

Potash Hill

The Magazine of Marlboro College • Winter-Spring 2003



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Marlboro, VT 05344, or send email to: kkennedy@marlboro.edu.

The editor reserves the right to edit for length letters that appear in *Potash Hill*.

A pdf of each recent issue of *Potash Hill* is available online at
Marlboro College's alumni Website, www.potashhill.com.

WOODWARD DESIGN

Front cover: "PastViewPresent" (Oil/Paper, 30" x 44", 2001) by Cathy Osman

Back Cover: "Torso" (Oil/Canvas, 36" x 42", 2001) by Cathy Osman

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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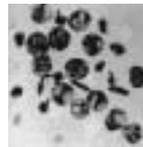
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WHEN THE PRIME HOLDS in the old MacDougal hand pump at the island, it sucks up water from the bay in long drags, making the same squeak-squawk on the downstroke after all these years. When Daddy was still alive, a skirt of tin hung off the front of the pump to channel the drip, one of his fix-it jobs, wire threaded through holes in a Dinty Moore Stew can.

The rituals of opening and closing the island—being the first one up or the last one down—have hardly varied in

Closing

Hilly van Loon '62

50 years. We still prime the pump with water scooped up from the bay into Grandmother's big white enamel pitchers and fill the lanterns with white gas out on the front stoop. We lift the glider off the dining room table where it has been all winter and set it out on the screen porch so we can sit and look at Reserve that first night up. And we always keep an inventory. My mother started doing the inventory when we were kids, cryptic notes kept in a little red six-ring binder divided by tabs into "Take down" and "Bring Up," which she



wrote up at the end of our month-long stay. Over the years, the inventory has grown into a full three-ring binder divided into “Kitchen,” “The Shop,” “First Aid,” “Wood” and “Propane.” I have always loved going over the inventory before we go up every year. We’ve never been much of a checklist kind of family but are more inclined to long comments. So we’ve saved a lot of the inventories to savor the years’ rants.

“Rice about a million years old. Tossed.”

“Don’t bring up so much tuna fish next year.”

“Who wants the pudding mixes? How old are they anyway?”

“We have enough insect repellent for eternity. Ditto sunscreen.”

“Can we PLEASE ditch some of the tackle boxes and old lures?”

“Don’t throw out the old lures!”

“Where are the channel-lock pliers?”

One year, the inventory included a full-page illustration of the woodpile, drawn by my 5-year-old grandson. He had sat in the lea of the kitchen on what had been the lintel from the fireplace, carefully outlining and numbering the stacks “A, B, C,” for maple, dry pine, green; a key for the first family up the next year.

My brother Tim closes up this year. I know how he’ll feel—hating to give up his morning dip at the back of the island, toast cooked over a rack on the woodstove, lunch on the glider, long reads on the window seat, working at one of Daddy’s jigsaw puzzles under the window that looks west to Gooseberry Island, the days that stretch out. I know he’ll wait until the last minute to pull the boats, for one last sail in the 66. Chip blew out the jib this year in a long tack across the bay



with a strong southwest wind. “I mended it with duct tape,” he said, “so Tim can use it when he comes up.” Those sails are more than 30 years old.

The 66 comes in first. Tim will paddle it from its mooring to the dock, where he and his boys will loose the turnbuckles, undo the stays, pull all the halyards and wind them into long neat coils that will hang in the back bedroom all winter. He’ll pull up the heavy cast-iron centerboard and lock it in place with a three-penny nail. The boys will climb into the upper boathouse, hang out the east window, grab the peak of the mast as it is stepped out of the deck and pull it through the window. When the boat is just a naked hull, they’ll pull it up onto the dock, roll it up the ramp into the boathouse on short pieces of bleached-gray logs, turn it over against the south wall and throw three old horsehair mattresses over the keel to cushion the row boat, which comes next. The canoe comes in last.

They’ll spend much of the afternoon doing the inventory and packing things away: matches and soap into the Huntley-Palmer Biscuit tins; salt, sugar, birthday candles and baking soda into the bread box. They’ll stuff cushions into big plastic bags and hang them on the clothesline in the back bedroom, drain the Coleman lanterns on the front stoop, and spread a tablecloth over the puzzle. They’ll defrost the refrigerator their last night, propping open the door with one of the dining room chairs; turn off the propane at the tanks, and in the morning they’ll get up at 5 a.m. for their last dip at the back of the island, when the sun is just beginning to peek over the horizon by Wah-Wah-Taysee Island. They’ll make breakfast and heat water for dishes over the two-burner Coleman, black the wood stove, empty the kettles, and put all the pot holders into the warming oven. The children will fill the wood box and bring in a box of kindling from the Wee Hoose—the old two-holer—dump the ashes down the Clivus Multrum and upend the dinged and buckled enamel pail over the chimney. They’ll lay tea towels over the silver tray, turn the first dish on each stack upside down and stack clean dish towels in the trunk under the north window.

As a last chore, Tim will shutter the cabins and take down the flag. Our friend Owen, who lives nearby, will unseat the pump, pull up the pipe from the bay, take apart the screen porch, shutter the house and drag the floating dock to a sheltered bay.

When it’s time to load the boat, Tim and his family will pose for a picture by the fish table, and then they’ll head for King Bay and watch the island recede.

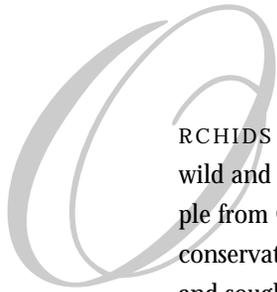
It always looks so lonely and forlorn as we leave—everything battened down, the windows looking blank, no boats rocking at their moorings. But halfway across the bay, I always feel the pull to home. In the old days, before they built a road into King Bay, we left by water taxi for a two-hour trip to Honey Harbor. Daddy used to dress up to leave in a pressed white shirt, gray flannels, and his hard shoes, and we’d wait on the dock in the early morning sun, listening for the drone of the launch just before it banked around Number Seven Island, when Wilf, the driver, cut the motor and drifted into our little harbor. Daddy always stood next to Wilf on the trip down, one hand on the windshield, his face to the wind. He’d look back once as we began to turn into the channel and wave.



Hilly van Loon, who worked for 10 years as Marlboro’s alumni director and 14 years as its director of advising, is now enjoying some version of retirement as a freelance copy editor/proofreader in South Newfane, Vermont. “Closing” is from a memoir she’s writing.

OF MYCORRHIZAL FUNGI AND ASEXUAL REPRODUCTION:

Conserving the three



ORCHIDS are among the most revered of all wild and cultivated plants. For centuries, people from Charles Darwin to horticulturists to conservation biologists have admired, studied and sought to protect them. Their distribution and diversity are impressive: orchids occur on every continent except Antarctica, and plant biologists believe the Orchidaceae family to be the second most species-rich plant family in the world. At the same time, many species are rare and some are threatened with extinction. The unusual flowers, consisting of highly modified petals and reproductive structures, capture the imagination of many. The beauty and unique biology of orchids have inspired me to work in orchid field ecology and conservation and in new collaborations in genetics that I hope to carry out at Marlboro.

Recently, my fellow Marlboro biologist Bob Engel called me over to his greenhouse to see an orchid in the genus *Brassia*. Although this particular orchid is the most common orchid species in Mexico, it was an extraordinary sight in a Vermont greenhouse. The orchid was in bloom for the first time in the 20 years since he had gotten it from a tree cut down on a farmer's land east of Oaxaca, Mexico. The orchid, often referred to as a spider orchid, had the typical, nondescript strap-shaped leaves of an orchid, but also produced a long spike heavy with flowers that looked for all the world like giant greenish-yellow spiders. A closer look revealed a patch of bright yellow in front of the reproductive column and greenish

raised dots on the flower petals that reminded me of fuzzy mites.

Although I didn't know the orchid's particular pollination story, it made me think of others that I do know. The Mediterranean orchid genus *Ophrys*, which I had seen in fields in southern France while doing fieldwork, lures bee or wasp pollinators with flowers that look like the female of their species and a scent that resembles a pheromone produced by the female insect. Closer to home, our pink lady's slipper orchid (*Cypripedium*) attracts naïve bumblebees with its showy pink flower and traps the bee inside an inflated pouch. Eventually, the bee makes its way out with pollinia, the orchid's pollen mass, attached to its body. The bumblebees receive no food reward for their visits and are not likely to visit the species more than a few times, so pollination is infrequent.

Intriguing pollination systems, such as pseudocopulation in *Ophrys* and deceptive pollination in *Cypripedium*, are well studied, but orchids exhibit other fascinating features, such as the requirement of most orchids for the presence of beneficial mycorrhizal fungi for seed germination and, in some cases, seedling establishment and continued growth. The growth habits of orchids are interesting as well. Most tropical species, such as *Brassia*, are epiphytes, growing on trees or other plants. In contrast, most temperate species, including members of the genera *Ophrys* and *Cypripedium*, are terrestrial.

Approximately 60 species of orchids occur in Vermont, with nearly a quarter of them

Birds orchid

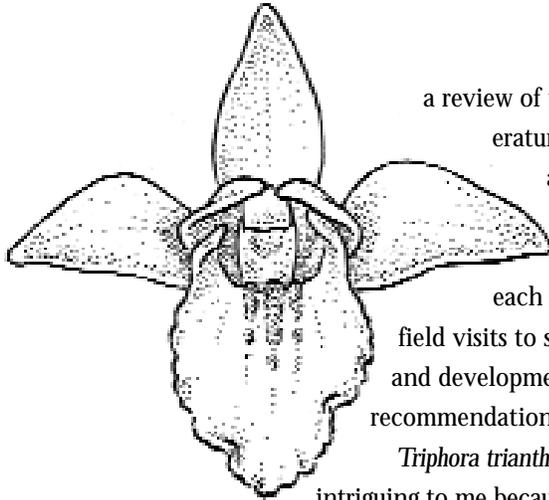
Jenny Ramstetter '81



a student at Marlboro. Bob Engel spent several summers studying populations of the pink lady's slipper orchid near South Pond in Marlboro. Two students who worked with Bob and me, Tiffany Fleming '00 and Don Meno '00, conducted studies of orchids in Vermont. Tiffany studied one of these rare orchids, the threatened ram's head lady's slipper, establishing correlations between plant density and vigor and amount of sunlight. Don worked on questions of soil nutrition and plant vigor in the pink lady's slipper orchid. During my most recent sabbatical/leave, I followed in the footsteps of these orchid biologists and completed a conservation and research plan for the rare *Triphora trianthophora* (three birds orchid) for the New England Wildflower

listed by the state as threatened or endangered. Several people at Marlboro College have studied orchids found in Vermont and elsewhere over the years. Chuck Hutchinson '80 completed his Plan on orchid species diversity while I was

Society (NEWFS). Because of *T. trianthophora*'s rarity in New England, NEWFS included the orchid among plant species for which a conservation and research plan would be developed. Conservation and research plans consist of



Drawings by
Bobbi Angell

a review of the scientific literature on the species,
a review of data on all occurrences of the species in each state of occurrence,
field visits to some of the sites and development of conservation recommendations.

Triphora trianthophora was especially intriguing to me because of its distribution and the many unique features of its biology.

Of the 10 species of *Triphora* found worldwide, *T. trianthophora* is the only species that occurs north of southern Florida; the other species of *Triphora* are found in subtropical southern Florida and Central and South America.

Triphora is known from only 25 sites in five New England states (no sites have been identified in Rhode Island). Nineteen of the 30 states in which it occurs, as well as Ontario, list the orchid as threatened or endangered. In New England, *Triphora* grows in deciduous woodlands often dominated by beech, usually in hollows and depressions filled with leaf litter. Plants produce stems that are generally less than six inches tall and have small, oval-shaped leaves. The stems appear aboveground from a small underground tuberoid. When stems do appear aboveground, they only persist for a few weeks. A stem typically produces from one to three white to pinkish flowers, and each flower remains open for pollination for only a single day. As with many orchids, mycorrhizal (fungal) associations may be important to the survival of the plant. These fungal associations may allow the tuberoid to remain underground for extended periods, with the plant receiving nutrition and water via the fungal connections to dead plant matter or perhaps to live plants, such as the roots of beech trees. There have been reports of the tuberoids remaining underground for years.

Orchid experts and enthusiasts and accounts in the scientific literature describe the difficulty of locating the orchid. The fascinating biology of the orchid—remaining underground for multiple seasons, its brief appearance aboveground, a single day of flowering, and its diminutive size and cryptic appearance—made finding the orchid a challenge. The idea of searching for the orchid was particularly daunting to me because there were no reports of the orchids at several of the New England populations for over a decade. My hope was to find the orchid in at least a few of the 12 sites that my husband Brian and I planned to visit in Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine; however, I prepared myself for less success.

But over the next several weeks we were rewarded by small clusters of the orchid as we knelt near leaf-filled hollows and at the bases of large boulders. Occasionally, hundreds of stems would be scattered through the woods. Some sites were near roadsides, had experienced extensive logging, or were near developments. Only a few occurred in sizeable patches of relatively undisturbed woodland. As we moved north from Massachusetts into Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, and up in elevation from several hundred feet to over a thousand feet, we actually saw the orchid in bloom at all of the sites! In addition to these gratifying experiences, botanists in Massachusetts found a previously unknown population, and in Connecticut the species was rediscovered at one historic site. In Vermont, the most exciting discovery was of a previously unreported population consisting of more than one hundred stems on protected land—the largest and most viable Vermont population known. Finding the orchid in so many of the sites and knowing of the discovery and rediscovery of additional populations was encouraging, but concerns about the conservation status of *Triphora* in New England remain.

For a conservation biologist, the central question is how best to contribute to the conservation of a species. There may be situations when conservation is largely a matter of legally protecting a viable piece of habitat in which the species occurs. However, we often need to do more than set aside a piece of land; several studies demonstrate that even in national parks and other reserves species are lost from these protected areas. Active management may be necessary to prevent the extinction of sensitive species and to preserve the ecological integrity of reserves. But if we don't have a clear understanding of the biology of species and the ecosystems in which they occur, how can we be sure that our reserves or our proposed management activities are adequate to conserve the species in their habitats?

