



A Walk for Peace: Back from the U.S.S.R.

Katie Wheeler '82 will never forget last summer, the summer she and hundreds of other American and Soviet citizens trekked across the western part of the Soviet Union in an international Walk for Peace. From Odessa on the Ukrainian Black Sea to Moscow thousands of miles to the east, this is the story of her journey.

There are many aspects of “working for peace,” as the Soviets call it. The trip was unlike any I have experienced before: full of learning, sharing, and adventure, all dusted with magic. There were moments of intense joy, frustration, anger, compassion, optimism, gratitude, despair, and excitement. Often I was overwhelmed.

There were times when we Soviets and Americans just had fun. No politics, no history, no talk of socialism versus capitalism. But there were also serious moments of heated political discussion and debate when our differences were blatantly clear, and we understood why it has taken our governments so long to negotiate effectively.

The walk was organized by the International Peace Walk, Inc. (I.P.W.) and the Soviet Peace Committee (S.P.C.). The International Peace Walk, Inc., is an independent American organization lacking funds. The Soviet Peace Committee is the opposite: a state-run, lucrative bureaucracy lacking autonomy. It took a great deal of compromise, dedication, and patience for these two very different groups to work together efficiently.

Both the Soviet and American groups included a diversity of occupations: teachers, business people, farmers, artists, journalists, students, and veterans. All ages were present, with a surprisingly large number over 60.

As a group, the Americans were more politically left than the norm, the Soviets closer to their norm. The Soviet contingent of walkers had representatives from each of the 15 republics. The participants were selected by the Soviet Peace Committee and did not have to pay any fees. The American walkers had representatives from 32 states and each walker raised \$3,500. Many walkers quit their jobs or made

other large sacrifices to afford the time and money to participate. Not surprisingly, the Americans, in general, were more dedicated to the walk and clearer about what they hoped to accomplish.

‘Is This the Enemy?’

For the Americans, the walk began in Washington, D.C., with a four-day orientation to get acquainted and learn more about the walk, the Soviet Union, and nuclear weapons. For the Soviet and American walkers as a group, the walk was to begin at 3 a.m. Soviet time on August 18, 1988. To begin with, our plane was four hours late. The weather was drizzling and cold. As the plane descended in the middle of the runway, over in the far corner of the lot we could just barely discern the shape of a crowd. We had been asked by our American leaders to wait at the bottom of the steps by the plane until everyone was off, so we could go over to meet the Soviets as a group.

Those of us who were off the plane first waited. And waited. Months of anticipation mounted. And mounted. The Soviets waved. We waved back. A lone voice yelled from the Soviet crowd. Several Americans shouted back. More Soviets screamed their greetings, and many more Americans hollered their hellos back to the Soviets. Suddenly, there was chaos—never mind if everyone was off the plane or not, no one could restrain themselves anymore, nor could security hold them back. Both sides ran toward each other. We met in the middle of the runway, arms outstretched, each person running until he or she found a counterpart to hug.

Soviets greeted Americans enthusiastically all along the International Walk for Peace route.



A Polaroid picture broke the tension in an English class that Wheeler visited.

Names, faces, hometown, and occupation were insignificant. Are these the Soviet arms we've been warned to be afraid of? Is this the greeting one gives to an 'enemy'?, I wondered.

The walkers were divided into 12 bus groups of 40, each one half American and half Soviet. Our bus became a tightly knit, rowdy group. The Americans on my bus were an exceptionally energetic, independent-minded group, experienced in political activism and a little bit crazy, in a fun way. The Soviets, in general, were more docile, rigid, and rule conscious. They had been taught to follow rather than lead, and to keep their political beliefs to themselves.

It was exhilarating to watch us open up to each other. From the Soviets, we Americans learned about communism and socialism, the devastation war can cause, the patience required to wait in long lines, generosity and hospitality given to an excess, and Soviet and Ukrainian customs. We learned about the ethnic diversity of the Soviet Union and the faux pas of calling a Soviet a Russian. They are not the same.

From us, the Soviets learned about democracy, the courage to be individualistic, and how to question authority. When the schedule or rules handed to us seemed senseless, we responded by ignoring or challenging them. I haven't felt so rebellious since I was a teen-ager!

The S.P.C. tried to keep the walkers organized and together, but it was impossible with such a diverse group of Americans determined to "do their own thing." The more the S.P.C. tried to clamp down, the more rebellious we got until they backed off.



A Day in the Life

On the walk, a typical day began with wake-up at 7 a.m. with the sound truck blasting music. After an announcement of the day's schedule and a quick trip to an unsanitary, pungent outhouse and a splash of cold water on the face, we packed our wet tents. Breakfast consisted of fresh vegetables, sweet bread, and kasha—a delicious hot cereal of barley, rice, and other grains. Then we'd make a "friendship circle": hold hands, sing, and walk in a spiral forming a tighter and tighter circle until we were a small group in the center and could do a group hug.

Next, we'd pile onto the buses. Our bus entourage was led by a militia car and trailed by our luggage trucks, water trucks, service vans, food trucks, medical vans, and sound truck.

Once we arrived at a predestined spot, we assembled the walk to march. As walkers, in a group or as individuals, we were treated as celebrities everywhere we went. We were given flowers, postcards, books, and food. We were asked for autographs and addresses. (I was even asked to autograph the dashboard of a car I rode in!) One man who had nothing to give, gave me the sunglasses off his head when I gave his daughter an American penny. In return for this Soviet generosity, we Americans gave away thousands of small presents such as baseball cards, pennies, postcards, flags, buttons, stickers, gum, T-shirts, posters of the walk, and other American memorabilia.

Soviet citizens would wait on their feet for hours, just to catch a glimpse of us or wave as our buses drove by. It was common for American walkers to suddenly find themselves surrounded by 30-50 Soviets, anxious to ask questions and hear about our impressions of the Ukraine. At these times, an interpreter—a local person who spoke English (often a high school English teacher) or bilingual friend—was invaluable. Otherwise, the conversation became a

frustrating game of charades—trying to communicate through gestures, which was difficult to achieve beyond simple, superficial questions and answers.

The most commonly asked questions were: What's your name? Where are you from? Are you married? Do you have children? What do you think of the Ukraine? The Soviet Union? The Soviet people? How do these impressions compare with your expectations? What do you think of Reagan? Gorbachev? *Glasnost*?

All the Soviets wanted to know what we do for a living and, even more, how much we get paid. Whatever the amount, it seemed like a fortune to them, and it took some effort to explain that most American people spend a large percent of their income on housing, insurance, and education, items that are all free in the Soviet Union. They were envious of our wages but, even more, of the goods we have available to spend them on. However, when offered some of these goods, they were the most unselfish people I've ever encountered, and I envied their lack of materialistic, selfish values.

In most places, 75 percent of the town came out to see us. Most stood at the sidelines to cheer us on; others walked with us. In the small villages, farmers set up card tables in front of their homes to serve us food as we walked by. The world-renowned Ukrainian hospitality was warm and genuine. As visiting Americans, it was especially outstanding. During World War II (the "Great Patriotic War," as the Soviets call it), American soldiers helped Ukrainian soldiers when they were starving. The Ukrainians have never forgotten this fact and were eager to repay this past kindness by being generous to us. Forty years later, they still talk about the benevolence of our soldiers. It gives me a warm feeling to think that perhaps the people we met on the walk will still remember and talk about us 40 years from now.

We walkers were served the best of whatever was available. Since it was harvest season in the Ukraine,

produce was plentiful. We were treated to the most delicious watermelon I've ever had, as well as plums, grapes, tomatoes, honey fresh from the hive with homemade bread, pastries, sunflower and pumpkin seeds, homemade wine, and strawberry juice. Occasionally, they filled our backpacks or forced us to hand-carry a watermelon (an item that's hardly known for its lightweight characteristics when walking 20 kilometers with it!). People not yet carrying a watermelon soon had their arms full with bouquets of flowers. We shook hands with thousands of people along the walk, wishing them "Mire e druzba," which means "peace and friendship." Many people had not seen an American since World War II. Some cried when they saw us.

The diversity of our group of Soviet and American walkers manifested itself even in the way we "walked." Most people walked as one would walk down the street, but others jogged the distance without stopping. Some bicycled. Some skateboarded. A few even rollerskated. The younger ones got piggyback or shoulder rides. Several carried guitars. Many of the walkers were musical, and as we walked, we sang songs in English and in Russian, accompanied by the instruments and voices of other walkers or local townspeople.

When the walk had reached its destination, we'd have a rally, with speeches by local V.I.P.s and Ukrainian folk musicians and dancers performing in their native costumes. I found these rallies very boring as the speeches and music were redundant; I preferred milling at the fringes of the crowd and talking to the locals. After the rally, we typically had a fancy sit-down lunch. No matter that we'd been coerced into eating all morning and weren't hungry! (Because of the enormous quantities and frequency of food we were served, the Peace Walk was often referred to as the "Peace Feast.")

Lunch “in the open air,” as it was called, was usually held in a field that had been converted to a restaurant. We never knew how many weeks of effort went into the job, but platforms were built and tables set up with linen, crystal, and fine china.

Rows of porcelain sinks were constructed so we could wash our hands before eating. However, these sinks were not hooked up to a centralized plumbing system. Instead, they had a hole in the back of them that little Russian *babushkas* (old women wearing scarves) would fill with water that they carried in buckets from the water truck or a nearby well. The water drained from the sink into a bucket underneath, and when that bucket was full, the process began again. A cynical friend of mine claimed these sinks were analogous to the way the whole country is run: it looks OK from the outside, but if you look closely, nothing is hooked up, and the country is being run behind the scenes by *babushkas* doing back-breaking labor by archaic methods.

After we finished washing up, food for 450 people would materialize from nowhere, each course served by a waitress dressed in local costume, accompanied by more Ukrainian folk music.

Sometimes there was a tour scheduled in the afternoon: a tour of a local factory, a visit to a Pioneer camp, or a nearby church. Sometimes we went straight to our camp to set up. After sorting through 1,500 pieces of luggage to find our three, we’d pitch our tents and relax before dinner. There were usually about 50-100 beds available inside, priority given to the elderly, sick, and families. As everyone in the camp caught colds when the weather became rainy, cold, and unfriendly, these beds were at a premium.

In the evenings, more activities were scheduled—perhaps an opera in the city, a concert by the Moscow rock group traveling with us, or a local concert with more. . . you guessed it, Ukrainian folk music! When we were far from town, in-camp activities included events such as a “No Talent Talent Show,” a dance, movie, or discussion. The range of topics for discussion included women’s issues, human sexuality, environmental issues, new political thinking and main goals of Soviet foreign policy, nuclear power and alternatives, religious freedom, economic and judicial reform in the U.S.S.R., Soviet-American relations and the importance of education in promoting peace. These discussions were surprisingly open, honest, and nondefensive.

On My Own

The most rewarding, revealing times of the walk were outside the official program, chatting casually with other walkers, sharing stories, breaking down cultural barriers.

