

# Potash Hill

The Magazine of Marlboro College • Winter-Spring 2005



SCULPTURE BY TIMOTHY SEGAR

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The Magazine of Marlboro College



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WOODWARD DESIGN

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### Marlboro College Mission Statement

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

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## “WHAT I’VE ALWAYS DREAMED A COLLEGE OUGHT TO BE”

Walter Hendricks and Biarritz American University

Dan Toomey '79

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL yet successful experiments in higher education ever attempted took place from late summer of 1945 to early spring of 1946, a period between the defeat of Nazi Germany and the founding of Marlboro College. It was a temporary university begun with good planning but scant resources, running only for three two-month-long semesters, but employing in that time close to 300 faculty and enrolling over 10,000 students. In administrative structure and curriculum it followed the standard model of an American university, but its success was the result of its uniqueness: uniformly mature and willing students, a faculty inspired by the enthusiasm of those students, and an informal approach to teaching and learning that could only have occurred with those two conditions in place. The man who would later become Marlboro’s founding president would be called to teach there, and that experience would both fire his imagination and validate his emerging educational vision. If Marlboro College could be said to have an immediate educational predecessor, it was Biarritz American University.



Walter Hendricks  
(right) at the French  
Alps in 1946.





An image from a pre-World War II postcard of Biarritz, France.

IN THE EARLY FALL OF 1944, two months after President Roosevelt signed the GI Bill, the War Department issued Readjustment Regulation 1-4. Under the directive, General Eisenhower was given responsibility for insuring that, once the war ended, American servicemen in the European Theatre of Operations would have access to training and educational opportunities intended to help them readjust to peacetime. The military devised various training and educational plans throughout Europe; among them would be two provisional universities, their purpose to “provide the opportunity for university study to the personnel of the Armed Forces awaiting redeployment to the United States.” One was to be on a British military base in Shrivenham, England, and the other in Biarritz, the famous resort community on France’s Atlantic coast. A brigadier general was assigned as commandant of each school, and both officers were ordered to have their schools open two months after Germany’s surrender. Eisenhower told

the European theater commands, “The eyes of America are on this program.” Despite a lack of books and other supplies, Biarritz American University began classes on August 20, 1945.

While some of the schools’ instructors would be military personnel with college teaching backgrounds who were already in Europe, most would be civilian instructors drawn from the United States. By late May of 1945, an anxious recruiting staff was working from a single room at the Pentagon, making contact with colleges and universities nationwide. Walter Hendricks, at that time chair of the humanities department at Illinois Institute of Technology, received a telegram from the War Office in mid-June. In early July he left for Europe on the still-camouflaged Queen Elizabeth, which by that time had transported a million men, and then across the English Channel on a cargo ship whose big guns fired at floating mines. Arriving in France, he was awarded the assimilated rank of colonel and appointed head of BAU’s English department.

In the Basque region of France, Biarritz was, in 1945, a town of 20,000 people, most of whom had been involved in the tourist trade up until the war. Now with hostilities ended, they were enlivened by the prospect of soldiers coming to study, and willing to help make the GI university a success. With their help, 40 hotels and 100 villas were transformed into classrooms, administrative offices and dormitories. The Casino Municipale, with its carpeted floors, high ceilings, chandeliers and enormous windows facing the Atlantic, was converted to a library complete with bookshelves built by German prisoners of war.

Most of the civilian instructors recruited from the United States were skeptical of the enterprise primarily for two reasons: First, they doubted that the military would allow them the degree of academic freedom to which they were accustomed in their home institutions; and second, they anticipated that combat-weary soldiers would make very poor students. The tired and homesick GIs asked to volunteer for study at Biarritz had their own reasons for skepticism. Every soldier knew that survival in the Army depended on avoiding volunteering for anything, no matter how good the officers made it sound. And the Army never did anything right; how could it be expected to organize and run a full-fledged university for the benefit of soldiers?

But the civilian instructors, Walter Hendricks among them, were immediately impressed by the military’s openness. James Umstaddt, a Biarritz instructor who documented what occurred there, wrote that, “social, economic, and political issues were discussed with no restriction except that imposed by the intellectual integrity of the professor and student.” Many instructors discovered their students to be “tough-minded and realistic”

and “independent in their thinking.” They anticipated having to water down their courses for the soldiers, but soon realized that “the intellectual climate of the new university was, if anything, brisker than the climate of their home colleges.” The students were in fact among the most serious, hard working and intellectually curious they had ever encountered; and some instructors would in later years fondly recall their time in France as the richest professional experience of their lives. In their turn, the soldiers who were to become the students happily discovered there would be no reveille, no morning calisthenics, no military dress code and little formality of any sort. WACs, officers and enlisted men sat side-by-side in classrooms. Perhaps even more impressive, the school was racially integrated three years before the rest of the U.S. military would be. No soldier had ever imagined the Army could be like this.



THE PLANNING for Biarritz American University had been, in some respects, remarkably thorough. Hervie Haufler, a private who volunteered to become a student there, reported the following:

I arrived doubtful that the Army could create a viable university, but my cynicism was quickly routed . . . I was overwhelmed by the completeness of the Army’s planning: the great seaside hotels that had housed Napoleon III and Empress Eugenie and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were now teeming with Yanks. Freshly painted signs on the villas indicated the courses that would be taught there—journalism in the Villa les Courlis, arts at the

“I was overwhelmed by the completeness of the Army’s planning: the great seaside hotels that had housed Napoleon III and Empress Eugenie and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were now teeming with Yanks.”

Villa Rouchefoucauld, education in the Villa la Titania. I passed by the GI-operated radio station that broadcast big band music, saw the gambling casino . . . transformed into a library, and noticed the softball diamonds and football rectangles laid out on the town's outskirts. When I reported to Registration, I was amazed to find a thick catalogue that detailed 335 different study courses.

“Not only do they want a chance to prove that they can think and express their thoughts, but they want to be recognized as individuals—not just as a number of objects to be lectured to.”

The 335 courses were distributed among eight divisions: agriculture, commerce and economics, education, engineering, fine arts, journalism, liberal arts and science and mathematics. Despite the diversity in course offerings, the approaches used to teach them would, in many instances, be similar. Teachers in engineering, as later reported by one instructor, had of necessity encouraged “complete informality in class. [The m]anner adopted was that of a group of men doing a job with the instructor as one of the men and his equal.” One instructor in conversational French stated that he could allow for “[m]ore varied topics to discuss in a more adult-like manner,” and another stated, “I have been on a favorable common footing with my students as soldiers, not likely to be duplicated for most teachers.”

Biarritz's informal instructional practices, those involving direct student participation as opposed to the straight lecture, were categorized by Umstattd as follows: discussion, panel, forum, debate, conference and seminar. He reported that each of these was employed “to a greater extent at Biarritz than they had been by the same instructors in their home institutions, and the students felt they learned more by participating than they had previously learned in college classes through the greater use of formal methods.” A strong advocate

of informal practices as a result of what he observed there, Umstattd poses in his book this question: “Could it be that the general practice of student participation will gradually supplant the lecture as the typical college method of teaching?” John Grinnell, a civilian instructor and counselor at BAU, had no doubt this would happen, insisting that the overwhelming presence of mature and motivated veterans in American colleges and universities would demand pedagogical changes:

Hourlong lectures repeating what they have read in their assignments will leave them restive and hostile. They want discussion and illustration; they want to raise questions and to have them answered. . . . Not only do they want a chance to prove that they can think and express their thoughts, but they want to be recognized as individuals—not just as a number of objects to be lectured to. Indeed, these sorts of approaches would take hold at many institutions in the coming decade, including a new college in southern Vermont that would be incorporated eight months after Biarritz closed—a place where there would be no previous teaching methods to supplant; where informal approaches would be all but taken for granted. Twenty-eight years earlier, Walter Hendricks had seen Robert Frost practice informal teaching in his poetry class; at Biarritz he witnessed similar methods used across the curriculum of an entire university. BAU was, as Hendricks later put it, “unlike anything I had ever known, unless it was Robert's classes at Amherst.”



Faculty at Biarritz were asked, at the end of the first semester, to assess the program. Most were deeply impressed by their students, saying things like, “In 15 years of teaching, the best I ever had,” “I never saw a better group of students” with “a genuine hunger for intellectual activity . . .” “never encountered a more enthusiastic group of students nor . . . ever seen a group do more work on a three-semester-hour course . . . [the students had] a proprietary interest in . . . their own learning.” Biarritz and Shrivenham had, in effect, field-tested the GI Bill's viability, proving in their relatively short existences what almost no one in the Army, and certainly no civilian instructor, had foreseen. As early as the fall of 1945, Walter Hendricks would understand what would take some time for thousands of stateside professors and college administrators to realize: veterans made excellent students.

In the opinion of John Grinnell, the students' serious approach to their studies (80 percent of them had seen combat) was the direct result of what they had been through:

They were in this war, as they put it, “up to our necks” and they did some pretty serious thinking. . . . [a]mid the haunting fears of battle, the prolonged discomforts of the advance, the endless queues in camp, the uncertainties, the red tape—they came gradually and with conviction into a new set of values. I think of Prince Andrei in Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, who, wounded and lying on the grass staring up at the sky, suddenly understood how beautiful and important the sky is, and all the simple sensations of living, and how

trivial were many concerns and activities he had thought important. Something like that has happened to these men. . . .

The genuine concern for the individual expressed at Biarritz was at odds with the GIs' experience of the Army up until then, and happily so, for "the disposition of the faculty to be helpful beyond the limits of the classroom and the encouraging reaction of the students created an atmosphere conducive to such techniques as coaching, tutorial assistance, clinical aid and general advising." But even with this, Umstadd tells us,

Much of the aid given individual students was not recorded. By its nature, it could never be recorded. To have attempted a cold analysis would have killed the spirit of the odd-moment conference after class, in the classroom, in the hallways, while strolling along the street, while lounging on the beach. Whenever a student with a question saw one his teachers, he felt entirely free to ask his question. Informal chats of this type certainly ran into the thousands, and many of them resulted in lasting friendships based upon mutual intellectual interests.



DESPITE METICULOUS organization in many areas, Biarritz American University was, from its inception, faced with a dearth of supplies. Laboratory equipment for science courses, audiovisual equipment for supplemental needs, appropriate textbooks of all kinds and other necessities were largely unavailable. There were many reasons for this, but perhaps foremost

among them were the War Department's reluctance to expend resources on an enterprise that could end almost any time, and Army purchasing and contracting formalities that hindered the timely acquisition of things needed immediately. Walter Hendricks, in an anecdote conveying frustration tinged with humor, reported a third reason:

A part of the difficulty was due to the egregious and arbitrary asses who thought themselves too big for their uniforms. The climax was reached when an instructor in philosophy, sent to Paris headquarters with a sheaf of book orders, spurred by curiosity opened the envelope and read the following: "(1.) Attached requests by instructors at BAU for additional reference and textbooks are submitted for your amazement and whatever action you deem necessary or appropriate. (2.) In view of the self-induced chaotic state of books for Biarritz, it is believed that the submission of these lists will add little to the present confusion." Needless to say, when the commanding officer was made acquainted with this missive, he acted with such force and speed that the officer who wrote it must have thought a tank corps had hit him.

Despite all of these obstacles, one instructor stated, "[t]he handicap[s] [were] resolutely faced, and ingeniously met in the main . . . . It is even possible that the challenge which students and their instructors faced stimulated better learning in many cases." Walter Hendricks was one faculty member convinced of this.

Deprivation was, of course, something that home-front civilians had long since grown accustomed to. By the time Hendricks and his soon-to-be faculty colleagues arrived in France, they had been living with shortages—tires, gasoline, metals of all kinds—and getting by with substitutes for four long years. Over that same time, American soldiers had grown legendary for their ability to improvise. For civilians and soldiers alike, doing without and improvising were, by the summer of 1945, all but second nature, and this wartime spirit of "making do" was easily adapted to postwar life at an Army-run university. A chemistry instructor had sinks made from rough boards sealed with tar, and a Spanish instructor wrote his own textbook. A dramatics teacher who would have been well-suited to the seminal Marlboro oversaw curtains and costumes made from parachute silks, army canvas and dyed burlap. After viewing the performance, Hendricks called the costumes "among the handsomest I had ever seen."

Hugh Mulligan, Marlboro's first graduate, has admirably called Walter Hendricks "a great scrounger," and indeed the assimilated colonel would prove a natural at making do. Wanting to give his Chaucer students a bareback feeling of what it meant to be a pilgrim, he had little trouble requisitioning donkeys, but a good deal of difficulty finding more than a single copy of *The Canterbury Tales*. He had better luck with books for his short story class. He learned of a warehouse at a quartermaster depot in Namur, Belgium, that had stockpiled 20,000 unused copies of Armed Services Editions—special editions of fiction and nonfiction ranging from *Moby Dick* to *The Art of War*. With classes beginning in two days and with few books on hand, he got the warehouse contents consigned to him, and then dispatched two

soldiers to retrieve the scholastic windfall, one a lieutenant named Philip Rothman, the other an infantry replacement from the decimated 106th Division, Mulligan himself. Neither guessed at that time the degree to which their lives would be influenced by Biarritz's English department head, but in the coming weeks and months, Walter Hendricks would persuade Rothman to become a faculty member at his as-yet nonexistent college, and give Mulligan enough of a taste of the dream to eventually matriculate at Marlboro as a senior transfer.

Hugh Mulligan explained what Biarritz American University did for Walter Hendricks:

Something about the impromptu academic life [there], the lust for learning that so many GIs exhibited after months and years of murderous war, touched him deeply. Daydreaming in the midst of his Chaucer classes, which I had never seen a professor do before, he talked about turning his . . . Vermont farm and vacation home into a small college, where students and faculty would live together as a community of scholars. . . . All of us around the English department knew by heart Hendricks's favorite quote from President James Garfield about the educator Mark Hopkins: "Give me a log hut, with only a simple bench, Mark Hopkins on one end and I on the other . . . ." It was part of the dream.

Making do with what was available; the general absence of needless formality; the casual atmosphere in which learning could be taken seriously; the mutual respect among teachers and students; the absence of pernicious traditions such as freshmen hazing; and, perhaps

"He talked about turning his . . . Vermont farm and vacation home into a small college, where students and faculty would live together as a community of scholars. . . ."

most importantly, the emphasis placed on the individual, coupled with the benevolent air of equality and democracy—these were hallmarks of academic life at Biarritz. To the degree that these characteristics embody the values of a free society, Biarritz was truly an American university.



BAU BEGAN ITS SECOND semester in mid-October of 1945, by which time Walter Hendricks had “a desk in [his] office, a table, and steel filing cabinets and a British secretary.” He wrote this not to boast of the perks of a senior officer and department head, but instead to sadly concede that the thrill of the beginning was now over, that standard procedures and tame routines would define the school for the remainder of its short existence. The future founding president of Marlboro College had tasted the excitement that comes with helping to create something from nothing save commitment and resolve, and had been vitalized by it. He wanted badly to sustain the feeling, but knew that the school would be shut down in early spring. It was,

after all, “only a makeshift. But what a makeshift!” he later wrote. He taught and administered there through the second semester, remained in Europe for some weeks afterward to lecture at various commands in Germany, and finally boarded a troopship home on February 1, 1946.

