

Princeton Terrace Club

ALUMNI NEWSLETTER * FALL 2014

Dear Fellow Terrans,

The beginning of the fall semester in September saw a Terrace Club record 230 students happily descend on the house after spending their summers in interesting and worthwhile endeavors at home and abroad. Eager to recommence their studies and participate in campus activities, Terrace students were especially enthusiastic about rejoining their fellow members for camaraderie, terrific food, concerts and other events, communal studying, and simply chatting about anything and everything.

Over the summer, the terrace deck was completely replaced so that it no longer leaks into the solarium, and is now adorned with attractive fire-resistant tiles and a sturdy railing. The 2nd floor business office underwent a complete facelift, including new furniture, so that is more functional and professional than it perhaps ever has been. Other less dramatic improvements were made throughout the clubhouse and to the outside grounds.

In mid-October, Terrace hosted a vibrant panel discussion with leaders of several student organizations such as DREAM, SURGE, and SPEAR, and featuring special guest Sally Frank '80 whose influence at Princeton to compel remaining all male eating clubs in the late 1970s



to eventually admit women is legendary. The theme of the panel, which was co-sponsored by the Women's Center and open to the entire University, was *Effective Activism*. On October 23rd, the Club's talented kitchen staff, led by Head Chef Rick Daniels, provided a 5-star dinner to the Graduate Interclub Council and various University deans and officials for a meeting that evening. Undergraduate President Christopher St. John '15 prepared a flambéed dessert in dramatic fashion that wowed our guests.

Our alumni community continues to grow stronger and more connected. The Board is very grateful to everyone who has generously supported the Club—your contributions help to keep Terrace a vibrant place that is truly a home away from home for our members. Please use the enclosed envelope to make a gift today or visit princetonterraceclub.org/donate.

And please remember, you are always welcome at Terrace Club whenever school is in session. Come meet the students and/or partake of a delicious meal. Once a Terran, always a Terran!

Sandy Harrison '74
Chairman, Board of Governors

William H. Scheide '36: An Appréciation

On November 14th, Terrace Club lost its oldest and one of its most revered alumni, William H. Scheide '36. Bill was a larger-than-life philanthropist, scholar, musician, collector, and civil rights advocate whose contributions over his long life were profound and extraordinary.

The Scheide Library, housed in Princeton's Firestone Library, contains one of the finest private collections of rare books and manuscripts in the Western Hemisphere, including the first four printed editions of the bible, a 14th-century Magna Carta, an original edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, musical scores written by J.S. Bach and other famous composers, and much more. He revived long lost oratorical works of J. S. Bach and founded the internationally acclaimed Bach Aria Group in 1946, serving as its director for 34 years. Bill was also a musician, and those present will never forget his piano recital at our Alumni Day gathering at the club in February 2012.

Bill was a champion of many important causes. He was the principal financial supporter of the landmark 1954 *Brown v. Board of Education* Supreme Court case that ended public school segregation. Together with his wife Judy, Bill passionately and generously supported many institutions including Princeton (particularly the Woolworth Music Center), Westminster Choir College, the Princeton Recreation Department, the Princeton Public Library, the Princeton Theological Seminary, Centurion Ministries, the Library Company of Philadelphia, and, closer to home, they served as honorary co-chairs of the Terrace Future Campaign.

You can read more about Bill's incredible legacy at bit.ly/1vm0umw. We extend our heartfelt condolences to Judy and the entire Scheide family. We are so proud this Renaissance man was a Terran, and we will always admire and remember him.

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How Chef Barton Stoked & Tended the Terrace Flame

With this article, we continue our initiative to reminisce about different eras of Terrace history. 1955-1960 will be next. We welcome your feedback and input – comments on this article, donations of memorabilia (invitations, menus, T-shirts), pictures and recollections for future stories, and any suggestions you have for future topics – by email to newsletter@princetonterraceclub.org.

The time is 1985-1990. To set the scene, the Mac computer has just been released, the AIDS virus identified, crack and Prozac sold for the first time, the Challenger exploded over winter break '86, Tom Wolfe published *Bonfire of the Vanities*, BandAid hit the charts and Mandela was finally released from prison. At Princeton, the clubs were still home to excessive drinking and other forms of mind-alteration and not a place where blacks, vegetarians, Hispanics, gays, women and anyone slightly off-kilter felt universally welcome. It was a remarkable time because the tone and tempo set in these five years forged the distinctive identity of Terrace Club, and endured for decades to come.

