

Potash Hill

The Magazine of Marlboro College • Winter 2002



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Marlboro College

Mission Statement

The goal of Marlboro College is to teach students to think clearly and to learn independently through engagement in a structured program of liberal studies. Students are expected to develop a command of concise and correct English and to strive for academic excellence informed by intellectual and artistic creativity; they are encouraged to acquire a passion for learning, discerning judgment and a global perspective. The college promotes independence by requiring students to participate in the planning of their own programs of study and to act responsibly within a self-governing community.

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A Little about History

Dan Toomey '79

I FIRST MET ROLAND BOYDEN on the bright September day that I enrolled at Marlboro College. We shook hands and had a short discussion about my academic interests. I told him that I was planning a course of study in studio art.

“Well, I don’t know much about art ... know a little about history, though,” was his considered reply. Then he smiled. Coming from a person viewed by many as a one-man university, the first part of this claim was blatantly untrue, and the second the understatement of the century; but at a deeper level it revealed something about the nature of humility and in that a profound lesson about how to live in the world. Over time I moved away from painting and into the humanities, to find myself in a medieval English history tutorial with Roland in the autumn of my senior year.

Left: Luke Dalrymple in
New York City in 1949

Photo by
Edward Hausner
The New York Times

Dalrymple Hall when
it was still the
Dalrymples' barn



One afternoon he told me, with his characteristic smile and refreshing candor, that William the Conqueror (a decidedly un-humble person, I was learning) was a “bit of a son-of-a-gun,” except that Roland used another word in place of “gun.” Never before had I heard this colorful phrase spoken with such grace and such humor, and—as remarkably—a familiarity suggesting an intimacy with a subject who had been dead and buried for 891 years. A paper that I wrote for Roland later that semester concerned the divine right of kings, one more reminder of the degree to which the events of English history, Roland’s specialty, seem to have been driven by arrogance and hubris, an intriguing notion given that he embodied so naturally the opposite qualities: Here was a man who possessed both a law degree and a doctorate in history from Harvard University, whose knowledge spanned so many disciplines as to appear without limit, but who chose to spend a good part of his professional life teaching in a converted cow barn.



There is a small college in central Maine that perhaps has one up on Marlboro in the humble Yankee origins department: Its core academic

buildings are remodeled chicken coops. As a high school senior I showed that school’s catalog to my guidance counselor, who eyed it suspiciously. I was perhaps more oblivious of institutional peculiarities in those years, but today building a college on what had been a commercial chicken farm seems to be pushing the bounds of humility. A dairy farm (or in the case of Marlboro, two of them adjoining) is a different thing altogether—humble for certain, but somehow embodying an integrity and even nobility not commonly found in chicken farms. Harvard Yard, it might be remembered, was, before it was Harvard Yard, a town common to which the good people of Cambridge could bring their cattle to graze. Given the choice between studying English history in a remodeled Maine chicken coop or a remodeled Vermont dairy barn, most reasonable people, I believe, would take the Vermont dairy barn every time.

During Marlboro College’s first two years, all classes were held in partitioned-off parts of the Dining Hall, as well as in the Hendricks’ living room. The first classroom building was to have been a prefabricated construction that Walter Hendricks had procured through the Federal Works Agency and had shipped east from the air base in Rome, New York.

But instead of erecting the building, it was soon determined that it would be more practical and more efficient to use the newly arrived material to renovate the four-story barn on the hill. As there were, up until this time, no science labs, and in fact no single building on campus devoted exclusively to academics, the completion of Dalrymple Hall's renovations was of utmost importance.

The work began in the fall of 1948 with Luke Dalrymple supervising faculty and students, but the government-issue building parts soon began to run out, and a good deal more construction material would have to be purchased if classes were to be held in the building anytime soon. While funding was scarce, the withholding tax money from faculty and staff salaries, which in the mind of Marlboro's first president was serving no immediately useful purpose, presented itself as a convenient source of building revenue. A solution to the problem, apparently, was at hand. Eventually the Internal Revenue Service, which held to a different set of fiscal priorities than did Marlboro's first president, made clear its concern regarding the missing money. Fines and penalties followed. As such, the old joke about the college being "situated on a bluff, and founded and operated on the same principle" is for reasons topographic as well as economic, more keenly true of Dalrymple, it would seem, than for the campus as a whole.



On October 7, 1949, *The New York Times* carried an article (with accompanying photographs) titled "Marlboro College Names Building for Handy Man; He Gets Trip Here," that began with the following paragraphs:

To Vermont-born Luke Dalrymple, chief carpenter, building superintendent, and handy man at Marlboro College, yesterday was a red-letter day. For, in the company of his college president, he saw New York for the first time. And he also learned that the new science building now being constructed on the Marlboro campus would be known as Dalrymple Hall.

The honor of having a building named for him did not excite him much, but New York did. He shook hands with the Provost of Columbia University in front of the famed Alma Mater, saw the Statue of Liberty, watched the construction at the United Nations site and peered down at the city from the 102nd floor of the Empire State Building.

Luke Dalrymple wasn't only born in Vermont; he was born on what was to become the Marlboro College campus. In 1905 his father built the barn that would be named for his son, and according to a March 12, 1949, article in the *Brattleboro Reformer* titled "Barn Becomes Marlboro Science Hall," Luke easily recalled the day that his family's neighbors gathered for the barn raising. The same *Reformer* article stated that when completed, the academic building would have "10 classrooms and two or three offices and house the college library...[in] a large ell [off to the east side]. Part of the library will also extend into the third floor of the main building. Included in the rooms will be laboratories for chemistry, physics and biology as well as classrooms for mathematics and psychology and a large room that will hold 60 students for general classes."

As Dalrymple was transformed from barn to academic building, the activities inherent to it, of course, changed as well. Among these, two that are notable—chewing cud and pondering or musing—denote the two most common meanings of the word *ruminate*. Even more significantly, the chronological relation of the two meanings, as each was made manifest during Dalrymple's two-stage evolution, illustrates that word's historic development: as barn becomes academic building, the concrete act of chewing cud is enlarged to the abstract act of thoughtful reflection. Thus the building's history serves as analog to the word's etymology. But whether sheltering dairy cattle before the college was established or providing a place for students to learn from that point onward, Dalrymple has continuously fostered a behavior associated with both masticating cud and thinking: It has upheld, in both incarnations and therefore the whole of its almost one-hundred-year working existence, an unbroken tradition of staring into space.

Roland Boyden's pedagogy, offering students a question and then waiting as long as it took for someone to venture an answer, did much to encourage this tradition. But it was by no means an activity limited to students. During faculty meetings in the Culbertson Room, the industrious clicking of Willene Clark's knitting needles acted for many years as a kind of aural barometer of the meeting's shifting moods—clattering vigorously as tensions rose, or clicking softly as routine business was carried on. Willene's hands, the person speaking at the moment, and of course the sketching of Louis Moyse, Frank Stout, or Gib Taylor, would have very often been the only observable physical activities in the room. These three faculty members' drawings of their colleagues—some of which can still be

seen—bear witness to the remarkable amount of staring into space that was going on.

Roland was not the only Marlboro teacher who employed question-and-wait tactics as a primary pedagogical tool; most of the humanities faculty did, but I believe they took their cue from him. His patience in the matter was grounded in an unwavering conviction that it was the best kind of teaching there is. He put the question forth. He folded his hands. He reached up and took off his glasses. He placed them carefully on the table. He rubbed the bridge of his nose. He put his glasses back on. He sat still for a while with his hands folded carefully on the table again. He smiled quietly.



Paradoxes in history and in life are best approached as open doors, as invitations to probe for rich meanings beneath what at first might appear merely confusing. That as a young man Roland Boyden walked to work each morning to one of Boston's most venerable law firms with a copy of *The Daily Worker* folded under his arm might be viewed as simple contradiction, but I think it more useful to understand as emblematic of the various directions in which he was being pulled early in life, as well as his unwavering insistence that everything, absolutely everything, was open to question. Years later, his doctoral dissertation would identify the roots of the modern corporation in medieval monasteries, an idea many might conclude absurdly contradictory until they considered his carefully reasoned argument. Finally, there is the seemingly illogical educational practice of teaching through silence. If teaching, as I believe, is in its essence a kind of giving, and if a teacher, against all common wisdom, spends long

periods before his students in silence, then that teacher might appear to be giving by doing nothing. But like other paradoxes, this one impels us to look below the surface, there first to understand the intellectual effort expended in asking precisely the right question, the patience required to listen to a struggling student with the wrong answer, the extraordinary restraint demanded by a silent classroom, and all of this within the embrace of yet another paradox: a college so outside the mold that it somehow manages to be boldly progressive and—to a remarkable degree—profoundly conservative at the same time.

Roland Boyden's silences contained within them not only abiding patience, but also a conviction that students were both intelligent and capable. The quiet was not meant to intimidate, although intimidate it sometimes did; it was instead intended to express the necessity for students to take control of their own learning, and most students, it seems, came to understand this. There was democracy in it and there was humility in it. Roland knew, as all great teachers know, that if we are to lead what Socrates called the examined life, each of us must learn to be his own teacher, and there is no better place to begin the process than in college. In Roland Boyden's silences was a conviction that an answer would eventually come, and beyond this the idea that students were being reminded of their scholarly responsibility; but there surely as well was a deep faith that something greater was happening: students were growing intellectually autonomous; they were learning to become free.



The word *humility* has as its root the word *humus*, the Latin term for soil; so the fact



Roland Boyden in his classroom in the 1970s

that Dalrymple is built into, and on certain ridiculously foggy mornings appears to be growing out of a rocky earthen hill is but one more reason to link the idea of humility to this building. Naming an academic building for the sixty-four-dollar-a-week carpenter who remodeled it is certainly a nod to humility, but appropriate in one other way as well: Luke's musical-sounding surname comes from the Saxon *dahl hrympel*, suggestive of rising ground and echoing the ruffled appearance of the locality in the Scottish lowlands where that surname originated. As such, the name's roots more than befit the building's physical circumstance.

While New York City made an impression on Luke Dalrymple on that October day in 1949, Luke, in turn, made a significant impression on the *Times* reporter, who spent the better part of the day accompanying the buildings and grounds superintendent. In one part of the article the reporter wrote, "Luke, as he is known to everyone at Marlboro, is no

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ordinary fellow. He is a down-to-earth, native Vermonter, with a clipped Yankee twang and a dry sense of humor. He is a man of few words—a five- or six-word sentence is an oration for him... he is unaffected, laconic, and self-reliant.” Certainly elements of this description could fit Roland Boyden as easily, and, in fact, at some level Luke, as the person charged by Walter Hendricks with overseeing the barn’s conversion, was thrust into the role of teacher. He gave what Dick Judd recalls as “quiet, often dry and humorous suggestions,” rather than orders, to the students and faculty assisting him.

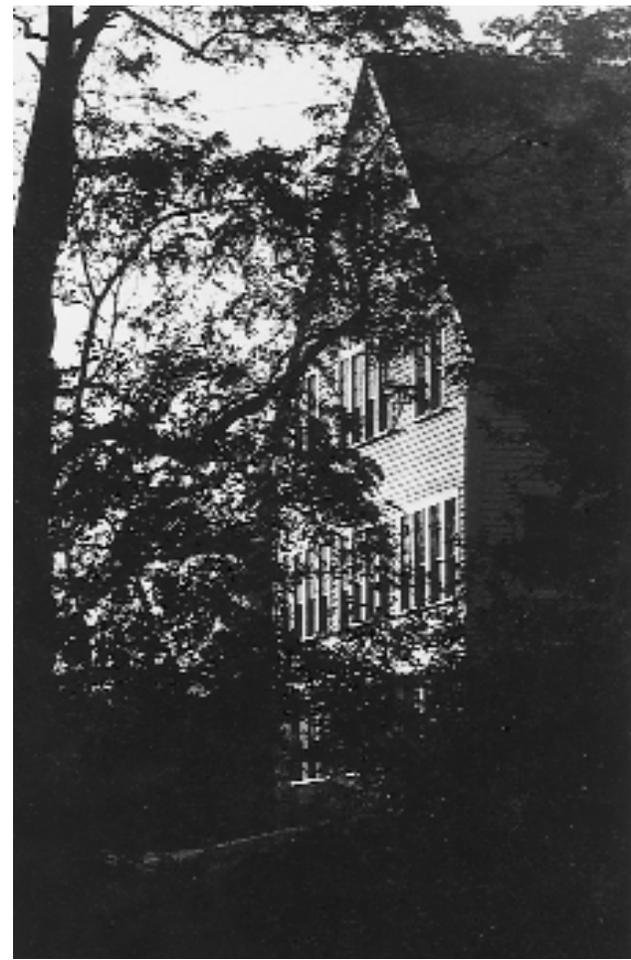


On the day in 1949 that the Marlboro-born carpenter gazed down from the Empire State Building to proclaim, “The cars are like toys and the people no bigger than Vermont ants,” he experienced the perspective brought about by distance between viewer and object. History, too, brings perspective, but ordinarily only if the historian can give birth to the past by breathing life into the printed word. We can imagine looking out Dalrymple’s windows from the rooms in which Roland Boyden taught to the tree-covered ridgeline on the eastern horizon and consider the course of our own lives until now, to remember back through the decades to that borderland where personal memory fades and imagination begins, and then beyond that through hundreds and then thousands of years to all that has gone before us, acknowledging all those lives whose words and deeds comprise history. Roland Boyden’s imagination allowed him to inhabit comfortably a great deal of that expansive terrain that comes before personal memory, and I am all but certain it was the special

perspective gained from the study of history that reinforced in him the virtue of humility, the source of so much of his strength.

He was a man exceedingly uncomfortable with praise, so I hope those who knew him can forgive me for what might be interpreted as adulation of a sort. My purpose in writing these words is only to practice what he taught me—to identify origins, to relate apparent causes to apparent consequences, to make connections and perhaps larger meanings out of those connections.

The mythic Greek hero Antaeus lost his power when he was lifted off the ground, separated from the humus underfoot. Roland Boyden, who made certain his feet never left the ground, was able to teach me—and a good number of others—a little about history, and a lot about how to learn, or put perhaps more precisely, how to live.