He thought about little else but starting a college on his Marlboro farm during the 10-day voyage to New York, recalling an overheard conversation between two soldier-students who were sitting on a Biarritz cliff and gazing thoughtfully out to sea. The words of one perfectly articulated his sentiment: “You know,” he said, “this is what I’ve always dreamed a college ought to be.” The experience of Biarritz was indeed a dream realized for Walter Hendricks, for in those influential months the idea of starting a college had evolved from possibility to certainty. When he carried his service trunk down the gangplank at a dock in Brooklyn, there was no question in his mind that there would soon be another school—in all of its intangible essentials very much like Biarritz—on a hill farm in Vermont.

# Taste the Olives

Joseph Mazur

Euclid in the Rainforest, by longtime Marlboro professor Joe Mazur, hit the bookstores last fall to popular and critical acclaim that has surprised no one so much as the author. Noted Harvard physicist and author Peter Galison called the collection of essays about logic and math “delightful ... a picaresque novel of mathematics” and Amazon.com placed it on its list of “the newest and coolest products our customers are buying.” Here is an excerpt.

POSEIDON’S FRESH BREATH might have filled the sails of a thousand ships to enrich Aegean history, but color is what gives that ocean its matchless character, the blue of sapphire. There is where porpoises play, under skies swept clear by etesian winds flowing down from Russia, in their own celestial galaxy of white flecks on blue waters. I was there long ago, when few Greek islands had airports, and ferries followed zigzagging routes and wildly broken schedules. Ancient Greeks must have been puzzled when they first encountered infinity in the fifth century, B.C. My first deep musings on the subject came while sailing in the vicinity of Pythagoras’s birthplace. The year was 1963.

With no particular destination in mind, I boarded the first ferry leaving Piraeus. It made an odyssey northward against the *Meltemi*, stopping at Salonika, then Alexandroupolis, and finally Lemnos, an island on the way to nowhere in the northern Aegean, keeping the magnificent Mount Athos within sight just until the Turkish Mount Ida could take over. Off the main shipping route with no airport, Lemnos had few visitors, except for the occasional cruise ship or rich American who came by yacht. This was the home of Hephaestus, god of the anvil, and the island where, according to myth, women killed their husbands. Jason and the Argonauts found it to be a paradise of solitary women. So did I.

From my hotel at the port of Castro, I noticed an attractive foreign girl walking in the marketplace from stall to stall buying fresh figs and olives, swinging her net bag and flirting with vendors to bargain. The next day, playing with my empty demitasse of Turkish coffee at a café in the harbor, smelling the scent of lemon on a wave of *Meltemi* wind, I watched her tan knees teasingly lash the hem of her white cotton dress left and right as she walked across the quay. With gathering courage, I dared to speak to her as she rested for a moment cross-legged at a capstan on the wharf.

Photos courtesy of Hildamarie Hendricks

NOTES: Page 1: J.G. Umstatt and colleagues at BAU, *B.A.U. in Action: Teaching and Learning at Biarritz American University* (Austin, TX: University of Texas Press, 1947), 8. General Eisenhower to Major Commands, 17 July 1945, in USFET SGS 353. Walter Hendricks, unpublished autobiography, 325, courtesy Geoffrey Hendricks and Hildamarie Hendricks. Page 2: Umstatt, iv., John Erle Grinnell, “When the GI Goes to College: Experiences in an Overseas University Center,” *The Journal of Higher Education: Vol. 17, No. 5* (May 1946), 243. Hervie Haufler, “The Most Contented GIs in Europe,” *American History* (October, 1999), 6. [http://www.thehistorynet.com/AmericanHistory/articles/1999/1099\\_text.htm](http://www.thehistorynet.com/AmericanHistory/articles/1999/1099_text.htm). Haufler, 4. Page 3: Umstatt, 14, 49, 80. Grinnell, 245. Hendricks, autobiography, 358. Page 4: Umstatt, 15, 66. Haufler, 7. Grinnell, 244. Umstatt, 81. Page 5: Umstatt, 138. Walter Hendricks, “Bivouac at Biarritz,” *Illinois Tech Engineer* (March 1948) 3 (reprint), Archives and Special Collections, Amherst College Library. Umstatt, 138. Walter Hendricks, “Marlboro College,” *Amherst Graduates’ Quarterly: Vol. XXXVII* (May 1948) no. 3, 181, Archives and Special Collections, Amherst College Library. Conversation with Hugh Mulligan, Marlboro, VT, September 13, 2003. Hendricks autobiography, 332. Telephone conversation with Hugh Mulligan, October 5, 2002. Page 6: Hugh Mulligan, “I Remember Walter,” *Potash Hill* (Marlboro College, Marlboro, VT, Spring 1980) 4. Hendricks autobiography, 338, 358, Hendricks, “Bivouac at Biarritz,” 4.

“You didn’t buy any fruit today?” I shouted in English. My Greek was reasonably good, but I took a gamble and shouted my stupid opening line in English without a clue of what language she spoke.

She turned with a smile. A little thrown, she cocked her head to one side and let out a delicate giggle. “The plums are not ripe yet,” she replied. It was all I needed to continue the conversation. She continued her smile as she approached my table.

“Won’t you join me in a morning coffee?” I asked with a hand gesture indicating an invitation to sit down.

“No, thank you. Don’t drink coffee,” she said, approaching, swinging her empty net bag. “Buy me a lemonade.”

She was stunningly beautiful, a Swedish-Greek by the name of Fredericka. Until then I thought all Swedes were blond. But Fredericka had sun-bleached auburn hair that hung in rivulets of curls draped in front and back of the naked olive skin of her shoulders, eyes as green as emeralds. From afar, it was easy for me to call out my lucky comment about not buying fruit, but from close up, looking into those emerald eyes, I could think of nothing to say. Fortunately, I didn’t have to. She would talk and I would look. I don’t think I was listening to a word she was saying. I had to consciously avoid gawking, only to fall into momentary lapses of amorous raptures and romantic fantasies.

I don’t recall what I said or did to prompt her next move. But to my astonishment, without much more conversation, she invited me to a yacht anchored in the harbor.

A wealthy Norwegian amateur archeologist by the name of Carl Hambro, who devoted much of his life to exploring the ruins of ancient civilizations, owned the yacht, a black, yare, two-mast sailboat with white sails and a formidable bowsprit steeply pointing forward. The yacht’s name was *Hydra*. She had an impressive gun room and library, as well as a formal dining room.

Though he never completed his Ph.D. in the subject, Carl fancied himself a scholar of Schliemann’s excavations of Troy. He had just completed a tour of ancient sites along the Turkish coast, visiting Melitos, Troy and a few important islands off the Ionian coast. Speaking an Oxford dialect of modern Greek—and, very likely a scholarly dialect of modern Turkish—he was interviewing locals who still claimed descent from Agamemnon for his thesis. Carl acquired his wealth from the simple invention of the tea bag. That’s right, the tea bag, an idea that marketed well in America but was lampooned in Britain. His English grandfather patented the idea back in the 19th century and invested wisely in a small tea company by the name of Typhoo.

After Fredericka told Carl that I was studying mathematics in Paris, he brought me to his small library to find a book and offer me a job: tutoring math for free food and a luxurious tour of the Greek islands and Turkish coast. The book was an old classic called *Calculus Made Easy*, by Silvanus Thompson, possibly the slimmest calculus text ever printed. Penciled notes filled its margins. It seemed clear to me that Carl had been studying calculus on his own for many years, with increasing feelings of uncertainty over the subject. I had not taught anyone anything before and felt strangely uncomfortable with the idea, but, as I said before, I had no set destination and considered Carl’s offer a convenient opportunity to travel to interesting Greek islands off the main shipping routes. Though I barely knew the subject, I agreed to take the job.

His first question threw me. “Prove that there are infinitely many primes,” he said looking a full 90 degrees away from me. His question’s loose connection to calculus gave me the impression that he was testing my knowledge, but it just happened that I had recently seen a proof on the subject.

I said, “Suppose there are only a finite number of primes—say,  $k$  of them, with the largest one being  $P$ . So, we have a finite list of primes from 2 to  $P$ . Add 1 to the product of the  $k$  primes to get  $(2 \cdot 3 \cdot 5 \cdot \dots \cdot P) + 1$ . Now I claim this new number—call it  $N$ —is a prime. And if it is, it must be bigger than  $P$ .”

“I’m listening,” Carl replied.

“Now  $N = (2 \cdot 3 \cdot 5 \cdot \dots \cdot P) + 1$  must be divisible by some prime number  $q$ .”

“I don’t see why.”

His petulant tone dampened my ability to think logically.

“Because any number can be uniquely expressed as a product of primes. That’s what the Fundamental Theorem of Arithmetic tells us.”

“But you haven’t proven that Fundamental Theorem yet.”

“Sorry. How far back do you want me to go?” I asked.

“As far back as it takes for me to fully buy your proof.”

“Okay, okay. Let’s assume that the Fundamental Theorem is proven for the moment. I’ll try to prove it later. But if we assume that the Fundamental Theorem is true, then you must see that  $N$  is divisible by some prime number  $q$ . Yes?”

“Yes.”

I was beginning to sense ancient bearded heroes and philosophers listening at our side as the yacht plied forward through the white specs on blue water which came and quickly vanished. I found myself thinking ahead, not only of the proof, but also of my choice of words. Euclid proved this theorem more than two millennia ago and seemed to be listening to make sure I was getting it right.

“I claim that  $q$  is not any of the primes on our list. Why? Because if  $q$  were one of those primes, it would divide both  $N$  and  $2 \cdot 3 \cdot 5 \cdot \dots \cdot P$ , and that would mean it would divide the difference  $N - (2 \cdot 3 \cdot 5 \cdot \dots \cdot P)$ . But that difference equals 1 and . . . .”

“Hold on,” Carl said, “Why must it divide the difference?”

“If a number  $q$  divides each of two numbers  $A$  and  $B$ , then it also divides  $A - B$ .”

“Why?”

His interruptions were reasonable, but at the time they threw my concentration off track. Some things you just know are true and don’t think much about why. It wasn’t difficult to demonstrate that if a number divides two numbers, then it also divides their difference, so I reluctantly answered his question.

“It divides  $A$ , so there is some whole number  $s$  such that  $A = q \cdot s$ . That’s what it means for  $q$  to divide  $A$ . In other words,  $A$  is a multiple of  $q$ . Likewise,  $B = q \cdot r$ , for some whole number  $r$ . So,  $A - B = q \cdot s - q \cdot r = q \cdot (s - r)$ . This shows that  $A - B$  is a multiple of  $q$  and, hence, that  $q$  divides  $A - B$ .”

“I see. So, because  $q$  divides both  $N$  and  $(2 \cdot 3 \cdot 5 \cdot \dots \cdot P)$ , we know that it divides the difference  $N - (2 \cdot 3 \cdot 5 \cdot \dots \cdot P)$ , which happens to equal 1.”

Euclid proved this theorem more than two millennia ago and seemed to be listening to make sure I was getting it right.

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“Yes.”

“But how can the prime number  $q$  divide 1 without being equal to 1?” Carl asked.

“Exactly,” I said. “It can’t divide 1 without being equal to 1.”

“I see. Because  $q$  is a prime number, it must be larger than 1. But it can’t be larger than 1 because it must also be equal to 1. We have a contradiction.”

“That’s right. The only assumption we made was that there were a finite number of primes. The contradiction implies that that assumption was wrong. Therefore, there are infinitely many primes.”

“That leaves the Fundamental Theorem of Arithmetic. But save that for tomorrow.”

Phew, I made it through the first lesson without disaster.

The next morning the light of a buoyed red sun beaming through my cabin window pleasantly awakened me. I came on deck to find Fredericka having breakfast with Carl, listening to a jukebox playing Manos Kadjidakis songs. Yes! A Chicago jukebox, complete with cursive lighting, right on deck. Fredericka later told me that Carl had bought the machine from a café in Solonika and paid top dollar for it so the owner could not refuse to sell it, and that it would probably be thrown overboard when a new toy strikes his fancy. He did outrageous things like that—like the time he bought a small publishing company just to publish one of his forever-rejected books. He had no business sense and no interest in the business, so it went bankrupt and his book was poorly reviewed. Years later, I came across his book at a sidewalk vendor’s table in midtown Manhattan. I bought it for two dollars but couldn’t understand the first page.

I tried a few more pages before giving it back to the same street vendor. Carl was a strange man. He had dark features and a constant smile sieved through a black moustache over his motionless mouth. Fredericka took no notice of me. It seemed clear that she was his girl.

“Good morning,” Carl called out with a waving gesture to sit down. “We are headed to Mytilene, my favorite Aegean island,” he said. He was referring to Lesbos. “Wait till you taste the olives of Mytilene,” he said while picking up an olive from a jar in front of him. “They are the best. ‘The whole Mediterranean,’” he said quoting from a Lawrence Durrell novel while spitting a pit into the palm of his hand, “‘the sculpture, the palms, the gold beads, the bearded heroes, the wine, the ideas, the ship, the moonlight, the winged gorgons, the bronze men, the philosophers—all of it seems to rise in the sour, pungent taste of these black olives between the teeth.’ And the sweet chestnuts, too, are out of this world!” He was a literate man who saw archaeology as only one of his fields, but he never completed a degree in any one of them.

I sat down to a typical Greek breakfast of butter and honey on a slab of bread. The ship’s crew inconspicuously managed everything from navigation to meals. It seemed that Carl had no interest in the mechanics of sailing. He simply informed his crew of his destination and, perhaps, a weekly menu.

“What about that Fundamental Theorem you promised me?” he asked spitting out the pit of another olive.

“What? Now?” I asked.

“Sure, you know I won’t believe there’s an infinitude of primes until you fulfill your promise of showing me how you prove your Fundamental Theorem,” he said with a wry smile.

“Okay!” I nervously agreed, feeling him mock me. But, little did he know, I was up half the night with thoughts alternating between a proof of such a theorem and a fantasy of romantic opportunities with Fredericka.

“So I am to prove to you that every positive whole number greater than 1 either is a prime or can be uniquely expressed as a product of primes?” I asked.

“I think that is what we agreed the theorem to be.”

“And when I say unique, I mean that the primes themselves are unique and not the order in which they appear in the product.”

“That’s what I understand,” he replied, getting into the rhythm of a Socratic dialogue.

“Okay, suppose that  $n$  is a positive whole number. Then it is either prime or composite. If it is prime, then there is nothing to prove. So  $n$  is composite.”

“By composite, I suppose you mean not prime?” Carl asked.

“Yes. Now because  $n$  is composite, it factors into two smaller numbers, one of which is prime.”

“Why is that?” he wanted to know.

Fredericka moved to a nearby chaise to read a glossy Greek fashion magazine. Maybe the sound of lofty math-talk would impress her. Probably not. Her bikini revealed a tan torso and belly tightened by regular exercise and sun worship.

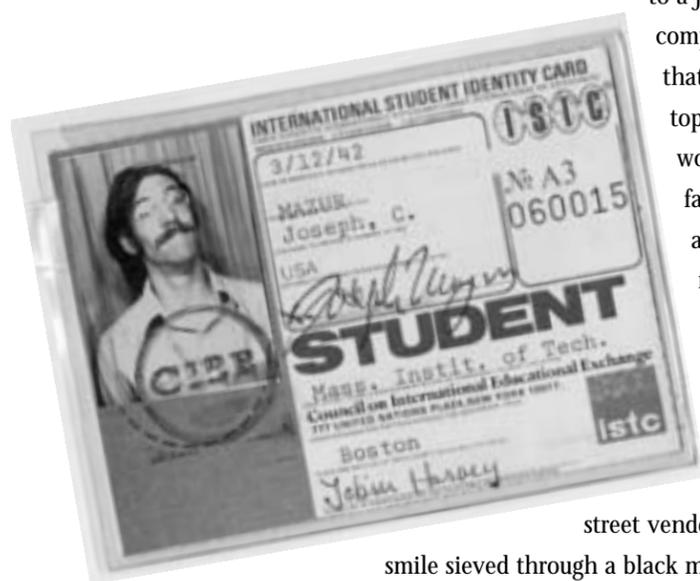
Louis Armstrong started singing “I Can’t Give You Anything but Love.”

