

Potash Hill

The Magazine of Marlboro College ▪ Winter-Spring 2006



OUJÉ-BOUGOUMOU JOURNAL



Photo by Dennis Callahan '97

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CS/WOODWARD DESIGN

Front cover: *Cree Territory*, by Thomas Hudson '07.

Back cover: *Dining Hall*, by Sarah Dobbins '07.

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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Oujé-Bougoumou journal

“You find examples of indigenous people finding their way in the real world, but leaving a part of their culture behind. And you find examples of people preserving their indigenous culture. The Cree of Oujé-Bougoumou are doing both,” says Randy Elliott-Knaggs '94. “I have not found anywhere in my travels a better example of a Third World nation really making it.” The director of Marlboro’s Outdoor Program is explaining why he has organized a trek of Marlboro students and staff to the central Quebec Native American community for each of Marlboro’s past three spring breaks.

As recently as 1980, living conditions for the Oujé-Bougoumou Cree, who had been moved seven times in 50 years, were described as among the worst in the Third World, according to the community’s Web site. But a financial settlement with the provincial and federal governments, combined with careful planning and foresight by Oujé-Bougoumou leaders, have turned the village into a stunning example of a people melding tradition with contemporary culture, according to Knaggs. The economic cornerstones of the community are a village-owned lumber mill; a publishing company that handles all Cree Nation publications; hunting and trapping; and ecotourism expeditions that explore the Oujé-Bougoumou Cree’s traditional way of life.

The following excerpts and images are culled from the journals that Marlboro students and staff recorded as they journeyed with the Hulbert Outdoor Center of Fairlee, Vermont, to Oujé-Bougoumou. Once there, community leaders Anna and David Bosum introduced them to the modern village, and then plunged them into the traditional world of *attiuck* (caribou), *dogananu* (trapping) and *kunn* (snow).

Photos by Thomas Hudson '07



2005 So it's day one. We wake up at 0:Darkhundred, pack up our bags and head up to the kitchen for breakfast. All faces appear, all gear is assembled, food is consumed, the van is loaded and we depart Hulbert at 7:45.... In Quebec City we are treated to a magnificent view of the St. Lawrence River before we park and bring lunch into the Musée de la Civilisation. We spend an intriguing hour at their First Nations exhibit.

We leave and are quickly into the Boreal Forest. The density of trees is intense, with frequent signs of clear cuts in various stages of healing and regrowth.



2003 The visit to the saw mill is an eye opener. So much goes into making a board of wood. Who would have thought? But the highlight of the day for me was the northern lights. It was always a must-see in my life.

Deputy Chief Kenny Mianski's talk was very inspirational. I hope I will take home some of his wisdom. Enjoy the simplicity of life and take time to enjoy your loved ones. I know the feeling of always having to be doing something that in the long run isn't important at all.

2003 It was from Anna that we heard the gut story of empowerment—a story so personal to her and to her people. The story of a destitute and broken people, lost to alcohol and dislocation and “educational” abuse that denied a people’s culture to a generation. A story that finally tried the patience and hope of the elders, and so of the community, to brave the overwhelming forces of the big government and business.

That power did come from a strong language. That power did come from profound suffering. And that power, not so surprising, came from learning and faith. Anna and many in her community found Christ through the Pentecostal missionaries—and so found a new level of belief in themselves and found their way to this Cree cause. The story moved me greatly, but in hindsight made complete sense—the combination of destitution and newfound self/community is an old one, and perhaps one of the most powerful in the human story. The path is always different, but the element of spirituality seems common. What makes this a particularly powerful one is that it did not resort in all-out war.

2003 Lessons for us all: Suzanne Bosum, David’s sister, shares some fir strength secrets while on a walking journey.

When you are tired, dispirited, feeling you cannot make your way, break two to three boughs (fir balsam, spruce...) and carry them with you. The branches give you strength.

When walking, never cross a moose path. You must cover it with a bough before walking over it, or your legs and body will always be in pain.



2005 This place is unreal. This community—it looks so cohesive. I don’t really know anything about what’s below the surface. I mean that it is fantastic and believable at the same time. The relations don’t seem strained, nor do things look too good to be true. It seems-like tradition must underlie development for it to happen organically and with strength.

Wow, I am blown away by the multitude of sight of life outside. Old Navy and Ford and Pepsi are here, as are photographs of school trips to McDonald’s and a water park.

These among hand-written adages to “protect what’s ours—our land.”



2005 A flurry of activity—packing and breakfast. EVERYTHING has to go out of “our” room. Some goes in our packs, some to bush camp, and some stays in van (not to be used at camp). Off in van and trailer at 9:30 a.m.

Met Anna and David at “Kilometer 2” unloaded. In their tent Anna distributed the moccasins she had made to our foot tracings. They were beautiful. Each had a different pattern of beads. She helped us tie them on over boot liners and socks. COMFORTABLE!

Loaded up with our packs and snowshoes. Walked, led by David B, short distance to the head of his trap line, where he started chopping what looked to be walking sticks for us. No—they were snowshoe bangers. Hit your snowshoe periodically to knock off the snow. Another first.



2004 Wow, what a sound from the power lines! At first I thought it was the sound of the blowing wind, but as we approached it was clear that the sound was coming from the lines. BzzzzHmmm power from the James Bay and the La Geode project heading south to the United States and Vermont—not the wilderness of the north we pictured.

Then almost as quickly as we snowshoed into the reminder of technology and need for energy, we turn a corner and David checks a rabbit snare. We are brought back to our mission, and regrounded into a simpler time and closer to the land. We continue along the trail enjoying the snow and looking at tracks from snowshoe hare and some sort of bounding animal. David stops and cuts three branches from a white birch tree and hands them to a few group members. Perhaps spoons will be carved later that evening. We pass through a clear cut about 10 to 15 years old and notice jack pine and black spruce trying to make a new forest for the future. We snowshoe on.

2005 The floor of our tent-house-cabin is of hand-laid spruce fronds, about an inch deep and so fragrant. In the center is a big long wood-burning stove, which makes it hot.



2003 Good morning! The first pack-up is total chaos. Quiet, contemplative chaos, yet...still chaos. Nice to see everyone so “centered” in their work. Wow—mukluks and traditional snowshoes. I am amazed after miles in pristine, crystalline air, probably 10 to 12 degrees Fahrenheit, that my feet are WARM—and hurt less than they would in my boots. I’m SOLD! Our “dugotstaugamuk” means house or dwelling [in the Cree language]. All their dwelling words end in “gamuk.”



2003 We passed a number of hare traps, two fox/marten traps, one marten trap in a tree and two traps set at a beaver lodge. Another beaver trap was set at the crest of a beaver dam. The old-timers used to smoke alder catkins when out of tobacco. We all stood around to watch David check his beaver traps—cutting through the ice, pulling out the trap, replacing the trap with its sticks, hopefully in front of the entrance tunnels, covering the hole with boughs so the beaver won’t see much light. One trap had a muskrat, and we get to clean it. So, one rabbit and one muskrat caught today. And the rest of us, on traditional snowshoes, at odd intervals would just fall, in ones and twos, into the deep powdery snow.





2004 I ask David about wounds, how to heal them in the bush. He points to the balsam fir on the floor of the camp. The pitch inside the tree. For a deep wound, you fill the wound and leave it in there, two weeks or until it comes out on its own. “I did this to an English guy,” David says. “We were out for seven days. When we got back I took him to the clinic. He didn’t have to pay. He took the ‘bandage’ home to show his friends.”



2003 “Only a woman eats the beaver’s feet—they would make a man’s feet cold while hunting.”
—Anna



2003 Beaver for Sunday dinner. Tastes a bit like moose to me...caribou a bit milder.



2003 The waters up here have high enough levels of mercury that the Cree only eat white fish—and not as much as they used to. They no longer eat the fish-eating others.



2003 Dog-catching strategy: For a male wanderer, find a bitch in heat. While he is busy covering her, slip a nylon hoop over his head. Poor boy.



2005 This afternoon David took us out to set a beaver trap. We walked across the lake for about 40 minutes to the other side. At the edge of a river, David dug a path down to the water. He set the trap across the path (the trap being a square hole through which the beaver has to walk) and camouflaged it with twigs and tree limbs. The bait was a poplar branch. David said that at this time of year the beaver is looking for fresh food and he doesn’t fear the tracks we left. The idea is that he’ll climb up the bank from the water, see the bait, and follow the path toward it.



2005 At dinner we had moose (excellent, by all accounts) and beaver (reports vary), as well as vegetables, mashed potatoes, cheese, apple slices, and minestrone soup that can't be gotten rid of.



2003 I love to watch David walking ahead of us. He seems so centered and settled into the ground. His face is constant. Always a sense of moving forward. His eyes are searching, looking...for traps, for shapes of branches to use as a knife handle, for other branches obscuring the trail.... And...these moccasins are MINE. They have become my foot, intimately shaped and inseparable.



2003 The Cree are beginning to take "healing walks." They understand that to be out and walking, alone, setting up camps along the way, is necessary healing. Some, who need to deal with alcohol or stress, or to get their minds away from work, go on a nine-day walk. The Cree are finding themselves again.



2003 Caribou moccasins are more slippery than moose-hide moccasins.



2003 Children who were let out to play in the bush had a string with a pot tied to the end, dragging it behind them so parents would know where they were.

2003 The tallyman (David is one) is one who receives his house from his father. The tallyman is a conservationist in his role, making sure animals are not over-harvested by watching those who hunt on his land—he marks what is taken, the care with which it is taken. A father with several sons watches them as they grow and hunt. He looks to see who is successful. Kind in his hunting, skilled and aware of what and how much is being taken. That son will receive the role as tallyman from his father. When an area has been harvested, the family will move to a new hunting ground the next year to keep the animal stocks healthy.



2003 I think the Cree are onto something. They've discovered that if they like something you have, you may give it to them. Out on the ice, Kenny admired Randy's sawing knife. "That's a nice knife. You could give one like that to David for Christmas!" Randy said, "Then I'd have to give one to Anna too." Uh-huh.

Anna is skinning an otter. She says otter fur rubbed in your hair keeps it dark. Otter feet, fresh ones, can be thrown in a divination, to learn when to catch more.



2003 The otter skinning is done. David gets to ask the first question of the feet as he is the one who caught it. After that, the children can play with them. Anna stands a stick in the floor and stretches a rabbit skin over it and begins cutting it in strips. The strips will be used for coats, hats, etc. She cuts round and round up the stick, rotating the skin, cutting all one long strip, like an apple peel—15 feet long! Together, Anna and David twist the strand—until it's strong and quite a bit shorter. A short strand may be used as wristbands to keep snow out of

your mittens—or a scarf. Hang it outside for a day to let the loose hairs blow away.



2005 Game after dinner. Two otter paws tied together by short string. Decide on a question: Are we going to have visitors tomorrow? Rub the paws on each cheek; throw it in air to land on floor.

Both paws palm up = yes

Both paws palm down = no

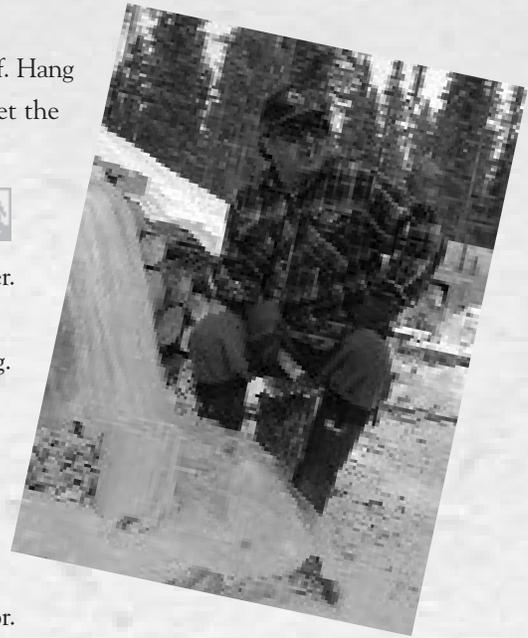
One each way = maybe

A great day. Bed early: 7:00 p.m.



2003 Dinner is caribou stew, cauliflower, bannock and rice. Two kinds of pie, blueberry and lemon. Now, we sit in the half light of the elder/cook "gamuk" while Chris strums the guitar and we sing moldy oldies. Tired, some half asleep, bellies full.... Two kids are with the family—one toddling in pj's looking for things to touch. Anna patiently tends to him, gesturing and murmuring. The song: "Mir, Peace." We have no news in the bush of the world and if there is peace. The northern lights last night were perhaps a prayer of peace from the gods. It's time for bed. I could do this for a while.... Now to sleep on the bear rug—bear rugs are supposed to give you wise dreams. Miriam shares the bear rug with me tonight. We plan to have the same dream. Wake up really wise.

Future Marlboro College treks to Oujé-Bougoumou may be open to alumni. For more information, contact Randy Elliott-Knaggs at 802-258-9253 or op@marlboro.edu.



to IRELAND



with
Tennessee

By HUGH MULLIGAN '48

By chance and by brazen enthusiasm, I got to meet Tennessee Williams on board the *S.S. America*. The aging Trans-Atlantic liner sailed from New York on December 30, 1947, bound out for Ireland, France and Germany, leaving behind what was then the greatest recorded snowstorm in the city's history. On the day after Christmas, 25.8 inches of heavy, wet snow had fallen in 12 hours. "A half-foot more than the great blizzard of '88," an elderly lady passenger in a Russian-style fur hat quoted from the morning tabloids as we stood at a frost-blotched window in the third-class passenger lounge. Tugs backed the ship into the North River, and she slowly made her way down the Narrows.

