Potash Hill

The Magazine of Marlboro College • Winter-Spring 2004



Potash Hill The Magazine of Marlboro College

LIBERAL ARTS

Perspective

On & Off the Hill



ALUMNI NEWS

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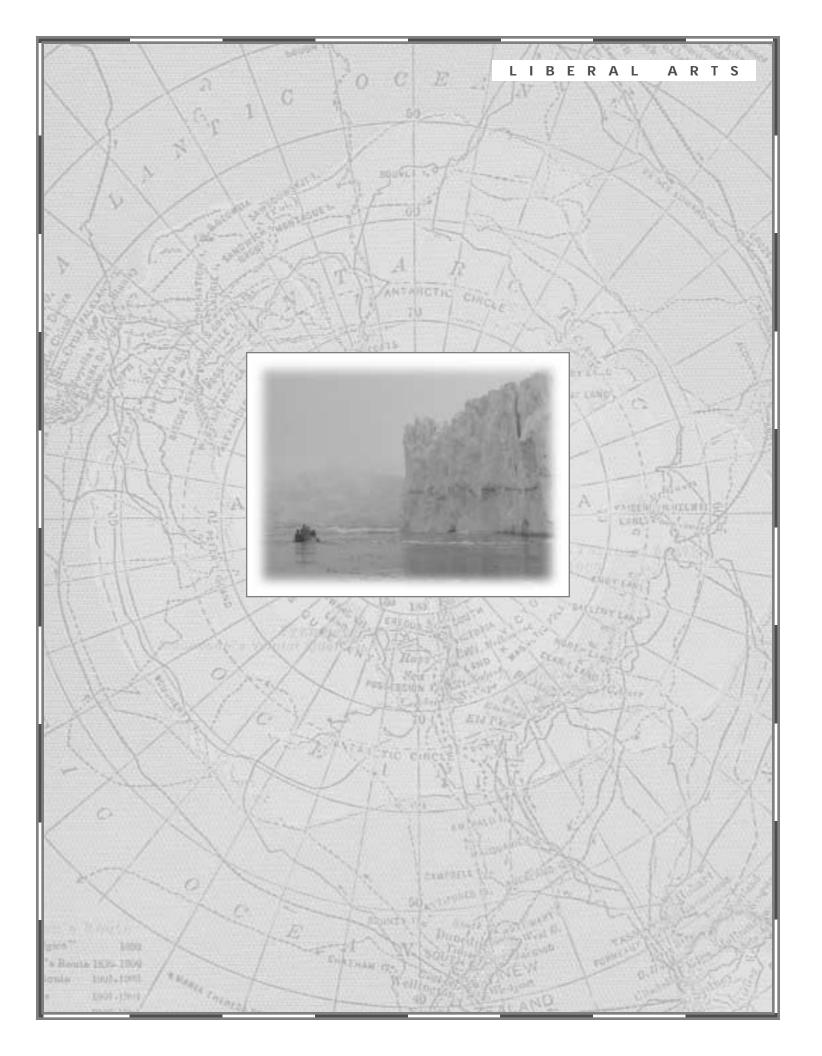
WOODWARD DESIGN

Front cover: Living Room; by former Marlboro art faculty Gib Taylor; oil on canvas; 1988.

Back Cover: Two women and man; Gib Taylor; watercolor on paper; 1987.

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.



In the wake of icebergs

A day in the life of an Antarctic scientist

"Just climb on down!" shouts up Adam Jenkins, our chief scientist for this cruise. The ladder I'm about to descend drops 50 feet over the side of our ship and terminates just above a little rubber raft. Looking over the rail at the dinghy below, I start to question the logic in my agreeing last night to be Adam's bowman. Our ship is anchored about five miles from the island we're delivering supplies to and there is something disconcerting about the thought of plying the Antarctic Ocean in an inflatable boat. Sure, Ernest Shackleton navigated these very same waters in a vessel not much

larger than our little Zodiac, but that was not his choice; his ship had been crushed by the ice. We have a

390-foot, ice-hardened research ship. So why do we need to try to re-create Shackleton's voyage eight decades later? The ship's captain

would not anchor any closer to the shore due to the paucity of reliable bathymetry data for this region. "Rock pinnacles will reach up and tear the bottom out of a ship," he said gravely. And so "small boat ops" are the only way to service the field-research camps on Antarctica's islands.



The author. Photo by Anne Allen

STORY AND PHOTOS BY DANIEL DOOLITTLE '95

While February in Vermont means starting the countdown to mud season, it's austral summer here at 62° south latitude. I'm in this part of the world working for the Antarctic Marine Living Resources (AMLR) program of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA). I've joined their annual research cruise to the Antarctic region to collect acoustic data used for seabed classification and estimation of krill (think shrimp) biomass. Three sound frequencies constantly illuminate the waters below the ship, and the returning echoes from zooplankton and fish caught in the beam are recorded and later processed to determine a density of organisms for a given volume of water sampled. This is actually a very similar method to using nets to catch fish, except the acoustic method is much more environmentally sound and allows a greater volume of data to be collected at a lower cost. In the future, it is hoped that we can get rid of the ship altogether by using underwater robots equipped with acoustic measuring sensors (see sidebar).

AMLR maintains 14 years' worth of observations of the pelagic (open ocean) ecosystems of the areas around the South Shetland Islands. In addition to monitoring marine ecosystems,

> scientific study is conducted on the reproductive performance and foraging ecology of land-breeding krill predators such as penguins, fur seals and sea lions. Each year, descriptive ship- and land-based surveys are conducted on and around the South Shetland islands. Exploratory surveys around the Antarctic Peninsula and the South Orkney islands have also been accomplished. In addition to shipboard science, AMLR maintains a field camp on Livingston Island and one on King George Island.

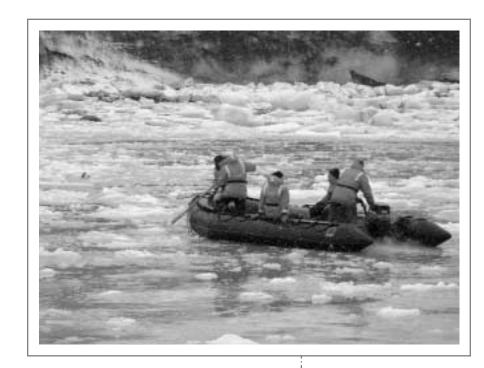
> The AMLR program also monitors the populations of the fish and benthic invertebrate (think squid, starfish and sea urchins) communities of the study area. This task is met with a bottom trawl and acoustic survey and seeks to

quantify relationships between finfish, krill dispersion, benthic invertebrate communities and habitat availability.

This data is essential for efforts to understand and describe the total ecosystem dynamics of the area. Such a broad-scale program is often not possible in other locations due to human influence on the natural populations. Thus understanding the dynamics of the "natural" Antarctic ecosystem will allow researchers to better understand the role humans play in more populated environments.

Navigating small rubber boats through zero-degree Celsius water (the seawater in Antarctica doesn't freeze until minus 4 to minus 5 degrees due to the water's high salinity) surrounded by icebergs and tractor-sized ice chunks ... yes, the logical mind says "no worries." NOAA wouldn't allow us to do this if it weren't perfectly safe. Nonetheless, I picture a number of doomsday scenarios as I will myself down the Jacob's ladder into the Zodiac below. As I reach the bottom rung and begin to step off the ladder, the Zodiac drops eight feet. "You need to time the waves and just step in," Adam shouts up. "Just step in," says the man who rode down in the Zodiac when it was lowered from the ship. So with the next heaving swell, I just "stepped in."

As bowman, my job is to release the lines tethering the Zodiac to the ship and to assist with getting the boat on and off the beach. Dropping the lines, we speed off toward Livingston Island. The Antarctic Circumpolar Current is an eastward flowing mass of water that circles, unchecked, the Antarctic continent, thus producing some of the longest wave periods in the world. The



Zodiac zooms over these waves which seem, from our perspective, to engulf the ship, thus completing the image of being completely and utterly isolated. It takes only a few moments for all my earlier angst to disappear and the reality of what I am doing to sink in. I am in the Southern Ocean, ostensibly working. When was work this much fun?

Everything in Antarctica exists on a scale of vastness beyond that of anywhere else in the world. The waves are huge, the glaciers gigantic, the sea life can be abnormally large when compared to similar species in more temperate oceans, and everything is sized without reference to modern day human-centered scales. There are no manufactured objects readily visible to provide the brain with a sense of familiar perspective. "We can't get too close to the bergs," Adam tells me as we slide by a blue-and-white mountain of floating ice. "They roll all the time." As if on cue, the iceberg guarding our landing beach for the Cape Shirreff camp rolls in front of our boat with such force that its leading edge shatters into hundreds of "bergy bits." Adam quickly motors up alongside a basketball-sized "bit" (most others were the size of our outboard engine or larger) and pulls it into the Zodiac. "For later," Adam grins.

After running the gauntlet of bergs that sentinel Cape Shirreff's embayment, we are eagerly met on the beach by the crew of the field camp. These four souls have lived on this rock since October, conducting studies on fur seal population dynamics, diet and reproduction success. Their days are consumed with stalking seals and collecting their scat for fat content and diet composition analysis.

Saving Species with Sonar

It's a big leap from welding sculptures to designing submarines; in the case of Daniel Doolittle a leap of about a dozen years. The 18-year-old who arrived at Marlboro in 1991 to study visual arts soon followed his interests to the natural sciences and from High Plains prairie reclamation to, upon graduation, marine biology. His work monitoring fish populations around Cape Cod for the National Marine Fisheries Service led to graduate research at William and Mary College. His master's thesis, written in conjunction with his work at Sias Patterson, Inc., was development of an artificial neural network classification program for identifying fish species from Sias Patterson's unmanned submarine, known as an "Autonomous Underwater Vehicle," or AUV. Doolittle's neural network software identifies and counts fish from the sonar images that the AUV collects as it patrols the ocean. AUVs armed with Doolittle's program could revolutionize the monitoring of fish populations around the world, giving scientists an accurate count of species without the effort and inaccuracy of current methods, which rely on estimating populations based on the size of sample catches and sonar readings from manned ships.

—Kevin Kennedy



McMurdo Station journal

I have been at McMurdo for about a month now and am settled into my schedule. We work a lot! And have some fun as well. It is a pretty amazing place. I work for Raytheon Polar Services, which is the subcontractor for the National Science Foundation; 700 support staff for 300 scientists during the summer. The population goes down to about 200 in the winter just to keep the base functioning. But it's the biggest town I have lived in since I left Brattleboro.

The logistics to keep this place running are fascinating. We are getting our big shipment from the States in a few weeks. It happens once a year, and then we load the ship back up with our waste from the last 12 months. Spring has definitely hit—the weather has been beautiful, and the penguins are making their way closer to town which I have been told is a sure sign the sea ice is breaking up and we should see open water soon. I guess the Coast Guard ice breakers are on their way down to bust up the sea ice to make room for our resupply vessel. The fuel resupply vessel couldn't get into base last year because they couldn't break up the ice, so all the "fuelies" had to run fuel lines four miles across the ice.

I still don't think I am used to it being light 24 hours a day—the sun just circles in the sky.

> -Angie Burton '00 (pictured above) Ross Island, Antarctica December, 2003

These days of servicing the field camps are what the shipboard scientists most look forward to. Since life on board a research vessel is defined by a schedule of work, eat and sleep, such diversions are eagerly anticipated. Given the expense and great distance traveled, most ships operate 24 hours a day in order to maximize data collection. This is especially true in the Antarctic, where just getting here from Chile is a three-day steam across one of the most dreaded stretches of water in the world, Drake Passage. Drake is known to have 40- to 50-foot waves and winds regularly reaching gale speeds of 55 to 63 mph (on the Beaufort scale of one to 12, a 10). We navigate this aboard the RV Yuzhmorgeolegia, aka the "Yuzhmo," a chartered Russian science vessel. Of our 32 days at sea, eight are scheduled as transit days, four days are reserved for bad weather, and three days are given to service the field camps. Suddenly the month-long research cruise becomes shortened by 15 days and every minute lost becomes a minute's less data collected.

On board, I am responsible for collecting and processing the acoustic data that is used to estimate the total amount of Euphausia superba—krill—and map its distribution throughout the South Shetland Island complex. This means 12 hours a day of looking at computer screens. Very similar to the film The Matrix, the screens are collections of scrolling colors and lines that actually become interesting once one is able to decode their meaning. During these acoustic surveys, the ship "mows the lawn" or steams back and forth over large expanses of ocean. For this year's acoustic survey, the ship steamed 2,285 nautical miles (2,631 land miles) and surveyed a region consisting of 125,019 square kilometers. And then turned around at the end of January and did it again in order to track growth and population changes of each year's krill stock.

