lesson in return. What else? We

all read Tom Wolfe’s *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* and then sat around talking about it. That’s about all I can really remember doing apart from hanging out in this common room.

In theory, it sounded amazing. But in practice, it wasn’t. After we’d all done our bit to impart what we knew and had our few music lessons, or whatever, we soon grew kind of bored.

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Jericho Free School

Continued from page 14

Diane: The idea of the free school was that it was a room without walls. There weren't walls between the disciplines. There weren't walls between



teacher and student; it wasn't hierarchical. The learning would evolve out of the students' interests. Those were the founding principles. But we didn't have a coherent curriculum and don't follow through. I suppose, though, in an era where people were imbibing too many weird substances, that would be the case.

I remember Roy being the champion of massages. We didn't do a whole lot of academic or even socially activist materials. I mostly recall a lot of energy going into talking about the concept, wondering which teachers were our allies and could be imported to help us out, and how we should decorate the room. I do remember kneading bread, which I'd never done before and was very erotic! I don't know where we would have cooked it, though ...

One of the cool things about the Free School was that it allowed people from different grades to talk together. Because most of our classes, even if it was an advanced class, you were with your same-age peers. Here you got to fraternize with people younger and older than you.

By the end of the fall 1973 semester, the Free School more or less dissolved. For one thing, Janice and Margo both graduated early that winter.

Janice: I wonder if the administration didn't approve the Free School partly just to pacify us. We were given a room and no money. For me, it was a bitter defeat n that I'd tried so hard to make it happen. What I'm going to say next isn't intended to hurt anyone's feelings, but I'm being honest:

When we'd drafted the proposal for the Free School, I'd envisioned it appealing to people who were high achievers and wanted to take an active role in structuring their days. But most of those people weren't interested; they didn't want to jeopardize their chances of getting into a good college.

In retrospect, I don't know that they were wrong about that, because it was unstructured, and we really didn't have the proper guidance. I mean, what was I, all of seventeen? I'd read a few books, but certainly I wasn't equipped to do the kind of things that I had envisioned the program would do. Instead the Free School attracted a lot of people who just viewed it as an easy way out. Maybe my idea was just unrealistic and too much to expect of high-school kids.

Looking Back

It's easy to dismiss the Free School as the product of youthful naivete. But it was a noble idea and also testifies to the progressiveness of the Jericho School District. Can you imagine, say, Hicksville or Westbury giving its consent to an alternative school back in 1973?

Margo: The Free School was started with lofty and noble inventions. It was a great idea. And the fact that they allowed us to do this even for a year or whatever it turned out to be was absolutely incredible.

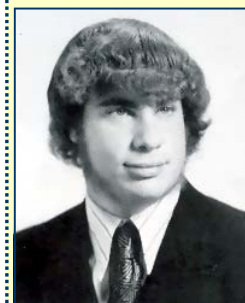
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Takin' Care of Bidness!



Rich Zlattner Farmer

Wamepacc Creek Farm
and Goat Dairy
Cambridge, New York



I always wanted to live on a farm, so I was a fish out of water my whole life on Long Island. The

reason my family even moved to East Birchwood in 1956 was that, at the time, Jericho was the last stop on the Northern State Parkway. (Remember, there was no Long Island Expressway yet.) My parents didn't realize this was the beginning of a building boom on Long Island; they thought I was going to get to grow up working on farms as a kid.

Although my family weren't farmers, we were always connected to farming and the rural lifestyle. In 1904 my grandfather started a cigar-manufact-

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Rich Zlattner

Continued from page 15

uring company. He and my father spent a lot of time going to tobacco farms to buy tobacco. They had tobacco shipped in from Havana, Cuba, of course, but they also bought American tobacco — especially after the United States cut off relations with Cuba after Castro came to power.

I used to spend all my summers going with my father to tobacco farms all over the country, buying tobacco. Animals were always my biggest interest, though. After we finished going to the tobacco auctions, we used to sit in on livestock auctions and equipment auctions, just for fun.

Growing up on Long Island didn't offer much opportunity for indulging my interest in rural life. I belonged to the 4-H Club during elementary school, although they did odd things; I once received a ribbon for "Safe Bicycle Riding" (?). And another for growing carrots. In high school, I was copresident of the Ecology Club. Science teacher Mr. Sherman was the faculty advisor. We periodically gave talks — at a local temple, at the fire station — to the community about issues like organic gardening and how to use beneficial insects like ladybugs. I don't really have a lot of aspirations that much of it sank in, but maybe it had an impact on a few people.

I'd really been interested in going to an agricultural college, but my parents pretty much talked me out of it. After all, they didn't own a farm; I was going to graduate college and buy one hundred acres? It just wasn't going to happen. So I majored in environmental science at the University of Stony Brook — and later at C. W. Post — in the hopes of becoming

a wildlife biologist; at least that way I'd have something to do with the rural lifestyle and animals. It never really panned out, though. I got my bachelor's degree in wildlife conservation and a masters degree in a combination of marine biology and environmental science, but in the mid-seventies, when I graduated, not a whole lot of money was being put into the environment.

I ended up getting a job with the New York State Health Department doing water analysis in Long Island's new water-pollution lab in Stony Brook. (In fact, I just celebrated my thirtieth anniversary with the department.) There was a water crisis on Long Island at the time; a lot of wells were turning up polluted with trihalomethanes, which are thought to possibly be carcinogenic. From there, I moved around within the health department. Nowadays I work in the architectural bureau, doing architectural reviews of hospitals, nursing homes, and medical clinics.

I always had side jobs, too, like owning an antiques store in St. James. It started off just because I liked to rebuild and refinish old furniture. I didn't even know anything about antiques. But one day a an antiques-dealer friend of mine walked into my garage and said, "Man, you have a goldmine in here!" I said, "Oh, it's just junk that I play of

with." He convinced me to go into an antiques show that he was in, and I ended up doing the best anybody there, and I kind of got hooked on it: "Gee, you can buy this old stuff, take it apart, play with it, reglue it and re-finish it, put it back together, and people give you money for it? Cool!"

Rich Buys the Farm — In a Good Sense

The whole time I was working in the health department and running my antiques store, I was looking to get promoted and transferred to upstate New York, where I am now, so I could buy a farm. Specifically, a goat farm. And in 2000, I finally did it.

That year my wife, Karen, and I bought a ten-acre dairy farm that had been out of production for years. It's in Cambridge, New York, although the postal address is Johnsonville. The house is over two hundred years old, as is the barn. Together we are slowly working on turning it back into a viable goat dairy.

Karen grew up on Long Island too and also had always wanted to live on a farm. This is the second marriage for both of us. We met at the health department, where she worked as a hospital inspector. We started living together in 1998 and married three years later, after we'd moved up here. We're in Washington County, literally a stone's throw away from Vermont. You can see the Green Mountains from our window. Cambridge is sort of an upscale agricultural town; very artsy too. Most of the people in the town are either new farmers or third- or four-generation farmers, and we have a lot of musicians, painters, and people like that.

Now, on Long Island, you might live next door to somebody for years, see them through your window every day, and never say hello. The neat

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"I always wanted to live on a farm, so I was a fish out of water my whole life on Long Island."

Checking In With the Classes of 1971 and 1973

Since we'll all be getting together again at the joint 35-year reunion, we thought we'd reacquaint everyone by profiling several members of the classes of 1971 and 1973 in each issue. We all have our own definitions of success. It could be our families, our careers, or winning

the award for Most Back Hair at the county fair. Just still being here after fifty-plus years is an accomplishment in itself. Everyone's life is uniquely interesting. If you'd like to share your story in a future issue, please get in touch; we'd love to hear from you and about you.

Charles Kopelman ('73): Agent of Change



Long before graduating high school, it was clear to me that I was very interested in the theater. I may have come to it somewhat genetically, as my

grandfather, for whom I'm named, worked in the Yiddish Theater. In high school, I sang and danced in Harlequin Players productions: *How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying* and *Good News*; acted in a one-act play contest (we thought we were so-ooo cool in our production of Ionesco's absurd *The Future Is in Eggs* as sophomores — though we did win!); and adapted and directed our senior-class one-act entry, *Small Packages*.

As a kid, I saw quite a few Broadway musicals and plays, and by the middle of my freshman year at NYU, I was going to the theater about four times a week. I connected with it and had an instinct about it from a very young age, and at some point it seemed inevitable that I would pursue it professionally one way or another.

At NYU School of the Arts, I studied with legendary acting teacher Stella Adler, although I already knew that I didn't want to be an actor. I transferred to NYU's "University with-

out Walls," where only a minimum of classroom time was required, and I got to earn credits for independent studies and internships. I designed my own curriculum, and worked at budding off-Broadway companies like Playwrights Horizons and Manhattan Theatre Club — now both extraordinarily prolific. And, basically, I did anything a kid looking to break into the theater could do: got coffee, built and painted scenery, assisted directors, stage managed, read and evaluated scripts, and even acted some. It was a firsthand opportunity to see the reality inside the "glamour," learn a lot of practical knowledge, and it allowed me to explore the creative side as well. I was making contacts in the professional theater during college, with people I still work very closely with today. I was lucky to be in the right place at the right time. And that continued after my graduation from NYU.

