



## ***REMEMBERING VIVIEN***

***VIVIEN MARY BUCK SCHIMMEL CASTI  
1943-1998***

***Prepared by Sebouh Baghdoyan***

*It's not the feeling of being alone  
It's more the absences - someone you've known  
It's not the impact against the wall  
It's more the painful fact that we are so damn small*

*Jascha Richter*



***VIVIEN MARY BUCK SCHIMMEL CASTI***  
***1943-1998***

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## **PREFACE**

*This electronic commemoration book was initiated and prepared as a token of love and respect towards our very beloved and bereaved friend and colleague, Vivien Mary Buck Schimmel Casti.*

*It has been over a decade since we lost this cheerful, vigorous, kind, compassionate, caring, helpful and admirably gifted person/friend. It is undoubtedly a great comfort to her friends to have a way to celebrate her life...*

*Together, in celebrating the lives of those we have lost, we can hope that we will affect the lives of others, as much as our friends affected us.*

*We feel indebted to express our thanks to all those relatives, friends and colleagues who contributed to this commemorative e-book devoted to **VIVIEN**.*

*Seboub Baghdoyan*

*March 2009*

*Vienna, Austria*

*seboub@baghdoyan.net*

## **BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS**

*Vivien was born on the 22nd of June 1943, in Brisbane (21 Brunswick Street, Fortitude Valley), Queensland, Australia, as the third daughter of William Stuckley Beresford Buck (1 February 1903 - 21 May 1966) and Sybil Catharine Henrietta Hope (21 January 1903 - 26 September 1957).*



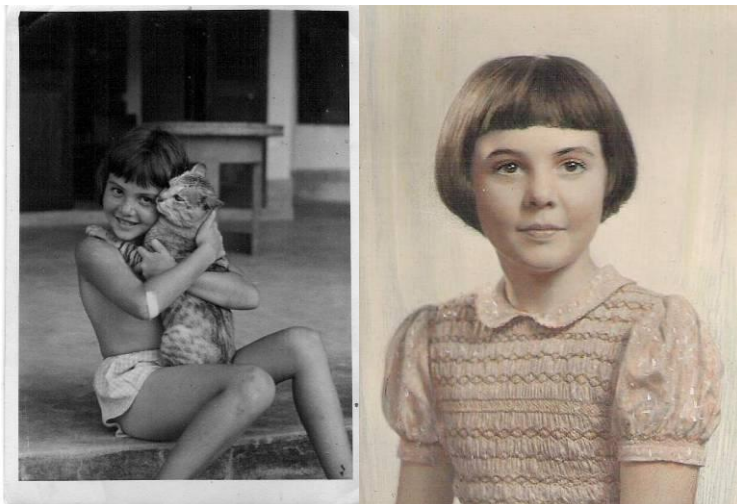
***Vivien with her mother and two eldest sisters***

*She was baptized on 9 October of the same year at St Bartholemews, Bardon, Brisbane, and her Confirmation took place at St Mary's, the Boltons, London, on 12 March 1958.*

*After a several months' visit to England in 1945, the family took up residence in Kuching, Sarawak (Malaysia) in 1946, where her father worked as an official in the British Colonial Administrative Service.*

*From 1947 to 1951, Vivien attended the St. Theresas Catholic Convent School in Kuching, followed by a short six-month stay at a boarding school in England (Hurst Lodge, Sunningdale, Berks.).*





### ***Childhood in Kuching***

*In 1952, she moved alone to the United States, where she lived with an American family for five years, attending the Columbia private school in Rochester, New York.*



***Charlton Farm, Avon,  
New York, July 1953***



Photographed on board  
R.M.S. 'QUEEN MARY'

***On board Queen Mary going  
home to England from USA, 1954***

*Having returned to her parents in England, she attended the American School in London and graduated in 1961 attaining an American High School Diploma.*

*At the University of Grenoble in France, she attended French language courses from October 1961 to June 1962, followed by German language courses at the University of Vienna, Austria, from October 1962 to April 1963, living with the Schimmel family. She subsequently had a short marriage with one of the two sons, viz. Dieter Schimmel.*

*Back in England, from May 1963 to August 1964, she attended private secretarial courses at the Palantype College in London, receiving shorthand and typing certificates.*



### ***Vivien in the 1960s***

*As of August 1964, she took up a secretarial post with the American company General Programmed Teaching Corporation in Vienna, Austria, dealing with the production of textbooks for us in programmed teaching.*

*In March 1965, the company was dissolved and Vivien took up employment with Austroplan – Austrian Consulting Engineering*



*Company, Ltd., first as secretarial assistant and, from 1967 on, as Executive Secretary to the Director of Engineering.*

*From October 1969 to September 1972, she was the Secretary to the Director of the Vienna IBM Laboratory, Professor Heinz Zemanek, assisting him in his capacity as President of the International Federation for Information Processing (IFIP).*

*Following a five-month French language course attendance at the University of Lyon in France (November 1972-March 1973), she resumed secretarial duties with the IBM Regional Office for Europe, Central and East (ROECE) in Vienna.*

*From May 1973 to January 1987, Vivien held a number of positions with the International Institute for Applied Systems Analysis in Laxenburg, Austria, starting as Secretary to the Director of the Institute and concluding as the Director's Assistant for Research Management and Planning.*



***With First IIASA Director Professor Howard Raiffa early 1970s***



*The various offices and stages at IIASA*



*The Directorate mid-1970s*



*Roger Levien's Departing Director's  
IIASA Tree Planting Ceremony*

*With Professor Wolf Häfele*



*Being very close to nature, Vivien co-founded the “IIASA Hiking Club”, which was a very active social club within the Institute.*



***Vivien in the Alps***

*While at IIASA, Vivien married (at the end of 1984) John L. Casti, a long-time IIASA research associate.*

*In mid-1985, with the intention of becoming an accredited translator, Vivien enrolled at the Institute of Translations (Dolmetschinstitut) of the University of Vienna, and graduated with honors a year later.*

*During the following years, first in Vienna (until December 1991) and after moving to her last residence in Santa Fe, New Mexico, USA, she was professionally associated with the translation firm Transtext.*

*In February 1995, Vivien was diagnosed with ovarian cancer, which led to her untimely death on Easter Sunday of April 12, 1998.*



*Her last visit to Austria in September 1995*

## **PROFESSIONAL BACKGROUND**

*Vivien had a very impressive professional career which expanded over 35 years. As indicated in the following statements, wherever she was employed, her 'fingerprints' and contributions made a considerable impact, and were highly appreciated.*

*General Programmed Teaching Corporation-Europe*

*Wien 1, Reichsstatstrasse 5*

*Tel. 42 21 59*

*Post- & Tele. Donaustrasse 49-51/2.*

Vienna, March 16th, 1965

### To Whom It May Concern

Miss Vivien Buck has been employed with our Company since August, 1964.

During that time she has proved herself a loyal, capable and zealous member of the staff. We are most sorry to lose Miss Buck and can recommend her unreservedly for any office or secretarial position requiring a first rate knowledge of German and English.

*Julyan A. Watts*

Julyan A. Watts, M.A.

Director, GPTC- Europe

# AUSTROPLAN

ÖSTERREICHISCHE PLANUNGSGESELLSCHAFT M.B.H.

AUSTRIAN CONSULTING ENGINEERING CO. LTD.