The daily routine becomes second nature. Alarm clocks become unused as the body adapts to the nearly monotonous existence of sleep, eat, collect data, eat, sleep, repeat. The simplicity and single-mindedness of this type of existence is often greeted as a welcome change from our lives back in the populated world. In short, being here at the bottom of the world is wonderful. And while each one of us brings extra work we think will be accomplished during the cruise manuscripts to write, papers to grade, books to read and, in my case, a thesis to write—the weather and the work demand otherwise.

The weather this morning on Livingston Island starts out beautiful. A classic austral summer day: temp about 6 degrees C, winds calm, the sky a livid blue and the ocean, an oily deep gray. Once up away from Cape Shirreff's rocky beach, one is treated to an expanse of green. However it is not grass, but a meadow of lichen that stretches over the landscape. Dotted around the landscape are great numbers of rocks. Upon closer inspection these "rocks" turn out to be Antarctic fur seal pups, the objects of intense study for Drs. Rennie Holt and Mike Goebel and their team of researchers, typically comprised of four or five scientists. Rennie is the director of the AMLR program—so I particularly wanted to meet up with him—and Mike Goebel is the lead fur seal researcher there.

Living in a small wooden hut for months, these folks monitor the reproductive performance and food habits of the adult fur seals and the growth and diet composition of the pups. Once the land researchers collect enough scat samples, they transfer them back to the ship's laboratory each month when the Yuzhmo resupplies the camps. (However cute these seals seemed on the island, weeks later those of us on the ship would eventually grow less fond of them and their odoriferous contributions to the on-board scat- and lipid-analysis program.)

As we shuttle boatloads of propane fuel, fresh veggies (or "freshies" in Antarctic parlance) and the all-important mailbag, the whole camp (all four of them) turns out to greet us on the beach. There is something indescribable about the intensity and, for lack of a better word, purity of this reunion. Old friends and strangers alike are greeted with warmth and genuine joy at being in contact with new people. It was here that I began to fathom the ordeals of the Shackleton expedition and others who have experienced the true, engulfing, solitude of the Antarctic. Walking around the camp, I wondered how I would survive for six months on a tiny rock of an island at the bottom of the Earth. Even in the company of my shipmates, there is a sense of being, somehow, alone here.

As is typical of these beautiful Antarctic summer days, it begins to snow as we say our goodbyes and begin to launch the Zodiac for "home." We'll be back here in 28 days to close down the camp

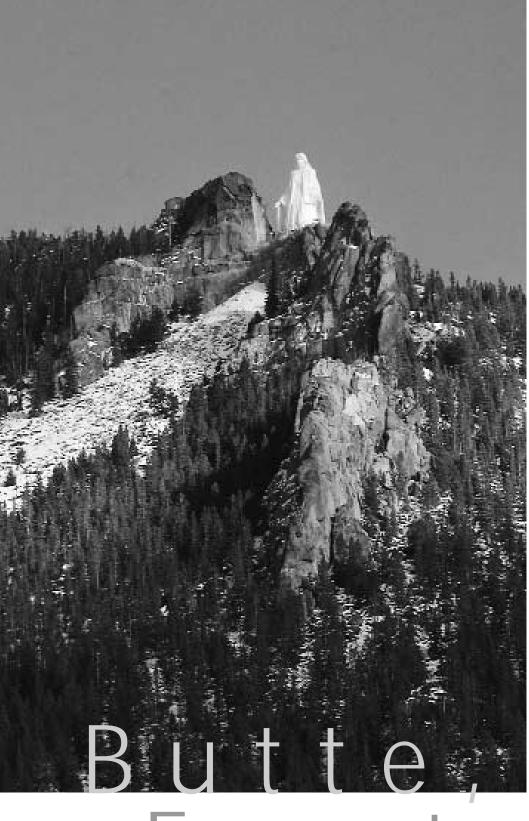
for the year and begin the transition back to civilization. As we near the ship, I remember the ladder. As if reading my mind, Adam says I can just ride up with the boat.

Tomorrow we will return to the pace of shipboard life; eating, working, sleeping, waking and doing it again. But tonight, as is AMLR tradition, there will be a party thrown by the Russian crew and American scientists, as there always is on the first day of launching the Zodiacs, and we will slip chips of 10,000-yearold ice into our whiskey from Adam's bergy bit. So this is what he meant by "later...."



Our Lady of the Rockies, Butte, Montana.

Photo by Walter Hinick



John Sheehy

This is an excerpt of an essay in which the author examines his family history in Butte, Montana, where Cornelius "Con" Sheehy, the author's father's father, worked in the Anaconda Copper mine, where the gallus frame of an old mine shaft loomed over the family's little blue house, and where Con died of an undiagnosed lung condition contracted in the mines.

We had the postcard once,

hanging on the fridge in our house in Seattle with other kitschy memorabilia, with the Michelangelo's David-in-underpants magnet and the jackalope and the fur-bearing fish, a three-by-five-inch paper monument to a joke on the past. Who knows which of them took the picture, which of the lost and now terminally unemployed men or women doddering down Montana Avenue past the boarded-up windows and the empty storefronts and second-hand stores, past the casinos that looked pathetic and defeated even the day after they were built, past the 15 or 20 bars dark and inviting as churches and full even by 10 o' clock in the morning with others similarly lost and just as terminally unemployed for whom all days now were Saturday but no day was payday? Who knows which of the old ones doddering down that street muttering to himself and to the others, howsh'go and goodnyou, and dreaming perhaps of better or maybe just younger or more full days looked by mere chance over his shoulder to see her hovering there over the high pass in the Rockies, made of clouds and blue sky, the Virgin towering blue and white as he'd always pictured her, arms outstretched in a gesture either protective, inviting or simply sad, her feet not visible but probably, as in the statues in the church, bare and standing on the writhing serpent, her face visible though and looking down on Butte shedding blue-skyand-cloud tears at the state of things in the sorrily ordinary world as they know and we suspect she always has and does? Whoever he was, he had a camera and was able to swing it up and focus it and snap the photo before any random breeze was able to blow away the configuration of clouds combining to reveal the visitation, and probably even after a few minutes when the breeze had blown those clouds away needed no further sign, no further proof, no healing grotto or Castilian roses in January and not in Castille, to corroborate what he already knew, had always already known, that although Butte might have passed from whatever impossible hope to whatever fleeting and maybe shining reality to whatever it was that day—real, certainly, but not in any way hopeful anymore—it was still a beam not yet cast from the eye of God, still remembered and favored or at least an idea on God's mind and still worthy of the world's sorry mother's embrace.

And I imagine that it wasn't even cynicism in whomever he then showed the picture to, or in whomever that one showed it to again in succession, who had first the idea of reprinting the picture of the cloudy Virgin on cardboard stock to be sold at the gift shop by the overlook at the Berkeley Pit and at the Town Pump outside of town and at the Stuckey's where the roads meet

at Three Forks, stacked in wire cages with the other pictures of grizzly bears and elk and antlered jackrabbits and furry trout; not cynicism but innocence still, seeking not to remind himself of that of which he didn't need reminding, but to remind the world which seemed to have forgotten that Butte was still there and still the center not only of a couple thousand personal concentric circles but of the big one, too. And it probably wasn't even cynicism although the tourist dollar cannot have been entirely overlooked—that gave some other the idea, quickly taken up and acted upon by the town, to build on the spot where the clouds had met by accident to form the picture now on a thousand refrigerators next to a thousand Davids in underpants, an enormous and factual Virgin cast in four pieces out of steel and lowered into place on the mountaintop piece by piece by four National Guard helicopters, bolted down, welded tight, Our Lady of the Rockies now to overlook the town, but somehow in her actuality and steel permanence never capturing the evanescent pity of the cloud-and-sky vision, and anyway never capturing much of that tourist dollar.

So I would like to say that I was not among the cynics either on my last trip to Butte, on honeymoon with my wife, that I was compelled by blood or memory or heard the call of Our Lady of the Rockies to come back to a home that was never my home, where I never lived and where most of the things I remember about it are either gone or never were there, really. But cannot, because I was one of those cynics, 10 years gone from Montana then and prodigal when I left, eager to forget it and become somebody else, but bringing Jill there now for I don't know what reason, really, except that she'd never been there and at long last I wanted her to meet my family. And so we drove through Montana, stopping in all the other places I remembered but were not mine, driving over the Going-to-the-Sun Highway in Glacier, looking at the high mountains, hiking in the backcountry singing for bears; stayed at the water slides in Whitefish, drove then down through the breathtakingly beautiful Swan River valley, through the high, thick pines and the running water and the deer-like cows in their hundreds walking, not running, across the road and staring pensively only from the barrow pit as we drove by alone on the road; were on our way to Chico Hot Springs to sit in the hot water pool and look at the stars out over the Paradise Valley, taking pictures and buying T-shirts and postcards along the way.

But we had always hit the road early and thus had time to kill when we saw the sign on the highway that said "Butte 12" and somebody—not, certainly, somebody from Butte but somebody from Montana where the epithet was known and used but never in Butte itself—had scrawled in spray paint beneath the word "Butte" the words "the asshole of Montana," and we both laughed and as a lark decided to go into the town. Not motivated by blood or memory or the Virgin, but just by a tourist's curiosity, and only when we got just outside of town and were driving through the deep road-cuts in the mountain where the rock is red and green and blue and white, striped and infused still with the gold, silver, copper and also iron, molybdenum and titanium that make it still the richest hill on Earth just waiting for somebody to discover a need for what it contains, did I remember and tell Jill about how my father used to lean over in places like this when we were approaching Butte and say, deadpan, "Boy, it took me a long time to paint all those rocks."

And so into Butte, clinging now to the plateau it once lorded over, the Anaconda Copper Company having sold out to Atlantic Richfield and then Atlantic Richfield to abandon pit and



smelter in what seemed like a day, leaving then only the children and the grandchildren of those who might have felt trapped by the silver and the copper now trapped by memory and lack of means in a rusting town, casino-filled and boarded up, the Gardens gone and I not even remembering how it was we used to get there, the Finlan Hotel decrepit and seedy, plywood across one picture window, bars full on a weekday fall morning and the old ones doddering, muttering, dreaming down Montana Avenue.

Whatever there was of life in the town seemed now aimed at the tourist dollar, the bars and the Town Pump and the gift shop at the overlook at the Berkeley Pit, all selling not Butte or even the dream of Butte but whatever the tourists wanted to buy—T-shirts and postcards, elk and grizzly and mountain goats, the Unabomber and the Freemen and mad cow disease (a bumper sticker: "Come to Montana, where at least our cows are sane!"), and all the casinos prospector-this and cowpoke-that but not old-Irish-laborer-this or three-bucks-a-day-and-diein-the-poor-house-that. At the Town Pump we bought a card with a picture of four men carrying a giant grasshopper between them slung on two long poles, since we already had the blue-sky Virgin, and though we drove up Montana to the gallus frame on Antimony Street and drove by the little blue house where Aunt Fran might still have been, Uncle Joe too dead and gone now, we did not stop there (because, we told ourselves, we didn't have time) and so we turned around where Montana turned to dirt and timothy and went back down the hill.

Not knowing what else to do, we stopped over lunch at the Copper King Mansion and took a tour, this the house of William Clark, the original Copper King himself, surprisingly unprepossessing from the outside but cavernous and opulent still on the inside, which, when Clark had made enough out of or from Butte he vacated, donated as convent to the local Sisters of Charity and himself moved to a whole floor of the Dakota in New York City, where, we were told, his descendants still live. The tour guide, young and chipper, told us this story and others, the Clark hagiography, while we clomped on the still beautiful and shining six-inch end-grain parquet of the ballroom; told us how Clark had made good, how he started with just the shaft mines in Butte but then moved into pit mining, as we looked at pictures on the wall of gaping pits in Arizona, in South America; told us how his wealth was untold, his touch Midas', how in the '40s he was rich enough to build his own railroad—the largest privately owned in the worldThe Berkeley Pit, Butte, Montana.

Photo by Walter Hinick

the railing I didn't see what I wanted to show them anyway, but only the water and the pit and the dirt and the silence saying nothing to me, realizing then that this place was no more mine than theirs, no more my home than theirs, and yet feeling it—or perhaps yet just hoping to feel it—somehow reaching up to me out of the green water and the nothingness, connecting the green water to Con's green hair to the green Irish blood, the Virgin to the Irish Christian Brothers to the serpent and the gallus frame, all to the doctors and the Model A Ford and my father's hand and his lungs and three men and one woman gasping for air, all meaning maybe nothing but connecting in a line and making me at the end of that line think that perhaps it was not that it belonged to me or never belonged to me or did not belong to me anymore but rather that I belong to it and always have belonged to it and will belong to it whether I want

fateful, lucky, unlucky, sad . . . but I didn't stop them, said nothing, and when I looked back over

John Sheehy has taught writing at Marlboro since 1998

between the Arizona pit and the Nevada smelter, and how as an afterthought he had planted a town in his Clark County, Nevada, only because he needed someplace to water the trains, called Las Vegas. We looked at the floors and the woodwork, at the Victorian furniture and the scraps—a cross here and there—of the nuns, at the wall of clocks on the second floor that marked the hour in every time zone in the world and were set to chime somehow one-by-one 24 times on St. Patrick's Day, Clark always, wherever he was living while he was alive getting himself to Butte on that day, since nowhere on Earth is that day more holy. And that was all there was—things and tidbits and memories not ours, and Clark dead now, too.



