

Winter-Spring 2013

Issue No. 27

10th Anniversary Issue!

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

Jericho High School '69-'70-'71-'72-'73 Online Magazine

Official Propaganda Tool of 1969-1973 JHS Alumni

State of the Re(Union) 1
Details about the first annual
Gathering of the Tribes on
4-13-13

Yearbook to Facebook 2
Amy Rubin ('72), Donald
LoMurro ('69), Seth Lerner
'73), Paul Bakalis ('70), Carrie
Kass ('73), Conrad Gees ('72),
Dory Berke ('71), Robert Brown
'72)

Nooz About Yooz 3
Progeny of Amy Harmon ('72),
Jill Harmon ('72), and Marna
Ludwig ('72)

Catch Up With ... 5
Donna Rabena ('71)

Takin' Care of Bidness: 8
Jerichonians at Work
Marjorie Freedman ('73)

Book 'em, Danno! New Works 12
from Jericho Authors
Jon Friedman ('73) and
Ellen Meister ('75)

Cartoons by Dan Clurman ('72) 16

Travelin' Shoes: Jerichonians 17
Conquer the Globe
Linda Caputo in Antarctica

Everything You Wanted to 24
Know About ...
Edward Green ('69)

A Gathering of the Tribes from 32
Forty Years Ago: Watkins Glen

Faculty Lounge 36
Mr. Raymond Matienzo

Rachel Glickman's New York 47
New York
A girl, a camera, and the greatest
city in the world!

State of the (Re)Union

The first annual Gathering of the Tribes, an informal get-together for the Jericho High School classes of 1969 through 1975, will be held at the Home-

stead Restaurant-Bar in Oyster Bay, on Saturday, April 13, 2013, from 8 p.m. until 4 a.m.

The concept is simple: the

Continued on page 32

Hey, all you lazy, long-haired hippies!
Take a bath, will ya, and join us
at the ...

FIRST ANNUAL
Gathering of the Tribes

Jericho High School
SATURDAY
4-13-2013 8:00 P.M.

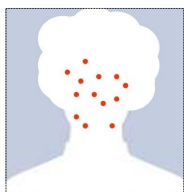
A Casual Get-Together for the JHS Tribes of 1969-1975
(And All Other Groovy Jericho Peers)

THE HOMESTEAD
OYSTER BAY, L.I.

Drop In! Drink Up! Drive Home! Drift Off to Sleep!

Don't miss it!
It'll make ya feel
young again!
Like, dig.

BEFORE DURING AFTER



Yearbook 2 facebook



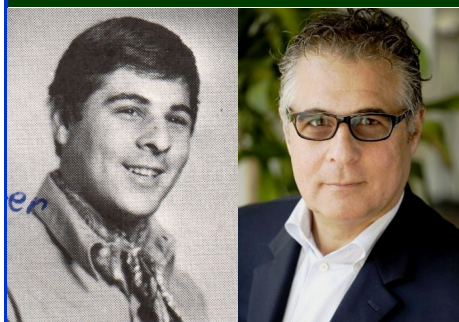
In our travels around cyberspace, we frequently come upon photos of former classmates, especially on Facebook. Can you *believe* how good everyone looks?!

Maybe they're all robots. Yep, that must be it.

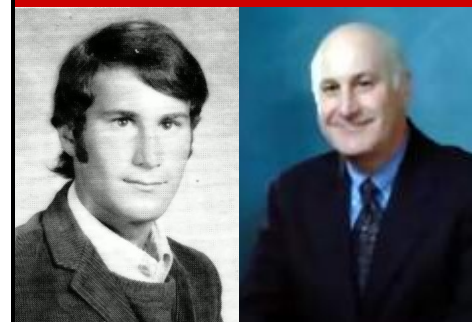
Amy Rubin Morey ('72)
Jericho, NY



Paul Bakalis ('70)
Phoenix, AZ



Dr. Seth Lerner ('73)
Fairfield, CT



Donald LoMurro ('69)
Freehold, NJ



Carrie Kass Rubin ('73)
Simi Valley, CA



Conrad Gees ('72)
Nalick, MA

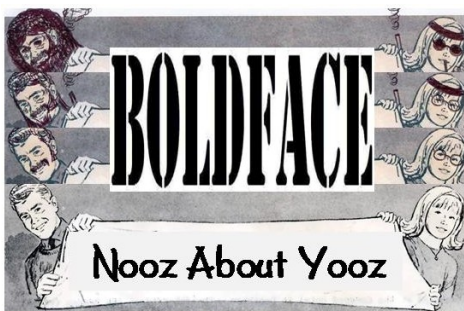


Dory Berke ('71)
Sacramento, CA



Robert Brown ('72)
Valley Stream, NY





Do the clean-cut young folks above look familiar? They should. Their images graced the Jericho School News newsletter that was mailed to your parents to let them know just what it was you were supposedly doing on weekdays.



Marriages 'n Engagements Galore!

Marna Ludwig Moseson ('72) emails from Dix Hills: "My daughter, Alissa, got engaged in September.

"She'd moved to Los Angeles last June to start fresh and was meeting a family friend for coffee. She was waiting at an outdoor table when Meir Kroll drove past, saw her, made a U-turn, parked, and went to her table and introduced himself." Wow, We'd say that's chutzpah. With a capital Chutz.

Marna continues: "They talked for about fifteen minutes, and he asked for her phone number. Now, normally, she never gives it out, but she had a 'feeling' about Meir and did. He asked her to go out with him two nights from then. He also told her that she was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen, and why was she still single?



The happy couple: Alyssa and Meir.

"Just then, the family friend walked up to the table.

"Meir? What are you doing here?"

"Dan, what are you doing here?"

"And Alyssa said, 'Whoa, guys, what's going on here?'"

"It turned out that the two were friends and did business together.

"After Meir left, Dan told Alyssa that she should definitely go out with Meir 'because he's a really good guy.' They wound up going out the very next night (neither could wait the extra day), and the rest is history: although they live in LA, they'll be married in New York on June 6, 2013."

In other big news on the Ludwig-Moseson home front, Marna and husband Michael became grandparents last year when their son, Jordan, and his love, Jacqueline, gave birth to a baby boy, Chase, whom Marna calls "the light of our lives." Turn the page, and you'll see why.

Both Jordan and Jackie are physicians, as is Marna's husband. (The two met in 1977, when Marna was a registered nurse, and got married later the same year.) "This has been a really hard year for them," Marna explains. "Jordan is doing his medical

Continued on page 4

**Happy Birthday to Us ...
Hippy Barfday to Us ...
Ten Years After**

"Lies! Lies! All of It. Lies!"

**JHS Class of 1972
Quarterly On-Line Newsletter**

The Official Propaganda Tool of Jericho High's Class of 1972

WELCOME TO the first quarterly on-line newsletter of the Jericho High School class of 1972.

IN THIS ISSUE:

Reunion News	1
Jericho Then Vs. Now: A Unique Perspective From Debbi Nathel Kazan	2
Boldface: Nooz About Yooz	2
Six Degrees of Separation, Jericho Division	4
Galaxy Poetry By Dan Clurman	8
Help Us Find the Missing 40 Your Back Pages	12
ALUMNI UPDATES	17
Patty Ryon Quiri	4
George Ploskas*	6
Eileen Marder Mirman	6
Caren Kushner	6
Gottesman	14

THANKS TO this issue's correspondents and to Web Mecher Freda Salasino. Hope all enjoy our snazzy little debut and will contribute news, first-person essays—even suggestive personal ads, if that's the best you can manage—to future issues. Wishing all members of the class of 1972 a healthy and happy 2013!

My family moved to West Birchwood at the start of sixth grade, and I've been back in Jericho raising my own family since 1984. After we graduated high school, I attended Nassau Community College for two years. Then in 1974 I transferred to the SUNY College at New Paltz—mainly because half my friends from Jericho went there, like Beverly Weissman, Neil Goldman, Bob Winston, and Debbie Traub. My younger sister, Sharon, also got into New Paltz, so we drove up together for our first semester. It was funny! I was dating this guy from Jericho at the time, and during the whole car ride there, I was crying. "Oh, I can't believe I'm leaving town!" (Cont'd on page 5)

Next Reunion — In the Guise of a Mass 50th Birthday Party for Everybody — Set for July 17-18, 2004.

The class of 1972's mass 50th birthday party (or 32nd high-school reunion, if you prefer) will be held on Saturday, July 17, and Sunday, July 18, 2004. Once again, you will get to inflict your preferences on everybody else via the democratic process—only to have your vote ultimately overturned by the Supreme Court. Sometimes in the next few months, you'll be e-mailed a survey asking you to state your choices of venue and so forth. The reunion committee will present you with three or four choices reflecting either a Jericho theme or—given the dire shortage of Jericho themes—a Long Island theme, on the order of "The Quaaludes and Piastro-Slip-Covers Party." (Note to self: Concept needs polishing. Baddy.) We can tell you a few specifics, such as that there will be an open bar this time and a karaoke corner. The combo of karaoke and inhibition-shedding booze should generate lots of unintended humor. Like last time, you get to choose all the music, only instead of being restricted to the years 1966 to 1972, we'll ask you to choose your fave party songs from your fifty years spent on this planet—or any other—which conveniently encompasses the entire history of rock & roll. Stay tuned for future developments.

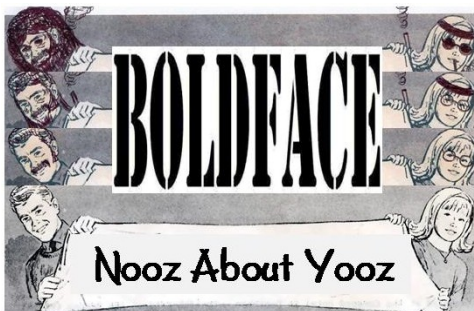
Jericho Then Vs. Now: A Unique Perspective
by Debbi Nathel Kazan

It was ten years ago, on February 12, 2003, that the first issue of the Jericho High School Class of 1972 Quarterly Online Newsletter was hawked on sidewalks by streeturchin newsboys hollering "Extra! Extra! Read all about it!"

That first issue featured a cover story titled "Jericho Then Vs. Now: A Unique Perspective," by Debbi Nathel Kazan, who grew up in West Birchwood and has lived in East Birchwood with her family since 1984. The contents also included features by and about Eileen Marder-Mirman, Caren Kushner Gottesman, and George Ploskas; news items about Patty Ryon-Spiers, Stephen Spiers, Gary Roney, Arnold Tropper, and Bob Simon; and poetry by Dan Clurman.

At eighteen pages, the first newsletter was a relative lightweight, and we didn't start covering other classes until expanding in 2006. If we might brag for a moment, as a web-only publication, we were clearly ahead of our time.

☺ ←Click here to read issue no. 1!



Continued from page 3

fellowship in Shreveport, Louisiana, and Jacqueline is finishing her emergency medicine residency in Brooklyn. Jackie has hired someone to watch Chase while she works, and we try to pick up as much slack as we can, taking him for sleepovers a few days at a time so she can sleep when she comes off her twelve-hour shifts. It's a very difficult job, but someone has to do it.

"Thankfully, later this year, Jackie will be doing a critical-care fellowship in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and Jordan will get a job there, so they can finally live as a family." ■



Above: Hel-lo, baby! Jordan, Chase, and Jacqueline.

Upper right: The first of two Harmon family weddings last year. That's mother of the bride Amy Harmon Snodgrass (center) with husband Jeff and beautiful bride Stephanie.

At right: In the fall, Jill's son Evert (center) got married. From left to right, Frank Fairman, Jill, the groom, and his sisters, Jillian and Paley.

Three-Part Harmon-y

Great photo at right of Harmon siblings Jill ('72), Jon ('70), and Amy ('72), taken in October. The occasion: the marriage of Jill and husband Frank Fairman's son, Evert, in Putney, Vermont. Just two months earlier, Amy and husband Jeff Snodgrass gave away daughter Stephanie's hand in marriage, in a ceremony held outside of Boston. Amy and Jeff, who also have a son, Brenton, live in nearby Sudbury, Massachusetts; Jill, in St. Paul, Minnesota; and Jon, in Florida.



■ **Bet you didn't know that all three Harmon's share the same birthday: December 5.**



*Catch Up With ...***Donna Rabena Queenan ('71)**

My parents, sister Rose ('74), and I moved to West Birchwood from Westbury in 1967, just in time for eighth grade. It was a difficult time to be the new girl in school, because you don't have a history with anyone. And if you remember, it seemed like seventh grade was when everybody circled the wagons and formed different groups that were then set for all of high school. Maybe that girl you were good friends with in third grade was suddenly a hoochie mama, and now you were in different crowds. It was like a line had been drawn in the sand.

So I was kind of quiet at first, until my last year of high school, when I decided to try out for the senior play. I was cast as Henry Higgins's mother in *My Fair Lady*. Sage Johnston played Henry Higgins, Melanie Price starred as Eliza Doolittle, and Dennis DiVito directed. Plus a cast of thousands.

I was always a big reader. My grandparents were Italian immigrants, and for them, to go to school was a true privilege. My mother used to buy the *Encyclopedia Britannica* at the supermarket (yes, they sold

them at Waldbaums), and I can remember my grandmother reading each volume voraciously, because she'd had only an eighth-grade education, and to her, this was like, "What a country!" You can go to school and learn to read! So everyone in my family was a reader, of fiction especially.

My favorite writers back then included Joyce Carol Oates, J. D. Salinger, and

zarro, and Mrs. Bernstein. Looking back, I realize that we were exposed to college-level material. At Jericho, I'd get grades in the eighties and think, *I guess I'm not really aces*. But then when I went to SUNY Stony Brook, I was so much better prepared than most of my peers. We all were.

I got my bachelor of arts in elementary education and also my master's at Stony Brook. But I actually didn't teach until many years later. You know how it is: you get married, and your family takes priority. I met my husband, Steven Queenan, on a blind date. We have two grown daughters, Lisa and Danielle, who both live locally, and two grandchildren.

In 1999 my husband took early retirement from Lucent Technologies and went to work at Lightpath, a division of Cablevision. Both of our children were already living on their own, and we'd always wanted to live on the water. So we decided to downsize and bought a cottage by the sea in Amity Harbor, Long Island.

I was working in an office at the time, and Steven suggested, "If you don't like what

Continued on page 6



the classics, like *Anna Karenina*. I never did the whole Hobbit thing. I always thought that we had great English teachers at Jericho, like Mr. Vigilante, Mr. Canni-

"Eighth grade was a difficult time to be the new girl in school, because you don't have a history with anyone. And if you remember, seventh grade was when everybody circled the wagons and formed different groups that were then set for all of high school."



Donna Rabena

Continued from page 5

you're doing, why don't you take a year off and figure it out?" I decided to throw my hat in the ring and start substitute teaching, to see if I enjoyed it, and I sure did. One of the districts where I subbed, Levittown, then hired me to teach four elementary school classes a day in a remedial reading program. I loved it. I did that until last summer, when my husband and I were blindsided by his diagnosis of cancer. We were traveling back and forth to the city, and the school year was just about to start, so I retired.



At left, Donna and husband Steven Queenan bookend their younger daughter, Danielle, who is married to Andrew Link. Below, Donna and Steven at the Bronx Botanical Garden. The couple, who met on a blind date "a long, long time ago," Donna says, laughing, live on the water—and recently, underwater—in Amity Harbor.



Donna's "Book-et" List

My favorite writers these days include Jodi Picoult, a prolific author from Long Island. She's had some of her novels made into movies, like *The Pact*. I love *Sarah's Key* by the French author Tatiana De Rosnay. Anything like that enralls me. If it's a story about World War II, a people's heritage and culture, any of that coming-to-America stuff, I'm there.

In the back of my mind, I'd always wanted to write a novel myself. Friends would tell me that I "wrote well," or that they enjoyed my letters and the way that I told a story. But I didn't know how to begin. Then 9/11 happened, and the nugget of a story occurred to me.

Now, I tend to be a goody two-shoes, I'm the type of person who has done everything by the book, *but* I have a criminal mind. I thought, *What if two people were planning on running away together, and 9/11 happens and gives them an opportunity to escape under cover?* That was the original idea. It kind of evolved from that.

What became my first novel, *An Ordinary Tuesday in New York*, is not about 9/11 per se. But the events of that day serve as the catalyst for a story about a close friendship between two women: Maureen and Dina. Maureen is at the World Trade Center that morning, and Dina, her friend, is worried sick, wondering if her friend is alive. Each of them tells the story of how Maureen ended up there. Maureen is the protagonist—everything is happening to her—while Dina is like the Greek chorus, speaking about her friend. They reflect on their friendship, what it was like for women growing up in the 1960s, and their lives now.

Their friendship, incidentally, is modeled after my own lifelong friendship with a woman that I met in kindergarten in Westbury. As for Jericho friends, I've remained close with Connie Migliozi Warner and her husband, Dean Warner, both from the class of 1971. They live fairly close by, in Melville. We talk almost every day. I also write back and forth on Facebook with Lorraine Trigiani Grant sometimes.

I didn't start writing the book for a number of years. But the idea kept tugging at me. I don't mean to sound melodramatic, but it was like a calling. I *had* to get this book out of my system. Around 2007, my husband had some health challenges that required major surgery. One whole summer, he was home receiving antibiotics, and me, being a teacher, I was off for July and August. I decided, "You know what? I'm going to get up early in the morning and write for an hour every day." I had read authors saying that's what they do: you just write. If it's bad, you fix it later.

