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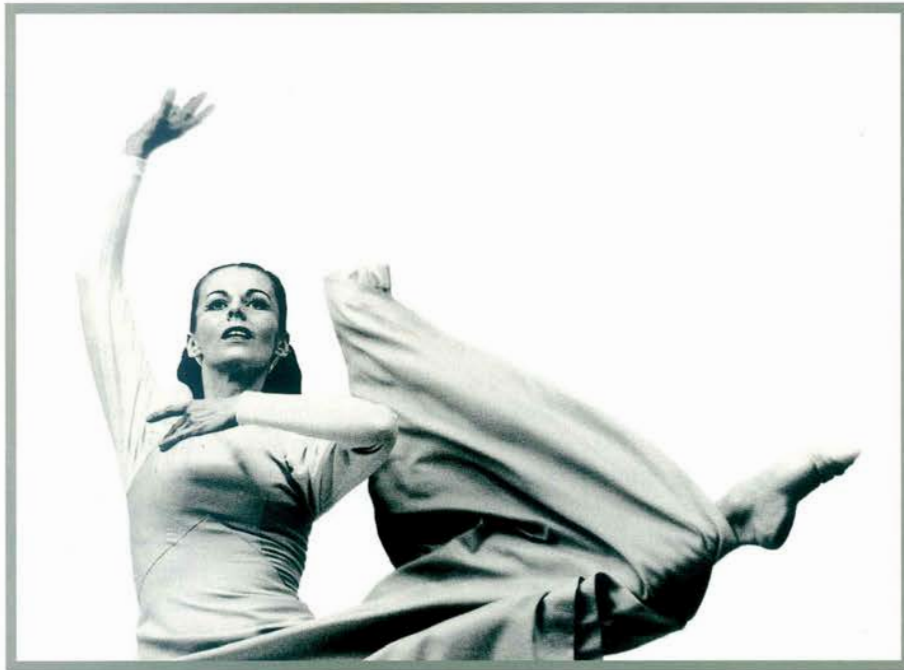


ON THE COVER: Handpainted kimonos and hangings created from organza, satin, and crêpe de Chine by **Linda Hoetink '85** were featured in a solo exhibition at the Lesley Caze Gallery in London last year. Hoetink painted and taught for 10 years in Amsterdam, where she earned her Master's degree in painting from the Academy of Fine Arts. Three years ago, she decided "to exchange my canvases for silk. I now make scarves, wall hangings, and kimonos. All the work is hand-dyed and hand-painted using procion dyes and discharge pastes. Each is one of a kind. The relationship between pure and applied art has always interested me, and in my textiles I try to fuse the two, exploring the tension between the artistic and the decorative, between a painting and a garment." Hoetink lives with husband **James Geary '85** (see page 22) and their sons in London.

BENNINGTON

THE ALUMNI MAGAZINE

SPRING 2002



JACK MITCHELL

Ethyl Winter Hyman '45, page 48.

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9 FAILURES *of the Imagination*

by Jonathan Lethem '86

1. It began for me here, in the same room where I sit now, in Boerum Hill. It began as a non sequitur crackle of sunlight thunder, on a gorgeous morning after an evening of thunderstorms. I ignored the sound, took a shower instead, wondering about the sports page: Had Roger Clemens won his 20th? The phone rang, and a friend asked: "Did you see it?" So I went to the window, and saw. In this part of Brooklyn the towers are the nearest bit of Manhattan, easily visible from upper stories or rooftops. Neighbors commute—excuse me, commuted—to them by walking across the Brooklyn Bridge. Both planes had arrived by the time I looked out the window. My denial slid from the fact of it—they're on fire, wow—to tangential irritations, stuff I had to get done this week. I'd re-enact this denial again and again in the next hours: the mind's raw disinclination to grant this new actuality, cognitive dissonance run riot. I'd entered—we'd all entered—a world containing a fresh category of phenomena: the unimaginable fact.

2. For the first 40 hours of this war all I've done is shuttle between my apartment on Bergen Street, the homes of a few nearby friends and the front-row seat provided by the Brooklyn Heights Promenade, a rim of park that looks out over the tip of Manhattan Island. All I've done, really, is try again and again to grasp the unimaginable fact. I've stared across the river at the raw, unmediated plume, now black, now white, now gray, now black again. I've stared and stared and felt my mind slide

from it again and again: unimaginable fact, confirmed by senses and testimony, confirmed by the procession of ash-bathed faces shambling through the neighborhood after crossing the bridge, confirmed by the television and yet granted no status by reeling, refusing mind. No status whatsoever. Turning from the plume to the television, I try again: maybe CNN can sell it to me with its video loop, plane slicing cake of tower forever, the footage more ferociously lush and inevitable every time. I'll understand this fact soon, yes? No. No. Back to the promenade, then, to contemplation of my lovely plume, Manhattan's inverted Fuji of roiling particles. And now back to the television.

3. *Am I willing?* Can I bear to narrate this into normality, 40 hours after they crumbled and fell? To craft a story: *and then, and then, and then?* Will the words I'm spilling here seem fatuous or hysterical or naive by the time they're read? Likely so. I'm failing and relieved to fail. I'm disgusted with myself for consenting to try. Speculation feels obscene. So does this self-indulgent self-castigation. Except, there may be some slim value in offering to a rapidly toughening future some hint of the white noise of one human imagination failing, on what they're calling the Day After, to yet meet the task at hand. The channel surf of denial and incomprehension: an extremely local report.

4. When I was a kid in this neighborhood it was a regular thing to walk to the promenade to see the

harbor and skyline. I'd go with my grandmother, and she'd point out the statue, the ferry, Ellis, Governor's. Later we stared from that perch as they assembled these erector set-looking things, these twinned towers. Even then I was a New York purist, I preferred *old things*, and I resented the dull Saltine boxes for dwarfing the Empire State. But they were mine anyway, I couldn't help it. Big Apple, Abe Beame, Bicentennial, World Trade Center, my cheesy '70s New York. A decade later, when I first married, I dragged a California bride to my city, and we elevated to the roof of one of the buildings to exhilarate in the chill, dizzying wind of outer space. Yesterday, the erector set reappeared, just for a moment. Yesterday the same west-to-east wind that once nearly whisked newlyweds from the rooftop blew pulverized tower across the river and into my mouth. I've eaten my towers.

5. Back to the promenade, back. I've abandoned the television five, six times now to walk to the edge and widen my recalcitrant eyes and mind again at the plume. On the way up to Henry Street I gather one of the crisped papers twinkling everywhere to the ground. A printout on old-style, tabbed computer paper. 7WTC 034: World Trade Center, Building 7, 34th floor, I guess. Kirshenbaum, Joan. "For any report change complete this section and return to ops support, data centre." Joan Kirshenbaum, if you're reading this, I've got your scrap of paper.

6. Dear reader, two Sundays in the future: you know vastly more than I do about what I mean when I say war. Do you envy me, living in this *before*, this last shred of relative innocence? I hope not. I hope I ought to envy you, the wild sweet peace you enjoy, the simultaneous epiphany of universal human amity and accord, the melting of all world guns into a memorial sculpture which took place on, say, Sept. 16, the miracle that occurred in place of the carnage I'm dreading today. Oh, I hope I ought to envy you; I hope I'm a moron.

7. Reality check. As I write, sirens wheeling past my window. My apartment is two blocks from

Atlantic Avenue and the city's largest Arabic neighborhood, which the cops have cordoned from traffic, anticipating and protecting against retaliatory chuckleheadedness. The radio's telling of another building that has fallen—you know, just another large, unmemorable office building in Lower Manhattan crumbling to dust, not a big deal these days, it happens sometimes, relax—it's not as if the twin towers fell down! The many, many things they're not telling us on the radio fall into two categories: things they're not telling us that we can pretty easily riddle out for ourselves, like *we're picking up ears, we're picking up toes, God have mercy, we're picking up penises and vaginas*, and things they're not telling us that we really can't fathom, like for instance what the hell all those presently rushing sirens are rushing toward.

8. The promenade yesterday was full of people, more than I've seen since the tall ships were in the harbor, and yet all absolutely still and silent. Each one of us came and stood, rooted at the spot where we first got the plume in full view. Every third or fourth mouth covered with a surgical mask; those without masks feeling just that tiny bit sorrier for ourselves, but then again not really caring. That vast communal silence. This language is useless. I was doing better there, standing with others, rightly gathered into a commonality, a field of eyes, with mouths emitting, if anything, only slight, undramatized moans.

9. At the promenade, in the gathered silence and stillness of many minds looking through haze at an altered city, one woman, seated on a bench, elbows on knees, calmly, effortlessly tilted her head and vomited. A splash heard in the silence. The head tilted just enough to avoid chin-dribble. Eyes never breaking from the task of gazing, gathering the new information. ■

Jonathan Letham '86 is the author of the National Book Critics Circle Award-winning Motherless Brooklyn and many other novels. This article first appeared in the September 23 issue of The New York Times Magazine and is used here with permission.

Recapturing THE FLAG

by George Packer

Sept. 11 made it safe for liberals to be patriots. Among the things destroyed with the twin towers was the notion, held by certain Americans ever since Vietnam, that to be stirred by national identity, carry a flag and feel grateful toward someone in uniform ought to be a source of embarrassment. The force of the blows woke us up to the fact that we are part of a national community. This heightened awareness could be the disaster's greatest legacy, one that liberals should not fear but learn to use.

The estrangement of liberal Americans from patriotism is a recent turn. The word "liberal" first came into political use among a group of intellectuals who supported Woodrow Wilson taking the country into World War I. In World War II, the anti-Fascist war, liberalism and patriotism were still synonymous. My late father, a law professor, quit college to enlist, served on a destroyer and was wounded in action. But by the time I was growing up, on a university campus in the 1960s, too much contrary history had intervened for patriotism to be a part of my moral education: first the McCarthy era, when patriotic slogans were used to target liberals, including my father, and then Vietnam, when American power turned so manifestly unjust.

We were not anti-American, but my father was too rational to trade on such ordinary virtues as courage and loyalty. This disappointed me, because

as a boy I spent hours with my friends re-enacting American military glory at Guadalcanal and Omaha Beach. At the same time, I wore a peace button and had the "War Is Not Healthy for Children and Other Living Things" poster. No, war was not healthy—but it was more exciting than anything else I could think of.

Over time, the instinct for battlefield virtue went underground. As patriotism became the exclusive property of conservatives, the part of me that craved danger and commitment and sacrifice had to find an outlet in not quite satisfying alternatives like the Peace Corps. But I don't want to pretend that my wariness of the flag was just a matter of political values. It was also a matter of culture and class. The flag was waved mainly by working-class people, for whom loyalty to the family, the tribe, and the nation hadn't been eroded by self-conscious sophistication. My family would sooner have upholstered the furniture in orange corduroy than show the colors on Memorial Day. Display wasn't just politically suspect, it was simple bad taste: sentimental, primitive, sometimes aggressive.

A strange thing happened after the Cold War ended: patriotism all but disappeared from American politics. The right and the left essentially offered a choice between hedonisms: tax cuts or spending. No one asked for sacrifice; no one spoke

to common purpose. Liberalism settled for irony and contempt, which mobilize no one. Not long before the attack, a friend noted that ratings for Fox News and Comedy Central were up while CNN was down. "In this country we have the right wing," he said, "and we have Comedy Central."

Sept. 11 changed all that, instantly. That day a policeman tried to help an investment banker who had fled the twin towers and seemed to be in shock. "I'm not in shock," the banker replied. "I like this state. I've never been more cognizant in my life."

In the days that followed, we all witnessed an outbreak of civic-mindedness so extreme that it seemed American character had changed overnight. As flags bloomed like flowers, I found that they tapped emotion as quickly as pictures of the miss-

if they don't speak to Americans' patriotism.

Patriotism has nothing to do with blindly following leaders. But the American flag now represents a national community that came under attack, and that in turn represents, at least in the minds of the terrorists, the whole decadent civilization of the modern world. Our civilization is, of course, decadent, but it is also free enough for us to wake up to that fact. What I dread now is a return to the normality we're all supposed to seek: instead of public memorials, private consumption; instead of lines to give blood, restaurant lines.

My political views haven't changed since Sept. 11. Even as the sight of other people's flags stirred me, I did not go out and buy my own. Some part of me still shrinks from the display of patriotism, as

Patriotism is as volatile as any emotion; once released, it can assume ugly forms. "I'm a patriot," said Frank Roque after being arrested for murdering a Sikh in Arizona. But in the past decade, our national disorder has been narcissism, not hysteria.

ing. To me, these flags didn't represent flabby complacency, but alertness, grief, resolve, even love. They evoked fellow feeling with Americans, for we had been attacked together.

Patriotism is as volatile as any emotion; once released, it can assume ugly forms. "I'm a patriot," said Frank Roque after being arrested for murdering a Sikh in Arizona. But in the past decade, our national disorder has been narcissism, not hysteria. Anyone who wants reform should figure out how to harness the civic passion that rose from the smoking debris. Like jet fuel, it can be used for good or ill. All the calls for pacifism now issuing in e-mail petitions from the left and all the impassioned critiques of American arrogance will be irrelevant

if it would violate the emotion itself. I don't desire war—but I know that patriotic feeling makes individuals exceed themselves as the bland comforts of peace cannot. "The only thing needed," William James wrote in *The Moral Equivalent of War*, "is to inflame the civic temper as past history has inflamed the military temper." I've lived through this state, and I like it. ■

George Packer is the author, most recently, of Blood of the Liberals. He teaches in Bennington's MFA Writing Seminar. This essay first appeared in the September 30 issue of The New York Times Magazine. Copyright © 2001 by The New York Times Company; reprinted by permission.

After the Fall: Photographs by Lisa Feldman '76



Lisa Feldman '76, who directs medical photography and graphic services for Saint Vincent's Hospital in New York City, sent photos that she took on September 11 and afterwards. Some were exhibited in *Here is New York* at 116 Prince Street and at the *Sept. 11th Project* on Wooster Street, both in SoHo.

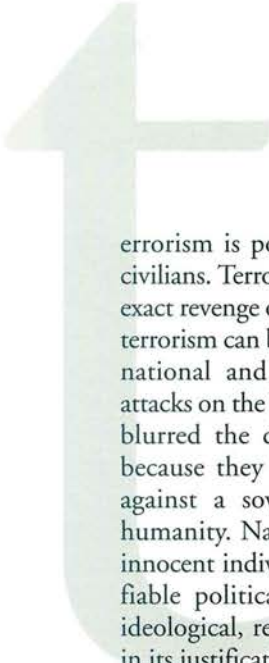


Left: "After the second tower fell, a 50-floor section of the facade remained standing for about five seconds." Above: "This was taken from a Circle Line tour boat. One month after 9/11, when access even to viewing the site was severely restricted, this was the only way to catch a glimpse of the skeletal remains; pieces of the facades of WTC 1 and 2 had pierced the Amex building like giant javelins." ■

Reflections on TERRORISM

*Remembering the Past
and Imagining the Future*

by Mansour Farhang



terrorism is politically motivated violence against civilians. Terrorists seek to influence, humiliate, and exact revenge on a target population. Contemporary terrorism can be divided into two general groupings: national and transnational. The September 11 attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon blurred the distinction between war and crime because they were simultaneously an act of war against a sovereign state and a crime against humanity. National terrorists use violence against innocent individuals as part of a strategy for identifiable political goals. Transnational terrorism is ideological, religious, apocalyptic, and amorphous in its justification or demand.

During the 1960s and 1970s, only doctrinaire leftists were associated with transnational terrorist acts. Today, all identified transnational terrorist groups seem to be religious. Terrorists, whether religious or secular, believe an act is just if it produces the right results. To prove the rightness of their acts, terrorists are always ready to produce a list of grievances and quote a "sacred" text or deified leader. Members of al Qaeda, like all terrorists, perceive themselves as heroes at war against powerful enemies. As a manager of terror, Osama bin Laden claims to speak for Islam and the grievances of Muslims not only against their own governments but, more important, against the secular West in general and America in particular. His message has various degrees of resonance among the peoples of the Middle East, not out of sympathy for his terrorism, but because most of the regimes ruling them are cruel, corrupt, and dependent on American power for survival.

Sustained transnational terrorism requires self-sacrificing individuals, covert or overt state support,

and some sympathy among those in whose name cruel acts are committed. Public approval, however silent and implicit, for al Qaeda and other transnational terrorists in the Middle Eastern countries is the focus of my analysis. What is the nature and extent of this support? Where does it come from? Why does it exist? To address these questions, we need to review a number of instances in which ordinary people in the Middle East region perceive American foreign policy as callous and exploitative.

Anti-Americanism is not necessarily the result of Washington's action or inaction. America's popular cultural products have penetrated the living spaces of many poor people in distant places. This phenomenon, emanating from Hollywood, the capital of America's soft power, makes America both a seducer and a menace in many societies throughout the world. The familiar images of sex, violence, and consumer goods are provocative and give rise to the kind of expectations that are bound to be frustrated, which, in turn, causes resentment toward the source of the seductive but inaccessible images. This resentment, however, has nothing to do with terrorism; otherwise we should be facing armies of terrorists from Africa, Asia, Latin America, and other places where acute poverty exists. The causes of terrorism are too complex to be reduced to economic deprivation or cultural alienation.

Transnational terrorism is a threat to democracy. It is therefore the duty of a democratic state to use all resources at its disposal—military, intelligence, and diplomatic—to counter the threat by punishing the terrorists and their state sponsors. This has been done effectively in response to 9/11. What remains to be recognized is that moral harboring or popular sympathy for terrorists cannot be countered with

force or threat of force. Cruise missiles can deal with terrorists, but they cannot remedy the hurt and abandonment that enhance the cultivation of new terrorists. To understand how ordinary people could come to resent U.S. policies to such an extent that they are willing to overlook the cruelty and criminality of terrorist acts, I will briefly detail four instances of American involvement in the political affairs of the region, in the course of which common people came to perceive U.S. behavior as callous, insulting, and humiliating.

DURING THE AFGHAN WAR IN THE 1980s, the U.S. encouraged the formation of the first transnational religious movement against the Soviet Union. According to Milton Bearden, the CIA agent responsible for the agency's covert action in Afghanistan, among the fighters who joined this movement "there were genuine volunteers on missions of humanitarian value, there were adventure seekers looking for paths to glory, and there were psychopaths." This was the time when Osama bin Laden and America were fighting the same fight.

In its decade-long war with the Soviet Union, Afghanistan suffered more than a million dead and two million injured. Of all the resources the U.S. devoted to the task of containing the Soviet Union during the Cold War, the \$6 billion spent on the Afghan mujahedeen must be regarded as the most profitable investment, because the defeat the Afghan fighters inflicted on the Soviet army expedited the demise of communism. Given the immense human cost, many in Afghanistan thought Washington would give the competing fighters some incentive for cooperation and reconstruction after the war. Instead, President Bush passively watched the country, in Bearden's words, spin "into anarchy [and become] the home of a new and little understood threat; the grieved Arab extremists."