The Sheehy family, circa 1972. The author is in the center of the front row.

Our last stop on the way out of town was the overlook at the pit itself, our truck and a van with Michigan plates the only vehicles in the dirt lot on a fall weekday in Butte when it was already starting to get cold, already promising again as every year to be a hard winter and soon in the coming. And we followed those Michiganders, a man and a woman, t-shirts and jeans, older than we but similarly equipped and probably similarly engaged, into the gift shop and past the bored attendant and out the door into the long concrete tunnel with the light at the end of it where the pit was. Stood, then, the four of us together but not talking, looking out over the complete and not-at-all-churchlike silence of the pit itself, probably a thousand feet down to where the water now was and probably another couple of thousand below the water's surface, the water placid and flat down there where no wind would ever reach it, and a shade of green that when you see it in somebody's eyes, as sometimes you do, you gasp and fall in love.

The water, of course, having leached through whatever rock and ore and heavy metal and mining chemicals it had to to fill the basin, was poison, and somebody's job it was, and lucky to have it in Butte, to take a motorboat around the lake every once in a while when nobody was standing at the railing to see and collect the few ducks and geese that, fooled by the lovely eyegreen pool, landed there and wet their beaks and scrounged in the gravel and died. So there were no ducks or geese that day, nobody living but the four of us at the railing, and nothing really to say in the face of the pit except maybe to yourself, that there was indeed something magnificent about its size and depth, about somebody somewhere saying to himself that such a thing, such a nothing, was possible and then convincing others to make it a real thing and then a real nothing, about even poison to such a depth and on such a scale and at such a cost and in such a translucent shade of green.

The Michiganders, having perhaps said that to themselves and then having nothing left to say, turned after about five minutes from the railing and started walking back down the tunnel, back to the van and the road and more of Montana and more interesting than this. I wanted, then, to stop them, although I can't quite say why, except that I wanted at that moment to say to them that this place deserved more, and better, looking, deeper looking, that somewhere in the pit or the water or in the air above it something had happened, something important and

to or not, whether it means something or not, whether I claim it or not or it claims me. Entropy being what it is, he is still there, Con—every molecule of air he breathed or could not breathe still exists, every lungful of mine or yours contains some piece of it that kindled the fire that swung his pick, if that's what it was, that kept his heart beating in the Windsor chair, and some piece also of that last eyedropperful and therefore surely some piece of the question it shaped or at least could or should have, and whatever else of him besides the breath he borrowed and then gave back to the world, besides the flesh and blood and even the lungfuls of dirt now again composting Butte soil, may still also be here in someone who only by accident and as an afterthought took his name before the God who, invented or not, may or may not have cared. Maybe what matters in the world does not inhere either in places or in human hearts—

or rather, inheres in both place and heart but is created eternally only out of the accidental friction between the two. Maybe then it matters beyond accident or plan that somewhere in the neighborhood of the pit and the green water is a particle of soil made of him who had a hand in making me; maybe then it matters also, though this surely was an accident, that my grandmother Anne gave up whatever loneliness for him and whatever else she had to give to her children who survived in those long, wheeling circles, and died on May 11, 1965, that she was waked on the twelfth and that her bier, with my father and Joe and Serena and the rest in attendance, might have been just lowering into the ground into which some particle of Con had already transformed at nine o'clock on the thirteenth, when at the same moment in a hospital in Billings I was emerging into the space she left, taking into myself the first eyedropperful of the gasping air Con and she had relinquished—and thus bequeathed—to me and to the rest who were still hungry for it. Or perhaps this too only accident and wishful thinking, except for that somehow still, even when I don't know or can't say what home means, I know what it means not to be there, and know also that in my own heart's sacristy there are rocks—mine or not, invented or eternal, holy or meaningful or accidental—and that I also have been a long time in painting them.

My Life as a Horse

There was a time, before breasts, before blood flowed, before boys' bodies made me too aware, when I was a horse, a shiny black filly with a lilt to her gallop, dressed in a blaze and two pairs of white stockings.

My friends Kathy and Nan were horses too, and we vaulted over stone walls together, our manes floating like silk in the breeze.

We straddled branches, urged ourselves on with whips of peeled willow, neighed and pawed at the macadam with hooves that rang like iron. We were clover thunder together. We were stampeding magic. We were sweaty creatures no one could understand.

Then my friends got real horses and didn't need to play, occupied by gymkhanas, the North Salem Hunt Club, and the beautiful palomino and bay, whose muzzles felt soft as down against my cheek when I nickered to them in the tongue of our ancestor, Eohippus.

I carried on alone for a while, galloping down Keeler Lane to the school bus, whinnying at horses confined in their paddocks, tossing my tangled braids fiercely, until it got too hard by myself and the ways of horses dissolved like the first bloodstains I washed from my jeans in cold water.

I was a girl. I wore a Teencharm bra, and boys were suddenly the only thing that mattered. But sometimes, when I am out running, or see a horse alone, she comes back to me, that long gallop of rippling muscle, that pretty filly, that girlhorse, so silky and so unencumbered by the laws of the body.

Instinct

When I saw the way the mother moose stood for days beside her dead calf, licking at it, nuzzling the still form that had already begun to decay—its coat tattered as worm-eaten velvet—as if her presence could make it rise again, stalks of legs unfolding beneath it like lengths of burnished sapling birch, the film disappearing from its eyes as fog burns off a pond in midsummer, I understood how it was that I had waited beside you, everything I knew of devotion concentrated, each breath a slipknot of pain.

I saw how it was my task to stand guard, pawing the ground, shaking my head at intruders, impelled by the kind of crazy logic we call constancy, or faith, to remain close to what I'd loved, protecting it, keeping it away from the white teeth of the wolves that circled the place where you'd fallen-until I saw that it was me or you, and I left, crashing through the brush of my own life and into the clearing of who I might be without you.

AND STILL THE MUSIC

One month after your death,

and I'm doing my every-other-day-when-I-don't-run workout at Curves for Women—Stoughton, Wisconsin's equivalent of a gym-where I've already won a "Curves buck" for guessing tonight's trivia question, and the big news is that the local Wal-mart won the best "hometown store" award, and the ladies as they call us here—are sweating and panting their way through the circle of machines when "Great Balls of Fire" comes on and damn, if you aren't right there before me, the slit between worlds opening and closing like an elevator door as I hustle from the pec-deck to the recovery pad, and for just a second, for a breathless, high-stepping, hip-swaying, triple beat second, I see you, dressed in that vintage purple lace you wore to a dance in college almost thirty years ago, waving a rhinestone cigarette holder, your arms open, your mouth red and alive, startling me so I almost stop, until I see that if I hesitate, you fade and that to keep you here I have to keep moving because you never sat any dance out; and so I do, powering my way through the leg press, the oblique twist and the knee squat, until my muscles burn, moving my arms in and out, up and down, running non stop on the pads, singing under my breath with the music, which somehow becomes "R-E-S-P-E-C-T" and then "Great Balls of Fire" again, and every good dance song that crazy college band called Widespread Depression played, the sweat pouring down my face as I dance with you in this room full of middle-aged women trying to stop time or at least hold it at bay, and who wouldn't cry? as I dance with you, as if my good heart and lungs could somehow bring you back—breathing life into you the way the heart-and-lung machine could not—in this room where you both are and are not, and the music keeps going, and I remember you twirling once at a dance and saying, I'm happy, so happy, as if you could have died then—and still the music carries us, and tears splash down my arm for the girls we were together and the women we became, for the empty place on every dance floor without you.

(in memory of Josie Avery, 1953-2003)

TWELVE BELOW ZERO

Audubon says the red-breasted nuthatch will accept suet, but is small and shy, visiting bird feeders less frequently than its white-breasted cousin.

But every day this week a pair has come to our feeder, their underfeathers rusty pink beneath serious blue-grey. I know they mate for life.

This afternoon, out of sorts, washing breakfast dishes in a rush to be finished. I glanced out through steam and saw Lake Mendota's frozen reaches blushing,

the trees on the far shore a scrim of smoky rose. So many times this year I've thought of leaving. I see it's red that makes me stay, the heart going on about its intractable business while small birds dart and flash,

their wings opening and closing over the fat and the gold seed like bellows fanning winter into flame.

Alison Townsend teaches creative writing at the University of Wisconsin-Whitewater. Her poetry has appeared in The North American Review, The Southern Review and Calyx, among others. Her poetry chapbook, What the Body Knows, was published by Parallel Press. These poems appear in her collection The Blue Dress (2003, White Pine Press, \$14.95 paperback, www.whitepine.org).



Exposures



Marlboro College photography students Nora Zale '04, Sarah Swift '04 and Jessamyn Mayher '04, led by Marlboro professor John Willis and Erin Barnard '03, helped bring together South Bronx teens, Brattleboro area youth and Lakota Sioux to share culture and photography at the Pine Ridge Lakota Indian Reservation in South Dakota in July. The Insight Photography Project of Brattleboro—founded by Willis and co-directed by Barnard and Sara Andrews '98—and the





Hall Farm Center for Arts and Education of Townshend, Vermont, were at the center of the effort. Represented here is a sampling of the hundreds of images created by those involved. The group photos are among the results of a collaborative effort by everyone in the project to find subjects, compose the shots and click the shutter. The two other photos are by Chris Miller, a longtime InSight student who now teaches in the program.





EL CAMINO DE SANTIAGO (Saint James Way) is a pilgrimage route across northern Spain dating to Medieval times that is still traversed by thousands each year. While devout Catholics still consider the 500-mile Camino a spiritual journey, many outside the faith also lace up their walking shoes, throw on a backpack and take to the trail, for reasons that range from profound (to experience first-hand a Spanish tradition) to the pedestrian (it's the cheapest way to live in Spain). A notable number of Marlboro College students, faculty and staff have made the trek. Presented here is an essay from a Marlboro professor (pictured above with her family) and journal entries from students and an alumnus.







How to walk 500 miles with a teenager

Meg Mott

Going on pilgrimage is very simple. All you have to do is walk. Except when you can't anymore, and then you rest and eat and drink plenty of red wine. If the saints are willing, you find an empty trash can, large enough to accommodate your swollen feet and a gallon of salt water. Then, you walk some more. People go on pilgrimage for different reasons: some want to test their limits; some look for the social pleasantries along the way; some take up the religious metaphor of life as pilgrimage. Whether the mind is focused on bodybuilding, or strolling conversations, or the notion that we are all wanderers in this world, pilgrimage is basically walking made glorious. How you glorify it is between you and your God. Whether you glorify it has a lot to do with the state of your feet.

Walking is the simplest thing I know how to do. You can lose your car keys and still walk. You can lose your job and still walk. You can even lose your mind and still walk. You just can't lose your ability to put one foot down in front of the other. However, if you're walking across Spain as a family, you can't lose your teenager. Capacious trash cans and red wine will not help you in this regard.

When my partner, Alison, and I and our two teenage children set off one June morning from the monastery at Roncesvalles in the Spanish Pyrenees and headed for Galicia, we were fairly certain of our prowess as walkers. Both Alison and I were dancers, in training for the pilgrimage since January. Lucia was an accomplished athlete, recently promoted to co-captain of The Putney School's lacrosse team. Jacob, however, was a mere skinny 13. We didn't expect him to carry as much weight as the rest of us. The acknowledged weak link in our chain, we would modify our pace to accommodate him.

The road to Santiago is well-marked with yellow arrows and scallop shells. It is difficult to lose one's way. At first, we laughed and recounted family tales and spoke family nonsense, but after week three, with Lucia leaning ever more heavily on her walking stick to take the pressure off her heavily blistered feet (one had over 30 blisters!) and Jacob, the surprisingly robust younger brother, suffering no foot pain and out-walking her every day, we almost lost her. One particularly hot and windless night in Molinaseca we had four crabby individuals in one windowless tent with four dirty mattresses



Photos by Meg Mott, Dennis Callahan '97 Abigail Case '04 and Yousif Malik '05



on the ground, the whole place stinking of the bad smells of the other crabby people who had come before us. "I'm not walking anymore," said Lucia and turned her back on the lot of us. Oh God, I moaned to myself. She hadn't said that before.

Praying isn't quite as simple as walking. Even though I could lose all powers of locomotion and still be able to pray, I have noticed that walking generally puts me in a mind to commune with the Almighty. Maybe it's the rhythm of a symmetrical being moving its limbs in natural harmony. Maybe it's seeing one's family stretched out like the stars in Orion's belt. Or maybe it's what comes of moving at a pace that settles the mind to contemplation. All I know is that when I walk I feel the presence of something much larger than I.