I had no idea if anything would happen with it, but I was going to write the book anyway. It was a bucket-list thing.

Continued on page 7

Donna Rabena

Continued from page 6

Help from a Jericho Connection

Just before I started writing, I was in a bookstore in Syosset, and there was an author doing a book signing. I overheard the manager remark, “Local girl makes good!” I wandered over, and it was Ellen Meister, there to promote her first book, *Secret Confessions of the Applewood PTA*. We got to talking: “Oh, you’re from Jericho? So am I. What class?” Yada yada.

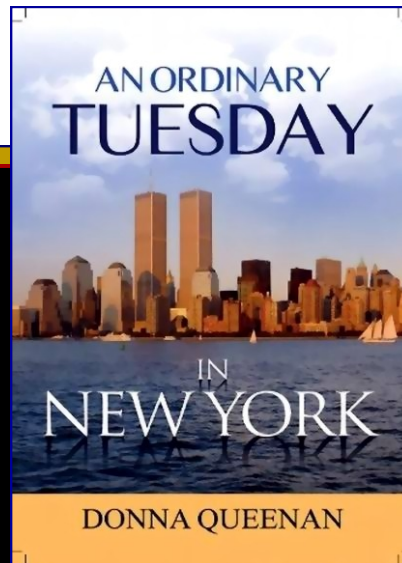
Later, I emailed Ellen: “You don’t know me from Adam, but I ran into you at your book signing in Syosset.” She referred me to her website, which had helpful advice on how to write query letters to publishers. I sent out lots of letters and received lots of nice declines. But I had put a lot of work into the book, so I decided, “You know what? I’m going to do this myself, just so I can have it for posterity.”

Here in Amity Harbor, we have lots of professional and amateur artists and authors, and a neighbor of mine had self-published a book. He was kind enough to read my manuscript and make suggestions. I found a publisher, Rosedog Books, and they did a nice job—the book jacket is beautiful!—so I was happy with it.

I didn’t write the book to make a lot of money. And I feel funny self-promoting it, but everybody keeps telling me that’s what you have to do, so I threw it up on my Facebook page. Outside of my closest friends and family, most people I know have no idea that I did this, so I figured, let me put it out there and see what happens.

One very famous author has been so kind to me. Her name is

Continued on page 31



Although my book is fiction, the opening is that day as I remember it. In the summer of 2001, I had resigned from my office job and was considering going into teaching. The morning of Tuesday, September 11, was just a glorious day. I had nothing more serious on my mind than getting my hair done at the local salon. I can remember thinking, *This is so great. I’m not at work, and here it is mid-September, and I’m still in shorts.*

My husband was getting ready for work, and suddenly I heard him say, Holy s**t! Look at this!” A moment later, he said, “It’s terrorism.”

I said, “Nah, it’s probably a little plane that flew into the building.” He shook his head. “No. You’ve got to see this. This is *not* a little plane.”

My mother, who is now eighty-eight, lives near Rose, in Dobbs Ferry, New York. I remember her telling me, when I was kid, about the attack on Pearl Harbor. She lived in Brooklyn and was playing with a friend. She must have heard about what happened on the radio or overheard people talking, because she went running home to Sunday dinner with all the clan gathered around. All the goomatas and goombatas. She said, “We’re at war!” And none of the adults believed her. They hadn’t heard the news yet.

That was kind of the sensation that I had on the morning of 9/11. I walked into my salon, and it was so early that the TV wasn’t on yet. No one knew. “Turn on the TV,” I said. “You won’t believe what’s

happening.” I can still remember the deadly silence afterward, when they grounded all airplanes except for the military. You’d hear a jet engine overhead and run outside to make sure it was one of ours and that we weren’t being invaded.

My parents used to tell me, “Don’t forget, we were Depression-era kids. We didn’t know how World War II was going to end and whether we’d be speaking German or Japanese. They were first-generation Americans and very proud of their country. My mom always said, “They never fought on our soil. They never dared touch America.” Now they had.

We own a boat, which we recently gave to our children. We’d be out on the water, and on a clear day, you could see those twin towers. Suddenly they were gone. A day or two after, I passed a stranger on the street—we both had little American flags—and I said, “Home of the brave, land of the free,” and she said, “Yep.” It seemed like everybody was part of a common cause. No matter what your political affiliation might have been, we were all Americans first.

☺ ← [Click here to see the book.](#)

Takin' Care of Bidness!

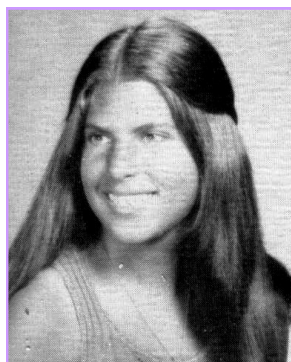


Marjorie Freedman, PhD ('73)

**Associate Professor
Department of Nutrition, Food Science, and Packaging
San Jose State University
San Jose, CA**

I teach nutrition at San Jose State University, but as a kid growing up on Middle Lane in East Birchwood, a couple of blocks from the George Jackson Elementary School, I had *terrible* eating habits. Each month, my mother used to go to the Entenmann's bakery outlet and bring back at least twenty cakes. Twenty! Every day we'd have another cake from the freezer.

Because our generation was so active, always riding our bikes everywhere and playing outside, it



"I teach nutrition at San Jose State University, but as a kid, I had terrible eating habits. Each month, my mother used to go to the Entenmann's bakery outlet and bring back at least twenty cakes. Twenty! Every day we'd have another cake from the freezer."

seemed like few of us had weight problems, myself included. But for me that changed in high school, probably due to puberty—and those bad eating habits. I was about fifteen pounds overweight, so it wasn't a big issue. But as a sixteen-year-old girl, you become self-conscious, so I was always going on one diet or another.

I was lucky to have a great, tight-knit group of friends in high school, like Diane Freedman and Jacqueline Schachter, who I'm still close with today. We hung out with Brett Silvers and Barry Waters. On weekends, we'd go ice skating and then head over to Howard Johnson's. Or sometimes people would have a party. I tended to escape to my friends' homes a lot, because there was a lot of conflict at home. Now I know why—my older brother Steven ('71) suffered from mental illness—but I didn't understand it back then.

In school, one of my favorite classes was advanced placement biology, with Mrs. Reff. I never wanted to be a doctor, although my dad always wanted me to become one, but I was really curious about science and especially about how the body worked. I read a lot, though, and was very meticulous about the lab assignments and the writeups. I remember it being a very competitive class, because we had a lot of premeds who did go on to be doctors, like Barry Waters, Andy Greenberg, and John Pellicone. But biology did have a direct connection to the field I would ultimately go into: nutrition.

It's funny, looking back, that the other thing I was really good at was home economics, with Mrs. McHale. I loved cooking and sewing. In fact, I was the president of the Future Homemakers of America, and we used to cook hotdogs and sell them after school to raise money. I also used to crochet and sell pocketbooks, and sew my own clothes. Thinking back on this is almost comical, because today, with both of my daughters grown, I'm about the furthest thing from a homemaker as one could

Continued on page 9



Marjorie Freedman

Continued from page 8

possibly be—I rarely cook, sew or clean. But I always enjoyed making things. Over the years, I've crocheted and assembled at least fifty blankets that have been donated to local shelters, and I've crocheted and given away about one hundred scarves.

One thing you'll quickly learn about me from reading my story is that not knowing exactly what I wanted to do has been a recurring theme. From Jericho, I went to the University of Rochester in upstate New York, which had a really good biology program. The problem was, everybody else in the major was pre-med, and there was just no way I could compete. Or maybe I could, but I didn't want to. Learn the name of every single muscle? Why bother? I'm more of a big-picture kind of person.

In addition to chemistry, organic chemistry, and all that other stuff, I took a lot of liberal arts classes, which I loved. Existentialism. Painting. Shakespeare. I started to drift in that direction. But then three defining things happened during my senior year to push me back to biology.



Associate Professor Freedman (front row, third from left), with some of her graduate students.

First, I took a graduate biochem course at the university hospital, Strong Memorial, and that class just changed my life. I thought, *Wow this is really interesting.*

Second, I wound up doing independent research with two professors at the medical school. I did a research paper on brain mechanisms involved with overeating in the rat (hyperthalamic hyperphagia), and I was involved with a research study that involved surgically removing the pineal gland from baby (weanling) rats. (The pineal gland secretes melatonin, involved with the sleep-wake cycle.) Brain function and biochemistry really intrigued me.

Then, that same year, someone from the Rockefeller Foundation spoke at U of R about world hunger. Rochester, as good a school as it was, didn't have any nutrition classes. But hearing this guy speak—this was about the same time as famines in places like Biafra and Bangladesh—really resonated with me. How wrong it was for so many people on the planet to be starving. That made me want to study nutrition. I actually have never worked in the area of international nutrition, but lately, I feel like I have something left to do in my career—so who knows?

I often tell my students that you have to be open to ideas, especially if you don't know what you want to do. Sometimes things come to you at a particular moment, and you may not know when or what it's going to be. But you may just hear something, or a mentor will come along, and everything clicks for you. That's what happened to me.

Continued on page 10

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

How about sharing it in the pages of your JHS Classes of 1969-1970-1971-1972-1973 Online Magazine? Feel free to write it yourself or, as is usually the case, feel like a real big-shot and be interviewed over the phone. Interested? Contact Phil at philipbashe@optimum.net.



Marjorie Freedman

Continued from page 9

A Brief Time Out

As I said, the University of Rochester didn't offer courses in nutrition, so when I graduated after three years, in 1976, I left there for good. I decided to take some time off, which you could do back then! First I traveled to Europe and Israel, on five dollars a day. (I went back with my family a few years ago; now you can barely travel Europe on five *hundred* dollars a day!) I flew Icelandic Air, got my Euro Rail pass, and basically traveled for six months until my money ran out. I came home just in time for my twenty-first birthday.

My good friend Diane Freedman had just graduated from Cornell University and moved to Boston. I thought that sounded like fun, so I moved up there too, and we rented an apartment together on Commonwealth Avenue in Brighton. I got a job working in a research lab near Massachusetts General Hospital. After a year, Diane moved back to Ithaca, and I moved into a house in Cambridge's Inman Square. But I was getting bored working in the lab and figured it was time for me to apply to graduate school to pursue my dream of studying nutrition.

I applied to a bunch of schools all over the country, but in the end I chose to study at the University of California at Davis. By this time, my entire family had relocated to the West Coast: my parents moved from

Jericho to Tucson, Arizona, in 1978; my brother Steven was also living there; and my oldest brother, Jeff ('70), lived in Los Angeles. And Davis, an agricultural school (known as "the Aggies") had a great nutrition department.

In the seventies, and coming from New York, I thought California was one big beach. But Davis was about as far from the beach as you could get. It's located in the Sacramento Valley, fifteen miles from the state capital of Sacramento and about two hours from the beach. It's totally flat and surrounded by rice paddies and tomato fields. And as you drove to campus, all you smelled were cows. As a New Yorker, it was about as much of a culture shock of you could imagine. Actually, I was just up there last September, and today it's a much different place, in part because the Mondavi wine family has put millions of dollars into the campus. And all the new buildings seem to keep the smell of cows to a minimum.

When I started grad school, I ended up doing research in what was called the Food Intake Lab. I thought, *How great, I can do food-intake studies using lab rats*. Well, after one semester, I couldn't stand it! Yes, you get to measure food intake, but you also have to measure the feces. It was disgusting! So I switched my master's project and ended up studying community nutrition.

Masters in hand, in 1980 I got a job interning for a nutrition policy organization in Washington, DC, called the National Nutrition Consortium. It doesn't exist anymore, but it was like a super-low-budget lobbying organization. The other two interns and I would attend hearings on Capitol Hill and find out everything that was happening in DC related to nutrition. Then we'd write up briefs and Fed Ex them to key people in different nutrition societies to keep them informed as to what was going on in Washington. This was before every organization known to man kept an office in DC.

As interns, did we have a grand old time! I wasn't earning much money, but I lived in a big house on P Street in Georgetown that belonged to some family in the foreign service. We had a maid, and a swimming pool *in the basement*—it was party central. Unfortunately, when the internship ended, there were no jobs to be had. So my boss suggested that I return to Davis and get my PhD. At first I was disappointed: "Oh, no, I'm headed back to Aggie-ville!" But it turned out to be a great thing, on several levels. During my first two years in Davis while working on my MS, I hadn't owned a car; I biked everywhere. But now I'd bought my brother Jeff's old Toyota Corona, and I discovered that there was actually life outside of Davis. The San Francisco Bay Area was only sixty miles west. So I had a much better time.

Marjorie with daughters Gabi, 22, and Rachael, 25, in Paris.



Continued on page 11



Marjorie Freedman

Continued from page 10

On campus, though, the only thing to do was study, work, and do lots of exercise. *Everybody*, it seemed, ran, biked and swam. That was life at Davis. Remember how, in high school, we had to go swimming in the indoor pool? That was traumatic for me, being a girl with long hair. You never could get it dry in time for your next class, and the chlorine led to bad hair days that lasted for months. You didn't have the great hair products like they do now. So I'd grown up with an aversion to swimming.

But at Davis, I really came to love swimming year round. It didn't hurt that the coach of the master's swimming team was this blond specimen named Dave Scott, who was just a couple of years older than me. He was already a two-time winner of the Hawaii Ironman Triathlon (and would go on to win a total of six competitions). I wound up getting into the swim-bike-run routine, and many fellow nutrition grad students were athletes and triathletes. One year I even did the Davis Double Century: two hundred miles of bike riding in a day. Thinking back, it's hard to remember doing any of that, but I did! It was a healthy lifestyle, and it really cemented me to California.

When I wasn't running, swimming, or biking, I was entombed in the lab. I'd been advised that even if I didn't want to do lab work for the rest of my life, it was a good idea to

gain this type of experience. For my PhD dissertation, I studied hormonal mechanisms of obesity, which introduced me to this type of rat called the Zucker rat, which has a 25 percent chance of becoming genetically obese. If you remove their adrenal glands (which I did), they became thin. And if you replaced the missing hormones (which I also did), they fattened up again. We called our lab the Fat Lab. The people I worked with there, all us grad students, and the lab techs remain my friends today.

My returning to Davis turned out to be serendipitous for another reason: that's where I met my future husband.

A Lengthy Courtship

Brien Kirk and I met in biochemistry lab. I noticed this guy who sat across the bench from me, and he always seemed to get out of there in just two hours, whereas I'd be there for four hours or more. So I thought to myself, *I've got to take a page out of his book*. We became friends, and I found out that his older sister Liz was in the Fat Lab, and I didn't even know. Once Brien and I started dating, she freaked out: "Oh my God, you're dating my younger brother!" Well, she'd never *told* me he was at the same school, so how was I supposed to know? Besides, their last names were different (since Liz had gotten married a few years back.)

When I graduated with my doctorate, Brien still had a couple of years of Davis law school left. I took a job in Chicago at the NutraSweet Company. I was in medical affairs, and although I loved the city, I did a ton of traveling—on sales call, to trade shows—which was great. I had this great boss who was like a father figure to me. He counseled, "Always be careful when you travel, and always stay in nice hotels, because it's not



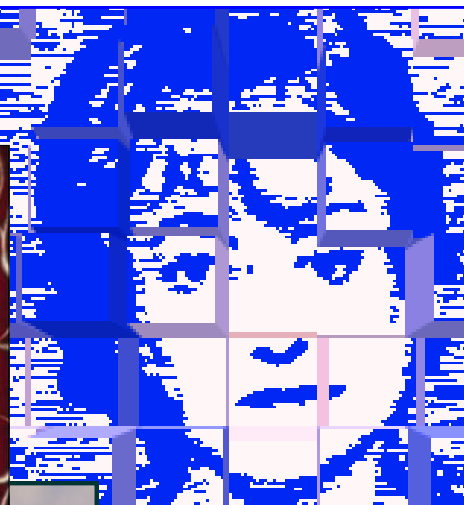
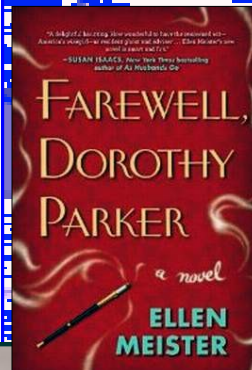
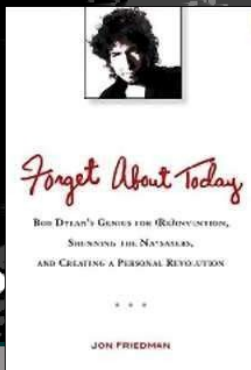
(Above) Marjorie in the early eighties, trapped like a rat in the lab at UC Davis; and (below), in the mid-eighties, giving the skinny on NutraSweet, in Chicago.



worth it if anything happens to you." He got no argument from me! I went to Europe, South America, and plenty of times, I was able to stop in California to visit Brien. One time, he joined me in Hawaii for a trade show.

I really loved working at NutraSweet and gladly would have stayed there. When Brien was in his last semester of law school, my wonderful boss set up interviews for him at some Chicago law firms. Unfortunately, Brien, a native Californian—used to wearing shorts in February—flew out to Chicago in the dead of winter. He didn't even own an overcoat; I had to take him to the Marshall Field's department store to buy one. (He still has it.) It was freezing at the time, of course, and he had to go downtown on the Skokie Swift.