Sometimes it was exciting to break off from the group completely and investigate the Soviet Union on my own. I visited several places not on our itinerary, and I felt I had more impact when I met citizens individually, doing one-on-one outreach. I saw a day-care center where children aged 1 to 5 live six days a week while their parents work in the fields. The center was extremely clean, spacious, and well-equipped, although the ratio of caretakers to children was low. To give the kids a taste of American children’s culture, I sang “Old MacDonald Had a Farm” and “Bingo” before I left.

In Cherkassy, I viewed one of the first uncensored art exhibits in the Soviet Union and met one of the artists. Most of the exhibits were political, including some anti-Stalin work. It was exciting to feel and see the suppression of artistic expression lifting.

There was one scheduled “home-stay” where all of the American walkers split up and

stayed in a Soviet home. There were many more unscheduled home-stays, when people we met during the day would invite us home for a meal or an overnight stay. These opportunities provided a chance to catch a glimpse of everyday Soviet life in a completely uncensored way. Often we would cook with the family, then sit down to a feast.

Inevitably, vodka or homemade wine would find its way to the table. In the Soviet Union, there is a prescribed method of drinking vodka: once the bottle is opened, it must be finished; there is no way of putting the cap back on. Shots are poured for all of the men and guests; Soviet women are the only ones who do not drink. The shot must be drunk in one gulp, or the glass is refilled and you must do another shot immediately. If you are lucky and stay with a sympathetic family who understands that most Americans are not accustomed to drinking this much, when you turn your glass upside down to signal you have had enough, they will leave it that way. Otherwise, it is considered extremely rude not to drink or, even worse, not to eat.

There was a high proportion of teachers among the walkers and I met lots of teachers in the towns we visited. One English teacher invited me to come to her English class the next day. Their learning style is stiff and formal, mostly rote and recitation; but after I broke the ice by taking a Polaroid picture of the class, the students relaxed. Then we talked informally, educating ourselves about each other’s cultures. They were very anxious to learn more about American students’ interests, favorite sports, and musical groups. They wanted to set up penpals between their class and mine.

We also went, as a group, to a farm cooperative for lunch “in the open air” and to pick pears with



The Soviet people were curious about American lifestyles.



the workers in their orchard. While intentions were good, I'm not sure if we actually helped or made more work for the cooperative!

Music was a major part of the walk. On my first night in Odessa, wandering around the city with my friend Brian, we heard the sounds of a rock concert in the park. We discovered it was a peace concert. There were peace posters everywhere, especially of the American envoy Samantha Smith and her Soviet counterpart, Katya Leichovitz. We didn't have tickets, but when the guard saw Brian's peace walk I.D. card, he waved us in. (These cards were jokingly called "get-out-of-jail-free" cards because they identified us as walkers, people to be treated as V.I.P.s. They basically granted us diplomatic immunity to do whatever we wanted.)

Brian decided it was imperative, as peace walkers, that we make our presence known, so we climbed several fences to get backstage. Once again, his I.D. got us past the security. With gestures and by pointing to his I.D. card, he communicated that he wanted to go on stage. When the song ended, the musicians motioned him on. As soon as he said, "I am an American," the crowd went wild, not caring that they didn't understand the rest of what he said. He sang a solo of the song "How Do You Feel About Freedom," written by a friend of his, while the band played an impromptu, improvised accompaniment.

When he finished singing, as a tribute to us, the band played a Beatles song and sang it in English. Brian began dancing on the stage and motioned for me to come out too. Much to my astonishment, I went! I stood on a stage in front of thousands of people at a rock concert and danced. Alone. Spotlight on the

The Americans gave out small flags in return for the generosity shown by the Soviets.

two of us. Me, who won't even dance at parties because I feel too self-conscious! But there the situation seemed so surreal, and we were so conspicuous anyway, nothing seemed too outrageous!

Survivors: Chernobyl and Bebeyar

The walkers were invited to Ternopolskoye, a village built for people displaced after the Chernobyl nuclear power plant accident. The entire village for 150 people was built in five months.

The program there was mostly unstructured, with plenty of time for informal chatting. Stories varied, but overall the level of ignorance, or perhaps it was denial, about the effects of radiation were shocking and scary. Some people didn't leave the Chernobyl site until up to a week after the accident. Some brought their farm animals with them when they relocated and continued to drink the milk and eat the eggs.

Some reluctantly expressed their anger about the accident; others claimed no one could be blamed and that the state had treated them fairly by providing new housing, furniture, and monetary compensation. Several elderly people want to return to their old homes, even if it means they might die sooner. They feel they are too old to relocate and just want to go home. Some even sneak back to visit their old homes, despite the fact it is not allowed.

The most depressing moments of the walk, for me, were during the visit to Bebeyar, in Kiev. Bebeyar is a ravine where 100,000 people, mostly Jews, were massacred during World War II. Today there is a man-made hill with a monument at the top to commemorate the dead. Standing at the top of the steps of the monument, the sunken ravine looks like the massive grave it is. The natural beauty and tranquility of the park contrast sharply with images of the atrocities that took place there in the past.





How Far We've Come, How Far We Have to Go

The Peace Walk was scheduled to be in Moscow for one day only—September 14. Coincidentally, that was also the day Russia was to dismantle a missile in Moscow and the day the U.S.S.R. and U.S.A. were to do their first “mutually verifiable testing” in the U.S.S.R. Many of the activist Americans were adamant that as a group working for peace, we should protest this testing with an American-style demonstration in Red Square. The Soviet Peace Committee was just as adamant that we should not. They even went so far as to threaten Soviet walkers who might choose to participate.

What to do on September 14 became the most hotly debated topic on the entire walk. It was an issue where our differences showed most clearly. We were forced to move beyond the warm superficial peace and friendship wishes to the cold reality of how we confront our differences, resolve them fairly, and allow both sides to live together peacefully.

There were several all-camp meetings to discuss the issue, with alternating Soviet and American speakers. There were many differing points of view based on Soviet and American cultural differences, difficulty in translating the word “demonstration,” which has negative connotations in Russian, and fear on the part of the Soviets to be involved publicly in such an action, even if they believed in it. We wanted the demonstration to be interpreted as opposition to all nuclear testing, not just Soviet testing or to the INF (Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces) Treaty. We also needed to respect the fact Red Square is not just the political center of the U.S.S.R. but also one of its most sacred spots as Lenin is buried there.

There were many tense moments, and for a while it looked as though no one was

willing to compromise. Gradually, however, the idea of a protest was replaced with the idea of a demonstration to celebrate our mutual cooperation in taking the first, tentative steps toward peace. Ultimately, three main ideas emerged. First, a joint American-Soviet statement commending our combined efforts, but stressing the need to do more to end the arms race, was issued to the press, each of our embassies, and the United Nations. Second, we would walk in Red Square; and third, we would do a friendship circle there and then turn it into a human peace sign.

To the end, the Soviet authorities were reluctant to allow us into Red Square and kept coming up with new stalling techniques and stipulations. They roped off Red Square while we were there so it was completely empty except for us. They made us walk in a prescribed fashion, no more than four abreast, and even then made us wait at the blockade for almost an hour while last-minute negotiations continued.

When it became clear that we were not leaving until we were allowed into the square, the security finally let us in. We proceeded to the square, made our friendship circle and peace sign, then had a moment of silence. At that moment, the clock in Red Square chimed two o'clock and the changing of the guard in front of Lenin's tomb occurred. Tap, tap, click, click, went their guns as they shifted on the pavement. Clack, clack, went their guns as they shifted their positions. It was eerie—the noise intruded on the peaceful silence of our group of Americans and Soviets, joined together for the last time.

It was as if we were forced to remember the presence of the military and all they represent, while we contemplated the peace and friendship achieved on the walk. It served as a reminder of how far our group had come together, but how much further our countries must go. At the second I was contemplating these thoughts, the sun peeked out from behind the clouds—the first sign of sun all day.

The Soviet Union is at a crossroads right now. In a short

time, it has gone from being an agrarian, czarist country to an industrialized, but repressive, world power. Now, with Gorbachev, *perestroika*, and *glasnost*, the mood of the country seems to be cautiously optimistic, but also afraid. As a Soviet friend described it, it is as if they had been walking on a road, a rocky, uncomfortable road, but a solid road. Now they feel as if they are walking across a marsh. They don't know where they can stand—what is secure and what isn't, what is allowed and what is forbidden, what has changed and what hasn't. Even if they know today, it may be different tomorrow, or if another person walks in those same steps. The foundation of their beliefs is shaking.

By the end of the walk, I was exhausted from the strains of being on the road so much. I was sick with a bad cold and had a sprained ankle on one leg and shin splints on the other. I was fed up with Soviet bureaucracy and feeling manipulated. I was tired of being dirty. I wanted to eat what and when I wanted. I wanted a real bed. A place to put my toothbrush. A home that didn't change every day. And yet. . . I've never been so reluctant to leave a group of people since I graduated from college.

What does it all mean? Where can I, where can we, go from here? Was the walk a success? In terms of directly reducing the number of nuclear weapons in the world, perhaps not. In terms of increasing understanding and spreading goodwill between our nations, yes. At the orientation, we were told that the walk would be a failure if, after it was over, we felt as if we had finished something. It would be a success only if we wanted to do more, to learn more.

Mire e družba!

—Katie Wheeler '82
Wheeler is currently teaching and traveling on a sailing schooner for dyslexic children. Her future plans are to enter graduate school in education.



Can Trade Help Lead the Way to Peace?



It is a small room, dominated by a large table at which sit half a dozen people engaged in deep discussion. The two women sit across the table from the men, their business counterparts, as questions are posed, papers shuffled, objections raised and answered. The women are there to negotiate a contract for the sale of some parts for off-highway trucks, and the talks have been long and drawn out. They begin to wonder if an agreement will ever be reached, but finally they arrive at one; there are smiles and handshakes all round, a scurry of preparation as the documents are completed and signed.

It could be any scene anywhere in any business day, except this is the Soviet Union: the deal is transacted through an interpreter and the two women, Americans, have traveled for the third time that year the 6,000 miles from Los Angeles to Moscow to meet with Soviet businessmen who want to purchase American manufacturing spare parts. And what's more, the women own the company, which

has been in the business of doing business with the Soviet Union for decades.

"Most people don't even know it's legal to trade with the Soviet Union," says Kaaren Fielding Boothroyd '86, co-owner of Romaine Fielding Enterprises, the business her father founded in 1949. "Then they find out we've been doing it for 30 years!"

It's an area of considerable interest to Westerners now, of course, with the increased opening of the Soviet marketplace to Western ideas and wares. It means also that big companies will try to move quickly into the business, now dominated by small operators.

Can a woman with a Pitzer degree in English and Women's Studies go head to head with the Ivy-League M.B.A., the Fortune 500 executive?

You might be surprised to hear about the ways Boothroyd makes her background seem the ideal preparation for her current career.