Moving cautiously among the ice floes, she made her way past an ice-rimmed row of some 70 freighters and Victory ships frozen fast to piers piled too high with snow to load cargo.

The previous morning, the 81,000-ton *Queen Mary* had shimmered past the white-shrouded Statue of Liberty in less than 200-yard visibility, leaving behind more than half of her 900 passengers, who had been unable to mush through the snow drifts to the Cunard dock.

I wasn't even a cub reporter then. I was a 22-year-old college senior and ex-G.I. on my way to Ireland to marry a potato farmer's daughter I had met on the steps of St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Hochst, Germany after the war ended. Brigid Murphy was one of many Irish secretaries employed by the U.S. Army brought over from London with Eisenhower's staff. I was a Private First Class in an infantry rifle company, assigned to occupation duties, when we became engaged on St. Patrick's Day.

The name Tennessee Williams appeared on the passenger list slipped under the door of the steerage class cabin I shared with three elderly strangers deep in the bowels of the ship. Only one of my cabin mates, a refugee piano craftsman from Hitler's Germany going back to hunt for a lost love in the rubble of Hamburg, had ever heard of the playwright.

Hans was his name and he encouraged my youthful, frankly idolatrous dream of seeking an interview with the occupant of a suite up on the boat deck. *A Streetcar Named Desire* had just opened on Broadway to rave reviews and 20 curtain calls only three weeks before. Tennessee Williams had established himself as America's leading dramatist.

Just that morning, as my taxi to the boat crept along the Siberian wastes of westbound 47th Street, I had glimpsed some snow-tufted snippets of the critics' acclaim suspended from the marquee of the Ethel Barrymore Theater.

Tearing a loose-leaf page from one of my college lecture notebooks, I wrote a note to the playwright begging an interview on behalf of the *Marlboro Citizen*. This was a rather grand title for a mimeographed campus newspaper that came out whenever English majors like me at brand-new Marlboro College could be coaxed into contributing something.

The surly cabin boy who eventually answered our cabin call bell seemed indifferent to the message entrusted to his care and even less impressed with the quarter I pressed into his palm. But in less than an hour, as bells clanged for lifeboat drill, down came an answer from the penthouse suite: "Would tomorrow at 2 p.m. be convenient?" It was handwritten and signed "T.W."

That unforgettable day was New Year's Eve. As the appointed hour approached, an assistant purser dangling an enormous set of keys passed me through the locked wooden gates, which were more like rodeo stall dividers than the steel-cage fences seen in the film *Titanic*. We made our way, staircase after staircase, through the better-lit corridors of Cabin Class then through another gate leading to the art-deco splendor of First Class. About midships we boarded a tiny oak-paneled elevator, attended by a small boy bedecked in commodore's braid, and made the final ascent to the boat deck.

While my brain pounded with the questions I intended to ask, my gatekeeper prattled on about the two junior grand champion steers from the Chicago livestock fair that would appear as Beef Wellington at the Captain's midnight gala ushering in the Year 1948 for first class passengers.

Tennessee Williams was the first celebrity I ever met, not counting the snappy salute I threw at General Mark Clark when his jeep passed my guard kiosk outside a German prisoner-of-war camp near Vienna. Over five decades as an Associated Press reporter, I have interviewed several dozen big names in the news, people such as Margaret Thatcher, Casey Stengel, Marilyn Monroe, John Steinbeck, Louis Armstrong, the Shah of Iran, Prince Charles. After all those years, Williams still looms in memory as the kindest, the most genuinely modest interview subject I ever encountered.

Snow could be seen streaming past the portholes, and the boat deck throbbed with the clank of sailors scraping icicles from the

lifeboat davits when I entered his opulent sitting room. Despite the still-Arctic conditions, he wore a white Palm Beach suit, a flowered sports shirt more appropriate to Hawaiian crooner Don Ho, and leather thong sandals over argyle socks. As we shook hands, a steward arrived with champagne in a silver bucket and an enormous tub of glistening black caviar.

Come to think of it, down the years no interview subject has offered such elegant hospitality. Yet my host was touchingly apologetic. "I hope you don't find this too pretentious," he said in the soft Southern drawl that was more Mississippi than Tennessee. "But I just can't help living it up a little. Perhaps a lot. You see, exactly four years ago tonight, on New Year's Eve, I made my Broadway debut. I was an usher at the Strand Theater, making \$17 a week.

"My only qualification for the job," he said with an infectious laugh, "was the fact I fitted, albeit a bit snugly, into that gorgeous gold-braided uniform." He recalled that *Casablanca* was the featured film, and "immediate seating in the upper balcony" were his first spoken words on the Great White Way.

Williams was still laughing that deep musical laugh, punctuated by a hacking cough, when the steward returned with a platter of smoked salmon sandwiches. He signed the bar chit and peeled off a \$20 bill for a tip. "Success is wonderful," the playwright lifted his glass in a toast. "I wish you buckets of it. You are going to be a writer, aren't you, and not some sort of critic or college lecturer?"



His anxious tone and the sudden narrowing of those clear blue eyes conveyed great compassion for budding authors but dark suspicion of future academics who might degenerate into critics. I blurted out the boast that I had just received an acceptance slip from *Ellery Queen Magazine*, with payment, still unspecified, to come later upon publication. “Bravo,” he cried, and told of his delight at selling his first short story to “a horror magazine for \$15.”

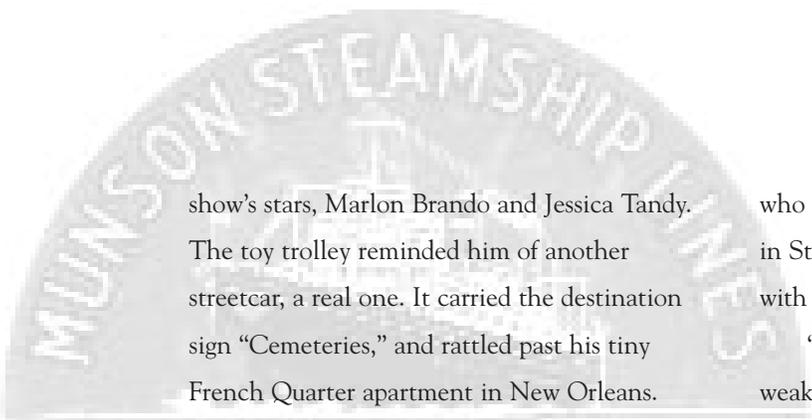
I don’t recall if he was shy or blushed easily, as Gore Vidal and other earliest friends attest. All I know is that I was shy. I stammered terribly in those days, much worse than now. I remember most his patience and sensitivity in never trying to supply words that my saliva-sputtering lips were trembling to bite out. Most of us who stutter prefer defeat to rescue.

Success came late to Tennessee Williams. He was then a few months shy of his 37th birthday. He reminisced sadly about his own college days and how long it took him to earn

a college degree. I think he said nine years. Then with boyish enthusiasm he told how it took less time to write two Broadway smash hits. Now he was on his way to London to arrange for the opening of *The Glass Menagerie*, his first Broadway triumph. And “perhaps there will be a Stockholm production, too,” he added almost in disbelief.

His beguiling blend of humility and pride of accomplishment made you feel he deserved every bit of the success he was now so anxious to share with anyone who happened by. The cabin stewardess bringing in some fresh towels was invited to join me in inspecting the array of bon voyage telegrams plastered to his dresser mirror. Next he called our attention also to what he called his “Christmas toys,” good luck charms acquired from theater folk at the December 3 opening night party for *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

“That tiny trolley car is from Marlon, and Jessica presented the Southern-belle doll with the fluttering eyes,” he indicated gifts from the

The logo for Munson Steamship Lines is a semi-circular emblem. The top arc contains the text "MUNSON STEAMSHIP LINES" in a serif font. Below this, there is a stylized illustration of a steamship. The bottom arc of the emblem contains the text "NEW YORK" in a larger, bold serif font.

show's stars, Marlon Brando and Jessica Tandy. The toy trolley reminded him of another streetcar, a real one. It carried the destination sign "Cemeteries," and rattled past his tiny French Quarter apartment in New Orleans.

Suddenly his mood became grave and almost melancholy. He asked if by any chance I had seen *The Glass Menagerie*? I told him yes—that while on an army furlough in New York I obtained a free ticket at the Stagedoor Canteen.

"Then you saw the incomparable Laurette Taylor," he sighed, and seemed almost on the verge of tears. "I owe everything to her." He was still mourning the death over a year ago of the aging alcoholic actress, who had been shunned for nearly a decade by Broadway producers. Then, in a remarkable comeback, she brought to luminous life the role of Amanda Wingdale. In real life the character was Edwina Williams, Tennessee's dreamy, doting mother.

Seven chiming bells in the passageway, signifying 3:30, abruptly dispelled his gloom. He chatted about the party he had hosted in his one-room Manhattan apartment at the height of the blizzard. The furnace in his building had run out of coal. Helen Hayes, Greta Garbo and a few other guests who braved the storm huddled before his wood-burning fireplace. "Then the janitor was on the phone," Williams recalled that with bubbling laughter. "He wanted us to turn off the Christmas tree lights to conserve fuel."

I then asked the trite question every interviewer seems to ask. How did someone

who was born in Columbus, Mississippi, raised in St. Louis, and remained so in love ever after with New Orleans, come to be called Tennessee?

"I was merely indulging the old Southern weakness for climbing out on a limb of the family tree," Williams responded. It seems that grandsires a couple of greats back on his father's side had served successively as chancellor of the Tennessee territory and the state's first senator and governor.

That evening the mood of the North Atlantic changed abruptly. Soft Grandma Moses snowflakes gave way to driving sleet, churning seas, flying spume beaded with ice and an eerie keening wind that made doors leading to the open deck almost impossible to push open. Even on the calmest sea, the 33,500-ton S.S. *America* rolled relentlessly. Now the old tub was bucking and pitching precariously. Small wonder then that during World War II, when she sailed as the troopship *West Point*, she was chosen for "Operation Seasick." This was a controlled test of a new remedy called Dramamine for queasy stomachs on the bounding main. Reportedly, it was a godsend to Allied troops in landing rafts bucking rough seas during the Normandy invasion.

As our weather worsened, the concert grand piano in the First Class lounge had to be lashed down. Something called "fiddles," little wooden guardrails, were raised on all tables in the nearly deserted dining salons to keep the china and glassware from ricocheting off the walls.

Passengers, even deck stewards, venturing out on deck grabbed guide ropes to keep from being swept overboard.

Two days later, when the gale finally subsided, my uniformed keeper of the keys appeared with an invitation from Tennessee to a “Delayed New Year’s Eve Party.” Only a few guests were gathered around the punch bowl, including the captain of the S.S. *America* and the ship’s surgeon. Also in attendance were several members of the U.S. bobsled team on their way to the Winter Olympics in St. Moritz. As the rolling was more pronounced on this high deck, some of the athletes soon turned the color of the avocado dip and left hurriedly.

But the father of figure skater Dick Button and his coach, Gus Lussi, hung on a bit longer. Young Button already had disembarked from the *Queen Mary* and would go on to win a gold medal. Two members of a U.S. trade delegation got into a heated argument about Henry Wallace’s recently announced third-party bid for the presidency. The news had just caught up with the ship’s mimeographed newspaper.

Williams, who professed little interest in politics, spent most of the time handing around canapés and topping off drinks. Some guests seemed oblivious of his fame. The ship’s doctor thought perhaps our host made a killing in the stock market. One of the bobsledders thought with the name Tennessee he might be a famous country & western singer. Somehow the playwright that night reminded me of Jay Gatsby: quite the loneliest person at his own party.

The last I saw him, dawn was stage-lighting the green bluffs and gray oil-storage tanks as we entered the harbor for Cork. Seagulls screamed around our smokestacks, and

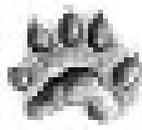
the carillon of St. Colman’s Cathedral was summoning the faithful to early Mass.

As I boarded the tender—the small ferry taking debarking passengers to the customs shed—I heard a familiar drawl calling from way up on the boat deck.

“Blessings on your Irish bride,” Tennessee Williams called down with a courtly wave. His benediction must have worked. Our marriage has had a long run, over half a century.

Hugh Mulligan, Marlboro College’s first graduate, is the sole member of the class of ‘48. He went on to spend five decades with the Associated Press, reporting from what is probably a record 146 countries. In his career he has been to the North Pole and North Vietnam, attended royal weddings and interviewed three popes, Marilyn Monroe, Salvadore Dali and many, many others. “To Ireland with Tennessee” appears in his book *Been Everywhere—Got Nowhere* (Hilliard & Harris, 2005).

Photos:
AP Photo Archives



The origins of a species: *Investigating the genetic traits of fishers*

Article and drawings by Gail Look '05

As an artist, my artwork reflects my love of the land and my conscious connection with nature, but the details are what intrigue me most. Everything I look at or touch inspires me to paint, draw and sculpt and has its own significant characteristics and qualities. These unique qualities and details are what prompt me to investigate further, to dig deep into the heart of the matter and find out what lies beneath instead of merely scratching the upper surface and accepting things as they appear at first glance. Recording these details through art is my way of expressing what is important to me and exposing how these sometimes small and seemingly insignificant details relate and reshape our environment.

