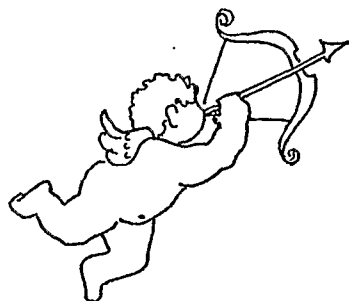


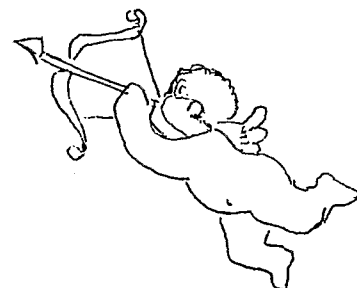
10964

FEBRUARY 1987 No. 88

This community newsletter publishes information, events, problems and concerns affecting the people of Palisades. 10964 needs your moral and financial support. Please send a contribution for 10964 to Box 201, Palisades, NY 10964. With your help you'll find 10964 in your mailbox every month.



Because Valentine's Day is upon us and romance is in the air, we are devoting part of this issue to the subject of: HOW YOU MET YOUR SPOUSE. Some romantic (and game) couples in Palisades sent us their sweet memories of how they met. We hope it arouses feelings of sentimentality, romance and general mushiness within you all. And to all a Happy Valentine's Day!



Ed.

LOVE BOAT

Cushman Haagensen writes this memoir of meeting and wooing Alice.

I was a ship's surgeon on the old Ryndam of the Holland-American Line for a time after I had recovered from tuberculosis, contracted during my hospital years. She was a pleasant ship and I enjoyed being on her because I was perfectly well, the Dutch officers were very cordial, and we were not only on the trans-Atlantic run, but made interesting tours abroad.

In June 1928 we stopped at Boulogne-sur-Mer to pick up passengers for New York. As on other ships in those days each officer had a dining room table for which he chose his guests. A convenient way of selecting them was to watch them as they came aboard. On this occasion I stood with the chief steward discreetly by the ship end of the gangplank. It was a delightful June afternoon. A distinguished elderly lady came up the gangplank, and behind her was a particularly charming girl who was obviously her daughter. I tapped the chief steward on the shoulder and said, "That one for me."

And so it was. Alice and her mother were at my table and our trip was an unusually long one with a stopover at Halifax. It was long enough for Alice and me to decide that we wished to be together permanently; and so we have been for fifty-seven happy years.

Alice's father was somewhat surprised at the prospect of a comparatively unknown son-in-law; but I had one advantage: he and Alice's mother had met on shipboard on a trip to Europe forty years before.

CUSHMAN HAAGENSEN

LOVE ON A PICKET LINE

Johanna Farley remembers her campus romance with Jim.

It was May Day, 1967, and the usually peaceful, very conservative Rose Hill campus of Fordham University was experiencing its first ever anti-Vietnam War demonstration. Members of the Student Peace Union were picketing to throw ROTC off campus.

Although as a 17 year old college freshman I did not think of myself in terms of a civil libertarian, I felt very strongly that a campus was a place where everyone should have a say, both the Student Peace Union and the ROTC. I looked around at the crowd milling about and wondered if anyone else felt the same way.

Suddenly I saw him and I knew right away this was it. He was kneeling on the ground making poster board signs that said exactly what I had been thinking. Not only that, but he was soooo sophisticated, wearing a three-piece suit, with a pipe sticking out of the pocket. I was sure he was a senior at least. When he offered me a sign to carry in a counter-protest I could not refuse. Together we started our picket line and soon others joined in. After the picket line I learned his name and that he was a freshman just like me.

May 1, 1967, was the beginning of my political activism and of my relationship with my husband, Jim. But, although we worked together politically, it took me until September 30, 1967 before I got him to ask me out-- (that's the way it still was back in those days). It was that night, when we finally went out for the first time, that I went home and woke my family and told them, "I'm going to marry Jim Farley."

JOHANNA FARLEY

MIND IF I SMOKE?

Marina Harrison's first encounters with Jim. Ici on parle d'amour.