TRIESTERSTRASSE 33, 1100 WIEN 10

Vienna, 1st September, 1969

## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Mrs. Vivien Mary Schimmel, née Buck, has been employed with our firm since 20th April, 1965, as administrative assistant and German-English executive secretary to the Director of the Engineering Department. Her activities began in April, 1965, in the capacity of translator and stenotypist, and, in the course of the organisational growth of our firm, Mrs. Schimmel was entrusted with the administration of the technical and scientific documentation center as well as with the formal and linguistic preparation of the numerous studies and reports which our firm has completed for clients in many parts of the world. Besides such special tasks, Mrs. Schimmel carried out all usual secretarial duties and was responsible for the handling of all German and English correspondence of the Engineering Department.

Mrs. Schimmel discharged her duties to our fullest satisfaction. She is a skilled, versatile and reliable employee who is well acquainted with all phases of office work and manifests discriminating and broad general knowledge. Her personality brought her both the friendship and respect of her colleagues and superiors.

It is our pleasure to recommend her for any similar position.

AUSTROPLAN  
Österreichische Planungsgesellschaft m.b.H.  
(Austrian Engineering Co. Ltd.)



Herbert Kamper  
Managing Director

Rudolf J. Reschreiter  
Director of Engineering

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TELEFON (0222) 2610-0\*  
TELEX 7/4481 IBMVIE A

PERSÖNLICH!

Frau  
Vivien Schimmel

Wien, am 14. September 1971

Liebe Frau Schimmel!

Es ist mir eine besondere Freude, Ihnen mitteilen zu können, daß die Geschäftsleitung beschloß, Ihnen in Würdigung Ihrer hervorragenden Leistungen den

ADMINISTRATION ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

zu verleihen. Mit dieser Auszeichnung ist ein Erinnerungs-  
geschenk verbunden, das wir Ihnen gleichzeitig übermitteln.

Darüber hinaus sind Sie zu unserer nächsten Administration  
Conference, die im Frühjahr 1972 stattfinden wird, herzlichst  
eingeladen. Anlässlich dieser Veranstaltung werden wir Ihnen  
auch eine Prämie von S 1.300,-- brutto überreichen.

Betrachten Sie bitte den Administration Achievement Award  
als das sichtbare Zeichen unserer Anerkennung für die von  
Ihnen erbrachte Leistung und Einsatzbereitschaft. Abschließend  
darf ich Sie ersuchen, uns wie bisher auch in Zukunft Ihre  
wertvolle Unterstützung zu geben.

Mit herzlichem Glückwunsch und freundlichen Grüßen

Ihr

H.G. Stöckl  
Staff Executive for Administration

HE/pi



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## Z E U G N I S

Wien, 30. September 1972

Frau Vivien SCHIMMEL, geboren am 22. Juni 1943 in Brisbane/Australien, wohnhaft in 1130 Wien, Biraghigasse 2/9b, war vom 1. Oktober 1969 bis 30. September 1972 im Laboratorium Wien der IBM Österreich tätig. Als Sekretärin und selbständige Sachbearbeiterin im Bereich der Direktion des Laboratoriums war Frau Schimmel mit allen Sekretariatsarbeiten, wie allgemeiner Korrespondenz, Terminplanung, dem Führen von Ablagen und Karteien, dem Erstellen von Reiseplänen, der Ausführung von Reisespesenabrechnungen und der Betreuung von Besuchern betraut.

Das spezielle Arbeitsgebiet von Frau Schimmel in all diesen Aspekten war die Unterstützung des Laboratoriumsdirektors in seiner Eigenschaft als Vizepräsident und später Präsident der International Federation for Information Processing (IFIP). Dabei entwickelte Frau Schimmel solche Selbständigkeit und Sachkenntnis, daß ihr zum Beispiel Planung, Vorbereitung und Betreuung von Konferenzen und Sitzungen im In- und Ausland sowie das Führen von Organisationsunterlagen völlig überlassen werden konnten.

Die perfekte Beherrschung der deutschen und der englischen Sprache, gute Französischkenntnisse, große Selbständigkeit, hoher Arbeitseinsatz und Sorgfalt bei der Durchführung der gestellten Aufgaben machten Frau Schimmel zu einer wertvollen Mitarbeiterin, deren Verlust wir bedauern.

Frau Schimmel scheidet mit 30. September 1972 aus privaten Gründen auf eigenen Wunsch aus der IBM Österreich aus. Wir wünschen ihr das Beste für ihren weiteren Lebensweg.

IBM ÖSTERREICH  
Internationale Büromaschinen Gesellschaft mbH

International Institute for Applied Systems Analysis  
Schloss Laxenburg, Austria

IIASA  
2361 Laxenburg  
Austria  
Tel. 02236-7485  
Telex: 12243

## MEMORANDUM

To: Vivien Schimmel

Date: February 1, 1977

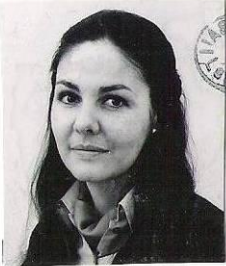
From: Roger Levien

Subject: Your Contract

I am very glad to let you know that at the recent Review Panel meeting it was decided to offer you a promotion to level B/6 as of February 1, 1977.

This is a good opportunity for me to express my gratitude for your untiring assistance and attention to detail which is so imperative for the smooth running of the Institute. Your contribution to IIASA is greatly appreciated and most especially by myself.

*Roger*

	<b>IIASA</b>	
	Vivien Schimmel	
	Name	
	19	Employee
PE #	Status	
Open		
Valid to		
<i>V.M.B. Schimmel</i>	<i>Susan Rogers</i>	
Employee's Signature	Authorizing Signature	

International Institute for Applied Systems Analysis  
Schloss Laxenburg, Austria

IIASA  
2361 Laxenburg  
Austria  
Tel. 02236-7521\*0  
Telex: 079137

## MEMORANDUM

To: Vivien Schimmel

Date: 3 Apr 1980

From: Roger Levien

Subject: Promotion

I am pleased to tell that the Review Panel for Scientific and Professional Personnel shares my very high evaluation of your assistance to me and to the Institute and has agreed to an increase in your salary to \_\_\_\_\_ annually, effective retroactively on 1 February 1980.

This is an exceptional increase which reflects your increased responsibility for managing the activities of research planning, monitoring, and reporting. Without your dedicated attention to detail and concern for schedule, the work of the RMC, research planning, and all of the other regular activities of the Directorate would be more difficult, less successful, and late. I deeply appreciate your help.

*Roger*



MEMORANDUM:

TO: Vivien Schimmel

FROM: Roger Levien

SUBJECT: Review Panel

27 November 1981

I am pleased to tell you that the Review Panel for Scientific and Professional Personnel holds the same high regard as I do for the quality of your work. In view of this, the Panel agreed on a salary increase and, as of 1 February 1982, your new annual salary will be .

*Roger*

Vivien,

It would take far more space than I have here to tell you how much I appreciate what you have done for IIASA and for me. Hard as I find it to contemplate life after IIASA, it's even harder for me to imagine how I am going to get along without you. All my best wishes and warmest thanks,

*Roger*

# BEST WISHES FOR THE SEASON AND THE NEW YEAR

Vivien,

Where can I begin?

Without you I'd be at  
a loss and so would IIAAA.

I can't really tell you  
how much I rely upon,  
value, and admire your  
attention to detail, high  
standards, and high  
accomplishments. I'm a

Roger and Carla Levien

stickler, but you never give  
me anything to stickle!

Many, many, many Thanks!

International Institute for Applied Systems Analysis

Roger

Carla joins in sending our very  
best wishes for the New Year.



Roger E. Levien

Vivien,

The work you've done in preparation for the RMC and DSM (and for Research Planning '80) has been superb. It relieves me of a great burden, yet focuses my attention on the important matters... and keeps me honest. Thanks.

