Few prosecutors will ever have the chance to take on a case as big as the Enron trial, but ask anyone who knows Sean Berkowitz '89, the director of the Enron Task Force, and they will tell you they knew he was up to the pressure of the case. Kenneth Lay and Jeffrey Skilling, Enron's chief executives, were convicted of fraud and conspiracy under Berkowitz's prosecutorial leadership.

"The jury has spoken and they have sent an unmistakable message to boardrooms across the country that you can't lie to shareholders, you can't put yourself in front of your employees' interests, and no matter how rich and powerful you are, you have to play by the rules," said Berkowitz outside the courthouse after the verdicts were handed down.

"I came to Tulane in the fall of 1985 on a Dean's Honor Scholarship with the typical swagger of a high-school senior who knows everything," said Berkowitz in a recent interview. "Shortly after arriving at Tulane, I realized how little I actually knew." He credits professor-mentors like Richard Teichgraeber and George Bernstein with helping him to appreciate the possibilities opened to him by the liberal arts curriculum. "I chose to major in political economy, an interdisciplinary major combining politics, philosophy, history, and economics." He spent his junior year studying at Oxford and finished first in his class at Tulane, going on to graduate from Harvard Law.

continued on page five
A Letter from the Editor

As most of you know, on July 1 the restructuring of Tulane will be implemented and Tulane College A&S will cease to exist as we know it. Or as we have known it. As a writer, I constantly labor over my words; as I tried to decide whether to use the present or present perfect in that last sentence, I realized I was struggling with a question larger than grammar or even style. I was dealing with a question of history.

Loss is difficult. Those of us in New Orleans are especially aware of that fact right now. Yet the majority of us has also learned that we can get over most any loss, that we are more than the sum of our things, no matter what sentiments may be attached to them. Obviously, a college is not a thing. And colleges like Tulane A&S and Newcomb, with their unique and varied histories, are rare. But it is that variation that we should keep in mind as we enter this new phase of Tulane’s history. Some of us are infuriated by the changes. Some of us have enthusiastically embraced them. Others have learned a new phrase: “It is what it is.” All of us, I hope, can agree that our ultimate wish is success for our alma mater. Tulane is an institution of legacies; many of us have connections to the university that go back to its earliest days. Our great-grandfathers would likely be stunned if they saw the Tulane we attended. But if we had the metaphysical fortune to sit down with our forbears and tell them the story of our college experience, they would surely come to understand.

I’m finally inclined to choose the present perfect, because it suggests something ongoing. Many of you are familiar with the New Orleans idiom, which we inherited from West Africa, in which we’ve “been knowing” someone for X amount of time. The present perfect there implies a relationship that stretches beyond time — Einstein’s fourth dimension — it suggests intimacy, ken, the kind of warmth and openness toward others that has contributed to New Orleans’ special culture. In my new role as director of student programs for the Newcomb-Tulane College, I intend to keep that spirit of warmth and openness alive. We will work to preserve the traditions that have come to define us as an outstanding institution while building new traditions that will carry us into the future.

I will continue to publish one issue (rather than two) of the Collegian & Review each year. I look forward to continued submissions from all of you — and now from your friends who graduated from other Tulane colleges — for the Class Notes and Review sections.

As always, keep in touch. Come back and visit us. No matter what happens to the structure of Tulane, it is the alumni, students, faculty, and staff — the people who have shaped the university, who have made it the special place it is and will continue to be.

Best,
Sarah R. Doerris

The Tulane Collegian & Review is published by the Office of Tulane College Student and Alumni Programs, Sarah R. Doerris, Director.

Editor
Sarah R. Doerris

Contributors
Sarah R. Doerris
Hillary Niederberger
William Clay Kirby

Art Director
Ian Manders
Studio-Mask, Inc.

Designer
Angella C. Skaggs
Studio-Mask, Inc.

OFFICE OF THE DEAN
George H. Beamont, Ph.D., University of Chicago
Dean of Tulane College and Professor of History

Tara Allison Hamburg, Newcomb ’93, M.B.A., Tulane University
Executive Assistant to the Dean

Anne W. Herrmann, Newcomb ’72, M.A.T., Ph.D., Tulane University
Development Office

OFFICE OF THE ASSOCIATE DEAN
Robert A. Carriere, M.D., Ph.D., University of Illinois
Associate Dean of the College

Trina J. Beck, Ph.D., Tulane University
Senior Academic Adviser

Emma J. Ream, M.A., Tulane University ’99
Academic Adviser

OFFICE OF STUDENT AND ALUMNI PROGRAMS
Sarah R. Doerris, Newcomb ’93, M.F.A., Louisiana State University
Director

Tulane College
Administrative Office
Robert C. Carlisle
New Orleans, LA 70118-5698

The Office of the Dean and Associate Dean may be reached at 504-865-3510

The Office of Student and Alumni Programs may be reached at 504-865-3530

The Tulane Collegian & Review may be mailed to

504-865-3510

studentprograms@tulane.edu

Tulane.edu
A Letter from the Dean

On June 30, 2006, Tulane College will cease to exist. In commenting on that fact, I can do no better than reproduce my remarks to the class of 2006 at their commencement ceremony:

“TODAY IS FIRST AND FOREMOST AN END. YOU ARE THE LAST GRADUATING CLASS FROM TULANE COLLEGE. THUS, THIS COMMENCEMENT CEREMONY IS AN IMPORTANT MILESTONE IN MARKING THE END OF A GREAT INSTITUTION, THE MEN’S LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE OF TULANE UNIVERSITY, WHICH WAS FOUNDED IN 1847. EVEN AS WE LOOK FORWARD TO THE FUTURE, AND I HOPE A VERY BRIGHT FUTURE FOR LIBERAL ARTS EDUCATION AT TULANE, WE WHO LOVE TRADITION AND WHO VALUE THE OUTSTANDING SERVICES THAT THE COLLEGE HAS PROVIDED ITS STUDENTS CANNOT HELP BUT BE SADDENED BY ITS PASSING.”

For recent alumni, the end of Tulane College means the end of a wonderful experiment that you were engaged in since the college’s name was changed in 1994: an attempt to build a meaningful identity and role for a men’s liberal arts college within a coeducational system. However, for those of you who graduated from the College of Arts and Sciences, the college’s passing returns you to the status quo before its name was changed. Your primary identity was with the university rather than the college. That university identity remains more important than ever now, although hopefully we can create some identity with the Schools of Liberal Arts and of Science and Engineering, which will house the departments and programs of your majors.

I hope that you will also want to stay involved with Newcomb-Tulane College. The new college will provide all the advising and programming services that Tulane College has housed for the last six years. Sarah Doerries, who has been acting as director of student and alumni programs since December 2005, will head the student programs office at Newcomb-Tulane College and represents an important source of continuity. James MacLaren,
A Letter from the Dean

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE

the interim dean of the new college, is someone whom I have gotten to know well during my three years as dean. As associate provost, he was the point person at the Provost’s Office for all student issues that got appealed above the deans, and he was superb in that position just because he always wanted to work with us when coming to a decision. During the fall of 2005, he was one of the principal problem solvers for the provost in dealing with Katrina-related issues, including working at the call center in Houston and overseeing the process of getting advising services for Tulane and Newcomb up and running by late October. He is a wonderful, thoughtful person who is very sensitive to students’ concerns, and he will be a great dean. I know he will value your advice and support.

I will be moving into a new position as interim dean of the new School of Liberal Arts. Thus, if you have a degree in any of our humanities, fine arts, or social science departments or programs, you are one of my alumni, as are your Newcomb counterparts. Our offices will be in the current Newcomb dean’s office. I hope all of you will feel that you can contact me in my new digs, and it will always be my pleasure to meet with you if you are in New Orleans. Indeed, please come and visit.

Thanks to all of you for your support during my tenure as dean of Tulane College; getting to know the alumni has been one of the great pleasures of the job. Please do stay in touch.

Yours,

George L. Bernstein
Dean of Tulane College
Berkowitz joined the Enron Task Force in December 2003 as its third and final director. Before his life became the Enron trial, he worked in the criminal division of the Chicago U.S. Attorney’s Office, where he assembled a case against Anicom, Inc., a defunct fiber-optic cable company. Coined as a “baby Enron,” the case led to five guilty pleas, including that of the former CEO, before it went to trial.

But before his involvement and passion for these multibillion-dollar cases, Berkowitz was a highly paid defense lawyer who focused on securities-fraud litigation. He became a prosecutor because of his passion for public service and to get the intense courtroom experience; there is no doubt Berkowitz got what he was looking for.

While in trial, Berkowitz can appear to be all business, but outside the courtroom he rides a Harley-Davidson and is part owner of a popular nightclub in Chicago called the Double Door, which once featured the Rolling Stones.

Though it’s common to find Berkowitz working into the early hours of the morning, he’s always ready to go and manages to stay incredibly calm. He credits his undergraduate experience for this: “As a result of my time at Tulane and Oxford, I developed the tools that have served me so well in my professional career—intellectual curiosity, a passion for interesting issues, and the ability to communicate effectively on almost any topic.”

**TRUTH**

**LIES**

IN HIS CLOSING ARGUMENTS IN THE ENRON CASE, BERKOWITZ USED A SIMPLE BLACK-AND-WHITE CARD WITH THE WORD “TRUTH” ONE SIDE AND “LIES” ON THE REVERSE. HE TOLD THE JURY, “YOU GET TO DECIDE WHETHER THEY TOLD TRUTH OR LIES, BLACK AND WHITE.”
IN MEMORIAM BY WILLIAM CLAY KIRBY, E ‘06

Dr. John Karlem “Ducky” Riess was not so much a man as an institution. He was a part of the fabric of Tulane more than the buildings. Whether you had him as a professor, fraternity advisor, or mentor, those who knew him loved him. Dr. Riess developed an incredible personal connection with just about everyone he met.

I’ve escorted him the last few years to graduation events, and one of the most exciting times for him was the breakfast with the fifty-year reunion class. Most came back not just for Tulane but to see Ducky. He would remember people he hadn’t seen in decades.

