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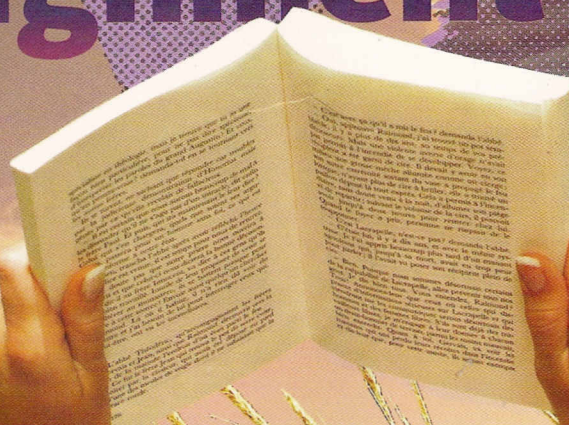
Master T, professor of mambo

Yale's original blue

Andrew Solomon on the suicide
of a friend

Your summer reading assignment

from the
Yale faculty



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Paul Contreras (SY; textinjapan@gmail.com) sent in this update: "Last time I wrote, our son (age 12) took his entrance exams for private junior high schools in Japan. Well, he passed all six exams, so he was able to choose any one he wanted. Unlike in public schools, he now goes to class six days a week. America, are you paying attention? Our daughter (age 7) is now in the third grade without her big brother around. In March I became the Japan technical support manager for Check Point, an Israeli network security software company. Around Passover, I traveled to Tel Aviv and was able to visit Jerusalem and the Vatican after my meetings. Now I can say I work in the Far East, for a company based in the Middle East. I hope to see you all in the North East in 2012."

Perhaps some of you saw **Carey Goldberg** (TD; careyg@comcast.net) on the *Today* show in April. She wrote about some recent changes in her life. "The bad news is, I was laid off in a sweep-out of part-timers at the *Boston Globe* last spring, thus completing the downward arc of my career from *Los Angeles Times* Moscow correspondent to *New York Times* national correspondent to *Boston Globe* part-time health and science reporter, to One More Unemployed Journalist. The good news is that about a month after I was laid off, a book that I'd co-written with two girlfriends sold to the publisher Little Brown, and it's just now out in bookstores. It's titled *Three Wishes: A True Story of Good Friends, Crushing Heartbreak, and Astonishing Luck on our Way to Love and Motherhood*. It's a triple memoir about some lucky sperm: When I turned 39, still single, I decided to become a mother on my own and ordered some donor sperm. But just as it arrived, I met Sprax, my future husband, and got pregnant the old-fashioned way. So I passed the sperm on to my friend, Beth, who'd just come out of a horrible divorce and was hitting her own single-mother deadline. She, too, soon met a man, and so passed the sperm on to our friend, Pam, the hopeless romantic. Same story for Pam: met a man, fell in love, had a baby. In the book, my children, Liliana and Tully, are just babies, but they are now at the delightful ages of five and eight. Sprax works at a Cambridge software company, and I'm still trying to figure out my post-newspaper work life, but have been doing some freelancing for *Scientific American* online and seem headed toward more web work. Ideas welcome at careyg@comcast.net."

Books are a hot topic this month. **David Lummis** (SY; david@coffeeshopchronicles.com) has completed the first volume of his three-part serial novel: *The Coffee Shop Chronicles of New Orleans*. The book was published in June and the remaining two volumes will be released during the remainder of the year. The novel is set in New Orleans and Paducah, Kentucky (Lummis's hometown), and blends fact, fiction, and satire in exploring unresolved personal and civil rights issues from antebellum times to the present. Check out the book's website at www.coffeeshopchronicles.com. David currently lives in New Orleans.

Speaking of the Big Easy, that city has served as my son Sam's adopted home for the past four years. I traveled to New Orleans in May to attend his graduation from Tulane. I ate oysters and beignets so I will have something to remember a great city. Luckily, none of it was tainted by the horrible oil slick.

Notice the small amount of news this month? I count on my classmates to send me juicy tidbits for publication, so please do so soon. Since there is not much more to say, I'm off to enjoy the warmer weather.

—TBR