Under Construction

THE SCOOP ON THE CAMPUS RENEWAL PLAN
On Hajj
By Anisa Mehdi ’78
Reporting on the great annual pilgrimage to Mecca, Emmy Award-winning documentarian Mehdi finds the line between observer and participant blurring as she circles the Ka’aba at the center of the Great Mosque with several hundred thousand other human beings.

Wellesley Reimagined
By Lisa Scanlon Mogolov ’99
Work has begun on the most significant transformation of the campus since the Great Fire of 1914. By 2025, the College aims to remake its spaces for living, learning, and teaching. We take a look at the plans for getting from here to there.
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Cover photo by Amos Chan
From the Editor

here was a lot of hooting and hollering in the magazine office the other day, when our student worker, Sidrah Baloch ’14, opened her email and learned that she had been accepted to Brown for graduate school. We didn’t have anything to do with her success, but the three of us beamed like proud mamas.

There’s genius in the student employment system here at the College. We get smart, savvy help; they learn new skills and office etiquette—in addition to earning funds. But in truth, we all get a lot more than that. In the best cases, the students get a home away from home in the office where they are employed, older adults who care about their lives. When we have a student with us over the long term, we ride the ups and downs of college with her—the all-nighters, the choosing of majors, the acquisition of a hoop for the big race. And we have a front-row seat on the lovely transformation that takes place in a student during her Wellesley education.

In Sidrah’s case, we’ve also had the pleasure of being included in her extracurricular life through annual invitations to al-Muslimat’s Eid al-Fitr dinner for faculty and staff. Wellesley’s Muslim student group has been an anchor for Sidrah, and this year, as its president, she was master of ceremonies at the celebration to mark the end of the fasting of Ramadan. Professors and administrators mingled as the students pried us with delicious Indian food and shared stories of how they celebrate the holiday at home with their families—whether home is in the US, Bangladesh, or Syria.

For Sidrah, who grew up in Newton, Mass., Eid has always meant a day off from school, morning prayers at the mosque, and happy time with family and Muslim friends—with lots of Pakistani and American food. “I was one of the only Muslims in my high school,” she says. “My parents really wanted me to have Muslim friends who were like me. And so Eid was the day when we would all dress up and get to hang out, and just have fun…. It felt very much like a community.”

Al-Muslimat, Sidrah says, has always wanted to re-create this community feeling for students who are away from home for the first time or who are experiencing Eid in a new way—in a country where not everyone celebrates the holiday. “This is a big deal for a lot of people,” she adds. And the dinners do deliver a wonderful sense of festivity and community—students in traditional dress from all over the world, lively conversation, henna hand decorating, and a lot of laughter.

This year, the dinner also delivered a feature for this magazine. Anisa Mehdi ’78, an Emmy award-winning journalist, spoke about her recent trip to Saudi Arabia, filming an American group on the Hajj, the Muslim pilgrimage—a group that included Amira Quraishi, Wellesley’s Muslim chaplain. Anisa’s fascinating stories pointed the way to our article “On Hajj” (page 16). Her insider’s view offers perspectives we rarely hear, and she shares the lessons she learned about “the self on the road of life.”

As for our Sidrah, she is only a few weeks away from graduation. We’ll miss her careful workmanship, her stories of family at home and in Pakistan, and her quiet, joyful presence in our office. As she heads off down “the road of life,” we wish her success and say to her,

—Alice M. Hummer, editor
Letters to the Editor

Wellesley welcomes short letters (a maximum length of 300 words) relating to articles or items that have appeared in recent issues of the magazine. Send your remarks to the Editor, Wellesley magazine, 106 Central St., Wellesley, MA 02481-8203, or email your comments to magazine@alum.wellesley.edu.

THE INSPIRING STORY OF THE FIRE

I’m writing today to congratulate you on how meaningful the current issue is. Back when I was a Wellesley student, I had realized that there was a major fire at Wellesley decades earlier and that a building had been destroyed, but I had no idea how large the building was or how much of the College was contained in it (“The Night That Changed Wellesley,” winter ’14). The 100th anniversary stories in Wellesley magazine and on the Wellesley website are fascinating, informative, and inspiring, starting with the editor’s column. Alice Hummer, Lisa Scanlon Mogolov ’99, Helen Lefkowitz Horowitz ’63, and everyone else involved should all be congratulated. What an inspiring story that everyone was able to remain calm and get out safely and that the College opened again only three weeks later!

CLAIRE PARKINSON ’70
Greenbelt, Md.

LESSONS OF THE FIRE

Thank you for your excellent articles on the College Hall fire and its aftereffects. I thoroughly enjoyed the coverage.

My mother, Marion Scudder Cameron 1917, was one of the girls in nightgowns who filed out that night. She and her roommate had a paper due soon, she told me. Her roommate had written hers, my mother had not, and the roommate’s paper was burned up in the fire. I lesson my mother carried away and taught to me was that it can be a great mistake to be too forehanded.

Last minute is safer. Through the years, with manifold late-night sessions over academic papers, I followed her advice pretty faithfully.

Mary “Polly” Cameron Williams ’44
Raleigh, N.C.

A MOTHER’S EXPERIENCE

Thank you so much for the fabulous article on the fire! My mother, Bess de Beer Aufsesser 1914, was in the fire, escaping with just her coat. She, of course, never really got over the experience. When we traveled, we always stayed in the lowest-floor rooms that were available. Looking at the pictures in the Wellesley magazine, I can surely understand why.

BETTY AUFSSESSER SONNEBORN ’44
Slingerlands, N.Y.

POST-FIRE LEADERSHIP

Thank you so much for your articles on the college fire. My mother, Helen Oliver Underwood ’21 (a student for two years around 1918), told me that she was told that the next morning at chapel, President Pendleton chose Beethoven’s ‘Hymn to Joy’ for the students to sing, with its lines:

“Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;
Drive the dark of doubt away.
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day.”

Indeed, President Pendleton did “set the course of the College.”

ELIZABETH UNDERWOOD MOSLEY ’45
Jenkintown, Pa.

COURAGE AT WELLESLEY

This is a wonderful story of the courage of all the people involved in rebuilding the College after the great fire!

MARIAN VALLANCE ’47
Newtown, Pa.

COLLEGE HALL AND OTHER MEMORIES

I have enjoyed the current issue of the alumnae magazine immensely. I lived in Tower Court all my years at Wellesley. There was a remnant of College Hall just down the hill from Claflin. I’ve always been struck by the immensity of College Hall and the great statement it made on behalf of women’s education. Another memory is the Widows. When I joined them, they were pastel shirtwaists and dark skirts. My mother, Mary Gunn Wells ’38 (herself the daughter of Harriet Willcox Gunn 1903), thought that garb made no sense and that we should wear black, as widows. I brought the thought back to the group, and the rest is history. I have always been grateful to be a Wellesley alumna. The College has always been a great pioneer.

ANNE WELLS HARMS ’59
West Lebanon, N.H.

Continued on page 76
Academic Freedom: A Basic Tenet

**This Year,** as in every year at Wellesley, we engaged in discussion and debate on campus about many issues. Three important debates, whose issues were seemingly quite different, focused on the same underlying theme: academic freedom.

Last summer, we launched a wonderfully successful academic program and conference on liberal arts and women’s leadership in partnership with Peking University (PKU). In the fall, many of our faculty rallied in support of a PKU economics professor who said his teaching contract was not renewed because of his advocacy for academic freedom and human rights. In light of this allegation, a number of faculty members felt that the College should reconsider its partnership with PKU. It was a complicated issue, but after a few months of vigorous debate, our faculty voted to reaffirm the partnership. I am pleased that they did so, because it is my strong belief that academic freedom everywhere thrives when international partnerships are formed and supported. Wellesley and PKU have an opportunity to learn from each other, informed by our differences. While we can never fully know all the reasons for Professor Xia Yeliang’s dismissal last fall, and there is still disagreement on campus about that, there is general agreement that he has been a vocal advocate for academic freedom and human rights.

And then, over the winter, several discipline-specific scholarly associations, including the American Studies Association, called for a boycott of Israeli academic institutions, arguing that those institutions were complicit in Israel’s violation of the human rights of Palestinians. This action by the scholarly organizations provoked discussions in our community and around the world, and prompted me to respond publicly with a statement opposing the boycott—not on political grounds, since I do not think that is my role as president—but rather on moral and ethical grounds, because boycotts of that nature attack the very core of the academy. No matter the politics, cutting ties with colleagues around the world does nothing to promote tolerance, understanding, or a diverse exchange of ideas. It is an assault on our primary strength, and on our reason for being.

In February, you no doubt saw the news unfold about the installation of the *Sleepwalker* sculpture at Wellesley, as part of a larger exhibition, *Tony Matelli: New Gravity.* The response it generated on campus, and off, resulted in extensive conversation about art, feminism, artistic and academic freedom, and censorship, to name a few topics. It was a difficult but useful and educational set of conversations. As I wrote in a letter to the editor of the *Wall Street Journal* in February, I am proud to be part of a community where women feel free to argue passionately for what they believe in—and a college that has a long history of just that.

Academic freedom is a basic tenet of our educational system and is one of the values that we must continue to uphold. When those values are challenged, questioned, or threatened by others, it is our right—indeed, it is our duty—as individuals, as a College community, and as a global academic institution to speak up and to speak out.

‘I am proud to be part of a community where women feel free to argue passionately for what they believe in—and a college that has a long history of just that.’

—H. Kim Bottomly

These conversations at Wellesley this year have been challenging. There were times when our community felt divided. But these conversations have been an important reminder of the strength of our liberal-arts environment—where difference of opinion is respected and valued, and where many different voices can join in a debate about important and difficult issues.

Academic freedom is never easy. It is, however, the bulwark, the *sine qua non,* of our enterprise, and I am proud to be at Wellesley where it is firmly, consistently, and strongly upheld.

H. Kim Bottomly
Back in 1879, the Wellesley College Calendar proudly declared that “a large and costly collection of models of plants which was prepared for, and exhibited at, the French Exposition, in 1878, by Auzoux, of Paris, has been lately imported for the College and added to the Botanical Department.” This papier-mâché iris is one of those models, still in use after 135 years—although temporarily relocated to the Davis Museum as part of the exhibit The Art of Science, up until June 22. The show features objects and images used in science classrooms at Wellesley from the time of the school’s founding to the 1940s. Kristina Jones, director of the botanic gardens, says the College was rightly proud of its models. “We have the best collection, I think, in the world. It’s just amazing,” she says.

—Lisa Scanlon Mogolov ’99
SUSTAINABILITY ON TAP

Janna Zimmermann '14

It is just this sort of “real world” project that the Sustainability Certificate is meant to foster. Zimmermann didn’t come cold to this field. Her father, a hydrogeochemist, works as an environmental risk manager. He cleans up hazardous waste sites. “My dad raised me with a sort of innate sense of the role that risk plays in decision making and how to account for it, instead of being afraid of it. Risk is opportunity. And you can either embrace the opportunity or you can run away from it.”

Zimmermann admits, though, her own passion lies elsewhere than in hazardous waste. She draws a generational distinction with her father: “He’s handling the problems that his generation created, and I’m going to be preventing problems that my generation could create.”

The Sustainability Certificate requires two core courses, SUST 201 Introduction to Sustainability, and SUST 301 Sustainability Synthesis, plus four electives: at least one liberal-arts course, one engineering course, and one business course. Students must take at least one course at each of the three institutions.

Zimmermann took an Olin course in materials science and engineering, with a focus on the role of material choices in sustainable product design. This semester, she’s taking a Babson course in sustainable and environmental entrepreneurship. “And that’s looking for opportunities out of areas that look like problems.”

She adds, “I like the melding of the real, physical, present world and what we’re studying. You know, it’s one thing to talk about economic disparity. It’s another thing to experience it and to actually work on making a difference in that area.”

One of her projects, for instance, involved combating urban food insecurity by helping indoor “farmers.” In some places, soil contamination makes growing one’s own vegetables a risky business, even if a garden plot is available. Instead, the growers Zimmermann works with build raised beds, often within some kind of greenhouse or other structure. They’re dependent on fans, lights, heaters, and watering systems to control the climate and make the most of New England’s short growing season. Zimmermann has helped develop low-cost computerized controls for these systems.

If she has a critique of the new program, it’s that professors need to be getting more feedback from the students. But the professors, she says, “have done an admirable job, especially in encouraging the students to not be afraid to take risks, and to step out of their own comfort zones.”

—Ruth Walker

‘It’s one thing to talk about economic disparity. It’s another thing to experience it and to actually work on making a difference in that area.’ —JANNA ZIMMERMANN ’14
MADELEINE KORBEL ALBRIGHT ’59 was not only the first female secretary of state but also the first top diplomat to turn jewelry into a communication tool. “[I]t would never have happened if not for Saddam Hussein,” she wrote in her book, Read My Pins: Stories From a Diplomat’s Jewel Box. In 1994, while still serving as US ambassador to the United Nations, she criticized the Iraqi leader’s behavior and drew a sharp response: The government-controlled press published a poem calling her, among other things, “an unparalleled serpent.” Soon after, for a meeting with Iraqi officials, she wore a brooch in the form of a serpent.

As the TV cameras zoomed in, she related, she smiled and called the pin just her way of “sending a message.”

It was to be the first of many such messages sent via a wide array of pins and brooches over her diplomatic career. Now an exhibition drawn from her collection will be on view at the Davis Museum from June 9 through July 20. Admission is free for alumnae who register with their name and class year. Timed tickets are required, and advance booking online is strongly advised. See www.wellesley.edu/davismuseum.

— Ruth Walker

1. This lovely “Blue Bird,” by Anton Lachmann of Austria, ca. 1880, of 14-karat yellow gold, silver, and enamel, with rubies and diamonds, figured in Albright’s second attempt to send a message via jewelry. In February 1996, she wore the pin, with its head pointing down, to a press conference where she expressed her anger and sadness after Cuban fighter pilots shot down two unarmed civilian aircraft over international waters between Florida and Cuba.

2. “I was proud to be the first woman to serve as secretary of state. … This is a pin showing the glass ceiling in its ideal condition: shattered.” The pin, called “Breaking the Glass Ceiling,” was made around 1997 by American artist Vivian Shimoyama, of dichroic and painted glass.

3. “Diplomatic negotiations often proceeded more slowly than hoped,” Albright wrote in her memoir-cum-art book. “I stocked up on turtles to signify my impatience and wore the crab when aggravated.” The crab pin pictured here was made in France ca. 1999, of yellow gold–plated base metal, copper, crystals, and resin.

4. This serpent had been in her collection for years before she decided to wear it to her meeting with Iraqi officials. Made in about 1860 by an unknown designer, it is of 18-karat yellow gold, with a diamond in its mouth.

5. This peace dove, ca. 1997, by Cécile et Jeanne of France, was a gift from Leah Rabin, widow of Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin. Among Albright’s favorites, the pin symbolizes the goal—peace in the Holy Land—“for which the prime minister had given his life,” she wrote.