Jim and I met at a summer school for the arts in Fontainebleau, France in 1960. I was a music student and he was the student proctor, the liaison between students and faculty.

On our first date I wanted to appear cool and sophisticated. After all, Jim seemed that way to me, certainly more so than the pimply-faced college boys I had known! I thought that smoking cigarettes during the course of the evening would give the desired effect. Not having ever smoked before, I didn't know how to inhale, but puffed away as languidly as I could, one after another.

On our second date, Jim immediately offered me a cigarette. By now I was feeling more confident about things and had, in fact, forgotten about my recently acquired "habit." I refused, saying, "Thanks, but I don't smoke."

I guess he decided that someone this wacky was worth pursuing.

MARINA HARRISON



A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO?

Donna Tookmanian relates how a serendipitous near-collision flung her into the arms of Fate.

It was a beautiful Spring morning - temperature in the mid 70's, sun shining, a perfect day for the beach, especially for a sun worshiper such as myself. But when a friend asked me to help her move from her apartment in Nyack to Piermont, I gave up the beach and went to her rescue.

Little did I know that a tall, dark, handsome stranger, riding an expensive Italian bicycle, would almost run me over and peddle right into my heart. He was dressed in typical cycling wear: lycra shorts, funny cleated shoes, and a leather net cap. His clothes looked very strange to me, but he had the face of an angel. So when he asked me for my phone number I gave it to him, and prayed he'd use it. That was April 26, 1980, a day that we will remember and talk about for the rest of our lives.

And when our 2 week old daughter, Deanna Marie, is old enough to understand, it will be the first bedtime story she hears -- how Mommy met her Prince Charming, riding not a white horse, but a royal blue Colnago.

DONNA TOOKMANIAN

LOVE AND MARMALADE

Caroline Tapley recalls how she and Donald met in England.

We met over breakfast in a boardinghouse in Oxford -- or, alternatively, we met over the Hungarian Refugee Relief Fund. Both are true: the boardinghouse at 59 Holywell was, in 1957, the headquarters in England of the effort to find sponsors for Hungarian students and so make it possible for those who wanted to, to leave that recently invaded country.

Donald was a postdoctoral Fellow, doing biochemical research with Professor Hans Krebs. It was fiercely cold that winter; Krebs's people seemed to spend most of their time trying to warm their hands over the Bunsen burners. Donald was then a Canadian national - a "colonial"! - a skinny blond with an evident calling in medicine.

I was a beginning sub-editor at the Oxford University Press. Initially, elated at finally being independent, I'd rented half a tiny house near the Press. It was cheap - and cold and lonely. After three months of feeding half-crown pieces into its voracious gas meter, I moved gratefully across the city to 59 Holywell.

The breakfast at which we met must have been a Sunday one: weekdays postdocs sleep in, long after sub-editors have shouldered their way to the office. And it was undoubtedly the traditional bacon and eggs and Oxford marmalade. I do not remember how our conversation began - (he may have said "More coffee?" or, alternatively, "Abow-ut that student in Szeged...") - but thirty years later, it continues unabated. As does the traditional Sunday breakfast -- when we can get Oxford marmalade.

CAROLINE TAPLEY



"Nobody will ever win the battle of the sexes. There is just too much fraternizing with the enemy."

Henry Kissinger

ENTER LOVING

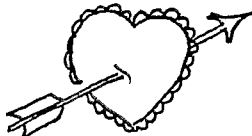
Dorothy Davis recounts her date with Destiny.

Harry and I met in 1944 on a blind date in Chicago. He was on tour with Jacobowski and the Colonel. The year before I had been sent to New York by Swift and Company, the meat packer, to publicize their wartime program for 80,000 employees in the armed forces. While there I visited the Stage Door Canteen conducted by a woman who later became press agent for Jacobowski.

In Chicago, for reasons too complicated to go into here -- and on which Harry and I have differing views -- she arranged a post-theater date for herself and me with E.G. Marshall and his roommate on tour, Harry Davis, the tab going to The Theater Guild. What I remember most was Harry's grin everytime he looked at me: I was wearing a hat. I can only note how rarely I've worn one since. I also remember the soap bubbles floating all around us in the night club. Only Harry knew the perpetrator: Marshie, exercising one of his secret weapons against boredom.