Noticing the details and inconsistencies in nature are what prompted me to ultimately add wildlife biology to my Marlboro Plan of Concentration in painting. In the fall of 2001, while working on my associate's degree at Community College of Vermont, I participated in a Wildlife Ecology class field trip to the Southern Vermont Natural History Museum in Marlboro. Among the museum's displays were two very different fisher taxidermies.

The fisher is a mid-sized, fur-bearing carnivore of North America, classified in the subfamily Mustelidae, the genus *Martes* and the species *pennanti*. In addition to fishers, family Mustelidae includes weasels, ferrets, otters and the two species most similar to the fisher—pine martens and wolverines.

Like the marten and wolverine, the low-carried head and tail of *Martes pennanti*, along with its elongated body and short legs, give it a high, arched back. Most fishers have a dark brown head and body with darker legs and tail; in spring the fisher sheds, and its entire coat may lighten to an almost strawberry blonde. Their long, soft fur is dense and glossy in the winter, with a unique ability to repel water and shed frost, making it a valuable commodity to the fur industry.

Sure-footed on almost any surface, the fisher is an agile tree dweller, jumping from limb to limb and resting high in dense canopies of trees, preferring to give birth in tree cavities dozens of feet above the ground.

Solitary, elusive and a fierce predator, the fisher will eat anything it can kill. Legend has it that these cat-sized animals—which range in length (with tail) from 30 to 40 inches and in weight from 3 to 12 pounds—can take down white-tail deer. In reality their diet primarily consists of rodents, particularly the snowshoe hare. But the fisher's claim to

1970s fisher.



fame is its ability to kill and consume Canadian porcupines. Contrary to popular belief, the porcupine is not an easy kill, and the fisher does not merely flip the porcupine onto its back and attack its unquilled belly. Instead, the fisher kills the porcupine by administering multiple bites to the porcupine's head, attacking and retreating quickly until the porcupine becomes disoriented and drops its guard. With the porcupine disoriented, the fisher can administer the fatal bite. Once dead, the fisher rolls the porcupine onto its back and fillets its unprotected belly.

The physical variations between the two fisher displays at the museum raised questions in my mind about genetic differences within their species. The first fisher was mounted in a display case along with a marten, a mink and a weasel. According to the museum's curator, Ed Metcalfe, the animals were donated from a private collection belonging to Lumen Ranger Nelson of Winchester, New Hampshire. The fisher dated back to the 1930s and was harvested from the Winchester area. Nelson was reportedly allowed by the New Hampshire Wildlife Department to harvest and taxidermy endangered species because he was creating a wildlife collection for the state.

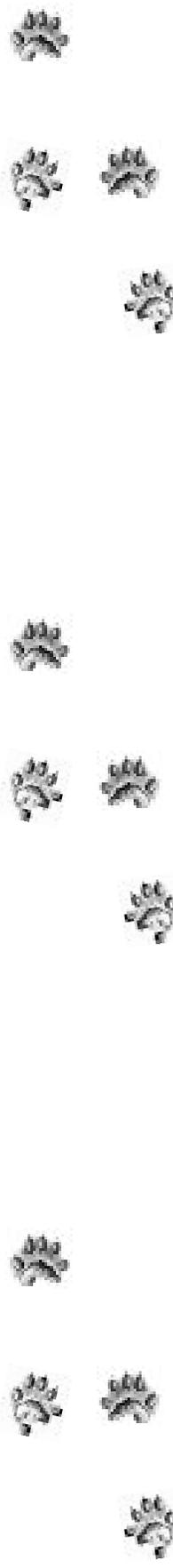
The second fisher taxidermy was mounted in a separate display case by itself and according to Metcalfe was harvested within the Brattleboro, Vermont, area during the 1970s. Given that the two fishers were harvested within such close proximity, I fully expected them to resemble each other. They didn't.

The 1930s fisher had a slender head and body with a narrow, pointed snout, while the larger, 1970s fisher had a bulkier, muscular body frame with a more boxy appearance to its head and snout. Compared with the other taxidermies within its display case, the 1930s fisher most resembled the marten, with its petite, slender features. I considered the possibility that an inaccurate representation of the older animal could have occurred during the reconstruction taxidermy process. But since taxidermies utilize the animal's actual skull bone, the heads of the fishers should be quite accurate. Another plausible explanation could have been difference in sex. The larger 1970s display could be of a male fisher while the smaller 1930s display could be of a female.

Still, I knew enough about fishers to understand that the reason for their differences could be genetic, because while the 1930s specimen would have been indigenous to southern Vermont, the 1970s animal almost surely was not.

Before the massive logging efforts of the 1800s and early 1900s, most of the northern United States and southern Canada were heavily forested. The fisher's range extended across all of Canada below the Northwest Territories and coast to coast in the northern United States. But logging decimated the fisher's habitat throughout North America, and trapping for its valuable fur brought the fisher to the brink of extinction.

By the mid-1900s, the only known viable fisher populations in the United States were found in remote regions of Maine, New York, New Hampshire, Minnesota and the Pacific Coastal Mountains. In Canada, British Columbia and New Brunswick were the only two provinces with viable fisher populations. During the 1930s the logging industry declined and the agricultural and fur industries also plummeted. By that time almost all of the United States had restrictions against the hunting and trapping of fishers. With forests growing back and protections of fishers in place, the stage was set for a comeback.



Conservationists began promoting efforts to reintroduce the fisher to areas from which it had been extirpated. But many people, particularly farmers, opposed reintroduction efforts. They feared losing domestic animals and small wildlife species to the fisher. Conservationists needed to find a positive characteristic of this ferocious predator that would appeal to the public. That characteristic turned out to be its choice of prey.

Researchers found that areas inhabited by dense fisher populations exhibited a substantial decrease in porcupine populations. Porcupines eat tree bark, often killing trees by “girdling” them, and large populations of porcupines had been destructive in many areas, ruining tracts of forests and injuring both domestic animals and wildlife with their quills. Using the fisher as a natural biological control agent to combat overpopulated porcupines was appealing, and led to the acceptance of reintroducing the fisher back to its formerly depleted ranges.

Since 1947 there have been more than 17 fisher reintroductions, with over one thousand individuals released across the United States and Canada. The fishers were taken from existing source populations and reintroduced to areas of reforested habitat. New Hampshire, Maine, New York, Minnesota, New Brunswick and British Columbia provided the source populations for the initial releases.

But early conservation programs were uninformed about the importance of genetic diversity within a species, so genetic testing was not performed before translocating fishers. The issue of the genetic substructure of the fisher, with its three subspecies (*Martes pennanti pennanti*, *Martes pennanti columbiana* and *Martes pennanti pacifica*)—and the potential consequences of mixing different genetic stocks—were not considered.

Once the reintroduced fisher populations became established in their new habitats, they were used as source populations to supply fisher transplants into other regions. It wasn’t until the reintroduction programs released hundreds of fishers to replenish and reestablish populations that researchers began studying the genetic and physical differences between fisher populations. They discovered major diversities among the populations and determined that some of the translocated fishers were genetically incompatible with the habitats into which they were placed.

When fishers are released into a new habitat different from their own, problems can develop. Depending on the physical and behavioral characteristics of the reintroduced fisher, it may not be able to adapt and survive within the conditions of its new environment. Differences in temperature, snowfall, predator competition, prey, terrain and overall habitat all affect the reintroduced fisher’s survival. Another problem occurs when reintroduced fishers lacking the traits adaptive to the local environment procreate with native fishers. The reintroduced fishers can disrupt the native fishers’ coadaptive gene complexes, potentially making their young less tolerant of environmental conditions and crossbreeding the native population into extinction.

In Vermont, because the reintroduction program took place during the mid-1900s, the museum’s 1970s fisher taxidermy was generations away from the older, reintroduced population sourced from northern Maine. The possible genetic differences between the reintroduced Maine population and the native fisher originally inhabiting southern New Hampshire and probably southern Vermont concerned me. I found troubling the idea of reintroducing a predator larger than the original native into an ecosystem where another large predator—the coyote—was also establishing its territory.

I brought my concerns to Marlboro College, where I enrolled as a student in 2002. While the focus of my Marlboro studies was the visual arts, I decided to take Conservation of Genetics, a class taught by Todd Smith and Bob Engel. It was there that my genetic research project of the fisher began. Not only did I learn about genetic variances among species, their causes and how they affect populations, but I was also given the opportunity to perform laboratory DNA experiments. For an independent lab experiment I chose a DNA comparison of the two fisher taxidermies at the Southern Vermont Natural History Museum.

My goal was to compare the DNA sequences of tissue samples from the 1930s native fisher taxidermy, the 1970s reintroduced fisher taxidermy and two freshly harvested reintroduced fishers. All were harvested within a 45-mile radius of each other in both southern Vermont and southern New Hampshire. An outside lab conducted the DNA sequencing—which is the process of determining the order of nucleotides (the structural units of DNA) in a given DNA fragment.

With the results in hand, I compared the DNA sequences of the different fishers to determine the degree of relatedness between the different specimens. Given the strict technical requirements of such testing, I was unable to gain data on the 1970s specimen. But my analysis of the sequencing of the indigenous 1930s fisher and the two 2004 fishers showed me that the recent fishers were very closely related and that both were more distantly related to the 1930s fisher. The question remains, where would the 1970s fisher fit into these relationships—would it be more closely related to the recent animals, or more like the 1930s fisher? Recent research shows that fishers located in Vermont are missing many of the original genetic alleles (which determine traits) of their source population, and yet have gained alleles not found in any other fisher population. I look forward to carrying out more research to investigate these issues.

Because of conservation efforts, present-day distribution of the fisher ranges from southern Canada to as far south as West Virginia and Northern California. For the most part, today's fisher populations are reported as stable and thriving. But with my artist's attention to detail, I'm left wondering if, by ignoring the importance of genetic differences between sub-species, our society has lost something important in its well-intentioned zeal to save the fisher.

Gail Look is among the third generation of her family to live on a small dairy farm in Wilmington, Vermont. An active participant in the Vermont Breeding Bird Atlas program, Gail plans to continue her education, work on her art and work to save the planet at every available opportunity.

1930s fisher.



Poems

by Jay Davis '79

THERE'S SAFETY IN GROUPS

I saw a documentary film in which
a multiple personality woman
is interviewed, and tells
how over the holidays there were gifts
hidden all over her apartment which
her many inner people had bought
for each other. She couldn't look
anywhere or she'd ruin the surprise
for someone...blessed, with six or seven
personalities, and all
with the energy and resources
and on good enough terms to buy
each other gifts!

I guess all my personalities live
more circumspect and less
friendly lives, confined though they are
together in my head. I do have to fight
sometimes to be heard through the din
of the voices—the man who says “No,
for shame,” and another who states
simply, “Who you lookin' at...?” The thinker,
the poet, the child, the lecher, the thief;
they all crowd around inside my head
like a party of narcissists
(who think it would have been
a nice party if anyone else but themselves
had been invited).
When someone from the outside asks,
“What do you think?” I have to pose
the question to that crowd,
who promise to get back to me
with an answer, pretty soon now.

KNIVES, OR THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

It's been a great couple of weeks for staying
 home and sharpening my knives,
 and each one has a perfect edge now.
 All this honing has really whetted my appetite.
 I feel a keen hunger, for freshly
 chopped and diced and
 julienned and sliced and
 shoestringed and French cut and
 coarsely chopped and minced
 meat and vegetables,
 filets of fish and beef and chicken,
 carrots, celery, blanched broccoli and
 fresh onions, garlic, peppers—sweet and hot—
 strawberries, peaches, all the tropical fruits,
 parsley, thyme, rosemary and
 every variety of fresh herbs.
 Strop, strop, chop, chop.

If you open a box and drop in
 100 mice with one piece of cheese
 and one small hole to escape,
 and wait for the scratching to stop,
 one mouse only will exit the hole,
 cleaning his claws against his glossy coat,
 grinning in the spotlight, mugging
 for the paparazzi and nibbling his cheese.
 Sociologists will call him alpha,
 and Psychologists will call him self-actualized,
 and Calvinists will call him resolute and pious.
 Dieticians say he's non-lactose-intolerant,
 and I suppose Political Scientists will call him the Voters' Mandate.
 Gamblers will call him Lucky,
 and what I'll call him is the Capitalist.

The experiment will come to an end
 and the glorious multi-nominal mouse
 will have his head snipped off
 and disposed of by a blonde lab technician
 with sterile rubber coated fingers,
 who's interning for the summer
 and hates this part of her job the most
 and just looks forward to going home,
 where her boyfriend will be precisely now
 starting to prepare a special dinner
 for the two of them—
 vegetables and meat,
 knives flashing, water steaming,
 and oil searing in the pots and pans,
 in the kitchen that's every bit as hot as Hell.

WHEN I DIE, MRS. EARNHARDT WON'T BE ABLE
TO KEEP THE AUTOPSY PHOTOS OUT OF THE PAPERS.

