

OCCIDENTAL

SPRING 2010



A CIVIL TONGUE

New York Times columnist
and "PBS NewsHour" pundit
David Brooks brings a
conservative twist to Oxy's
Commencement proceedings

OCCIDENTAL

OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE
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Fang, Maker of Men

I read with great pleasure Tanya Meurer's article about Terry Gilliam '62 ("Tilting at Gilliam," Winter). I was one of Terry's "Fang Gang," along with John Massey '63 and John Latimer '64, publishing six issues of *Fang* in one year and trying to maintain our grade point averages at the same time.

Meurer stated in her article that she tried to get Terry to admit that "*Fang* made me the man I am today," but that Terry did not come right out and say it. I will come right out and say it: "*Fang* made me the man I am today!" My freshman year at Oxy I was a physics major, but after a D in calculus my second semester, I became an art major out of necessity. I liked being an art major, but had no real idea of what I was going to do with it or where it could lead me. I had always been in awe of Terry, his campus activities and presence, and his ability to make things happen. At the end of my sophomore year, after we got to know each other a bit, he recruited me to be a member of his *Fang*staff—part of his nefarious scheme to take over the campus magazine.

This was the beginning of an amazing experience for me. With Terry as our editor, inspiration, and example, we learned by doing—how to make funny pictures, how to write funny ideas down so they were still funny, how to create campus events that became material for the magazine, how to get type set (before computers), how to put together an interesting magazine, how to submit it to the printer, how to promote and sell it. And much, much more.

With Terry it was always exciting, always fun, and always trying to do something new and take it places it had never been before. I learned that what seemed impossible to me usually was possible if you had enough nerve, tried hard enough, didn't give up, asked enough questions, and were willing to make mistakes and stay up for days on end to get it finished. I found myself doing things that I didn't even know existed and being part of something that became an important part of the entire school. And it was fun! *Really* fun!

Terry was an inspiration, a mentor, and an example to me of someone who saw the big picture on campus and in life and believed he could make things happen and achieve the things he dreamed about.

He passed the baton to me at the end of his senior year, and I became the editor myself for my senior year. I was now in charge of creating a magazine (only four issues in one year for me)—coming up with ideas, telling people what to do, making decisions, getting things done that needed to be done, being responsible, etc., etc. The other *Fang*staffers and I succeeded, but Terry had shown us the way. He had led us through the whole process and made it possible for us to continue what he had started.

Needless to say, I learned many valuable lessons about life from Terry and my experiences with *Fang*. I believe that those experiences changed the course of my whole life. They gave me the courage to eventually set myself on a course toward my dream of being an artist that I could *never* have done without those experiences with Terry.

I am forever grateful.

ART MORTIMER '63

Los Angeles

For professor emeritus Omar Paxson '48's recollections about Gilliam's contributions to Oxy theater, visit Occidental Magazine online at www.oxy.edu/Magazine.xml.

He Always Knew Where to Go

Thank you for your obituary on Stephen Parry '72 ("Getting There Was Half the Fun," Winter). I saw Steve a very few times after he graduated from Oxy; our lives took different routes and didn't intersect. But my memories of Oxy often include Steve, and those memories are very vivid. He added so much to the fun, the joy, of being away from home with new friends and new experiences.

When head-to-toe denim—embroidered and patched—was the Oxy uniform, Steve's dorm closet was filled with suits and loafers, sports coats and khakis, ties and oxford shirts with button-down collars. (He did have a pair of Levis, I'm pretty sure.) While men and

women grew longer and longer and curlier hair, Steve kept his straight hair pretty short. He did have a neat but bushy mustache.

When speakers in the Quad might be blaring "Satisfaction," "I Am the Walrus," "American Pie," "Me and Bobby McGee," or "Heart of Gold," Steve had us boogying around the Haines Hall lounge while he played "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" and "Begin the Beguine" on the piano. I vaguely remember forming a conga line to "Choo-Choo."

In an era when classes were cancelled for a day so professors could hold seminars on the history of Vietnam and civil rights issues were featured in student government meetings, Steve was leading us out into the city on Bengal Buses. He chartered Bengal Buses to take groups of us out to find fascinating houses for Dr. Winter's L.A. Architecture class, to iconic eateries, and for social outings. He always knew where to go; he knew much more about the city than the street maps and bus routes. But he did keep regular hours in the Student Information Center, telling us what RTD buses would take us anywhere, the exact times to meet the buses, when we would arrive, and when the transfer buses would come along.

When I and other art majors were fascinated with huge minimalist objects and making our own abstractions with geometric and anthropomorphic forms, when the poster patterns on dorm walls were paisleys and the colors psychedelic, Steve was endearingly proud of the yellow bus replica in his room. In that room of his, some of us enjoyed our first "sophisticated" cocktails before dinner.

When groups of us went to restaurants, it was Steve who did the math to divide the bill according to each person's order. Some of us wondered if he made a dollar or two on the transactions, but he did it so quickly and easily. We were glad not to have the bother.

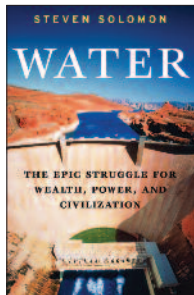
Steve always seemed happy to see everyone. He took leadership roles and was supportive of others who did the same. He had a musical laugh in his voice even when he was being serious. He was generous and embracing and goofy. That's the way I remember him. He enriched my life in those years, and I'm sure he has done the same for many others since.

SHAN EMANUELLI '73

Los Angeles

Bookshelf

WATER: THE EPIC STRUGGLE FOR WEALTH, POWER, AND CIVILIZATION, by **Steven Solomon** '76 (*Harper*; \$27.99). Far more than oil, the control of water wealth throughout history has been pivotal to the rise and fall of great powers, the achievements of civilization, the transformations of society's vital habitats, and the quality of ordinary daily lives. In *Water*, Solomon navigates the power struggles, personalities, and breakthroughs that have shaped humanity from antiquity's earliest civilizations, the Roman Empire, medieval China, and Islam's golden age to Europe's rise, the steam-powered Industrial Revolution, and America's century. Solomon has written for *The New York Times*, *Business-Week*, and *The Economist*, and has been a regular commentator on NPR's "Marketplace." He lives in Washington, D.C.



THE COURT'S EXPERT, by **Richard Isham** '61 (*Sampson Publishing Co.*; \$19.95). Veteran trial attorney Isham (rhymes with "Grisham") joins the ranks of his peers with his first foray into the legal thriller genre. Third-generation immigrant farmer Lawrence Martorano dies under suspicious circumstances, leaving resolution of claims against his multimillion-dollar estate to be resolved in litigation. Claimants looking for a piece of the action include Martorano's four adult children, his caregiver, and an illegitimate daughter who rocks the family with her unexpected claim. Like his main character, Isham is a common variable immune deficiency patient, and has undergone treatment for the last 15 years. He lives with his wife, Laurie, in Visalia.

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY, by **Vernon Carter** '48 (\$21.65; *to order, write Carter at 461 Hillcrest Ave., Oroville CA 95966*). As a child, Vernon Carter appeared onscreen, standing next to Boris Karloff as the monster in 1935's *Bride of Frankenstein*. He played professional football and coached the freshman football team at Oxy while still a student there. He has visited more than 60 countries, served as a national park ranger for six years after retirement as a school superintendent, and survived many

adventures with bears. "It has been an interesting journey," writes Carter, who lives with his wife, Beverly (Gillett) '47, in Oroville.

A GUIDE TO THE PUBLIC STAIRWAYS OF LOS ANGELES, by **Bob Inman** '72 (*Blurb.com*; \$17.50). From Garvanza and Rustic Canyon to San Pedro and Beachwood Canyon, the hilly residential areas of Los Angeles are sprinkled with more than 250 public stairways. Inman has compiled this 80-page guide (including photos of more than 60 stairways and 18 unique maps) to help walkers locate and appreciate these local neighborhood gems. Whether you walk for fitness or you simply enjoy roaming the intricate L.A. hills, the stairways are treasures waiting to be discovered. An inveterate L.A. walker, Inman lives in Eagle Rock.

SMELLS LIKE DOG, by **Suzanne Selfors** '86 (*Little, Brown Books for Young Readers*; \$15.99). Homer Pudding is an ordinary farm boy who dreams of following in the footsteps of his famous treasure-hunting uncle. But when Uncle Drake mysteriously disappears, Homer inherits two things: a lazy, droopy dog with no sense of smell, and a mystery. Why would his uncle call this clumsy dog his "most treasured possession?" And why did he put a gold coin on the dog's collar? And who will continue Uncle Drake's quest—to find the most coveted pirate treasure in the world? *Smells Like Dog* is the latest all-ages novel by Selfors, whose *Coffeehouse Angel* was published last summer. She lives on Bainbridge Island, Wash.



Correction: Because of an editing error in the *Occidental College Report of Gifts 2008-2009*, the following alumni were misidentified by giving category and should have been listed as members of the President's Circle:

Jan Ashford '57
Sara L. Bauer '57
Loren F. Brodhead '59
Janice L. Murphy '59
Stephen W. Arent '64
Don W. Sumner '64 P'98
Lori M. Hunter '79 P'08
William H. Ahmanson '85

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All letters should include the author's name, address, and daytime telephone number. Letters selected for publication may be edited for length, content, and style.

Soccer's No. 1 fan—
Jorge G. Gonzalez,
Occidental's next vice
president for academic
affairs and dean of the
College—looks to develop
a campus culture that
enables new programs
and ideas to flourish

Forward Thinker

By SAMANTHA B. BONAR '90
Photo by ALICIA WAGNER CALZADA



Occidental's new vice president for academic affairs and dean of the College, Jorge G. Gonzalez, is moving to Los Angeles with a couple of important goaaaaaaals in mind. The first, of course, is "working very hard to achieve the mission of the College," says Gonzalez, 48. The other, as the self-proclaimed "biggest soccer fan in the world," is to see as many Chivas USA, Mexico, Monterrey, and Oxy games as possible.

"I always tell my students, there's only one thing I'd rather do than work at a university, and that is to be a professional soccer player," says Gonzalez, an economics professor and special assistant to the president at Trinity University in San Antonio, Texas. "Unfortunately, early on in my life I discov-

ered that soccer was not the skill that God gave me. I'm not a good soccer player. I have played everything from goalie to forward, and I'm bad at all of them."

As an educator, however, Gonzalez scores high marks. "I am convinced that Jorge has the skills and the vision to be an effective advocate for the faculty and a leader who can help Occidental reach the full measure of its potential," says President Jonathan Veitch. "Jorge has a real passion for the liberal arts. He has demonstrated capacity for problem-solving and consensus-building. Perhaps most importantly, he is a person of genuine warmth, thoughtfulness, intelligence, and judgment."

From the search process, it was clear that "Jorge had a deep and sincere affinity for

Oxy's unique possibilities as an urban liberal arts college with a commitment to multicultural experience and education," says English and comparative literary studies professor Raul Villa, who chaired the search committee. "There also was a freshness and vitality that came through in his interactions with the Oxy community, [and] a sense that he is poised to develop into a strong academic administrator, having recently crossed over into that institutional level at Trinity."