That was my first teaching job. Over the next few days Carl brought me several papers that he had written for publication in a physics journal. They were rejected. He tried to explain them to me, but I was thoroughly puzzled by their rather spiritual nature. I was not the right person to judge, but I thought at the time that his papers were about sheer nonsense.

We called on a few tiny islands, some no larger than a few kilometers from end to end. When we came to the tiny island Agios Eustratius, Carl anchored the *Hydra* so we could take a swim at the edge of golden cliffs that separated the sapphire-blue ocean from the turquoise-blue sky above. It was hard enough not to stare at Fredericka when she wore her skimpy bikini, but it was impossible not to when she slipped off her top to swim nude. She handed me a snorkel, a mask, fins, and a spear gun. She was ready to hunt for octopus. She and I swam together to a small cove around the bend from the ship’s anchor. With my spear gun cocked, I followed close to her side, keeping my head down in the frighteningly silent water.

Two large fish darted between groups of barnacled rocks and waving seaweed, chasing a school of mackerel, drawing my attention to a small cave just below the water’s surface. Lost in a feeling of both fear and excitement, I encountered my first experience of absolute silence and intrusion into an ichthyic underwater world. It was eerie; here, even the tiny mackerel seemed fearsome. When I saw a small cuttlefish defensively wiggling its 10 tentacles in my direction,

Lost in a feeling of both fear and excitement, I encountered my first experience of absolute silence and intrusion into an ichthyic underwater world.



Joseph Mazur has taught mathematics at Marlboro since 1972.

He holds a Ph.D. in mathematics from M.I.T. and has authored many educational software programs, including *Explorations in Calculus*, the first interactive, multimedia CD package of simulations for calculus.

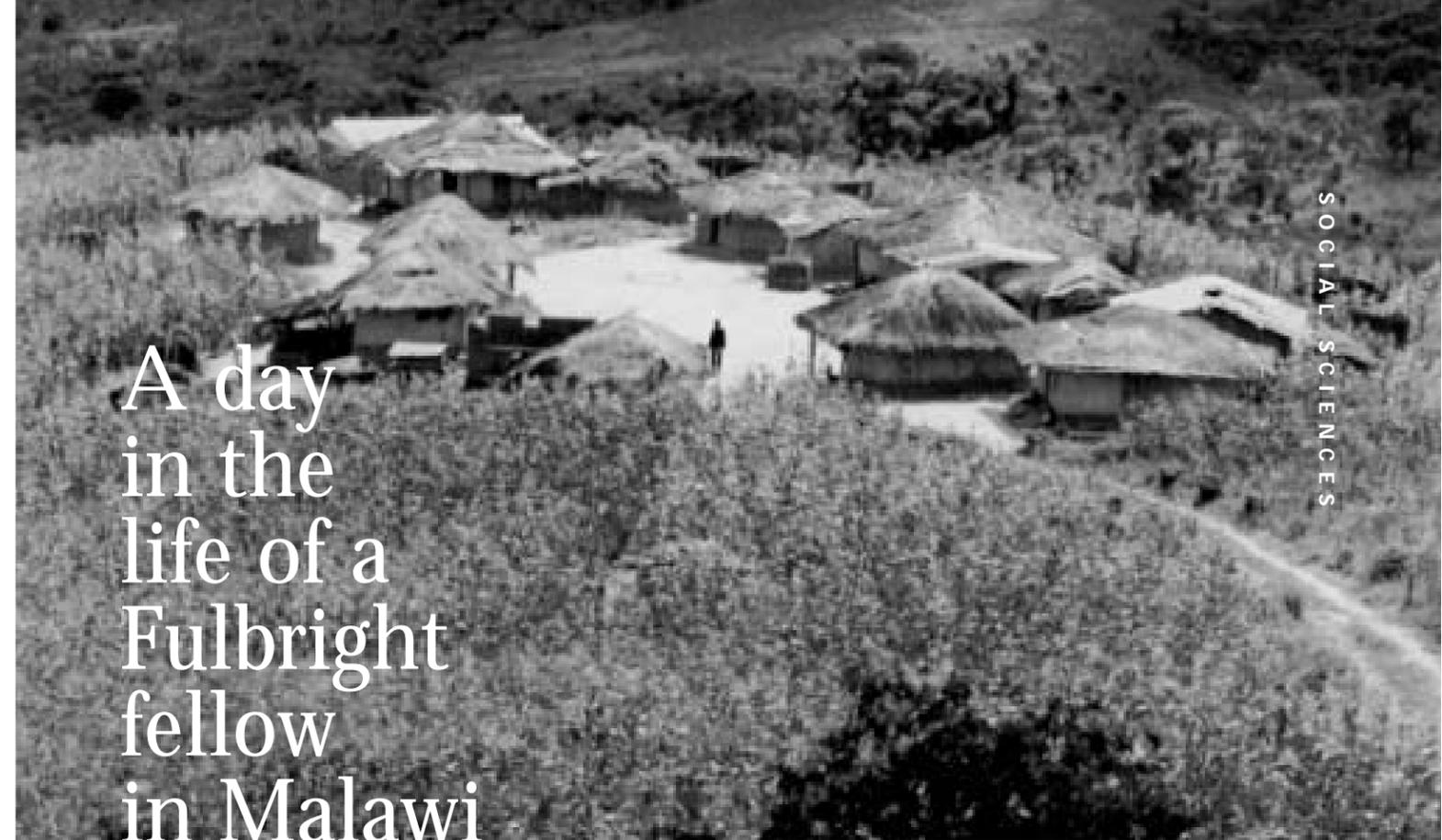
I froze until it concluded that I was inconsequential and propelled itself out of sight. Numb by the encounter, and somewhat comforted by my powerful spear gun's offer of implied protection, I was compelled to explore further into the mysterious caves with my forefinger nervously curled on the trigger. Fantasies ran wild. I didn't dare to turn around, fearing a giant squid stealthily following close behind. Thoroughly absorbed by the experience, I wandered too far from Fredericka.

I lost her; even when I lifted my head above the surface, she was nowhere to be found. Panicking, I called her name and swam in circles, diving deep beneath the surface until I ran out of breath. I decided it would be better to quietly use my snorkel to search for her. Just then I felt the tentacle of an octopus surround my throat. I dropped the gun, grabbed the limb with both hands, and turned around. It was Fredericka, who had quietly come from behind to whip the dead octopus around me. I panicked but quickly realized that she was pulling me closer for a kiss on the lips. Her naked breasts pressed against my chest. She must have felt the beat of my racing heart. I had never seen anyone more beautiful. I no longer felt the octopus limb around my neck, though it was still there. Until that moment, I had assumed that she was Carl's girl and thought I had no chance.

Staying aboard the *Hydra* would have led to trouble; I should have been forewarned by the character that Jorge Luis Borges calls "the marshy monster that becomes a prefiguration or symbol of geometric progression." Carl would not have taken kindly to Fredericka's flirtations. He had several impressive guns aboard. Imagined as bow chasers, he would shoot them at nothing, for no apparent reason other than the joy of earsplitting noise. Twice I saw him, when seas were rough, strip off his clothes astride the bowsprit, like Odysseus approaching Troy, brandish his Browning automatic as if riding a stallion bareback in hunt of mythical beasts. That second bowsprit mount determined the end of my short tutoring job. I decided to get off the yacht as soon as it reached the Bay of Yera at the southeastern corner of Lesbos. The *Hydra* managed to squeeze by the narrow opening of the bay to anchor near the town of Perama, a tiny dreamlike village with a peaceful view of the skyline of Mount Olympus across the Aegean. Olive trees dominated the landscape, and, once again, the air smelled of lemon.

Tortured by the thought of leaving Fredericka just when I had a chance with her, I left the yacht to look for a room in Perama. I quickly found a room with a view of the harbor and the anchored *Hydra*, over the top of a maze of whitewashed stone walls. The next morning she was gone.

Excerpted from *Euclid in the Rainforest*, Published by Pi Press, an imprint of Pearson Education.  
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## A day in the life of a Fulbright fellow in Malawi

Tom Toleno

*Marlboro psychology professor Tom Toleno was awarded rare back-to-back Fulbright fellowships to teach and conduct research at Mzuzu University in the central African nation of Malawi from 2002 to 2004. Here is a glimpse of his experiences there.*

MORNING COMES EARLY IN MALAWI. The rooster starts his crowing well before sunrise, right out my bedroom window. I listen to the birds and see that the night is quickly being displaced by the sun. It is close to 6 A.M., which means that I can see well enough from my enclosed mosquito net to check for army ants on the floor. I once made the mistake of getting up in the middle of the night to answer the telephone; in a mad dash in the dark to the living room, I was covered with ants. They bite. Nothing this morning, so I head for the toilet, flick the light switch. Ah, power; that means a hot bath after a walk with my neighbor, Margot.

Eddie, the oldest boy of my housekeeper, Angelina Phiri, is headed to school, which starts at 6:30 A.M. As Margot and I walk, other neighborhood children ask what we are doing and the youngest of them hold our hands as they join us walking along the street for a while. Some of the children flap their arms like birds, singing out "kayuni" in imitation of Margot's t'ai chi exercises. Forty minutes later, I'm back and Angelina begins making my breakfast. She lives in a small "boys quarter" behind the house with her sons and a nephew. They sleep in one room;

The author's driver,  
Mr. Light Moyo,  
and driver's wife.



the rest of their home is outdoor areas for cooking and bathing.

Angelina was picked for me by the university because she has some command of English. Angelina's duties are to do laundry, maintain the house and see that I am fed. My wife, Andrea, gave her instructions to the effect that I am not to go to work without eating. And so Angelina and I have developed a routine. She takes her son, Blessing, to a nursery school while I bathe. Afterward she fries me one egg, broken and fried hard, a small potato made into fries and a salad. Today while I eat we go over the details of lunch. I am hosting my colleagues from Mzuzu University's Education and Teaching Studies (ETS) department for lunch and a departmental meeting. The lunch is to guarantee that they attend the meeting. Angelina is amused that I want to have *nsima*—a homely staple of Malawi made from ground maize—as well as rice, curried chicken, beef and vegetables. But I've noticed that while formal meals in Malawi often lack *nsima*, the faculty do not feel that they can have a meal without it.

Mr. Light Moyo, our gardener, stops in to take Angelina into Mzuzu to shop. I taught him to drive and paid all of his licensing fees

so that he could also work as a driver. Before leaving, he shows me the results of our agricultural experiment. My wife introduced Mr. Moyo to composting and we are testing the effectiveness of compost versus fertilizer. This morning Mr. Moyo is excited because he sees that compost is clearly equal to, and in some cases better than, fertilizer, and certainly much cheaper. Andrea and I are helping him start up a composting business that could give him a livelihood after we leave. Gardening is a tough job here. While gardeners are hard to find, especially trained and experienced ones, no one wants to pay them a decent salary.

Classes start at 8 A.M., and I need to be on campus to open my office for my colleagues so they can access the books I brought for them. They are part of the 12 cartons of books I shipped to Mzuzu University's library from the United States. There were an additional eight cartons that never made it through the corruption of the postal service. Books are hard to come by in Malawi. I bought new ones for each member of the department based around their academic expertise, and I tried hard to bring seminal works that are the foundation for the introductory and intermediate tests. However, all of my Piaget collection was stolen along with the original works of William James, B.F. Skinner and others.

I arrive on campus after a five-minute walk. Small, brick classroom buildings, holding 30 to 70 students, line a covered path. Mzuzu University began admitting students in 1998 on the site of a former teacher-training school. In addition to teaching here, my Fulbright work has me investigating why some of Mzuzu's schools are more successful at educating children than others. This is particularly relevant because all schools face the same set of problems, most of them

caused by lack of resources. Among the public schools we're investigating, we're finding that trained teachers with good administrative leadership skills have a lot to do with classroom success. But the system promotes successful teachers into more curricularly challenging classrooms, and so those who are trained for grade-school teaching find themselves out of their element teaching in a secondary-school curriculum. We found that getting a trained university graduate to the school provides someone who can help his or her colleagues with the transition.

Wednesday is a half-day teaching schedule. I have no classes of my own today, but I promised Mr. Hango that I would teach his class in the art and science of teaching. I shall enjoy myself because Mr. Hango organized the class into collaborative groups that are given different questions about a topic. Students come to class prepared to discuss what they researched. They range in age from 18 to 30, and a third of them are women. Today I alter the presentation: instead of using a question-and-answer format, each group spokesperson actually teaches the class. They love the idea because they know that they will be student teaching for real next term. They listen, ask questions and clap for their friends. Everyone is learning and having fun.

Mzuzu's teachers are good—genuinely competent. What they need from me is the access to resources, research support and the focus, energy and purpose that I can add to the program. I learned these needs almost immediately. When I arrived at Mzuzu in January, 2002, rather than sit idle waiting for the March 4 start of classes, I pushed for a curriculum review of the Educational and Teaching Studies Department. I figured that this would get me oriented to the university's

program and introduce me to my colleagues, who embraced the idea enthusiastically. We spent a week reviewing each course's syllabus, starting with aims and working through objectives before examining content. All of us found the review rewarding. One outcome was to create optional courses during the junior and senior years, thus reducing some of the burden on the students. We also added a course in HIV-AIDS. Every student should know about the health-related problems of Malawi because these impact the communities in which they will be important role models. My wife and I were not living in Malawi long before the impact of AIDS affected us personally.



Our neighbor Mr. Mogha, head of the university's math department, died of AIDS. He was the first person to welcome Andrea and me to the neighborhood. Any question, regardless of how silly, he answered. His was the first death that we experienced. Another neighbor, Mr. Ndengu, came to tell us of his passing, knowing that we would want to participate in the funeral. Andrea joined the

The author in Vwasa  
Swamp with his  
guide, Vasco.



The author's housekeeper (center) with her extended family.

women inside with the widow. They sang song after song, for hours. The widow and family members cried unabashedly. I sat with the men outside, in the rain under an umbrella. This went on for the whole day. People gathered until the body was prepared and brought to the house for a service. The service was filled with singing, readings and commentary from friends and colleagues.

Afterward, they loaded the body, the immediate family and friends on a bus and drove for seven hours to return him to his village for burial. At midnight we were six kilometers shy of his village when the bus bogged down in the washed-out road. A private car with four-wheel drive transported the body while we in the entourage walked the final distance, uphill, in the dark. Once there, we had another ceremony and buried him. This was one of the most poignant experiences around death that Andi and I have experienced. It seemed so healthy to grieve publicly and totally fall apart upon the death of not only a husband, but a lifestyle, rather than to

stuff it all for a later quiet moment that might never come. We in the United States could learn something from the Malawians.

The curriculum review gave me a clearer understanding of the vision of the university, and I also came to the realization that teacher training at Mzuzu offers too much of a good thing. While the ETS department teaches basic teaching methodology, every content area (such as the biology department, the literature department, etc.) has its own sequence of applied methodology courses, running every term. Consequently, students are drowning in method, because the faculty in content courses often don't know what preparation in method the ETS department gives. Now that we've revealed this problem, the university is working to address it.