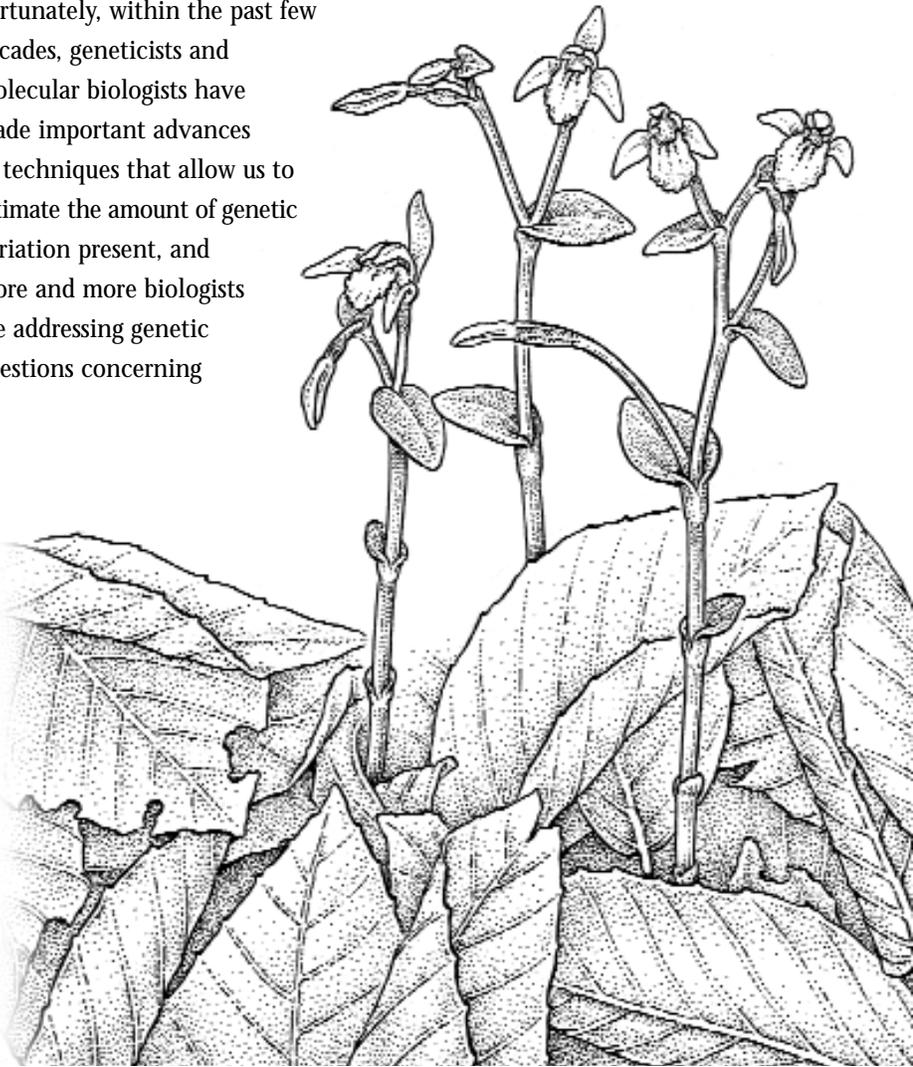
For *Triphora*, there are a number of aspects of the orchid's ecology that may be especially important in management but are not clearly understood. What is the relative importance of sexual reproduction via seed compared with asexual reproduction via the underground tuberoles? How frequently does pollination occur and what is required for seeds to germinate and seedlings to become established? What are typical patterns of population fluctuations? What are the soil moisture, light, leaf litter and mycorrhizal fungi needs of the orchid? How much competition from other plant species can the orchid withstand? What factors prevent the orchid from occurring in what seems to be suitable habitat?

In addition to the ecological questions mentioned above, genetic diversity is also an important aspect of plant biology in conservation efforts. Genetic diversity describes the genetic makeup of a species—both within populations and between populations. Genetic diversity is fundamentally important to plant species (and all species) because it serves as the raw material upon which natural selection can act and thus populations and species can

evolve over time. Without genetic variation, a species cannot evolve; the ability of a species to adapt, for example, to climatic change or the evolution of new traits in competitors or predators is compromised. There is also evidence that genetic variation, in the form of heterozygosity (having two different alleles, or forms, of a gene) in an individual and in the form of polymorphism (multiple alleles for a gene) in a population can lead to higher survival and fitness in ecological time. Developing a solid understanding of genetic diversity in rare plants is necessary in evaluating the evolutionary potential of a species and perhaps the current ecological status of a species.

Despite the theoretical and demonstrated importance of genetic diversity, we have little knowledge of the nature and patterns of genetic diversity present within individuals, populations and species for most plant species.

Fortunately, within the past few decades, geneticists and molecular biologists have made important advances in techniques that allow us to estimate the amount of genetic variation present, and more and more biologists are addressing genetic questions concerning



Jenny Ramstetter has
taught biology and
ecology at Marlboro
since 1989.

rare plants. Initially, scientists used electrophoresis to detect differences in enzymes coded for by DNA, the genetic material. Now, methods exist that allow the DNA itself to be analyzed for genetic diversity. An exciting new possibility at Marlboro is the opportunity to work with biochemist Todd Smith and Marlboro students in the college's new DNA lab to address genetic questions important in conservation efforts (as described by Todd in the Summer-Fall issue of *Potash Hill*).

Several examples of such genetic questions come to mind. Are all of the individuals in a population genetically identical to one another or do they differ? What is the relationship between population size and genetic diversity? Do rare plant species have less genetic diversity than more common, closely related species? Do populations at the edges of their ranges exhibit less genetic diversity than populations of the same species in the central portions of the range? Does genetic diversity correlate with individual or population vigor? Each of these questions could be asked about the orchid *Triphora trianthophora*, and would provide information that would enhance conservation efforts for the species.

On top of the challenge of improving our understanding of the genetics of species, the genetic component of biological diversity does not exist or persist independently of ecological elements, such as pollination, seed dispersal, sexual versus vegetative reproduction and population size. It will likely be decades before we can characterize genetic diversity in rare plants and even longer before we understand the implications of patterns of genetic diversity and the interplay between genetic and ecological factors. As we proceed with genetic research, we need to continue simultaneously with other conservation efforts in the absence of complete genetic information. The priority will be to protect large populations in suitable

natural habitat and to protect numerous populations. Such efforts will maximize the likelihood that populations and the species will persist and that historic genetic patterns will be maintained. Management activities, such as reintroduction of populations and augmentation of declining populations, will have ecological, genetic and ethical consequences and must be approached cautiously.

My initial work with *Triphora* in New England has left me eager to embark on implementing ideas presented in the conservation and research plan I completed for the NEWFS to try to ensure the conservation of the orchid. This will involve a wide range of activities, including conducting basic ecological and genetic research to provide information essential for designating protected areas and for the management of the orchid. It also will include specific tasks that are identified currently such as working with town officials to place posts so that road maintenance does not adversely affect the orchid and talking with landowners about how their land management and activities may affect the orchid. Although there are plants that are more rare and endangered than *Triphora*, I believe that taking positive action for these species and their habitats before they reach the brink of ecological and genetic disaster is critical in our conservation efforts. Biological systems are remarkably complex, and we will succeed in cohabitating with the multitudes of other beautiful and intriguing species on Earth only if we learn about them and use that knowledge to lessen our impacts. Our activities need to be compatible with the existence of other species in functioning ecosystems; we will not succeed in salvaging them once they are critically endangered in postage-stamp size, degraded habitat patches.

The Power of Surveillance

The experiences of Appalachian welfare families offer a lesson to American society

By John Gilliom '82

You have to watch every step like you are in prison. All the time you are on welfare, yeah, you are in prison. Someone is watching like a guard. Someone is watching over you and you are hoping every day that you won't go up the creek, so to speak, and [that you will] get out alive in any way, shape, or form. You know, "Did I remember to say that a child moved in?" "Did I remember to say that a child moved out?" And, "Did I call within that five days?" You know, ... making sure all the time....

It's as close to a prison that I can think of.

Mary, a forty-something mother of three, on welfare, in Appalachian Ohio

Mary is describing her condition of comprehensive surveillance and regulation. There are many who watch her: welfare caseworkers and other bureaucrats, neighbors and community members, and most recently, something known as CRIS-E—the *Client Registry Information System-Enhanced*. CRIS-E is a statewide computer system that manages welfare cases, implements regular number matches and verification programs, and issues automatic warnings and compliance demands for all of the state's

welfare clients. For Mary, and many others, this system of welfare surveillance instills an ongoing awareness of a power that can catch them in a little slip or some petty fraud and punish them with financial penalties, the loss of health care and food stamps, or a prison more literal than the one of which Mary speaks.

Surveillance, as used here, refers to the increasingly routine use of personal data and systematic information in the administration of institutions, agencies and businesses. Over

the past few decades, there have been dramatic expansions in the quality, the breadth and the intensity of programs that use new generations of technology. Some new forms of scrutiny are exotic and high profile, like the FBI's new Carnivore program for Internet surveillance or the new facial recognition technologies. Some are invisible to most of us, like the cookies quietly loaded onto our computers as we browse the Web or our credit card companies' habit of selling information about our spending habits. Others, probably most, are mundane parts of daily life, like the customer cards at the grocery store, the ubiquitous closed-circuit television cameras, the indepth records of the credit reporting industry, the constant monitoring by insurance companies, student testing and records, airport security and so on.

By now, virtually any public or private agency handling large numbers of people is likely to have an advanced surveillance capacity as a central part of its daily operations. On the basis of these systems of information, decisions are made regarding the lives and life prospects of everyone from suspected criminals to prospective home buyers, and from students to welfare families. People have always been observed and evaluated by kin, by neighbors, by employers and by strangers, but now the acts of both watching and being watched have become more complex, more systematic and in some areas, far more critical in the everyday lives of families and individuals. In a way, then, we are all becoming more like Mary. Because of this, a new politics has been created, or, more accurately, an old politics has changed and become more important and more pervasive—the politics of surveillance.

The politics of surveillance necessarily include the dynamics of power and domination. The very idea of *surveillance*—roughly translated as “watching from above”—implies

that the observer is in a position of dominance over the observed. Related terms like *supervisor* or *overseer* remind us that surveillance is not a mere glance exchanged between equals—it is both an expression and instrument of power. Surveillance is almost always used as a means to control or change the way that people behave—whether it is shopping, health care decisions, taxation compliance, the speed at which we drive or the management of a lower income household. In the field of political science, the ability “to control or change the way that people behave” is pretty much a textbook definition of *power* and, often, the basic idea behind patterns of domination.

In some cases, these powers may be exercised through positive incentives or persuasion, like the targeted advertising that offers you discounts based on surveillance of your purchasing habits or a product to help with the side effects of a new medication purchased from a corporate pharmacy. In other cases, there are sanctions: insurance rates go up or policies are discontinued; welfare benefits are cut and prosecutors seek to jail the rulebreakers; traffic tickets rack up expensive fines; students who resist draft registration are denied government loans. These are what we might call the tactical powers of surveillance. But there may be a more subtle power at work, too. This is what has been called the ongoing “power of the gaze.” As we are all trained to our new status of permanent exposure, observation and assessment, our capacity for truly autonomous action is diminished as behavior and consciousness adjust to life in a surveillance society.

Surveillance and Privacy

The rising power of surveillance has not been without opposition and debate. Rallying around something called “the right to privacy”—

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usually defined as “the right to be let alone”—writers, attorneys, activists and politicians have spent decades struggling to prevent, limit or at least manage new surveillance initiatives. But here’s the rub (or part of it): As these lawyers and specialists argue on in the great debate over surveillance and privacy, the general public offers up an occasional yawn and goes on with its business; corporations go on implementing more and more advanced systems of surveillance and government agencies continue to rack up more and more knowledge about our lives. While the privacy experts battled on, we became a surveillance society.

In *Overseers of the Poor: Surveillance, Resistance, and the Limits of Privacy* (University of Chicago Press, 2001), I argue that this great debate over surveillance and privacy is a bust and that the right of privacy has failed us as a tool for understanding and opposing surveillance. The facets of that failure are many and complex and I can give only brief mention here. The first is simple and straightforward: In the last two decades, the right-to-privacy argument has met only marginal success with courts and legislatures and has had very little impact on corporate behavior. It has not mobilized a broad public movement, it has not triumphed in more than a handful of court cases, it has not rallied the legislators, it has not done much to

limit new technologies of surveillance. For these reasons alone, those of us concerned by the rise of surveillance are compelled to look beyond the conventional terms and practices of our work.

But there are more fundamental problems surrounding the right of privacy. In a nutshell, privacy is a very old and limited idea being asked to fit a very new and complex world. As a legal right rooted in aged and problematic theories of individualism, private property and the limited state, privacy is out of synch with the realities of a collective and interdependent society with a complex administrative state and “private” corporations that have as much power as government agencies. Reflecting and compounding this inadequacy, the right to privacy has been stretched so wide and thin that it has been asked to be relevant in situations ranging from sexual and reproductive freedom to police searches of the home to cameras mounted on public highways to the records of whom the Vice President of the United States met with in formulating national energy policy.

This leads to another problem with privacy: its monopoly status. When it comes to talking about surveillance, privacy is pretty much the only show in town and, as such, it has shaped, guided and drastically limited both our conversations and our very understanding of what surveillance is. Because of

The women we met have a robust and often profane dislike for surveillance—they spoke of the welfare computer system as if it were a mean-spirited person, they complained about the constant nosiness of their caseworkers, and, perhaps, most of all, they spoke of the horrible stress of a life in which they were trapped.

the dominant position that the right to privacy has enjoyed in the “marketplace of ideas” surrounding the topic of surveillance, there has been little effort to explore other ways of speaking and thinking about these important issues.

On Beyond Privacy

Armed with a much longer and more heavily footnoted version of the preceding paragraphs, my mission in *Overseers* was to find a group of experts on surveillance policy and find out how they would talk if no one brought up the right of privacy. If successful, the hope was that these experts would produce alternatives to the privacy argument that might help us develop a broader understanding and critique that could address the deficiencies of the privacy argument and, perhaps, point to lines of argument that might have broader salience and appeal.

Because I was interested in finding *new* ways to talk about surveillance, I needed to get away from the normal experts to explore a different kind of expertise, and so I studied rural welfare mothers who live in Appalachian Ohio; women who spend their days under the watch of an advanced system of bureaucratic, community and computer

surveillance. It is they, the daily targets of intensive and ongoing surveillance, who hold the type of knowledge that I hoped to get at.

Ohio’s welfare system relies on indepth questioning of clients as agencies seek and record nearly 900 different information points relating to health, lifestyle, criminality, income, debt, cost of living and so on. In ongoing computer matching programs, data banks around the nation are searched under a combination of state and federal programs, so that the Social Security numbers of everyone in the family of a welfare client will be cross-matched with such things as IRS taxation data, Social Security data and worker’s compensation programs. And there is also the more old-fashioned surveillance of these small towns, where a country fair will often have a state worker distributing balloons, imploring people to “Report Welfare Fraud Now” by calling a toll free number. Posters with the same message are in stores and government offices throughout the area.

So these women truly are the experts on surveillance. Under the cloak of anonymity, nearly 50 of them joined in taped conversations touching upon the stories of their lives, their experiences on welfare and their thoughts about and responses to the new surveillance program. Because of our hope to have these

conversations embedded within a climate of trust and familiarity, they were arranged and conducted by two women who were themselves recent welfare agency clients from the local area. Moreover, because we hoped that the interviews would convey the women's vernacular terms and informal thoughts on these topics, we were very careful to avoid the official vocabulary of surveillance and privacy and to embed our conversations about surveillance in a context of everyday life and casual talk.

The Experts Speak

I don't like everybody knowing me too good.

—Marilyn

The women we met have a robust and often profane dislike for surveillance—they spoke of the welfare computer system as if it were a mean-spirited person, they complained about the constant nosiness of their caseworkers and, perhaps most of all, they spoke of the horrible stress of a life in which they were trapped. Because of their desperate need in a region of widespread poverty and chronic underdevelopment, they were compelled to apply for public assistance and, therefore, to accept the system of surveillance and all of the fear, degradation and danger that it created for them. Jamaica talks with Karen:

How does that make you feel to know they are looking at you like this?