In the early 1990s, Arab extremists, under the leadership of Osama bin Laden, took sanctuary in lawless Afghanistan and founded a unique transnational terrorist network. Al Qaeda (Arabic for *foundation*) was chosen as the name of the network, which proceeded to create secret cells throughout the world. Bin Laden's financial resources and organizational skill were the engine of this ambitious project. Once the U.S. exited the Afghan scene, Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, and Iran quickly moved to support their favorite warlords to gain sectarian

advantage and influence in the evolving politics and economics of Central Asia. Rivalries among these and other players in the area intensified the ongoing fratricide in Afghanistan and paved the way for the ascendancy of the Taliban and al Qaeda. One could argue that Washington had little leverage to mediate the country's factional rivalries, but the fact that it did not try was a betrayal of the Afghan people.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF WASHINGTON'S callousness during the 1980s was on display during the Iran-Iraq war. This war was a feud between two megalomaniacs, Khomeini and Saddam Hussein. It was a clear assault on the interests and sensibilities of the two nations. Nearly a million Iranians and Iraqis were killed in the fighting and the economies of both countries were devastated, but Washington did everything in its power to prolong the war. Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger expressed the essence of U.S. policy when he said that "the ultimate American interest" in the Iran-Iraq war would be served if "both sides lose." Reagan operatives' diligent pursuit of this aim led to secret arms deception between the White House and the two protagonists; it also helped to prolong the war and aid the massive buildup of the Iraqi military machine.

During the war, Iraq dropped chemical bombs on Iranian troops without encountering serious objection from the international community. A number of European states and international human rights organizations raised the issue, but the Reagan administration remained silent. Saddam Hussein was considered an asset at the time. Days after the cease-fire took effect in 1988, Iraq used poison gas against its own Kurdish population; again, Washington did not object. Thousands of civilians died as a result of Iraq's repeated use of chemical weapons, but there was no talk of U.S. or U.N. sanction against Iraq.

We need to remember America's accommodating treatment of Iraq during the 1980s in order to understand why Saddam Hussein decided to invade Kuwait in August 1990. The turning point in this sorry history was the 1982 decision of the Reagan administration to take Iraq off the list of countries known to sponsor terrorism, making it eligible to receive high-tech items generally denied to those on the list. During the 1980s, U.S. companies sold Iraq more than \$1 billion worth of the components needed to build nuclear weapons and diverse

types of missiles, including the infamous Scud. According to a 1994 Senate report, private American suppliers, licensed by the U.S. Department of Commerce, exported a variety of biological and chemical materials to Iraq from 1985 through 1989. The exports continued until at least November 1999, despite evidence that Iraq had used chemical and biological weapons as early as 1984. In short, Hussein interpreted the attitude of the Reagan and Bush administrations as a green light to pursue his own expansionist agenda.

DURING THE PERSIAN GULF WAR, President Bush generated the hope of a new dawn in U.S. policy toward the Middle East when he repeatedly referred to Saddam as "Baghdad's dictator." In February 1991, when the U.S. began bombing Iraq's military and industrial targets, President Bush made an explicit call for Saddam Hussein's overthrow. American planes dropped millions of leaflets on Iraqi cities, towns, and villages, calling on people to rise up against their rulers. At the same time, a CIA-sponsored, clandestine radio station in Saudi Arabia repeatedly urged the people of Iraq to rise up against Saddam. These messages reverberated among the Shiites and Kurdish people of Iraq, who apparently concluded that if they rebelled, the U.S. would support them.

In early March 1991 heavy clashes in Basra, a city in southern Iraq, were reported between Shiites and the Republican Guard, Saddam Hussein's elite troops. After the signing of the cease-fire agreement between Iraq and the U.S.-led alliance, when the Republican Guard shelled civilian demonstrators in southern Iraq, President Bush declared the action a violation of the cease-fire agreement, but did nothing about it. During the same period, the Kurds rebelled in the northern part of the country and claimed control of wide areas. After a week of vacillation and vague threats, it was reported on March 27 that President Bush had decided to let Hussein put down the rebellions rather than splintering Iraq. In short, the U.S. incited the rebels and then deserted them, accepting the annihilation of tens of thousands of Kurds and Shiites. The result was that the rebels' praise for Bush turned to curses. Many came to believe that they had been purposely betrayed by Washington.

THE AMERICAN POSITION on the Israeli-Palestinian conflict is the most damaging source of

resentment toward the U.S. among ordinary peoples of the Middle East region. The Oslo peace agreement implicitly promised the creation of an independent Palestinian state on the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, but Israeli settlements in the occupied territories never stopped expanding. American officials acknowledge that Israeli settlements are a violation of U.N. Security Council Resolutions 242 and 338. They are also aware that the recent expansion of the settlements to provide housing for some of the new immigrants from Russia and former Soviet block countries makes accommodation between Israel and the Palestinians virtually impossible.

The council of Jewish communities in Judea, Samaria, and Gaza considers peace talk with Palestinians to be a betrayal of the Jewish faith. Right-wing Israelis who regard Yigal Amir, the assassin of Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, as a hero and a martyr have become an influential force in Israeli politics. They demand Israeli control over the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, and regard as heretical efforts to give up any part of the biblical land. A parallel development exists between the growth of Israeli settlements in the occupied territories and the expansion of Hamas as an organization. In the early 1990s, Hamas was a marginal group with limited political influence. Today, it has become a popular movement, easily capable of recruiting suicide bombers.

News reports of uprisings in the occupied territories often give the impression that Palestinian resistance is caused by religious zeal or hatred. Another way to understand why individual Palestinian demonstrators endure beatings and imprisonment in violent encounters with Israeli Defense Forces is to consider the socioeconomic and psychological factors that make life under military occupation intolerable. Before the 1987 Intifada (Arabic for *shaking off*) broke out, an Israeli study used two images to describe Gaza: "a cancer," which would eat away at the Israeli polity, and "a time bomb," economic, social, and demographic, of almost unimaginable potency."

Fifteen years ago, 2,500 Israelis settled in the Gaza Strip controlled 28 percent of the land. Today, the number of settlers has increased to 6,500, and they keep increasing their control of the land. During the same period, the number of Israeli settlers on the West Bank increased from fewer than 30,000 to more than 210,000. So much of the

underground water reserves in both the West Bank and Gaza are diverted to the settler areas that the settlers use 12 times as much water as do Palestinians. As a consequence, the amount of irrigated Arab land in the occupied territories has drastically declined.

Since the occupation of the West Bank, the Gaza Strip, and East Jerusalem began in 1967, the population of those areas has more than doubled. This means that the mindset, the perceptions, and the sensibilities of nearly 90 percent of Palestinians living in the territories are shaped by the harsh and humiliating conditions of life under military occupation. Palestinians want their own state. The truth that the U.S. and Israel must face is that the Israeli-Palestinian problem is about nationalism and occupation. Terrorism is largely the byproduct of the stalemate in the conflict.

When the 1993 Oslo accord was made public, 90 percent of Palestinians were hopeful that negotiations between the Israeli government and the Palestinian Authority could result in the creation of a sovereign Palestine and peaceful coexistence with Israel. Today, more than 90 percent have lost all hope of negotiation with the Israelis. They suspect that Israel intends to expel them from their land. The continuation of the confrontation can only serve the rejectionist elements on both sides. The terrorism of Hamas and the territorial expansionism of Israel's religious fundamentalists have resulted in a convergence of interests—both condemn the idea of a peaceful solution to their conflict as sinful treason.

The strategic alliance between the U.S. and Israel is a necessity, because despots rule the states in the region. It is imperative that Washington remain committed to the safety and territorial integrity of Israel, even if Israel is militarily superior to the combined forces of its neighbors. The problem in the alliance arises when the men with most influence over Israel's design for the occupied territories claim to have a religious mission to control the land. They quote Scripture to prove their case: "to your offspring I assign the land, from the river of Egypt to the great river, the Euphrates" (Genesis 15:18). The question facing American foreign policy-makers is whether they should finance and defend enactment of "revealed edicts." We need an answer soon, because the government of Israel currently uses U.S. military equipment to fulfill the mission.

IT HAS BECOME A TRUISM to refer to America as the only superpower in the world; but to appreciate the global concerns of the U.S., it is helpful to see America as the last imperial power as well. The American empire is not legally or formally constituted, but it is a de facto reality. How else can we describe a nation that commands more than 60 military base complexes in 20 different countries?

The CIA coined the term "blowback," but it is now widely used in writings on international relations and American foreign policy. In his new book, *Blowback*, Chalmers Johnson defines the term as "the unintended consequences of policies that were kept from the American people." Johnson adds that "what the daily press reports as the Malign Acts of 'terrorists' or 'drug lords' or 'rogue states' or 'illegal arms merchants' often turns out to be blowback from earlier American operations."

THE MEDIA AND THE VAST MAJORITY of American political and religious leaders ought to be complimented for dismissing as false and demagogic the attempt to blame the Arabs or Muslims as a people in the September 11 terrorist attacks. Stereotypical clichés such as "Muslim mindset" and "Arab character" are intended, consciously or otherwise, to exclude and discriminate against a collectivity. But the crimes of September 11 were committed by a group of psychopaths, not by a people or a nation. Fanaticism can plague both believers and non-believers; cruel actors are not limited to metaphysics in justifying their acts.

In the age of nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons, the cruelty of terrorism is the ultimate threat human beings face. While the assault on the agents and sponsors of terror continues, we should do our utmost to deprive the terrorists of the popular sympathy they receive. American foreign policymakers can lead the world in meeting this challenge, by becoming more sensitive to the daily humiliation and resentment of those who live under the rule of cruel governments.

■
Mansour Farhang, who served as revolutionary Iran's first ambassador to the United Nations, has taught at Bennington since 1983. These edited excerpts are from a speech he made at The New School University in New York City on January 29, as the concluding lecture of a series, "Understanding September 11." The entire text may be read at www.vermonthumanities.org.

FACULTY NOTES

The New York Times and *Los Angeles Times* named **Steven Bach's** *Dazzler: The Life and Times of Moss Hart* to their list of best "Holiday Books 2001."

Mary DeBey, director of the Center for Creative Teaching, and **Katherine Hunter**, director of the Early Childhood Center, spent 12 days in February in Lima, Peru, teaching teachers and assisting in the planning of a new early childhood center there.

Paintings by **Stella Ehrich** were included in a four-woman show, *Female Body*, at Gallery 414, Fort Worth, TX, which opened January 19. She also taught drawing at Williams College for its winter study term in January.

L'Ensemble, the chamber group directed by soprano **Ida Faiella**, opened its five-concert season at The Egg in Albany, NY, in November. According to *The Albany Times Union*, Faiella sounded "ravishing, with her dark-hued voice even more silky and seductive," and the last movement of the program "simply dazzled."

Michael Giannitti's lighting designs last year included *Jitney* and *A New Brain* at the Studio Theatre in Washington, DC; *Ghosts* at Indiana Rep; *Tartuffe* at the New Jersey Shakespeare Festival; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Coriolanus*, and *Collected Stories* at Shakespeare & Company; *Santaland Diaries* at Capital Rep in Albany, NY; *Forever Plaid* at Oldcastle Theatre Company in Bennington; and *Somewhere in a Dream* for Everett Dance Theatre in Boston.

Maiden Lane Exhibition Space in New York City had a show, *Recent Sculpture*, of works by **Jon Isherwood** from November 1 through February 15.

Several faculty members from the Regional Center for Languages and Cultures gave presentations at the ACTFL conference held in Washington, DC, last November. Director **Isabelle Kaplan** spoke on "Learning Cultural Trends through Statistical Analysis"; **Ikuko Yoshida** presented "Using and Making Broadcasting Programs in the Language Curriculum"; and **Noëlle Rouxel-Cubberly** and **Virginie Delfosse-Reese** presented "Literature or Art? Why Not Both?"

In February, **Jonathan Kline** participated in the seventh Andrew W. Mellon-funded workshop in photographic conservation, Nineteenth-Century Silver Photographic Processes, hosted by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He conducted a day-long seminar, "Creation of Paper Negatives," an investigation of the Calotype paper negative process used primarily in Europe during the 1840s

to 1860s. In March, Kline served as panelist in a discussion of his photographic projects, "Photography Degree Zero," at the annual national meeting of the Society of Photographic Educators in Las Vegas.

The New York Times gave a strong review to *The Floating Box: A Story in Chinatown*, directed by **Jean Randich**, citing especially the "gorgeously played" Chinese fiddle, the "excellent cast," and the "cockeyed set design" of **Alexander Dodge '93**, which "enhance[d] the sense of alienation."

Midway through her three-month Fulbright research fellowship in India, **Sue Rees** had documented the chariots and palanquins in Chidambaram and Tamil Nadu and lectured at the Government College of Art in Kolkata.

The Catamount Theatre in Portland, OR, produced **Gladden Schrock's** play, *TAPS*, during February. The play was originally commissioned by Grove Press and The Guthrie Theater. In November, Schrock delivered the keynote address, entitled "Hysteria and False Allegations: A Perspective," at the fifth annual national conference of FRONT/VOCAL (Family Rights Organization's National Taskforce) in Boston.

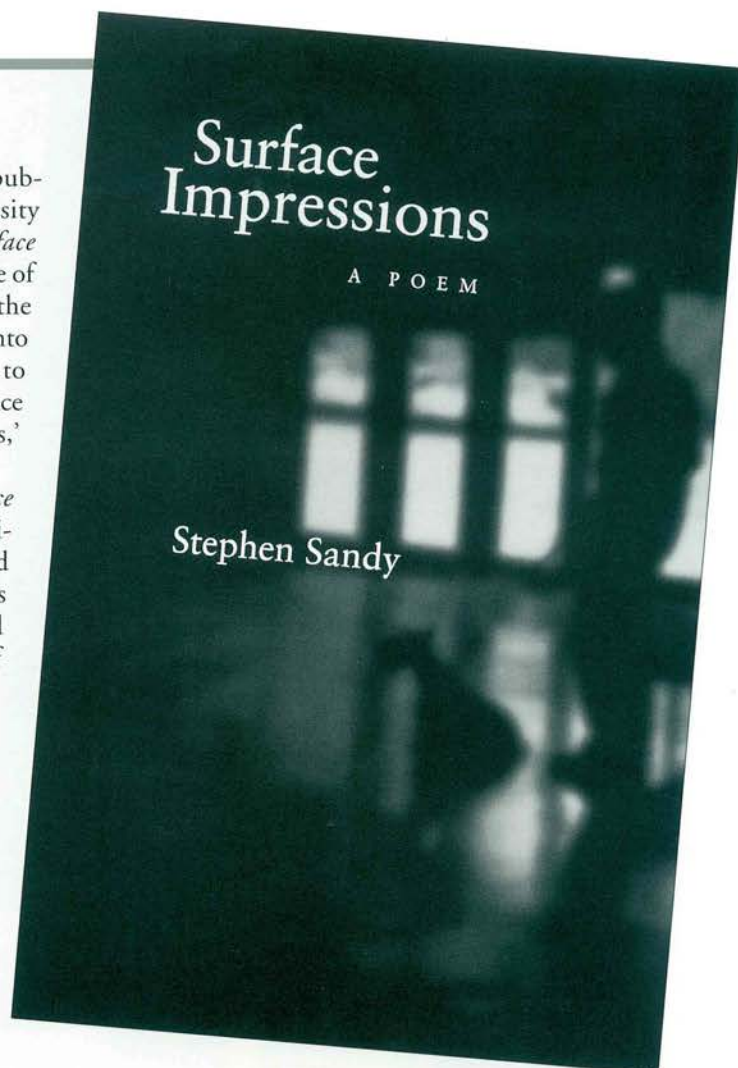
In December, pianist **Ursula Oppens** performed **Allen Shawn's** *Piano Concerto* with the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra in Rochester, NY. Shawn's CD of the same title was featured as "James' CD Pick of the Month" (www.wgms.com) in July, in which the reviewer called Shawn, "an American composer who has labored long beyond the rim of the paparazzi's white glare, who found a small and serious niche for himself...a voice like no other that is also, paradoxically, deeply familiar." Among *Boston Globe* reviewer Richard Dyer's "Best of 2001" performances was "an all-Allen Shawn program at the Longy School."

As part of her ongoing investigation into children's popular culture, **Sally Sugarman** has been meeting with fifth- and sixth-graders at a local elementary school. The research is for a paper she presented at the Popular Culture Conference in Toronto in March. Entitled "Nobody's Perfect," it analyzed the depiction of fathers in contemporary children's fiction.

A September issue of *The Troy Record* featured a profile of historian **Carol Symes**, whose parallel career in acting had its latest manifestation in Oldcastle Theatre Company's production of *Spinning into Butter*. In addition to acting elsewhere, Symes has previously starred in Oldcastle productions of *The Blue Room* and *Civil Union*.

Of Stephen Sandy's latest book of poetry, published in April by Louisiana State University Press, Ben Belitt noted: "By the end of *Surface Impressions*, Sandy has challenged the evanescence of 'temps perdu' and claimed the benefactions of the human sojourn. Narrative has metamorphosed into a lyrical consequence. It is song that emerges to transcend all the confinements of a poet's 'surface impressions,' find 'the courage of its metaphors,' and turn all into a prosody of praise."