That night in the tent, I knew I needed something bigger than my maternal skills to keep the four of us on the trail of yellow arrows and scallop shells. So I pulled my sleeping bag out of the foul-smelling den and settled down at the back of a Coke machine located just outside the refugio, the pilgrim's hostel. Vending machines, I had discovered, provided a pleasant white noise, capable of drowning out the snores of fellow pilgrims, the barking of distant dogs, and even the snap of distressed synapses. Please God, I prayed in the red Coca-Cola glow, give us what we need to get to Santiago on foot. As I fell asleep in the comforting hum of refrigeration, the answer came to me: we needed a bigger family, preferably one whose members were young and handsome.

The next morning, I made Lucia an offer. We would only walk seven kilometers the next day, as far as Pontferrada. If she still wanted to give up, we would take a bus to Santiago and then go find a beach somewhere and live the life of tourists. She agreed. Since our departure was late, I was able to look over the crowd of departing pilgrims to see who might take us on. By the time we had shouldered our backpacks, I had several likely candidates on my short list.

Morning ministrations are fairly minimal: there is no point in showering before you walk 16 kilometers and no good place to read the morning paper. The goal is to walk as much as you can before the temperature rises above 90°, which in Spain in June generally means 10:30 A.M. Hardcore pilgrims rise in complete darkness and leave before the cock crows. On the morning we left Molinaseca, there was an entirely different goal on the agenda. The cock had crowed hours earlier and the hard-core pilgrims (primarily Dutch, German, English and Catalonians) were six kilometers down the road and only a few lightweights were still mulling around packing up their gear. It was the lightweights I had my eye on. All of them were Spanish, some of them young.





Things to not forget

What are the things I should not forget to write about? Calling home and how easy it is to stay in touch, the astounding number of cell phones on the Camino (people recharging them at night), the wide variety of ages (7 to 82), families, tape-recorded monks



chanting to wake you at 6 a.m., walking by 6:30 a.m., sleeping in the grass by 2 p.m., ham, ham, ham, ham, cheese, café con leche with bread for breakfast—and never anything more, ham, ever—the patience people have with one another in what can be quite crowded refugios, the Masses to bless pilgrims, walking sticks, oak trees, fields of

sunflowers, lavender, ham, the importance of something other

than walking shoes at the end of the day, café con leche again, washing two shirts at the end of every day, wearing the same three shirts each day in rotation (and being mystified about how to live when one is stolen), the cliquishness of some on the Camino—those



who under no circumstances can be alone, the joy and surprise of a familiar face at the end of a long day alone, occasional boredom and long hours that pass without noticing, shinsplints, no blisters (!), having just the right amount of stuff, "Dude, I'm having a revelation like every 15 minutes " the joy of finding the local public pool, going to sleep before sunset, walking, walking, walking.

> -Dennis Callahan '97 July 15, 2000, Groñon; 7th day of walking

There's no water in the entire village. No water, after 27 kilometers of walking, not to drink, shower, not even the toilet. I don't think I'll venture out for a much needed meal—the man who runs this place already thinks I'm crazy for wanting to stay here. But I just can't go on any farther. I wish I knew enough Spanish to ask him why the water's out.

It seemed likely that I'd meet up with someone familiar today, seeing as we were all in Burgos a few days ago; Louise, Bruno, Laura and Sol, someone. And so I had this fantasy of a warm welcome here. But needless to say, I am the only one staying. So I guess they're at Carrion, up 5.5k, or farther. I won-



der if there will be any water in the morning. This is insane. It's Sunday in Catholic land, so almost everything's closed, so I've hardly eaten all day, and now no water. At all.

One place luck reached me, though, is that it didn't rain all day. The forecast in the paper said it would, and the huge wind (which did pose a bit of a challenge) was blowing around dark threatening herds of storm clouds all day. Interesting that it's all about water... I think if it weren't for the very strong wind, I'd continue on to Carrion maybe. But my feet have had more than enough, and my legs, after almost 40 yesterday, and 27 today. I'm at 332k. Amazing. That's about 200 miles.

> -Choya Adkison-Stevens '04, October 7, 2001, Villalcazar de Sirga Refugio 11th day of walking

Many of them had begun their Camino in Astorga, a common starting point for people with only two weeks' vacation. Unlike the puritanical Northern pilgrims, who packed up efficiently without a lot of small talk, these Spaniards were laughing and joking with one another. They weren't testing their limits, they were on a jaunt; just the sort of attitude Lucia needed to keep walking.

The four of us kept to ourselves that morning. Jacob out in front, as usual, Alison a little behind him, I was plotting how to get adopted by the young crowd, and Lucia was stewing in her juices in the rear. Around nine o'clock we came to a small village where we hoped to find breakfast. Jacob and Alison sat down on a bench and began to eat yogurt from a six-pack. Just up a block from the bench, some of the people on my short list were entering a cafeteria. I waited till Lucia was within earshot and announced my next move.

"There's a place to get coffee over there," I said pointing to the café. "Anyone want to join me?" I didn't wait for their response but walked down the block, opened the door and went up to the bar to order my café con leche and pan tostado. While I was waiting for my order, I smiled at the various pilgrims assembled around small metal tables. Four young women from Madrid, stretched out with their little backpacks, were being entertained by a young man from Valencia. A lawyer with a sharp beard and sharper wit, who I had met in Astorga, was teasing the women as well. I went over and started making Camino conversation with them and then I got to my point.

"My family is coming apart at the seams. I'm not sure we can make it to Santiago. We need to walk with you." I don't know if I came across as desperate as I felt but they were not at all taken

aback. For all their teasing and flirting, they were also well aware of the trials of the trail. The lawyer explained that his partner on the pilgrimage, an American expatriot named Jim, was suffering from a hip ailment. Jim had gone back to Astorga to pick up his Audi. The young man from Valencia, whose name was Antonio, had been walking with his friend Paco until tendinitis put Paco in the passenger seat next to Jim. The four young women were in good shape, but one of them told me she had plans to

ditch her backpack in the Audi. "Why suffer?" she asked reasonably. Besides Paco, Jim had picked up a Flemish man, Enrique, who had fallen and scraped his knee during the sharp descent into Molinaseca. By the time Alison and the kids had ordered their breakfasts, we were a formal group complete with a coche de apoyo, a supporting vehicle. Victor, the lawyer, laid out the travel plans for the day: we were to meet the rest of our tribe and the attendant Audi in Pontferrada, where anyone who needed to give up their backpack could. Those who were walking would then make tracks for Villafranca del Bierzo, stopping at a bodega, a vineyard, reported to serve a terrific rioja and a cidrería, a cider house, along the way. We would be hiking 27 kilometers that day, the last seven straight uphill, and we would be sampling various local delicacies, most of them alcoholic, as we went.







Meg Mott teaches political theory at Marlboro and, she says, "writes interminably about strange and wonderful things both Catholic and Spanish." Her books include Politics & Social Change in Latin America (with Howard J. Wiarda), Praeger Press, 2003 and Catholic Roots and Democratic Flowers: the Political Systems of Spain and Portugal, (with Howard J. Wiarda) Praeger Press, 2001.

Suffice it to say, Lucia did not opt for the bus in Pontferrada. She well may have surrendered her backpack to the American's car for the final climb, I can't remember. All I know is that she never mentioned quitting again. We weren't perfect pilgrims: we got up late, we arrived after hours in crowded refugios where the car contingent had reserved us beds, and only Jacob was stoic enough to decline the ever-present temptation to surrender the backpack to the Audi. We were on a jaunt, walking down the road, laughing and sharing stories, and teaching one another children's songs and raunchy jokes in Spanish and English. The yellow arrows and scallop shells fell behind us one by one.

In all honesty, I can't say that it would have been Alison's and Jacob's first choice to pass the remaining days of the Camino in the company of such irreverent revelers. Those two deeply enjoyed the silent spirituality of the Camino, the quiet pre-dawn risings and the peaceful afternoons spent in the shadow of some rural chapel. They were content to spend hours walking, absorbed in their own thoughts; a contentment Lucia's feet would not permit. Much of their contentment had to do with the satisfaction of doing the Camino right, of getting up early and being self-sufficient. I tried to justify our looser ways by explaining to them how God wanted us to travel with the Spaniards. It was part of the big plan revealed to me by the light of a Coke machine. Still, Lucia's presence had a certain cost which the two of them largely bore.

Upon arrival in Santiago, it is customary to go to the noon Mass at the enormous pilgrim's cathedral. We marched into town on the late side, arriving just before the ceremony, barely squeezing into a pew behind the rest of our tribe. Six hefty men in red robes hoisted the botafumeiro, an enormous censer, on ropes and a pulley, up to the vaulted arch, swinging it back and forth across the transept and baptizing us all with sparks of incense. As part of the celebration, the priest identified some of the pilgrims who had arrived that day. Unbeknownst to us, one of the women from Madrid had notified the officials of our arrival. "Cuatro estadounidense han llegado desde Roncesvalle," (four people from the United States arrived from Roncesvalle), he intoned and the members of our tribe turned in their pews and gave us Spanish kisses, one on each cheek.

"Gracias a vosotros," I replied to each one, "Thanks to all of you."

Walking is simple, one foot in front of the other, the arms swinging back and forth. You can lose many things in life and still be able to walk. But walking with one's children when they are in full adolescence is an entirely different matter. Perhaps adolescence is nature's way of telling us that the family is not self-sufficient. Like Stella, families depend on the kindness of strangers. When we have car keys and jobs and all the other trappings of success, we tend to ignore nature's lessons. Just strap the teenager into the back of the SUV and she'll go wherever you drive her. You don't need to ask anyone for anything, not even God.

Three years later, in 1999, Alison and I walked again with two teenagers. Jacob was 16 by then and he brought his friend Nick. Once again, there were prayers offered and alliances formed out of desperation. The pilgrimage makes me wonder if desperation isn't nature's first gift. Were it not for Lucia's blisters, I might not have laughed with Paco, or kept a tired innkeeper up late with another rowdy dinner at a table set for 20. It was desperation that made me ask perfect strangers to be my pilgrimage friends. Maybe this is how world peace begins.

Nurture your imagination and willfulness

Marlboro's 2003 Convocation Address

Seth Harter

THERE IS SOMETHING appropriate and something inappropriate about having me give this speech.

Appropriate: On first reflection, I thought that having a faculty member give the convocation speech was inappropriate—aren't you supposed to have some outside luminary? But when I thought more about it, I realized that the purpose of a convocation speech is simply to welcome you and inspire you for the year to come—if the faculty can't do that, frankly we're in a lot of trouble. What's more, at convocation, you're not yet tired of us—you don't even know us! At graduation, the last thing you need is to hear (more!) from the faculty. Then we'll get an outside luminary, but at convocation, I trust that we've not yet exhausted your patience.

Likewise, I thought it inappropriate that someone as young as myself, as new to Marlboro as myself, be asked to give the convocation speech, but when I thought more about it, I realized that such an arrangement is very much in keeping with Marlboro's tradition of valuing youth and naïve enthusiasm as much as experience and wisdom

But there is one element of this arrangement that is inappropriate: I am standing here in a large auditorium, addressing you as a faceless multitude. I'm lecturing. And nothing is less typical of the education you are about to receive. In fact, "receive" is the wrong word altogether. Nothing is less typical of the education you are about to create for yourselves.

This forum—the large lecture hall—was typical of my undergraduate education, but it won't be of yours. You will have to be more responsible, more engaged, more accountable than I was. You will have to teach each other. You will have to make choices. You will have to think, but more than that, you will also have to act.

In recognizing the choices and the actions that lie ahead of you, I want to dispel two myths about Marlboro—myths that you may never have believed, or perhaps no longer believe-but myths that I think easily attach themselves to a college as small and as remote as this one.

The first is the myth of diminished choice at Marlboro. Here there is—the Aron Wing notwithstanding-no huge library with five million books to read, no roster of endless athletic opportunities, no big slate of formally established extracurricular activities, no fat course book with countless classes to choose from. Don't be deceived! Your course work, your research, your extracurriculars, your social life—they are all what you make them. There is no prescribed course for you; you must determine your course for yourself.

The second is the myth of cerebral insularity the ivory tower myth. According to this myth, by coming to Marlboro you have removed yourself from the world; you have set aside family, work and community, the politics of the nation and the problems of the world, to immerse yourself in books. You have come to think and not to do.

In calling attention to these myths, I do not wish to make light of some of the limitations of Marlboro's facilities and offerings, nor do I wish to denigrate the importance, even the centrality, of quiet contemplation—of reading and thinking in a tranquil environment. I do, however, wish to emphasize that your imagination and willfulness are the keys to transcending these limitations, the keys to supplementing quiet contemplation with action, and thus the keys to casting aside these two myths. Allow me to draw on a few examples from last spring's graduating class. In four years' time—for some of you, less—each of you will be

walking across the stage in Persons Auditorium and our next president will be reading a citation—your name, degree and field of study—something like this:

Daniel Caspe

Bachelor of Arts

RELIGION/Tibetan Buddhism

A traditional Tibetan exposition of Buddhist principles with focus on practical application.

