

Telluride Newsletter

1987 January

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Cornell Branch: Personalities and Issues

The season wanes, the days turn chill, the picaresque incidents of another semester pass before Lucien's imperturbable stare and then fade into ghostly figments, bedraggled Chairephons sustained only in reverie. As always, the House continues to be defined in terms of personalities and issues, in shared experiences and in differing perceptions of those experiences.

Nine new shadows have darkened the Branch's door this semester. Our freshman "peer group"—Mitchell Baker, Moira Cullen, Thomas Hawks, Charles Pazdernik, and Nikki Wilson—all hail from the '85 summer programs. Impervious to charges of "couch potato" and "grind," various members of this surprisingly cohesive group can be found at all hours stretched out on the House's only sacred cows, the venerable leather sofas.

Mitch Baker already had his tuxedo when he came to the House. Drawing on his knowledge of all things ornithological, Mitch has styled himself the next Audubon. Mitch liked the house so much he brought along another family member, his dog Vicki, for a short stay before Thanksgiving. Mitch's position as the foremost social wrangler of the freshman contingent is by no means diminished by his place on Cornell Crew.

Striking a balance between Madonna and Medea, Moira Cullen brings to the Branch her own unbridled enthusiasm and an Obsession with all aspects of House life. Moira's academic interests are diverse; she is equally at ease in Engineering Math and in Comp. Lit.

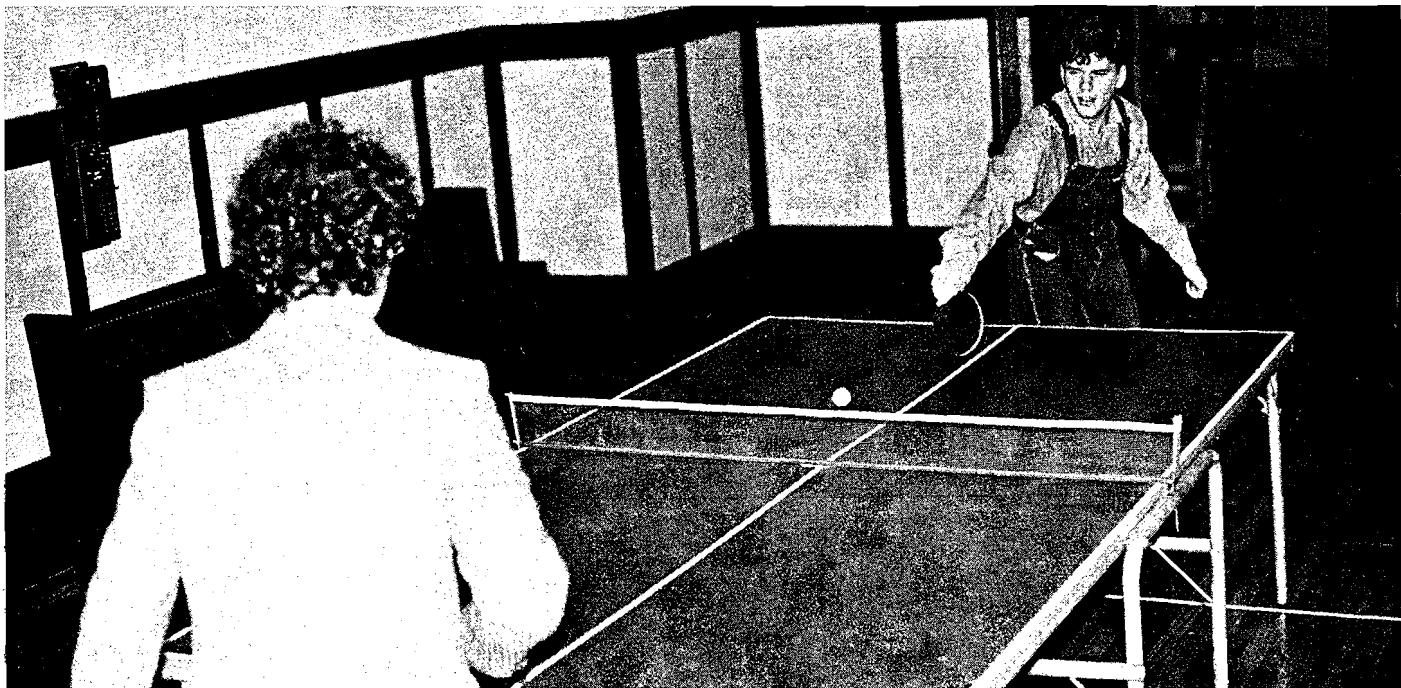
Tom Hawks wins this year's Most Pretentious Freshman Library Award and has a nifty haircut. Tom and Moira's Hibernian descent made the Irish Question a focus of discussion for the House this semester. Tom's appreciation for some of the more spirited Irish traditions, moreover, has colored House social life. Despite vociferous protest at being shanghaied into the post of House Secretary, Tom channeled his bardic impulses into the production of an Epic of truly epic proportions.