Roger

P.S. You're spoiling me. We're such a good and efficient team I may decide I don't need any more assistance.



Sunday

Vivien,

Even though your work isn't quite over, I'm going to thank you. (This way I get to thank you twice.) The Thanks aren't only because you made me put away my script. I noticed that you did a few other things as well. Like arranging for the speakers to speak, the rapporteurs to "rapport," the chairmen to "chair," and the Director to direct. You did it so well, others may not have noticed. But I know that without you the Conference would have been far less successful, and far less professional. I'm going to keep my eye on you, you may go far -- but not too far from me, I hope. Besides, you're good looking. Now that's enough praise -- back to work on the Proceedings.

Thore



FROM ! CSH

*Vivien:*

*You did a great job  
before & during Council.  
What a relief to have your  
talents working with us. As  
we move ahead more peacefully  
we'll build the proper team &  
spirit.*

*Many, many thanks.*

*Buzz*

## BEST WISHES FOR THE SEASON AND THE NEW YEAR

*Vivien: What a year! But what support in both  
detail & spirit you have given. You truly  
are a treasure & I can't express my appreciation  
enough. Very, very good things must happen  
to you in '83!*

*with warm regards.*

International Institute for Applied Systems Analysis

*Buzz*



International Institute  
for Applied Systems Analysis

A-2361 Laxenburg/Austria

Tel. (0 22 36) 71 521\*0,  
Telex 079137 iiasa a

Thomas H. Lee  
Director

DVR-Nr. 0409375

August 12, 1987

### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

This is to certify that Ms. Vivien CASTI was employed with our Institute from May 15, 1973 until January 31, 1987.

Originally serving as Secretary to the Director, she was subsequently promoted to Administrative Assistant and then to the professional position of Executive Assistant to the Director, in which capacity she was responsible for initiating and coordinating the Institute's research management and planning activities.

Ms. Casti's performance throughout the terms of my predecessors as IIASA Director was outstanding, and I wish to express my deepest gratitude for the assistance she provided me during my initial period at IIASA.

The Institute takes this opportunity to add its sincerest appreciation to Ms. Casti for her dedication to IIASA's goals and to thank her for the most valuable contributions she made during her affiliation with the Institute.

Ms. Casti left IIASA of her own accord and for personal reasons. We regret her departure and wish her well for her future professional life.



## ***HER LAST THOUGHTS***

*In a letter dated 18 June 1992, Vivien wrote from Santa Fe: “Well, we are now home owners for the first time in our lives, and are enjoying it immensely! (at least until the roof starts to leak, or whatever!) And within a few weeks I will have a garden to care for – something I have longed for all my life! We’re very happy here – it’s a pleasant place.....”.*



### ***At the Santa Fe Residence***

*Alas, this was a short-lived dream. Destiny had a different and sad plan for her. Early in 1995, a set of warning signs and symptoms of ovarian cancer were identified. As with all demanding and difficult situations in her life, Vivien faced this challenge with great spirit and exemplary defying strength.*

*In a thoughtful and caring message to her friends (dated 21 April 1996), Vivien shared her painful experience as follows:*

*“With my treatment now entering a more intense phase, and so many of you having expressed an interest in my progress, I thought I would begin sending periodic reports from the front in this form, which will be most convenient for me while away from home and in hospital. It also occurred to me that since we all know people with cancer and I will be going a route that, while still experimental, is becoming increasingly common for treating many different types of cancer, it might be of general interest to know what so-called bone-marrow transplant entails and how it feels to be a patient undergoing it”.*

*“Since this is the first message, let me just set the scene. As most of you know, I was diagnosed with ovarian cancer in February 1995 – a type of cancer notorious for the fact that there is as yet no reliable way to screen for it and it does not cause any symptoms until it is in an advanced stage and has spread to other organs, at which point the chances of a cure are 20-30% (by comparison, the cure rate for the most common breast cancers is around 80%, primarily due to the existence of screening methods and early warning signs). So, if you feel like doing a really good deed, please urge your female family members and friends to be alert to POSSIBLE WARNING SIGNALS OF OVARIAN CANCER (I quote from the medical literature): Abdominal swelling or bloating, discomfort in the lower abdomen, feeling full after a light meal, nausea or vomiting, not feeling hungry, gas, indigestion, losing weight, constant need to go to the bathroom, diarrhea or constipation. Those with female relatives by birth, especially a mother, sister or daughter, who have had ovarian cancer*

*are at greater risk of getting it and should see their doctor regularly to be checked. As with most cancers, the risk of ovarian cancer increases with age. The rate is highest among women over 60 years of age (However, I personally am aware of many women in their 30s and 40s afflicted with the disease). Women who have never had children are twice as likely to develop ovarian cancer as women who have. Early age of first pregnancy, early menopause and the use of oral contraceptives appear to reduce the risk of ovarian cancer. I have since learned that women from families in which there is an incidence of breast cancer are also at risk for ovarian cancer, so please be vigilant.....I'm giving you all these details.....to serve as a basis for a general understanding of what other cancer patients you may know might be going through.....With heartfelt thanks to you all for your concern and support, fondly, Vivo”.*



***She never lost her cheerful mood and her pleasant smile***

*On the 13<sup>th</sup> of April 1998, the following disappointing message was received from her husband John:*

*"It's with great sorrow that I write to tell you that Vivien passed away on Easter Sunday at 1240PM. This was a shock to all of us, as her condition just deteriorated over night. The positive side is that Vivien died the kind of death she wanted and deserved---quick, with almost no pain. A death with dignity".*

*"In accordance with Vivien's wishes, there will be no funeral or mortuary service. Rather, she will have a simple cremation and a private scattering of her ashes....She also asked that in lieu of flowers, a donation be made to the Hospice Center of Santa Fe. In the short time she was under their care, Vivien developed enormous respect and admiration for their work. The Hospice people need all the support they can get. So instead of flowers, please help them to help others, just as they helped Vivien. Thanks".*



## **IN MEMORIAM**

**Vivien Schimmel-Casti** passed away in April 1998. She worked in the IIASA Directorate from 1973 to 1987. She was instrumental in establishing IIASA's Office of Sponsored Research and in formulating policies and guidelines for external funding.



## **REFLECTIONS AND IMPRESSIONS**

***Anne Battysmith***

*Vivien was 8 years younger than I, having been born in Australia - to which country my parents, myself and Pamela had escaped when the Japanese invaded Sarawak. I really only knew Vivien as a child because when she was 9 years old she was sent to America to stay with Mrs. Polly Case - a war-time friend of our Aunt and a complete Anglophile. Our mother was very ill with cancer and couldn't cope with looking after Vivien. Mrs. Case had a daughter, Elizabeth, who was the same age as Vivien and she needed an English companion.*

*In 1957 Vivien returned to England for my wedding and was one of my bridesmaids.*

*As she had been educated in the American system our Father decided that it would be unfair to send her to an English School and was able to get her into the American Embassy School in London until her graduation. After this she went to Grenoble University at the expense of Polly Case.*

*She lived with Dr. & Mrs. Schimmel and their two sons. Subsequently she married Dieter Schimmel. Our mother died on 26th September 1957.*

*Subsequently I saw very little of Vivien because she was in Vienna and I was in either the Middle or Far East, although we corresponded regularly. We did spend one vacation with her in Vienna when we were in Lebanon, and also visited her in New Mexico shortly before she died.*



*With her two eldest sisters Pamela Buck and Anne Buck-Battysmith  
and brother-in-law William Battysmith*