Continued on page 43

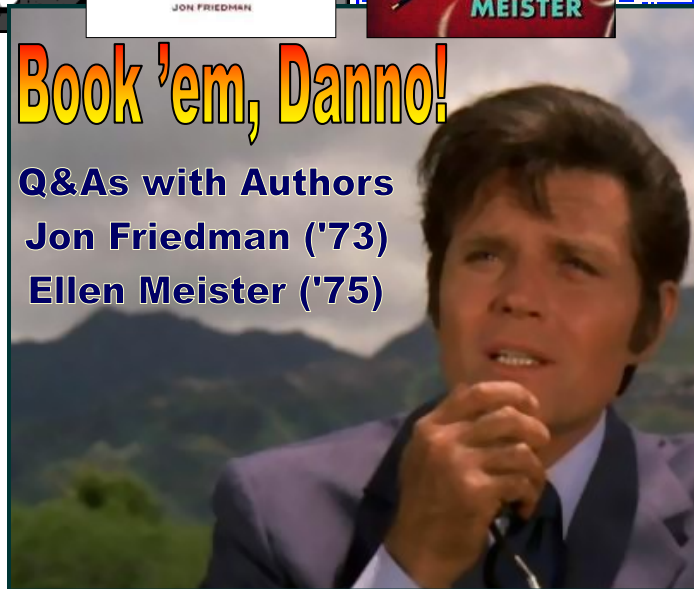


Forget About Today
Perigree
By Jon Friedman



Book 'em, Danno!

Q&As with Authors
Jon Friedman ('73)
Ellen Meister ('75)



Farewell, Dorothy Parker
G. P. Putnam's Sons
By Ellen Meister



What was your first exposure to Bob Dylan's music, and how old were you?

It was singing "Blowin' in the Wind" at West Hills Day Camp, in the sixties. Everybody sang this song, and we all knew it was this great iconic song, but we didn't know much about civil rights. We were little kids. But we knew it was really catchy and fun to sing. Everyone sang it.

Then, a few years later, I heard "Like a Rolling Stone" on the radio. Again, I thought, *What a great groove on the radio*, and you wanted to hear it again and again, like the latest Beatles hit or "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction." But I don't think that people heard "Like a Rolling Stone" on the radio in 1965 and thought, *Wow, that song is going to change the world.*

The real turning point for me in terms of realizing that Bob Dylan was truly something extraordinary came late on a Thursday night when I was in ninth grade. I should have been asleep, but I was listening to WFUV-FM, the Fordham University station. It had this great dee-

Continued on page 14

You were actually working on another book, weren't you, when the idea for Farewell, Dorothy Parker came out of the ether and grabbed you?

Right. I was struggling with another book proposal when it occurred to me how many novels on the market were devoted to the work of Jane Austen. I think that's great—I'm thrilled about anything that gets people reading more. But I found it curious that it seemed to be *only* Jane Austen. Certainly there were other beloved historical female authors out there. I thought, "Somebody should write a novel about Dorothy Parker!"

My next thought was, "Oh, me!"

How far back does your awareness of Dorothy Parker go?

Back to high school. I started reading about the Algonquin Round Table, the group of writers, critics, and wits that she hung around with throughout the 1920s. They

Continued on page 13

Ellen Meister

Continued from page 12

met at the Algonquin Hotel on West Forty-Fourth Street in Manhattan every day to trade barbs and witticisms over lunch. There was Alexander Woollcott, Robert Benchley, George S. Kaufman, and a number of others.



I was particularly interested in Dorothy Parker, who seemed so remarkably ahead of her time and spoke right to my young heart. When I was in high school, I thought I was worldly. I was cynical about romance, and I loved the things she said about it. She just seemed so edgy and so witty that I fell in love with her. I've been a devotee ever since.

I know you've been to the Algonquin. What's it like?

It reopened last June after a year of renovations. The first time I went there was in the early 1980s. I walked into the lobby with a friend, and sitting right there in the middle on a couch, holding court with people all around him, was Truman Capote—sounding exactly like you would expect Truman Capote to sound.

To this day, the Algonquin still feels very old world, as if you're stepping back in time. You can imagine Dorothy Parker getting off the elevator and sidling up to the bar for a gin and tonic. (For the record, I have her drinking gin in the book, while in reality Dorothy Parker favored scotch. I made the change because in this case, the truth felt more anachronistic than fiction.)



Days and nights of the Round Table, as caricatured by Al Hirschfeld. Clockwise from left: Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, Alexander Woollcott, Heywood Broun, Marc Connelly, Franklin P. Adams, Edna Ferber, George S. Kaufman, Robert Sherwood. In back from left to right: frequent Algonquin guests Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, Vanity Fair editor Frank Crowninshield and Frank Case.

When the Algonquin reopened last year, it happened to be at the same time as the BookExpo America convention. They put on a program about Dorothy Parker there and invited me and Marion Meade, who wrote the seminal biography of Dorothy Parker and who is probably the world's greatest living expert on her. She read from her biography, *Dorothy Parker: What Fresh Hell is This?*, and I did a short reading from my novel, even though it was eight months away from publication.

The Algonquin is central to *Farewell, Dorothy Parker*, because it's where the ghost of Dorothy Parker materializes to the main character, movie critic Violet Epps.

The core members of the Algonquin Round Table, which included Dorothy Parker, was known as the "Vicious Circle." It was very much a male-dominated group. Would you say she more than held her own?

Yes, she certainly did. She was a tiny little thing, but a spitfire.

Continued on page 15

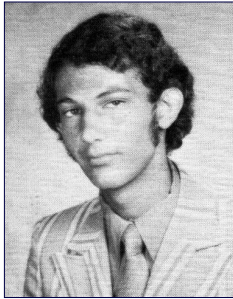


Ellen (left) participates in a panel discussion with novelist and fellow native LI-er Alice Hoffman.

Jon Friedman

Continued from page 12

jay named Lew Goodman, and from out of nowhere, he played “Ballad of a Thin Man” from *Highway 61 Revisited*. Now, that album had been out for four years already, but for some reason, that night it just hit me that this was something special and really interesting.



It wasn’t just a catchy song you heard on the radio, it was something extraordinarily powerful: his cocky delivery and the giggle in the first chorus. *Nobody* laughs at his own joke, especially in the middle of a song, and I thought, *What is this?* Then I started to buy his albums, and I started to take Dylan’s work very seriously. I’m sure I’d heard the song before, but it was like I was hearing it for the first time.

Do you think maybe it had something to do with the fact that you were now older and could appreciate the music on a deeper level?

Probably. Or maybe it was hearing it in the middle of the night when I should have been asleep!

Then, in the summer of 1975, I was home from college, and *The Basement Tapes* album had just come out on the heels of *Blood on the Tracks*. I must have played those records every day. From then on, I was completely hooked.

How long ago did the concept for Forget About Today come to you? Was it one of those ideas that formed instantly, or did it take a long time to hammer into shape?

In 2009 I wanted to write a new book. I had some ideas, but they didn’t quite pan out. Then I met a literary agent on Facebook—Lynn Johnston—who wound up becoming my agent. She’d noticed my posts on Facebook, and we agreed to have coffee together one day. Lynn said to me, “You ought to write a book about Bob Dylan.” She might as well have said, “You should jump across the Grand Canyon.” I said, “What?”

But the more we talked about it, and about what might attract a publisher’s eye, led us to the conclusion that I should write this book. However, I wanted to do something original; I wanted to write a book about Bob Dylan that nobody had tried to do before, for better or worse.

The angle I took was to look at Bob Dylan as more than just a songwriter or singer or performer or rock star, but as another Peter Drucker. His life and career contain lessons that you can really learn from and improve your life, not just get enjoyment from his art.

There have been business books and self-help books that revolve around historical figures, football coaches, and so on, but had there ever been a book based on a musician—or, for that matter, any popular artist? I can’t think of any.

I don’t think so. I realized that I was onto something unique. It’s funny: one of the people I interviewed for the book was Robbie Robertson of the Band.



Dylan goes electric. Audience goes ballistic. Newport Folk Festival, July 25, 1965.

When I told him that I was writing a book about Dylan, his first response was, “Another one?” But once I explained the concept, he said, “Hmmm, interesting, interesting.” It wasn’t just another biography.

The title, of course, comes from the last line of the last verse of “Mr. Tambourine Man”: “Let me forget about today until to-

morrow.” Were there any other book titles that you considered, using either a Dylan song title or lyric?

Only about twenty-five! One day when I finished writing the book, and the publisher accepted the manuscript, my editor said, “You know, you need a title.” Right! A title! Good idea!

I asked her, “What do you have in mind?”

“Is there a song title or album title that you might suggest?”

I said immediately, *Forever Young*.

“No. Too clichéd.” And sure enough, a book about Dylan came out that very week called *Forever Young*.

Continued on page 15

Jon Friedman

Continued from page 14

After I'd thrown about twenty-five possible titles at her, I offered *Forget About Today*.

"That's it!" she said. "Forget About Today! Wow! What does it mean?"

It really does sum up what the book is about, in the sense of refusing to live in the past and to always look ahead. Another title I seriously considered was *Keep On Keeping On*—a line from the song "Tangled Up in Blue."

The book's subtitle is Bob Dylan's Genius for (Re) invention, Shunning the Naysayers, and Creating a Personal Revolution. Could you give an example from his career that illustrates each of those, starting with his genius for reinvention?

Well, let's start with Dylan's going electric in 1965. That was the most controversial thing he ever did; probably the most controversial thing *anybody* ever did in music. Because he was revered as the king of the folkies, and he could have kept on making a nice living in that guise, but he thought it was time to follow the Beatles, the Stones, and the rest of them, and try his hand at something new.

Also, he recognized through the tea leaves that the world was going more electric, and society was becoming more violent, and to keep doing the same thing over and over again, even though he was great at it, didn't appeal to him. So he took a major chance. We talk about it now, like, "Oh, Bob Dylan went electric, and *of course* he was successful." But there was no guarantee that he wouldn't lose his audience. For the next year, at practically every concert, people booed him when he'd take out his electric guitar. All for trying something radical and different.

That's an example of his reinvention. As for "shunning the naysayers," I think that you could say he did that when he went country in 1969 with *Nashville Skyline*. At the time, a lot of people thought that country music was for hicks, but the album was a huge success. He was telling the naysayers, basically, "You don't like it, tough on you."

And as far as "creating a personal revolution," I think he did that very early on through songs such as "Blowin'

Continued on page 29



Ellen Meister

Continued from page 13

The thing about the Algonquin Round Table was that people came and went. Harpo Marx was part of it for a time, and the actress Tallulah Bankhead. Dorothy wasn't really crazy about most of the women; she certainly didn't have any respect for their writing talents. Edna Ferber, who wrote the musical *Showboat*, was one. She might have had a little more respect for Neysa McMein, a woman artist who sometimes joined the group and did a famous portrait of Parker. She was closest to Robert Benchley, the humorist, and Robert Sherwood, who was an author and playwright.

How did you research Dorothy Parker, to learn how to channel her voice?

That's an interesting question. Of course, I read every biography I could get my hands on, and it's not that difficult to read her entire published body of work because there's not that huge an amount of it. But to capture her voice, what I kept reading again and again was not her poems or short stories, it was her essays and her letters, because that's where Dorothy Parker truly revealed herself.

Where did you find her letters?

In the current edition of the *Portable Dorothy Parker* (originally published in 1944), edited by Marion Meade. It's all in there. I just reread it again and again and again, and I heard her voice. That's where it really came through to me.

In your third book, 2011's *The Other Life*, the main character, suburban mom Quinn Braverman, crosses through a portal to another version of her life. In *Farewell*, Violet Epps is befriended and mentored by the spirit of Dorothy Parker. Are you open to the idea of other, spiritual dimensions?

It's kind of interesting, because I didn't set out to write books that have these strange paranormal themes. When I wrote *The Other Life*, I was interested in the idea of escape and all the what-ifs of life. And once I freed myself to leave reality and write about things that aren't

Continued on page 27



TOONS CARTOONS CARTOONS TOONS CARTOONS CARTOONS CART



By Dan Clurman

About Dan:

"I have been a coach and educator for the last thirty-plus years, delivering training and classes in nonprofits organizations, 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.

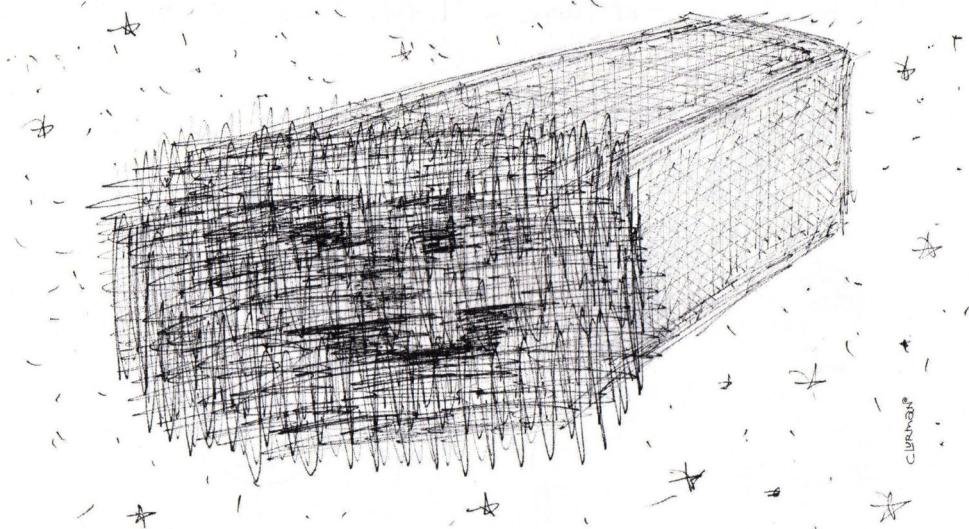
"I've cowritten a few books, *Money Disagreements: How to Talk About Them* and *Conversations With Critical Thinkers*, as well as a book of poems and drawings, *Floating Upstream*."

These toons are taken from Dan's most recent 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."



Drawn to each other



Almost out of the box



Travelin' Shoes



Jerichonians Conquer the Globe



Linda Caputo Friedmann ('72) in Antarctica

Photography by Gene Friedmann

I love to travel, and I've been lucky to get to do a lot of it, thanks partly to my husband's business. Gene is president of Hellma USA, located in Plainview, just five minutes from our house. It is a distributor of scientific component parts throughout North America, selling laser light sources, energy supplies, specialized spectrophotometer cells, and other high-end quartz and glass products that are made in Germany and are used in analytical instruments manufactured here in the States.

Or, as I usually tell people: "He makes widgets that go in gizmos." Much simpler.

The business has changed and expanded tremendously since he first started thirty years ago. I frequently go with him on business trips—conventions, trade shows, and so on—and then we'll add on a week either before or afterward. My favorite places tend to be the weirder ones. The South of France was lovely, but I liked Budapest, Hungary, a lot; and Costa Rica, because the people



there were so nice. Gene's company is expanding into South America now, which I'm really happy about, because that's my new area of concentration for travel. I'm looking forward to visiting a lot of countries there.

Continued on page 18

Linda Caputo

Continued from page 17

Going to Antarctica has been a dream of mine ever since I was around ten years old. I don't know why, but I developed a fixation and read everything I could about it.

The trip began to come together in 2011. My husband often travels with one of his work colleagues, Michael, whose wife, Ingrid, also comes along. The two of us spent a lot of time together, and one day we were talking about places we'd like to visit. It turned out that going to Antarctica had always been her dream too, so we started planning.

At first, the guys didn't want to go. Ingrid got to work on convincing Michael, who finally agreed to come. The day I was booking the trip online, for February 2012, I called out to Gene, "Okay, Michael's coming! I'm about to press the button right now ..."

"All right, all right." So it was the four us.

New York to Buenos Aries to Ushuaia

We traveled with National Geographic, through Lindblad Expeditions, which I think is the best way to go because you have access to their photographers, number one, and number two, they can get you places where other boats can't go. For example, only National Geographic can bring nonscientists to the science stations.

First you fly down to Buenos Aires, Argentina, which is a great city. Then we took a Lindblad charter to Ushuaia, Chile. Don't ask me how to pronounce it. Ushuaia is the last town in the province of Tierro del Fuego, at the southernmost tip of South America. It used to be a mining and fishing town, but now it's

Continued on page 19



This is our ship, the National Geographic Explorer.

Pancake ice in the Bay of Paradise*Clear water, cloudless sky.**A pod of orca whales: mother, child and auntie.**The girls usually travel together. The boys keep an eye out from a distance. Auntie is a spinster for now.*

Linda Caputo

Continued from page 18

mainly a place for a lot of boats to take off to Antarctica. It's tiny. And the weather is wintery and gray. We stayed there for two days just to collect ourselves before the big excursion. Although they still mine semi-precious stones, the rest of the area is a national preserve. We went to a bird hatchery where they have all kinds of odd wildlife. Then it was time to leave.

We had 165 people aboard our ship, including two oceanographers who were studying orca whales. They had tagged a bunch on a previous trip and were returning to find them, as well as tag more whales. So they knew exactly where the orcas were. We sailed straight to a pod of fifty. That was fantastic.