Conducting research is an essential part of each faculty member's job: it is in their job descriptions, it is important for promotion, it is even in the mission statement of the university. Several members of the department have been engaged in collaborative research projects and they are keen to start up a departmental program in which they can carry out their individual initiatives. We meet regularly toward this end, and progress is definitely happening.

In my teaching capacity I see more than 240 students, twice weekly. I am teaching two courses at level one and two at level three as well as teaching and supervising seniors. The supervision includes overseeing the senior teaching practicum and helping them with the original research project that is required to graduate.

I have also acted as an unofficial advisor on general administration issues, which offers its own challenges. For example, one week before the beginning of my first term here,

a delay in the construction of new student housing threatened to postpone the start of the semester by six months. I offered what I considered to be a simple solution, but had to go over the heads of mid-level administrators to present it to the vice chancellor for it to receive proper consideration. The university ultimately followed my advice.

In August 2002, eight months after my arrival, the recently appointed head of the department, Mr. Mtunda, died of pneumonia. The vice chancellor asked me to step in as acting head, which I did, knowing that I was returning to Malawi for a second year.

After teaching Mr. Hango's class, I need to get back to check on things for the department meeting. Angelina has everything under control, so I sit outside on the porch in the shade of the vines watching the butterflies migrate east. They could be headed for Lake Malawi, I do not know, but I am curious. I went to a lecture by a local amateur entomologist, a bug collector. He has discovered well over 100 new insect species, and his collection of butterflies, moths and beetles is quite beautiful. As for bigger species, I have visited the wildlife reserves of Malawi several times and Andi and I have been on safari twice.

Soon my colleagues will be here. There are nine faculty in ETS, six men and two women, all of whom are bright, energetic teachers and researchers, many of whom have more than 20 years' experience in teaching and research. Others have years of experience in government service. I never ceased to be impressed with how dedicated and hard working these faculty are.

The meeting notes are kept by me. I set the agenda and I see that the notes get put into the record. Rather than sticking strictly to the agenda, I allow for observations and

concerns to be voiced, which often takes us away from our business but keeps me abreast of the faculty's true concerns. Those concerns that I can't address at the department level I take to the administration.

We finish our business by late afternoon. It was a good meeting. I tell Angelina that she need not make me a dinner, that she can take the evening off. I will go over to my friends Hayden and Margot Boyd's house. Before I leave for dinner, I read to her son Eddie. He and I spend 30 to 40 minutes reading nightly, usually I to him, though I have had him read to me. I am working on his English, to give him a boost in the educational system and to have him help his siblings. We are reading *Huckleberry Finn*. After reading to Eddie, I head next-door for dinner with the Boyds.

Hayden is retired from leading the consumer division of the U.S. Department of Economics. Mzuzu University made Hayden its director of research while I was there, and we have spent a lot of time together socially and professionally. We worked together on the university's research policy (Hayden actually wrote the final document) and now help faculty develop research proposals. He and I each gave \$1,000 that the U.S. Embassy augmented with an additional \$1,500 for subscriptions to southern and eastern African academic journals. The subscriptions will last three years, giving the library time to build a fund to maintain them. There are few journals, yet one of the academic requirements of promotion for the faculty is to carry out research and to publish it. We hope that this will help them meet one of their professional goals.

Dinner is over and it's late; bedtime comes early for me in Malawi.



Tom Toleno has taught psychology at Marlboro since 1972.

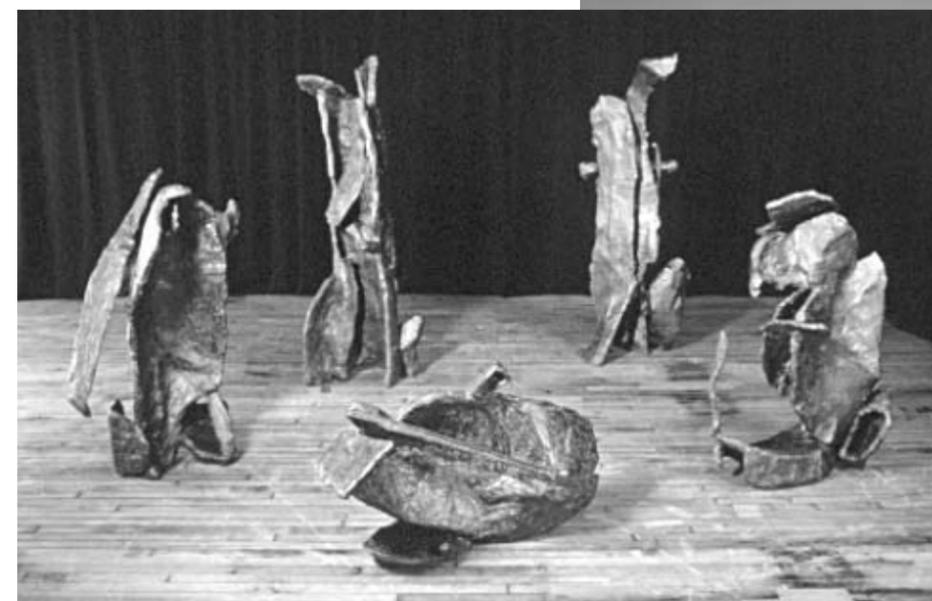
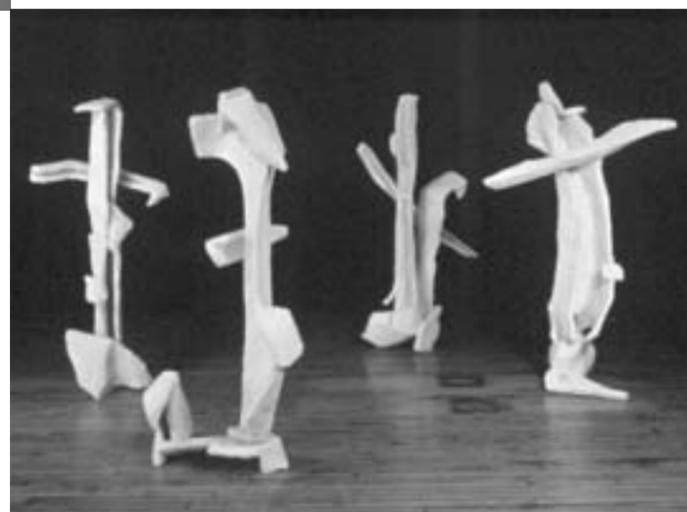


## Sculpture by Timothy Segar



My work in sculpture is based in the investment of form with identity and character. I am concerned with evoking the posture, the lean, the physical presence, of figures, of living forms. I have an enduring fascination with the edge of my pieces as it both opens and closes the form. I'm after a core of animate human expression that stirs in the viewer a sense that they are being reflected.

—Timothy Segar



Timothy Segar's work has been exhibited in galleries in France and throughout the north-east United States. His pieces reside in collections at the University Art Museum in Berkeley, California, the Trinity College Museum in Hartford, Connecticut, the Diana Fuller Gallery in San Francisco and in many personal collections. He has taught visual arts at Marlboro since 1998.

# جلال الدین محمد رومی

در عشق تو م نصیحت و بند چه سود  
زیر آب حشیده ام مراقند چه سود  
گویند مرا که بند پر باشن نمید  
دیوانه دلست یام بر بند چه سود

گر در طلب منزل جانی جانی  
گر در طلب لقمه نانی نانی  
ایمانگه دمنز اگر بدانی دانی  
سر چیز که در جستن آنی آنی

نی من منم و نی تو توئی نی تو منی  
بیم من منم و بیم تو توئی بیم تو منی  
من با تو چنانم ای نعلار ختنی  
که اندر غلظم که من تو یا تو منی

## QUATRAINS

#788

I am in love with you; what good is advice and counsel?  
I have tasted poison; what good is sugar to me?  
They say, "put shackles on his feet."  
It's the heart that is crazy; what good is shackling my feet?

#1864

If you are in search of the station of the spirit, you are spirit.  
If you are in search of a morsel of bread, you are bread.  
If you come to know this allusion, you know  
that the thing you are in search of—you are that.

#1905

I am not me, you are not you, and you are not me.  
But I am me too, you are you too, and you are me too.  
I am with you in such a way, my beloved,  
that I keep on circling whether I am you or you are me.

## GHAZAL 1073

I have a bad disposition, I am bored, please excuse me.  
When does my disposition ever become happy  
without your beautiful face, my beloved?

Without you I am like the winter, people suffer because of me.  
With you I am like the garden, my disposition that of the spring.

Without you I am without intelligence, bored,  
what ever I say comes out crooked.  
I am embarrassed in front of intelligence  
and intelligence is ashamed in front of the light of your face.

What is the cure for bad water? Going back to the river.  
What is the cure for a bad disposition? Seeing the beloved's face again.

I see the water of the soul imprisoned in the whirlpool of the body;  
I am digging in the body's dirt to find a way to the seas.

You have a drink that you give to the hopeless secretly  
so that the hoppers may not cry out with envy.

Heart, as much as you can, keep gazing at the beloved  
whether he turns away from you or pulls you into an embrace.

These poems by Jalal al-Din Muhammad Rumi, in their original Persian, were taken from *Kulliyat-i Shams ya diwan-i kabir*, edited by B. Furuzanfar, published by University of Tehran Press.

*Translation and calligraphy by Amer Latif.*

Amer Latif grew up in Islamabad, Pakistan. He earned his bachelor's degree in physics at Bard College and is a doctoral candidate at SUNY-Stony Brook specializing in 12th and 13th century Sufi thought. He has taught religious studies at Marlboro since 2003.

# The Power of Ignorance

Gina De Angelis '94



The author

MY CAREER GOAL was never “to be a writer.” It always was “to make history interesting and entertaining to those who think it is neither.” I’ve tried to do that in several different roles: as an actor and stage manager at a Renaissance fair; as a playwright, teaching assistant, volunteer Shakespeare and history coach for a seventh-grade class; as a general pain-in-the ass at parties and finally as a freelance author.

You aren’t likely to see many of my 28 nonfiction books in your local Borders; most are marketed exclusively toward school and public libraries. If someone hates my book, unless she’s a big reviewer, I’m unlikely to hear about it. The worst that will happen is that some poor kid who picks up my book because the cover’s cool will put it down when he sees how much text there is.

But I do have power. I try to let my own sense of discovery guide my writing. Nowhere in my grade-school history textbooks, for example, did it mention that African-Americans were among the first explorers of the New World. I was 22 years old when I found out that there were hundreds—*hundreds*—of female Civil War soldiers. And who ever heard of black cowboys? Yet between one-fifth and one-third of cowboys, those archetypes of American freedom, were people of color. There were freed slaves during the Civil War who wanted to go back to slavery. How about something I learned only in graduate school: segregation wasn’t the law in the South since the Civil War—only since the 1890s. Most Americans, even Southerners, still don’t know this.

I get very angry at having been duped, and angry that others still are. I’ve made it my mission to change that. My vocation is explaining to people when and how they are basing their opinions on historical fallacy. Anyone doubting the need for spreading the gospel (meaning “good news”) of history may consider the one-third of Americans who think the Holocaust never happened. Historian Barbara Hanawalt, engaged in a struggle against a tide of fallacy herself, remarks that one woman said to her “Childhood [in the Middle Ages]? But children worked in factories in the Middle Ages. There wasn’t any childhood.” Ow! Put down that anachronism before you put someone’s eye out!

History, although it is not easy, should go down easy. Americans famously have a nonexistent sense of history arguably unique among the industrialized nations’ peoples. This situation is only partly due to our relatively short history. There’s our national character (the rugged individualist who “ain’t got no use for book learnin’”—for example, our current president, whose C average was touted as somehow exemplary), the dregs of Manifest Destiny (“Americans are destined to rule the world”), and the dullness of the subject in many classrooms and on standardized tests—which increasingly seem to be the sole point of public education.

And yet the number of Americans who visit historic sites has increased annually. Civil War re-enactors have so entered the lexicon as to be fodder for cartoonists; children go on electronic field trips as well as real ones to places like Colonial Williamsburg; and countless films portray seminal, and not so seminal, historical events. The fact that they are barely released to a generally appreciative public before columnists begin shrieking about inaccuracies only proves my point: Americans generally are interested in history.

They may have an interest, but for them to pay attention, history has to be presented in an engaging way. This tends to limit not only the subjects they’ll learn about, but the depth of knowledge and the uses to which they’ll put it. Most Americans are, to coin a phrase, aggressively apathetic towards Africa, South and Central America, Asia and the Middle East, seeing them as insignificant. More than one historian has justifiably complained that the only time Americans notice the rest of the world is when we’re invading someplace—and even then only *after* we’ve invaded.

This reminds me of my high-school German teacher’s endless reminders of the importance of language study. European children, for example, begin studying a foreign language by the equivalent of third grade. When they take a second foreign language, they continue studying the first; so they grow up not only with useful fluency in another language, but with an abiding awareness of other cultures and perspectives.

What if American children grew up with the same depth and breadth of knowledge about other nations and cultures? Would the government have had to publicly beg for speakers of Pashto in the fall of 2001 (*after* we invaded Afghanistan)? How much can we understand about Afghanistan without even having any speakers of its people’s language? And how does that ignorance affect our ability to achieve our goals? Perhaps it goes too far to suggest that with a better-educated electorate, the American government would pursue fewer wars. Perhaps it doesn’t.

The study of history offers as much promise in that regard as the study of languages. One of the most glaring examples, to me, of how ignorance of history affects the present in a real and negative way is in the widespread but incorrect beliefs about public morals in the past.

We’ve all heard the arguments of people who think the sexual revolution of the 1960s (e.g. feminism) “caused” divorce and single parenthood (“it’s the fault of broken families that kids are \_\_\_\_\_ nowadays!”). This view is based on the erroneous assumption that the norm throughout history—instead of only in 1950s white, middle-class, suburban America—was a two-parent nuclear family. Did you know, I want to ask them, that the divorce rate was lower in the past because people frequently died so young (fevers, childbirth) that most marriages didn’t last more than 15 years? And there were options other than divorce: it was the late 19th century before England outlawed wife selling. You read that right: wife selling. (It was easier, at least for men, than divorce.)

Did you know that young people in early modern Europe were encouraged to have sex before marriage to ensure that both were physically able to have children? Only when the woman became pregnant would the wedding be planned.

The frequent occurrence throughout our history of common-law marriages, homosexual marriages (which took place as late as the 14th century among European Christians), and single parenthood and child rearing are subjects about which modern Americans are sadly clueless. “Family” is a word as all-encompassing as “love,” and there’s more room for variations within it than many Americans, ignorant of their own multifaceted past, will allow.

After 28 books I’m a little burned out. In fact, I am no longer actively pursuing book contracts—instead I spent a year working at a local animal shelter, and then decided to take off again and devote more time to my screenplays, which I’ve been writing but not actively marketing since 1993. Screenwriting is an entirely different animal than work-for-hire juvenile nonfiction, though some aspects remain the same: the people who buy your work still get to do whatever they want with it. But whatever I do jobwise, I’ll always be pursuing my real goal: spreading the gospel of history.

Gina DeAngelis has written more than 30 nonfiction books and articles and several feature screenplays. She has worked as a register operator at Wendy’s, a 16th century washer wench, and a Humane Society kennel attendant. She lives in a sterile subdivision in too-rapidly-expanding Williamsburg, Virginia, in a house in which furry little animals outnumber the humans nearly three to one.