Boothroyd is not afraid to take risks. After high school, she traveled in Europe, where she met her husband, Toby Boothroyd, who is a native of England. Later, they moved back to Southern California and began a family; they have a daughter, Angie, 21, and a son, Peter, 16. Boothroyd, meanwhile, worked at an activist church in Pasadena, and later in the Los Angeles County Art Museum's Press Office. For a time, she owned her own business, a personal management service. But nothing, she says, was quite satisfying. Attending junior college at night convinced Boothroyd to go back to school full-time: she quit her job at the museum and came to Pitzer as a New Resources student in 1982. (The New Resources program, founded in 1974, brings post-college-age students to Pitzer every year. New Resources students make up about 10 percent of the total student population at the college.)

Boothroyd's dream, after graduation, was to open a bookstore in Pasadena, a high-risk endeavor requiring enormous capital. But then her father, Romaine Fielding, became seriously ill. Although they had

been estranged, the two became quite close in the years before his death. "He knew he didn't have long to live," Boothroyd says, when they began discussing the possibility of her returning to the company—she had worked in it for a time as a teen-ager.

"I had a real emotional attachment to the business. My father started something when nobody else was [doing it]. Now, it's chic [to get involved with the U.S.S.R.]. I thought, why let all this go, all the goodwill that he had developed over 30 years. I thought it was not something to dismiss out of hand."

What clinched the matter in Boothroyd's mind was when her father matched her with Deborah Bowes, his long-time assistant. The two women clicked immediately. "She worked with my father through thick and thin," says Boothroyd. "Business was bad then [1987]—the changes in the Soviet Union were bringing complete chaos."

So Boothroyd and Bowes assumed ownership of Romaine Fielding Enterprises, Inc., a business with the Soviet Union as its sole customer since Fielding launched the first American automatic laundry in Moscow in 1958. American automatic laundries are known by two generations of Moscovites now, who have dubbed them "Amerikanki." They currently export to the Soviet Union industrial spare parts for equipment manufactured worldwide for the mining, automotive, printing, metallurgical, materials handling, and agricultural industries. The company consists of a full-time staff of three, along with two part-time employees, with offices in Westlake Village in the Los Angeles area and in New Jersey, where shipping is coordinated. There is also a company representative in Moscow, who is a Soviet citizen.

"It's hard work," admits Boothroyd. "There are obstacles peculiar to the Soviet Union. Also, the failure rate of taking over a business is tremendous. Being a woman also makes it harder. I

Boothroyd and partner Deborah Bowes take time out for a picture in Red Square.



would say that here, it's OK. There are barriers for women in business, but not as many as in the Soviet Union, where there are no women doing what we do. It is an incredibly entrenched patriarchy there. It was a big concern of my father's, but he trusted that we had the brains, the wherewithal, to do it.

"I'm sure the first time they saw me it was because I'm Romaine Fielding's daughter. Of course, they gave us a chance. But they put you through your paces. It's the same thing, 'a woman has to be twice as good to get half as far.'"

Boothroyd has been fortunate, in her Soviet travels, to spend time in households as well as hotels. Her father's last wife was a Soviet citizen who lives in Moscow now, although in a district that is off-limits to Boothroyd. When she can, she spends time with her stepmother's friends in their homes. "It's nice," she says, "and comfortable, but by our standards, dramatically different."

Traveling in the Soviet Union approximately three times each year, Boothroyd finds it's easy to meet people there. "They are hungry for information and news of the West. They'll initiate conversations. Most just want to talk to you. They'll ask you, how much does a VCR cost? How much does the average man take home in salary—it always seems like a tremendous amount to them. But they ask because they want to put their lives in context."

And at the moment, Boothroyd says, there are no restrictions on what they sell, although "what they want to buy, in terms of technology, is not so clear cut. Up until now, we stayed away from those areas—we don't want to be vulnerable. I do have to be careful about what I do, because they don't have to have a reason to ask me to leave. But I am completely above-board. It's easy to move around if you're not doing anything wrong."

Occasionally, the innocent encounter assumes bizarre aspects, like the time a Soviet cab driver tried to get her to agree to import a pit bull for him.

“They are a reserved people,” she says, “but once you know them, they are very warm. A lot of Americans are put off by their ‘severity.’ It’s cultural. They think Americans are very frivolous,” an argument frequently all too difficult to counter.

Boothroyd gets excited when she talks about the changes taking place in the Soviet Union. “They are starting to bring in services, technology we think of as typically Western,” she says. “You can find Pizza Hut there now. There are a lot of European companies there already. But the Soviets chiefly spend their hard currency on equipment, on items that allow them to produce consumer goods.” Boothroyd believes Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev’s “biggest problem” now is whether to begin to import consumer goods. “The Soviet people are overwhelmingly in favor of the changes,” she says, “but the condition of the average people on the street has not improved.”

Boothroyd’s primary areas of responsibility are marketing and making and maintaining sales contacts. Her partner negotiates contracts as well, but is chiefly involved in the firm’s financial operations. The third Westlake staffer, Information Services Manager and Export Coordinator Diane Norris, oversees implementation of projects and contracts—no easy feat, says Boothroyd. Each month, only one ship leaves out of New York bound for the Soviet Union. Anything can go wrong, and does. Goods have been refused. Sometimes the ship is late, or the merchandise gets lost. She says it’s not yet lucrative.

“It’s a very competitive market. They are shrewd negotiators—no matter the price, they expect a discount. They shop the world for parts, so a lot depends on the reputation of the company. Everyone wants in now, but the profit margin is quite slim. When it opens up,” she predicts, “it will be very good.”

Boothroyd is not likely to forget that all this evolved from the

Laundromats her father placed 30 years ago. Romaine Fielding spent his GI bill studying Russian.

“People thought he was crazy,” Boothroyd says, smiling, “but he decided that ‘if we are to live together in peace, we must learn the language.’” She doesn’t know much more about his motivation. “Some of it was calculating, some serendipitous,” she guesses. And, she notes, the company has never lost that original objective, of “using trade as a tool toward peace.”

Which is not a great leap at all from a Pitzer education. “There is a certain something that goes on here that contributes to the entrepreneurial spirit,” says Boothroyd. “The way you’re pushed to think, to support your ideas—it gave me the confidence, the unblinking determination to do what I want to do. A lot of what I do takes daring.

“There are some experiences in my life for which I wouldn’t trade anything. One is the closeness I had with my father before he died. Another is my time at Pitzer. I came here in my mid-30s, and I don’t know if I could have gotten as much out of it if I had been younger. It’s been important to my career, as a mother, as a business person—it improved the quality of life in all facets. I was a hard-working student, but I got it all back.

“I was talking with [Professor of English] Ellin Ringler-Henderson recently, explaining to her why I do this. I told her it’s the challenge. No matter what I ever did, I was never in a position where I felt I could use all my talents. Plus, we’re sitting on the edge of a very dramatic change in history. If I am fortunate enough to go and be there, it’s too good to pass up.”

She was recently in discussion with a large company interested in selling their wares in the Soviet Union. They eventually pulled out of negotiations with Boothroyd’s company, deciding to go direct instead. Boothroyd predicted that they might not find the going so easy. . . . and received confirmation of that later from one of their executives. “He told

me, ‘you were exactly right.’ Apparently they went over with the tricks and strategies they use with other Western companies—and it was a hellish experience. They were completely traumatized.”

So, while American businesses may be eager to jump in, she says, “the reality of accomplishing something tangible is another kettle of fish. That’s where our longevity, our expertise, and the connections of 30 years help. So we’re weathering it.”

Boothroyd is unabashed in her praise for Pitzer’s role in preparing her for her unusual career. “I feel I’m just as well-equipped as the M.B.A. from Harvard, and maybe better, because Pitzer taught me to think in an analytical, clear, and practical way. You could come up with some real impressive-sounding arguments about a piece of literature, for instance, make some pretty heady claims, but the professor never lets you get away with it. You have to prove it, you can’t BS your way through it. And that’s basically what getting along in life is. That kind of training is very, very valuable.”

As is her background in Women’s Studies, she asserts. “It helps you to understand your place in the world,” Boothroyd says. “Once, I was sitting at a table in Moscow in negotiation with six men across from me. Another part of me was objectively watching. I could understand how they perceived me, why I was reacting in certain ways. If you understand, it’s not so intimidating, you don’t feel awkward or out of place, because you know it’s exactly where you should be. And believe me, as a woman doing business in the Soviet Union, it’s easy to feel you don’t belong.

“In the Soviet Union, you’re presented with a situation that’s wide open. It doesn’t matter what the rules are here. I think my training at Pitzer prepared me not to go by a standard but to set my own path. But since we’re not Western businessmen, but businesswomen, that can work to our advantage. The only limits are within yourself.”

—Elisabeth Duran



Bridging the Gap Between the U.S. and the Soviet Union

Harriett Crosby '68 is founder and president of the Institute for Soviet and American Relations (ISAR).



Maybe the Soviet Union is no longer “the Evil Empire,” at least, not to most Americans. But what is it? If not the land of Dr. Zhivago, vodka, and caviar, if not the Red Threat of McCarthyism, does the country remain “a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma” as Winston Churchill maintained 50 years ago?

For all the changes Mikhail Gorbachev’s *perestroika* seeks to bring about, what we see today still baffles us. One week the world reads about the withdrawal of tanks and troops from Eastern Europe; another, about poison gas employed to quell demonstrators. How to sort through the bewildering, contradictory messages? How to gauge if real change is occurring?

Harriett Crosby '68 has spent the last six years trying to do just that. Crosby is founder and president of the Institute for Soviet-American Relations (ISAR), a small, nonprofit, nonpartisan service organization based in Washington, D.C. Their mission: to help improve Soviet-American relations, primarily by encouraging people-to-people connections and serving as a clearinghouse for Soviet-American exchange.

“We’re trying to humanize the relationship between the two countries,” says Crosby. “The basic idea is to get away from enemy-making, and to work with our Soviet counterparts on mutually beneficial projects. It’s a matter of building and cultivating relationships, of beginning to create a common ground.”

So Crosby, an art major at Pitzer with a master’s degree in psychology, along with colleague Nancy Graham, a former Peace Corps director, founded ISAR in 1983. The Institute’s initial act was to publish a handbook of organizations involved in Soviet-American relations. For that first edition, they included entries on more than 200 organizations.

From there, it’s a matter of keeping track of what the groups are doing, which ISAR reports in its main publication, *Surviving Together: A Journal on Soviet-American Relations*. *Surviving Together* concentrates on U.S. private sector activities with the Soviet Union, including press and editorial extracts on the most important current developments in the U.S.S.R.

Crosby says it’s all based on the premise of networking. “If you know what others are doing, you can share information, learn from others’ mistakes, cooperate and enhance the efforts of each individual.”

Thumb through the journal, and you may be surprised at the kinds of exchanges happening today: Vietnam war veterans meet with Soviet veterans of Afghanistan in the Soviet Union; a Washington, D.C. law firm announces plans to open a law office in Moscow; the U.S.S.R. lifts a decades-old ban on Elvis Presley and his music.

“There is so much going on,” Crosby asserts enthusiastically. “And it’s so healthy. I think the nuclear scare in the early ’80s frightened us so much, many people wanted to do something to ease the tension. At ISAR, we encouraged and facilitated these grassroots, people-to-people exchanges. We discovered that private citizens outside government can take initiatives and do things that government

officials cannot do themselves, but wanted to see done.”