Documenting a Controversial Community:

A Marlboro senior researches
Vermont's Twelve Tribes

Story and photos by
Carlye Woodard '02

ONE SUMMER MORNING BEFORE DAYBREAK IN 1984, VERMONT STATE POLICE AND SOCIAL SERVICE AUTHORITIES DESCENDED ON THE NORTHEAST KINGDOM COMMUNITY CHURCH IN ISLAND POND, taking 112 children away from their parents in response to charges of widespread child abuse at the community. Within 24 hours a judge returned the children to their parents and offered harsh words for the state's heavy-handed tactics and flimsy evidence. That was the first time most people in Vermont had heard of the church (which now calls itself Twelve Tribes), and in the 17 years since, the religious-based community has never shaken its image as a cult that subjugates its women and whips its children. The group, founded in 1972, holds fundamentalist views based on a literal interpretation of the Bible, and lives traditionally and simplistically in about 25 small communities, half in the Northeastern United States and the remainder spread throughout nine countries on four continents. The Twelve Tribes' views on women, multiculturalism, homosexuality and child discipline have brought considerable animosity from neighbors, authorities and the press. While they make no apologies for their beliefs or their practices, they are all too familiar with prying, scandal-hungry journalists digging for the juiciest dirt on what is considered by many the most controversial "cult" in the United States today.

I began my work with the Twelve Tribes community in Bellows Falls, Vermont, a year ago in September, photographing, visiting, and conversing with members as research for my Marlboro Plan of Concentration. Prior to my first visit I knew very little about the group aside from their controversial views. But while I do not agree with all of their politics or theology, my motivation

in chronicling their lives wasn't to expose those views, which have been easy prey for journalists over the past 20 years. Instead, what drew me to them was a curiosity about communal life that emphasized spirituality. I became intrigued with how the Twelve Tribes members lived, what kept them together as a group, and how their religious beliefs were played out in their daily lives. In my frequent visits I asked a lot of questions while photographing only occasionally, as I was aware of their distrust of curious outsiders with cameras and notepads.

I took my time getting to know community members, letting them get to know me, and asking permission to photograph as I went along. Some never grew comfortable with the idea of me photographing, although they encouraged me to visit without my camera. Their discomfort made me uncomfortable, and almost convinced me to drop the project altogether. I had to give serious consideration to my motives and intentions before I could continue.

The easiest way for someone outside the community to understand the underpinnings of Twelve Tribes beliefs is to attend a wedding. Weddings are elaborate events in which community members as well as visitors from other communities perform a theatrical demonstration of their vision of the second coming of God, or "Yahshua." In the ritual, the groom plays the role of Yahshua while the bride represents the people of the Twelve Tribes, and their marriage becomes the symbolic union of the people to their God. The event is meant not only as a celebration of a marriage and of the spiritual beliefs of the community, but as a means of communicating a vision and a faith to outsiders, who are welcomed.

As I shot my first Twelve Tribes wedding at the Bellows Falls community last May, I quickly realized the ceremony would be a compelling photo essay in itself, depicting the community's religious views, political structure and gender roles while displaying the dress, behavior and general makeup of the group. I shot many rolls of film and made a number of good photographs that day, but as a special event, the wedding did not provide a portrayal of daily life, which was my real goal.

While I had become a familiar presence to Bellows Falls community members, many members of other Twelve Tribes communities attended the ceremony, and so I again found myself in the role of an unfamiliar outsider. As a stranger taking a great deal more photographs than the average visitor, and most often of people other than the bride and groom, when I wasn't shooting I was answering questions about myself, and feeling as though I was intruding on a private ceremony





Twelve Tribes weddings showcase the community's beliefs, which include that the groom is the symbol of God (top) and that society's evils must be vanquished (above right).

and possibly offending some of the participants. Frequently people asked if I was interested in their lifestyle because I was thinking about joining, and others wondered what newspaper had sent me. I knew in theory that I was welcome, but I felt that I needed to reassure anyone who asked that although I was not a prospective member, I was also not against them—not out to slander them. Soon after the Bellows Falls wedding, I shot a second at a community in Rutland, Vermont, and then continued photographing daily activities back at the Bellows Falls community.

In June I made a trip north to the Island Pond community to visit Twelve Tribes' Vermont roots. At the time of the 1984 raid, the group was centralized in Island Pond, with several hundred members. In the years following, it experienced its own Diaspora as Twelve Tribes members founded smaller communities around the state and the Northeast, and the Island Pond group dwindled to some hundred members living in five or six large houses. Today, they run a department store with brand-name clothing, shoes, gifts and camping gear at close to wholesale prices. The community also runs a local cobbler shop that repairs and makes shoes and sandals, both for sale and for the members.

I stayed with the community in Island Pond for two days and two nights, as a guest but also as a participant in their lives. The visit produced a lot of good photos, as well as many new perspectives on how the group functions, new life stories and a different living environment. By staying there I got a glimpse of what it would be like to live in such a place. I baked bread and washed dishes, I sat on the steps and talked with the women as they folded laundry, I visited their store and cobbler shop, and went canoeing with a man and his two young children. I photographed a great deal, but as usual found that most of my time was spent in conversation. It was the first (and only) time I spent more than an afternoon with a Twelve Tribes community.

Although the interactions were always pleasant, I found myself craving solitude, and feeling drained by constant involvement with a large group of people. I felt intensely the reality of what one woman joked about to me, saying, "The only time we're alone is when we go to the bathroom."

I'd planned to spend the same kind of time at the Bellows Falls community later in the summer, but in August its leaders informed me—respectfully—that they felt I'd photographed enough, and while I was still welcome to stay with them, I would have to do so without my camera. I frankly greeted their decision with relief. I'd invested many hours in community visits, and I still didn't have a sense of when to end my research, so I took the community's decision as an opportunity to head home to make prints and write my Plan.

During my experiences with the different Twelve Tribes communities, while I asked my own questions of members, I was continually asked questions by them. Their questions were the big ones—the "why's."





Why do I care about earning a college degree, they asked me, and why would I chose to live “in the world” when one can see the world is a lost cause? Why do I live a hectic and busy life when all that is “of the world” is only a distraction from the Truth, which is found only in God? Why should I pursue a career in photography when nothing could be more fulfilling and purposeful than to find love, marry, and raise children? Why do I visit to document their reality, when I could be an active participant in living the life? Every question asked was asked with sincerity, and I took them very seriously, and found difficulty in responding. My answers inevitably felt inadequate, naïve, and uncertain, but I had to be satisfied in saying that I grapple with many of the questions they have grappled with, and have even come to many of the conclusions they have, but these same conclusions have led me down a very different path.

More than anything, the personal value and meaning of this project have come from the challenge of working with, documenting and attempting to represent people who I genuinely like, but at times fundamentally disagree with on crucial issues. It has been more than a question of acceptance and tolerance of differences, but an exploration of the myth of photographic objectivity, and the responsibility of the subjective conscience and opinion.



SAVE THE LEATHERBACKS:

Wendy Williams '75

SEVERAL OF US are hanging around under a tin roof drinking soda and beer. The sun has gone down. We are not allowed out onto the beach—a fact that is currently just fine with us, as a tropical downpour is in full flood. The rain beats on the roof. From time to time, the noise gets so loud that we put our hands over our ears. The sound of the saltwater waves, only a few feet away, is no more than a distant rhythm. Under our shelter, the only light flickers as softly as candelabra. The world smells wet.

Next to our shelter, out in the wind, the branches of an immense kapok tree wave languidly. Its leaves are like the hands of giants, beckoning landward the hordes of 100 million-year-old animals lurking in the saltwater just off-shore. As the deluge pours, the animals begin their nightly emergence, dragging themselves laboriously up out of their marine refuge onto the gritty churned-up sand.

The leatherback turtles—the animals we have traveled from Cape Cod to Trinidad to see—have arrived. From March until August, from sunset until sunrise, members of this species that's older than most dinosaurs heave their Hyundai-size bodies up onto the sand, deposit their eggs, and return to the sea.

The rain stops. Our assigned village guides lead us, in twos and threes, out into the dark, through the deeply rutted sand, over the hundreds of craters that have already been dug into the beach by this season's turtles.

The beach is a bit disturbing. The endless craters make the place seem like a war zone. We can sense dim shapes emerging from the roiling salt water. We hear the nearby slaps of the turtle flippers flailing the beach and feel, from time to time, the sharp spray of flying sand. But we see little. It is too dark.

Several times we nearly bump into moving turtles. As our eyes acclimate gradually, we find ourselves walking through a primordial gathering of ancient beings. Shades of Michael Crichton. With a very dim flashlight, our guide—only 14, but quite in command—nudges us toward a turtle who has begun digging her nest. We can watch without interrupting her work, because once she begins to dig, she follows through on her genetic instructions, come what may.

Our turtle for the night is about 40 years old, our guide tells us. As turtles go, she is just a sweet young thing, hopefully with middle age at least a decade in the offing. He can tell her apart from the others, has seen her up here before and feels like he knows her. She weighs 800 pounds, all of which press down mercilessly on her lungs and heart—organs that are used to the protective buoyancy of the sea. Without willing it, she gasps and groans with each movement. She rocks from side to side, as each of her rear flippers struggles alternately to remove sand from her

Keeping Trinidad's turtles out of the soup

ever-deepening hole. I breathe empathetically. The rear flipper, shaped for paddling before the era of the great dinosaurs, seems too primitive for this delicate job.

But then, in the blink of an eye, the flipper is no longer primitive. It seems to me suddenly to become profoundly hand-like. In my homocentric imagination, I see the bones in the flipper become finger bones, and I see a dexterity appear that I never would have thought possible. She reaches down, into the 12-inch-deep hole and her fingers grasp a handful of sand, removing it from the hole and throwing it out to the side of her nest. Who would have thought she could grasp something with that ancient limb?

Some of the sand falls from her grasp and it is all I can do to keep myself from catching it and throwing it out for her. Just as I am thinking how you'd do this for any friend, our teenage guide, whose parents harvested leatherbacks like any other bounty from the sea, reaches down into the hole gently and picks up some sand and a small stone that would be hard for the animal to excavate by herself.

He's helping her.

AT 50, MY WORK has become much more desk-bound than I would like. When I travel, I'm more likely to be attending wildlife conferences or treaty negotiations than I am to be outdoors. My work involves reading research, gathering information, talking on the phone

and looking at a computer screen until I'm dizzy. It is not unusual for me to spend the whole day in my study, without once venturing outdoors, and it is altogether too easy to forget exactly what all this wordprocessing is really about.

But every once in a while, a special event comes my way. Here, on Trinidad, a 14-year-old boy and a 40-year-old turtle have reminded me of the importance of an intimate relationship with the natural world. Every 50-year-old should make such a pilgrimage—a mandated hajj to pay homage to the perseverance and power of nature.

Leatherbacks have made their own pilgrimages for more than 100 million years, making their way over the eons to their nesting beaches to leave behind cache after cache of eggs. If you go to Trinidad during the nesting months, you're guaranteed to see at least one turtle. If you're lucky enough to make the voyage all the way around the precipitous north coast road to the most distant beach at Grand Riviere, you'll likely see the spectacle I saw.

But you'd better go soon. The leatherback turtle is one of earth's rarest animals. In most parts of the world, the species—which once swam in almost all the saltwater bodies of the globe—may disappear before the end of my lifetime. Only a few thousand remain in the whole of the East Pacific. A June, 2000, report in *Nature* estimated that the 1982 global population of 115,000 breeding females had dropped to 34,500 by 1996. (Figures for males are unknown, because they do not emerge onto a nesting beach.) Some scientists predict that



Author of several books, Wendy Williams is an international wildlife journalist. Her work can be found in *Audubon*, *The American Prospect* (on line), *Scientific American*, *Science* and many other magazines. She is a contributing editor for *Animals*, the magazine of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Photos by Greg Auger

the Pacific sub-population could drop below the level of genetic viability in the next few years.

The major cause of this disaster can be traced to certain excesses of global capitalism. With the advent of mammoth factory ships owned by multinational companies, destructive fishing practices like coastal gill-netting and long-line fishing have increased. Leatherbacks and other sea turtles are frequently caught as by-catch in the nets or on the long-lines. They die, either from injury or from lack of oxygen; sea turtles must come up to the surface periodically for air.

Suzan Lakhan and her husband Raphael are homegrown conservationists whose work has attracted international accolades.



The new huge ships, many of them Japanese, are able to buy and process local catches, then store them on board for lengthy periods of time, providing marketing opportunities hitherto unavailable to indigenous groups. Where once their daily catches were relatively small and sustainable, they are now heavily impacting turtle numbers and the world's ocean ecosystems.

All these sad facts, of course, beg the obvious question: If leatherbacks are so endangered, why are they relatively common in Trinidad?

The answer lies in a small but powerful miracle of wildlife conservation. In Trinidad, local people have become empowered and have learned to take ownership of their own environmental destinies. They are training biologists, setting up educational programs, and finding creative ways to conserve their wildlife, while raising their day-to-day living standards. The result is a mini-explosion of grassroots conservation projects around the island, and a national enthusiasm for sea turtle projects that has come to replace the old traditions of turtle consumption.

THE SUCCESS of the island's program can be traced back to a decade ago, when a night-time turtle patrolman named Raphael Lakhan was chasing some turtle-egg thieves on his rickety old bicycle. Once a turtle poacher himself, Lakhan had been hired by the government to put the heat on his erstwhile colleagues in crime. This fact had aroused great ire. On a particularly dark section of the pockmarked country road, the perps clothes-lined the ranger.

Lakhan went down. The flashlight he was carrying in his mouth jammed in his trachea. He was severely injured—"damaged," in the island vernacular. This upset Lakhan's wife, Suzan. As all the village will tell you, Suzan is a grand and formidable woman. When she gets upset, the consequences are often also quite grand and formidable. The future of Trinidad's leatherback turtles was about to take a turn for the better.

Until then, most islanders relied on turtles and their eggs as a staple part of their regular diets, just as they had for thousands of years. They viewed turtle conservation as just another way for wealthy people to keep poor people from surviving comfortably—a point-of-view that has ancient roots in the traditions of off-limits royal hunting grounds, and progresses through to early 20th century “conservation” attempts in Africa, which were really little more than clever ways to set aside hunting grounds for the likes of English princes and American nouveaux-riches.

So when educated people from other countries began to preach turtle conservation, local people listened with jaded attitudes—and about the same level of enthusiasm that most Texans would listen to a vegan rail against eating steak.