6. “Because I am by nature a worried optimist (as opposed to a contented pessimist), I found many opportunities to wear my brooch of a brilliantly shining sun,” Albright wrote. This “Sunburst,” of gilded brass, was made in 1987 by Hervé van der Straeten of France.
A circus atmosphere surrounds College Road as cars drive slowly past the nearly naked figure of a man, his eyes closed in sleep, his arms outstretched. At the side of the road, people mill around him, posing for the camera. They reach out hesitantly to touch his skin, laughing uneasily.

The “man” is actually a sculpture titled Sleepwalker and its outdoor installation as part of the Davis exhibition, Tony Matelli: New Gravity, has generated intense controversy on campus. While many people see the hyperrealistic sculpture figure as representing little more than a paunchy, middle-aged guy in white briefs, others find the figure deeply disturbing. They argue that Sleepwalker undermines community members’ sense of safety by triggering unwelcome associations with sexual assault. Some students circulated a petition to move the sculpture inside the museum.

The controversy has become a sideshow to the rest of the exhibition, which includes imagery of a variety and depth that Sleepwalker only hints at. Inside the Davis, there’s a second figure of a sleeping man; this time he’s young, fully clothed, and levitating eerily above the gallery floor. Other sculptures involve similar feats of weightlessness, including coils of thick rope that twist toward the ceiling like cobras dancing to a snake charmer’s tune, and a vase of stargazer lilies in which the branch of flowers is turned upside down, poised gracefully on the lip of the container.

Matelli’s work emphasizes the transitional space that exists between opposites: heavy and light, awake and asleep, interior and exterior. In the Davis’s lower gallery, he’s created large, opaque “windows,” which have been suspended from the ceiling. The “glass” in the darkened windows is broken; its neglect suggests a larger malaise in the life of the building and its occupants. Matelli’s sculpted windows also include details such as a pair of wet socks, a cactus plant, and a dead bird that invite viewers to invent their own stories.

Interpretations of Sleepwalker run the gamut from creepy stalker to lost soul to sad sack. Seen from the window of the Davis’s upper gallery, the man on the lawn below looks vulnerable, exposed to the elements, cut down, alone. The distance lends perspective on the sleepwalker’s existential plight, which is why Matelli and Lisa Fischman, the Davis’s director, sited the figure there.

Up close, however, the figure arouses curiosity, aversion, pity, and humor. People marvel at the uncanny resemblance to a living, breathing human being. They circle the figure warily, as they would a visitor from another planet, even though they know it’s art. They wonder, “Is it supposed to be funny or serious?” and “Can I touch it?”

Matelli says he’s fascinated by the moment when someone first encounters one of his sculptures. In the first instant they think it’s real, and in the next they realize it’s a work of art. This, too, is a marginal state, transitioning from belief to unbelief, which he sees as fertile artistic ground.

“I’m interested in the grotesque, where you feel attraction and horror at the same time and you can’t reconcile them,” he says. “The place where these opposites collide is powerful territory.”

He’s hardly the first hyperrealist sculptor to provoke a strong reaction. Duane Hanson (1925–1996) generated controversy in the 1960s with his depictions of backroom abortions and motorcycle accidents. Hanson used the technique of life casting—making molds from real people—which lends startling power to his figures. His work influenced Matelli, but while both artists use similar techniques, their aims are different.

Hanson set out to shock people, while Matelli says that was not his intention with Sleepwalker.

He’s perplexed by the intense reaction on campus, although he says he understands how the figure could have a triggering effect on certain individuals. Still, it puzzles him that people would find the figure menacing in any way. “For this show, I decided to revisit the idea of a sleepwalker, which I’ve done before, and make him older,” he says. “It’s an opportunity to expand the narrative and declare that this person is still lost after all these years, still sleepwalking.”

—April Austin
THE SLEEPWALKER: THE VOICES OF DEBATE

In early February, the installation of Tony Matelli’s Sleepwalker sculpture on the edge of Munger Meadow sparked intense campus debate. Thanks to social media, the story went viral, and the College became the subject of media coverage around the world. Below are some of the many voices, on campus and off, that weighed in.

Change.org Petition, posted Feb. 5 by a Wellesley student //
The sculpture of the nearly naked man on the Wellesley College campus is an inappropriate and potentially harmful addition to our community that we, as members of the student body, would like removed from outdoor space immediately, and placed inside the Davis Museum.

Statement in response from Lisa Fischman, Ruth Gordon Shapiro ’37 Director of the Davis //
I love the idea of art escaping the museum and muddling the line between what we expect to be inside (art) and what we expect to be outside (life). As the best art does, Tony Matelli’s work provokes dialogue, and discourse is at the core of education.

“LET’S UNPACK THE DEBATE OVER A NEARLY-NAKED MAN STATUE AT A WOMEN’S COLLEGE”
GUARDIAN LONDON

Wellesley News, Editorial //
Despite the media onslaught it has wrought, the Sleepwalker controversy reflects the progress that debate and interaction between students and administration can achieve in a model of representative democracy. This ongoing interaction has certainly not resolved all student concerns, but students have a chance to have their voices heard and are nurturing a movement to realize the changes that they want to see. … We should continue to foster the cooperation that was ignited by the Sleepwalker in order to empower students with the ability to change the aspects of the College that they believe need improvement.

“DOES THIS STATUE BELONG ON CAMPUS?”
DENVER POST

Feminist Reflections on the Wellesley
Sleepwalker, Lamia Balafrej, Catia Confortini, and Sima Shakharsi, assistant professors //
We suggest that, rather than framing this event within a binary wherein the only possible positions are either to remove the Sleepwalker as an example of misogynistic artwork that offends all women alike, or to sacralize it as art and therefore beyond critique, this event should be used as an opportunity to create productive dialogue about visual culture, public/private spaces, feminism, race, class, militarization, and other issues that are often ignored in sensationalized coverage of this event.

“FEAR AND LOATHING AT WELLESLEY”
WALL STREET JOURNAL

“BRIEF STIR OVER SCULPTURE AT MASS. COLLEGE”
JOURNAL—GAZETTE, FORT WAYNE, IN.

STUDENT THOUGHTS WRITTEN ON A COMMENT WALL IN THE WANG CAMPUS CENTER

More on the Sleepwalker Controversy, Feb. 14 memo from President H. Kim Bottomly //
Kim Bottomly // I met on Wednesday with a group of students, faculty, staff, and administrators to help advise me on how we can address most effectively the concerns that have been raised, support the students who have spoken publicly, and together move forward as a mutually supportive community. … The dialogue about the Sleepwalker sculpture has raised a number of issues about the nature of community—and our community members’ safety. The working group talked about the ways in which education, by design, introduces ideas that disturb, and that the fact that learning is often accompanied by a disruption of personal perspective. We talked at length about “triggering” and how Sleepwalker could be perceived as a trigger for more than just memories of sexual assault. We talked about academic and artistic freedom—and free speech. We also explored ideas of space: public vs. private space, academic vs. residential space, and the expectations associated with campus spaces. We talked about how we rejected public attacks on Wellesley and its students.

The Sleepwalker, Moving Forward, Feb. 20 memo from President H. Kim Bottomly //
I have come to two conclusions: We cannot destroy the artistic integrity of this exhibition by moving the sculpture, and also, we must do everything we can to support those students who find themselves deeply affected by it.
Super-Charged Superfan

Although she can be seen around campus in a blue spandex suit, Mariah Philips ’15 isn’t a superhero. She is a self-described superfan, however.

Her powers include cheering on the athletic teams at Wellesley, working in the athletic training room, calling stats at basketball games, and anchoring third base for the softball team. “I’m very invested in the athletic community here,” Philips says. “Since I came from a high school which has a pretty impressive athletic program, I’m used to having a little bit more enthusiasm around sports. When I got here, I felt like I really wanted to ramp it up — so I purchased a spandex suit.”

The blue spandex suit is often embellished with blue shorts, a blue shirt, blue socks — you name it. “It’s a very ornate get-up,” Philips says. “I like to really support other teams just because I love sports.”

In addition to her work leading the cheering section in the stands, Philips is on the student-athlete advisory committee of the Department of Physical Education, Recreation, and Athletics. She also participated in the athlete-mentor program, where upperclasswomen are paired with first-year athletes to help them acclimate to the College.

Her primary responsibilities lie with the softball team, of course, which is what drew her to Wellesley in the first place. “I wasn’t actually looking at Wellesley that seriously at all until I went on an official visit,” Philips says. “I stayed with the team and absolutely fell in love with the players and the coach and the campus.”

Originally from Palo Alto, Calif., she has been playing softball since she was 10, but basketball wasn’t unfamiliar. “As I got older, [softball] really started to grow on me,” Philips says. “You live for those moments when you’re in the batter’s box, and there’s a runner on third and you’re down by one run, and you need to poke it through the infield. As a softball player, that’s why you play the game.”

A utility player, Philips split time between third base and right field her first year at Wellesley, but since then, she’s played third base fairly exclusively. “I have played pretty much all the positions in the infield in my softball career, so it wasn’t unfamiliar,” Philips says.

She’s tackling another role this year that also shouldn’t be unfamiliar: being the hustle and hype leader. After graduating six seniors last year, the softball team decided to forgo naming captains and instead assigned each player a job. “For every practice, for every game, I’m in charge of making sure the team is focused and energetic and pumped to be there,” Philips says. “I aspire to bring out a little superfan in everybody.”

— Jennifer E. Garrett ’98
Remembering 1914

ON MARCH 17, 100 years after the fire that destroyed College Hall, the Wellesley community came together to remember the pivotal event and celebrate the resilience of the College. President H. Kim Bottomly addressed the crowd, dressed in Edwardian-era clothing (above, with Provost Andrew Shennan). “We owe a great deal to the Wellesley of 1914,” she said. “The extraordinary commitment and action then allowed our Wellesley of now to thrive. It is our great responsibility today to pay it forward; our great responsibility to do all that we can to ensure that 100 years from today—in 2114—the president of Wellesley will be standing here dressed in those funny clothes that we all wore in 2014, and she will be thanking us for our unflagging commitment to Wellesley.”

By the Numbers / 2013 Alumnae Survey

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Percent who reported being “very satisfied” or “generally satisfied” with their undergraduate education</th>
<th>Percent who have received a doctorate</th>
<th>Percent who have served as an officer or on a committee for a local club, organization, or place of worship</th>
<th>Percent of respondents from the class of 1976 who reported having no children</th>
<th>Percent who think Wellesley has more than adequately prepared them to formulate creative ideas and solutions</th>
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<td>92</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>83</td>
<td>25</td>
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Reports from Around Campus

College Road

Overheard

“There should be no Wendy Wellesley. We are all Wellesley women, and the variety of Wellesley women is infinite. We want to be aware [of] and supportive of everyone in the community.”

—Former Dean of Students Molly Sanderson Campbell ’60, who died in January (see “In Memoriam,” page 72)

Watsons Galore

What a Wad of Watsons. Wellesley seniors cleaned up this year when the Thomas J. Watson Fellowships were announced in March: Three of them took home the prestigious prize that provides $28,000 for a year of “independent, purposeful exploration and travel.” Beatrice Denham ’14 will visit countries ranging from Morocco to Uzbekistan to apprentice as a brickmaker and study local traditions of construction. Using visual journaling (mapping, gestural sketching, and architectural drawing), Mayrah Udvardi ’14 will explore the forces that threaten indigenous communities. Audrey Wozniak ’14 will be studying three musical traditions (gamelan, muqam, and cimbalom band) in five different countries.

Poetic Laurels

In March, Frank Bidart, Andrew W. Mellon Professor of the Humanities and professor of English, won the National Book Critics Circle Award for Poetry for his 2013 collection, Metaphysical Dog. The award is the one of the most distinguished American prizes offered to a poet for a single publication. For more on the volume, see “A Poet's Identity” in the fall ’13 issue.
Wisdom is typical of people “who are interested in personal growth, and more open to new experiences, as opposed to people who are more conventional,” Paul Wink says.

Show Some Personality

Henry A. Murray was an eminent personality psychologist who advocated studying individuals within their cultural and biological context—an approach he called “personology”—and Wink received the award as much for his methods as his research. Wink particularly emphasizes the importance of analyzing individual lives alongside quantitative data, taking history and culture into consideration, and utilizing multiple theories—all of which he plans to discuss in his Murray Award address at the APA meeting in August.

While Wink’s research interests are wide-ranging, different areas overlap in unexpected ways. For example, narcissism and spirituality are linked: Since the 1980s, some scholars have argued that Americans who identify themselves as spiritual but not religious are more likely to be unhealthy narcissists. According to this argument, traditional religion emphasizes responsibility and engagement in the community, while spirituality untethered from religion is selfish and self-serving.

Wink took up the subject of religion and spirituality when he revived a longitudinal study of Californians that began in the 1920s, when the subjects were children; he interviewed them when they were in their 70s. He and Michele Dillon, professor of sociology at the University of New Hampshire, analyzed the findings and showed that spirituality is related to the healthy form of narcissism. Furthermore, they found that people who are spiritual are just as likely as those who are religious to be altruistic and concerned for their communities.

Wink began teaching at Wellesley in 1992 and is now chair of the psychology department and is also the Class of 1949 Professor in Ethics. In addition to teaching courses in abnormal psychology, systems of psychotherapy, and clinical assessment, he finds time to continue expanding his research in new directions. In one current project, he is examining the differing attitudes Wellesley students of Chinese, Korean, and European descent have toward their bodies.

Another study focuses on wisdom, which is related to healthy narcissism and spirituality. Wink says, “Wisdom, Wink says, is typical of people “who are interested in personal growth and more open to new experiences, as opposed to people who are more conventional.”

—Elizabeth Johnson '01
**Biological Humility**

**EMILY BUCHHOLTZ**, Gordon and Althea Lang ’26 Professor of Biological Sciences, wants to change the way we look at the tree of life. It is, she maintains, “a bush, not a tree.”

Biologists have been drawing tree-like schematics to indicate evolutionary relationships at least since Charles Darwin. Unlike genealogists, with their top-down family trees, biologists started at the bottom with the earliest organisms and branched upward—and their charts did look like trees.

The traditional scientist’s “tree of life” was typically tall and relatively narrow, especially at the bottom. Monera and amoebae were at the bottom, mammals at the top. But a younger generation of scientists have noted that in each “adaptive radiation”—each big branching of evolution that leads to a lot of other smaller branches—there’s a lot going on at first, a lot of branches appearing lower down. Modern biologists draw the “tree” as a bush, and so “A Bush Not a Tree” became the title of the Distinguished Faculty Lecture that Buchholtz gave on campus earlier this semester.

This gets to the second big point she took up in her lecture: “Complexity comes at a price.” Evolution in one direction tends to close off options in another. Some of the most highly specialized creatures, the ones most perfectly adapted to their specific micro-environment, are the ones that tend not to fare well if that environment changes—and environments are changing all around us.