## **IN MEMORIAM**

**VIVIEN MARY CASTI (1943-1998)**

***Friend, Companion and Wife***

***John L. Casti***

*In thinking through my life together with Vivien for this memorial volume, it most naturally divides into four very different epochs, each of which was filled with its own characteristic experiences and memories. This was a twenty-five year span of time starting from my initial encounter with Vivien in Laxenburg at IIASA in June 1973 through to the very moment of her death in Santa Fe on the morning of Easter Sunday, April 12, 1998. I'd like to share some of those experiences as they illuminate different aspects of her nature and character that I think many readers of this volume will recognize from their own interactions with her.*

### ***Friends and Colleagues Phase (June 1973-July 1981)***

*At the invitation of IIASA's first Deputy Director, Professor Alex Letov, I visited IIASA for a day in the middle of June 1973, very shortly after the Institute opened for business in what is now called the Director's Wing of Schloss Laxenburg. When I walked into the Schloss that day, I went immediately to see the Director, Prof. Howard Raiffa, whose office is the very same office the IIASA Director occupies today. So the first person I actually met at IIASA other than the Institute's driver, George Lindhof was . . . Vivien, who was serving as Raiffa's receptionist, assistant, and general factotum.*

*The visit to IIASA was a kind of stopover for me on my way back to California, following a one-month research stay in Sweden. Since it was my first visit to Austria, I really wasn't expecting to be greeted by a lovely lady wearing of all things an Austrian Dirndl, certainly one of the most attractive forms of national dress from any country. I recall vividly that this Dirndl was dark blue with a pink apron, both of which highlighted very well Vivien's long, dark brown hair and eyes. In her friendly, but somewhat formal fashion, she took my name and proceeded to usher me in to see the Director. But the vision of that Dirndl was still playing in my mind when I left the Schloss that day, and as Vivien bid farewell to me in the corridor I asked her permission to take a photo of her standing before the Director's office door. Little did I realize that eleven years later this was the woman I would marry!*

*Following my move to Austria full-time in January 1974, I saw Vivien occasionally in the halls of the Institute or at the Schloss Restaurant. But our interactions were purely as work colleagues, and to be perfectly honest that was really the extent of our mutual interest in each other—until a fateful day in July 1981.*

*In those times, I was caught in the grip of an obsession with exotic Italian sportscars, mostly Lamborghinis, and spent quite a bit of time talking with similarly-minded aficionados both inside and outside the Institute about such matters. One such friend was Paul Makin, who at that time was Head of Publications at IIASA. Paul was married then to Conny, who worked together with Vivien in the same office, and the three of them socialized fairly regularly. One day after work, the three were talking about this and that, when Paul mentioned to Vivien*

*that she ought to think about getting to know me. I'll admit he was playing matchmaker here, as the other principal topic of conversation between us when automotive matters had been exhausted was women. And during the course of one such meandering discussion, Paul asked me what I thought of Vivien. I told him I thought she was extremely attractive, but a bit aloof, and that anyway I believed she was already otherwise engaged with a relationship outside the Institute. He didn't say anymore about the matter and I didn't think much more about it either.*

*So it came as a great surprise to me one afternoon a few days later, when Paul dropped into my office and asked how I'd feel about going on a double date with Vivien that Sunday, accompanied by him and Conny. It seems that when he suggested to Vivien that day that she should get to meet me on a more social basis, Vivien reacted pretty strongly—in the negative—almost shouting out the reply, "Him? Never!" Well, this got Paul's competitive nature going and he asked why she felt so strongly about it. Her reaction was basically that anyone who drove such flamboyant cars must necessarily be someone of dubious character, probably trying to compensate for shortcomings in other areas of life. In other words, the classical, stereotyped image that I suppose many people held of me in those days (and maybe now, too, for that matter). But Paul was not to be put off by this kind of comic-book reaction, and asked her, "How can you say that? Do you really know anything at all about him? Do you always judge people simply by how they dress or the kind of car they drive?"*

*Anyone who knew Vivien would realize that this was exactly the type of response that would cut straight to the heart of one of her*

*most cherished values: justice. She had perhaps the most well developed sense of justice and fair play of anyone I've ever met, and Paul's question caused her to think seriously about what to say. Finally, she said, "You know, you're right. I really don't know anything else about him. And it's totally unfair to judge by such superficial appearances as a car. So, yes, I'll go out with him on this double date on Sunday. But just so I can find out whether my gut feeling about him is or isn't on target." Here is a photo of Vivien at her desk in one of the historical rooms in the Schloss from that time.*



*And so it happened. Sunday, July 5, 1981 came and went. Vivien and I both survived the experience and thought it would be good to continue the experiment of getting to know more about each other, an experiment that only ended upon her death nearly seventeen years later.*

### ***The Up-Close-and-Personal Phase (July 1981-December 1984)***

*July and August 1981 was one of the most exciting and rewarding periods of my life. Vivien and I spent nearly every available hour together, often just walking in the center of Vienna, with vast amounts of dopamine pouring over both our brains. We got to know what we needed to know about each other to decide that the basis for a very serious relationship was there, and as neither of us was given to halfway measures or dawdling, we moved full-speed ahead on its development. And within a month we knew that we needed to be living together as soon as possible. I should mention that at that time I was only visiting ILASA till the end of the year 1981, as I had a position as a visiting professor at the University of Arizona in Tucson to return to in January. But neither of us was thinking about that in those halcyon days; we were just living in the moment and trusting that the future would take care of itself.*

*Some months earlier, my friend Professor Abdus Salam of The International Centre for Theoretical Physics in Trieste had arranged for me to go to Amman, Jordan for a meeting with the Jordanian Crown Prince Hassan to discuss a new research center that The Arab League was planning in the Middle East. As the trip to Amman involved a stopover in Greece, I invited Vivien to join me for a weekend there, after which I would continue on to Jordan and she would return to Vienna. That Grecian weekend in mid August was pure magic. We*



*arrived with neither a hotel booking, nor a rental car reservation, hoping for the best. And the best was exactly what we got.*

*When we arrived at Athens airport late on a Saturday morning to find that every single rental car had been booked. But while standing around the rental car counter wondering what to do, a miracle occurred. Someone brought a car back early and all of a sudden we had transport. The car happened to be a sub-microscopic compact with hardly enough space for two people and their luggage. But it looked like a luxury limousine to us at that moment. The next task was to find a hotel. We drove along the road from the airport toward the center of Athens, stopping at a least a dozen places all of which gave us the same story: No vacancy till Monday. Spying a sign pointing to the Hotel Stefanakis down a side road, we decided we had nothing to lose by checking it out. When I walked into the reception I expected the worst when I asked the clerk if they had a room for us. So you can imagine my pleasure at hearing the response, "But, of course". It seems that this hotel had just opened for business that very day, and we were the first customers ever to register. So not only did we get a lovely room, they gave us a "friend-of-family" discount of 50% off the normal price. So our first trip together was off to a charmed beginning.*

*As I had never been in Greece prior to that visit, I relied on Vivien's knowledge of the area from a visit she'd made several years earlier for a conference she'd arranged for her then employer, the IBM Research Center, Vienna. Our first stop was at the Acropolis, where we sat on the steps of the Parthenon and watched a fierce summer thunder-and-lightning storm raging out of black clouds in the distance. We then drove back down toward our hotel, stopping for a delicious*

*dinner at a restaurant called the Nine Muses, an appropriate name for a place in which to end such a mystical and magical day.*

*The next day we drove to the tip of mainland Greece to visit the ancient ruins at Cap Sounion, at the very bottom of the peninsula. Below is a photo I took of Vivien standing next to one of the pillars of the temple there that day. But all lovely days have to end, and that afternoon we returned to the airport to go our separate ways, at least for the next few days.*