After nearly 21 years at Trinity, "There were very few places that I would be willing to consider moving to, and Oxy was one of those places," says Gonzalez, who visited campus while serving as an American Council on Education Fellow at Pomona College in 2007-08. "I love the mission of Oxy—

"I've been around teachers all my life, and I really was set to become a politician," says Gonzalez. "However, once you get to experience that joy of teaching, there's nothing like it."



excellence with a focus on diversity, on global citizenship, and interactions with the L.A. area—as well as the focus on interdisciplinary work. All of that fits my personal values perfectly, which is so exciting to me.”

Gonzalez, who will begin his new job at Occidental on Aug. 1 (after he cheers Mexico on at the World Cup in South Africa in June—he has attended the last five World Cups), has served as special assistant to the president since 2008. During his career, he played a major role in the development of Trinity's Languages Across the Curriculum program, the university's first intersession program in Vietnam, and a major student and faculty exchange program with Mexico's Instituto Tecnológico y de Estudios Superiores de Monterrey. He also headed the development

of Trinity's open access policy, which this year made it the first primarily undergraduate institution to adopt such a policy for the publication of faculty scholarship.

While chairing the university's economics department from 1997-2006, he was instrumental in the creation of Trinity's Mexico, the Americas, and Spain (MAS) program, an interdisciplinary initiative designed to enhance student learning opportunities related to the history, culture, politics, business, and economy of Latin America and Spain. “We have created a huge range of programs across disciplines that immerse our students in the MAS world,” Gonzalez says. “I'm very proud of that work that we did.”

And what of his plans for Occidental?

“I don't want to come from the outside and say, ‘I know what we need to do,’” Gonzalez says. “There are people who have been at Oxy for many years who understand the possibilities a lot better than I do. My job as dean is to open up opportunities for faculty creativity to flourish—to develop new programs and ideas that are going to make our students more international, more immersed in the diversity of the College and the country, and more engaged with the city of Los Angeles.”

The dean's role, he says, is making sure that what you are doing within the academic world fits with what you have established as the mission of the school. “We say that we want our students to be global citizens,” Gonzalez says. “That means we have to make sure that we have a curriculum that actually delivers on that promise. If we say that we want to be a link to the L.A. community, once again we have to make sure that through our academic offerings we have opportunities for students to link to our community. If we want the students to understand diversity, parts of the Occidental curriculum must address that issue.”

Coming from a campus culture at Trinity that observes the honor system, he notes that it has advantages and drawbacks alike. “The honor system empowers students, and that's very good. Students basically take on the responsibility of making sure that academic honesty is important at the college. But some faculty members are reluctant to give up at some level the power or the control of the academic integrity system to students.” He believes it's premature for him to consider its implementation at Oxy (which last had an

honor system in 1969). “If the environment is the appropriate one, then yes, it makes sense. That's something that we'll have to explore.”

As a young man in his native Mexico, Gonzalez aspired to be a politician, and he believed that getting a Ph.D in economics would be the best way to lead the nation's economy in the right direction. Both his father and maternal grandfather had been professors before turning to business careers, but it never occurred to him to follow in their footsteps. That changed while he was a doctoral student at Michigan State University.

“I was probably in my third year when my department chair asked me if I wanted to teach a class,” recalls Gonzalez, who did his undergraduate studies at the Monterrey Institute of Technology in Mexico. “I told him, ‘No, no, I'm not interested in teaching, I want to be a politician.’ And he told me, ‘Well, we'll pay you more if you teach.’ And I said, ‘Well OK, I guess I'll do it.’ Once I taught a class for the very first time, I decided there was nothing else I wanted to do. The joy of actually getting paid to do something that is so much fun, I said, ‘This is my life.’”

That joy in teaching is what attracted him to small liberal arts colleges. “I felt that I could not really enjoy teaching in a classroom with 500 students,” says Gonzalez, who hopes to teach a class or two at Oxy. “I could not see myself teaching very large classes and not knowing every one of my students.” At Trinity, where the average class size is about 20 students, Gonzalez taught courses in micro- and macroeconomics, international trade, and the economy of Mexico. He was awarded the university's top teaching award in 2003.

Gonzalez's family plans to stay behind in San Antonio for the 2010-11 academic year because his daughter Kristina, 16, will be a high school senior (wife Suzie is a school psychologist, and son Carlos, 13, will be a high school freshman next year). He looks forward to sharing all that Southern California—the cuisine, the beaches and mountains, and yes, the soccer—has to offer.

But, he stresses, “What really attracted me was not Los Angeles, but Occidental. There's new leadership at the College, and it seems that everybody's poised for great years ahead,” he adds. “So I'm really looking forward to being part of that tremendous new optimism that is taking hold at Oxy.” □

Tennis, Anywhere?



Photos by Kirby Lee (3) and Marc Campos

Since 2006, Oxy's tennis squads have had to host their SCIAC home matches in Burbank. But plans are in the works to build two additional courts to level the playing field

In late March, Sean McEnroe '10, a theater major from New York City, was playing a pickup game at Occidental's McKinnon Family Tennis Center with his visiting father, a seven-time Grand Slam singles champion and the former No. 1 player in the world. But while Oxy's four-court facility is good enough to accommodate John McEnroe, it's not big enough to host a SCIAC competition—and that has created a quandary for the College's scholar-athletes.

Since 2006, when construction began on Rangeview Hall, the men's and women's squads have had to rent facilities at the Burbank Tennis Center—a 10-mile drive from campus—to play their conference schedule,

since SCIAC regulations require a minimum of six courts to host home matches (the old Rangeview site had three courts, for a total of seven courts at Oxy). Women's coach and tennis coordinator Linda Park, who also was hitting balls with the McEnroes, has yet to play a SCIAC match on campus in her four years with the program.

While the Tigers can still play nonconference opponents without leaving campus, even that situation is less than ideal. The shortage of courts necessitates staggered starting times for contests, meaning that a match can be decided before the last players lift a racquet. "It turns into a very long day," says director of athletics Jaime Hoffman.

At the forefront of the athletics component for the College's forthcoming capital campaign, plans are on the drawing board for a two-court addition to the existing McKinnon Center. Additional construction will create a viewing area under covered bleachers along the exterior, administrative

space, public restrooms, handicap accessibility, and a colonnade covered walkway to tie the center to adjacent Patterson Field.

An improved facility would enhance the Tigers' prospects in the highly competitive SCIAC—one of the toughest in Division III. Last year Claremont McKenna completed a new tennis center, with 12 lighted competition courts as well as permanent spectator stands. On the flip side of the equation, the University of La Verne—which, like Oxy, has to travel to play its home schedule—quietly dropped its men's program this season.

As a sport, tennis boasts one of Oxy's longest lineages—including 1895 graduate and 1904 Olympian Alphonzo Bell, U.S. Lawn Tennis Association title holder Pat (Henry) Yeomans '38, and the 1982 Division III national championship women's tennis team. While Oxy hasn't won a SCIAC title for some time now, "The program is moving in the right direction," Hoffman says. "We just need the facilities to go along with it." □



TOP: Renovated in 2008, the four-court McKinnon Family Tennis Center is used for practice and non-conference play. ABOVE: Krishnaveni Subbiah '12 of Beaverton, Ore., and Tyler Morgan '12 of Boulder, Colo.



No place like home: Men's coach Michael Guice '07 and women's coach Linda Park.

Sadik-Khan (wearing a green cap, next to President Jonathan Veitch) led a group of about 50 on a bicycle tour of Northeast Los Angeles on March 19.



Pedaling Along the High C's

Photos by Marc Campos

NYC transportation commissioner Janette Sadik-Khan '82 and opera star Frederica von Stade bring a spring awakening to Oxy

One rides her bicycle through the streets of Manhattan; the other debuted in 1970 with New York's Metropolitan Opera. Each has a fervent fan following, as was apparent in March when Janette Sadik-Khan '82 and Frederica von Stade brought their message and music, respectively, to crowds at Oxy, jump-starting a spring semester gridlocked with visitors.

On March 18, Sadik-Khan—New York City transportation commissioner since April 2007—delivered the College's annual Antoinette and Vincent M. Dungan Lecture on Energy and the Environment to a standing-room-only crowd in Keck Theater. She noted that a clear plan, political will, and a willingness to experiment are among the keys to reclaiming city streets for pedestrians, bicyclists, and more effective rapid transit.

"You have to experiment, try things out," said Sadik-Khan, who received an honorary degree before her talk. "If it doesn't work, OK, you move on and try something else."

Last spring, Sadik-Khan launched what is probably her best-known initiative—creat-

ing pedestrian islands on Broadway by barring traffic from 47th to 42nd streets and 35th to 33rd streets. One of the chief goals was to improve traffic flow in Manhattan, but it was the beach chairs placed in the newly created pedestrian plazas in Times and Herald squares that got all the attention. "We just closed Broadway, and all [the public] talked about was the beach chairs," she said. "So if you ever have a controversial project, just put up some beach chairs."

Von Stade—the world-renowned mezzo-soprano in the midst of her "farewell tour"—held a master class in Booth Hall on March 5, following a dazzling performance of opera, musical theater, and contemporary compositions the prior evening in Thorne Hall.

"I've been singing for over 40 years and happily admit being nowhere near mastering my art," von Stade began the master class by saying. However, she added that, unlike musical instruments, "the miracle of the voice is that if you have a pretty good voice and an ear, you can be taught an aria and master it in a relatively short period of time."



Von Stade shares a laugh with Rebecca Buhr '10, one of four singers she tutored in a master class March 5.

Von Stade gave one-on-one tutoring to four students: mezzo-sopranos Lily Orcutt '12, Caroline Wade '10, and Rebecca Buhr '10, and soprano Allison Enari '10. She coached the performers to get the most out of a piece by paying attention to the subtext of the story the music is telling, and emphasized the importance of proper breathing ("Breathing makes singing really fun, and not breathing makes it really torture. Let the air do the work for you."). She also warned them not to use all of their voice all of the time: "Do less. Don't drive your voice. You want it to last." Just like von Stade's time at Oxy. □

Cuseo, Huff, and MLK Day photos by Marc Campos



Vince Cuseo

A New VP for Admission After 11 Years at Oxy, Cuseo Changes Offices

Vince Cuseo, Occidental's dean of admission since 2001, has been named the College's vice president for admission and financial aid. Cuseo assumed his new duties Feb. 1, following a national search for a successor to Bill Tingley, who retired after 43 years in college admission work, the last 12 of them at Occidental ("A Tale of Two Oxy's," Winter).

"Vince's knowledge of Oxy and his acumen and skill in managing complex admission and financial aid processes will help us continue to produce outstanding results in the years ahead," says President Jonathan Veitch. Cuseo's extensive administrative experience and vital relationships with the college counseling community helped reposition the College over the last decade, he adds.

"I have a profound commitment to Occidental's values," Cuseo says of his new position. "I look forward to further advancing Oxy's unique stamp on the world of higher education in concert with President Veitch and the rest of the College community."

Cuseo spent six years as admission director at Grinnell College prior to joining Oxy in 1999 as senior associate dean of admission and director of transfer admission. In his nine years as dean, his accomplishments include helping to increase the student applicant pool by more than 100 percent, starting a student interview program, and tripling the number of alumni involved in the admission volunteer program.

Cuseo also previously held admission positions at Stanford University, Boston College, and Santa Clara University. He has a B.A. in philosophy from Fordham University and a master's degree from Teachers College, Columbia University.