Terrace members in the early 80's were enthusiastic – but there were few of them and the Club's finances were shaky. The *Prince* reported in October, 1983 that the graduate board had considered closing the Club. But some upperclass students enrolled in the fall and the Class of '86 filled 66 of Terrace's available spaces during first round sign-ins (nearly double the size of previous class years). While it grew in fits and starts, membership was definitely on a clear upswing. As long-time board member Howard Helms '56 recalls, "The University's Comptroller was amazed when Terrace paid off a loan within the decade. Our increased membership made this possible."

There were benefits to a club that didn't fill in first round, accepted overflow from the waiting lists of other clubs, particularly Campus, and became a home for those rejected in bicker. Large groups could enter the lottery knowing everyone would get in and stay together, a strategy that worked for Nils Muiznieks and others in the Class of '86. While the relationship with next door Campus was always quite close, at that time Terrace was the alienated "punk" compared to Campus Club's more refined "new wave" persona. According to Gideon Asher '84, "Sometimes, members jokingly referred to Terrace as the 'Alternative Ivy,' so exclusive that no-one wanted to join, and we actually ordered beer cups with that logo!" For those who joined a bit later in the decade, membership comfortably muddled the rejected and the rejecting in a way that was safe and accepting. A group of us in the Class of 1988 (myself, Ruth vonGoeler, Lisa Harper, Kathryn Hayward, Katharine Greider and as a senior Dina Taylor) joined after bickering the all-male clubs. That was the year Cottage went co-ed. Terrace made it possible for me to bicker at Ivy – which was a political statement and a stressful experience then and now – and still find a club home.

Enter Chef Barton Rouse circa 1984 in houndstooth pants, white jacketed chef regalia, initially as Sous Chef under his friend Larry Frazier and then as Head Chef. With his outlandish theme meals (White Trash Night and the Black and Red Valentines Dinner "Love Will Terrace Apart") and kooky cheese trays (like the Gays in the Military Cheese tray with the two GI Joe dolls dancing in the Rose Garden), he was the heart of the independent spirit which has become synonymous with Terrace. Barton was also its mastermind, frequently encouraging unsuspecting members to run for President. Molly Blieden '88 remembers Barton encouraging her to run for President, and convincing her to go through with it in spite of her fear of public speaking, and then suggesting Charles Griemsmann the following year. "Barton had a vision of how to create an inclusive yet irreverent social space, and he engineered that vision with wit, cunning and great passion." Andrea Gollin '88 remembers, "Barton and Virginia and all of the staff were just so amazingly kind to us students." Barton set an ambiance of both acceptance and adventure. As Barton said: "What we all feel is the most interesting and exciting thing about Terrace is the diversity of the people here. We have everything from serious athletes to punks and rockers...yet everything clicks together." Laurie Killackey '87 agreed: "There is no stereotype that you feel you must fit" (Daily Princetonian February 1986). Although Barton died in 1994, his legacy lives on both in the club identity he forged (Food=Love=Barton) and the tone he set for the Terrace Community.

As David Powelstock, Class of '86 wrote in memoriam: "In those heady days of Terrace's resurrection, no one made a greater individual contribution to the atmosphere of innovation and creativity than Barton. Everything seemed like food for thought in those days, and Barton gave us thought for food. Above and beyond everyday excellence, he also masterminded some of the most memorable gustatory extravaganzas... The Medieval Feast and The Human Feast are just two of the events that have been elevated to legend." The Medieval Feast! Complete with royal court, medieval garb and wenches of both genders and no silverware and lots of wine and Barton standing above it all throwing capons like footballs that were impossible to catch until raucous flight to food fight. Ken Gold '88 remembers, "the food fight lasted about 15 minutes followed by at least two hours of cleaning and scrubbing. The fight was absolutely worth it."



"If you said, 'Tell me the one aspect that makes Terrace what it is,' it would be Barton."

— Member Jon Sichel '89
Daily Princetonian, February 1988

Barton was a star performer who staged events with such ceremony! A miscellany of unforgettable Barton details: the mustache, the exquisite menu calligraphy, the aesthetic elevation of kitsch, the senior dinners in his delightful garden... he is missed!

The social scene is harder to describe because 24/7 Terrans made it their home for huddled chatter, intertwined lounging, lively pool and impromptu creative events such as readings illustrated by abstract slide shows. The club became a hub for the creative writing department. Molly Blieden '88 remembers Peter Gutierrez's reading/performing stories of his noir detective Krishna Jayne(?), and laughing to tears as Jonathan Ames read "I Shit in My Pants in the South of France." The guest faculty frequently included members of the Creative Writing and Art Departments such as Tama Janowitz and Dorothea Dietrich. Members were hip but never snobby. To wit, the half dozen members of '87 that signed in first round found themselves listed with names dubbed from The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai across the 8th Dimension. The women's bathroom was a perennial hang-out for everyone, especially during parties.