Early Experiences

I spent the summer of 1977 at the Berkshire Theatre Festival in Stockbridge (where I painted more scenery!) and got the plum apprentice part: eight lines in a 1920s George Abbott melodrama, *Broadway*, playing a gangster in my scene with Gilda Radner! That fall I drove a truck through Nassau County as stage manager of *A Little Tour of the*

1930s — produced by a newly formed CETA-sponsored troupe based in Seaford. In fact, Jericho teacher Ray Matienzo had given my name to an actor who was in the company, and that's how they found me. When I write my memoir, I can honestly say "I toured senior citizen centers and nursing homes!"

I learned a lot about how the press works and publicity working on feature films, restaurants, television shows, and other events during a stint at Zarem, Inc. I worked in Management Services at TCG, a national service organization for not-for-profit theaters across the country. I helped begin ELM Video Theater in 1981, when programming for cable television was exploding. It appeared that HBO, Showtime, A&E, and others would invest a lot of money in arts programs — which they did — but it never really took off. Even though some of it was very cool!

We'd pitch ideas at HBO for TV productions of theater shows, and after the initial meeting — if we sold it, we'd be invited to the taping! Cool, yes. But I missed the whole process of putting the production together and began to gravitate back to the theater. I directed off-off Broadway at that time and then began my career as a producer.

First I coproduced off-Broadway a play called *Total Eclipse*, by Christopher Hampton — about two nineteenth-century French poets. We nicknamed it "Total Collapse," as it was a big flop! I then partnered on

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Charles Kopelman

Continued from page 17

Joe Orton's *Loot*, a black comedy that opened at the Manhattan Theater Club and received excellent reviews. This was 1986, and my business partner, Mark Simon, and I transferred it to Broadway, coproducing with David Merrick — he of the legendary status, having produced *Gypsy*, *Hello, Dolly!*, *Marat/Sade*, *Look Back in Anger*, *Promises, Promises*, and *42nd Street*. Merrick was seventy-five and had been badly incapacitated by a stroke three years earlier; his speech was mostly indecipherable. A profile of him in the *New York Times* just before we opened noted how he'd raise his hand high in the air for me — "the tall one" — and hold it low for Mark, who is much shorter.

Loot was nominated for five Tony Awards, including one for Best Revival, so I have a lovely framed certificate. And we did win several other awards, like the Outer Critics Circle Award for Best Revival of a Play. The show lasted only fourteen weeks on Broadway, and after it closed, true to form, Merrick tried to stiff Mark and me with a huge advertising bill: over \$150,000! We won the dispute in arbitration and got every dime we were owed.

Following *Loot*, I helped resurrect a theater in Dallas, Texas, and wound up directing a musical called *American Jukebox*. It was a '50s and '60s revue, similar to *Beehive*, which became a huge local success, and we toured in Japan, Houston, San Francisco, and Atlanta.

In 1989 I began producing Charles Ludlum's hilarious comedy *The Mystery of Irma Vep* — first in a regional theater in England, then we transferred to London's West End. The reviews were pretty good, and audiences liked it; it was becoming a



kind of cult hit. I thought I might've finally hit it with *Irma Vep*, but just as it was really starting to take off, the first Gulf War exploded. London was a target for terrorists. The news kept people home, and you could watch the war "live" on television, remember? A lot of shows closed in London, and *Irma* was among them.

I'd flirted with moving to L.A. in the early '80s and actually tried it for a while around '87, but New York was always my home. My notion of being bicoastal was always more focused on New York and London than New York and L.A. And with my family close by, it's remained my home. My brother, Ken, lives with his wife, Nancy (both Jericho class of '69), a few blocks away on the Upper West Side, and my sister, Rima, class of '67, is also in the area. Our dad passed away when I was still at George Jackson, but our mom is in good health and lives very independently in New Jersey.

Charles's Act III

When the 1990s started, I was looking for an umbrella to put over all my

experiences, knowledge, contacts and know-how. An actor friend said, "You'd make a terrific agent." At first I was reluctant, thinking about the sleazy reputation agents had in general. But I began to explore it, and very soon after it seemed a natural fit.

I find it to be very much like producing, bringing together all the creative types that make up a production. I took a job working in a small actors' agency to see the inner workings, and within a year I started my own, Charles Kopelman Artists, with 2.5 clients. But I wasn't interested in representing actors. I looked after directors and designers — scenic, costume, and lighting — to start. It grew very quickly. Representing directors, I quickly discovered that I was often the second person to learn about a project. In order to be the first, I needed to represent writers: playwrights, composers, lyricists, and so on.

So that's what I did for the next five years, and in 1998 I entered into discussions with yet one more legend in my life, the theatrical agent Flora Roberts. She was in her seventies, and her associate, Sarah Douglas (a contemporary of mine), and I put together a business plan about how we might work together. Just as we were ready to present it to Flora, she died. Sarah and I quickly negotiated a deal with her estate to take over Flora Roberts, Inc., which we still run.

In addition, Sarah and I formed our own partnership, Douglas and Kopelman Artists, Inc. We operated both agencies side by side for five years, and almost two years ago, we agreed to become the codirectors of the literary division at Abrams Artists Agency, which is where I work now. We still run the other two agencies independently, and it works very well for everyone.

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Brian Vanderslice ('73): Get a Hobby? He's Got One



My time at JHS was actually rather brief — less than three years. My sister, brother, and I had a real "peripatetic" life growing up. That's a word our father

taught us. He was a college professor of linguistics and phonetics, so we learned some interesting words, and that was one of them, because it applied to his career.

I was born in Burlington, Vermont. From ages three to eight, we lived in Honolulu, Hawaii — five different houses in five years, on or

near the University of Hawaii campus. Then it was on to West Los Angeles near UCLA for four years, then a year in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and in 1969, off to Jericho. My dad was teaching at the City University of New York in Queens at the time. We lived on the corner of Scott Avenue and Broadway in a grand old house that was owned by a developer and would eventually become a parking lot, forcing us to move yet again.

I have to say, after Vermont, Hawaii, California, and Michigan, no one in my family was really prepared for the culture shock of moving to Long Island. (Excuse me, that's "Lowng-Guyland".) California and Hawaii had been so laid back, and Ann Arbor was a totally hip college town;

hitting the L.I. suburbs of NYC was culture shock, for sure! Suddenly the lyrics from that Monkees tune "Pleasant Valley Sunday" ("... here in status-symbol land") made sense.

My sister, Ellen, graduated from JHS in 1971. She'd formed some deep connections back in Ann Arbor, so she immediately moved back there for a year, before going on to Coe College in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Ellen was always extremely independent, much more so than I was.

By the middle of my junior year, the house in Jericho needed to come down. My father had been transferred to Hunter College in Manhattan, and the commute from Jericho was tough, so my folks started looking at places in Westchester. Next thing ya know, we're headed for Pleasantville, New York. And I was like, "You're joking ... right?"

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Charles Kopelman

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You're probably wondering, What does an agent do? Primarily, Abrams Artists represents actors for film, theater, television, commercials, voiceovers, and so forth. My division operates autonomously, as we don't represent performers. Our clients are behind-the-scenes "creatives": composers, lyricists, playwrights, screenwriters, novelists, directors, choreographers, scenic, costume, lighting, and sound designers, video artists, music directors, a dialect coach, a fight director — working in theater, film, television, and opera, and in publishing as well. We represent many award-winning artists in all areas.

I spend a lot of time on the phone. I look after my clients' needs. They look to me for so many things, and I take on a lot of responsibility

for their livelihoods. I form a kind of partnership with each of them dependent upon their needs. I introduce them to people, promote them and their works, seek projects for them, negotiate on their behalf, advise them, and scream at them when necessary. I'm mother, father, husband, wife, lover, shrink, financial adviser, and friend; the essential connections.

Each relationship is like a marriage, and the commitment is for the long haul. When it can take five, six, seven, *eight* years to get one new musical produced, you'd better believe that our loyalties and love are tested, and we pledge to stay the course. Each person becomes his or her own team. Sometimes they're the captain, and sometimes I'm the captain.

I have a lot of dead clients too! They're often easier to deal with! These are the estates and beneficiaries Sarah and I represent. There are

about 450 plays on the Flora Roberts, Inc., backlist, some of which date back to the 1920s. We've unearthed some fascinating properties: little-known plays by Dorothy Parker and Christopher Fry, and we also have very well-known titles, like *The Diary of Anne Frank* and *The Miracle Worker*, among them. I represent the original play *The Jazz Singer*, by Samson Raphaelson, which I'm currently in negotiations for to turn into a stage musical.

The move to Abrams has been very satisfying. The worries of running a small business are gone, and my focus is 100 percent on my clients. Basically, I do the exact same thing now that I was doing before, just from a different location and phone number.

I consider myself one of the lucky ones; my dreams stayed alive, and in the sometimes cut-throat business I chose, I seem to have done pretty well for myself. ■

Brian Vanderslice

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Of all the moves we'd made, that one was probably the most bizarre and easily the most traumatic. I'd never had to move in the middle of a school year before, but this one took place in April 1972, while I was on the high school trip to Russia. In fact, I spent the day before the trip getting signed out of all my classes. As fate would have it, on the flight over to our first stop in Amsterdam, I was seated next to a certain beautiful cheerleader senior, Andrea Celenza.

I knew who she was, but she had no clue who I was, and maybe that worked to my advantage, because we seemed to hit it off. We laughed and joked the whole way over and became practically inseparable during the whole tour, going everywhere together, usually arm-in-arm. It gave a magical quality to what was already an amazing adventure, seeing the Soviet Union in real life and in color. By the end of the trip we were madly in love — at least I was.