My own connection to the man is more familiar. My grandfather and Ducky were best friends since the ’20s, and I’ve known Dr. Riess ever since I was born. I remember sneaking out of church to talk with Ducky instead of listening to the sermon. He’d regale the youth, especially the male youth, with stories of his shenanigans at Tulane. He recruited a lot of bright local students to Tulane that way. My original plan was to go to Georgia Tech or the Naval Academy for engineering, but Ducky took me out to lunch several times and told me stories that enticed me away from these other schools.

I came to Tulane and pledged Phi Kappa Sigma, the same fraternity as Dr. Riess. Ducky was the advisor for Phi Kap from the time of World War II through this past summer. Stellis Aequus Durando (“Equal to the Stars in Endurance”) is Phi Kap’s motto, and Ducky epitomized that motto. Think of one institution that has had that consistent a force over the course of such a long period of time. Many people talk about giving 100 percent, but Ducky was one of those rare individuals who really gave everything his all.

Ducky lived with his sister, Mary, almost all his life. He never married, and though he never had any children of his own, he had the fraternity members, who were like sons to him. Many disdain the Greek system, but Dr. Riess firmly believed in its potential to mold men. His dedication was unwavering, and the best example I can give of the effect of his time with the fraternities comes from his memorial service. The entire fraternity (about fifty members) came in suits and ties on a Friday afternoon to honor him.

One of Dr. Riess’s greatest assets was his unconditional love of students. Sure, he’d make his rounds on fraternity row and tell everyone in no uncertain terms to BEHAVE, but at the end of the
day, he forgave transgressions. He'd listen to anything you had to say, and while he was always brutally honest (whether you wanted him to be or not), he would never judge you, no matter what sin you had committed. Dr. Riess's health finally started to decline last spring; he was ninety-two years old. Despite not being able to stand, he stubbornly insisted on attending Tulane's commencement ceremony at the Superdome last May. He confided in me privately that he was so happy at that ceremony, he wished he had died there. That is how much he loved Tulane. I visited him weekly over the summer just to check up on him and cheer him up. His mind was always sharp, even as his body failed him.

Katrina did more than just destroy buildings. Ducky refused to evacuate because he wanted to die at the home his father had built on Audubon Boulevard. I last talked to him the Wednesday after Katrina. Despite his basement being flooded, he was upbeat and was wondering when Vincent's restaurant was going to reopen. When I said goodbye, he gave me his usual advice: "Keep your pants on and stay out of trouble." Little did I know that would be the last time I'd get to speak with him. He was evacuated from New Orleans later that week. During the evacuation, he was separated from his sister, Mary. He died alone on a military transport plane en route to Shreveport. We didn't know what had happened to him, and we couldn't find his body for a full month.

When Stanley Cohn, Ducky's lawyer, found out where he was, I called Mary, only to be horrified that she didn't yet know. The way Ducky died still haunts me.

I don't want to end the story on a down note, so I'll ask a favor from each one of you. Close your eyes and think of Ducky. Picture him smiling and laughing.
NEW ORLEANS AND THE IRISH FAMINE

GEORGE L. BERNSTEIN, PH.D., UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO; DEAN OF TULANE COLLEGE AND PROFESSOR OF HISTORY

GEORGE L. BERNSTEIN’s most recent book, The Myth of Decline: the Rise of Britain since 1945, was published by Pimlico in Britain in 2004. Dean Bernstein had this to say as an introduction to the following article:

“In November 1995, I published an article in Irish Historical Studies called ‘Liberals, the Irish Famine and the Role of the State.’ As I watched the aftermath of Katrina unfold, first from Houston and after October from New Orleans, I was struck by the parallels between Katrina and the Irish Famine. (Professor Tom Langston in the Department of Political Science and I are going to team teach a one-credit TIDES course on the subject next fall.) I wrote the essay printed here in mid-December of 2005, soon after the New York Times published its wonderful editorial asking whether we as a nation were going to let New Orleans die. Though a lot has changed since then (certainly more government money has been promised), a lot has stayed the same. Therefore, Sarah Doerries and I decided to leave the essay as it was written then rather than try to revise it. As a historical document, it remains a true expression of the frustration felt by many New Orleanians both then and now about the insufficiency of the government response since Katrina, and perhaps just as importantly, the sense all of us have that we remain an afterthought rather than a priority.”

As a historian, I have tended to view the catastrophe created by Hurricane Katrina from a historical perspective. Initially, this meant viewing the destruction in New Orleans and along the Mississippi Gulf Coast through the prism of Second World War bombing damage. Then it was to see the problem of rebuilding these areas (as well as the rest of south Louisiana) in terms of the rebuilding and recovery of West Germany and Japan after that war. More recently, however, seeing neither the engagement nor the resources from Washington that were central to postwar recovery in Europe and Japan, a very different historical analogy has come to mind: the British government’s response to the Irish Famine from 1846 to 1850.

Initially, the British response to the potato blight, which destroyed the food that fed most Irish peasants, was plausible: a mammoth public-works program, which, at its peak, supported almost half of Ireland’s population in early 1847. But British distrust of the Irish people led government to put restrictions on the public works, which limited their effectiveness as famine relief, and ultimately to dismantle the program. By the end of 1847 Parliament had washed its hands of famine relief, denying that it was the job of central government at all. The result was a demographic catastrophe of shocking proportions, especially when we remember that the United Kingdom was, by far, the richest country in the world. Nearly 2.5 million people out of a starting population of 8.5 million had either died or emigrated by 1851.