E.G. was our best man, an occasion for which The Theater Guild did not pick up the tab. By then Harry was a stage manager of The Glass Menagerie with Lurette Taylor. Not so coincidentally, let me say that in that company of Jacobowski was one Jules Leni: he is listed in the Cast as "child."

DOROTHY DAVIS



I AM A CAMERA

Norma Evola's recollections of how she and Phil met. Needless to say she has a photographic memory.

As a matter of fact I was pleased to be asked how Phil and I met. It gave me the opportunity to reminisce and recall that very day back in 1952 when my parents and I were guests at a friend's wedding.

Apparently I had caught the photographer's eye, and little did he know that he had caught mine. He shrewdly asked his assistant to ask me to dance and thereby ask me some pertinent questions.

This time around "Miles Standish" got the girl and we were married eight months later.

NORMA EVOLA

A JAZZY BEGINNING

Myra Richardson talks about her first date with Ed.

The year was 1959, the month January. I had been living in California and had just come home to New York City. My sister Carmen was dating someone who had met me and thought that I would make the ideal blind date for his friend. Ideal, unreal or whatever, Ed and I agreed to meet.

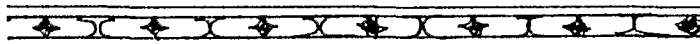
Our first date was spent in Greenwich Village listening to the Modern Jazz Quartet. I wore what I thought was a stylish red wool dress, which later I found out almost cost me the further attention of my future husband.

"That dress almost made me not ask you out again," said Ed.

However, we continued to date until, after a time, we realized that marriage was a strong possibility. After finally receiving a blessing from my father, who was the only one to verbally express some reservations about our marriage -- "Myra, he's too poor" -- we planned a small wedding (which later grew to 300 people).

A year and four months later we were married.

MYRA RICHARDSON



"All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fullness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



ANNOUNCEMENTS

Welcome to Palisades, Deanna Tookmanian. Deanna was born to Donna and David Tookmanian on December 31, 1986. Congratulations!

Marge and Ralph Olsen of Fern Road, are happy to announce they have just celebrated, on January 19, their 24th anniversary. Congratulations!

10964 is happy to publish news of births, marriages, anniversaries, graduations, and other milestones. Please send them to:

10964

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Att: Joan Bracken, Announcements

A POSITIVE LOOK AT THE PHILIPPINES

by Blythe Foote Finke

She was 15 years old, half nude, shy and busy keeping the tribal camp going. She nursed two babies: one her own, one the son of a sister who died in childbirth. She ground the corn; put bamboo pole beds together; kept rain off by piling banana leaves on poles above. Five men sat grinning; doing nothing; just watching her work by the hour.

This illiterate family, part of a remote tribe on the southwest Philippine island of Palawan, protects its privacy. We six Americans, led by inquisitive guide Fred, who found the tribe, knew we were intruding. But once we shared box lunches we won tribal approval quickly. Through sign language we learned the virtues of jungle life far from civilization, at least for them. They were thrilled with the meat, chicken, vegetables and bread, in contrast to their diet of coconut, banana, fish and coffee.

How different this scene in the "last frontier," as natives call this part of the 7100- island archipelago. No street demonstrations or communist insurgency or threatened military coups here. Life centered around flora, fauna, bird songs, historic caves, rushing rivers and tribal custom. "Leave them alone and they won't cause further disturbance," a knowledgeable local barrio official advised us.

As noble as the thought is, what happens today economically to the majority of Filipinos is the focus of world attention. As "Lulu" (her nickname), hostess at our hotel and owner of television and radio stations, and active politically, told us: "The infrastructure does not yet support the society." The major problem is to clean this up while more than 57 million Filipinos, through varied political groups, demand an equal share of affordable housing, food, recreation and other perks in the wake of Ferdinand Marcos's greedy dictatorship. We saw many efforts being made under the new Corazon "Cory" Aquino government to deal with the massive economic ills.