They act like they own us.

How does that make you feel?

It makes me feel real low.

But why the danger? Why the fear? The danger stems from the fact that the welfare program is virtually designed to compel rule breaking. As has been widely documented, cash benefits are not enough to get a family through the month, so a little extra income is needed. Although some income is allowed

under the complex rules of the program, no one is sure how much. And, so, the recipients break the mandatory reporting rules and keep it *all* a secret. Same thing goes for changes in living patterns, gifts from family members, children leaving and other events that might affect their case—unsure of the consequences, frightened by the system, they keep it a secret. And, since these secrets are themselves illegal, most of the women we met with live with an ongoing risk of apprehension and punishment.

But these frightening secrets came with a good dose of pride and moral certainty. The pride comes from the fact that these mothers see themselves as doing the best job that they can do of caring for their children in a threatening situation. One woman who ignored rules about extra income even told us: “If you have kids, you will do anything for your kids. I mean, I do. So it's not really illegal.”

Another was asked if a new computer system would prevent fraud:

“When it comes between you and your family and a computer, there's always a way to do it.... Your kids come first. And if I need something to get through the end of the month with them, I will do it.”

Rethinking the Politics of Surveillance

The stories that we heard were diverse and multifaceted, but amid that diversity an important theme began to emerge. Although they live in a culture that is said to be over-run with rights claims and among the most law ridden on earth, and although they were discussing a topic that has been almost totally defined by debates over legal rights to privacy and due process, the women who are at the center of this research *said very little about rights, privacy, or other potentially emancipatory legal claims.*

In this way, these women represent a very quiet, very unconventional “political” movement in America. Impeded and degraded by the system of bureaucratic surveillance, they don’t write a letter to Congress, call an attorney or join the American Civil Liberties Union. But they do fight back. In a low-intensity campaign based on stealth and chicanery, they quietly look after the needs of their family while tacitly and unintentionally mobilizing a widespread campaign of opposition and resistance to the surveillance capacity of the state.

Instead, the mothers complained about the hassle and degradation caused by surveillance and the ways that it hindered their ability to meet the needs of their families. They told particular stories about daily need and about the power of surveillance to both make their needs greater and limit their capacity to meet them. They explained their own struggles to cope and the power of surveillance to hurt them.

In many ways, then, these women eschew the prevailing languages of the privacy rights paradigm to ground their critique of surveillance within a framework emphasizing their needs, their practical problems and their duty to care for their children. In so doing, they build a critique of surveillance that is based in the realities and demands of everyday life. They also appear to give voice to what has been called the “ethic of care,” a political language that centers on needs, relationships and interdependency and may, therefore, be distinct from the more conventional liberal thinking and its emphasis on abstract principles and individualistic rights claims.

The stories of these women, then, help generate an alternative to the standard vocabulary and venue of the surveillance-privacy debate. It is an understanding of surveillance that is tied to the realities of their daily lives and to the powerful forces that shape them. It centers our attention on the conflicts between people’s efforts to live and cope and the powers of surveillance to control and punish. And it helps us to understand the broad impact of surveillance programs as frightening and degrading strategies of governance. In short, our exploration of these women’s lives and words draws forth an approach to surveillance that says far less about privacy and legal rights than it does about power, domination and conflict.

With these alternative ways of speaking about the problems of surveillance come alternative ways of fighting surveillance. In their struggles to get through the day by beating the surveillance system, these women engage in a widespread and little-noticed

form of anti-surveillance politics—they do things that politicians and many (but not all) welfare officials might view as fraud or cheating, but which the welfare mothers see as some of their only options for caring for their children and struggling with the powers of the state.

As they hide little bits of extra money, or sneak an extra boarder or family member into their home, they make no grand challenges to an invasive bureaucracy, but they do enhance their families' material lives and create small spaces of personal control and autonomy. Since the system of welfare surveillance is specifically designed to prevent these forbidden material improvements and to eliminate personal control and autonomy, we can only see the work of these welfare mothers as an apparently significant and widespread form of anti-surveillance politics.

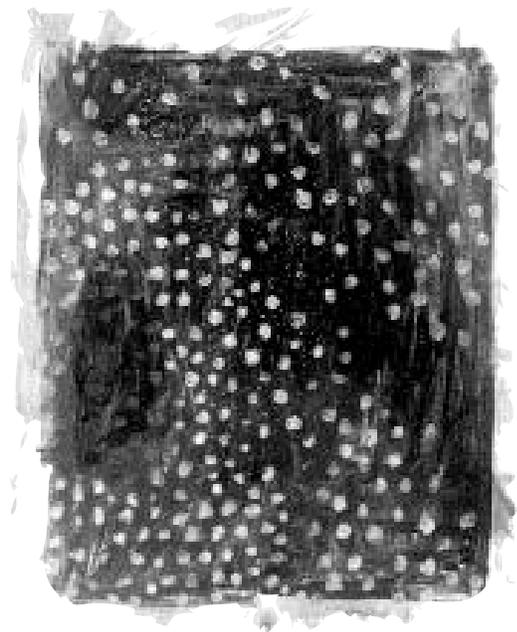
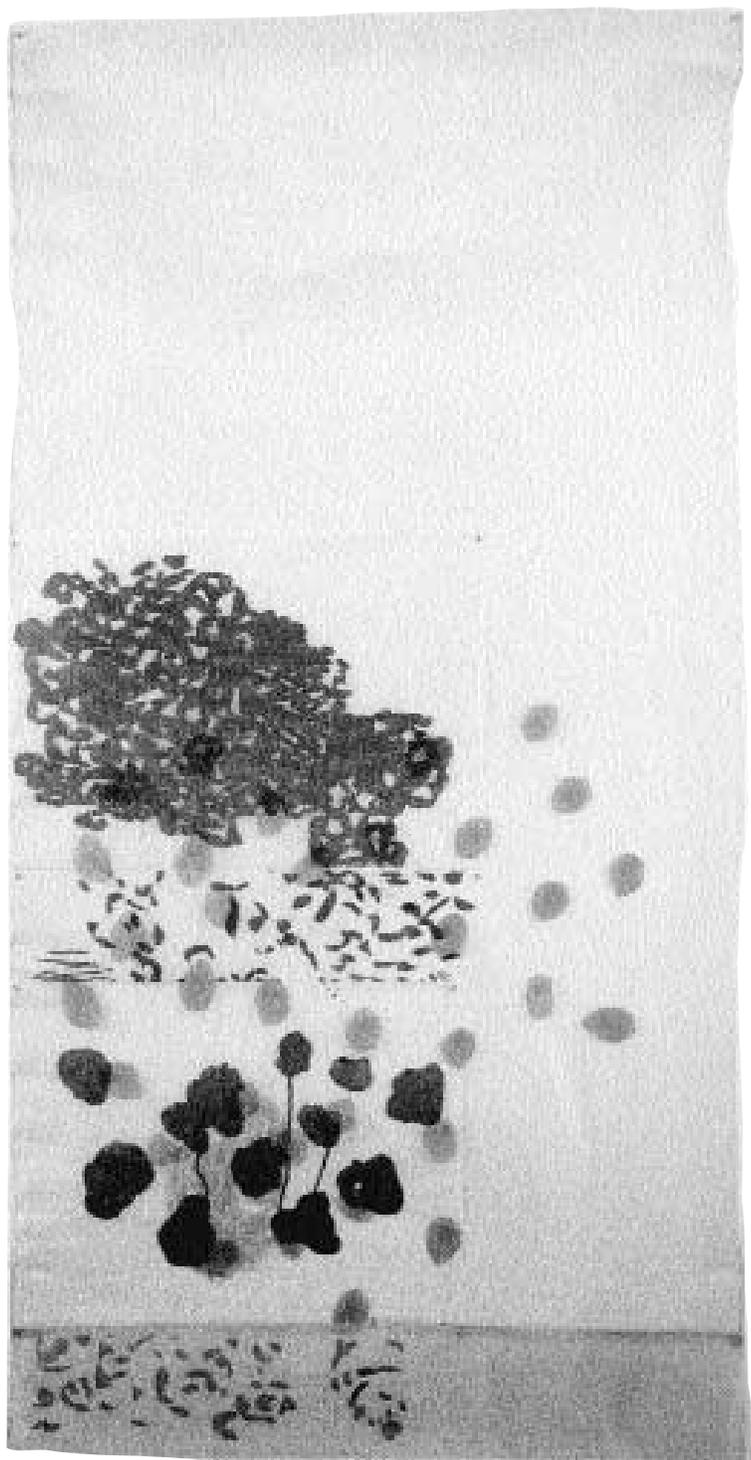
This may seem like pretty mundane stuff, but as surveillance becomes a more mundane and everyday part of our lives, is it not likely that our political struggles over surveillance will also become more mundane and everyday? What this research suggests is that we may need to expand our conventional definitions of politics to follow the expansions that have taken place in the conventional definitions of governance. As the various agencies in our lives seek to monitor and control the many choices we make, as we all become more like Mary, every little challenge or deceit that we offer up takes on the shading of political resistance.

In this way, these women represent a very quiet, very unconventional “political” movement in America. Impeded and degraded by the system of bureaucratic surveillance, they don't write a letter to Congress, call an attorney or join the American Civil Liberties Union. But they do fight back. In a low-intensity campaign based on stealth and chicanery, they quietly look after the needs of their family while tacitly and unintentionally mobilizing a widespread campaign of opposition and resistance to the surveillance capacity of the state.

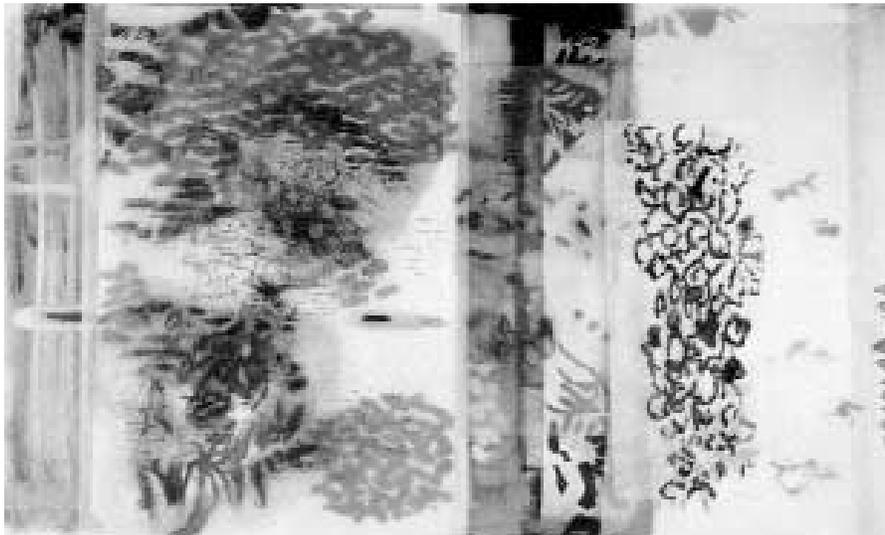
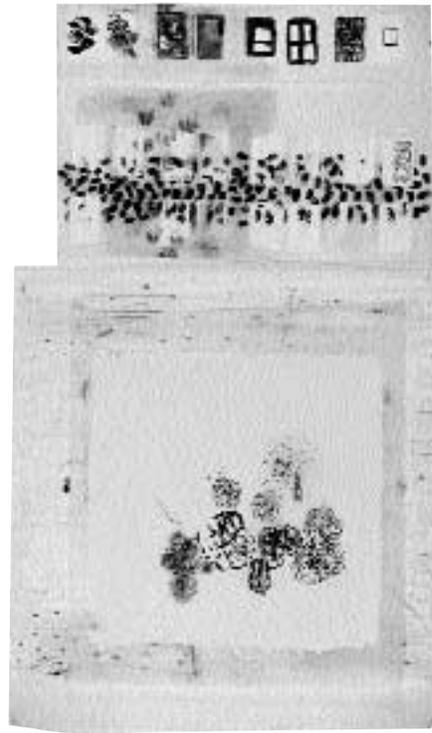
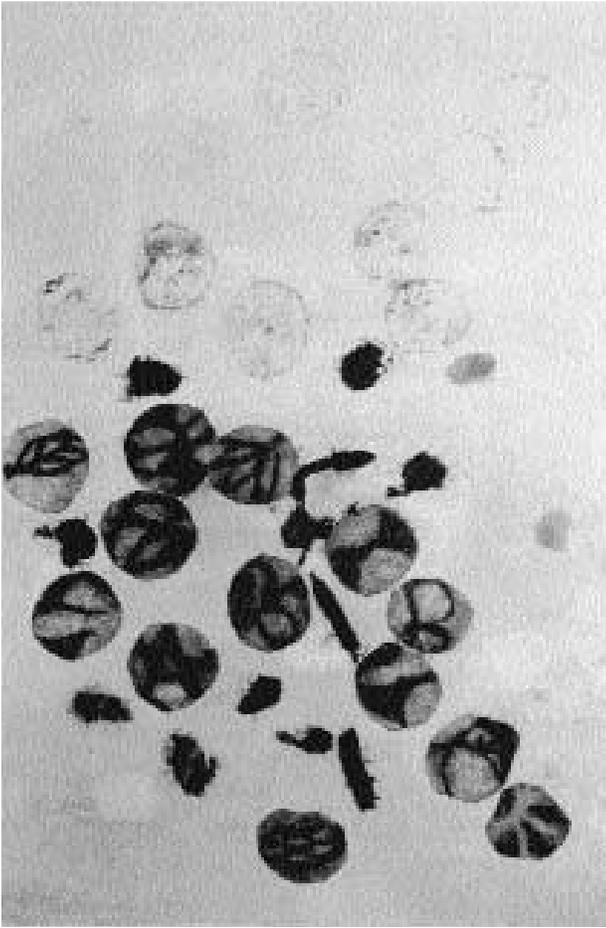
We can also look to Hawaii, where citizens recently brought an end to automated speed traps by obstructing their license plates, broadcasting locations through drive time radio shows and complaining loudly. We can look to the upstarts who, as the bumper stickers urge, “lie to pollsters.” We can look to all those who make small decisions to keep something from the IRS or their insurance company, give a false name for their grocery card, or use cash instead of plastic. Not all such resistance is laudable, for the list surely includes corrupt corporate leaders, deadbeat parents and politicians dodging campaign finance laws. But, taken together, they present a fascinating way to reconceive the politics of surveillance, privacy and our struggles over the new systems of control that define our age.

John Gilliom '82 is a professor of political science at Ohio University specializing in surveillance, law and social movements. He and Amy King '82 raise children, vegetables and livestock in Appalachian Ohio. Gilliom's latest book is *Overseers of the Poor: Surveillance, Resistance, and the Limits of Privacy* (University of Chicago Press, 2001), from which portions of this essay were adapted.