ISAR holds that common ground will help establish common interest, which will lead to a new vision of the “enemy.”

So while George Bush telephones Mikhail Gorbachev on his first working day in office, the Russian Society of Hunters and Fishermen and its American counterpart, Trout Unlimited, organize opportunities for American and Russian anglers to fish the waters of the two countries together; Soviet chefs visit the U.S. at the invitation of a Seattle hotel, a followup to a trip taken earlier by Seattle chefs; and Soviet lawyers enter the American Bar Association’s internship program to study the U.S. legal system here.

All this, and much more, is duly chronicled in *Surviving Together*, which the United States Information Agency (USIA) has called the “Bible of Soviet-American relations.” Crosby says ISAR looks for symbols of transformation to communicate the message “of how the Superpower relationship is moving from confrontation to cooperation.”

“Symbols about cooperative Soviet-American relations have changed how politicians see the Superpower relationship,” she says. A Jungian psychologist, she believes recognizing symbols is critical to the process of transformation.

To illustrate, she cites three events. The first is a joint climb by American and Soviet youths, aged 18-21, to the top of Mt. Elbrus in the Caucasus mountains of Soviet Georgia. The exchange has since been spun off to Outward Bound, which is now working to bring Soviet climbers to the U.S. Crosby participated in the Mount Elbrus climb.

“We thought, now the young people have reached the summit and trusted their lives in one another’s hands,” she says. “It’s time for our leaders to reach *their* summit—we climbed Elbrus before the Geneva Summit.”

Another example Crosby likes to cite are the spacebridges, or TV

satellite links, used to facilitate communication between U.S. and Soviet citizens. Satellite hookup was used to great effect when the US Festival, held in San Bernardino County in 1983, was simulcast in Moscow. Ebullient fans jammed and rocked together across two continents, prompting Crosby to respond, "If we can dance together, and jam music simultaneously, why can't we be talking about important issues?"

"It all started with citizen diplomats in 1983," Crosby said. "Now, ABC broadcasts live, uncensored dialogue between members of the Supreme Soviet and U.S. Congress. Spacebridges demonstrate that high technology can be used to bring people together. . . It's a better use of high technology than 'Star Wars.'"

Finally, Crosby points to the coming together of astronauts and cosmonauts in the Association of Space Explorers, which grew out of a meeting initially set up by the Esalen Institute's Soviet American Exchange Program.

"From a Jungian perspective, you can spot certain events which, like images in a dream, have the power to change a person's attitude. These are symbols of transformation, which have moved us to a new paradigm of consciousness in Soviet-American relations."

Crosby says Pitzer Professor of Art Carl Hertel was instrumental in turning her on to Jung.

"My junior year, he encouraged me to read Jung's *Memory, Dreams, and Reflections*," she says.

"It was the beginning of my interest in Jung, which led me to Zurich to train as a Jungian analyst, and to read the collected works of C.G. Jung. It has profoundly shaped my life."

And the lives of many others, it seems. Crosby's personal convictions in turn shape ISAR's mission. In Washington, ISAR works with the Bush administration, as it did with Reagan's, as well as the Congress, the USIA, and the Office of Technology Assessment in setting up behind-the-scenes meetings, lunches, private dinners and other affairs that unobtrusively introduce

Soviet visitors to American officials in "off-the-record, informal discussion," she says.

For one Soviet official, ISAR set up meetings with members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Washington newspaper reporters and local scholars and college students. This time, their discussions focused on *perestroika* and how the Communist party was interpreting the March elections.

Soviet visitors welcome the opportunity to learn and talk off the record, she says. "What fascinates me, on a personal level, is getting people together where they can talk informally," says Crosby. "When Gennady Gerasimov, chief spokesman for the Soviet government was in town last spring, we set up meetings with government officials, journalists and TV anchors. And just for fun, we took him down to Florida to swim with the dolphins.

"For someone who has to deal with very complex and difficult issues, [I think it] was a relief and a pleasure to play with the dolphins. They loved him. Three dolphins were leaping around him and brought him a little blue ball, which he threw for them.

"Dolphins *play*," she muses. "To be creative, and to do things that haven't been done before, you've got to be able to play a little—you can't be afraid of being silly. Maybe that's where new ideas come from, from play."

These are perhaps not surprising sentiments from a woman who had the idea of coming to a brand new college before it existed. She applied as an early admissions student, becoming part of Pitzer's first four-year class.

"I liked the idea of starting something new," she says simply.

Pitzer had only two buildings then, she recalls. "The rest of the land was bulldozed over what had been a dump," says Crosby. "I began to explore what could be done and had landscape architects make several alternative plans for [the area north of McConnell Center], which were put to a student vote. The choice was between a geometric plan and a naturalistic plan featuring winding trails and gentle slopes." Today, of course, that area is known as "The Mounds."

Crosby says she had many "incarnations" before she founded ISAR. After leaving Pitzer, she worked as a librarian, a teacher, a potter, and then a Washington lobbyist for the American Friends Service Committee. She received a master's degree in psychology from Philadelphia's Temple University, then studied at the Carl G. Jung Institute in Zurich before returning to Washington, D.C. to begin a counseling practice.

"I began to see the collective psyche was out of sync," she explains. "I had traveled in Russia, and they always asked me, 'Why do you want to go to war with us?' But once you're there, you see they're just human beings. Jungian psychology [teaches] about the individual. It's the individual who runs governments, makes decisions, sets policy. And it's through the individual that change begins to come.

"I feel the real solution, the way to shift away from polarization and the nuclear threat, is in human engagement, for individuals to get together to create a common good."

Crosby is realist enough to temper her enthusiasm with some measure of caution.

"It's not good to get caught up in euphoria," she says. "We must be very levelheaded and cautious as we move forward. I think we should continue to take them up on their offers and take Gorbachev's initiatives seriously enough to put them to the test, but we also need to hold their feet to the fire."

But the beauty of ISAR's approach, of course, is that there is a role for everyone to play in ending the Cold War. "Private citizens can do things government officials can't. Everyone can get involved," Crosby maintains, "architects to work with architects, kids to get involved with other kids. It's a vision that will make the world a better place."

—Elisabeth Duran

From a College in Claremont to a Kibbutz in Israel: Taking Risks for His Beliefs

It is a five-hour bus ride from bustling Tel Aviv to the relative serenity and isolation of Kibbutz Yahel, a fairly young settlement lying in the southern end of the Arava, one of the planet's more elegant deserts. Some distances can be easily measured in hours of travel, others cannot. To describe the distance from a childhood in San Francisco and a Pitzer education to 10 years of life at Yahel at first seems impossible, yet as the life of David Bernstein '77 would indicate, the route, if unique, is not entirely untraceable. In a wide desert valley, the product of the Syrian-Afro rift, Bernstein has realized dreams he firmly believes are rooted in his Pitzer background.

Hyenas trot through the night, gazelle chase the dawn, wild camels have occasionally raided the fields, and constant army patrols strive to prevent the nearby Jordanian border from becoming the source of a different kind of raid. It is common for the heat to climb to 105 degrees much of the year. The only visible neighbor is an old Jordanian police station, tiny across the wide acacia-strewn valley. The sunset makes a breathtaking watercolor of the foothills on both sides of the valley; sunrise is greeted with the coughing of tractors and the lowing of a healthy herd of dairy cows. About 60 permanent members of the highly structured communal Yahel start a day of work.

When David Bernstein arrived at Yahel in 1979 the kibbutz was barely two years old. The community then consisted of a fairly even mix of Israelis and Americans, almost all single and in their early twenties, whose dream was to create a viable community founded on the socialistic system of kibbutz, taking advantage of the environment to capitalize on a winter agriculture that would provide out-of-season produce (much demanded in Europe). And, as if all this were not enough, become the first settlement sponsored in Israel by the Reform Movement of Judaism, and create a life interwoven with its philosophic and spiritual tenets.

Of those original goals, Bernstein believes that the social and religious realms, though not without setbacks and changes, have been reached: the economic side is still a struggle, but he is optimistic about its eventual success. Growing competition on the European market, namely from Spain and the Canary Islands, has somewhat cut into the profits of winter agriculture.

The ensuing search for a kibbutz-based industry, a cash-and-energy-draining quest, has been temporarily set aside as the kibbutz seeks to increase its participation in local industry, such as the regional date packing plant and the innovative "agriculture of the sea" based 40 minutes to the south in Israel's southern port, Eilat. In earlier years Yahel's members participated in these endeavors as simple laborers, their wages going to the kibbutz as a quick source of cash. These days the participation is more refined, with Yahel members making serious contributions to their management and development.

Bernstein is more than a little familiar with the financial side of

the kibbutz. From '85 through '87 he served as the kibbutz's Merakez Meshkek, which may be roughly translated as the chief economic coordinator. When people ask him what his economic background is, he responds that it was a Pitzer history degree. Bernstein attributes his studies with giving him the ability to contend with what he describes as the challenges inherent to any problem in life. This includes being able to define the big picture and address the core of it, rather than becoming bogged down in small details.

That David Bernstein has applied this philosophy not only to the larger concerns of the kibbutz as an economic entity but also to his own life is confirmed by the accomplishments that have filled it. Though he did not know it at the time, his interest in Yahel was in part triggered by a year spent in Israel on a program called the College Academic Year (of the American Reform movement) working and living at Kibbutz Ma'ale Hamisha, near Jerusalem. While there, he studied at Hebrew Union College. This comprised his junior year. Not long after returning to Pitzer he joined Garin (literally, seed) Arava, a group of young Americans readying themselves to move to the as yet nonexistent Kibbutz Yahel. Within two years of his graduation in '77 Bernstein and the rest of the Garin found themselves at the then two-year-old kibbutz.

Since the author, on a brief, three-and-a-half year leave of absence from his own Pitzer education, had somehow also stumbled onto Yahel at about the same time as Bernstein, he was privy to the struggle of young urban Americans to become desert farmers. To describe these early attempts would be an embarrassment; suffice it to say the tractors and most of what was planted initially in the ground managed to survive. Both the Americans and the Israelis, none of whom had agricultural backgrounds, learned their tasks by a method he aptly describes as “trying to figure out how to do this.” Ten years later, the oasis that Yahel has become is proof of their success; the numerous children who play among the paths and gardens of the pleasant housing area indicate that “how to do this” consisted of more than growing onions and laying out drip irrigation lines. As Bernstein says, “What we’ve learned is to become much more efficient, learning from experience to get the most from a work day. When we find more means of income we’ll be able to make it work well, to economically thrive with enough of a profit to build our community to meet our needs.”

There was also the army, the one-and-a-half years that David Bernstein spent away from the kibbutz, in regulation green uniform, which he says was the hardest part of his life. In contrast to that taxing experience during this period is what he calls the best part, his marriage to Nirit Bernstein, in 1983. At the time that they met, he was managing the local date packing plant. Their relationship began over his attempts to apologize to Nirit, a member of an Israeli Garin serving part of her own army time at the

kibbutz. He had repeatedly scheduled her to work one of the plant’s most difficult and tedious tasks, quality control. When he let pass an opportunity to transfer her to the coveted kitchen, she graced him with a look that he swears was potentially lethal. From that exchange a love was born.