The red room was dance party central where Rich Fleming was often DJ or host to DJs from the city. Alison Mayer '87, whose East Village club Carmelita's at 14th and 3rd (open summer of '88 to Spring of '90), recalled. "Terrace reflected the NYC club scene nicely. NY then was still very egalitarian, gay, straight, black, white, never someone else's turf, everyone could get in."

Student officers did such a tremendous job building membership: their humor, their ability to be laid-back, low-key, engaging, talkative, politically progressive and opinionated while open to debate, and yet still organized and committed enough to pull off elaborate, constructed (literally! hammers, nails and glue), costumed, dramatic events. There were Christo-like balloon installations and water balloon launches at Campus.



Above: one of Barton's outrageous menus. Download his cookbook, *Eating Ivy*, at princetonterraceclub.org/eating_ivy.

The Peda-go-go mixer was founded at the suggestion of John Pery '86 and lasted well into the 90's: HEY, you apple-polishing, eraser-beating, pencil-pushing kids! Bring your favorite profs, TAs, and assorted gradzki's to Terrace (Prince Ad, May 7, 1990). Sign-ins were staged room-to-room, floor-to-floor: Malice in Wonderland complete with hookah-smoking caterpillar. Heaven and Hell with descent through red-fabric flames to the basement bar. Extraordinary sensibility and care went into creating every artistic detail and design of these initiations from invitation to implementation though collective memory of these events remains, well, foggy. The energy and commitment of presidents Nils Muinieks, Ted Nadeau, Molly Blieden, Chris Orr, and Charles Griemsman and all the officers who made the Terrace community possible was to be ever so 80's... Totally Awesome!

On December 11, 1987 Terrace caught fire. At a gathering of members, T-shirts were distributed and the Talking Heads' "Burning Down the House" became the new theme song. Until Terrace reopened 6 months later in October 1988, kitchen staff relocated to Stevenson Hall so students could eat

together and staff could remain employed. The Trustees were successful in restoring the building through fund-raising because there was insufficient insurance for the repairs plus all the changes needed to bring the building up to code. The membership hung on through the renovations and subsequent years solidified Terrace's reputation for having the best food, parties and music on the street.

It is only thirty years later that we can fully appreciate just how prescient Terrace was at elevating uniqueness and appreciate how directly it tapped a cultural vein in the Princeton community and elsewhere, providing a safe and surreal outlet for each of us to try on our many selves.

Elissa Schuler Adair '88



Terrace grows in popularity

(Continued from page one)

to become Terrace members and listed no other clubs on their sign-in forms found themselves in the cold. Asked to describe Terrace, the word most often heard is "artsy." Club members are active in the campus' creative life, a fact which has contributed to what one member called a reputation for "being weird."

"Terrace has a very strong creative and personable character," Jeff Jennings '88 said. "There's a sense that there's something here at school apart from academics."

Spontaneous arts

Impromptu poetry and jazz sessions along with spontaneous post-brunch dance parties are

Above and left: clips from the *Daily Princetonian* document the club's ups and downs. Visit princetonterraceclub.org/ to read these stories, along with some of the letters that accompanied alumni donations to help restore the house.

The Barton Rouse "Elvis" Memorial

It was a Sunday afternoon during the spring of my senior year at Princeton and I was gardening with Barton in his extensive, fabulous flower and vegetable garden at his home in Princeton. Having been relieved of my officer duties as House Manager of Terrace the previous winter, I was in the habit of jogging to Barton's house from Terrace Club on some weekends to work in the garden. On this particular Sunday afternoon I was weeding a section close to the house when he disappeared into the shed. Moments later he reappeared carrying an old fashioned pastel blue toilet bowl minus the tank, an obvious relic of the 1960s or 70s. With great excitement and unmitigated glee, he informed me that my project for the afternoon would be to construct a shrine to the great Elvis Presley out of the toilet bowl, field stones, and some pieces of slate. "Elvis in the Toilet" was born that afternoon.

Barton and I set the blue toilet bowl in the designated location close to the house and tipped it forward with the bowl facing outward to form a kind of "grotto". Then I carefully stacked the stones and slate along the outside and on top to frame the bowl grotto and conceal all other visible parts of the toilet. Finally, Barton perched his Elvis Barbie Doll inside the bowl grotto in the place of honor.

