

-My name is Caroline Pasion,
-and I was one of Dorothy's students and thesis advisees from 2006 until the end of 2007.

-Dorothy was a great mentor throughout the thesis process.
-She was my toughest and harshest critic, always pushing me to my full potential.
-A woman with many hats, she always made time for us as her students and advisees.

-Having Dorothy as a thesis advisor meant countless revisions and draft resubmittals,
-but that only led to more meetings with Dorothy, and my getting to know her better.

-If we didn't meet at the former Tom's in the basement of Avery, then we'd meet at "her office,"
-which was the Starbuck's on Broadway down the block from where she lived,

-and the thesis meeting would begin with Dorothy getting her tea or espresso and something to nibble on to satisfy her sweet tooth.

-Dorothy was always suggesting people that I should interview for my thesis.
-She always knew someone that knew someone else that could be a potential resource,
-and whenever we'd meet, she'd tell me how she spoke to so-and-so and got his or her information,
-and then I'd watch her go digging into her purse, searching for that piece of paper like an archaeological dig, sometimes wrinkled, sometimes in good condition, but always intact with the person's contact information.

-The most memorable part of our thesis meetings was going over her editing and comments on my drafts, which was more of interpreting her handwriting on the left, righthand, top or bottom margins or wherever she could squeeze her comments into.

-Before we'd meet, I remember trying to decipher what she had written, thinking that I'd finally figured out her handwriting, but then when she clarified what she wrote, I wouldn't even come close.

-After going over her comments and handwriting, and a little bit of discussion about the content,
-the rest of the time was spent on the latest goings-on in each other's lives,
-and I always told her how she had a busier social life than I did.

-I loved listening to Dorothy's stories about her travels with James when he was alive; her summers with the Crannies on "the island"; the opera that she's going to with Jay; her driving down to Baltimore to get her haircut with Val; and her endless battle with her co-op board for not wanting to replace the original wood windows in her apartment with aluminum windows.

-She would ask me about how work was at the Landmarks Preservation Commission, and how the Columbia mafia was doing at the Commission, and then proceed to talk about all her students and tell me about their life story and what their thesis topics were.

-This was a typical thesis discussion either face-to-face or on the phone.

-There were times when Dorothy and I would be on the phone, scheduling a time to meet,
-which by the way, almost always revolved around her moving the car for alternate side parking.

-and after our conversation was over, my husband would shake his head with an incredulous look on his face and ask,

-"That's your professor?! What are you guys? Old friends? What's going on with your thesis?"

-And I'd say with a smile, "Oh, yeah, the thesis. Yeah, we're gonna meet at Starbuck's tomorrow."