After the army, Nirit, who is a native of Haifa and, like Bernstein, raised in the Reform Movement, left the kibbutz to attend the Hebrew University School of Agriculture at Rehovot. With their marriage, Nirit Bernstein returned to Yahel and supervised research at the regional experimental station nearby, trying to develop an export quality onion that could be grown in the month of February.

The couple are now residing in the Bay Area, having been sent there for a few years by Yahel, the Kibbutz Movement, and the Reform Movement to perform “shlichut,” a job best described in English as that of an emissary. For the time being, Bernstein’s task is to promote kibbutz programs, such as temporary stints as volunteers or enrollment in kibbutz-based intensive Hebrew courses, and to interview and help potential immigrants to “kibbutzim” and other forms of settlement. He also promotes long-term academic programs in Israel and is the coordinator of the activities of all the emissaries from Israel in Northern California.

Bernstein also wears the hat of a national emissary to the College Education Department of the Reform Jewish Movement, working to educate Reform Jewish college students and, again, promoting programs that provide quality time in Israel. Nirit, happily, has not had to abandon her agricultural pursuits during this temporary stint away from the kibbutz; she is hoping to return to Israel with a doctorate in plant physiology, from the University of California at Davis.

Bernstein likes to talk about what he thinks he derived from his Pitzer days in the way of a life philosophy. That Yahel is a different lifestyle from many of his peers he readily admits. He says, “you must adapt to the fact that in kibbutz life you have to fulfill

your needs through the community, your commitment to the community has to transcend personal disappointments.” He is glad, he adds, when looking at the lives of his old acquaintances, that he’s done something “somewhat unique that continues to be special.”

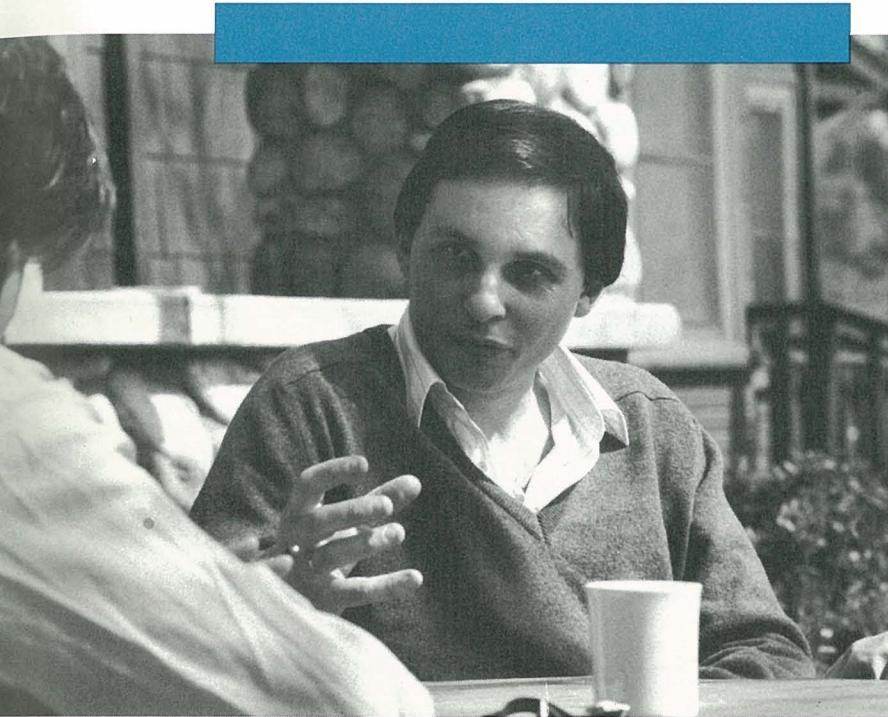
David Bernstein notes among current American college students a diminished sense of the central lesson he derived from Pitzer, which is to “take whatever philosophies you have and take risks for them, going into the abyss and seeing what you come out of it with.”

In Yahel he sees a life that is also an example. The kibbutz itself, caught up in the struggle to earn Reform Judaism proper recognition in Israel (which has been fought by the orthodox establishment), symbolizes and encourages religious and other types of pluralism as well as tolerance in general. In Bernstein’s words, “it’s not enough to just preach that Israel should be more tolerant. I want to be there and be involved daily in a lifestyle and community framework that strives to be an example of that.”

Visiting campuses nationwide as he does, Bernstein has found he is met with criticism that he perceives is directed more toward Israel’s existence and basic Zionism than on the government’s policies in the occupied territories. He contends that, unfortunately, a fundamentally anti-Israel voice has managed to completely equate Israel with those policies. Bernstein, and here perhaps the old history student at Pitzer emerges, responds by returning to the basic reasons for Israel’s existence and what Zionism is, which he considers a humanistic philosophy. It is only then that he turns to Gaza and the West Bank over which he, like many other Israelis, is deeply troubled. He describes the current Intifada as the result of what was long the most benign occupation of history, a period that brought



David Bernstein '77 says the year and a half he spent in the Israeli army was the hardest part of his life.



great improvement to the lives of Palestinians who now, and he doesn't blame them for it, want it all.

Bernstein challenges liberal students to go to Israel. He is aware of a widely shared tendency, one he himself is vulnerable to, to hold Israel up to incredibly high moral standards that are at times too extreme. He suggests it is helpful to introduce some perspective by looking at Israel in comparison to other states in the region, and to even compare Israel's human rights record with that of the U.S. Israel's, he asserts, comes out on top. He points out that we don't see Americans abandoning this country over its treatment of immigrants or Native Americans, or even its neighbors in Central America, and emphasizes that the U.S., unlike Israel, has not existed under an ongoing state of war with its neighbors.

Such comparisons, he allows, don't make him feel better or less angry about those of Israel's policies with which he disagrees. He doesn't wish to be an apologist, he just wants people to see the picture objectively. In any case, he asserts, Israel is an open society; anyone is free to come and see things for themselves, and he encourages them to do so.

Night falls on Yahel, the little village in the Israeli desert where a Pitzer alum has made his home. The dairy cattle settle in, the communal dining room swells with the after-dinner socializing of the kibbutz's well-worked membership. The stars are closer there, and infinitely more numerous.

—Ari Sherman '85

Alumni Update

Shop Talk

Alumni Career Day '89 was a great success, thanks to the efforts of Director of Career Resources Anna Garza and the dedicated alumni who returned to campus last February to talk to current students. The day featured panel discussions by alumni about their career experiences in business and finance, health care and psychology, law, media, education, politics, and community service and government.

Pitzer alumni speakers included Rita Lynch '77, Rosemarie Ibanez '86, and Elena Maitret '83 from government and community service; William Donahue '82 from education; John Landgraf '84, Joel Fields '85, Paul Frindt '78, and Janet Jones '73 from television, film, and publishing; M'Leigh Koziol '81 and Don Ceglar '82 from business and finance; Lisa Spiwak '83, Robert Greenberg '74, and Chris Frisco '82 representing law; Maggi Klaussen '68 and Bonnie Heikes '75, from health care; and James Gottlieb '84 and Michael Rubin '79 who spoke about owning their own businesses.

A reception for the alumni, students, and faculty followed the day's sessions. President Ellsworth also attended the reception, along with Professor of English Al Wachtel and Professor of Political Studies Lucian Marquis.

Jazzy Evening Delights So Cal Alumni

The Southern California Alumni Club returned last summer to the Hollywood Bowl for a sold-out jazz concert.

Sixty picnicking alumni bopped to the music of B.B. King, Lee Ritenour, Tom Scott, and Ernie Watts on a warm summer evening last August. Plans for a repeat performance this August are already underway—look for your invitation this summer to the August 27 bowl concert featuring Stanley Jordan, Miles Davis, and the Yellow Jackets.

Bay Area Alums: Casting a Wide Career Net

Forty Bay Area alumni gathered last February at the home of Nancy Bloch Kavrell '75 for an evening of career networking.

Joanne Butera Turner '70 led the group through a program of introductions, discussions, and down-to-earth business. Alumni brought their business cards and came ready to talk about their careers, but it wasn't a job-hunting fair. "It was an opportunity to expand business horizons — to share values, approaches, techniques, skills — and, of course, visit with other Pitzer alums," says Suzanne Zetterberg '68, director of Alumni Programs.

Pitzer College President Frank L. Ellsworth, Alumni Association President Sandra Segal '78, and Vice President of Development and Alumni Relations Carl Bandelin were also present.

Ellsworth Addresses Boston Area Alumni

Last November, Boston area alumni, parents of current students, and parents of alumni gathered for a reception at The Copley Plaza. Alumni in attendance were Suzan Schwantz Delaney '74, Carol Hecker Davis '73, David Neubert '88, Rona Carroll '82, Michel-Andre Nyssens '85, Allison Ray '86, Shari Brenner '81, Suzanne Wallen '76,

Cindy Schlessinger '82, Malee Stearns '83, Julie Porter '75, Jay Barnes '83, Tom Mullins '88, and Laura Gould '83.

President Ellsworth's update on Pitzer was the highlight of the evening. The theme of Ellsworth's talk was building—a new building for Pitzer's, Scripps's, and Claremont McKenna College's Joint Science Program; plans for campus recreation and activities facilities, and a new academic building. Also in attendance from Claremont was Vice President of Development and Alumni Relations Carl Bandelin and Director of Alumni Programs Suzanne Zetterberg '68.

So Cal Alumni Raise a Glass with Glass

Last January, 70 Southern California alumni gathered in Beverly Hills with Professor of Classics Steve Glass for one of his popular wine-tasting sessions. While the alumni were treated to a selection of fruit, breads, and cheeses, Glass led the group through a myriad of select California vintages.

Glass says his interest in wines is of long standing, probably an outgrowth of one of his other hobbies, cooking. He has been conducting wine tastings for years, for students and others in the Claremont community.

CASE Honors Claremont Professor; Reception in D.C. Draws Alumni

Alumni from Pitzer, Claremont McKenna, Harvey Mudd, Pomona, and Scripps Colleges met last January at the National Museum of American History in Washington, D.C. The evening was held in honor of Claremont McKenna College Professor John Roth, recently named Professor of the Year by the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education (CASE).

President of the Alumni Association Sandra Segal '78 and Pitzer Board of Trustee member Rebeca Barron '75 at a gathering of 40 Bay Area alumni.

Also at the Bay area event were Steve Crane, husband of Darlene Barrientos Crane '70; Carolyn Feulle-LeChevallier '69 and Nancy Bloch Kavrell '75. The event was held at Kavrell's home.

Roth spoke on "The American Dream and the Holocaust." Seen socializing were Pitzer alumni Karmian Zysman '86, Susan Robertson '69, Charis Pontis '72, Ann Danelski '83, Grace Power '84, and Diane Stein '85. A series of five-college alumni events is being planned for the D.C. area. Those interested in participating can call the Alumni Office at 714-621-8130.