Unfortunately, when we landed back in New York, I no longer lived in Jericho. So after we came through customs at JFK and everyone was greeted by family, everyone headed for Jericho, and I headed west and north with my family to a new life in Pleasantville.

But it wasn't possible to leave Jericho just yet. I had been playing bass in a band with Rob Goldberg, Steve Fishman, and a couple of guys from the Five Towns. Probably one of the best bands I was ever in. So on weekends, I would take the train from Pleasantville to Grand Central, then hop two subways to Penn Station, and take the LIR to Hicksville, where Rob, or someone, would pick me up. The first time I went back, I was able to drop in on Andrea at



Guess we're moving! Standing in front of the soon-to-be-demolished Jericho house are Brian with brother Nate, sister Ellen, and Mom. As Joni Mitchell once sang,, they paved the property and put up a parking lot.

Mid-Island Plaza, where she worked on Saturdays. We had been in touch via a few letters and phone calls in the intervening weeks, but this was the first and, as it turned out, the only time I would see her after the trip. We shared a brief and tender moment of reunion, but it was pretty clear that real life had set in, and things were not the same. After all, she was and I was ... somewhere else.

But the band played on. We practiced or had gigs nearly every weekend till the end of that school year. It was a strange time, because I felt like I was neither here nor there. When summer came, that was pretty much the end of my connection to L.I. All my bandmates were off to

camp or wherever, and I was kind of left kicking around Pleasantville, not really knowing too many people. Luckily, I found some guys that had a band and needed a bass player for the summer while their bass player was away. That worked out nicely, and I ended up having a great summer, making some great new friends and getting to know my new surroundings.

A New Life!

Moving and changing schools can be rough. I should know — by that time, I was an old hand at it. But it can also be liberating. There were no preconceived notions of me to live up to,

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Brian Vanderslice

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and I remember having this bizarre sort of premonition, or, like, a vision of the new, totally-outgoing me. At Jericho I hadn't exactly been a nobody, but I wasn't a somebody, either. Going into my senior year in a new school, I decided that all bets were off. I was just going to cut loose, let it all hang out, let my freak flag fly, be funny, have fun, make friends, play music, do whatever came naturally, and not hold back one iota from being whoever I was meant to be in that time and place.

Thus, I launched headlong into my new life. It was a much smaller school, which made it that much more comfortable. I fell in with a bunch of friends who loved Marx Brothers movies and Firesign Theater as much as I did. We would do whole scenes of dialog, in character. I met more musicians, and we formed a rock band called "Slice and the Undercuts" (the lead guitarist's idea). I got into theater, joined the Assembly Council, and helped put on some great programs, many of which I MC'd.

It was a jam-packed year. I had set out to make a splash, and I guess I did, because for Senior Day I was voted "Class Clown," as well as "Boy with the Nicest Hair (!)," but more importantly, I was elected by the class to be one of the two speakers at graduation. That was quite an honor, and the speech went over really well, so it was the final highlight of an amazing year.

College — For a While

I didn't know what to do about picking a college, but when I visited Ellen at Coe and had an awesome time, that was it: Little did I know how out

About the Hair ...

My sister was responsible for that. In tenth grade, my hair had gotten a little long, so one day Ellen said to me, "Hey, let me use this comb on you." She parted my hair in the middle, pulled it down on the sides, slapped a headband on it, and said, "That's it. That's your new look."

With the two-week trip in Russia coming up, I decided that it would be too hard to manage and cut it off. I looked like a different person. When I showed Andrea Celenza my passport photo — taken with my earlier hairstyle — she said, "Oh! You're *that* guy!"



of place I would feel at a Midwestern liberal arts school, when I really should have been doing engineering, or something much more technical. I hated my first year, then backed off the heavy academics the second year and took lots of theater, music, and ceramic art, which I loved.

Ellen and I overlapped at Coe only by a semester, because she headed off to do a teaching internship in Ithaca, New York, mainly to be with her fiancé, Scott Parker. Today they live in Portland, Oregon, and my parents live just a few blocks away. I get to see them all once a year or so — maybe twice in a good year.

After a couple of years at Coe, I took a year off to live at home, mainly because my father was away teaching in British Columbia that year, but also I needed to figure out where I was going with the whole college thing. I did some part-time courses and part-time jobs for a while, but at some point I needed to

work full-time. Next thing you know, I was driving a school bus. I *loved* it; best job I ever had! And I was the best driver those kids ever had; they loved me! (Okay, maybe not the eighth-graders — they were tough!)

My So-called Career(s)

Fast-forward ten years. I went from being a driver to route supervisor to terminal manager, in charge of fifty people and working ten-, eleven-hour days. I hated that job! I was married by then, facing a divorce. No kids, which made the divorce that much easier, but in the long run, is that a blessing?

Whatever: I needed a change of career, and I had always been good at taking things apart and fixing them, so I answered an ad for "Business Machine Repair Trainee." They couldn't believe that I wanted to leave a management position with salary, benefits, and a company car to take a trainee job, and it meant quite a pay cut at first, but four years later, I was their manager of technical services. We were a Panasonic office automation dealer. Back then, that meant copiers and electronic typewriters, and, eventually, fax machines. Today it's "digital multi-function document management systems."

I held that position for about the next decade, until the spring of 2001, when Panasonic asked us to help salvage a failing dealership in Syracuse, New York. Basically, the guy they'd helped put into business there had embezzled it into the ground, and everything was on fire — people couldn't even get toner, let alone service. So the company was like "Hmmmmm, who can we get to go up there? Someone who knows how to fix every Panasonic machine ... knows how to soothe even the

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most irate customer ... No wife, no kids, no pets ... Hey, Brian — we need to talk to you!"

So I was elected. We knew it would take at least a couple of weeks to get a handle on the situation and see if there was anything left to salvage, so I got an efficiency room in an Extended Stay America with a weekly rate. A couple of weeks turned into a couple of months, which turned into two and a half years! I'd go home every couple of weekends to collect my mail, water my plants, and sleep in my own bed, then head back to Syracuse. Sometimes it sucked, but I got the commuting thing down, and there were lots of things I had two of. That room upstate was like a studio apartment, my home away from home; in fact, for the last two years there, I never checked out. They told me I was the longest-staying guest they'd ever had, and the regional manager gave me a copy of the painting that was on the wall of my room.

At the outset, it was quite an adventure. For some reason, I just loved exploring a new city and meeting new people (can't imagine why.) But after a couple of years, the novelty had long since worn off, and I began to wonder if the company would ever strike a deal. Of course, when the assignment finally became permanent, they couldn't get me out of the hotel fast enough! The pressure was on, and I had to make a tough decision, because now I had two lives going at once, and suddenly I had to choose one. It wasn't easy, and there was a lot to be said for the stability I had achieved in Westchester — living in the same place for over twenty years — but in the end it was about moving forward somehow.

I had put a lot of sweat equity into making this branch operation a reality, and I needed to see it through. Not to mention real estate being affordable, which in Westchester it wasn't — not even remotely. So I packed up, hired movers, and relocated. I bought a townhome in Baldwinsville, which is in the northwest suburbs of Syracuse. Attached garage, big deck, finished basement, central air, and a real, working fireplace! For a former apartment dweller, this is living large! There's lots of nice countryside here. I can come home from work, jump on my bike, and ride in the country. Unless it's time to mow the lawn. There's a lovely lakefront park with rollerblade paths. I'm a stone's throw from a couple of rivers,



too, so I can throw my kayak on top of the Subaru and go for a paddle. But when the wind blows, it's *all* about kiting!

World-famous Kite Flyer?

Not so much anymore, but for a while there, back in the day...

My interest in kiting goes back to when I was a little kid, living in Hawaii. My dad was quite the kite enthusiast. We used to fly right on the university campus, often launching several stick-and-paper kites from one string. In later years, we entered a few kite-flying contests. At one of

them, in Ann Arbor, we won the High Flyer Contest, got a blue ribbon, and made the newspaper. Who knew then that competitive kiting would later become my primary avocation?

In the mid-1980s, my interest in kites was rekindled. My wife and I took a vacation to the Outer Banks of North Carolina, where I did the "Kitty Hawk Triathlon," consisting of hang-gliding, Hobiecat sailing, and windsurfing. I already knew how to sail, so sailing the Hobiecat was awesome in a windy spot like that. Windsurfing, I had never tried and it was *much* harder than it looked. But hang-gliding — wow!

After a two-hour class, they hook you into this kitelike apparatus, then a few more words of encouragement, and ! The sand dunes there were about seventy feet high, and it was the most amazing thing I'd ever done, watching the ground go away from under me. Like pushing an elevator button. I really wanted to keep on with it — until we watched one guy screw it up. His glider stalled, did a U-turn in the air, and slammed into the dune. The next thing you saw was him being taken off on a stretcher. *Well, that was fun*, I thought to myself, *but I won't be trying this at home anytime soon.*

As I was walking off the dune, I see this guy from the kite shop flying a twelve-stack of rainbow-colored dual-line kites. They're just swooping and looping around the sky. "Here, you want to try them?" he said. He put the straps around my wrists, and I took 'em up. Now, imagine twelve kites in a twenty-mile-an-hour wind. The pull was amazing! I leaned back, and my feet were skidding across the sand. I went right in and bought three of them.