International Scholars

Huff Named Rangel Fellow; Markgraf Tapped for Luce

True to a longstanding Occidental tradition of excelling in international affairs, Oxy senior Alexis Huff and Claire Markgraf '06 have been awarded two top scholarships in the field. Huff, a diplomacy and world affairs major from Pasadena, is one of 20 undergraduate recipients nationwide of a \$35,000 Rangel Graduate Fellowship, a two-year program that prepares outstanding college students for a career in U.S. foreign policy. Meanwhile, Markgraf, a politics major living in Washington, D.C., will be on her way to Asia as a Luce Scholar.

Last fall, as a participant in the Occidental-at-the-United Nations program, Huff worked in the Africa II Division of the U.N. Department of Peacekeeping Operations, which administers U.N. peacekeeping missions in Liberia, Somalia, and other west and central African countries. She will begin her fellowship this summer by interning for a member of Congress. In the fall, Huff plans to specialize in transnational issues and/or international political economy



Huff



Markgraf

in graduate school. Next summer, she and other Rangel fellows will do a 10-week internship at a U.S. embassy overseas.

"This fellowship is the culmination of my work at Oxy," Huff says. "Being a foreign service officer will combine my academic interests and desire to make a positive impact in the world."

Markgraf is the 13th Luce Scholar from Occidental since the award was initiated by the Henry Luce Foundation in 1974, and the College's second winner in two years. She will be placed in a major Asian city, connected to important institutions and people in her field, and given a year of financial and administrative support to cultivate a career in international development and finance, in line with Markgraf's current job at the World Bank and her long-term career aspirations.

"My work at the World Bank really influenced my decision to seek out experience in Asia," says Markgraf. "I work in the office of the chief economist, who is Chinese and the first chief economist ever from a developing country. A good amount of his research is focused on understanding why many East Asian countries are developing so rapidly while countries with similar endowments



David Telfort '12, an urban and environmental policy major from Brooklyn, speaks to a gathering in Herrick Memorial Chapel/Interfaith Center to conclude MLK Day of Service on Jan. 23. Hundreds of Oxy students, administrators, faculty, alumni, and staff cleaned up beaches, weeded community gardens, and provided other forms of sweat equity to more than 20 L.A. nonprofit groups to honor the birthday of Martin Luther King.



Oxy's new fitness center has eight treadmills, six elliptical machines, upright and recumbent bikes, a full circuit of strength equipment, platforms for benches, dumbbells, and free weights—even an abs section.

are lagging behind. I wanted to gain a better understanding of development paths of some of these countries, and the Luce gives me the chance to experience it firsthand.”

Markgraf previously served as a Truman-Albright Fellow in the U.S. Department of the Interior and was primarily responsible for a weekly report for the president on national lands management issues. She completed post-baccalaureate coursework in economics, statistics, and international policy as a Public Policy and International Affairs Fellow at Carnegie Mellon University's Heinz School. Markgraf expects to be working in urban planning and economic development in China, Vietnam, or Indonesia, and aspires to a career in international urban development.

Oxy Athletics

New Fitness Center Offers Something for Every Body

It didn't take long after its January opening for Oxy's new seven-days-a-week Alumni Gymnasium Fitness Center to become one of the most popular campus destinations for students, faculty, staff, and alumni interested in using its full range of workout equipment. “It's a complete, total-body fitness center,” says athletics director Jaime Hoffman, who first proposed the center to president Jonathan Veitch in September. “Walking in an hour after we opened its doors and seeing the flood of students coming in, it just made

the past five months and figuring this all out entirely worth it.”

Veitch quickly warmed to the proposal, which was approved by the Board of Trustees in October. After that, it was up to the College's facilities and athletics staffs to order exercise equipment and coordinate the makeover of the 5,000-square-foot space, which also features day lockers and four flat-screen TVs. All of the cardio equipment is being leased so it can be upgraded every three years, and the machines are top-of-the-line Life Fitness brand, Hoffman says.

Having recently conducted an 18-month athletic facility study, “It became obvious to us that we weren't affording our students the same opportunities that like institutions were providing their students” in terms of fitness facilities, Hoffman says. “We also felt that this would bridge the campus community in a unique way—faculty, staff, alumni, and the student body.”

To accommodate displaced hoopsters, athletics has opened the outside basketball court. Student dribblers can use the Rush Gym court when the varsity team isn't practicing.

Briefly noted: Three standout Oxy athletes have been named to the inaugural class of the Los Angeles Unified School District's Athletic Hall of Fame: Pat (Henry) Yeomans '38 in tennis, Sammy Lee '43 in diving, and the late Jack Kemp '57 in football. All three graduated from Los Angeles city high schools—Yeomans from Los Angeles High, Lee from Franklin, and Kemp from Fairfax.

Occidental in Brief

Occidental has been named to the President's Higher Education and Community Service Honor Roll with distinction for exemplary service efforts for the fifth consecutive year. In 2009, nearly 1,088 Oxy students—more than half of the student population—contributed more than 77,825 hours of service in areas including math and reading tutoring, disaster relief, and art appreciation. □ Twenty-eight Occidental students presented their work at the National Undergraduate Research Conference held at the University of Montana, Missoula from April 15-17. The number of invited Oxy students—whose majors include chemistry, economics, English and comparative literary studies, and diplomacy and world affairs—this year is more than the number of student researchers from USC, UCLA, MIT, the University of Chicago, and Yale combined. □ Erik Patterson '00, a theater major from Newport Beach, was awarded a 2010 Writers Guild Award for Best Children's Script for *Another Cinderella Story*, which he co-wrote with Jessica Scott. The film premiered in January 2009 on the ABC Family channel. □ Bob's your uncle: The Occidental Glee Club will be making a 10-day performance tour of Ireland May 18-28, including stops in Galway, Killarney, Cork, and Dublin.

Photo by Marc Campos



Assembllymember Hector De La Torre '89 (D-South Gate), *left*, and former New Jersey state Sen. Gordon MacInnes '63, *right*, participated in a panel discussion on “Challenges in State Governance,” held Feb. 25 at the California Club in downtown Los Angeles. *Los Angeles Times* columnist and KPCC host Patt Morrison '74 (*second from left*, next to President Jonathan Veitch) moderated the event, which was attended by nearly 50 members of the Oxy community.

Lucy's Luminosities



*While President Richard Gilman
was shepherding Oxy through major cultural upheaval,
wife Lucille gave a generation of students
gourmet cooking lessons—and recipes for life*

By Mark Rountree '79 | Photos by Marc Campos



Gilman photos courtesy Occidental College Special Collections

“SOMEHOW THE SOUFFLÉ HAS ACQUIRED a reputation for being a difficult, temperamental dish. This is unjustified. The soufflé is simple to make and not fussy about the way it is baked. The secret of a good soufflé is the egg whites, how they are beaten, and how they are folded into the cream base.”—Lucille Gilman

I wasn't very worldly when I was 18. When I first stepped on the Occidental campus as a freshman in 1975, I had no clue that, among other lofty academic goals, I could have reasonably set out to master the art of steaming broccoli, whisking béchamel sauce, and discerning the proper placement of dessert forks. All these years later, I am still grateful that Lucille Gilman took the time to try to teach me how to cook. Thanks to her—and a brief, wonderful experiment in the College's history called Free University—my world opened up.

Lucille was the wife of Richard C. Gilman, Occidental's 10th president, whose 23-year tenure overlapped the time that my brother Steve Rountree '71 and I spent at Oxy as students (and, later, employees). Far from being an invisible helpmate, Lucille was an enthusiastic, highly visible partner for her husband. Richard Gilman was equal parts cerebral professor, witty host, and shrewd manager; Lucille was a smart, passionate, plain-speaking booster, a brilliant counterbalance to his style. Dr. and Mrs. G made a great team and, given the era, he certainly needed all the help he could get.

Gilman's presidency witnessed (and responded to) the turbulent shockwaves of the civil rights movement, the war in Vietnam, Watergate, a rise in concern about overpopulation and pollution, and early protests against apartheid in South Africa. One of my first memories of Occidental came before I ever set foot on campus, when I was barely 12 and heard my older

OPPOSITE PAGE: Lucille Gilman's recipe for quiche Lorraine, prepared in the kitchen of Occidental contributing writer Samantha B. Bonar '90 (with styling by web content editor Marsha Inouye). Turn to page 13 for the recipe. **ABOVE:** Lucille Gilman in the kitchen of the President's House in fall 1975. In addition to her classes for Oxy students, she taught Gourmet Cooking to wives of Oxy faculty and administrators.



Richard and Lucille Gilman greet guests at the College's Summer Gala in August 1965, soon after their arrival on the Oxy campus.

“Part of cooking and eating is to also set a certain tone or mood. You can serve the simplest of food, but by the way it is presented, you can make it an experience that makes it a banquet.”

brother speak about the “type-in” peaceful protest events: dozens of Oxy students sitting in the Quad each day with typewriters helping their classmates produce letters to Congress. This quintessential Oxy moment—when the campus community channeled social protest through intellectual expression rather than violent action—says much about the place then (and, I hope, today) but it also hints at the particular positive energy that people like Mrs. Gilman brought to our campus.

I cannot say for sure what the current student attitude is regarding the balance of work vs. play. I can say, however, that during that era some of us could not be trusted to know how to have a good time and escape

our studies unless the diversion was cleverly disguised as yet another class. But we wouldn't want to truly spoil it and make this alt-course a real class with real fees, reading lists, and grades. And so was born Free University, which while not entirely free (you had to buy your own Frisbee for Frisbee Dynamics, for example) was so fun that even a small fee seemed painless.

Modeled after a similar project offered within the University of California system, Free University was introduced in April 1967, with weekly seminars on topics outside the traditional Oxy curriculum. Psychology professor Gilbert Brighthouse led a photography class, while philosophy professor William Neblett taught a course on nonconformity. The program continued into the fall, and by the following year, *The Occidental* noted, anyone with the initiative to create a course could register it with Free University's administration.

And after that? Well, the paper trail goes cold in the early '70s. Suffice it to say that Free University “had a very uneven history here,” in the words of President Gilman. But when it caught its second wind, it was bigger and better than before.

Revived by Mortar Board (with the subsequent participation of Associated Students of Occidental College), Free University 2.0 offered more than two dozen just-for-the-hell-of-it, short-term courses upon its relaunch during winter term 1975, providing experiences ranging from group-dissection of the symbols in *The Lord of the Rings* to transcendental meditation to crossword construction. The most popular classes included Basic Rockcraft and Ballroom Dancing (44 and 41 registrants, respectively), with double-digit

waiting lists for Auto Mechanics (the most requested offering), Basic Darkroom Techniques, Self Defense for Women, and Vegetarian Cooking.

There was a seven-person waiting list for one of the most exclusive courses, Mrs. Gilman's Gourmet Cooking class—which, taught as it was in the kitchen of the President's House, was limited to an enrollment of 10. The class was structured as a once-a-week evening course where those fortunate few would learn to work together as a group of sous chefs under the able direction of Chef Lucille Gilman.

She prepared detailed menus and recipes before each class, provided all of the ingredients, and we set the table, prepared all dishes, and ate every meal as a

group. (The Gilmans' oldest son, Brad M'78—who lived at home for a spell while teaching at the Marlborough School and working toward an M.A. in English at Oxy, called dibs on any leftovers from the class.) In exchange for her lessons, we paid to the College \$2.50 per class (a bargain, even in 1977) and to Mrs. Gilman our infinite gratitude.