But when Suzan began to talk, friends and neighbors listened, and not just because she was a village woman herself, although that was very important. In truth, it would have been hard not to listen to Suzan Lakhan. She became what might best be described as a tornado, whirling across the island like a mad dervish, with a no-holds-barred forcefulness that is, to this day, generally described by islanders as rather perilous to ignore. Teaming up with the equally committed Solomon Aguilera, another local villager who had decided “when it comes to the nature around me, enough is enough,” Lakhan began the community-based conservation group “Nature Seekers.”

Over the past decade, the Nature Seekers team has developed a series of educational and occupational programs that both explained to their neighbors why the turtles should be protected, and how to do so in ways that would provide financial returns for the community.

Their success has been awe-inspiring.

Recently on Trinidad, a newspaper headline caught my eye—“No Soup From This Turtle.” It seems a fisherman had brought a dead 400-pound turtle, accidentally caught in a net, up onto the village beach to cut up and eat. A neighborhood argument ensued. Villagers were horrified. Dead or not, eating the turtle was wrong, they told him. Despite the man’s deep disappointment (the taste of turtle meat continues to be remembered with great fondness), he accepted his neighbors’ judgment.

Villagers have found many other ways to derive income from the leatherbacks’ continued presence. Since the nesting beaches are remote from the Trinidadian capital, Port of Spain, visitors stay in host homes for \$25 each night. The hosts are local people who cook local foods for guests and provide information and guide services for those who want to visit some of the nearby waterfalls or walk in the rain forest.

Trinidadian local and ecotourism expert Courtenay Rooks says that the project represents an ultra-pure form of ecotourism. “What changes nature travel into ecotourism is the conservation aspect—cultural conservation as well as wildlife conservation. Ecotourism requires that you give something back directly to the local community, and that’s what Nature Seekers does,” he says.

I visited Lori Lee Lum, a Trinidadian government biologist in Port of Spain who works as a community education officer. The people of the North Coast villages, she told me, “were the ones who saw the importance of protecting the turtles. Since this effort came from within the village, and was later supported by the government, it was successful. The effort has to come from the people themselves.”



For more information, contact Nature Seekers at natseek@ttst.net.tt or call 868-668-0171. To set up a stay with a Nature Seeker host home, or to arrange other options, contact Courtenay Rooks, rooks@pariasprings.com
Phone: (868) 622 8826 or
Fax: (868) 628 1525.

Other turtle-protection groups throughout the Caribbean have recently had similar and extremely important successes. An organization called WIDECAST—the Wider Caribbean Sea Turtle Conservation Network—brings together representatives from grassroots groups like Nature Seekers that are spread throughout the region. WIDECAST “is rooted in the belief that conservation must be nurtured from within, it cannot be commanded from the outside. Further, it can only be effective to the extent that the actions implemented are scientifically sound and tailored to local circumstances,” explains organizational literature. At the regular meetings, attendees share information, find out how they can acquire scientific support, and even develop protocols for their own contributions to the scientific effort.

They also develop and encourage advocacy projects. Last spring, an ad hoc Mexican coalition finally succeeded in preventing a five-company hotel consortium led by the Spanish corporation Sol Melia, from building a new Cancún inside a Maya cultural zone in the Yucatán where turtles nest. The public land, supposedly protected from development, was sold to Sol Melia and the others at a “bargain” price by former Quintana Roo governor Mario Villaneuva. Villaneuva, wanted on a variety of corruption charges, has been on the run from Mexican authorities since 1999.

Although few locals supported the huge hotel development project, which was said to be a disastrous repetition of the drug-ridden Cancún fiasco, local people felt powerless. Turtle advocates alerted the international turtle community and organized opposition. As the matter proceeded through the Mexican court system, turtle advocates kept the rest of the world informed and refused to give up,

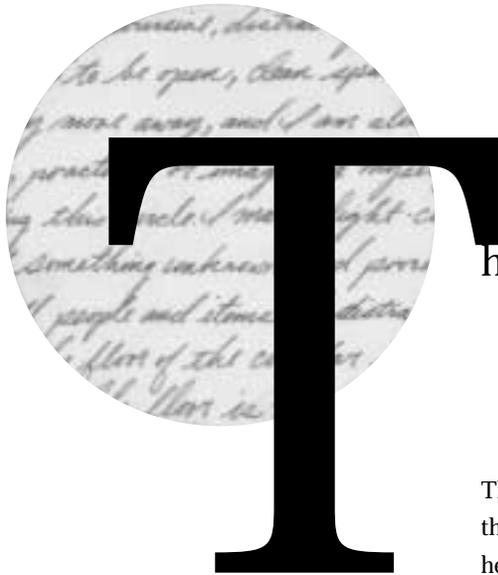
despite the endless difficulties of penetrating the Mexican government at high levels before the election of the current president, Vicente Fox.

On taking office December 1, 2000, Fox told Mexicans that he believed in a “Mexico with an environmental conscience.” Turtle advocates renewed their efforts and, in mid-April the Mexican government effectively killed the project.

AND AS FOR LAKHAN, in 1993 she was summoned to Beijing by the United Nations. It seemed she had won—without knowing she’d been nominated—the Global 500 Award, given to people who create top-level community-based environmental and conservation projects. Since then, other Nature Seekers members have won a lengthy list of similar awards. The program is recognized as a model for grassroots conservation, and has been mimicked on islands all around the globe.

What’s best, though, may be how Trinidadians regard the conservation group. One Trinidadian news commentator writes, in the cultural vernacular called “Old Talk” of which islanders are very proud: “Yuh see what does happen when yuh give people ah chance tuh use dey own resources. We didn’t have tuh call in no foreign consultancy, no big investor nothin’. Jus’ de l’il people dem.”

And as for the turtles, he writes: “Ah sure wherever dem turtles does swim, dey tellin’ de odder turtle, ‘Look, girl, Trinidad is de bes’ place tuh have yuh children.... Dey does take good care of yuh!”



he moon balances
 on the rim of the pine forest,
 the sky above forming a dark
 ice dome over the valley.
 The road winds like yarn
 down between the trees.

The couple in the green Toyota are carried inexorably along the road, into the trees, to the cabin, home. Her hands lie in her lap, collapsed between her slack knees. The dials on the dashboard light her face and are reflected in

the small circles of his lenses. Behind them, in the hospital in the town, they have left the sense of stilled time, the evasive head-noddings of doctors, and their child: wrapped up like a package, stillborn. Ahead, a skinny deer flashes across the road and into the tree shadows. Out of habit, she opens her mouth to tell him to slow down, closes it again. He has been driving slowly, anyway.

Down into the trees. They park at the end of their narrow driveway and he gets a flashlight from under the seat. She gets out of the car and stands in the open door for a moment, then reaches back inside for her sweater, pulls it on. They climb the uneven path to the cabin together, gray flints shining in the light of the moon. She does not acknowledge the hand he puts to her elbow, though she doesn't draw away. The air near their ankles is coolest. A bird calls from the dim forest undergrowth. Ahead, the sky comes down in a narrow starry cone between the trees, like a funnel over the cabin on its grassy hilltop.

While he struggles with the rusty lock on the door she begins to shiver, her chin tucked down into her collar. They have never locked the house before: they've never been gone more than a day at a time. His hair has come out of his ponytail and hangs in dark strands around his face and he pulls them behind his ears impatiently. He doesn't swear, as he normally would. His black beard moves up and down when he grimaces. At last the latch clicks and the door swings in, letting out a vapor of stale, chill air: bad vegetables, perhaps. She thinks she is going to want to throw up when they get inside, but then she doesn't, she feels okay. He lights a lamp on the low wood table that serves as their dining and coffee table; she wanders to the back and looks out the small window by the bookshelf. Their garden looks strange in the night, black arm-like shapes of posts and tomato plants, bushel baskets hunching motionless, caught still under the moonlight. She turns away.

He is crumpling paper to put into the stove, shoving kindling down on top, striking a match. For once he doesn't glance up to see what she is doing, to glance around the room in his friendly prodding way: Hey, what else needs to be done here? Dreaming again, Suzanne? And this absence more than anything makes her feel guilty, pushes her over to the kitchen counter to move things around vaguely, her hands feeling like dumb rubber extensions on the ends of her arms. She pries a stiff washcloth from the edge of the washbasin, turns on the new faucet. They'd had to carry water until recently; he'd thought they would need a sink, need to have running water. The spout startles her by spitting loud air bubbles and she turns it off in panic, but he says without looking up, It's ok, let it run a minute. She turns it back on and the water comes through at last in a steady stream. She soaks the rag and wipes off the counter. She is suddenly exhausted. She has been tired all day, but this is something different.

I need to go to bed, I think, she says, her hand brushing over and over the clean counter, tracing circles. He comes up behind her as though to embrace her, but then just puts his hands on her shoulders, presses in gently, and lets go. He kisses the back of her head, her dark, pungent hair, and goes back to the stove, prods the wood, staring into the smoke. He tells her to go, get in the bed, he'll be there just as soon as he gets things settled. Does she need anything—?

No—she shakes her head, pulling the band out of her hair slowly, combing her braid out absently with her fingers. No, I'll be fine.

She gets under the covers, in her clothes. She holds her fingers in the space of blanket before her mouth, letting her breath warm them. He takes two quilts off the couch and brings them over, piles them on top of her. The weight feels nice.

Some hours, she supposes, later, she opens her eyes to look out into the room. The lamp is still lit. Outside it is very dark; the moon must have gone down. She realizes he is not in bed behind her at the same moment she sees him at the far side of the room, hunched over behind the lamp on the coffee table, miniature lamp fires blooming in his glasses. He appears to be reading. She closes her eyes.

When she opens them again it is light in the cabin, gray light filtering in and settling on the objects in the room. The back door opens; she closes her eyes. She can hear him tapping his boots together quietly to get the mud off, stepping over to the bed. She feels him sit next to her, and looks up, blinking.

Hi there. He smiles a little, pushes his glasses up on his nose. They are fogging around the edges. —How are you doing?

Okay, I guess...did you go for a walk? She stretches under the covers, feels her clothes wrapped uncomfortably round her knees and chest. Her mouth is dry.

Yeah...It's pretty nice out. The 'coons got some of the tomatoes. But the corn just barely ripened, I think most of it's ok. It's going to be a heavy frost soon though, we should probably...well, anyway. You just woke up. Do you want coffee?

She turns over.

Not right now. Thanks, though.

Later, she smells food cooking. Something is being fried in butter, something is baking in the oven. She pulls the blanket up over her nose, pulls her knees up to her chest. The teakettle begins to cry somewhere, far off; she is dimly aware that it stops, that someone is there to take it off the stove. Her hands wander over the folds of her belly: loose and soft, it spills over her elastic pants band to lie in front of her on the sheet. She pulls her shirt off under the covers, pushes it over the edge of the bed onto the floor, and goes back to sleep.

She says she does not feel like eating dinner, no thank you, but go ahead Randy, it smells good. He does not stay up reading tonight, but crawls over her to his place by the wall, sliding between the covers gingerly.

It's ok, she says. You don't have to be careful, now.

She hears his breathing stop for a moment, the familiar held breath, but then he lets it out and takes his glasses off, sets them gently on the shelf above the bed. He reaches for her head and strokes the hair by her temple, his mouth parted wordlessly, gazing at her as though she is standing on a desert plain a few hundred yards away. He lies down next to her, his arm curved up around her shoulder, and looks into her eyes. She blinks at him, not moving. After a while, he sighs and turns on his back, sleeps.

She gets up the next morning when he does. Her legs are unsteady. She can't decide what to wear; finally she puts on a long skirt and a flannel shirt. She doesn't want any eggs but she makes a cup of tea and drinks it, leaning on the counter. Her hands still feel numb and wrap around her cup awkwardly. Randy says he is going to walk to the spring, there might be some late mushrooms, she should come. She says he is right, and she will. Go on, she tells him, she'll put her boots on and be out in a moment. But after the door closes she glides over to the bed and slips into it, sliding down beneath the blankets, letting her fingers fall over her eyes.

Days pass.

A sound wakes her, maybe it is more a feeling than a sound, something strange—delicate, yet insistent. She sits up in bed, stares out into the room. At first she thinks it is day, but it is night. Moonlight is lying in long panels on the floor, illuminating everything in the room.

It is a sound. There is a steady, high whisking sound coming from behind the cabin, outside the window. She thinks she has heard it before—but what is it? She turns to Randy, to ask him, but he is not there. It is cold in the cabin, though she can see the orange glow of

hot coals through the cracks in the stove; it seems there is night air blowing through the room. She gets out of bed, wraps a quilt around her, and goes slowly toward the back of the cabin. The back door is open; she goes to the doorstep. Randy is outside, in the garden. His body swings with a pendulum-like motion, his hands far apart on a curved wooden handle, moonlight flashes on the swinging blade. He is scything.

She climbs down the stone steps from the threshold and ventures a few feet into the garden. Or what should be the garden. She realizes with a shock that the ground between them is flat, has been cleared. There are only the horizontal stalks and leaves of plants now, round shiny vegetables lying among them, some pale, some ink-black under the full moon. The quilt trails behind her, picking up burrs and velvety leaves.

Randy...what are you doing? It comes out in a whisper, at first, but then she is crying, and there is sound to her voice, breaking and frightened. Randy—what are you doing?

He does not stop the swinging of the scythe, nor turn to look at her. The garden continues to fall.

Swish, swish, scrunk. Swish, scrape. Sometimes the scythe hits something in the plants he cannot see, a stick or rock, and he is jarred, but does not stop. He shakes the scythe, taps the dirt off the blade, and continues swinging, swinging, swinging. She can hear his breath, laboring and harsh with the effort of his work. The blade slices through pumpkin stalks and pumpkins, rows of green beans and marigolds. Everything falls.

He must have sharpened the blade, she thinks. Then begins crying again, tears pouring down her cheeks, glittering as they fall to dampen the top of the quilt.

Now the blade slashes through a clump of potato plants—their seeding heads fly off into the night. Now he is starting on the corn.

Don't, don't—she can move now, though only in small steps, staggering over the vines and the round slippery things hiding under stalks. It takes her a long time to reach him, and then she cannot come close, for fear of the blade. She stands five or six feet back from the arc of his swinging, begging. She falls to her knees, tangled in the blanket, her hands numbly gripping the wet earth. The corn falls easiest, smooth and swift. The blades of the leaves rattle in the breeze of their falling.

And then it is done.