The first two days were the roughest, as we crossed the Drake Passage, or Mar de Hoces, between the tip of South America and the Antarctic Peninsula, the northernmost part of the mainland. That is where the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans meet, and it is one of the most of the most turbulent bodies of water in the world. The corridors of the ship have dispensers of vomit bags every few feet, and, believe, they got used. A lot. Plus, the reception desk had a bowl of what looked like mints. But they were Dramamine tablets.

Compared to most of the people on the trip, Gene and I fared pretty well, except for one night at dinner. The small dining room is in the front of the ship, where you get the worst of the waves. I would say that two-thirds of our dinner companions turned green and had to go back to their cabins. And the ship's doctor was running giving everybody injections of Compazine all night. I did have to barf at one point, although I

Continued on page 20

Linda Caputo

Continued from page 19

kept telling Gene, “No, no, I’m not seasick. I must have a stomach virus.”

Jaw-Dropping Scenery

Even before you reach Antarctica, the scenery changes radically. In fact, on the whole trip, you can’t believe what you’re seeing, and it’s very difficult to put into words. Like, seeing our first iceberg. It was amazing. Jaw dropping. You’re looking out at this iceberg from a distance, and you’re thinking, “Ohmigod, that’s an iceberg. It is *big!*” Then you get closer. “Wow, that is *really big!*” And then you get closer. “This thing is *gigantic!*” And, remember, most of it is under water.

Our boat, which was an ice-breaker, by the way, was the first Lindblad ship to make it past the Antarctic Circle. For the whole trip, the boat is your home, because there is no place to land. It’s not as if there’s a hotel-casino to stay in. You take a Zodiac landing craft, which seats about a half dozen people, near the shore. But not to the shore. They’re extremely careful to keep the environment pristine. You wade ashore wearing special gear made of rubber. Everything has to be washed down first, because they don’t want anyone to transfer any germs or other foreign substances onto the continent. Then when you return to the ship, they have to be sprayed down.

One of the first impressions was the air: it smelled so clear; just so different from what we’re used to. It was exhilarating. February is the summer in Antarctica, so there are nearly twenty-four hours of daylight. You make several excursions

Continued on page 21



(Inset) A distant view of an iceberg. (Below) We’re closer to it, but still far away!



Blue ice indicates that it is very old, as the oxygen gets compressed out over time.

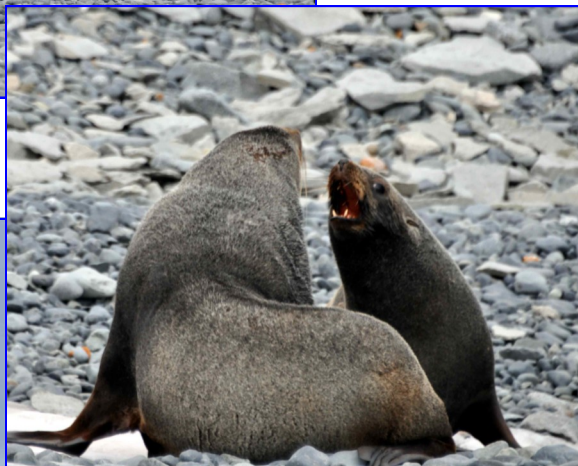


Approaching the side of an iceberg.



(Left) A mother and child reunion.

(Below) Kids' backtalk occurs in all species.



(Below) Happy feet! Penguins really do sing.



(Left) "Beat it, buddy! I'm trying to sleep."



(Right) "What're you lookin' at?"

Linda Caputo

Continued from page 20

throughout the day, in small groups. But by the end of the six days in Antarctica, everybody aboard has seen pretty much the same things.

It's very rocky when you first land, and then the ice sheet goes on for I don't know how many miles. One thing that most people don't realize is that most of the continent is a desert—not a sandy desert, obviously, but it's still an arid desert. You go climbing up rocky promontories and walking on the glaciers, which are humungous. Some people went kayaking among the icebergs, but I was too chicken. (Actually, I wanted to go, but my husband refused to let me do that.)

The temperature was surprisingly balmy; like, around thirty degrees. In the sun, it was nice. But the winds are very sharp, and when they blow, it cuts through you like a knife.

We went to the British scientific research station at Rothera. That's another advantage of going there with National Geographic: only their excursions are allowed there. It was there that we saw the water creatures who live under the ice, and let me tell you, they are weirdest-looking things you've ever seen. So strange. We even got to hold some of them. More than one person on the trip said that being in Antarctica is probably the closest you can come to traveling to another planet. It is just a completely different environment.

Penguins: A-d-o-r-a-b-l-e!

Wildlife on Antarctica consists mainly of penguins. On this trip, I learned more about penguins than anyone wants to know: For example, did you know that penguins commit suicide? They are adorable. They're funny.

Continued on page 22

Linda Caputo

Continued from page 21

They wander around. There are four different kinds of penguins on the peninsula, and then in the Falkland Islands and St. Georgia Islands, there are two other different kinds.

The penguins walk right up to you, although you're not allowed to touch them. Because their only experience with people is the ones who come to gawk at them, they don't see us as predators. They're very mild mannered, and they look at you as if to say, "So what the hell are you doing here?" February is the time of year when they hatch, molt, and start to trek inland, so we walked right among them as the mothers were feeding their babies.

By the way, penguins really do sing, it's so funny. I can't even attempt, though, to describe or imitate the sound. And they're social. They have families. They are serial monogamists: one season a pair will stick together, and while some pairs may continue as a "couple," most go off in search of a different mate.

At night, everyone would assemble on the ship for what we called a recap. There they would show everybody's pictures from the day, and then some of the scientists aboard would give a talk, and everybody would share stories about what they saw. One thing about this type of trip: you get a really interesting group of people, mainly American, British, and Canadian. One family brought along their teenagers (so obnoxious!), and the oldest passenger was this ninety-year-old doctor. He tottered a little bit, but he did everything that everyone else did. That was pretty cool.

Many of the people were interested in photography, nature, and so on. Inevitably, with each couple, one person dragged the other one along.

Continued on page 23

(Below) The bottom of a glacier. We were able to climb up a short way. The snow was hip deep; most of us with any sense turned back.



*(Left) We made it!
(Above) Gene with Peter Hillary, son of Sir Edmund Hillary.*



Sunrise or sunset?

Port Lockroy, in the British Antarctic Territory. This is actually occupied even in winter.



One of the Zodiac landing crafts.



View from the ship as we leave the harbor.



To give you a sense of the scale, the arrows are pointing to kayaks in the water.

Linda Caputo

Continued from page 22

And the person who had done the dragging—like me—had read all the books about the famous explorers, Gene and Michael, the dragees, complained the whole way there. But halfway into the trip, they both said to me and Ingrid, “This is the most fantastic thing. Thank you for making us come.” Both our husbands are excellent photographers, and they took the most amazing photos.

Among the people we met aboard the ship were David Doubilet and Peter Hillary. David, who was about sixty-five, is a hugely famous deep-sea underwater photography. That year he was the official National Geographic photographer. Very funny; just a tremendous person. He was accompanied by his wife, who is a biologist.

As for Peter Hillary, if you haven’t heard of him, you’re certainly familiar with his father, Sir Edmund Hillary, the first man to scale Mount Everest, in 1953. Peter, who’s our age and was born in Australia, is also a mountaineer and explorer. He gave several lectures and had amazing stories to tell, like how he, his father, the astronaut Neil Armstrong, and a couple of other guys camped out at the North Pole, and he had pictures of it.

He also showed us photos from his own climb up Everest in 2003, the fiftieth anniversary of his father’s ascent. He was accompanied by the son of his father’s Sherpa. When he reached the spot where his father had planted a flag, he used a phone to call Sir Edmund, who was then in his mideighties. Amazing! Not only did he give lectures, but you could just sit down and chat with him. Peter has been to the South Pole as well, dragging his own sled. That a human being could do that was incredible. Then you think back to men like Amundsen and Shackleton and how they reached the South Pole without any of the sophisticated equipment we have today. All they had were ... walking shoes!

We also met a young couple from Texas. (I don’t know why, but whenever Gene and I go traveling, we seem to get adopted by younger couples; it’s very peculiar.) They were a lot of fun, and we wound up spending a lot of time with them. We’ve been emailing back and forth, and they may join us on a future trip to Israel.

Back to Civilization

Think about how huge Antarctica is and then consider that only 2,500 people visit there in the summer (which is our winter) and a mere 300 people during the winter. That’s my size crowd!

It took two days to sail back to Tierro del Fuego. Gene

Continued on page 31

National Bestseller

Everything you always wanted to know about ED GREEN ('69)*

* But Were Too Self-Absorbed to Ask!

To those of you who knew me back in junior high, and even in elementary school, since I dreamt so much of outer space and rocket ships, it may have looked as if I'd end up as an aerospace engineer.

Well, anything but—I'm a composer and a musicologist. Of course, by high school, as you probably remember, I was already set at least on the first thing: composing. Becoming a professor of musicology happened later.

A little background: What changed my basic orientation from science to music was coming across, at age fourteen, a book that, it's not too much to say, changed my life: Eli Siegel's *The Aesthetic Method in Self-Conflict*, which explained the true importance of art. The slim, forty-page work was actually a chapter from his philosophic masterpiece *Self and World: An Explanation of Aesthetic Realism*—a book unsurpassed in its field. It is, in my opinion, the only book that convincingly shows that what makes for beauty in art is exactly the same thing everyone is looking for in life in order to be happy. Music, like all the arts, puts opposites together—and that's what we want to do. For example, music is, at once, orderly and free; it is

strong, and it is sweet; it requires discipline but also spontaneity. One of the great sentences in Eli Siegel's book is this: "Beauty has to be seen as complete logic, good sense carried further than usual: resplendent sanity."

Inspired by these great ideas, I began studying music far more seriously and with increased dedication. Along with what Jericho offered—and it really was a great music program back in the 1960s, as we all know—I took lessons with Morton Estrin who lived in Hicksville.

I was lucky! He was a world-class classical pianist and a professor at Hofstra University. He was also Billy Joel's piano teacher. (Do you remember Billy's local band in our high school days? It was called the Hassles, and had Jon Small of Jericho ['65] on drums. I had their first single, "You've Got Me Hummin'," But I lost it!)

I also took weekly trips into Manhattan to study composition with Meyer Kupferman, a professor at Sarah Lawrence College. After Jericho, I went to Oberlin Conservatory in Ohio, where I penned all sorts of

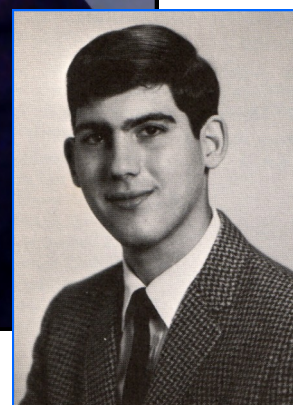
avant-garde classical concert pieces, atonal and athenatic. Oh well, it was the hip thing to do in those days, and I wanted to be impressive.

But it was a big mistake. Without warning, the bottom seemed to fall out for me. It was during my sophomore year that I began to struggle with composition, and I soon found it impossible to write anything at all. I felt weighed down by an inability to compose freely and passionately, and none of my professors could tell me why.

One professor, really drenched in Freudian thinking, gave me the ridiculous advice not to be loyal to my college girlfriend, but to sleep around promiscuously, as if that would "free me up" creatively! I have to say, I'm proud of myself for not taking his absurd advice, which had in it such contempt both for women and for art.

Anyway, not hearing any real explanation of what had bottled me up, I dropped out of the conservatory and took a degree at Oberlin College instead. Fortunately, I did my senior year at Oberlin in a program they had

Continued on page 25



Ed (above) at the piano and (right) at Jericho High School.

Ed Green

Continued from page 24

based in New York City. And at the same time, I began to study at the Aesthetic Realism Foundation—then on Grove Street; now on Greene Street. Its faculty were well-known artist and scholars, all of whom had themselves studied with Eli Siegel. And it was there that I learned what I really needed to know. I got the perspective I needed to see what had gone wrong for me at Oberlin.

You see, it wasn't the school's fault; it wasn't my parents' fault; it wasn't society's fault. And it certainly wasn't my girlfriend's fault! I came to see that even though I was studying something very beautiful—music—my purpose with it *wasn't* beautiful. I was living a contradiction and didn't know it. It's a contradiction that many young music students are in the midst of. I was using music to be competitive with other people and to feel superior to people who weren't in the arts—people I very arrogantly imagined weren't as “deep” as I was. It was a very ugly way of using music. And among the people I did this with were my parents, which I regret very much. When I learned from Aesthetic Realism how to criticize myself, and how to have a kind and respectful purpose with music, I not only became a better person but also got my art back—and stronger than ever.



“One professor, really drenched in Freudian thinking, gave me the ridiculous advice not to be loyal to my college girlfriend, but to sleep around promiscuously, as if that would ‘free me up’ creatively!”

Aesthetic Realism is the philosophy developed by Eli Siegel, who was a renowned poet and critic of the arts—first famous for his prize-winning poem of 1925, “Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana.” He began to teach it in New York in 1941. I attended courses at the Aesthetic Realism Foundation in SoHo starting in 1972, and two years later became a student with Eli Siegel, and studied with him until his death in 1978. After his death, Ellen Reiss, a very important poet and scholar in her own right, became chair of education at the Foundation; I studied in the classes she taught, and still do.

What I learned—with lots of detail and depth—is a new way of seeing the world, art, and people. I learned that beauty is the making one of opposites; that every-one's deepest desire is to like the world on an honest

Continued on page 26

Ed, in white shirt, confers with conductor David Gilbert before a celebratory concert of his music held last November 12 at the Manhattan School of Music. “The date was chosen because it was my sixty-first birthday,” he explains. Nice present!



Ed Green

Continued from page 25

basis; and that the desire to have contempt—the hope to make less of other people as a way (seemingly) of building oneself up—is the main cause of unhappiness in this world, and is definitely behind all unkindness between people and social and economic injustice.

(On this point, let me mention that about a year ago, the online journal of Villanova University, *Expositions*, published an essay of mine titled “The Mind of Adolf Hitler: A Study in the Unconscious Appeal of Contempt.” It’s made some waves in academic circles and is even being used as a text in universities as far away as Turkey. If you’d like a .pdf of it, just write me at edgreenmusic@gmail.com.)

I also learned that respect, the desire to see as much meaning and value as possible in the world and in other people, is the cause of art. And learning this changed my life. Eli Siegel was not only the finest scholar I ever met, he was also the kindest person. It was an extraordinary honor to have been his student.

A New Sense of Purpose

As I continued my studies, both musical and philosophic, my musical compositions became increasingly melodic. I changed technically, but more importantly, I changed my purpose with music. I once wrote music to impress people with how much more complicated my mind was than theirs—which, though I didn’t know it at the time, is contempt. But in the process of having this untrue purpose with music, I also robbed myself and didn’t truly express my own feelings. Trying to be superior to other people is no way of finding out what you sincerely feel. In fact, it’s a

great way to be insincere—to base decisions on what you think will impress other people rather than on the basis of what you really want most candidly to say about your own feelings. So I was actually using music to hide from people. When I changed, I saw that I wanted to write music that communicated something large and warm; music that would have big emotion in it, and could encourage people to like the world.

And let me add this: melody either works or it doesn’t. There is something universally communicative about a beautiful melody, and so you can’t write real melody and hide. I really don’t want to write about my work in any detail. Let me just say that I’ve received various awards for it, including a Grammy nomination, and that my music gets played by many orchestras and ensembles around the world. There are some samples on my website (www.edgreenmusic.org) if you would like to check it out,

The big thing is: I brought my renewed outlook on composing to all aspects of my life, including my role as a professor at the Manhattan School of Music, where I’ve been teaching since 1984. After almost two decades of teaching there—mainly in the field of jazz composition—I made the decision to go after a graduate degree and felt immediately drawn to NYU. Between 2002 and 2008 I received two masters degrees there, and also a doctorate. The doctorate was in musicology—and nowadays my teaching at MSM is equally divided between music



Ed chats with some students at the Manhattan School of Music after the concert featuring his compositions.

history courses and courses on musical composition, including film scoring and songwriting. I’m composer-in-residence for Imagery Films, whose president is the Emmy award-winning filmmaker Ken Kimmel. Among the films we’ve done together was one sponsored by the National Coalition for the Homeless called *What Does a Person Deserve?*, and is based on a crucial, ethical question that Eli Siegel once asked: “What does a person deserve by being alive? What does a person deserve by being a person?”

As for my life as a scholar, let me just mention that I’ve also been on the faculty of the Aesthetic Realism Foundation since 1980, teaching an ongoing course titled “The Opposites in Music.” I team-teach it with my colleagues Barbara Allen and Anne Fielding. I love that kind of teaching! And they both are marvelous artists: Barbara Allen, on flute, and Anne Fielding both as a singer and an actor.

As for published scholarship, I’m the editor of the forthcoming *Cambridge Companion to Duke Ellington*, as well as of the book *China and the West: The Birth of a New Music*, which appeared, in Chinese, from Shanghai Conservatory Press. I am also currently writing a book on the Beatles for Scarecrow Press.

Continued on page 27

Ed Green

Continued from page 26

Love Comes Knocking

I live on the Lower East Side of Manhattan with my wife. Carrie, who goes by her professional name, Carrie Wilson, is a great singer and actor. (This is not just a husband speaking, but a professional critic of the arts! Just see her perform some time.) She is also a consultant on the faculty of the Aesthetic Realism Foundation, where she specializes in women's issues and the questions women have about love, family, and so on. In addition to teaching women in private consultations at the foundation, she's also delivered many public seminar papers about these matters—and they are powerful, illuminating, moving. And often very funny!