But her classes were not simply about food preparation. As daughter Marsha Gilman—who preserved her mother's recipes and graciously transcribed the recipes and course notes you see here—recalls, “They were also about putting together menus, time management in the kitchen, international food, and hospitality. She put together the course with different menus that were generally enjoyed in different settings in the President's House—fondue served at round tables in the dining room; roast beef and Yorkshire pudding in a more formal setting in the dining room.”

True to her professional training as a teacher, Lucille wrote out 5-by-8-inch cards with lesson plans for each class. In the introductory notes for Lesson III (Cannelloni, Bread or Breadsticks, Chocolate Pears, Wine, and Coffee) she began: “To many non-Italians, the cooking of Italy means pasta served as spaghetti, macaroni, or noodles and symbolizes the nation's whole repertory of food. The Italian menu is lively and interesting; it ranges from great soups to antipasti (hor d'oeuvres) through subtle and sophisticated meat, fish, and poultry dishes to a profusion of delicious cheese, cakes, and ice cream. Within the pasta category there is astonishing variety.”

As I say, I was not a worldly person when I came to Oxy in 1975. By my junior year, I had gotten much smarter about Faulkner, Fellini, and Fermi but I still had a lot to learn about the world ... and spatulas. I had never heard of paella—let alone eaten it—until I saw that delicious-sounding word on a recipe in Mrs. Gilman's class. Nor had I ever had Asian food anywhere but in a Chinese restaurant, so I wouldn't have had the slightest idea how much chopping precedes a successful stir-fry dish. (As it happens, Lucille went out of her way to teach authentic international cuisine. She turned to Marie Sheng Shao, wife of then dean of faculty Otis Shao, to teach her how to make a number of Chinese dishes, and those in turn were included in the curriculum.)

Yes, I knew what lasagna was, but no, I didn't know how many component parts must be carefully diced, sautéed, sauced, and layered to create those amazing tastes. It is entirely possible that I didn't know what fennel seed or ginger root or fresh nutmeg tasted like until I was 20. I know for sure that I didn't know how to ruin a good béchamel sauce—let alone how to cook a good one—until Mrs. Gilman taught me otherwise.

Quiche Lorraine

(SERVES 6-10)

Pastry for 1 (9-inch) pie crust (see below)

4 strips bacon

1 onion, thinly sliced

1 cup Gruyere or Swiss cheese, grated

¼ cup Parmesan cheese, grated

4 eggs, lightly beaten

2 cups cream, or 1 cup cream and 1 cup milk

¼ tsp. nutmeg

½ tsp. salt

¼ tsp. white pepper

1. Preheat oven to 450.
2. Line a plate with pastry crust. Cook the bacon until crisp and remove it from skillet. Pour off all but 1 tbsp. of grease. Cook the onion in remaining fat until onion is transparent.
3. Crumble bacon and sprinkle bacon, onion, and cheese over bottom of pie shell.
4. Combine eggs, nutmeg, salt and pepper, and cream—pour over onion-cheese mixture.
5. Bake pie 15 minutes at 450; turn oven down to 350 and bake another 15-20 minutes until knife inserted comes out clean.



PIE CRUST

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour

1 tsp. salt

1/3 (about) cup ice water

2/3 cup shortening

1. Sift flour with salt.
2. Add shortening. First, working with the fingertips and then with flat of the hands, work in shortening so it looks like coarse corn meal.
2. Add water, cutting through dough with knife until dough hardly stays together.

Green Pea Salad

(from the Occidental Women's Club Cook Book—
submitted by Joyce Whittlesey P'73)

**Tiny green peas (frozen)
thawed**

2 cups chopped celery

1 cup chopped green onions

1 cup crisp bacon, cut up

Salt to taste

Sour cream as needed

1. Combine all except bacon.
2. Add bacon at last minutes and toss with sour cream.

BON APPÉTIT! In the President's House kitchen at 1852 Campus Road, Lucille Gilman served up “basic techniques and special recipes for interesting and delicious dishes on economy budgets,” as a Free University course listing described her Gourmet Cooking class. For more recipes, visit Occidental Magazine online at www.oxy.edu/Magazine.xml.



Son Bradley Gilman M'78 (with his wife, Rebecca), President Gilman, and daughter Marsha Gilman at the dedication of the Lucille Gilman Memorial Fountain on Nov. 10, 1979.

Richard Gilman met Lucille Young during his freshman year at Dartmouth College “when we were both part of a square dance troupe,” Gilman recalls. “And while we were sweet on one another in a way, we drifted apart and I went into the service.” After his return to Dartmouth and graduate school, his roommate persuaded Gilman to ask “Lucy” (who was then teaching elementary school in her native Hanover, N.H.) to be his date for Winter Carnival in 1947. They were married the following year.

Unlike many newlyweds, Lucille Gilman was no stranger to the kitchen. “When she was in high school she took care of children as an au pair, and she had to do some of the cooking,” President Gilman says. She got an education in entertaining during their time at Carleton College in Northfield, Minn., where Gilman was dean of the college from 1960 to 1965. Mrs. Gilman became close friends with the wife of Carleton president Larry Gould, “and it was from Peg Gould that she inherited some of the finer points of dining, serving, protocol, all that stuff,” Gilman adds. “Peg entertained very well, and I’m sure Lucille gained some of that from her.”

By the time they arrived at Occidental—and the “heavy dose of entertaining” that comes with being the first couple, Mrs. Gilman was more than up to the task. But the kitchen in the President’s House wasn’t. “Lucille redesigned the kitchen and enlarged it so that we had two sinks for food service separated by an island in the middle, two ovens, and an eight-burner

stovetop. We had two refrigerators in the kitchen and a freezer in the basement,” Gilman says.

All this culinary capacity was necessary, he notes, because his wife not only planned the menus for the President’s House, she threw herself into the cooking as well. “Lucille would prepare the main course—beef Bourguignon, paella, whatever—and the food service people would prepare the serving and the salad and other items,” Gilman says. “She was pretty much a stickler for what was going to be served, when, and how.”

For visitors coming to the President’s House for dinner, there was the sense that it “was something special—that it wasn’t just put together by a caterer,” Gilman says. At that time, the dining hall had a person named Otto Steiner, who was the No. 2 chef working under Clancy Morrison, and he

was in charge of overseeing the rest of the President’s House menu. A onetime employee of the famous Peabody Hotel in Memphis, “he would come up to the house in his tuxedo, greet people at the door, usher them into the living room or out to the patio, and even would announce them sometimes,” Gilman remembers with a smile. “This was great for him. Dealing with students all day was one thing; to be the maître d’ at the President’s House was something else.”

“The proper area for a fondue party is around a round coffee table in the living room. Your lights should not be using all their kilowatts. The number of people may vary. Generally speaking, a fondue party provides an excellent occasion for new acquaintances. ... We will have two kinds—the cheese at one table and beef at the other. We will rotate so you will meet others and also have both kinds.”

Cooking was perhaps the least of the skills Mrs. Gilman taught us. In planning a menu and then cooking and serving it, we had to decide what to do first and what to do last, and how to know why and why not. We had to think about balance and timing, prepare for disaster (because surely it will come, especially to new cooks) and make the best of it. And we had to remember to ask for what we needed, to be unselfish with our fellow cooks, to not waste food, and to be considerate of our guests. We all had to do the dishes. In short, we learned about living a good life, living it fully and responsibly, and being a good citizen. It all happened in one brief semester, and then it was over.

In the more than three decades that have passed since I was a junior learning to correctly fold egg whites in the kitchen of the President's House, I have often wondered how it all came to be—why did she teach that class at *that* time in our College's history? Sure, Free University was the perfect vehicle for a gourmet cooking class, and Mrs. Gilman was the best possible teacher that any of us could have wished for, but why did those two forces conspire to launch a kitchen revolution for my classmates during this otherwise turbulent era? You wouldn't associate the social upheaval of the 1970s with banana crêpes flambé ... would you?

A critical clue about the timing of Mrs. Gilman's class hit me in a dark cinema last summer. I went with my wife and friends to see *Julie & Julia*, which juggles the true parallel stories of a modern-day writer, Julie Powell, and the legendary "French Chef," Pasadena-born Julia Child. Powell famously blogged about her yearlong effort to cook all 524 recipes in Child's 1961 landmark *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* (written with Simone Beck and Louisette Bertholle), and the film mixes Powell's often hysterical kitchen labors

The nice thing about crêpes, Lucille explained to us, is the fact that "you can do them ahead ... I try to do things which I can prepare ahead, which makes the party so much more pleasant for me as a hostess."

with scenes taken from Child's memoir of her early days as a cooking student, then teacher, in France. After she moves back from France in the late 1950s and publishes her wildly successful recipe book, Child creates the nation's first bona fide cooking show, becomes an unlikely public TV superstar, and consequently launches a gourmet-cooking craze in the United States and Europe.

Julie & Julia is careful to highlight the important first line of *Mastering*: "This is a book for the *servantless* cook..." It was Child's radical egalitarian viewpoint—that anyone could learn to cook like a French chef—that made her the hero to countless amateurs. In *Julie & Julia*, we see how America was soon gripped in the cultural tongs of quiche Lorraine and beef Bourguignon. How can we forget that wacky 1970s restaurant chain fad: crêperies?

And as I sat in the theater watching the Julia Child phenomenon unfold in my own past, I was soon awash in a sauce of sweet memories from my days in Mrs. Gilman's kitchen. No longer an isolated, quirky departure from the sober sociocultural benchmarks of my era, I started to think anew about her Gourmet Cooking class. I could unplug it from my memory of Free University, where I'd always imagined the class

as a kind of mindless escape from my social unrest and crushing studies, and instead I plugged into the cultural wave that was Julia Child and chef empowerment. That was me up there on the screen. I, too, was learning how to prepare and cook great food. And I was just a kid from a simple San Gabriel Valley kitchen who found himself standing side-by-side at a cutting board with the wife of the College president. We were equals before the mincing knives.

Lucille Gilman died of a cerebral hemorrhage on June 26, 1978, just months after the conclusion of our class. I remember seeing all of my cooking classmates at Mrs. Gilman's memorial service and feeling that we now shared a lasting sadness that was unimaginable just a year earlier. During the 1978-79 academic year, I was lucky to be on the student-faculty team that built the 15-foot-high kinetic fountain *Water Forms II*, designed by sculptor and professor George Baker '58, as part of a semester-long class project. Located at the front entrance to the Occidental campus, Gilman Fountain was dedicated to her memory on Nov. 10, 1979.

"No matter how busy or full her schedule was, she always made the time to plan and prepare for this class," Sheldon Marks '78 remarked at the dedication. "During each of our gourmet meals, she entertained and enlightened us with stories about her children growing up at Oxy, anecdotes about some of the faculty, and glimpses into how Oxy had changed over the years. Mrs. Gilman became a friend I could confide in."

For those who were in Eagle Rock in the 1960s and 1970s, Lucille Gilman's name is irrevocably tied to a remarkable and challenging era at Occidental and to our own personal histories. Brian Bower '79, Susan Casner-Kay '79, and a few others (myself included) were so inspired by her efforts that we formed a gourmet cooking club in 1978. We transformed our dorm kitchens into four-star cafes and even forced our culinary experiments on unsuspecting parents.