When I die, I *want* my autopsy pictures
to be collectors' items on the Internet. E-bay
will have to close the bidding occasionally because
their servers can't keep up with the demand.
An unruly rabble of believers will hijack my body
and tear it apart and run away with it,
and stash all the pieces into little pickle jars,
and wherever the jars are stored will be a site
of miracles, and publications, and bookstores.
There's a poem in my pancreas, you see,
and stories under my skin. I've closed my eyes
and dug for metaphor so often there are little clots
of simile—like dirt—under each of my fingernails.
Every poem I ever thought about and forgot to write down
is right here, stuck in my throat, trapped
in my lungs, or lying folded and neat in the skull basin
under my brain. Unpublished book reviews are stuck
in my joints like arthritis. And you know where
the love poems are. I want graduate students to interrupt
their studies in order to search out technical gurus
with whom they will spend 1.7 times 10 to the 238th
processor years breaking the strong encryption on my email box
so they can enhance their thesis with some new nugget
of my writing. And they will pass their exam, and get tenure, and thrive.
My body is the Alexandria library all written and transcribed
by just one monk. And all that work will see the light
of day then. Fifty trillion cells of me, and each of them
is a word, a line, a paragraph. And each grisly glob of flesh is a treatise.
Every drop of blood and saliva and tears is a poem that glistens
with love. My bones are archaic poetic forms. Crack them open
and there's hip-hop, and digger, and beat, and bop. My eyes
will delight the imagists, my cerebrum will startle language poets,
my mouth will make the slammers listen. I'm holding my pen
like a knife now. The page is shredding. It's the middle of the day
and my pen is shredding the page and all fifty trillion
of my cells are reciting. I'm alive. Who needs paper?

POTATOES

A family of potatoes lives under my sink.
 They huddle there like wretched immigrants
 in the hold of my kitchen, eyeing anyone
 who peers down there with suspicion.
 Despite the language barrier, they persist.
 The more industrious put down roots.
 They wear the same brown shabby coats
 they brought from the old country,
 though one or two are wrinkled now
 from sleeping in them every night.
 When the cupboard door is closed
 I sense them in there, huddling closer,
 muttering in their dark dialect, comforting
 one another, whispering their dreams.

WHY I WANT THAT DUMP TRUCK

It sits for sale by the road I drive on every day,
 and each day I notice it
 tall and solid as a Tonka truck
 from my childhood, when it was easy
 to desire a dump truck with all its promise
 of power, and noise, and something definite to do.

It's gray and squat and plain, with long mudflaps
 and a dump body staked way up high to hold
 an even higher load of branches or wood, lots
 of dirt or leaves, or anything that needs to be moved
 from here to there loose in a pile or a heap. A Chevy 50,
 probably 2 1/2 tons, whatever that means,

whether it's empty weight or loaded, I've never gotten clear.
 You see, I'm not much good at dump trucks,
 and haven't been since I was a child. This one,
 though, this plain gray steel rig, poised up high
 on springs over its double rear wheels, small really,
 seems like it could be learned and not too intimidating.

For some jobs a dump truck's the only tool that's right.
 I have so many jobs now, and though none are
 precisely the type that calls for a dump truck,
 I want, for once, to know I have exactly
 the tool I need at the right time finally
 to get the job done, if one of those jobs comes along.

Jay Davis lives in
 Portland, Maine, where
 he works on the infor-
 mation technology staff
 of a small insurance
 company. "Knives, Or
 the Way to a Man's
 Heart" was read by
 Garrison Keillor on
 National Public Radio's
Writer's Almanac in
 2005. All the poems
 published here originally
 appeared in *Whispers,*
Cries, & Tantrums (Moon
 Pie Press, 2004), reprint-
 ed by permission of the
 author. Jay Davis' most
 recent book, *The Hard*
Way, will be published
 this year by Moon
 Pie Press.





Photographs by Dennis Callahan '97



Dennis Callahan has worked as a freelance writer and has covered New York City as a photojournalist for an international Spanish-language wire service since 2001. His beat includes the United Nations, City Hall, sporting events and feature reporting. His photos have been published in magazines and newspapers worldwide, including *The Economist*, *USA Today* and *People* magazine and have been distributed by Agence France-Presse. He completed his Plan of Concentration in literature and painting at Marlboro in 1997.





I want

Tim Segar

Tim Segar, under most circumstances now a sculptor, began as a passionate, romantic, and thoroughly ridiculous poet whose sudden self-awareness in college sent him, thankfully, straight into the art studio. He has not been tempted since to return to writing poetry except privately, sometimes in short poems written in search of titles for his sculpture. He maintains an abiding love of poetry, though, and has written about it on several occasions, notably in "Reality and the Nature of Perception in Wallace Stevens' 'An Ordinary Evening in New Haven,'" a talk he gave at Cornell University in 1999 and at Marlboro on several occasions.

One of the most curious and evocative images in all of William Blake's vast output of poetry, illustrated books, engravings and paintings is an engraving measuring two by two-and-a-half inches. This was part of a tiny book intended for children called *The Gates of Paradise*.

Published in 1893, it contains 18 images, each with a short caption. This particular image shows a small figure standing at the bottom of a long ladder leaning against the moon. He is watched by a couple who stand aside, holding one another. At the bottom, in bold printing, are the words, "I want! I want!"

I was introduced to this small image several years ago by a friend, Kim Townsend, who teaches English at Amherst College. Recently, in the midst of teaching my sculpture class here at Marlboro, I came across it again. I was using a book called *William Blake: His Art and His Times*, by David Bindman, to show students Blake's images of figures in gestural postures. The students were engaged in finding active poses for life-size cardboard figure sculptures. I often use Blake and a number of other artists from across the history of art as examples of the potential of human gesture and posture to communicate. For the purposes of the class, I was showing several of Blake's more complex images, but in turning the pages I saw the little images from *The Gates of Paradise* again—and their power caught me by surprise. I stopped class, and the discussion that followed took us far from the subject of sculpture.

The image we focused on is more emblematic than rendered, more of a cartoon than a drawing, it emphasizes its message yet has a sly and powerful visual presence. For Blake, word and image were always united. His books are diminished when either poems or images are isolated from each other. Blake is unique among Western artists in that both his writing and his art have had vast influence. Blake's effect on artists has been to encourage many to refigure the world at mythic scale, to imagine the human form as much as to observe it, and to connect one's visual world with ideas and beliefs.

Importantly, Blake's drama includes two other characters. The little man is not alone as he starts his impossible climb but is watched by an audience of two, who cling to each other in relative safety. Despite their blank faces, they seem to be scared by his want. They gesture in his direction, recognizing his courage, but seem content to remain earthbound. One student in my class suggested that because they have each other their desires are fulfilled. Like many of us, they are hesitant, blank and caught up in the passive remove of witness rather than the engagement of action.

The discussion in class ranged widely but essentially became an effort to think about the many ways we are defined by the idea of want. We are born wanting, and in seeking fulfillment of our many wants we encounter all of life. We want sustenance. We want connection. We want love. We want learning. It may be the most human of our urges. We want more

than we can ever contain. The word want does not simply mean desire, but includes as well the idea of lack. Not only does Blake's little man want to climb to the stars but he lacks the stars. He is in need of them. As he stands at the base of his impossibly tall ladder and looks up at the night sky, he wants to climb, but in spite of his foot mounting the first rung, he remains at the bottom of the ladder. His cry of want is both hopeful and pathetic. As lovers we want union but are always alone. As students we want knowledge and experience but must make choices that deny whole realms of possibility. As seekers after something real we want to understand yet find ourselves limited in perspective. As artists we want to take that which we are compelled by and make it actual, yet we find that translation painful, incomplete and never-ending. Want drives us and disappoints us. Despite the divided nature of want, we continue and achieve. In some ways, it seems a wonderful and simple encapsulation of our humanity.

What occurred to me in my classroom that day was that all of us there, in fact all of us at Marlboro, are involved in a search for real things—we desire things and people to care about, we want things to understand. It seems necessary to desire in the desperate, even foolish, way of Blake's little man in order to make progress toward our goals. In fact, the object of our wants is constantly shifting. There will always be new areas of learning to investigate, new work to make, new people to engage. Education is never complete. Our choices are many and the competition for our attention extreme. To want with passion is what we most essentially need in order to make progress through experience. It is necessary to want in order to learn.

William Blake sought a language for visionary ideals in words and images—"a restoration in the light of art." He mistrusted much of church doctrine, of philosophical wisdom and of scientific truth. He felt that he could not understand reality without trust in visions and the imagination. It was his great gift to be so completely directed. Despite the nearly complete indifference of society, Blake labored for a lifetime at his wants. He lived in poverty, surviving by engraving the work of other artists and through the generosity of a few friends. That he kept his desire alive through it all is a mystery. We spent a good deal of time in that class marveling at his example. For most of us, circumstance intervenes. Wants get compromised. The struggle that most challenges us over time is to keep our wants alive.

After class I hurried to photocopy the image, and it has been on my office door ever since. It acts as a creed and a challenge to me as I enter each day. This all sounds vaguely like a sermon, but given Blake's intensity of belief I'm sure that my sentiments are appropriate. What he manages to do in this modest image is to keep the characters human and appealing while still fulfilling their emblematic role. To me this is the best kind of creed—simple and small, yet connected to all things. A grand image in a tiny children's book. The whole of human endeavor, measuring two by two-and-a-half inches. In its face I am humbled and inspired.



ON & OFF THE HILL



New faculty making their mark on the curriculum

The humanities and arts received an injection of new blood this fall with the arrival of three new fellows, a long-term art history adjunct and a tenure-track theater faculty member.

The questions Wanda Strukus asks may not be the kind one expects from a theater professor, but she maintains they get to the core of what theater is all about. “What does it mean on a neurological level when we say an audience ‘identifies’ with a character? Where is your voice as an actor coming from, and how does that affect you psychologically?”

Pursuing the answers to these questions is important to the success of actors, stage productions and theater students, she says. It’s a pursuit that has led her into the debate between method actors—those who “lose” themselves in a part—and those who treat acting as, well, acting.

Wanda asserts it is psychologically unhealthy for an actor to become emotionally invested in a role. “As an actor, you want to *play* that character, you don’t want to *be* that character,” she says. “Your job as an actor is to have empathy and create the character while staying emotionally and psychologically healthy. You don’t want to be Medea, but you can find her voice and the physicality of her.”

A 2002 doctoral graduate of Tufts who most recently taught at Holy Cross College, Wanda says her educational approach makes acting accessible to more students because it focuses on skills that can be developed, not on intangible sources of inspiration.

Su Feei Knickerbocker’s education began at a young age; before she was old enough to attend school she already had two Chinese dialects under her belt. “I grew up bilingual,” says Marlboro’s Asian languages fellow. “My parents, who were originally from southern China, moved to Taiwan before I was born, so they would talk to me in both Mandarin and Taiwanese.”

In more than 22 years of teaching, Su Feei says she has found there is no such thing as a definitive way to learn a language. Likewise, there can be no definitive way to teach one. Her main objective in the classroom, therefore, is to instill in her students the necessary motivation to put their own learning methods into action.

“Different things work for different people,” she says. “Some people can communicate right away, while others have to immerse themselves and absorb a language before they can communicate. Both kinds of people can eventually master a foreign language. The key is to forget about whether or not you’re saying something correctly, and to simply be willing to try.”



Su Feei Knickerbocker.

Photo by Peter Field Peck



Tabassum Zaman.

Photo by
Rohan Agarwal '06

For Fulbright Fellow Tabassum Zaman, there's more to teaching Bengali than vocabulary and grammar. "I am not just trying to teach a language to my students, but also a culture and a country," she says. "The Bangladeshi people had to shed their blood just to gain the right to speak in Bengali, so there is a very rich history behind the language, which I cherish and strive to present in class."

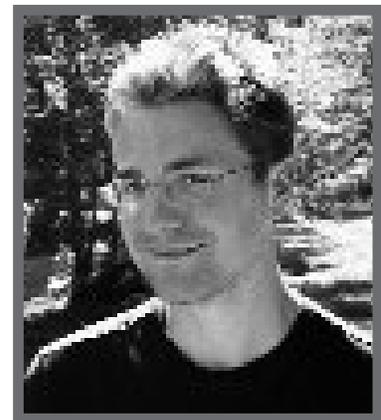
Having lived her entire life in Bangladesh, Tabassum has invaluable insight into the customs of the Bangladeshi people. Those customs, she says, are so diverse from those of the United States that it is difficult to compare the two societies. "I enjoy discussing the variations between our countries with my class because Bangladesh has traditions that my students cannot even imagine, unique festivals, and very different morals and values."

As a Fulbright Scholar, Tabassum is attending classes as well as teaching, and she appreciates the educational environment in which Marlboro immerses her. "There is a very commutative approach to teaching and learning at Marlboro, and it is something that I will use when I return home and am teaching there," she says. "This kind of exposure gives you techniques and empowers you with tools that one cannot just read about in a book and learn; I get to actually see how it works."

For Anne Heath, learning how to see is critical. "Our whole society is imbued with the visual; whether through advertising or architecture, it wants you to think a certain way," says Anne, who is teaching art history while Felicity Ratté serves as dean of faculty. "Studying art history challenges you to think critically about your environment."

Far from teaching students simply how to appreciate the art they encounter, Anne, who just earned her Ph.D. from Brown, says her goal is to "get students to confront an object and ask questions of it: What response is it trying to elicit from me? I don't want students to be afraid of the object," she says. "Their first response is a valid response, and their most valuable tool is their eyes."