The more broadly adapted creatures—cockroaches got a brief shout-out in the lecture—are arguably more successful than the “picky” ones, including any number of tropical plants and insects.

This leads to a third big idea: “biological humility.” As Buchholtz put it in her lecture, “There is no hierarchy, in a vertical sense. We are co-inhabitants.” She chafes at the idea of humans as “more complex” than other creatures. “We are not more complex. We are complex in a different way,” she says.

She amplified in an interview: “You could easily argue that there are arthropods or angiosperms or bacteria that in their way are as complex as we’d like to think of ourselves as being. We also tend to think of ourselves as being very recent innovations, that we come like the end product of this glorious tree. And in fact, all species that are alive today have essentially the same ultimate lineage, back to 4 billion years ago.”

—Ruth Walker

**OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM**

**Eclipse Chaser**

**WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW** about Adele Wolfson, Nan Walsh Schow ’54 and Howard B. Schow Professor in the Physical and Natural Sciences, is that she’s not the kind of person to fly to the Caribbean just to see the sky go dark for a few minutes. Except that after eight total solar eclipses, she has become that kind of person.

She describes her first one, in 1998: “If you knew us, especially then, you would think, Aruba in February? Really? I’m taking the kids out of school to do this? We don’t do any of those things, right? We don’t go to tropical isles, and we don’t spend money. But to see an eclipse, we did all of those things.”

Wolfson’s husband, an astronomer and physicist, had been telling her that she needed to see at least one total solar eclipse. And seeing one in Aruba seemed somehow doable.

“It was magic. It was the most wonderful three minutes that I have ever experienced. It got completely dark. The stars came out. The animals stopped making noise,” Wolfson says.

Eclipse No. 2 was in France. “It was pouring rain, and we just drove along the line of the eclipse. And then we pulled over, and the sky opened up, and we saw the eclipse, and it was just fantastic, again. By then, we were completely hooked.”

Have you ever been disappointed?
The only one that we’ve ever been clouded out for was in the Cook Islands. We went to this tiny little island that has maybe 200 inhabitants. They had been preparing for us to come for years. They planted extra crops. They had no hotels there, so they put us up in the schoolhouse. And then it was clouded over. And I felt so bad for the people.

But you don’t just see an eclipse. You experience an eclipse. It still actually does get darker. It does get cooler, even though you can’t see everything that’s going on. The people who had never seen one before actually felt like they had had the experience.

What’s the difference between solar eclipses and lunar ones?
Well, lunar eclipses are a dime a dozen. A lunar eclipse is not going to make you think that the world is ending. You can really see why people who didn’t understand how to predict a solar eclipse would really think it was going to be the end of the world, because it feels like that.

How has this changed you?
It’s good for me sometimes to stop and think about things that are beautiful.

—Ruth Walker
Shelflife

Reviews of books by Wellesley authors

A Complicated Hero Remembered

LYNN SHERR '63
Sally Ride: America’s First Woman in Space
Simon & Schuster
400 pages, $28

When Sally Ride died on July 23, 2012, her obituary surprised space fans in more ways than one. No one outside her immediate circle had known she was ill with pancreatic cancer, and as she was only 61, her death came as a shock. But admirers were just as surprised by the sentence in her obituary acknowledging her female partner of 27 years, Tam O’Shaughnessy. As it turns out, even some of Sally Ride’s closest friends hadn’t known about her relationship either, and Lynn Sherr ’63 was among those left in the dark. Sherr first met Sally Ride when she was covering the space program for ABC News; when a new group of astronaut candidates was chosen in 1978 (the first group to include non-pilots, nonwhites, and women), Sally Ride was among them. The two women hit it off, both as interviewer/interviewee and as friends. They remained close, even after Sherr was no longer reporting on spacelight and after Ride had left NASA. So it was bewildering to Sherr to learn that she had been left out of such a significant part of Ride’s story as her life partnership.

As a result, the questions that drive Sherr’s new biography, Sally Ride: America’s First Woman in Space, are real questions, much to the benefit of the book. With the full support of O’Shaughnessy and the Ride family, Sherr sought out the insights of Ride’s childhood friends and teachers, NASA coworkers and crewmates, friends and former lovers. The picture that emerges is complex and nuanced. Fellow astronauts remember her unfailing competence and intelligence. Her younger sister remembers her competitiveness and determination. Several friends remember being frozen out after overstepping unspoken boundaries. Her first girlfriend remembers Ride’s warmth and her lack of anxiety over finding herself in a same-sex relationship. Her former husband, fellow astronaut Steve Hawley, remembers her resentment at having to play the dutiful spouse during his own launches into space.

Most astronaut biographies are part hagiography, part advertisement for NASA, and understandably so. Those who have risked their lives in order to reach into the unknown are among the few people we can still comfortably acknowledge as heroes. When an astronaut does break the code and give writers fodder for sensationalism, the incidents draw flurries of coverage but few thoughtful responses.

Go the Distance

MONICA BYRNE ’03
The Girl in the Road
Crown
336 pages, $26

The Girl in the Road, the enthralling debut novel by Monica Byrne ’03, takes place in a world where “Wave” is the next frontier of artificial energy. It is 2068, India is the dominant global power, and a long pontoon bridge stretches from Mumbai to Djibouti and makes energy with metallic hydrogen threads, solar panels, waves, and intelligent chips. (The bridge is called the Trans-Arabian Linear Generator, or the Trail.) In this society, the government can follow one’s every move with tracking devices. And heroine Meena has woken up with painful snakebites—possibly thanks to a terrorist organization. To escape danger, she decides to flee India by walking more than 3,000 kilometers on the Trail.

Besides its distance, the Trail is not an easy route out of the country. For one, it’s illegal to walk on it, though a subculture of walkers has emerged, complete with a black market for useful supplies. (Tech geeks will love the devices and tools that Byrne has invented to keep Meena fed, sheltered, entertained, and alive.) Balancing on the floating and bobbing bridge is impossibly difficult, and Meena keeps a nocturnal schedule to avoid harsh sunlight on the open water. It is exhilarating to watch her slowly make her way across the wide Arabian Sea.

Early in Meena’s journey, a lover makes a prescient comment that echoes throughout the novel: “Relationships never end. Once made,
For nearly two decades, Denise Brosseau has been a leader in the field of entrepreneurship and women’s economic empowerment. In 1999, after a career in tech, Brosseau founded the Forum for Women Entrepreneurs. Later, she cofounded Springboard Enterprises to promote women’s access to venture capital. At the time, women were getting 1 percent of venture funding; now the figure is 9 percent. That includes over $6 billion that Springboard-affiliated companies have raised. Now she is sharing her strategy for making an impact so that others can replicate it.

“Thought leader” has been cited as one of the most overused business buzzwords.

One of my goals is to reclaim that word. Being a thought leader is related to being a change agent. Also, there is a difference between subject-matter experts and thought leaders. The former want you to know how smart they are, but thought leaders are trying to share their expertise.

Does everyone who reads your book have to give a TED talk? What can a regular person learn? You can be discoverable for what you’re doing now, which means speaking up for yourself and showcasing your expertise. Most women don’t create good LinkedIn profiles with their skills and expertise, or they don’t speak up for themselves, or they don’t speak up, period. I use the phrase “being discoverable.” If we don’t know people and can’t find them, how can they make difference in the world?

What were some of your goals in writing the book?

I’d like to see more people claiming their expertise and speaking up for the change they want to see in the world. I have spoken to an amazing woman rabbi, raised in a culture where women’s voices should always be softer than men’s; extremely competent women raised by nuns who are told, “Don’t ask so many questions”; or women whose fathers told them, “You’re too big for your britches.”

Why is it important to be a thought leader?

We have a responsibility to be role models and to pay forward all the help we got in our careers. We want to encourage and reward and invite others. You can actually invite more women to be more discoverable.

By Amy Willard Cross ’82 | Cross is an author and editor and founder of the women’s news site Vitamin W (vitaminw.co).
ON HAJJ

By Anisa Mehdi ’78

THOUSANDS OF PILGRIMS PERFORM THE TAWAF, THE CIRCLING OF THE SHRINE CALLED THE KA‘ABA (THE BLACK STRUCTURE AT THE CENTER), IN MECCA’S GREAT MOSQUE.

MUSTAFA OZER / AFP / GETTY IMAGES
THE FIRST AMERICAN WOMAN TO COVER THE ICONIC MUSLIM PILGRIMAGE FOR BROADCAST IN THE US, ANISA MEHDI ’78—AN EMMY AWARD-WINNING JOURNALIST—WAS FAMILIAR WITH THE RITUALS OF THE HAJJ. BUT HER RECENT TRIP TO SAUDI ARABIA YIELDED FRESH LESSONS FROM AN ANCIENT WOMAN’S HEROISM.
THE CROWD WAS CRUSHING.
I COULD HARDLY BREATHE.
IF I DIDN’T ALLOW MY BONES TO SOFTEN,
LET MY RIGHT SHOULDER FOLD OVER MY COLLARBONE,
SUCK IN MY RIBS LIKE AN ACCORDION, I FEARED I WOULD CRACK.

In a place as monumentally alive as the Ka’aba at the center of Mecca’s Great Mosque during Hajj season, no one wants to get hurt. With more than 22,000 medical professionals at the ready, EMS squads standing by, emergency clinics tucked into tiny openings under the Great Mosque, and an ultra-modern control room staffed with people watching the pilgrims’ progress via myriad mounted cameras, it would still take a proverbial lifetime to get from the midst of this spiritual maelstrom to a stretcher.

I didn’t want to miss a nanosecond of the tumultuous, transcendental, unifying experience of circling this ancient shrine with several hundred thousand other human beings, because I was there as a reporter, not a participant. I didn’t know when I’d get a chance to experience it again. So I let my bones liquefy.

I’m no newcomer to covering the iconic pilgrimage that every able-bodied Muslim is encouraged to make once in a lifetime. This past October, I was in Mecca and Medina in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia and filmed the great pilgrimage for national broadcast on PBS for the third time.

So I thought I knew what to expect: long hours, exhaustion, getting lost from time to time, camera batteries dying at just the wrong time, and random people objecting to my work. I also expected spiritual insights, connections, and miracles. But this journey hurled more at me. It was a graduate-level course in maintaining sanity and humanity in the face of incompetence and arrogance. It was a how-to on battling my own feelings of impotence and fury. Only swimming in the whirlpool of the tawaf—the circling of the shrine called the Ka’aba, a black box-like structure—did I find some peace and absolution, the promised rewards for people practicing pilgrimage. But I wasn’t practicing. I was working. At the time, I thought the two were different.

We were filming a group of Americans making the Hajj with the Islamic Society of Boston. One advantage of working as a documentary filmmaker is you may grow close to some remarkable people over a compressed period of time. Call it luck, fortune, coincidence, or karma, but among the remarkable people on this adventure was Amira Quraishi, Wellesley’s Muslim chaplain.
THE FIVE PILLARS OF ISLAM AND THE HAJJ: A PRIMER

The Hajj pilgrimage is one of five major responsibilities for observant Muslims. In order of priority, these “pillars of Islam” are:

1  
**TESTIFYING THAT THERE IS NO GOD BUT GOD.**
Following the footsteps of Abraham (Ibrahim in Arabic), Muslims are uncompromising on the Unity of the Almighty. This commitment to Unity (tawheed) is reflected in the remaining pillars and reinforced in practice.

2  
**PRAYING FIVE TIMES DAILY.**
Ritual prayer occurs at appointed times throughout the day, from before dawn until before bed.

3  
**GIVING TO CHARITY.**
As in many other religious traditions, priority is placed on taking care of those less fortunate than you are. Charity also includes giving to organizations that benefit society.

4  
**FASTING DURING RAMADAN.**
The ninth month of the Islamic calendar is designated a time to fast, dawn until dusk, to demonstrate self-discipline and to relate viscerally to people who are hungry. Unless they are ill, traveling, pregnant, or nursing, people forgo the ingestion of food or water. They do not smoke. They forgo bad behaviors—no quarreling, complaining, gossip. Evenings become a time of gatherings and gratitude.

5  
**MAKING THE PILGRIMAGE DURING THE LAST MONTH OF THE ISLAMIC CALENDAR.**
Every able-bodied Muslim who can afford the journey without causing pain or inconvenience to family or employers is recommended to make this one-time-lifetime pilgrimage. Although pilgrimage to Mecca occurs every day, the great pilgrimage or Hajj happens only during the 12th month of the year. The rituals of the Hajj are as follows:

- First, people prepare themselves, body and soul, by coming into a state of spiritual sanctity called ihram. No perfumes. No makeup. Two simple white cloths—the Islamic death shroud—wrap the body.

- Then people come into Mecca and perform rituals at the Great Mosque that can be done any day of the year: circling the Ka’aba seven times—tawaf—and hurling between two hills called Safa and Marwa—sayee—recalling Hagar’s search for water in the desert.

The formal Hajj begins when pilgrims depart Mecca, spending the eighth day of the month in the Valley of Mina, five miles outside Mecca. There they prepare for the most important day of Hajj, the Day of Arafat.

On the ninth day, people making the Hajj must stand together at the Valley of Arafat, in prayer, reflection, repentance, and appreciation for their lives; for one another; for the Creator’s creation. Like a Christian baptism, this day offers the individual a clean slate. If you are not at Arafat, you have not made the Hajj.

- Next, people go back to Mina, gathering stones along the way in an area called Muzdalifa. They are “arming themselves” to cast stones at Satan.

The jamarat ritual re-enacts Abraham’s defiance of the devil, when he threw stones at Satan to fend off temptation. Pilgrims throw seven stones at pillars to symbolize their determination to fend off temptation in daily life.

All return to Mecca and perform the rites of tawaf and sayee.

- All return to Mina’s jamarat and throw seven stones again and again at three pillars representing Satan. They return to Mecca, make a farewell tawaf, and head home.

Hundreds of Muhammad’s early followers were with him at the first Hajj when he laid out the rituals.

Nowadays upwards of 10 million people is typical. Scores of nations are represented; hundreds of languages spoken. This is the most diverse annual gathering of peoples on the planet.

—A.M.
I AM ACCUSTOMED TO HANDLING EVERYTHING THAT COMES MY WAY.
BUT MY EFFORTS SEEMED THWARTED AT EVERY TURN.
AS A JOURNALIST COVERING A RELIGIOUS PILGRIMAGE, I LET MYSELF TIPTOE ACROSS THE LINE
SEPARATING WORK FROM INVOLVEMENT—
AS I DID WHEN I SLIPPED INTO THE CRUSHING SWIRL OF HUMANITY AROUND THE KA'ABA.
A native of Palo Alto, Calif., Quraishi and her husband Husam Ansari, an ophthalmologist, moved to the Boston area recently, both taking new jobs. Quraishi faced her unexpected trials on the pilgrimage as I faced mine. And we both took courage from a foundational story of the Hajj, the story of Hagar.