He stands with the blade tip resting near his boots, his shoulders bowed. Is he crying, or shaking in rage?—she cannot tell; the cleared field around her, the tops of the trees, the moon, all are running like oil in the river of her tears. Her sobs collapse her shoulders, pull her mouth into a terrible grin. The smell of slashed pumpkin flesh and tomato stalks floats pungent over the soil. He taps the blade once against a heavy beanpole, and walks back to the house. He lets the scythe fall into the grass beside the doorstep, and goes inside.

When she can stop crying, she rubs a corner of the quilt over her eyes and shaking lips. She blows her nose. She sits wringing the edge of the blanket in her fists, looking around her. She becomes aware of the crickets, calling from the edge of the clearing.

An owl calls.

Clouds are coming up from the dark edge of the horizon, floating toward the moon. The breeze riffling her hair smells of rain.

She hiccoughs. She wipes her nose again.

The leaves of fallen corn rattle against one another, in waves.

Struggling against the folds of the quilt, she gets to her feet, lets it fall to the ground. She feels strangely warm, in just her thin flannel and skirt. She goes to the edge of the garden, picks up a round basket by the wire handle, and wades into the nearest layer of fallen vines. Kneeling again, she searches under the vines and soon finds the buried fruit, some of it squashed, but mostly not. One by one, she finds things and lays them in the basket. When she has found all she can in one place, she moves on to the next, hitching along in her skirt, dragging the basket. After a while she notices that her hands have some feeling in them again; they are itchy and chilled, but they feel like her hands.

When the basket is full, she gets up and goes over to the house to look for another. There is one by the doorstep. He is standing in the doorway, a pale shadow. How long has he been watching her? The entire time, she knows suddenly. She stands and looks up at him looking down at her, her face white and dirt-streaked. He holds his hands toward her. She feels her anger fly like a bird off into the darkness. She goes to him, tucks her arms around his ribs, her head under his chin. He grips her tightly, then releases her. Holding her elbow, he goes down the steps with her, picks up a basket, and they go through the ruined garden together, sifting through the rows, harvesting what they can.

Art on the streets of Calcutta

Story and photos

by Felicity Ratté



I BEGAN the spring semester of 2001 with, among other things, the aim of coming to terms with the current concept of “public art.” It was a happy coincidence that dealing with this issue translated into a series of photographs and an experience that I had in India over spring break. India is a country that I have visited many times, but never as a scholar or expert. Its history and culture are the subject of research my mother, a scholar of empire history and cultural studies, has been carrying out since 1986. My visits to the country have always been in her company and our focus has primarily been on the past. When my mother invited me to come along with her and my father this past March I thought this might be an opportunity for me to get a deeper sense of contemporary India through its public art, since that was the current focus of my attention.

I was hoping that the project would help me to make some sense of the various and disparate threads of my knowledge and experiences in India; something that would help me to connect India to my current identity as a professor of art history. The impetus for the Marlboro course had come from work I was doing with Rebekah Cantor, a senior who had made it the focus of her Plan of Concentration. Rebekah’s journey had led us both into the complex, multi-layered world of defining and somehow critiquing an art form whose function and thus identity is in a constant state of flux. Just defining the term “public” by itself and in relationship to art had opened up entire new avenues of questioning. I decided to do something in India that would be based on public art. What that would be I had no idea. Since we would be looking at contemporary art, I thought I might start there.



My mother had decided to make this particular journey to see a retrospective show of the painter Paritosh Sen, who we first met in 1986. We went first to Mumbai (Bombay) where the show was mounted. I began taking pictures in the city, trying to capture something of the atmosphere of public life with the intention of bringing that back to my students in the public art class. New critiques of public art, and new work by contemporary artists, have raised the stakes in public art-making so that a work, by its mere placement in the public sphere, does not merit the title public art. Public art in this new sense is art that responds both to its space and to its public, speaking to them at the same time that it asks them to speak to it. New public art is dynamic and sometimes impermanent since it has to change as the function and atmosphere of its space changes. It is artistically complex because the language of its form cannot be understood in artistic terms alone. It must be critiqued socially, historically and intimately

as a neighbor and a friend. This new public art enters into a space and engages there with the dialogue that was already going on when it arrived.

I started reading the local art magazines to generate ideas and discovered that there was a work of public art by a German artist, Sybille Pattscheck, that had just been done in Mumbai. It was part of a collaborative project to make cross-cultural artistic connections and to give artists a more public role in social dialogue. The work when I found it was profoundly disappointing. It was a large panel painted on the second floor of the facade of a building. The panel was uniformly painted a light blue color and this plane of color was accented by a series of drip lines that were thickest in the middle, lighter at the sides. The drips varied in color from red

Felicity Ratté has taught art history at Marlboro since 1997.

to blue although their hue was uniformly light. It was possible to see this painting as beautiful and by that measure alone a “successful” work of art. However, it’s inability to relate in any way with either the space that it occupied or the people who were its “public” suggested to me that it was not successful as “public art.”

The issues that this painting raised in artistic terms were not at all relevant to what I was seeing as the “public” in India, nor did it address its place in any recognizable way. It would have been just as meaningful or as meaningless on the side of any number of buildings in downtown Mumbai. I quickly decided that this sort of art was not what I wanted to look at or photograph. By the time we got to Calcutta I had decided that I wanted to do a photographic study of public art that was as broadly defined as I could make it and not as it was defined by the art magazines. I had always liked the buses in Calcutta because the messages on them are written by hand, in an elegant yet bold script. I noticed that not only were the destination and route painted on the sides and backs of these amazing machines, but also other things: emblems to ward off evil spirits, well-wishing sentiments, such as “good luck” and “welcome” as well as short-hand symbols for various deities. I decided that I would concentrate my energies on taking pictures of art on buses, trucks and rickshaws.

Two days later we had tea with photo-journalist Arun Ganguly. In conversation with him I discovered that 10 years before he had done a project similar to the one I wanted to embark upon. He did a photo study of truck painting and published a short piece on it in the Sunday magazine of the Calcutta newspaper



the *Telegraph*. He agreed to spend a day with me, taking me to the places where he had gone and even seeing if he could track down a painter for me to interview.

As I noted above, public art is art that engages its space at the same time it contributes to the never-ending process of constructing identity through dialogue within and across communities. I see truck paintings as public art because although they move through space and therefore are not, narrowly speaking, site-specific, their aesthetic qualities, and what they suggest about the role that art plays in the daily life of some societies makes them public art. Endless ink has been spilt trying to justify to an often narrow-minded, bottom-line-obsessed “general public” as represented by our politicians that art should, indeed must, be a part of everyday life. The presence of public art in our major cities—Picassos and Calders come immediately to mind—stands as a testament to this belief, but this kind of

public art is not what I am talking about and not the art that community arts activists are talking about. The art we are talking about does not affect our lives by imposing its sheer physicality on our public spaces. Its presence is not so easily quantified or defined. It must, in fact, be experienced, its meaning produced and reproduced in daily encounters.

Despite the fact that the trucks on which these images appear are privately owned vehicles, this art is public because it is constantly present in public space and because the language of its imagery is so recognizably a part of the collective identity of the populace. The trucks are omnipresent in Calcutta and in India because of the essential role that they play in national commerce and the economy. The paintings on these trucks work to transform public space into aesthetically active and provocative zones of visual experience while also giving space to multiple voices of faith and commonly held belief structures. In India,



as anthropologists say, life happens outdoors, powerfully, in public space.

The truck images express something about society which is often otherwise silenced in our mechanized world. This something is the presence of the human hand (and thus the mind) in everyday image production and thus in the never-ending process of making meaning and creating identity out of the visual environment in which we work and interact. They are the physical evidence of human action in shaping our environment and our society. As the truck painter I met told me, the images that adorn the trucks are derived from mass produced images readily available in shops and magazines. But the hand of the artist translating the image onto the side of the truck and the role of patron in deciding on the composition of images transforms both the image and the viewer's experience of that image into something that is more than the image itself. It is part of a complex language of concepts which include the superstitious desire of the truck's owner to guard against accident to the pride that the drivers so obviously took in my photographing these images. This is lived art. Lived in its production as well as its consumption and endless cycle of renewal. One can only imagine what sort of a transformative experience it is to sit in these cabs and be surrounded by the array of images painted in the interiors.

Once I had decided to photograph these paintings, the important issue for me became what sort of images to take, and how to take them. As an art historian and not as an artist



The author at work

Photo by
Arun Ganguly

this was an opportunity for me to try to understand something not by reading about it but by taking pictures of it. Both as I was shooting and as I was reviewing the photographs, I was disappointed in my inability to describe with the photograph the things I was thinking about the images that I was documenting. More important, I was disappointed in their muteness, regarding the experience that I was having while photographing. But I discovered that that was because the profound meaning of my experience was not within the frame of my image, but of necessity, outside it.

A narrative developed around Arun and me as we worked; a narrative into which I, unwittingly, was cast as the protagonist. Crowds of people—usually men and children—gathered around us, smiling, and Arun took great pains to explain to them the story of my project. Although I have studied Bengali, my comprehension has never been good, so I could only understand those few English words, which for some reason or other are used in Bengali speech. I got pieces of the story that Arun told, but there was no way I could understand it completely, much less understand what his words actually meant to our audience. I had told him that I wanted to do some sort of presentation with the material when I came back to the States. He extrapolated from that and described my project to the groups of people who surrounded us every time we stopped to take pictures. At each point I heard the words: teacher, United States, lecture, folk arts, and then he would gesture toward the trucks which suggested to me that he was explaining the specifics of my subject.

When I climbed up into one of the cabs to take some interior pictures, a man in the crowd rushed off to get a box to make my descent easier. He then brought the box around to the door of the next truck so that I could climb into that one. We stopped for tea at this particular place and Arun remarked wryly (commenting more on the current political problems in India than on me) that I was so popular among these people I should run for office.

I thought about all this when I reviewed the pictures and sat down to write this essay and I slowly began to realize what the magnitude of my experience was. It was not that I had the chance to spend a day in the company of a professional photographer who acted as my willing guide to places and people that I would never otherwise have access to. It was that I had participated in something over which I had thought I had control, when I, in fact, had none. This was a true post-colonial moment. Naturally and unobtrusively these truck drivers had transformed me from the outside subjective observer—the possessor of the gaze, if you will—to the actor in their narrative, inserted by Arun into a story that made sense in conjunction with both their collective identity and their collective memory.

Arun captured me in the process of making a photograph with which I am attempting to document a public work of art. I recall that right then I felt I was performing, but it was not until I got home that I realized the implications of this sensation. I understand now that at that moment and in all the moments that preceded and followed it, it was I who was, in the broadest definition of the term, the public work of art.

January, 2000. *The Pig is on the knife.*

This is both a literal and a metaphorical statement. Two years ago January, we had only a few weeks until the opening of Sandglass Theater's newest production. The cast was onstage: Finn Campman, Dave Regan, and Ines Zeller Bass, who had conceived of this show and whose vision we were all trying to fulfill. Kirk Murphy, our Antioch College intern and stage manager, was in the audience, a row in front of me. We were in our barn theater in Putney, Vermont, and we had reached a moment of stunning identification: The Pig was on the knife.

In the world according to metaphor, The Pig always winds up on the knife; that is, sooner or later, one reaches a moment when something is really at stake. In making theater, that moment happens rather often. It's a tough moment, one where the truth will out, where the show has developed far enough to make us look and see if we have really made anything at all like what we thought we were making.

In fact, The Pig really was on the knife. Our Pig, an endearing piece of foam rubber pork (madly in love with a naïve but cruel musician who had lost his way in the world) had been put through its paces as a tightrope walker, a trapeze artist and a teeter-totter heavyweight. Now it was sitting with its entire middle resting on the sharp edge of a very long Japanese sword. The handle of the sword was raised across a fulcrum, and the naïve, cruel musician was about to jump on the handle, lifting the sharp blade up and through the faithful Pig. It would slit The Pig, as Thurber wrote, from its "guggle to its zatch." Suddenly the rehearsal grinds to a halt as Finn says, "Stop! Are we really going to kill The Pig?"

In a moment, the rehearsal has transformed into a discussion of redemption and how it is earned. Or whether it is earned. Or what happens if it is not. Kirk's mouth drops open. He thought he was here to learn about puppets. Things like this happen to us all the time. For us, making a puppet theater piece, or any theater piece, is a matter of painting ourselves into a corner because it is the only place from which we can see the whole room. So here we are: for three days (or so) we are locked in a discussion of morality, mortality, banality, of theology, of literary genres, of our own fears. And the deadline is in sight. And there sits the stupid Pig on the knife wondering if we are going to let it die or come up with some scheme to get it out of this rather sharp corner. The jury was out.

We have this same discussion at most of our performances. This is probably our greatest satisfaction—to talk with the audience after a performance and have the talk be about content. It feels as though we are back in rehearsal, or not in rehearsal, but in that interrupted rehearsal when all the issues of the work and our lives come out. The circle has expanded, and the audience is included, involved in the same discussion. We realize that this is why we are doing this work, this IS the work: to wrestle with The Pig. It will fight us with its charm, with its desires, with its promises. We think we are simply making theater and it reminds us that no, we are engaged in a process of examining our relationship to the universe. They are the same thing.

The Pig waits on the knife. From high on a tower above the handle, the naïve, cruel, lost musician jumps. Time freezes, and there he waits, suspended in air. He waits for us to find an answer and here we are still looking for the right question. Even as we resolve the moment and return to staging a puppet show, we know that in another dimension, the musician still hovers and The Pig still sits and it is always a moment of truth.

Wrestling with The Pig

Eric Bass



Eric Bass is cofounder and codirector of Sandglass Theater in Putney, Vermont.

He has taught and directed theater at Marlboro since 1996.

I SAW THOSE BUILDINGS every day out my bedroom window. They were the reason I got great TV reception. I live a mile away from down there (you know where I mean), and since I was one of the first people getting the signal from the antenna on the north tower, I got it when it was freshest, so my TV reception was better than other people's reception. Yes, I know it doesn't work that way, but I liked to pretend it did.

That was all before, of course.

Before means *before Tuesday*, and you know what Tuesday I mean. *Now*, which means *after* and probably will mean *after* for a long, long time, I still get periodic whiffs of burning from the emptied skyline. *Then*, which means *Tuesday and the following few days*, anyone coming up here from down there was immediately recognizable by the fine, gray dust on his or her shoes. Then, I scooped some dust off the tire of a car parked on the street and it was as fine as volcanic ash. Then, I spent days and days wandering around Greenwich Village trying to figure out what one does when through his bedroom window he watches thousands of people die all at once. Actually, that's an ongoing activity of mine now. I didn't do that before, obviously.