I still love to cook every day of the year, and although I've lost most of the written recipes Mrs. Gilman shared with her students, there is one recipe that she taught us that I won't likely forget: Never stop trying new things—in life or in the kitchen. ▣

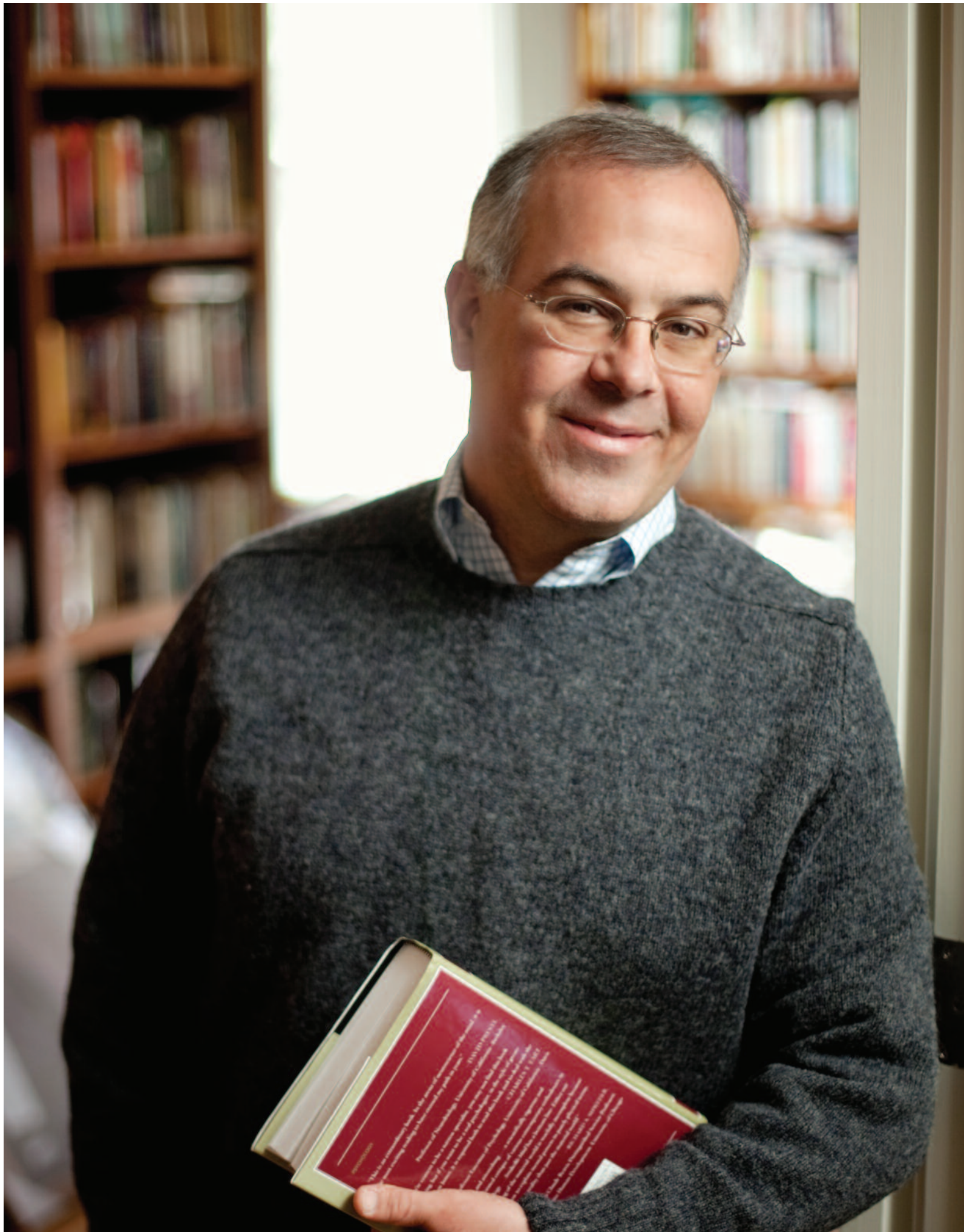
Mark Rountree '79 majored in American studies at Oxy. He lives in Louisville, Ky. Occidental editor Dick Anderson contributed additional reporting to this story.

Haute Cuisine 101: Tips From Lucille's Kitchen



1. An 8-oz. carton of sour cream actually measures $\frac{3}{4}$ cup.
2. Do not put whatever is to be sautéed into the pan until the fat is hot or it will absorb grease.
3. Avoid making meringues or an angel food cake, or anything depending on stiffly beaten egg whites, on a rainy or even a humid day.
4. To melt chocolate, place over barely simmering water. Remove from heat as soon as it is soft. If cooked too long, it will separate.
5. When making cracker crumbs, put crackers in a bag. Crush with rolling pin.
6. If you let meat or turkey "rest" for 20 minutes after it is cooked, it will carve more easily.
7. Don't forget to use your hands in cooking—this is one good way of folding anything except, of course, when something is hot.
8. Put an ice cube in water to cool it before making pie crust.
9. Prepare a large number of hamburger patties quickly by rolling the meat to an even thickness with a rolling pin, then cutting out the patties with the rim of a large glass.
10. It is always best to sift flour before measuring—the same goes for confectioner's sugar.

For all 27 of "Lucy's Luminosities," visit Occidental Magazine online at www.oxy.edu/Magazine.xml.



With the selection of conservative columnist **David Brooks** as his first Commencement speaker, President Jonathan Veitch reiterates the College's commitment to thoughtful conversation from all points of view

LET THE RIGHT ONE IN

Interview by Robert A. Skotheim
Photos by Dennis Drenner

I am distressed by what passes for political conversation in the media," says Occidental president Jonathan Veitch. "It seems about point scoring and caricature and misleading representations of other people's positions and taking the most ungenerous interpretation of something that has a certain embedded logic."

But when he saw *New York Times* columnist David Brooks protecting the right flank as an analyst on "The PBS NewsHour" throughout the 2008 presidential campaign, Veitch was impressed by his thoughtfulness onscreen: "You can see him thinking through a problem, which is something one admires in intellectuals—that they're willing to think out loud rather than have hardened positions and batter people with those positions."

With the selection of Brooks as Oxy's first Commencement speaker on his watch, Veitch aims to reiterate the College's commitment to civil discourse. "What we most want to embody is thoughtfulness," he says. "If there's one thing I would look for in a graduation speaker, it's someone who is particularly thoughtful and can model the kind of intellectual quality that we hope we've cultivated successfully in our students."

A 1983 graduate of the University of Chicago, Brooks worked for *The Wall Street Journal* from 1986-95, moving from book reviews to the Op-Ed page. He served as senior editor at *The Weekly Standard* from 1995 until 2003, when he joined *The New*

York Times as an Op-Ed columnist. The 48-year-old father of three has written two books: 2000's *Bobos in Paradise: The New Upper Class and How They Got There* and 2004's *On Paradise Drive: How We Live Now (and Always Have) in the Future Tense*.

In a brief exchange with Brooks, Veitch says, "I wanted to make sure that he didn't just give us the standard graduation speech: 'You're going out into the broader world, and it's going to be difficult, but we are behind you ...' I said, we want you at full speed. And we hope that you'll use this speech to plot out whatever kind of public argument you want to make—and if it includes a reflection on the conservative intellectual tradition that you admire, so much the better."

Veitch expects that the Oxy community will hear "a thoughtful, ambitious address" from Brooks, adding with a smile, "I can take care of the clichés."

Prior to delivering his Commencement address May 16, Brooks will receive an honorary doctor of humane letters from the College. He will be introduced by trustee

and former Occidental president Bob Skotheim—who, like Brooks's father, hails from Seattle. Skotheim interviewed Brooks by phone March 2, as the writer was en route to an appearance on "The Colbert Report."

Skotheim: I have read most of what you have written over the last several years, and I have been informed by your reporting, impressed by your intellectual range as a teacher, stimulated alternately to assent and dismay by your political opinions, intrigued by your search for a philosophical mooring, and greatly amused by your wit, especially in your books.

Brooks: First, thank you. For me there was a golden age of nonfiction writing that lasted between 1955 and 1965, with a group of people who were lower than academics but higher than journalists normally conceived (including Daniel Bell, Irving Howe, Irving Kristol, Jane Jacobs, David Riesman, Digby Baltzell—people of that nature) who wrote on broad social questions from an upper middlebrow perspective. I admire what they did, and I really try to take their style and bring it to the modern day. That's more or less the theory of my column. When I first started writing the column I thought it would be more in the spirit of the books, more common sociology, but for a variety of reasons that really didn't work, so it shifted to this style, which I also like.

Skotheim: Of the great American journalists, you remind me most of Walter

Lippmann (1889-1974), who by your age in the 1930s had evolved from a socialist to a New Deal critic, from a Freudian and philosophical pragmatist to a moral absolutist, but who throughout the decades continued to be a productive political columnist and writer of books, and social theorist and public intellectual. You are more the reporter and less the elitist, but you share his preoccupation with democratic theory and practice. How interested are you in Lippmann?

Brooks: I wouldn't pretend to have the influence or intellect that Lippmann had, but I have had a delightful fascination with him. I read as a college student Ronald Steel's biography of him. I was a big fan in those days of John Reed, who was also in the Harvard class of 1910. I spent much of my undergraduate time not actually going to class but hanging around the library and reading old issues of *The New Republic* from roughly when it started in World War I to the 1920s and 1930s. Lippmann had a prominent role. He always was a model and hero, and I continue to look at his writing. He has a style of conservatism that is—by the end anyway—not ideological in the modern American sense, but grows out of a respect for order. Now, there are some areas that are different. I think he was more elitist than I am; he was certainly better connected. In those days, Lippmann would wander around the old executive office building and just drop in on people and often reflected the views of those in power. I do talk to a lot of people in the White House, but it's not the same sort of relationship. The days of the kind of access he had are gone.

Skotheim: Lippmann's *Public Opinion* (1922) seems to me to anticipate very much your present concern about the difference between rational public policy, analysis, and implementation, and the irrational and sociological factors that determine political history.

Brooks: Yes, we do share that concern. He wrote books of real moral philosophy. I think he was affected by many intellectual factors outside of politics, by Freud and other matters, and was defending reason against prejudice. I have grown up in a different time when the views of how people think have changed. Now when we study cognition we have a much greater respect for emotions. They are not as stupid and primi-

tive as maybe the Freudians thought and they do lead us in correct ways, but have to be corralled by equal parts of reason. I'm not quite as Olympian as Lippmann is, but I liked his admiration of calmness and sense of detachment.

Skotheim: You have written a lot about the personal and cultural factors that produce educated classes in the United States, and in turn, the influence of formal higher education in shaping the lives of those elites. Has your own personal and intellectual development followed the outlines of your generalizations? What was most important in your formal and informal education? Your interest is quite striking, in *Bobos in Paradise* especially, on the influence of schooling, the SATs, and the dismantling of the WASP hegemony.

“I do think nationalism brings us together. We are joined by a common American mentality, a view of mobility about the future, an optimism.”