Hagar’s Quest
As second wife of Abraham, the patriarch of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, Hagar didn’t have it easy. She joined the family as a slave to Sarah, wife No. 1, who could not conceive. Sarah presented Hagar to Abraham, hoping they’d all enjoy an heir. When Hagar got pregnant, Sarah was not kind to her. After Hagar’s son, Ishmael, was born and Sarah later had her own baby, Isaac, Sarah deemed there was not enough room in Abraham’s tent for both wives and both sons. Wife No. 1 wanted wife No. 2 and her boy banished.

Hagar ended up in the desert, and Muslims believe that desert is the one where Mecca is today. There, she faced a great trial: She had to find water to survive. “As a mother, all you really care about is your child and getting your child what he needs or what she needs,” said Quraishi admiringly, early in our trip. She would remember Hagar’s strength and unrelenting quest to thrive in the days to come.

In the Bible, God tells Abraham and Hagar that He would make a great nation from their progeny. So when Abraham left Hagar and Ishmael in the desert with some provisions, he left her with a lot of hope. She believed to the point of knowing that God meant for them to survive. But she did not sit back and wait. She searched until she found water, a well that has since been called Zam Zam. Whether you believe these stories from Genesis and the Islamic narratives or not, they—like the myths of many cultures—resound with power for humankind and for women in particular.

In 632 C.E., Muhammad, the prophet of Islam, turned Hagar’s heroic and ultimately successful search for water into a ritual in which every pilgrim participates as part of the Hajj. The multitude hurry back and forth seven times from end to end of a huge air-conditioned corridor that’s over a quarter of a mile long. It is said that the two hills Hagar used as lookout posts are encased within its sloping marble floors.

“This is my favorite part,” Quraishi told me in a sweet shop at the Hilton Mecca, just across the plaza from the Great Mosque. “And as a woman and as a mother, it’s so gratifying and exciting that one of the main pillars of Islam is literally following in the footsteps of a woman.” (For more on the other rituals of the Hajj and on the pillars of Islam, see the sidebar on page 19.)

Ancient and Modern Mecca
The Hajj begins in Mecca—the mother of all meccas. Hagar’s city is ages old. I call Mecca “Hagar’s city” because the spring she found meant she controlled a most valuable currency: water. She and Ishmael became important in a small but growing community. Scattered tribes that had settled there recognized her as the owner of the well. The city is nestled into the rugged mountains of the western Arabian Peninsula. It was an important stop along the ancient spice route from Yemen to Damascus. It is also, of course, home to the Ka’aba.

Worship at the Ka’aba works this way: People walk around it counterclockwise. Scholars imagine that not a day has passed in thousands of years without humans circling the Ka’aba. Imagine being part of a ritual so constant. That’s where I was, being crushed last October, while watching out for the safety of one of the pilgrims I was filming. As I looked around I saw that lots of us were watching for others’ safety. We had to. If one of us fell, we could all go down.

“The Ka’aba has been destroyed by floods and rebuilt over and over again,” explains Imam Johari Abdul-Malik, director of outreach at the Dar Al-Hijrah Islamic Center in Falls Church, Va., who appears as a scholar-expert in the PBS film I am making.

“Now it’s a cuboid type structure made from stone blocks. There are people who desire to touch it as if they are touching the original stones. This is not the intent. It is a house for Allah, but the building itself should not become an object of worship.”

Muslims believe the first call to pilgrimage came from Abraham. He was born millennia ago in what is now Iraq, or Turkey, or Iran. They say he walked with his family and flocks throughout a region that today we view as hostile and dangerous. Through great Aleppos he came, the Syrian city now a ruin of its former self, milking his goats. Citizens of Aleppo used to tell tourists that Abraham shared the milk with everyone nearby, turning strangers into friends. The name “Aleppo” comes from halah, which is Aramaic, Hebrew, and Arabic for “milked.”

The man was legendary for his open-tented hospitality, which included Hagar and Ishmael until Sarah got jealous.

“Nowadays Mecca boasts much more than Hagar’s well, which still flows to refresh daily visitors. It’s got one of the tallest buildings in the world and a year-round population of 2 million. Those numbers double and triple during Islam’s
sacred seasons: the Hajj and Ramadan, the month of fasting. There’s an Islamic museum with artifacts dating back 1,400 years, and a high-tech, virtual museum about the life, times, and teachings of the prophet. Lots of hotels; no bars. March through September can be very hot.

**Capturing the Hajj on Film**
The first time I covered the Hajj was in March of 1998, when I made a three-part series for public television’s *Religion and Ethics News Weekly*. Privileged to be the first American woman to report the Hajj for US broadcast, I found myself having to choose between 105+ F in the sun or 105+ F in the shade of buses that were idling everywhere. In every way, it was a trial by fire: I arrived with no permission, no crew, and no idea where to find the main character I’d seen off at JFK in New York just a week before.

On that journey, this skeptic experienced the power of prayer in real time. After ping-ponging from one government office to another across the congested city, pleading for a press pass, I returned to my hotel room on the verge of defeat. “Wellesley women would rather die than fail,” I remembered my colleague Judy Towers Reemtsma ’58 telling me when we were at CBS News together in the 1980s. So I prayed very hard, with my head to the floor; Muslim ritual prayer literally brings you to your knees. The instant I said, “Amen,” the phone in my room rang. “Your prayers have been answered.” It was a man’s voice. Suddenly I was credentialed and began paving a path toward success. (You can see the three-part series at: bit.ly/10ldpMm.)

In 2003, I directed an hour-long documentary called *Inside Mecca for National Geographic Specials*. By now, I was a believer in miracles. So when one of my three main subjects, an Irish-American woman, was nowhere to be found among tens of thousands of tents and 2 to 3 million people on the vast Plain of Arafat on the most important day of the pilgrimage, I didn’t panic. For three hours, my Saudi government associate and I wandered among the tents and lightly leafed neem trees, looking for the campsite where she was supposed to be. Walking through that February afternoon, we saw people weeping with sorrow for mistakes made in the past. We heard cries of joy. People gave out water. On we trekked, our search bearing no fruit. Until I surrendered. I utterly gave up, as in throwing my troubles aloft for a greater power to resolve, rather than casting hope downward, resigned. “Muslim,” after all, means someone who submits to the will of God. “God is most Merciful and Compassionate,” I said to my Saudi companion Khaled, quoting the Qur’anic verse Muslims use in every daily prayer. “So we will find her.” Within minutes, we were inside her tent. (The National Geographic film can be seen at bit.ly/1jMzvTz.)

**Gender Disrespect**
The current film that I’m working on is for the PBS flagship station WGBH, the one that brings you *Downton Abbey* and *Sherlock*. It premieres nationwide in December. We’re producing a six-hour series on pilgrimage in diverse faith traditions: Buddhism, Hinduism, the Yorùbá religion, and the Abrahamic triad. Teams went to Lourdes with wounded American veterans, to Jerusalem, and I took on Mecca and the Hajj once again. I got slammed from the get-go. In 2003, I was assigned a competent and effective government official who accompanied me on my National Geographic project. This time, I was assigned just the opposite: a 20-something, let’s call him “Ahmad,” who knew nothing about journalism, filmmaking, hard work, or manners. This young man’s tasks were simple: make sure the car and driver were ready and waiting to take us from place to place, walk with us where cars could not go, and show our papers to officials who inquired about our legitimacy. Instead, neither he nor the car showed up on time; when we were stopped, he did not show our permissions. Rather, he went for tea with whoever had halted our work. I’d never seen anything quite like Ahmad’s insolence and antagonism before.

Meanwhile, we carried on as best we could, keeping up with our pilgrims, who were at prayer before dawn every day and bedded down well past midnight. Sometimes, it seemed we were functioning on coffee and intention alone. I’d negotiated permission to conduct interviews with Wellesley’s Muslim chaplain, Quraishi, and her husband inside a major hotel one day, and Ahmad showed up ostensibly to vouch that we were in fact journalists sponsored by the government (he had been hiding our press passes for days). Instead, he argued with the hotel’s general manager...
against letting us proceed. To his credit, the manager pulled himself up to full height and said, “Young man, I will decide what happens and what does not happen within the walls of my hotel.” He turned to me and nodded, “We’ll set up a space for you.” Ahmad consistently treated me with such disdain that I finally asked my male crew to speak with him on my behalf. In more than 30 years of reporting from Arabic-speaking and Muslim-majority countries, there was only one other time that I experienced any gender-based disrespect. In that instance, the perpetrator was immediately scolded by his superior, an Iranian ayatollah.

**Inspiration From Hagar**

Quraishi got slammed halfway through her pilgrimage trip. One night in the enormous tent city of Mina, snuggled in a valley between the metropolis of Mecca and the scenically treelined encampment of Arafat, she rolled over on her mattress, was startled awake, stood up suddenly, and twisted her knee on the wobbly mattress. Badly, she was in a wheelchair for the rest of the journey, struggling with anger and disappointment, boarding buses and navigating crowded hills and valleys. A mother and a professional accustomed to handling everything for everyone, Quraishi found it hard to let others help her.

“I don’t think I’ve really ever been in this position before,” she confided. “If I try to walk, it will slow everybody down and I’ll be in a lot of pain. One of the hardest things is really to let people help you.” She had to let go, submit to an unwelcome reality and a new and perhaps welcome reality: that others wanted to help her and that it was OK to let them.

“Everyone’s behind you,” her husband, Husam, reassured her, while friends and strangers surrounded them, offering to carry her things, push the wheelchair, and bring her hot tea and ibuprofen.

I am also accustomed to handling everything that comes my way. But my efforts seemed thwarted at every turn. As a journalist covering a religious pilgrimage, I let myself tippie across the line separating work from involvement — as I did when I slipped into the crushing swirl of humanity around the Ka’aba. I coped with my unwelcome reality by allowing sacred metaphors of the Hajj to buoy my spirit. The story of Hagar’s unflagging efforts and the tale of Abraham’s other great test kept me afloat.

The Islamic story goes that when Abraham was confronted with the awful task of sacrificing his son at what he believed was God’s command, the devil showed up to convince him to stop. It took all of Abraham’s inner strength to resist that temptation. He was determined to do God’s will and throw stones at Satan to shoo him away. Per instructions from Muhammad the prophet, a symbolic stoneing of the devil is one of the final rites of the Hajj. Pilgrims throw stones at enormous pillars representing Satan, showing that they, too, will resist temptation in the world to which they’ll return since the pilgrimage is complete.

Quraishi performed this rite in her wheelchair. “I found myself feeling so alive, so happy, seeing that God is stronger than any of those stupid things that we give in to,” she said. “So it was really enlivening for me.”

As I directed my view through filming this rite — called the *jamaraat* — I mused that perhaps God had sent a personal Satan to test me. I reminded myself of what we read in the Qur’an, “God does not burden anyone with more than he can bear.” So I determined I’d trust, surrender, and throw symbolic stones. I had to believe something good would come from my experience with this obstructive associate.

I saw that I needed to be more like Hagar. She did not throw up her hands in resignation or defeat. She asked God, “Where is the water?” persistently until she found it. She was the B.C.E. version of a Wellesley woman. It dawned on me that Hagar had been my role model since the first time I’d come to cover this event.

So where was my water?

Since then, my water has come in seeing what we actually captured on film and not staying stuck in the muddled memories of that difficult passage. Throughout the deliberate process of filming in the field and filmmaking in the edit room, I revel in the depth of character of all those we interviewed. My editors delight to work with their thoughtful comments, the uncommon landscapes, and rarely seen rituals that we reveal in this film. Yet still it demands effort. Each talented editor and writer has a point of view, an artist’s eye, and concerns for content. I am substituting effort for the struggle I felt on location in Saudi Arabia, sure that we will work our way to something wonderful.

Because the challenges continue even after each pinnacle is reached. The “Satans” that bedevil our daily lives allow us to test our dignity and integrity in dealing with challenge. Will we simply suffer? Or will we surmount?

My water is an understanding that pilgrimage is a state of being, whether you’ve set out to cover it or to participate. That ultimately the professional and the personal are reduced to one single element: the self in the midst of life.
Wellesley Reimagined

In the last few years, the College community has been dreaming big about the right spaces for living, learning, and teaching at Wellesley. Now, the plan for the biggest transformation to the campus since the Great Fire has been unveiled. This is what the future of Wellesley will look like.

By Lisa Scanlon Mogolov ’99
Illustrations by Maghen Brown

You’ve seen many photos like these, and maybe you’ve taken a few yourself: The sun setting behind Tower Court, its intricate roofline dramatically backlit. Students processing up the wide staircase beneath Jewett to enter the Academic Quad at Commencement. Galen Stone Tower as seen from across Lake Waban, rising above the fall foliage. If a photo like this is posted on Facebook or Tumblr, someone will often comment, “Yes, I did go to school at Hogwarts.”

Wellesley is a magical place, in no small part because of its beautiful, historic buildings. But Instagram filters can’t mask some of the hard realities of living and working in spaces that haven’t been renovated in decades. In fact, almost 70 percent of Wellesley’s buildings have not been renovated in more than 50 years. There are leaky roofs, dark and dank labs, and whole departments “temporarily” shoehorned into nooks and crannies—for years.

Now, the College is moving away from buckets-and-spackle solutions and is thinking big. This past fall, Wellesley unveiled a plan for campus renewal that calls for up to $550 million to renovate and expand existing campus spaces over the next decade. The renovations, which are divided into five main program areas—arts and media, humanities, science and the environment, student residential experience, and wellness and sports—are allowing the College to reimagine how teaching, learning, and living happen on campus.

“Wellesley is one of the finest liberal-arts colleges in the country because of how we teach and learn,” says President H. Kim Bottomly.

“The strength of the classroom experience, the strength of the research and project-based experience, the strength of the artistic expression that goes on at Wellesley College, all depends on having the right kinds of spaces to support that.”

Planning Ahead

The planning began in the fall of 2010, when working groups from each of the program areas were charged with re-envisioning the ways in which the College’s facilities could support its programs and activities. The groups were asked to dream big, and they did. The estimated price tag for the full program of plans they came up with was $1.38 billion. That program would have added more than 370,000 square feet to the campus—about 14 percent of the College’s existing building area. Then it was time to come back to reality. VSBA, LLC, a Philadelphia-based architecture firm, was brought in to consolidate the group plans and create Wellesley 2025: A Plan for Campus Renewal—with a scope within Wellesley’s budget and focused on renovation rather than new construction. The team was careful to give equal consideration to the residential buildings and to the academic facilities, and to all areas of campus. “We tried, in general, to keep an eye to the balance of the campus as a whole. We want to make sure that we are not concentrating all our resources in one particular geographic part of the campus, but making sure that the entire campus experience is as we would want it to be,” says Provost Andrew Shennan.
The Plan for Campus Renewal includes a variety of other options, depending on Wellesley’s finances in the future. At minimum, the College will be able to do the following, at a cost of $365.4 million:

- conversion of Schneider Center and the physical plant to accommodate student services and administrative uses;
- major renovations to the field house, including a new 4,000-square-foot mezzanine for a fitness center;
- a gut renovation of Pendleton West, including an approximately 10,000-square-foot addition for both visual and musical arts;
- renewal of Munger, including an addition for an approximately 10,000-square-foot dining facility;
- a full renovation of Beebe, which includes an updated underground infrastructure that serves all residence halls in the Hazard Quad;
- a full renovation of Cazenovue;
- renewal of the Bates dining hall;
- improvements to Founders and Green, particularly faculty offices and teaching spaces, in order to reconfigure spaces freed up by administrative moves to Schneider and the physical plant;
- improvements at Stone and Simpson halls, with the aim of better integrating the programs of health and counseling;
- renovations in the Science Center, including renovation of the 1977 L-wing (including the laboratories), infrastructure repairs to Sage Hall and the E-wing, and replacement of the permanent greenhouses;
- improvements at dorms that won’t receive major renovations in the early phase of campus renewal, to enhance the student experience campuswide;
- utility infrastructure and other enabling projects.

