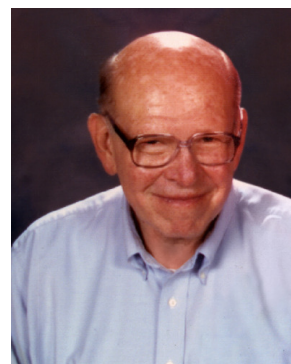


Dr. Stanley Sheinkopf Obituary and Tribute



On the back of his funeral remembrance pamphlet was a picture of Stan at 18 in 1949



Dr. Stanley Sheinkopf 1932-2014

Obituary published in the Pasadena Star News and San Gabriel Valley Tribune on Apr. 29, 2014.

<http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/redlandsdailyfacts/obituary.aspx?n=stanley-sheinkopf&pid=170845759&fhid=2681>

In case the link breaks in the future, here is the content:

Dr. Stanley Sheinkopf passed away on Monday, April 14. Dr. Sheinkopf taught English in Pasadena public and private schools for more than forty-four years. He graduated from UCLA in 1957 and received a Ph.D. in comparative literature from Occidental College in 1972. Beginning in the late 50's he taught in the Pasadena Unified School District, and his final teaching years, 1984-2003, were spent at Polytechnic School, Pasadena.

He inspired students and colleagues with his enthusiasm for life and literature, his commitment to the overall life of the Poly community and his passion for teaching. He brought words to life in a fascinating and unforgettable way.

Stan, who was 82, is survived by his wife Barbara, his children, Stephen and Megan, and three grandchildren. All who wish to honor Stan's memory are invited to attend his memorial service on Friday, May 2, at 2 p.m. at Mountain View Mortuary, Sunrise Chapel, 2400 Fair Oaks Avenue, Altadena.

Pasadena Star News Columnist/Editorial Writer Larry Wilson wrote a tribute that was published on the same date.

<http://www.pasadenastarnews.com/general-news/20140429/teacher-stan-sheinkopfs-honor-and-art-larry-wilson>

In case the link breaks in the future, here is the content:

Rash and capricious as only a 16-year-old could be, I transferred to Pasadena's Blair High School for my senior year after transferring from Muir High to a furry outpost called Evening High as a junior. Both moves had as much to do with girls as with more interesting academic options. But Blair did have a rep as a small school with an intellectual atmosphere. Legendary characters such as Chris and Pat Sutton, Don Clark and Rick Cole had recently graduated. The Fungus Federation was a student club that did things student clubs weren't supposed to do. Two years earlier former Blair AP student Jonathan Jackson had been shot down in a Marin County courtroom where he'd smuggled guns in an attempt to free his brother, Black Panther George Jackson.

The shock when I got there was discovering, under the tutelage of the three most extraordinary English teachers ever gathered in one public high school — Bill Pickering, Mike Riherd and Stan Sheinkopf — that I didn't know how to read, or to write. Students Amy Marshall and Lisa Lowe, already reading and writing at a level that I could barely understand, convinced me that if I paid attention to the teaching of the great trio, that I might still have time to turn things around.

We read Faulkner and Fitzgerald, Nathanael West and James Joyce, and wrote about them — and I woke up, just in time. The next four years I would study literature at the English department ranked No. 1 in the country, at Berkeley, which I only mention because never did I have a professor there who was the teaching equal of these three at Blair.

After we left Blair, Superintendent Ray Cortines, recognizing Stan's genius and hoping it could translate in other ways, made him principal at Muir. Didn't work out. That genius was for the classroom, and Stan went on to Poly to teach a new generation how to read and thus write for another two decades. Mike went on to be an English professor at Pasadena City College, and Bill went to Poly, too.

Stan died this month at 82. Three things that come back:

- What an inspiration it was to be at his Occidental College graduation that senior year when Stan was teaching us "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and simultaneously defending his doctoral dissertation on "Ulysses." We howled from the amphiteater stands as he walked across the stage. Just that week he'd had us lined up behind his desk, stepping on to it and jumping to the floor, crying "Bous Stephanoumenos!" as Stephen Dedalus's classmates called to him as he jumped into Dublin Bay in "Portrait."
- Stan walked into class one day, and, in the simple and profound way he had of speaking of the most intimate matters, turned to face us and said he'd had a strange dream the night before. In the dream he was on one of those hand-powered railway cars propelled by a seesaw-like beam, going across an open plain in the dark of night. As he pushed the handle up and down, it was to this spoken rhythm: "Honor ... and art. Honor ... and art."
- The last day of school someone purloined a bottle of Champagne and we took it into Stan's classroom with paper cups. He did not say the timid thing: "Not now, kids, no can do." There were half a dozen of us. No one was getting drunk. He popped the cork, poured the wine and, looking around, seeing how awkward we were in our attempts to thank him for changing our lives, found a crazy communal ritual to see us through. We sang Christmas carols together, for 20 minutes or so. In June.

Next week when Blair grad Megan Marshall comes to town to celebrate her recent Pulitzer Prize in biography, Bill Pickering and Mike Riherd will join us for lunch. We'll toast Stan as we toast Megan, and honor, and art.