Brooks: To me that is one of the big social changes of the age, one of the big social reorganizations. I'm certainly a product of it. Somebody like me—a Jewish kid from New York—wouldn't have gotten into most Ivy League schools in the 1930s and 1940s, and would not have gotten into University of Chicago with my bad grades but decent SAT scores. At the same time, I have great respect for the purification of the meritocracy. I think the idea that we promote people who get good grades across a range of subjects really encourages students to become very professional and prudential in order to get A's, rather than developing a passion for a subject. As for my education, I'm a product of University of Chicago core curriculum, which was two years of reading Hobbes and Aristotle. These readings had a

big influence on me, especially Hobbes and David Hume, and most of all Edmund Burke. I was assigned Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790) as a freshman in college, and I just loathed it—I hated it—and wrote a couple papers about how awful a book it was. Over the course of some years when I came back to it, I realized my over-the-top reaction to it meant it was a sign that it was resonating in ways I found disturbing. Now I am more Burkean than anything else.

Skotheim: Your books depict today's culture of “the best and brightest,” which reminds me of the hubris characterized by David Halberstam [in 1972] when writing about the generation that led the United States into Vietnam. You satirize today's “best and brightest,” but also you impute to them a quest for transcendence. Do you see metaphorical Vietnams on their horizon?

Brooks: I think I see hubris. I see people who are not as modest as they should be every four years. President Bush invaded Iraq without a proper sense of modesty of what could be achieved there. I think President Obama is trying to remake the whole health-care system without a proper sense of modesty of how complicated it is. Modesty is a core trait for anybody thinking about society. As for transcendence, my own view is that people long for a sense of transcendence but don't have the vocabulary to achieve it, and for many people it becomes a sort of formless spirituality.

Skotheim: You have written that the deepest American cultural divide is between the educated meritocratic cosmopolitans and those who are less so, whose values are more traditional and local. It is a seemingly simple observation, but the implications are profound, given increasingly shrill conflicts over scientific and historical interpretation, issues emanating from faith, political partisanship, race, gender, and erosion of the middle class by rich and poor. Are there centripetal forces to offset centrifugal ones?

Brooks: Maybe nationalism. I think the divide is very deep. In the 1950s and 1960s we had a gap between the rich and poor, but divorce rates, voting rates, and voluntary participation rates were somewhat similar. But now the gap between the college-educated and high school-educated goes to all manners of lifestyle—and that is the big divide. I do



Brooks (at his home in Bethesda, Md.) has written more than 630 columns since joining *The New York Times* in September 2003.

think nationalism brings us together. We are joined by a common American mentality, a view of mobility about the future, an optimism. When you go abroad you see there still are things that are holding the country together, like a 9/11 moment or at similar times when we are reminded of our solidarity. National culture is a very powerful thing.

Skotheim: There have been many times in the past when political observers were in despair over conflicts, or irresolution, if you think of the 1850s, or the 1920s. But the emergence of a third party—the Republicans led by Abraham Lincoln—was a response to the first, and the rejuvenation of the Democratic Party—led by FDR in the 1930s—was a response to the second. Is there any reason to be hopeful for a second act to today’s conflict and irresolution?

Brooks: The structure of our politics is against it. I’ve always assumed that if a third

party movement arose, then one of the two major parties would just absorb it. I’m beginning to think that now there’s a chance, simply because the polling suggests unprecedented dismay and disgust with both parties. I see both parties as getting more rigid, not less so, and captured by their traditional interests. For the first time I see possibility of some sort of third movement or at least a major third political candidate, which I call “the saner Ross Perot.” It could happen in two ways: a “Tea Party type,” which would be more populist, and in my view more ugly; or you could have a “Warren Buffett type,” which would run against the way government works and against deficits and be more elevated.

Skotheim: How do you reconcile your schedule—the columns and reporting, your family, and trying to write the books?

Brooks: Well, it’s a source of anxiety. Writing the column turns out to be hard—

even twice a week. I’m on the road every week, so I actually do a lot of writing on planes and trains. I also spend many hours making school lunches every day and driving my children to hockey practice, baseball practice, or other places. I think this is typical for lots of Americans. I don’t watch television much anymore, and I’m afraid a lot of my friendships have been sacrificed. I call my friends periodically, but I don’t get to spend a lot of time with them.

My life has devolved into work and family. I think there’s sociological evidence that I’m not alone in this, especially for parents with kids my age. Other things do fade away, like watching a television show, going to a movie, or spending time with adult friends. It all gets devolved into two things, and I do those two things pretty much all the time.

Skotheim: Thank you. We look forward to your Commencement address. □

i, Conductor

With the LA Phil's *Bravo Gustavo!* application, anyone can be like Dudamel—which is music to the ears of digital marketing maestro **Scott Arenstein '02**

By Scott Martelle | Photo by Max S. Gerber

IF YOU SEE SOMEONE WALKING down the streets of Los Angeles waving an iPhone like Errol Flynn in an old swashbuckling pirate movie, blame Scott Arenstein '02—and Gustavo Dudamel.

Arenstein, an account director for the Hello Design digital marketing firm in Culver City, played a key role in the launch last fall of the Los Angeles Philharmonic's *Bravo Gustavo!* campaign heralding the

arrival of the classical music wunderkind as the orchestra's music director.

The agency persuaded the LA Phil to take a decidedly un-classical approach, devising an online conduct-along *Guitar Hero*-style game. A separate iPhone application lets users step into Dudamel's virtual shoes, using the phone as a conductor's baton that "helps you understand what a conductor does, and each section of the philharmonic," Arenstein

says. "More importantly, it's a way to get people interested in classical music."

Both are built on Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*. Online users try to strike the right key at the right moment to accent the music, earning points for each correct click—while the iPhone puts you right in front of the virtual orchestra. "An accelerometer detects movement of hand gestures to play the tempo of the music," Arenstein explains. "The faster



apps, I don't think that any of them have a mobile experience quite like ours."

Nor do they have a music director quite like Dudamel. Born and raised in Venezuela to musician parents (a trombonist and a voice teacher), Dudamel conducted his first concert as the LA Phil's music director at age 28, a remarkably precocious ascension in a world in which careers often are forged over decades. Given the hoopla surrounding his arrival—and the cost and scarcity of tickets to see him conduct—trying to connect Dudamel with a broader Los Angeles audience was a challenge. "People might see him in the newspaper or on a banner on a street pole," Arenstein says, "but how do you get people engaged and identifying with him without physically coming to the concert hall?"


At the same time, Arenstein says, the orchestra wanted to try to extend classical music beyond its traditional patrons, both in age and ethnicity, while connecting Dudamel's South American roots with the Latino community in Los Angeles. "The LA Phil is committed to educating and diversifying the classical musical audience," Seidenwurm

Arenstein's love for orchestral music was nurtured at Oxy, where he majored in music history and economics. He played in several ensembles and in orchestra with professor of music Allen Gross as well as chamber ensembles. He drew on that knowledge while developing *Bravo Gustavo!* "Since we were altering the music slightly for optimal game experience, we had numerous discussions about recording integrity," he says. Whereas cutting up music and sampling is common practice in pop circles, taking liberties with the music "was a big step for the classical industry."

After graduating, the L.A. native spent a year overseas through the Japan Exchange and Teaching Program, then moved to Portland, Ore., where he worked on interactive websites before returning to Los Angeles. Since joining Hello Design in 2007, Arenstein has led projects for corporate clients including Herman Miller furniture, but has nurtured a desire to do work for nonprofits as well. "Working for arts organizations is tough," he says. "They're on shoestring budgets, and it's really hard to do cool stuff because it costs money, and they just don't have the resources."

While the LA Phil isn't rich, it's big enough to have some flexibility—and Seidenwurm and others were quicker to embrace experimental ideas than Arenstein had expected, given classical music's stuffy image. "They weren't stodgy or arrogant, and are willing to do more progressive stuff," he says. "This was a cool project because it involved both strategy and execution, and it was a little different than what we would normally do."

The launch of *Bravo Gustavo!* netted the LA Phil—and Hello Design—coverage in the *Los Angeles Times*, *The New York Times*, and other high-profile outlets. But even more satisfying to Arenstein is watching strangers play with the application. He recalls watching a

mother hand her iPhone baton to her young son at Disney Hall a couple of months ago: "It creates a new generation of people who will appreciate classical music," he says. And not a day too soon—Dudamel isn't getting any younger, you know. 

Scott Martelle is an Irvine-based writer and critic. This is his first story for Occidental.



While Arenstein played violin at Oxy, the closest he expects to get to Disney Hall is with *Bravo Gustavo!*, available online, *above*, and as an iPhone app, *right*.



you conduct, the faster you'll hear the music play. If you just hold it still, the music will hold. It's very responsive."

So was the public. For a time, Arenstein says, the free *Bravo Gustavo!* application was the most popular iPhone download in Latin America. Amy Seidenwurm, the LA Phil's director of digital marketing, described the campaign as "very unique for an orchestra. Though several of our peers have iPhone

says. "We thought that by creating an experience like *Bravo Gustavo!*, we could make orchestral music more fun and less intimidating." She credits Arenstein for leading the project. "Scott was our main contact with Hello Design and a big part of why we hired them," she says. "His knowledge of design, combined with his experience and enthusiasm for orchestral music, made him a perfect match for us."

Big Minds on Campus



With a curriculum that mandates four years of math and science, Hernandez, seated, and Berumen implore students to hit the books.

With a mission that rewards desire, dedication, and determination, Hawthorne Math & Science Academy principals **Joaquin Hernandez '96** and **Esau Berumen '97** encourage their students to reach for the stars

By Rhea R. Borja | Photos by Kevin Burke

From the outside, Hawthorne Math and Science Academy doesn't look like an academic powerhouse. A chain-link fence surrounds the dun-colored public charter school, located in a working class South Los Angeles neighborhood that's no stranger to gang strife. The campus is dwarfed by a local police precinct and emergency communications facility on one side, and sandwiched between blocks of low-rise apartment complexes and stucco houses set on postage stamp-size lawns.

But after walking through the front gates, visitors are greeted with a recitation of HMSA's commendations painted on the walls of the school: Title I Academic Achievement Award, California Distinguished School, California Business for Education Excellence honor roll. Inside, students neatly dressed in regulation dark blue, black, or white polo shirts and khakis study, conduct science experiments, and quietly take notes.

Make no mistake: With its impressive test scores, student engagement, and up to 99 percent of its graduates going to college, HMSA ranks among the best high schools in the nation—No. 54, according to a *U.S. News & World Report* survey published in December.

The high-achieving school—comprised mostly of low-income Hispanic students who enter HMSA through a lottery process—is one that principal Joaquin Hernandez '96 and assistant principal Esau Berumen '97 work hard to realize. They operate in tandem, just as they did back on Patterson Field as Tiger football players. They even team-teach an extracurricular class for seniors on prosaic but essential real-world fundamentals such as how to balance a checkbook, fix common computer glitches, even how to tie a tie. They do so in part through lessons



Berumen chews over the day's activities with a round table of HMSA students.

learned at Occidental: Work hard, take ownership of your future, open your mind.

"I learned how to think at Oxy," says Hernandez, who's now in his seventh year at HMSA. "After I graduated, my family noticed that I was more focused, more accepting of the world, and more willing to work and listen to people." Berumen—who grew up just a few miles away from HMSA—concur, adding that Occidental opened his mind to different perspectives. "Kids in high school easily judge and label," he says. "So I ask them to go beyond their comfort zone."

HMSA's academic requirements are rigorous: four years each of math, science, and college-prep English for starters, and three years of foreign language. That's more than double the state requirements for high school graduation. In addition, students taking any of HMSA's 14 Advanced Placement classes must take the corresponding AP test, and all

seniors are required to take the SAT. The students are well aware of the pressure they're under. Even after the final bell rings at 3 p.m., some stay for extra help in calculus or other advanced-level classes. Others return to campus on Sundays to take SAT prep courses.