When Chuck Pazdernik ambled into Telluride House last August, the Branch's collection of large blond Midwesterners tending towards the classics doubled overnight. By no means the better half of the House and Grounds Committee responsible for this fall's attic crackdown, Chuck has enforced the new get-tough parking policy with a ferocity approaching mania. An incorrigible carnivore, Chuck's greatest beef with the House is the lack thereof.

Nikki Wilson's Cornell experience began a bit earlier than did the other freshmen's; she attended the Cornell Summer Session before the semester began and, with minimal difficulties, managed to find her way back. Nikki is a prospective philosophy major. She shares with Moira an impeccable taste for fashion, whether the occasion calls for the chic sophistication of a Victory Club ball or the swank allure of a night on the town.

Three upperclassmen are also new to the House this year. Chuck's fellow HAGCOMmando Jennifer Ruesink, a sophomore and a veritable goddess of Biology, comes to us

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Lincoln Scholar Dave Phillips (back to camera) and freshman Mitchell Baker in a "brisk game of table tennis."

Science Fiction Writer in an Intellectual Rollercoaster

Samuel R. Delany

Telluride House has had the pleasure of having Samuel R. Delany, science fiction writer as a long-term faculty guest for the Fall semester. Samuel R. Delany is the author of many science fiction and non-fictional books, but he is best known as an author of science fiction. His works include *Babel-17*, *The Einstein Intersection*, both winners of the Nebula Award for best novel, *Stars in my Pocket like Grains of Sand*, *Flight From Neverland*, *Dhalgren*, a best seller, *Triton*, and *Heavenly Breakfast*, a book of non-fiction.

During an interview with Samuel Delany, who is affectionately known as Chip, we discovered some fascinating information about him, and how he perceived Telluride House.

Chip now lives on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, but he was born and raised in Harlem. He went to the Bronx High School of Science. Afterwards he went on to City College where he dropped out after a term and a half due to some emotional distress, and extreme dislike for "following other people's schedules." But despite his somewhat limited education and intolerance for the educational system, Chip published his first book at age 19 and has been publishing novels regularly ever since.

During his stay at Telluride House, Chip taught a course called Science/Fiction 4:5 for the Society for the Humanities here at Cornell. Although Chip greatly enjoyed his stay here at Telluride House, and was amazed by the "general wits running about the place," he was not unfamiliar with this sort of living. During the interview he made a distinction between cooperative living, which is what he believed Telluride House to be, and communal living, which he experienced for a period in his life. He believes that "cooperatives such as Telluride House, are more difficult to live in because everyone feels that something is missing; although a cooperative seems to promise closer living it never quite cuts it." He believes that in communes sensitivity was valued over intellect. He illustrated this with an incident he described in an essay on urban communal life called *Heavenly Breakfast*. In the book he talked about a young woman who was a strict vegetarian, who denied food to her child in order to get what she needed for the other members of the commune. He cited instances in which members of the commune would secretly give her child food, and described the general frustration among the members with their helplessness to change the situation between the mother and child. Chip thought that because of our intellectual goals it would be hard for Telluride House members to share the degree of sensitivity that is normally shared in the communal situation. But despite Chip's writing us off as a "cooperative," I think he enjoyed living in this "intellectual rollercoaster" just as much as we enjoyed having him here.