Tom Mayo also encourages his students to respond personally to the material—in his case classical literature. Tom graduated two years ago from Oxford's Trinity College and became part of the long line of classics fellows who, since 1963, have come to campus to teach Latin and Greek language and literature. Tom is quick to advocate the value of his field to modern culture. "Greek poetry is valuable to Western thought," he says. "Homer presents the test of a man's character, asking a lot of big questions about death and human behavior." —*Emily Rucker '08, Kevin Kennedy, Elizabeth Holzhauser '08*



Tom Mayo.

Photo by Rohan Agarwal '06

Lectures and concerts enliven the campus

With creativity as its theme, the 2005–2006 lecture series got off to a strong start last September with “Creativity and the Public Interest” by Bill Ivey, director of Vanderbilt University’s Curb Center for Art, Enterprise, and Public Policy and former director of the National Endowment for the Arts. Ivey’s talk also served as the keynote address for a productive symposium, co-sponsored by the college, addressing Brattleboro’s creative economy.

All 11 lectures have been well attended by students, faculty, staff and people from around the region. Highlights included Gail Danley, the 1996 international slam poetry champion, illustrating the universal power of poetry; composer and musician Daniel Bernard Roumain talking about what music means now; Richard Heinberg, professor of human ecology at New College of California, speaking on the peak oil crisis; and scientist Lynn Margulis discussing her influential theory of evolution.

In tribute to Marlboro’s new Serkin Center for the Performing Arts and the man who inspired it, Marlboro music professor Luis Batlle orchestrated “A Tribute to Rudolf Serkin,” a concert series of internationally acclaimed pianists with special connection to the late Mr. Serkin. As part of the building’s opening festivities in October 2005, son Peter Serkin gave a private performance. The concert series debuted with a performance in the fall by Mitsuko Uchida, followed in the spring by Claude Frank, Richard Goode and Cecile Licad.

Marlboro’s new alumni lecture series brought Lara Knudsen ’03 to campus to discuss global reproductive rights; Dena S. Davis ’72 to connect genetic research with creation stories; Sophie Cabot Black ’80 to read from her new book of poetry, *The Descent*; Lori Bennett ’01 to explore transitioning from Marlboro; and Scott Williams ’93 to tackle notions of justice in relation to the death penalty. On Thursday, April 20, Janna Cordeiro ’92 will speak on breast cancer and the environment. —Elena Sharnoff



When you consider that Marlboro’s soccer team has found it necessary to require players to limit their cigarette smoking to the sidelines during games, it’s not surprising to hear that the team has never obsessed over winning. This Zen lifted the Fighting Dead Trees to their first undefeated intercollegiate season last fall, achieving a 5–0 record against such rivals as Bennington, Landmark and the School for International Training.

Photo by
Rohan Agarwal ’06

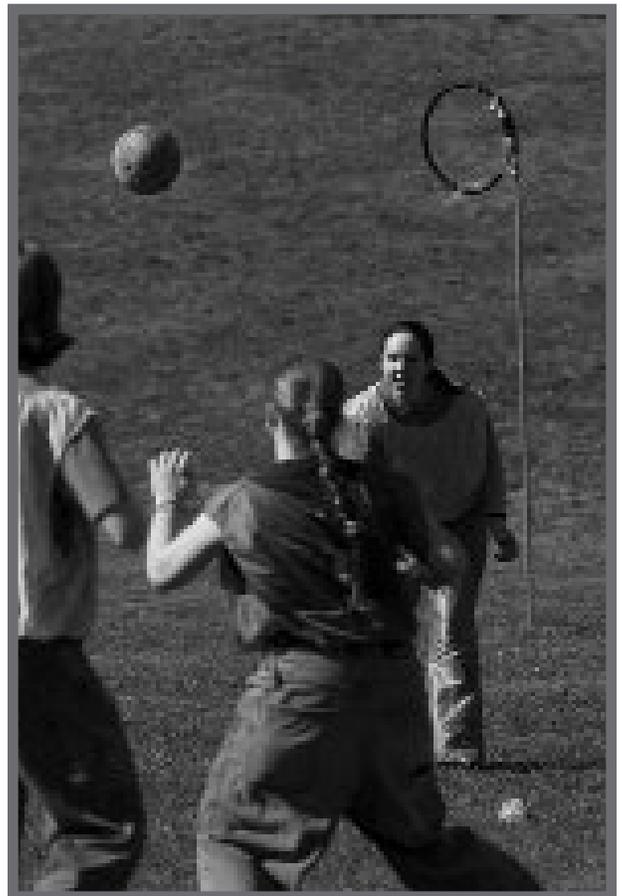
Craven documents veterans' experiences

"I was struck by most vets' need to find voice and meaning out of the experience," says Jay Craven of his most recent documentary, *After the Fog*, which chronicles the experiences of U.S. combat veterans. The Marlboro film professor and director of several feature films premiered his newest work in Whittimore Theater in November.

Focusing on the human, rather than statistical, costs of war, *After the Fog* tells the stories of 10 U.S. combat veterans—most of them Vermonters—who served in World War II, Vietnam and Iraq. When he began filming, Jay said, he expected to hear tales of bonding in combat or the difficulty that the veterans experienced when transitioning back to civilian life. Instead, he found his own perceptions changed. The final product presents the lasting impact felt by returning veterans as a result of their experiences in combat. Contemplating the documentary's message, Jay recalls, "I was left with a feeling of how, when we send men and women to war, we ask them to take the risk of being significantly different when they return." —*Elyse Lattanzio '07*

While Hagrid and Hermione weren't available to cheer on their favorites, 2005 will go down in history as the year Quidditch came to Marlboro. Outdoor Program Director Randy Elliott-Knaggs '94 brought an earthbound version of the sport, replete with Quaffles, Bludgers and Snitches, to Zimmerman Field last fall for several intrasquad scrimmages (Randy has yet to find another Quidditch team to play). One scrimmage attracted the attention of the Burlington, Vermont, CBS-News affiliate, which sent a camera crew to cover the action.

Photo by
Peter Field Peck



Josh Lande '08 creates application for NASA

Solar flares—explosions on the surface of the sun—can bathe astronauts in radiation, causing illness or even death. While this danger has long been known, scientists lacked a computer model for examining the potential impact of solar flare radiation on astronauts; that is, until Marlboro sophomore Josh Lande did his summer internship. As a high school senior in Arlington, Virginia, Josh earned a spot in the highly competitive George Washington University Science & Engineering Apprenticeship Program, and through it an internship at Analytic Services, Inc. (ANSER) in Arlington.

Soon after Josh began at ANSER, a big bundle of uncompiled FORTRAN code arrived from NASA. The code contained a huge amount of data on the radiation emitted from solar flares. While this data was important, it was almost completely inaccessible, according to Dr. Ronald Turner, principal physicist at ANSER and Josh's boss.

So Josh spent the summer organizing the code so it could be put to use. "I got to compile tons and tons of data that summer. But then it was over and I had to go back to school before the fun stuff began," Josh recalls. After his freshman year at Marlboro, Josh returned to ANSER for the summer. In his absence, nothing had been done with all the code he'd compiled. "So we decided we ought to make something cool that people could use and understand," he says, "and also to see how dangerous these events are—how they could hurt astronauts in space."

Josh got to work, teaching himself Java programming and creating an application he dubbed "SStorRM." With SStorRM, a user enters information about the size of a solar flare. The application then tells how much radiation the storm will emit and the percentage of radiation that will penetrate various kinds of astronaut protection—a space suit, a moon rover, a space shuttle—and what impact that radiation could have on an astronaut, from nothing to nausea to death.

"It shows that solar radiation does have an impact on astronauts," says Dr. Turner. "It also helps to alleviate some concerns that solar radiation is a show stopper for solar exploration."

Turner, who plans to use SStorRM this summer to train new NASA scientists at Brookhaven National Laboratory, gives Josh full credit for creating the application. "Joshua was completely responsible for the computer programming: designing the software, testing the software, implementing the software," he says. "I've worked with 30 or 40 students in this program over the past 10 years, and Joshua is a standout." —Kevin Kennedy



Josh Lande.

Photo by
Cayce James '07



Beverly Graham
 Bates '54 (left),
 Dick Judd (center) and
 Marshall Carroll '52 (right).

College kicks off oral history project

Last fall Marlboro kicked off the Early Voices Oral History Project, an effort to videotape interviews with Marlboro alumni, faculty, staff and friends of the college from 1947 to 1960. Coordinated by *Potash Hill* editor Kevin Kennedy, the project has brought together college community members to interview Pioneers ranging from Hugh Mulligan '48 to Bruce and Barbara Cole '59, longtime faculty member Dick Judd, and Geoffrey Hendricks, son of Marlboro founder Walter Hendricks. Interviews will be conducted on an ongoing basis for the foreseeable future and the tapes will be kept in the college archives, with excerpts to be shared in future issues of *Potash Hill* and on the college Web site. A video documentary of Pioneer interviews is planned for release in 2007. Last November a mini-reunion of a dozen Pioneers included a videotaped group interview by Marlboro President Ellen McCulloch-Lovell.

Geoffrey Hendricks, New York artist and son of college founder Walter Hendricks, exhibited a wide range of his work in the Drury Gallery at Marlboro this past fall. The exhibit featured paintings (including the award-winning *Chickens*, painted in

Marlboro when Geoffrey was 18); memorial boxes in tribute to his late partner, Brian Buczak; sculptures; and an installation of watercolors of the Cape Breton sky, combined with old roof slates collected by his brother Jon in Windham County. Geoffrey has been active with the Fluxus art movement since the mid-sixties.

Photo by Dianna Noyes '80



Neal Weiner's new film examines conservative points of view

It's not often that a group of liberal Vermonters are able to listen receptively to a group of conservative southerners. Neal Weiner's film, *Red State Voices*, makes this possible. The film features a series of interviews by Neal with several conservative Virginians, chosen, according to the filmmaker, because they voted for George W. Bush in 2004 based on moral values. "I made the film as a response to the elections when I saw what people, my friends, in Vermont were saying about the election and about conservatives."

Designed to begin a dialogue and break stereotypes that liberals may have of conservatives, Neal says the film relieved some concerns of his own about southern conservatives. "I was scared that they would be just like liberals think they are," says Neal. "But these people proved to be likable and intelligent."

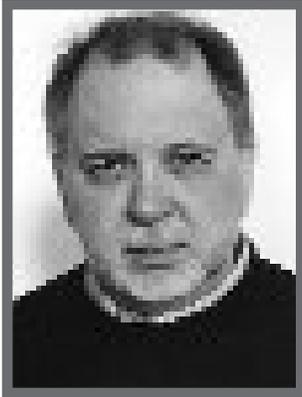
The conservatives interviewed—diverse in terms of race, religious background, gender and sexual orientation—presented their ideas in a way that connected with the film's liberal audiences, says Neal. "Almost all of the audiences were liberal, even in Virginia. The conversations among audience members that took place after the film showed me that the film was enlightening and helped people to see the need for dialogue, which cannot happen without respect."

Produced on a \$1,500 budget, *Red State Voices* has played to sold-out theaters locally, and Neal is hoping for a wider showing. "I could use help getting this film seen outside of Brattleboro," he says. "I would like to ask for any assistance in making this happen."

—Meghan Chapman '06



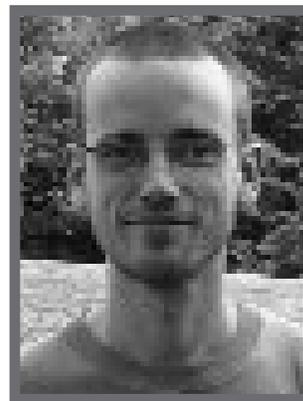
Worthy of note



Theater professor and Shakespeare scholar **Paul Nelsen** (above) has edited the book *Acts of Criticism: Performance Matters in Shakespeare and His Contemporaries*, just released by Fairleigh Dickinson University Press. The book, Paul says, “assembles a cast of 16 distinguished theater historians and performance critics, each of whom has contributed significantly to our understanding of issues associated with performing works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries.” In an honor recognizing his accomplishments in things Shakespearean, Paul served as a visiting scholar at the Stratford Festival in Stratford, Canada, last summer. Stratford is North America’s largest classical repertory theater, presenting the works of masters ranging from the ancient Greeks to Shakespeare to Tennessee Williams.

When she is not seeing to her duties as Marlboro’s registrar, **Valerie Abrahamsen** pursues the divine. Val, who earned her doctor of theology degree from Harvard University, is widely published in religion journals. Her latest publishing credit is the chapter “Human and Divine: The Marys in Early Christian Tradition” in the book *A Feminist Companion to Mariology* (Continuum Press, 2005). Val explains that her chapter examines “literary and archaeological evidence about the Marys in an attempt to determine their possible historicity, their relationship with deities and their influence as role models for the faithful.” She has several other articles in the works, including one on the cult of Livia at Philippi and another on female imagery in Christian apocryphal art.