## Marlboro students and faculty trek to China

Hannah Kozik '08

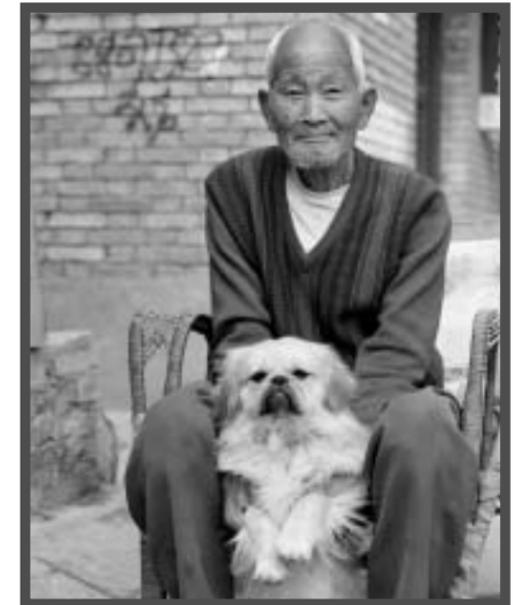
Like the merchants and explorers 750 years before them, Marlboro students and faculty traveled China's Silk Road from Beijing to Xi'an last spring. Rather than seeking silk and spices, however, this group of adventurers pursued knowledge and culture.

"It was a great opportunity for students to travel to China to work in research projects with a group of committed professors and students," says trip organizer Seth Harter, Marlboro's professor of Asian studies and history.

From May 18 to June 10, the 12 students and five faculty members worked in teams on research projects in four different areas: photography, religion, political openness and art history. Photography professor John Willis led senior Rachel Gardam and juniors Britta Nelson and Minna Roussi in documentary photography. Amer Latif, professor of religion, investigated the Muslim community in Xi'an with juniors Talia Jackson and Charlie Israel and sophomore Zarah Thompson-Jacobs. Political science professor Lynette Rummel, juniors Rachel Federlin and Rachel Johnson and sophomore Cayce James researched tourism and political openness in China. Felicity Ratté, professor of art history, and Seth Harter led seniors Angela Manchester and John Durham and sophomore Callaghan Howard in examining Buddhist art in the caves of Dunhuang. The trip was made possible by a Freeman Foundation Grant.

The group shared its experiences with the Marlboro community last fall through "Images of China," an exhibit of photography, collected memorabilia and calligraphy scrolls that were the work of Muslim scholars in Xi'an who wrote Arabic phrases from the Koran in the style of Chinese calligraphy. The exhibit ran in November 2004 in Drury Gallery at Marlboro College.

Marlboro students and faculty were not the only travelers exploring a new culture. "While we were finding the art and the culture of China interesting, Chinese tourists were finding us interesting," says Harter. "Every once in awhile, they would snatch someone from our group for a picture."



Opposite: Young girl in Xi'an; above, Man with dog.

Photos by John Willis

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Photo by Sarah  
Dobbins '07

## Moroccan Fulbright fellow finds her place at Marlboro

Ask Arabic language instructor Touria El Oudiyi what has surprised her most about the United States since arriving here in August and you'll get an earful: the liberal ideas she has encountered, the mind-boggling choices in the supermarket, the fact that Americans seem to prioritize their work and their pets over their families and their health. But the Fulbright fellow had never before left her native Morocco, and so she says she expects to find many surprises as she explores a culture whose language she has known since childhood.

Six years ago Touria lived in a tiny apartment in Marrakesh with her mother and sister. She rose each morning at 3 a.m. and took a van to her job as a sales clerk in the Marrakesh Airport duty free shop. After each 10- to 12-hour work day she would race to Cadi Ayyad University's Faculty of Letters and Human Sciences campus and photocopy the day's assignments from classmates in courses she rarely had the opportunity to attend.

All that changed the day Touria's boss told her she'd been rotated from her job selling expensive bric-a-brac to a part of the store that sold, among other things, liquor. While her adherence to her Muslim teachings had lagged somewhat, Touria knew selling liquor was forbidden by Islam. "I became very frightened and started reading the Koran again and reconsidering my relationship with God, and I understood that God is the one who gives you provision," she says. Touria refused her new work assignment, resigned her job and began focusing on her studies and her faith. "It took me six months to become aware of my spiritual and personal responsibilities," she says, "and during that time my family never wanted for anything."

Touria describes friends helping her family financially and checks unexpectedly arriving in the mail, so she, her mother and sister got by until she graduated. Landing a job upon graduation teaching English at the American Language Center in Marrakesh, Touria found herself making three times her duty-free shop salary. "I feel God showed me his appreciation."

Despite her initial concerns about feeling isolated as a Muslim and an Arab in lily-white, Christian Vermont, Touria has been embraced by the Marlboro community, she says. And while many Moroccans believe all Americans are racist, in her travels in Miami, Washington D.C. and around southern Vermont, Touria suffered only one example of it—at the Wal-Mart store in Hinsdale, New Hampshire.

The most important difference Touria says she has enjoyed in the United States has been the treatment of women in public places here. "When I walked down streets in Miami and Washington, D.C. and in Brattleboro—walking by myself—I wasn't bothered by men," she says. "In Morocco, it would happen regularly." Before she began wearing a head scarf in Marrakesh, men would frequently bother her and often beat other women who did not respond to them. But Touria is quick to point out that such treatment of women "is an attitude of Moroccans who

don't have any respect for the principles of Islamic faith." Nevertheless, the treatment of women in Morocco is troubling enough that she hopes to stay in the United States to pursue graduate studies in Islamic and Arabic literature.

Here at Marlboro Touria has been enjoying the college's relaxed informality. "When I see students walking into class barefoot, it makes me feel welcome, being in a place where people don't worry about dressing formally. I love it here," she says, shivering as she looks out the window at the gently falling snow. —Kevin Kennedy

## Marlboro's new president quick to make an impact

Marlboro President Ellen McCulloch-Lovell's first several months on campus were felt in many ways, from the fresh coat of paint she had brushed onto the dining hall's clapboards to her carefully crafted haiku she recited at each Town Meeting. She brought former Vermont Governor Madeleine Kunin to campus to discuss the power of the ballot and international democracy advocate Benjamin Barber to her inauguration to offer his thoughts on the value of intercultural understanding. She also convened a "brain trust" of respected business and social leaders to explore future plans for the Graduate Center.

Through her extensive off-campus efforts, Ellen is raising Marlboro's profile in the state and beyond. She chaired the 40th Anniversary Symposium for the U.S. State Department's ART in Embassies Program. A sought-after speaker, Ellen has traversed Vermont to give a keynote colloquium address at Vermont College of Union Institute and University's master of arts program in Montpelier; a commencement speech for Burr and Burton Academy in Manchester; and to participate in the Vermont Women in Higher Education conference.

In addition to her convocation and inaugural addresses to rapt Marlboro College crowds, Ellen chaired an inauguration symposium for Nancy Cantor, new president of Syracuse University. And she is now a proud graduate of the Annual Harvard Seminar for New College and University Presidents.

Popular with the press, Ellen was featured on Vermont Public Television's *Profiles* program, which aired in November, and graced the front covers of the *Rutland Herald Sunday Magazine* in October and the August issue of *Vermont Woman*. —Elena Sharnoff

Folk dancers from one of Managua, Nicaragua's poorest neighborhoods performed and taught on campus in September. They were part of Women in Action, a Managua group formed to improve the living conditions of their neighborhood. Marlboro sophomore Lisa Miskelly discovered the group while working in Nicaragua last year with her church. "These were women who, if they were lucky, got one meal a day," she recalls. According to Lisa, Women in Action is improving the nutrition, income and community health of their neighborhood.

Photo by Jared Benedict





Photo by  
Maggie Cassidy '07

**Woods Orientation: first person** I was expecting to wake to the familiar desert scents of dust and cattle, but instead I was met with the wet smell of foliage. I was halfway through my Woods Orientation trip, many miles into Maine, and the farthest north I had ever traveled from my Texas home. The distance wrapped around me pleasantly this morning for the first time since arriving in New England, as I crawled from my sleeping bag and left the reassuring circle of tents and fellow campers. I felt disconnected and dream-heavy as I came upon the river we were camped next to, and for good reason. Instead of yellowing grass and the endless horizon of the Great Plains, I was greeted with the sight of a thick rolling mist made silver by the light of the moon as it spiraled up from the water. I spent a timeless gap of the night observing this fairyland scene from the gently swaying confines of a canoe.

The concept that constitutes the Woods Orientation trips centers around cementing bonds between incoming students and their upper classmen trip leaders by placing them in an environment of novelty and innovation. In creating the Woods Orientation Trips, Randy Knaggs drew inspiration from his own experience in a similar program from his college days. "On my Woods Trip, I met someone in every major and in every dorm," Randy says. And with options such as caving, forest skills, community service, rock climbing and alternative forms of art to bond over, new students rarely find themselves bored or lonely.

Not everything on my Woods Orientation trip retained this mythical air. After all, waking up on the cold and often wet ground every morning to the grunts and groans of one's fellow campers does not exactly inspire the most lyrical of thoughts. But there were other moments, between the falafel and rain-drenched meals, that set themselves aside as memorable moments. Our group often spent its time on the water, moving through marshes and rapids, calling to the loons and hearing them return our calls. And almost every tremendous moment I experienced on the trip, save that one night under the silver slant of the moon, was shared with those with whom I would likely share another four years. —*Stefanie Willis '08*

## Worthy of note



After five years teaching here as a visiting faculty member, **Todd Smith** (above) was hired last year as Marlboro's tenure-track biochemistry and chemistry professor. While his background is in protein biochemistry, Todd describes himself as a generalist who has further broadened his areas of study since landing at Marlboro. Responding to student interest, Todd often teaches courses and tutorials in HIV/AIDS-related immunology and in neuroscience, topics he has tackled in the college DNA lab which he set up. "It's a terrific space to teach in," he says of the lab. "And I think it's given students a sense of confidence in the science program here." Todd's own research involves using DNA and RNA analysis to determine the feeding condition of fish. "You can tell how well a fish has eaten over the past several days by plucking off just a couple scales and looking at its DNA and RNA," he explains. Since the traditional method of regularly handling fish to weigh and measure them can often kill the fish, his method is particularly effective for endangered populations.



**Travis Norsen's** (above) defense of one of Albert Einstein's quantum mechanical thought experiments, entitled "Einstein's Boxes," will be published in an upcoming issue of the *American Journal of Physics*. Marlboro's physics professor explains that a thought experiment is "like a real experiment—some cleverly designed situation that allows you to learn something about how something works—except that you just imagine setting something up and imagine how it ought to work—or what the various possible outcomes might be—instead of actually doing it." Einstein's "boxes" thought experiment is an obscure one in the world of quantum mechanics, but one that Travis maintains "was a powerful and important argument—one that people ought to know about, but don't!" Travis will be giving a presentation on the subject at Worcester Polytechnic Institute in April.

Literature professor **Heather Clark** (below) presented her paper "Recalling Aran: Islands in Northern Irish Poetry" at the 2004 Conference for the International Association for the Study of Irish Literature in Galway, Ireland. *The Journal of Modern Literature* will publish Heather's article "Tracking the Thought-Fox: Sylvia Plath's Revisions of Ted Hughes" in its summer issue. The article is an adaptation of a chapter from a book she's currently writing titled *The Poetic Dialogue of Sylvia Plath and Ted Hughes*. "My overall thesis, in a nutshell, is that there is a subtle dialogue running throughout their poems," explains Heather, "and that if we can decode this dialogue we will be able to better understand their work."





*Windy Acres*, a send-up of what can happen when rural Vermont meets urban New York on a dilapidated dairy farm, is film professor **Jay Craven's** (left) latest project and his television debut. The independent filmmaker, who wrote and directed the acclaimed *Where the Rivers Flow North* and most recently *The Year that Trembled*, says of his new medium, "We hope that *Windy Acres* will help us lay the groundwork for more regional television. It will give local audiences the powerful experience of seeing their own culture and lifestyle captured on the small screen." The seven episodes of *Windy Acres*, which appeared on Vermont Public Television in the fall and may soon see broader public television distribution, matches a New York City flatlander trying to make a go of a dilapidated bed-and-breakfast with a lonely Vermont dairy farmer. The show's film team and production crew included 10 Marlboro College students and recent graduates.

Asian languages fellow **Haiyan Hu** (below) recently saw published her Japanese-to-Chinese translation of a book examining the experiences of Chinese émigrés in Japan. Titled *Luo Di Sheng Geng* in Chinese, Haiyan reports the English translation of the title might be *Falling Far from the Tree and Putting Down Roots: Overseas Chinese in Japan Emigrate and Accommodate to Host Society*. It's published by Hong Kong Press for Social Sciences, Ltd. Haiyan reports that translating the 500-page book, filled with archaic quotations and outdated translations of Western names, was anything but easy. But she concedes the additional research required for the translation has paid off for her as a scholar. "I have read lots of history books in both Japanese and Chinese and have learned a lot during the translation," she says.



Photo by Dianna Noyes

If there's a Marlboro student with a pulse who isn't registered to vote, it's not for **Becky Bartlett's** (above) lack of trying. The campus bookstore manager and class of 1979 alumna began her voter registration effort in December 2003, in time to register students for the presidential primaries. Over the next 11 months she emailed and snail-mailed all students information about voter registration, brought the League of Women Voters to campus during course enrollment to register people, enlisted student writing tutors in the Writer's Block to help with registrations and compiled and distributed voter registration requirements for all 50 states. While noting that she never suggested to anyone how to vote, Becky is very straightforward in discussing her motivation. "I did it to defeat George Bush," she says. "And it didn't work. But of course it did work. These people are now registered to vote, and I think being registered provokes a person to pay attention. The act of registering and voting and seeing what happens is a real civics course."

"The truth is, I've always been a philosopher and an artist," explains philosophy professor **Neal Weiner** (below) of his new-found filmmaking passion. "I've been nuts about making movies for two-and-a-half years now." Neal's latest film, *Love's Labor*—a series of interviews with area residents on their experiences with romantic love—won an honorable mention at the Vermont International Film Festival last fall. "It's a film about love relationships," he says. "Things people cry over, pull their hair out over, walk two feet off the ground over." As with all his movies, Neal approaches love as a philosopher. "I wanted to make a modern film version of Plato's *Symposium*," he says, referring to the philosopher's exploration of



love through the opinions of Socrates, Aristophanes and other great thinkers of his time. Among the film's participants are Marlboro sociology professor **Jerry Levy**, associate dean of students **Carrie Weikel** and former classics fellow **Emily Pillinger**.

**Louise Zak**, Marlboro's associate dean for academic affairs, presented a paper on the work of Ghanaian novelist Amma Darko at the African Literature Association's national conference in Madison, Wisconsin, last year. "I like her work, but I was less interested in literary analysis than in understanding how her books came to be: where the ideas came from, how they got written, who wanted to publish them and who read them," says Louise. "Unlike the earlier generation of writers, who trained as English majors at university and went on to teaching careers, Darko and her counterparts never intended to be writers but took up writing to deal with personal crises." The reaction to Louise's research has been very positive, she says. "I've had requests for information from grad students in Italy, Germany, Togo and the U.S." Notably, Darko herself thanked Louise for her efforts. An expanded version of Louise's paper will be published in a collection of critical essays examining Darko and her work.