Ellsworth Hosts Reception for Sojourner Truth Lecturer

Last March President Ellsworth hosted a reception for the 1988-89 Sojourner Truth Lecturer Margaret Walker.

The Sojourner Truth lectureship was conceived by members of the Intercollegiate Department of Black Studies (IDBS) to honor the achievements and contributions of contemporary and historical Black women in the U.S.A. The inaugural lecture was given in 1983-84. Walker—poet, professor, novelist, public lecturer, biographer—joins a distinguished series of lecturers: Maya Angelou, Toni Cade Bambara, Mary Frances Berry, and Dorothy B. Porter.

Walker's principal address was given at Lyman Hall at Pomona College, with a pre-lecture reception and buffet for Pitzer alumni and friends at President Ellsworth's house. Joining Ellsworth and Walker were Professor of English and Black Studies Agnes Jackson, Suzanne Zetterberg '68, Leeshawn Cradoc '87, Misha-Michelle Faustina '88, Edwina Lewis '83, James McKnight '87, Donald Singleton '82, Davetta Williams '72, Tanya Williams-Benzinger '78, and Carolyn Wright, '73.



Robyn (Jolly) Newkirk '69, Professor of Classics Steve Glass and Linda deBaun '68 at a special wine-tasting for alumni.

The Scoop

CLASS OF 1965

KATHERINE GIBBS GENGOUX (France, Chartreuse) is the mother of three sons. She reports that her oldest is now a sophomore at the University of Idaho, majoring in forestry.

CLASS OF 1968

KATHY ANDERSON (Irvine, California) is a middle school teacher in Fountain Valley where she teaches math and science to seventh- and eighth-graders. She is also an active tennis player, needlepointer, and volunteer for the Republican Party and The Orange County Performing Arts Center.

MARGRETA "MAGGI" KLASSEN (Claremont, California) has been appointed stress management coordinator at Monsour Counseling Center for The Claremont Colleges. Accepted as a member of the New York Academy of Science, she visited there in October to meet her colleagues. Maggi is also finishing restoration of her 60-year-old home in historical Claremont.

LOUISA FRANCIS MARTIN (Mountain Center, California) is a busy mother of two children—Erin, 8, and Kate, 3. She finds time to volunteer at St. Margaret's Church in Palm Desert as their preschool teacher, where she enjoys the freedom to design curriculum and learning experiences. In her spare time Louisa weaves, spins, paints, and enjoys the mountain climate. Her husband, Jack, continues to build custom homes in Palm Desert and Indian Wells.

CLASS OF 1969

SUSAN HALL PATRON (Los Angeles, California) is teaching a course in children's literature at Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles. She is also senior children's librarian at the Los Angeles Public Library.

CHERYL SIGLER THORNETT (Birmingham, England) is currently writing for a community magazine and working

on a children's book and other stories. Her husband, Gordon, is now deputy head of a residential school for autistic teen-agers, with a special responsibility for developing music, art, and drama for therapeutic value. Cheryl and Gordon's children are 12 and 9 years and 1 month.

CLASS OF 1970

DIANE RUOTSALAINEN (Puyallup, Washington) is a psychiatric nurse in a residential treatment facility for adults with chronic mental illnesses. Many of them are chemically dependent as well. Almost every year, she says, she thinks about graduate school and this year is a little closer to finding a master's degree program to fit her interests.

GINI ALLEN-GRIFFIN, formerly VIRGINIA MORITZ ALLEN (San Luis Obispo, California) is a painter who works almost entirely by commission and finds it "lucrative and rewarding." She also offers art workshops for adults and children.

MARIANNE SMITH (Oakland, California) is engaged to be married to John Jekabson. They will make their new home in north Oakland.

CLASS OF 1971

JAMES and LUCIA WATKINS PERRY (Phoenix, Arizona) have three daughters. Their youngest arrived on May 3, 1987. Their own business is Perry Properties, and James is currently studying computers.

CYNTHIA TUELL (Upland, California) started a new job this year teaching in the English department at UC Riverside after eight years of teaching in the UCLA writing programs. She is very active in her union. Cynthia's daughters, Dana, 5, and Robin, 3, alternately "exasperate, worry and entrance me as does my husband, Steve."

KATHEY RUPP HAAS (Huntington Beach, California) is pursuing her interest in travel by working part-time at a travel agency and part-time at Coastline Community College as an aide and tutor in the travel careers department. Her husband, Will, HMC

'71, is working independently on several projects with small engineering firms. Heather, 13, will graduate from eighth grade in June. She is an honor roll student and is active in sports and student council. "I've been out of touch with most Pitzer friends, except CORENE MAY DESIMONE '70 who has just moved back to Georgia!"

CLASS OF 1972

Seattle jewelry artist CATHRYN VANDENBRINK says she's looking forward to visiting Pitzer for her 20th reunion. She says "hello" to Peggy, Devon and Louise, her freshman roommates.

SHIRLEY COLE (Reserve, New Mexico) is a kindergarten teacher in Calron County School District. She and her husband, Robert, have one 4-year-old son, David.

DAVETTA WILLIAMS (Los Angeles, California) just completed an October 1988 trip to West and East Berlin. This experience, she says, led her to explore *The Wandering Jew* by Stefan Heym. Davetta serves on the Board of Ecumenical Black Campus Ministry of the University Religious Center at UCLA. She is experimenting with some new skills acquired at Pepperdine University in negotiations and resolutions of disputes at the Christian Conciliation Service of Los Angeles.

CAROLKUYAMA MIZUMORI (Bellevue, Washington) is teaching for Eastside Education Services. She and husband Roger have two children, Michelle, 9, and Kenji, 11.

CLAUDIA GUYTON JONES (Hot Springs Village, Arkansas) and husband Sonny have a son, Nathan, 4. She feels somewhat caught between two careers—teaching and writing—but loves them both.

CLASS OF 1973

VERONICA ABNEY (Los Angeles) has notified us in recent correspondence that she adopted two children since leaving Pitzer. They are now aged 16 and 20.

CLASS OF 1974

VICTORIA CARMONA (Oakland, California) reports that after leaving Pitzer in 1972 she began her search for "reality" and at the same time held a series of "dumb jobs." She spent a semester at sea aboard World Campus Afloat in the fall of 1973. In 1981 Victoria completed massage school and now has a thriving full-time practice in Oakland. By special invitation, she went to the Pan American Games in Indianapolis in 1987 and the Olympic Winter Games in Calgary in 1988 and worked as a massage therapist with international world-class athletes.

SUZAN SCHWANTZ DELANEY (Ledyard, Connecticut) is currently a technical writer/editor for a defense contractor dealing with the submarine construction industry. She is also freelance writing for *Weekly Reader*. Suzan recently saw CAROL HECKER DAVIS '73 at the Boston gathering. Carol has her own dog training business. Suzan hopes to come back to California as soon as the Navy can be talked into it. She would love to hear from MEGAN MEYER EDWARDS '88, PAM PESCARA '74 and COOKIE GIRARD.

HARRIET ARCHIBALD-WOODWARD (Claremont, California), while recently enrolling her daughter, Katie, in preschool, bumped into an old friend from CMC, Larry Boothby, whom she had not seen since 1974.

PAMELA DAVID (San Francisco, California) is keeping busy these days. She is the national chairperson for lesbians and gays for Jessie Jackson and was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. In October 1987, she was the National Outreach coordinator for gays and lesbians.

KATHY GALE DIETRICH LOEST (Santa Barbara, California) is happy to announce her marriage to John Loest on August 6, 1988.

BETH REASONER (San Francisco, California) is currently working as a clinical nurse specialist at the Langley Porter Psychiatric Institute, part of the University of California, San Francisco, Medical Center, where she trains and supervises medical residents who plan to work in family therapy. The most interesting developments on the personal front: discovering a real passion for deep-sea fishing and being a late blooming but dedicated San Francisco Giants baseball fan.

CLASS OF 1975

MICHAEL CHRISTIE (San Jose, California) is currently an operations manager for Money Care in Mountain View.

Stock picker LINDA ZIMBALIST SMITH '75 planned to go to San Diego for a May 4 corporate convention for chief financial officers, to speak on a panel about maximizing shareholder values. During the trip to the West Coast, she was to meet up with Pitzer grad Diane Davie '75, now Diane Bryne, whom she hasn't seen in six years. Since the two saw each other last, there have been a lot of changes. Bryne has a 5-year-old and Zimbalist Smith has a 4-year-old.

Special things seem to happen when these two meet up. It was a trip to the East Coast that the pair took after graduating from Pitzer that got Zimbalist Smith turned on the financial world. She and her husband now have their own brokerage and security research business. She's known for picking out stocks that are undervalued and her wisdom is sought after by the *Wall Street Journal* and 50 top money managers.

CLASS OF 1976

MARY SULLIVAN DEACY (Kansas City, Missouri) and husband TOM DEACY '78 are both attorneys with their own law firm, Deacy & Deacy. They have four children: Sarah, Bennett, William, and James.

CLASS OF 1977

ROBERT ESTREN (Bronx, New York) is currently employed in an orthopedics unit at Columbia-

Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City after having studied science under the tutelage of Dr. David Sadava and other Joint Science professors.

JIM HARNAGEL (Pasadena, California) and his brother, John, from CMC, recently portrayed twin slaves "Dromico" in "The Comedy of Errors" for the Shakespeare Festival/L.A. at Citicorp Plaza in downtown Los Angeles and at the John Anson Ford Theatre. Jim also took great pleasure playing convicted Reagan advisor Mike Deaver on "Not Necessarily The News - The Reagan Legacy" on HBO.

SALLY FREITAS (Pasadena, California) is completing a fellowship in child psychiatry at the University of Southern California where she also finished her internship in internal medicine and residency in psychiatry.

RITA LYNCH SPECK (Pasadena, California) married Bill Speck (UCLA '82) October 1988 in Pasadena. Helping to celebrate were many Pitzer friends including: DEBORAH WALL '77, JILL MINDERHOUT BASKIN '78, MAUREEN LYNCH '77, ANDREW HAVENS '77, JEFFREY BOOK '77, BOB PENN '78, SALLY FREITAS '77, LEORA BRITVAN '78, KIM WILLIAMS '78, SUSAN FORER DEHREY '78, JOHN DOUGLASS '78, RAMONA GONZALES '84, DENISE SEIDER '88, and Adam Berenson. Rita is an aide to the president of the Los Angeles City Council, John Ferraro.

CLASS OF 1978

VALORIE L. WIGGINS (Studio City, California) is a consultant for Video Production. She and Tim Braderick have been married for three years.

GAIL MAUTNER (Seattle, Washington) is continuing her work as an attorney doing commercial litigation, along with employment and civil rights. She has a 2-year-old daughter.

HOPE HEAVENRICH TORRENTS (Chi, Illinois) recently married Jordi Torrents from Barcelona. She is also a script writer for video brochures and newsletters.

TOM DEACY (Kansas City, Missouri) and wife MARY SULLIVAN DEACY '76 are both attorneys and formed their own business of Deacy & Deacy. They have four children—Sarah, Bennett, William, and James.