“Every abelian group of odd order has a narcissistic terrace” is not a line from refrigerator magnet poetry; it’s the title of an article Marlboro mathematician **Matt Ollis** (below) wrote with Pablo Spiga, published in the journal *Ars Combinatoria* last July. “An ‘abelian group’ is a set of symbols with some mathematical structure (‘odd order’ just means that the number of symbols is odd),” explains Matt. “A ‘terrace’ is a pattern of those symbols obeying several rules. Terraces are used to construct designs for experiments in which various types of carry-over effects need to be eliminated (for example, wine-tasting trials, those ESP flashcard tests, some serious stuff...). Terraces might also have some specific extra symmetry properties, in which case they are called ‘narcissistic.’ As the title says, I showed that every abelian group of odd order has a narcissistic terrace (previously only a small fraction of these groups were known to have one).” There we have it.



Wanda Strukus had a busy fall. The new theater professor presented her paper “Sound, Time, Performance: The Cross-modality of Perception” at the American Society for Theater Research Conference in Toronto last November; she saw her play, *D’Arc Comedy*, produced at Louisiana Tech University in October and November; and she danced in the piece “Scattered,” choreographed by Daniel McCusker, in the concert *Homemade: Dances, New, Recent, and in Progress*. And to keep from getting bored, Wanda joined the Windham Regional Career Center’s advisory committee on dance and theater in Brattleboro.

Allison Turner '99, Marlboro's current natural science laboratory coordinator, recently published an article in the *Journal of Agriculture and Food Chemistry* called "Inhibition of Uropathogenic *Escherichia coli* by Cranberry Juice: A New Antiadherence Assay." The article is based on her work as a Ph.D. candidate at the University of Illinois-Chicago. "I'm looking at the proposed mechanism by which cranberry juice is reported to prevent and cure urinary tract infections," Allison says. Her research will be used by the University of Illinois-Chicago/National Institutes of Health Center for Botanical Dietary Supplement Research in Women's Health.

Senior **Julie Shumway's** research on a new family of mathematical objects called "cwatsets" has drawn the attention of two different conferences. While she wasn't able to swing the trip to San Antonio for the American Mathematics Society's national



conference, she will present her work at the Hudson River Undergraduate Mathematics Conference this spring in Massachusetts. Her work began during a summer Marlboro REU (research experience for undergraduates) at Rose-Hulman University and continued back on campus. "Cwatsets are sets of strings of ones and zeros that have certain properties in statistics and error-correcting codes," says Julie. "There are ways of adding cwatsets together. My partner and I came up with ways to predict which could be broken apart."

Last fall the Whittemore Theater lobby exhibited an alumna's show documenting her gay and lesbian oral history research. Over the summer of 2005, **Heidi Wagner '99** interviewed 14 gay and lesbian elders from around Vermont. She then shared the interviews with area artists, who created interpretive art pieces inspired by the interviews. From that Heidi curated "Dialogues Between Gay and Lesbian Generations," combining excerpts from the interviews with the art they inspired. Heidi enjoyed considerable media coverage for her show, doing interviews with Vermont Public Radio, the *Burlington Free Press* and the *Rutland Herald*. The effort was part of Heidi's work toward a master's degree in Intercultural Service, Leadership and Management at the School for International Training in Brattleboro.

—*Meghan Chapman '06, Elyse Lattanzio '06 and Kevin Kennedy*



'51

CHARLES STAPLES and his wife, Joan, “enjoyed a group tour we took to Ireland in September and October. Retirement remains as busy as ever.”

'52

HARRISON ELDREDGE writes, “I remain active in the Albuquerque theater world, participate in a Great Books discussion group, am a mentor to a poor Chicano boy, perform volunteer work for the Alliance Française and take care of my ailing wife.”

BRUCE and **BARBARA COLE** write, “It is nice to be near the college and able to keep abreast of all the new and exciting developments. Bruce has joined Barbara in the ‘Very Hip People Society’—he fell off a ladder and has a partial hip replacement. Barbara has two complete hip replacements—they just wore out! Son **ANDREW COLE '91** lives up the hill with his family—fiancée Jennifer and daughters Eve and Mara. Ten grandkids now.”

'55

LINN BRUCE is “still painting. Would love to show at Drury Gallery. Went to Atlanta, Georgia, and saw **MILT RANDOLPH**—the same warm person happy in his golden years. So was his wife, Marian. **EMILIA '58** continues to teach Spanish part time at home. Marlboro is Marvelous.”

'60

ANTHONY CUCCHIARO and his wife, Elizabeth, went to Turkey this past fall and are planning journeys to Israel, Jordan and Egypt in 2006. “All the best,” he writes.

'62

PATTY MILLER NOYES is “still enjoying Fort Worth and discovering new things. Second grandson almost here!”

'63

JON POTTER's latest play, *Ralphie*, a comedy intended for high school production, will be published soon by Players Press, Studio City, California. “They have six of my earlier ones,” he writes. “Bakers has one also, a sort of commedia de l’arte-style comedy.”

'64

JEREMIAH BURNHAM continues his work at *Access Hollywood* as music administrator. “Saw **SUMNER** and **BRIDGET BENNETT** at my mother’s memorial service last July.”

'65

JANET YOUNG is “happily retired from a career in education.”

'67

JENNIE TUCKER is “coming east for graduation on May 14—hope to see some alumni from the mid-’60s. Even though it is not a major reunion year, I am coming back for a dear friend’s graduation and hope to see some of my classmates from 1963–1968. Will also be stopping by the Vineyard to see **SOO** and **FLIP** and **JOHN ROBINSON** in Maine. Always happy to have visitors if anyone is headed for the Blue Mountains of northeast Oregon, not far from the Wallawas or Hells Canyon.”

'68

PARNELL HALL has a new book in his series of crossword puzzle mysteries—*Stalking the Puzzle Lady*, published by Bantam Books.

'70

DAN DALY had two shows of paintings in Maine this July, one at the Thomaston Cafe and the other at the Camden Library in Camden. “Also, still doing some real estate with my wife, Cheryl. She does it full time and is a great broker if anyone is interested in mid-coast Maine real estate. Our Web sites: www.dalyart.com and www.camdenmere.com.”

DAPHNE CROCKER writes, “I’m settling in for my ‘long winter’s nap’ here on the Maine coast. I’ve had a busy fall, doing volunteer work for Maine Won’t Discriminate and the equal rights law for gays and lesbians. It paid off! My best wishes to Ed and Veronica (Brelsford) on their retirement.”

MAGGIE MARX writes from New Orleans in late November, “I just got phone back and computer as well. My house is just below the French Quarter and is in the 20 percent of the city that didn’t

flood. I have some roof and chimney damage but it’s not too bad. If you stay in an arc of about five blocks from the river it just looks like we had a bad storm, but if you go into the flooded areas it looks like an atom bomb went off. Television doesn’t convey the reality of it. Everything is dead, the trees, the shrubs, the grass. There are no birds, it is silent. In true New Orleans style I saw dust masks adorned with purple, green and gold beads and sequins. There is a soul here that will be hard to kill.”

DEBORAH TUTTLE MARTINEZ wrote in June, “finally met up with **NICK CROWELL '71** one day in our shared neighborhood in New Orleans. It was a wonderful few minutes.” Following Hurricane Katrina, Nick, Deborah and other Marlboro alumni living in the stricken area were all accounted for.

JENNIFER WOLCOTT writes, “Spending half a year in Washington state and half in Panama, where we live in La Chorrera. Two paradises! Visitors welcome!”

'71

FRED GRAY spent last year in Spain, where he was “studying, and motorcycling and dancing and of course eating lots of tapas!” He returned to continue teaching Spanish at the Putney School.

'72

JAMES GREENHAUS writes, “I often think about my days at Marlboro, and long for those halcyon days when I had little responsibility and lived in such a beautiful locale. But now I live in Florida with my second wife and her kids (my two boys are in college now). I’ve had to curtail my involvement in two activities I loved—sports car racing and guitar playing—due to medical issues. I have multiple sclerosis and Parkinson’s disease, and together they’ve reduced my life to taking pills, giving myself shots and making doctor and test appointments. Not what I thought it would be like but I’m playing the cards I’ve been dealt. I’m not bitter at all, but I sure have the itch to strap myself into my race car and compete. I had some success racing but now I find joy in just not feeling any discomfort during the day. And I am in Florida!!! So how bad can it really be?”

MEG KELSEY WRIGHT's "musical pursuits include several concerts—a jazz suite and two-piano concert among them, teaching piano at Williston School and privately, organizing chamber music groups through the Northampton Community Music Center. My children are now in college, high school and middle school. Grandson Andrew is walking, talking and bringing joy! I keep in touch with **SUZANNE NOTHNAGLE** and share adventures!"

'73

NANCY ROSS GILIUS and her family are in China for a year teaching "oral English" to college students at Liaoning Institute of Technology in Jinzhou. Their daughter, who was adopted from China, is attending preschool there.

ALICE GROSSMAN curated and participated in an exhibition of this year's Massachusetts Cultural Council's Visual Art Fellowship winners, which were awarded through the Somerville Arts Council. Her landscape photographs of parks and gardens in Somerville and England were included in the exhibit held in November at the Nave Gallery, Clarendon Hill Presbyterian Church in Somerville, Massachusetts. The Web address is www.artsomerville.org/nave.html.

MARC SILBER had an exhibit of his photographs at Phoenix Gallery in Big Sur, California, this past summer. "It is only fitting to have my show in the location that has inspired so much of my work—and life for that matter," he writes. "One of my all-time favorite surf spots is right here. I began taking photographs of Big Sur in my early teens when I took frequent trips down the coast and fell in love with the beauty and the spirit of the area. I return to Big Sur often to photograph, surf, hike and take in its majestic beauty. It's been a great summer so far. We started off in the Caribbean shooting in Bonaire—what a photogenic island! You'll see some of these shots on my site, silberstudios.com, in the near future." Marc also had an exhibit of his work at Atherton Artists in Atherton, California, in September.

'75

MARC DESMEULES is the executive director of the Damariscotta River Association. "My office window looks out at Maine's first marine protected area...what more can I say? Eagles, seals,

alewife run right off my doorstep! Oldest boy, Stewart, is going to Wheaton College this fall; youngest, Mark, is going to Italy. Just returned from Belize—an introduction to tropical ecology for my two boys. Would love to hear from classmates."

'76

"The girls, Brown and I are all doing well," writes **MELISSA METTLER ABRAMS**. "His company does UPS logos for uniforms worldwide. Lots of other programs for Nike, Hanes and other sportswear and fashion companies. Also a new product, Bookrugs, along with the mouserugs. We bought a horse this summer and are enjoying him!"

'77

"All is well with kids, work, etc.," writes **KEVIN McCAMANT**. "Son Ian is interested in studying film at Marlboro—oh boy! Greetings to **MATTHEW FRIEDLANDER '81** and Kathleen—congratulations on parenthood, would love to hear from you."

STEVE MURPHY '76 and **DONNA SCARLATELLI** write, "Donna is opening her own law firm in Sarasota, Florida—but we don't do divorces, so don't get too excited!"

'78

CHRIS NOTH is appearing as Detective Mike Logan again in *Law & Order: Criminal Intent* on NBC after a hiatus as Mr. Big on *Sex and the City*. He received rave reviews as Teach in *American Buffalo* by David Mamet at the Berkshire Theatre Festival this summer, and also appeared as Uncle Ben in the recent movie *The Perfect Man*.

ANN WADDELL writes, "I've been a nurse nearly 27 years! I teach Kundalini yoga and have been bringing chant music to various ashrams and yoga communities. I started teaching tai chi over a year ago and I went to China, sharing tai chi around that country!"

'79

BECKY BARTLETT writes, "**LAURA SADLER MACKAY** came over from Maine to show Marlboro to her daughter Scout, and Laura and I and **MARGARET WIMBERGER '80** had a wonderful time catching up. I believe Margaret and I last saw Laura at her wedding, right after graduation in 1980, so we had 25 years of kids

and work and travel to relate. We are all still in our first marriages. As we used to do in the dining hall of an evening, we lingered in Shin La so long after eating that they practically had to kick us out."

JAY DAVIS has been living in Portland, Maine, for the last five years, working as a database specialist for a medical malpractice insurance company, and is about to publish his second chapbook of poetry, *The Hard Way*, with Moon Pie Press. Of his three "extraordinary" children, Collin, 22, is living near Kenyon College in Ohio, where he's expecting to matriculate (again) sometime this year; Kelley, 18, graduates from high school (the New School in Kennebunk, Maine) in December and Elizabeth is a sophomore at Milton Academy.

'80

"Had a fun visit with **SOPHIE BLACK** this past fall," writes **DIANNA NOYES**. "She was up in Marlboro to give a reading of her most recent book of poetry, *The Descent*, for the alumni lecture series at the college. We stayed up half the night gossiping and catching up, just like the old days. I'm taking studio classes at River Gallery School in Brattleboro, finally trying my hand at oil painting and print-making after years of thinking about it, and having a great time. Still working on my house and gardens—I've finally come to the realization that they will never be 'done'—making books and working at the college, which I still love."

CARTER SIO writes, "Son Dylan is a freshman at the George School, where I've taught for 22 years. I met Marlboro student Ryan Kish on a flight out of Hanoi this past summer—I was there on a service trip for 19 days. Small world."

'81

ELIZABETH KENT GLENSHAW writes, "As I negotiate my way through the financial markets on behalf of community development finance, I am reminded of Marlboro's Town Meeting—oh, the skills we needed to have a voice. Hard to believe that it was 24 years ago. Personally, I have enjoyed watching my three children grow before my eyes—they are a blast."