A poem of eight parts, Sandy's *Surface Impressions* encompasses themes of ecology, religion, and mortality, yet remains "intimate and flexible in its constantly vibrant voice." "This long poem summons up from a dozen scenes and climates the most satisfying achievement of Stephen Sandy's witty, discerning poetic sensibility," wrote Peter Davison. "In evoking his scenes and the events that have blossomed from them, he manages to attain a precious goal that few contemporary poets have scored: to bring a whole human life to life." Calling the poem "extraordinary," Robert Creeley notes that it "manages a remarkable balance of musing, locating reflection with the detailing of those myriad things—shapes, forms, sounds, colors—which constitute the fact of our mutual lives. He is as ever a master of his art." ■



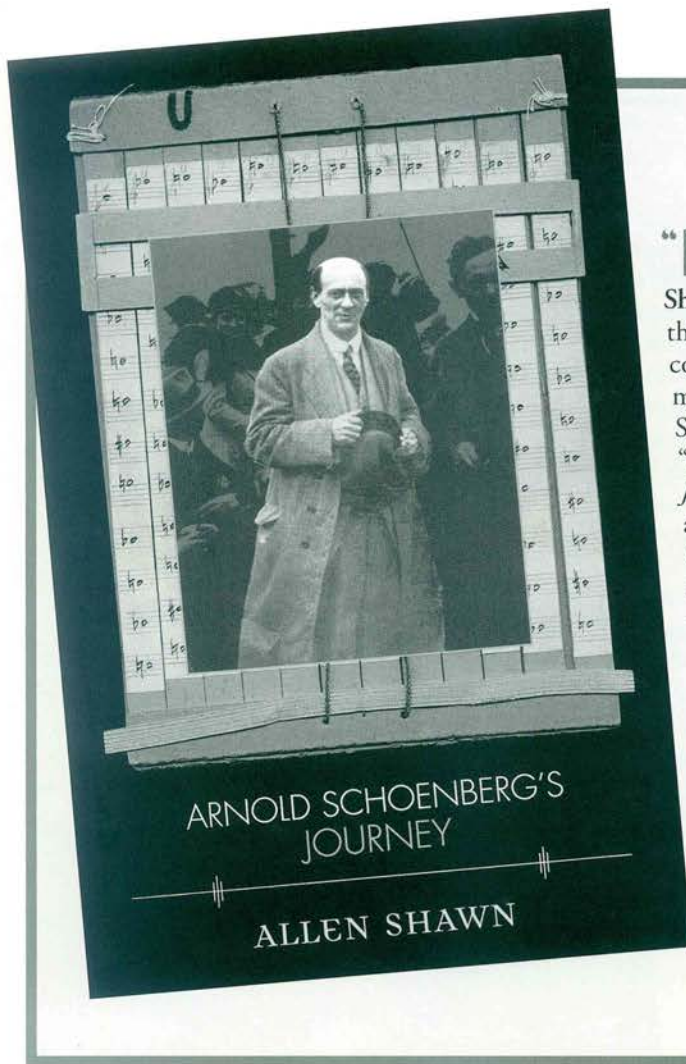
Glen Van Brummelen's experimental calculus lab text, *Tales of History and Imagination* (2nd edition), coauthored by Mike Caraco MAT '01, was published by Houghton Mifflin last fall. He also coauthored four research papers on Greek and Arabic mathematics and astronomy, and spent a month at the Goethe Universitat on a research grant from the Deutscher Akademischer Austauschdienst. In a chapter he contributed to *Mathematics in a Postmodern Age* (edited by Russell Howell and James Bradley), Van Brummelen compared Greek, Islamic, and Chinese mathematical methods and argued that the choice of method in mathematics depends strongly on cultural assumptions. He will finish his two-year term as president of the Canadian

Society for History and Philosophy of Mathematics in May.

Pianist John Van Buskirk and his wife, violinist Tessa Petersen, came up with the idea of creating a waterfront venue in Holyoke, MA, for classical music concerts. To date, the project—known as Water Music—has produced three concerts. According to an article in *The Daily Hampshire Gazette*, the ultimate aim is to create a permanent chamber music ensemble in the western Massachusetts city.

MFA FACULTY

Lucy Grealy and Philip Lopate participated in a symposium at The New School University in



“Much has been written about Arnold Schoenberg,” writes *Library Journal* of Allen Shawn’s new book, “but there is nothing quite like this remarkable little book.” Proposing that the composer has been more discussed than heard, more tolerated than loved, Shawn explores Schoenberg’s fascinating world in a series of “linked essays-soundings” in *Arnold Schoenberg’s Journey* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Shawn approaches the composer’s life and work from the listener’s point of view, uncovering the seeds of radicalism in Schoenberg’s early music and the traditional basis of his later pieces, his numerological superstitions, his complex relationship with Stravinsky, and his endearing mannerisms—such as cutting his children’s sandwiches into the shapes of musical instruments. *Publisher’s Weekly* calls the book a “gracefully written introduction to the man and his music.” *Kirkus Reviews* notes that Shawn’s “dry wit and affection for his subject humanize Schoenberg for the first time.” ■

October, along with former Writing Seminars associate faculty and guests Frank Bidart, Mark Doty, Robert Polito, and Honor Moore.

Scribner will publish *The Evening Sun*, a new book of poems by David Lehman, in April.

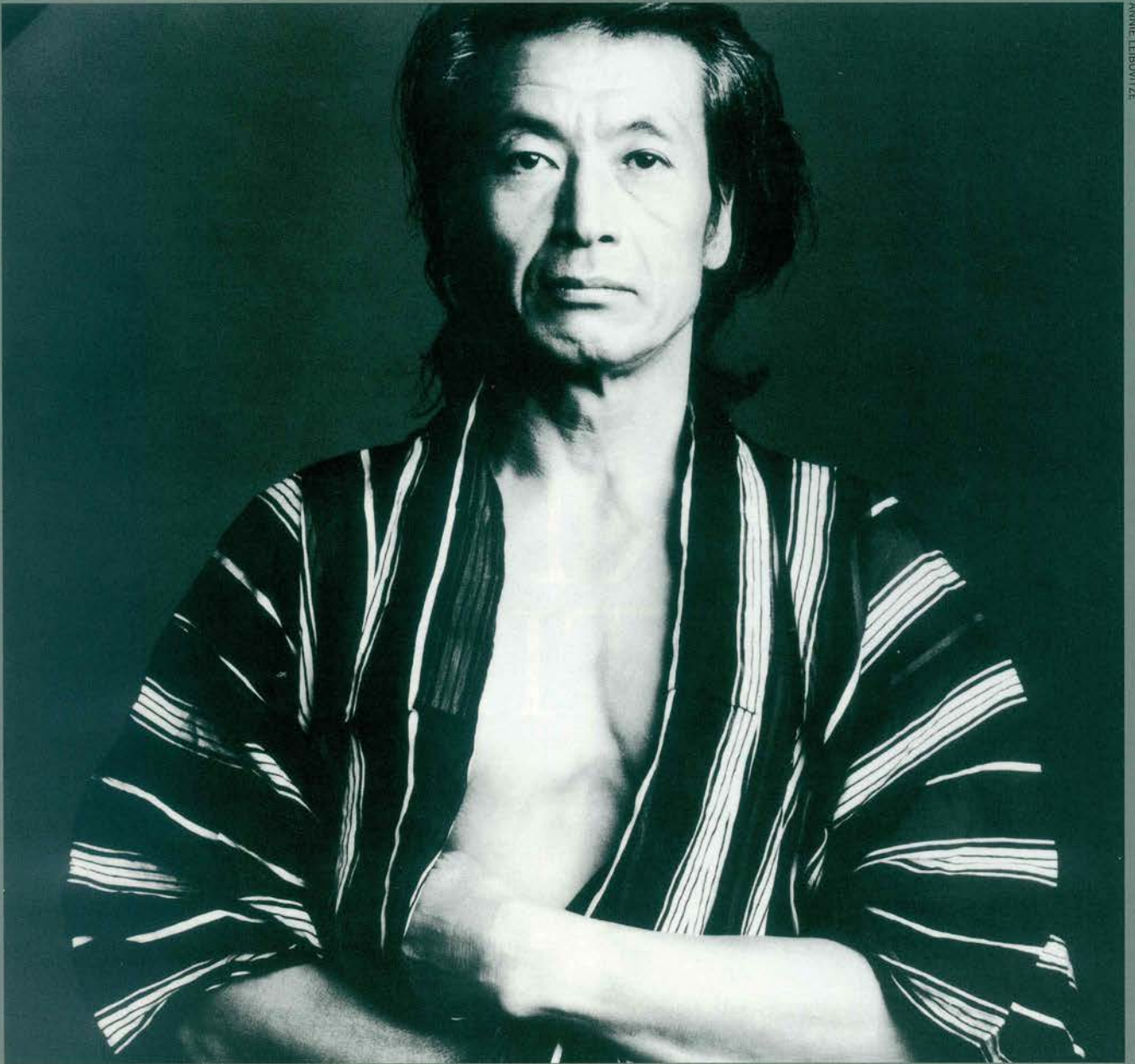
“Sightings of Jill McCorkle always cause excitement,” according to a *Christian Science Monitor* review of her latest collection of stories, *Creatures of Habit*. The reviewer noted that McCorkle’s work is “infused with affection, balanced among darker emotions that are unthinkable or unbearable.”

Rick Moody recently published his first book of poetry, *Fair Use*, with Boston publisher, Base Canard.

FORMER FACULTY

Two large sculptures by Brower Hatcher now grace the Lake Paran area in North Bennington, according to a December article in *The Bennington Banner*. Brower’s work can also be seen at the Walker Art Center, the Brigham Young Museum of Art, and elsewhere.

An article in *The New York Times* on November 18 profiled Richard Haas, the “illusionistic artist who since the ’70s has produced a virtual city in paint on blank building walls.” A new monograph of his work, published last summer by Prestel, inventories the artist’s trompe l’oeil murals throughout the U.S. ■



Renowned choreographer and butoh dancer Min Tanaka performed on campus in December with his troupe, Tokason, during the group's select U.S. tour of Los Angeles, San Francisco, and New York. *The Japan Times* calls Tanaka "an explorer of primitive memory and extraordinary grace," and *The Los Angeles Times* recently hailed him as "one of the most influential figures in the neo-Expressionist Japanese butoh idiom." A collaboration among Bennington College, MASS MoCA, and Williams College, the event was also supported by The Japan Foundation.

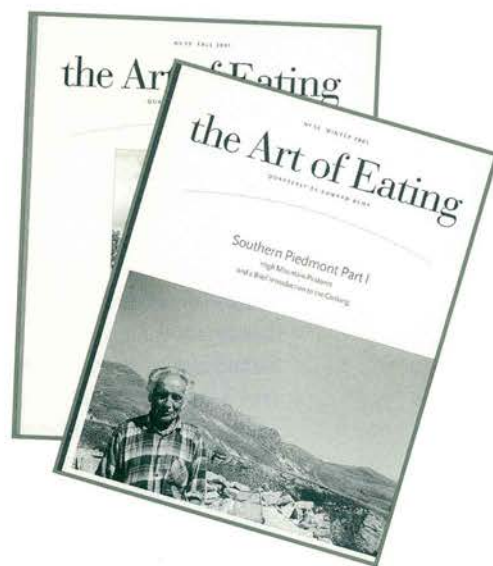
The
ART OF
EATING

Edward Behr '73

“**L**egend says that the Velvet Underground’s first album sold just nine copies; the trick was, they were sold to the right nine people. Edward Behr’s little-known food quarterly, *The Art of Eating*, is perhaps just as disproportionately influential.” So wrote Ellen Umansky in *Brill’s Content*. And she’s not alone in her opinion: *The New York Times* has called Behr “one of this country’s finest food writers,” NPR’s *Chef’s Edition* hailed the quarterly as “one of the most respected publications in the food world,” and *The Resource Guide for Food Writers* said, “You are unlikely to find better—or better informed—food writing anywhere.”

When Behr began publishing *The Art of Eating* in 1986, it was eight pages long. It’s now 32, and reaches more than 5,000 subscribers worldwide. He works from a two-story, white clapboard house set on 15 acres in Vermont’s Northeast Kingdom—isolation that might explain the “underground” quality of his influence—and travels around the world in pursuit of stories about food and wine. *Long* stories, too: In a *Boston Globe* profile, Behr admitted to “writing more than most editors think their readers want.” The same article characterized his work as “the kind of intellectual, thoughtful pieces you would expect to read in *The New Yorker* if it regularly covered food.”

The following excerpt is from *The Art of Eating*, No. 59, Fall 2001, an issue devoted to the food of Burgundy.



STINKY CHEESE: THE STORY OF ÉPOISSES

Époisses, the most prominent cheese in Burgundy, is one of the stinkiest of the stinky cheeses. Of course, none of these washed-rind cheeses ever tastes as strong as it smells. The aroma develops when they're washed during ripening—actually wiped or brushed, with water or brine or, in the case of Époisses, brine and eau-de-vie. On the outside, Époisses is paprika red from red mold—not quite a pure color, but one subtly muddled by a shade that might be purple. The slippery, gently wrinkled surface shines almost unnaturally, as if it were coated with plastic.

Under the rules of the *appellation contrôlée* (the official “controlled place-name”), two sizes are prescribed. A small round, in English measurements, is about four inches wide by one-and-a-half inches tall, and it weighs nine to twelve ounces. A large round is no taller but about seven inches wide, and it weighs 25 to 39 ounces; it's commonly sold by the slice. The package for Époisses is a neat, round, thin wooden box sealed in tight, clear, minutely perforated plastic. When the cheese is first put on sale, it often retains a slightly chalky, white heart. As the cheese “melts,” the heart turns creamy like the rest. Then the box is needed to contain it.

All but Extinct

Époisses was once made on many small farms in the rolling countryside of the Auxois northwest of Dijon. The area's largest town is Semur-en-Auxois with its fat medieval towers, and not far away is the epicenter of production, the village of Époisses itself. Making the cheese used to be part of a farm wife's routine and a farm's income. But by the early 1950s, just two farms were selling a little Époisses. Soon there was no cheese for sale, although here and there someone might make it for her family.

“The thread was almost broken,” Jean Berthaut said to me. At that lowest point, his father and mother began to revive the cheese. Jean Berthaut is a strongly built, energetic, middle-aged man. From his office at the Berthaut dairy plant in the middle of the village, you can look across the empty Place du Champ de Foire and see the back of his parents' house, where they first began to make the cheese and where they still live. Berthaut, with more than 50 employees, is the largest of the four producers now in business. That's not many, but the quantity of Époisses is enough to keep the cheese very much alive, and some is exported.

The Époisses of Berthaut, sold at many shops in Burgundy and served in good restaurants, is my favorite. It's invariably well made, with very clean flavors, which is a plus, and always luscious consistency, which is a big plus. (A pasteurized-milk Époisses from Berthaut is widely available in the U.S. It's also well made but normally so mild as to be a mere introduction. The quality depends heavily on the care, if any, it receives in the shop where you buy it.) But even Berthaut's best Époisses is less odorous than I hope for. It doesn't have the wild, fruity, out-of-control aromas—called “garlicky” sometimes in French—that challenge some customers. The cheese from Berthaut certainly isn't “pestilent,” to borrow the word of one admirer of Époisses, who seems to have meant that as praise. Washed-rind cheeses, when poorly made or abused, can cross the line and become flatly distasteful.

In its home territory, Époisses isn't entirely alone. Northwest Burgundy holds the remnants of a small family of soft, washed-rind, cow's-milk cheeses that bear the names of the villages where they originated. Colette wrote of her childhood in the region toward the end of the 19th century, “Not far from my village, they made Soumaintrains and the red Saint-Florentins, which came to our market dressed in beet leaves. I recall the butter reserved for itself the long, elegant chestnut leaf with its serrated edges.” Once, a farm produced either whole-milk cheese or butter (or sometimes part-skim cheese, considered almost fraudulent, and butter). In Époisses, there was only cheese.

Some old cheeses, such as Les Laumes, are no longer made. Certain others are sold fresh and oddly painted orange, rather than being ripened and colored by microflora. Saint-Florentin exists today in both honest and painted forms. Soumaintrain is made by perhaps ten producers, including some on farms, and an *appellation contrôlée* has been requested. La Pierre-Qui-Vire is a relatively simple, young cheese made from raw organic cow's and goat's milk at the abbey of the same name, which means “the stone that turns,” after a local megalith. And excellent, ripe Langres is made to the north in Champagne. The three plants that make Époisses generally make other washed-rind cheeses as well. Berthaut has a good Soumaintrain and a heavily ash-coated Aisy Cendré.



The town of Semur-en-Auxois, near the cheese-making village of Époisses in Burgundy.

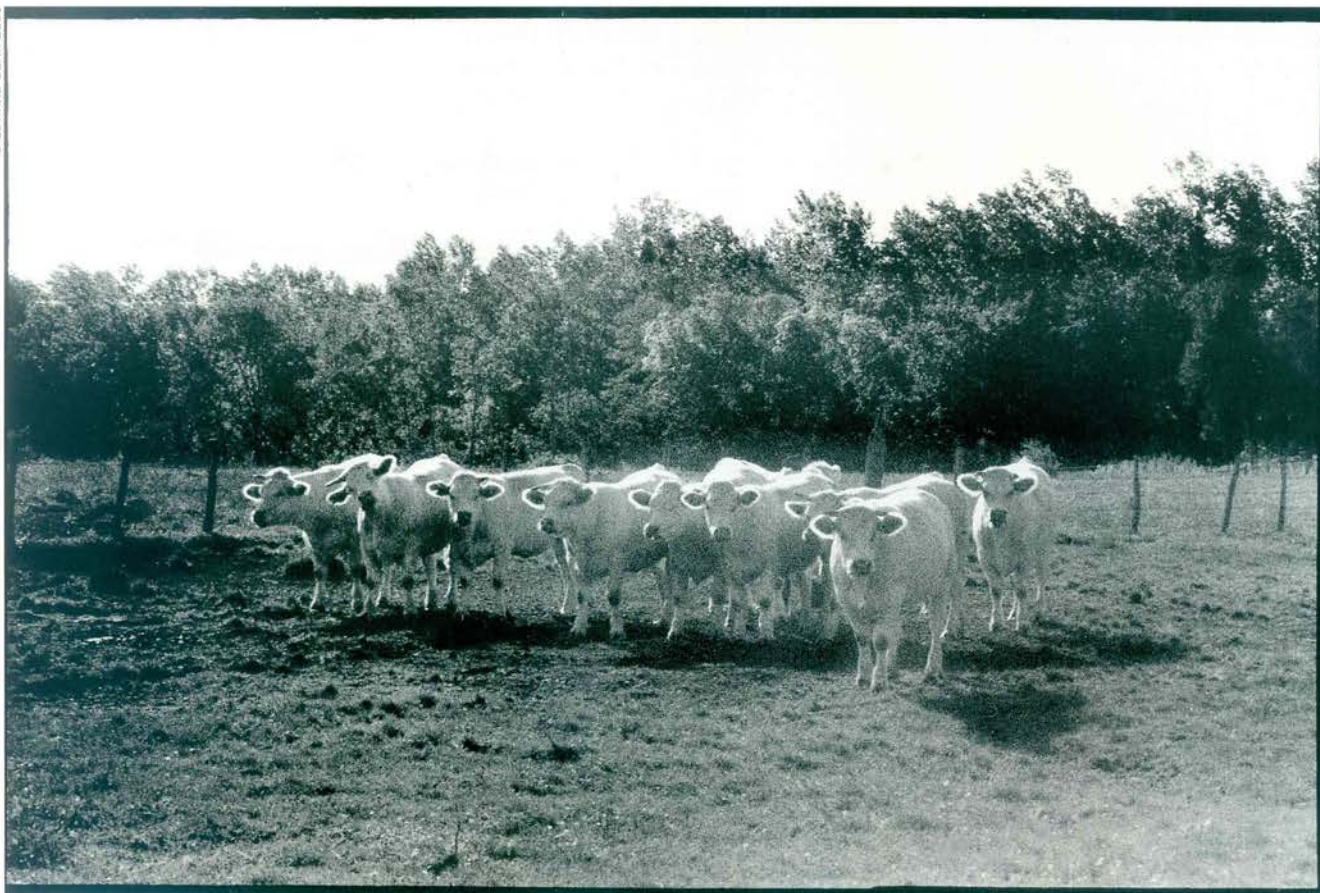
500 Years of History in Five Minutes

With cheese, everything depends on the quality of the milk, determined partly by the animals themselves. “What,” I asked Jean Berthaut, “is the breed of cow?” He responded in an even tone, but the question appeared to be a show-stopper.