Clearly, the demographic effects of Katrina are paltry by comparison, at least if they are measured in terms of lives lost. However, when the population of a city of almost 500,000 is reduced to less than 100,000 people within four months, the consequences are staggering enough—and this does not include the effects on the larger New Orleans metropolitan area, the Mississippi Gulf Coast, or Cameron Parish, which was destroyed by Hurricane Rita. Yet no one in Washington seems to feel that this is a national crisis for America that requires a national response
comparable to that engendered by the devastation of war. Indeed, there seems little sense of urgency at all. Why? Sadly, many of the attitudes that predominated among the English, Scottish, and Welsh people in the 1840s are evident in America today as we face our own demographic catastrophe.

Racism and moral judgment: From start to finish, the British response to the famine in Ireland was shaped by the contempt the British people felt for Irish Catholics, who were literally viewed as a lower race. They believed that the Irish were lazy and looked to the government rather than to themselves for their own well-being; thus, they had to be taught important lessons about work and self-reliance. The evangelical Protestant middle-class who dominated the British electorate at the time saw the famine as God's judgment on a craven people and their idolatrous religion. It was not for government to interfere with God's will. Similar opinions have shaped the attitudes of the white American middle class toward the African American poor, and such views of New Orleans blacks seemingly were confirmed by stories of massive looting and criminal activity after Katrina—stories that we now know were greatly exaggerated. Of course, the victims of Katrina and Rita were not just poor African Americans. People of every class and race saw homes and lives destroyed. But the sense of contempt for New Orleans and its people still remains, and the view that Katrina was a judgment by God on a sinful city was often expressed by Protestant ministers in the aftermath of the disaster. People believe that we New Orleanians got what was coming to us, and given the dependence of the Mississippi Gulf Coast on gambling, perhaps Mississippians did too.

Corruption: The British government saw the Irish people as fundamentally corrupt. The Irish, they believed, wanted something for nothing, and therefore the government sought to set up checks in the public-works program to prevent abuse: it would be supported by loans that had to be paid back, wages were kept well below market level (and below what could support a family given the inflated famine prices), private landlords were mostly not allowed to benefit and were expected to support their own tenants. When the inevitable abuses occurred, they trumped whatever good the program did in providing relief. Eventually, the British government chose to cease relief altogether rather than allow such corruption to continue. Like the crime in New Orleans after Katrina, the corruption on the public works was greatly exaggerated because the public's preconceptions about the people involved led them to generalize from individual instances. But the myth of persuasiveness is what survived.

A similar fear of corruption now paralyzes effective assistance to New Orleans. Indeed, the list of checks on government assistance is eerily familiar: loans rather than grants to small businesses and bankrupt communities; no benefits for private-sector employers, who should take care of themselves; nothing to assist Entergy, the power company in New Orleans, even if the period before power is restored to the city is extended and the monthly bill of residents is more than doubled; and lots and lots of red tape to try to prevent abuse. No one who has lived in Louisiana as long as I have (now twenty-six years) would claim that corruption is a myth; however, it has become an excuse to allow the kind of checks in the system that block effective assistance. While aid to the hurricane refugees who have temporarily relocated elsewhere has been meaningful and for the most part effective, it has been much too slow for people who return (or want to return) to the stricken areas or to aiding governments. In Louisiana in particular, the pace of aid has been dictated by the fear of corruption.
The result is that small businesses face bankruptcy and people cannot get FEMA trailers that will enable them to return home, restart their lives, and contribute to the rebuilding of their communities.

Bankruptcy and donor fatigue: In early 1847, a financial panic that began in the United States seemed to threaten the British banking system. Thereafter, the government was fixated on what was needed to assure financial stability, including a balanced budget. Any further pumping of money into Ireland, they believed, would threaten to bankrupt the nation while favoring a region at the expense of the whole. At the same time, the government believed it had been extraordinarily generous to Ireland, and all that it got in return was ingratitude and a demand for more by Irish Members of Parliament. (In fact, the Irish people provided more in famine relief than the British government did.) A similar sense that the government cannot afford to help with hurricane relief is becoming increasingly pervasive in Washington. Clearly, there is no fixation on a balanced budget now; however, there is a growing concern with the budget deficit, which has been allowed to balloon in the last five years: an obvious place to cut is in the amount of relief for the Gulf Coast. Moreover, from the earliest days after the storm, there have been those in Congress who have seen this crisis as a local matter, which imposes strict limits on how much the nation as a whole should be asked to contribute in assistance. Finally, everyone seems to be getting tired of local demands.

Ignorance: Amazingly no member of the British government who was not directly responsible for Irish administration visited Ireland during the famine. No one saw for himself the extent of the suffering and death. As a result, despite constant warnings from the Lord Lieutenants (the head of the Irish government) and the Chief Secretaries (the Cabinet’s representative in Ireland) of the day, as well as the Irish MPs, the men in Westminster tended to believe that the extent of the crisis was exaggerated by the Irish and that their own policies were sufficient. Despite occasional visits by the President and a few members of Congress to the area affected by Katrina, the same ignorance pervades Washington today. For it is a truism among us in Louisiana and Mississippi that it is impossible to understand the scope of the devastation, and thus of the rebuilding problem, unless one sees it firsthand, and the vast majority in Congress has not. As a result, the constant warnings and cries for help from the local Senators, Congressmen, governors, mayors, parish presidents, etc., tend to be discounted and ignored.