A few years later, after my divorce, I entered my first stunt-kite contest, in Wildwood, New Jersey, on Memorial

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Day Weekend, 1988. That weekend totally changed my life! I didn't do well in the competition, but I had an amazing time and met so many wonderful people. I knew I had found my new place to be in the world, which was just what I needed.

As a novice, I didn't get to compete in "ballet," where the flyer selects a piece of music and then choreographs a routine that interprets the music with the actions of the kite. Like figure

skating, it's judged on both technical and artistic merit. It's incredibly expressive, and I knew right then I needed to do that. I got a new kite, practiced like a maniac, and three months later I was on the Marina Green in San Francisco, competing against the top flyers in the country at the West Coast Nationals. It was my first time flying to music in competition, and it went better than I ever dreamed. That event drew large crowds of locals, and when I finished, they went wild!

The roar of applause and cheers blew my mind, and I was *hooked!*

I spent the next decade and a half traveling the competition circuit, all over the country. I made tons of friends and had some amazing adventures. There was an incredible freedom to be myself in this world that I hadn't experienced since my senior year at Pleasantville High School. For every trophy I took home, there were probably a couple of crash-and-burn stories, but I made the top five more often than not and was nationally ranked in masters class for most of the 1990s, competing in seven straight grand nationals. My first nationals was held in Honolulu, Hawaii — first time I'd been back since we lived there.

Okay, I never won at nationals, but I managed to make a name for myself by just getting to lots of events

and going for broke, pushing the envelope — even if that resulted in the occasional disaster. I made it into the sport-kite magazines of the day with my "unique style," and in 1991–92 became the poster boy for the Scorpion Stunt Kite — brand new from England. That sponsorship got me not only free kites and some travel, but resulted in my being invited on a fully paid trip to Japan for a major festival in the spring of '92. I tell you, if I ever got my "fifteen minutes," that was it! I flew kite ballet demos in front of thousands of spectators, I was signing posters, T-shirts, and Scorpions. One guy even insisted that I sign his girlfriend's back! (Thank God there

was someone there to interpret; I had no clue *what* he was asking me to do!) The food was incredible, and there were several days of guided tours included. Pretty sweet!

In 1995 I signed on to help design a high-end stunt kite for Skynasaur, Inc., called "the Slicer," and it had my name on it. Man, I thought I had *arrived!* Unfortunately, their shoddy production was an embarrassment, and the thing went nowhere. I was really bummed about that.

In 2000 I was invited to be one of a

number of international guest kite flyers at the "London Big Time" Millennium Festivities, where we flew kites all day on December 31 off the bridges over the Thames River. I was on the Westminster Bridge, in the shadow of Big Ben, and was one of a few "Wandering Kite Minstrels," toying with the crowds with a soft four-line foil kite. As night came on, we got to stay right there, in the midst of literally throngs of people, for the most amazing fireworks show I've ever seen! That whole experience still ranks as one of my most incredible!

I competed for the last time in 2004 and am now retired from competitive kiting. It didn't pay much, but it was a helluva ride! These days, my buds and I spend our weekends wakeboarding and kitesurfing in the summer and kite-skiing our asses off in the winter.

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Brian with his sixteen-square-foot inflatable tube kite. Yep, that's a kite. "It's not the biggest one in my quiver — I have an eighteen-footer — but it's the biggest one I use regularly. It can't sink when it hits water, plus it works great on snow and ice, too, and you can get major air with it. I use it for both winter and water."

Brian Vanderslice

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What's Kite-skiing?

Frozen lake, downhill skis, a big traction kite, some wind, and *whoosh!* — you're going like a bat outta hell. See a little kicker, swoop the kite up high, bust a move off that thing, and fly ten or twenty feet in the air, cross your skis, do a grab, maybe a spin, *but* you've gotta land it clean, or it doesn't count!

It's a form of traction kiting, which means using large kites to generate locomotion of the flyer on a given surface, like a three-wheel buggy on grass, sand, or dry lake bed. All-terrain skates and landboards work too. A kite-surfboard on water, or skis and snowboards on snow and ice. I do all of those except the landboard, but I started with skis on ice in 1989 thanks to some of my kite-circuit friends in Erie, Pennsylvania. They have a great spot there on Presqu'Isle Bay, and they used to hold an annual Valentine's Day Ice Fly. I was a regular at that for many years.

Living in Westchester, I didn't get reliable ice every winter, but sometimes the Hudson would freeze north of Croton Point, and I'd have a killer playground five minutes from home. You haven't lived till you've kite-skied on river ice. But otherwise I had to travel, usually to events like the festival in Madison, Wisconsin, or the World Ice & Snow Sailing Association Championships. I went with a kiting buddy to WISSA '94 in Finland, and we were the first two kite-skiers to race in the newly minted "Kite Class." (The other two classes are "Fixed Mast" — like a windsurf sail on a sled — and "Hand-Held Sail," most of which look like a miniature hang-glider

that you hold in front of you.) I went to two more WISSA events, the last one in 1997 in Aurelia, Canada. I finally managed to get a trophy at that one by winning the over-all speed trials, beating every other racer in all three classes. So that year I was the fastest ice sailor in the whole world! (That and a buck-twenty got me a cup of coffee!)

Actually, it sort of got me my next sponsor, which was a traction-kite company. Of course, it was probably more luck than skill, and my speed was 38.6 MPH, which is nothing by today's standards. We've *all* gone faster than that around here, and we know it, thanks to GPS. My *documented* personal best is 49.8 miles per hour, but that's not to say I haven't broken 50 at least once.

You can bet that my interest in kite-skiing factored heavily into my decision to take the job in Syracuse. A month before my boss even mentioned it, I had been studying a map of central New

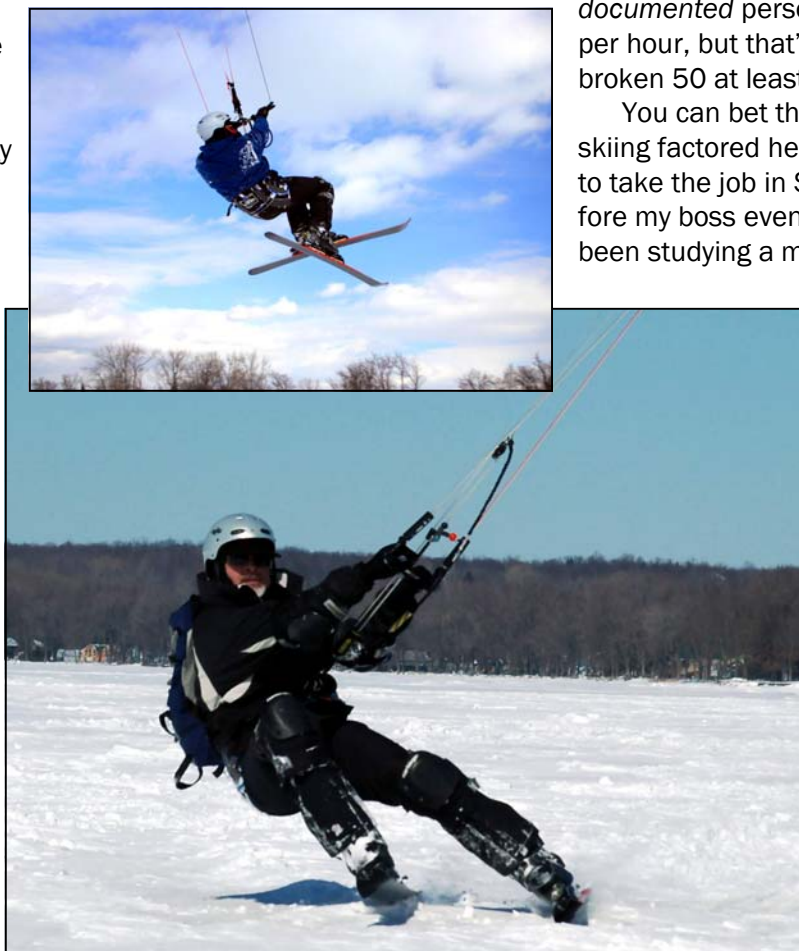
York, looking at Oneida Lake, near Syracuse, and scouting other potential spots nearby. So when they called me in and said they needed me to head up to Syracuse, I was like, "You're joking, right?" Hey, who else would volunteer to live in a hotel for two and a half years except some idiot ice-skier who's salivating at the thought of winter arriving?

Being up here these past six

years has totally taken my kite-skiing to a

new level! Oneida Lake is the largest landlocked lake in New York State. I call it the "thumb of the Finger Lakes." It freezes reliably every winter, and we've got it just too good!! So much real estate to shred! We started calling in reinforcements from New York City and New Jersey in recent years to help us rip it up; we call it the Sylvan

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Brian's motto is, "A great day of kite-skiing is going fast; a killer day is going fast and getting lots of air" — and thus going airborne. This photo was taken at Lake Oneida, New York.

MS Can't Stop Ms. Donna Mendelow Manvich ('71)



Mr. Matienzo and Mr. Vigilante were extremely influential in my decision to pursue a major in philosophy in college. I had Mr. Vigilante for advanced English,

and Mr. Matienzo taught existentialism. Howard C. Damon, one of my junior-high teachers, was also very instrumental in my interest in philosophy.