—Kevin Kennedy and Hannah Kozik '08

Thalia Stolper '06 on a recent Outdoor Program ice climbing expedition.

Photo by Thomas Hudson '07





'48

HUGH MULLIGAN's memoir-travelogue *Been Everywhere, Got Nowhere*, is due out in spring 2005. Hugh's recent trips have taken him and his wife, Brigid, to Antarctica last Christmas and to Italy and Tunisia last fall.

'49

JOHN KOHLER writes, "No news this year except that I am getting older, but still have the same number of bad habits!"

'52

HARRISON ELDREDGE writes, "News of the death of JUSTIN LIGHT '51 brought back memories of sharing a room with him and JOE LAPLANTE '51 during Marlboro's birth year. Across the hall were TITUS '51 and PRATT '51. On campus GENE WHITE '49, OLE OLSEN, JIM SHINGLE '50, BROWNIE MOORE '51... 'Pioneers, O Pioneers!'"

'58

EMILIA BRUCE performed Spanish folk songs, including melodies learned from Spanish street musicians in her native Madrid, the flamencos of gypsies and songs passed to her by relatives, at the Putney Community Center in late October as part of their World Music series.

'60

ANTHONY CUCCHIARO writes that his wife, Elizabeth, son Josh and grandson Jason are all doing well.

DAVID DECKER is enjoying retirement in Salem, Massachusetts, and at his "very, very windy spot off Ames Hill. Still involved in Canadian studies. Gave papers on architecture in Portland, Oregon, and in London."

'62

PATRICIA MILLER NOYES wrote in June, "It has been a big year: Got a wonderful, healthy grandson in August 2003, son Nate came home intact from Iraq in March (sadly, a sick buddy died 24 hours later), and I got divorced and moved to Fort Worth and like it. Am minutes from Dallas/Fort Worth—give me a call."

'64

JEREMIAH BURNHAM wrote in August, "Raun and I are well, although Jerry broke his foot in early June (don't ask how!), but it's on the mend. Jerry lost his mother about a month ago—she was 98, so she lived a good, full life. We've been recording another album for Sonoton. This one is called the *American Folk Revival*, reminiscent of the Weavers; Peter, Paul & Mary; the Kingston Trio; etc. Lots of fun! We're planning a trip to Italy in October (Rome, Florence and Venice) and a short stop in the U.K. Can't wait! That's the news for now. We hope you're all well."

'66

ROBIN DeWOLFE "will retire from fulltime parish ministry on December 31. Will maintain home here in Honolulu but traveling to Far East for long periods. Hope all's well."

'67

DAVID DORMAN "moved back East from the Midwest this past fall. My new career goal is to populate the world's libraries with Open Source digital library software. Because freedom of expression requires being open."

'69

SHELDON KLAPPER sent in the following: "Shelly runs a company that develops the shopping centers in most major U.S. airports. M.I.T. says he is a master of architecture. Decades later he says, 'Still not true. I'm barely a good student.'"

'70

TOM BLANDING gave a talk at Marlboro last fall on Henry David Thoreau's philosophy, "Still on the Trail of a Hound, a Bay Horse and a Turtle Dove: It All Began at Marlboro." Tom, an accomplished Thoreau scholar, is the author of *Historic Walden Woods* and co-author of *A Thoreau Iconography*. He is currently working on a biography of Thoreau.

PAMELA JORGENSEN HIGGINS "finally had someone from the college stop by my antiques shop on Rte. 1 in Wells,

Maine (R. Jorgensen Antiques). Hope to see some more from Marlboro!"

STEPHEN JONES says "Hello to any who were there in the late '60s, early '70s."

MAGGIE MARX wrote from New Orleans in late October, "Last June I quit my job of 14 years at Feelings Café. With my new business partner I entered into an agreement to buy an existing restaurant. After endless problems with the seller, I think it will happen this week. That's what I get for trying to buy an Italian restaurant from Turkish people in the French Quarter built by the Spanish!"

'71

ANN RHODES TROISE wrote in June that she received a kidney transplant from her brother. "I'm in Boston doing the same old thing. It's fine."

PAUL SKLAR writes, "My law practice is good, my marriage to Amy is great and our two-and-a-half-year-old son, Mason, is terrific. Hi to all friends. Email: psklar@nyc.rr.com."

'72

DENA DAVIS wrote from Yogyakarta, Indonesia, in July. "The program in which I am teaching for five weeks consists of 60 students, all engaged in various stages of earning an M.A. in religion and cultural studies. Despite the enormous respect students automatically have for professors here, there is also great playfulness and friendliness and equality. Indonesian-style, I am addressed by everyone as 'Ibu Dena,' or just 'Bu Dena,' which translates as Professor (or Mother) Dena. Sometimes they Americanize it as 'Proff Dena.' But it is lovely to hear my first name so often! And students (especially the young women) are eager to make sure that I eat durian ice cream, hear a gamelan, etc. I was thinking the other day, at a wonderful going-away party for another foreign professor, that this was closer to the Marlboro experience than I have been since leaving college!"

GAIL HENRY writes, "What a marvelous day on October 3, 2004, at Ricketson's Point in North Dartmouth, Massachusetts,

Opposite: John Glasby '55 sent some beautiful old Marlboro photos to former science professor John MacArthur, who shared them with *Potash Hill*. This one is titled "Putney Mountain Spring 1953." Left to right: Don Mellin, Pat Whittemore, Will Toomey, Olive Turner MacArthur, Howie Whittum, and Bob Bagg with Pat's dog, "Smoky."

for the wedding of **BARBARA HON-THUMB** and **RICK CLARE** '75! These two knew each other in high school and through Marlboro, and after going their separate ways for 30 years got back together. Marlboro was well represented by '72 grads **KENDALL GIFFORD** (with Liz Bourne), **BRUCE** and **BETH NELSON MEACHEM** '73, **FRANK PEKOC** (with gorgeous wife, Jane Kangrga) and me. Also in attendance were **JOHN BROWN CHESEBROUGH** '73 and his wife, Margaret Martin. It was a moving and fun minireunion."

**MEG KELSEY WRIGHT** continues to teach piano at Williston-Northampton School, privately and through the Northampton Community Music Center, where she coordinates chamber music programs and serves on the board. She also plays a few concerts a year. "Our family welcomed a beautiful baby grandson to our home in October," writes Meg, "Andrew Jason Wright, son of our daughter Anna. We now have a newborn on the third floor, a two-piano studio on the main floor and a drum set in the basement. All is well."

## '73

**ELIOT GERTEL** wrote in July, "At the recent Association of Jewish Libraries Annual Convention in Brooklyn, New York, I was installed as vice president of the AJL Research and Special Libraries (R&S) Division. I will serve in this office for the next two years, at which time I will become R&S president as is customary. I also chaired a session at the conference entitled 'People of the Books: The American Jewish Experience' in line with the conference theme, 'The Jewish American Experience: 350 Years,' commemorating the 350th anniversary of the first permanent Jewish settlement in what is now the United States, when 23 Jewish refugees fleeing persecution by the institution of the Inquisition in Recife, Brazil, sought a haven in New Amsterdam (now New York City). Following AJL in New York, I went on to Orlando, Florida, for the American Library Association Annual Conference. I can't say enough how happy I was to get back to Michigan after 10 days in that steam bath climate! As always, I would love to hear from my old friends and fellow alumni at Marlboro. Please email me at ehg@cyberspace.org."

"Hello, all," wrote **KATIE BLAIR ST. JOHN** in November. "We're off to

Cambodia and Vietnam to visit our son, Christopher, who writes for the Phnom Penh *Daily Times*. We loved reading the student articles in *Potash Hill*—great stuff!"

**GLENN SOLOMON**'s book *You Could Be Fired for Reading This Book: Protect Your Employment Rights*, was published by Berret-Koehler Publishers in 2004.

**PAUL SKLAR** says "Hello to all my Marlboro friends. I am happy to report that my wife, Amy, and our 3-year-old son, Mason, are expecting another baby boy in March. Life is good!"

**JOHN WOODLAND** wrote in November, "After my wife went through a series of health problems and became disabled, we took a fresh look at our priorities and reinvented our lives. We sold our home and my law practice and moved into a camper trailer. We have been traveling full time and love it. I was a Forest Service Volunteer Camp Host in Montana for the summer. We are just finishing up a one-month visit with Mom in Hawaii and will be back on the road in December. We plan to go south along the East Coast and then west along the Gulf. Extended stays at the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone are on the list. We spent a week last spring in **GRACE MIELE** and Bill Owen's driveway in Washington."

## '74

**SHAYLOR LINDSAY** is still teaching at the Waring School in Beverly, Massachusetts. "**KATIE BLAIR LEE ST. JOHN**'s son Peter is in the madrigal group I conduct there. He's a great kid, and it's neat to have the reminders of many years ago at Marlboro when I see his mom at school events. Also doing a little more performing myself."

## '75

**ISABEL LOPATIN** writes, "Times are bad work-wise, so I am doing a lot of research on orchids, my major non-work interest. I started an orchid specialty group called Encyclia Enthusiasts—have a look at [www.encycliasts.org](http://www.encycliasts.org)." As program secretary for Mid-Hudson Orchid Society, Isabel invited **JENNY RAMSTETTER** '81 to speak about her study of *Triphora trianthophora*, an orchid native to many of the United States. Isabel also got a dog—Samson, in August. "He appears to be a mix of malamute and German shepherd. He knows how to behave well, but I do not yet know how to handle him." **TERENCE WOODS** writes, "I loved

**ALISON TOWNSEND**'s poems printed in *Potash Hill*—so beautiful and moving. Had a great talk with **LYNN PADELL**. Am doing very well after quadruple bypass surgery last November. Thriving in my teaching life. Love to Marlboro."

**CHIP WOODS** is "still coaching skiing, traveling with family and enjoying 7-year-old daughter, Morgan Faith, who is going into second grade at the Vail Mountain School."

## '76

"Our daughters are turning into young ladies," writes **MELISSA METTLER ABRAMS**, "8 and 11. Unfortunately we are also getting a preview of what their teenage years will be like—help! Brown's business is doing well; he's finding partners in China, which means we may all go there in summer 2005."

## '77

**SUNNY TAPPAN** and Nat Waring were married at their home on Stratton Hill in Marlboro on October 9, 2004. Marlboro professor T. Hunter Wilson and Nat's sister (who is a minister) married the couple on the front lawn before a brilliant backdrop of peak foliage. Among the guests attending the wedding were a number of college alumni, faculty and staff, including **JENNY RAMSTETTER** '81, **BONNY WHITE** '85 and **DWIGHT HOLMES** '94, **DIANA NOYES** '80, **LISA RICHARDSON** '84, **SARAH EDWARDS** '78, **BRIAN MOONEY** '90 and **VAUNE TRACHTMAN** '89, **MEGAN LITTLEHALES** '82, **ONI ALM SMITH** '97, **LINDA** '81 and **ANDY** '68 **RICE**, Kevin Kennedy and **BRENDA SWEENEY KENNEDY** '99, Geraldine Pittman de Batlle and Luis Batlle and Meg and Alison Mott. Lynn Lundsted, manager of both the college coffee shop and mail room, helped with wedding plans and orchestrated the potluck feast, assisted by students Zarah Thompson-Jacobs '06, Anthony Schein '05 and Al Carvajal '05.

**HOWARD WADDELL** writes, "In January 2001, I left the Clinton administration (where I was a deputy assistant secretary at the U.S. Department of Labor for the prior seven years), moved to Wisconsin and started a business with my wife, Amy, manufacturing and e-tailing painfully authentic swords and armor ([albionarmorers.com](http://albionarmorers.com)). We now have 16



## Colin Nickerson '74 takes sabbatical from war correspondence

"For the first time since 1983, I'm spending a whole year in the same time zone," writes Colin Nickerson in a recent dispatch to *Potash Hill*. Colin was one of 10 international journalists tapped for a Knight Science Journalism Fellowship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. "This allows me to spend 2004–5 studying whatever I choose at Harvard and MIT," says the Boston Globe reporter. "The aim of the program is to provide working journalists with better understanding of the latest research in science, medicine and technology."

A year in Boston is a major shift for someone who has been a foreign correspondent for the past 21 years. Colin spent most of the previous year working "the usual places," he says—the Middle East, Africa, South Asia. "I was in Iraq for the capture of Saddam Hussein, and covered heavy fighting in Fallujah and elsewhere in the Sunni Triangle." At a time when journalists are regularly counted among the ranks of war casualties, Colin said he narrowly survived a high-speed chase on the cratered road from Baghdad to Jordan known as "Ambush Alley."

"Rather more pleasant was my first reporting trip in the U.S. in decades," says Colin, "retracing the route of Lewis and Clark from St. Louis to the 'Western Sea' for a piece on the 200th anniversary of their 1804 journey."

Colin reports that drawings by his wife, Nancy DeVries '73 were published in Japan as part of a book, *A World of Friends*. Nancy also works as a psychiatric nurse and clinical specialist in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom, where the couple live with their two cats when they are not in Cambridge, Massachusetts for Colin's fellowship.

—Tristan Roberts '00

employees (and growing) and ship our swords all over the world."

## '78

**SARAH EDWARDS** was elected to a second term as state representative from Windham District 3-2 (Brattleboro) in November. She also represented the state government at Ellen McCulloch-Lovell's inaugural at the college last September.

**NAT SIMKINS** writes, "My two sons are out of college now and employed. I should have time and money now. Right."

## '79

**NORM PARADIS** writes from Colorado, "Two children in primary school is a wonderful time in life. Promoted to full professor of surgery and medicine. Lab producing some interesting data."

## '80

**JOANNE AYOUB** says, "Hello from Boston. Some things don't change—finished up my 18th year here at Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center. I'm feeling old! Still in organizational development, doing a fair amount of teaching and consulting work in the arena of organizational change and leadership development. Recently, I was asked to meet an indecisive high-school senior who was contemplating his college top choices: Harvard, Dartmouth, Marlboro, or Bennington? Hmmm. This was clearly not a bias-free meeting. Hope you're all well—all of you, and especially Toleno and my beloved class of '80. Has anyone heard from **HIRO WATANABE** '82?"

**SOPHIE BLACK**'s new book, *The Descent: Poems*, was published by Graywolf Press this past fall.

**LORI KIRSTEIN** is living in the Bay Area, "and it can't hold a candle to Marlboro, except for the ocean. Doing jazz singing and making a few bucks here and there while waiting for Harrison Ford to call me and invite me out to Hollywood for his next movie."

**JOANNA MANLEY-MOORE** writes, "Luke, Tom and our dogs, Lady and Duke, say 'hi' from Stamford, Connecticut. Looking forward to a new baby sister from Ukraine sometime in the late fall and spending time in New Hampshire on a few acres we bought last spring. Hope to get up to Marlboro for a visit soon. Peace."

"Hello, Marlboro," writes **OLGA PAREDES**. "I'm still in California, living in Berkeley with partner, Martha, and dog, Beasley. I work as a psychologist in Superior Court and have a private practice in forensics—it's interesting, challenging and fun work. My spare time (and I am dedicated to making more of it!) is spent in the garden and my studio, where I make mosaic garden pieces. Life is good. I think of my Marlboro years often, always with fondness and gratitude. It would be great to hear from you, drop me a line: [op@beasleyworld.com](mailto:op@beasleyworld.com)."