If we are to avoid turning the catastrophe wrought by Katrina and Rita into America’s Irish famine, we need a very different response from our government in Washington than the one we have seen up to now. First, there needs to be strong leadership from the top. President Bush needs to devote some portion of the time and effort he gives to persuading the American people of the central importance of the war in Iraq to the rebuilding of the Gulf Coast. He needs to make clear that it is near the top of the administration’s legislative agenda and that it will stay there until the job is done. That would assure that Congress and the nation give the region the attention it deserves.

Second, it is time to recognize that certain things must be and should be done by the federal government. Many decades ago, Washington decided that it was its job to provide an adequate supply of water
to the Southwest United States and Southern California. Dams were built and water was and is supplied at subsidized rates. This is a policy that all of us paid for to benefit a region because it was judged to be in the national interest. The rebuilding of the Gulf Coast requires the same level of government leadership, planning, and sustained commitment of resources over the period of time necessary to do the job.

This is a policy of self-interest for the American people because of the economic and cultural importance of the region to the nation. It is a needed act of generosity, for while the American people have been incredibly generous to the people of the region on an individual and community basis, that generosity has not translated to our government. And finally this policy is a debt owed to the people of New Orleans and St. Bernard Parish because the federal government’s stinginess, bad judgment, and incompetence in the building of the levee and canal system around New Orleans are the reason the floods occurred in the first place.

Thus, the first priority of federal action should be a commitment to build a flood-control system (including the stopping of coastal erosion) that will protect the region around Lake Pontchartrain and along the Mississippi River from Category 5 hurricanes, and a commitment to gathering the resources to build it.

We must cut the red tape and end the fixation on waste. There is always waste—including, judging by the compensation of senior executives, in the private sector. There has been enormous waste by the Pentagon in fighting the war in Iraq, including the setting aside of the usual rules about competitive bidding of contracts. The government sees this as an acceptable cost of expediting a policy deemed essential to the national interest. The rebuilding and reviul of the Gulf Coast requires the same sense of national urgency. Cost controls should not be discarded, but bureaucracy should not be allowed to hamstring a speedy delivery of services to people who already have suffered so much. Furthermore, if the cost of fighting the war and rebuilding Iraq can be placed “off budget,” so that it does not affect the deficit, so can the cost of rebuilding the Gulf Coast.

Finally, every single Senator and Congress- man should visit the region. All must see the wrecked communities along the Mississippi Gulf Coast, the devastated neighborhoods of New Orleans, and the destroyed parts of St. Tammany, St. Bernard, Plaquemines, and Cameron Parishes. They must see in order to understand that this was not an ordinary catastrophe, and so an ordinary response will not do. They need to imagine how they would feel and what they would want from the government if these were their constituents and their communities. They owe this to the people who have suffered, and they owe it to the nation. For in the end this is the question: When historians come to judge the present government’s response to the devastation of Mississippi and Louisiana, will they see as an analogy the imagination and generosity of the Americans in Europe and Japan from 1946 to 1950, or will they see the parsimony and narrowness of the British in Ireland from 1846 to 1850? 
LANDSCAPE PORTRAIT
THOMAS BURKE, ’79

Thomas Burke is assistant professor of Humanities at Dominican University of California. His short fiction has appeared in literary magazines including the James White Review and Harrington Gay Men’s Fiction Quarterly. He lives in San Francisco and Sonoma County, California.

Will Easby-Smith had created a solid, if nomadic, living as a portrait painter to the rural white families in Basutoland. He moved from house to house, setting up residence for the duration of his production. With us he usually stayed about six weeks. Occasionally when between engagements, Mr. Easby-Smith would stop, especially if my mother was away, and stay with us the odd week or two. He regularly arrived to us in time for New Year’s, when the days had elongated and the hots had begun in earnest. My father, my brothers, and I loved the quick and severe changes summer visited upon our country. My mother disliked January’s baking temperatures. Her habit was to leave just after New Year’s, to take care of family business in cooler climes.

The summer of my portrait, at age fifteen one was finally to be painted of me, would be my last in the southern hemisphere. December and January had meant hot, dry; that was natural, the world as it should be. The northern winters of my adult life have always been unnaturally cold to me. I can’t accustom myself to dark afternoons and snow in what should be summertime.

“Maybe I shouldn’t go away,” my mother said. “Mm?” Dad said, his face bent over a book Mum had given him for Christmas.

“He’ll be here day after tomorrow.”

“Mm,” Dad said.

“Easby-Smith,” Mum said. “He’ll be here day after tomorrow.”

“And.”

“Perhaps I shouldn’t go away,” she continued. “Shouldn’t take my trip just now.”

“Why? You know you can’t stand the heat. And really, darling, we do need for you to go to America just now.”