To say I love her very much and feel blessed to have such a happy marriage is only to give the briefest hint of something I could write about at great, great length! But this doesn't seem to be just the place to do so. We've been married for thirteen years, but (in keeping with our generation) were together eight years before that. So we're really twenty-one years in.

For each of us, it is our first marriage. Well worth the wait! □



(Left) Ed and wife Carrie in Paris; and (below) following her vocal recital in Rosario, Argentina—naturally with Ed accompanying her on piano. He returned there three years later as a Fulbright lecturer.



Ellen Meister

Continued from page 15

necessarily of this earth, it opened me up to the idea for *Farewell, Dorothy Parker*. I enjoy the freedom to be that creative; to write a grounded story but to leave reality behind and go off in different, imaginative ways.

But as far as my believing in the paranormal, I do have to say that I've been watching *Long Island Medium* religiously, on the Learning Channel, with Teresa Caputo. A Hicksville mom, by the way. I can't watch that and not believe. I also went to see the psychic medium John Edward at Westbury Music Fair (or whatever they're calling it

these days). Every reading he did for random members of the audience was incredibly specific and dead on, if you'll pardon the pun. I can be as cynical as anybody, but there was no way that it was staged.

Tell us about Dorothy Parker's writing. She wasn't prolific, but yet her writing was very influential.

She was never able to write a novel, and that filled her with angst. She was one of those people who'd spend weeks thinking about each sentence. She was a very careful wordsmith, but she didn't rewrite, she just did everything very cautiously as she went along. I can re-

Continued on page 28

The Quotable Ms. Parker

"It's a small apartment, I've barely enough room to lay my hat and a few friends."

"You can lead a horticulture but you can't make her think."

"If all the girls who attended the Yale prom were laid end to end, I wouldn't be a bit surprised."

On an unwanted pregnancy: "It serves me right for putting all my eggs in one bastard."

"The first thing I do in the morning is brush my teeth and sharpen my tongue."

Ellen Meister

Continued from page 27

late to it, because I can be pretty anal retentive too. But I think her approach made it too hard for her to move forward.

Was she always able to earn her living as a writer?

She started making a living at it when she was a young woman. She worked for *Vogue*, and then for *Vanity Fair*. In 1925 a young man named Harold Ross, who was a member of the Algonquin Round Table, started the weekly magazine the *New Yorker*, and he hired Dorothy as one of his first staff writers. The *New Yorker* was a pretty rinky-dink operation at first, apparently. Once, Ross ran into Parker at a speakeasy in the middle of a work-day and demanded to know why she

wasn't at the office. "Someone was using the pencil," she said.

She basically scratched out a living. She was always borrowing money and relying on the generosity of her friends, which is why she said that her two favorite words in the English language were *check* and *enclosed*.

What did you learn about her personal life?

She was born Dorothy Rothschild in New Jersey in 1893 and had an unhappy childhood; her mother died when she was just five. At twenty-four she married a stockbroker named Edwin Parker. It was a terrible relationship: he came back from World War I addicted to drugs and alcohol. Dorothy wasn't drinking at that point; her problems with alcohol came later in life. The marriage ended in 1928. Then in 1934, she married Alan Campbell, a man who loved her and took good care of her. It was rumored that Alan Campbell, also a writer, was gay, although we don't know the truth about that. But it was a pretty tumultuous relationship, too. They divorced, and then remarried, and they were still together, in Hollywood, when he committed suicide in 1963.

Like most of the writers at the Round Table, Dorothy Parker also made the trek out to Hollywood to try her hand at writing for motion pictures.

It was impossible for them to resist the allure of the money, because there was so much of it in Hollywood in those days. They could earn more



Family photo: Max, husband Mike, Emma, Ellen, and Evan. FYI, Ellen lives in West Birchwood.

in a week writing screenplays than they probably made in a year in New York. Dorothy Parker worked on a number of scripts but only received credit on a couple of them. I don't think she was very happy in California. She once quipped, "Hollywood, where the streets are paved with Goldwyn."

Was she a proto-feminist, would you say?

Absolutely. And she had tremendous empathy. People tend to think of Dorothy Parker as a wit and a cynic—and even as a drunk. They don't usually think of her as somebody who had a big heart and a deep commitment to civil rights and justice. In 1927 she traveled to Boston to protest the biased trial of Sacco and Vanzetti, a pair of Italian immigrant anarchists who were accused of murdering two men during an armed rob-

Continued on page 29

Essential Reading About D.P.



The Portable Dorothy Parker, edited by Marion Meade (New York: Penguin Classics, 2006).

Dorothy Parker: What Fresh Hell Is This? by Marion Meade (Penguin Books, 1989).

A Journey Into Dorothy Parker's New York, by Kevin C. Fitzpatrick (Roaring Forties Press, 2005).

Ellen Meister

Continued from page 28

bery. Dorothy Parker was arrested for protesting, which gave her great pride. Still, the men were executed. It was one of those dark moments in American history.

She was also a great proponent of civil rights, so much so that when she died of a heart attack in 1967, she left her entire state to Martin Luther King, even though she'd never met the man. Dorothy's life ended sadly: she was a depressive and had attempted suicide several times, and she died bitter and drunk.

When I wrote *Farewell, Dorothy Parker*, it was really important for me to show both sides of her. The idea came to me pretty early on that her ghost would serve as a mentor to somebody who really needed her help; a woman, Violet Epps, who's so timid that she can't get out of her own way. And I also decided quickly that Violet would be a movie critic for a magazine; I thought it would lend itself to so many possibilities.

Just to show you how a story forms, I decided that Violet's timidity would need to cost her dearly in some way. There had to be something big at stake, and I came up with a storyline about her seeking to regain custody of her niece, who'd lost her parents in a car accident.

From there, I started to fill in the spaces and stitch together a story. I wanted the character to have both an inner arc, which is her needing to overcome her timidity, and then an outer story, which is her gaining custody of her niece. And then I wanted to give Dorothy Parker an arc too.

Have you thought about your next book?

Oh yeah, I'm working on the proposal now. Actually, I'm rewriting it for the

fourth or fifth time. I can't say too much about it, because it's unsold, but suffice to say, it also has a magical-realism element. I'm excited about it.

At this point, you've amassed a family of four books. Is each book, as you're working on it, your favorite?

One hundred percent. I think it has to be. Writing a book is so hard. If you're not head over heels, rapturously in love with it on some level, you can't do it. Because in between those moments of rapture, there's the utter despair where you hate every word of it, you think your career is over, and you think that you're never going to write another word.

Writing is sort of an endless loop of love-hate. If the love isn't there, and you're looping between hate and lukewarm, you're never going to make it.

I teach creative writing at Hofstra University. Whenever my students start to despair and complain about how hard it is to constantly have to rewrite, I tell them, "That's what it takes! If writing a book were easy, everybody would do it." □

Other Books by Ellen

- *Secret Confessions of the Applewood PTA* (William Morrow, 2006)
- *The Smart One* (William Morrow, 2008)
- *The Other Life* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2011)
- *The Wishing Cake* (novelette) (Amazon Digital Services, 2012)

Ellen on the Web

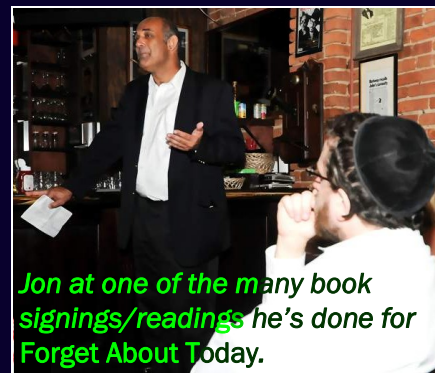
- www.ellenmeister.com
- www.facebook.com/DorothyParkerQuotes

Jon Friedman

Continued from page 15

in the Wind," "The Times They Are A-Changin'," "Masters of War," "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll." Those songs really shook the world and gave the civil rights movement an anthem. He became the spokesman of a generation—a title that he always hated but is still attached to him to this day. So I think that you can take any number of examples from his life and apply them to the three concepts in the subtitle.

In terms of popularity, though certainly not in terms of influence, Dylan's career has hit some lows. Was there ever a time when he lost you?



Jon at one of the many book signings/readings he's done for Forget About Today.

Yes, he lost me in the eighties. I loved *Slow Train Coming* (1979), but I didn't like *Saved* (1980), which was such a big thud that I didn't pay much attention to the following year's *Shot of Love*. Then *Infidels* (1983) had such a forbidding title, and even the cover photo is not very attractive, and then *Empire Burlesque* (1985), *Knocked Out Loaded* (1986), and on down the line, these weren't very good albums.

He had a period, after he and his wife, Sara, split up in 1977, where he was just frowning all the time. For a decade, he basically frowned in public, and I think that affected his music. Basically, he

Continued on page 30

Jon Friedman

Continued from page 29

wasn't having any fun making music, and if the artist isn't enjoying himself, it makes it hard for the audience to enjoy the performance. Dylan was still *out there*: He put out a lot of records and did a lot of shows, but he was doing it almost by rote. He would do a tour with the Grateful Dead or Tom Petty or Santana or Joan Baez because he thought he needed to be out there. And he probably needed the money at that point in his life too. I don't think making great art, like he did in the 1960s and 1970s, was his top priority, and he lost me for about seven, eight, nine years.

Then, in 1988, he came back as part of the Traveling Wilburys—the “supergroup” with Petty, George Harrison, Roy Orbison, and Jeff Lynne—and he was smiling and cheerful and enjoying music again.

In the eighties, it seemed like Dylan was overly focused on just trying to sustain a career and fit himself into what was going on around him. And often when artists create based on reacting to what's popular, they don't make their most inspired music. Then it seemed like, starting in the 1990s, Dylan rediscovered the reason he'd become a musician in the first place: his love of music.

As I wrote in the book, he took seven years off from making records. He wasn't feeling inspired. Somebody close to Dylan summed up for me what his life was like in eighties: “He was famous but not popular.” And when you think about it, what a horrible condition that must be to be in: famous but not popular. That makes you nothing more than a nostalgia act. It's basically reliving old glories.

During an interview with Robert Hilburn of the *Los Angeles Times*, Dylan said three words that mean the most to

me: “Nostalgia is death.” I thought that summed up his entire philosophy. It's a great philosophy to live by, too. Let's say you have a big success in business. You say, “I'm not going to be overwhelmed by it. I'm going to appreciate it, enjoy it, but I won't let it suffocate me, and I'll keep on doing what I want to do.” Or, if you have a failure: “I'm not going to let this ruin my life. I'm not going to take it as being an assessment of me personally.”

In terms of methodology, in terms of approaching his life, I looked at his life in three ways. The first was to take any given year between 1961, when he first hit, and now, and look at three different factors: one, what was going on in his personal life? Was he getting married? Was he having a kid? Was he retiring from the road? Was he making a new album, a new statement?

Two, what were the big trends in the music industry at a given time? Was it the arrival of MTV? Disco? Was Bruce Springsteen coming along?

And, three, what was going on in the world around us? Was it Obama? Bush? Kennedy? Who was in power? What were the dominant themes of the world? Were people afraid of war with Russia? Were they afraid of terrorism after 9/11? A recession? What was going on in the world that may have had an impact on what Dylan was thinking and in terms of his music?

What came as the biggest surprise to you in assessing Bob Dylan's career and his place in the world?

The sheer courage he showed in making all these changes in his life and his art. He has done so much in his fifty-plus years as an artist; just the sheer volume of work is incredible. You don't always think about it in those terms. He's a cultural giant, based on his accomplishments. But he's also really hard working. He's worked hard his whole life.

He always seems to be in situations where he wants to show that he is au-

Continued on page 42

**Bob,
Bob,
Bobbin'
Along**



Donna Rabena

Continued from page 7

Adriana Trigiani. She writes a lot of women's fiction, and she has a *New York Times* best-seller at the moment, *The Shoemaker's Wife*. She writes a lot about her own Italian-American experience.

I was reading *The Shoemaker's Wife*, and she described something that was so similar to a story that my grandmother had told me, that I wrote to her. And she was lovely. She wrote back and sent me her nonfic-



Donna's older daughter, Lisa, with husband Steve and granddaughters Abby and Caroline.

tion memoir about her grandmother. I asked her if I could send her a copy of my finished book. She replied, "I already bought it!"

Last fall, Adriana was appearing at Farmingdale Public Library, and I introduced myself. She actually promoted my book. It was very cool and very selfless of her. I write to her from time to time, and she's very gracious and willing to share knowledge with somebody that's not of her caliber but still a fellow writer.

I would say that if writing is on your bucket list, give it a try. Once you get started, it is a very cathartic process, and if you end up writing even a short story, it's very gratifying. You can say, "Okay, this was on my list of things to do—and I did it!" ■

The Amity Harbor Horror: Hurricane Sandy

Right now, as of early February, my husband and I are displaced due to Hurricane Sandy, which struck the Northeast on October 29, 2012. We're living down the block from our home, in an upstairs apartment where the homeowner is away while she has the work done downstairs. Our entire block has been a disaster area since the storm.

We were told to evacuate, and we did. I was especially concerned for Steven, because if for any reason he needed an ambulance, they might not be able to get through. So we spent the first two weeks after the storm at our daughter's house, in Bayshore.

After two weeks, we figured we'd be able to move right back in, because if you looked at the house, it didn't look too bad. But water damage is worse than damage from a fire. It's unbelievable, all the things that it affects. We needed new floors, new walls, new electric, new plumbing, mold removal. Basically, we're rebuilding from the inside out. I'm hopeful that we'll finally be back in our home by late February.

People ask, How could you live so close to the water? But Hurricane Sandy was so unusual. In fact, before we bought our house fourteen years ago, we checked first with the neighbors about flooding, and it had never happened before. One couple had been living here for thirty years at that point, and nothing. Hurricane Sandy turned out to be the Perfect Storm.

But we're surviving, so it's okay. At least we're dry and have a place to stay in the meantime.

Linda Caputo

Continued from page 23

and I decided to extend our vacation. First we spent a few days in Buenos Aires, and then we flew about eight hundred miles north to Iguazu Falls. It's one of the largest and most beautiful waterfalls in the world. (Iguazu means "big water" in Spanish.) So we went from the cold of Antarctica to the jungle, where it was 110 degrees. Talk about extremes. Then it was on to Sao Paulo, Brazil, for the final flight home. Once we were back in Woodbury, it took several days to decompress, because the two of us were just so high from the journey.

This coming summer, we're going in the opposite direction: to the North Pole. Or as close as we can get. Once again we're taking a National Geographic excursion to a science station in Alaska's Denali National Park. As for Antarctica, I can't wait to go back, although it won't be for a while. What I'd really love to do is work there for a couple of months. I found a different travel company that can actually get you to the South Pole, but I don't think I'd have the stamina for that.

I've already told Gene that if he doesn't want to return to Antarctica, I'll go myself! ■



See that tiny object on the horizon? Iceberg ahead!

State of the Re(Union)

Continued from page 1

class of 1972 has had five reunions since 2002, the last three of which included other classes on either side of us. The parties are always a blast, but planning each one takes a long time.

After the June 2012 class of '72 forty-year reunion, the reunion committee of me, Larry Licht, Linda Caputo Friedmann, and Paula Wood decided to scale back for the next few years and throw an annual, casual party for members of the classes of 1969 through 1975. (Really, though, anyone from Jericho is welcome.) No paying in advance. Just show up for an evening of drinks, food (if you want), great conversation, and, as always, lotsa laughs.

Why come to a high school reunion, even an informal one? I think Cynthia Greenberg Giusti ('72) expressed this better than I can in an email she sent after flying in from her home in California to attend her very first reunion last year:

Personally, it was better than I ever imagined and healing for me. I got to really visit with people, reestablish old friendships, get acquainted with people I didn't know in high school, and be reminded of what wonderful people I grew up with, and how caring and cared for we were. It doesn't matter that I couldn't appreciate it at the time—I do now.

Beginning in late February, we'll start an online guest list, to see who's in. You can just show up that night, but if you let us know in advance, we'll have a photo-ID name tag waiting for you. Not to insinuate that you've changed so much that no one would recognize you otherwise, but ... ■

Maurauding Motorcycle Gangs on Mescaline! Pooches on Acid! Horse Tranquilizer for the Masses!



A GATHERING OF THE TRIBES FROM 40 YEARS AGO . . .

The Watkins Glen Summer Jam

In a Textbook Case of Cause and Effect, Watkins Glen Was My First Rock Festival — And My Last

By Philip Bashe

My friends and I were too young to attend Woodstock in the summer of 1969, much to our disappointment. So when the "Summer Jam: A Day of Music in the Country" was announced for Saturday, July 28, 1973, no way were we going to pass up our first rock-festival experience.

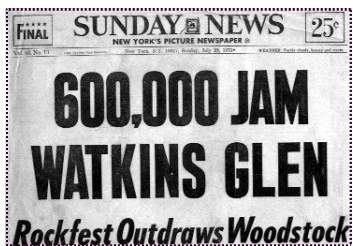
My good friend Michael Dinhofer ('72), after having spent his freshman year of college at the University of Rochester, was about to depart for Tulane University. Seeing the Allman Brothers, the Band, and Michael's beloved Grateful Dead seemed like a perfect send-off be-

fore he split for New Orleans two days later.