**TIM TIBBITTS** attended the Wilderness Society's 40th Anniversary conference in Lake George, New York, in October, where he was a panelist discussing the conflicts and dilemmas facing wilderness along the U.S.-Mexico border. Tim has been a wildlife biologist at Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument in Ajo, Arizona, since 1994, where he manages programs for endangered species and deals with the impact of border-related activities.

## '81

**STEVE BLUESTONE** is still living in Westchester with his wife and daughter, "working hard in New York City as a real estate developer, but learning to play hard after work! Love to hear from old friends—[sb@bluestoneorg.com](mailto:sb@bluestoneorg.com)."

**TERRY NIXON McLAREN** started a new job as child care director at the Fairfield, Connecticut, YMCA. "I'm raising two teenagers, two dogs and two cats as a now single mom but loving it. Grateful to live in a blue state, whatever that's worth..."

## '82

**KATE JUDD** is "still teaching voice and Alexander Technique various places, including The Putney School. Still volunteering for the American Society for the Alexander Technique as chair of the Government Relations Committee. Delighted to be taking art classes at River Gallery School with Ric Campman, with whom I studied at Marlboro more than 20 years ago! Also delighted with Marlboro's new president!"

"I guess after 17 years, I never made it back to living in my home state of Vermont," **REBECCA JERVIS LEEMAN** wrote in November. "I miss it in a deep, yearning way at times, especially in the fall. I really love taking care of mothers, babies and families here in New Mexico.

The mix of people is fun and midwifery has a strong tradition here. I came back from Guatemala recently, a trip to teach childbirth lifesaving skills in the highlands, both to traditional birth attendants and to medical students. I took our three boys, Chai, 9, Ari, 6 and Eden, 2, and they each seemed to have an eyeopening experience. Hello to old Marlboro friends."

## '84

**REBECCA MARTIN** writes, "I am currently living in Moab, Utah, working for my own day-hiking company, called Hike Moab!, and also developing Native American focus programs. I continue to work as an experiential educator, but with 16 years of freelance guiding under my belt. I am now moving away from eco-tourism to other things. Current enthusiasms include clairvoyance and energy work, holographic theories, cultural immersion work, human history studies and primitive-skills practices. Marlboro remains dear to my heart and fundamental to my academic persona to this very day!"

**LISA RICHARDSON** is "still working at a large community mental health center in Enfield, Connecticut, and enjoying living in western Massachusetts. I was recently promoted to senior project director and now have oversight of three programs. It's never dull!"

## '85

"On October 15 I married Karen MacDowell," writes **JACK MACKAY**, "the web administrator and cartoonist for the *Martha's Vineyard Times*. I'm still the manager of Alley's General Store, and life is going very well indeed. I wish that I were writing more, playing more guitar, but I think Karen will provide some inspiration in that regard. Generally speaking, I couldn't be happier. All the best."

## '86

**TOM GOOD** "was at Marlboro in early November, visiting Bob Engel and showing off the campus (nice library addition!) to my fiancée Beth Sanderson. Beth was impressed that at lunch I got to catch up with the gamut of professors from my era—Bob Engel, Tom Toleno, Luis Batlle and Geri Pittman de Batlle, to check in with old friend **DIANNA NOYES** (class of sometime before me), and to meet the new president. We ran into **JENNY RAMSTETTER** '81 in the library (who had a

mouth to feed so she couldn't hear my talk), where I showed off my Plan as well as the balcony view. Our favorite part was giving informal talks on our work on Pacific salmon conservation science to an impromptu gathering of students in the Science Building. I told her that it was all 'vintage Marlboro.'"

## '87

**JIM LOCKEY** has been "busy working on a book about chronic Lyme disease with Rita Stanley, Ph.D. Doing some publicity work for the film *The Graffiti Artist*, which had its world premiere at the Berlin Film Festival. I encourage everyone to see this film."

**SKYLER WIND** writes, "My son, Ari, is 12 now. The wrist he broke at the last reunion I attended (in 2000) is well healed, although his continued daredevil stunts on rollerblades and bike make me wonder how he'll make it to adulthood in one piece. My 4 1/2-year-old daughter, Oriah, is every bit the wild child that her brother is and ready for her own rollerblades this summer. I decided to stir up the single-parenthood pot a few years ago and became a therapeutic foster parent, taking mostly teenagers. It's the most challenging and rewarding lifestyle I've ever experienced. Somehow the chaos of kids all around creates the greatest sense of peace. Odd, isn't it? Hello to **H. ELIZABETH SMITH** '88, **RICHARD STROHL** '85, **EVE DESJARDINS** '85, **LAURIE LACEY** '85, **EVAN BEND** '85, **KEVIN SHUPE** '85. Drop an email!"

## '88

**CAROLYN DOYLE** and **LEO BATLLE** have bought their first house "in beautiful Oakland, California. It's a three-bedroom house from the 1920s with a huge backyard—a big change from living in downtown San Francisco. Go Oakland A's! (Unless they are playing the Red Sox...)"

**ATHAR KHAN** wrote in October, "I have recently moved from Virginia to Hong Kong and it is fun to be back in Asia after a long time. I am still with American Airlines and now managing their business in Asia Pacific, which allows me the opportunity to learn about 13 cultures. Still think about the first day at Marlboro and when someone walked away from the breakfast table because I was wearing cologne!! I am always in touch with the Batlles and **PETER CHECCHIA** '92. The office has my address, so feel free to write! [Athar.khan@aa.com](mailto:Athar.khan@aa.com)."



## Kristin Anderson '95 moves to "Metropolis"—and beyond

Photo by Sarah Lavigne '98

Over seven and a half years, Kristin Anderson '95 and her chef husband, Matthew Blau, built Max's, in West Brattleboro, into a regional landmark for fine dining. The couple recently sold the bistro and Kristin opened Metropolis, a wine bar in downtown Brattleboro.

"I got to know a lot about wine from Max's, and I've always tried to find lesser known, amazing, affordable wines," Kristin says. "I thought a wine bar would be fun." A patron at Metropolis can choose from 20 wines by the glass, or buy a "flight of wines"—small samplers along a theme. A favorite theme for Kristin is "Underdogs, varietals that people don't know about," she describes. Metropolis has already garnered the kind of attention gained by Max's. *Wine & Spirits* magazine recently profiled the wine bar, regional newspapers such as the *Advocate* of Northampton, Massachusetts reviewed it and even the *Washington Post* deemed it worthy of mention.

After their years of running a restaurant and catering business, and before that, a lunch delivery service begun when Kristin was a Marlboro student, Kristin and Matthew wanted a lifestyle transition, she says. Opening the bar required painstaking work, including hand-troweling a concrete basement floor (with significant help from former Marlboro President Paul LeBlanc, who knows the craft from his youth), but now Kristin employs a "fabulous general manager" who keeps the business running.

Kristin is finishing her EMT certification and working her way back into international public health, a field she knows from her Plan work in ethnobotany in Guatemala. She is planning a trip to Central America to volunteer on a medical aid project, and she and Matthew are buying land in Costa Rica.

—Tristan Roberts '00

**STACEY ORENSTEIN PERRY** wrote in June, "Every year on the eve of the harvest moon, I find myself having a familiar dream of a misty hilltop speckled with bright red apples. After living in a few interesting places, it is interesting that it is Marlboro I long for. There are too many names to list, but I wonder about each of you. The muses had strange plans for me. I patented several games of chance and a few pieces of gaming-related technology, that led me to become president of my own country [sic], called Corporatist. Married to Jean Gerald Fred Perry (I call him Jerry) with two kids, Thad, 17, and Sascha, 15. We have lots of pets, some of which are friends. While my interests remain consistent, time restraints require creativity. I combine philanthropy with my favorite pastime as a unified sailing partner with Special Olympics. My sailing partner and I were part of Team USA at World Games 2003, in Ireland. I am not sure which was most daunting: **TIM LITTLE**'s Ireland, or 7,000 Special Olympians representing 140 countries, or maybe it was the Silver medal we won. I anxiously anticipate a new reoccurring dream."

**METTE SCHWARTZ** is "too busy to write much! Still teaching 8th grade physics and earth science. My husband and I are super-busy with work and kids Natalia, 9, Sam, 7, and Jack, 1."

## '91

**DIANE ECHLIN** is teaching art at the Boys and Girls Village Day School in Milford, Connecticut. "Our students are challenged with severe emotional disturbances that prevent them from functioning in a normal school setting. It's very rewarding work!"

## '92

**JEFF BOWER** writes, "Ten long years after first meeting her at Ball State University, I am very happy to announce my marriage to Dr. Michelle Wallace. Michelle and I were married on June 5, 2004, in Marlboro. The brief but eloquently written ceremony was attended by 40 family members and friends who gathered on the south lawn of the palatial Marlboro estate of **DIANNA NOYES** '80. In addition to the hostess, other Marlboro glitterati in attendance were **BONNY WHITE** '85 and **DWIGHT HOLMES** '94 with their son, Nolan, **JENNIFER RAMSTETTER** '81 and Brian McNeice with their daughter, Senait, and Bob Engel



Dean Nicyper '76 and Laura Frank '92 joined President Ellen McCulloch-Lovell by the fire pond following convocation ceremonies in September. The two were on campus to speak to the incoming class about how they ended up at Marlboro, their experiences here and how they developed careers stemming from their student years. Dean, also a college trustee, is a partner at Fleming, Zulack and Williamson, LLP, in New York and Laura is a founder and lighting programmer at Luminous FX, also in New York.

Photo by Aaron Morganstein '05

and Mallory Lake. The ceremony was performed by former Marlboro librarian Kate Davie, J.P., with her husband, Steve Davie, acting as ring bearer. (Not a *Lord of the Rings* kind of ring bearer, mind you, just the regular wedding kind.) After a calorically intensive and conversationally sparkling reception, the bride and groom exited beautiful Marlboro in a bright yellow blur as their Mini Cooper S sped away on Route 9. Their destination has remained a closely guarded secret except to the people at Burdick's Chocolate in Walpole, New Hampshire. Michelle is professor of mathematics education at Mount Saint Mary's University, where her focus is on technology education for the classroom as well as research methods. I am the business analyst and inside sales manager for BP Solar, the third largest solar power manufacturer in the world. We've purchased a house in Frederick, Maryland, and were recently adopted by two little kittens, a red tabby female (Amaranth) and a gray tiger-striped male (Earl Gray). Come and visit us—we are an hour from Washington, D.C., and only 30 minutes from Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. You can reach me at [jeffrey.bower@bp.com](mailto:jeffrey.bower@bp.com).

**CHRISTOPHER MIR** had his first solo show, "Hello Daylight," at RARE Gallery in New York City this past fall. The gallery describes his paintings as "dreamlike environments occupied by an assortment of fauna, flora and people whose presence and interactions teeter between the commonplace and the absurd."

### '93

**LISE BURNWORTH SOLBECK DANIELS** wrote in July, "It has been a lively year, thus far. I spent the last few months of my kids' school year working as a paraeducator in their elementary school's behavioral resource room. Exhausting and wonderful. Meanwhile I can begin to see the end of this degree begun in 1989 at Marlboro. I should walk next June! The biggest news by far: I got married this past June! Ken and I got to share this beautiful day with our four kids. Eira and Rayna, both 7 years old, and Gareth, 9, are quite fond of both Ken and their stepbrother, Adam, who is 2 1/2. We have a lovely (fairly loud and rambunctious) Victorian farmhouse here in New Hampshire. Always room for guests if you can stand the cats and the noise! I would love to hear from old friends: [lise.s.daniels@verizon.net](mailto:lise.s.daniels@verizon.net)."

**BEN MONTAGUE** wrote in June, "This fall I will be starting a new job as a professor of photography at Wright State University, in Dayton, Ohio. My wife, **JEN FARRINGTON** '94, and kids, Ava, 4, and Caleb, 3 are all well and say hello!"

### '94

**BECKY WATSON MOKOS** wrote in August, "Our son, Sam, is 7 months old and is doing great. I am fortunate enough to be able to stay home with him. My husband just started working for the Hotel Employees' Union here in Boston and loves it. He gets to incite the workers to revolution and argue with managers. It's his dream job."

**SKARRN RYVNINE** wrote in July, "We are in Seattle once more, where I am working for the University of Washington again. I just finished my course work for a master's degree at SIT, and in between things we're in this lovely city again. In August, we return to Vermont for my training, before I go off on a job/internship in Panama. I'll be working with undergraduate students, both U.S. and Panamanian, on issues of conservation

and sustainable development. Then in December, we return to Bolivia to stay with family. Hopefully I'll find employment there as well. Then where? Vermont? Seattle? While not busy with these things, I've been fencing away. See the Ryvnine School of Fence website: [www.JohnHHarris.com/fencing](http://www.JohnHHarris.com/fencing). Keep your blades, your wits, or at least your tongues sharp!"

**HEIDI WELCH** is "living the single life again and mostly loving it! Had a great visit to D.C. to see **STEPHANIE CRENSHAW** and we watched the Pats play the Redskins! Scattered contact with other alumni, but would love to hear more."

### '95

**KIMBERLY ALLEN** says, "Hello to **HILLY** and **SUNNY**!! It has been a long time! I got married in November 2003 to Timothy James Walsh. I'm currently writing for an environmental magazine based in Connecticut. Hope all is well on the hill."

**PIPPA AREND** is "still running an education, arts and recreation program for homeless kids in Portland, Oregon. It's less about social work and more about

mentoring these kids beyond homelessness. [www.peermentor.org](http://www.peermentor.org). Check it out! Or call me! 503-201-2667."

**DIANE ARNDT** writes, "I'm enjoying my job as the only occupational therapist in home health in Addison County, Vermont. I'm still knitting up a storm and I'm learning to spin! (The yarn kind, not the bicycle kind...)"

**JODI CLARK** wrote in June, "The Vermont Renaissance Festival is back up and running—come visit! **MEADOW OSMUN** '99, **TODD AGRO** '03, **CHRIS BARNEY** '99, **ELIZABETH MCCOLLUM** '03, **HESSE PHILLIPS** '04, **MELISSA TOWER** '07, **LALAE DAHIM-PANAH** '07, **JOTA WEEKS** '05 and **JENNY KARSTAD** '97 are all working with me to make this event an amazing thing."

**PRISCILLA CALLAHAN CRAWFORD** and her husband are busy taking care of their baby, Rose. "I am also still working on my Ph.D. in ecology and biogeography and hope to take my general exams soon. Let me know if you are interested in the vegetation of Oklahoma! [prill@ou.edu](mailto:prill@ou.edu)."

**REBECCA LYNCH NICHOLS** is "finally getting out of the city—we bought a house near Portland, Maine. All are welcome to visit!"

**MARYA PLOTKIN** is still located in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, where she is currently the national HIV/AIDS programme coordinator for Concern, an Irish NGO. Her work takes her to the far corners of Tanzania frequently, as well as to farther places such as Bangkok (for the International AIDS Conference) infrequently. She writes, "son, Janusz Fundikira Kumpuni, is now 1 1/2 years old and learning all the languages of his heritage: English, Kiswahili and Polish, in what is a rather confusing but very charming mix. At least his parents understand everything he says. Have hosted **AMY HEARD** '96 and **CORIN CUMMINGS** on visits to Tanzania, but have yet to convince Bob Engel to bring over a group of students for a biology field trip or Lynnette Rummel for a tour of the sociopolitical context of East Africa. Anyone in East Africa, give me a shout at [maryakaren@yahoo.com](mailto:maryakaren@yahoo.com). Big hello to everyone up at Marlboro."