Senior Cristina Espinoza, who has a 4.1 grade-point average and an SAT score of 1970, said she was overwhelmed at first by the three to four hours of daily homework her classes require. She gradually learned to manage her time and says that HMSA has prepared her for UC Berkeley, the college she hopes to attend and where she wants to major in biomedical engineering. "Academically, I rate this school a 10," says Espinoza, whose parents emigrated from Mexico with only an elementary school education.

Asked about her principal and assistant principal, she says, "They're really good for the school because they work tirelessly and know what needs to be done." She pauses,

then adds with a smile, “They’re also funny and a little weird. But it works.”

The easy rapport between the young administrators and students is hard to miss. Hernandez and Berumen greet each student by name as they walk through the halls, sometimes joking with them, and students

reduced lunch, and an estimated 15 percent of students have parents who graduated from community college. Some have after-school jobs to help support their families. Others don’t have families, or may have children of their own. The class of 2007 valedictorian was a teen mom.

As a result, the academic abilities of HMSA students range the spectrum. What they all have in common is a passion to succeed. “I don’t care how smart you are. It’s not a matter of what grades you got in eighth grade,” Hernandez tells prospective students. “It’s about what you are willing to do for the next four years. Are you willing to grind, to do the work I expect you to? If so, great. If not, then we have no use for you.”

Hernandez tells prospective students, “It’s about what you are willing to do for the next four years. Are you willing to grind, to do the work I expect you to? If so, great. If not, then we have no use for you.”

freely stop by their offices throughout the day for whatever reason. “Kids call me ‘H,’ ‘Jefe,’ ‘the big boss man,’ ‘the Cheese,’” Hernandez says with a laugh. “As long as they’re not being disrespectful, I don’t care.”

Both men emphasize that HMSA students are not cherry-picked from schools around the Southland for their academic achievement. They don’t come from upper-middle-class homes, and most don’t have parents with college degrees. On the contrary, 87 percent of them qualify for free and

Any Los Angeles-area middle school student may apply to HMSA by filling out a detailed 18-page form and going through a face-to-face interview. Both students and their parents must attend the interview, where active parental support is stressed. Students who complete that lengthy process are then chosen by lottery. Each year, between 325 and 350 students vie for one of HMSA’s 150 or so open slots—a number that’s only likely to increase after the *U.S. News* survey and a laudatory story on CNN.

Working hard was not something Hernandez did himself at his students’ age. He attended MacArthur High School in Houston, where he excelled in academics and sports: He played on both the offensive and defensive lines for the varsity football team. “School was easy,” he says. “I wasn’t really pushed.”

His parents—his father was a mechanical engineer and his mother graduated from nursing school—didn’t just expect him to do well in school. They also encouraged him in other areas, such as art and music. Hernandez learned how to draw, paint, sculpt, and take photos, and played the trumpet too. “They made me as well-rounded as they could,” he says.



An extracurricular class in real-world skills—such as how to operate a video camera—is offered to HMSA seniors, who are encouraged to suggest their own topics.

He applied to Ivy League colleges, but was turned off by one recruiter's comment that he would be a shoo-in. "He said I would be a 'quota point' for them because I'm smart, I'm a football player, and I'm brown," he recalls, shaking his head. "That hurt."

When he saw a brochure for Occidental, his first thought was "I don't want to be a dentist," he says. "All I saw was Occidental." Then he and his dad visited the College. They didn't take an official tour or meet any professors or students. They just walked around campus. And he was hooked. "Oh my God, it was love at first sight," Hernandez says. "Afterward, my dad said, 'If you go to that school, it will change your life forever.' He didn't say that about any other school we visited, and we'd visited some big-name schools."

Hernandez enrolled in the 3/2 liberal arts and engineering program—and for the first time, he found himself in classes where he wasn't the smartest student. "I failed my first class in college—Calculus I," he admits. "I didn't study hard enough."

He eventually switched his major to art history and the visual arts. Art professor Linda Lyke remembers Hernandez as a "high energy, positive" student with an aptitude for drawing. "He seemed like a much more mature student than others his age," she says. "He was a student who had a fine mind, excellent art ability, and the ambition to be a successful leader in any field he chose."

Math came far easier for Berumen, a standout student and athlete at Bishop Montgomery High School, a small Catholic school in Torrance. Education was of utmost importance to his family: His father's highest level of education was third grade, while his mom's was fifth grade. Berumen wanted to attend a small college or university so he could continue to play football, and the academic scholarships and financial aid package he received from Occidental won him over.

"Oxy more than met my expectations," says Berumen, who graduated with a math degree. His classmates were a diverse lot, coming from all walks of life. The faculty, especially associate professor of mathematics Ron Buckmire, challenged him. And most of his tightly knit group of friends—including Hernandez—played football for the Tigers.

"Students come here to excel," says football coach Dale Widolff, who says Berumen



Hernandez surveys students at play on the volleyball courts (and later took a turn serving the ball).

and Hernandez were popular among their teammates and were good role models as upperclassmen. "Many of the football players really develop a sense of confidence and they leave here with high expectations of themselves. And the fact that Joaquin and Esau became school leaders so early doesn't surprise me."

Neither expected to go into education when they graduated from Occidental. Hernandez first worked as an assistant football coach at the College for a couple of years, acquiring his teaching credential in the process, then played pro football for Germany's Hildesheim Invaders for a season. A brief foray into corporate sales and management subsequently taught him "that I don't like interacting with adults," he says.

But when Hernandez started teaching kindergarten, he realized he had found his calling. He loved the enthusiasm of the children, their clear joy in learning. He spent five years in the classroom at the elementary, middle, and high school levels before transitioning into K-12 administration.

For his part, Berumen started substitute teaching in the Hawthorne district as a stop-gap measure between job interviews in the computer science field. But he immediately found that he was a natural in the classroom environment. York Elementary School thought so, too, and offered him a long-term position after his second day. "I knew from the interaction with the kids that I was making a difference," says Berumen, who is one of the founding teachers of HMSA. "I knew I was changing the world."

HMSA began modestly enough in 2003. The Hawthorne School District—a traditionally K-8 district—approved the creation of a new charter high school in 2003. Housed first in an aging elementary school, HMSA opened its doors to 130 freshmen. A year later, it moved to a former Masonic lodge, and another building was soon constructed to hold the rapidly growing student body. Today, almost 600 students attend the school, whose theme is "high expectations" and whose colors are blue and white, representing the sky and horizon.

Not all students thrive in HMSA's pressure-cooker atmosphere. It's easy for students to fall behind if they don't have the needed work ethic and support at home. Or perhaps they want to go back to a traditional public high school, with its larger array of sports and social activities—and where they aren't always under the watchful eyes of teachers and administrators. (The school also teaches a far smaller percentage of special education students than others in its district—1 percent compared to about 9 percent districtwide.)

About 20 students every year leave of their own accord, Hernandez and Berumen say. But for the ones who stay, their hard work is rewarded. HMSA students have been accepted at some of the top universities in the country, including MIT, Stanford, and UCLA. "We have a kid in just about every UC and Cal State in California," Hernandez boasts.

No HMSA student has been accepted yet at Oxy. But you can bet that Hernandez and Berumen are working to change that, too. □

The Tao of Toc



By Kristina Brooks
Photos by Michelle Andonian



OPPOSITE PAGE: Tibetan prayer flags fly outside Toc's home in Central Lake, Mich. **TOP ROW:** Images from Asia include, *from left*, a ceremony featuring Bon monks; a women's leadership class in Afghanistan; Bon youth running and playing, and Toc enjoying a meal in the Bon community. **BOTTOM ROW:** *From left*, students in an Afghan Institute of Learning-sponsored preschool program; Afghan women at a health-education clinic; and a sewing class for Afghan women taught by Toc. **BELOW:** Toc meditates along the nine-path Bon labyrinth at her home.



India and Afghanistan photos courtesy Toc Dunlap '63

Transcending cultural and religious barriers to find common ground, Carolyn “Toc” Dunlap '63 brings grassroots business education and health-care assistance to Afghanistan, Pakistan, and India

Toc Dunlap '63 was a child of 10 when she met her first holy man in Michigan. She had gone with her father, a plant engineer with Ford Motor Co., to the airport to pick up an Anglican bishop from the Philippines who was staying with her family while he raised money for his people, a tribe of former headhunters.

“There were very few people of color in the airport,” Dunlap recalls. “Here was this small, brown man in bishop’s garb, and some white businessman accidentally knocked him over and began yelling at him. We were in shock. But without saying a word—by his mere presence—the bishop transformed that man. In the end, the man was apologizing to him, helping him up.” Then and there, she says, “I decided that I’d like to work in Asia.”

That experience set Dunlap on her life’s course, a path that has wound through careers in teaching and law but branched most fruitfully into sustained health and education work in Afghanistan and with refugees in Pakistan and India. Creating Hope International—the Dearborn, Mich.-

based organization Dunlap co-founded in 1982—today has a \$1.6 million budget and works with partner organizations in Asia to provide culturally sensitive, grassroots education and health assistance to those with the greatest needs.

The bulk of CHI’s budget goes to the administration of the Afghan Institute of Learning, which CHI co-founder and vice president Sakena Yacoobi established in 1995 to facilitate teacher training in Afghanistan, with the goal of eliminating illiteracy in the country. The institute operated underground schools during the Taliban’s reign, and today provides health and education services to some 350,000 women and children annually.

“Organizations like AIL are doing it the right way by having Afghans work with Afghans at a grassroots level, asking communities to contribute to building peace and prosperity,” says Dunlap (who last traveled to Afghanistan in 2005 because her presence there, as a foreigner, puts her staff at risk). “We work within their cultural and religious traditions. We wait for Afghans to come to us with what they want and go from there.”

There’s nothing typical about Dunlap for her gender or her generation. Even her name is unique. “The eldest child in my family was traditionally named after the ancestors,” she explains. “Before I was born, I was ‘Thomas Or Carolyn’ after my parents”—TOC (pronounced *tock*) for short. “We lived with my grandparents, and both my grandma and my mother were named Carolyn. So, although I became a Carolyn, I was always called ‘Toc.’”

After completing high school in Dearborn, Dunlap felt she belonged in California. Following in the footsteps of her mom, Carolyn (Rough) Dunlap '37, she enrolled at Occidental: “Oxy offered a really good education, in ways I could draw upon later in life.”

Dunlap bloomed into leadership roles, serving as ASOC secretary as a junior alongside Baltimore Scott '62 (Oxy’s first black student body president) and as president of Associated Women Students as a senior. As a freshman, she led admission tours of campus; Sharon Dawson '64 remembers Dunlap well from her first visit to the College. “We formed an immediate bond, and this interaction was instrumental in my subsequent decision to



RIGHT: Dunlap, *left*, stands outside Gawhar Shad University, founded in 2003 by the Afghan Institute of Learning in response to the lack of post-secondary education opportunities for Afghan women.

FAR RIGHT: Dunlap at Creating Hope International's offices in Dearborn, Mich. **BELOW:** With the Dalai Lama, *center*, and the spiritual head of the Tibetan Bon religion inside a monastery in Dolanji, India.



attend Oxy," says Dawson, a retired educator in Portland, Ore. Half a century later, the women remain great friends.