—Nikki Wilson SP85 CB86

CBTA Officers - Fall 1986

President	Dave Porter
Vice President	Warren Rosenblum
3rd AdCom	Sylvie LeGall
4th AdCom	Scott McDermott
Secretary	Tom Hawks
Treasurer	Philip Kaplan
Catputter	Lynn Sacks

Deep Springs Announces New President

John U. "Buzz" Anderson, DS39 TA43, has been named to succeed Brandt Kehoe as President of Deep Springs next summer. The following biographical information is borrowed, with permission, from the *Deep Springs Newsletter*, for the benefit of those who do not see that publication.

Buzz came to Deep Springs from Pittsburgh in 1939 following two years at the Western Reserve Academy. He was at Deep Springs for two and one-half years where he served as Student Body Trustee, and held a variety of labor positions, most notably, in the dairy. He spent a brief time at Stanford before entering the Army where he served in the field artillery until January 1946. He completed his AB in Philosophy in 1947 at Stanford, and received his LLB from Cornell Law School in 1950.

Since then Buzz has practiced law in Pittsburgh with the firm of Kirkpatrick, Lockhart, Johnson and Hutchison, specializing in public finance. He has been very active in public affairs in the Pittsburgh area, including serving ten years on the Allegheny County Board of Supervisors, as member and Chairman of the Board of Directors of the South Side Hospital, and as Co-Chairman of the National Conference of Christians and Jews for the Pittsburgh region.

The Andersons, Buzz and Betty, have two daughters, Michele and Danielle, and a long standing attachment to Scotland, which they count as a second home. The *Deep Springs Newsletter* notice concludes, "Along with a wealth of prior experience, wit and sensitivity, they will bring a lovely Sottish burr to charm the valley."

TELLURIDE NEWSLETTER

The *Telluride Newsletter* is published three times a year in Ithaca, New York.

Editor - Nan Stalnaker
Staff - Moira Cullen, Tom Hawks, Chuck Paxzdernik,
Nikki Wilson, Philip Kaplan

Letters and news are welcome. Please write to
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CORNELL BRANCH

from the heartland of Indiana. While the considerable energies she devotes to Crew are awe-inspiring, her mean backrubs remain the stuff of legend. Jen spends many of her breaks trekking through the wildernesses of New York State.

What year was Poland partitioned, you may ask. Dave Goldfarb's the man to tell you. Though fresh out of Deep Springs, Dave is no radical communitarian; he is a trombonist. Dave hopes to secure a grant from the Western Societies Program that will enable him to study Polish literature in that country during the summer.

By no means the least of Telluride's four Daves this semester, D. Phillips is this year's Lincoln Scholar. Dave is a philosophy grad, specializing in semantics and semiotics. Little did our unwitting Brit suspect that, given the tenor of House Anglo-Irish relations, he might well become the last victim of the 1916 uprising. Dave would be the first to assert, however, that nothing soothes ruffled nationalism better than a brisk game of "table tennis."

The Branch has enjoyed the company and the intellectual input of a variety of outstanding faculty guests this semester. Among them were the semester's long-term guests, science fiction writer Samuel R. (Chip) Delaney and Thomas Risse-Kappen of the West German Peace Institute. Others included chemist and House regular Jorge Calado, Theater Department guests Giles Block and Maurice Daniels, lutist Kathy Liddel, actor Tyrone Wilson, and a group of Spanish Civil War Veterans who served with the Lincoln Brigade. Chip, Thomas, and Jorge gave Academic Affairs seminars on, respectively, the language of science fiction, the West German Peace Movement, and the influence of science on art; Cornell Professors Sherman Cochran and Walter Lynn gave two additional seminars on Chinese receptivity to foreign ideas and New York State water conservation efforts. Giles directed a reading a Carolyn Churchill's *Cloud Nine*, in which a number of Housemembers participated.