Others options are available if funds allow. For example, for a $450 million budget, the College would also renew Tower Court East and West and cover other more modest needs across campus, including utility work. If a total of $550 million were available, all of the projects above would be completed, plus renovations in Founders and adjacent areas in Green. There also would be the possibility of a 25,000-square-foot addition to the Science Center, or a three-story addition to the Keohane Sports Center, enabling Counseling and Health Services to be physically integrated with the department of Physical Education, Recreation, and Athletics (PERA), creating a new fitness center and reconfiguring the building core.

According to Bottomly, by the 2017-18 academic year, it will be clearer which projects are the most feasible, based on fund-raising and the College’s financial situation. Wellesley will be drawing funds from three sources to pay for these projects: debt, reallocating portions of the operating budget, and fund-raising.

Construction is already under way at Wellesley. The first sledgehammer raised in the name of campus renewal hit the walls of the Schneider Center last summer (see “The New Schneider: Back to the Future,” fall ’13), making way for offices that provide services to students, from the registrar’s office to student financial services to Students’ Aid. The building is scheduled to open in the fall of 2014.

A SPORTING CHANCE

As you read this magazine, the Dorothy Towne Field House is being stripped to its girders and rebuilt from the sports flooring up. The $17 million project, says Bridget Belgiovine, director of athletics and chair of PERA, is “a huge positive step forward for the students and the community, particularly the students. They deserve to have the kinds of spaces that physical activity can happen in.”

The changes to the field house include replacing the walls and roof, which have been problematic since the sports center was built in 1985. Also, the flooring tor track, tennis, and multi-use will be replaced, and a new, permanent wood floor will be put down for volleyball and basketball. There will be a four-lane track with a long jump and a high-jump pit, batting cages and golf cages, and three indoor tennis courts. Retractable bleachers will be put in, increasing seating from 250 to 500. There will also be new curtains, new windows to let in more natural light, and more energy-efficient lighting.

But perhaps most exciting is a late addition to the plan: A 4,000-square-foot fitness mezzanine. Entered from the second floor of the sports center, it will be cantilevered over the track in the field house. It will be climate controlled—a first for the field house. (The popular spinning room, on the ground floor of the field house, will also be air-conditioned.)

While the building is under construction, there will be some creative uses of space—the old Cazenovue dining hall is holding the displaced cardio machines, for example—and Babson, Brandeis, and Dana Hall will host the varsity basketball, volleyball, tennis, and track teams until construction is complete in January 2015. For what inconveniences there are, Belgiovine says, “short-term pain for long-term gain” is the sports center’s motto.
STATE OF THE ARTS
Phyllis McGibbon, professor of art, teaches a first-year writing course called Word and Image Studio in the drawing studio in Pendleton West. As she and these members of the class of 2017 discuss the role of text and visible language in the work of contemporary artists, it occurs to McGibbon that by the time her students graduate, the threadbare, care-worn building that they are sitting in will be entirely transformed. You can hear the excitement in her voice as she imagines the renovated building. “The students...who turn out to be centered in the arts as seniors, they will do their shows in the new space, and they’ll have a different kind of exhibition space available to them. They’ll have studios available to them. It’s very exciting to look at them and think, ‘You’re going to benefit from this,’” she says.

Pendleton West was built in 1936 to house the chemistry department, but today it holds classrooms and offices for the studio-art program, the cinema and media studies program, and the program in Japanese language and literature, as well as a music salon. It hasn’t been significantly improved since it was built. It’s the last building in the Academic Quad without air-conditioning, and everything from access and layout of studios and classrooms to the ventilation required for the handling of hazardous waste from the making of art is in dire need of updating. In spite of the condition of the building, there is a great deal of excitement in the arts today. “The instruction and the engagement with students are very strong. But it’s like we’ve been working with one hand tied behind the back,” McGibbon says.

In addition to a gut renovation of Pendleton West, there will be an approximately 10,000-square-foot addition, which will allow additional space for the visual arts and for a large ensemble rehearsal space for music. KieranTimberlake of Philadelphia, the architecture firm that in 2006 renovated the chapel and created the Multifaith Center on its lower level, has been selected to do the renovation. The firm is known for its commitment to creative, research-driven solutions with an emphasis on sustainability and the smart use of technology. This will come in handy in Pendleton West—the new spaces must be ready to handle current and future technology, from digital imaging to film to sculpture to music. Students and faculty are exploring “whole new ways to see arts and communication and sound and light, and so we’re trying to create much more flexible spaces and less dedicated space,” says Peter Zuraw, assistant vice president for facilities management and planning. Design work is beginning this spring, and construction is expected to start in the summer of 2015. The building is scheduled to open in time for fall classes in 2016.

ROOM TO GROW
The biggest project on the campus renewal roster is the renovation of the Science Center. The building includes four distinct structures: Sage Hall, which was built in 1927 for the botany department; the L-wing and Focus, built between 1974 and 1978; the E-wing, completed in 1991; and the greenhouses, which were constructed in 1922 and renovated in 1984. The L-wing, which houses the laboratories, will be completely renovated, and the space that currently houses the science library will be supplanted with new laboratory and research spaces. (With journals online, scientists no longer use an extensive paper collection, Zuraw explains.)

It’s a complicated renovation, says Zuraw, which he compares to renovating a working hospital. “We have to do it with the building live while we’re changing every system out. It’s power, it’s ventilation systems, it’s heating, it’s cooling. It’s all of the technology that feeds each of the labs.” The hope is that the renovations, scheduled to begin in 2017, will promote interdisciplinary research, blur the lines between the lecture and lab components of classes, and make science more visible, rather than hidden away in closed-off laboratories.

While the L-wing renovations are at least several years off, another Science Center project has begun to germinate. This spring, the architectural firm Ellenzweig is creating a conceptual design for the building that holds the greenhouses’ permanent collection, which is really an unusual and very special “museum of plants,” says Kristina Jones, director of the Wellesley College Botanic Gardens. In 1984, a double-paned superstructure was added to the original 1922 greenhouses, making the building much tighter, but leading to corrosion of the structure.

The new main building (the three “fingers” of the greenhouses will remain) will give the plants the space to grow into their full form, instead of in pots. Jones imagines that the greenhouses, which will have passive heating and cooling features, will be a perfect place for students studying sustainability. It will also allow for more interdisciplinary research, with possibilities for collaborations with colleagues in microbiology, chemistry, art, psychology, and more.

‘THE STUDENTS...WHO TURN OUT TO BE CENTERED IN THE ARTS AS SENIORS, THEY WILL DO THEIR SHOWS IN THE NEW SPACE, AND THEY’LL HAVE A DIFFERENT KIND OF EXHIBITION SPACE AVAILABLE TO THEM. THEY’LL HAVE STUDIOS AVAILABLE TO THEM. IT’S VERY EXCITING TO LOOK AT THEM AND THINK, “YOU’RE GOING TO BENEFIT FROM THIS.”’

—Phyllis McGibbon, professor of art
The residential experience has always been a cornerstone of Wellesley life. So, naturally, a big part of the campus renewal plan is making sure that residences continue to be the signature element of life at Wellesley that students expect and alumnae remember fondly. “Whenever you speak with an alumna, she can tell you where she lived. Not only what residence hall, but what floor, what room,” says Debra DeMeis, dean of students.

Munger Hall will be the first dorm to be renovated. An addition for a 319-seat dining hall will also be built, which will eventually serve as the single “neighborhood” dining hall for the Quint (Beebe, Cazenove, Pomeroy, Shater, and Munger). Two architecture firms have been selected to renovate Munger and design its new dining hall: Newman Architects and Gray Organschi Architecture, both of New Haven, Conn. Newman is the group that worked with the student residential experience planning group, and Gray Organschi is known for its sustainable designs in natural environments.

The architects will be thinking carefully about how to build community at a variety of levels in the residence halls: on students’ floors, within the building, and in the “neighborhood” of residence halls on campus. DeMeis says that there will be common spaces on each floor to draw students out of their rooms. She also imagines large kitchens with space for an entire floor to cook dinner together, and inviting nooks where a single student or two friends could relax outside their rooms.

Entrances and stairways could also be configured so that students are more likely to run into each other. “If you have to use primarily one doorway to enter or exit, and one or two stairways to access most of the building, you will bump into people on a continual basis all day long. ... And so you’ll know who lives in your building. That becomes important, I think, given that students no longer sit bells,” DeMeis says.

There will also be suites available for seniors who want to live more independently with a few close friends. A suite would include a set of bedrooms and a common room. “It would give them the opportunity to live with really good friends, which I think is so important in that last year. It’s a very dear experience,” she says.

However, despite all the changes, DeMeis stresses that the beloved, iconic parts of the dorms—Munger’s living room, for example—will be preserved.

It’s a point that Bottomly also stresses when discussing campus renewal. “There’s a lot of attention being paid to what each building means to the campus as a whole,” she says. “And making sure that every woman who comes back to campus recognizes it and has the sense of its character that she had when she was on campus. That’s one of our fundamental principles. And at the same time, we’ll have great new spaces that will transform the teaching and learning and living on campus.”

Look for more stories about campus renewal projects in future issues of Wellesley, and visit www.wellesley.edu/about/campusrenewal to download the full 64-page plan, Wellesley 2025: A Plan for Campus Renewal.

Lisa Scanlon Mogolov ’99 is an associate editor at Wellesley magazine.
An environmentalist and pioneer of the organic and local food movements.

A behavioral scientist and public-health advocate.

The recipients of the

2014 ALUMNAE ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

Wellesley’s highest honor, share insights and discuss the twists and turns of their lives—the paths that brought them to the successes the College celebrated in February.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD HOWARD
In the Garden of Eva

Excerpted from an interview by Jennifer McFarland Flint

M y mother was a very good cook and loved fresh-from-the-garden things, so as a kid I had the opportunity to have really good cooking from scratch. In the 1960s, like Julie & Julia, I went through the second edition of Mastering the Art of French Cooking. The ideas of taste, flavor, and all the subtleties and variations that are possible in that world began to evolve for me. It was like discovering something that you really love, discovering that there’s some internal attraction. Then it snowballed. So this all developed from the point of view that I loved good food, and what good food meant to me was becoming more established.

When I was living in Cambridge in the 1970s, coming out here [to South Dartmouth, Mass.] on the weekends and in the summer, I decided I might as well pay for my gas by bringing my extra rosemary, which you always have if you have any. They couldn’t get enough fresh herbs in Cambridge in those days. And some of the chefs I am still supplying now were my customers in those early days.

Soon on, I had two little children who, as toddlers, loved to go into the garden and put things in their mouths. Having that be a danger area for them was simply not acceptable. Those were also the years of Rachel Carson and her heroic struggles. And I’d always had an interest in natural history, so the idea that you would kill all these wonderful insects that were helping in the garden if you put poison out there was completely anathema.

I was also aware of the inequalities of this world and how some people really don’t have enough to eat. I became aware of the enormous amounts of waste, especially in this country, and got interested in how to diminish that. Eating all parts of a plant was part of that. Something like 40 percent of the food produced on farms is actually wasted. Garbage. And at the same time people are going hungry. I find that just appalling. So I’ve made it a mission in my life to reduce waste and educate other people in how to do that.

You’ll read recipe books that say, “discard the stem,” often about kale or collards. But once you start growing these things, you see them in all different stages of their lives and seasons and weather conditions. And there’s infinite variation, even within a single plant. Part of the year they might not be palatable, but part of the year they’re great.

Plus, most of the weight is in the stem, so whatever you pay per pound at the grocery store, half of that cost and all of those nutrients are now in the garbage. And you have to pay to have the trash hauled away. I used to do the deliveries to the restaurants myself and was appalled at the perfectly good food I would find in the dumpsters. Since then, a lot has been done in that world, with Food for Free pickups, and there’s a lot more composting going on.

And composting is fascinating. That you can make fabulous soil out of trash is just amazing. One of my favorite expressions is: “Throw it away. So where’s ‘away’?” Really, everything should be reused or recycled in some way or another, and it might as well be in a way that benefits human populations.

I consider this a constant discovery journey. And it’s part of my being—growing edible plants. The lovely thing is that you get constant rewards: It looks beautiful out there, it smells marvelous, and you get to eat it every day. And it’s fun to turn people on to these delights. My favorite example is how I’d never had arugula until I was living down here, and a neighbor who spent a lot of time in Greece and Italy said, “You have to try this stuff!” And I thought it was horrible. It tasted like skunk smells. But I soon got over that, and now I hardly find anyone who doesn’t like it anymore. The way tastes change is a really interesting phenomenon.

To me, one of the revelations of studying anthropology at Wellesley was learning that nothing is the way it’s got to be. My wonderful teacher, Anne-Marie Shimony, would draw a half circle, a dial that could represent any aspect of human behavior. What is celebrated at one end will be taboo at the other end, and there’s everything in between. Any problem that seems to be limiting or insolvable, you can always find another way of doing it. It’s a real breakthrough, to do things differently. In the natural world, there are infinite ways of solving problems, of communicating, delivering nutrients, or dealing with weather extremes. And the closer you watch plants, the more you learn from them, which you can’t help doing when you’re growing them. And that to me is the bottom-line thrill of what used to be called gardening.

Jennifer McFarland Flint is the editor of Concord Academy Magazine and a former farmhand.

IN SHORT

• Owner of Eva’s Garden in Dartmouth, Mass., which grows more than 200 varieties of culinary herbs, specialty greens, and edible flowers (farmcoast.com/blog/tag/south-dartmouth-farms/)

• Since the 1970s, an ambassador and educator for many of New England’s most renowned chefs on the virtues of foraged foods, delicious weeds, and the wisdom of using the whole plant

• A pioneer of the organic and the locavore movements, whose life and business reflect her values of community and conservation

• Subject of Wild Flavors: One Chef’s Transformative Year Cooking From Eva’s Farm, by Didi Emmons
The Power of PREVENTION

I came to Wellesley with the lifelong dream of becoming a doctor. I was motivated partly by knowing how my mother’s life and education were limited by a positive tuberculosis skin test soon after she enrolled as a scholarship student at the University of Chicago. She was diagnosed as noncontagious. But TB was then the nation’s leading cause of death, and antibiotic treatments hadn’t yet been developed. So she was barred from returning to college. Two years later, she was married, and then my brother and I arrived. Working many jobs throughout our childhood as a self-taught engineer, she was determined that her children would get a college education—not at all the norm in our South Side Chicago neighborhood. And she assured me that I could accomplish whatever I dreamed, even becoming a doctor, if I worked hard and did well in school.

