



HARVARD-RADCLIFFE CLASS OF 1966

Dear Classmates,

April, 2020

Dear classmates,

Here is our April newsletter with robust participation from our classmates:

From **Virginia Morris:**

Hi Tom, remembered this morning you asked us to send you something for the new newsletter: this is under the big tree, "Rootclaw," the Monterey pine, in my back yard in Oakland, where I go sit in the afternoons during the "shutdown," and sometimes play guitar and sing, and the other one is me from the day before we had to officially "shelter in place" – on the way to get a haircut!

My grandkids (Zoe, 13 and Leo, 9) have been home from school with their parents since it all started here in the Bay, mid-March, but today their dad needs quiet for a 'Zoom conference' and their mom, a therapist who talks daily with clients from her office (on the phone) is going to drop them off with me on the way to work – to do their 'social distancing' inside at my place! Other than this (and two trips to the bank,) and one overnight by Zoe last week (when her parents were going crazy with her texting friends in the middle of the night and waking everybody up) and my daughter asked if she could come stay one night, in a separate space in my house (a little studio I call 'the magic room,') have been staying solo at home and going nowhere!!! (Have done a bunch of 'Green New Deal' working group meetings and a few art and Irish language classes on Zoom myself.)

Love out to you -and all 'sequesterers' out there – maybe see you next year?! Best.

From **Betsy Petz:**

Am reading *The How of Happiness* by Sonja Lyubomirsky and doing her 12-step program. I began with the steps that are either most appealing or the easiest for me – flow, fitness, and goal setting. Given what looks like a lengthy sequestration, I am hoping to make it all the way to kindness, apology, and forgiveness.

Read a terrific column by Laurie Gottlieb in the *Atlantic's* "Dear Therapist." In a crisis, some people require more peace and silence than usual, and some people require more (possibly tumultuous) connection. So my husband and I embarked on a pledge – silence during working



hours, no random interruptions, and a "meeting" every morning at 11:30 with lunch at 12. Very wonderful. It works for both of us. Although he does begin each session with, "Seattle, I am listening."

Which reminds me: in the evenings, we are doing all of "The Sopranos" and all of "Frasier", both of which we like a lot and both of which give us a lot to talk about at our meetings at 11.

Am walking an hour a day in the Quabbin, which is right behind my house. I know that most of you are not particularly sedentary. I am speaking to those of you who are more like me. I read *Spark*, by John Ratey, who argues that cardio is, hands down, the single best and most reliable drug for depression and the regulation of mood. Reader, after a month of walking, I am a convert. Dr. Ratey, where have you been all my life?

Am writing e-mails to my 10-yr-old grandchildren every morning about birds I like. I make a montage of facts, nonsense, photographs, sound, and video plus a quiz. This morning – Monk Parakeets. It seems that monk parakeets have settled the whole Connecticut shoreline.

From **John Millar**:

I miss the camaraderie of guests at our historic Newport House B&B in Williamsburg, which I anticipate will have to be closed for a year or more. However, I am getting a lot of writing done. I have temporarily set aside my books on architectural history and all my books on the Revolutionary War in favor of two fun books about 17th-century notable pirates. The first is *Founded by Pirates I: The College of William & Mary and Williamsburg, Virginia*, finished a few weeks ago, and the second (partly written) is *Founded by Pirates II: The World's First Democratic Republic*. A Hollywood screen-writer is already working to write a TV series based on the first one. This is, however, a difficult time to find the right publisher. Anyone have any ideas?