Recent Work by Cathy Osman



Cathy Osman has taught drawing, painting, printmaking and experimental works on paper at Marlboro since 1997. Of her own work she says, "I make images which gather and reorganize information from nature. I like picking up and discarding, weaving and unraveling an image until I am surprised." Cathy has recently exhibited her work at the Mount Holyoke College Art Museum, Gallery A3 in Amherst, the Arno Marnis Gallery at Westfield State College and at the Paula Barr Gallery in New York City. Her work will be exhibited at the Washington Art Association in Washington, Connecticut next fall.



Clockwise from left: *Screen I*—ink/aluminum screen/vellum, 40" x 60", 2001; *Blue Spotted*—oil/paper, 30" x 36", 2001; *Asian Dots*—ink/cloth/vellum, 30" x 44", 2001; *Venetian Blinds*—ink/plaster/vellum, 60" x 50", 2001; *Tasting Touch*—graphite/vellum/rice paper, 40" x 60", 2002.

Sea Change

D. K. McCutchen '84

To Captain Amy Knowlton

Nothing of him that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

—William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

Pushme-pullyous have two propellers, one forward and one aft. If one quits, the other can keep the plane up. One quit.

Bummer.

I've heard her called a Mixmaster too, our plane. Never knew why. Guess I found out, though. Things get confused. She looked like a pale hornet, from below, or some kink-backed dragonfly buzzing madly out over the water; caught in a straight-arrow breeze....

Why do it? I asked, why go there?

It's my dream, she said, *water to her lips and rising...*

Wait, I said, stay a little. Tell me a story.

I'd like a cup of tea, she said.

Me too. So. Do you enjoy flying?

Not anymore, I'd like to avoid it in future, but it's all part of the work. Sometimes we count whales from the air. We radio the big boats so they don't run them over. Plane surveys help us see

whales entangled in fishing nets—before they drown. Whales drown. Like us. A lot of our pilots volunteer their time. It's efficient.

Except when you run out of gas.

Yes, well.

Something dark, clinging like a wet cape, pulling her down, closing her in, cutting off her air. She can't move, water froths past her eyes, fills her mouth, straining upward for a breath while thick, rosy fingers ease her struggling body downward....

What's white and sits on the bottom of the ocean? I asked.

You know, that's really not funny anymore. What is funny was, even when the second engine went, the woman taking notes in the front seat, M, had her head bent over her papers and didn't even know anything was up. Or not up.

I hear those little four-seaters have a rep for vacuum lock. You aren't supposed to completely empty the main belly tank of fuel before switching to a wing tank; that way, when the first one empties and you try switching across to the other wing, *foop!*

No, no, that's not it, she said, *pressed up against the ceiling of the world, such a small pocket of air.* Not it at all. It was a valve, I'm sure of it. You aren't supposed to empty the main tank, true, but they are famous for this lousy mixed-up valve thing. Mixmasters.

Three miles offshore....

Twelve.

The hell you say! Twelve miles off?

Well, she said, you know it was the track line of the survey, the back-and-forth grid-pattern thing, and ours was perpendicular to shore. On the far end of the curve we're pretty far out.

In cold overcast weather?

All the same temp in a plane, she said, the viz was good. I just had shorts and sandals on, Fred was barefoot. The worst is not being able to pee for hours.

But twelve miles!

That's the stinker, she said, you forget how much faster a plane flies over this stuff, boats are so slow really, and that tanker saw us going over them at three miles out.

Oh.

Fumbling at the floating things, wrapped in weedlike lines, eyes staring wide, the world a blur of saltwater, too close, too confined, struggle free, push it away, get out, get up! Up to breathe....

Yeah. That and our mayday going out over the wrong channel.

Who received it do you think?

Oh, you know, the airport we talked to last. They are a slack lot, though, probably nobody monitoring. We forgot to open the door before we hit. Or maybe were too scared to. Water pressure held it closed until the cabin filled with water; equalized. I was practically kissing the ceiling, but not so scared by then. We were on the solid water, safe, you know.

It's like that joke, I said, the one about luckily and unluckily? Luckily, they were flying a pushme-pullyou; unluckily, both engines quit; luckily, they called in an SOS; unluckily, on the wrong channel; luckily, a tanker spotted them; unluckily, it misread their position....

Unluckily, they missed the haystack also ... she stopped.

Well, I said reasonably, you had your handheld.

Ah, she said, I stared at that thing, listening to the pilot broadcasting our position; calmly too, I thought. We still had one engine then, but I figured, bugger it! Why not? So I radioed the Coast Guard on the handheld.

Luckily, I said.

There is an opening. She can feel a paler light. Barriers ahead seem to shift when she bumps against them. Suffocating irritations, heavy webs are sifting around her, but loosely now. It bothers her that she can't hear properly, sound and light bouncing past unexpectedly, a blur, a cacophony of underwater fuzziness, of light and dark and cold in too-small spaces.

I didn't have to pee anymore, she said.

I should think not.

M was still trying to catch up on her notes.

You lie!

Swear-to-dogs, she didn't have a clue what was happening. You know what really got up my nose? That piece from *The Tempest* kept going 'round and 'round in my head, and I couldn't quite remember ... "Those are pearls that were his eyes ... of his bones are coral made...."

What's white and sits at the bottom of the ocean?

Lowbrow.

And proud of it.

I want some tea.

All right, I said. So you gave the Coast Guard the plane's position.

I couldn't see our position, she said, I was in the back seat. The pilot was reading our position out over the blank airport channel.

Luckily, unluckily.

But you did it, I said, that's the important thing. They went out looking.

It is cold, incredibly cold. Cold because there is no more air. It is a little easier to move, though, slowly, coldly. She can feel her eyes adjusting, she is less afraid now, but she wants, wants so badly, that light just ahead. That fractal mirror of sky.

It makes me so mad, she said. That damned valve sticking. A stupid stuck valve, and we run out of gas.

Or a vacuum lock. Pilot error?

No, she said. No. For lack of a valve, the plane was lost. Gods, I've spent my time, my life, watching these whales—what few are left—breeding, calving, getting hit by boats, entangled in set nets, and all the ocean looks so people-busy from that blood-warm, safe cockpit. And each of us, our crew, wishing we could put down for a pee, half dehydrated from boozing it up the night before, from skipping our breakfast cuppa because you just know you'll get an hour out and regret it, wanting a drink of water, bursting for a pee, and then all that huge freezing gray water up close, and no comfortable, warm whale blubber like they have. And you know who belongs out there, finally, but how do they stand it?

The cold?

The loneliness.

Twelve miles offshore, I said.

The tanker reported seeing us at three.

How long? I asked.

Long enough to get damn chilly.

There was one thing, she said. Luckily. The Coast Guard tapes distress calls.

They went out looking?

Oh, yes, they went out looking, especially when that tanker overheard our mayday and called it in. And some guy would be sitting back at the office, miles away, listening to that tape of me moaning about that stupid valve. While the pilot gave our position out to dead airspace, to an airport that wouldn't even bother monitoring a non-emergency channel. Bloody hell!

And they'd look for a long time, no?

Sure, the Coast Guard would give it their best. But it's cold out there

Twelve miles offshore.
Unluckily.

Something gives way, so quick, so easy after all, edging past the close spaces, moving to the light, through the light, sliding past like water, no more grasping fingers, moving out, moving free, claustrophobic confinement slipping into memory, bigger light ahead, above... eyes adjusting, leaving behind even the cold of fear, for a while....

Ah, I get the shivers just thinking about it, she said, I'd really like that tea now.

Okay, but what about the rest of them?

The whales? Oh, they'll keep getting wrapped up in invisible nets, drowned, flukes sliced off by longlines, trapped in fishing weirs, smashed by boats, deafened by bomb tests, shot by hunters in that freezing gray sea until it's lifeless. Empty.

The people, I said, brushing—light as a breath—at her pale arm, all-over gooseflesh. The other people in the cockpit.

You know, she said.

Tell me a story.

Well. The poor sod in the back left corner, behind the pilot, he was sure he'd never make it, there were two or even three others had to get out before he'd have a hope.

Her head fractures the silvery mirror, leaving the quiet, the calm, breaking into light—and is smacked by splatting wind and spray, biting draughts, gray rocky surface, and no others, where are the others?

So with his lips sucking the roof vinyl like the rest of us, I'd say, he decides to drag the life raft out of the back and throw it out the door ahead of him, just so someone will have it.

A saint, I said.

A nincompoop, she said. It surfed over the front seats and hung up against the windshield.

Luckily, he had a parachute; unluckily, the parachute didn't open....

That was Fred. A very nice man. M got out of it easily, once the door would open, never felt a thing. She didn't even know what was going on.

A charmed life.

An instinctual swimmer. Like a baby in the womb. And almost as naked. The cold hit her hard.

The pilot ?

No.

Just—no?

No pilot, no nothing. Just me—oh, and M, of course, floating there like some wounded, sad-eyed seal—next to these two wings lying flat on the water with, presumably, a plane underneath.

And the water, it was calm?

And the water it was not calm, no.

And Fred?

Well, time is odd, all this didn't take so long after all, after the first engine went. When I felt the fear. Then the second engine stopped, and it was so quiet except for the pilot's voice on the radio, and M's pencil scratching away. And you know, you know, they glide well ... and then I was busy for a while, and then it was, and then the water was, shooting like geysers, like someone had turned on a fire hose under us, you couldn't see anything in that, couldn't think. I lost grip on the handheld....

It's okay, I said. It's okay now. And you lost Fred, too.

Oh, no, she said, no. Definitely not, I should think Yes. He popped up about a century later, I'm sure, and there I was—there we were—bobbing around, waiting for the pilot. Didn't even think about the boat yet, and the time kept creeping, you know, cold but slow. And the flesh starting to prickle on my neck because nothing is moving but those damned, those goddamned gray waves.

But the boat! You just can't be twelve miles out without a boat. Pretty far south, she said.

South my aunt Sally, you can get hypothermic in bath-water if you stay in it long enough.

Ugh, let's not talk hypothermia. And didn't I hear someone mention TEA a few millennia back?

So I did, so I did.

The boat, the life raft, shot out of the plane on its own.

It did not.

Something different. The suffocating web has ripped open to become a world so wide, so barren, only the voices of her own kind, the touch of one other, can hold her here, keep her from flying away, spinning off the gray surface or sinking down into dim green depths.

Whatever you say. But I saw this little orange package shoot up out of the water next to the plane, come straight up so fast it was half-airborne for a moment and then plopped down on the water with a splat.

How little.

I don't know. A foot and a half square? Two?

Small boat.

It inflates. Flimsy, though.

Did you go back for him?

Oh, gods. Do you know, I wasn't even thinking of the nosedive she was going to do in a minute, our pushme-pullyou. Not even thinking that we didn't have worlds and worlds of this slow, this frozen grey time. But I couldn't seem to put my face in the water. You know? Couldn't even seem to let my chin droop into it, was still sucking air off the cabin roof ... couldn't seem to take a solid lungful.

So the captain went down with his plane.

Don't be so melodramatic, she snapped. You tell me, what's white and sits on the bottom of the ocean?

You are tasteless.

Then I'll tell you he got out, okay? Same as the others....

You could have said already!

Hell, he popped up joking. Martini in one hand, cigar in the other....

Did he get out!

She searches, her body sore, troubled, her instinct to breathe often and deep, to hug the sky—for a time—with her entire self, to call, to cry out, to remember....

... Holy moley, he says, you people are quick, I duck under to undo my crash webbing and when I come up for air, everyone is gone!

And he threw the boat out ahead of him?

Thought you might not want to leave this behind, our hero says. But—I know—he didn't really have a clue what it was, just felt this thing bumping into him. Got in his way so he pushed it out the door.

Guess Fred was a bit embarrassed.

He'd be so lucky.

Drifting alone at the ragged surface, the deep green begins to draw her down into its cold belly again, beckoning with relentless calm. Home.

So how long would all this take? I asked.

Years, she said, years.

Now everyone's in the lifeboat? Your hero, idiot Fred, and the innocent M?

Sure. Why not? Plus you, of course, as chorus. Flimsy damn rafts, though, she said, have to be really careful not to ship water in these flighty, temperamental things. There were three in the bed, and the little one said....

What about the plane?

Nosedived, about a minute later. Just lying there with her wings flat on the water, soggy as a drowning bird, and then she just dived down....

To the bottom of the ocean.

What's white?

You are, fool. And I feel like my skin is trying to crawl off my bones.

It's cold, I said, will the Coast Guard find you?

That depends, she said. `Cause, luckily, this gem of a dude in orange is sitting listening to a tape somewhere miles and miles away, in some warm, some bone-dry—desiccated—office, probably way inland, and if he listens very carefully to my mayday, and if M's pencil isn't scratching too loud, he just might hear the pilot giving out coordinates over the dead channel....

Do you think? I said.

I think, she said. I think because I am. And I am cold. I am so very, very cold.

The whale swims down toward a patch of bright, calling long echoes through the sea, no one there, no one to answer in all the deep and lonely. She calls again and the sound spirals out, pulsating down, returning as pointillist forms in sound and light and dark, body resonating with images of a large—so large—and empty place.

"I would fain die a dry death."

Quotes the lone woman, shivering in a flimsy raft. Speaking to no one.

Deborah McCutchen's fiction has appeared in several literary magazines and has won a Boscov Award, a Barbara Deming Grant and has been nominated for Best New American Voices. "Sea Change" won the Talahatchie River Festival's Faulkner Award. She is completing an MFA in creative writing at the University of Massachusetts.

On Becoming an American

Paul LeBlanc

September 11, 2002

I will become an American citizen today, a day now burned into American history by its shorthand name 9-11. Some time during the pain and confusion and grief of that fateful day, when no one yet knew what really happened beyond the bare and unfiltered horror of what

we saw on television, I made my decision. After 40 years as a *green carder* (a Permanent Resident in the parlance of the INS)—most of my 44 years—I wanted to be an American in a way that I had never felt before. Truth be told, the decision was probably part of the same knee-jerk patriotism that resulted in ubiquitous flag flying and even in the French declaring “we are all Americans today” in the weeks after September 11.

I really wasn't prepared for that reaction in myself. As a child of the '60s and '70s, it became ingrained in me to think first of America's transgressions rather than its gifts. There was the Vietnam War, then the support of brutal regimes in Central America, and later the global rapaciousness of American corporations. To become a citizen, or to fly the flag, seemed a patriotic gesture reserved for those conservatives I then disdained. My college

education gave me the tools to be ironic, to be critical and even to be fashionably cynical, but did little to make me appreciate America.

Then on September 11, 2001, my generation, old enough to protest but too young to fight in Vietnam, jaded by Watergate, Irangate,

the *Exxon Valdez* and war for oil in Kuwait, and happily nurtured by 20 years of unprecedented economic growth as adults, was finally faced with a crisis much closer to home. Indeed, in just a couple of hours 3,000 people were murdered in New York, Washington, and Pennsylvania simply because they were Americans and this country was now under attack.

I first wanted to become an American because I was angry with the perpetrators of the outrage and wanted to fly the flag in defiance of their deeds. I was proud at the courage of so many in New York and Washington and in the air over Pennsylvania and wanted to symbolically and emotionally link with these genuine heroes in our largely hero-less age. But now, with months gone by, my desire to finally become a citizen has become more complex and in some ways more deeply held.