On Wednesday (which, as you know, follows Tuesday), I ended up at a friend's apartment. In the middle of that visit she got a phone call and learned that a college friend of hers worked on the 80th floor of the second building and was missing. We sat around the kitchen table staring at our hands, and it

occurred to me that over 32 hours had passed, and, although we didn't say it, we understood there was little chance the word *missing* would transform itself into *found*. We understood this, but I don't think we understood what to do about our understanding, so we decided silently that for a few more days *missing* would continue to mean *missing*. Doing this gave us something like hope.

On my walk home from her apartment, I passed a telephone pole with a sheet of paper tacked to it. The paper had a black-and-white photograph of a young man; written in a woman's handwriting was his name and a phone number. No other information was necessary because it was obvious what it meant. Within a few hours, more and more flyers appeared. They were on mailboxes, telephone poles, shop windows, the sides of buildings. For a while there was an almost palpable hope that someone might bump into the missing person while buying some potato chips or a newspaper, or while walking in the park. The flyers seemed to suggest the possibility that scores of the missing had escaped the wreckage and were wandering disoriented around the city, waiting to be found and directed homeward. By late evening the tenor of the flyers had changed. Details were provided about tattoos, jewelry, dental work. Oh, the heartbreak involved for anyone then to write these otherwise pedestrian words: "Works at Cantor Fitzgerald."

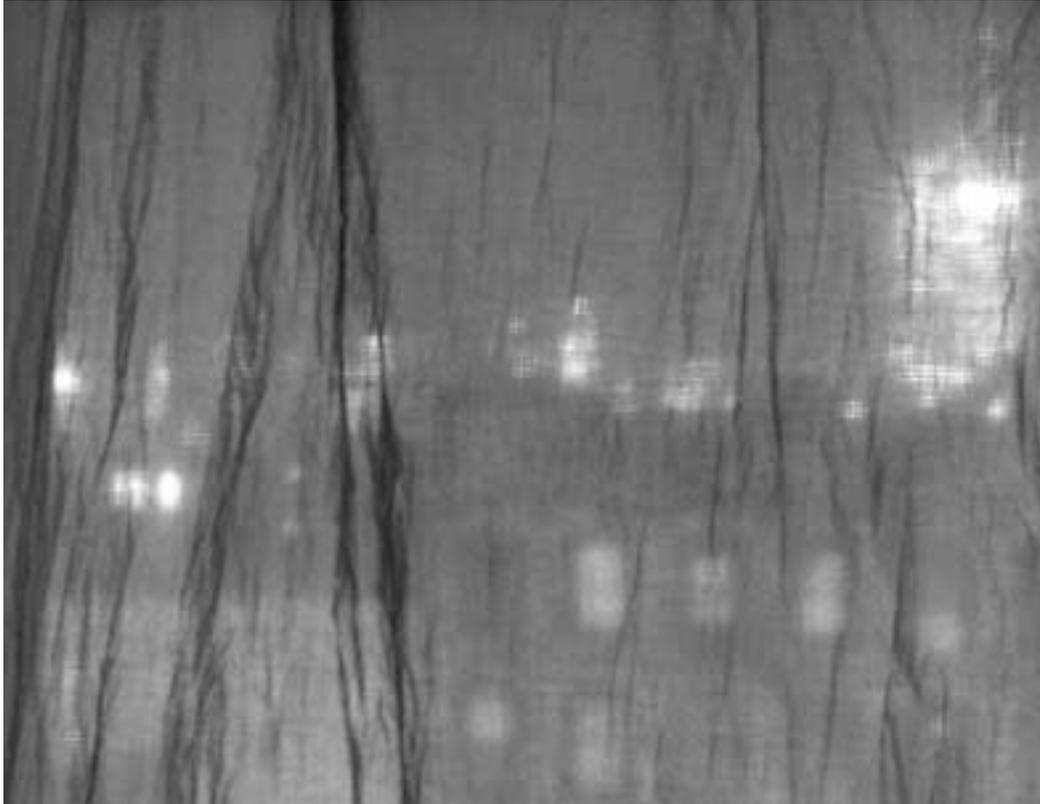
We all have our memories from before and then and after and now. Mine include standing in front of the 10th Street Fire

Brian Mooney received his MFA in English from the University of Massachusetts. He's published numerous short stories and essays and is currently finishing a novel.

Then and After and Now

Brian Mooney '90

PERSPECTIVE



The World Trade Center
from the author's
window, *before*

Photo by Vaune

Trachtman '89

Precinct while a man next to me sobs inconsolably. Mine include phoning a friend whose girlfriend was on the 100th floor (you know what any floor above sixty means); her voice was on the answering machine, and I've never had such difficulty saying *Hello* before. Mine include hundreds of people lining the West Side Highway to applaud rescue workers driving by; they applaud fire trucks, police cars, Con Ed trucks and dump trucks. Mine include watching more and more of the flyers go up, thousands of them, and then watching them go away, one after another, like leaves blowing from trees.

Before, I watched a documentary about a man who works on one of those double-decker tour buses you always see snarling traffic in

Manhattan. I remember a scene in the film where the man demonstrates one of his favorite things to do in the city: at the foot of the World Trade Center, he spins around and around and around until he is so dizzy he can't stand up. Then he lies spread-eagle on his back and looks up at the towering buildings, which, in his dizziness, seem to topple down on top of him. I often wonder about the man in that documentary. What does he think now, when he remembers himself in the world before? He was so much like the rest of us: spinning around and around on ground that is no longer there, deceiving his senses into believing those buildings will never actually fall.

O N & O F F T H E H I L L



“The most rewarding five years . . .”

A Q&A with Paul LeBlanc

Marlboro Marketing Director Donna McElligott posed a few questions to President Paul LeBlanc to give him an opportunity to take a look at his first five years at the college. Here are his answers.

It was five years ago last June that you assumed the presidency of Marlboro College. What were your goals coming in? How have they fared since then?

Five years? Some days it feels like five minutes and others like five decades! Sometime in my first six months at Marlboro I scribbled on an envelope the six things I thought we could accomplish within five years. These were:

- To raise \$20 million;
- To create important new revenue streams and make the college less financially vulnerable;
- To rebuild the physical plant;
- To put in place a good to great staff and better support the faculty;
- To raise the visibility of the college regionally and nationally;
- To achieve some level of fiscal stability.

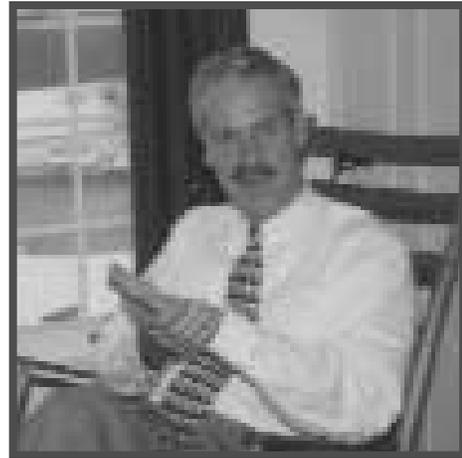
While some of these activities are still in progress and will continue, I feel that we’ve largely met these goals over the last five years. It’s important to point out that the key word here is “we.” Our successes have been the result of many people’s hard work, including my predecessor Rod Gander, and some very key people on the board of trustees.

In many ways each year has been very different in terms of challenges. In the first year, there was my tremendous learning curve (I shudder to think what the college might have done if it knew how much I didn’t know—I didn’t know what I didn’t know either, by the way) and my father’s death. In year two, there was the launch of the Graduate Center and the Huron relationship, major changes for the college and often a hard sell even with the board. Year three was an important building year: getting a great management team in place, floating our first bond, setting the foundation for the campaign. The following year we raised \$21 million, issued a second bond, and bought the Holstein Building in Brattleboro. This last year has seen us work through the second phase of the campaign, begin the building program in earnest, and come to grips with the challenges posed by an economic recession.

It’s been the most rewarding five years of my professional life.

What are some of the surprises you’ve encountered? Some of your disappointments? Some of the misconceptions you may have had when you arrived?

There have been many of each: surprises, disappointments and misconceptions. It’s a question I answer every year when I teach a workshop at the Harvard Seminar for New Presidents. When I look out at a room full of rookies I recall how little I was prepared for the sheer demand of schedule, and it’s something that overcomes many first-time presidents. It’s not unusual for me to go through long stretches in which I am away from campus much more than on it. What takes me away is a range of foundation visits, development events, work with board members, duties



Left: Construction on Marlboro’s newest dorm, located in the woods behind the Rice Library

Photo by Peter Peck

with various organizations, conferences and more. All of it either brings resources to the college, furthers its interests or carries the Marlboro flag in ways that raises the college's visibility.

However, I can recall the search process and my assertion that I would be around a lot, have many opportunities to spend informal time with people on campus, and even teach now and then. Talk about naive! Indeed, the lack of time to do those things is exacerbated by my commitment to be around as much as possible for my girls. That means coaching their basketball teams, trying to have dinner with them every chance I can, and spending a lot of time just driving from one thing to another.

That combination of demands has led to my biggest disappointment: not having more time on campus to just be with people and not being around for some of the most fun aspects of being on a college campus—the lectures, dances and performances that happen here almost every week. Given what the college needs most right now, it's not something I can change, but it remains a disappointment to me.

What are some of the successes or accomplishments you feel proudest of?

I feel very happy about the progress we've made on the original goals mentioned earlier. Beyond that, if it doesn't sound immodest, I get a great deal of satisfaction from thinking that this has become a much better place for people to learn and to work. We pay our faculty and staff more money, provide more professional development, are working on better work spaces and provide much better equipment and resources. We have lowered tuition and fees for students and kept those costs frozen, meaning that a lot of students are attending Marlboro who wouldn't have otherwise come. We are also improving dorm spaces, academic spaces (doubling the size of the library) and providing more support for internships, travel and Plan work.

While I know there are people who fear we are changing Marlboro too much, I would argue we have done all of the above with little change to core Marlboro values and carved out a middle path between those small liberal arts colleges that are now closing down around us (four in the last year) and those that stray far from their missions and values in order to survive.

What has it been like for you and your family to settle in Marlboro over the past five years?

We have simply fallen in love with the place. It took a while, to be honest. We have always been city people and we still love cities, but the beauty of the area, the quiet of the nights (I never thought "quiet" would come to be something I'd value) and the sense of community are things we have come to greatly prize. We were out skating on South Pond last week and half the town was there, and I thought to myself that we were living in a movie scene or some innocent time which much of the country now thinks is long gone and for which it grieves. It's not to say that this town doesn't have its gossip, its conflicts and its shortcomings (think mud season), but it has almost all the essentials just right.

What do you say to people when you are introducing them to the story of Marlboro College?

It's almost never the same story twice because the audiences and interests vary so widely. For some, it's the story of what makes this place so distinct from most of higher education. For others it's the story of our students' Plan work. Others are drawn to the Graduate Center and the cutting-edge work we are doing in technology. Underlying all variations of the tale is one constant I try to communicate: that education at Marlboro is exciting, dynamic, and worth paying attention to for anyone interested in higher education today. Shaping the story for the occasion and then telling it passionately is probably my principle strength as a fund-raiser.

New grant program supports student research

Summer has always been a time for Marlboro students to carry out research for their Plans of Concentration. Last summer, however, something new happened: They were paid by the college for it. Thanks to a \$2.5 million gift by the Atlantic Philanthropies of New York, 15 students each received \$3,000 for summer internships and research. To obtain the grants, students submitted proposals detailing their research plans and promised to write a short report upon their return to Marlboro. Grant recipients spent the summer crunching out computer programs, exploring the war-torn Balkans and working in community service programs.

Bruce Bryan and Rachel DuPont conducted lab research at university facilities. Bryan did his work in genetics at Harvard University, where he investigated “selfish” genes, which reproduce in such a way as to further their own survival rather than the survival of their species. The laboratory’s current project centered around the male sterility gene *Drosophila mauritiana*. DuPont, whose Plan of Concentration focuses on bacteriophage therapy as a natural alternative to antibiotics, worked at the Hatful Lab at the University of Pittsburgh, where she also had access to the university’s extensive libraries.

Other students needed only the facilities availed them by their own computers. Russ Wootton built a three-dimensional animation image of a human head using a technique called patch modeling. “Although many people find patch modeling too technical for their taste,” he writes, “I have found that if an artist can master this method it is the most versatile and forgiving.” Wootton began by building on his computer an eyeball, eyelid and the surrounding tissue, moving on to the mouth, and then working on the profile curves and planes of the face. By creating his body essentially from the inside out, eventually Wootton will have an entire body with realistically animated movements. The process was long and tedious, but, he says, “one thing I learned working on this project was patience when working with this medium: it’s better to have five seconds of perfection than five minutes of junk.” Physics student Jace Harker also used his own computer, utilizing Perl Data Language to help him solve Schrodinger’s Equation in three dimensions.

Skye Allen, Marshall Pahl and Zana Pruntina each used their grant money to journey abroad for the summer. Allen, whose Plan centers around the works of Fyodor Dostoevsky, traveled to Moscow and St. Petersburg. “I found that Dostoevsky’s various neighborhoods—particularly the area of St. Petersburg where he set *Crime and Punishment*—have changed very little in the last 150 years. Of particular interest to me was the building which supposedly served Dostoevsky as a model for Raskolnikov’s home,” says Allen. “All the Russians I spoke to knew it as ‘Raskolnikov’s building.’” Pahl explored Azerbaijan for his Plan, which investigates the history of the Caucasus region, particularly the long-standing conflict between Russia and Chechnya; and Prutina traveled to her native Bosnia to observe the process of economic privatization and recovery there.