JOHN FITZHUGH MILLAR, 710 South Henry Street, Williamsburg VA 23185-4113; newporthse@widomaker.com

From **Stephen Shafer**:

Anne Sobol's note sent round April 5 about Harvard Forward deserves applause. The university has to stop underwriting fossil fuels through investments. Petitions to the President and Fellows have been disregarded. The Board of Overseers, made up by election rather than appointment, is a better place for a foothold in governance. '66 classmates, please go to harvardforward.org to learn the names, credentials and platform of the five candidates Anne spoke of. It should make you pledge to vote for them in the upcoming (now moved to July 2020) election for the Board of Overseers, then vote when the time comes electronically or by paper ballot. If you want to help us muster support by e-mailing graduates, phoning friends, whatever, click on the button then the button. Anyway, please remember to vote yourself, even if you seldom have before.

From **Bill Parks**:

In your March report you made a plaintive request for up-beat offerings. I want to report taking my grandchildren, (Will and Lucy), to an invitational track meet at Harvard. They found the entire affair exciting. They were particularly enthralled with the pole vault. As soon as we are allowed to crawl up out of our storm/bomb/virus shelters I plan to see if they enjoy being the person swinging up on a pole..



Like me, I am sure you note with approval that Harvard runners no longer risk black lung disease running on the dusty dirt track in The Briggs Cage.

I hope all is well,

From **Bill Hill**:

Joyce and I are hunkered down in Fairfax County, and so far healthy and not too bored. I feel like I have reverted to my existence while I was writing my dissertation in graduate school: I get up, eat breakfast and read, then eat lunch and read, then bicycle or exercise (isometrics and calisthenics), then eat dinner and read some more. I was actually quite happy while I was doing that some fifty years ago, enrolled at UC Berkeley but living up in the Santa Cruz mountains.

Actually I have gotten quite proficient at Facetime, Skype, and especially Zoom, as I sit in on a number of webinars, virtual meetings, and family gatherings. I am engaged in one track two conflict resolution effort with the Russians and some Europeans, facilitated by a Swiss NGO. I was supposed to be traveling a lot to Geneva this year, but instead now sit in my study and meet via Zoom. Not quite the same thing as watching the fountain on Lake Geneva. I am also able to do a bit of writing; I am actually surprised at how easy it is to fill my days, even while watching a worldwide crisis unfold just outside my doors.

So far our kids, grandson, and extended family are healthy. Except for my son-in-law, all are lucky enough to work from home. I hope you and your family are all safe and healthy. I guess it will be a while before I see you either up in Boston or down here in the Washington DC area. Take care.

From **Cathleen Cavell**:

My son, David Cavell, is running to succeed Joe Kennedy as our Representative in Congress from the 4th District of Massachusetts (Joe is giving up his seat to run for Senate). His website is davecavell.com and he's on Facebook at cavell4congress [here](#). After graduating from Tufts, he taught 4th grade in the South Bronx through Teach for America, saw how broken our system is and decided to help fix it in public service. Since then he has served Governor Deval Patrick in the State House, was a Presidential Speechwriter for the Obamas in the White House (where he introduced me and my late husband Stanley to President Obama in the Oval Office – a thrill!), and then was Senior Advisor & Asst. Attorney General for our superb MA Attorney General Maura Healey (the office sued the Tarump administration 50 times while he was there).

Now, in the midst of this national nightmare, we need more than ever seasoned, experienced leadership in Washington. David will provide that leadership. As his former boss at the White House, Jon Favreau of Pod Save America, tweeted recently: David is “as smart, talented and hard-working as they come, and he’s also a wonderful human being!” Every vote matters: the Democratic primary election on September 1 will determine the likely winner in November.

If you know anyone in the District (Brookline, Newton, Wellesley, Needham, Sharon, etc. etc.), or could help in any way, please let me know!!

P.S. If you aren't sold yet, know that his wife Kate is the House Administrator of Kirkland House!