I am becoming an American to pay a debt. It is a long-held debt for the gifts bestowed upon my family when we immigrated here in 1960. My family's immigrant story includes no backdrop of war or imminent starvation or political persecution. As in most American immigration stories of the last 150 years, a young couple left behind a hardscrabble subsistence farm (in this case in the impoverished Canadian Maritimes) to find a better life for their children. My parents worked two jobs—hard jobs: construction for my father and factory work for my mother, and then cleaned offices together at night. They scrubbed and swept the tenement house in which we rented an apartment too small for the seven of us and when they finished, they worked on cleaning up the block.

The rest of the script is familiar: saving enough to buy a modest home, working to put their kids through public colleges, and here I



Paul LeBlanc in New Brunswick, circa 1962

am, 42 years after we crossed the Maine border, president of a wonderful liberal arts college in bucolic Vermont.

My parents had only eighth-grade educations, and the longest trip they'd ever taken was the one that took them to Waltham, Massachusetts, while my daughters live on a college campus and have climbed the Great Wall of China and wandered the streets of Paris. The granddaughters of an immigrant stonemason and a factory worker can dream of being president and a scientist-author, and in this country, as in few others, it could actually happen.

When the country came under attack, I realized that deep in my bones I think of America as *my country*, even as I was not fully *of it* as a noncitizen. While I've always known that my parents' decision to immigrate allowed *me* to lay claim to all that is possible here—education, opportunity, rewarding work—it was only in the aftermath of September 11 that I fully realized how much *America* had laid claim to me.

I am becoming an American because I want a voice fully invested in the debates that should be occurring in our society. I believe that we are fighting some version of war with an adversary that is something more than a band of criminals, but much less than a state, and in many ways more dangerous than either. However, almost as much as I fear state-supported terrorists, I fear what is happening within this country. I fear a Justice Department that seems intent on overturning fundamental components of the Bill of Rights and invading the privacy of its citizens by reading our emails and enlisting our neighbors and meter readers to spy on us.

As a society we now struggle to make sense of it all one year later. My friends on the left often fail to grasp the nature and substance of the threat we face and seem unable to voice dissent while holding in balance the grief and

anger of the nation. My friends on the right seem overeager to forfeit basic freedoms and are intolerant of anyone who questions the wisdom of the country's leadership. I worry that we have entered a time in our history during which intelligent policy-making has given way to bellicose rhetoric, when honest dissent is branded unpatriotic and even treasonous, when in the ostensible defense of democracy we are being asked to surrender freedoms for which generations of brave Americans have given their lives.

Like so many people, I struggle to find the ill-defined middle ground in this discussion—the one that allows us to defend ourselves without subverting the very way of life we seek to defend. I want to join in the debate and to make whatever modest contribution I can, but not as a long-time interloper within these borders. I want the freedom of speech guaranteed me as a full-fledged citizen, and I want the responsibility that comes with this part of the oath I will recite today, the part that reads: "...that I will support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States of America against all enemies, foreign and domestic." I'll take that oath seriously and uphold it against a zealot in a Pakistani cave or a zealot in the Department of Justice.

America, we're not just living together anymore. It's time to make a lifelong commitment to each other, and truth be told, I've been the one shying away from the commitment all of this time. We've been together for too long for me not to know your considerable flaws, but I've also basked in your greater glories. We have each other for good and bad, and while I work hard to live up to your ideals, I am going to ask you to do the same. And I'm going to do so every chance I get, in the very best tradition of my new country.

Paul LeBlanc is president of Marlboro College.



Will Wootton '72 retires as Marlboro's fundraising chief

Will Wootton returned to Marlboro College 11 years after graduating to replace Hilly van Loon '62 as alumni director. From there he moved on to publications director, director of development and finally, vice president of advancement. Amidst the jokes and good-natured ribbing shared by his admirers at a dinner in his honor in October, President Paul LeBlanc credited Will with literally keeping the college afloat during grim financial times.

While he handed off the editing responsibilities of Potash Hill many years ago, first to Susan Keese and then to Kevin Kennedy, Will remained a vital asset of the magazine, participating in the planning of each issue and offering valued advice. The current editorial format of Potash Hill represents his vision.

The following is excerpted from the remarks Will offered at his dinner.



Right off the top let me answer the question most frequently asked: What am I going to do now? I'm lucky and have just last week accepted a new job as vice president for advancement at Montserrat College of Art in Beverly, Massachusetts. Montserrat is one of some 40 professional art colleges offering a B.F.A. It is the poorest of the 40, I believe. It's just 30 years old. The alumni are correspondingly young. They've had five presidents in the past 12 years. The trustees are dedicated, frustrated, maybe ready to rumble. The faculty is woefully underpaid. Like the staff, they are fearlessly dedicated to the place, its ethos and its students. There are 400 students—400 refugees from traditional higher education—as Cathy Osman warned me.

Does any of this sound familiar?

And now to answer the second most frequently asked question, often inferred but very evident: Is Lulu going with you?

...I'm very excited about my new job. I've always been susceptible to the conspiracy of the arts that seeks to make human beings of us despite ourselves. So I feel very comfortable there, teetering on the edge of disaster, surrounded by art.

I want you to know that I feel particularly privileged to have experienced and survived, relatively intact, 19 years in the administration at Marlboro, in addition to my years as a student.

When I arrived in 1969, Marlboro was just 20 years old—the lore and practices of the pioneers were still fresh—they were still amongst us in number back then, on the faculty and staff, on the board, in town.

The college has matured some over the past 30 years: It is stronger, prettier, richer, and more assured of itself. The college and I are the same age, you know. However fantastic and dangerous our prolonged adolescence was, we can never go back. We were lucky to get away with it the first time, frankly.

My leave-taking constitutes a 100 percent turnover in staff in 19 years. I guess, on the faculty side there has been a 60 or 70 percent turnover in the same period.

The problem I'm having now, that has come upon me in force in just the past few weeks is this: I no longer distinguish between who is here now, and who was here then. I see Marlboro

now—really, I experience Marlboro now—as a tiny but hardly knowable galaxy that swirls and shifts all around me. A universe unto itself.

I met the founding president Walter Hendricks a number of times. When I was a junior Roland Boyden was acting president, then Tom Ragle returned to finish out my college years. I worked with Rod Gander for 14 years. And finally, now, five years with Paul LeBlanc.

Thus, I know a lot about Marlboro's presidents—they remind me of boxers—falling back exhausted into the hands of us corner men, who

swab them down, hydrate then, patch them up, tell them to keep moving—bob and weave! bob and weave!—and then send them back out into the fray. Round after round, for as long as they can take it.

But in the Marlboro universe you can see their star trails, all equally bright and complex, moving through their time, weaving around and through the more numerous and considerably larger and more powerful constellations of faculty, of staff, of students who morph into alumni, of trustees—who simply morph—of friends, of this physical place.

No one has died or disappeared in this universe.

Audrey Gorton is still smoking little cigars.

Corky Kramer is still grumpy.

Mary Fullerton answers the phone.

John Straus is chairman of the board.

I smoke a corncob pipe.

The class of 1972 is there, whole and complete. And rather splendid, I think.

Every faculty meeting that ever took place is there. And every Town Meeting.

Every rebuttal T. ever wrote is there, in full, and every utterance from Jet.

Every single one of Paul's emails, and their back-ups, are there.

Every beer John Hayes ever drank is there, momentarily unopened, if you look at the right place.

And of course the black holes are there. Those places that had, in the past, the potential to suck up and destroy everything, through bad luck, bad timing, or weakness. Those are places none of us should ever have to return to.

Nineteen years of my phone calls and conversations are there. Thousands and thousands of them, reaching out to all the constellations, back and forth through time. Each linked to an individual who in one way or another was a member of this universe. And because I was making the call, probably a paying member.

It's a very satisfying vision. The way I see it, from my vantage point, we all look pretty good.

Still. There is down-to-earth reality and things I feel bad about. Relationship building—even open, simple friendship—especially as it is revealed in the peculiar practice of hugging—doesn't come easily to me. That shortcoming is probably at the root of my problems.

I want to smooth any feathers I've ruffled. I want to go out on the high road.

I have had my differences with individual faculty members; there's some evidence of that. As well as disagreements with parts of or even whole academic areas. And years and years ago, I admit to provoking run-ins with the entire faculty—that would then unite like a Chinese dragon and try to scare me off.

So I confess to that. And, further, I admit those transgressions and manipulations involving the board of trustees, which, like the faculty, I see as both a collection of motivated, well-intentioned,



Will with close friend
and Marlboro trustee
Gail Manyan Henry '72.

often brilliant individuals but also collectively as a single unfathomable creature the life-source of which must be unearthly to be so strange.

I can't express to you the admiration and gratitude I have for the board. My long association with that group allowed me to hang at some of the finest bars and clubs in cities and towns across America.

It's places like that where people like Jerry and Elizabeth hang out, too. And Andy, our current chairman—he knows how to hang onto the oak rail for the greater glory of Marlboro, I assure you. And Ted Wendell and Lil Farber—well, they're best left sober—they'll want us all home safely.

The board of trustees is like my hockey club—I get teary when I think of leaving them.

Staff, on the other hand; no apologies needed there. Staff is family. Genuine family. Extended family. Family that won't go away. Family with crazy aunts and weird cousins and thumping noises in the attic. But a family that comes together, in some ways needs to be together, because up here at this place that's the only way to survive and not go insane.

And those outside the college—those bright constellations of alumni, parents, friends of the place—they are all as much a part of it as anything else. Completely interdependent—never one without the others—it is unimaginable and impossible to separate out the components of this universe without it self-destructing.

Bringing hope to Calcutta street children Noah Levinson wasn't new to travel, other cultures or people of different beliefs when he first set out for India in 2000. In fact, he had already spent time carrying out community service work in Mexico, Thailand and Ghana and had seen more international locales than people twice his age. But he could hardly have predicted that a six-week service project would lead him to create a mobile health clinic in Calcutta two years later.

It was in 2000 that he heard from a Muslim friend of the work of Mother Teresa's Home for the Dying Destitutes in Calcutta.

"I listened to him, called my father, and asked him for a plane ticket to India. He said, 'no,'" recalls Noah. "I asked him if he would split the cost of a ticket to India and he agreed." So the summer before his freshman year at Marlboro, 18-year-old Noah headed off with his friend for six weeks in India.

"As I walked into *Nirmal Hriday* [the local name for Mother Teresa's Home, meaning "Pure Heart" in Bengali] for the first time, I was exposed to a reality I had never before imagined," he reported recently to a synagogue in Brattleboro. "Before me were 100 men and women, most of them nothing more than skeletons with a thin layer of flesh covering their bones. They had nothing; and they were desperately in need of the love which Mother Teresa and her workers were there to give. We spent nearly six weeks at Nirmal Hriday and I was blessed with the opportunity to be with people as they made their journeys from life into death. Never before had I felt so close to God. Never before had I felt I was experiencing the face of God."

Returning home and entering Marlboro College as a freshman were difficult for Noah, he says; he had left his heart in India.

He returned to Nirmal Hriday the following summer.

While he found the work at Mother Teresa's Home for the Dying Destitutes fulfilling, he said he wanted to do more than comfort the dying.



Noah Levinson at his mobile health clinic in Calcutta.

“I asked myself, was this going to be enough for me?” Noah’s answer came in the form of a young man named Sudip who died in his arms. During his first summer in India, Noah was helping bandage street children in a Calcutta neighborhood when he ran out of bandages and medication. He noticed that Sudip, who had cut his head on a rusty nail, was turned away without treatment. Infection set in, and a year later, what was once an easily treated injury had become a deadly wound.

“The pain and anguish this caused me were excruciating,” says Noah. “On some level I felt responsible for Sudip’s death. And it did not seem mere happenstance, in a city with a population of 13 to 15 million people, that we had met again,” he says. “I took this death as a sign from God that our wrestling was over; that indeed more could be done and needed to be done.”

Noah decided to create a mobile health clinic: a vehicle with a doctor and a nurse and medical supplies that would drive around the poorest slums in and around Calcutta, providing medical treatment to street children. A clinic that would never have to turn away a child for lack of supplies.

He knew he needed to return home to gather support for the project. Within two months he had raised more than \$30,000.

In January, 2002, Noah returned to Calcutta with a single suitcase and funding for the clinic. He hired a doctor and a nurse and bought a vehicle and medical supplies.

The mobile clinic now provides treatment to some 650 street children on the fringes of Calcutta. It provides monthly checkups, medicine, surgery, substance abuse treatment and orthopedic braces.

Back at Marlboro, Noah is now focusing on his studies. He intends to incorporate his experiences into his Plan of Concentration by writing about the program he developed and by coming up with a way to monitor the program’s impact and success with the people of Calcutta. He is also looking to garner more support for the new program. —*Erin George*

Out of Africa and back There’s not a lot of overlap between snow-white Marlboro College, on its pastoral New England campus, and Mzuzu University, in its namesake city of 90,000 in sub-Saharan Malawi. But for now there is Tom Toleno, longtime Marlboro psychology professor and current Fulbright fellow. Tom spent the first 10 months of 2002 teaching, advising, administrating, liaisoning and even sleuthing at the newest public university in the world’s poorest democracy.

Tom reports that one of the biggest cultural differences he faced was that procrastination wasn’t—couldn’t be—tolerated. With 16 percent of its population dying from HIV/AIDS, life in Malawi is fleeting and precious. “When you say to people, ‘we don’t need to get to this now, we can do this in six months,’ they say, ‘I might not be alive then.’ And they’re right.” In Tom’s time there he saw one Mzuzu University dean and three department heads die of AIDS.

After a semester start delayed by lack of funds, Tom dived into his work building up the research component of the university’s educational psychology program. He taught Mzuzu professors how to teach the practicum part of the curriculum, he taught educational psychology classes to undergrads and he advised 60 seniors carrying out psychology research. He also got the university’s Internet connection back up by convincing the local U.S. AID office to pay Mzuzu’s \$15,000 phone bill, and he exposed what may be a case of corruption in the university’s purchasing department.

“I have lots of things going on. That’s why I have to go back,” explains Tom of his imminent return this fall. “Ten months isn’t enough to get all this done.” —*Kevin Kennedy*

Student research touches five continents Teaching poetry in a New Hampshire jail. Assisting doctors in a rural Uganda hospital. Interviewing human rights abuse victims in Burma. Summer offers Marlboro students an opportunity to carry out off-campus research for their Plans of Concentration, and this year, thanks to a gift by the Atlantic Philanthropies of New York, nearly two dozen students received financial support for summer internships and research in a variety of curricular areas on five continents. To obtain the grants, students submitted proposals detailing their research plans and promised to report on their experiences upon returning to Marlboro.

Lara Knudsen explored the reproductive health services available to women in Uganda. She spent the summer getting a first-hand look at the health care system there by working as a medical aide at Kiboga Hospital, as a research assistant for a World Health Organization study in the Masaka and Rakai Districts, as a data entry clerk in Kampala and as a research assistant in Kampala for study on family planning and population policy.