I hadn’t realized that Berthaut no longer makes raw-milk Époisses, the only kind that Jean’s father knew when he retired in 1988. It’s Jean’s hope, but not yet his expectation, that he will make it again. For now all the milk is heated nearly enough to pasteurize it, and the milk for cheeses for export is fully pasteurized. That would help to restrain the flavor of Berthaut’s Époisses.

He set aside my question about breed in order to recount “500 years of history in five minutes.” Monks arrived in the Auxois in the 15th century, and Cistercians came to the village of Époisses in the early 16th century. Local oral history attributes the origin of the powerful cheeses to those monks long since departed. And washed-rind cheeses are strongly linked to a monastery tradition in other parts of France, notably at Munster and Maroilles. Berthaut explained that the monks ate no red meat, but they were allowed white meat, and they had protein from cheese. They depended on the cheese they made, and it was one of the few pleasures allowed, so it was important that it taste good.

“Very often, it was washed-rind,” Berthaut said. And he offered his hypothesis that the monks chose that odorous, luscious kind of cheese because its sensuality compensated them for their celibacy—he put it far less delicately than that. But the technique required to make Époisses was not at all the easiest choice. With “ten times less rennet” than most cheeses, Berthaut said, the curd takes 18 to 24 hours to set. Thus both curd and cheese are fragile. “It’s difficult to ripen. One has a moist cheese and one washes it—it’s crazy!”



Charolais cattle in the morning mist near the Abbey of Cîteaux in Burgundy.

He went on with his history: "The monks gradually left during the 16th and 17th centuries, but the little farms of the area kept on making cheese by the same technique." The first mention of the cheese as "Époisses" dates from just before the French Revolution, but during the economic disruption that followed, little was made. The cheese eventually rebounded, and by the end of the 19th century there was more Époisses than there is today. It may have been produced on 300 farms. Then in the 20th century, cheesemaking suffered during the two world wars. When the men went to fight, the women took on their work and had no time for cheese. In 1940, Jean's father surveyed the villages all around Époisses and found only 23 farms making cheese. Soon the situation was worse.

After the war came the modernization of agriculture. "Époisses had no place," Jean Berthaut said. "It was old-fashioned." Trucks came to the farms to pick up fresh milk; farmers didn't have to make cheese to have a product to sell. But Jean's father, Robert, remembered the cheese he had loved as a child, and so did Robert's grandmother, who had once made it herself. Robert said, as Jean recalled, "I can't eat Époisses because there isn't any; I'll try to make it for myself." He and his wife, Simone, began to make cheese, at first for their family and friends, and they aged the cheese in their cellar. "The odors filled the house," Jean remembered. "I grew up with those odors."

Robert and Simone struggled to master the ripening. They knew the technique only from talking to elderly farm women. A few times they made bad cheese, and they were ashamed and buried it in their garden. But they did succeed. It was Robert who made the cheese and Simone who ripened it. They bought 28 cows to provide enough milk for a business. Then they gave up the cows and bought milk, so they could concentrate

on making cheese. Finally, in the 1990s, three technical descriptions of the 19th-century process were uncovered. "It was absolutely fabulous," Jean said. They proved that the Berthauts had revived the true technique.

Abominable Luck

In 1991, Époisses was at last granted an *appellation contrôlée*, which defines the methods for a cheese and gives a commercial advantage. That same year, a new producer came to Époisses and set up a plant in the village to take advantage of the newly recognized name. He called his business La Fromagerie d'Époisses. But he abused the name Époisses, applying it to various cheeses, and in time it was discovered that the milk was from outside the official zone. Those who ran the plant are remembered as having been secretive and hostile. Sylvain Gaugry, another Époisses producer, said to me, "They were evil," as if he were recounting a simple fact. The Syndicat de Défense de l'Époisses, made up of the other producers, finally went to court to force the plant to stop misusing the name.

In 1999, the court announced its decision against the interloper. But on that very day, by a particularly cruel coincidence, the government announced that cases of *listeriosis* had been traced to cheeses from the offending plant. Two people died. Instantly, the French media descended. In vain, Berthaut and his colleagues told the press, "But it's not Époisses!" Literally—the court had just ruled—it wasn't. But the story that went out across France damned all Époisses by association. Sales dropped. The truth—that the cause was unconscionable practices at a single plant—was also reported in places, but that didn't seem to matter. It was hard to tell exactly what had occurred inside the plant, and it has never been clear whether the cheeses were made from raw milk or pasteurized milk. The plant was closed and the cheese destroyed. Three people went to jail.

Berthaut didn't tell me about this disaster. He assumed that I knew about it, as in outline I did. He still seemed wounded by the experience.

The authorities, maybe to protect themselves, began to monitor the Berthaut plant closely, since it was also in the village. They steadily analyzed the milk, checking for contamination. In September 1999, the pressure became too great, and Jean Berthaut began to heat all the milk for his cheeses.

That's now history in the eyes of the producers. But it leaves the important question whether any cheesemaking facility could survive the scrutiny given Berthaut. And is achieving total control in a sterile environment, so contrary to nature, really necessary and superior? Cheese in France is increasingly divorced from nature. But *nature is the point*—its variety from season to season, from farm to farm, even from one cheese to another ripening side by side on the same shelf. Cheese has always been an expression of nature, and now it risks becoming merely an imitation of it, however highly skilled. As for heating the milk, the main shortcoming is that afterward cultures must be added to set curd and ripen the cheese, since the heat has eliminated them, or nearly so, from the milk. But the range of added flora is narrower and different from the wild ones in raw milk.

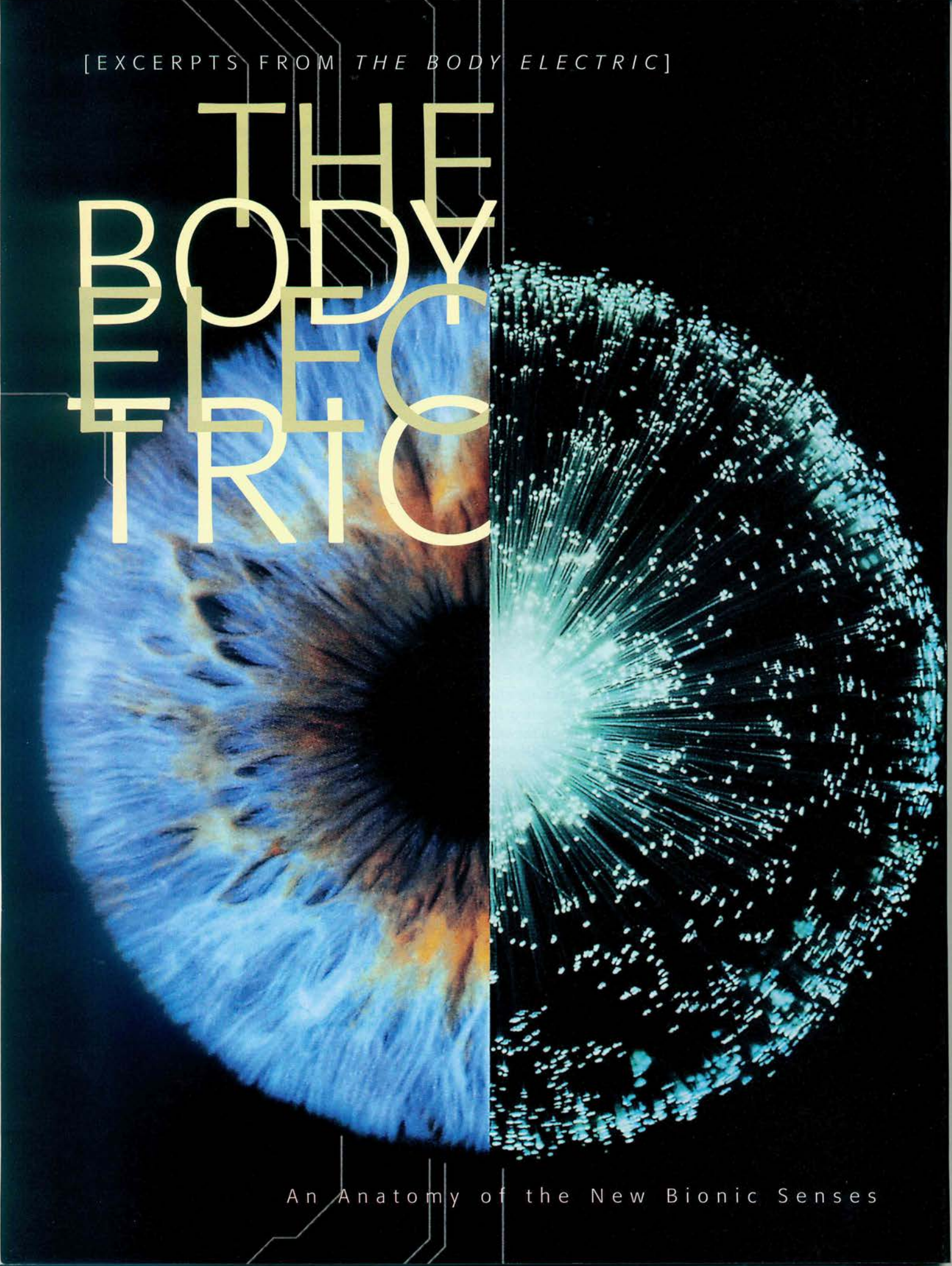
The Breed at Last

Toward the end of my conversation with Jean Berthaut at last came the answer to my question about the breed of cow. Many of the world's minor dairy breeds have changed, declined, or disappeared altogether, swallowed up by other breeds or displaced by them, especially by high-volume Holsteins. In Berthaut's department of the Côte d'Or, they've reached 35 percent of the total and rising. The historic breed of the Auxois was the Fémeline, which disappeared in the early 20th century when it was crossed with Simmental for more milk and better beef. But many old breeds are adapted to particular regions, and generally they produce better milk for cheese with perhaps more local character. Under a new plan, Berthaut said, farmers will be limited to Simmental Française, Brune (Brown Swiss), and Montbéliard (also originally from Switzerland). All three have, if not roots, at least some history in the region.

The new plan, he explained, is a partial retreat from industrialized dairy farming and might allow a return to using raw milk—in which case Fromagerie Berthaut may be the producer to watch. That would be an enormously encouraging symbol for raw-milk cheesemaking in France. ■

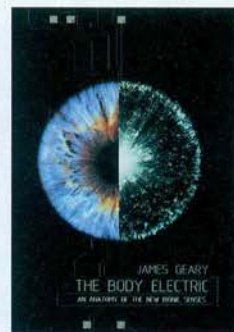
[EXCERPTS FROM *THE BODY ELECTRIC*]

THE BODY ELECTRIC



An Anatomy of the New Bionic Senses

by James Geary '85



A

t the Roman Catholic primary school I attended, a lot of the seven-year-olds, myself included, had taken to misspelling the name of the third person in the Trinity. Instead of "God the Father, God the Son, and the Holy Spirit," we would write "God the Father, God the Son, and the Holy Sprit."

This really annoyed the Sisters of Saint Joseph and they drilled the correct spelling into us. "It's the Holy S-p-i-r-i-t," they admonished, "not the Holy Sprit."

I realize now that the nuns were wrong. If there is anything holy in us, anything that imbues our bodies and minds with a vital spark, *sprit* is exactly the right word for it.

The term is derived from the Dutch word *spriet*, which means sprout, the first living shoot to emerge from a young plant. From there, *sprit*'s meaning was broadened to denote the spar that juts out diagonally from a ship's mast to extend the surface area of a sail, as in bowsprit. *Sprit* is, of course, also related to *sprite*—meaning an elf, pixie, fairy, or goblin—a term taken from the French *esprit*, which, in turn, is taken from the Latin *spiritus*, which brings us back to the Sisters of Saint Joseph and their insistence on correct spelling and theological orthodoxy.

But for me, *sprit* is both the scientifically more accurate and the metaphorically more compelling term. *Sprit* is scientifically more accurate because it's a neat description of a neuron, the nerve cells that conduct the chemical and electrical traffic inside our bodies. Neurons are like tiny sprouts, buds springing from the tendrils of the central nervous system. From these sprouts blossom the five senses—sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch—plus what I call the sixth sense, mind.

Neurons are made up of a central cell body and two main branches: axons, which carry signals away from the neuron to other neurons, and dendrites, which receive incoming signals. Neurons are found throughout the central nervous system—the average human brain contains about 100 thousand million of them—and each one is connected to many thousands of others through an intricate lattice of axons and dendrites.

The place where axons and dendrites meet is called a synapse, a tiny gap between neurons through which electrical and neurochemical messages are transmitted from one cell to another. When neurons are stimulated by sensory input, electrical charges are fired across the synaptic gaps from the tips of the axons to the tips of the dendrites. This fusillade is laden with a cocktail of chemicals known as neurotransmitters, which influence the behavior of other neurons by being absorbed by the dendrites and passed back down the line to the cell body. Once such a message arrives, the receiving neurons fire off signals of their own to other neurons.

The brain alone has at least 10 trillion synapses, and at any given moment trillions upon trillions of impulses are streaking through our skulls, kindling this elaborate neural network into a flurry of signaling activity. The barrage of neural firing caused by these electrical and chemical signals forms the basis of all our perceptions, thoughts, emotions, and memories. This is how neurons take the raw data of the world out there and translate it into the world within.

Apart from its scientific accuracy, *sprit* is the metaphorically more compelling term because neurons catch the whirlwind of sensation that is the world—its profusion of colors, sounds, scents, flavors, textures, and impressions—and use it to propel the body and mind. The senses are so essential to our navigation of reality—there can be no "our" and no "reality" without them—that language is steeped in their metaphors. We understand someone when we "see" what she means or "hear" what she's saying; a dubious scheme doesn't "smell" right; an unpleasant experience leaves a "bad taste" in your mouth; a sensitive person is "in touch" with his feelings. We can only comprehend and engage the world when the transaction is phrased in the body's own vocabulary.

THAT VOCABULARY IS NOW being expanded, like a bowsprit extends the surface of a sail, by connecting sprits and chips. Human beings are embedding computers chips inside their bodies to enhance or augment their senses, while computers are increasingly being given the ability to see, hear, smell, taste, and touch.

The electric technologies that have extended our senses around the world and into outer space are now being integrated into our bodies to extend the senses even further. At the very least, this will lead to a much more direct and intimate relationship between our bodies and our machines. Eventually, our senses may not merely be extended—we could end up having more of them.

And once a computer has its own silicon sensorium, it's conceivable that it could at some point learn to think.

This remarkable convergence of body and machine is being brought about by wedding advanced computing technology to the human nervous system, a marriage that holds the promise of devices that can restore useful sight to the blind and help victims of paralysis to regain partial use of their limbs. Brian Holgersen—a 30-year-old Danish tetraplegic whom we'll meet in the chapter on Touch—is a case in point. Holgersen was paralyzed from the neck down after a motorcycle accident, but thanks to electronics implanted in his body he can now hold a cup, lift a fork, and grasp a pen, actions he was previously unable to perform.

This mixture of flesh and chips could also one day give individuals so-called bionic senses, such as the ability to see infrared radiation or to feel objects at a distance. Some people, like Kevin Warwick, a professor of cybernetics at the University of Reading in the United Kingdom, even suggest that computers will eventually endow the human body with extrasensory perceptions.

In the summer of 1998, Warwick had a small silicon chip implanted in his forearm. The chip transmitted a radio signal through which he was able to operate and interact with a number of electronic devices in his immediate environment. When he arrived at the office, for example, his computer recognized the chip's radio code, unlocked the door, switched on the lights, called up his personal website, and greeted him with a friendly "Hello, Professor Warwick." The experiment was intended to show how, in Warwick's words, "humans and machines can work together, combining the best features of both."

PEOPLE LIKE WARWICK AND HOLGERSEN are living examples of the way computers are getting under our skins. They are cyborgs. The term, a conflation of the words "cybernetic" and "organism," was coined in 1960 by Manfred Clynes and Nathan Kline in an article called "Cyborgs and Space" published in *Astronautics* magazine. Cybernetics, the study of society through an analysis of the messages exchanged "between man and machines, between machines and man, and between machines and machines," was launched in the 1950s by computer pioneer Norbert Wiener.

When Clynes first came up with the term cyborg, Kline quipped that it sounded like a town in Denmark. They intended the word to denote a human being outfitted with technological enhancements that alter "man's bodily functions to meet the requirements of extraterrestrial environments." (The word "bionic" was invented two years earlier, in 1958, also to describe the technological enhancement of the body.) The authors argued that to make space travel possible, a closer integration of man and machine was necessary, a merger so intimate that machines would gradually come to be regarded as essential parts of the human body. Clynes originally meant the concept to include anyone who integrates technology with his or her physiology, including a person riding a bicycle, wearing glasses, or listening to music through headphones. It was only later, as a result of films like *Terminator*, that the term took on its present somewhat sinister connotations. Today, cyborgs are altering their bodily functions not for space travel, but to meet the requirements of life here on Earth.

Like all new ideas, the basic concepts behind cyborgs have a long and distinguished history. As far back as 1665, English physicist and mathematician Robert Hooke in his work *Micrographia* wrote that, "The next care to be taken, in respect of the Senses, is a supplying of their infirmities with Instruments, and as it were, the adding of artificial Organs to the natural...and as Glasses have highly promoted our seeing, so 'tis not improbable, but that there may be found many mechanical inventions to improve our other senses of hearing, smelling, tasting, and touching."

This book is about the people who are making and using the “many mechanical inventions” to improve, enhance, or repair the senses. The book explores the convergence between biology and technology in each of the five senses plus the sixth sense, mind. In the chapter on Sight, for example, we’ll meet Marie, a 63-year-old Belgian woman, who has been totally blind since the age of 57. Marie is one of only about a dozen people in the world who has a visual prosthetic; in Marie’s case, it’s an electrode array implanted around her right optic nerve that enables her to see light, shapes, and colors again. In the chapter on Touch, Miguel Nicolelis, associate professor of neurobiology at Duke University Medical Center in North Carolina, describes his work on neuron-silicon interfaces in the brains of monkeys—and how one day this technology could give people extra virtual eyes, ears, and limbs controlled through the Internet. In the chapter on Mind, Japanese researcher Keiichi Torimitsu explains how he’s trying to replicate the brain’s visual processing by growing rat neurons on a silicon chip.