As government officials will tell you, as well as waiters and waitresses, joggers on weekends, or the friendly Filipino riding along in the "jeepney," (favorite mode of transportation), and in English, the aim is economic growth and reduction of poverty, "quick." One high official close to the President told us that a million new jobs are hoped for in 18 months, mainly in the countryside. There 70 percent of the people live. The soil is rich so crops grow quickly. What is needed is to get going with new technology to erase Marcos-era abuse.

We saw a glimmer of hope on a visit to Mindanao and the city of Davao. We visited the Paradise Island coconut plantation and coral reefs where snorkelers have a ball. We were greeted by

children living in houses on stilts. They were dirt poor yet clothes were clean! This is just one of thousands of poor barrios or villages you pass through daily on the fringes of major cities and small towns.

On the beach from behind a palm stepped Dr. Julian P. Rodriguez, a leading Philippine philanthropist. As director of a major water company, among other pursuits, he was conducting a seminar on blackboard with chalk for representatives of 300 Philippine water districts. He was describing a new technology to purify water, a major national problem. Also owner of the biggest banana plantation, he brings a new form of livelihood to barrio peasants. "I help the less fortunate any way I can." He supports fully the sequestering of Marcos assets "to help coconut trees of life to grow." He is especially popular with the large Muslim population in Mindanao and shared with us a special Ramadan sweet made by them.

Others at highest levels are just as determined to change quickly. Even the Philippine yuppies told us, "Our hearts are in the Philippines, but our minds are in the United States where the big bucks are." They probably would stay home if the economic upturn works. On the other hand, a prominent former Marcos prisoner, lawyer and journalist is concerned that the evils of the economic system may be so "horrible and entrenched," it will take more than words or "pious incantations of principles on a piece of paper" to change the economy.

Yet it is also encouraging that the new constitution, up for adoption in February and put together by lawyers, priests, journalists, teachers, a movie director, a general nurse and a nun, among others, stresses economic reform as a priority. It is now a matter of first feeding the people, as Agriculture Minister, Ramon Mitra, told the press while we were in Manila, than "increasing their income. We should be able to do that quickly by reducing the cost of production." President Aquino has made economic reform a priority, seeking food and loans to bridge the gap between today and tomorrow's hopefully healthier economy. She visited the United States and Japan, making a bit of a joke afterwards that Japan "has been more generous than an Uncle named Sam -- at least so far."

With all this activity it is generally agreed that economic reform will come ultimately from the grass roots. It is a matter of getting 111 linguistic, cultural and racial groups, speaking some 70 different languages, to pull together. And to impress on them how important it is before Communist insurgents take charge, the military goes further amok, or Moslem rebels take to the streets again. As a Catholic priest, in this largely Catholic country, has concluded: "God will take care of us."

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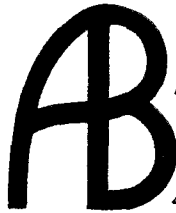
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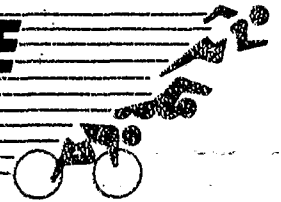
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SANTA'S GIFT

Last Christmas I asked Santa Claus for a computer. He sent me a Palisades Library Card instead with the message: "Use the Macintosh at the Library."

So here I am sitting in front of a little box with a keyboard, tucked away in the Children's Room of the Palisades Library. Why it hardly even looks like a computer! Its keyboard is barely half the size of the IBM-type computer I use at my office. And its pint-sized screen is much easier to read.

The difference in computers is as much philosophical as technical: Most computers are designed for use by programmers, a special breed of people who speak a language of their own. The Macintosh is obviously designed for people who don't want to learn another language. The computer's internal instructions are automatically translated into menus and easily recognizable pictures. You tell the computer what to do by pointing at one of these pictures or rolling down a menu (the way you draw a shade).