In an effort to placate Mum, my father dispatched me to Rose Cottage.

“Go help the boys move furniture down there,” he said.

As the name was meant to suggest, Rose Cottage was a rectangle of rural England grown up on our African soil. Two storeys of brown shingle, the old cottage stood proudly against the full high sun of Christmastide. Its lazy sloping roof, punctuated by irregularly placed dormer windows, strained under old-growth vines of white and red roses.

***

“What is the-mummy so excited over?” Nelson asked me.

He and his cousin Mpande had finished most of the work at the cottage by the time I walked down there. They were eighteen, three years older than me. We had grown up together, their family working for my family.

Change was coming to our world. Last year my brothers had been dispatched to school at a place called Rhode Island, in America. In a few months...
Nelson would leave for university in England. Mpande was bound for Canada and engineering studies. I was to be off to this Rhode Island come September.

"Rose Cottage is all shipshape," Nelson said. "The-mummy knows she can still count on me."

Nelson called my mother "the-mummy" to distinguish her from his own mother, whom he called "mummy," no article. The-mummy, Nelson knew, had convinced mummy that studying abroad would be a good thing for Nelson. The-mummy had made Nelson promise that he would return home when he finished school; that he would not stay on in England as Nelson's elder brother had.

"Mr. Easby-Smith is coming," I said.

"The artist," Nelson said.

"He's going to paint my portrait this time."

Portraiture flowed through the landscape of my childhood. The images in oil paints were part status symbol, part attempt at permanence and legitimacy on the African highlands. My family and my family's friends commissioned pictures of ourselves in the great African out-of-doors. Smartly dressed drawing room swells were not to be found among these depictions of bronzed and windblown white folk.

Shortly after they had married, Mr. Easby-Smith did near life-sized portraits of my mother and father. In hers, my mother—dressed in khaki and leaning against a properly dusty Land Rover—looked over a valley where cattle grazed. My father was captured astride a horse, along a ridge trail. One year when my grandmother was visiting, Mr. Easby-Smith painted a sober image of her, surrounded by African children, at an outdoor church. I had watched and waited as the man did portraits of everyone, including my two elder brothers.

"All his things will be coming in a few days," I said to Nelson.

"Yes," Nelson said. "I remember. They come on the train, the big cases with the paintings. Mpande and I will fetch all that."

---

Mr. Easby-Smith always took over the entire second floor of Rose Cottage. The largest room would be cleared of furniture and set up as the painting studio. In the adjacent room were placed two large racks of paintings. One rack held the studies. They served as a sample case, lending ideas about settings and poses. In the other, always covered up, were noncommissioned paintings, what Mr. Easby-Smith called "my own work."

Any time the painter came to stay with us he let me look through the studies. The faces and poses attracted me. I had longed to be thought important enough to be the subject of a portrait.

"Well, Tom," Mr. Easby-Smith said to me, "where do you think we should paint you?"

We were at dinner on New Year's Eve.

"We did your eldest brother at the edge of one of the lakes," he said. "Your next brother we painted on his horse."

"God's Rock," I said. "I'd like to go up to God's Rock."

God's Rock was two hours' walk from the house. After climbing up a narrow trail one came to a high flat meadow covered in stubby brown grass and tiny sun-stiffened buds. At the meadow's far end, opposite the trail, stood a white stone outcropping, ten storeys tall. Our name, God's Rock, was an Anglicization of its Sesotho name. Behind the rock was a lake.
My brothers and I had used it as diving platform, sunbath blanket, and cowboys-and-indians stage set. I felt a connection to this spot of earth.

"Sweetheart," my mother began, "you don’t want to take Mr. Easby-Smith up there. The only way up is on foot."

"Mum," I said. "One can go on horse. I’ve done it."

"Will," my mother said to Mr. Easby-Smith, "how long has it been since you were in saddle? Maybe I should stay. I can go to New York later."

"Nonsense, darling," Mr. Easby-Smith said. "I know God’s Rock. I’ve been up there. We’ll be fine on our own."

The next morning my mother left for America. She went to visit my brothers at their schools and to pay calls on banks in New York. We needed it, it was becoming increasingly clear, contingencies outside of Africa. Mum, unlike Dad, had developed a fluency in speaking American. She was our ambassador to the world beyond.

That left just my father and me, and Nelson and Mpondi, at home with Mr. Easby-Smith.

In that delicious summer heat, I loved heading out anywhere on a horse. The drought had not yet come to our country; our hills were still interspersed with surprise lakes and highland meadows. Finding a lake I’d doff my clothes and wade into lapping water.

That morning, after my mother left, I took a quick ride and then went to Rose Cottage to sit for Mr. Easby-Smith. He wanted to make some drawings of me.

"Tom," he said. "Do come in. Will you have some tea?"

Before I could answer he had poured me a cup from the breakfast service Nelson had left earlier.

Pointing at a table, he said, "I’ve already done some drawings of you. Your parents sent me photographs a few weeks ago. I like to do that before I come, look at photographs and make some sketches."

"Just sit there, by the window. Have your tea. You needn’t be still. I want to look at you and at my sketches."

He continued to chat at me while he made marks on the sketches. Every few minutes he would interrupt his patter with "yes" and "oh yes." I understood these to be comments to the drawings.