From **Brian Boni**:

Coping ok—more reading, meditation
Not working, avoiding exposure, feeling what “retirement” may be like
Living in redwood forest in No. Cal.
Awaiting birth of 2nd grandchild
Watching our country go down the tubes due to criminals in power
USA—nice experiment while it lasted

From **Michael Lang**:

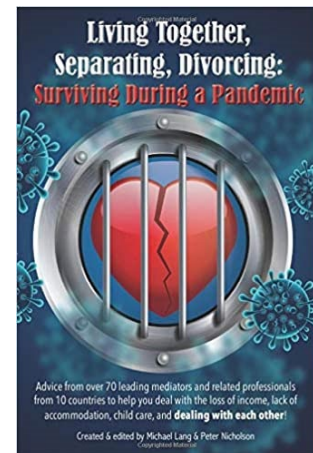
Currently, I am creating and editing an ebook that will include more than 60 contributors from 10 countries offering practical advice and helpful tips to families for whom the 24/7 sheltering and financial pressures are increasing stresses on relationships. The title of the book is: *Living Together, Separating, Divorcing: Surviving During a Pandemic*. We will publish the book on Kindle/Amazon in early May.

We are responding to three situations: (1) intact families finding , (2) families in which the couple have decided to separate but are unable to do so and (3) couples who are divorced or separated. Families are under tremendous stress: schools and day care centers are closed resulting in children being at home, underfoot and needing attention and support (including college aged); parents may be working from home or unemployed; increased costs and loss of income put pressure on family finances; there is uncertainty about the duration of sheltering orders; and future plans of any sort are on hold indefinitely (including any decision to separate or end a relationship).

The book will be sold through Amazon at the minimum allowed price of \$.99, with any proceeds given to non-profit groups that provide family services.

From **William Neaves**:

I have no concern about personally contracting COVID-19. The reasons are peculiar to my situation and irrelevant to practically everyone else in the United States. First, only one resident of this sparsely-populated county has been diagnosed with the illness thus



far. Second, I rarely leave my mesa-top outpost where the visitors are mainly mule deer. Here's a photo of a doe looking in a living room window recently.

Finally, after Priscilla's death from cortical Lewy Body disease on 8/30/2019, no one depends on my caregiving, and the consequences of my demise would be relatively trivial.



From **William Edgar**:

The "silver lining" in this very dark time is that I have been able to do some reading and writing in an unprecedentedly quiet atmosphere. Our family has been incredible. Neighbors are generous and sacrificial. Food stores are selfless. Of course we want this to end. I do miss all of you my classmates. Perhaps by our 55th this will all have blown away.

From **Jim Cormier**:

So far so good. I am sheltering on a five acre island in the middle of Lake Shaftsbury, Vermont. It is ruled by a kindly woman who I have known for 56 years. Because of her foresight it is equipped with electricity provided by solar panels, heated by wood from its woodlot/ and seasoned woodpile. Has several freezers filled with various foods from her last year's garden, including home-grown fresh frozen turkeys (4). Has a daily supply of fresh eggs (6-8) from organically-fed free-range hens (8). Has its own spring-fed fresh-water well. Has this year's vegetable garden already planted with early items: spinach, peas, and lettuce and has its supply of asparagus starting to poke through. The mail boat comes 6 times a week instead of once a month. I earn my keep by keeping all her machinery running and in good condition: two mowers, two Garden Way tillers, two snow blowers and 4 chainsaws. I will soon be removing the straw covering her strawberry patch. I just finished pruning her orchard and blueberry cages . . . so she and I will soon have fresh fruit. Every 2 weeks, I journey to the nearest mainland store for necessary provisions, including TP, High IPA beer, wine, chocolate and dog food for our 110 lb security force . . . Haakon, an East German shepherd who discourages trespassers and who tries to discourage foraging black bears who are not observing social distancing . . . Otherwise, when weather drives me indoors, I have access to her extensive library and welcome and try to respond to daily emails from friends, children and grandchildren . . . We continue to be inspired by all of our first responders, doctors, nurses and other folks trying to save precious lives . . . We hope that some of the billions being granted to large corporations to continue their businesses is set aside to provide survivor's' benefits, including free post-secondary education to the families of those who have died on the front line. Amen