The political and intellectual life of the House remains as varied and volatile as ever. An impromptu after-dinner speaking program, a recent innovation, sparks conversation by presenting an informal forum for diverse topics of interest. Perennial issues such as the role of AdCom and the intellectual rigor of the House continue to be raised. The House's atmosphere is colored by Housemembers' external involvements in campus political affairs, dramatic presentations, and varsity sports. The Fall House has already begun to prepare for the spring semester by considering mid-year RGC applications.

—Chuck Pazdernik SP85 CB86
—Tom Hawks SP85 CB86



Cornell Branchers (Cam Jones with an eye to the camera) at fall orientation outing.

A More than Avid Advocate of Shakespeare

Maurice Daniels

*I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself
King of infinite space, were it not I had bad dreams.*

Hamlet

Even while sipping coffee in the breakfast nook, Maurice Daniels calls to mind any number of the characters he has played or directed in a long career of Shakespearean theater. After a semester among us as faculty guest, he leaves with us the impression that he is as close to being "king of infinite space" as anyone could be, capable of discussing anything from cinematic depictions of King Lear to romance.

Maurice, as he wished to be called, talks about theater as more than his profession—"it's what I believe about people, life, values." It is a vocation he decided to follow somewhat late in life, after working in his family business in the Belgian Congo (now Zaire) for nine years. He had his first theater job at age 29 as part of a small company which performed "the classics" in small town theaters, village halls, and schools throughout England. After six years of intense experience, he quit acting because he felt he could never be as good as he wanted to be. He then joined the Royal Shakespeare Company as stage manager, an experience he credits with teaching him about the less artistic but equally important aspects of theater. RSC also afforded him the opportunity to travel throughout the world, including a rare tour of the U.S.S.R. in 1958.

Speaking from several years of experience, Maurice describes the life of an actor or actress in one word: HELL. A career in theater "requires resilience, patience, belief in self (above all), discipline, and an awareness of life." Nonetheless, he observes that theater has an "inexplicable, irrational hold" on those who choose this challenging but ultimately very fulfilling career. Does it take a special kind of actor to do Shakespeare? Maurice asserts that it only takes a good actor who is willing to spend of himself. Commitment to the "awareness of possibilities of language...of words...and of the richness of words" is essential. He defines talent in terms of technical ability, craft, artistry, imagination, timing, understanding of the text; but above all, "a desire to share the discovery with the audience."

Maurice was invited to Cornell as a visiting fellow by the Cornell Theater Arts Department. In this capacity he taught a theater arts class and directed a collection of excerpts from works dealing with the theme "love." *Pleasure and Repentance*, as the work was aptly titled, had its debut in Telluride House, much to the enjoyment of Housemembers. Despite the fact that Telluride House is not Maurice's first experience with an intellectual community, he reports that he found it fascinating.

Currently, Maurice is directing a student production of *Much Ado About Nothing* at Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa. In June he will be directing his first fully professional production in Fort Worth, Texas, as part of the nationwide Shakespeare-in-the-Park program. A more-than-avid advocate of Shakespeare for the masses, he says, "The man knew about everything—old love, young love, envy, political intrigue, hate, fear, avarice..." The same could be said, on a somewhat lesser scale, of those who choose to devote their lives to interpretations of such men's work.

—Moira Cullen SP85 CB86

The TASP and the Cosmos

TASP. It's Wednesday morning, 1:30 a.m., and the rain is falling. Voices float in the evening air, twining with the music of John Coltrane and the clack-clack of someone's word processor. Six weeks have so nearly passed, but before it's over I am to describe it, put onto paper some essence of our summer here. How am I to begin? Where did the summer begin?