*For the next four months, Vivien and I shuttled back-and-forth between her apartment on Laroche-gasse in Hietzing and my pied-a-terre on Kurrentgasse in the First District of Vienna, above the restaurant Ofenloch. The trip to Greece was really a symbolic beginning of our real relationship, and the next four months in Vienna were filled with endless conversations, interrogations, silly stories, personal histories and all the other things that contribute to a couple building a very personal bond.*

*Immediately after New Year's, Vivien and I boarded a flight to the USA where we spent time with my family in California and then Vivien came with me to Tucson for a few days before leaving me to my duties at the university and returning to Vienna. With no email in those days, I think I must have used up the entire telephone budget of my department in those four months in Tucson continuing the conversation the two of us had begun that summer. I could hardly wait for the semester to end in early May and get back to Hietzing!*

*Shortly after my return, in July I took a large flat on Seitenstettengasse in the center of Vienna, a dark, sleepy part of town that almost immediately became transformed into the nightlife center of Vienna. What a disappointment. But neither Vivien nor I could imagine how that neighborhood would become the "Bermuda Triangle" of Vienna, and so she foolishly moved-in with me to that flat very shortly afterwards. But wise woman that she was, she kept her flat in Hietzing too—just in case! And every now and then it was a relief to go to that flat to escape the ceaseless racket of the bars and revelers in the City.*

*By the end of 1984, we decided that while living together was nice, being married would be even nicer (strange to think that nowadays!). And so off to the Standesamt in Hietzing we went to make the arrangements.*

*But a funny thing happened that day in Hietzing as we were getting all the papers in order for the wedding with Hr. Müller, the local official who would carry out the ceremony the next day. When Hr. Müller asked us what time we'd like to come to his office to say our*

vows, Vivien immediately said, "How about 8AM"? Hr. Müller was speechless for a moment, before replying that he thought we should at least give the cleaning lady time to finish her morning scrubbing, and suggested that 9AM would be rather more suitable. And so it was. Later, Vivien told me she had proposed such an early time since our witnesses, her former husband, Dieter, and his wife Eva, had to go to work that day and so the earlier, the better. As it turned out, the ceremony was a five-minute Standesamt affair, and **everyone** was at their desk by mid-morning following a quick celebratory drink at the only bar in Hietzing that was open at that time of morning. And thus began a fourteen-year marriage ending in April 1998 with Vivien's death in Santa Fe.

### ***Everyday Life in Vienna (December 1984-January 1992)***

By the time of the marriage, Vivien and I were already living together in the heart of the Bermudadreieck near Schwedenplatz in Vienna's First District. At the time, we were both still working at IIASA, a situation that both of us found uncomfortable given the sensitive nature of Vivien's job in the Directorate. So she decided she'd rather have a marriage than a job, and left IIASA in 1985 to start a new career as a translator.

But before she could actually charge money for translating documents, Austrian law insisted that she be formally accredited as a translator, which meant finishing a program of study at the Dolmetschinstitut of the University of Vienna. This process took a bit more time than normal, since in order to enroll at the Dolmetschinsitute she had to complete the Matura, the Austrian

*equivalent of a high-school diploma. Several tiresome months of Nachtschule took care of this formality, and in the fall of 1985 Vivien entered the university. In her usual focused and dedicated fashion, she applied herself wholeheartedly to this tedious business, and graduated with honors from the universtiy a year or so later.*

*Meanwhile, my own tour of duty at IIASA was winding down near the end of 1986, and the two of us made plans to go to live in Paris for a few months, where I was visiting the French Institute for Advanced Study just outside Paris, where I was working at the time with the well-known mathematician René Thom, developer of catastrophe theory.*

*This period in Paris from October through December 1986 was a nice break from our Viennese life, although it was strangely disappointing actually living in Paris as opposed to visiting there. Despite the fact that Vivien spoke French indistinguishable from a Parisian, we found Paris to be a struggle, at least as compared with Vienna, and actually ended up returning to Vienna a couple of weeks earlier than we'd planned. One day we were talking about the vagaries of life, Parisian-style, and suddenly looked at each other and simultaneously blurted out: "Let's go back to Vienna!" And within a couple of hours our suitcases were packed, our farewells were posted, and we were on the road. And the moment we passed the German-Austrian border near Salzburg, we let out a huge sigh of relief to be back on Austrian soil again.*

*The years 1987-1992 were a period of major professional transition for both Vivien and myself. She began what became a life-*



*long association with a British ex-pat, Andrew Smith, who headed a translation firm, Transtext, for which Vivien worked exclusively for the rest of her life. It was a perfect arrangement, since Andrew served as the frontman to drum-up the business, while Vivien and Andrew's sister, Penny, manned (or perhaps I should say, "womanned") the backroom and actually produced the product. This was a style that suit Vivien perfectly, since she liked working on her own and solving the kinds of puzzles that document translation posed.*

*For myself, it was also a major transition time as I began my career as a popular-science writer in 1987 when I sold my first project *Paradigms Lost* to the major New York publisher, William Morrow & Co. In this period I was also a professor at the Technical University of Vienna in the Institute for Econometrics, Operations Research and System Theory, where I had a very nice position requiring only a few lectures each semester. Of course, the pay was commensurate with the workload, which was less than nice. But my publishers were doing their part to ensure our family always had food on the table and a roof over our heads. In fact, it was the very same roof on Seitenstettengasse in the First District that served as our home for the entire period of our time together in Vienna.*

*Sometime in 1991, I was traveling in California and stopped at Stanford to see a former IIASA colleague, Brian Arthur, who was a professor there at the time. Brian told me about a sexy new institute that he was involved with that was just then starting up in Santa Fe. He said this was the type of place that I should be at, and when he described the overall situation at the Santa Fe Institute I heartily agreed. So we sealed a deal whereby I would go to SFI for a few months*

*beginning in January 1992, and we'd see how things went after that. Thus began the final phase of my life together with Vivien.*

### ***Life, Santa Fe-style (January 1992-April 1998)***

*Quite coincidentally to that fateful discussion with Brian Arthur, the owner of the flat where Vivien and I lived in Vienna told us that he would need to have that apartment back sometime in the next year or so since his son would be coming from the countryside to the city for university and needed a place to live. So in late 1991, as we were planning our trip to Santa Fe, Vivien and I decided that since we both had very portable occupations (she translating for Andrew, which could be done anywhere with an Internet connection, me in writing books that could also be done anywhere) we would stay in Santa Fe if we liked it there; if not, then we'd explore the possibility of moving to Cambridge, (USA, that is, not UK). And if neither worked out, we would return to Vienna and find another flat. So we packed up all our things in January 1992, put them into storage in Vienna, and headed off for New Mexico to see what the future held in store.*

*Within a couple of weeks of arriving in Santa Fe, our minds were made up: New Mexico would be our home for the foreseeable future. Anyone who's ever been to Santa Fe will understand why. Life there was so special that even without the Santa Fe Institute we would probably have made the same choice. But with SFI, house-hunting became our first order of business. When I look back in my files now, I'm still astonished to see that we arrived in Santa Fe on January 25, 1992, and within one month we'd already put down an offer on a house and we moved into it on April 1. So the entire process took barely more*

*than two months from touch down to delivery of our things from Vienna. As it turned out, Vivien would spend the rest of her life in that house on Camino San Acacio, and it would not leave our family until I finally sold it and moved back to Vienna in 2006.*