From **Judith Barisonzi**:

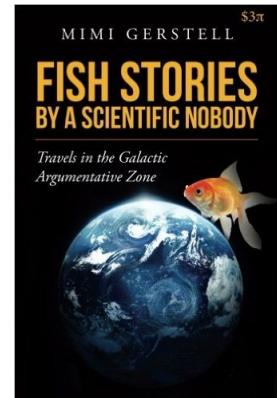
How to cope with the shutdown? Exchange a short poem/haiku with your twelve-year-old grand-daughter (or similar correspondent) at least a few times a week. Highly recommended!

From **Mary Mackey**:

Mary Mackey has just edited the Spring 2020 Issue of the *Marsh Hawk Press Review*. Safely invite 37 great poets into your living room and read (for free) work by Marge Piercy, D. Nurkse, Maxine Hong Kingston, and others. <https://marshhawkpress.org/the-marsh-hawk-press-review/>

From **Mimi Gerstell**:

The last "normal" thing I did before the coronavirus crisis seemed intense was that I drove from Vero Beach over to Clermont, Florida to give a talk at a small college campus. My talk is called "Perspectives on Mars," and have given it a couple of dozen times. The talk supports sales of my book, *Fish Stories by a Scientific Nobody*, which sells for 10 dollars on Amazon. The Clermont talk was given on March 12th. I think Disney World shut down on March 15th. At the moment (March 28) we have only 14 cases of coronavirus in Indian River County, but I think the medical system is already overwhelmed because we have probably 50,000 cases of Scared Seniors in our 155,000 population. I must write to my Clermont host, a physics professor, and let her know that I have no symptoms of the virus!



From **Peter Brooks**:

Peter Brooks and family volunteering in time of COVID=19

Since 2014 My wife Mary, my daughter Erica and I have been devoted to a nonprofit organization in Pleasant Hill, California called White Pony Express. As an alternative to Food Banks, our largely volunteer Food Rescue Program has delivered over 10 million pounds of food in 6 years. Rather than store food, we deliver it to a network of shelters, pantries, "soup kitchens," and schools on the same day we receive it from such donors as Whole Foods, Starbucks and Safeway, plus a string of Farmers' Markets..

Our School Pantry program delivers to schools where over 80 percent of the students are on the school lunch program. Now that the California schools are closed, we arrange with alternative sites near the schools, often churches, for the school families to get their food.

It's exciting work, even if my own participation is now from my home during the necessary lock-down because of the pandemic.

From **Elaine Bostwick**:

Tom, here is some upbeat news for you. The cherry blossoms are in full bloom here in northern Virginia. People are laying on the grass reading or just snoozing. People are walking dogs of all different kinds, or pushing baby strollers. It is a relaxed Springtime scene. The cherry blossoms are puffy and pink and pretty and create a world far from our cares . . .

From **Russell Maulitz**:

I'm not sure our paths every even crossed. But in either case I want first to thank you for your herculean efforts at narrating our class's fortunes and declines. Anyway, lots of *good* news from me and my wife. After Kristine re-upped for another five years at Columbia, which is good as long as it's only half time, my even *gooder* news: I'm excited to've taken up half-year residence in a tiny and happily under-lauded SE corner of Tuscany, the Val di Chiana. Those who've been there know the name of the village, which seems to be a magical bubble with no cases of The Virus. We love the life there. So I've just been given the status of official residency by the Italian consulate here in Philadelphia, meaning I can stay as long as I like, buy (or rather insure) a car, and even buy into the national health. (Easy to come by if you're of Italian ancestry. Less so if your name is "Maulitz.") Now if I can just find a way to get back over there....