Interviewing residents of a Burmese border town, Nick Sivret investigated perceptions of human rights abuses by those suffering from them, and found some surprising results. He maintains that the concept of human rights is considered by many there to be an imperialist Western construct, which is therefore viewed suspiciously.

Flamenco dance and Federico García Lorca's poetry were the focus of RoseAnna Harrison's summer research as she traveled through Spain, examining poetic and kinetic self-expression.

Allison Gammons dug through materials at the Oregon Holocaust Resource Center in her home state, and traveled to Finland where she investigated that country's World War II museums.

Megumi Konno ventured to Argentina, where she researched the cultural implications of kissing as a common form of greeting from the perspective of someone who grew up in socially conservative Japan.

Back in the States, Mona Ibrahim lived in Beverly Hills and examined the pop music industry there. She worked at The Firm, an independent label that records Los Angeles-area musicians. Mona said the experience reaffirmed her belief that despite common perceptions, most rock musicians possess a strong work ethic and good understanding of the music business.

Scott Sell, whose Plan involves analyzing, writing and teaching poetry, used the art form to break down barriers to self-expression thrown up by prisoners at the Cheshire County Department of Corrections in Walpole, New Hampshire. Scott documented his experiences with students behind prison walls using the Freirian pedagogical model of teaching poetry.

Gathering research for her Plan of Concentration on the presentation of women in mass media, Laura Martin worked as a research assistant at Media Education Foundation in Northampton, Massachusetts. While reading literature on the subject, Laura tracked how Media Education Foundation theorized gender issues.

Matthew Temple spent his summer becoming a movie producer; pulling together the disparate business, creative and technical elements necessary to create a 16mm feature film. He co-wrote *Senses of Place* with Marlboro film professor Jay Craven and had Marlboro senior Pat McMahill direct it (full coverage of the film project, shot in the fall and edited this winter, will be in the next issue of *Potash Hill*).



Lara Knudsen and a local doctor at a clinic in Uganda.

Jay Snyder and Marissa Tanenbaum helped create Marlboro's new organic garden, described on page 33, and each made a portion of the garden the focus of their biology field research: Jay's on "no-till" beans and Marissa's on intercropping onions and carrots in the same plot.

Lee Collyer criss-crossed the Green Mountain state, chronicling the lieutenant governor campaign of Vermont Progressive Party candidate Anthony Pollina, who ultimately earned 25 percent of the November vote.

In Brattleboro, Shura Baryshnikov researched issues surrounding maternity, motherhood and the current climate of social support for caregivers for her Plan of Concentration in American studies and women's studies.

Killy Bascom conducted observations of the interactions between children and their caregivers at a local daycare center, and observed the actions and behavior of abused children. She also met regularly over the summer with her Plan of Concentration sponsor, literature professor Geraldine Pittman de Batlle. —*Erin George and Kevin Kennedy*

Howell lends expertise to international education initiatives

Anyone who asked Dana Howell in September what she had done on her summer vacation heard about more than barbecues and beach reading. Marlboro's cultural historian and expert on Eastern Europe compressed a sabbatical's worth of experiences into three months.

There was Budapest, where Dana participated in a roundtable discussion on what kinds of programs the Open Society Institute of the Soros Foundation should pursue. OSI develops, funds and maintains democracy-building initiatives in former Soviet republics. Dana was invited by Rhett Bowlin '93, the deputy director of its Higher Education Support Program and a former Plan student of Dana's.

Then it was back to the States to Harvard University and a five-week National Endowment for the Humanities seminar exploring the development of an integrated history of Eurasian civilization. The conference itself was valuable, Dana says, and the heat wave that hit Cambridge during her stay there in an air-conditioning-free dorm prepared her for her next summer stint: two weeks in 120-degree Uzbekistan.

Dana was invited there by OSI to review faculty summer schools, a central Asian equivalent to this country's National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) programs. "It's an interesting project to bring faculty together to develop a Central Asian faculty network, and to update local faculty on international scholarship," said Dana of the summer schools. An eventual outcome of the schools may be the creation of a Central Asian University that combines the resources of Uzbekistan, Kyrgyzstan, Tajikistan, Turkmenistan and Kazakhstan.

Dana points out that she did have an opportunity for beach reading, however. She accompanied her husband, Marlboro history professor Tim Little, to Hawaii for an NEH institute on Japanese history and culture at the University of Hawaii's East-West Center in Manoa. "I applied to the institute in order to support the Asian studies initiative at Marlboro," says Tim. With just 25 fellow faculty members from around the United States and American Samoa, Tim studied Japanese history and culture—language, literature, religion, visual arts, politics, popular music, economics, sociology and film—in a setting he describes as "rich with Asian influences."

"I have done some plans in Japanese history and can do more now with a better background," says Tim. "I'm now studying the Heian Court with Claudia Watson, who is doing a Plan focused on the *Tale of Genji*." —*Kevin Kennedy*

Planting a legacy It was a Tuesday morning in late June when senior Jay Snyder sat cross-legged on a bale of hay. Aside from being a bit concerned about how his peppers and tomatoes were coming along, he said he was confident in what would be a “good first harvest.”

It was not the first time Jay or any of the five other students involved with Marlboro College’s farming project had spent the day weeding the hillside and watching the sky for signs of weather changes. On the contrary, the students spent anywhere between 20 and 40 hours a week mucking in the dirt. Enduring April temperatures in the 90s, six inches of snow late in May and soil rocky enough to make the hardest pioneer despair, the students returned day after day to tend what was obviously becoming more than a summer hobby. Through it all, Jay and cohorts Marissa Tenenbaum, Eliot Goodwin, Allison Lennox, Sarah Grant, and Elizabeth Garofalo hand tilled an extensive, fully organic garden complete with perennial flowers and herbs.

The purpose of the garden, the farmers said, was as much about research as it was about leaving behind a living legacy and seeing through a new idea. Jay and Marissa each used the garden as the focus of their biology field research; Jay’s comparing the success of “no-till” beans to those traditionally planted, and Marissa’s examining the value of intercropping two or more different vegetables together in the same plot.

The project began in the spring of 2002 when students presented their plans at Town Meeting and asked for financial support. A unanimous vote of support by the college community gave them \$1,000 for seeds and tools.

By late August the farmers were making their vision a reality. Incoming students involved in the Woods Orientation program’s first-ever farm project joined the upperclassmen in the garden—a move the student farmers hoped would encourage future interest in the project.

The fruits of the farmers’ efforts came together at a feast in October when they shared their produce with the community at harvest party. There, members of the community ate winter stew, butternut squash soup, cabbage soup, chili, homemade bread, carrot-apple-raisin salad and garden salad—all from the farm. The baked squash, melon salsa, pumpkin bread, honeydew, watermelons, carrot cake, and apple crisp brought out a large crowd. “One woman even said our meal was better than her mother’s Thanksgiving dinner!” Allison said. “A lot more people than we were expecting showed up.”

By mid-October, with the Harvest Party dishes done and less work to do on the farm, the founding farmers were happy with how far they had come.

“When we broke ground in late April, I honestly wasn’t certain that we would be able to grow anything. As it turned out, we were successful with almost every single crop that we planted and ended up with much more food than the six of us could ever eat alone,” Allison said.

Allison said she is hopeful about the future of the farm. “We will be losing three of our six farmers in the spring because they will be graduating. It will be necessary, therefore, to secure a few more devoted, seriously interested individuals to sustain the farm,” she said. She added that those students may not be so hard to find. —*Erin George*



Students Elizabeth Garofalo, Jay Snyder, Allison Lennox and Eliot Goodwin in the campus organic garden they created.

Photo by Sarah Lavigne '98

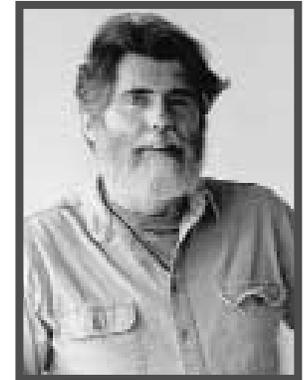
Worthy of note



Literature professor **Geraldine Pittman de Batlle** (above) spent her spring sabbatical teaching in two hemispheres. It began in January when she ran a workshop on Jane Austen in North Bennington, Vermont. She and her husband, music professor **Luis Batlle**, then headed to his native Uruguay for two months. During their stay, Geraldine taught workshops on Charles Dickens, Jane Austen, Toni Morrison and William Faulkner to teachers in English institutes. She also spent time preparing for a cross-disciplinary course on the music and literature of Faust, which she and Luis taught here in the fall. Luis taught master classes to Uruguayan university students and played chamber music with his friends. The highlight of her stay, says Geraldine, was afternoons spent with Luis' mother Maltilda Batlle, hearing stories of her past and of the history of Uruguay. Geraldine recalled reading an article three years ago about *Doña Batlle* that began "there is no woman in the world like her"; it is a judgment she confirms. Luis also pointed to time spent with his mother and with his brother, the president of Uruguay, as his high points. Luis' mother died in September.

While he wasn't able to attend any of the performances, **Stan Charkey** can take pleasure in knowing that his compositions were recently played to audiences as far afield as Ghent, Belgium and Norwich, Vermont. A Rice University trio, led by cellist Norman Fischer, wanted to be sure to include work from a Vermont composer in its November performance as part of a community music series in Norwich, and so commissioned a piece from Stan. In December, Vermont-based pianist Michael Arnowitt performed several of Stan's pieces in Ghent and Amsterdam. Arnowitt is no stranger to Stan's work, having recorded a number of his compositions over the years.

500 people over eight nights at New England Youth Theater in Brattleboro. While he admits that he felt pulled in many different directions as he was fundraising, marketing and directing simultaneously, "as I watched all eight performances, and observed the audience reactions, it was very satisfying."



Michael Boylen's (above) summer travels took him from the densely settled Danish countryside to the barren landscapes of Baffin Island. He began in Copenhagen, exploring ceramics exhibits at decorative arts museums, and from there ventured around the country, visiting fellow artists, working for a few weeks in a friend's pottery studio in Jutland. He then hooked up with former Marlboro physicist **John MacArthur** for an 11-day Arctic cruise on a Russian research ship retrofitted into an Australian expeditionary vessel. Along with some 125 Canadian and Australian eco-tourists, the pair ventured along the west coast of Greenland—a former Danish territory—and the eastern edge of Canada's Northwest Passage. In addition to the walruses, polar bears and sea birds, Michael also enjoyed exploring the villages dotting Greenland's coast. "The beauty, utility and craftsmanship of the ceramics of the Inuit people were inspiring," recalls Michael. "It was work that was created in an unusually harsh environment."



Marlboro sociologist **Jerry Levy** (above) has acted in many theater productions and one star-crossed film, but over the summer he stepped off the stage to direct and produce his first play, Herb Gardner's *A Thousand Clowns*. Performed by the Acting on Impulse theater company Jerry founded with **Thomas Griffin '86**, starring **Jeremy Kacik '02** and with **Nora Zale '04** working as assistant director, the production played to

"Picture quiet mornings listening to Chopin; a cappuccino within reach; me, sitting at my computer, typing out paragraph after paragraph of stories compiled from recalled anecdotes about acquaintances and past students....turning back the centuries through reading histories and letters of my soon-to-be immortalized characters." So reports math professor **Joe Mazur** of his sabbatical. Joe is researching and writing a book about the struggles of invention and mathematical thought, work that sent him twice to Europe to interview fellow mathematicians, including three former Marlboro math fellows. He plans to make more trips abroad and in this country to interview historians, psychologists and more mathematicians in an effort to describe this esoteric field to an intended readership of well-educated non-mathematicians.



The Michaelmas issue of *Oxford Today* reports that Oxford alumna and Marlboro literature professor **Heather Clark** (above) won the Nevill Coghill Poetry Prize. Heather's winning poem, "Under the Raft," was inspired by memories of summers at her grandmother's house on Cape Cod. She submitted the poem while completing her doctoral thesis last year at Oxford's Lincoln College.



Marlboro sophomore **Dan Caspe** (above) knows what it means to work at setting up an internship. Unable to study Buddhism as he had planned with Tibetan monks in exile in Nepal, Dan set his sights on the Sera Monastery in southern India. When he arrived last winter, however, the monks there proved to be skeptical of this American student's interest in Buddhism and of their own ability to accurately present their teachings to the Western world. But Dan didn't give up and remained at the monastery, attending as many as five daily prayer sessions and getting to know the monks. Ultimately his perseverance and sincerity paid off, and Dan was invited to live at the monastery with 50 Tibetan monks. He studied chanting, Buddhist rituals and debate. Unfortunately, some 10 weeks into his internship, tensions between India and Pakistan forced Dan to finish his studies in the United States.

It didn't take long for members of the CBS film crew to realize they weren't in New York City anymore. The crew came to campus on October 18 to interview students who multi-task—work on several tasks simultaneously without skipping a beat—for a *CBS Sunday Morning* show that ran a week later. Self-proclaimed multi-taskers themselves, the crew admitted to feeling (happily) a little out of their big-city element. The following are comments from the crew that *Potash Hill* caught on tape:

"We thought we would stop for breakfast when we got to Marlboro. We got there, saw the fire department, and I said, I'm not so sure we're going to find breakfast here. I think this is the town. So we ate lunch on campus, which was nice."

"This place is my two seconds of serenity."

"What a quiet, contemplative society."

"We love coming to areas like this where cell phones don't work. They can't beep us and call us back to work."

The piece ultimately featured on-air comments from Marlboro President **Paul LeBlanc**, his daughter Emma and Marlboro freshman **Andrew Hood**.

—*Choya Adkison-Stevens '04, Meghan Chapman '06, Erin George, Kevin Kennedy*



'48

HUGH MULLIGAN's mystery novel *A Christmas to Forget at 221B* was published in time for Christmas this year. "This is the first mystery yarn I'll have in print since winning the Ellery Queen Magazine Award with a short story written at Marlboro back in the Pioneer days," Hugh noted. He also wrote the opening chapter of *The Craft of Journalism* which was published last year. Not one to sit still for long, Hugh spoke about his friendship with author James Jones during the Vietnam years at a seminar on Jones at the American University of Paris last June.

'49

JOHN KOHLER writes, "Wonderful to see photos from the Pioneer years—**LARRY** and Vera, **HUGH** and **WELLS**, **CHRIS**! I am really sorry not to have made it. Things go on for Elsie and me. We saw **JIM SHINGLE** '50 last April in Honolulu and we were back at Marlboro for my 50th and saw Larry and Vera Smith at that time."

'51

"**SAM**" **JUSTIN LIGHT** and his wife celebrated their 53rd anniversary this year. "We have five adult children and five young grandchildren," he writes. "Sam is 83!"

CHARLES STAPLES was inducted into the Chicago Senior Citizens Hall of Fame in May 2002 for his volunteer work at the Chicago Department of Cultural Affairs.

'52

HARRISON "CAP" ELDREDGE works "to mediate between juvenile offenders and their victims and does occasional library duty for the Alliance Francaise. How Marlboro has changed from the backwoods school-house I knew."