I went to Hobart and William Smith Colleges in Geneva, New York. Anyone who has been there knows that Geneva is in Bumblefuck. I declared a major in philosophy by the beginning of my sophomore year. At the time, I was the only woman philosophy major in the school. Back then, in the time of burgeoning political correctness, this meant that I was automatically a member of all of the department's committees. The committees were involved with the evolution of the department as far as curriculum and the hiring of additional faculty were concerned. Political philosophy was thus a natural outgrowth of my college experience early on.

So, in addition to watching the political maneuvering of philosophers, I got involved in working for the United Farm Workers as a legal research assistant in Washington, DC. I was working for Cesar Chavez and providing information on migrant workers to the Senate Subcommittee on Migratory Labor. Specifically we were trying to help migrant workers qualify for at least get some of the

basic benefits the rest of society enjoyed. At that time, migrant workers' children could not be educated unless their parents were residents of the counties where the schools were situated. Well, of course, migrant workers aren't residents of *any* county. I was very passionate about the cause. (Yes, that really was me outside of Waldbaum's asking people not to buy iceberg lettuce.) My experience with the United Farmworker's introduced me to the inner workings of the legal system in this country. I was hooked! The then vice president of the Union, Dolores Huerta, suggested I come to the West Coast to work in the legal department of the union there.

After going to college in the snow belt, a move out to Los Angeles seemed like an inspired idea. As an extra incentive, my father lived in Woodland Hills in the San Fernando Valley, outside of L.A. I was more than ready for a change in scenery; and someplace warm. I remember the conversation I had with my father that convinced me to move out to L.A. He worked in aerospace metals. He asked me, "Well, what are you going to do with a philosophy degree?"

I said, "I'm going to go into law."

"Well, how long is that going to take you?"

"I decided a long time ago that I would not allow my MS to prevent me from doing the things I want to do."

"It's going to take me a little while."

"Well, how are you going to eat?" I hadn't really thought about that.

So he said, "Come out to the coast, apply to law school out here, and I'll train you in aerospace metals and have you in the business."

And that's what I did.

Love (and Children) Derails Even the Best-laid Plans ...

Almost as soon as I got out to Westwood, (that's where I lived) I met my husband, Isaac Manvich.

We were introduced by a mutual friend. The first time we went out I told Isaac that I did not want a relationship and that I planned never to get married. We were married very shortly thereafter. Isaac is from Israel, although he's lived in the U.S. for forty years or so. He was very different from anybody I had ever known, partly because he's Israeli but also because he's Isaac.

His whole family is still back in Israel. He had promised his parents that if he married an American girl, they would have the wedding in Israel. So we got married twice. First, in a civil ceremony before a justice of the peace in Los Angeles, in July 1976. The religious ceremony, the "real wedding," if you will, was to take place in Tel Aviv two months later. Then we did something really stupid.

Isaac had already applied for a green card when we met, but it had not come through by the time we wanted to get married. So, we decided not to tell anyone in our families got married in a civil ceremony in L.A. prior to our religious wedding in Israel so that Isaac's application for permanent residency would be expedited. We were worried that people

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would think he was marrying me just to get a green card. However, Isaac is the kind of person who, if something is in his heart, it comes out of his mouth. He went to lunch with my father and told him we were married. This was not exactly the way I wanted to start out my life with Isaac, to have my family livid because, according to them, we actually eloped. Looking back on it, of course we should have just told everyone the truth. If I was a little older and wiser – and a little less dramatic – that's what I would have done.

The wedding in Tel Aviv was huge, literally! We had almost four hundred people there! I knew maybe fifteen of them, and out of the fifteen, maybe five spoke English.

All weddings in Israel were orthodox. Moreover, you had to prove that you were Jewish in order to get a marriage license. This was no mean feat for me, as the letter from our family rabbi that I carried attesting to this fact was worthless in front of the Rabbinute, the high court of rabbis in Tel Aviv. Our temple was reform and therefore not recognized! We had a two-day trial where a parade of people attesting to my Jewish heritage appeared before the I earned tribunal, and not a syllable of English was spoken. There was much pointing at me and raised voices.

Finally, somehow, they were convinced. After this ordeal, I asked my husband, "Please make sure that the rabbi speaks English as well as Hebrew." I at least wanted to understand what was being said during our wedding ceremony. Of course, the rabbi spoke not a *syllable* of English, so during the ceremony, I didn't have a clue what was going on!

But, after all, it was a wonderful night, a celebration that all who attended still remember fondly. There is just nothing like an Israeli wedding! I had traveled to Israel once before at the end of high school with Ilana Lewin, one of my best friends from Jericho, who was actu-

ally a Sabra (born in Israel). Because Isaac's family is still there, we've been back many times since.

As I said, I'd moved to Los Angeles intent on becoming a lawyer, and I did get into a couple of law schools out there. But Isaac and I had just started our own business: an ice-cream shop in Encino called Super Scoop. Isaac encouraged me to go into law, but I insisted on helping him build the business. True to my dramatic nature, visions of Golda and Tevya dancing in my head, I insisted on working by my husband's side. The fact that we did not kill each other during this time is a testimony to our youth, naivete and a sense of humor. Then, before I turned around, I was pregnant with our first child, Jenni-

fer. Four years later, Daniel was born. Both of our children were born at Cedars Sinai. Actually, Daniel was almost born on Laurel Canyon Boulevard as Isaac did his best Mario Andretti imitation racing from the valley to Beverly Hills and arriving at the hospital with literally moments to spare.

Then, in 1981, we were living in our townhome in Van Nuys when we had a 5.7 earthquake! I suddenly knew that I was no Californian. I looked out the window, and the water in the swimming pool was shifting from side to side, lapping over the edges and out of the pool. Jennifer ran into our room screaming. Our place was undamaged, but I decided at that moment that L.A. had lost its allure. From then on, every time a truck passed by or there was a loud noise, I was looking up at the chandelier to

see if it was swinging so that we could take cover. I had to live someplace where the earth didn't move without announcement. So we moved back to Long Island and settled in Stony Brook.

Diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis

Although I was diagnosed with MS in 1983, my symptoms actually went back as far as 1974–75. The first thing I noticed was a tingling sensation in my hands and

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Donna Mendelow

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thighs. Because I was a heavy smoker then, the symptom was wrongly attributed to poor circulation.

I knew about multiple sclerosis because back in college, a friend of mine from Jericho had been suspected of having it. Thank God he didn't. But at that time, I'd learned a good deal about the disease. Thus, when the diagnosis was made, I knew there was a chance my condition could worsen without warning and the severity of the attacks could not be predicted. What I have is called secondary progressive MS. It started as exacerbating-remitting, which is the form of the disease most common. This is when one has a flare-up of symptoms that disappear eventually, usually with full recovery. Secondary progressive MS is, as the name suggests, a progressive form of the disease where the symptoms do not disappear, and the disease becomes worse over time.

It's a difficult disease to live with. Among a plethora of other symptoms, I now walk with a walker, or, if any type of distance is involved, use a wheelchair. I have a lot of strength and balance issues. Plus, MS has affected my depth perception, which makes it difficult to negotiate steps or walk uphill. My children learned years ago to take advantage of my problems with peripheral vision by standing where I can't see them and then scarring the hell out of me. This amused them no end.

There is a quote I heard some years ago which has stayed with me and given me inspiration: "The key to life is not being dealt a good hand, but rather, in playing a bad hand well." With this in mind, in 1991 I earned my masters degree in philosophy from SUNY Stony Brook. A few years later, I started my own

Did You Know?

Donna and Roberta Solomon Wolens: Cousins!

I grew up in Brookville with two younger sisters, Debra and Robin. My cousin Roberta Solomon Wolens (class of 1972) is almost like a sister. Our mothers are identical twins, and we lived next door to each other. Today our mothers live in Ryebrook, New York, just five doors away from each other.

company, Sourcelink, Inc., an enterprise that resulted in me being named as the "MS Person of the Year" in 1996. The inspiration for Sourcelink goes back to a job I had working for Barron's Educational Series, in Hauppauge, as assistant to the general manager.

One of the things I did there was to handle the copyright permissions for articles and photographs that were to be used in Barron's books. I had the best time doing this! For instance, I got to speak with Dr. James Crick, one of the two scientists who discovered the structure of DNA. I left Barron's and eventually opened my own copyright and permissions company, with the help of VESID: the New York State Vocational and Education Services for Individuals with Disabilities.

It was a fabulous experience, which ended because I was a much better legal researcher than business woman. But I was lucky enough to work with entities as diverse as Muddy Waters's estate and the great Etta James on a retrospective of black influence on American music culture titled *Heart and Soul* by Bob Merlis and Davin Seay; the Smithsonian Institution on a book about Tupperware; and clearing the rights

to music by Smash Mouth for advanced computer-graphics programs at NYU. Clearing the use of copyrighted works renewed my desire to study law. After the demise of Sourcelink, I went to work for a local ophthalmologist whose patients included a number of attorneys and judges. Everyone was tremendously encouraging. I then came across another inspirational saying: "You are never too old to become what you might have been!"

A Law School Freshman at Age Forty-eight

Without telling anybody, I studied for my LSATs and was accepted by Touro Law Center. At the time, only Touro had an evening program, allowing students to graduate in four years instead of three to make up for the difference between the day program, with more hours, and the evening schedule. And that was it: I was finally doing what had I had wanted to do going all the way back to my junior year in college. I went to school at night and worked full-time during the day. I'd be up all night working, but I was elated by it all. My family thought I was nuts, but I know that they are very proud of me.