**CAROLYN ROSS** writes, "**EDWARD**, the girls and I are doing well pursuing work, homeschooling and a wide variety of projects from role-playing to historical hair-styling. Greetings to all who remember us."

**MAYA ZELKIN** is "gardening, raising poultry, producing wood-fired pottery, homeschooling my 5-year-old son, Manolo, and appreciating the liberal arts whenever possible."

### '96

**JOHNNY KEENER** writes, "Just dropping a line to say hello to everyone. My wife, **HEIDI SCOTT**, and I have been living happily in Portland, Oregon, for the past eight years. Heidi's just become a CNM and I am making my living as a musician. I recently released my first album, *When Space Was Like Heaven*. I'm currently working on music for a film being made by **MARCUS GAUTESON** '95. We've also been hanging out with **CAITLIN SMITH** '99, who recently moved to town. If you want, check out my website: <http://johnnykeener.tootuff.com>."

### '97

**THEO CULLUM-HAMER** and husband, Lane, are enjoying their 2-year-old son, Ethan, and see **ERIC BROWN** '00 and

#### Living the culture: Gray Zabriskie '91

When he is not constructing buildings to support his wife and son or saving the tomatoes in his small garden from the first frost of the season, Gray Zabriskie and his family can often be found in the tropical rainforests of Belize, trekking through areas of jungle that sport more venomous snakes than people. Gray uses his degree in history and anthropology from Marlboro to revolutionize the conventional misconceptions found in field research. "Rather than studying the culture, I believe we should live the culture," he says. In this way, Gray believes researchers should cease being dictators of the people they study and instead be welcomed into the heart of a society by becoming equals with those they are studying. His policy of social integration proved almost fatal when Gray developed a staff infection in Belize and went to the only hospital in an area the size of Rhode Island. The hospital not only lacked the means to perform blood tests on him, but also lacked adequate antibiotics to treat his infection. He began to recover only after being emergency airlifted back to the United States. Instead of being scared away by the experience, Gray is returning to Belize with more passion and fervor than ever. Gray is gathering donations to purchase new equipment and medications in hopes of improving the very hospital he nearly died in.

—Stefanie Willis '08

**APRIL GREENER** often. “We all miss you!”

**RADHA ROGERS** had her second child, Rosa Analis Geigel, on June 16, 2004. She and her family live in St. Croix in the U.S. Virgin Islands.

**RACHEL TARBOX** wrote in August, “**JONATHAN** and I are officially wrapping up our doctoral dissertations and just accepted joint positions at the Center for Autism and Related Disorders in Los Angeles.”

## '99

**WAYLAND COLE** and **SARAH NORMANDIN** “are still enjoying life on the lake in Burlington!”

**CLAIRE HEWITT** and her husband are living in Greenwich Village. “I am still pursuing an elusive career in theater and working on breaking into television producing. We’d love to see any Marlboroites who come through town.”

**CHRIS OLIVER** is in the M.F.A. program for sculpture at SUNY-Albany. “I’ve also been teaching, installing artwork at a nearby museum, doing carpentry, and I just installed my first commissioned sculpture. I still live with **TIFFANY** of course.”

**KATE QUIN-EASTER** writes, “In a whirlwind year that is just beginning to settle down I’ve acquired a 16-year-old son, celebrated my fifth anniversary and joined a couple of local nonprofit boards. The son is doing well (but, geez... 16 is HARD!) and the anniversary party was

awesome. The acting as a Kitchen Cabinet member of East End Time Exchange (a member of the New England Time Banks) and co-chair of the AddVerb Productions board take a lot of my ‘spare’ time. AddVerb Productions is a fabulous theater organization working to write and produce one-person shows that encourages community members and young adults to advocate and educate themselves and others around issues about eating disorders, domestic violence, youth tobacco addictions and women’s relationship to money. If anyone in the Marlboro community is interested in booking one of these shows (appropriate for high-school-aged people and above), please contact me at kquineaster@hotmail.com. Fellow Marlboro alum **TIM COLLINS** '02 has toured *You The Man* for AddVerb Productions, Inc. Hi to **DEB BRUCE**, **HANNA CLUTTERBUCK** '02, **KRISTINE LEMAY** '01 and **LINK HUGHES** '01. My house is open.

**TRICIA THEIS** exhibited her artwork at the Star Pin Gallery in Shelton, Connecticut, in October.

## '00

**TIFFANY FLEMING** writes, “Hello everyone! Living in the small city of Albany, New York, has provided me with some great opportunities. I’m working for a children’s museum and through a grant from New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, I design and implement programs on local ecology and conservation for K–8th grade students. I also get to do exhibit work, which I love.”

**PARISA “DOVE” NOROUZI** is “still keeping busy in D.C.—we’re approaching the first anniversary of the organization I co-founded and co-direct, Empower DC. We work with D.C. residents, organizing for affordable housing and child care. I’m also studying community economic development, which brings me to New Hampshire one weekend a month. Get in touch! Parisa@empowerdc.org.”

“Hello there to all the people I’ve lost touch with over the years,” writes **AMANDA SCHECHER**. “I just wanted to let you know that I’m happily awaiting the birth of my first child in November. I’m still painting and am attempting to break into the world of published research. Other sidelines are too numerous and non-related to get into. If anyone would like to contact me, please do so at amanda@organiclands.com.”

**JOSH SCHLOSSBERG** is working as canvass director for Cascadia Wildlands project, an old-growth forest preserve in Eugene, Oregon.

## '01

**TODD ANDREWS** has been in Minneapolis since leaving Marlboro. “I am in my last year of graduate school for counseling psychology,” he writes. “I am also doing puppetry here and plan on moving to San Francisco for my doctorate.”

**SARAH COHEN** is in her first year at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia.

**TIM COLLINS** performed his new one-man play, *Power Play*, at Sandglass Theater in Putney in November. *Power Play* features more than a dozen characters, drawn from interviews Tim conducted with New England residents, and grapples with issues of terrorism, control and personal power in

pre-election America. Tim received grants from the Center for Cultural Exchange and the Wallis Foundation to develop the play.

**COLIN GASAMIS** is doing social development research at the University of Washington and lives “about 10 minutes from **ERIN BARNARD** '03.”

**SARA JANE SALIBA** writes, “A couple of months after graduation I went back to Morocco, where I married my husband in a big traditional wedding. Eventually we landed in Nashville, where I’m working with an immigrant rights coalition and getting a master’s in social work. The kicker (literally) is that I’m expecting twin boys in November! Hubby and I are excited beyond words. Life couldn’t be better.”

## '02

**EDDY AUGUSTYN** is currently visiting assistant professor of dance at Muhlenberg College in Pennsylvania.

**RACHAEL FRANK** writes, “Looking for **ERICH BENNAR**? You can find him working in Noho—finally, a computer-related job! As for me—still at the Holyoke Mall, drop by the Hot Topic any time!”

**ZANA PRUTINA** worked at the Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe (OSCE) for a year, coordinating a project on youth and entrepreneurship. “Now I am working as the assistant director at Berlin-Chemie, a German pharmaceutical company, at their office in Bosnia,” she writes from Sarajevo. “I like it here, although I miss being in the States... I guess that’s what happens when one has two homes. It seems like I might stay here for a while, so if any of you adventurous souls ever wander into this part of the world, let me know you’re here. I’d love to see you!”

## '03

**JANET ANDERSON** is in Los Angeles in the linguistics Ph.D. program at USC. “It’s going pretty well,” she writes, “though I think having tutorials with Tom Ernst has spoiled me forever for taking classes. The city is...exciting. USC is not in the nicest part of town, so I’ve spent a lot of time hiding out in my little hidey-hole of an apartment, unless I have someone else to walk places with.”

**MORGAN ECKERT** is in Philadelphia, where she spent the summer teaching theater and performing *anna bella eema*, her Plan performance. “There’s tons of theater here and I’m looking to get involved in some puppetry work as well.”

**GRAHAM FOX** writes, “After graduation I spent six months in Florida apprenticing with a stained-glass artist learning how to work with lead and a glass kiln. Now I’m in D.C. where **TENLEY ARCHER** and I have moved into a barn. I take care of the horses while she’s in school. She’s in her second year at Georgetown studying developmental biology. I’ve opened my own studio, the Princely Fox Glass Studio, www.princelyfox.com. Things are slowly coming together.”

**MIYA TAOKA WILSON** is “living with my husband, Ben, in West Windsor, New Jersey. Right now I’m trying to figure out what I want to do in my life. If anyone wants to come to New Jersey, just give me a ring. It’s very pretty down here.”

**ALEXANDRA ZUSER** received her master’s in teaching from Smith College in May 2004 and is looking for a job teaching middle school math and science. “Reed Hedges and I plan on getting married in the fall.”

## '04

**ABBY CASE** is in the M.B.A. program at Northeastern University in Boston.

## FORMER FACULTY & STAFF:

Former librarian **JAMES FEIN**, his wife, Pam, and daughter, Jamie, welcomed Alex Reid Fein to the family on November 8, 2004. James is currently the campus librarian at the Gettysburg branch of the Harrisburg Area Community College in Pennsylvania.

**ROD GANDER**, former president of Marlboro, was re-elected to a second term as Vermont state senator from Windham County in November.

Former writing teacher (1968–70) **PETER LEFCOURT**’s seventh novel, *The Manhattan Beach Project*, a dark comedy about reality television and nominal sequel to his first book, *The Deal*, was published by Simon & Schuster this winter. Peter can be reached via his website, www.peterlefcourt.com.

## IN MEMORIAM



Photo by Jonathon Doster

### Jerome I. Aron, trustee

In July of 2004, Marlboro lost one of its staunchest advocates when trustee Jerry Aron died after a long struggle with cancer. Over the years he and his wife, Elizabeth McCormack, invested not only their own resources but much of their time and spirit to forge vital relationships for the college. An example of the fruits of such relationships is the new Aron Library Wing, funded by friends introduced to Marlboro by Jerry and Elizabeth; friends who said at the building's dedication, "Jerry and Elizabeth embody the highest ideals of liberal arts education."

Jerry was elected to the Board of Trustees in 1988, and served on the executive, finance, nominating and development committees, as well as chair of the 50th Anniversary Campaign. At commencement in 1997, Jerry was awarded an honorary degree in recognition of his outstanding service to Marlboro. The citation read that day captures Jerry's character:

Your relationship with Marlboro has its roots in your own education at Haverford College, where small classes, a commitment to liberal arts and the relationship of a gifted mentor and a passionate student were the core of the learning experience. At Haverford, you nurtured core traits that would serve you well: an innate curiosity, the need to understand issues from all sides (you may be the only person to be on the subscription lists of both *The Nation* and *The New Republic* at the same time), resiliency, humor and fearless adherence to principled action, no matter the cost.

Those traits served you in overcoming the anti-Semitism that squashed your dreams of a career in the State Department, in serving your country during World War II as a captain in Army Intelligence and as president of Sunnydale, Incorporated, a leader in the fast-paced, aggressive garment industry. The Haverford model of education was not uncommon in 1939, when you graduated with a B.A.; it has sadly become rare in our own time and persists in only a handful of schools—Marlboro is one. Thankfully, you came to know us. In some ways, that is no surprise. You have often come to the aid of organizations that needed your skills and wise guidance. You served as treasurer of Manhattanville College from 1969 through 1975, a time of tremendous upheaval in higher education. You acted as special advisor to the president of Atlanta University, a black institution of graduate studies struggling to stay alive at the time. You have worked for Odyssey House, a drug rehabilitation program helping to rebuild lives in New York City, and also for the Council of Economic Priorities, the Open Space Institute, and the Literacy Volunteers of New York. Then in 1988, you joined our board of trustees. The timing could not have been better. The college came to face dire circumstances and when it seemed to be indeed perched on a bluff—precipitously so—you took action. You rallied your colleagues on the board, worked closely with then-President Rod Gander, and you helped pull this institution back from the precipice. It is a story too little known, for it was heroic in its own way and you were fearless when fear was a most common and reasonable response. With unflagging spirit and energy, you continue to be one of our greatest advocates and one of our most capable leaders.

Jerry was particularly passionate about the close working relationships that occur between students and faculty, fostered in intense engagement in the Plan of Concentration, that are rare in other institutions. With guidance from Jerry's family and friends, The Jerome I. Aron Fund has been established by Marlboro College in his memory. The Aron Fund will celebrate the close collaboration between Marlboro students and faculty by awarding annual grants to support research, fieldwork and/or the acquisition of materials used for collaborative study. Students and their faculty sponsors will apply jointly for Aron Grants; recipients will be chosen annually by the Scholarships and Prizes Committee in consultation with the dean of faculty, and announced at convocation in the fall. Inquiries regarding the Aron Fund should be directed to Lisa Christensen, director of development and communications, (802) 258-9259 or [lmchrist@marlboro.edu](mailto:lmchrist@marlboro.edu).

### David M. Howland Sr. '57

David M. Howland Sr., Marlboro pioneer, died in October 2004 of cancer. Born in 1934 in Milton, Massachusetts, David attended Milton Academy and graduated from Belmont Hill School before coming to Marlboro. At Marlboro David studied forestry and history with Halsey Hicks, Buck Turner and Roland Boyden.

After graduating from Marlboro in 1957, David worked briefly at Blackstone Management Corporation and taught at Belmont Hill School in Massachusetts. His family purchased Stannox Farm in Sherborn, Massachusetts, in 1960, where David spent the rest of his life raising cattle and horses.

Many graduates of the college seem to preternaturally hold a place in their hearts for the people who got them to Marlboro, as if the stars aligned the day a mentor or acquaintance said "get thee to Marlboro," and everything followed from there. For Bruce Cole '59 that person was David.

Through a connection at Belmont Hill, Bruce drove to Marlboro to see David, who convinced Bruce to enroll and become his roommate in the third-floor Mather suite, along with Reginald Rodman '57 and Bill Allen '57. Bruce recalled Thursday afternoons working with David in the college's forestry

program. David was “responsible, cooperative, part of the community,” said Bruce. “He enjoyed his four years here very much. They had a strong influence on his life. David and his father were both very fond of the college.”

Their fondness of the college became the connection that ultimately enabled many more students to come to Marlboro. The year following David’s graduation, his father, Weston, gave the college his farm and prize dairy herd in nearby Dummerston. The sale of that property, one of the most generous gifts the college had ever received, settled a number of Marlboro’s debts, including salaries owed to current and former faculty; allowed for some new faculty hires; and funded the first new building on campus, Howland House.

Reg Rodman recalled David’s generous, complex character and Marlboro’s part in shaping it. “Much of Dave was drawn forth” at Marlboro, he said, “and much of what was drawn forth he returned to many of us in spades.”

In 1993, David initiated the creation of the Roland W. Boyden Chair in History and Philosophy, and he contributed generously over the years to the endowment fund in support of the chair.

David is survived by his wife, Jane E. Howland; five children, who live in Iowa, San Francisco and Sherborn; one brother; two sisters; and three grandchildren.

## Howard Whittum ’55

Marlboro pioneer Howard Whittum died of cancer in July 2004. After graduating from Marlboro with a bachelor of science degree in 1955, Howard served in the Navy, taught elementary school in Maine and worked as a health educator in Massachusetts before going to work for Commercial Union Insurance Company. He also attended Boston University and the University of Southern Maine. Howard enjoyed hunting, fishing, skiing and traveling. After retirement, Howard and his wife, Dolores, divided their time between Maine and Florida. In addition to his wife, Howard is survived by two children and four grandchildren.



Music professor Luis Batlle

Photo by Aaron Morganstein '05



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