In half an hour’s time his tone of voice shifted. Mr. Easby-Smith began to ask me questions, speaking at a slower, easier pace.

"Will you be off to America?" he asked.
“Do you think,” he continued, “there will be a place for us in the Africa that is evolving?”
Not once did he ask about cricket or school, the things adult men usually asked of me.
While I was expounding, Nelson came into the room.
“Sir,” Nelson said to Mr. Easby-Smith, “there is a telephone call for you. A gentleman from Maseru calling.”
Our only phone was in the main house. It had taken Nelson at least five minutes to walk from the house to Rose Cottage. It would take another five minutes for Mr. Easby-Smith to walk up to the house.

“Bloody Invis-a-ne instrument,” Mr. Easby-Smith muttered.
Nelson smiled, and coughed a laugh into suppression.

“I better go. Tom, you go in the next room and look at some of the paintings in the far rack. They’re all portrait studies. See if there’s anything that strikes you, in poses or settings and the like. I’ll be back as soon as I can.”
Dutifully I walked into the adjoining room and began to peruse the paintings. Thirty or more, stretched but without frames, lay in the rack. They were truly studies; none seemed quite finished. I recognized faces. Variations of my two brothers’ pictures were there, though the settings were different than those in their actual portraits. My cousin Harold, dressed like the African cowboy he was, leant against a lone fence post, the Mhahano plain stretching out behind him. A young man sat on God’s Rock, dressed in a shirt and shorts. It was my father, perhaps twenty years ago, shortly after he had come to this part of Basutoland. My aunt, cousin Harold’s mother, posed in a camp chair, a rifle by her side.

Portraits of white people—standing, walking, doing anything but sitting indoors—dominated.

After going through the study paintings twice I walked to the second rack, the ones Mr. Easby-Smith called his own work. In all the years he had come to visit, I had never looked through this rack. It was always covered by large canvas drop cloths. I lifted them back and let them fall to the floor. These paintings, I could see, were more finished, more careful. These were portraits of men, many of them African men.

Nelson was there. The painting was recent, possibly last year. Tall and perfectly formed; Nelson’s skin was dark brown. Easby-Smith had captured the tone exactly. Nelson was naked in the painting.

All the men in these pictures were nude. Toward the middle of this rack was a white man. The man was my father, though younger when this painting had been done. Dad was stretched out, lying on his back, naked, atop God’s Rock. Easby-Smith had captured his look of contentment, the look my father had when reading a good book, or when finishing a meal he had enjoyed.

Nudes of my two brothers, done in previous summers, were side by side in the rack. Harold, my cousin, was painted leaning against a barren tree. A large portrait of Mpane—just emerged from a swim, his body dripping lake water to the ground—seemed to smell of the ashy dryness that beads of water dropping on warm summer dirt release.

***

By the time my mother returned from America a finished portrait of me was hanging on the long landing wall of the front-hall staircase.

“Thomas,” my mother said. “It’s wonderful. He’s truly caught you.”

Easby-Smith had painted me seated on the lake side of God’s Rock. All around me was the white of the rock. In back of me was the black-green lake. I was dressed in my then favorite navy blue shorts (with double stripes of white piping down the sides) and an old dress shirt of my father’s. Easby-Smith had the piping disappearing and reappearing in and out of the folds created by my sitting down in the shorts. He captured the soft draping of the white shirt, nearly the color of the rock, against my long thin torso. A hint of slow summer wind brushed the sunburnt hair off my forehead. Barefoot, I looked out, smiling slightly, beyond the water.
TULANE COLLEGIANS: CLASS NOTES

Editor’s Note: Most of these announcements were received during the summer of 2005 (pre-Katrina). We acknowledge that some of the information may be slightly out of date but wanted nonetheless to highlight the accomplishments that our alumni were so kind as to share with us.

1950s

Dr. Stuart Baron ’54 passed away January 14, 2005. He was a family practice physician in Springfield, NJ. He is survived by his loving wife of forty-one years, Susan, two sons, Johnathan and Gregory, and a daughter-in-law, Janine.

Les Blank ’56 is the founder and owner of Flower Films. His film Garlic is as Good as Three Mothers was selected by The Library of Congress in 2004 to be added to the National Film Registry, to be preserved in perpetuity due to its “aesthetic cultural and historical value.” This is his second film to be added; Les is hoping to make three.

1960s

Dr. Jack Kushner ’60 was elected to the Tulane Alumni Board of Directors as director at large. He has worked with the University of Sheffield (England), where he studied abroad his junior year at Tulane, to help establish the University of Sheffield in America.

Charles Kaplan ’66 has retired from Maastricht University in the Netherlands and relocated to the United States with his wife, Rose Parna. He has begun new and exciting work in evaluation research.

1970s

Dr. Kenneth Ducote ’73 has retired after thirty-three years with the New Orleans Public School District as a teacher and administrator. He was appointed last year as interim president of Bishop Pery Middle School, a Catholic educational institution.

Gary A. Kaplan ’72, a market research expert, is the director of Leger Marketing in the United States.

Anthony Gregorio ’79 is president and chief executive officer of The Standard Companies, Inc.