I love every aspect of the law. I've had several jobs. My first position was as a legal assistant at a Mineola personal-injury law firm, Sanders, Sanders, Block, Woycik, Viener & Grossman. If you watch *Judge Judy* at night, you'll see their commercials. You know the one with the guy falling off the tractor? That's them.

While there, I was introduced to nursing-home abuse, and I became the nursing-home litigation paralegal. At my next job, working for a sole practitioner, I thought my calling was going to be as an elder-law attorney.

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Donna Mendelow

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As a matter of fact, my clinic work with the community was in elder law. But then I went to work for a matrimonial attorney in Dix Hills and took to it like a duck to water. An attorney once said that you see basically decent people at their very worst. There is something tragic about witnessing a person's shattered dreams. Matrimonial law has much to do with putting a person back together not just legally and financially but psychically as well. And although I am not yet admitted, I've had some really terrific success stories. Now, after a tenure in matrimonial law that has lasted well over a year, there is really nothing I haven't seen or heard. It's funny, because somebody once said, "Oh, matrimonial lawyers are all a bunch of yentas." Well, as every law school graduate knows, the law springs forth from the facts, which translates loosely into "It's all in the story!"

The Kids: Jennifer and Daniel

I have two children of whom I am overwhelmingly proud.

Our daughter, Jennifer, received her bachelor of fine arts in vocal performance at Carnegie Mellon and a masters in theater performance at Ohio State. She is a starving actress and singer living on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, following her dream. Her resume includes studying opera in Lucca, Italy (Jen is a mezzo soprano). She currently supports herself by working in an administrative position with a company on Long Island that allows her the flexibility she needs for auditioning, and she works at Starbucks to supplement her income and feed her caffeine habit free of charge.

Our son, Daniel, holds a BA in biopsychology from Tufts University and is getting his PhD in neuroscience at Emory University, in Atlanta. When he was a senior in high school, Dan participated in the Westinghouse Science Competition. His original idea for a project was to map depression in the brains of individuals with MS, to try and determine why almost 80 percent of those with the disease are also diagnosed with clinical depression.

As part of his research, he visited Brookhaven National Laboratories, where he was introduced to a scientist who's now one of the heads of the National Health Organization. She showed him experiments they were conducting using the then brand-new brain imaging capabilities of the PET scanner. Dan's career path was pretty well cemented at that moment.

Dan, like his sister, is also a musician. From his freshman year on at college, he was a member of the Beelzebubs the national award-winning men's collegiate a capella group at Tufts. Dan has arranged a number of songs for the group both during his time at Tufts and after his graduation. His a capella arrangement of the Black Eyed Peas' "Let's Get it Started" went on to win "Song of the Year" for the group.

Finally, there is my husband, Isaac. One of his great accomplishments is that he has always been the solid ground that has enabled his family to do what it is they wanted to do most. Believe me, this has been no mean feat, as it has meant countless frozen dinners, an indeterminate number of nights alone, and other sacrifices too numerous to mention. We will be married thirty-two years this September.

My parents are finally convinced we did not get married for the green card. ■

Brian Vanderslice

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Beach Invitational, but anyone's invited. We've had as many as fourteen kilters out there showing off for the locals.

A Cancer Survivor

In 2005 I was diagnosed with stage IIA colon cancer. I'm a poster boy for the benefits of early detection. Luckily, I'd notice the symptoms — I just knew something wasn't right — and brought them up to my doctor. At stage IIA, the cancer has not grown beyond the colon's exterior wall, there's no lymph node involvement and no evidence of metastasis. The surgeon goes in laparoscopically, cuts out the diseased tissue, plus a little extra for testing, sews you back up, and that's it. As a precaution, I was offered oral chemotherapy. It was supposedly mild, but I lasted only five days on it. It was giving me these bizarro chest pains, a sign that my body couldn't tolerate this particular chemo, so my oncologist immediately discontinued the drug. (Of course, even at it's worst, I didn't let it stop me from kite-skiing!)

I just finished a battery of follow-ups, and nearly two years out, everything is fine. As far as I'm concerned, I *had* cancer, I don't *have* cancer.

It's funny the way my life has played out so far. After all those moves, even when I found some stability, I never really felt "settled" — especially after my marriage ended. But now I'm up here, I run the branch and have a lot of autonomy in my job, I have my own house, and I feel like, *Okay! Here I am. Let the real life finally begin!* I've got kite-skiing, kite-surfing, and other fun sports, and lots of good friends to keep me busy. Come on up! ■

**Wanna learn what some of your former teachers are up to?
Then drop in, pull up a chair, set a spell, but most of all —
NO TALKING! — at the ...**



Mrs. Gladys Clemmensen: Bitten by the Travel Bug

I always wanted to be a teacher. When I was a child, growing up in Queens Village, I had my little desk, chalkboard, and ruler in the cellar, where I would line up my dolls and start teaching the lesson for the day. My first real teaching job was in Uniondale. Then I taught in Levittown before coming to Jericho in 1963. I taught eighth grade through twelfth grade history in the junior and senior high schools.

Math teacher Louis Boroson and I used to discuss political issues all the time. He was definitely to the left, while I was more middle of the road, although by district standards I was conservative. But one of the wonderful things about Jericho was that Mr. John Bartul, the chairman of the social-studies department, liked having a diversity of views in his department. The faculty never felt that they couldn't say or do what they wanted. And the students were also free to have their say.

At the beginning of each term, I always made it a point to tell my students my background. I never would have done that if I were teaching a different subject, but in a history class it's important to know the teacher's background. I'd tell my classes, "I don't expect you to always agree with me, because you don't have my frame of reference. The one thing I will not tolerate is somebody thinking they're going to get a better grade by agreeing with me. Forget it!" And whenever students would say to me, "We want to take a class with you again next year," I'd discourage them from doing that. It's important to be exposed to different viewpoints.

My years at Jericho were some of the happiest in my life. The students were bright, caring, and involved in all school activities. As advisor to the Student Council and SAM, I saw our students devote so much of their time and energy to helping those in

need. I could not be prouder. Jericho is fortunate in having of Board of Education that is supportive of educational excellence. When I first came there, the board would supply you with any books you needed as long as you could justify your request.

Since Retiring, A Love of Travel

I thought I'd never stop teaching because I loved it so much. However, times change, and the new state-mandated social studies curriculum was so contrary to my philosophy of education that I knew it was time to retire and start seeing the world.

My husband, who was a National Park Ranger when I met him, was bitten by the same travel bug that I was. We now travel four or five times a year to exotic and off-the-beaten-path places. We just returned from an adventure of a lifetime on the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

Albania was a particularly fascinating nation. It's emerging from Communist dictatorship, and they call themselves a country in transition. Which it is. Everything is under construction: the roads, canals, and buildings. When you see photos of

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Mrs. Clemmensen

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what the streets had looked like just four, five, even ten years ago, you marvel at what they have accomplished.

Albania is a very scenic country, but their cities were so drab under Communism that the people felt they had to do something to lift their spirits. They painted all the old houses with the most vivid colors. Visitors get the sense that they are in a soda parlor, not a city. We spoke to many of the young students, who speak English very well. They are full of energy and enthusiasm. They are our to changes their lives and their nation.

Russia, too, has changed tremendously since the first time we were there in 1972. [See sidebar.] We've been back many times. On our first trip, if you bought anything, you picked it out, then you stood on a line to pay for it. *Then* you had to stand on another line to pick it up. Since then, it's become quite capitalistic. Plus, on our last visit, you saw people returning to the churches. Now that Vladimir Putin is in power, I've heard that Russia has changed again; he's taken the country back a few steps. It will be interesting to see. That's why I love traveling.

Besides traveling, I spend a lot of time volunteering in different organizations. I'm on the board of the Women's Division of the Salvation Army. I belong to Zonta International; it a women's professional organization that does a lot of work to advance the status of women around the world, and we work with the Interfaith Nutrition Network, and other womens groups.

I'm on the board of the Friends of Adelphi University Library, a member of the Community Club, the American Association of University Women — you name it, I'm on it!



Mrs. C. at the JHS Alumni Hall of Fame Induction Ceremony in April.

From 1957 to 2003, we lived in Old Westbury and the Jericho School District. You could not find a better

place to live. But we soon realized that our frequent travels created problems in our ability to maintain the property. We now live in the Wyndham Condominium in Garden City. We just shut the door and take off to our next destination without a thought about the pool, the sprinkler system, or the security of the property.

We also have an apartment in Kerrville, Texas, in the beautiful hill country just north of San Antonio, where my husband's family lives. Come visit us! ■

Nooz about Yooz

Continued from page 7

ues. "I'm half Polish and felt like I was going back to my roots. It really was a great trip for me, and I look forward to returning next year."

News from the Fialkovs

Sportswriter **Harvey Fialkov** files this report from his home in Plantation, Florida: "Daughter **Sarah** finished Nova High School with a 5-plus GPA. She was the two-time editor of the school yearbook and a third-team All County softball player. She had already won four scholarships and is up for two or three more. She also won the most prestigious honor at her high school graduation in May: the Titan Award for the student who contributed most to the senior class. Very cool.

"She's on her way to the University of Florida, where she'll join her big bro, **Jason**, who just finished his sophomore year. Both are receiving full tuition as part of the Bright Futures program for students with top grades.

"Not bad, eh? Lucky they take after their mother!" ■

About That 1972 JHS Trip To the USSR ...