From **T.D. Allman**:



In response to your query about how Harvard classmates are weathering the storm, here is a link to some essays by me and some other writers on the subject. My essay is third from the end, I think. (I've included the link, but published, here, T.D.'s essay – TB)

<https://advancereadingcopy-jon.blogspot.com/2020/04/authors-on-covid-chronicles-from-across.html#more>

When you are a writer, nothing is ever finished. Then when it is -- when the publishers claw it out of your hands and publish it -- you already are ensnared in the horror of trying to write the goddamn next one. As a result, my life has changed hardly at all. Here at Lake House, as when I'm in

Paris, Lauzerte, Miami and New York, I spend most of my waking hours trying to figure out what next to write -- or worse, cut. I am especially busy right now, as with the help of my wonderful editors at Grove/ Atlantic, I work on the revisions of my next book.

All that really has changed as a result of the pandemic, is the venue. In early March, I flew up to New York from Miami, intending to return there before the end of the month, then go to Paris in early May. In New York I had a full schedule: an Oxford dinner, theatre tickets, some routine medical appointments, an evening at the Brooklyn Heights Casino, plus a crucial editorial conference. I cancelled everything, and fled -- via SUV, not subway, train or taxi -- to Lake House, my refuge in Putnam County, north of the City.

I have now been ensconced here for more than a month. The weather has changed from late snow to forsythia blooming. The biggest change is internal. I no longer awake lamenting: Why me? Must this dreadful life of mine drag on forever? If only I could have been spared the curse of existence & cetera and so forth. Must I really write again today? No! I awake now determined that & *%#@ virus won't get me. I've survived land mines in Laos, massacres in Cambodia, balloon crashes in Nepal, ricochet bullets in Tiananmen Square, kidnapping in Beirut. AIDS and dengue didn't get me, nor did that horrendous pulmonary affliction that struck me crossing the Atlantic on the Queen Mary last autumn.

It did give me a visceral sense of what happens when the virus grabs hold of your lungs. A horrible way to die! I don't want to die like that: gasping, gasping and the oxygen won't come.

The only way to avoid the virus is to avoid the virus. That I am doing, and will keep doing until a vaccine is devised, and available. I don't care if it means I stay stuck here for months, even longer.

The generalissimo of this virus evasion campaign is my associate of twenty years and more, Doctor (of Philosophy) Sui ChengZhong. It was he who instantly identified me as the target the virus most desires: old, male, fat (and foolish), various (normally innocuous) pre-existing conditions. It was he who bludgeoned me into cancelling all my appointments, annulling all my travel plans, he who thrust me into the SUV, and who now confines me here, making sure I go nowhere. He won't even let me go shopping. I have since established that, had I not been forced to evacuate the city so soon, I would have come in direct contact with at least two proven carriers of the virus, one of whom was hospitalized.

People sometimes ask why I refuse to write fiction. I tell them I'll consider writing fiction the day I do not encounter a person or a find myself in a situation I never could have invented for myself. As uninventable events descend upon us, I do not wish you luck. I wish you courage.

Do not expect the government of the United States of America to do much of anything helpful. We are on our own. Of course, we always were. As Covid is only the latest to remind us, the universe never did have inherent moral significance.



--T.D. Allman

Also, From **T.D. Allman**:

I am writing to congratulate on your good-natured, patient, and yeomanlike service as our Harvard Class secretary.

We do not deserve you, but we sure are lucky to have you. Your selflessness is all the more important, and admirable, in these times.

Lest your perennial toil also be described as thankless, let me say:

Thank you, Tom! Cheers

==Timothy D. Allman, '66

PS: Make sure to include this praise of you in your next class notes. Otherwise I will write a letter of complaint about you.

From **Neva Goodwin**

Greetings classmates! While we hunker down to see what comes next with this pandemic, I am acutely aware that there's something worse coming down the pike – climate change. The fossil fuel producers continue to use their power and money to slow down appropriate adjustments to our economy; the finance sector continues to finance them; and Harvard has refused to clean its endowment from association with these catastrophically bad actors. I am very much in favor of the Harvard Forward project (Harvard Forward comms@harvardforward.org) which ask all of us to vote for the slate of young grads who have been nominated for the Board of Overseers, in an attempt to get the university to take note of the contradictions in its endowment. This is a small step (for Earth Day I took another small step: using only cold water to rinse dishes before putting them in the dishwasher – VERY small, I realize, but every step is better than none); it is definitely worth doing.