In the cafeteria of my high school, one cold November morning, I whimsically filled in the box marked TASP on my PSAT. Months after I had forgotten, my application came. I reached inside myself and pulled out five essays, never expecting that on June 29 I would be standing in front of an Italian villa designed by an Egyptologist: Phi Gamma Delta-Fiji house.

Images from the past...

The first day of seminar. The breakfast tables are pushed together and the TASPerers prepare to be taught as never before. Mr. and Mrs. Kass lead an expedition into the soul. Huxley, Lewis, Bacon, Descartes, Shakespeare, Rousseau, *Genesis*, Plato, Aeschylus, and Sophocles.

Sitting on the shore of Lake Michigan—losing yourself in the boundless horizon, an image primeval. Looking over your left shoulder and seeing the Chicago skyline—downtown, the towers of man's achievement.

Walking through Hyde Park at night, you catch faint glimpses of the planets above your head. Wonder of the stars led to science, the lightbulb and the dimming of the night sky.

On a starry night you will walk past the spot where a controlled nuclear reaction was first sustained. Henry Moore's "Nuclear Energy" is a bronze mushroom cloud, a human skull. You climb inside the sculpture and look for the future. Where will it be?

Another night you watch a limousine unload its precious cargo outside a restaurant on the Loop. An hour later, you are walking through a ghetto, having taken the wrong train.

The birds sing of the sun above the trees as you sit hunched over a typewriter, finishing the paper you started a dozen hours ago.

Crowded along the railing of the pavilion at Ravinia, straining to see Wynton Marsalis on the distant stage, falling into the music.

People coming together with tears of self-examination.
Beholding the stained-glass wonder of Bond chapel.
Looking for God and finding myself.

What is a TASP? People. People from different parts of the country, the world, people with different backgrounds, different philosophies. A Telluride Association Summer Program is a group of people joined with a common purpose and welded together with a common experience. Eighteen high school students will leave their Chicago summer this Saturday. They will leave with a knowledge of the University, Chicago, and philosophy, but most of all, they will leave with the knowledge of each other.

—Michael Wilson, SP86



The first Chicago TASP; Professors Leon and Amy Kass at left.

Gabor Brogyanyi

Gabor Brogyanyi, who lived at Cornell Branch between 1962 and 1964 as a graduate student, died of cancer in New York City on September 29, 1986. He was forty-seven years old. After leaving Cornell, where he studied medieval Romance literature and wrote a dissertation on the epics of Chretien de Troyes, he became an associate professor of Romance Languages at Bowdoin College in Maine. At Bowdoin he worked increasingly on the Enlightenment, for whose light (and shade) he had the greatest affinity.

Gabor was a respected scholar, writing on Diderot in particular, and was known for his translations of baroque opera libretti. His translation of Rameau's *Zorastre* was performed in Boston by Marty Pearlman's well-known group, Banchetto Musicale, and his translations of Italian song-texts were performed by Robert Greenlee in a recital at Lincoln Center. He was a highly respected member of the Bowdoin faculty, coordinating their European Studies program and directing their inter-disciplinary seminars. He was also a figure of importance in the cultural life of Bowdoin, Portland and the state of Maine, performing *Lieder*, reviewing films, and contributing in many other ways. Thus, he made a mark in the public world. But I think it is fair to say that he left a much greater mark on the lives of his friends.

In the jargon of the '60's Branch (and for all I know today) a fairly arrogant distinction used to be made between "core" and "fringe". TASPers were clearly core, Deep Springers were a matter of debate, and graduate students were clearly fringe. But Gabor was core of the core for many of us. That is, knowing him, learning from him and being friends with him became for many of us one of the most important parts of our Telluride, our Cornell, and our liberal education. For graduate students as brilliant and polished as, say, Michael Echeruo or Gayatri Chakravorty, Gabor was, I assume, a welcomed equal, cosmopolitan, fully initiated into the conversation that went spinning out over the heads of the rest of us. For undergraduates like myself, Gabor was something different.