In our spring 2007 issue (No. 16), **Mark Whitehill** wrote candidly about some of the, um, naughty goings-on on the class trip to the Soviet Union thirty-five years ago. Mrs. Clemmensen and her husband, Ross, were along as chaperones. What does she remember about it?

"I remember thinking that I'd never do it again." She's about to add more, then demurs. Diplomatically, she'll say only this: "We spent so much time getting our young people prepared for the trip. In the morning, the language teachers taught them some Russian so they could read the street signs and notices. We reviewed the history and told them what not to bring and what not to do, because this was a Communist country.

"But because they were Jericho students, they *brought*, and they *did*.

"The only thing that saved us was the fact that President Nixon was scheduled to visit Russia soon, and the Soviets didn't want an international incident!"

Free School

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Janice: I've mellowed as I've gotten older. Looking back, I think that Jericho provided a fabulous education, at least into high school. Maybe it would have been better if I'd done things a little differently back then. There could have been a lot worse places to go to school and to live. As for the Free School, I guess I would do it again if given the chance.

Janice Grubin, 2007

"People always said that I'd make a great lawyer," says Janice — a partner in the corporate restructuring department at the law firm Drinker Biddle & Reath LLC — "but it wasn't something I thought I wanted to do, because, frankly, I was kind of anti-establishment for many years.



"My master plan," she says, laughing, "was to become a major-market rock & roll deejay. Then perhaps I would go to law school and offer my talents to the people I worked with and the artists that I met." Janice did become a deejay, at Long Island's WRCN-FM. "I also spun records at the club U.S. Blues, in Roslyn, on Friday and Saturday nights, which was a lot of fun."

In 1983, however, she came to an epiphany. "The jobs I had were limiting. I felt like I wasn't tapping into my intellect," she recalls. "I took stock of where my life was, and I decided that it was time to get serious." Which Janice did, big time, taking the LSATs and enrolling in the Benjamin N. Cardozo School of Law at the age of twenty-eight.

Upon graduation, she accepted a clerkship with a judge in Utica, New York. "My father drove me up there in his Chevy Impala with my three thousand records and sound system," she says. "I think we broke his car's transmission.

"I didn't know anybody up there at first. The two years I clerked in Utica, I taught myself the bankruptcy code — I also read *War and Peace*, *Buddenbrooks*, and *Anna Karenina*." After a stint at a law firm in Hartford,

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Margo Rosenbaum, 2007

At Jericho, you'll no doubt recall, Margo was a regular in school plays and in talent shows, where she played guitar and song. She attended Stony Brook University but didn't stay there long. "As part of its program, I came to the Welsh College of Music and Drama," she explains, "and just kind of never went back." She's lived in London now for thirty years, dividing her time among acting, music, and parenthood.

"I did a lot of what you'd call fringe political theater and toured Europe a lot of with an all-women theater company," says Margo, who's also appeared on British telly and played a reporter in the 1985 Dan Akyroyd–Chevy Chase comedy *Spies Like Us*. Musically, she performed in a number of bands, including one all-women's group with the inspired name Cunning Stunts.

According to Margo, one night in 1981 Arthur Johnsen turned up at a gig in South London, "not expecting it to be any good, but he was really impressed." The couple married in 1986 and had a daughter, Abigail, four years later. "She's a lovely girl," says her mother. "She hasn't at all gone through the kind of adolescence that I did and turned on me, like a lot of young people seemed to do back then.

"Which," she adds, "I'm grateful for."

With Abigail getting ready to go to college, possibly to pursue a career in fashion design, "I'm just starting to get back into gigging." Not that she'd ever closed the door on music. In 1992 Margo sang and played guitar at one of Abigail's play groups. "All the mums there loved singing, as did the kids," she recalls. "They said to me,

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By Jericho Author Ellen Meister
(class of '75)

Janice Grubin

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Connecticut, Janice realized she missed New York City. “I came back in 1992 and have been practicing here ever since.

“I really enjoy bankruptcy law,” she says. “It can be very intense, and it’s intellectually very challenging, because you have a statutory code where there are lots of holes, and so the case law has to fill in the holes.”

One particular source of pride is a 1996 case on which she was the lead associate. “We represented a company that had to file bankruptcy because of asbestos litigation,” she explains, “and we ended up being the first company in the country to get a plan approved under a new bankruptcy statute designed to deal with asbestos.” These days her practice is varied, with a recent emphasis of serving as a court-appointed trustee of chapter 11 debtors.

When not working, which she says, “is most of the time, although that’s my choice,” Janice and her partner of twenty-one years, Dana Gordon, spend their time at their Noho loft and at a beach house in Old Saybrook, Connecticut. Her interests include wine, mysteries, swimming, and their miniature poodle, Roland. She still visits Jericho frequently, because two years ago her sister bought the family home in West Birchwood, when their parents moved to Port Washington.

Janice sees her late arrival to the law as an asset, reflecting, “I’d like to think that it has enriched my ability to be a better lawyer. I pride myself on being ethical, and it’s not just a business, it’s a profession. But by the same token, I’m entrepreneurial, driven, and ambitious, which I suppose are hallmarks of the traits I employed in bringing the free school to Jericho.” ■

Margo Rosenbaum

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‘We’d come to do this every week!’ And I thought, *Oh, really?*”

That was the inspiration for Blueberry, a children’s music group. Fifteen years later, Margo runs seven music centers where mums, dads, and youngsters between the ages of nine months and four years come to sing along. “We do parties as well, about a dozen or more a month, and I also send people out to perform at nursery schools.

“I always loved acting and singing in bands,” she reflects. “But I hated having to hustle for gigs. It never got any easier, either, no matter how big or successful a show you might have been in. So I kind of invented a job for myself! Obviously there was a niche for it: Mums were dying to get out with their babies and do something social with other moms, like singing. And the babies absolutely love it.”

Margo never intended to become an honorary Brit, although she recalls visiting England with her family at age seventeen and thinking even then that she could see herself living there one day. “I don’t think it ever dawned on me that I was staying for good, it just evolved that way,” she says. “We go back to the States often to visit my parents” — still on Putnam Avenue in West Birchwood — “and, because there’s no such thing as a British summer, to get some much-needed sun.” ■



Top: Margo back in the day. You knew her as Lynne.

Middle: Daughter Abigail strikes a similar pose.

Bottom: With husband Arthur Johnsen, who’s from Glasgow, Scotland.

Rich Zlattner

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thing about a small town is that everyone is involved in everything. Some people would probably find that hard to deal with, but here it really works.

Case in point: Not long after we moved here, a neighbor of ours, also a farmer, had a tractor accident that put him in the hospital for a couple of months. One day one of my other neighbors knocked on my door. "This guy down the road had an accident," he said, "and he's got a dairy farm. His kids can take care of the animals, but they can't bring in the hay and the feed, so we're all getting together to do that." Every night and every weekend, the whole community worked to keep this guy's farm going while he was in the hospital. That's pretty much how things happen around here. It's a real family atmosphere, where you feel like part of the whole community.

Karen and I came knowing a limited amount about farming, and the guy who owns the local tractor-parts supply store kind of adopted us. Now, tractors are very expensive. The first one I bought was a 1951 Ferguson; I mean, it was older than I was. The next one was a 1967 Oliver; I was moving up into bigger and newer tractors. He taught me a lot about repairing them and operating them safely. He didn't have to; he wasn't getting paid. But he would stop by now and then to give me some tips. Another neighbor taught me about haying. We did our own for a couple of seasons until we realized that it took too much time. But everyone gets involved. People were thrilled that we'd bought this farm and were putting it back into production after so many years. Because the farming way of life is pretty much dying all across America. Corporate farms are

"Every night and every weekend, the whole community worked to keep this guy's farm going while he was in the hospital. That's pretty much how things happen around here. It's a real family atmosphere."

either buying up all the small privately owned farms, or the land is being bought for growing houses instead of crops. So people in the agricultural community are always happy to see a farm go back to being a real farm. Sometimes folks would just stop by to say, "You're doing a really nice job. We appreciate it." Oh, wow, um, thanks!

This was pretty funny: Washington County attracts tourists year-round. Our first or second winter here, I was using the tractor to plow snow from our big circular driveway. I looked up to see a carload of Japanese tourists videotaping me. I guess they thought they were in the presence of an "authentic" American farmer. Little did they know I was just a beginner. But I waved at them, and they loved it.

What You Need to Know about Goats

The biggest misconception about goats is that they eat anything. They're very picky eaters, in fact. Goats are dairy animals. Throughout the world, more people drink goat's milk than any other kind. Cow's milk is actually number three: The second-most milked animal is sheep. And the fourth is water buffalo. If

you've ever had real Italian mozzarella cheese, it's from water-buffalo milk. Most people don't realize that.

We have roughly one hundred goats. They are really very intelligent and lots of fun, with a great sense of humor. They're always playing and making up games. For example, when you install a new latch on a gate in the barn or in the pasture, you have to stand with your body between the latch and the goats, so they can't see you operate it. Because they'll stand there and watch you, and eventually one of them will figure out how to unlock the latch. He'll open the gate, let all the other goats out, then then latch the gate shut behind them. Like I said, they're smart.

Right after we started accumulating goats for our herd, we kept some of the female goats in a small addition barn. I had taken care of them for the night, had switched off the light, and was walking back to the house, when I noticed over my shoulder that the light was on. I thought to myself, *Jeez, I could have sworn I'd turned that off.* I went back, turned it off, started walking back to the house, and saw that the light was on again. The goats kept turning it on.