From **Elayne Archer**:

I respond when Tom asks for news every five years because I remember how difficult it was to get feedback from project staff when I worked as a researcher/editor in a nonprofit. But I do not usually respond to these more frequent requests. But these are very unusual times, and I find myself thinking a great deal about World War 2, and, more specifically, about the Blitz.

My husband and I went to the UK in early March; my husband had a conference and I had two tasks relevant to my mother's memoir, which contains a long chapter on the Blitz. I was to give the original memoir—my mother's typewritten copy—to the Bishopsgate Institute, a research/lending library in the east end of London where my mother lived for the last ten years of her life after she moved back to London from Toronto. And I was to give a copy of the completed memoir to the RAF Benevolent Fund, which helped my family for many years after my father's death in the war. These two acts were to put the memoir, which I had spent well over five years editing and elaborating, "behind me," as it were.

But I find myself thinking about the memoir a great deal during this strange, difficult time. I am haunted by an image of my mother, standing by the window of her flat in the northeast of London, with my baby brother in her arms, watching the bombers fly over London. Her flat was bombed directly twice, and the garden flats in which she and my father lived, before he was called up, were bombed several more times. Then, from her bed in an isolation hospital where she went after developing scarlet fever, she saw twice-daily air raids of the area because of a nearby Ford motor factory that had converted to "war work." My mother describes waiting in long queues with one's ration book to buy whatever wretched piece of meat was available (if one was not willing to sleep with the butcher), as well as long evenings at home waiting for the air raid alert and then trying to determine how close the planes were and what one should do. I find myself thinking, "My mother survived the Blitz with a newborn; I can survive this."



From **Curt Hayashi**:

In December 2017, I relocated from the right coast to left coast, and now live in northeast Portland's Sullivan's Gulch neighborhood (if that means anything to you).

Here I get most everywhere by bicycle – as I had planned years prior. Almost effortlessly, I get my daily exercise, increased health, and the transport is free, clean and exhilarating!

Locally, I bicycle through neighboring Irvington, getting healthier by the minute, which sparkles as

- a Museum of residential architecture, ie lovely Victorian and early 20th c houses,
- set in an Arboretum of magnificent trees - many so-called “heritage trees”, with plaques, and
- festooned with imaginative private Gardens that extend to the sidewalk “verge”.

I bike around, gawking at all the above, and in these virus days, chat with folks in the street. Amazing!

Bicycling is good enough, but there is another (unanticipated) aspect of Portland, and indeed, the west coast generally whose benefit far outshines the bicycle thing, namely

Family.

Back east, mine was chronically dysfunctional. And, no Japanese community around.

Here in the west, I have more family (5 vs 3). More importantly, I have *extended* family. Namely Nikkei folk, i.e. Japanese expats and their descendants, aka Japanese-Americans.

For the first time in my life I am surrounded by people who look and think like me. Heady times!

In Memoriam

Class	Name	Date	Place	Spouse	Address
65	Linda Townsend	2/25/2020	Portland, OR	Edward Hamilton	3203 Burnside St. Portland, 97214
65	Colin Carl	3/22/2020	Austin, TX	Glenda Carl	1017 Quail Park Dr. Austin 78758
65	James Goblisch	9/7/2015	Dunwoody, GA	Rebecca Goblisch	1865 Redbourne Dr. Atlanta 30350
66	Toni R. Rosenberg	3/22/2020	Newton, MA		
67	Ellis Goldberg	9/20/2019	Seattle, WA		

Your devoted co-secretary,

Tom Black
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