The New England Wild Flower Society presented the Vermont State Award to **JENNY RAMSTETTER** at its recent annual meeting in Framingham, Massachusetts. Cary Waterman, society

overseer, presented the award to Jenny “for her years of wise counsel on matters pertaining to the conservation of all endangered and threatened plant species in Vermont.” Jenny teaches biology at Marlboro and also serves in an advisory capacity to the state of Vermont. For 10 years she has served on the Flora Advisory Group (FLAG), providing guidance on rare plants, and serves on the Vermont Endangered Species Committee, advising the Natural Resources Agency on conservation. As a New England Plant Conservation Program volunteer, she has worked to conserve rare species in the field, including *Ludwigia polycarpa*, *Triphora trianthophora* and *Cynoglossum virginianum*.

'82

HALL CUSHMAN writes, “Life continues to be very rewarding. My wife, Caroline, and I had our first child, Andrew, this summer and he has been a wonderful addition to our lives. I knew that becoming a father (at 45!) would be a milestone, but the experience has exceeded all of my expectations! We love our rural life in northern California and are grateful that many of our family are settling here. My work at Sonoma State University is still going strong after 12 years on the faculty and my research in ecology and conservation biology continues to take me down interesting avenues. I am in touch with a few people from Marlboro but would always welcome hearing from additional folks. My email is cushman@sonoma.edu.”

KATE FREELAND is working as a high school media specialist in Claremont, New Hampshire. “Still married to Doug,” she writes. “We’ve got one son in college and another one just beginning the search. I can’t believe how *old* I’ve gotten!”

KATE JUDD teaches Alexander Technique and voice lessons privately and at the Putney School. “Still enjoying lessons with **JENNY RAMSTETTER '81** and visiting **ELYSSE LINK '81** regularly,” she writes. Kate’s husband, Robert Miller, collaborated with Marlboro film professor Jay Craven on his recent documentary, *After the Fog*, chronicling experiences of Vermont war veterans.

REBECCA JERVIS LEEMAN writes from New Mexico, “For six years I’ve been with an outstanding group of midwives working in the hospital environment,

holding out the option of natural childbirth for those who still seek it. Many in our group volunteer in places far from home—Africa, Southeast Asia, Guatemala. Last year, my husband, Larry, and I took our kids to Guatemala to teach OB skills.”

HOLLY WATERBURY MANLEY writes, “**MARK '80** and I both abandoned corporate America this past spring and are happily figuring out what the next chapter looks like. Mark is now studying photo-journalism full time at the International Center of Photography. Check out his Web site: markmanleyphotography.com. We had a wonderful visit with **CARTER SIO '80** and his family at their ‘camp’ in Maine.”

DANIEL PICKER published his sixth article in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and poems in *The Dudley Review* at Harvard. His book-length poetry manuscript, *Poet’s Cabin Door*, was a finalist for the Snyder Poetry Prize at Ashland University in Ashland, Ohio. He has read his work at Harvard, Stanford, Middlebury College, the University of Pennsylvania, the Kelly Writers House, West Chester University, Chestnut Hill College, the Fine Arts Work Center on Cape Cod and elsewhere.

'83

REGINA GRABOVAC is “taking care of our two children ages 3 ½ and 6 years old and doing some organic farm inspections in summer. We spend sometime



Mollie Ridout.

Photo by Joseph Kuchuk

Mollie Ridout '74: Managing Bicentennial Gardens

Director of horticulture for the Historic Annapolis Foundation, Mollie Ridout manages a two-acre restored eighteenth-century garden in downtown Annapolis, Maryland. The William Paca Garden, part of the estate of the Declaration of Independence signer and American Revolution-era Maryland governor, features an unusual two-story summer house, terraced beds and period topiary.

“I’m constantly learning new things,” says Mollie, who oversees a staff of two. “There’s the month-to-month garden maintenance, and then there are the intriguing projects that come my way because of my position.” Mollie researches historically appropriate plantings for the garden, lectures on a variety of topics and responds to questions from the public. She is currently writing a series of folios on native plants of Maryland, collaborating with a copperplate engraver and a hand-press printer.

Mollie has been at Historic Annapolis for two years; before that she held a similar position at Historic London Town and Gardens, a village site near Annapolis dating from 1720. At Marlboro, she studied writing and history, then earned her master’s in landscape architecture before doing doctoral work in cultural and historical geography. “It all came together in the end,” she says.

With husband Steve Brown, a mechanical designer, Mollie has a teenage daughter and a 15-acre farm sporting four horses and several Corgi dogs. —*Tristan Roberts '00*



Randy George and Liza Cain.

Photo by Glenn Moody

Randy George '93: Baking Organic Breads

Randy George '93 and wife Liza Cain own Red Hen Baking Company, a wholesale organic bread bakery just outside of Waterbury, Vermont. Operating since 1999, the bakery is only the latest stage in Randy's evolution as a baker.

"While I was pursuing my theater degree at Marlboro I was working in the kitchen, and we used to bake the bread pretty regularly for dinner," he recalls. Randy took his growing interest in bread from there to bakeries in Seattle, then Maine, then Portland, Oregon, where he gained valuable experience managing one bakery and opening a new organic location for an established bakery. "It was like having the experience of opening a business without worrying about how to afford doing it," he says.

Randy met Liza, a Vermont native, in Portland, and with a 12,000-pound used oven and a business plan, they moved to Duxbury and opened Red Hen. "The bread itself is hearth-baked, European-style, naturally leavened using long fermentation techniques," says Randy. "We bake anywhere from 800 to 1,600 loaves a day, with delivery seven days a week to 20 stores and about 20 restaurants." Randy's favorite bread is his miche, "a big French country loaf with whole rye and wheat."

Randy and Liza have a one-year-old daughter and second child on the way. —Tristan Roberts '00

in Mexico every winter learning Spanish and just working where it's warmer." "Hi all," writes **BEN SARGENT**. "Starting a new online music discovery service, and would love to get feedback from Marlboro music fans of all persuasions! It's different than iTunes et al because it encompasses the 'total known universe' of music, and even the unknown. It's also designed for a grownup audience. If you check it out and have any thoughts/opinions, I'd love to hear from you. (For the matter of that, I'd love to hear from you anyway!) bsargent@riffin.com, <http://riffin.com> (note: if the viral check page is still up, just type in the word 'scratch' to get in)."

'84

DEB McCUTCHEON's book *The Whale Road*, which was excerpted in the winter-spring, 2003 issue of *Potash Hill*, made the Notable Books List for the 2005 Kiriya Awards. It is published through Random House, New Zealand, and will be reprinted with John Blake Publishing, U.K. For purchasing info go to: <http://www.booksnewzealand.co.nz/xcart/catalog/WHALE-ROAD-p-1641.html>. For information on the Kiriya Prize, go to: <http://www.kiriyaaward.org/notable/2005/2005notable.shtml>.

'85

MEG SPICER writes, "My son Max just turned 4 and just gets more fun to be around. We are living in South Newfane, down the road from **HILLY '62** and **PIET '63 VAN LOON**. I am now acting clinic director at a community mental health clinic in Greenfield, Massachusetts, and trying to decide if I want to take that job on permanently."

'86

"I am still in Syracuse," writes **DAVID DEACON**. "I came back north from Asheville, North Carolina, some 10 years ago. I'm finishing up my Ph.D. at Syracuse, writing a history of the paper industry in Bellows Falls, Vermont; Franklin, New Hampshire; and Turners Falls, Massachusetts. I play Irish and old-time music locally for fun and the occasional gig. I'd love to hear from folks."

JULIA HAYNES writes, "Hard to believe it's been almost 16 years since I moved south to Texas, followed my sister who has since gone back north. After Marlboro I ended up in nursing school of all places. And have been loving the career choice ever since. I enjoy my current position all the more since I get to work with my live-in partner, David. Daughter Charlotte is

a junior in high school (ohmigod!!) and probably not going to end up at Marlboro, too far from home. She was born in New Hampshire but raised here and is Texas to the bone. Any friends of Marlboro are welcome here, we have plenty of room for company, just call or e-mail anytime."

LYNN GUALA McDONNELL recently completed a master's degree in elementary education. "Looking at colleges with my high school junior—seems like yesterday it was me heading off to college! Middle school child is now in braces—cash just flows out! Best to Marlboro, past and present.

'87

JAMES LOCKEY writes, "After too many years of living a bicoastal existence in Seattle and New York, I bought a co-op in Brooklyn Heights. It's great to not have to fly back and forth across country. Had dinner at **ADAM SHEPARD '91**'s restaurant, Taku, on Smith Street—very good."

'88

COLT MADDEN was recently promoted to senior resource manager for the Upper Peninsula unit of Plum Creek Timber Company. He and his wife, Jan, and their children now live in Escanaba, Michigan.

'90

"I find myself back in Saudi Arabia," writes **DAVID BOZETARNIK**. "I had been working in Taif, and then Jeddah, for just shy of 11 years as an EFL instructor for the Saudi military. In Jeddah, I taught both general EFL and technical English for the Royal Saudi Air Defense Forces, and even researched and put together a basic technical EFL text for the college, in which topics such as SAMs, radar, Electronic Warfare and Command, Control and Communications are dealt with. Students were going to their M.O.S. training without basic tech concepts and vocabulary, making it difficult for the American trainers to instruct them. A rare chance to meet for my vocation and avocation. Family-wise, my wife and two children are at our home just outside Colombo, Sri Lanka. Allegra (10 years) and Patrick (4 1/2 years) are enrolled in a British international school there. My kids are already more multilingual than I am, and have traveled to more countries than I had up until my early 30s!! I hope to be here in Jubail until summer, and if accepted, will start my M.A.T. back home in Brattleboro. In between my last job and the current one, I was back home in Brattleboro. I visited Marlboro twice, and was very happy to see how WSP was doing. Even more, Edmund Brelsford was still there. He's my language and x-cultural mentor. It will be a very sad day, indeed, when he no longer teaches (even part time) there. He is the very embodiment of the language program at M.C., and has been my inspiration."

ERIC WALLACE-SENFT and **BRETT STANCIU** welcomed their second daughter, Gabriela, on May 31, 2005. "Molly is in first grade now, at a Waldorf School where **EVE DES JARDINS'** children also attend. We're always happy to hear of Marlboro's good news."

'91

CJ CHURCHILL writes, "My partner, Jody, and I moved to Mount Vernon, just north of New York City, in October 2004. This September, I begin my second year of clinical training in psychoanalysis at the New York Freudian Society. I'm working as a psychology extern in the Bellevue Hospital psychiatric emergency unit as part of my training, and I'm teaching sociology full time. Last spring, I saw **DAVE SIMONETTI** in Washington, D.C., and

I've kept in touch with **BESS LYONS** and **JOHN BELL**. I also keep in touch with Jerry Levy and joined him at Marlboro again last May as an outside examiner on a couple of Plans. It's amazing how the campus has grown and yet seems so much the way I remember it."

'92

"Hi all," writes **HAYDEN BAKER**, "**JUDY '91** and I are both teaching for the same public school district that our daughter Madeline (age 6) attends. Not only is the work rewarding, but the summers of family cross-country camping adventures are fun, too. We stopped and saw **BOBBI HAHN** on one this summer and have kept in touch with **MIKE WACHALA**, **MAIA SEGURA** and **MATT GARELICK**. If you are in the Seattle area, drop us a line."

'93

AMY CRAWFORD writes, "Hi there. I recently started a new job at the Green Mountain Inn as webmaster and marketing coordinator. It involves a wardrobe change that is taking some getting used to! I'm happily living in Johnson, Vermont, and would love to hear from other alumni. The next big event in my life: a new puppy!"

"Things are great here in Pasadena," writes **JESSICA O'PRAY**. "I'm still getting to play with old books at the Huntington Library and **MATT** is still doing admissions for the Engineering School at U.S.C. Claire is 7 and thriving in second grade."

"Hello, all!" writes **ANNA SZOLODKO**. "I am living in Miami and teaching at a wonderful school in historic Coconut Grove—check it out at <http://www.Ransomeverglades.org>. I teach European, World and American history and work with the students on activities and even planned last year's prom (those of you who knew me when know I can throw a mean party!). I'm really excited to be representing Marlboro in some upcoming college fairs and I do my part to bring 'some of the hill' to the flat swamps of the south (favorite extra credit question: 'Where did Miss Szolodko get her B.A.'). My love to **TIM LITTLE '65**—the beloved advisor—and to all those who remember me! I would love to hear from you!"

'94

ANDREW GATES has been appointed director of strategic initiatives for a national builder and developer. "Working to bring business information systems technology into the archaic construction sector," he writes.

MAX SAITO is pursuing a Ph.D. in communications at UMass Amherst while homeschooling his four children.

"Hello up there on the hill," writes **CATHY KROLIK SIGGINS**. "I am busy with my family and my work in early childhood education here in Brattleboro. I am currently working on my M.Ed. and teaching license in early education. Things are good! Would love to hear from old friends—e-mail catsig@adelphia.net."

'95

KIRSTIN GEORGE EDELGLASS and her husband, William Edelglass, are living in Waterville, Maine. He teaches philosophy at Colby College and Kirstin continues to lead canoe expeditions for girls through the Chewonki Foundation.

JESSICA LYNCH NICHOLS is "teaching, potting, planting."

"All's well in New York City," writes **ERIK PEARSON**. "We just had our second baby! Anders and his momma are doing well."