BOB BARRY (Brooklyn, New York) is currently exhibiting ceramic sculpture in New York City and teaching at Parsons School of Design and Long Island University, Brooklyn. Recently he expanded his artwork to include photography and hopes to move to New Mexico soon, far away from the big city.

CLASS OF 1979

JEANNE AMBRUSTER SHERRY (Flagstaff, Arizona) is presently involved in international management for a medical company (makers of "Gore-tex"... both rainwear and vascular grafts!), making frequent trips to Europe, and spending time in her home office. "Significant others" include a husband, David, who graduated from Claremont Graduate School in philosophy and is chair of the philosophy department at NAU, and a daughter, Jane, 3, and son, Ty, 1. She still shares fond memories of Pitzer with friends including NANCY LIEBEMAN IVANHOE '79, an interior designer in Atlanta; NADINE GOODMAN '79, director of a special clinic and still "saving the world" in Mexico; and ROD FUJITA '78, an environmentalist in New York City. Jeanne still hears from MARK SHEPARD '78 who is now working at a hospital in New Jersey.

CAROLE GOLDBERG (Sausalito, California) worked for several years on the West Coast following graduation and then received an M.B.A. at the Wharton School in Philadelphia.

She now has her own executive search and consulting firm in Tiburon, California. Carole has become a dedicated runner and cyclist. She has lost touch with almost all of her Pitzer friends and would like to hear from any of them living in the area.

CHRISTOPHER LEWIS GONZALEZ (New York, New York) reports that after finishing his pathology residency at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles in June 1988, he and his wife, Norma Corral, moved to New York City where he is a fellow on the cytology service at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. Next year they will move to Washington, D.C., where Christopher will be doing research on the molecular biology of lymphoma/leukemia as a hematopathology fellow at the National Institute of Health and National Cancer Institute.

GARY GROSSMAN (San Francisco, California) is now a doctor of psychology working as an emergency psychologist in a hospital where he has his own practice. In addition, Gary teaches psychology.

KENT HARBER (Stanford, California) is participating in a social psychology doctoral program at Stanford University. Kent would like to hear from any old friends.

Linda Vista librarian CHRISTINE REEDER (Pasadena, California) has exciting stories for youngsters as a part of the summer's Read-a-saurus program. Christine tells stories with the help of a clown costume and makeup, getting a "wonderful response" from the little ones.

AMY WEINSTEIN (Pasadena, California) married Dave Burke (POM '78) in May 1988. Pitzer graduates in attendance were: ROBIN GALBRAITH '80, PAM SAVIC '80, and CARRIE WEATHERWAX SCOTT. The wedding took place at Amy's sister's home in Los Angeles. Robin came all the way from Vermont via Washington, D.C., where she's working for the Smithsonian Institute's Folk Festival. Pam made it back from Paris just in time to attend. Amy

and Dave can be reached at 834 S. Los Robles Avenue, Pasadena 91106.

CAROLE COLE (Seattle, Washington) is an acting instructor of psychology in the Department of Psychiatry and Behavioral Sciences at the University of Washington (UW). She works part-time at Children's Hospital and part-time at the Child Development and Retardation Center at UW. She is a licensed psychologist in the state of Washington.

CLASS OF 1980

JUDY SCHENK GEIST (Lake Oswego, Oregon) reports that after spending four years in the Mojave Desert, she is presently laboratory manager at Smithkline Bio-Science Laboratories in Portland, Oregon. In her free time, Judy raises Labrador retrievers with her husband, Dr. H. Dean Geist.

MICHAEL MOODY (Glendale, California) is an account executive at Smith Barney and manages client money in stock, bond, and commodity markets. Professionally, he is interested in the psychology of financial market participants. He has also been instrumental in organizing Technical Analysts of Southern California, a market forecasting group. Personally, he maintains an interest in psychology and literary theory. Michael also runs clinics and served on the volleyball committee for the Y.M.C.A. in Los Angeles.

MARY MARGARET McCUISTION (San Jose, California) is working as an assistant analyst for Sierra Scientific in Sunnyvale. She is working with a women's group in the Bay area called "Model Mugging" and is also counseling rape and incest victims.

STEVEN WESLEY LOVELL (Newport Beach, California) has recently opened his own chiropractic office in Newport.

CLASS OF 1981

After several years with Benham Financial Services in Palo Alto as

“contract and safety assistant,” DAVID YALE (Los Angeles, California) is now living in Los Angeles and attending the Graduate School of Architecture and Urban Planning at UCLA. He will earn his M.A. in urban planning in June 1989 and “can’t wait” to embark on a new career in the public sector. On April 1, 1988, David married Catherine MacLean, a Canadian sculptress.

JOHN E. GLASS (Dallas, Texas) is pursuing a Ph.D. in sociology at the University of Northern Texas specializing in theory and social psychology. He is currently a teaching assistant and a member of a research team at the Institute for the Study of the Family and Addictive Disorders where he is doing longitudinal research on 7th graders for the Denton Independent School District.

KRISTI KING (New York, New York) is now living and working in Mexico City trying to help resolve the debt situation. She claims that even in the field of international finance, Pitzer’s training shows through. Kristi would love to entertain any visiting alums.

SUSAN MARIE JACOBSEN (Portland, Oregon) is currently a commercial sales representative and has recently married Jim Hefty.

SUSAN HALE (College Station, Texas) has just received her Ph.D. in philosophy from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. She is in her first semester of a tenure track job in the philosophy department at Texas A&M University. Susan is also working on papers on the concept of superogatory actions; on the relation between the physical concept of a field to the philosophical analysis of causation; and on the slogan used in philosophy “no entity without identity.”

CLASS OF 1982

JUDITH M. WAHNON (Montclair, California) has started her own business after working sales and marketing. Now she has a small record company, “Happy

Hour Music,” on its way to 15 releases. She says it’s fun and exciting but it can be very frustrating too. Every day Judith uses what she learned in her organizational studies classes. “How could I understand the American public (being myself a foreigner) without the sociology classes? ‘Women at Work’ helped so much! Thank you, dear faculty.”

KELLI CRAFT (San Francisco, California) and her husband, PETER FORSTER ’81, just bought their first house in San Francisco. They are “finally on the road to traditional heavy indebtedness.” Kelli and Peter are both doing great and loving life in San Francisco.

ELLA PENNINGTON (Los Angeles, California) finished a master’s of public health graduate program at UCLA in June 1988 and began an M.B.A. program this fall. She received, but has been unable to accept, a Fulbright research grant to study child malnutrition in Paraguay, South America. While a student, Ella has been working as a statistician with a cancer prevention project and reports becoming a bit of a computer hack.

TILLIE FONG (Denver, Colorado) is currently a reporter for the *Rocky Mountain News*. She lives in a 19-story condominium, which has a fantastic view of the Rocky Mountains. If anyone wants to get in touch with Tillie, she is at 130 Paul Street, No. 1905, Denver, Colorado 80203. She would love to hear from her classmates!

LORI PLANTE GOLDFARB (Menlo Park, California) is happy to announce her recent marriage to Thomas Plante on November 6, 1988. They are both working at Stanford as clinical psychologists and living in Menlo Park.

BRIDGET L. BAKER (Brentwood, California) worked for three years as a legislative aide to Senator Ted Stevens (R-Alaska) and was the primary liaison between Senator Stevens and three Senate Committees before being appointed Regional Director, Affiliate Relations West, CNBC (the Consumer News and Business Channel).

CLASS OF 1983

MICHAEL S. HABIBY (Wappinger Falls, New York) is proud to announce his marriage to Liza A. Moylan on September 10, 1988. Michael is now continuing his retail career as the district manager of three Gingiss Formalwear centers in Connecticut.

ANTHONY S. GUARDINO (Commack, New York) has been accepted to Southwestern University School of Law. He also earned his master of arts degree in psychology from UCLA.

KATHERINE LEOVY BECKSTRAND (Long Beach, California) announces, “I married Tom Beckstrand last May 21st (the only thing that would have kept me from the Pitzer reunion!). The ceremony was at Timberline Lodge on Mt. Hood, Oregon — same building we met at five years ago. JULES VOGEL ’85 and KAREN BUTTWINICK ’85—my maid of honor—joined us for the occasion. I finished up at UCLA med school and am finally gainfully employed as an intern in family practice at Long Beach Memorial Medical Center.”

MARILYN SCAFF (Claremont, California) and Lamont “Monty” Hempel were married on December 27, 1988, in Claremont. Marilyn teaches art at Mount San Antonio College in Walnut. The honeymoon was spent in Yosemite National Park. Monty is an assistant professor of political science and associate director of the Center for Politics and Policy at CGS. He was also a Democratic candidate for Congress in the 33rd District in 1986.

GLENN SUEYOSHI (San Diego, California) has been at the University of California, San Diego, for a little over a year now, doing teaching and research. He said he has completed two articles and is looking forward to their publication. Sueyoshi teaches public finance and econometrics, (economic statistics) at UCSD.

CLASS OF 1984

DAVID BARRETT (San Diego, California) has finished Texas Law School and is now practicing with Latham and Watkins in San Diego.

ANNABEL F. BUCKLEY (Seattle, Washington) reports that she is still blowing glass and doing well in Seattle. Annabel also says that she is in love with a race car driver named Larry.

ANNA LANE ZUCKER (Santa Maria, California) was married last March to Peter Zucker. Her bridal party was a Claremont reunion with Delilah Stephens (Scripps), Mary Gilbert (Scripps), Wendy Sladen (Scripps) and MICHAEL DEVINE '82. Also, Dr. Robert Pinnell of the Joint Science Center attended. Anna and Peter are living in their own home and keeping very busy on the central coast.

ANDY DAVIDSON (Claremont, California) is attending Cal State Fullerton part-time studying glassblowing and education. All alums interested in contacting Andy can write to 140 S. College, Claremont, California 91711.

SUE COES (Ontario, California) completed her M.A. in education at the Claremont Graduate School in January 1987. Last summer she was a member of the Inland Area Mathematics Project. She is now a teacher-consultant for the University of California at Riverside in elementary mathematics. Sue recently gave a lecture at UCR on the use of logic in the elementary classroom (grades K-6) as part of their lecture series, "Dominant Issues in Mathematics Education."

While continuing to write and dance, KATRELYA ANNE ANGUS (Sierra Madre, California) is becoming more fascinated with photography and painting. She is just beginning her own T-shirt business. Katrelya says her paintings have been strongly inspired by the "Animals and Imagination" class taught by Pitzer Professor Paul Shepard.

Katrelya continues to work on her M.A. in English at Cal State Los Angeles and has all of her course work completed. She would love to hear from Matilda Somerfield and NIRA PHONGSA '84 wherever they are!

RICHARD BACKMAN (Dallas, Texas) has just returned from a three-year tour with the Peace Corps in Guatemala. He is currently doing research for the South West Medical Center in Dallas, which is a part of the University of Texas. He plans to enter medical school in the fall of 1989.