*The first three years of our life in Santa Fe were a charmed existence: Vivien had a house for the first time in her life and her own garden and dog, a golden retriever, Maxwell Casti, who was a great son for both of us. And I had a chance to work at what was then probably the world's sexiest institute where something crazy, exciting, and path-breaking was being done almost every single day. I literally could not wait to go to the institute in the morning because I knew that something exciting would happen that day. I didn't know what it would be. But I knew it would be interesting and I wanted to be there to be part of it.*



***With her golden retriever Maxwell***

*During these years, we had numerous visitors from every corner of the world, as well as met many, many new friends in Santa Fe. In fact, we had so many visitors that we acquired a separate house immediately adjacent to our main house just as a guesthouse. In those*

*years, I traveled all over the world preaching the gospel of complexity science, while Vivien did what she liked best: stayed home and took care of her family—Maxwell and me, together with whatever visitors happened to be “in residence” at the time. These were fantastic years, probably the best I’ve ever spent. And I think Vivien would say the same. In fact, she was not a particularly big fan of America, in general, despite having spent several years in upstate New York when she was a child. But she loved Santa Fe. And when people asked her why, her reply was that “it’s not like living in America, at all, but more like living in Spain in the 16<sup>th</sup> century”.*

*But this charmed existence was not to last. In February 1995 Vivien was diagnosed with ovarian cancer, and had surgery within 24 hours of the diagnosis. A three-month round of chemotherapy followed, after which the cancer seemed to have been put into remission. So in September 1995 we returned to Vienna for a month to visit all our friends and enjoy Alt Wien just one more time. While she didn’t say anything about it at the time, in retrospect I’m pretty sure Vivien sensed that she would never return to the city that had played such a pivotal role in her life. But when we took off from Schwechat to return to New Mexico, her British reserve broke down a bit and I saw a tear of sadness trickle down her cheek as the plane rose through the clouds over the city.*

*Upon returning to Santa Fe, Vivien was examined by her doctor and the results were not good. Not good, at all. The cancer had reappeared and she entered another round of chemo in November 1995. She was never off chemo again until her death on April 12, 1998.*

*Those two years, 1996 and 1997, were surely the saddest and most trying of my life. Both Vivien and I knew that our life together was going to be cut short, and my own ability to get through that period was immeasurably helped by her always upbeat, positive attitude. As she often said in those days, "Life is for the living" and everyone will have to face what she was facing eventually.*

*During more than two years of preparing for her imminent death, Vivien very strangely still took an enormous amount of pleasure in having visitors come to ostensibly see her—and then pour out their own problems and ask her counsel on what they should do. I found it amazing that she not only listened to these tales, none of which were even close to being as serious as her own story, and then engaged these people in lengthy discussions about their lives. But this ability to care so deeply for others that she could counsel them when she was on her own deathbed was typical of the generosity of soul that she expressed to everyone. Her specialness was never more in evidence than during these many discussions, almost all of which I only heard about after the fact.*

*By early April, Vivien's illness was clearly moving into its final stages and the hospice nurse had to visit daily to help her get through the pain of simply breathing as her lungs were by then beginning to fill with the fluids that would eventually kill her. On the night of Saturday, April 11, the night before Easter, she told me that she wasn't feeling too well and would go to bed early. This was not an unprecedented situation, as her energy level had been deteriorating for some time. But around midnight I heard her coughing and struggling for breath to such an extent that I called the nurse and asked her what to do. She came to the house immediately and gave Vivien a shot that*



*provided some temporary relief. But in the hallway afterwards, the nurse said she would call the doctor and ask him to come by because Vivien's situation was deteriorating rapidly.*

*The doctor came around 5 o'clock in the morning and after a short examination told me that he thought the end would come within a few hours. Luckily, she was still awake and able to speak. So I sat on the edge of the bed with Maxwell by my side, and the two of us talked with Vivien for twenty minutes or so during which time she told us she'd had a good life and that we shouldn't be sad at her passing. She then drifted off to sleep and as I sat in a chair at her bedside stopped breathing about a half hour later, around 11 o'clock on Easter morning. While I didn't know it at the time, I later discovered that my daughter was bearing my second grandson in San Diego at almost that very same moment. I think Vivien would have liked the symmetry.*



***Vivien Mary Casti***  
***(June 22, 1943- April 12, 1998)***

## *Jesse Ausubel*

*Vivien exemplified for me the purest form of the IIASA vision. I came to know her in 1979-1981 when I worked for the Resources and Environment group led by Oleg Vasiliev and then Janusz Kindler. I think of the whiteness of Vivien's sweaters, the neatness of her white IIASA desk, the perfection of both her German and English, her impeccable manners and curiosity about everyone, her lovely sometimes quavering soprano.*

*She had no cynicism whatsoever about what the Institute aimed to accomplish, and her purity and perfection and long hours shamed anyone who was sarcastic or sloppy or lazy. Yet she also appreciated humor, and tasted adventure and romance, and of course she helped IIASA to offer them, complete with dangers like the skiing that Vivien enjoyed.*

*So to the purity of white snow I would add bravery, a rare and inspiring combination for which I hope Vivien would be happy to be remembered.*

**Peter E. de Janosi**

*In the late 1970s and early 1980s IIASA enjoyed the presence of a notable group of talented, committed and idealistic staff members, including Vivien Schimmel. Vivien worked in the Directorate, and I met her when I first joined IIASA for two years (1977- 1979) also as a member of the Directorate.*

*Vivien worked closely with the then Director, Roger Levien, and in her capacity had to deal with virtually all aspects of the Institute, but especially with the research program. She appeared to many of us as the “power behind the throne”, and she performed her role with great diligence, effectiveness and charm.*

*I recall with much pleasure and amazement her ability to organize presentations to the Council. In those low-tech days the reports included what were then called transparencies or viewgraphs. These were essential for structuring and illuminating the Director’s reports, and Vivien’s leadership in getting these prepared satisfactorily and on time was essential. She never lost her temper and composure, even when, dare I say, her colleagues, were slow in producing some of the needed information. In the end, the presentations and reports were excellent and timely. Vivien was a tower of strength in the Directorate and a role model for us all.*

*I remember Vivien not only as a marvelously competent colleague, but also as a charming and loveable human being. She managed to deal with some difficult and obstinate individuals in a calm and determined fashion (yes, even in those great days IIASA had some*

*of those!). As everybody knew, that upper most in Vivien's mind was to insure the effectiveness of IIASA, and not to satisfy her own ego, she managed to enlist the support of all. At many of the meetings of senior scientists her demeanor, personality and interventions made an enormous difference.*



***With Peter and Monica de Janosi***

*Vivien, however, was not all business. She was an avid skier and hiker. I will always remember her cheerful participation in the IIASA organized ski trips and hikes. And who can forget her afternoon teas in the Directorate? In observing her English heritage she served tea and biscuits in an elegant fashion befitting an English country house to us rather scruffy co-workers.*

*Vivien was a remarkable human being combining the best qualities of a research administrator, a loyal member of a nascent Institute and a beautiful lady. She enriched our lives at IIASA. Later, becoming a great friend, she left us too soon, but the many memories we have of her will live on.*

## ***Les and Katrina Garner***

*It is an expression of our deep and abiding affection for Vivien that not a week goes by without our thinking of her.*

*Sometimes preparing a meal triggers a memory. I have a roasting pan that Vivien gave me so that I would have the “perfect pan” in which to prepare Veal Prince Orloff, one of her classic company dishes. Of course, she was somewhat skeptical of the fact that I used my Cuisinart to prepare the mushroom duxelles for the dish, instead of chopping them by hand – the “Vivien way.” Whenever I use that pan, or the “perfect omelet pan” she insisted on buying and seasoning for me, I think of her.*