Another Jericho classmate joined us, along with a sixteen-year-old friend of his. I'm sure that my friend wouldn't mind my naming him, as he has a great sense of humor, but I don't want to be presumptuous. Therefore, I'll refer to him as "PB," and the fourth member of our contingent, "J."

As could be expected from three rugged nineteen-year-olds from hardscrabble Jericho, we packed sleeping bags, a Coleman camping stove, and enough pro-

Continued on page 33



Continued from page 32

visions to cater a Bar Mitzvah party of two hundred-plus at Westbury's Fountainbleu Caterers (where, in high school, I worked as a busboy. Oh, the stories I could tell that would have greatly interested the New York Department of Health.)

Summer Jam was just a one-day event. But since we'd missed out on the three days of fun, music, drugs, and rampant STDs at Woodstock, we decided to drive upstate two days early and stake our claim as close to the stage as possible. We made the five-hour drive in Mike's blue

1966 Buick LeSabre, pulling in around eleven o'clock on Thursday night. You had to park a good distance from the festival site, which didn't open until the following day, so, like all the other early arrivals, we slept in the cramped car.

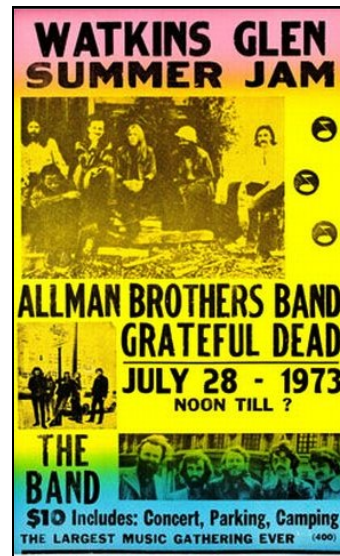
Friday morning, we started the Bataan-like march to the raceway, loaded down with so many supplies, it felt like taking a stroll on Jupiter. Along the way, though, we met lots of friendly, hairy people. Wow, just like Woodstock, I thought happily. We even bumped into a number of Jerichonians, including Peter Green and Laurie Hulsmann from the class of '73. The four of us were thrilled to find a spot no more than a hundred yards from the stage. Eureka! We felt like nineteenth-century homesteaders, but without the inconvenient threats of

Indian attacks or drought. Outtasight!

Friday was a gorgeous summer day, but brutally hot—96 degrees—and dusty. Personally, I couldn't wait to immerse myself in the full rock-festival experience, so immediately after we settled in, I headed over to the portable toilets.

Yes! The Portosans, undisputed stars of the movie *Woodstock*. They seemed so exotic! I mean, just the name alone: *Puerto San*. (Preferrably said with a lush Ricardo Montalban accent.) It sounded like a Caribbean island retreat. A desert oasis. Paradise, here I come!

Although the toilets, on the other side of the site, weren't far away, it took an hour to tip-toe around people sprawled on blankets all along the increasingly congested grounds. But I made it. Not to the Portosans,



exactly, but to the waiting line. The units stood proudly, sentinel-like, in a perfect military row.

On this day before the concert, all three bands would conduct onstage sound checks, which basically treated the crowd to a miniconcert. The Band had already completed its short set.

My turn finally came just as the Allman Brothers Band took the stage. I closed the plastic door, sat down, closed my eyes, and deeply inhaled the invigorating scent of Pine-Sol. As Stevie Wonder might have said, "Wow. Port-O-San. Jus' like ah pitched it!"

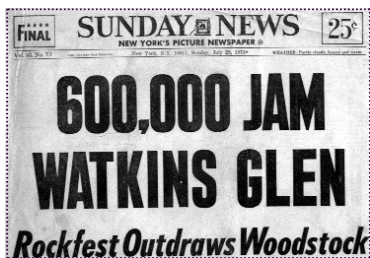
I hadn't noticed all the young people perched atop the line of Portosans, which they'd more or less turned into a balcony for a better view of the stage. I gratefully got down to business just as the Allmans launched into their set opener, a new song called "Ramblin' Man."

Continued on page 34

Young Phil, nearly buried alive in one of the Portosans with people perched on top.



"For God's sake, stop rocking back and forth, you stupid hippies!"



Continued from page 33

The ecstatic kids on top of the Portosan started rocking vigorously from side to side, causing the unit to do likewise, with me trapped inside. I was convinced that the damn thing was going to capsize. So *this is how it ends*, I thought grimly. *Buried alive in God knows many cubic feet of human waste at the tender age of nineteen.* Luckily, the Allmans didn't turn "Ramblin' Man" into a lengthy jam, and I bolted out of there the second they brought the song to an end.

A Motorcycle Gang Appears, and Our Food Supply Disappears. Mere Coincidence? You Decide!

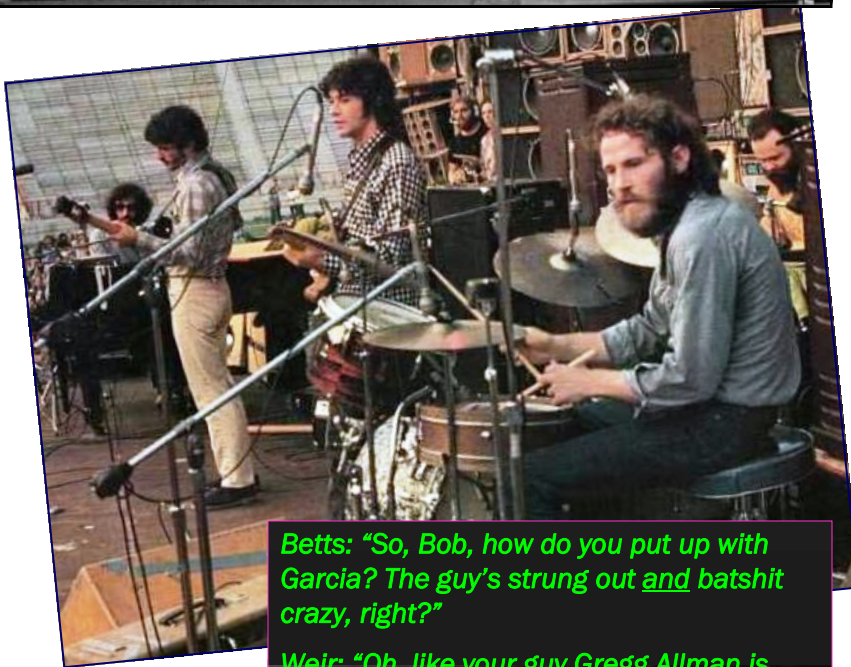
Copious amounts of drugs
Continued on page 35



There was music, too! (Above): The Grateful Dead made time stand still. Keith Godcheaux's World's Longest Piano actually placed the keyboardist in a different zip code!

(Right): The Band pretty much stole the show.

(Far right): After the Allmans' fine set, the obligatory multiband jam ensued. Here, Dickey Betts and Bob Weir discuss the Eternal Dilemma of Second Bananas.

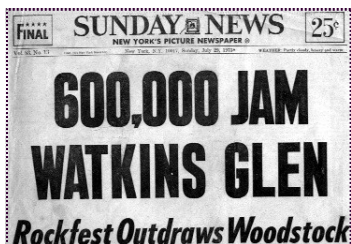


Betts: "So, Bob, how do you put up with Garcia? The guy's strung out and batshit crazy, right?"

Weir: "Oh, like your guy Gregg Allman is the picture of mental health and temperance?"

Betts: "Touche, brother. Touche."





Continued from page 34

were making the rounds all day. I've never been into drugs; I prefer to wait until I'm in my eighties and no longer care about preserving brain cells. By then, I'll have stockpiled enough acid to tide me over for at least a decade. If you, too, should wind up in the Haliburton-operated Happy Acres old-age home and hear someone shrieking Led Zeppelin's "Immigrant Song" while swatting at the purplemeltinginsectheaded nurses' aides, that'll be me.

So among my group of friends, I was the designated driver long before it was called that. Occasionally, I liked to play a practical joke on 'em while they industriously rolled doobies in the backseat of my 1965 Mustang.

I'd glance in the rear-view mirror. "Uh-oh. Is that a cop behind us?"

I'd try my best to keep from laughing as, in a full-scale panic, they fumbled their bag of weed, half its contents spilling onto the filthy car mat.

"Nope. Not a cop. False alarm." Then came the mad scramble to scrape up the pot, producing a joint laced with dog hair, sand from Jones Beach, and God knows what else. I know,

I know: it was really mean. But it was *really* funny.

Anyway, along with many in the crowd at Watkins Glen, my friend B.P. and young J. had ingested what they *thought* was pure THC. Late in the afternoon, someone announced from the stage, "How many of you took some THC that's going 'round?"

Half the assembled waved their hands in the air and whooped and hollered.

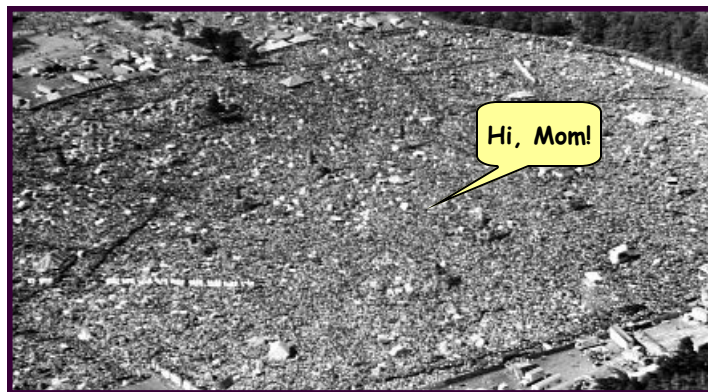
"It's *horse tranquilizer*, you assholes!" he sneered in disgust.

One by one, heads around us lolled on their necks, which then turned to rubber, plunging everyone who'd indulged into a coma. This included P.B. and J., who proceeded to sleep through the night, and virtually all of the next day's concert, lying stiff on their backs as if mummified.

Michael and I slept soundly that night too, worn out by the heat and having spent the previous night contorted in the Le Sabre like figures in a Picasso painting.

Now, I *thought* I heard unfamiliar voices and movements behind us, but either my subconscious dismissed it or I was too deeply under to react. In any event, when Mike and I woke up at daybreak, we were surprised to see that the crowd had multiplied overnight, like mushrooms, devouring any remaining open space.

We also noticed that about three-quarters of our



food was gone. It didn't take long to locate it: a motorcycle gang had taken up residence right behind us and helped themselves. Worst of all, they even stole the precious can opener. I don't think they were Hell's Angels, but they were pretty menacing looking all the same. Besides, there were at least a dozen of them, plus their "old ladies."

The bikers grinned toothlessly, as if to say, "Yeah, and what're *you* punks gonna do about it?" Clearly, not much. I'd read all about Altamont and did not wish to be beaten to a pulp with pool cues. We grumbled under our breath and returned our attention to the stage. Soon the music would begin.

We wound up getting a measure of revenge, however. Saturday was another blazing-hot day, and the gang had gotten an early start on cheap red wine and, from what I overheard them say, a desert's worth of mescaline.

One by one, members began to stagger off to the bad-trip tent—or had their limp carcasses carried there. It was like a performance of Haydn's *Farewell*

Symphony. Before the Grateful Dead had finished its concert-opening set, the entire gang had cleared out, enabling Michael and I to reclaim what was left of our food. And, praises be, the can opener.

May I say a word about Jerry Garcia and company? Now, I liked the Dead as much as the next guy, but a bumpersticker from that time summed up my feelings about them: "Sure I like the Grateful Dead, but what's the big deal?" Mike, a board-certified Deadhead, had harangued me into finally seeing them in Rochester a few months before, and they were . . . very good—in part because the band had played an abbreviated (by its standards) two-hour-plus set.

At Watkins Glen, the Dead stood rooted to the stage for *five* hours, whiling away much of the time with the noodling jams that sent all the patchouli-oiled, peasant bloused cuties around us into a frenzy.

As for me, I'm pretty sure that my circulation stopped sometime during an interminable "Nobody's Fault but Mine." Things got

Continued on page 41

**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 —
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Faculty Lounge



Mr. Raymond Matienzo: Once A Teacher, Always a Teacher



I was born in St. John's Hospital in Astoria, Queens, on May 1, 1931—the same day that the Empire State Building opened. So we both made our debuts five hours apart on the beautiful spring day. I came first.

I was the tenth of eleven children: four girls and seven boys. (A brother born after me died in infancy.) Having all those older siblings in this big household was a wonderful experience; we were a very close family.

I attended a private Catholic boys' high school in Pennsylvania called St. Mary's. It was quite challenging, which was fine with me because I received a

strong background in many areas, especially humanities and language. Of course, I loved English and music best. I also played the piano and, later, in high school, the violin and the organ. It's funny: my mother played the piano and taught me the basics as I was growing up. But of all my brothers and sisters, I was the only one interested in playing the piano we had. Music has always been an important part of my life. I have hundreds of classical CDs, and I'm surrounded by music from the moment I wake up in the morning until I go to bed at night.

Acting, too, came very early for me. What's interesting about that is that I had a stutter when I was little—sometimes a very severe stutter. In the early

grades, I was always afraid to raise my hand and answer any questions. But I was blessed with a fine boy's soprano voice, and as I got older, I began doing a lot of solo singing for school and church functions. Well, when you sing, you never stutter, so it was really through music that I gained the proper rhythm and tempo of speech and ultimately conquered that stutter.

I began acting and directing plays and skits in high school. At St. Mary's, I got permission to put on two Gilbert and Sullivan comic operettas: *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and *The Mikado*. Since we were an all-boys' school, there were no girls around, and "drag" was out of the question. I was told that if I wanted to do these musicals, I would have to rewrite the scripts—including many of the lyrics—eliminating the girls' roles and changing the plots but keeping all the music. So I did, and, honestly, the results were amazing, and all the guys had fun.

Immediately after graduation, my family moved from Queens to Hicksville, Long Island, settling in a house on Dartmouth Drive. My father died not too long after, so it was just me and my mother at home, but two of my sisters and a brother and their families lived around the corner, so they were always around to help me take care of our mother. She died in 1970 at age seventy-six.

As much as I loved theater, I knew that I wanted to go to college and get a degree in education. I tried one year of junior college and didn't want to continue with that, so I decided I would go to college full time. I called Fordham University, sent them my transcripts, and within a week, I was accepted. Just like that.

Like a lot of young people in the 1950s, I had to work my way through college. I had a job with an engineering company that was stationed in

Continued on page 37

Mr. Ray Matienzo

Continued from page 36

the Empire State Building. They were very good to work for; they gave me a lot of time off to do other things. I'd study on the train ride to and from Manhattan. I also made extra money on the side as a church organist, especially during the summer when the regular organists went on vacation. Funerals, weddings—I played them all, and it was easy work and helped to pay for college.

I graduated in 1955 and then enrolled in Columbia University for a master's degree in English. I had completed my course work, but soon after, the Draft Board, which had given me multiple deferments, wouldn't give me any more. So I was drafted into the army. I did basic training at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and then was transferred to Fort Lee, Virginia. I had hoped to be assigned near NYC, but I was informed that a chaplain at Fort Lee had been screaming for years for a chaplain's assistant who could play the organ. "And you," they said, "are it."

It turned out to be a dream assignment. I had my own room, and

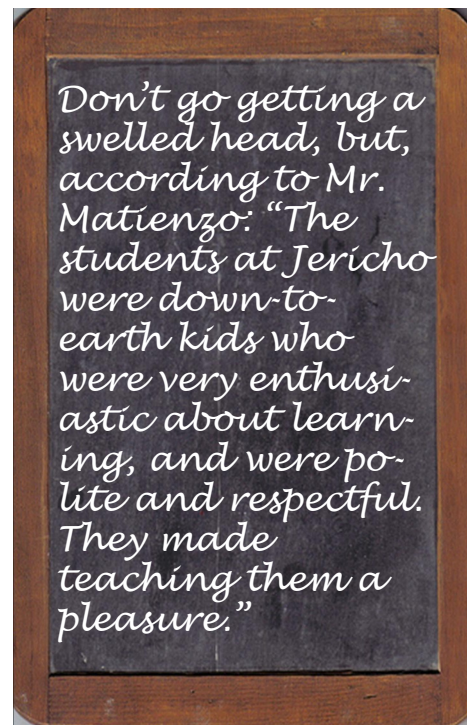
most of the time, I could arrange my weekends and do whatever I wanted. I started the Quartermasters Command Chorus and directed it for almost the entire two years I was in the service. I made a lot of friends, and my army experience was a refreshing break from many years of academics. Then it was back to civilian life.

First Teaching Job

In 1958 I applied for a teaching job in Hicksville and was able to get the position right away. I began in the junior high, which was good for me because I could learn what the skills of the art of teaching demanded. I had some wonderful colleagues who gave me wise counsel.

With my background in theater, I was directing a lot of plays in addition to teaching English. The principal at Hicksville Senior High wanted me, so I was transferred there. Compared to Jericho, it was quite a larger, crowded school, with a total of close to three thousand students. Everything there was big: we were able to put on large musical productions on a professional-size stage with all sorts of amenities. The lighting, the curtains—everything—was first class. One of the students that I remember (although he was not in my class) was a young Bill Joel.