When it came time for college, I applied to 14 schools, describing my dream of a career in medicine and seeking scholarship support because my family couldn’t help with college costs. I hadn’t heard of Wellesley, but my principal recommended it, and the catalog was amazing, with a strong premed curriculum. So Wellesley was my first choice. I’ll never forget the joy of opening the letter telling me I’d been admitted and with a full scholarship! It was at Wellesley, with vital support from faculty and friends, that I gained the skills, passion, and confidence needed for the work I’ve done throughout my career.

I’d completed half of my premed requirements before I took an intro psychology course that swept me off my feet—and made me wonder whether psychology was more my destiny than medicine. But I worried that I might be letting Wellesley down. After months of soul-searching, I met with our dean, Joan Melvin, who explained that Wellesley’s goal was exactly to help me find my passion—whatever it was. So I became a psychology major—with clinical psychology as my goal—and never looked back. This first act of reinvention paved the way for the many others that would follow.

IN SHORT

♦ Founding member and president of the Society of Behavioral Medicine; recipient of its Distinguished Scientist and Distinguished Service awards

♦ First behavioral medicine researcher appointed to the US Preventive Services Task Force and Community Preventive Services Task Force

♦ Developed the first “proactive” telephone “quit line” for smoking cessation

♦ Contributed to the creation of the Chronic Care Model, a method of connecting clinical and community resources in the prevention, treatment, and management of chronic diseases

♦ Recipient of the Secretary of Health and Human Services Innovation Award

♦ First Distinguished Fellow of the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation

After a traditional Ph.D. program, I did my internship at Duke Medical Center, where, again, I fell in love with something outside the mold of what I thought I would be. I went on to join the medical psychology faculty there, where I had the lucky task, with three distinguished colleagues, of reviewing the literature on behavioral health risks—tobacco, physical inactivity, unhealthy diet, alcohol use—for a high-profile national Institute of Medicine report. I found tons of evidence on tobacco harms, but none on proven quitting methods. And I was a smoker! I promptly quit—with great difficulty—and turned to developing effective treatments.

I started with a bedside quit-smoking consultation service at Duke, which included post-discharge counseling calls. A study of this service and a large follow-up study found that these follow-up calls significantly improved quit rates. The result was the Free & Clear “quit-line,” now available at no cost to smokers in 25 states who dial 1-800-QUIT NOW. It’s reached more than 2.5 million smokers.

I was lucky, too, to join the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation team working to identify and spread policy changes that would prevent youth smoking and help addicted users quit—including tobacco taxes, cigarette ad bans, wider treatment access, clean indoor air laws, anti-smoking media campaigns. Much of this work was led by psychologists—reinventing ourselves as public-health leaders. This past January, we celebrated the Surgeon General’s Report that smoking rates had dropped from 42 percent to 18 percent since 1964, with teen rates at the lowest levels ever.

Now we’re applying what we learned from tobacco about the power of policy solutions to the problem of childhood obesity. Our goals are to give every child access to healthy, affordable food and safe places to walk, bike, and play, and to shift the practices of food manufacturers, restaurants, and grocery chains in healthier directions. We’re excited about signs of progress in reducing childhood obesity rates in cities and states across the country and by promising food industry changes.
Do Men Really Do Better?

**THE NUMBERS WOULD** suggest they do, at least when it comes to alumni giving. Last year, alumni participation rates at many coeducational peer liberal-arts colleges exceeded that of Wellesley. Williams, Davidson, Bowdoin, and Amherst achieved participation rates of 60 percent, 60 percent, 59 percent, and 58 percent respectively, whereas Wellesley reached 49 percent. In simple terms, less than half of all Wellesley alumnae gave something—anything—to Wellesley College. At these select peer schools above, up to 6 out of 10 alumni give annually. That’s up to 20 percent more—a lot more. And to be very clear, this is not about how much one gives, but rather if one gives anything at all.

As a proud member of the Wellesley College Alumnae Association and chair of the Wellesley Fund, I often asked myself “why?” Virtually every Wellesley woman I have ever met proudly tells me how much she loved her time there. She shares that since graduation, she has been able to count on Wellesley for lifelong friendships, career advice, or transitioning through a relocation.

So starting today, I am going to stop asking “why?” Instead of trying to understand it, I am trying to change it. And I need your help to do so.

Do you count a Wellesley alumna as one of your close friends? Then give to Wellesley. Will you want, or did you have, an introduction to like-minded independent women during a relocation? Then give to Wellesley.

And do you believe, as I do, that women can do better? Then give to Wellesley.

—Elizabeth L. Preis ’91, Chair, the Wellesley Fund

P.S. Join me and share why you give to Wellesley: #wellesleywomen
give to Wellesley: #wellesleywomen

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**FACULTY ON THE ROAD**

**THE BALTIMORE WELLESLEY CLUB WELCOMED** classmates Jacki Musacchio ’89, professor of art at Wellesley (right), and Julia Marciari-Alexander ’89, the new director of Baltimore’s Walters Art Museum, for an evening of art and socializing last fall. Thirty alumnae spanning seven decades attended the event, which included a lecture by Musacchio about 19th-century sculptor and poet Anne Whitney. In 2013–14, faculty members on the road for the WCAA gave roughly 50 club lectures, speaking on topics ranging from anthropology to literature. For information about bringing a faculty speaker to your club, visit www.wellesley.edu/alumnae/lifelonglearning/speaker.

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**Alumnae Calendar**

The Alumnae Association announces the following events for 2014. Unless otherwise noted, events take place at the College. For more information, call the Alumnae Office at 781-283-2331.

**2014**

**MAY**

9 Stepsinging hosted by the WCAA

28 Senior lunch and induction into the WCAA

**JUNE**

5–6 WCAA spring board meeting

6–8 Reunion for classes ending in 4s and 9s

**JULY**

20 Western Maine Wellesley Club picnic at the Coastal Maine Botanical Gardens in Boothbay. All alumnae in the area—residents or vacationers—are invited. 10:30 A.M. for a docent-led tour, 11:30 A.M. for a buffet lunch. Cost: $30 includes entrance fee, tour of the gardens, and lunch. For more information, contact Marcy Barack Black ’71 at 207-781-2702 or marcyb@maine.rr.com.

**OCTOBER**

10–11 Class of ’76 mini-reunion in Chicago. For more information, contact Lindsay Roberts ’78 at lindsay.ellen.roberts@gmail.com.

16–17 WCAA fall board meeting

17–19 Alumnae Leadership Council

25 Class of ’76 mini-reunion at the Philip Johnson Glass House in New Canaan, Conn. For more information, please visit the news page of the class of ’76 website. Questions: Contact Valerie Hall Connolly ’76 at valerie@newnotes.net.

To learn more about the activities of the WCAA, visit www.wellesley.edu/alumnae.
CANDIDATE FOR ALUMNAE TRUSTEE

Lawry Jones Meister ’83 of Pacific Palisades, Calif., has been nominated to serve a six-year term as an alumnae trustee, from 2014 to 2020, succeeding Ruth Chang ’81.

An art-history major at Wellesley who began her career at Blythe Eastman Paine Webber, Meister moved to McKinsey & Company in 1985, and then earned a Harvard M.B.A. in real estate and finance. After a stint with Trammell Crow, she became president, in 1990, of her family’s real-estate business, Steaven Jones Development. Since 2012, she’s also had her own firm, Creative Office Properties.

Meister has served her Wellesley class as special-gifts chair and class reunion social-hour chair. She is a member of the College’s Business Leadership Council and served on the Southern California Leadership Giving Committee and the Wellesley Development and Outreach Council.

Meister has also been active at her sons’ school, St. Matthew’s Parish School, in Pacific Palisades, and in support of Planned Parenthood. She is the daughter of an alumna, Judith Gaillard Jones ’60, who served as a Wellesley trustee in the 1990s and 2000s.

The Alumnae Trustee Nominating Committee is proud to enter the name of Lawry Jones Meister ’83 in nomination.

2012–2015 ALUMNAE TRUSTEE NOMINATING COMMITTEE

Karen Gentleman ’77, chair; Grace Toh ’83; Karen Capriles Hodges ’62; Joan Wallace-Benjamin ’75; Alison Greer ’87; Karen Williamson ’69, ex officio; Susan Challenger ’76, ex officio

The WCAA bylaws charge a committee with presenting the name of an alumnae trustee candidate to the Association board and to the College board of trustees for approval. Once approved, the name is sent to the Association’s membership for a vote at the WCAA’s next annual meeting.

Nominations for alumnae trustee may also come from the WCAA membership. The name must be submitted by petition to the Association’s secretary/treasurer prior to 60 days before the annual meeting of members. The petition must be signed by at least 1 percent of the WCAA’s active membership, and signers must represent at least three different geographic Wellesley clubs registered with the WCAA. The nominee’s name must be approved by the WCAA Board of Directors and the Wellesley College Board of Trustees before it may be presented to the membership for a vote.

Candidates for Office in the Alumnae Association

To be elected by the alumnae body at the annual meeting of the Wellesley College Alumnae Association on June 8 at 11:30 a.m. in Diana Chapman Walsh Alumnae Hall:

President-Elect, 2014–15, President, 2015–18
Georgia Murphy Johnson ’75
Brookline, Mass.

Director, 2015–17
Luisa Bonillas ’94
Chandler, Ariz.

Director, 2015–17
Helen Hsu ’93
Seattle

Director, 2015–17
Maneesha Patil ’78
Sugar Land, Texas

Director, 2015–17
Desiree Urquhart CE/DS ’99
Zuni, Va.

Young Alumnae Director, 2015–18
Rachel Salmanowitz ’12
Boston

Secretary/Treasurer, 2014–2015
Ginger Horne Kent ’76
Cincinnati

Term Renewal, Directors, 2014–2016
Yolette Garcia ’77
Ginger Horne Kent ’76
Jamie Scarborough ’87

Respectfully submitted,
2013–14 Nominating Committee
Yolette Garcia ’77, chair
Ginger Horne Kent ’76
Suzanne Lebold ’85
Beth McKinnon ’72
Patience Singleton Roach ’92
Shelley Sweet ’67

At the annual meeting, alumnae will also be voting on two bylaw changes: a clarification of the terms of directors and directors-at-large and a correction to the ex officio members of the board. Please visit www.wellesley.edu/alumnae/volunteer/bylaws to see the current language and proposed wording of the amendments.
Adrienne Asch
1946–2013

Adrienne Asch, who died on Nov. 19, 2013, taught at Wellesley for just a little more than a decade, from 1994 to 2005, but in that time, she made a profound impression on the students and faculty members who came to know her. Adrienne was an influential voice for people with disabilities in debates over matters such as end-of-life care, genetic counseling, and abortion—debates in which their perspectives and experiences had been discounted. Through her books, articles, and many public appearances in the US and around the world, as well as her participation on a multitude of commissions, task forces, and advisory committees, Adrienne helped to transform scholarly debates on those topics and inspire changes in professional practices and legislation. Adrienne’s work was charged by her passion for social justice and a vision of a world fairer to all people, including those with disabilities. At Wellesley, she brought that same passion to her teaching, and so became a powerful figure in the lives of her students.

Before her career as a scholar, Adrienne had been a psychotherapist, a political activist, and an investigator for an antidiscrimination agency. Her turn to academia began in the early 1980s when the “Baby Doe” cases came to national attention. The Baby Does were disabled newborns whose parents had withheld relatively simple life-saving treatments. Attending a forum on the controversy, Adrienne pointed out that the debate pivoted on assertions about the lives of people with disabilities, but that the group who knew the most about this, disabled people themselves, seemed to be excluded from the discussion. That was a pattern she found throughout bioethics: Arguments over whether it was ethical to abort fetuses with genetic defects, she discovered, were dominated by tragic myths about the lives of people with disabilities, rather than actual lived experience. She urged reforms in genetic counseling that would replace such assumptions with real-world information.

Adrienne’s writings combined insights from feminist theory, philosophy, psychology, and the new field of disability studies, in which she was pioneer. Perhaps understandably, the College didn’t seem to know what to make of her. Instead of being placed in a department, Adrienne was given her own program: She was the only faculty member in “Biology, Ethics, and the Politics of Human Reproduction.” Adrienne bragged that she had both the longest title and the shortest department meetings of anyone at the College. (Eventually, the College asked her to join the Women’s and Gender Studies Department, where she taught for two years.)

Students flocked to her courses: Ethical and Policy Issues in Reproduction; Women and Motherhood; Multidisciplinary Approaches to Abortion; Literature and Medicine; Disability and Society. They

Molly Sanderson Campbell ’60
1939–2014

Molly Campbell, Wellesley’s legendary dean of students from 1984 to 1998, died on Jan. 28, her 75th birthday.

Molly first came to Wellesley as a student. A member of the class of 1960, she was a gifted math major, president of House Presidents’ Council, Durant scholar, and member of Phi Beta Kappa. She was already a force, with the intelligence and spirt, organizational flair and wry wit that she would later bring to her exemplary campus leadership.

Lecturer in mathematics, dean of the classes of 1980 and 1984, assistant to the president, and affirmative-action officer, she was appointed dean of students in 1984, a post she held—and fundamentally redefined—for 14 years.

Molly was an indomitable, indefatigable presence on campus. She cared deeply about helping students to get a meaningful education and also, as she would say, “to have a life” in Wellesley’s intense residential learning environment. It mattered to her to be in residence herself. For her entire tenure as dean, she and her family lived at Oakwoods, where she regularly gathered colleagues and students for meetings, celebrations, retreats, and occasional high jinks.

From the hub that was her office in Green Hall, Molly managed a complex administrative domain of 12 departments, each with distinct agendas and urgencies. Forging links among her staff, building bridges to the faculty, she connected us. An activist administrator, innovative program developer, and fearless problem-solver, Molly was a realist with high ideals. She was there to be of use, to get the job done. The job, in her view, was “to be sure that student concerns were heard in the rest of the College,” to create a community of caring adults “engaged in one conversation” about student life.

These were years of sea change in Wellesley’s student body, and Molly’s vision of what student life at Wellesley could and should be was wide and deep. A staunch champion of diversity, she famously said, “There should be no Wendy Wellesley. We are all Wellesley women, and the variety of Wellesley women is infinite. We want to be aware and supportive of everyone in the community.” And so she was.

She was there for first-year students who had traveled many miles or great cultural distances to be here. She believed Wellesley owed every incoming student an equal chance to realize her potential, and she launched many multicultural initiatives to do just that. She was there as an ally, resource, and advocate for Wellesley’s most vulnerable students. She chaired the Academic Review Board with authority and empathy and was a clear, firm, and compassionate presence in General Judiciary hearings.