While you don't have to master a language of coded commands with the Macintosh, you do need the kind of hand moving dexterity that comes from experience with video games. Small wonder the Macintosh is the centerpiece of the Library's Children's Room.

My primary use for a computer is writing. To me, writing is a trial and error process. When an idea comes, I need to get it down on paper (or on a computer screen) quickly. The first effort is usually crude. So I keep coming up with different ways of expressing that idea, until the words convey my meaning. With pencil and paper or a typewriter, this is a painful task that I never enjoyed -- which may explain my poor marks in English composition.

With a computer, however, editing as you write is a snap. And with a Macintosh, it's fun. Now I can not only change and rearrange the words on the screen, I can alter the way they **look**.

I can change the font:

This one is called **New York**

This one is called **Chicago**

This one is called **Monaco**

This one is called **London**

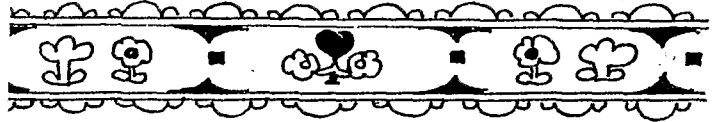
I can change the style *style*
style **style**

I can also make the text bigger,

bigger and bigger or still smaller.

There is one thing you can't do with this computer, and that is keep the library open past 9PM. It's a good thing too -- the night would pass by very quickly.

Jules Leni



PAL-SPA BASEBALL REGISTRATION SET FOR FEB. 7

Registration for the Palisades-Sparks Baseball League will be held Saturday, February 7, from 9 a.m. to noon at the John M. Perry American Legion Post on Route 340 between Palisades and Sparkill. There will be a late registration held at the same time and place on February 28, but the League points out that by the time of late registration last year, there were no spaces available in several age groups because of the increased number of participants. Another all-time turnout is expected for 1987. The season will open April 4th and close June 27th.

The league is open to boys and girls, kindergarten through eighth grade. Registration fee is \$30 per child, \$10 for a second child in the same family and a maximum of \$50 per family. In addition, \$10 chancebook money per child will be collected in advance.

The league is one of a very few in the region that is totally coed, with girls and boys playing hardball together. Kindergarten and 1st grade youngsters are taught the basics of the game as they hit a rubber ball from a batting tee. Older youngsters (starting with second graders) get used to a hardball as a coach softly pitches to the players. By the fourth or at least fifth grade the children play regulation baseball with other kids pitching to them. No experience is necessary and all players (who make it to most practices) play at least half of every game.

The program is available to youngsters living places other than Palisades or Sparkill. Historically, however, there has always been a very strong tie to Palisades. Among Palisades residents currently active with the program are League President Kevin "Ranger" Driscoll and league directors Bill Loweree, Manuel Labor and Jim Farley.

The address of the Palisades-Sparks Baseball League is P.O. Box 581, Palisades, New York 10964.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Happy Birthday to Us!

Next month's 10964 will commemorate the 10th anniversary of this newsletter, which published its first issue March 1977. We hope to make it a very special edition and I just want to alert you to it. All of us in Palisades are proud of this community organ which has become by now something of an institution. We hope, therefore, that you all look forward to the March issue of 10964.

Calling all April Foolers and Fooles!

Have you ever played an April Fool's joke on someone or has anyone ever played an April Fool trick on you? We are looking for juicy anecdotes for our April issue! If you have an idea, please write it down and send it in! Put your thinking caps on and try to remember an April 1st in which you were either the Fooler or the Foolee! Don't be shy now, share the fun. And we are giving you plenty of time with this -- contributions should be sent to us by March 20 to get in our April issue.

I am mentioning it now because as our March issue is a special commemorative one, regular announcements will not be included in it. Thanks! We'll be looking forward to hearing from you!

LPH

ANNUAL MEETING AND ELECTIONS HELD AT THE PALISADES FREE LIBRARY

The Annual Meeting and Open House for the Palisades Free Library was held Sunday, January 25. Guest speaker, Dorothy Salisbury Davis, described the fun and frustration of concocting mysterious tales of murder. The two new Library Trustees elected are: Antonio Estadella, who was born and educated in Barcelona, Spain, before coming to the United States in 1963. He is a Vice-President of Sau-Sea Foods. He has lived in Palisades with his wife, Ronnie, for eight years, and has three children: Gabriel, Emily and Mia.