Lara Knudsen

Bachelor of Arts in International Studies **DEVELOPMENT STUDIES & BIOLOGY** A study of development with a focus on women's reproductive health in Uganda and an investiga-

tion of the immune response induced by the malaria parasite in pregnant women.

Shura Baryshnikov

Bachelor of Arts

AMERICAN STUDIES/Women's Studies An exploration of women in U.S. society using historical, theoretical, ethnographic and artistic analysis, with an emphasis on motherhood.

These citations give you some idea of what these students studied, but they don't tell you how imagination and willfulness allowed them to transcend limitations, and to take action.

They don't tell you that Dan learned overtone chanting while living with Tibetan monks in exile in Southern India during an internship he set up after his initial internship fell through.

They don't tell you that a doctor asked Lara, at the start of the first of three internships in Uganda, to observe the first delivery of a baby and then to take over for him on the second.

They don't tell you that Shura herself gave birth a few weeks after completing her Plan on motherhood, disregarding the advice of many here who thought she should wait. Now, I should point out that the birth was not, itself, a credit-bearing experience. And I don't mean to suggest that you have to deliver a child in order for your education to be meaningful....

But these were all acts of imagination and willfulness—qualities that you, too, will need to see you through the next four years.

At the same time I stand here to encourage you to nurture your imagination and willfulness, I caution you not to confuse these attributes with egocentrism and stubbornness. For just as you will need imagination and willfulness in the years ahead, you will also need each other, and you will need us. You will need to cooperate, to collaborate, and to ask for help.

I suspect that many of you have seen the movie Good Will Hunting, in which there's a scene where Matt Damon, a genius from the wrong side of the tracks in Boston, picks apart a pretentious Harvard graduate student. The graduate student tries to humiliate Matt Damon's character by demonstrating his ignorance of Colonial American economic history. Damon's character, as it turns out, is well-versed in the subject and demonstrates, in turn, that the Harvard graduate student could have learned all he knows for nothing more than the cost of a public library card, for the graduate student is just parroting the ideas of the authors he has read.

Is it true? Could a top-notch college education be replicated on your own in a reading room? If you reduce that education to a list of books to read, the answer may be yes. Your education, however, goes well beyond that list. Much of what you will learn in the next four years, if you do your job here, will be how to function successfully as a member of the Marlboro community. This covers a multitude from learning how not to scream at your roommate when she uses your toothbrush to learning how to mobilize the entire campus to support and fund your idea to create an organic farm on campus. Your education here is not just a list of books to read and papers to write; it is a matter of civic engagement, it is an exercise in citizenship. You will need each other.

And you will need us. While the projects I mentioned a moment ago were the fruits of the imagination and willfulness of the students who carried them out, each one also required the aid and the intense engagement of the faculty. Just as each of your projects will require the aid and intense engagement of the faculty. To paraphrase a 19th century social theorist, Marlboro students make their own education, but they do not make it just as they please.

Perhaps that much is obvious, but here's a little secret: we, too, depend on you, and not simply for tuition revenue. We depend on you to be inspired. We want you to think big and ambitious and creative. Sure, we try to rein you in, we try to get you to think about the possible, the affordable, the completable—we will even complain about you but you make our jobs exciting.

If you haven't already, you will soon hear upperclassmen complain about the isolation of being one of 300 people squatting on a hill for four years, but look at us: we're 40 people, some of us here for nearly 40 years. Same hill, same buildings (give or take a few), same colleagues (give or take a few), and we're bundled up in black robes and square hats. It's the new generation of students, and your generation of new ideas, that makes it work, that keeps it moving, that provides the spark. So you will need us and we will need you to a degree uncommon in higher education today. That's a heavy responsibility, and I congratulate you for your willingness to assume it.

And because no convocation speech should be without an anecdote from the 3rd century BC Daoist philosopher Zhuangzi (though I suspect that most convocation speeches are, sadly, without such an anecdote), let me close with the story of Lord Wenhui and Ding the Cook.

3.2: A cook was cutting up an ox for Lord Wenhui. Wherever his hand touched, his shoulder leaned, his foot stepped, his knee nudged, the flesh would fall away with a swishing sound. Each slice of the cleaver was right in tune, zip zap! He danced in rhythm to "The Mulberry Grove," moved in concert with the strains of "The Managing Chief."

"Ah wonderful!" said Lord Wenhui, "that skill can attain such heights!"

The cook put down his cleaver and responded, "What your servant loves is the Way, which goes beyond mere skill. When I first began to cut oxen, what I saw was nothing but whole oxen. After three years, I no longer saw whole oxen. Today, I meet the ox with my spirit rather than looking at it with my eyes. My sense organs stop functioning and my spirit moves as it pleases. In accord with the natural grain, I slice at the great crevices, lead the blade through the

great cavities. Following its inherent structure, I never encounter the slightest obstacle even when the veins and arteries come together or where the ligaments and tendons join, much less from obvious big bones. A good cook changes his cleaver once a year because he chops. An ordinary cook changes his cleaver once a month because he hacks. Now I've been using my cleaver for 19 years and have cut up thousands of oxen with it, but the blade is still as fresh as though it had just come from the grindstone. Between the joints there are spaces, but the edge of the blade has no thickness. Since I am inserting something without any thickness into an empty space, there will certainly be lots of room for the blade to play around in. That's why the blade is still as fresh as though it had just come from the grindstone. Nonetheless, whenever I come to a complicated spot and see that it will be difficult to handle, I cautiously restrain myself, focus my vision, and slow my motion. With an imperceptible movement of the cleaver, plop! And the flesh is already separated like a clump of earth collapsing to the ground. I stand there holding the cleaver in my hand, look all around me with complacent satisfaction, then I wipe off the cleaver and store it away."

"Wonderful!" said Lord Wenhui "From hearing the words of the cook, I have learned how to nourish life."*

May you, like Ding the Cook, develop a mastery that provides you great satisfaction, and may you, like Lord Wenhui, learn-even at the most unlikely of moments—how to nourish life.

*From Wandering on the Way: Early Taoist Tales and Parables of Chuang Tzu by Chuang Tzu; translated by Victor H. Mair, University of Hawaii Press, 1998. Reprinted with permission.



Seth Harter (pictured at head of the dragon) teaches Asian studies and directs Marlboro's undergraduate Asian Studies Initiative, funded by the Freeman Foundation. Before coming to Marlboro in 2000, he studied history at Yale and the University of Michigan and lived in East Asia for five years.

Photo by Talia Jackson '05



In Sri Lanka, Hanoi, Managua and Prague, students take to the field

Meghan Chapman '06

nterviewing a famous Nicaraguan revolutionary singer for a Plan of Concentration on revolutions and watching the burial of a Native American shaman while researching grief and honor are some of the moments Marlboro College students experienced in recent months while conducting research essential to their education. More than a dozen students, funded by Marlboro's student research grants, carried out fieldwork in locations as nearby as the campus organic garden and as distant as Thailand.

The Sandinista Revolution of 1979 came alive for Jodi Nemser-Abrahams '04 as she interviewed more than 30 Nicaraguans—including famous Nicaraguan revolutionary singer Carlos Mejia Godoy—in their homes in Managua and surrounding villages. Jodi's research focused on the Sandinistas' loss of power in the 1990 presidential election.

Part of senior Sarah Swift's Plan research at the Oglala Lakota Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota was to work with children there as they created pictures of people whom they honored. Sarah then sewed those pictures into a traditional Oglala Star quilt. While in South Dakota Sarah also explored the process of grieving by participating in the nine-hour funeral of a medicine man from the Rosebud Indian Reservation.

Sarah Grant '04 spent the summer examining another aspect of Native American life, planting beans and corn in the Marlboro College community garden and studying the effectiveness of the

traditional agricultural practices of Native Americans. Allison Lennox '04, one of the creators of the college garden, continued her own research there on the biodynamic treatment of crops.

Half a world away in northeastern Thailand, Alisa Loveman '04 examined grassroots movements and worked with a grassroots project, the Jasmine Rice Campaign. The campaign's goals were to create awareness of misleading labeling practices and other hardships faced by Thai farmers.

Jessica Flannery '04 spent a year in Vietnam working with dozens of NGOs and local nonprofits to develop a program that creates job opportunities for the disabled. She also conducted research on the history and convergence of indigenous Vietnamese medicine, Chinese medicine and Western medicine in Vietnam.

Working for two non-governmental agencies, the National Peace Council of Sri Lanka (NPC) and The International Center for Ethic Studies (ICES), Hannah Wilson '05 witnessed the struggle for justice by people suffering extreme poverty and violence. She documented human rights education workshops and activist training, and also participated in a working group of human rights organizations.

Senior Jamie Tarajkowski's curiosity about a friend who was born HIV-free to a mother suffering from the disease led to her Plan research on how a mother's placenta protects a fetus from viruses. She conducted her work over the summer at the University of Rochester's Strong Children's Research Center and the Roswell Park Cancer Institute.



A human rights education workshop in Sri Lanka. Photo by

Hannah Wilson '05

Michelle Wruck '04 used her grant to fund research in preparation for her trip to the Czech Republic to examine the humanist tradition there. That preparation included a summer tutorial with Marlboro philosophy professor Neal Weiner examining the writings of Plato and Socrates and then moved from classical to medieval thought, as Michelle studied the works of Fransesco Petrarca and Jan Amos Komensky.

The sun was just rising over Havana on the days Kim Fox '04 took to her balcony with other Marlboro College students to participate in the focus of her Cuba research: Afro-Cuban dancing. While in Havana Kim also researched the city's museums and women travel writers.

Coral Ellshoff '04, whose Plan examines environmental protection initiatives in the Arctic, worked for the Copper River Watershed Project in Cordova, Alaska. The Project experimented with different approaches to composting fish waste from a local cannery to avoid ocean dumping.

At the other end of the country, Kate Purcell '04 traveled to Birmingham, Alabama, to interview people active in the Civil Rights movement of the 1960s for her Plan of Concentration which examines, in words and her own paintings, how people understand and come to grips with suffering.

Pursuing "questions of beauty and meaning," Amer Latif joins the faculty Marlboro's new religion professor has traded the

Himalayas of his youth in Pakistan for Vermont's Green Mountains. Amer Latif began teaching in September, filling the position held by James "Jet" Thomas for nearly 30 years.

When he left his home in Islamabad as a teenager to study at Bard College, Amer hoped to find in science some answers to his many questions about the universe, but chose a liberal arts college because he also wanted to study literature and philosophy. By the time he graduated with a degree in physics, he knew that the answers to his questions—and often the questions themselves—transcended science. His liberal arts education had allowed other questions to surface; "questions of beauty and meaning," he says. He found himself driven by a desire to know the deeper significance of things in addition to the measurement of them. "The first place I found that did not shy away from these questions was in the writings of Rumi," the Persian poet and mystic, says Amer.

He went on to attend the University of Texas for graduate work in Persian and Islamic Studies, then to SUNY-Stony Brook where he is now completing his doctoral dissertation examining the interpretations of the Koranic narrative of Moses by Rumi and Ibn Arabi two 13th century scholars and Sufis. "I like the objectivity that a science education has given me, and I can now apply it to religious studies," Amer says of his varied education.

Amer feels that religious studies can be viewed much like learning a language. "As with language, we use religion to talk about things," he says. "It can—and does to a large degree—give a structure to our thoughts and shapes our perception of the world." Amer's goal is to allow students to understand and speak the "language" of each religious tradition; not to just "translate" but to go into the conceptual universe of different religions.

Vermont is a long way from Islamabad—geographically, culturally, socio-economically—but Amer is making himself at home. He loves hiking with friends, and for his quiet times he reads, listens to music—particularly classical Indian, Pakistani and Turkish music—and is trying to learn to play two different Turkish stringed instruments—the Saz and the Tanbur—continuing his search for beauty as he immerses himself in the language of the Green Mountains. — S.C. Tappan '77

Religion professor Amer Latif. Photo by Peter Field Peck



Worthy of Note



Jeannette Wicks-Lim (above) was drawn to the study of economics not because of its focus on numbers but because of its impact on people. For Jeannette, who is teaching economics at Marlboro while Jim Tober serves as the college's dean of faculty, her interest in the subject evolved slowly, beginning in her first years at the University of Michigan when she became active in social change organizations that addressed such issues as racial discrimination. homelessness and reproductive rights for women

"I realized that access to economic resources, such as jobs, housing and medical care, was a crucial component to achieving the political goals of these various groups," she says. By coming to understand our economic systemhow the labor market works, why people have high or low incomes, how to provide affordable medical care—Jeannette believes she can work more effectively on social issues. As with her personal approach to economics and activism. Jeannette believes in teaching economics "not just as facts and figures but as a social science that reflects ideological perspectives."