As much as I enjoyed it, after six years in Hicksville, I wanted to teach in a smaller school, so I applied to several other districts, including Great Neck and Jericho. One day I was giving a lecture about a Sophocles play to a combined



group of three classes in the high school Little Theater. All eighty or so of the students were reading the play with their respective teachers. After the students had filed out on their way to their next classes, a man who had been standing in the rear of the theater during the class came up to me and introduced himself as the superintendent of the Jericho School District.

"Mr. Matienzo? I want you to teach for us." Before I could even ask about salary and other matters, he said, "Don't worry about anything." I didn't know at the time that Jericho was one of the highest-paying school districts in New York State. We shook hands to seal the commitment, and that was that. I began teaching in Jericho in September 1964.

The high school was in the process of revamping its English Department. There were only about 180 students in the senior class, as I remember, and there were six other English teachers besides me and the reading teacher. John Tobin was there, Pete Lawrence, and Ruth Bernstein, too. It turned out to be a

Continued on page 38



Mr. Matienzo, shown here with Mrs. Karen Schwartz, back in Jericho for the 2007 Hall of Fame ceremony.

Mr. Ray Matienzo

Continued from page 37

most happy experience. There were twenty-five or less students per class. The school grew very quickly, however, and more talented teachers were hired to meet the need, such as Charlie Vigilante, Estelle Stern Rankin, Austin McKeen, and Steve Piorkowski. We concentrated on improving the English curriculum and building a solid English Department.

Even though the world was changing, and students were becoming more politically and socially aware, from the mid-1960s through the mid-1980s, the students at Jericho were down-to-earth kids who were very enthusiastic about learning, and were polite and respectful. They made teaching them a pleasure.

There were very few problems. I can't think of any serious confrontations I ever had with a student. But then, I was not overly demanding in the classroom: I wanted a classroom that promoted a relaxed atmosphere during which a love of learning—and specifically English—would be nurtured every day.

So I was pretty fair. On the other hand, I would tell my students very clearly, "Don't give me a hard time, because if you do, I'm going to have you look for another teacher." And several times, I followed up on that.

I should point out that the worst thing one of my students or the class could do was to give my substitute teachers a hard time, be rude to them, or interrupt the learning process when I was not there. Some of those students may remember the consequences. The result: my subs liked to sub for me. But overall, the students were dedicated.

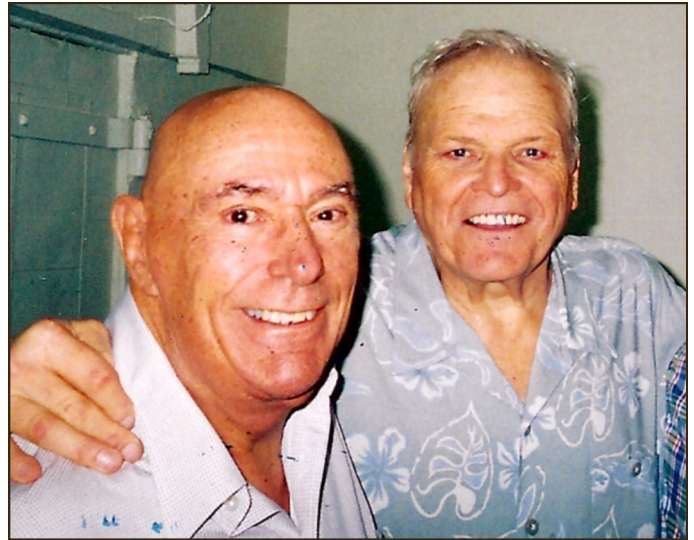
One day I convinced the principal that we should offer a one-semester

mandatory course in research techniques for all seniors as a solid preparation for their future college educations. It was approved, and I taught the course for the next several years. The major requirement was a completed paper of the highest standards. I let the students choose their own topics because that would ensure their interest. I'm sure many of them still have copies of those papers and are proud of them. They might even have kept Kate L. Turabian's *A Manual for Writers of Research Papers, Theses, and Dissertations*. During the last years of my teaching career, I taught Advanced Placement Literature and/or Composition.

Extracurricular Activities

As I did in Hicksville, I also directed plays and musicals at Jericho. A couple of the students went on to become professionals, like Larry Raiken, who incidentally, performed on Broadway in productions of *Follies* and *Woman of the Year*.

While teaching, I began acting in regional theaters in my spare time, principally with the Arena Players and Theatre Five. Over the years, I must have been in sixty or seventy plays and musicals. I won a regional award for my portrayal of the Devil (Mr. Applegate) in *Damn Yankees*. I also did dinner theater. As for plays, I did Shakespeare, Ibsen, Chekhov, Shaw—the classics. I consider my performance as Iago in Shakespeare's *Othello* as my finest work.



Mr. Matienzo in 2009 with his friend and fellow actor Brian Dennehy. "He always was urging me to go into professional theater, but I'd stop him midsentence: 'Brian, you're out of your mind! I'm only a few years away from a very good pension!'"

In the sixties and seventies, regional theater was very active because many Long Islanders didn't fancy the round-trip drive to NYC and to pay the price for Broadway entertainment. Regional theater attracted talented actors, many with much stage experience. I appeared in just about every Neil Simon play, truly. In Simon's *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*, the actor who played my brother was in real life a neurosurgeon—his "avocation" was being an actor who loved being onstage.

Some professional actors often started in regional theater. One of my good friends is actor Brian Dennehy, whom you've undoubtedly seen in many films and on TV. We did four or five plays together. In Stephen Sondheim's *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, Brian was Pseudolus, and I was Hysterium; in Neil Simon's *The Odd Couple*, Brian was Oscar, and I was Felix (naturally!); and in Anton Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, Brian was Astrov, and I was Vanya. We are still good friends to this day. Whenever Brian is ap-

Continued on page 39

Mr. Ray Matienzo

Continued from page 38

pearing in a play on Broadway, he'll leave a ticket for me at the box office, and I'll meet him backstage after the performance, and then we'll go out for a drink. He always was urging me to go into professional theater, but I'd stop him mid-sentence: "Brian, you're out of your mind! I'm only a few years away from a very good pension!"

The Peter Principle in Action

After four years of teaching in Jericho, I was asked to take over as chairman of the English Department, from 1968 to 1972. (It seemed like an eternity.) Suddenly I went from teaching five classes to just one, and my days became pre-occupied with things like ordering books, doing the budget, and evaluating other teachers. I'll tell you, I almost went berserk! It just wasn't me. It wasn't my style and wasn't what I was really meant to do. I couldn't wait to get out.

You know, I can honestly say that as a teacher, there wasn't one day that I didn't look forward to going to work. That's absolutely true. Sure, you would have your bad days, but those were extremely rare. After four years as chairman, I decided I preferred not to do it anymore; I wanted back in the classroom full time. In the fall of 1972, I was a full-time teacher again and directing plays and musicals, and everything was copasetic again.

By 1974, enrollment was beginning to fall, and by 1979,

the high school was faced with letting two English teachers go. Emil Voigt, our teacher representative, wanted to do all he could to save those jobs, since both men were married with families. The school board asked Emil if there was an English teacher who had yet to take a sabbatical leave. He said he'd check, and he reported back that Ray Matienzo was the senior member in the school who had never applied for a leave. The board said, "Get him to take a year's sabbatical at full pay, and we'll keep those two teachers on for another year."

So in mid-June—the time when teachers are beginning to complete testing, compute grades; all that sort of paperwork before vacation—Emil comes to me and says, "You're taking a year's sabbatical!"

"I'm what? I'm not prepared for that."

Emil says, "You take a sabbatical, at full pay, and we save two jobs. You can prepare later when you start your leave, okay?"

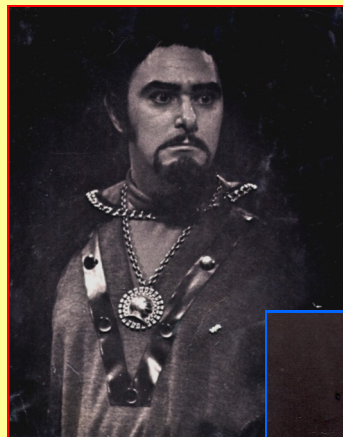
I ask, "Did you say full pay? Well, okay, why not?"

I moved temporarily from Long Island to Greenwich Village, and studied with Uta Hagen, the legendary actress and drama teacher at the Berghof School of Acting, which she had cofounded with her husband in 1945. I found an apartment three blocks from the studio and began an absolutely wonderful year. Uta, too, wanted me to consider a professional acting career. "No, Miss Hagen, I can't," I said. "I'm too old to start another career. I'm learning all

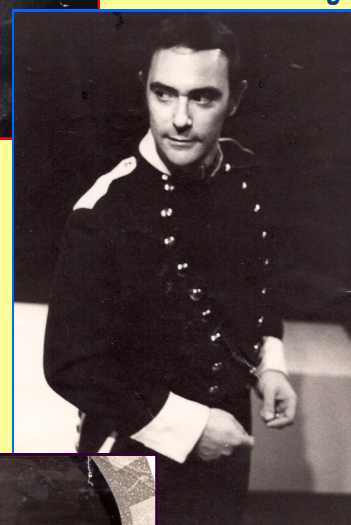
Continued on page 40

Presenting Mr. Matienzo Onstage

In *The Lion in Winter*



In *Iago*



In *Kismet*



In *Uncle Vanya*



Mr. Ray Matienzo

Continued from page 39

this so I can pass it on to my drama and acting students.”

The next year, it was back to teaching. But I liked living in the city so much that I stayed there another four years, reverse commuting to Jericho. My apartment was in an old brownstone between Jane and Horatio Streets. One day I was told that the brownstone was sold; the new owners were asking something like a 700 percent raise in rent. I packed up and returned to Hicksville with my Baldwin baby grand. The piano is here in Sarasota with me—it has done a lot of travelling.

The Beachcomber

I'd decided to retire at the end of the 1986-87 school year. For many years during the winter vacations, I used to fly down to Puerto Rico for a week or so to relax on the beach and get my golden tan. During the Christmas break in 1986, I was walking along the beach in my bathing suit and with a hat on my bald pate, and, as I passed the Marriott Hotel, I saw a condominium next to the hotel. It was right on the beach, about sixty feet from the waves, and all the balconies faced the water. I noticed a For Sale sign on a third-floor condo. Now, I don't like heights—the third floor is as high as I go. Then I thought, *What the hell!* So I bought it.

I retired in June and stayed in New York through the fall, because I love October up north. I used the condo on a fairly regular basis. I confess that I was basically a beach bum for the next thirteen years. It was a great change, you know? I did a lot of reading, played a lot of bridge. But, of course, I couldn't stay inactive for too long.

One day I met some Americans who worked for the Defense Department as teachers at the local army base, Fort Buchanan; it was a military installation that had an elementary school, middle school, and senior high school for the children of the families of the US personnel there: army, CIA, customs, immigration, and so on. One of the teachers I met taught English at the high school there, and asked if I'd like to substitute for him.

I did and eventually found myself substituting for various teachers for a full year. While I was there, the music teacher wanted me to help with the annual musical production. I wound up playing the piano with the school orchestra; we did *Grease*, *Guys and Dolls*, *Music Man*, and a couple of others. I also did two plays with the English Players of San Juan.

You know, I didn't need to do any of this; I wasn't looking for this. Yes, it was interesting and fun. But people have always told me, “Ray, your biggest problem is that you can never say no.” And that is so true.

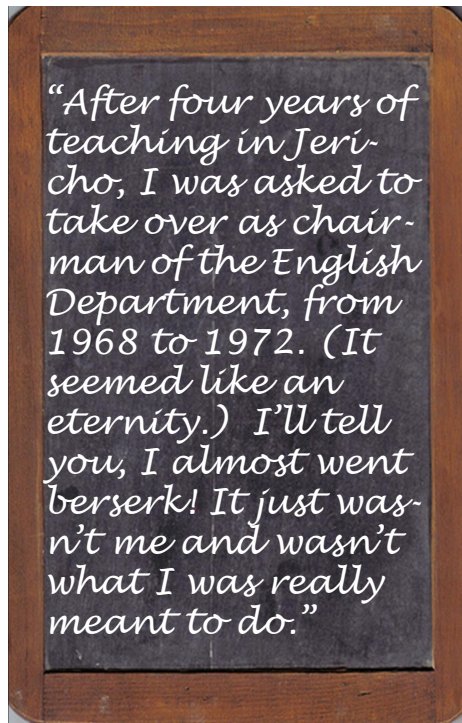
By 2000, I had only two sisters left. They were living practically next door to each other in Sarasota, Florida. One was eighty-three, the other eighty-eight. They wanted very much for me to move there, for moral support more than anything else. I felt I owed it to them because they had been so good to me all my life. So I sold my condo in PR and bought a condo in Sarasota two miles from my sisters, and that's where I live now—with my Baldwin baby grand piano! My oldest sister, Gloria, passed away in 2004 at age ninety-two. Now my sister Clarice and I are the last of the eleven children. Clarice is ninety-five and suffers from dementia. She still lives here with her son, my nephew, who cares for her.

With so many older brothers and sisters, I became an uncle when I was ten and a half. Today I can't count the number of grand and great-grand nieces and nephews I have. I don't even know who all of them are! When I go to our biannual family reunions on Long Island and see a kid I don't recognize, I'll ask, “And who are you? Who are your parents?” And he or she will point at somebody, and run off to play with other adorable “Who-are-your-parents?”

Florida is Florida, but Sarasota is in a class of its own. Its beach at Siesta Key was voted the best in the United States, and that's well deserved. It's a strongly cultural city: concert halls, opera house, equity theaters and regional theaters, museums, art galleries. It really is a very beautiful city. And most of the year we have gorgeous weather.

A few months after moving here, I stopped in at the local James Joyce Society of Sarasota because I like Joyce's works very much. In fact, I just recently heard

Continued on page 41



Mr. Ray Matienzo

Continued from page 40

from my former student Robert Hahn (class of '70), who's now a professor of philosophy at Southern Illinois University Carbondale. Rob did some independent study with me during his senior year, and we tackled some of Joyce's masterpiece, *Ulysses*. He ultimately became the youngest member of the New York James Joyce Society.

Anyway, I joined the Sarasota Joyce Society and became the president for about six years. I was a group facilitator for most of Joyce's works (not *Finnegans Wake*!). Teaching *Ulysses*—which was named the greatest novel of the twentieth century—takes a year of bi-weekly sessions to complete. The groups I have worked with were mostly made up of retired seniors, many professionals, lawyers, retired doctors, and so on. They attend because, like many people, they say, "I've always wanted to read *Ulysses*." Or they say, "Well, I read it a long time ago, but I don't remember much about it." When someone says that, you *know* they've never read it! Anyway, the sessions—basically seminar style—are intellectually invigorating and fun! The group also studies many other modernists.

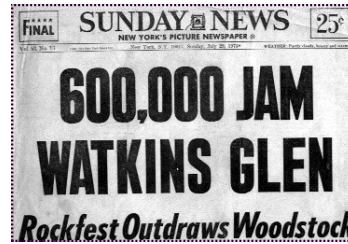
In January 2012 I took a leave-of-absence from the Joyce Society and all other literary involvements to work for the Democratic Party here. I manned the phone banks for hours, wrote letters, and did all I could to see that President Barack Obama was reelected. And it worked! In Florida, no less. Now, next week I begin sessions on Joyce's *Dubliners*! People tell me I'm looking pretty good, although I am slowing down. On May 1, I turn eighty-two. (So does the Empire State Building.) Not bad! Is it because I can't say no?

Once a Teacher, Always a . . .

I was more than fortunate to teach for almost thirty-two years, twenty-three of those at Jericho. Being a teacher is like being a religious person: if you're a religious person, you'll probably be religious all your life. I believe that. Making the critical choice to go into teaching formed exactly what who I am today.

I'm a teacher. I've *always* been a teacher, even today. For example, I will be watching TV, and I'm always correcting people's English. Somebody will say, "between him and I," and I'll shout back at the screen, "It's between him and *me*!" Or they'll say, "I brought back this pretty momento." "No! Memento!!!"

You never get over it: once a teacher, always a teacher.



Continued from page 35

off to an unpromising start when I thought that their first song was ten minutes of the band tuning up. Even devout Deadheads will admit—after days of withholding their munchies snack foods—that the group was hardly at its best.

Walkin' the Dog

The Band were very good. However, I have little memory of the Allmans' festival-ending set. A young woman sitting near us was tripping, and she worried aloud that her dog, a handsome medium-size collie, might have swallowed or licked her tabs of Orange Sunshine, or Goofy Grape, or whatever the hell it was.

I'm not sure that the pooch was actually hallucinating, but the poor thing was so dehydrated and hungry that it might as well have been. So I spent much of the Allmans' set cooling him off with water from my canteen, feeding him some Sloppy Joe from a can, and petting him while he sat in my lap, panting heavily.

While I played canine massage therapist, I began to think that maybe I was hallucinating, because of a hippie guy sitting next

to us. Admittedly, we'd come to Watkins Glen hoping to see at least *some* nudity. I mean, that's what people did at rock festivals, wasn't it? But this was 1973, not 1969, and, besides, there was the scorching sun to contend with. So there was little bare flesh to be seen anywhere.

Except for Joseph, who, I'm guessing, was about thirty, a career hippie, and unnaturally trim from a diet of wood chips and bark. Mellow Joseph informed us that he was tripping fiercely. He doffed his clothes and began to perform this odd, undulating, wiggly-jiggly dance without ever stopping. By now it was late afternoon, and the grounds were littered with garbage, including broken glass. Tripping Joseph kept tripping over his own feet and falling *hard* onto the shards of glass, yet he never got cut. *The Messiah?* I wondered.