While scientists like Nicolelis and Torimitsu are working to meld technology with biology, other researchers are trying to endow computers with human-like sensory abilities. The chapter on Sight details how computers can not only see, but can detect whether you’re telling the truth, based on an analysis of your facial expressions. The chapters on Smell and Taste describe how companies have developed devices to transmit odors and flavors over the Internet and how these sensual delights are being used to entice online consumers. The chapter on Touch explores the realm of haptic interfaces, systems that enable users to reach in and feel the information inside computers.

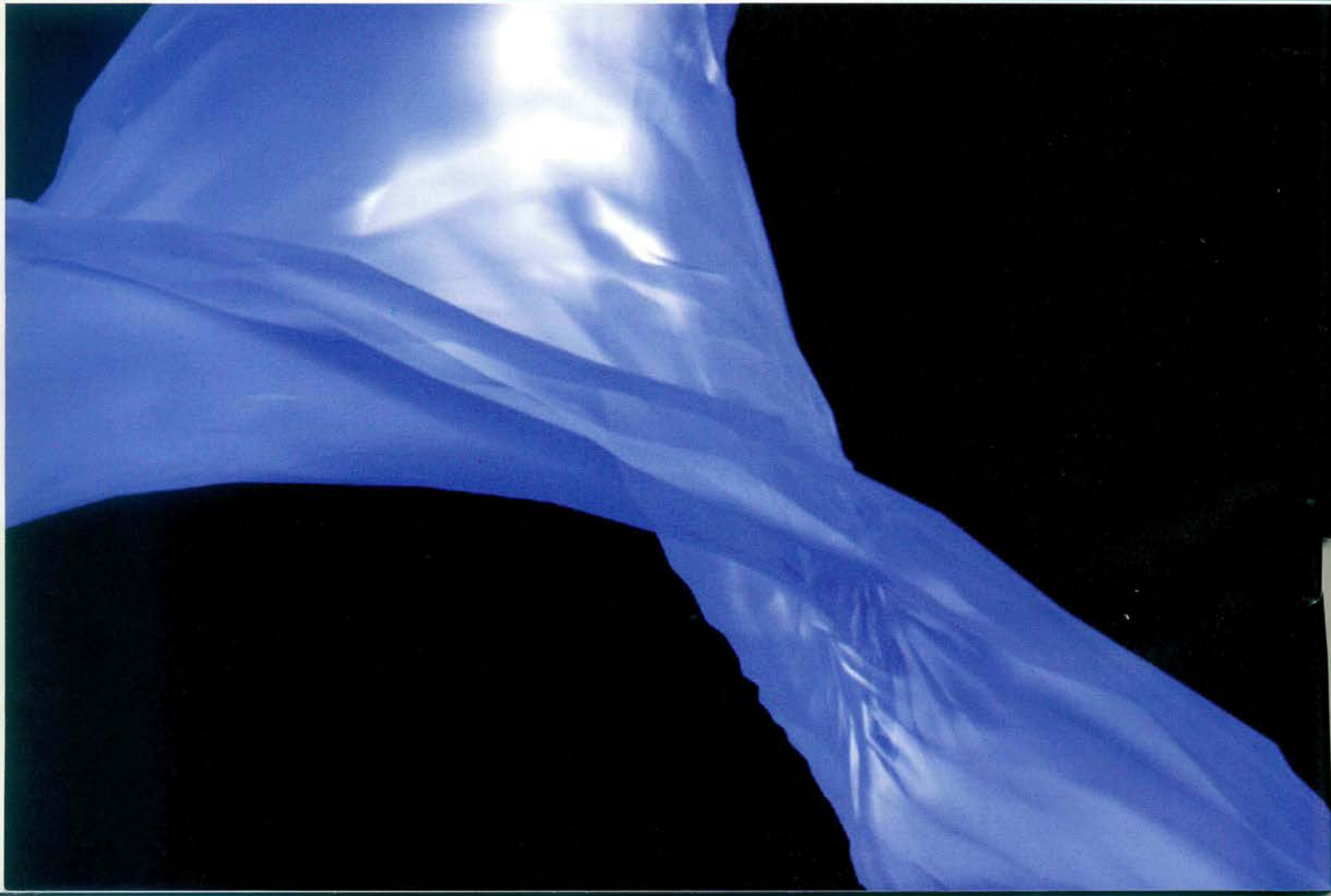
There are, of course, other routes than through silicon to augment, enhance, or extend the senses; biotechnology, nanotechnology, genetics, and tissue engineering are just a few. There are also other ways in which technology is being incorporated into the human body, such as the artificial heart made by AbioCor. And there could well be more senses than the six described in this book. Some researchers suggest, for example, that the vomeronasal organ, which is located in the nose and is believed to detect odorless pheromones, is an additional sense that can influence mood and behavior....

“WITH THE ARRIVAL OF ELECTRIC TECHNOLOGY, man extended, or set outside himself, a live model of the central nervous system itself,” Marshall McLuhan wrote in *Understanding Media*. The television is an extension of the eye, the telephone an extension of the ear. Through the creation of silicon senses, these extensions are being turned back in on themselves—the electric technologies that have extended our senses around the world and into outer space are now being integrated into our bodies to extend the senses even further. At the very least, this will lead to a much more direct and intimate relationship between our bodies and our machines. Eventually, our senses may not merely be extended—we could end up having more of them.

The subtitle to McLuhan’s book, in which he anticipates many of these issues, is often forgotten: *The Extensions of Man*. “Any extension,” he notes, “whether of skin, hand, or foot, affects the whole psychic and social complex.” Because the merger of man and machine affects more than just biology and technology, I have tried to address some of the psychological, sociological, and philosophical implications of this work. Are you any less “you” after a bionic implant? If all our senses are enhanced, how will we tell the difference between virtual reality and the actual world? Will it matter? How can privacy be ensured when computers are watching and listening to everything we do and say? Will transmitting smells and tastes over the Internet enrich the user’s experience or merely provide another way for corporations to sell us stuff? These are just some of the ways that “the framework itself changes with new technology, and not just the picture within the frame,” as McLuhan put it.

This book chronicles how that framework is changing as the human body becomes electric. From these first grafts between sprits and chips, who knows what senses might spring? The new silicon sensorium is already changing the way we see, hear, smell, taste, touch, and think about the world, opening up the doors of perception just another crack. One day the new bionic senses might blow those doors completely off their hinges. ■

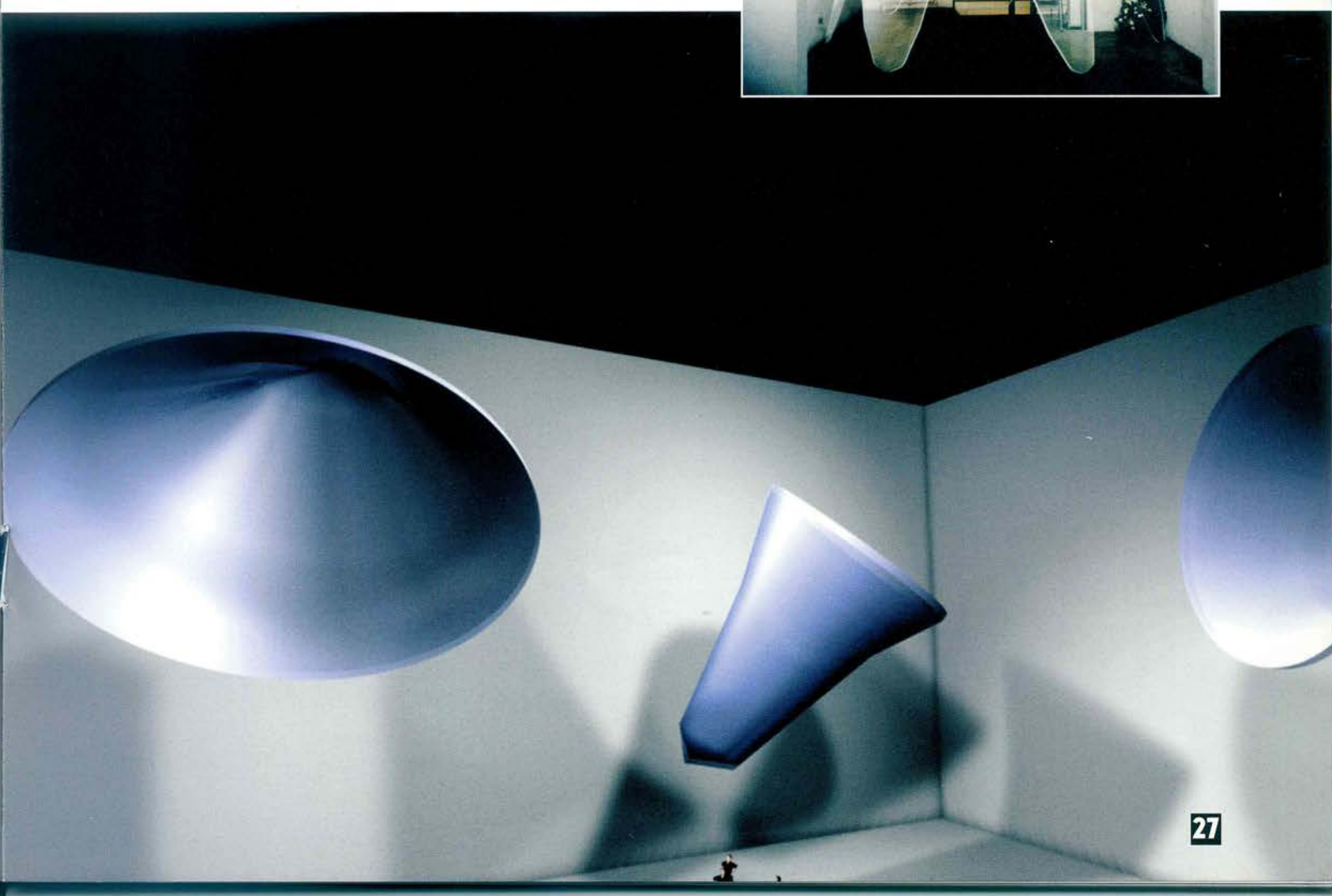
In the course of putting together his new book, The Body Electric, James Geary ’85 “sampled computer-generated smells in London; palpated a virtual liver in Cambridge, Massachusetts; frolicked with artificial life forms in Cambridge, England; and played with about a half dozen robots in Tokyo.” The book, which grew out of a 1997 article Geary wrote for Time, was published in February 2002 by Weidenfeld & Nicolson (U.K.) and is available online via www.amazon.co.uk. Geary and his family (including wife Linda Hoetink ’85, whose work is featured on the cover of this issue) live in London, where he is a senior editor for Time.



MULTIMEDIA SCULPTURE: LINCOLN SCHATZ '86

by Jennifer White '02

Exploring sculpture digitally with *Wedge* (lower left), *ISC* (upper left), and *Horns* (below). Schatz's animations have an upcoming solo show at the new Chelsea gallery, Bitforms, in New York City. Inset: *Clara*, Plexiglas and stainless steel cable, 1999.



arge sculpture has been such a boy's game," says **Lincoln Schatz** '86. "We had these heavy materials, and it was all about construction helmets and jockstraps on the outside of our pants—you know, very heavy."

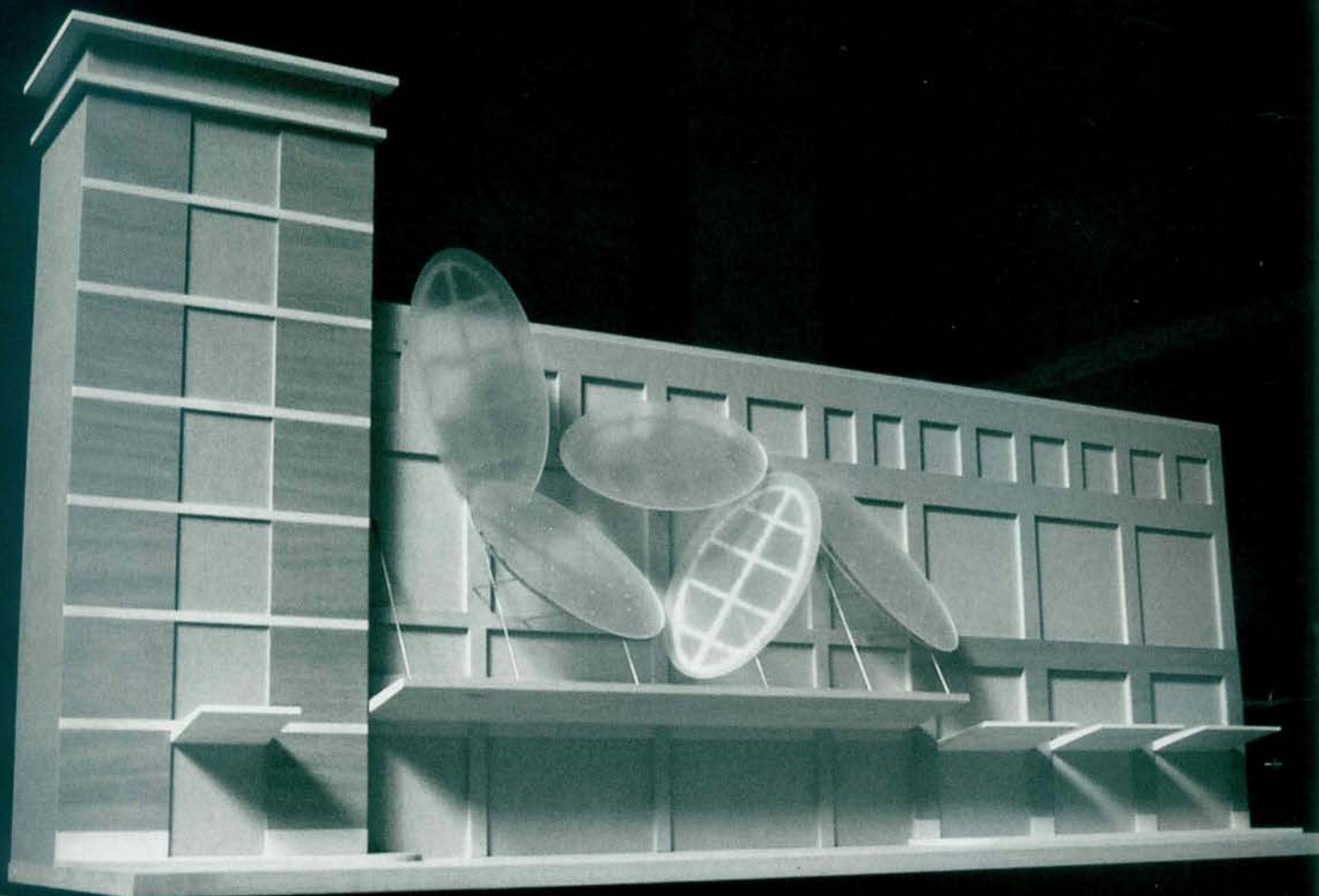
He laughs, explaining his move to a "more subtle" sensibility. "I had been making solid volumes—all these steel projects, cardboard that mimicked the steel. And then I thought: Why do these have to be solid shapes? Why not individual planes?"

Like many sculptors, Schatz says, he "cut his teeth on steel." He learned to work with the medium at Bennington, and it was a major part of his early work: "There's a joke that sculptors have to go through a 12-step program for steel." But it was the exploration of other materials that launched him into entirely new planes of creation and meaning, including the development of a body of work that encompasses "casting, fabricating, sewing, tar, wax, concrete, wood—you name it."

In the past few years, for instance, Schatz has developed a fascination with Plexiglas. "It picks up ambient light; it's thirsty. The way it divides space is a more gentle separation, not a hard dissection. I started taking architectural cues—really *looking* at things like the pyramid in Paris, the Louvre." Again and again, he describes this newer work as "diaphanous." And it is: *Lupine* (1999), seven Plexiglas ovals suspended by stainless cable, spans 21 feet and seems to float in a kind of meditative serenity. The ovals fan out from an invisible center, like flower petals frozen in space. *Clara* (1999) works along the same lines, but tilts the ovals so that they run vertically toward a high center, forming ghost planes that "command space, but are completely transparent."

Construction helmets are the furthest thing from your mind.

Nimbus (below) was a public commission from the city of Evanston, Illinois.



SCHATZ'S PASSION HAS ALWAYS been for the tactile object, and so it is something of a surprise when he confides, almost conspiratorially: "I hate to say it, but what most excites me right now is all on the digital side." Five minutes ago, wasn't he calling his work "very much object-based? A physical exploration of volume, mass, and density"?

And yet, perhaps it isn't so surprising after all. He is adamant that his artistic choices be "cognitive, made out of intent, not default"—and what he loves about working digitally is the very breadth of choice it affords him. Talking about the possibilities of newly developed technology, he's nearly giddy. "Animation software is like having your own magic genie. You can create anything, *anything*—make any sculpture from any material and see it from any angle before its actual production." He invokes his genies' names: formZ, Cinema 4DXL, Maya. These are the programs that allow Schatz to create a design onscreen, send it to his fabricators to be put through CNC machines ("that's a kind of giant router for industrial milling"), and have the shapes he developed hewn into existence—all from computer data. Ideas become electrons become objects.

Take, for example, *Nimbus*. If all goes as planned, the side of the Church Street Parking Garage in Evanston, Illinois, will soon support five sanded Plexiglas panels, each 15' by 30' by 1", each at a different angle. "The sculpture will intertwine itself with changing daily light and atmospheric conditions—a conduit for shadow, color, and shape. At night, it will be lit from below and serve as a visible point of navigation." Designs—digitally rendered, of course—show the sculpture mounted on the garage, its luminous ovals offsetting the building's renitent edges and right angles. Its production is possible now, more than ever before, because Schatz, the structural engineer he works with, and the mill where *Nimbus* will be fabricated use the same CAD (computer-aided design) technology. "So many things have become possible," Schatz says. "I can communicate compound curves to fabricators. Everybody's speaking the same language; it's been established."

COMPUTER TECHNOLOGY'S INFLUENCE on sculpture and other art forms continues to bloom into new—and, for Schatz, thrilling—realms of possibility. In a sense, he says, "It's like a few years ago, when businesses began to realize they needed websites, without quite knowing why. The art world is hovering around it. It's going to be more and more prevalent." For Schatz, computer-generated designs are not simply another means of creating finished art in the realm of physical, concrete sculpture; they often yield art in themselves. His newest experiments with computer animation in the past year provide a ready example.


"I imported shapes into the animation software and began to use time as an element. With animation, I manipulate the use of camera, light, shadow, texture, and motion against the movement of time," Schatz says. "The result is the creation of an entire environment and experience." In a recent solo exhibition at Monika Burian Fine Arts in Prague, these animations were accompanied by wire-frame inkjet drawings, also CAD-generated—intricate structures that echo the shapes in the animations, looming and twisting and occasionally seeming organic despite their digital origins. But projected images aren't the only vehicle for viewing the work.