To meet Gabor was to come across something unfamiliar to most of us but which we immediately sensed was worthy of great respect. His background was impressive. Born in Hungary, he had been raised at the Austrian monastery of Kremsmunster as one of the Vienna Boys Choir. Eventually, as one of its leading singers, he performed in *The Magic Flute* at the Vienna State Opera. He knew everything, or so it seemed, about the poetry, architecture, music, dress, manners, history and humor of Europe. Then too, he had been at Columbia at an exciting time, and could tell us stories of Allen Ginsberg, or of what it meant to "suffer more than Madame Blavatsky." He seemed familiar with the most formidable arsenals of contemporary thought, easily passing through their barbed-wire defenses of jargon and abstraction. In addition, as we came to learn, he was a first-rate poet. (His poems are now being collected for publication by his friends and his brother.)

Still, by itself, all this would not have impressed us that much, for, in those years, the intellectual life of the Branch was a pretty sharp and clamorous affair. We came in as undergraduates, most of us, with a pretty high opinion of our intelligence and a correspondingly low tolerance for nuance. While some of us knew something here and there, we had, I think, relatively little understanding or feeling for what we knew. The vitality of our education came, in the first instance (and properly, I think) from our excitement about thinking

our postures and prejudices through to the end, and from our fascination with absolutes. The settled skepticism of British analytic philosophy, along with the more abstract branches of physics and mathematics, which had dominated the Branch for a number of years, was rapidly giving way to excitement about either the revival of classical political philosophy or the radical, free-wheeling skepticism of pre-deconstructed, post-Nietzschean, French literary analysis. We fought a lot, enthusiastically if clumsily. And to begin with, we generally shared, I think, a contempt and distrust for "culture" as a consumer product, an adornment or a blunt instrument, i.e. as imposed, monumental and external.

From Gabor and through him, we began to learn about "culture" from the inside. Consequently, whatever side we were on or ended up on, we began to understand better what we were fighting about and perhaps why the fighting was itself not the last word, why winning the argument, while a necessary goal and discipline, wasn't the end of the story. It was partly a matter of what he knew and how he could talk about it — with reverence and familiarity, discipline and discrimination, and with freshness and humor — but for those who did not know him I cannot recapture this and for those who did I don't have to.

It was partly a matter of seeing how, in him, culture had cultivated, how *Bildung* had formed. This was, after all, the man who, after surviving a fall down Cascadilla gorge with only a broken leg, had the grace, tact and presence of mind to express regrets to his rescuers from the Campus Police that they would have to get wet in helping him out of the gorge. To get to know Gabor was to become friends with someone whose pride took the form of sensitivity to the feelings of others, of self-denial and compliance. Yet this was always given freely, as a gift, never extorted out of interest or fear. In him we began to get a sense of what the world of *The Elective Affinities* or *The Charterhouse of Parma* might be about, what there might be of "an 'upward' without tension and constraint, a 'downward' without condescension and humiliation," of a way of life, that is, that could overcome the ordinary gravity of anxieties and vulgar resentments. Such a friendship called for a refinement we had not, by and large, counted on nor could always reach. But we learned what was possible.

For all of us, though in different ways, Gabor did much to form our standards of taste and judgment. For Gene Holman, the choice of a career in Finno-Ugaritic linguistics had something to do with conversations with Gabor. For Marty Pearlman, I think, Gabor had something to do with his love of the French baroque. For me, the specific influences are more than I can name or number, even to myself. Still, I can name one general thing I learned from Gabor, and I wonder if in some way it is not what all of us learned from him. Let me call it familiarity with a certain voice. It is a voice less assertive than the voices of scorn or assertion that were most often heard in the Branch, but it is surer. It is not in the least sentimental, and I no longer confuse it with its parody, the cautious voice of "appreciation." I hear it in the works of art that mean most to me and it usually contains, balances, and transcends laughter and tears. I listen for it in the people I meet and get to know; it is my surest guide. While I am not particularly better than anyone else at overcoming resentment, I can at least now tell what it sounds like to do it. I value this gift most highly, as I value the memory of Gabor who gave it to me and a generation of Telluriders.