Leyea Risley, Kerenza Reid and Brian Schecter used their work in community human service organizations to further their Plan research. Risley, whose Plan examines the interaction between



From top: Bruce Bryan '02,
Brian Schecter '02 and
Zana Pruntina '02

Photos by Peter
Peck and Gabriel
Cooney '69

dance and emotion, spent the summer reading, choreographing and developing dance therapy techniques with disabled residents of House of Peace near her home in Massachusetts. Reid returned as an administrator to Teach Baltimore, where she has taught for the past two summers. Her Plan, in sociology and education, will include an ethnography of Teach Baltimore's programs, which aim to prevent summer learning loss by "at risk" students in kindergarten through third grade. With her ethnography Reid hopes to "create a picture of how well-intentioned programs such as this can both help and harm their participants." Schecter worked for the Liberty Hill Foundation in Los Angeles, researching the ways the foundation could foster a grassroots effort to transform the criminal justice system in the city. "The last two decades have produced a justice system that destroys—rather than protects—these communities," writes Schecter. "But there is reason to hope. Throughout the state and in Los Angeles, committed individuals and inspiring groups are seeking tangible ways to challenge our system of punishment and to establish a safe process through which community problems are resolved."

All Marlboro's summer grant recipients indicated in their post-research reports that their experiences not only furthered their Plan work but also convinced them of their commitment to continue the work after graduating. —Katie Hollander '02

Photo by Peter Peck



Dragons in the Dining Hall

The Dining Hall has a new resident this year: a brightly colored Vietnamese dragon adorns the wall above the stage, attracting the glance of many a visitor. Made in Da Sy, a little village south of Hanoi, the 25-foot monster was brought to campus by Asian studies professor Seth Harter.

Harter was living in Hanoi at the time he was hired by Marlboro. "When we heard of the generous moving allowance Marlboro was giving us," Harter said, "Kate, my wife, and I thought that if there was anything we ever wanted to bring back from Vietnam, this was our chance."

What they wanted to bring back was a dancing dragon of the sort that is used in all of the country's important festivals. So they traveled to see a grand master who was famed for his dragons. When they met Le Ngoc Nguyen, he told them they had two options for the dragon: regular dragon, and special dragon. "I asked what the difference was," Harter tells, "and he said, with a conspiratorial gleam in his eye, 'special dragon...is more expensive.'"

So, the “special” dragon was packed up in a wooden crate and brought back to Hanoi, and then sent on to Vermont. It resided for a year on a shelf in Harter’s apartment. “Then we realized what an opportunity we were missing. Don Capponcelli built us some brackets in the Dining Hall, and with the help of [junior] Jason Lugo, we brought the dragon up here so that students could use it to dance.”

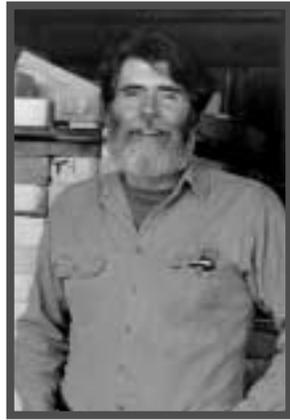
Every few weeks in the beginning of the semester, students took down the dragon and danced with it. Participation dropped off a bit as the semester wore on, but Harter is hopeful that it will pick up again. “It was a pretty amazing thing,” he says, “watching this huge Vietnamese dragon dancing around Vermont.” —*Kristine Lemay '01*

Stevenson again finds literary success Laura Stevenson followed up her literary success of last spring with a bang. In May, the writing and literature professor saw her young adult novel *All the King’s Horses* published by Transworld Press. In its summer issue, *Sewanee Review* published “Mowgli and His Stories,” an article by Stevenson examining Rudyard Kipling’s *Jungle Book*. In October, Transworld also accepted *A Castle in a Window*, a novel dealing with dyslexia. *Carousel*, the British children’s literature journal, published a very favorable review of *All the King’s Horses* in its winter 2001 issue. And finally, Stevenson has been asked to give the opening lecture at the Peter Rabbit Centennial Conference in Ambleside, England.

A Castle in a Window is the story of Erin, a girl who must spend the summer with her aunt and uncle while her parents and older brother go to Paris. She’s in serious trouble in school because she can barely read, and she finds escape in a box of broken knights in a corner room of her aunt and uncle’s house. “The dyslexia came from Tiffany, a secondary character in *All the King’s Horses*,” Stevenson notes. “Tiffany was originally dyslexic. She and Sarah, the main character, got to be friends because Sarah was giving Tiffany reading lessons. But I figured Tiffany already had enough happening to her. I decided to take out the dyslexia, and give it a book of its own in Erin.”

A Castle in the Window is forthcoming from Transworld in 2003. —*Kristine Lemay '01*

Worthy of note



Ceramics professor **Michael Boylen** (above) journeyed to Patzcuaro, Mexico last spring as part of the Artisans and Ecology First International Workshop on Lead and Fuel Substitution in Traditional Glazed Pottery. The conference, sponsored by UNESCO, the Mexican government craft development agency FONART and the U.S.-based Aid To Artisans, was held at UNESCO's Latin American center for rural education in Patzcuaro. Potters, teachers, bureaucrats and specialists in environmental protection, public health and marketing from Latin America and Africa put their heads together to find affordable, safe alternatives to lead-glazed pottery and wood-fired kilns. Boylen worked at the conference as a consultant for Aid To Artisans. After the conference he visited Mexican potters and schools and FONART headquarters in Mexico City.

Jerry Levy, (below) a mainstay of college and regional theater productions, landed a major role in a feature film last summer. The arguably ruffled sociology professor plays decidedly wacky psychology professor Dr. Milgrim Kotzwinkle in *Milgrim's Pilgrims*. The plot, set in the 1960s, centers around the antics of Levy's kooky Kotzwinkle. Levy landed the role on the recommendation of Marlboro film-video professor and



indie filmmaker Jay Craven, who'd been called by a desperate director in need of a lead. "I get the script for a huge part that I have to learn in three days," Levy recalls. "Then I'm on the set for 16 hours a day." Despite the arduous schedule and his preference for the stage, Levy says he had a blast and would welcome more film roles. *Milgrim's Pilgrims*, directed by David Grottel on a \$50,000 budget, will be released directly to video, and Levy plans to organize a screening at Marlboro.



Neal Weiner (above) bravely offered up his latest book to some of the harshest potential critics of academic work: Marlboro College

students. The longtime philosophy professor used his working manuscript of *Generosity and Truth* as a text in his advanced Meaning and Truth class last semester. The book, Weiner says, "takes the view that words take their meaning from the truth of the sentences in which they are used. What makes that important is it means we're swimming in the truth all the time; truth relates to language the way air relates to lungs." Using it alongside books by W. V. O. Quine and Donald Davidson, Weiner kept track of what did and didn't work in his own manuscript. "This is in the process of being written, so I was using the class to find out what I had not done well," he says. "And it worked—I got some good ideas from them."



The start of the fall semester brought three new faculty fellows to campus from abroad. What began in the early sixties as a means of offering a fresh classics perspective has evolved into an opportunity to open the campus to a variety of international perspectives. This year, **Emily Pellingier** became the 26th recent Oxford graduate to teach Latin, ancient Greek and literature as Marlboro's classics fellow. She was joined by **Iuliana Radu** (above) of Romania, a University of Bucharest graduate who is serving as the mathematics fellow. **Bataa Mishigish** of Mongolia, a former Buddhist monk who is an expert on religion's place in politics, arrived as Marlboro's second World Studies fellow.



Kerry Rodriguez, (above) a descendant of Timothy Mather who founded the farm that now comprises the main college campus, visited Marlboro this fall while doing research on her family history. Mather was born in Suffield, Connecticut in 1757 and moved to Marlboro in 1773 where, with his brother Phineas, he established the first grist mill in the area. The brothers, who served in the American Revolution, later went on to construct a tannery, a starch factory, a carding mill and a potash refinery on the property. His farmhouse, which originally served as a men's dorm and is now the college's administration building, bears his name. Rodriguez spent a day at the college, walking the property, looking through historical records and talking with area residents involved with the town historical society. She promises to share the results of her research with the college.

Marlboro opened its first career development and community service office in September, the work of **Carrie Weikel**, the former student activities director who now heads the office. Weikel proposed the creation of her new job last spring. "It was something that the institution felt was important to offer to students, and my training and my interest pointed me

there, so I proposed the office, and they took me up on it," she says. "People underestimate their experiences here; I enjoy helping them to understand that what they do here is important." The day-to-day duties of the career development office involve all the basics once covered by several different people. Weikel works with students to help them write résumés, compose cover letters, pick grad schools and find internships. In years to come, she'd like to develop an alumni mentoring program and bring to campus a lecture series of people successful in their fields discussing how they got where they are.

A handful of Marlboro staff members gathered in September to present their avocational writings in the sixth annual Write Staff reading. The Write Staff was started in 1996 by **Ethan Gilsdorf**, a widely published poet who worked as Marlboro's public relations director. When Gilsdorf moved to Paris in 1999 to further immerse himself in the literary life, the readings continued. The 2001 version included **Dan Toomey**, a 1979 Marlboro graduate and until recently one of the college's learning disability tutors. Toomey read an essay exploring the historical and existential connections between the college's founding handyman and its first dean. Receptionist **Sunny Tappan '77**, a pioneer Write Staffer, returned with her poetic insights into rural life. **Kristine Lemay**, a 2001 graduate hired as assistant director of student activities, read from the novel that formed the basis of her Plan of Concentration. **Kevin Kennedy**, editor of *Potash Hill*, read a short story based in his native Northeast Kingdom.

Using the philosophy that a personally enriched staff is an effective staff, Marlboro last year initiated a nonprofessional development program that may be unique in higher education. College staff members may apply for grants of up to \$2,500 to pursue intellectual or personal interests that need not have any bearing on their college work. "The grants are important morale boosters and an investment in the emotional and intellectual well-being" of employees, according to **President Paul LeBlanc**. LeBlanc conceived the program, which is funded for five years with a \$200,000 grant from the anonymous foundation that has bankrolled other college initiatives. Some examples of grant recipients include **Carolyn Conrad**, associate dean of students and Marlboro Graduate Center alumna, who traveled to China to meet with government technology, education and commerce officials to learn about Internet technology in education and the marketplace. **Sunny Tappan '77**, the college receptionist, will soon head to England's Lake District for a literary hike in the landscape that inspired William Wordsworth and Beatrix Potter, and **Jennifer Blair**, associate director of admissions, received funds for reflexology certification training at the Omega Institute.

—*Kristine Lemay '01, Lauren Beigel '02, Kevin Kennedy*



'48

HUGH MULLIGAN retired from the Associated Press last November after 49 years and 146 countries. "Golf and goofing off are still in the cards," Hugh wrote in June. In October he wrote *Recent Happenings: 1,000 miles up Columbia and Snake Rivers on River Boat*. Writer in residence at Tyrone Guthrie Centre in County Monaghan, Ireland, 'Gallivan Lecturer' in journalism at University Notre Dame. Served as writing coach for Stamford and Greenwich, Connecticut, newspapers. Attended great Pioneer Reunion at Marlboro."

'52

Gussie and **BOB BARTLETT** celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in July, 2001, at their home in Marlboro. Many friends and family attended, including their five children and seven grandchildren.

ELMER and **GERTRUDE GREELY** report that they are "Doing well. Blessed with 21 grandchildren. Elmer is busy with his mini arboretum on our nearly four-acre property. Gertrude plays at church and in the town band."

'56

TONI ORR is "traveling the West Coast birding and playing jazz, blues, folk cello."

'59

BRUCE and **BARBARA COLE** are "still close by and attending college events. Barbara is enjoying an oil painting class after last year's heavy science courses. Nine grandchildren!"

'60

ANTHONY CUCCHIARO writes, "Retired from the rat race and living the 'good life' in rural upstate New York. Liz and I are about to become first-time grandparents at the start of the new year. Son Josh is a slow starter like his old man."

'64

JERRY BURNHAM is still working at the NBC show *Access Hollywood*. "Doing well! Would love to hear from Marlboroites."

DANIEL MOORE writes, "Enjoyed the alumni get together celebrating the 55th year of the college in August. Especially enjoyable were the readings where I had the pleasure of participating. Hope to be at the reunion in 2006."

JIM RICHARDSON and his wife June "are in that stage of life called 'grand-parents.' It is a wonderful time for us. Planned Parenthood remains a challenge and we make a significant difference in the lives of many."

'67

JENNIE TUCKER is busy in Oregon, working as program coordinator for The Blue Mountain Forum, serving on the board for the Oregon Council for Humanities and working on an oral history of the area. She's also working to set up the Oregon Center for Rural Policy and Studies, "a non-profit organization dedicated to help build and support strong communities in rural Oregon," raising chickens and sheep, gardening, siding her house and working at a local peppermint mill.

'68

DINAH LANE and her husband moved to Harvard, Massachusetts this year. "I ran into **PAUL WILLARD** whose family were some of the original residents of this town. I'm still artistic director of Watertown's Children Theater and working as a family therapist in Burlington, where one of my duties is riding motorcycles with adolescents."

STEVE SMITH and his wife Ann are spending the winter ashore after living aboard their boat *Neptune* since 1986, visiting their children and grandchildren in California and Alaska. Next summer they will return to Lake Champlain in Vermont, where *Neptune* is spending the winter. "At that time we will be deciding whether to move back on board or 'swallow the anchor' and try to find a place to live on land. Last summer I had a wonderfully fulfilling and fun time working as a volunteer on the schooner project at the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum shipyard in Burlington. Vermont will have a tall ship of its own soon."

'69

DON LAND continues his cryptic messages: "No news is good news, I guess."

'70

JOEY KLEIN is living in Plainfield, Vermont, "still growing acres of organic produce, selling locally and with the Deep Root Co-Op. **JOHN FAGO** stopped by this fall to load up on carrots and squash."

'71

DAPHNE CROCKER reports "No real news, except that I've been published in a

I continue to enjoy receiving *Potash Hill* and the fine articles and information it contains. When I read it and the alumni notes I find it difficult to imagine that it has been 50 years since I graduated from Marlboro. Although I'm halfway across the country your magazine brings back fond memories and a sense of appreciation for the opportunities that Marlboro provided. I feel fortunate that the late Dr. Hendricks and the Marlboro faculty had patience with my poor academic performance during my freshman and sophomore years. Without their support I doubt that I would have been able to go on to graduate work at Columbia and achieve some degree of success in my life that followed. On many occasions when I was teaching at Oklahoma City University's Graduate School of Business I would recall those early struggles and consider how lucky I was to have attended Marlboro. Your news also gives some indication of the many apparent contributions members of those formative years have made to their communities and to society as a whole. I believe that Marlboro and its faculty played a significant role in helping develop these traits in the student body. Keep up the good work. I look forward to receiving the next issue.