"It was kind of goofy the way it happened," Schatz says. "I got a call from Sylvia Chivaranond, the curator at the Museum of Contemporary Art, who had seen my animations." She was interested in his work for a new project—the creation of the set for MTV's *The Real World II*, to be shot in a house in Chicago, Schatz's home city. "Over the course of the production, I gave them three different DVDs of animations. They played them continuously on a plasma screen in the house." Another environment, another experience, created.

WHERE DO THEY INTERSECT? *Wedge*, the violet membrane brought to gliding, turning life through computer animation; *Harbor Flow*, the rows of stainless steel ovals that reflect the Texas sky at their Waco home like perfect puddles; the marker-on-vellum drawings that "work in tandem" with everything else. "Sculpture ties it all together," Schatz says. "It's all sculpture." Although executed in vastly different media, it's clear the works are united by other things—intent, passion, vigorous exploration.

"I have to plug Bennington, because it taught me how to think and work—how not to slip into complacency. If what you want to do as an artist is effect a paradigm shift, well, you look at what's out there and take it a step further. You question *everything*—nothing's assumed to be true. It's a balance between a considered approach and looser creativity, which is a great way of thinking and feeling. It's being smart about what you're doing in a historical and cultural context. And it's a particular way of looking, really looking, with your eyes."

It's fair to say that Lincoln Schatz is anticipating the future with his eyes wide open. ■



There's a Lot of Room

BY EVA SALZMAN '81

art was a lot taller than Petra, and dark and handsome, so it seemed a privilege to be kissed by him, yes a privilege.

They'd walked down Bay Avenue, across Montiak Highway towards Vale Road and then doubled back to where they had started, the Town Dock. It was the circuit. There wasn't anything else to do but go around like this. Petra was too nervous to talk—her heart was hammering away and there was a tingling in her stomach—and Art didn't talk either.

Her deep crush had started at the Hamden Bays Square Dance. She couldn't believe her luck when he asked her out—by which was meant she was to sneak out of the house at night and meet him down at the Town Dock. There would be someone else for her sister June.

Back at the Town Dock, he kissed her.

His arms were wrapped around her shoulders and he wasn't moving much. In fact, he wasn't moving at all. He planted his large somewhat dry mouth over hers and there it stayed.

It's not that she minded that, of course, but, after a while, she found herself waiting for something else to happen, thinking he might tilt his head the other way for variation, or maybe suck or push a little with his lips or even introduce a tongue. But the activity, as Art apparently understood it, was completely stationary. Nor did his hands move down her back or try for her large breasts—which June had insisted would be Art's primary goal.

June was at this very moment stuck with Art's friend, a puny little kid—a *kid*, the way that Art was not. Art was really into man territory with his height and girth, if not his kissing technique.

Petra had no idea what had happened to them right now. They had melted away into the dark night and now there was just this kiss.

Eventually, her heart began to slow down, until it reached its perfectly normal, unexcited, pedestrian pace.

At first, she'd kept her eyes shut, as you were meant to do. But after some time had passed she had a peek. Through her lashes Art's face loomed up, frighteningly close, so large and round it reminded her of a balloon, or a moon. She was shocked by her own realization that it really wasn't all that attractive from this perspective.

So she closed her eyes again. Her face was probably also like a moon, but Art wasn't looking, or not while she was looking anyway.

All her concentration was on this large dry mouth like an 'o' fitted over her mouth. No biting (some boys did that, or they caught you with their dental braces), no sucking or gentle pursing to punctuate the activity. She began to wonder if it would ever end, and what exactly would signal the end for him. What would make him stop?

She couldn't possibly end it herself, god no. It was his kiss after all—he had bestowed it and she was the taker. She'd feel stupid, ungrateful, embarrassed. So she just stood there.

It was so dark that at one point she slightly staggered, losing her balance. He just moved one leg slightly to improve the position and his open cave mouth enveloped hers again, so everything could return to normal.

She liked his smell. He smelled like wood. For a second she had a fantasy that he *was* wood, that they were both carved wood figures, locked in kissing position, posing for...posing for...what were they posing for? Maybe someone had artfully placed them there. Who? Why? *Artfully*. That was funny.

The smells of the beach came and went, little sharp draughts of salt and seaweed and crab. She could hear the light lapping of waves on the shore, the gentle creak of a moored boat, the occasional bumping sound of the hull against the dock. A light breeze brought the sharp tang of the nearby marsh—an intriguing rotten smell of mud and dank pond. Dank pond. That was vaguely unpleasant, not words she should be dwelling on at this particular moment.

Eventually she drifted further and further away until she was home again, the very place she had escaped from that night, for these irresistible illicit purposes. Her mother and father were asleep in their bed. She entered their room and for the first time imagined them sleeping together.

Maybe her parents had kissed like this, or maybe they hadn't, maybe they'd kissed another way. Maybe her father was a lousy kisser. Was it possible for two people to stay together if one was a lousy kisser? Did he kiss other girls the same way he kissed her mother?

Now she felt like she was inside a coffin, the world had shrunk so much in the pitch black. She'd lost her perspective so utterly she might as well have been lying horizontally underground. She'd forgotten what she was doing, this

activity so far from the subject of corpses and decay. Of course it didn't matter if she did forget—this kiss would just go on anyway, with or without her.

She'd lost all sense of direction and decided to occupy her time playing a little game with herself, to figure out her orientation. For this reason, she now positively wanted the kiss to end, to prove her calculations correct. Also, she was missing the considerably satisfying sight of June having a gloomy time with a pint-sized boyfriend.

But still it wasn't finished. Maybe this was the right way of it, kissing sort of like meditation, with your mind not necessarily on the matter at hand. After all, should one have to concentrate on the actual kiss? Then it might be more like work. Or maybe it was like an antechamber, or a large cathedral-like place itself. There was so much room in it, she'd never realized.

But why should the duration of this kiss also make it disappointing, make her feel robbed and deflated?

She knew now he had no intention of going any further. Besides which, if he did decide to progress in the usual manner, she might end up with this large, dry hand planted on her breast for an equally absurdly lengthy epoch, unmoving and spread out over her flesh, more like a brassiere than the curious, groping, desirous fingers of a hungry adolescent. And that might not prove to be much fun either.

So it was a considerable surprise when finally he closed his mouth and stepped back.

Then they walked back, arms wrapped around each other, and said goodnight. Once Petra and June had been dropped off, had softened the screen door's slam and made it safely up the stairs to bed, Petra found herself getting excited again at the thought of Art.

Of course she would have to tell her friends all about the kiss, about the way it was, as she remembered it, since it might never come again, or if it did, she might not have the patience for enough time to pass. How would she ever recapture the thrill which had waned so dramatically?

She wouldn't. It was the meanness of memory that left her forever locked into it, a ghostly statue of the two of them entwined on the beach, for as long as she could remember, something so wonderful only in remembering. And it's not that anyone would ever know they were there, would only step through them on their way to somewhere else. ■

Eva Salzman '81 holds a Royal Literary Fund Fellowship at Ruskin College, Oxford. She has published two poetry collections, Bargain with the Watchman (Oxford University Press, 1997), which received a Poetry Book Society special commendation, and The English Earthquake (Bloodaxe Books, 1992). Her work has appeared in The New Yorker, Kenyon Review, The Times (London), and elsewhere in the U.S. and the U.K. She is currently working on a novel, opera libretti, and a third collection of poetry. Her story, "There's a Lot of Room," first appeared in New Writing 9 (Vintage 2000), edited by John Fowles and A.L. Kennedy.

THE CLASSES

1930s

Margaret Booth Piper '37 has published her fourth book, *My Joyful Journey through the Twentieth Century* (First Books Library).

1940s

"My husband Chas and I moved to Westport, a Massachusetts seacoast town, two years ago—a wonderful move for us," writes **Dorothy Coffin Harvi '42**. "We're discovering new arts and learning opportunities every day. **Barbie Coffin Norris '38** lives nearby. She and I are working up a program of four-hand piano pieces—loving every minute of our practice!"

Mary Hammond Rodman '42 sent a letter to the editor of *The Asheville Citizen-Times* last fall on the 56th anniversary of the signing of the United Nations charter. The paper published it as a feature instead, and Rodman was "pleased, as it was the only mention of U.N. Day in the paper." She is a former vice president and board member of the United Nations Association in Asheville, NC.

The Denver Gallery featured a retrospective show (1950–2000) of the works of **Ann Breese White '46**. White works actively on arms-control issues and serves as a board member on the Colorado Coalition for the Prevention of Nuclear War; she also volunteers at the Denver Art Museum.

The Anne Loucks Gallery in the Chicago suburb of Glencoe represents the paintings of **Mary Lou Chapman Ingwersen '47**, whose work is also sold in galleries in Boston and Michigan.

"I continue with my drawing and sculpture, minimum sales and exhibits, maximum pleasures, and participation in a few courses and workshops," writes **Nancy Gregg Sippel '48**.

Writes **Mary Rickard Paul '49**: "My paintings and poems have appeared in the University of Southern Maine's publications in association with their senior college program. Very gratifying. I enjoy good health and a cozy condo in Kennebunk."

"New, dense, watercolorlike liquid acrylics on paper...by the woman who invented color-field painting nearly half a century ago," *The New Yorker* said of recent works by **Helen Frankenthaler '49**. The exhibition, *The Lighthouse Series*, was at Knoedler Gallery in New York City from November through mid-January. "At a time when color-field is back in favor," the review noted, "[Frankenthaler] reminds everybody that she was always the class act of the outfit."

1950s

"When we retired, we sold our home in San Francisco, put our stuff in storage, and spent a year traveling around the world," writes **Elizabeth Smith Waltz '50**. "On return, searched for a new home until we found Sarasota, where our seven kids and twelve grandchildren often visit us."

The Bookpress (Ithaca, NY) published five poems by **Carol Rubenstein '55** between 1999 and 2001.

Latifah Taormina (Irene Ryan) '55 is executive director for Austin Circle of Theaters, a performing arts service organization in Austin, TX.

After 32 years of teaching biology at Rockland Community College in Suffern, NY, **Phyllis Lipton Krasnow '56** writes that she's "taking time to travel and enjoy her two daughters and five grandchildren."

"Took up my trumpet again at 60," writes **Frieda Rowell Carnell '58**, who has been playing with a community orchestra since she retired. She also travels, volunteers at a local museum and public TV station, and enjoys her grandchildren.

1960s

From **Priscilla Alexander '60** comes word that a book she coedited, *Sex Work: Writing by Women in the Sex Industry*, made the front page of a December issue of the satirical newspaper, *The Onion*, in an item declaiming that Barnes & Noble had established a shelf of sex workers' memoirs. "I guess it was a tribute of sorts," she writes.

Recent paintings by **Ruth Ann Fredenthal '60** were exhibited at Stark Gallery, 555 West 25th St., 2nd floor, NYC, from March 8–30.

"Four years have resigned me to retiring from the fun of teaching," writes **Gloria Dibble Pond '60**. She spends time walking and cross-country skiing, writing poetry, and "applauding my husband's efforts to add family farm to Roxbury Land Trust."

Through her 1998 Master's thesis at Northwestern on Caravaggio, writes **Patricia Dinsdale Turner '60**, she "discovered an area of scholarship that is ongoing for me."

Ellen Jacobowitz Stein '62 recently returned to Alameda, CA, to take a position as section chief of epidemiology and evaluation in the Maternal/Child Health branch of the state's department of health services. She is happy to report that she's also a grandmother.

(continued on page 35)



Horrocks' photographs and interviews focus on body image.

SHOULDERS EXPOSED

For E. Joan Allan Horrocks '59, it all started with a few shoulder pads she used as a classroom prop in a workshop. Intrigued by the idea, someone gave her a few more pairs; others followed suit. Word got out; somehow the AP wire service picked it up. Before long, shoulder pads began coming in from around the world.

The phenomenon inspired Horrocks, a sculptor based in State College, PA, to create a work using shoulder pads—so she solicited more. Eventually, thousands arrived, including more than an armful from Bennington alumnae. Four years later, that bounty resulted in a multimedia installation, *Shoulders Exposed*, which opened at Penn State University's new HUB Gallery in 2000. Central to the exhibit was a large kinetic sculpture with a Plexiglas tower in which every color and shape of shoulder pad imaginable floated and twirled on air currents before being deposited on a 25-foot conveyor belt, from which they vanished into a black box. The theme was reflected in audiotaped interviews Horrocks conducted focusing on body image. A series of her black-and-white photographs continued the idea, as did a video she made, called *Adding On*.

In his review of the installation, John D. Kissick, head of critical studies for Penn State's School of Visual Arts, wrote: "The shoulder pad, with its affectation of power and invulnerability, is one of those places...where society overlays the natural body with gender and social expectation. The result is a kind of social grotesquerie, as we attempt to mask our collective fears of inadequacy and vulnerability....E. Joan Horrocks' installation is a meditation on this masquerade."

Horrocks is currently writing a book, *Shoulders Exposed*, incorporating images and text from interviews. The installation will travel in the northeast and in Canada.

(continued from page 33)

A November article in the Plano *Star-Courier* profiled Texan fashion jewelry designer and entrepreneur **Carolee Gould Friedlander '63**—writing that Friedlander has “built such an empire that she’s now opening her own boutiques.” She kicked off her career at Bennington, where she studied design and architecture and “started making jewelry in her dorm as a means of earning extra money.”

In her 18th year as a massage therapist, **Vivian Bachrach Glick '64** writes with news of children and grandchildren in Maine, Massachusetts, and Los Angeles.

Suzi Brandt Lipes '64 writes, “After 20 years of being a copywriter in advertising agencies in NYC and Montreal, it’s hard to believe I have been a nurse for more than 16 years! My next job title will be ‘grandma,’ when my daughter Julie gives birth in February.”

The Day Reagan Was Shot, a Showtime movie coproduced by Oliver Stone, featured **Holland Taylor '64** as Nancy Reagan. Taylor also appeared recently in MGM’s *Legally Blonde*, with Reese Witherspoon.

Although she says she’s “just contemplating retirement,” **Danielle Forestier '66** is hardly slowing down. “I’m still consulting to bakeries, solving problems that surface because all wheat doesn’t grow with identical characteristics. There’s joy in stimulating and nurturing a friendship with a six-year-old grandson, and I study ballet (not easy for someone whose first lesson was taken at age 49). Perhaps my most outrageous realized dream this year was a class in trapeze dancing—what a glorious feeling to fly through the air hanging by one’s feet!”

A November 18 *New York Times* article, “How to Spot the Classics in the Crowd of Modern Dance,” featured an interview with **Carla Maxwell '67**, artistic director of the José Limón Dance company for the past 21 years.

Roxana Barry Robinson '68 writes, “I spent the fall of 2001 in Texas, teaching in the creative writing program at the University of Houston. It was a splendid experience which I enjoyed enormously, but I’m glad to be home—it was a difficult fall to be away.”

1970s

“Life is good,” writes **Ruth Arnold '71**, who continues to design and implement plans to reintegrate adults with major mental illness into the community, for which she was honored with the 2001 Eli Lilly Reintegration Award. She also reports that she travels “extensively for fun and enlightenment to all major continents.”

Felice Forrest Maclaurin '71 is now the principal gifts officer of the Combined Jewish Philanthropies of Greater Boston.

The Southern Vermont Art Center in Manchester featured *Beginnings*, an exhibition of works by **Teru Simon '71**, in December and January.

In February, Boston’s Natick Arts Center featured a performance by **Sarah Tenney '71**, who played her five-octave rosewood marimba.

Alexandra Reed LaJoux '72 writes she has “married Bernard, future father of our son, Franklin.” After Bennington, she went on to earn an MBA from Loyola and a PhD in comparative literature from Princeton, and now works as a business writer and editor. She also sings, teaches music, and is working towards a music degree at George Mason University.

Natty sweater model **Rashid Silvera '72** was spotted on the back cover of a recent Eddie Bauer catalog.

Gale Brewer '73 was elected to the New York City Council in November, representing the Sixth District. She is the daughter of **Ann Wickes Brewer '43**.

“I have an acupuncture and a zero balancing practice in Vail and Boulder,” writes **Jane Cohen '73**, “and life is very, very good.”

Laurel Sprigg '73 lives in San Francisco with her family and runs, with nine employees, a fine-sewing business for interior designers. “I love the design, the sewing, and the marvelous architecture I get to participate in,” Sprigg writes. She has a forthcoming book and a line of made-to-order bedcovers, and occasionally teaches as well as writes for *Threads* magazine. “My husband and I both sing in the San Francisco Choral Society,” she adds, “and I also take private voice lessons and continue dancing for fun and exercise.” She would love to hear from classmates and can be reached at laurel@laurelsprigg.com.

In a January *Savoy* magazine profile, artist **Philemona Williamson '73** described herself as “a narrative painter, and each painting tells a story.” Her work is displayed in the June Kelly Gallery in NYC; the African American Museum in Hempstead, NY; and the Wenger Gallery in Los Angeles.

Sally Munger Mann '73 was one of six artists featured in the opening segment of a four-part PBS series, *Art21: Art in the 21st Century*, broadcast nationally last fall.

The Hour reported in October that **Lauriston Thrush Avery '76** ran for her local Board of Education in Norwalk, CT. Avery founded the Five Mile River Nursery School, which cares for 20 children.

Bel Broadley '76 is an internal consultant for retail giant QVC. “A very interesting business,” she writes.

The American Institute of Architects gave its Award for Excellence 2001 for The Gateway School of New York to Andrew Bartle Architects, P.C., the design firm owned by **Andrew B. Bartle '76**. Previous honors include two New York City Art Commissions and an AIA Distinguished Architecture Award.

From **Lisa Feldman '76** we hear, "Some of my photos from 9/11 are on exhibit in two photo shows in Soho dedicated to the disaster and its aftermath." Feldman regularly exhibits at the Broome Street and Ceres galleries in New York City, serves on the board of directors of the New York Artists Equity Association, is the loan researcher for The Artists' Welfare Fund, and directs medical photography and graphic services for Saint Vincent's Hospital. (See pages 6 and 7 for examples of her work.)

"After practicing law in the civil rights arena for 12 years, I decided to return to the arts," writes **Lisa Honig '76**. She recently opened a viewing studio in San Francisco.

Photographs of "abandonings"—decrepit barns and houses from the recent book, *American Ruins*, by **Maxwell MacKenzie '76**—were featured in *America West*, the in-flight magazine for the airline of the same name.

The New York Times Book Review included *The Botany of Desire* by **Michael Pollan '76** in its list of "Holiday Books 2001." His book was also a finalist for *Book TV's* Non-Fiction Book Sense Book of the Year on C-Span2.

God Didn't Give Me a Week's Notice, a documentary film by **Richard Dailey '78**, follows the experiences of homeless **Margaret Holloway '74**—a Shakespearean actress who also studied at the Yale School of Drama. Dailey created the short film, which has received rave reviews in New Haven and beyond, to showcase Holloway's Shakespearean talents and help her cope financially with mental illness. "This is like a dream," Holloway told *The New Haven Register* about the film's success and a benefit screening.