She was there as a mentor and role model for student leaders. Not “Dean Campbell,” always “Molly,” she regularly attended Cabinet and Senate meetings. “She was so uncondescending and real,” one College
Anne de Coursey Clapp, one of the first American woman historians of Asian art, passed away peacefully at her home in Cambridge, Mass., on Dec. 21, 2013, at the age of 85.

Anne's first serious pursuit of her interest in theater arts started at Smith College. When this interest grew into a strong love, she went on to Yale University School of Drama and completed her M.F.A. in stage design in 1953. It remains a mystery why in 1960 after her marriage, Anne suddenly became a Ph.D. student of Max Leohr, the world-leading scholar of Chinese art at Harvard, from whom she learned the Noble Truths for art historians: that artistic forms can speak and style holds meaning.

In 1966, Anne began teaching part time at Wellesley, and in 1971 on the completion of her dissertation she was appointed the College's first tenure-track assistant professor of Asian art. She was tenured in 1976, was promoted to full professor in 1983, and retired in 1999. Anne single-handedly developed a curriculum consisting of Chinese art and archaeology, Chinese painting, Japanese art, Indian art and architecture, Buddhist art, and seminars on topics of Chinese painting. It is said that her classes were so rigorous and demanding that they were never “popular,” but those who studied with her always found her teaching inspiring and unforgettable. Anne served as chair of the art department in 1980–81 and again from 1982 to ’84. Her dedication and generosity helped the art library and Visual Resources build up possibly the best collection of Asian art books and slides at any liberal arts college in the country.

As a scholar, Anne was internationally recognized for her two groundbreaking books on two master-painters of the Ming Dynasty (1368–1644): Wen Cheng-ming: the Ming Artist and Antiquity (1975) and The Landscape Art of T’ang Yin (1991). Also important is her third book, Commemorative Landscape Painting in China (2012), completed admirably in her octogenarian years based on her lectures given at Princeton University in 2007. Anne won two awards from the National Endowment for the Humanities (1974 and 1981) for her research. For critics and specialists, Anne was well known for her limpid style of writing with lyrical evocations. She was a member of the National Academy of Sciences Delegation to China in 1977, among the first American scholars to visit the country after Mao’s Cultural Revolution.

I still remember well my first meeting with Anne during my campus interviews in March 1999. Without an appointment, I stopped by her office to say hello. The office was the simplest of any colleagues I have ever seen, with an austerity close to a Chan Buddhist meditation room. Her solemn appearance was soon betrayed by her warmhearted greetings. It was a privilege for me to become Anne’s successor, and I have benefited immensely from her legacy in the art department. Through

The passing of Gabriel H. Lovett on Dec. 22, 2013, signifies the loss of one of the most distinguished Hispanists of our time. Beyond making lasting contributions to our understanding of Spanish culture, Don Gabriel was a keen observer of Europe and the world in general—from his own birth in Berlin in 1921, to his studies in Paris under the tutelage of Jean-Paul Sartre at the Institute Henri IV, to his exile to the US following Hitler’s rise to power, and his studies and eventual teaching at New York University. He joined the faculty of the Department of Spanish of Wellesley College in 1969 and has left a legacy that is impossible to measure.

Despite not having had the opportunity to enjoy his company as much as I would have liked during recent years, I remember clearly and fondly all the good times we had together while we were colleagues. I and the other two “young” teachers (Lorraine Roses and Joy Renjilian-Burgy) who joined the Wellesley faculty in the 1970s would call him “Harrito” as a sign of both affection and respect. Others of course called him plain old “Harry”—but we felt a different and more intimate working and personal relationship. And he, with his unflagging wit, liked to call us—also very affectionately—"las barracudas." I remember how odd it seemed at the time that he would often walk around the campus talking to himself in Spanish. He did it not as an eccentricity, but, as he would say, “I had no chance to practice outside of class.” His love for Spain and the Spanish language had no limits, as he made clear in the postscript to his 2008 Memoirs of an Outsider:

Nevertheless, the Spanish language has not changed. To me it is still the most beautiful speech in the world. Especially when spoken extremely well, as in certain regions of Spain, such as Toledo, la Mancha, etc., and in some Latin American countries like parts of Colombia. For me, speaking Spanish is always an exhilarating experience. It seems to be I can express my thoughts and feelings with greater power than in any other European language.

A polyglot (German, French, English, and Spanish), he penned some of the seminal works of Hispanic studies, including, Napoleon and the Birth of Modern Spain (1965), A Concept Approach to Spanish (1965), Encyclopedia of Latin-American History (1968), The Duke of Rivas (1977), and Romantic Spain (1990).

As a colleague, the best of Don Gabriel was his charm, his sense of humor and outlook on life—full of intelligence and insight (and even clairvoyance). Regrettably, his 2008 autobiography was published only in a limited edition, and it would be important to re-issue. The prose is expectedly brilliant, and he offers a unique vantage point from which to view important historical events that now seem distant, but that

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Continued on page 77
Helen Wallace ’33 died on Feb. 2, 2013, just weeks before her 100th birthday.

Helen earned an M.D. from Columbia and an M.P.H. from Harvard. She was a pioneer in the field of public health, directing public-health programs at various large research universities and serving as a consultant to the World Health Organization in many countries. She received the Alumnae Achievement Award from Wellesley in 1982, and she received many other awards for her work as well. Her final years were spent in San Diego, where she was an active member of the Wellesley Club of San Diego.

Vivian Berman Lewis ’37 died on Oct. 20, 2013.

Aunt “Vivi” loved her years at Wellesley. It was where she began a lifelong interest in early childhood education. She became a child psychologist and worked for the Naugatuck, Conn., school system for more than 25 years. She brought her intellect, energy, and compassion to her family, friends, and work. A highlight was her attendance at Jennie Berman’s 2005 Wellesley graduation.

She is survived by her beloved husband of 75 years, Herbert Lewis; their four children; and four grandchildren.

She was our role model, and a class act; she will be missed.

Karen Rozenberg Berman ’74
Jennie S. Berman ’05

Margaret Gilkey Richards ’40 died on Jan. 23, 2014.

She was defined by her ties to Wellesley in so many ways. Her maternal grandmother, Nellie Wright Howe, was in the class of 1884, and numerous other relatives followed: her mother, Calma Howe Gilkey ’15; her sister, Edith Gilkey Whitemore ’44; her sister-in-law, Mary Randall Gilkey ’39; her daughter, Edith Richards McNutt ’64; and her niece, Eleanor Whitemore Latimer ’69. Eleanor Whitemore Latimer ’69
Edith Richards McNutt ’64

Margaret Bowers Allison ’50 died on Nov. 29, 2013.

Elizabeth Jean Reddy English ’41 died on Feb. 8.

Jean entered Wellesley at the young age of 16, from Chicago, and from her first day on campus, she loved Wellesley. She was always proud of Wellesley, and she credited learning and experiences there for inspiring her lifelong love of art, art history, and history. Jean and her husband traveled the world extensively for both work and pleasure, and she always used every opportunity to learn and enrich her life. Jean was a local recruiter for Wellesley and very proud that her only daughter also decided to choose Wellesley.

Janet English Huettig ’69

Eleanor Hanson Leonard ’43 passed away, with her husband by her side, on March 13, 2012.

Eleanor was born in Washington, D.C. At Wellesley, she received a degree in physics. In 1943, she married her first husband, Arthur Thompson, who was killed in World War II. Ellie remarried, and served with her new husband, James Leonard, on Foreign Service assignments around the world.
while bringing up six children. They ended up in the Middle East, where they had begun 30 years earlier. At that point, Ellie, an early computer whiz, found a position at the Environmental Protection Agency, where she worked 10-plus years. Then the family moved to their dream home in the hills of Virginia.

Valerie Leonard

Virginia Ford ’28 died on Feb. 17.

Ginny was a plainspoken Midwesterner who spent decades in Florida but remained a Hoosier. She used her Wellesley degree in economics at Procter & Gamble in Cincinnati, where she did market research and became head of hiring for her department. After she moved to Florida, she donated her cello to an inner-city school and became the Orlando Opera’s chief (anonymous) donor. Ginny loved joking with former Wellesley president Diana Chapman Walsh ’66. She loved opera, modern art, friends, and family, and Indiana. Those who laughed with her will miss her greatly.

Betsey Maupin ’73


Betty Morgan and I were freshman roommates in Webb House. When we first met on move-in day, she was neatly arranging her possessions, being careful to leave half the space for me. She never failed to live up to this description during our nearly 70-year friendship. Quiet and unassuming, a person of great intellect and many talents, hospitable and sharing, concerned about others, Betty always left at least half of the space in her life for her husband, Charles (who predeceased her); her friends; her English-as-a-second-language students, and her many social and cultural causes.

Betty Insley Traverse ’49

Christie Myers Tolstoy ’50 died on Aug. 23, 2013, in Plano, Texas. She leaves a daughter, Irina Tolstoy Gans ’83, and son-in-law, John Gans, of New York City and Landgrove, Vt. She also leaves two grandchildren, Catherine and Henry Gans, of New York. Her mother, Louise Hudson Myers ’27, was a Wellesley aluma as well. A memorial service is planned for this spring.

Mary Samia

Patricia Bakwin Selch ’51 died on Jan. 6 of a sudden heart attack.

Active until the moment she died, Pat was a true Wellesley/New York woman. She was an inveterate traveler and reader; her intellect and enthusiastic curiosity led her everywhere, and she gave generous support where she saw a need. Pat cofounded Wellesley Friends of Art in New York, was a founder of a school for autistic children, and served on boards of several educational and medical institutions. When her children left home, she hosted young internationals pursuing internships in New York. Pat’s quiet friendliness endeared her to numerous friends literally around the world. We will not forget her.

Charlotte McCready Culver ’51


Her passing left a large empty spot in my life. My roommate at Wellesley for four years, she was a very dear friend for 64 years. She was a community leader, an active participant in the arts, politics, and women’s issues, and a valued matriarch in her extended family. But what I will miss most is her friendship. Lynn was the epitome of a good friend: good company, accepting, eager to try new things, a great travel companion, and a comforting presence in times of trouble. My life is richer from having Lynn in it.

Gene Fooks Jacobson ’53

Elinor Bozjan Warburg ’53, died on Feb. 23 in New Haven.

She was in excellent health until she was felled by a stroke. A music major at Wellesley, Ellie played the organ, piano, and harpsichord. Music—performing and listening—was the most important part of her life, after family and her wide circle of friends. Her interest in Wellesley was lifelong. She played at her 60th reunion, entertaining classmates afterward at her Rhode Island home.

Ellie is survived by her husband, George; her sons Daniel, Michael, and John; and a host of others who sorely miss her warm, generous presence.

Gladys Bozjan Lavine


“Mat” was a dynamic leader who served as president of Noanet, Vil Junior, president of College Government, and class president for our 50th reunion. She leaves her husband of almost 60 years, Robert L. Wiley, Harvard ’52, two children, three grandchildren, and her sister-in-law, Woodard Wiley Heath ’49. Mat worked tirelessly for Wellesley and civic causes in Seattle. Born in Charleston, W. Va., she embraced the beauty of the Pacific Northwest and her home on Mercer Island.

Our class joins her family in mourning our lively, passionate friend.

Mary Jo Powell ’53

Elise B. Heinz ’55, classmate and fellow Virginian, died on Jan. 19, after a long bout with pulmonary disease.

One of five women in the Harvard Law School Class of ’61, Elise pursued a career in law when many law firms were not hiring women. An ardent feminist, she was instrumental in seeking rights for women. Twice elected to the Virginia House of Delegates, Elise was always active behind the scenes in politics in Arlington, Va. Our sympathy to her husband, James Clayton, and their two sons.

Barbara M. Dickinson ’55

Sandra Berkley Aylsworth ’56 died of cancer on May 4, 2013.

We had planned to go together to Solvang, Calif., for the ’56 mini-reunion in April. How quickly plans changed. Sandy loved to travel, all parts of the globe! She worked in Turkey for two years after graduation. Later, with her husband, Ray, she lived in Switzerland for several years. I am so grateful for her for our Machu Picchu/Amazon/Galapagos trip for eight people, which she organized. Readily, she shared her experiences and knowledge through teaching: Middle Eastern cooking, computers, travel, art, and more. She enriched people’s lives. She’ll be missed by all who knew her.

Nancy Amundson von Konsky ’76

Glenis Gralton Mollegen ’61 died on Dec. 2, 2013, after a prolonged encroachment of Alzheimer’s.

In 1984 she was one of the first women to be ordained as, an Episcopal priest. Glen adamantly supported my spirituality even when I doubted it: “Penny, haven’t you ever heard of unconditional love?” When I visited from California, she offered me keys to the family beach house, saying: “Mi casa, su casa.” Rector of her own church in Connecticut while she and husband Ted raised their family, she balanced infinite compassion and generosity with a raucous sense of humor. A wise and cherished friend.

Penny Post ’61

Elizabeth “Liz” Fielder Lloyd ’62 died on Feb. 4.

Liz and I formed a closed bond, living side by side for three years on the French Corridor. After graduation, our paths diverged. I went on to teach, while Liz concentrated on raising a family.

I remember Liz as a vibrant, adventurous young woman, friendly, congenial, nonjudgmental, and less conventional than many of her peers. She loved to laugh and loved music. She played the piano wonderfully, for the pure joy of it. Liz also loved opera, introducing me to recordings of Anna Moffo and Leontyne Price.

I will miss her.

Arlene Palmer Brubin ’62

Margaret Klein ’72 died of cancer on Jan. 18 in New York.

Margaret was a pioneering woman in finance, specializing in international banking and managing troubled loans. She was an inveterate traveler, a connoisseur of New York’s cultural life, an advocate for women, and a generous philanthropist. She faced her disease with insouciance and bravery—nothing would get Margaret down or delay her travels for long. If she could look forward to one more trip to Bhutan, she might beat the odds. She leaves a wide circle of longtime friends, former roommates, and family, including a dozen or more godchildren.

Elizabeth Streicher ’72

Sandra Ferrari Disner ’72

Anne Aresty Naman ’73 died on Oct. 12, 2013.