It's hard to believe that understanding a branch of mathematics can improve one's juggling, but Marlboro's new math fellow claims it's so. The branch is combinatorics and the fellow is Matt Ollis

(below, left), a native of the Birmingham on the far side of the Atlantic who recently completed his Ph.D. at Queen Mary College of the University of London. (At press time it was announced that Matt has accepted the tenure track mathematics position at Marlboro.) Combinatorics, also known as "the science of counting," explores the different possible combinations of numbers within sets. A tangible example of the use of combinatorics is Matt's specialty: determining the factors that could impact a scientific experiment and mathematically quantifying their potential impact on the experiment. The combinatorial method that Matt worked on can be used for everything from drug trials to cheese tastings. And then, of course, "it's a great help for juggling," he says. "It gives you patterns you can follow."



Marlboro's new classics fellow is anything but the ivory tower bookworm often associated with her field. Elizabeth Lucas (above), part of a program to bring recent Oxford graduates to campus to teach the classics and ancient Greek and Latin, had already begun leaving her mark on the world when she arrived at Marlboro. While at Oxford she regularly took time from her studies to work with local disabled teenagers and adults, she spent a summer teaching schoolchildren in a remote region of South India and one spring she roughed it in the boondocks of central Norway, working with a conservation trust to restore a historically important farm. Back at Oxford, Liz captained the college netball team (think basketball without a backboard).

Brian Mooney '90 and Lindy

Whiton '77 haven't been strangers to campus in the years since their student days-Brian has attended and participated in campus events, and Lindy has served as alumni council secretary—but this year marked their respective Marlboro debuts at the front of the classroom. Brian, a graduate of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst's MFA program, is here this year as the sabbatical replacement for writing professor Laura Stevenson, and he'll stick around next year when writing professor John Sheehy departs for a sabbatical. Lindy, who earned her Ph.D. in education at UMass, taught courses in education and childhood development here last fall while psychology professor Tom Toleno worked in Malawi. Her own experiences in education include co-founding and directing the Literacy Project, an organiza tion that operates adult literacy programs in a half-dozen western Massachusetts towns.

Valerie Abrahamsen arrived in the fall as Marlboro's new registrar. She has served as registrar at Massachusetts General Hospital Institute of Health Professions, Lasell College, and Roxbury Community College. At all three institutions, Val had major roles in student information system conversions; something Marlboro is working toward. Heidi Fischer joins the staff as associate director of the World Studies Program. Heidi most recently worked at Brattleboro's School for International Training in a variety of positions in the Study Abroad Program, including interim director of European and Middle Eastern Studies and admissions counselor. In the Rice-Aron Library Elsa Anderson has been brought on as a library assistant, and Pam Burke '97 was promoted to acquisitions and systems librarian. Mark Crowther arrived from Landmark College's admissions office to work as Marlboro's assistant director of admissions.

—S. C. Tappan '77 and Kevin Kennedy

Photos by Teal Pulsifer '04



'52

CURTIS BROOKS married Dorothy Hold in May, 2003, in Bronson, Maryland. "Moved from Alexandria to Lincoln, Nebraska, to Las Vegas—purchased a home here in July," he writes.

'53

WILLIAM TOOMEY writes, "Jackie and I had a very pleasant visit with Judy and BRUCE BOHRMANN this past summer. Hard to believe 50 years have passed."

'59

BRUCE and BARBARA COLE write "Barbara enjoyed the genetics of conservation class—new DNA lab holds exciting possibilities. Lots of building and changes on campus—keeping up with the times. Both fine—enjoying nine grandkids. ANDREW '97, Jen and daughter Eve moved back East. Enjoyed the 'then and now' sugaring pictures in Potash Hill. The 'then' doesn't seem that long ago—the campus has changed a lot, but have we?"

'62

"I continue to fight the urge to accept any offer of work from the college," writes HILLY VAN LOON. "I have serious withdrawal every time I go up to Potash Hill. Instead, I am plugging away at a freelance copy-editing/proofreading business and my writing (it's trying to be a book). I volunteer at Experienced Goods, a secondhand shop in Brattleboro that benefits Hospice and am now on the board of the Brattleboro Music Center (BMC), which I enjoy. PIET '63 and I took a wonderful trip to the Northeast Kingdom this fall with the beautiful canoe the college gave him and paddled in one of the ponds (Norton) that John Hayes and Alex Wilson write about in their great Quiet Paddling book. During a moonlight paddle, were driven off another pond by pissed-off beavers. A great trip. Our kids are all doing well. **PIETER** '88 is the forester for the Vermont Land Trust, and his and RACHEL BOYDEN's '79 kids, Roney (now 15 and Roland Boyden's namesake) and Amy (11), are thriving. Roney is involved with Radio Free Brattleboro (rfb), an unlicensed station that is trying to stay alive and kicking over the FCC's strong objections and with a lot of support from the community. Hannah works at the Brattleboro Food Coop and is applying to graduate school in guidance and counseling,

and Deborah is still working up at Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center and expecting her first child. I run into KIT BARRY '68 (also a childhood connection) and 'CRUTCH' LARIVEE when he's in the area in the summer and fall; also see Piet's old roommate NEIL QUINN '64 occasionally, and MICHEL '63 and LINDA '61 MOYSE. Lately I have seen CLAUDE '63 and ISABELLE '65 MOYSE at BMC concerts, and I work with Dominique Moyse—and Blanche on the New England Bach Festival Committee of the BMC board. That's really fun. Hey you alumni from the late '50s and early '60s, let's hear from you!"

Marlboro ceramist and former college faculty member MALCOLM (ORV) WRIGHT was a recipient of the 2003 Walter Cerf Award for Lifetime Achievement in the Arts, awarded by the Vermont Council on the Arts in June. The other recipient this year was musician and composer Louis Moyse, a founder of the Marlboro Music Festival. Malcolm exhibited his work at the Brattleboro Museum & Arts Center and Vermont Artisan Designs this past summer and fall.

'64

STEPHEN SMITH and his wife, Ann, have sold their boat "and moved ashore. We bought an old Vermont farmhouse and are busy with the trials of rehabilitation, sheetrock and paint. Ann has her garden now and I have room for a proper workshop in the barn. I continue volunteer work with the Burlington Schooner Project."

'67

ARTHUR MAGIDA's book, The Rabbi and the Hit Man: A True Tale of Murder. Passion. and the Shattered Faith of a Congregation, was published by HarperCollins last spring.

'68

DEBORAH EISENBERG, author of The Stories (So Far) of Deborah Eisenberg, All Around Atlantis, Transactions in a Foreign Currency and others, was awarded one of seven literary fellowships from the Lannan Foundation of Santa Fe in November. The Lannan Foundation recognizes writers who have made important contributions to English-language literature.

'70

DAN DALY had a "great open studio show this summer. Going to St. Louis in November to do a mural. Check out my website: www.dalyart.com."

JENNIFER WOLCOTT married Dan Heinricks "in a great, loving ceremony July 3 at St. Andrews Church in Saratoga, California," she wrote. "About 100 guests and family celebrated afterward under an ancient oak tree." Jennifer is still doing high tech business development and has joined a women's interfaith peace group.

'72

GORDON BAIRD loves "living in Gloucester, running the West End theater. producing plays, teaching drama and sailing. Surrounded by farm animals, three kids and a 1946 Farmall tractor!"

GRETCHEN GERZINA wrote in late October, "Although still living in Guilford, Vermont, I've left Vassar after 14 years and taken a job at Barnard College, Columbia University, as professor of English and director of Pan-African studies, so I'm in Manhattan several days a week. It's nice for ANTHONY and me to see more of our son Simon (30) who lives in New York. Our son Daniel (26) is in Chicago. I spent a couple of days with PAT KAUFMAN '74 in Paris in June and will be seeing **DENA DAVIS** for lunch tomorrow when she is in from Cleveland." Last April, Rutgers University Press published Gretchen's book Black Victorians/Black Victoria, and this spring they will publish her biography of Frances Hodgson Burnet, the author of The Secret Garden. A third book is in the works. Gretchen continues to host "The Book Show" on more than 70 public radio stations.

GAIL MANYAN HENRY left New Jersey after her husband's death, in 1994, and moved back to her family home in Salisbury, New Hampshire, three years ago. She has retired from working outside the home but is busier now. She continues to serve on the Marlboro board of trustees; is vice president of the board of the Peabody Home, a nursing facility where her mother lived for several years; is writing grant applications and working on publicity for a planned addition to her town's library; and chairs the Salisbury Solid Waste Committee. She is proud to say she has brought recycling to town and is overseeing a redesign of the local transfer station. She was honored last year at town meeting for her volunteerism with a plaque naming her "Recycling Goddess." Her

Opposite: Student mailboxes, circa 1969.

mother, Gladys, known by many Marlboro friends, died in March at the age of 91.

JOHN CHESEBROUGH and his wife, Maggie Martin, live in Binghampton, New York. They invite anyone traveling in the area to visit The ART Mission, a nonprofit contemporary art space which they founded six years ago in their historic downtown building. Their children, Kate and Lewis, are 13 and 11 years old.

BOB DAUGHTRY "sure would like to hear from you. rpd@sover.net."

'74

PAT KAUFMAN's sculpture was included in the multimedia exhibit "The Rape of Europe" at the Luke & A Gallery in London last November and December.

75

RICK CLARE and BARBARA **HONTHUMB** '72 wish to note that they have decided to continue their prom date begun, and unwittingly suspended, some 35+ years ago. Rick writes, "We found each other again thru the accidental agency of GAIL MANYAN HENRY '72 (bless 'er) and have been getting reacquainted these past two years. We intend to formally unite our families in the spring of 2004. Please pass along our regards to the college and our friends."

MARGOT LACEY writes. "ALISON TOWNSEND's tribute at JOSIE AVERY's memorial service brought back many memories and I found myself chuckling silently throughout. It was truly an elegant celebration of Josie's wonderful spirit and of life at Marlboro."

'76

MELISSA METTLER ABRAMS is still in Fort Collins, Colorado, which "still suits us fine despite the ongoing drought. My husband Brown's company is doing very well—he's invented a way to "flock" cell phones and is now working with Nokia and Motorola. He's in Finland working with Nokia as I write. My email is missyabram@aol.com."

"There were many lovely things that came along with my 50th birthday," writes LYNN PADELL, "but one of the best was seeing MARY COUGHLIN '76 again! She's doing really well, looks fantastic.

We hadn't seen each other for almost 20 years (oh my!), but it was as if we had just seen each other yesterday. Tonight I had the pleasure of hearing from TERRY WOODS '75, another casualty of life going by way too quickly. We picked up the conversation where we had left off so many years ago: Terry quoting a book about Abraham Lincoln—me asking him to get me the quote because it was so insightful. Professionally, after many years in the corporate world I have moved in an entrepreneurial direction. I must say, it is a pleasure not to have to get on the train and commute two hours each way! On the home front, everything is going well with my family—kids, 19 and 14, and husband, Ira."

'77

SUNNY TAPPAN continues happily as the college receptionist and general hub of information; still living off the grid back in the hills of Marlboro, and, while drinking her first cup of coffee on her deck each (warm) morning, she watches for the periodic moose, deer, turkeys, etc., that come through—"wouldn't trade this life for the world." Sunny is joined on campus by a number of other alumni: **BECKY BARTLETT** '79 (bookstore manager), LINDA WEAVER RICE '81 (coordinator of health services), MEGAN **MACARTHUR LITTLEHALES** '82 (health center office manager and ADA coordinator), JENNY RAMSTETTER '81 (biology), DIANNA NOYES '80 (publications coordinator), MATT **DRICKER** '03 (technology support), PAM BURKE '97 (acquisitions and systems librarian) and, of course, TIM LITTLE '65 (history).

'80

SOPHIE CABOT BLACK writes, "Back teaching at Columbia 18 months after the birth of my second daughter, Roane Isabel. Fiona is now almost six and in school, so I decided the old homestead in Wilton, Connecticut, was as good a place as any to try to raise them. My second book of poems is forthcoming from my publisher, Graywolf Press, and every once in a while an essay gets written."

'81

CHERYL LEGER writes, "I've had a great year. I am again volunteering for the San Francisco AIDS Foundation on the weekends. Three months ago I raised over

\$3,000 and completed the Vancouver International Marathon on behalf of the foundation. And I have switched concentrations in my profession. I am now a patent secretary for a San Francisco law firm. I am in the process of applying to the McLaren School of Business at the University of San Francisco to finish my M.B.A. I still see **ODILE HANSEN** a lot and she's doing great. Hello to the Class of 1981!"

"We're now living full time in Richmond, Massachusetts, and loving it," writes REGINA TOUHEY SERKIN. "Peter's daughter Karina and her husband, Nathaniel, had their first baby—a girl, Dyllan Rose Spitzley—born August 16. We're grandparents—as well as still having our four with us."

'82

LINDA DINGS MOSLEY writes, "my daughter, Christie, heads off to another tiny private college—Wilson College in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. There she will study equine facilitated therapeutics. The dogs and I will keep the home fires burning."

SAM NORTHSHIELD visited Marlboro in May as an outside evaluator for ANGUS COLTON '03. "It was great seeing Marlboro again," he writes.