I jokingly called out, "You girls turn that light off right now!" *And the light went off.* I got Karen and said, "You have to see this!" She didn't believe me at first, but once again I yelled in the direction of the barn, "Girls, turn that light off!" and it went off again.

We also raise five different breeds of sheep for wool. It's like a side business. In addition, we have a lot of pets, including four dogs and thirteen cats. They're all rescued animals, by the way. But all the animals on our farm are beloved pets, really. Our credo is that we don't raise any animals to be butchered. All of our

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Rich Zlattner

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goats and sheep are named. If somebody's sick, they go to the vet for whatever they need. Or, more likely, the vet comes here, because vets in rural areas do what they call farm calls. Karen, who was happy to retire from her job as a hospital inspector and work the farm full-time, takes care of all the animals in the morning, feeding them. I've got twenty-two months until retirement from the state. As soon as I turn fifty-five, I'm going to work the farm full-time as well.

Farm Living Is the Life for Me

On a typical day, I get up at five in the morning to milk the goats. My wife helps me, because I have to be at work at the health department, so I have to do it as quickly as possible. Then I get washed up and go to work.

When I come home, I get changed and feed the sheep and goats. After dinner, I milk the goats until about nine o'clock. Then it's pretty much check my email and go to bed. It's fairly remote where we live; we don't even have a TV. At work, people will come up to me and start talking about some TV show, and I'll have to say, "I'm not familiar with it. We don't have a TV on the farm."

"You don't have a TV?"

"Nope. Don't particularly miss it, either." I read the *New York Times* cover to cover on line, and I read the local papers too, so I'm usually up on current events as well as anyone with a TV. But even as a kid, I wasn't big on sitting around and watching TV. I'd rather be outside playing ball or doing something *real*.

When farming gets in your blood and you're able to do it, you really

don't have time for much else. I work more than forty hours a week on the farm, in addition to my full-time job. We have a couple of local teenagers, both farm girls, help out on weekends; they're unbelievable workers. But it's a full-time way of life.

You can't just go away for a week or two. If we did, we'd have to hire people to do all the things that Karen and I do. That's just part of the deal. Besides, upstate New York has always been my favorite place in the world. And I was never much of a vacation person, anyway; I'd always get antsy being away. So we take day trips. Cambridge is unique in that we're equidistant from New York City, Boston, and Montreal. All those places are a day trip for us, about three hours away.

Right now, of our one hundred goats, I milk thirty-five. We sell the milk to a small cheese company called Nettle Meadow Farm. They're in the Adirondacks and have their own goats; we're its sister farm. You can buy their cheeses through their website but also at William Sonoma and Whole Foods. Recently I was doing a milk delivery to Nettle Meadow Farm, which is about an hour and a half away. Only one of the two women who run it was there; she told me that her partner was making a cheese delivery to a Whole Foods store in this place called Jericho.

I said, "Jericho? You mean on Long Island?"

She said yes. Had I heard of it?

"Heard of it? I grew up there!"

Both my parents passed away in the last several years. My only remaining relatives on Long Island are my sister and her grown daughter, my niece. No offense to people who live there — to each his own — but my aspiration is to never have to step foot on Long Island again if I can help it. Suburban life just isn't for me; not my bag at all! ■

Help Us Find These Folks From '72, '71, and '73

1972

Centola, Donna; Cohen, Allan; Cole, Grainger; Cucco, Juliet; Esposito, Joseph; Fairfield, Olivia; Gordon, Melissa; Gross, Steven; Harrah, Robert; Hoffman, Steven; Mari, Bea; Meadow, David; Rorer, James; Saydan, Ayda; Siegel, Laurie; Simpson, Barbara; Snow, Emma; Weiss, Lee

1971

Abrams, Sally; Alessi, Arlene J; Caninizaro, Jean; Caronia, Clara; Chapman, Margaret Ann; Cohen, Barry; Fariello, Michael; Finch Compton, Susan; Fiore, Fred; Goldberg Fein, Leslie M.; Goldman, Ronald; Gruskin, Marc Allen; Hamilton, John; Hansen, Randy; Hoffman, Mara Beth; James, Carol Ann; Kaminester, Ellen Debra; Kessler, Faith Iris; Lewman, Mark A.; Mayz, Joanne; McCord, Maureen; Nelson, Joseph J.; Osowski, Janice Lynn; Rodriguez, Charles; Rosenbaum, Jane; Roth, Barbara Linda; Sachs, Peter; Samuels, Roberta Michele; Scharfman Gabel, Suzanne; Schwartz, Audrey Anne; Silver, Howard Jerome; Silver, Jan Susette; Silverblank, Barbara Diane; Simon, Jill Susan; Smith, Julia Antoinette; Tomaszewski, Ann; Walters, Steven

1973

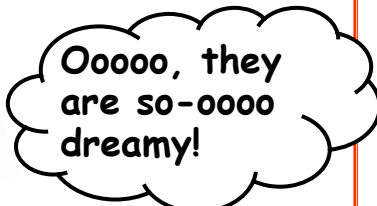
Anderson, Karen; Beal, David; Belser, Eileen; Denauski, Carl; Dibenedetto, Ann; Erwin, Robert; Frankel, Linda; Gaeta, Ralph; Gentile, Tommy; Greenberg, Matt; Haviland, Stuart; Johnson, Deborah; Larkin, Kevin; Leahy, Patricia; Lester, Phil; Locastro, Kathleen; Martello, Steven; Meyers, Scott; Quinn, Odiele; Raduano, George; Reichgot, Steven; Robson, Alan; Roth, Susan; Ruvel, Karen; Sachs, Lisa; Savini Morrison, Linda; Schiffman, Marc; Schwartz, Roy; Shuman, Robin; Smilowitz, Eric; Smith Thomas, Susan; Sobel, Richard; Staab, Janet; Tai, Eileen; Thyben, Mark; Trattler, Robert; Urrico Leo, Marie; Villante, Edward; Walters, Richard; West, Tom; Zdan, Carolle

Your Back Pages



“I was so much older then, I’m younger than that now.” — Bob Dylan
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Your Teen Idols!



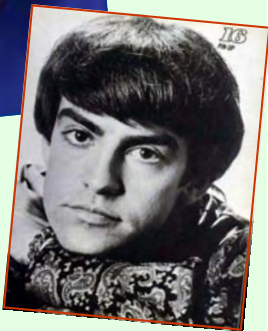
They were your *heartthrobs*. Your *fave raves*. And even though they’re now long in the tooth — presuming they still *have teeth* — that doesn’t mean they can’t still put the sex in sexagenarian, not to mention put the pitter in your patter. Whatever on earth *that* means. Here’s what the dreamboats of your youth look like now. Plus, we rate their hunka-hunka-hunka-tude from days gone by. Get ready to ooh, ahh, and squeal.



Mark Lindsay



Plusses
Had a pony-tail back when men *never* wore ponytails. Great voice, too.



Minuses

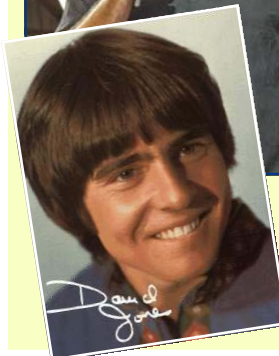
As lead singer of Paul Revere and the Raiders, forced to wear lederhosen.

How He’s Spending His Solid-Golden Years: Has own radio show in Portland, Oregon, plus his own restaurant.

Davy Jones



Plusses
Face it, it was the British accent. Plus the way his eyes went all sparkly every time he spotted a cute “bird.”



Minuses
Come on, that twinkly-eye stuff was kinda creepy.

How He’s Spending His Solid-Golden Years: Still performs, has four daughters, wrote autobio They Made a Monkee Out of Me.

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Your Back Pages

David Cassidy



Pluses
Very pretty. Maybe too pretty, as in "You sure got a purty mouth ..."



Minuses
Looked like he would be physically afraid of his prepubescent girl fans.

How He's Spending His Solid-Golden Years: Still performs. Also, dreams nightly about having gotten to get cozy with Susan Dey (Laurie Partridge). Ah, those braces ...

Sajid Kahn



Pluses
Exotic actor on TV show *Maya*.

Minuses
As precursor of Sanjaya, has much to answer for.

How He's Spending His Solid-Golden Years: Retired from show business, Saj lives a quiet life in his native India.

Donny Osmond



Pluses
So wholesome you could imagine yourself becoming one of his eight or nine future Mrs. Donny Osmonds.*

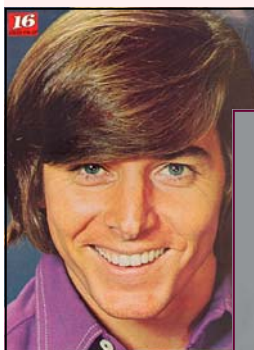


* De rigueur Mormon joke

Minuses
That Osmond unibrow.

How He's Spending His Solid-Golden Years: Still has active career, especially in U.K., where his most recent album went gold and his autobiography (cowritten by Patty Romanowski Bashe — Jericho-connection alert!) was a huge best-seller.

Bobby Sherman



Pluses
Um ... ?????



Minuses
Those horrible records.

How He's Spending His Solid-Golden Years: Actually doing something useful, as an L.A. policeman and paramedic.



If only the boys at Jericho High were half that groovy ...