“Embrace each day as a gift to be cherished.” These are Anne’s words from her essay published last summer, describing the main lesson of her battle with cancer—words she lived fully. At our 40th reunion dinner last June, we rose to applaud her courage in traveling 1,600 miles, despite her illness, to reconnect with old friends. Her entire life,
Audrey was one of a kind, and we who knew her are forever enriched by having come within her bright sphere.  
*Cynthia Hill ’74*

**Robertta (Robin) Taft Putney ’78** passed away, surrounded by family, at age 57 on Oct. 30, 2013, after a brief but hard-fought battle with cancer. She is survived by her husband, Andrew Putney, and her children, Charlotte and Tom. At Wellesley, Robin earned a master’s in education focused on mental health counseling from Bridgewater State College in 2002. Her lifelong passion for art and creativity influenced all aspects of her personal and professional life. She enjoyed gardening and yoga, earning a yoga teacher certification.  
*Julie Cohn Rosenfeld ’78*

**Janet Minder Eames CE/DS ’95** died on Jan. 13. With exceptional emotional intelligence and gentle, no-nonsense personal style, Janet nurtured people, plants, and community. She knew the name of every tree, flower, and bush across Wellesley’s landscape. The purple bee tree across the street from Cedar Lodge was her absolute favorite. Wellesley nurtured her desire to design gardens. She fostered warm community and lovely gardens everywhere she lived. She was wife to Andrew, mother to Emily, Charlotte (deceased), and Katherine. As a beloved Wellesley sister, she made our hearts, lives, and gardens more beautiful with her generous heart and loving nurturance.  
*Ashley DeMoss CE/DS ’95*  
*Maria Mishkind Villela CE/DS ’95*

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**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**  
*Continued from page 3*

**THINK ABOUT LEGIBILITY**

Kudos for your latest issue (winter ’14), especially for the coverage of the fire. However, I ask that you forgo artistic benefit of colored pages (blue, red) for white. The print on colored pages is difficult to read.  
*Nancy Barclay Graves ’48*  
*Arlington, Va.*

**ABOUT THOSE COOKIES**

While a student at Wellesley, I lived in Munger Hall from 1955 to 1958. We had a wonderful pastry cook, who was rumored to have come from the Wayside Inn in Sudbury, Mass. Enjoying her popovers, sticky pecan rolls, pompadour pudding, etc., was a delicious way to escape from the stresses of academic life. True, I did weigh more than I have since (except while pregnant), but memories of those treats have inspired me to be a very successful baker. I was delighted when *Wellesley* published the recipe for pompadour pudding. My mother-in-law shared her coffee-cake recipe with me, so I managed to recreate the pecan sticky buns, to my family’s delight. Whenever anyone who enjoyed one of my creations requests a copy of the recipe, I am pleased to provide it. I believe it is a form of immortality to have one’s recipes passed along. I was disappointed to read that Lori Davidson kept her recipe for “crack” cookies a secret (“Sinful Sweets,” winter ’14). It seems a bit selfish to deny the pleasure of enjoying those cookies outside her domain.  
*Mary Benedict Sauer ’58*  
*Naples, Fla.*

**SHELF LIFE**  
*Continued from page 14*

**A COMPLICATED HERO REMEMBERED**

But astronauts have private lives as well as public accomplishments, and 31 years after her historic first flight, we may be ready to examine the complexities of Sally Ride’s personality and legacy. The tidbits we look for in traditional biographies are present here—Ride’s experiences in orbit, her service on the investigation boards after the losses of Challenger and Columbia, her run-in with Billie Jean King as a teenager on the junior tennis circuit, her reaction to first hearing her name in a Billy Joel song on her car radio. What lingers is an image of a brilliant scientist who never lost the joy of discovery, an educator who dedicated her life to sharing that joy with others, and an introvert who might have been crippled by her fame but instead harnessed it to help further her dearest values. The book never becomes a tell-all, though, or devolves into celebrity gossipmongering, and for those of us who want to be able to keep respecting our heroes even while learning more about them, that is a great gift.

Sherr’s biography makes an implicit case for complexity in biography: Not all questions are answered, not all details accounted for. There are contradictions and loose ends, incidents unexplained and details that don’t quite fit. The result is a full and moving picture of a person’s whole life—public, private, and secret—and that is precisely what puts this book on the short list of the finest astronaut biographies written.  
*—Margaret Lazarus Dean ’95*

*Dean is the author of a novel about the Challenger disaster, The Time It Takes to Fall (Simon & Schuster, 2007) and a work of nonfiction, Leaving Orbit: Notes from the Last Days of American Spacelift (Graywolf Press), forthcoming in 2015.*

**GO THE DISTANCE**

they just influence each other backwards and forwards in time, for better or worse.” Meena’s narrative alternates with that of Mariama, a young slave from Mauritanias who makes an escape of her own decades before, hitching a ride in a caravan headed toward Ethiopia. Discovering how the two women connect—backward and forward in time—is one of the greatest rewards of this suspenseful tale.

Longtime readers of *Wellesley* magazine will remember Byrne’s name from the cover story she wrote in the fall of 2009; in “Writer Without Borders,” Byrne detailed her adventures abroad as a recipient of Wellesley’s Mary Elvira Stevens Traveling Fellowship. As a Wellesley alumna, it is satisfying to read the creative work that do not resulted, in part, from that gift of money and time, which the College awards to several alumnae per year. As a voracious reader and a feminist, it is even more satisfying to read a terrific female-driven adventure story in a non-American setting that’s absent from so much of contemporary popular fiction. In *The Girl in the Road*, set in a future that feels eerily realistic, sexuality is fluid, and women are tough and capable of risky and harrowing quests. The one true protector figure of this story is Ye’ama, a goddess-like woman who changes the course of Mariama’s life.

In her first book, Byrne has built a vivid (and often terrifying) world that will appeal to a wide range of readers—most obviously speculative fiction fans, though many a book club would enjoy arguing over the symbolism and plot points of this epic. Here’s hoping for another novel from an imaginative and gifted author.

*—Eliza Borné ’09*

Borné is managing editor of the Oxford American magazine. She lives in Little Rock, Ark.
found a scholar with, as an article about her in the journal *Nature* put it, the “endearing ability to be at once gracious and confrontational, passionate and prickly.” The intensity that marked Adrienne’s life as a public intellectual made her a fascinating teacher and a loyal ally to students. One of her Wellesley students, Bergen Nelson ’98, now a doctor, writes that Adrienne was not simply an “amazing teacher and mentor,” but also a “dear friend” who continued to guide her personally and professionally for many years after Wellesley. Adrienne inspired some students to pursue careers in bioethics, but perhaps even more importantly, influenced many more students who graduated into health-care work to keep in mind the ethical issues and perspectives they learned from her.

Bostonians are wearily familiar with Red Sox stars who leave town to play for the Yankees. Like those baseball phenoms, when Adrienne got a better offer, she too left Boston for New York: She moved to Yeshiva University to become the first director of its Center for Ethics. Befitting her multidisciplinary background, at Yeshiva she was a professor of bioethics who held a joint appointment in Yeshiva’s medical school, but also taught in its law and social-work schools.

I’ve left the aspect of Adrienne that many people noticed first, her blindness, for last. Adrienne was a proud member of the National Federation of the Blind, and she was happy to serve as a mentor to other blind people, especially young blind academics. But her goal, both as a citizen and scholar, was always to make blindness, and disability more generally, an unremarkable attribute, a variation that might be considered no more significant than body build or hair color. The day when that happens seems a long way off; undoubtedly to most people, it is an ideal that seems bizarre, or at least utopian. Then again, if Adrienne’s intent was to make blindness one of the less interesting facts about herself, she clearly succeeded.

—Tom Burke, Professor of Political Science

MOLLY SANDERSON

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CAMPBELL ’60

Government president recalled, “dispensing with drama and clarifying the issues, all with a light touch and such good will and support that we always knew she was for us.”

Students remember her voice, her energy, her walk “at a brisk pace, head forward, like her thinking—almost daring you to keep up with her.” Like all of us in Molly’s orbit, they especially remember her sense of humor—a playful undercurrent of gentle irreverence and irony. “Take your work seriously,” she seemed to be saying, “but not so much yourselves.”

Our no-nonsense dean was full of fun, and students loved her for it. So much so that in the spring of 1996, Molly’s Pub was launched—a gathering spot where students, faculty, and staff came together to hang out, a home and showcase for Wellesley’s comedians and poets and free spirits. “We felt like we were part of a community there,” one student remembers. “We all took a break. I think Molly’s goal was to create a chance and a space for another kind of flourishing, for a healthier balance. She cared about our academic endeavors, and about so much more. She cared about our lives.”

This is Molly’s legacy. Without fanfare or self-promotion, she went about the work of realizing her ideals for student life. Thanks to her commitment and imagination, Wellesley is a more welcoming, generous, and inclusive place.

Molly flourished in retirement. A voracious reader and ardent tennis fan, she had time to indulge those pleasures. She had time for her large extended family and for her many friends. With her daughter, Alison, she tended her beautiful gardens, and she experienced the sheer joy of timeless hours with her adored grandson, Ben. These were years also of adventure and service—far away, in Botswana, Russia, and South Africa, and in Second Mesa, Ariz., where she volunteered for many years in Hopi elementary classrooms. Her life was brimful.

As colleagues and students who were influenced, encouraged, and inspired by her have abundantly affirmed since her death, Molly epitomized Wellesley’s motto *Non Ministrari sed Ministrae*. She was an extraordinary dean of students. She was an extraordinary colleague and an extraordinary friend. She was an altogether extraordinary woman.

—Pamela Koehler Daniels ’59, Class Dean, 1981–2000

ANNE DE COURSEY CLAPP

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the years, my wife, Ming, and I enjoyed Anne’s friendship and her (in her own words) “old-fashioned” wit and wisdom. Her honesty, her humanity and humility, her never-ceasing intellectual curiosity, and her love of Asian art and culture will continue to inspire all those who knew her.

To celebrate Anne’s life as teacher-scholar, I would like to cite a poem written on a commemorative landscape painting in 1064 by the then 90-year-old Chinese scholar-official-poet Zhang Wei, which was lovingly translated by Anne, from her 2012 book:

*When the midwinter ice first breaks and the Tiao River clears, I chant as I wander past misty villages, by distant towns.*

*On a sandbar the sun sets where wildfowl flock together, From my pillow the west wind sounds like drums and horns.*

*A lone scull and a winter lantern follow me fishing through the night, I seize the moment of timely rain to plow the spring fields.*

*Why say wealth is first among the Five Happenances? I have lived more than ninety years in perfect peace. She was only five years short!*

—He Ping, Associate Professor of Art

GABRIEL H. LOVETT

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were vital for him and for all of us in Europe and the US. I will quote the last paragraph because it encapsulates his belief in and his commitment to historical truth:

I have never been able to forget our years in Spain and the Spanish Civil War. I am still trying to sort out the problems posed by that conflict. I do still believe, however, that in spite of Soviet involvement in the Spanish conflict, in spite of the fact that so many communists volunteered for service in Spain, and in spite of so many outrageous episodes that took place on the Republican side in the years 1933–1939, the struggle of the Spanish Republic to free itself from the stranglehold of ultra reactionary Spain supported by Fascist states of Germany, Italy, and Portugal while being denied the right to buy weapons from the so-called Western democracies, when all was said and done, was a good fight, I will believe this until the day I die.

Dear Harrtio, despite the fear you had of dying, and my folly in having said to you years ago that no matter when you would die, it would not be at a young age, I am very glad that you lived, in the end, a long and full life. Rest in peace.

—Elena Gascón-Vera, Professor of Spanish
Capturing the thought

Wellesley’s Campus Renewal plan, approved by the Board of Trustees in October 2013, will create a new environment within and around Pendleton West and Jewett.
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A Grand-Slam Gown

Lots of people like to tell the stories of how they got engaged: where they were, how it happened, who asked whom. But no one talks about what happens after the initial joy wears off—that first awful moment when you realize that you’re going to have to buy a wedding dress. I never dreamed of my big day, and I haven’t been planning the minutiae of my wedding since I was a kid. When other girls were dreaming of princess ball gowns and spring weddings, I was contemplating what I would wear for opening day of Major League baseball—go with the lucky hat from the season before or break in new one? In fact, I wore checked dress pants and a pair of sneakers to my first formal dance at Wellesley, but I held off on the baseball cap.

Somehow, I’ve found myself getting married anyway, and although I’ve never really thought of myself as overly traditional, I’ll be hewing fairly closely to the norm when it comes to my wedding. I’ve tackled the issues attendant with who we’re inviting, and where we’ll have it, to open bar or not, and what my “colors” will be. (Seriously? How is this a thing outside of the script for Steel Magnolias?)

Occasionally this has been done with gritted teeth, but mostly with a “let’s have fun” attitude. All except for the dress. I managed to put my dress shopping off for as long as possible, and when I finally succumbed to the process it was six months before the actual day, much to the dismay of the bridal shops I visited.

I couldn’t sleep the night before the appointed day of shopping, as all the possible horrors of what could happen danced in my head: Nothing would fit. All the dresses would be huge princess-style ball gowns. The only dress I liked would cost the equivalent of the GDP of a small country. Lace and taffeta would cover every surface. Everything would be a stark white that would make me look like death. My strapless bra would fail. I would fail.

So I did what any self-respecting die-hard Red Sox fan would do: I tried to look at it as though it were a sporting event. But this was no minor-league transaction I was undertaking. Looking for a dress is like looking for a marquee player, not a utility infielder. And the more I tried to look at the dress problem from every angle, the more issues I found.

This one dress needed to play every position: I needed a marquee utility player—which is like saying you need a unicorn with butterfly wings. The dress needed to make me look good, but still feel like me. It needed to be appropriate for walking down the aisle but also for dancing later. I needed to not laugh when I saw myself in it. And did I mention I wanted to not look hideous?

And then I saw it another way: I needed a dress that was a home run. A single to advance the runner on base is not what you’re looking for in this situation. This is no time to play small ball. You’ve got to swing for the fences, and trust me, I did not want to whiff.

So, on the appointed day, I showed up with a strapless bra, and my other support: my best friend, my mom, and my sister. Like any good scouting team, I expected them to cover different areas: My mom would love nearly everything and cry a lot; my sister (who works in retail) would make sure that no one made me cry; and my best friend would laugh with me, not at me.

And then I tried on a metric ton of dresses. (Truly, I was not prepared for how much these dresses weigh.) Standing on a platform in a slip while someone instructs you on how to “dive in” to a dress is not my idea of a fun day, but it had to be done. I learned a lot of things standing there half-naked. For instance, lace and I do not get along. Also, backless or sheer-backed dresses are beautiful, but there’s a reason they always show the models from behind: They provide zero support for what’s in front. But I was pleasantly surprised by the number of times that I looked, well, pretty. And bridal.

In the end, there was no moment when I just knew like a bolt of lightning that this was the only dress for me. There was a dress I liked more than the others, and I thought it would make one hell of a statement on opening day. I realized that the dress wasn’t going it alone, however. We made up a team, and we were both going to swing for the fences. The bridal salon attendant put a veil on me to try to complete the picture, and my best friend and I both burst out laughing. There’s only so far you can take a woman from her sneakers.

Jennifer Garrett ’98, who lives in Seattle, will not be having her wedding at Fenway Park, despite intense negotiations with her significant other.
Former Secretary of State Madeleine Korbel Albright '59 wore this gold, silver, enamel, diamond, and garnet brooch during hours of “wrangling with the Palestinian leader [Yasser Arafat] about the need for compromise in the Middle East.” She adds, “My pin reflected my mood.” For more on *Head My Pins: Stories From a Diplomat’s Jewel Box*, the exhibit now at the Davis through July 20, see page 7.