Caroline Pool Turoff comes from Picqua, Ohio, and took a degree in Fine Arts at the University of Cincinnati. She has worked at Hallmark and at Avon. As an artist she works in mixed media and has a show of her papermaking currently at the Valley Cottage Library. She has lived in Palisades for eleven years.

JOAN BRACKEN

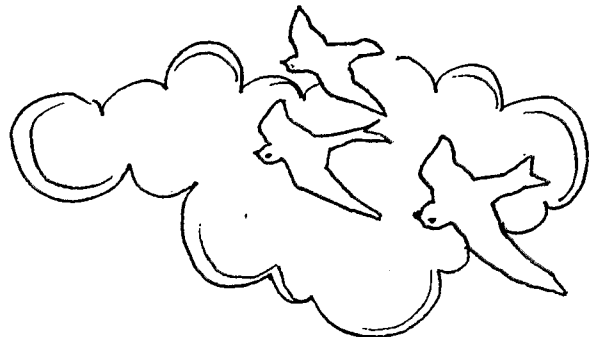
LIBRARY REFERENDUM

The hamlet libraries in the South Orangetown School District receive their main operating funds via the Town of Orangetown, and via the School District. For the past several years the Town has regularly raised its contribution to match the rate of steadily increasing operating costs, inflation, etc. The portion raised via the School District has not been increased since 1980. Therefore the Palisades Free Library is joining with the Libraries of Piermont, Tappan, Blauvelt and Orangeburg in a referendum seeking a small raise in the School District portion. The present rate is .086 per \$1000 of assessed valuation, and the proposal seeks to add a further .086 per \$1000 assessed valuation. This brings it to about the price of one hardcover book per average householder in Palisades.

The increase will compensate for the anticipated sharp cut this year in, or complete loss of, Federal Revenue Sharing funds (which have provided some 10% of Palisades Free Library funds in recent years), and will enable the Palisades Library to maintain services at current levels. Usage of the Library has increased by over 10% in the past year, reflecting both the increased number of residents, the increase in the number of children, and the trend of mothers to be fully employed. It is becoming evident that the library will probably have to add hours and staff.

There will be an informational meeting on Monday, February 23 in the Schaeffer School Auditorium, at 8 p.m. Anyone in this community wishing to vote in the referendum who is not already a registered voter may register at the Palisades or Blauvelt Libraries, on Monday, March 2nd, between 12 and 5 p.m. For residents of Palisades, Sparkill and Piermont, the vote will be on Monday, March 9th, between 2 and 8 p.m., at the Palisades Library.

ROGER JELLINEK
Trustee



NEWS FROM ROCKLAND CENTER FOR THE ARTS

Transformations in Clay Exhibit

An exhibition designed to feature non-traditional non-functional ceramics by some of the best ceramic artists working today, opened at the Center's Emerson Gallery on Feb. 1. The exhibit will run through Feb. 25.

Feb. 28 and Mar. 7: SOGETSU IKEBANA

The Center will offer a two-weekend workshop in this Japanese art of flower arrangement, from 10 a.m. to 12 noon. The fee of \$45 includes flowers.

Tuesdays: ORIENTAL BRUSH PAINTING

This course is part of the Center's spring semester. Twelve 3-hour sessions from 9:45 a.m. to 12:45 p.m. and evenings from 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Previous experience is not necessary. Cost: \$110.

Mini Courses and Workshops Begin March 2:

Foundation Hand Workshop; Introduction to Color; Faux Art; Abstract Painting; Watercolor Field Trips; Specimen Days (a writer's workshop).

Also: Voodoo Jazz with Nyack's Gilbert Paris; Creative Music with Orangeburg's Joan Lediger; Getting Started - an art course for adults; Fitness without Frenzy; Guitar for the young; Creative Papermaking; and Photographing Children, with Piermont's Sally Savage.