DANIEL PICKER writes, "I wrapped up about a vear at The Haddon Herald. where I published 22 articles covering the environment, sports, arts and culture. I'm still teaching undergraduate English at a university in the Philadelphia area. This summer I received a full scholarship to study writing in the first person at the Fine Arts Work Center on Cape Cod with David Updike. I've recently published poems in Bridges and Soundings East."

DOUGLAS NOYES writes. "I've been building a wooden boat, trying to expand my woodworking knowledge. If it floats when I'm done, it's a boat. If it doesn't float, it's an expensive planter. It's a good thing I didn't get it finished this spring, because we had the wettest, coldest summer I can ever remember, and a boat likes the water on the outside. Carter and I went to Germany in May to visit some friends and got stuck in London on the way home. We returned to London this fall—I went wooden boat watching and





The Wendell Cup

Marlboro's 38th annual Wendell Cup crosscountry ski race enjoyed low temperatures, lots of snow and plenty of sunshine. The top three finishers in the 10 kilometer race, pictured above left, were college neighbor Peter Johnson, who came in third, former Marlboro Outdoor Program Director Malcolm Moore, who finished first, and Jason MacArthur, grandson of retired physics and astronomy professor John MacArthur. The winner in the women's division was Frances Marbury, principal of Marlboro Elementary School. Alumni who participated in the event on February 15th included Mark Ames '74 (shown above right with trustee Ted Wendell, for whom the event is named), current O.P. Director Randy Knaggs '94, Davey Leland '90 and Phil Brubaker '98.

Photos by Aaron Morganstein '05

pub-crawling while Carter was in meetings. And we returned to Tobago last January for winter revitalization. The nice thing about having a wife who works for an airline is that you can go places that you'd otherwise never be able to afford. The flip side of that is, you have to go when no one else is flying...."

'84

"It's been a good year," writes ANDREW **CLARKE**. "My daughter Emerson Julip was born in August, joining Oona (3) and Tom (8). I'm teaching playwriting at Emerson College to ridiculously talented undergraduates. Saw HILARY SLOIN '85 at a reading of one of my plays in Provincetown this fall. My play One Bright Day was performed at the Belfast, Maine, arts festival, as was a piece by Marlboro grad TIM COLLINS '02— two out of six productions written by Marlboro grads, not bad. I didn't make it up to Maine, but my brother BAR '89 sufficiently terrorized the locals for me. The same play is a finalist for this year's Humana Festival at the Actor's Theatre of Louisville. Is Gander really that desperate for a gig? I've got some yard work if he's driving you guys crazy. BRAD SMITH, I command you to come up for air."

"Welcome back, Rod Gander!" writes MOLLY CONOLE. "Missing the varied terrain and seasons of Marlboro from here in flat, hot Florida. Our girls (now amazingly almost 9 and 5) are such fun. They're looking forward to their new one-room schoolhouse, where I'll be having the Best Job of music and arts teacher. Still singing and writing songs a lot. The girls are begging to see snow—I can't imagine holding out much longer for a northern winter adventure!"

'88

CAROLYN and LEO BATLLE had their second child, Amelia Eliza, in January 2003. "Alumni SCOTT CALLAGHAN and JENNA CHANDLER-WARD '92 are her godparents. She joins big brother, Joaquin Thomas. Everyone is doing well and adjusting nicely."

RENEE OUBRE had some of her artwork exhibited in a Day of the Dead celebration at El Museo in Buffalo, New York, this past fall.

"My big news is that I was offered a fulltime, tenure track position as a lecturer in the English department at Bronx Community College (BCC)," writes

HEIDI SMITH. "There were 150 applicants for two positions, so I feel very fortunate. My 5-year-old daughter, Noa, and I moved to the Bronx in June, and we love it here our new neighborhood is leafy and quieta marked contrast to the fierce energy of Manhattan. Best of all I am really enjoying my teaching and the collegiality at BCC. Academic life suits me. I'm also in the last throes of my dissertation, which I hope to defend in the next couple of months." Heidi's email is elismith54@aol.com.

'89

BOB CABIN, who is an assistant professor of biological science at SUNY-Plattsburgh, had an essay published in the October 17, 2003 issue of The Chronicle of Higher Education titled "Why College Can Wait." "We all deserve at least one chance to be wild and free," he wrote, "and the best perhaps the only—time for that may be right after high school. Higher education will still be there later for those who decide they want it, but the energy, idealism, courage, freedom, integrity and stubbornness necessary to listen to and follow one's heart may not."

LEN KEELER has a faculty position at the University of Minnesota in "the big city of Morris."

'90

KATHY BEARDSLEY wrote in early October while wildfires burned around her California home. "Hello, all: We are struggling to keep life moving along as normally as possible in the midst of enormous wildfires to the north and west of our rural neighborhood. Over 9,000 acres have burned just a mile and a half from our tiny one-room schoolhouse, and the smoke is expected to remain thick for up to a month. Some of our neighbors left a week ago during a preliminary evacuation advisory, but most of us stayed put and made preparations to defend our homes (though my car is still packed and READY to flee). We rented a storage unit in town for our bicycles, power tools, photos, etc., but the house itself is our most precious possession (excluding, of course, our daughter, Maddy). After clearing the land, milling the logs, pouring the foundation, framing, nailing and roofing it all ourselves, there's no way we were going to abandon it (and face doing all that again)! I know there are lots of Marlboro alumni on the West Coast, so if anyone is planning on driving through the (smoldering) Redwoods and wants to visit our school, drop me a line! Best regards to Carol Hendrickson and Senator Gander, and welcome, John Hayes, to the microbreweries of the West (get the Obsidian Stout)."

DANIEL KANE has published two books recently: All Poets Welcome: The Lower East Side Poetry Scene in the 1960s (The University of California Press), which includes a 35-track CD of several poets reading their work, and What is Poetry: Conversations with the American Avant-Garde (Teachers & Writers Collaborative).

MICHAEL McBRIDE is managing The Capital Grille on Newbury Street in Boston. "My wife, Catherine, and I have two children: Clara is 3 years old and Clio is 16 months," he writes. "Luckily, they got their mother's looks and brains. I am thrilled to hear that Senator Gander is back with Marlboro College, for how-ever long it may be. I have been in touch with CAROLYN DOYLE de BATLLE '88. TOM EVANS '91 disappeared, again. I know HESHAN da SILVA "Weerawolfie" lives in Cambridge, but we have not run into each other. Congrats to THERESE TINLING STEPHANO. Please give my love to Luis and Geraldine Batlle. Marlboro staff, students and alumni are always welcome at The Capital Grille—they may

have to ask for me to get a reservation (Jessica Lange probably wouldn't need my

'91

"Hi All," writes ANNA ABELE. "I have set up shop in Montague, Massachusetts, practicing naturopathic medicine following a four-and-a-half-year degree at Bastyr University in Seattle, Washington, My husband Richard and I will celebrate 10 years of marriage in the spring and are happy to be living in the same house again after our bi-coastal relationship while I was in school."

SARAH CLYMER DUCHARME writes. "We are still teaching overseas, now in El Salvador. Two daughters, Grace and baby Era. I'm starting the Master's of Library

and Information Science program at

Simmons in Boston."

analyst down the road."

C.J. CHURCHILL is "still living in Riverdale in New York City with my partner, Jody. This year, in addition to my work as assistant professor of sociology at St. Thomas Aquinas College, I'll be doing a fellowship in psychoanalysis at the Department of Psychiatry at New York University School of Medicine, with the possibility of training as a therapist or

JESSICA TAYLOR TARASKI and ADAM SHEPARD have a son, Jasper, born on May 21, 2003.

'92

CHRISTIAN BROWN savs "Hello everyone. I'm alive and well and living in Los Angeles. I'm sorry I haven't kept in touch better. It's been kind of a weird life since Marlboro. (Actually, I guess it was weird up to and including Marlboro as well.) Anyway, if you write, I'll write back. Promise." Christian's address is 1579 Edgemont St., Los Angeles, CA 90027; CDSBrown@comcast.net.

BROOKS WALSH is at Albany Medical School in New York. "I had been working as a paramedic for five years, as an E.M.T. for the three years before that," he wrote in September. "I have been at Albany Medical College for two weeks, just trying to stay caught up; they say it only feels like this for the next four years. I am the oldest student in my class. I was elected V.P. of the class, though, so I guess it isn't holding me back."

'93

LAURA HINERFELD writes from Petaluma, California, "I'm in nursing school, still raising goats and making cheese. Got together with JANNA CORDIERO '92. SEBASTIAN TOOMEY and RE GORHAM to celebrate Ava Toomey-Cordiero's first birthday. Last year I bumped into BRAD CAR-MODY '95 and then saw MALCOLM JOHNSTON '92 as they were each passing through Sebastopol (aka 'Brattleboro West'). How random...?"

SKARRN RYVNINE and his wife.

Karina, spent the summer in Seattle, where Karina studied at the University of Washington and Skarrn taught writing skills to minority high school students interested in health professions. "While we were there, we reunited with as many old Marlboro friends as possible. We had a fun evening with BRIAN DOUGHERTY '96 and his partner, John. We also had a blast with MAIA SEGURA '91 and her husband, Ken, on one occasion going out to Maryville to visit with HAYDEN BAKER '92 and JUDY HOUSER BAKER '91. We just missed seeing **DIERDRE** CLEERE '95 and JUDD HARDY fear not, we'll track you down the next time we're there! Keep the wispy web of Marlboro contacts together!"

'94

KEELY SAVOIE is a fulltime science writer and part-time freelancer, writing on the political topics that make her twitch (Bitch Magazine, the Progressive Media Project...). She lives with her partner, two cats and two dogs in Brooklyn, New York.

DORON ZIMMERMANN's book. The Jacobite Movement in Scotland and in Exile. 1746–1759, was published in September by Palgrave MacMillan Publishers.

PIPPA AREND and the other co-founders of p:ear (program: education, art and recreation), a program for homeless and transitional youths, appeared in The Sunday Oregonian in September in an article about a dinner to benefit the organization.

JODI CLARK is "still living on campus as a SLA and weathering all that's been happening up here. I find that I am more proud than ever to be a member of this community, as the support for all of us

involved in responding to the recent death of student David Pierce has been simply amazing. It has been a very difficult and sad time on campus, but the healing process has begun. There are certain things one must do in life, and I think being here at this time was one of those for me. On other fronts, my Renaissance faire had taken a year hiatus in order to start building up our new hard site in Vernon, but with certain complications, we are holding off on having the first season on our own land for one more year. We will be holding our 2004 season on the Guilford Fairgrounds, in Guilford, Vermont. So, it will be an exciting year to reopen, and possibly with jousting!"

BRIAN DOUGHERTY "recently had dinner with SKARRN RYVNINE '93 and his wife. Karina, at Ray's Boathouse at sunset overlooking Puget Sound and the Olympic Mountains. Trying to establish a Seattle colony of Marlboro graduates. Building a more bicyclefriendly environment."

"Enduring the hardest year in the film program at North Carolina School of the Arts," writes **ERIN PETERS**. "Had lunch with Saul Zantz, guest artist and producer of Amadeus, too nervous to eat! But I inquired why Emperor Joseph was portrayed as a nitwit, and his explanation was that Joseph was too occupied with serious matters of state to pay much concern to artistic squabbles and also wanted to keep control of the public from fear of rebellion á la France. Just tell Luis I got to pester the producer about it!"

'97

DENNIS CALLAHAN is "happily living in New York City."

ANDREW COLE is working as the lift operations manager at Mt. Snow in West Dover, Vermont, after spending six years at Squaw Valley in California.

JONNY GITELSON is currently living in Chicago and finishing an M.F.A. in photography at Columbia College. "In addition to my studies, I'm teaching both at Columbia and in various high schools throughout the Chicago area. I just learned that I have been awarded the C.A.A. Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation Fellowship for 2004 and will be relocating to New Jersey in the fall of 2004 in order

to teach full time. You can check out some of my work on my new website: www.thegit.net. The section pertaining to my books is the newest work. Hope everyone is well."

ALEX GREENFIELD is the screenwriter for a supernatural thriller titled Wilson produced by Dark Trick Films.

HEATHER HUBBARD "accomplished two long-term goals this year: earned my black belt in Tae Kwon Do and began a novel. Wishing now that I'd taken T.'s course on the novel! Anyone in the Boston area drop me a line at heatmhub@yahoo.com.

KRISTY WITCZAK ORENSTEIN writes, "JEREMY ORENSTEIN '96 and I are enjoying Lake Tahoe and remodeling our house. Our son, Quinn, who is now 4, shares our love of the great outdoors. We all ski, hike and camp as much as possible. This summer it's off to Colorado for the Rocky Grass Festival. Hope everyone is doing well!"

'98

REBECCA CHALMERS and PAUL WILSON '96 were married on August 16, 2003, in Trescott, Maine. Becky is at the University of Maine studying for a master's degree in environmental science, and Paul is working as an ornithologist at Acadia National Park.