The Birmingham [MI] Eccentric said the drawings in *John Diebboll: The Art of the Piano*, by **John Diebboll '78**, "strike a chord for the return of the [custom-made piano] tradition with a new vision. They are designs of fantastic pianos."

1980s

Gwen Ebeling-Konig '80 writes of the events of September 11: "In Eastern Long Island we felt the impact immediately....People in my Sag Harbor shop felt the need to share their story, and we listened to each one bearing witness to a day of horror."

Eileen McMahon '79 gave birth to a daughter, Aine Reen, in January 2001. McMahon is executive director for the Children's Media Developer's Community—a newly formed nonprofit that monitors emerging issues in children's media.

Last October, **Betsy Rathbun-Gunn '81** was elected to a three-year term on the board of directors of the Vermont Council on the Humanities, a nonprofit organization committed to statewide literacy, participation in public affairs, and lifelong learning.

"Still working on the House International Relations Committee in the U.S. Congress," writes **Paul Berkowitz '81**. "I'm now on the Middle East and South Asia Subcommittee and responsible for Afghanistan, India, and Pakistan. Fun places. I miss simpler times."

Dan Froot '82 and his dance partner premiered a new evening-length collaborative duet, *Shtuck*, in January, as part of the Joyce Theater's "Altogether Different" festival. In a January 13 *New York Times* article on the power of dancer's faces, **Wendy Perron '69** wrote of the duo, "In their sometimes hilarious skit-like duets, they play off each other's faces the way more technical dancers play off each other's virtuosity." In the same story, Perron noted, "The improviser **DD Dorviller [Deanna Dorviller '89]**, with her self-interrupting impulses, seems to travel to the edge of sanity, but the fierce clarity in her eyes reassures you that she won't go over the edge."

At work writing a short film and a television show, **Sandy Wilson '82** writes, "I remember Bennington fondly and strangely."

Suzanne Ilene Schiller '83, an attorney with the Commercial Litigation Group of the Philadelphia law firm of Spector Gadon & Rosen P.C., has been named a member of the firm.

Crawling at Night by **Nani Power '84** was selected for *The New York Times Book Review's* "Holiday Books 2001."

"At the end of May I drove across the country with Tim, my partner of five years," e-mails **Alfred Eberle '86**. "We've settled in the Bay Area. I've continued my work as a graphics and multimedia designer for Morgan Stanley, and am also working extensively with textiles, concentrating on historical dyes, spinning, and conservation of ancient textiles."

Jonathan Stark '86 is living in Northampton, MA, and showing his pen-and-ink "maze-like drawings" locally as well as in New York and Washington, DC.

Los Angeles denizens **Liz Zimmie-Craig '89** and husband Gregory welcomed their first child, a daughter, in January.

Deb Holway Shumlin '89 visited the town of Bennington last October with husband Peter, (continued on page 39)

BEYOND A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN

flaming feminist”—that’s how pay equity pioneer **Ronnie Steinberg** ’69 refers to herself today. But there was a time when she didn’t affiliate herself with feminism at all.

Steinberg’s reluctance had little to do with any wavering of her convictions, which were as fiery then as now. When she began to carve her niche as a sociologist, her interest was in low-income working women, but the burgeoning feminist movement hadn’t yet tackled issues of economic independence. And Steinberg says that she herself had yet to “come around to feminism and what it offered me. I felt the strand of feminism reflected in universities and legislation wasn’t really concerned with class issues at all.”

If the feminists of the day were just beginning to address economic independence, sociologists rarely addressed—and sometimes disparaged—the study of women in the labor market. Steinberg and like-minded colleagues began to blaze the trails themselves.

Like most challengers of the status quo, Steinberg met opposition. The first major study of comparable worth, initiated in 1983 at the State University of New York (SUNY) at Albany, focused on wage discrimination in New York State government. Steinberg was the research director. She had already done considerable work in the field: organizing an international conference on anti-discrimination legislation; completing more than a dozen studies identifying barriers to promotion, causes of discrimination, and strategies for change; and coordinating research at women’s institutes at Wellesley and SUNY Albany. But the SUNY Program on Comparable Worth study presented a frustrating new challenge.

“We were stopped for three months in the midst of the study by the state Comptroller General. Here I was, a university-based social scientist—at a time when the National Academy of Sciences was *saying* that wage discrimination was prevalent—and I was fighting the State of New York to allow us to do a proper study of it.”

Frustrated with the lack of intellectual freedom and the constraints on grant and foundation money, Steinberg eventually left SUNY’s Center for Women in Government and moved on to teaching. Within a few years, she was called by the Ontario Pay Equity Commission to create the system for which she is now well-known: the first gender-neutral job evaluation system.

“If you go back and look at the labor market,” she explains, “it’s always been a male arena. The average employee is thought to be male, the image of the breadwinner is male. It wasn’t expected that a woman would have to support herself, and wages were adjusted accordingly; so jobs considered ‘women’s work’—registered nurse, domestic service, clerical work after 1920—were lower-paying. I looked at the ways stereotypes about women get embedded into wage structures.” With her evaluation system, Steinberg was not only looking at, but correcting for, these stereotypes.

Although national and state governments have increased efforts to reduce wage discrimination somewhat since the early 1980s, Steinberg continues to look toward an even greater degree of economic equality, both nationally and locally. Her work is far from finished. “Since 1980,” she says, “the gap between rich and poor has widened substantially—the poor have lost dollars while the rich are vastly better off.”

These concerns have manifested in her work for the economic welfare of the women of Tennessee, where she now teaches and directs the women’s studies program at Vanderbilt University. Naturally, her efforts extend far beyond the boundaries of the campus. She served for 18 months as the first chair for the state’s Commission on the Economic Status of Women, and is now developing a research institute within the Women’s Studies Program: Women’s SPARC, the Women’s Social Policy and Research Center. “We’re doing research in support of living wage campaigns in Tennessee, looking at income tax—which was a big issue here in the past year—and how it affects different groups of women. With the information we’re providing, legislators now have to answer to issues and positions that they’d never even thought about previously.”

When all is said and done, what does economic independence for women mean? “It’s not just a room of one’s own,” Steinberg contends. “It’s the ability to live and survive on one’s own.”



—by Jennifer White '02

BENNINGTON MEANS BUSINESS

ANALYTICAL CREATIVITY AT WORK

“W” ho’s your audience?” was the first thing Jeremy Koch ’74 wanted to know at the outset of this interview—which isn’t too surprising, considering he’s built a double-decade career on asking and then answering just such a question.

As president of Time Inc.’s consumer marketing division, Koch oversees subscription and newsstand sales for 15 major magazines, including *Time*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Entertainment Weekly*, *People*, *Money*, and *Fortune*. That adds up to about 20 percent of the U.S. consumer magazine market—some 40 million subscriptions a year. When you have an audience that big, you’d better know not only who they are, but what they want to read.

“My background in anthropology and psychology was very important to my interest in marketing, which has a lot to do with understanding people and how they behave and what’s important to them,” Koch says. At Bennington, along with the social sciences, he studied music and art, played in a number of rock and bluegrass bands, and wrote his thesis on “Transience in American Popular Music and Literature.”

After graduating, he moved to New York City to look for work. “I didn’t see myself as a writer, but I loved magazines and books and I wanted to get a job in a field that I felt good about. Publishing was where I focused my attention.” Koch started on the production side, working first for a printing company and then for Random House, before deciding that marketing was the field for him. At Columbia Business School, where he enrolled “as a catalyst” for career redirection, Koch had a revelation: “I discovered to my great surprise that I had a very strong analytic ability I’d never exercised. I found quantitative work to be quite fascinating and fun—and I was good at it.”

MBA in hand, Koch began working for Time Inc. in 1980, beginning at *Life* and then moving to *Time*, *Fortune*, and eventually to *People*, where he worked for more than 10 years before assuming his current

position. He sums up the progression this way: “I spent the first part of my career working on the nuts and bolts of magazine circulation. Part two was understanding how circulation integrates into other magazine publishing functions. Later on, at *People*, I started learning how to create and launch new magazines”—including *InStyle*, *Who* (the Australian version of *People*), *Teen People*, and *People in Español*.

“Now I’m focused outward, at the industry,” Koch says. “The business is being transformed by the Internet and publishing is very challenged in a number of different ways—there’s a lot of turmoil. The industry looks to Time Inc. to take a leadership role in orchestrating a successful transformation. So I have my hands pretty full right now.” And that’s if you don’t count that Koch is also husband (to Kitty Humpstone ’77), father of two, and

chairman of the board of Learning Leaders, the largest school-volunteer organization in the country. Plus he still aspires, he says, to build that guitar he’s always meant to.

“I do think, on some level, that I found the perfect job very early in my career and feel sort of blessed for having lucked into it. It’s a combination of working on a product I enjoy and the nature of the work itself—the combination of creative and quantitative. I love it. It’s got its headaches, like anything else. But it’s endlessly fascinating.” ■



(continued from page 36)

Vermont State Senate president pro tempore, who spoke on the importance of youth outreach projects.

The New York Post reports that *The Secret History*, by Donna Tartt '86, will be made into a film produced by Gwyneth Paltrow, a sometime-resident of nearby Williamstown, MA. *The Post* also notes that Tartt has submitted a first draft of "her long-awaited second novel." Her essay, "The Glory of J.F. Powers," published in *Harper's* magazine, was a finalist in the Reviews and Criticism category of the 2001 National Magazine Awards (the "Ellies"), and is included in *The Best American Magazine Writing 2001*.

1990s

Currently in the New York City Teaching Fellows program, Tamara James-Wyachai '90 e-mails that she's teaching sixth grade in the South Bronx and taking graduate courses at Hunter College. "We're planning to return to Asia after I complete my degree. My daughter is now six—hard to believe, but wonderful to experience!"

Caitlin Lally Hotaling '90 reports she's had paintings in coffeehouses, an office building, and at a town fair.

Design strategist Stephanie Smith '90 lectured in December at the Museum of Contemporary Art in San Diego, CA, on "New Values/New Strategies: How We Can Make Our Environments More Spiritual, More Sustainable, and More Communal." Smith, who has a Master's in architecture from Harvard, is a design critic at Harvard's Graduate School of Design, UCLA, the Art Center College of Design, and elsewhere. She has a consulting practice, Architecture NOW (www.architecture-now.com), and her research into the connection between money and architecture was published in January in *Great Leap Forward* (Taschen Press).

On November 25, Andes van Syckle Hruby '92 gave birth to a daughter, Arenal (named after a volcano in Costa Rica).

Amanda Spooner Frank '93 sends word that she is now president of the alumni association for the Brimmer and May School in Chestnut Hill, MA.

Justin Theroux '93 recently starred in David Lynch's critically acclaimed film, *Mulholland Drive*, and had a small role in *Zoolander*. At Bennington, Theroux studied visual arts and drama; as he told *The Washington Post* in October, "I figured I'd throw both to the wall and see which one stuck."

"Applying to graduate programs and crossing my fingers that the money/timing will be right in the next year to get started on that," writes Christa

E. Larry '94, who is currently working for an ad agency in Miami, FL. "Best of all, I'm engaged and very happily looking forward to a fall 2002 wedding, and will be changing my name to Christa Capua. Any old friends, I would love to hear from you: christaelizabeth@yahoo.com."

Sandra Mendes '95 danced in the opening performance of the 7th International Improvisation Festival in Washington, DC, in November.

In November, *Shoot* magazine featured the success of director Ramaa Mosley '95, reporting that she signed with Park Pictures for exclusive commercial representation. Mosley's credits include commercial spots and music videos (including Creed's *Higher*).

Zoë Poledouris '95 was named as one of *FilmMaker* magazine's "25 New Faces of Independent Film" in the summer 2001 issue. Poledouris composed two songs for hit indie film *Bully* and wrote all the songs for the upcoming *Down and Out with the Dolls*—in which she stars. "I'm a songwriter at heart," she told the magazine, "but right now I want to be an actress too."

Dave Hertz '96 is enjoying Florida's coast while working as a technical support specialist for a Fortune 500 company in Tampa. He invites friends to visit him at www.superdave.co.il.

Spotted in the hit NBC show *Third Watch* on January 21 was Joel Garland '97. He played an alcoholic needing detox.

Adnan Iftexhar '97 lives in the Northampton, MA, area—where he runs into Maddy Reber '96 and Heidi Hojnicky '95—and works as the technology coordinator for the Bement School in nearby Deerfield. He is a guest artist at Deerfield Academy—teaching dance and acrobatics, and choreographing a dance piece for nine boys. A fall visit to NYC reunited him with Maliha Subhani '97, Mateja Miljacki '97, Cemre Durusoy '97, Joel Garland '97, Nat Reichman '98, Allison Ryan '98, Amar Sahay '97, Todd Tarantino '97, Kevin Brown '97, and serendipitously, on the subway, former faculty member David Waldstreicher.

From Stuart C.T. Zanes '97 comes word that he lives in New Mexico and is featured in an upcoming quarterly, *Puesto Del Sol*. "I'm making sculpture out of, essentially, trash. I enlist the aid of local homeless from an Albuquerque shelter I volunteer in. When the sculptures are finished, we all write poems or stories on them. It sounds strange, but it can be cathartic."

With her Sufi band, Beloved, Cybele Paschke '98 sang and sarangi-ed in several New York City-area concerts in December, including the opening reception of an art show to benefit Afghani refugees. The band has released a CD: "The music is a mix of languages and cultures (Arabic, Turkish, English), and balances traditional Sufi motifs with

our own spirit. You can order on-line at www.superluminal.com/beloved." Paschke headed to Seoul, South Korea, in January to teach music.

"Back in Virginia and loving the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains," writes T'aiya Shiner '98, who is pursuing certification as a mediator for general and family cases.

Hillary Harvey '99 sends word that The Exhibitionists—a New York City collective of women artists, performers, writers, and art enthusiasts—presented *Body in Motion, Bedlam in Mind*, an extended art show of sex and sexuality at Galapagos, in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, in January and February. Participating artists included Harvey, Audra Haskell '98, Jessica Phillips '99, Dana Rasso '97, and Allison Ryan '98. The Exhibitionists were founded by Fay Ku '95 and Jen Laskey '96.

2000s

Shana Onigman '00 was accepted to the cantorial program at the H. L. Miller School of Sacred Music at the Jewish Theological Seminary of New York. Her first year of studies will be in Israel, followed by four more years in New York City. "I expect to be ordained as a *Hazzanit* (cantor) in 2007. Until then, Matthew Follette '00 and I are living happily in downtown Boston, where he works at M. Steinert & Sons piano dealers and I take classes in Hebrew and music; we are dreaming of the past and future."

This Ghost We're After, a film by Gokcen Ergene '00, won first prize for independent visions at the Vermont Independent Film Festival. His film, *Tremors*, was screened at Planet Indie Film Festival in Toronto, Canada. Visit him at www.dishwasher-studio.com.

"Life feels good," e-mails Ona Friedrichs '00, who rode her bike recently with two friends from Bellingham, WA, to San Francisco—some 1,150 miles in a month-and-a-half. "It was amazing, of course—riding along the ocean so much that salt caked to our cheeks and eyelashes. We got gerardia halfway through, which kept us under roofs and close to bathrooms for about a week. Our legs were hard as rocks."

Larry Wineland '00 is in the thick of things filmdom. Current and upcoming credits include assistant sound editor for *The Business of Strangers*, released in December; apprentice sound editor for the Coen brothers' film, *The Man Who Wasn't There*; and assistant sound editor for *Men In Black 2* and Scorsese's *Gangs of New York*, opening in July and May respectively.

Nicole Rothe '01 was the finalist for the Bryan Award at UVM's Center for Research on Vermont.

Her entry dealt with Vermont Reproductive Probation, based on a paper she wrote for Ron Cohen's class.

In October, Sarah Reynolds '01 presented her film, *Generations of Degeneration*, at the 2nd annual Telluride International Experimental Cinema Festival. She writes that the live direct-cinema piece "simulates the process of generational loss in film, through direct and intentional scratching of a 16mm film loop (of found footage) as it is being projected."

Summer Shidler '01 e-mailed to let us know she's attending the University of Wisconsin-Madison, pursuing a Master's in journalism. She worked for *Mature Lifestyles* magazine over the summer.

From Garth Silberstein '01, we hear: "Frustrated with New York's priciness, cut-throat job market, and general bad vibe at the mo', I've split for Portland, OR," where he's found "lots of other B-town kids skulking around the streets." In February, Silberstein played the role of Sir Ralph in Gladden Schrock's epic "three-beer passion play," *TAPS*, opposite Heather Beckett '01, with Ian Greenfield '99 directing and Abby Pierce '99 designing the show and playing the Moderator. While still in NYC, Silberstein did wardrobe for Jean Randich's new opera, *The Floating Box*, at the Asia Society. Others he's sighted on the West Coast include Jason Eksuzian '00 (who did lights for *TAPS*), Kelly Bryant '01, Orianna Herrman '03, Becky LoDolce '00, Gigi Burke '00, Liza Stillhard '00, Jeremy Romagna '98, Pablo DeOcampo '98, Elizabeth Ward '99, and Jen Schmitt '01.

MFA's

Through dance and storytelling, choreographer Sandra L. Burton '87 "interpreted the power of body rituals to elevate the spirit" at MASS MoCA on March 15 and 16. The site-specific work was inspired by and performed in the exhibit, *Domestic Disturbance*. In December, Burton was a guest choreographer for the fall dance concert at Williams College, where she is coordinator of dance.

Unlimited Fathering Opportunities, an outreach program begun by Mark Gridley '96, received the \$25,000 S. Whitney Landon Memorial Award for exemplary service to children in Vermont. The award was presented by the Turrell Fund last June.

Ruth Farmer '96 received a fellowship to the National Writing Project in Vermont. The project
(continued on page 43)

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

How do you present language to kids, when their brains are at their most ready, in a natural way?" asks Hilary Winters '01.

Winters is answering that very question as she implements groundbreaking language initiatives at the College's own learning laboratory, the Early Childhood Center (ECC). She's an assistant teacher in a preschool classroom there, working towards her Master of Arts in Teaching degree.

The challenge is to introduce foreign language fundamentals—in this case, Spanish—to preschool-aged children whose minds are still grappling with a primary language. Studies indicate that children are most receptive to language before the age of six, and the brain permanently closes language-receptive channels by age 10.

"All classes have some degree of developmental language introduction," says Winters. "We team-teach and incorporate languages every day; it's a natural and integrated way of learning languages—the way babies do it. The result is that the kids don't just translate English to Spanish, they *think* in Spanish."