'59

"Life goes on about the same," write **BRUCE** and **BARBARA COLE**. "Busy with the land—logged some nice cherry. Taking care of gardens, a few animals. Family visits from our five kids and nine grandkids keep us young! Kids fine but scattered. Barb occasionally helps in the Marlboro College bookstore and takes a course or two for fun. Bruce keeps busy with outside work painting houses, cutting wood and mowing lawns."

'62

PATRICIA MILLER NOYES "had a nice trip to Glacier National Park this fall—WOW."

'63

JON POTTER "just published a book for new English teachers: *The First Year English Teacher's Guide to Beartraps*—see Amazon.com, etc. Still teaching after 33 years, and it's still fun."

'64

STEPHEN SMITH and his wife left their boat in Vermont for the summer and went to Anchorage, Alaska. "I'm homesick for a state I can drive across in one and a half hours," writes Stephen. "Alaska is huge!"

'68

SHEILA LANGDON GARRETT received a master of divinity degree from the Earlham School of Religion in May 2001. Since then, she has been at The Meeting School, a Quaker boarding school in New Hampshire. "I teach art and peace studies, house-parent, garden, and milk cows!"

RICK NICKERSON writes, "Johnny is attending his first year at Elon University while Molly is doing her graduate studies at the University of Colorado. Roxanne and I are empty nesters and still living in West Chester, Pennsylvania."

'71

"Spent five weeks at the MacDowell Colony recently," wrote **JOHN FAGO** in June, "and I felt like I was back at Marlboro in the 1960s."

"Three years as dean of students at Putney School was enough!" writes **FRED GRAY**. "I'm back to teaching languages fulltime there and dorm head too, which I love! My daughter Harriet married Warren Trezevant in February on a yacht at dawn in San Francisco Bay. I shall be a grandfather in September."

DEBORAH TUTTLE MARTINEZ writes that she finally bought her first house, in the Gentilly Woods section of New Orleans. "I'm glad to live on a street (Stephen Girard Avenue) named for a U.S. hero."

'72

DENA DAVIS spent last spring teaching bioethics at Bar-Ilan University in Israel on a Fulbright Fellowship. "While my friends and family obsessed about safety, I tried to cope with living in a country where I couldn't speak the language, read the alphabet or use the Yellow Pages. It actually was a fascinating although challenging experience, augmented by sidetrips to Cyprus, Crete (my favorite), Turkey and Jordan."

BARBARA HONTHUMB writes "Life is good—and getting better every day."

THOMAS KOVACH is "still head of the German Studies department at University of Arizona, playing chamber music and singing."

'73

"Still doing Blanche and Louis Moyses's bidding—30-plus years later!" writes **JIM LOWE**.

PAUL SKLAR "finally got married November 2000. Amy and I have a baby boy named Mason Brody Sklar—he's a great baby, even wakes up smiling. Law practice in New York City going very well. Hi to all."



MICHELLE HOLZAPFEL '73 had an exhibit of her work titled "Recent Volumes" at the Connell Gallery in Atlanta, Georgia this past fall. This is "Crazy 8"—carved and burned walnut 12x12x3".

John Kohler '49 taking aim in front of Mather House.



Clowning around: Legacies Sean Smith '03 (son of Doug Smith '75), Daniel Dudensing '06 (son of Peter Dudensing '79) and Samantha Waldron '06 (daughter of Gary Waldron '73 and Laura Perkins '75).

Photo by Talia Jackson '05

'75

"I'm a lawyer representing lawyers," writes **NANCY MARSHALL** from New Orleans. "I am married to Steve Rosencrans, a mathematics professor at Tulane, and have five children: Willie, Louie, Timothy, Margaret and Robert."

DI STARR exhibited her work at the Free Gallery in Glasgow, Scotland in the fall. The pieces in the exhibit were chosen by people who viewed the work of 357 artists on the gallery's Website and voted for their favorites. "I am happy to report that mine was one of them," Di wrote of her painted photograph titled "Roma #1."

'76

MELISSA METTLER ABRAMS writes, "Always a joy to receive *Potash Hill* and read about the college and friends. Our daughters are now six and nine, real cuties but also a challenge. We took them on a three-week trip to Europe during the summer; we all learned a lot and enjoyed ourselves immensely."

JIM NEWELL and his wife Catharine have two sons, Benjamin, age 6 and Adam, 4, and a third one due to arrive in February. "We moved to Wisconsin in 1999, mainly to be near Catharine's parents. Catharine is a non-practicing lawyer and

former university law librarian. She is active as an advocate for persons with disabilities, especially for our son Benjamin. I have a telecommuting job as a mainframe applications programmer for ALLTEL Information Services, in the area of bank data processing."

STEVE MURPHY and **DONNA SCARLATELLI** '77 have moved to Miami and "one of us (yes, the smarter one) has become a lawyer. Donna turned Esq. in the year of the millennium. We now want to visit Marlboro in the winter-time for the slip and fall potential. Steve—the ever-faithful-pup-who-knows-where-the-gravytrain-is—has followed her into the legal breach as a paralegal. I finally get to write for a living, but, unfortunately, I'm writing legal petitions. (STILL FICTION!!!)"

'77

"**DAN TOOMEY** '79, what a wonderful article about Roland!" writes **WENDY MONTANARI KILPATRICK**. "He was always top of my list of 'Great Persons I have Known'—thanks for explaining why."

WENDY POMEROY writes, "My husband Deane and I went to China a year ago last June and adopted our daughter Olivia Lei Pomeroy. It was at least two years of paper work and waiting—the waiting was hard, but now we live with

60th Anniversary Alumni Reunion

The next big summer reunion at Marlboro will be in August 2006 to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the college. On-campus reunions will then follow a five-year cycle, so be sure to keep that in mind when planning ahead.

Instead of hosting an annual fall Alumni Weekend here on Potash Hill, we'll focus on holding smaller regional gatherings for alumni. In the past few years, we've had informal Marlboro College gatherings on the East Coast in Boston, Burlington, New York City and Portland, and on the West Coast in Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles. We will also plan special on-campus events for alumni and friends as occasions arise.

If you have ideas about special gatherings or are interested in hosting a gathering in your area, please let us know. And, if you have ideas for Reunion 2006, please get in touch with the alumni office—your input is helpful, and always appreciated.

Teresa Storti
Director of Annual Funds and Alumni Relations

(802) 258-9273
tstorti@marlboro.edu

this glorious 2 year old who is funny, smart and keeps us hopping. We are moving from Cambridge to Kittery Point, Maine as soon as we sell our house. Deane, an architect, is designing a 'green' house (with my input, of course)—we hope to design a house that uses as little fuel as possible. I have been designing landscapes and am looking forward to having our own property to work on. We about the Rachel Carson Nature Preserve and our land looks over a large salt marsh—nice spot, lots of mosquitoes. I see **MARIA PIA SANCHEZ** all the time and will miss her when we move. She is in Angola now working on creating a better health care system and was recently in Afghanistan doing the same. I was very glad when she returned. A big hello to all who remember me."

'78

REGINA BLASZCZYK has been named director of the Beckman Center for the History of Chemistry at Chemical Heritage Foundation in Philadelphia.

KIMBERLY CLOUTIER GREEN

writes, "Several family losses this past year, including my brother-in-law Peter Dinn and mother-in-law Madeline Green. Our eldest daughter Chloe is a freshman at Tufts University this fall and our youngest daughter Sophia is a freshman at Berwick Academy. These two young women are spectacular, if I do say so myself! My best wishes to all."



Wendy Pomeroy '77 with daughter Olivia, September 2002

'79

LAURA SADLER MACKAY has "moved to (of all places) Alabama where Mel is the director of the Indian Springs School. This is actually a very liberal school and there is a senior here looking at Marlboro. I got to have lunch with Harper Lee."

'80

STEVE VAN NESS writes, "Tara is 16, Ethan is 11, Gabriel is 6, Michael is 4, but I am still young! Impact Arts Events Group is going strong."

'81

BRUCE GRANT is an associate professor of biology and environmental science at Widener University in Pennsylvania. In August he was featured in an article about outdated ecology textbooks in the *Chronicle*

of Higher Education. According to the article, Bruce and his colleagues have a Web-based publication called "Teaching Issues and Experiments in Ecology" aimed at helping faculty develop new teaching methods.

IAN LEAHY bought a house in Venice, California, in September 2001 and "had the privilege of being at home remodeling it until this September. Celebrated our 16th anniversary on June 14. I'd love to hear from anyone! Please email me." Ian's email address is handi@cyberverse.com.

'84

DEB McCUTCHEN and her husband recently bought a "heinous fixer-upper on the river in Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts (we were bored and needed more to do—

not). The builder looks in the basement and goes, 'oh no,' the architect looks in the attic and says 'oh my,' and we eyeball the termites with murderous intent. The river is nice...." Deb also reports that the story that she read at the alumni reunion last year, "Hunger Fish," was published last summer in *Hayden's Ferry Review* #30 and this past November in *Rosebud*. A novel was a finalist for the James Jones First Novel Award, and a chapter from that book was a finalist for a Faulkner's Society short story award. Deb had a reading at Atticus Books in Northampton in December. She keeps in touch with **SHARON BROWN** '85, **ELIZABETH DRINKER HOPKINS** '91, **KIM WOODLAND** '87, **ALAN GOLDIZEN** '83, **PIETER VAN LOON** '88 and **RACHEL BOYDEN** '79 and **RACHEL BERESON LACHOW** '85. "Would love to hear from **DAWN DEMURO** and anyone else who would care to chat. Try LostArts@english.umass.edu."

'86

"This has been a good year," writes **JOHN FLADD**. "I am teaching eighth grade social studies in New Hampshire. This is my second year at this school and my fifth year of teaching over all. I have been writing a column for *HippoPress Manchester*, a weekly independent newspaper, for three years now and just won the New Hampshire Press Association Columnist of the Year award—this was my second win in that category. Best of all, I got married in June and my wife, Debbie, and I are in the process of buying our first home together."

PAUL PEDREIRA writes that he is working in Los Angeles on the NBC show *Scrubs* as assistant director.

COLIN NICKERSON '74 wrote to *Potash Hill* in early September: "I'm on assignment covering the latest conflict in Israel and the Palestinian territories. Give my regards to Marlboro. Am writing from a sand-bagged bunker in an Israeli forward position on the edge of a sun-scorched no-man's-land in the northern Gaza Strip. Palestinian mortar rounds and sniper fire are incoming—happily with no great accuracy. But thanks to a satellite phone and durable laptop computer, I am swapping e-mail with the alma mater (instead of filing my mainbar piece with the *Globe's* foreign desk in Boston). Technology. Oh the wonder of it all. But come October, I should be back in northeastern Vermont with my wife, Nancy DeVries '73 and our two cats, Daisy and Tetley. Back for a few weeks, at least. We'll be watching the loons—two babies this year!—doing their last laps on May Pond before they wing south to wherever it is loons go. It can be a grim world, but also a beautiful one. Nancy designed us a wonderful new ridgetop house, with views east to the pristine water, west to the Green Mountains, and north to Quebec. She is pursuing her artwork and also still working as a psychiatric nurse.

—Cheers, Colin Nickerson

p.s. Sorry to learn about Will Wootton's planned departure from Marlboro. He was a classmate of mine and a friend."

'87

"I just celebrated my 10th year at Public Health Seattle-King County checking out environmental pollution and illness associated with illegal methamphetamine 'speed labs,'" writes **JIM LOCKEY**. "I appeared in a scene in the worst Woody Allen film, *Celebrity* a few years back. Currently organizing the disorganized alumni of the late, great Vershire School."

'88

MATT BUEHLER writes that "Life is pretty much the same. By day, I am an assistant attorney general. By night, I hang out at Harvard Square and follow the Red Sox. (Wait 'til next year!)"

'89

JAMES ROUSE, according to his mother, is a naturopathic physician and NBC-TV anchor in Denver, Colorado. He has two daughters.

Rod Gander wins state senate seat

Rod Gander, Marlboro College's president from 1981 to 1996, handily won election to one of two Vermont senate seats in Windham County. Rod campaigned hard on issues of education, health care and environmental protection, appearing in more than a dozen candidate forums and debates in the weeks leading up to election day. College staff, faculty and alumni flocked to Rod's campaign, making phone calls, mailing brochures and attending campaign events for their candidate. The effort succeeded, not only in getting him elected but also in helping boost voter turnout in some towns to nearly 70 percent of registered voters.

The college also saw 1978 graduate Sarah Edwards win a seat in Vermont's house of representatives. As a Progressive Party candidate in Brattleboro, Sarah received enough write-in votes in the primary to also run as a Democrat.

When Laura Frank '92 began her work on lighting design for the Olympic opening ceremonies, she was well aware that this was the biggest charge of her career. She never imagined it would lead to an Emmy award.

Laura, who was a theater, dance and physics major at Marlboro, served on the creative team awarded an Emmy for its work on lighting design at the Olympics.

"It's good for my mother," she said of the award. "She never knew how to explain to people what it is that I do and now she can just say that I was part of a team who won an Emmy for lighting at the Olympics."

Laura said that she and one other person worked 800 lighting robots during the opening ceremonies of the Olympics, as compared to the typical 85 in a Broadway show.

The owner of Luminous FX in New York City, Laura works as a computer programmer for show lighting at major events; an interest sparked at Marlboro.

'90

HESHAN BERENTS-WEERAMUNI and his wife, Lindsey, have a daughter, Sukanya Alice (Suki), who was born October 26, 2001. They are living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Heshan is "working for a *Fortune* 500 company—seems like the carefree days of socialist radicalism are fading (oh god no!). Discovered my calling finally: design. A little bit of a far cry from sociology but fun nonetheless. Would love to hear from you all; funny that it's been over ten years since I and the rest of my class gave Rod stones at graduation—didn't get the class gift together, did we?"

KIM MCGALLIARD is "still living in New York City and working at Razorfish, an Internet consulting firm."

'91

"I'm still trying to figure out what to do if I grow up," writes **DIANE ECHLIN**, "but just in case, I'm getting certified to teach art. I begin student teaching in January and should be all done by spring. My first group show of oil paintings opened in October. Whee!"

HEIDI HECK has "recently re-entered the working world and am now employed by Pharm-Eco in Devens, Massachusetts as principal analytical chemist. It's nice to be back in New England!"

'92

JENNA CHANDLER-WARD is working as the education director at the Center for Cultural Exchange, an arts organization in Portland, Maine. She married in 2000 and has a baby girl named Harper.

'93

SEAN COLE is living in Arlington, Massachusetts with his girlfriend of five

years and is producing feature stories for the morning program at WBUR in Boston. "I'm thankful for the posts on the alumni Website because now I'm sure it's **HESHAN** I've been seeing from a distance over the past five years. Happened at least twice: once he was getting off a subway train and once enjoying a balcony July 4th party. Everyone feel free to write. Sorry I was such a bad class agent. seancole@earthlink.net."

PAMELA WITTE COLEMAN and her husband, Richard, were "blessed with baby number two—Sarah Emily Coleman, born July 18, 2002 in Atlanta. She weighed 6 pounds, 11 ounces and was 18 inches long. Big sister Melinda is having a blast with her new 'baby doll.' Love to all!"