Writers' Roundtable Series on Arts of Biography

The Spring 1987 season has been coordinated by Roger Jellinek of Palisades, a member of the Center's Board of Directors and Chairman of its Literary Committee. The series opened Jan. 24 with the highly acclaimed author, Toni Morrison.

Friday, Feb. 27. Ted Morgan: The advantages and disadvantages of working with a living subject.

Friday, Mar. 27. Stephen B. Oates: "Evoking a Life: William Faulkner."

Friday, Apr. 24. Ernst Pawel: "Kafkaesque: Hunting for Kafka." Mr. Pawel's 1948 biography of Kafka won the Los Angeles Times Award as the Biography of the Year.

Friday, May 15. James Atlas: "Rediscovering the 1940's: Delmore Schwartz." He describes his experiences interviewing the major figures of the "lost" generation. Mr. Atlas has been a staff writer for Time and an editor of the New York Times Book Review and The Atlantic.

6th Annual Photo Contest for High School Students

This competition honors the memory of the late Paul Y. Keating, a young photographer from Suffern, New York, who lost his life in New York City in 1980 coming to the aid of a youth being attacked by muggers. Young photographers exhibit their work in the Emerson Gallery of the Rockland Center for the Arts and are awarded cash prizes. It is open to students in Rockland, Bergen and Orange Counties. Deadline for submission of photos is April 11, 1987. Entry blanks may be obtained at area high schools or libraries, or by calling or writing the Center.

For further information about any of the above events, contact the Rockland Center For the Arts at 358-0877 or stop by the Center, located at 27 South Greenbush Road, West Nyack, New York.

EVENTS AT THE BLUE HILL CULTURAL CENTER: ROBERT DELL / ALAN GUSSOW EXHIBITION

The works of these two outstanding Rockland County artists will be shown from Feb. 16 through May 15, 1987.

Alan Gussow will exhibit cuttings, hangings and works on paper, all of which have specific references to nature. Mr. Dell will exhibit new sculpture combining rock crystal with steel, bronze, stainless steel and copper in classical totemic forms.

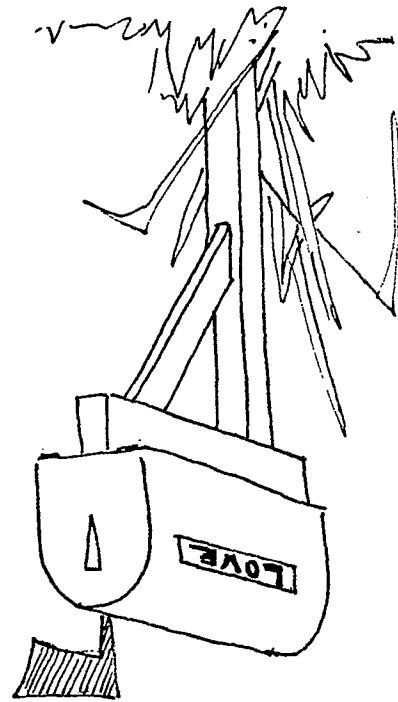
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Contributions to 10964 were received this month from C. William Knudsen, Albon and Yolanda Man, Kim and Bill Miller, and Dionyse A. Price. Thank you very much!

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[Classified ads are free to residents of Palisades. Please send your ad to Box 201 by the 15th of the month preceding the issue in which you wish it to appear.]

NEEDED: Someone to care for baby (9:30-12:30 2 days per week) while parent works at home. Call Edmund or Lucy Battersby at 359-7559.

WANTED TO BUY: Old and antique items. Best prices paid. Call Maryann Sahadi at 359-2058.

10964 DEADLINE

Because of our special March issue we will accept copy from our advertisers only, and the deadline for advertisers is February 20. We will be accepting copy for our April issue and the deadline for April's issue is March 20.

"Beethoven, deaf and unlucky in love,
Sat himself down to compose.
Van Gogh, feeling rather depressed,
Was impelled to paint pictures.
But when I'm sad I'm also
Bulging out of all my clothes
From eating everything except the fixtures."

Judith Viorst
"Eating My Heart Out"

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