*Les and I often think of Vivien when we’re traveling, particularly if we’re going from point A to point B, and it is taking much longer than we thought to get to the end of the journey. Vivien took us on weekend excursions when we lived in Austria, and those trips invariably involved hiking – some of the treks quite long. Vivien would jovially assure us (several times along the way) that the Gasthof (and celebratory beer) was “just around the next corner.” We now fondly refer to distances as “real distances” or “Schimmel distances.”*

*When we lived in Austria, almost every weekend involved a “Fabulous Friday,” when we would follow Vivien into Vienna to run errands, often finding lovely, unique shops in neighborhoods off the beaten path. We always had a beer at the Gosser Bierklinik, followed by Wiener Schnitzel at Figlmüllers. Roger Levien’s birthday celebration three years ago, in Laxenburg, gave us a chance to have one more*



*“Fabulous Friday” in Vivien’s memory, and we retraced our steps through some of our favorite “Vivien places” in Vienna.*

*After we moved from Austria to North Carolina, Vivien came once to visit. We took her to the vacation home we had in the North Carolina Mountains, which she promptly named “Himmelhof.” We no longer have that home, but we now have a farm in Iowa with a small house on a rise that looks as if it is reaching out of the prairie towards heaven – our new “Himmelhof.” On a recent summer night we sat out on our deck and enjoyed the spectacle of literally thousands of twinkling fireflies, a sight we’re sure Vivien would have appreciated. Watching the fireflies is magical. So was the time we spent with Vivien.*

### ***Cornelia (Conny) Gravino***

*I knew Vivien as an always well-dressed, chic, competent, hard-working colleague, who stayed late every evening after everybody else had gone home. Her day was full of preparations, reports, coordination, discussions and meetings. Nevertheless, she found time for our 4:00 o'clock tea time (almost) every day in the Directorate. When the weather was nice, we even had our tea on the balcony, overlooking the wonderful Laxenburg Park with its old trees. Vivien was a perfect organizer of whatever event - parties, meetings, conferences, get-togethers, she seemed like everybody's darling.*

*It seemed she had no time for a private, personal life. And still, through her friendship with me and my ex-husband Paul Makin, she got to know her second husband. She was delighted to be asked to be Godmother of our first son Dominic, and I still remember her being totally organized to the tips of her toes for that special day. I still have the lovely engraved silver cup that she gave to Dominic on that day as an eternal remembrance.*

*Vivien will be in the hearts of many, and I hope that all the prayers said upon her passing away did help her to live on in a better world, without disappointments and grieving, without pain and non-understanding; and I bet she is organizing things also up there!!*

***Vivien -- Scenes from a Special Friendship***  
***A tale in three acts***

***Told by Roger Levien***

***ACT I***

*Time: 1973-1981*

*Place: Vienna and Laxenburg, Austria*

*Scene 1, Baden, fall or winter 1973*

*I first met Vivien at a heuriger in Baden, where one of the planning sessions for IIASA was taking place. She came over, introduced herself, found out who I was; then gave me my badge and a package of meeting documents and explained the purpose, agenda, and process of the meeting. She did this all briskly and efficiently, while smiling pleasantly, speaking with a soft British accent, and looking -- dressed in a dirndl -- as though she had just come from yodeling on a high Alpine meadow. The only thing missing was the score of "The Sound of Music" playing in the background. "So this is IIASA, I thought... Not bad." The principal purpose of the planning session was to recruit scientists to work at IIASA, and to that end we sat through two days of discussions. As far as I was concerned, they needn't have bothered; they had me with the briskly efficient Brit in a dirndl.*

*Scene 2, Laxenburg, fall and winter 1974*

*Our family arrived in Vienna/Laxenburg in the fall of 1974, ostensibly on a one-year sabbatical, and settled in the 18th district. I set to work on a Handbook of Applied Systems Analysis and Carla and the kids adjusted to life in Vienna. When I arrived at the Schloss,*

*Vivien was there, serving as Howard Raiffa's executive assistant. She and our family hit it off quickly, so we often gravitated to each other at the various social events – picnics, heurigers, national day celebrations, and ski trips – that gave zest to the year, like candied fruit in a stollen.*

*Scene 3, Laxenburg, 1975-1981*

*In 1975, I was appointed to succeed Howard Raiffa as Director of the Institute and Vivien moved from loyal family friend to dedicated Executive Assistant. It would be extremely difficult, probably impossible, to find someone who could have filled that position better. Her primary responsibility was to help me insure that the decisions of the Research Management Committee were carried out by the strong personalities who were its members. She took the minutes, recorded the decisions and action items, and followed up regularly and personally with each of the principals. And because they respected her, most of the actions were taken as decided. Anyone with experience of trying to get strong individuals – think professors at a prestigious university – to actually do what is requested of them on a reasonable schedule will appreciate her accomplishment, and consequent contribution to the smooth functioning of the Institute.*

*As the only woman among the research management group, and the only one who did not have an advanced degree, she worked hard to be taken seriously. In this respect, her natural intelligence and obvious ability to follow what was being discussed earned her the high regard of her male colleagues. But, Vivien had a lighter side as well; while maintaining a slightly flirtatious feminine charm, she also became “one*

*of the boys.” The RMC had annual retreats to an Austrian resort where the serious work of the day time – planning the research activities of the following year, gave way to a boisterous display of wine fueled camaraderie in the evening. The lasting image I have of these events is Vivien seated atop an upright piano conducting, as one of the research leaders pounds the keys, and the RMC members do their best to sing along.*

*Besides her RMC responsibility, Vivien served as my German translator and interpreter. Sadly, my command of the German language was not up to the demands of my representational office. On occasion, it fell to me to make remarks in German to welcome a group of Austrian visitors or to introduce IIASA to some important delegation. Vivien came to my rescue, writing out my remarks, typing them in large type, and then coaching me on pronunciation and emphasis. I proceeded to mouth her text as best I could as she sat off to the side, watching me with a look of tense expectation...and giving me a smile of almost motherly pride if I managed to get through without a stumble.*

*The closeness that had developed between Vivien and the Levien family in our first year grew ever richer and stronger over the six years of my term as Director. She became one of the family, joining us for Sunday dinner or having us to her apartment for a Vivien-cooked meal.*

*Our daughter, Alisa, stayed with Vivien in her Hietzing apartment while we were on a trip. We had picnics together and participated in the IIASA ski trips.*

*At the end of 1981, Carla and I left Laxenburg and Vienna and the immediacy of our relationship with Vivien, but we took with us fond memories of our times of work and play together.*

## **ACT II**

*Time: 1982-1992*

*Place: Connecticut and Vienna*

*Scene 1, Connecticut, 1982-1992*

*Carla and I took up residence in Connecticut as I began work for the Xerox Corporation. The new position and the new location demanded our attention and, though we did not forget our friends at IIASA and in Vienna, our contacts became far less frequent, including with Vivien. During this period she married and took up residence in an apartment in downtown Vienna.*

*Scene 2, Vienna, 1982-1992*

*Vivien went back to school to obtain her degree as an interpreter – English, German, and French. She was busy and so were we, so contact was infrequent. Twice we visited Vienna and stayed with Vivien and her husband in their apartment across from the Synagogue in the old Jewish section of Vienna. Besides the warm hospitality, I remember our walks along the embankment of the Danube Canal and stops at an ice cream shop that serves “spaghetti” ice cream – concocted from extruded strings of vanilla ice cream and strawberry sauce.*