Sincerely,
Bob Hickey '51

Left: Tricia Theis '99 and Michael D'Angelo '02 at Alumni Weekend 2001

Photo by Sarah Lavigne '98

MEMORIES FROM A FOUNDING SON

Dan Toomey's article "Gestures against the Grain" in the summer issue of *Potash Hill* was of special interest. As Walter Hendricks' eldest son, and a teenager during those early years of the college, what he describes is my own history. Robert Frost, Wade van Dore, Charles Cole were all part of it. My father took me with him when he went up to Ripton, Vermont, in the summer of 1946 to tell Frost about his idea of starting a college and ask him if he would be a trustee (the first person he asked). And every summer I was there helping in innumerable ways. But also Mary de Rachewiltz [Ezra Pound's daughter] is part of my history, for in the summer of 1997 I had an exhibition at Brunnenburg, the Pound castle in the Sud Tyrol above Merano, Italy. I stayed there for some weeks preparing the show, and at that time got to know her.

Regarding photographs, you inquire about the identification of the people and the photographer on page 48. I am quite sure that the person on the right is Pat Whittemore (son of Arthur and Suvia, and early Marlboro alumnus). I showed it to my sister Hildamarie and she agrees. It's possible that I am the one making the load, and the man on the left would be Mr. Lucier (the farmer whose hay we were bringing in). The date would be about 1945. The photographer would have been either my father or one of the Whittemores.

The Whittemores bought that farm around the time of the founding of the college. After that I was over there helping them scrape off wall paper and paint walls in the farmhouse. It later became the home of Roland and Cynthia Boyden, and in the first years of the Music School Hermann Busch and family lived there. I also have memories of painting at least one watercolor from up in the pine tree that is directly behind Pat in the photo. The field above Lucier's head would be our far fields (now grown over). Our farm, the future buildings of the college, would be directly behind the load of hay. Last week when I was up to Putney I drove over to Marlboro and out Lucier Road (interesting to see that it still carries his name), and saw that the road has been re-routed through the field, and that the barn and pine tree are gone, though it looked as though the stump was still there by the remains of the stone wall. And of course trees have grown blocking the view.

The photograph on page two is of my father and me, with me pointing off towards Lynx Hill. It would have been taken at the same time that

a photograph of the two of us up behind our barn (that became Dalrymple Hall) was taken. That photograph was reproduced many years ago in an issue of *Potash Hill*, again with a request for identification. Both were taken by a *Life* magazine photographer who was there preparing a feature article on the college that unfortunately never got into print. In 70 years one gathers many memories.

With best regards,
Geoffrey Hendricks



recent history of the place I live (Hancock Point, Maine). Still enjoy retired life very much. The chorus I sing with is busily rehearsing Bach's *B Minor Mass* for a December performance. Such a thrill to finally get a chance to do this piece."

HOWARD LEBERMAN writes that he is "still enmeshed in Minnesota. Lots of writing and performing. Recent show closed December 17th. Occasionally get sick of long winters. Daughter planning on college in southern California."

"I became a mommy for the first time in January, 2001 when a seven week-old was placed in our care," writes **DEBBIE TUTTLE MARTINEZ**, "but in April his birth mother demanded him back. When in May she finally recognized that she wasn't capable of caring for him (homeless, jobless, education-less, not to mention without natural affection for him) she signed him off to V.O.A. so he went to a young couple. It was a wonderful, tragic experience."

THOMAS TUCKER is "still teaching woodworking at Caitlin Gabel School, playing music when I can, listening when I can't and watching my boys grow. We spend a lot of our time at Manzanita on the Oregon coast. Keep in contact with **FRED GRAY**, Gib Taylor—anybody heard from **ERIC FREEMAN**?"

CHRISTOPHER WHITMAN is semi-retired. "I still sing with the Yale Russian Chorus Alumni, the Manchester (New Hampshire) Choral Society and am quite active in the local Episcopal Church—especially its music."

'72

BRUCE BALMER has started working on his second album. "My kids Freyja and Noah are now New York City residents and musicians—how about that?"

QUITA DAVIS PALMER writes from New Hampshire, "I left Planned Parenthood in August and am now working as the receptionist for the guidance department. I see **MICHAEL** and **BARBARA '73 WOODARD**'s son, a senior at H.H.S., almost daily. While on a tour of Oberlin last spring, I saw **PETER GOLDSMITH '74**. He is the dean of students there. Our eldest son is starting at the University of Colorado at Boulder in January and our youngest son is a junior in high school."

'73

ROBERT DAUGHTRY wrote in October, "I love you all so very much."

MICHELLE HOLZAPFEL: Pilgrim Vessels was exhibited at Bary Friedman Ltd. in New York during September and October, 2001.

'74

COLIN NICKERSON is "still senior foreign correspondent for *The Boston Globe*, Montreal-based but spending most of my time in central Asia, covering the conflict in Afghanistan. A return to old haunts since I covered the 1979–89 Soviet-Afghan war."

'75

TOM REISH writes from Westmoreland, New Hampshire, "After growing organic garlic for the past few years, I'm building a greenhouse to do fruit and vegetable production. Sure would like to hear from friends from college days."

ALISON TOWNSEND wrote from her new home in Stoughton, Wisconsin, in August: "My biggest news is that Tom Umhoefer and I married a little over a year ago. **JOSIE AVERY** made the long trek out here, much to my delight, and was one of the wedding readers." Alison continues to teach creative writing, English and women's studies at the University of Wisconsin and also teaches a private writing workshop for women called In Our Own Voices. "I think of Dick and Geri often in both venues, glad for all that I learned from them at Marlboro," Alison notes. She also has two books scheduled for upcoming publication: *What the Body Knows*, a chapbook of poetry from Parallel Press in 2002 and *The Blue Dress: Poems and Prose Poems*, due out in 2003 from White Pine Press.

'76

MELISSA METTLER ABRAMS writes, "If anyone has been trying to reach my email, it was misspelled in the last *Potash Hill*. Try again at: missyabram@aol.com. Also check out www.mouserug.com for some neat new patterns we have gotten licenses to duplicate. Though it is only a small part of our business, it is doing very well!"

VICTORIA EDWARDS is living in Berkeley, teaching eighth grade humanities. "My son was just diagnosed with diabetes, so our lives have drastically changed."

'77

DIANE SCARANGELLA writes, "It's been a long time. I now have four- and five-year old daughters. Just got my second master's (in adult education) from Columbia Teachers College (my first master's was in counseling from New York University), and am working on my Ed. D."

DEB SCOTT got married last June "to a wonderful man (we all say that, don't we?) and life on the local level is filled with good work and good friends. On the global level, such suffering; why haven't we learned another way? It's heartbreaking."

'78

ELENA SCHLAPFER SCHAAF-BRANDES is an assistant professor at the University for the Arts in Berlin, Germany, teaching music and voice.

ANN McAULIFFE WADDELL is working as a nurse and teaching Kundalini yoga. "Life is sweet."

'79

BARBARA NOLTING JENNINGS appeared in the December issue of *Guidepost Magazine*.

NORMAN PARADIS reports that he, his wife Christine and their two children are settled in Colorado. "At work we are simultaneously building two new emergency departments, so I have found a way to keep busy."

'80

CAROLE MOODY CROMPTON writes "Willow is in graduate school at the University of Limerick in Ireland for one year studying Irish singing (in English and Irish). She married Sherap Lama (of Katmandu) in fall, 2000, and we had a wonderful visit from them last summer. We took Sherap to see the ocean, which he had never seen before. It was wonderful!"

LORI KIRSTEIN moved to Oakland, California, from Cincinnati, Ohio, last summer (2001). She is studying blues and jazz singing and is working with pianist Mark Little, who was a student and friend of jazz great Bill Evans, on making a demo CD. "I'm going to get work as a singer, come hell or high water," she writes, adding, "Life is expensive, but good."

DIANNA NOYES spent a week at Haystack Mountain School of Crafts in Deer Isle, Maine in September, taking a workshop on the illustrated journal. "Great luxury—sixteen hours a day of drawing, writing and bookbinding on the coast of Maine. The weather was fantastic, the food delicious, the people like-minded and fun, the showers salty. Returned home on September 10 and woke up to a very different world."

STEVE VAN NESS writes, "I miss Marlboro!"



Clockwise from above:

Former American studies
instructor Dick Judd and
Barbara Hornthumb '72

Margaret MacArthur, former art
instructor Frank Stout, physics
professor John MacArthur

Diane Echlin '91 and youngster

Alumni, faculty and spouses
from the pioneer years

Larry Smith '51

Chris Brown '52, George
Richards '53, John Nestor '53
and Stewart Werner '51





Clockwise from Top:

L. Wells Cunningham '51, Hugh Mulligan '48

Georgina Middleton and former classics fellow David Middleton

Alumni Director Teresa Storti

Heidi Heck '91, Tonia Pecci Blake '92 and Dean of Faculty John Hayes

Former classics fellow Phillip de May and Acting Associate Dean for Academic Advising Hilly van Loon '62

Alumni Weekend 2001

Photos by Sarah Lavigne '98





Leo Batlle '88, literature instructor Geraldine Pittman de Batlle, Jorge Batlle '88, music instructor Luis Batlle, Luis Batlle '83 and Batlle children

'81

TRICIA LOWREY LIPPERT is "working for a veterinarian—a really cool woman my age. We just got a second doctor and everyone meshes really well. I am doing a lot of paintings on commission right now, including two murals for a restaurant. Lonnie and I have 14 animals."

'82

SAM NORTHSHIELD writes, "I enjoyed seeing Joe Mazur at the math meetings in New Orleans last January. I just started my twelfth year of college teaching, which is also my first year as a full professor here at Plattsburgh State."

'83

JIM WADE continues to work on his grant from the National Park Service through the archaeology department at New Jersey State Museum on the Delaware Indian forced migration west. "Still playing rock and roll, trying to put together a band, etc. A big 'hello' to all former classmates!"

'84

JOHN and **ELLY MAJONEN '87** write, "John began the master's internet program at Marlboro this fall while continuing his work at Newsbank. Elly continues to run a child care business in her home, is the interim president of Windham Child Care Association, the Guilford Grange treasurer and is a mentor to new early educators. Life is busy. Our kids keep us on our toes!"

'85

MONICA SCHULTZ FADDING and her husband Marc have a daughter, Trudy Patricia, who was born in November, 2000. "Life is busy with our gardening business, growing native plants and parenting, of course."

RACHEL BERESON LACHOW is living in Maryland with her husband Lloyd and their three children and three dogs. "Abandoned Ph.D. in critical last month of program in favor of motherhood and mental health," she writes. "Now a dog behaviorist/trainer and very happy. Love to hear from anyone 1982–1987."

'88

ANDREW KOSCIESZA writes, "Ariel has enrolled at Drew University, Melinda continues to teach at Ursinus College, Chris continues to develop his videogame skills and I am teaching at two colleges and conducting a choir. We all miss Vermont."

RENEE OUBRE's paintings "Sunflower Bouquet" and "Calla Lilly" have been on exhibit at the U.S. Embassy in Malawi since March 2001. Her work will be also be exhibited throughout Florida this spring, including at Jupiter-Juno Artfest by the Sea on March 9–10.

METTE SCHWARTZ, her husband John and children Natalia and Samuel moved to Beverly, Massachusetts last year. "Still doing geology, but have evolved from being a state environmental regulator to teaching seventh grade science. I love it!"

'89

BOB CABIN is teaching in the department of biological sciences at SUNY-Plattsburgh, New York.

KIM MILLS is teaching in the anthropology department at Beloit College in Wisconsin.

'90

BRIAN MOONEY and **JON PROTAS '93** wrote and performed *An Ungodly Vigor: A Banker's Dozen of Short, Funny Plays*, with Dan Gunderman at the Hooker-Dunham Theater in Brattleboro last June. The three men are regular contributors to *The Dog & Pony Show* in New York City.

WILL VAIL writes that they have a new child, Samuel Elijah Vail, born on February 19, 2001. "Visits with **JASON BREEN '91**, **SAM ARFER**, **JANET VANDENBURG**, **BOB CABIN** and **KAREN O'NEIL**. All visitors welcome."

'91

SARAH CLYMER DUCHARME and her husband are moving to El Salvador this year. "We loved our three years in Beirut and will continue our international teaching careers in Central America. We had a baby last June named Grace," writes Sarah.

BOBBI HAHN writes from Hudson, Wisconsin, "Visited the **BAKERS (HAYDEN, JUDY** and Madelaine) in Seattle in August, 2001. Hung out with **MAIA**

SEGURA and hubby Ken. Met up with **MIKE WACHALA** at the post office on his way back east. Our mini-reunion was great! Would love to hear from others. Suppose no one is around Minneapolis?"

LEN KEELER is in a tenure-track faculty position at the University of Wisconsin in Superior, teaching physics.

TYRA SORENSEN sent her regrets about not being able to attend Reunion in August, "but I'll be joining my folks Meg and **JORGEN SORENSEN '64** in Argentina—it will be Mom's first time back in 54 years! Seattle is great—come visit!"

Suzanne and **BRIAN WHITEHOUSE** welcomed Soren Amaya Whitehouse to the world on September 21, 2001, "after a blessedly short labor," Brian wrote. "There is, like everything else in our lives, a great story that accompanies Soren's arrival—I'll pass it along as soon as I get it written down. Everyone is doing fine. Pictures, stories and in-person sightings of the baby will follow as soon as possible."

'92

ERICA KENT is "still in Maine, attempting to influence the younger generation in terms of outrageous literary ideas. Or something like that."

'93

ALICIA BRELSFORD writes that she is "living well in Putney. Recently competed in the Marabana marathon in Havana, Cuba, with my handcycle and got second place. Doing some art work."

PAMELA WITTE COLEMAN and her family are living in a new home in Atlanta, Georgia.

GWYNETH OLSON writes, "Peace and clarity to all in these troubling times."

JESS and **MATTHEW O'PRAY** write "Life is grand! Matthew is still part of the admissions staff at U.S.C. Jess earned her M.L.I.S. in June, 2000 and is now a rare book cataloguer at the Huntington Library. Claire turned three in April. We had a great time at **GINA DeANGELIS '94's** wedding! And we still miss Vermont."

MAUREEN O'REILLY and Patrick Egli were married in Urdorf, Switzerland, where they live, on June 1, 2001.

TONY SMITH writes, "Hey all, alive and well in Arlington, Virginia."