'96

KIM ALLEN is working as a freelance writer and does nonprofit work for a substance abuse treatment center in Connecticut.

"Greetings all," from **ELI FISHMAN**. "Living in Port Jefferson, Long Island, where I bought a small condo because my mortgage is less than my rent was! I work for a private aquarium on the east end in Riverhead, Long Island, as the exhibits manager. If anyone is in the area or would like to take a daytrip, drop me a line. The wine country is beautiful on the east end and the aquarium is a great place to visit this time of year."

KRISTY ORENSTEIN writes, "**JEREMY '97**, Quinn and I welcomed Lucy, the newest member of our family, on October 5, 2005. We're still in Tahoe and enjoying life!"

Potash Hill

welcomes submissions of poetry
and fiction, and queries for
feature articles.

Address them to
Editor, Potash Hill
P.O. Box A, Marlboro
Vermont, 05344
or email them to
kkennedy@marlboro.edu

*The deadline for
classnotes for the
summer-fall 2006 issue
of Potash Hill is May 15.*

Address them to
Class Notes, Potash Hill
P.O. Box A, Marlboro
Vermont, 05344;
post them at
alumni.marlboro.edu
or email them to
tstorti@marlboro.edu

GREGORY PHILLIPS is attending the Marlboro College Graduate Center, working on an M.S.M. degree. "Love being back in school," he writes.

'97

DENI BÉCHARD's novel *Vandal Love* is scheduled for publication in January 2006 by Doubleday Canada. He is currently working on his second book, a memoir of his father.

CAROLINE BELL was married to Chris Timbrell in Las Vegas in January. They have opened a café and gallery in Brooklyn, joining fellow alumni

ADAM SHEPARD '91 and COLIN WRIGHT '02 in the opening of eating establishments in that New York burg. "JENNIFER DAHLSTROM '97 will be pulling espresso shots with us behind the counter," she writes.

ELIZA LAWRENCE MILEY is "very happy being a homemaker with my little baby girl."

KELLY STOCKWELL is "still living 15 miles as the crow flies and working in optics and physics—the degree I earned while there! Heard the new prez rocks!"

AARON TIEGER writes, "In May 2004, the poet Jess Mynes and I wrote each other a postcard per day. Later we put them together with (very minor) revision into a single manuscript. Today, *Coltsfoot Insularity* becomes the debut title from Jess Mynes' Fewer and Further Press. You can order copies by sending a check for \$6 made out to Jess Mynes: 5 Locke Hill Rd; Wendell, MA 01379. (You can also get them from me, but all monies should be directed Jess' way in honor of his undertaking of this huge project.) Each cover is handcrafted and unique, containing different colors, stamp impressions and design. I hope you'll consider picking one up." Two of the poems can be viewed on the Marlboro alumni Web site at <http://alumni.marlboro.edu/>.

'98

"I am in Bali on my way around the world as captain and expedition leader of a sailboat named *Makulu*," JIM BENDER wrote in November. "Its mission is to serve as a virtual classroom for inner-city New York schools, writing curriculum as we go around the world. This year we will stop in Australia, Indonesia, Thailand, Sri Lanka, Oman, Djibouti, Egypt, Turkey, Malta, Tunisia and France. Next year back to New York. Check out the Web site at www.reachtheworld.org."

DOYLE HUELSMAN writes from Anchorage, "I am teaching English at a local high school and loving it...now that it isn't my first year."

"After years of living like gypsies, Andrea and I decided to grow up," writes DAVID POSES. "We got married, bought a house and are expecting our first child in December. I've been keeping busy working on a giant pile of short stories (one will be published by *McSweeney's Quarterly Concern* in their upcoming edition, the rest will likely appear in print as a collection within the next year or so, depending on how lazy I am). Life is treating me very well but I haven't been in touch with anyone from Marlboro in a while. My email address is: sesop@mac.com if anyone is interested in catching up..." In an update written in late December, David reports that Ruby Poses was born on December 14,

2005. "Words can't express the joy we feel about her."

"Congratulations to all my peers!" writes ELISA SALAS. "It seems as if you have lived just the type of rewarding life that Marlboro promises! With a few bumps in the journey of life, I've gotten a veterinary degree! I've even gotten myself organized and settled down enough to marry someone! Best wishes to you all, if you are ever in the Finger Lakes region of New York, look me up, and enjoy both the wine and beauty."

'99

WAYLAND COLE writes, "SARAH NORMANDIN and I have been busy—this past fall I assumed the role of Humanities Department team leader at Colchester High School, where I teach English and social studies, and Sarah is enrolled in the master of social work program at the University of Vermont. We are enjoying the snow and socializing that winter brings in Burlington."

"Greetings, fellow alumni," writes DREW MOSER. "I just moved to Seattle, Washington, in June. I had been living in New York City since 2000. It was an awesome place to live. After three years of going out all the time and enjoying what the city has to offer, though, I got burnt out and became more of a homebody. So my lady and I moved out here for a change of pace and fresher air. So far, we love it. I'm working for an arts presenter located on the campus of the University of Washington: the UW World Series. It's a great job, and I plan to stay here for a while. All the best!"

For the second time in two years, a Marlboro graduate is a recipient of the International Sculpture Center's Outstanding Student Achievement in Contemporary Sculpture Award. CHRIS OLIVER won the award for one of his sculptures, joining his classmate KATE CARR among the ranks of recipients of this prestigious award. Chris is an M.F.A. student in the University of Albany's sculpture program. His work will be featured in a future issue of the International Sculpture Center's publication, *Sculpture* magazine, and on the ISC Web site at: www.sculpture.org.

"2005 was a great year, with a few bumps," writes KATE QUINN-EASTER. We spent a lot of time working to pass the 'No on 1' ballot initiative here in Maine,



Outdoor Program Director Randy Elliott-Knaggs '94 sneaks the ball past Nathan Chates '07 as John Berry '07 tends goal in a 2006 broomball game between a faculty-staff squad and the college resident assistants.

Photo by Cayce James '07

thereby keeping the discrimination against lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgendered folks illegal. It was a huge victory for activists and politicians who had been working on passing this legislation for closing in on 30 years! We saw seven weddings this year, one of them was Dr. **ELISA SALAS '99!** There were a plethora of Marlboro alumni there! It was a gorgeous day, a gorgeous bride and a very handsome groom. We took a grand tour of California, driving from San Diego to Mill Valley/Tiburon and back again. The most interesting part? Thousands of acres of produce...literally. Imagine, tomato plants growing in rows upon rows and ending only when the foothills start! Amazing. Really made me want to buy local more often. In June, I started a new job here at Maine College of Art. I've moved up in the world from the office manager for the Admissions Office to the assistant registrar of the college. I'm thrilled. I love students and faculty. I love the hubbub of being in a central location to the workings and dealings of the college."

"Greetings to the Marlboro community," says **DAN RESTIVO**. "Some of you may have sighted me and fellow Marlboro graduate **AARON KAHN** scuffling about the O.P. in June '04 in preparation for an outdoor performance installation called 'Saints and Ghosts' at the Hall Centre

for Arts and Education. It proved to be a most rewarding project and it was an honor and a joy to work with such a talented company (which included, among others, dear friend and fellow alum **BARBARA WHITNEY**). It was great to be back in southern Vermont, my childhood and subsequent college stomping ground. I'll be back before too long; I can hardly stay away. I have been somewhat nomadic since graduation although my primary residence has been in Toronto, Canada. My freelance career keeps me on my toes. Of late, while not performing, I have been employed as a part-time consultant by a Toronto P.R. firm and a local jazz festival. In 2002, I received a grant from the Canada Council for the Arts for a one-year music performance research project that took me to the west coast of Ireland. Since then, I have been performing intermittently with a number of ensembles and shows across Canada, the U.S., the U.K. and Ireland. I fly out of Montreal this August Galway-bound to pursue several performance projects on the Emerald Isle. Hope all are well in the Marlboro community. My warmest regards to the grand old crew, staff, faculty, alumni and students alike."

TRICIA THEIS and **ALEX ROGALSKI '02** were married on August 21, 2005. Tricia writes, "Instilling

in me a sense of fate, Alex and I found our paths crossing again last year after only a casual acquaintance back in college. Both in Connecticut for the time being (he working on a Ph.D. in mathematics at UConn, myself working on...um...living well and writing), we found ourselves in love." They live in Mansfield Center, Connecticut, where Tricia will be "a doctorate student's widow and comingle with the cows (who are literally our neighbors). There, I hope to get cracking on my novel while Alex grinds out the numbers and Iggy (the dog) continues to live the life of a happy pooch."

'00

KATE McCARTHY CLARK had her second child, a boy, on July 11, 2005. "Boy oh boy is life busy now! Most days I love it, but like all mammas, sometimes I wonder what I was thinking!"

TIFFANY FLEMING is working toward an M.A.T. degree at Cornell University.

'01

DAMON JESPERSON writes, "Life is so interesting. I'm about to graduate again, this time from Emerson Theater Ed. Program. Where to next? I've been setting up a pottery studio."

JESSICA MERRILL and **MICHAEL BOOXBAUM SARDINAS** welcomed daughter Hannah Elizabeth into the world on March 16, 2005. "We are all healthy and happy and living here in southern Vermont."

CARRIE STERR writes, "I am excited to announce that I will be in Peru for the first few months of 2006 making a documentary on domestic workers with the organization La Casa de Panchita. I've been working very hard on my Spanish and hope it will all come together while I'm there. I will meet up with **MIKE HARRINGTON** in January, as he tours South America. Exit One, my film production company with **GEOFF EADS '00** has moved to Maine, and we have parted ways (still the greatest of friends). In the spring I'm planning on moving to Boston, near **LEE COLLYER '03**, **CHIP HURD '04**, **BEN SCURRIA '01** and I'm sure others! Would love to hear from everyone at csterr@marlboro.edu, especially **KATIE HOLLANDER**."

'02

EDDY AUGUSTYN is in his second year as visiting assistant professor in dance at Muhlenberg College in Pennsylvania. "Thought I was going to be gunned down when I gave a student a B+ for a final grade! Teaching is a lot harder than I thought it would be." Eddy and four of his dance students participated in a dance performance to celebrate the opening of the Serkin Center on campus this fall.

KELLY BERGSTRAND and **AUGUST WOERNER '01** wrote in September, "We're getting married! To our long lost compadres: anyone who wants to drop us a line can do so at kellyjeany@hotmail.com or awoerner@marlboro.edu. This means you, **FRED!**"

TIM COLLINS' Web site is now fully online at www.timcollinsonline.com. "Please check it out for upcoming performances, press and additional information!"

RACHEL FRANK and **ERICH BENNAR** send greetings from Holyoke, Massachusetts. "We bought a house in June and got married in October—on Halloween, of course! We're busy renovating and generally learning the ins and outs of owning a house. Regards!"

JODINA MEEHAN and **TELLMAN KNUDSON '01** are "happy to be job-free, entirely self-employed and planning to travel to Norway in 2006." Jodi's first book of stories, *The Snow Country*, is scheduled to launch in January 2006. To find out more, contact her at jodi@listcrusade.com.

On September 30, 2005, Mira Asli Friedlaender and **COLIN CLAIR WRIGHT** exchanged vows and rings (both answering to "Precious") in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. "No animals were harmed in the ceremony," writes Colin, "however, two dozen gastropods from British Columbia and New Zealand were consumed whole and live shortly afterwards. In a somewhat related incident, an undetermined amount of French grapes were crushed to death and their fluids reserved so that they too could be consumed with the gastropods." Colin and Mira will be opening their new restaurant, Little Dishes, at 434 7th Avenue in Park Slope, Brooklyn, this winter.

'03

LEE COLLYER is living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, working towards an M.S.W. degree. "Appreciating my time on the hill more and more every day," he writes.

MARISA TENENBAUM and Chris Potter were married in Colrain, Massachusetts, in August 2005. They live in Shelburne Falls and can be reached at mpotter@ota.com.

FORMER FACULTY

SALLY ANDREWS, former college librarian, is now the medical librarian at Brattleboro Memorial Hospital.

TOURIA EL OUDIYI, Marlboro's Fulbright fellow during the 2004–2005 academic year, wrote about her return home to Morocco, "I have just finished teaching two whole summer intensive sessions. My colleagues and students had a great time attending a short presentation I gave about Marlboro College and the wonderful time I had spent with the community and friends there. I miss everything about it, even the bitter cold and the blizzard when your tears freeze while you are walking up the hill. My going back to Marrakesh was a complete shock because the temperature was 150 F !!!!! and I had to work. The school is about 15 minutes from where I live but I was not driving, I was riding my motorbike. So you can imagine when the hot wind blows against your face while you are going very fast because you have to escape the crowd

of cars and bikes.... Actually there is a saying: 'If you know how to drive in Marrakesh you will be able to drive anywhere in the whole world.' I would like to thank you all for your warmth, for the great times we shared together, for being colleagues and real good friends. Lots of love, Touria, 'an old Vermonter.'"

IN MEMORIAM

News of the deaths of the following people was received at press time. Obituaries will appear in the summer-fall issue.

Bernard Brooks '52

Robert A. Bagg '54

Lewis Prouty '57

W. Scott Morris '71

Sarah Ellen Tucker '02

Jane Emerson Robinson,
classics fellow

Parting Shot



Photo by Peter Field Peck



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