—Fred Baumann, CB62 TA64 SPF85

TASP Alumni News

■ *John C. Baez*, SP78, writes that he received his Ph.D. at MIT this spring with a thesis on the mathematics of quantum fields, and spent the summer recovering with friends in California. He adds, "This fall I begin teaching math at Yale. I'd be glad to meet TASPer in the area."

■ *Sam Cohen*, SP63, sends word from Oxfordshire, United Kingdom that he is spending his sabbatical year (to 9/87) at Colman Laboratory. He was appointed to the Princeton University Astrophysical Sciences faculty two years ago.

■ *Joshua Fried*, SP76, has released his debut single on Atlantic Records, under the name "Joshua." It's called "Jimmy Because." His music, he says, "incorporates the arithmetic and phasing techniques of Reich & Glass, the mixing concepts of Jamaica dub-reggae, early electronic music techniques, and elements of current pop dance records." He goes on, "Don't be fooled by jargon, though; I can still shake a booty. Buy it."

■ *Arthur Kosowsky*, SP84, sends this note: "I recently returned from a small summer excursion, a break from being a physics and math major at Washington University. Along with a friend from the Engineering School here, I started riding my bicycle in Mt. Vernon, Washington (about 90 miles north of Seattle) on May 10 and ended about three months later in the front yard of fellow TASPer Julia Cohen, in Annapolis, Maryland. We covered a total of 5,204 miles, including about 2,000 miles in the Rocky Mountains, from Jasper, Alberta to Pueblo, Colorado. This rivals the TASP as an incredible way to spend a summer."

■ *David Leavitt*, SP78, has written another book, his first novel, called *The Lost Language of Cranes*. The novel, published by Knopf, is about a New York City family in crisis. The cranes in question are not birds, but heavy machinery, according to the *New York Times* review of last September.

■ *Angela Muhs*, SP85, is a student at Northwestern University, majoring in journalism, with a concentration in political science. She writes, "Looking back over the year since the end of my summer program, I am truly amazed at the effect that Telluride continues to have on my life. The most noticeable facet is the deep and enduring friendships formed that summer." She goes on to say that her TASP has managed to keep in touch, with visits, and by publishing an issue of the "TASPer Tribune," last June.

■ *Eric Scigliano*, SP69, has been awarded the first annual Darrell Bob Houston writer's award for his recollections, titled "Woody Guthrie's Northwest," published in the *Seattle Weekly*. The prize, in memory of Darrell Bob Houston, is awarded to a writer "who can reveal some soul, some color, some grace, robustness, risk, mirth and generosity in a single prose piece."

■ *Kurt Swengel*, SP81, is currently an intern forester with Boise Cascade Corporation in Rumford, Maine. He says, "I ought to finally get my B.S. from the University of Maine in 1988. How might I connect with other Nunnians in resource management?" Nunnians in resource management should write to Kurt c/o General Delivery, Rumford, Maine, 04276.

TASP 1986

TELLURIDE SCHOLARSHIP RECIPIENTS

CORNELL I

William Albritton
Brodie Dickinson
Christina Firvida
Laura Hengehold
Peter Webb
Joseph Wright

WILLIAMS

Debbie Hannen
Joshua Katz
Diana Lane

CORNELL II

Norwood Andrews
Miriam Aukerman
Richard Baum
Rosemary Nidiry
Sanjay Reddy
Tara Shannon

CHICAGO

Seth Blackshaw
Michael Wilson

DEEP SPRINGS

Gitendra Uswatte

News from Alumni and Friends

■ *David Epstein*, SP68 CB69 TA70, and his wife *Ruth Seligson Epstein*, SP69 CB70 TA71, happily announce the births of Katherine Abigail Epstein and Marianne Rachel Epstein on July 9, 1986.