1980s

Etienne Mejia ’84, a baseball nut, has blended his love for medicine with America’s Pastime by working as an orthopedic surgeon at the Sports Medicine Center for the Wisconsin Timber Rattlers since 1999. “I’m the luckiest guy!” writes Mejia.

Michael Molloo ’84 became partner in the North Bradford Dental Group in January 2004. He and his wife have one son, William Martin. (Their second child was due in December 2005.)

Robert Moskop ’85 is the treasurer of the board of governors of the Metropolitan AnesthesiCare Alliance. He is currently learning how to create bonsai trees and is in training for a walking marathon. He and his wife, Susan Meinert Moskop (N’85), have one daughter, fifteen-year-old Sophie.

Scott J. Broek ’85 was appointed to the board of Coconut Creek Chamber of Commerce and has authored several articles in local publications about family law, time management, and voter turnout.

Charles J. Aller Jr. ’86, his wife Kryssia, and their two children, Cassandria and Charles III, moved from Tokyo to London. He currently works for the Bank of Ireland heading the structured-product desk in the United Kingdom.

1990s

John Nelson Stewart V ’90 was married to Emily Suzanne Taylor on July 4, 2005.


2000s

Jeel Nicolas Rosa ’00 was united in marriage with Marilyn Roberta Cosmea on April 16, 2005. He is a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity and is currently attending the University of Pennsylvania School of Veterinary Medicine.

ALUMNI LINK ONLINE

The Alumni Association’s new on-line community is up and running at www.tulanecommunity.com.

The site allows you to customize information about yourself that you would like to share with fellow alumni, and to search for fellow alumni using a wide array of parameters: name, class year, college, major, even student activities and current profession. If you’re not already in the system, contact the Alumni Association at 504.865.5901 or toll-free at 877.4TULANE for a log-on ID.
TULANE COLLEGE is the university’s liberal arts division for men and its historic undergraduate college. Of the university’s six undergraduate divisions, Tulane College alone dates from the beginnings of the university. The college was founded in 1847 by the act of the State of Louisiana that founded the University of Louisiana. The act provided for “faculties...of the natural sciences, and...letters, and a college proper or academical department,” which today is Tulane College, and departments of law and medicine, which today are the Tulane Law and Medical Schools. The already-existing Medical College of Louisiana, which had been founded in 1834 as an independent institution, became the university’s department of medicine.

The university was renamed “The Tulane University of Louisiana” in 1884 in recognition of the generosity of millionaire philanthropist Paul Tulane, who had provided the institution with an endowment. The “college proper or academical department” was renamed Tulane College at the same time.

Throughout the 1880s and ’90s, the administrators regularly discussed the inadequacy of the campus on Common Street in downtown New Orleans, where the university had been located since its founding. They began the purchase of the property along St. Charles Avenue that eventually became the uptown campus. In 1894, the university was relocated to its current site, and Tulane College was relocated to Gibson Hall, now the main administration building, which had been constructed specifically for the college. The same year, courses in engineering and applied science were removed from the curriculum of Tulane College, and a separate College of Technology (now the School of Engineering) was founded. Tulane College was renamed the College of Arts and Sciences at that time.

In 1988, the separate faculties and curricula of the College of Arts and Sciences and the H. Sophie Newcomb Memorial College, the university’s liberal arts division for women, which had been founded in 1886, were merged. Today, men and women attend class together and are taught a common curriculum by a single faculty, the Faculty of the Liberal Arts and Sciences.

In 1993, the university’s board of administrators voted to restore the college’s historic nineteenth-century name, Tulane College.

The college now enrolls 3,600 men pursuing the bachelor of arts, bachelor of fine arts, and bachelor of science degrees. Its living alumni number some 21,000, the largest number of any of the university’s schools and colleges; among them are some of the nation’s and the world’s most accomplished and distinguished professionals in a remarkable variety of fields.

In the 150 years since its founding, Tulane College has subscribed to a few basic principles: a belief in the enduring value of a liberal arts education, a conviction about the importance of extracurricular activities and accomplishments, and a justifiable pride in the achievements of its talented students and distinguished alumni.

DROP US A LINE! We want to hear from you! Please fill out this form so we can keep your classmates up to date on developments in your lives, we welcome photographs of alumni and their families.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>first</th>
<th>middle or initial</th>
<th>last</th>
<th>class year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>HOME</td>
<td>street</td>
<td>city</td>
<td>state</td>
<td>Zip</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BUSINESS</td>
<td>title</td>
<td>company</td>
<td>email</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>street</td>
<td>city</td>
<td>state</td>
<td>Zip</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEWS</td>
<td>e.g., career, activities, family, achievements</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

If you wish to receive further information about what alumni are doing, you may indicate this by checking the appropriate box.

Please provide your current address: Yes No

Mail to: The Tulane Collegian & Review, Tulane College, Office of Student and Alumni Programs
Robert C. Cudd Hall, New Orleans, LA 70118-5698
"As a result of my time at Tulane... I developed... intellectual curiosity, a passion for interesting issues, and the ability to communicate effectively on almost any topic."

ENRON TASK FORCE DIRECTOR SEAN BERKOWITZ '89