ALICE ROBINSON and **JAKE** DALTON '92 were married on August 23, 2003, at the Whetstone Inn in Marlboro.

JOSH WILLIAMS writes, "Hi everyone. I'm currently in southeast Alaska, working as a boatswain's mate in the U.S. Coast Guard, aboard a 175-foot buoy tender. I oversee a deck crew of six, drive smallboats, and help service navigational aids throughout the Inside Passage, a beautiful and demanding environment. Email me at jwilliams@d17cutters.uscg.mil."

'99

JESSICA FARKAS and RUSS **HARTENSTINE** '97 were married on September 27, 2003, on Martha's Vineyard. "We had some Marlboro folks there—AMOS NEWTON '97, GRA-HAM KIDDER '94, CHRISTOS **CONTAKOS '97, KERMIT WOODS** '00, HARLAN ROLLINS '99, MONICA UDOYE '99 and her husband, KURT

STUBBINS '93, TIFFANY FLEMING '00 and CHRIS OLIVER '99. We had about 200 people there and it was a blast! We have been living on Martha's Vineyard now since 1998. Russ is a lead carpenter on a construction crew, building multi-million dollar trophy houses, and I am the manager of a housewares store but am also pursuing a career as a high school art teacher. I have a little way to go before I get my licensure, but I can't wait to be out of retail!!! Russ is looking to possibly go back to school himself, but is as yet undecided what to go back for. We have also been performing shadow puppet shows frequently here. We have an independent theater company called Caveman Theater, of/for which Russ is the director/producer/writer/actor/ musical director and I am the artistic director/actor. We have performed several backyard shows and some in theaters, and one in the public charter school. We actually even made money on one! That's it for now—anyone feel like coming to M.V., drop us a line! We love visitors...."

STEPHEN HUNT has completed medical school course work and passed the California Medical Board Exam. He's now concentrating on comprehensives for the Ph.D. portion of the M.D./Ph.D. program at Stanford University, specializing in neurochemistry.

"Like so many Marlboro graduates, I am living and working in the Boston metro area." writes CRISS MOODY. "When she has time, CORY NELSON '00 and I get together and hang out. Recently, I walked in the Making Strides Against Breast Cancer walk in memory of my mother, Doris"

TRICIA THEIS writes, "I am finished with photography school and starting to freelance both photography and writing/editing. I am leaving Boston in November after a little over two years of living here to head to New Haven, Connecticut, of all places! Going to help out with my ailing mother, and hopefully come to terms with the demons of hometown living that I've been keeping at bay for over a decade now. Hopefully 'coming to terms with' will translate into a book and/or a photographic documentary. I've got big things in store creatively. If there are any alumni in the New Haven/New York area. I would love to collaborate on some projects (or just hang). I'm hoping to make it down to the city often, and will eventually move to the Big Apple. Get in touch: triciatheis@earthlink.net.

'01

"Well, I decided that I didn't want to be a philosopher, so I quit grad school and started working with the mentally ill at a psychiatric hospital," writes BOBBY **DROZEK**. "I feel very at home there. Now I'm living in Somerville, Massachusetts, with another Marlboro alum (whose name rhymes with Seamus Birth), bumping into other Marlboro people every other day or so. Life is good, and I miss you guys."

DAMON JESPERSON is "building tree houses and working as a carpenter to support my theater habit. I'm also teaching pottery. I continue to be homeless but hope to find something by snow."

'02

BRUCE BRYAN and **SHURA** BARYSHNIKOV '03 were married on July 5, 2003. Bruce is starting a graduate program in evolutionary biology at Brown University.

ELIZABETH GILLETT writes, "I've been working at Plimoth Plantation and Mayflower interpreting various pilgrims, including Elizabeth Howland and Desire Mintor, who came over on the boat. See me in costume at www.plimoth.org or visit anytime except Friday and Saturday."

"GARY '97, Miranda & I are doing well," writes MELANIE GOTTLIEB. "We just moved into a new (larger) house across town, within walking distance to the University. We are living amidst boxes since we are so busy that we don't have time to unpack! I began a new job at Webster University last month, as an international credential specialist. The job involves a lot of research on foreign education systems and so far is really interesting and a lot of fun. I am also hoping to finish up my Library Science program in May, so my time is full. Gary still loves everything about his job at Webster."

MEGAN GRAY sang with the King's Chapel Choir in "Berlioz, Before and Beyond" and with The Boston Secession for a Halloween concert this past fall. She also sang with the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in the Boston Pops Holiday concert in December.

MEGAN HAMILTON received a master's degree in August and is now teaching kindergarten in Tacoma, Washington.

T.J. HELLMUTH is living in New York and networking to find jobs as an assistant cameraman, according to his mother. He's gaining experience using all types of cameras, film and equipment on all sizes of shoots in any city.

ANDREW SANDLIN and SONJA REITSMA '03 were married on September 21, 2003.

RUSS WOOTTON is in his first year of Parson's design and technology M.F.A. program, and LINDA REYES '99 is finishing her third year of New York University Law School.

'03

LARA KNUDSEN was in Arequipa and Lima, Perù for much of the fall. In Arequipa she lived with her host family of five years ago and worked in the OB/GYN unit of the Pedro D. Diaz Hospital. In Lima, she continued her research on women's health and reproductive rights by interviewing people within a number of government ministries and nongovernmental organizations. "I have been surprised," Laura writes, "by how strong the movement is to legalize abortion here. The abortion rate here is astronomically high—rough estimates put the number of illegal abortions at about 300,000 per year, in a country with less than 24 million people. One out of three beds in OB/GYN departments is occupied by a woman with complications from an abortion. In Arequipa, I saw patients on a daily basis who were suffering from infertility because of botched abortions they had years ago. It seems to me that, at least in Lima, there is a well-organized, committed group of people working to change this. I have been hearing many stories, too, of forced sterilization among the indigenous women of Perù. The stories people are telling me here in Perù remind me of those I heard in South Africa. There are many common themes emerging, actually, from these interviews conducted in countries with entirely different cultural, political and economic contexts."

ESTHER WAKEFIELD writes, "KRIS-TEN OLSSON. ANDREA HENY and I are living in Portland, Maine. Our jobs are kinda crap, but we're finally getting enough sleep, tra-la."

FORMER FACULTY

WYN COOPER, who taught poetry at Marlboro in the mid-1990s, and author Madison Smartt Bell have released a CD, produced by Don Dixon and Scott Beal for Gaff Music, titled Forty Words for Fear. Wyn and his collaborators were interviewed by SEAN COLE '93, who works for WBUR in Boston, last August on NPR's Weekend Edition.

JOHN HAYES writes from Oregon, "Work is going well. The perspective that I gained working as an administrator and faculty member at Marlboro for 30 years has helped me immeasurably in my job here as dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Pacific University. In particular, I have come to have a real appreciation for the real lack of meetings at Marlboro. I never thought I would say that I would miss the Marlboro meeting schedule. Here at Pacific, I have 20 meetings and events to attend this week! It's Parkinson's Law at its best: Meetings are always one or two hours long, and they fill the entirety of the time slot. I would get a lot more work done if the clock were divided, say, into 30 or even 40 hours per day. That way, hour-long meetings would be a lot shorter! The faculty would be interested to hear that I have taken on major chunks of the Pacific handbook to revise. Also, apropos of my final faculty meeting at Marlboro, 20 percent of the students at Pacific are from Hawaii, and a weeklong luau in April, including five spitroasted pigs, is the major event of the year. The best part is that Hawaiian shirts are acceptable every day of the week!"

IN MEMORIAM



Dan Darrow '51

Dan Darrow, a state representative for Windham County, died of cancer in October at his home in South Newfane, Vermont. Dan attended Marlboro from 1947 to 1948 and received his bachelor's degree from George Washington University. He went on to receive a master's degree from American University. A veteran. Dan served in the 101st Airborne in Germany during World War II. He taught biology at Leland and Gray High School in Townshend, and math and science at the Grammar School in Putney, before retiring and winning a seat in the legislature in 1996. He was re-elected twice and was contemplating a fourth run when he stepped down due to illness. Dan also served on the Newfane Planning Commission and was involved in a number of environmental organizations in the area. He lived with his family at Olallie Daylily Gardens, a perennial flower farm specializing in lilies originally collected and bred by Dan's father and now run by his son Christopher and daughter-in-law Amelia Darrow '91. Dan is also survived by his wife, Ellen, children, Heikki and Jennifer, and five grandchildren.

Philip Gushee '61

Phil Gushee died of cancer at home in Manhattan last July. After graduating from Marlboro, Phil taught theater at The Putney School and received a master's degree from Weslyan University. He spent the rest of his years in New York City, where he taught theater at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theater, Vassar College, and at his own studio. He is survived by his son, Eric, his wife, Cheryl and three sisters.

Trudy Putnam '68

Trudy Putnam died in Brattleboro last July after suffering from chronic and progressive multiple sclerosis for 16 years. After completing her bachelor's degree at Marlboro, Trudy earned her registered nursing degree at Greenfield Community College. She worked at Brattleboro Memorial Hospital as an RN and at the Brattleboro Retreat and McLean's Hospital as a psychiatric nurse. Trudy began studies at Harvard Medical School to pursue a medical degree before she became ill. Trudy played hockey and softball in Brattleboro leagues and was a volunteer at the Women's Crisis Center there. She was a long-time member of the Marlboro College Alumni Council, volunteering for phonathon and reunion events with vast amounts of energy. She is survived by her husband, Kendall Gifford '72, her sons, Michael and Josh, her stepdaughter, Guenever, her father and two sisters. Gifts in Trudy's memory may be made to the Marlboro College Scholarship Fund and to the Brattleboro Women's Crisis Center.



Trudy Putnam '68

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Tuck Higgins '69

Tuck Higgins died of natural causes at home in Burlington, Vermont, in January 2003. After graduating from Marlboro, Tuck received a master's degree in education from the University of Vermont. He worked as a teacher and for several nonprofit organizations in Vermont, including the United Way and the Chittenden County Court Diversion Program. Tuck was a member of the Vermont Cemetery Association, and served as the superintendent of the Mount Cavalry Cemetery Association since 1995. Tuck is survived by his daughter, Jessie, his brother and his sister.

Nanda Fleming MacLeish '76

Nanda Fleming MacLeish passed away after a long illness in March 2003, in Stone Mountain, Georgia. After earning her bachelor's degree at Marlboro, Nanda received her master's degree from Tulane University, a Ph.D. in botany from the University of Georgia, and a master of library science from Emory University. Nanda worked for the past several years as a media services specialist for the Fernbank Science Center and DeKalb Public Schools, as a science curriculum designer for Vines Botanical Gardens, and as head librarian and media specialist at Gwinnet Public Schools. Nanda is survived by her children, Iain and Gwendolyn, her parents and three siblings.

Scott Cunningham '83

Scott Cunningham, 43, died last June from injuries sustained in an accident. Scott's wife, Samantha Cunningham, wrote the following to Potash Hill: "Scott died in Homer, Alaska, where he lived and worked managing a small airline, Smoky Bay Air. Those who knew Scott at Marlboro will not be surprised that he was killed by accident, but it was neither a motorcycle nor a plane but a forklift which took his life. He leaves behind his wife, Samantha, and two boys, Thane, 6, and Rowyn, 4. Samantha is putting together a collection of stories about Scott's exuberant life by people who knew him for the little boys to read when they grow up." Anybody who knew Scott and wishes to contribute may send stories to Samantha Cunningham, Box 1907, Homer, Alaska 99503. Scott is also survived by his mother and two brothers.

David Pierce '05

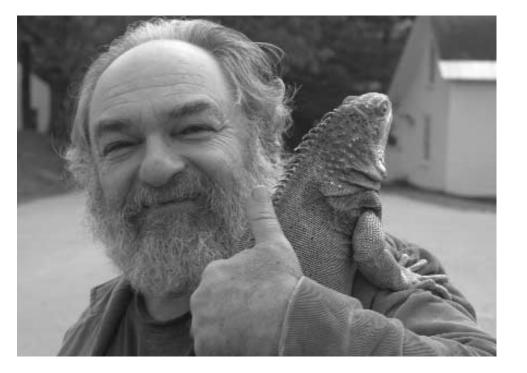
David Pierce died last October at Marlboro College. David, who participated in the gifted students program at Pequea High School in Pennsylvania before coming to Marlboro in 2000, studied languages, computer sciences, history and philosophy in college. He took time off from Marlboro last year to attend Loyola University in New Orleans, living with Marlboro friends in the city. An apple tree was planted in



David's memory next to the library during a service in October (pictured above), and at his parents' request, the David Pierce Library Fund has been established at the college. Mary White, Marlboro's library director, reports that generous contributions to the fund have allowed the library to purchase a number of books and DVDs that were chosen by David's fellow students. David is survived by his parents, Glenn and Cindy Pierce, of Gap, Pennsylvania.

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Parting Shot



Sociology professor Jerry Levy and friend.

Photo by Teal Pulsifer '04



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