SCOTT WILLIAMS wrote in late November that "son Rowan is six months old. Still doing criminal defense in Philadelphia, but trying to return to Vermont, New Hampshire or Maine—anyone with job ideas, drop a line!"

'94

GINA DeANGELIS writes from Williamsburg, Virginia, "Just bought the house we were renting—nice place, awful yard, so we'll be spending time learning how to garden. Hi **TIM LITTLE '65**, Paul Nelsen, Laura Stevenson, everyone else."

According to her mother, **CLEODHNA NIGHTSHADE** received her Ph.D. in natural science from the University of Glasgow, Scotland, in July, 2001.

KRISTA HAIMOVITCH writes "Moved back to Berkeley, California, after a decade on the East Coast. Packed up and left New York City for good on September 5. Divine intervention?! Perhaps. Anyway, it's good, good, good to be back in California. Spent a yummy Thanksgiving with **LAURA HINERFELD** up in Napa Valley and visited **JOSH HARMON** in September in his new digs in Newport, Rhode Island. Me—just livin', trying to write and enjoy life."

'95

KIRSTIN GEORGE is finishing her master's degree in holistic education at Goddard College and establishing a program called Canoe Expeditions for Maine Girls, through the Chewonki Foundation. "Living in Montpelier (Vermont) is great—there's lots of Red Hen bread around (**RANDY GEORGE '93** started this very successful bakery two years ago)."

ERIC PEARSON writes from California, "I'm still in San Francisco, working as a UNIX systems administrator/Web developer for a division of U.S. Capital. Lovin' California and the bicycle commute to work—but I miss New England. Great talking to Lisa Christensen on my last visit and glad to hear that Carl is going all-out with his music. Enjoyed a month in Spain thanks to travel tips from **ALEX WOODS '98**. Hello to **AARON LEFF '97**, **RON MWANGA '94**, **CHRIS MIR '92**, **KAREN DOW '92**, **STRAWBERRY CARROLL '93** and **DJANGO** and **OTIS**, wherever you are."

CAROLYN and **EDWARD ROSS** are keeping in touch with Marlboro friends—they see **LAURA ROBERTS** and **ERIN**

PETERS '96 regularly for story hour. Their third daughter, Liadan, was born on November 29.

'96

ERIN PETERS writes, "I was laid off this fall along with a third of my company—good severance package, though. Looking for more work, enjoying Boston, visiting family in Georgia for Thanksgiving and for Christmas I'll be with **ELIZA LAWRENCE!**"

ROBERT SHAFFER is working as "an itinerant" special education teacher in the Washington, D.C., metro area. "Working with children of all abilities, birth through 19 years in child care settings."

'97

THEO CULLUM writes, "Lane and I got married in June—**ERIC BROWN '00** and **APRIL GREENER** came and decided to stay and now live three miles away from us—yay! Eric has a great job in D.C. working for the New America Foundation and April is still looking for that dream job that is bound to happen soon. I am teaching second and fifth grade in Frederick, Maryland, and loving it. April and I have additions to our families—two matching black and white kittens who are best friends like us!"

ELIZA LAWRENCE MILEY is "back in school working towards a B.S. in physics."

'98

JIM BENDER is serving in the Peace Corps on the island of Chuuk in Micronesia. He's working for the department of agriculture in the forestry division.

AARON KAHN writes, "VSAC put these numbered footprints on the ground and I'm doing the responsible dance. I'm living in Cincinnati working as a Pilates instructor, taking yoga teacher training and learning French en route to India and Paris for more yoga and theater. Oft times contra dancing and shape note singing—always missing Vermont. Please be in touch—it's too conservative here without you!" 2645 Erie Ave. #34, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45208; 513/295-5248; akahn@marlboro.edu.

PAUL COX wrote this fall, "Given the horrific events of September 11th, my chosen field of national security and military analysis has suddenly become rather busy. Luckily, I was not at the Pentagon the day of the attack. But unfortunately some of my co-workers were. All of them, save one

poor soul, came out alive. I mourn for all the victims and I hold out hope that I may be helpful in some small way in the very near future in what looks like might be a long and difficult struggle. If I ever attain any success in the days that follow, in whatever facet through which I may be helpful, I would like to thank Marlboro College, which has given me a unique perspective to view the difficult and complex problems of national security affairs and military operations analysis. Although I very much doubt it was ever the intention of Marlboro to provide me an education that would prove useful in national security and military operations analysis, I nevertheless owe the Marlboro College community a great debt for what they have given me.”

'99

DEB BRUCE received an M.L.I.S. degree last year, not a L.I.S.A., which was reported in the last issue of *Potash Hill*.

KATE QUIN-EASTER writes “Keep your fingers crossed that we get to go to Bulgaria in fall 2002 and study music/ethnomusicology for Erica and traditional theatre and dance for me! Other than that, we are happily settled into our house and are very content. The yard is getting away from us, though. In-town Portland, Maine, and we have a half-acre lot with fabulously good grass—sigh. Come visit, keep in touch.”

LAURIE RINFRET is finishing up her master's degree in Latin American studies at the University of Florida.

SARASWATI ROGERS embarked on a six-month trip to Southeast Asia, India and Nepal in late October. Since then she has kept in touch via email from Bangkok,

Hanoi and Cambodia. In a recent email from the beach in Ko Pha Ngan, Thailand, Sara reported that newlyweds **HEIDI SCOTT '96** and **JOHNNY KEENER '96** were honeymooning there and that they had all spent Christmas Eve together. Marlboro alumni in attendance at Heidi and Johnny's wedding last summer were **JEN BALLUTE '98**, **AMY HEARD '96**, **RADHA ROGERS '97**, **GRACE MYLOTT '98**, **GIDEON STOCEK '96**, **DEIRDRE CLEERE '95** and Sara.

HENRY WATHEN is living in Solna, Switzerland. He is teaching seventh grade “and loving it.” He's engaged to Tanya Grigorieva from St. Petersburg, Russia.

'00

KATHERINE MCCARTHY CLARK writes, “Hi all! Got married in May 2001 at Nubble Lighthouse in Maine. It poured rain but even that couldn't ruin the happiest day of my life. **JAMIE SCORY '01**, **BEN SCURRIA '01** and **BROOK POWALISZ '00** were there to help celebrate my happy day. Other than that, all remains quiet in Vermont. Gearing up for a trip to Whistler in British Columbia, Canada in early winter to snowboard—a late honeymoon. Take care.”

DOVE NOROUZI is in Washington, D.C., working as the grassroots coordinator of the D.C. Environmental Network and had an article published in the winter 2001 issue of *Earthfocus*. “Let me know if you're passing through town,” she writes.

'01

KATE OSBORN and fellow restaurant server Laurie Blair did their part for the post-September 11 relief effort by creating the Servers United Relief Fund (S.U.R.F.)

in the Brattleboro area. The idea behind the fund was for waiters and waitresses in the area to donate 50 percent of their gratuities to the fund, which would then be sent to three separate charities in New York City, including the *New York Times* Neediest Cases Fund. The project was met with great support by restaurant owners and workers in Brattleboro and by customers who were extraordinarily generous with tips when they learned of the cause. The donated gratuities were matched by one restaurant owner and had exceeded \$5,000 a few short weeks later.

KATHLEEN PACKARD is working at the Brattleboro Retreat and will be at Simmons College this spring starting work on her master's in psychology.

FORMER FACULTY

BARBARA LANTZ, who taught anthropology at Marlboro from 1986–88, writes from Ithaca, New York, “I just completed my third year in private practice as a clinical social worker. I also teach courses in counseling and mental health issues in the sociology department at Ithaca College. My sons Ben and Ty are now 12 and 9 respectively. They both play hockey, which keeps us traveling a lot in winter. We also try to make time when we can for musical theater. Greetings to the Old Guard!”

SORINA EFTIM, math fellow in 2000–2001, is a graduate student at Johns Hopkins University, in the Bloomberg School of Public Health, working toward her Ph.D. in biostatistics. “Hi to everybody. I really miss Marlboro,” she writes.

RICHARD SHORT, classics fellow from 1999 to 2001, is spending the year in London before starting his Ph.D. in classics at Harvard next fall.

Matt Skeele '79, Annie Quest '80, Mark Littlehales '80,

Megan MacArthur Littlehales '82, Matt Tell '81



Author Inquiry

Robin Poses, mother of David Poses '99 is “looking for people brought up by one parent with a wonderful story to tell.”

Contact her at:
robinposes@aol.com.

IN MEMORIAM



Steve Adams '87

A remembrance

Stephen G. Adams died September 11, 2001 in the terrorist attack on the World Trade Center in New York while at his job as beverage manager of the Windows on the World Restaurant on the 107th floor. He was 51. A resident of Marlboro from 1980 to 1990, Steve studied philosophy at Marlboro College, graduating in 1987. He is survived by his wife, Jessica Murrow of New York, and his mother and brother, both of Hingham, Massachusetts.

Steve believed strongly in the power and beauty of ceremony, celebration and ritual, all of which led to his love for traditional British and American folk music and dance. He was a musician who played guitar and accordion and loved Morris dancing, contradancing, English Country dancing, couples dancing, and pub singing sessions. Steve was a longtime organizer of the Marlboro Morris Ale, the oldest and largest gathering of Morris dance teams in North America, which is held at Marlboro College each May. He also belonged to the Bouwerie Boys Morris team from New York and the Thames Valley Morris from London, Ontario and was the founder of Woods Hole Morris on Cape Cod. Steve also was a member of the Green Mountain Mummers, who tour southern Vermont each fall with a sword dance and mummer's play.

A graduate of the French Culinary Institute, Steve was a skilled French chef and an acknowledged wine aficionado. He was well known for the

festive and delicious dinners he would prepare and host with his wife, Jessica, on holidays and other occasions.

Steve was active in theater and film, having directed plays in Woods Hole and produced independent films in western Massachusetts. As an actor, Steve played the lead role the short film *A Shout from the Streets*, inspired by James Joyce's *Ulysses*, filmed in western Massachusetts in 1999. He was a writer of screenplays, poetry and philosophical essays and worked briefly as a reporter for *The Recorder* in Greenfield, Massachusetts. An avid reader, he was particularly fond of Irish poetry and drama, philosophy and mysteries. He appreciated nature and was a hiker, meditator and a lover of wooden boats and kayaks. He was known particularly for his irreverent humor, his original mind and his loyalty and love for his friends and family.

Marlboro College philosophy professor Neal Weiner was Steve's faculty sponsor, and writes this of him: "During his senior year we sat together week after week in my office up in Dalrymple talking about the difference between the ordinary and the extraordinary. His idea, the idea on which he wrote his hundred-page senior Plan, was that there are certain very special moments when the timeless enters into time—when the sacred enters into the profane, so to speak—and that those moments needed to be preserved and nurtured if we were to hang onto much of what made life truly human. . . .

"There are people who know only the ordinary. They tend to lose the ability to look up. Then there are people so oriented to the extraordinary that they become snobbish and removed. Steve was neither. As I remember him, he walked a middle ground, seeking to combine what others take as sheer opposites—hopeful, with high yearning, but straightforward and without pretension. In all honesty, I cannot imagine a better way to be."

Jessica tells the story of how she once asked Steve how he would like to be remembered. He replied that he would like to be remembered as a good man. Well, in Jessica's words, let us remember Steve Adams for what he was—an extraordinarily good man.

—Fred DeVecca

Caryl Haskins, former trustee

Caryl Haskins, a scientist, author, government advisor and trustee of Marlboro College from 1962 to 1977, died October 8, 2001. He was 93. Dr. Haskins was born in Schenectady, New York in 1908 and attended Schenectady High School, Albany Academy and Yale University, receiving a Ph.D. from both Yale and Harvard and a D.Sc. from several other universities. He was an enthusiastic and pioneering entomologist, with equally great interests in politics, sociology and other areas of the sciences. During his lifetime, he published five books, including the acclaimed *Of Ants and Men* (1939), *The Amazon*, *The Life History of a Mighty River* (1943) and *Of Societies and Men* (1951). He published 230 articles and papers. He served as the president of the Carnegie Institution (1956 to 1971) and was founder and director of Haskins Laboratories, a nonprofit research laboratory in New Haven, Connecticut. He was actively involved in the support of research and education and served as a trustee to institutions such as the National Geographic Society and the American Museum of Natural History. He also held a U.S. patent on synthetic resin and its method of preparation.

Former Marlboro President Tom Ragle, a close friend of Dr. Haskins, remarked at his memorial service, "We honor him for his achievements, but I would like to honor him even more for the human being that he was: modest, wise, kind, friendly."

He was married to the late Edna Ferrell and lived in both Washington, D.C. and Westport, Connecticut for many years.

Nelson Hewitt Eddy, former trustee

Nelson Hewitt Eddy died on October 21, 2001 in Raleigh, North Carolina. He was born in Boulder, Colorado, in 1912. A longtime executive for Bestfoods, he joined Marlboro's board of trustees in 1978. "He helped us a good deal in our early efforts to improve our marketing," recalls former Marlboro President Tom Ragle. Mr. Eddy retired from active service on the board in 1981 but remained an honorary trustee for several years. His wife, Leigh M. Eddy and foster daughter, Hiltrud E. Woziwodski, died in 1997. He is survived by three cousins who reside in Illinois and Montana. He will be honored at the annual memorial service held by the Springmoor Retirement Community in Raleigh in April.

Penelope Orr Brown '58

Penelope Orr Brown died on June 7, 2001 in Seattle, Washington. She was 63. Born in Sewickley, Pennsylvania, Penny grew up on a dairy farm in Massachusetts and attended boarding school in Boston. She studied at Marlboro in the mid-1950s and left to teach skiing in Vermont and Massachusetts. In the following years she had four children, ran several ski schools and started a hat production business.

A skilled sailor, Penny sailed around the world on a 44-foot sailboat with her children, parents and nephew in 1972. After that three-year trip she made several extended solo sailing expeditions, without a radio or global positioning system. In 1994 she settled in Port Townsend, Washington, with her partner Rolf Pitts, who died in 1999. In Port Townsend she started a specialty foods business, spoke on self-sufficiency at sea and wrote a column for the local newspaper, a collection of which was published in the book *Under Sail*.

Penny is survived by her sons, Neil and Ian, and daughter Lindsay, her sister and Marlboro graduate Toni Orr '56 and four grandchildren.

Parting Shot



Plan performance by Leyea Risley '02

Photo by Cullen Schneider '04



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