It reminded me of stone grottoes I'd often seen on the front lawns of religious folks that contain a statue of the Virgin Mary or another saint. Barton adored Elvis and I think the use of a toilet bowl as the grotto background was quite intentional and speaks to his special brand of



humor and creativity. I thought it was a brilliant idea and laughed hysterically while building it with him. I still laugh about it to this day.

Unfortunately, pictures of this masterpiece do not survive as I was woefully unprepared that day and did not bring my camera. Obviously, I couldn't whip out my mobile phone and snap a picture back in 1993!

This past summer I reproduced as closely as possible Barton's Elvis shrine at the Memorial Grove in The Woods Campground in Lehighton, PA (in the Poconos), where my spouse and I vacation every year. Some years ago I had procured a pastel green toilet bowl which I had used as a planter in my own garden. I used this as my "bowl grotto" and framed it with some old patio stones. I found an Elvis doll and a pair of Elvis sunglasses on Amazon.com and I was in business! I plan to look after the site and the structure every summer while camping at The Woods.

I wanted to share my story and the pictures of the Barton Rouse Elvis Memorial with Terrace Club to give current Terrans who never met Barton a sense of the special humor and creativity of the man. I also trust that Terrace Graduate Board members and alumni who actually knew Barton will appreciate the loving sentiments of this memorial and remember, as I do, Barton Rouse as a truly amazing chef and a great guy!



Michele M. Cooley '93



Scenes from Reunions 2014, including an outdoor performance by Sensemaya Afrobeat All-Stars (featuring many Terrans onstage)

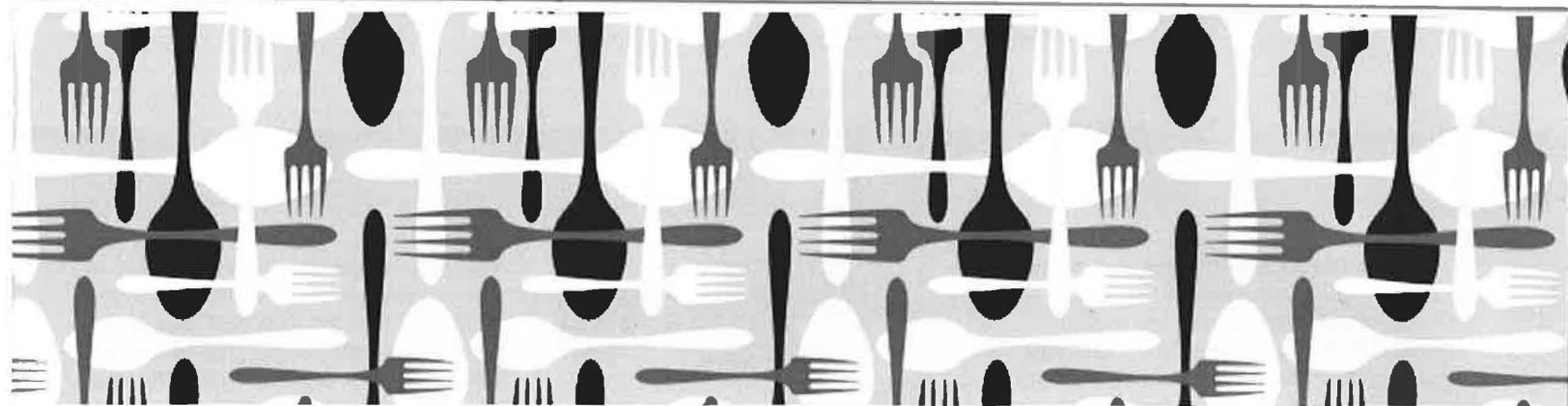
We've continued the time-honored Terrace tradition of hosting incredible musical performances this semester. Here are some highlights. We kicked off the semester with a ridiculous lawnparties. First TEEBS hit us with a hypnotizing beats set. Then BREAK SCIENCE took the stage and blew up the scene with their one of a kind fusion of live and electronic elements. In mid September, LA producer THRIFTWORKS flew into town to lay down some wonky beats. He brought the house down with an all original set of some of the zaniest electronic music known to mankind. Later that month, VULFPECK returned to Terrace, and this time we were a stop on the legendary SLEEPIFY tour. They wowed us with their never ending funk in celebration of their ingenious exploitation of Spotify's royalty system. In October, Bulgarian house producer KINK made the trip to Terrace to put on an incredible live electronic performance. He hit us with freshly crafted acidic beats for upwards of 4 hours. Massachusetts trio ELDER came on down to effectively melt the faces of everybody in the club. They brought the heaviest psychedelic rock you could possibly imagine, throwing the house into a delirious, head-banging haze. And one of the most enjoyable shows all semester took place when Chicago band SIDEWALK CHALK arrived in November to share their delicious fusion of funk and hip-hop and their fun-loving attitude. The house pulsated with their never-ending supply of good vibes. Here's a full list:

FALL 2014 SHOWS

- 9/14/14 Lawnparties: BREAK SCIENCE + TEEBS
- 9/18/14 THRIFTWORKS w/ DJ Wisdom
- 9/20/14 MEYHEM LAUREN w/ Princess Nokia
- 9/25/14 PROTOMARTYR w/ The Howler Weary
- 9/27/14 VULFPECK w/ Mousse
- 10/2/14 KiNK w/ DJ Sam
- 10/4/14 RATKING
- 10/9/14 MATTHEWDAVID w/ Pattern is Movement
- 10/11/14 ELDER w/ Sun Looks Down
- 10/18/14 OUGHT w/ Seaside Caves
- 10/23/14 DUBLOADZ w/ DJ Rize and DJ Tenr
- 11/6/14 THE PEOPLE'S TEMPLE w/ Sama Dams
- 11/8/14 SIDEWALK CHALK w/ Honeyhead
- 11/13/14 DUSTIN WONG & TAKAKO MINEKAWA w/ Uma
- 11/20/14 IKEBE SHAKEDOWN w/ Gentleman Brawlers
- 11/25/14 MK ULTRA
- 12/4/14 TURKUAZ
- 12/11/14 TAYLOR MCFERRIN

Scott Sperling '15
Music Chair





Dear Fellow Terrans,

It is with a heavy heart that I write this final newsletter article as Terrace President. I have enjoyed the last year of my life more than any I can remember, and it is thanks to this place. Terrace has become my home, as it has been the home of so many before me and will be for those who come. Every day I find myself stepping back and thinking about how truly blessed we are as Terrans.

The act of describing our home is enough to make any or every person jealous. We have 3 floors, a taproom, a food/music space, and the freedom to make our club the way we want it to be. It is this freedom that has made Terrace the largest eating club at Princeton. I was speaking with some alumni, Walter Kirn '83 and Jonathan Ames '87, who came by one night and told me stories of the club at its low point, shortly before the arrival of Barton. The club had about 15 members. We came back from that and moved so much farther. Terrace has become a beacon. So many Princeton students have realized that there is a place where they can be themselves without fear of judgment or scrutiny. More and more are finding Mother's love.

It is this love that will never leave. This love can never leave. You see it in people's faces every day. Whether it is a delicious dinner, a fantastic band, or a quiet member's night, you can see Mother's love. At lunch today, music started to play and the entire dining room erupted into dance. It is these moments that I cherish the most: a taproom of Terrans laughing, talking, and singing during Fine Beer Wednesday, member Riley Thomasson being featured by Mad Decent, gatherings to watch cartoons and act like children. Small moments, small memories, small

victories, these are the true essence of life as a Terran.

It is clear now more than ever; Terrace is unarguably one of the most magical institutions in existence. Our members have more passion for their Terran family than any organization I've come across. I do not consider myself a writer by any stretch of the imagination, so I will use the words of Terrace Alumna Molly Bolten '14 to end my final article. She wrote a song for/about Terrace in her senior thesis and these words will ring true in Terran hearts for years to come.

*And when was the last time
You really thought you had it all
When "all" is just that you're content
A happiness so small
A happiness so small
You know that food is love
It's never just a product of ingredients
In our night kitchen we just
Make it our religion to be disobedient.
(Hear the song @ mollybolten.bandcamp.com)*

I love each one of you so much. My home. My family. My Terrace. Our new president Lucia Perasso '16 is taking up the reins and we have no doubts that Terrace AND its culture will continue into the future. Farewell.

Christopher St. John '15
President

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Arielle Notterman '04
Noah Reynolds '97
Bill Sachs '66
Alexander Shermansong '97
Nicole Tapay '86

Professional Staff

Club Manager Steve Krebs
Business Manager Angela Christiano
Head Chef Rick Daniels
Sous Chef Gladys Marin

Princeton Terrace Club welcomes alumni volunteers of all ages and interests. If you are interested in volunteering or attending an upcoming Board meeting, please contact our Alumni Relations Committee at alumni@princetonterraceclub.org.

Undergraduate Officers

Graduating Class

President Chris St. John '15
Vice President Jess Dolnick '15
Music Chair Scott Sperling '15
Events Chair Katya Alexeeva '15
Treasurer Dharit (Reed)
Tantiviramanond '15
House Manager David Bell '15

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Events Chair Terrence Fraser '16
Treasurer Andrew Eherts '16
House Manager Summer Hanson '16