History of Civilization—Oxy's legendary two-year course sequence covering all aspects of Western cultures and even dabbling in Asian and Eastern cultures—made a lasting impression on Dunlap. She was a sophomore at Oxy in October 1960, when then-Sen. John F. Kennedy challenged students at the University of Michigan (and everywhere) to devote two years of their lives to service in developing countries. Dunlap hardly needed more encouragement. After completing her teaching credential at UC Berkeley, she signed up for the Peace Corps.

While waiting for her acceptance ("I thought the government had forgotten about me"), Dunlap taught in an inner-city Richmond school and struggled with how to help her students reach their potential. Gradually, she began rethinking her attitude. "People go to school to learn for an end goal—to be an X, Y, or Z," Dunlap says. "But maybe the emphasis should be on learning

how to be a particular kind of person who happens to be an X, Y, or Z. Finding out who you are on the inside could help you learn how to be who you really are."

Having requested placement in Asia, Dunlap finally received her assignment from the Peace Corps: Afghanistan. "I knew where it was," she says—but that was about the extent of it. After a three-month immersion in Farsi and ESL training, Dunlap arrived in Afghanistan's third-largest city, Herat, in 1967 to continue language training.

While primary schools in Afghanistan were available to about half of the population age 12 or younger, many remained illiterate. "It was like going back 2,000 years into a culture and a country," Dunlap recalls. "We were naïve in the sense that we were arrogant Americans who believed we were going over to help these people. In reality, I learned more than the Afghans learned from me."

With two years of teaching experience, Dunlap became a teacher trainer. "It would have been great if I was fluent in Farsi, but I was not," she says—and her trainees knew no English. "It was not a productive first year."

But she shrugged off obstacles others might have found daunting, such as the lack of electricity and occasionally being spat at for the Western clothes she was required to wear. Overcoming her initial doubts about her mission, she came to believe that introducing more interactive teaching techniques—rather than rote memorization—was a way of opening minds. Warned not to

talk about sex, politics, or religion, Dunlap found only the last one impossible. "I had lots of conversations about religion—not about converting each other, but understanding the other's ethics and values," she says.

Fluent in Farsi after two years, Dunlap reluctantly returned to California, only to experience a culture shock she hadn't felt previously. She was hired to start an alternative school near Stockton, which fulfilled her desire to "teach for true learning" but left her struggling to pay off her debts. Her solution was a turn toward a latent interest: law.

Although juggling work and school nearly killed her, Dunlap earned her J.D. from the University of the Pacific and snagged an internship in Europe, finding few job openings in international law closer to home. Fate intervened when she received a call from Ford, which offered her a position as an in-house lawyer specializing in international business. "At the time, people didn't think it would be safe for a woman to live abroad," Dunlap recounts, "but my boss said, 'She's lived in Afghanistan, folks.'"

Dunlap became the first woman Ford sent to live in a foreign country, spending two years in Mexico to help set up a plant there. All told, she spent eight years with Ford before the call to return to Afghanistan became too insistent to ignore.

Afghanistan was a very different place in 1987 than when Dunlap had left in 1971. During the Cold War era, Afghanistan was neutral and received aid both from the United States and Soviet Union. Seeking to convert the population to communism, the Soviets attended teacher-training colleges and spread their doctrines. Converted Afghans then assisted in the Soviet invasion in 1979 and successive wars. Half the population fled to Iran or Pakistan to avoid living under Soviet rule. The education system was in tatters.

Dunlap waded into the refugee camps in Peshawar, Pakistan, where her fluency in Farsi made her a valuable resource. Nearly



LEFT: Dunlap's home includes many artistic reminders of her work in Asia. Among them (from left): these seldom-seen depictions of animals in a Afghan rug; a representation of famous Afghanistan landmarks, and a close-up of a mosque, both from the same rug; a detail from a Persian miniature painting, given to Dunlap in 1994; and a student painting that whimsically depicts Dunlap (with a red hat obscuring her view) leading a white elephant (representing the Tibetan Bon religion) with a blue-domed Buddha in tow.

7 million Afghans were living in tents and mud houses, with no means of education. The only books were Soviet ones, and few Afghans spoke Urdu, the language of Pakistan. She took a job as deputy director with the International Rescue Committee, assisting Afghan men who wished to set up schools in the refugee camps and write their own books.

"Teaching's teaching, no matter the setting," Dunlap insists. "I worked with Islamic fundamentalist men who wanted to do something good for their people, and we developed the methods together through consensus. I didn't touch the curriculum. I might not have agreed with it, but learning is not about facts, but how to use the mind. Once they were trained, I quit. Their country, their program."

Dunlap's philosophy had evolved from the personal success doctrine of America to one that emphasized personal choice and common ground. But the assassination of one of her coordinators and his driver by a faction who wanted to take control of the educational process shook her greatly. Anxious to reflect on her beliefs and the methods to achieve peace, Dunlap returned to Michigan in 1994.

One byproduct of that reflection was the establishment of the Afghan Institute of Learning by CHI co-founder Yacoobi the following year. With the support of Dunlap's family, Yacoobi emigrated from her native Afghanistan to America to attend college in the 1970s. She took an intensive English language course at the University of Michigan, majored in biology at the University of the Pacific, and received her master's in public health from Loma Linda University.

"For me, teacher training is the most important issue in education," Yacoobi said in a 2008 interview. AIL—founded with \$20,000 and the administrative support of

CHI—has trained more than 13,000 teachers since 1996, was recognized by Oprah's Angel Network last May, and was recently hailed by *New York Times* columnist Nicholas Kristof as one of the "nifty, unknown charities" Americans should be supporting.

A new chapter in Dunlap's own educational process began in 2001, when she met the spiritual leader of the Tibetan Bon reli-



gion in his monastery in India. Seeing the cultural similarities between the Bon—a minority Tibetan ethnic group who fled to India after China's invasion of Tibet in 1959—and the Afghan refugees in Pakistan, Dunlap agreed to help their community leaders raise money for needed projects such as water tanks and livestock purchases. CHI continues to assist Bon leaders to provide educational opportunities for Bon youth.

One healing tool that Dunlap learned from the Bon was the power of Tibetan prayer flags, which the women sew and sell to help

support themselves. Prayers for positive outcomes such as joy or prosperity are sent out, and, as the wind blows through the flags (whose five colors represent the elements), the prayers are wafted into the world. If placed over flowing water, prayers are magnified. "All these prayers sent out all the time for positive things help all humankind," says Dunlap, who considers herself rooted in her own Episcopalian tradition while looking for commonalities among all believers. "I find great meaning in the spiritual practices of pretty much all religions."

An admitted "doer," Dunlap had never been one to sit and meditate, yet she knew she needed a practice that would calm her mind and allow her to reflect. She found it in the nine-path Bon labyrinth, which for her "became a form of walking meditation. I started doing trainings with people, and I can even do sitting meditation now."

Dunlap has her own labyrinth on her 14 acres of forest land in northern Michigan, where her prayer flags fly over an artesian well, a pond, and a stream that she shares with eagles, hawks, deer, foxes, and other wildlife. Her home has Afghan and Tibetan meditation rooms alongside a modern office.

One thing that's missing in her home is a television—and that's no accident. "The news media characterize people in a shorthand way," she laments. While the perception is that "anybody fighting in Afghanistan is Taliban—in reality, some are and some aren't, but there's no distinction in the media. We've reached 7 million people since 1995 working in Afghanistan, and we've never had a home, center, or school burned or attacked. We don't hear about that."

Despite all the distressing news coming from Afghanistan and other war-torn nations, Dunlap remains hopeful. "We don't see the regular people living their lives, transforming the way they think, and rebuilding Afghanistan in a different way. And it's a joint operation with men and women there. Most Americans think all Afghan men are terrorists. I know plenty of men helping women's education in Afghanistan. Open your mind and look deeper. Find out what's really there. That's what's going to make our world peaceful." □

Kristina Brooks profiled Laurie Buehler '80 ("Material Girl") in the Spring 2009 issue.

Although deLeon went to law school at Stanford and interned for a big New York firm, “money and luxury did not lure him,” Eckholm writes. He went back to California and started his career in public interest.



Photo by Ted Thai/Getty Images

A Positive Force

Dennis deLeon '70 died Dec. 14, 2009, after living with HIV for more than 23 years. Erik Eckholm '71 recalls his fight and candor

Dennis deLeon '70 was a rare and wonderful combination of opposites. In person, he was a gentle man, never arrogant, and sometimes a bit indecisive. He's the one in the restaurant booth who asks to order last, then changes his order twice before the waiter gets away.

Then there was the Dennis at work—the Dennis with intense and unshakeable ideals and beliefs. Once he latched onto an issue, he did not waver, as the leaders of some of New York City's top private clubs, and the organizers of the St. Patrick's Day Parade (which sought to ban gay marchers) learned in the 1980s, when he was deputy corporation counsel. And as city, state, and federal AIDS officials have learned over the last 15 years, as he built an important new advocacy group for Latinos with HIV that at once provided needed services and could be a thorn in official sides.

Following his death of heart failure on Dec. 14, 2009, several people who had encountered Dennis over the years referred to him as a “warrior.” In 1993, three years into his job as human rights commissioner for New York City, Dennis made the brave decision to go public on *The New York Times* Op-Ed page about his HIV infection—in a climate far different from today. He had to overcome his own fears, he said, that he would become a pariah and lose his ability to be effective or to advance in his career. “It is good to show society that people with HIV are leading productive lives and will tenaciously resist attempts at exclusion,” he finally wrote, becoming an inspiration to millions and especially Latinos, struggling against particularly severe stigma in their own communities. “People should know: If you don't treat us with respect, we intend to fight back,” he said at the time.

That warrior side—the moral commitment and inner steel—was evident even when I first met Dennis at Occidental in 1970, when I was a junior and he was a year ahead. That was a time of racial tumult, and I'd written an article for *The Occidental* newspaper about all the recent race-related events and initiatives—a sit-in by black students, the formation of a United Mexican-American Students Association (with which Dennis was, of course, involved)—and the start of several new programs intended to give a boost to minority students.

The day the article appeared, a senior whom I'd never properly met marched up to me menacingly, waving the paper, and said, “This is terrible journalism!” Dennis went on to say—accurately—that I'd merely talked to heads of programs to find out what they did, and not tried to dig deeper and see if their efforts were effective or meaningful. I was embarrassed and taken aback, and I knew that he was right.

As the political winds shifted in New York, Dennis went private, creating almost from scratch the essential Latino Commission on AIDS in 1994. Back then, after his public declaration of HIV infection, Dennis was healthy. Though he had never been much of an athlete, he started training to run the New York City Marathon. And he ran it.

Living with HIV and AIDS, and the endless rounds of vicious medicines that helped him live, became tougher over time. But both sides of Dennis were still evident in the speech he gave in May 2008 at the Latino Commission's annual gala, when his failing body was forcing him to think about mortality. His speech was titled “Eleven Things I Have Learned From Living With HIV for Over 20 Years.” Among the rules:

“See the beauty of things and people around you. ... Why? Because beauty can sustain you.” And “Never become a ‘victim’ or the designated person with AIDS in the room. You are more than that and should not be defined by a disease.” But he also said: “Develop an active sense of outrage and encourage others to do so. This is so critical.” And “If you are not outraged by injustice, they will bury you with indifference, bureaucracy, and pity before you are dead.”

Dennis, rest in well-deserved peace. □

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