Perhaps his nonstop dancing summoned the rain, because at night, during the grand finale jam featuring members of all three acts, it began to sprinkle. Nothing could have felt better.

The rain woke up B.P. but not his friend J., whom Mike and I took turns lugging several miles back to the car, cursing his sorry sixteen-year-old ass the whole way. It took forever to drive out of the immediate vicinity, but we were finally headed home.

Continued on page 42

Jon Friedman

Continued from page 30

thentic, too. Whether he's doing country, or folk, or blues, or message music, or rock & roll—whatever style of music he's playing—he's giving it his all. It wasn't as if, with *Nashville Skyline*, for example, he thought, "Oh, country's really hot right now; I'll make a country record." It was anything but at the time. But he puts himself completely into it.

Dylan will turn seventy-two this May. Do you think he'll ever stop making music?

No. I think he's one of these people who will keep on until his last breath. I asked Robbie Robertson about that: "Why do you think Bob tours so much? What does he get out of it?" And Robertson, who's a very smart but understated person, said, "Bob loves the thrill of discovery. Whether it's a performance, or a new venue, or a song that he hasn't sung before or has sung a million times, the thrill of discovery is what keeps him going." I think that makes a lot of sense.

What do you think of his most recent album, last year's *Tempest*, and how do you see it fitting into his career overall?

I like it. I think it's another new step. You can't say that *Tempest* is like *Love and Theft* (2001), or that it sounds like an album he did five years ago or twenty years ago. It's something new. And I think he's at a point now in his life where he's reflecting on a lot. "Roll On John," the song for John Lennon, is incredibly moving. I always thought that Dylan and

Lennon were in a class unto themselves. Nobody else touched them. Paul McCartney, Bruce Springsteen, Mick Jagger, Pete Townshend, Brian Wilson—they're all great—but Lennon and Dylan are at the top of the totem pole, looking down on everybody else. I think that Dylan himself probably had that same kind of realization and wrote about it.

All in all, I think that the music on *Tempest* is really interesting and the lyrics are great. I do wish his voice were stronger, but that's the way it goes when you get older, and I appreciate what he's trying to do with it.

Last question: name your favorite Dylan song, favorite Dylan album, and your fave Dylan live performance.

Favorite song, "Mr. Tambourine Man," of course. My second favorite would be "One of Must Know (Sooner or Later)," from *Blonde on Blonde*.

Favorite album: *Highway 61 Revisited*, barely beating out *Blonde on Blonde*.

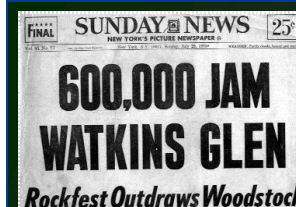
Favorite performance: Dylan and the Band at Madison Square Garden on January 31, 1974. Unbelievable. I love the Band almost as much as I love Bob Dylan, and seeing them together onstage at their best, in New York City, I still can't believe I got to see that show. ■

Other Books by Jon

- *House of Cards: Inside the Troubled Empire of American Express* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1992)

Jon on the Web

- <http://jonfriedman.net>



Continued from page 41

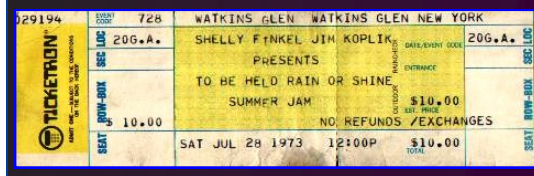
The torture wasn't over just yet, however. Not by a long shot.

As we sped east on route 17, dreaming of warm showers and hot food, Mike's eyelids started to droop. He pulled off at the next exit, barked at B.P., "You drive!" and climbed into the backseat to nod off.

I was asleep in front. When I stirred awake, I was surprised to find B.P. behind the wheel. And after about ten minutes of observing the road signs, I was even more startled that we appeared to be headed back toward Watkins Glen. B.P. had eased the Le Sabre onto route 17 in the wrong direction and drove obliviously for about, oh, two hours.

This time I barked at B.P., "I'll drive!" ordered him to the back and slid into the driver's seat. At last, we made it home by nightfall. Meanwhile, through the whole ordeal, J. slept as peacefully as a baby who'd been chloroformed, further infuriating me and Mike. If it weren't for B.P.'s strenuous objections, we would have pitched him out of the moving car.

I resolved never to attend another one of these hellish events again, and never did. Still, it was an "experience"—one of those stupid things you do just so that you can say you survived it. And it did make for an appropriate farewell party for my good friend Michael, who, tragically, would die of leukemia in 1995. In the end, being one of six hundred thousand souls at the Watkins Glen festival was worth it if only for the countless laughs it supplied me and Mike for years afterward. ■





Marjorie Freedman

Continued from page 11

After that experience, he had no desire to move there.

But Brien proposed to me that weekend in February. As much as I liked my job, I agreed that if he got a job offer in California, I'd move back there to be with him, and that's exactly what happened. We married in Davis in September 1987, by which time I was already pregnant with our first daughter, Rachael (conceived when I came out to San Francisco in the spring), and we lived in the Noe Valley area of San Francisco. I was able to work as a part-time consultant for NutraSweet. Then, after our second child, Gabrielle, was born in 1990, I took a new job with a local company called the Institute of Natural Resources (INR).

I stayed at INR for the next fourteen years. INR conducts full-day seminars for health care professionals like nurses, dietitians, dental professionals, nursing home administrators, and so on, who need continuing education credits. This position, too, involved a lot of travel. I've been to forty-eight of the fifty states, the only exceptions being Mississippi and West Virginia. After a long business trip, I could take off a week or ten days to be with Brien and my girls.

So I really was able to have the best of both worlds. I got to visit friends from high school, college, grad school, and NutraSweet days on my travels. I was able to bring my family along to some great places, like Hawaii, New York, Boston, Vegas, and the Canadian Rockies. Plus, my mom and dad, who are now eighty-two and eighty-eight, and in great health, would often help out, even though they lived in Tucson. It's funny to think how young some of our parents were when they had us. I didn't have my first child until I was thirty-three. My mother married at nineteen and had three kids in quick succession. She was only *fifty* when I graduated from UC Davis with my MS.

Then September 11, 2001, happened. The very next day, my boss was pressuring me to fly to New York to present a seminar, and *no way* was I getting on a plane.



Hey, kids, take a tip from Marjorie. Put down your damn video games and cell phones, get up on your feet, and start running! She hikes, too.

It turned out to be a moot point, of course, because all flights were suspended for several days. But that got me to thinking that it was time to do something else, especially with the girls now in middle school.

Luckily a full-time, tenure-track job opened up in the Department of Nutrition at San Jose State University (SJSU); they needed somebody to teach community nutrition and nutrition education. I had taught at Sacramento State as a grad student and had been presenting seminars for fourteen years, so I figured I could teach. I didn't realize at the time that even though I knew the subject matter well, I really didn't know anything about teaching. Now I know that there's a real art to being a good teacher.

SJSU is a very unique place. It's one of the most diverse universities in the United States, and many of the students are the first in their families to attend college. In California, you have the top-tier state schools that fall under the umbrella of "the University of California," like UC Berkeley, UCLA, Davis, Santa Cruz, and so on. And then you have the California state schools, like SF State, Cal State Long Beach, SJSU, etc., where a high percentage of the freshmen students have to take remedial English and/or math.

Now, we grew up in Jericho. We knew how to read, write, and do calculus. Remember Mrs. Broadwin, who taught calculus and loved to say, "Calculus is beautiful"? So I came to SJSU with the expectation that college students knew how to read, write, and do arithmetic. And, at first, it was like slamming into a brick wall at a hundred miles per hour. I'd be grading assignments, and I literally could not understand what a student had written. I'd show it to Gabi, who was then in ninth grade, and she would say, "Mom, that doesn't make sense." Then there was the rampant plagiarism. During my first year at San Jose State, I can't tell you how many students I reported for plagiarism.

It's been an interesting journey. Seven and a half years later, I am a tenured associate professor. I worked my butt off 24/7, getting grants, doing research, publish-

Continued on page 44



Marjorie Freedman

Continued from page 43

ing articles, and teaching. I've had kind of a love-hate relationship with my students. Some of them think I'm the best professor they ever had in their lives, and others think I should be fired (even though I'm tenured.) It's really been a struggle for me, because it seems at times that it's not the right fit. I feel great because I've influenced a lot of students in positive ways. And I have become kinder and gentler. But I really can't change my standards, and I really don't think I should. The educational system is in a crisis, and I don't let students off the hook. I'm not going to pass students who cheat or don't know the material. Sorry, not on my watch. But the larger system is putting pressure on me, and it just doesn't feel good.

A lot of my attitude stems from having grown up in Jericho. We got a damn good education there, and that's why I take my job as a professor so seriously. To educate somebody is to empower them to make a difference in the world. Just like my teachers and professors did for me.

America's Obesity Epidemic (Again)

A lot of my thinking has been shaped by Jean Mayer, a nutrition professor who moved from the Harvard School of Public Health to become the president of Tufts University. Mayer founded the only graduate school of nutrition in the country: the Friedman School of Nutrition Science and



The Kirk-Freedman family at daughter Gabrielle's graduation from UC Santa Cruz last June. Left to right: Rachael, Marjorie, Gabi, and Brien.

Policy. He wrote about obesity as an American crisis way back in the 1960s and 1970s. Ironically, he was also part of President Richard Nixon's task force on hunger. In 1986, in his paper entitled "Social Responsibilities of Nutritionists," published in the *American Journal of Clinical Nutrition*, he wrote:

"The goal of nutrition is to apply scientific knowledge to feed people, to feed them well, and to feed them all. Nutrition is an agenda ... by its nature, nutrition is a set of scientific disciplines whose end is action."

That's exactly how I think of nutrition and how I see the past ten years of my professional life.

It's interesting to think back on what Jean Mayer wrote about decades ago and see that today we have the twin problems of hunger *and* obesity, often in the same person. There are currently forty-three million Americans on food stamps, and that probably represents only about half of all people who suffer from what we call food insecurity. It is absolutely mind boggling, and a societal disgrace.

Why do we have this obesity problem, if we have so much poverty and food insecurity? You're talking about a broken food system, where, for most people, it's cheaper to buy junk food rather than healthy food. I had my community nutrition students take the food-stamp challenge for a week. They had to eat on about four dollars a day and then figure out the nutritional quality of their diet. It's an eye-opening experience. Even my students, who have every advantage, including nutrition "knowledge," found it hard to eat healthy on such a low budget.

Though it's true that there are some people who live in poverty and eat healthy, most don't. There are just too many barriers. Even if you had access to healthy foods, you need to know how to cook and prepare these foods, and you need access to a stove and a refrigerator. You also need to like the taste of foods such as beans, rice, and vegetables, and not get tired of the same foods over and over. And then you have to convince your kids to eat

Continued on page 45



Marjorie Freedman

Continued from page 44

these foods too. But what do kids like to eat? Kids have been exposed to so many ads for sweet, fat, salty foods—and these highly processed foods are not only convenient for busy parents but also taste good. Think about all the kids who have been raised on these foods from an early age. And what kid doesn't want to eat a food with a cartoon character on the label? So we have the perfect storm of convenience, taste, and marketing that has resulted in one in three kids in the United States aged two to nineteen being overweight or obese.

We also know what those foods do to brain chemistry. Eating these sweet-fat-salty foods triggers brain chemicals like dopamine, which is tied to the “reward” centers of the brain. The more you eat, the more your brain tells you to continue to eat. Patterns developed at such a young age are nearly impossible to overcome without strong “cognitive” control. And let's be honest: a carrot is never going to have the same effect on brain chemistry as a cookie.

At this point, the US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention believes that the solution to the obesity

crisis is to make the healthy choice the easy choice. I say, no, you have to make the healthy choice the *only* choice, period.

But how do you do that? How do you get somebody to choose a piece of fruit over a cookie? Well, the fruit has to be affordable, it has to taste good, and you have to overcome the neurochemistry of having been raised on cookies (or Entenmann's cakes!) But even if you could change eating habits, to fight the obesity crisis you also have to look at physical activity patterns.

Today we have the double whammy of kids not being as physically active as they used to be, due mainly to our fixation with technology. There has to be some balance between the time kids spend in front

of a screen and the time they spend being active. Hey, I'm a Mac user, I have an iPhone, and I love Facebook. But I also try to fit exercise into my busy life. I love to hike, and I'm lucky that there is great hiking within minutes of my home. My husband and I have hiked just about every national park west of the Rocky Mountains.

And I have two marathons under my belt. Perhaps we need to adopt more of a European attitude toward eating, where it's more of a social endeavor: you eat surrounded by other people, talking, and truly savoring and enjoying your food, versus just shoving it into your mouth while watching TV and barely giving it a thought.

We have to make eating healthy the social norm. And it needs to start at an early age. In Santa Clara County, where I live, I've been involved with getting the junk food out of the school vending machines and the student store. This was back when my daughter Gabi was in middle school. We were one of the first counties in the country to make these changes. I got it done by dint

of my perseverance; I can be like a bulldog that doesn't let go!

I'm not afraid to speak out on issues concerning health, but some people don't want to hear it. And not everybody likes my abrasive New York personality. Some are like, “Hey, she's a New Yorker; that's how they are.” And others, mainly native Californians, will be like, “Ohmigod, who is this woman?” So poor Gabi had to live through her mom taking away all the junk food from her school. Even though we have different last

names—I still go by my maiden name—she looks a lot like me, so her friends knew: “Gabi, it was your mom who did that, right?” Luckily, she has forgiven me.

Speaking of childhood obesity, last year I made a video to showcase the work I was doing in the faith-

Continued on page 46



Marjorie (far r.): “The US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention believes that the solution to the obesity crisis is to make the healthy choice the easy choice. I say, no, you have to make the healthy choice the only choice, period.”



Marjorie Freedman

Continued from page 45

based community of East San Jose to fight childhood obesity. I entered the video into Michelle Obama's Let's Move Faith and Communities Video Challenge and was thrilled when it won an honorable mention. You can watch it here: <http://communities.challenge.gov/submissions/6908-sjsu-mht-food-justice-communities-on-the-move-video-challenge>. I'm still waiting for my invitation to the White House!

Gabrielle and Rachael

Though my husband isn't Jewish, I'm proud to say that we raised our girls Jewish. I'm really happy that they both have a strong Jewish identity. Raising kids Jewish in California is much more difficult that it was for our folks in Jericho. Both girls were involved with the youth organization BBYO for years, and participated in the March of the Living, and they traveled to Poland and Israel. I was lucky to go the same year as Gabi and did part of the march with her.

With Gabrielle, who's now twenty-two, the good parts of me rubbed off on her. Although she wasn't interested in nutrition per se, she became very interested in food systems, the environment and sustainability. She went to UC Santa Cruz and worked in the Chancellor's Office of Sustainability. Last June she graduated with a double major in environmental studies and history. She's now in Israel "Wwoofing" on an organic goat farm in the Negev. Like her mom, she's very outspoken, and she'd make a good environmental lawyer one day, I think. When she gets back to the States, she wants to live in the Bay Area.

Rachael, twenty-five, studied social welfare at UC Berkeley. Interestingly, she wanted nothing to do with nutrition while growing up, but in college she lived in a zany co-op (Casa Zimbabwe), consisting of over 120 people, where she worked as the food manager in exchange for room and board. She purchased all the food for the co-op, and, of course, UC Berkeley was the place to be

for sustainability. Since we all know that an undergraduate degree isn't enough these days, I suggested that she get her master's at the Tufts Friedman School of Nutrition Science and Policy. Since I couldn't go there, I figured that Rachael's going there was the next best thing.

Now, it was as huge a culture shock for Rachael to move from Berkeley to Boston as it had been for me to move from Boston to Davis almost thirty-five years ago. The funniest thing is that Rachael ended up moving into a house in Cambridge that is literally next door to where I had lived. Here's another Jericho connection: when I flew to Rachael's graduation in Boston last May, I was able to meet up with my good friend Jackie Schachter (a professional psychologist working in Manhattan), whose son was graduating from Brandeis University. That was fun.

But Rachael didn't want to stay in Boston. After getting her MS degree in the Food, Agriculture and Environment emphasis, she came back to the Bay Area. She got a job at Jamba Juice corporate headquarters in Emeryville, which is right next to Berkeley. She bikes to work almost every day. At work, she handles all issues relating to sustainability. She got her own apartment in Oakland. After her having lived in a house with 120 other people, I said to Rachael, "Isn't it great to finally have your own place?" "No, Mom," she replied. "I'm lonely." But then, she's more of a social animal than I am.

At this point, both of my beautiful daughters have no intention whatsoever of coming back to San Jose. Which is fine. That's kind of a good thing, if your kids are able to support themselves and are doing something that they like. Given their fields of interest, I know they'll have successful and meaningful careers, like their mom.

And then you have me: I still don't know what my next challenge will entail. But I'm jazzed. I know there's a big world out there, and I believe my professional and personal experiences and contacts will bring me full circle. Back to New York? Overseas? San Francisco? You never know. I'm really looking forward to the next chapter. ■

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- 2 Nighttime skyline.
- 3 Macy's Fourth of July fireworks. View from my terrace.
- 4 Ronald loves a parade too! Thanksgiving 2012.