ROBERT GOLDBERG (Encino, California) has sent us an update: "I graduated from Northeastern University School of Law in May 1988. Since August I've been working with a federal judge at the courthouse in downtown Los Angeles. I passed the California Bar in November. I would be happy to talk to any Pitzer students who are interested in law or who are thinking of applying to law school." Robert can be reached at work at (213) 894-6645.

CLASS OF 1985

FELICIA M. WILLIAMS (Pomona, California) graduated from Cal Poly last June with a B.S. in business administration, majoring in human resources and management.

TODD EACHUS (Gathersburg, Maryland) is staff director for Congressman Frank Guarini. Todd and his wife, Ellen, have two children.

JAMES BARRETT (Chevy Chase, Maryland) is attending Georgetown Law School. He also worked on a congressional campaign during last fall's elections.

ROBERT A. SEGIL (Alta Loma, California) has begun working with Davidson and Associates as an educational sales coordinator. The firm makes educational programs for students.

PETER DUNAY (New York, New York) reports he is currently an options trader for the firm of Speer, Leeds and Kellogg in New York. He is also the father of two children.

NICOLE SKINNER (Beaverton, Oregon) is working on a master's in English and is teaching freshman composition at Portland State University.

ED HOLMES (Menlo Park, California) has been performing operas in Italy and received his master's in education from Stanford University. He taught music for a year-and-a-half in San Francisco, toured Asia with the Stanford Symphony Orchestra, and is engaged to Linnet Vissering, an architect from Chicago. Recently, he performed in the musical "Peter Pan" and currently does concerts with the Monterey and Santa Cruz Symphonies.

CRYSTAL SCURR (Amagasaki, Japan) graduated from the American Graduate School of International Management in May 1988. She is presently working in Osaka, Japan, with Nippon Information and Communication Company as an English communications consultant. Crystal welcomes any contact from alums at (06) 433-9296.

RICHARD CHUTE (Los Angeles, California) and JODI OLSEN '86 were recently married. Richard is working on a master's degree in archaeology. He is the development coordinator for the Museum of Cultural History at UCLA. Jodi is a research associate for Amhurst Associates.

WILLIAM GAEDE (San Francisco, California) and TACY RENEE HESS '86 were married at the Valley Hunt Club in Pasadena on October 29, 1988. The two honeymooned in the Far East. Tacy is employed with Bass/Francis Communications and Bill is with the law firm of Cooley, Godward, Castro, Huddleson and Tatum in San Francisco.

CLASS OF 1986

JENNIFER MIELE (Los Angeles, California) has left Los Angeles and is with the Peace Corps in Tunisia, working with socially disturbed children. Jennifer will be gone for two years.

Who knows, Jennifer may run into KIM McNEAR '88 who is also in Tunisia.

MISSY RASMUSSEN (Pasadena, California) has "spent the last two years, since graduation, deciding what to do with myself," she says. Last fall, she embarked on a doctor of pharmacy program at the University of California in San Francisco.

KELLY LIGERFELDT DOSS (Sacramento, California) reports her marriage to the "incomparably sexy" Danny Doss on March 19, 1988. They are now living in Sacramento in a "cute house with one dog, three cats, and 10 plants." Kelly is working as a pharmaceutical representative and is attending California State Sacramento to finish her master's degree.

ROSEMARIE IBANEZ (Los Angeles, California) recently had a reunion in Los Angeles with ROBIN LEE '87 who was on her way to Basel, Switzerland, where she received a one-year contract as a research assistant for a medical research institute.

JODI OLSEN (Los Angeles, California) and RICHARD CHUTE '85 were recently married. Richard is working on a master's in archaeology. He is the development coordinator for the Museum of Cultural History at UCLA. Jodi is a research associate for Amhurst Associates.

TACY RENEE HESS (San Francisco, California) and WILLIAM GAEDE '85 were married at the Valley Hunt Club in Pasadena on October 29, 1988. The two honeymooned in the Far East. Tacy is employed with Bass/Francis Communications and Bill is with the law firm of Cooley, Godward, Castro, Huddleston and Tatum, in San Francisco.

CLASS OF 1987

DAVID BRICKER (Portland, Oregon) has moved to New Orleans after a much-needed year off. There, he is laboring through his first semester at Tulane Law

School. He would love to hear from any alums in the area and from those interested in hiring summer interns, especially in the field of international law. David gives a hello to all.

KHALID AZIM (Virginia Beach, Virginia) is a United States Naval Supply Corps officer and loves what he is doing. His job involves a great deal of responsibility and he is learning a lot. Khalid believes that this experience will pay off no matter what he does in the future. He misses Pitzer and especially all of his friends.

CONNIE KESSER TIERNEY (Concord, California) was married to Patrick Tierney shortly after graduation. She was working with alum JIM FISK '87 at the Olive Vista Center in Pomona until she moved to Northern California—where she had attended high school and where her family lives. Connie worked for the Geneva Social Development Center in San Francisco for the developmentally disabled until her daughter, Jessica Elizabeth, was born on Dec. 13, 1988. Connie is planning on opening a day-care center in her home while her husband manages his Color Tile store in San Leandro. They would love to hear from old friends!

CLASS OF 1988

CHRISTIAN FJETLAND (Alhambra, California) finished her May Company executive training program in August 1988. She is presently a department manager at the store in Brea, California.

KIMBERLY I. McNEAR (Wellesley, Massachusetts) is currently working two jobs, tutoring English as a Second Language to immigrants and working at a bookstore. She will be leaving for Tunisia on June 23rd with the Peace Corps. When she returns to the States in 1991 she hopes to enter the Peace Corps Volunteers Fellowship Program at Teachers College, Columbia. (*We in the Alumni Office wish you the best of luck!*)

ELLEN RICHMOND (Long Beach, California) is now assistant director of Admissions at Loyola Marymount College.

JILL HARBICHT (Arcadia, California) has been working since June as program director at a home for developmentally delayed adults and is enjoying it very much. Jill has kept in close touch with EMILY GIST and KIM CHAPMAN who are both doing well. Jill says the thing she misses most about Pitzer are the friends who she doesn't see as often as she would like.

DAVID NEUBERT (Cambridge, Massachusetts) is currently at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University studying for a master's degree in public policy.

SHERRI STILES (Houston, Texas) is presently working for Monsanto Chemical Company. Sherri would like to tell all of the '88ers that the little red Audi she was so proud of is a goner. In addition, she bought some property, totaled her car, got a concussion and a broken collar bone, but is glad to be alive. Sherri reports that KAREN MEENAGHAN is still in greater Manhattan working for a big advertising agency. Anyone interested in contacting Sherri may write to 15823 Scenic View Drive, Houston, TX 77062 or call (713) 280-8720.

CHRISTI PERALA (Los Angeles, California), upon graduation, had two major goals in mind. One was to perform with Aman, the L.A.-based folk dance and music ensemble, which she is doing. Christi considers it a real privilege to be part of the company. Her other goal was to work in restoration ecology. She is doing this, too, working with a small group in a park in the Santa Monica Mountains called Solstice Canyon. They're removing weeds gently and encouraging the return of native plants by seeds and cutting. Christi considers this her life's work and is deeply indebted to John Rodman and Pitzer College for helping her find it.

ANNE DAVIDSON (Barrington, Rhode Island) has been working as the sole reporter/photographer for a small

newspaper in Rhode Island called *The Barrington Times*. It's been a wonderful experience for Anne and she has already learned the "whole show." In Anne's "grand scheme" of things, she plans to move by next semester to Northern California, somewhere in the San Francisco area.

LIBBY ROSSMORE (Sunshine Beach, Australia) reports she is living five minutes from Sunshine Beach near Noosa Heads on Queensland's Sunshine Coast. She hopes to open an art gallery there.

BIRTHS

JOY SIELEN BRIGHTUP '73 (Brea, California) announced the birth of her second son, Matthew Edward, on May 30, 1988. Matthew weighed 7 pounds, 14 ounces, and was 19 inches long. Joy, along with MAUD-MARGARET JONGENEELAN SHEARER '75, have been encouraging each other through babies, careers, and miscarriages. Maud-Margaret had a son, William, on September 7, 1988, weighing 5 pounds, 15 ounces.

KAREN GIRARD KOREH '74 (Reseda, California) had her second son this year. Karen and her husband now have two sons under the age of two-and-a-half. Karen also continues to work as a resource specialist for Los Angeles Unified School District and says that "time is a cherished commodity."

LINDSAY MAUTNER RAHMUN '74 (Corvallis, Oregon) and her husband, Richard, had a baby girl, Chloe, born on September 28, 1987.

ELIZABETH MARTY GOMAN LUEY '75 (Corvallis, Oregon) and husband Jon recently had their third child, Timothy, born on February 2, 1988. Elizabeth just gave a benefit recital for her husband's campus ministry program. In addition to her singing, she is also doing some private voice and guitar teaching.

BERT ISENSTEIN '78 (Chicago, Illinois) and wife Nancy had a baby boy in November, 1988, named Sam.

FREDERICK I. EVERS '79 (Chicago, Illinois) had a baby boy, James, born in early September, 1988. Frederick is teaching art history and painting at Northeastern Illinois University.

BUTCH ALVARADO '80 (La Mesa, California) and wife Jean Gallagher are pleased to announce the birth of Molly Starshine Gallagher, born on June 1, 1988. Molly weighed 8 pounds, 4 ounces, and was 18½ inches long.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL BELOW, JR. '81 (Paris, France) and his wife are the proud parents of a baby girl, Zelda Helen Below, born on October 25, 1988, in Paris.

ANTHONY WEITZEL '81 and KATHERINE BEDELL WEITZEL '84 (Upland, California) have a 10-month-old baby boy.

TED BRANSON '76 and RENEE TURNER BRANSON '80 (Wichita, Kansas) would like to announce the birth of their son, Blake Ryan Branson, on November 1, 1988. He weighed 8 pounds, 3 ½ ounces. Ted is currently a real estate broker with Branson & Associates.

"DID YOU KNOW" that . . .

FRED PAUL '79 is living in Boston and working as a magazine editor,

MICHAEL BICKS '79 married Ellie Sheffer last May,

ELLEN STEIN '80 married Ben Miller last September,

ROGER KEMPLER '79 is a lawyer in Los Angeles and he and wife Ellen have just purchased a home,

LIZ O'MARA '83 is living in New York City,

MARTY ODEGAARD '79 is an acupuncturist in La Jolla,

DANNY SHAIN '86 is living in Pasadena and was married to Bea in January,

ENID PEREL '87 is working in real estate in Los Angeles,

CLAIRE HACKETT '86 was in Los Angeles visiting KARIN LABBY '87 in November,

STEVE KELLER '86 is getting married,

ALICIA GORDEN '83 is back in Claremont attending business school,

MARTHA SOSA '83 is in San Diego in med school at UCSD,

CINDY THOMSEN '83 is in Minneapolis finishing her Ph.D. in social psychology,

MORRIS HASSON '83 is a resident at UC Irvine,

TOM PERLS '82 is an MD at UCLA,

STAN WARE '83 and KATHY CHAMBERS '82 were married last year,

BRIAN RUSLER '86 married Cathleen Franklin in February 1989.