LAURA HINERFELD is "back in school; edging my way out of the food business, working part-time as a cheesemonger and part-time as a goat farmer. Fortunately, I'm only farming two goats and a chicken. Gotta start somewhere. Saw a pregnant **JANNA CORDEIRO** '92 this summer and am looking forward to meeting baby Ava. Also get to see **KRISTA HAIMOVITCH** '94 once in awhile. **TED?** You still out here? I really miss McIntosh apples."

SEBASTIAN TOOMEY and **JANNA CORDEIRO** '92 are "happily living in San Francisco and are excited to announce the birth of our baby girl, Ava Amelia Toomey-Cordeiro. She was born September 5 and weighed 7 pounds, 14 ounces. **RE GORHAM** came out for the birth but since Ava arrived 13 days late, Re missed the wild event because she had to get back to school. Janna goes back to work at the California Breast Cancer Research Program in January, and I just started a new design job with a small IT

consulting firm. We see a few Marlboro folks from time to time: We got a visit from **KITTY ELLYSON '94** and her husband, Asher, and Janna spent today visiting **LAURA HINERFELD** and her goats. For those of you who are so inclined, feel free to check out our blog: <http://www.famndamily.com>.”

'94

GINA DeANGELIS sends “A big hello to **TIM LITTLE '65**, Laura Stevenson, and everyone else (that means you too, **SUNNY**). No big news here—life is great.”

I am still part of the 50-mile club, living in Saxtons River, Vermont,” writes **SKARRN RYVNINE**. “I’ve been remarkably settled into Vermont this year with the exception of a seven-week trip to Bolivia to visit with my lovely in-laws. Otherwise, Karina is studying nursing, while I attempt to make ends meet with fencing classes, stage fight choreography, singing and small theatrical/musical projects.

DORON ZIMMERMANN is co-author with Andreas Wenger of the forthcoming book *International Relations: From the Cold War to the Globalized World*. The book is being published by Lynne Rienner Publishers. Doron is currently the senior researcher for the Political Violence Movements and Integrated Risk Analysis Projects at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology Zurich.

'95

PIPPA AREND is in Portland, Oregon, and has co-founded “a nonprofit p:ear (Program: education art recreation) for homeless kids. Who'da thunk? Hello to my dear **DANIEL D.**, **GURUKIRN** and **TERRI T.**”

WENDY ELIZABETH BLAIR and her fiancé “have spent the past 10 months having our house built and finally got to move in in September. I continue to practice land-use law in Florida. My spare time is consumed by house projects and planning an October 2003 wedding.”

MARK GENSZLER writes from Washington, “Hello from the North Cascades. Michael Rosetti, where are you?”

KIRSTIN GEORGE is a faculty member with the Audubon Expedition Institute. In the fall she was on the faculty team for the Far North Wildlands Semester Program in Alaska and the Yukon.

HEATHER “BEA” ALVARADO HOFF writes, “Hello, I hope everyone is healthy and happy. I am fantastic! Since leaving Marlboro I earned a master’s degree in pathology, got married in Alaska and currently I manage the surgical pathology lab at the University of Iowa. My greatest accomplishment occurred last February when I delivered healthy twin girls—McKinley Rose and Whitney McKay. Special hello to all my friends—I miss you guys.”

LOREN TALBOT is at Pratt University, studying for her master of science degree in environmental planning.

LITTLE TREE is the director of CTM (Centering Through Movement) Dance School in White River Junction, Vermont. “We bring proper dance training in ballet, modern and jazz to all ages in the Upper Valley area,” he writes. “Lebanon College has been merging its dance division with CTM for two years.”

“I have built a wood-burning pottery kiln and am busy making lots of pots,” writes **MAYA ZELKIN**. “Look me up if you’re in the area of Marlboro.”

'96

J. BRIAN DOUGHERTY “jumped on a train in Dover, New Hampshire and arrived in Seattle in April. I am working for a market research company south of the city and would love to hook up with any alumni who are out here.”

“Hello all,” writes **PARRISH KNIGHT**. “Still doing well in D.C. and pursuing my IT career. I have several IT industry certifications and am continuing to pursue more. The big news, though, is that after all these years of stupid failure in the romance department, I have found a wonderful girlfriend. Her name is Denise and she is funny and smart as hell. She and I are very happy together. I’d be happy to hear from anybody. I hope everyone is doing well.”



Hesse Phillips '04, Jodi D. Clark '95 and Cindy Chase.

Photo by Jenny Karstad '98.

Over the past three years, I have been working on developing my dream career, which began with my senior Plan, of having my own Renaissance faire here in Vermont. In 2000, Ann and Jordan Weinstein and I put on the first Vermont Renaissance Festival, at Fort Dummer State Park in Brattleboro. A total of 1,600 people attended over the course of two weekends. The next year, we had 3,500 and this year we had more than 4,200. We have created the Elizabethan shire of Guilford in the County of Windham with the help of many Marlboro alumni and current students. I am the faire’s theatrical director and portray the goofy but well-meaning Captain Margaret

Kilborne, Privateer. Other Marlboro alumni participants include Meadow Osmun '99, Todd Agro '03, Link Hughes '01, Skarrn Ryvaine '94, Chris Barney '99, Gillian Page '00, Brenna Farmer '99, Brian Whitehouse '91, Hesse Phillips '04 and Elizabeth McCullum '03.

The biggest news is that we have now purchased our own land to build our permanent village. Over the course of this next year, we will work on developing our 400 acres in Vernon: building the village structures, creating parking and camping areas and maintaining some of the forest in its current state. We hope to begin other projects in addition to the festival, such as a Halloween event, a Gypsy Caravan event and educational programs in schools to teach about the Renaissance.

—Jodi Clark '95

Artists wanted

Marlboro alumni artists interested in showing their work at the Marlboro College Technology Center in downtown Brattleboro should contact Victoria Matthew at vmatthew@persons.marlboro.edu or 1-802-451-7585 or toll free 1-888-258-5665 x585.

'97

MISHA STONE received her master's degree in library and information science in June 2002 and is hoping to get a job as a children's/young-adult librarian in the Seattle area. She asks, "How many Marlboro alums also become librarians?"

'98

"**CHRISTOS** and I have finally moved into our house on our land in Whitingham," writes **PAMELA CLARKE CONTAKOS**. "We finished building and moved in in March, two months before the birth of Christos Anthony. Chris was born on May 7, 2002."

"My work as a defense analyst continues," writes **PAUL COX**. "I recently authored a classified presentation that was used to brief some people on Capitol Hill. For the month of October, I'll be off to Oregon to help the Libertarian candidate for governor (my brother, Tom) with his campaign. To get to Oregon, I'll be going on a cross-country road trip with my 73-year-old father, a retired PR executive who will also be helping with the campaign. It's going to be one very interesting month."

'99

CARRIE BURHOE ASKEGREEN writes "Hi all. Finally getting off the hill and moving really far away—I'm headed for San Francisco to start my dream career in marketing." Carrie had been working in the college library until her departure in August.

"A lot of excitement during the past year for me and **SARAH NORMANDIN**," writes **WAYLAND COLE**. "In September 2001 we were married in a small ceremony off the coast of Maine in a rustic 210-year-old church. We had a beautiful day, thanks to some fantastic weather and our many guests, who included **KATE CARR**, **TROY McALLISTER '98**, **HEIDI WAGNER**, **ALEXIS PAGE '98** and **JOHN**

ATKINSON, among other friends and family members. Currently we are both in grad school at Vermont College of the Union Institute and University in Montpelier, and are enjoying the hard work. Sarah is studying art and feminism with a specific interest in women's organizations that facilitate women making art. I am nearing the completion of my master of education degree and will begin teaching English at Colchester High School this fall, which means we'll be living in the Burlington area for a few more years. Greetings to everyone; we hope you are well."

NOELLE POLITIS is living in Dublin, Ireland, working for a French automobile importer.

"After a frantic summer, we headed into a more frantic fall season," writes **KATHRYN QUIN-EASTER**. "I began volunteering with a local queer youth organization, OutRight, in Portland, Maine. I'm looking forward to the spring semester and returning to graduate school for the final push to get that M.A. Here's to education! Feel free to pop in and say hi when you're in Portland. I'd love to see people!"

JOSH RENZEMA "spent the summer taking the train from Estonia to Vietnam. I am now at Ohio State University working on my M.B.A. and looking for an internship in Sweden or Denmark for summer 2003."

'00

"I recently moved to Albany, New York with **CHRIS OLIVER**," writes **TIFFANY FLEMING**. "I'm teaching environmental education at a beautiful outdoor education center with over 10 miles of trails, hundreds of children (K-8) and a great teaching staff. Hello to Bob and **JENNY**."

KRISTEN MISELIS is enrolled at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School.

COLIN YOUNG learned this summer that he was awarded an Organization of American States doctoral fellowship. "Needless to say, it appears that my Ph.D. is all paid for," he wrote from his native Belize, where he is conducting research. Colin is attending the University of Connecticut.

'01

MARTA WILLGOOSE contributed to and was curator for an exhibit at M.I.T. this fall titled "Artists by Night... Administrators by Day." **TAMAR (ALLISON) SCHANFELD** writes, "I accidentally subletted some rooms in my apartment to four people who

believe that the world is coming to an end on December 14. They found the date in scripture. They also believe that Masons are taking over the world and communicating with each other through the titles of movies. Also, that Al Gore is the Anti-Christ. And that demons can enter through your ear lobes. They are driving me insane. Besides that, everything is good."

'02

EDWARD AUGUSTYN is in his last year of graduate school. "I will be receiving an M.F.A. in choreography/performance from Mills College," he writes.

"Hi kids!" writes **RACHAEL FRANK**. "**ERICH BENNAR** and I are living and working in St. Louis, Missouri. Hopefully we'll have enough money to move back in January (yeah, I know—who moves back to New England in the midst of winter?). I wish I could say we were both putting our degrees to good use, but we're not just yet."

MEGAN HAMILTON spent the summer working as a daycare assistant in Tacoma, Washington. She began graduate studies in elementary education in September.

KYLE NUSE is living in Brooklyn, working for BlissWorldSpa and a nonprofit dance booking agency. She's also started research on her next performance art piece, about an island off the coast of South Africa that was used to house political prisoners, including Nelson Mandela. "I hope down the road to apply for some funding to go to the island to stay for a while and either do a site-specific piece or bring it back to the U.S. Of course, this is very far in the future, but it's exciting and SO necessary for me to keep my creative juices flowing!"

FORMER FACULTY/STAFF:

PETER LEFCOURT's (Writing and Literature, 1968-70) new novel, *Eleven Karens*, a loosely fictionalized memoir of his love affairs with 11 women, all named Karen (none of whom date from his tenure at Marlboro), was published by Simon & Schuster in January.

The Alumni News deadline for the Summer-Fall issue of *Potash Hill* is May 1, 2003. Please send news to the Alumni Office, Marlboro College, P.O. Box A, Marlboro, VT 05344-0300, or via the Website at www.potashhill.com.

IN MEMORIAM

Robert Bartlett '52

Bob Bartlett died at home in Marlboro on December 29, 2002, at the age of 74. He was born in Arlington, Massachusetts, and attended Brown University for a year before transferring to Marlboro in 1948. After graduating from Marlboro, Bob worked for the Estey Organ Company in Brattleboro until 1963, when he founded his own electrical contracting business in Marlboro. Marlboro College was perhaps Bob's best client—he designed and installed the campus' first fire alarm system and handled most of its electrical wiring for 30 years. Bob was also a sound engineer and made many Marlboro Music Festival recordings over the years. He also served as town treasurer, trustee of the Brattleboro Music Center, member of the Marlboro Volunteer Fire Department and member of the college Alumni Council. He is survived by his wife, Augusta Bartlett, five children, seven grandchildren and a sister.

Lawrence J. Girard '53

Larry Girard, one of Marlboro's pioneers, died on October 25, 2002, in Simpsonville, South Carolina, after a battle with cancer. He was 74. Larry grew up in North Adams, Massachusetts, and graduated from Drury High School with classmate Frank Perenick '53, with whom he came to Marlboro in 1949. He served in the 25th Army Infantry in World War II, and worked as a textile executive at Windward Textiles in South Carolina. Larry is survived by his wife, two daughters, three sons, a nephew and nine grandchildren.

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John Tohr Yamaguchi '60

John Yamaguchi passed away on January 25, 2002, in Tokyo, Japan, at the age of 70. Johnny, as he was known here, attended Marlboro from 1955 to 1957, when he transferred to Columbia University to earn a bachelor's degree in mathematics. He went on to earn a master's degree in economic demography from Princeton and a Ph.D. in economics from Australian National University. He spent many years teaching at the University in New South Wales, Australia, and at Keio University in Japan. Johnny also worked as an economist for the United Nations from 1959 to 1966 and was the executive director for the Australia-Japan Economic Institute in the early 1970s. He is survived by his wife, Marianne, and their two daughters.

In a note to the college on her husband's passing, Marianne Yamaguchi wrote: "Although Tohr pursued his academic career in Australia and Japan, it was at Marlboro College in

Vermont where the seeds of his scholarly aspirations and expectations were to take root. Under the leadership of President Tom Ragle, his memories of that time were shaped by exceptional dialogue, legendary music-making and transient nature—memories that inspired him for the rest of his life.”

At the suggestion of his wife, gifts in Johnny’s memory may be made to the Library Endowment Fund at Marlboro College.

Philip Nothnagle ’73

Philip “Buzz” Nothnagle died on June 1, 2002 at his home in Hartland, Vermont. Born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1949, Philip graduated from Hopkins Grammar School before enrolling at Marlboro. He received his bachelor’s degree in ecology and went on to earn his Ph.D. in forest ecology at Dartmouth College. Philip and his wife, Suzanne O’Reilly Nothnagle ’72, ran the Pootatuck Corporation in Windsor, Vermont, manufacturing miter trimmers for precision wood trimming. An accomplished ecologist, Phil specialized in researching endangered species. He is survived by Suzanne, their two children and his sister.

In a note to classmates, friend and fellow ecologist Marc Des Meules ’75 wrote of Philip: “Buzz, as he was known to many, was an exceptional ecologist. His most recent work and studies took him to the shores of Cape Cod, where he and other scientists were attempting to bring a species of coastal tiger beetle back from the brink of extinction. His love of nature, his ability to teach, his sense of humor, his seeming endless knowledge of the world around him were just a few of his many attributes. Anyone who was ever touched by his gentle intellect will feel a deep sense of loss at his passing.”

Ben Rubenstein, former faculty

Ben Rubenstein, a local psychoanalyst who taught psychology at Marlboro between 1969 and 1974, died on August 13, 2002, at his home in Guilford, Vermont. He was 88. Before moving to Vermont in the late 1960s he taught at Wayne State University School of Medicine, where he also served as director of admissions and student services. After teaching at Marlboro he operated a private practice in Brattleboro and served on the faculty of the Dartmouth College of Medicine. During his retirement he was active in the Youth Services Diversion Board in Brattleboro. Ben is survived by three children, including Lisa Rubenstein Ray ’72.

Parting Shot



Rohan Agarwal '06 and his first snowman.

Photo by Minna Roussi '06



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