## **ACT III**

*Time: 1992-1998*

*Place: Santa Fe, New Mexico*



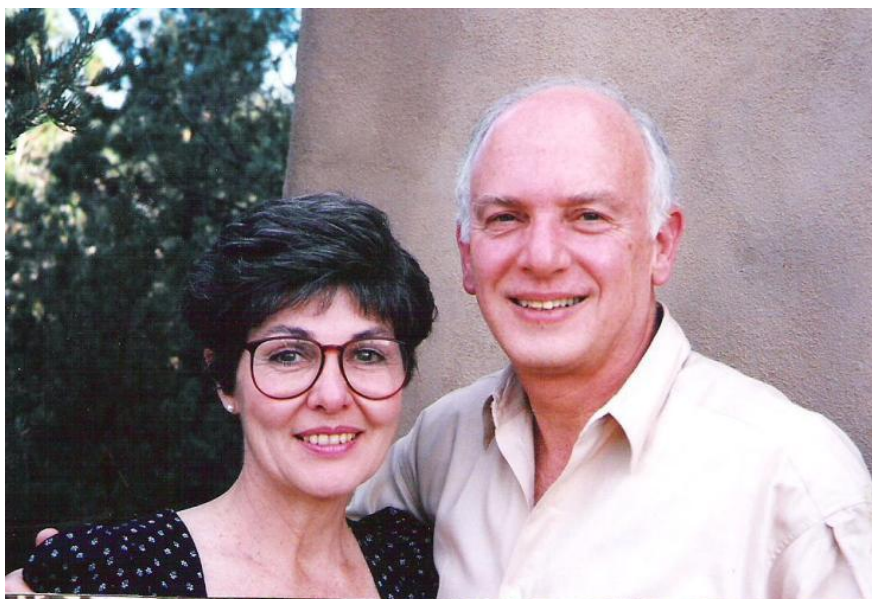
*Scene 1, Santa Fe, 1992-1995*

*Vivien and her husband moved to Santa Fe, where he had obtained employment. Although I found it difficult to imagine Vivien, a native of large and sophisticated European cities, at home in the small town of Santa Fe, she confounded my expectations and thrived. She and her husband quickly developed a rich network of friends from among the diverse and sophisticated community of full and part-time Santa Fe residents. College and Institute presidents, university professors, local real estate brokers, visiting scientists, and artists came to their home; some of the out-of-town visitors stayed in their guest house, which she had decorated in Santa Fe style. She devoted herself to her garden, landscaped by a local friend, and to her golden retriever, Max.*

*Happily, we were among the invited guests, renewing our friendship while spending a few memorable Christmases with Vivien and her spouse. We helped decorate the tree, drank eggnog, enjoyed Vivien's special guacamole, strolled along Canyon Road to see the lights (farolitos, which are candles resting on sand in a paper bag) lining the walls and roofs of most buildings and warming ourselves at the street bonfires, sipping hot grog while listening to the carolers.*

*In 1995, Vivien and Carla conspired, without my knowledge, to produce a book of photos and writings as a surprise for my 60th birthday. Vivien threw herself into the effort, recruiting responses from most of my IIASA colleagues. It was a wonderful gift for me, easing passage into my 7th decade.*

*But 1995 was not a good year for Vivien, who learned that summer that she had late stage ovarian cancer.*



*Vivien with Roger and Carla Levien in Santa Fe*

*Scene 2, Santa Fe, 1995-1998*

*In the last three years of her life, Vivien displayed her finest qualities as she fought the cancer that was taking away her life. She submitted to chemotherapy and radiation and sought the advice of specialists while striving to live as normal a life as possible. She remained cheerful, hopeful, and optimistic, while accepting that her fight was an extremely difficult one. We visited several times during these years, staying with mutual friends to minimize her burden. Fortunately, as her life ebbed, she had the support of a few of those special friends that she had made in Santa Fe. She died in April 1998.*

*One part of the rich and manifold legacy that she left us is the love of Santa Fe, which seemed as unlikely for us, at first, as it did for Vivien. But through our many visits and by seeing it through her eyes, we came to love the town also. In August 1998, we bought a home in Santa Fe, which we have enjoyed ever since. Our only regret is that she is not there to share with us our enjoyment of Santa Fe, her last and lasting gift to us.*

## **Ruth Steiner**

*One of my very first activities as the Head of the Personnel Department at the International Institute of Applied Systems Analysis was to hire Vivien Schimmel. Looking at the archives of the Institute the contract was to begin May 15th 1973 - I started on April 1st 1973. Her personnel number was 019, a very important detail (Andrei Bykov had 007), the number now is 1883 mid 2008.*

*I still see Vivien sitting in front of me first in House Rosenauer, IIASA's first office, and then in the Schloss during the many months of construction of the Kaiser Zimmer – all the dust and dirt. From the outset, Vivien worked for the Directors Office – beginning with our dear Howard Raiffa as the first Director of the Institute. As far as I remember, Vivien worked for IBM before IIASA and Howard interviewed and selected her - an excellent decision. She had excellent professional qualifications, very international background, therefore fluent in several languages, wonderful personality and a charming appearance.*

*In those early days we worked day and night, in order to get the Institute started and meet all the deadlines. Most of us, including Vivien also slept some nights in House Rosenauer, therefore we got to know each other very well. Most of our meals we eat together. Vivien was very attentive to eating healthy - as long as I knew her. Never fat, frozen, always fresh fruit and vegetables, not too spicy and never too much – everything different to my way of eating. We laughed so much about our eating habits, because every time we went to a restaurant*

*things looked different and that was quite often! She was such a good cook and hostess – I remember her apartment in Hietzing very well.*



***With Ruth Steiner, Elisabeth Both and Peter de Janosi***

*Vivien's love for nature - hiking and skiing. I remember how her eyes would glow when she talked about her latest experiences. I remember her telling me how much she missed the Alps in the States. Her other big love was for art and music. I will never forget when she called me to join her for an organ concert in St Florian in Upper Austria - I cannot drive past the monastery on the Autobahn without thinking of that memorable occasion of a Haydn concert. But she also loved a good glass of wine in the atmosphere of a "Heurigen". I think she loved Austria very much.*

*Yes, I miss Vivien after all these years. She was at my bedside when I had my chemotherapy and built up my spirits. I talked to her on the phone at times when there were hopes, sometimes high and low when*

*she was sick. Vivien was a friend who was always loyal, and who I could always trust. The last time I saw her we had a vegetarian dinner at “Wrenck” during her last visit in Vienna when she had a short elegant “bairdo” talking about her successful medical therapy. We had many laughs about our past at IIASA. She was one of the most faithful and dear friends I ever had – Auf wiedersehen, Viv.*



***Leo Schrattenholzer***

*My memories of Vivien are only private. I therefore could only say - and everyone who knew her knows this - that she was a very cheerful and warm person and that everybody who enjoyed her friendship was privileged.*

## ***Tibor Vasko***

*Sebouh's request to write about my impression on Vivien evoked some mixed feelings. It was an opportunity to recollect memories on a friend and a rare personality, but also brutally painful reminder that Vivien passed away.*

*She was for me connected inseparably with the Institute (IIASA), because when I was on Council or Finance Committee meetings in early days of IIASA, she was always there. Her personality radiating grace and friendly manners, together with her beauty, almost defy description.*

*Zdenka (my wife) and me, we were very pleased to hear that Vivien and John got married. We even tried to invite them both to a modest dinner of Czech food. They kindly accepted and it was an occasion to appreciate their most agreeable personal charm.*

*When I am in the Institute, I still subconsciously expect that Vivien will arrive with her smile from somewhere. It is perhaps because I visit the Institute so rarely. I have yet to resign myself to the realization that from now on an impenetrable wall is separating us and the Institute from Vivien.*