■ *Bob Jerrard*, DS81 CB84, writes from Jilin University, People's Republic of China, that he wishes to apologize for a "horrible mistake" in his Cornell Branch President's report to Convention, printed in the 1986 Convention Minutes. The following quotation, incorrectly attributed to L.L. Nunn in the report, is actually from Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*.

At any given moment, our total soul has only a more or less fictitious value, in spite of the rich inventory of its assets, for now some, now others are unrealizable, whether they are real riches or those of the imagination.

■ *Javier Lopez*, now living in Palo Alto, California, is a Helen Hay Whitney post-doctoral fellow in bio-chemistry at Stanford University. The appointment is for three years.

■ *Harvey Mansfield*, DS21 CB25 TA23, sends, without comment, a clipping from the *Boston Globe*, November 11, concerning the installation of nuclear test monitors by Soviet scientists near the Nevada Test site. The report states that Deep Springs, California, which is within 70 miles of the site, is one of the three most likely locations for the monitors.

■ *Yardena Mansoor*, SP69 CB70, and her husband Michael Phillips, joyfully welcomed the birth of Gordon Isaac Phillips, on August 27, 1986 in Washington, D.C.

■ *Jordon Pecile*, PB50, with Ken Harrison, wrote the script for an installment of the "American Masters" television series about Katherine Anne Porter. The script of the program, shown last July, received praise in the *New York Times* because it "intelligently and effectively entwined dramatic sequences from three of the short stories" with perceptive commentary by Porter's colleagues.

■ *Vernon D. Penner, Jr.*, DS57, sends the following note, "As newly accredited U.S. Ambassador to Cape Verde, let me extend a standing invitation to all Deep Springers and TA members for drinks at the residence, should they reach Praia."

■ *Roy Pierce*, DS40 CB46 TA46, of the Department of Political Science at the University of Michigan, has a book out, written in collaboration with Philip E. Converse, titled *Political Representation in France*. The book is published by Belknap Press of Harvard University.

■ *Ronald Sukenick*, PB51 CB52, has written *The Endless Short Story*, published by the Fiction Collective in New York City. The author is described in a recent *New York Times* review as "the postromantic Mr. Sukenick, who teaches English at the University of Colorado, Boulder" and as "one of the most experimental of the American postmoderns."

■ *Pepper Trail*, CB72 TA73, writes as follows: "My wife Debra Koutnik and I are currently savoring the bewildering joys of new parenthood; our son Graham Marley Trail was born August 16, 1986. He weighed in at 6 lbs. 1 oz., with a full head of hair and a deeply suspicious expression. We're pleased to report that his suspicion is giving way to grins and gurgles with increasing frequency these days. Debra is taking a year's leave from medical school at the University of California at San Francisco; she'll be starting again in the spring, at which point I take over primary parenting duties. I am currently a National Science Foundation Postdoctoral Fellow, based at the California Academy of Sciences. My research concerns the evolution of social courtship and the determinants of reproductive success in a rain forest bird, which I am studying in Suriname, South America. I'll be doing field work there from January to March this year. At the moment I'm writing papers on my completed research, teaching courses and leading trips for members here at the museum, and playing with my son, and life is good. Brother Matt (SP81 CB82 TA84) and I get together once every week or two; he's adjusting well to Berkeley, though he still doesn't look truly comfortable on a skateboard."

■ *Robert Richter*, PB47, sends notice of a showing, last summer on NBC, of a program he produced called "Phil Donahue presents the Human Animal." Another Richter production, seen earlier this fall on PBS, is titled "Project Second Chance: Dropouts in America." Later this year PBS will air yet another Richter production called "Do Not Enter: The Visa War Against Ideas."



Some TA Custodians in San Francisco, last August:
Rebecca Luzadis, Paul Foster, Amy Nestor (non Custodian), Lou Crandall, and Tony Sebok.

Telluride Association

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