A transfer from Wells College, Winters came to Bennington as a sophomore with a passion for Spanish, social psychology, and social science, along with a curiosity for how the mind acquires language. "Education wasn't my focus, but it was always at the back of my mind," she explains. "My initial draw to teaching was the language aspect; early childhood is the best time to learn language—while brains are still forming—but not many programs accommodate it."

Encouraged by Mary DeBey, who directs Bennington's Center for Creative Teaching, and by Carol Meyer, who teaches Spanish, Winters introduced Spanish in the ECC during her senior year. "For 20 to 30 minutes a day in each of four classrooms, I didn't speak English. The students had to try to communicate with me in Spanish, and it was a challenge for me to give them a way to do it. Returning students were surprised to hear me talk this year. They were like, 'Hey, you can speak English!'"

In addition to working on her Master's degree in teaching, Winters is developing, with Maria Tripodi '02, a multilevel, interactive, adventure-themed CD-ROM for beginning and intermediary Spanish speakers. "We researched the language-learning CD-ROMs in the market, and found that most aren't interactive—they're not interesting or engaging," explains Winters. "We tried a story format—the adventures of a little girl who, while reading a book, sneezes and is magically transported into the story—which is set in Ecuador. Children play a part in developing the story, while learning and using Spanish." With a successful working model already in hand, the duo hopes to develop several other components—featuring other Spanish-speaking locales—and to entice a publisher.

After receiving her Master's degree this spring, Winters intends to seek a job in early childhood education where she can pilot a language learning program. "It's exciting to watch these kids grasp the complexities of language. I want to explore the field as much as I can."

—by Lani Stack



CYNTHIA LOCKLIN

BOOKSHELF

Wilma Kantrowich Chandler '60 had four books published by Smith & Kraus last year. Three are collections of scenes for actors in *The Ultimate Scene Study Series*, and the last is an anthology called *8 Tens @ 8 Festivals: Thirty Award-Winning One-Acts from Santa Cruz Festivals I–VI*—plays from the innovative and wildly popular annual theater event.

Death, gossip, and shifty luck plague the quiet weekend of boating that Leona Skavitch and her husband had planned in Alaska's Prince William Sound. A light and humorous mystery, *Cut Bait* (McRoy & Blackburn) by **Carla Ostergren Helfferich '61** (under the pseudonym C.M. Winterhouse), has been hailed by *The Fairbanks Daily News Miner* as "filled with characters and situations that seem convincingly Alaskan."

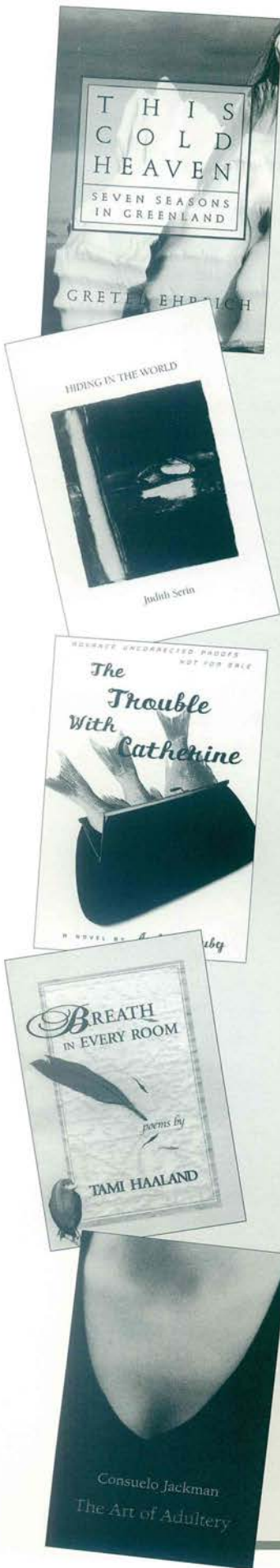
Included in *The New York Times Book Review's* "Holiday Books 2001" list, *This Cold Heaven: Seven Seasons in Greenland* (Pantheon) by **Gretel Ehrlich '67**, is a lyrical and evocative memoir of Ehrlich's exploration of Greenland. Ehrlich traveled by dogsled, skiff, and fixed-wing airplane "in a country of no roads, where solitude is thought to be a form of failure." Wade Davis, explorer-in-residence at the National Geographic Society, raves: "Without a doubt, one of the finest books ever written about the polar regions."

Gentle poems on love, childhood, the beauty of nature, and meditation can be found in *Hiding in the World* (Eidolon Editions) by **Judith Serin '71**. "One of the open souls of poetry is swirled into these poems," says Michael McClure. "These words move with delicacy at the edge of consciousness."

Settled into her career and approaching 30, fishmonger Catherine Lacey decides it's time to take the plunge and marry her lawyer-fiancé Steve. That is, until the rocky road to wedded bliss—complete with a whirlwind of engagement parties, boring business functions, and increasingly frantic dress fittings—leads her to reevaluate her priorities. *The Trouble with Catherine* (Dutton), by debut novelist **Andes van Syckle Hruby '92**, takes readers on a liberating journey through the minefields of modern love, sex, friendship, and womanhood.

Tami Haaland MFA '00 won the 14th annual Nicholas Roerich Poetry Prize for a first book of poems for *Breath in Every Room* (Story Line Press). Haaland's collection includes gritty, uplifting poems set in Montana, haunting poems about growing up on the Plains, and tender lyrics celebrating children and family life. Askold Melnyczuk writes that Haaland "seems blessed with a wonderfully nimble and fearless imagination."

In her intimate collection of poems, *The Art of Adultery* (Mosaic Press), **Consuelo Jackman MFA '00** meditates on the intricacies and frailties of relationships. "A very revealing anatomy of love," says Sven Birkerts, "harsh and shocking in places—experienced—but also shockingly vulnerable." ■



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is a national initiative in which teachers teach each other strategies for teaching writing.

Carole Merritt '96 has her first story, along with a photo she took, posted on the Web. Check out the site at Topangamessenger.com for the article, "All Undressed and No Place to Go."

Standard Time, a film by **Jill J. Hill '97**, is "making the festival circuit right now"; she's also working on a new script.

Mike Lythgoe '97 recently had a poem in the anthology, *Poet's Domain*. Another poem and reviews are forthcoming in *Windhover*.

"I've got an essay up on the *Pedestal Magazine* and a story to appear in *Short Story Online*," writes **Mary Jane Beaufrand '98**.

Linda McCauley Freeman '98 won first place in a short story contest judged by, among others, Michael Korda, editor-in-chief at Simon & Schuster. The contest was sponsored by Gannett Newspapers' *Poughkeepsie Journal*.

Sarah Silbert '98 has recently published essays in *Agni*, *Ploughshares*, *Hope Magazine*, and *The Sun*.

Recent months have brought **Carol Greenhouse '98** some eclectic assignments; she writes for *Outside*, *Outside Online*, *The Santa Fe Reporter* and *The Santa Fean*.

Last fall, **Carol Lawson '99** edited and published the eighth *Chrysalis Reader*, *Live & Learn: Perspectives on the Questing Spirit*. Among the contributors were **Heather Heilman MFA '99**, **Rosalind Wilson '45**, and **Julia Randall '45**.

Mississippi Review published a story by **Camille Renshaw '99** in its spring 2001 issue.

"Unchoosing a Life," an essay by **Don Silver '99** published by *The Florida Review*, has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

Annette Weisman '99 has an essay in *Becoming American: Personal Essays by First Generation Immigrant Women*, edited by **Meri Danquah '99**, and has travel/book reviews in *Town & Country*, *People*, and *The St. Petersburg Times*.

Dianne Cameron '99 has sold pieces to the *San Francisco Chronicle* and *Chicago Tribune*, and had a piece in *Bust Magazine* last August.

A Problem with Sharks, a film by **Peggy Stafford '99**, premiered at the Seattle International Film Festival and was screened at the Palm Springs International Film Festival. Her play, *Three Miracles and a Giant*, was read at the Flea Theater in New York City in November.

In addition to her first book of poetry, *The Art of Adultery* (see Bookshelf), **Consuelo Jackman '00** has recently published work in *Tampa Review* and several Canadian magazines, including *The Literary Review of Canada*, *The Malahat Review*, and the *Antigonish Review*.

Sarah Johnson '00 has a short story forthcoming in *Other Voices*. Her interviews with Elizabeth Cox, Sue Miller, Maria Flook, Amy Bloom, Jayne Anne Phillips, Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni, and Jason Shinder appeared or are forthcoming in *The Writer's Chronicle*. She is executive project coordinator for the YMCA of the USA Arts and Humanities and the National Writer's Voice Program.

"The Sound Is So Shallow Here," a short story by **Terri Mathes '00**, received special mention in the 25th anniversary issue of the *Pushcart Prize Anthology*. Another of her stories appeared in the summer issue of *Ascent* and will be reprinted in an upcoming issue of *Calyx*. Last April she received a grant from the Illinois Arts Council.

Amy Weintraub '00 had a craft essay on handling time in fiction in *The Writer's Chronicle* and a profile of novelist Elizabeth Evans in *Poets & Writers*.

Andrea Diehl '00 had the cover story in the winter 2002 issue of *Hope Magazine*, and is writing copy for a new Vermont Country Store catalogue aimed at baby boomers.

In addition to doing readings from her book, *Breath in Every Room* (see Bookshelf), **Tami Haaland '00** has had poems recently in *Pif*, *Rattapallax*, *Clackamas Literary Review*, and *5AM*. She will participate in a panel on "Contemporary Poetry and the Images of Nature" at the AWP conference.

JoeAnn Hart '00 had a short story in *The Roanoke Review* and *The Boston Globe* continues to publish her essays.

Susan Magee '00 has written and sold three nonfiction book proposals, one of which, *101 Ways to be a Terrific Sports Parent*, will be published by Simon & Schuster this year. *The Florida Review* nominated one of her stories for a Pushcart Prize.

The African Studies Association named *Africa Is Not a Country*, by **Mark Melnicove '00**, the best book of 2001 about Africa for young children.

NOTES ON CLASS NOTES

Your news—about work, travels, family—is essential to the life of Class Notes, the alumni magazine's most-read section. To send a note, mail it directly to the Communications Office at Bennington, or e-mail it to alumlett@bennington.edu. Deadlines for *Bennington* magazine and *NOTES* are: April 15, July 15, October 15, and January 15.



Among the five productions featuring Bennington alumni at the 2001 New York International Fringe Festival was Gertrude Stein's *Photograph*, directed by Sarah Kermensky '00. The play was also performed on campus last fall. Pictured are Liza Stillhard '00 (right) and Martha Bernabe '03. Garin Marschall '00 lit the fall production on campus; Sarah Gancher '00 stage-managed the Fringe Festival production.

Melnicove's work has appeared recently in *The Ruminator Review* and the *Encyclopedia of American Poetry: The Twentieth Century*.

Mississippi Review will publish a story by Dana Standefer '00 this spring.

In April, Leah Silverman Gales '00 returns to Vermont Studio Center for her second one-month residency.

Medicine, a set of poems by Amy Gerstler '01 on topics including love, science, and the afterlife, was a finalist for the 2001 Phi Beta Kappa competition. Gerstler's work has been published in *The LA Times*, *American Poetry Review*, *The New Yorker*, *The Paris Review*, and elsewhere.

Alt.Lit published an essay by Jenn Dean '01 last fall.

Kristi Gedeon '01 won second place in the Tobias Wolff Fiction Contest; her story will appear in the spring issue of *Bellingham Review*.

Eugenia Kim '01 was runner-up in the F. Scott Fitzgerald Short Story Contest.

"Beer from a Glass," an essay by Garry Wallace

'01, was a finalist in the Faulkner Creative Writing Competition, and he had an essay in *Hard Ground 2001*, a Wyoming anthology.

Work by Naomi Wax '01 appeared recently in *The New York Times Magazine's* "Week in Review" section, and in the *Book Review's* "Books in Brief" section.

Misha Angrist '01 has a story forthcoming in *The Pittsburgh Quarterly* and recently published nonfiction pieces in *Tin House* and *Pif*.

Julie Bloemeke '01 was a finalist in the *Arts and Letters* poetry competition.

The American Poetry Review published an interview with Donald Hall by David McDonald '01, who also has a poem upcoming in *5AM*.

In February, Ricco Siasoco '01 read at PEN New England's "Erotic Night" with Sue Miller, Andre Dubus III, and Liam Rector.

Brent Terry '01 had a poem in the fall issue of *5AM* and in the spring *Portland Review*.

Debbie Danielpour Chapel '01 had an essay in *Agni*.

JULY @ BENNINGTON



A pre-college program for students ages 15 to 18 • June 29–July 26, 2002

Every July for the past 23 years, the campus has welcomed a select group of high school students who take courses in everything from writing and composing to biology and math; participate in concerts, readings, and exhibits; and attend region-wide performing arts events—all in one amazing month. In true Bennington fashion, these young students immerse themselves in their favorite subjects—all while earning college credits in a non-competitive learning environment.

Want to know more? Go to www.bennington.edu and click on *July at Bennington*, e-mail july@bennington.edu, or call 802-440-4418.

1930s

Margaret Altschul Lang '38 died January 4, in Key West, FL. She was 86. After attending Bennington, she worked as a reporter for *The Journal American Newspaper* in New York City. During this time, she met her husband, the late Daniel Lang, staff writer for *The New Yorker*; they were married for 39 years. According to *The New York Times* obituary, Mrs. Lang was "vital and adventurous, creative...quirky with a wry sense of humor." She is survived by daughters Frances Lang-Labaree, Helen Lang, and Cecily Lang-Kooyman; eight grandchildren; a sister; and a brother.

Anne Poor '39 died January 12 in Nyack, NY; she was 84. While in high school, she studied at the Art Students League in New York City, and in the 1930s helped her stepfather, Henry Varnum Poor, paint murals for the U.S. Justice Department in Washington, DC. She joined the Women's Army Corps in the 1940s, during which time she painted World War II combat scenes that were later exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and the National Gallery of Art in Washington. According to *The New York Times* obituary, Ms. Poor painted a series of landscapes for a 1964 book, *Greece*, with text by Henry Miller. Her work is in the collections of the Metropolitan Museum, the Whitney Museum of American Art, and elsewhere, and she taught at and served on the board of the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture for many years. She was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Academy of Design. Ms. Poor is survived by a brother, Peter Poor, of Manhattan; two nieces; and a nephew.

1940s

Joan Strong Warmbrunn '42 died December 18 in Portola Valley, CA. She was 79. Employed by the O.S.S. in Washington during World War II, Mrs. Warmbrunn later taught English at The Putney School, which she had attended; codirected The Peninsula School in Menlo Park, CA; and worked as a research assistant at Stanford's Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences. She also played cello in her church's string ensemble, and had short stories published in magazines and an anthology. She is survived by a sister and three nephews.

Jane Meyerhoff de Rochemont '43 died May 22, after a long illness. Born in Philadelphia, she attended The Dalton School and then Bennington, where she studied painting with Paul Feeley. After graduation, she studied with Hans Hoffman in New

York City, where she maintained her own painting studio. For years she worked as a stylist for a number of renowned photographers, including Louise Dahl Woolf; she also worked as an interior designer. She married French Legion of Honor winner Richard de Rochemont, who predeceased her; she is survived by a sister, three nephews, and a step-niece.

Margaret Larson '44 sent her own words about Mrs. de Rochemont, along with reminiscences written by friends and fellow alumnae, excerpts of which are below.

"Jane. Extraordinary painter, extraordinary cook, extraordinary connoisseur of literature, and above all, extraordinary friend. [She] was a magnet who drew and held all her life a vast company of friends. The art of friendship, many felt, was her greatest gift."

—Margaret Larson '44

"Jane was the first friend I made at Bennington, and one of my closest. Her friend and mentor, Paul Feeley, stimulated her ambition to become a first-class painter. But literature was as strong an interest...in classes with Ben Belitt and William Troy her lively participation benefited us all."

—Yvonne Roy Porter '43

"I first met Jane when I was a confused freshman. Jane knew about art, which I didn't; she knew the ultimate accolade a Bennington woman strove for was the word talented, a word she had earned."

—Laura Parker Price '45

"During a long, long illness, [Jane] was an example of patience, courage, humor and the surprising ability of a very strong individualist to adapt to her narrowing circumstances."

—Rosamund Reed Bodman '44

Eleanor Wayland Thomson '44 died August 13 at her home in Woodbury, CT. She was 78. Mrs. Thomson was active in several volunteer organizations during her life, including the Junior League of Greater Waterbury and the Easter Seals Society. Predeceased by her husband of 57 years, Woodward Thomson, she is survived by three sons, Schuyler Wayland Thomson of Norfolk, CT; Peter Woodward Thomson of Taunton, MA; and Alexander Livingston Thomson of Woodbury, CT; two sisters; three grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Genevieve Tobin Scranton '46 died January 15, in Bennington, VT; she was 77. She and her husband spent most of their lives in New Jersey, where she was active in the Junior League of Short Hill and The Oranges, the Garden Club, and children's theater. In 1997, the couple moved to

Dorset, VT. Mrs. Scranton leaves her husband of 55 years, Charles W. Scranton, Jr., and their four children, Charles W. Scranton III and Mary Scranton Grabarz, both of Manchester, VT; John T. Scranton of Carmel, NY; and Susan Reed Scranton of Boston, MA; a sister; and eight grandchildren.

1950s

From Joel Katz we have learned of the recent death of his wife, **Joanne Goldstein Katz '58**. Mr. Katz requested that donations in his wife's memory be made to Bennington College.

1990s

Matthew Franklin Shelton Sims '98 died in January. He was beginning graduate work in African studies at the University of Connecticut. During his short life, Matthew went to Africa twice: first as a teacher in Namibia in 2000 and then as a group leader and medical assistant in 2001. While in Namibia, he climbed Mount Kilimanjaro, bungee-jumped over the Zambezi River, and developed a deep affection for all things African. He spent seven years at the side of Meagan Masingill '99; they met in September 1994 on the first day of their first year at Bennington. During his time at the College, Matt was a prolific painter and writer; his senior thesis, "Erosion Patterns in Tennessee Red Clay: God's Word in the Postmodern Movement," was one of his many works. He also discovered a deep love for drumming and electronic music while an undergraduate. Matt loved all things sweet: running, animals, Zen studies, the pursuit of justice, and many people and places, including Bennington College. He was a sweet and an affable person who also happened to have a brilliant mind. His elegant writing was endlessly inspiring. He loved many people deeply and I know that we return that love to him. *Sic itur ad astra*, Matthew.

—contributed by Meagan Masingill '99,
who has established a scholarship fund in Matt's
memory at WorldTeach, 79 JFK Street,
Cambridge, MA 02138.

FACULTY

Historian and educator **Rush E. Welter** died November 27, in Bennington, VT. He was 78. Born in Staten Island, NY, he earned his AB degree from Harvard in 1943, enlisted in the U.S. Army, then

returned to Harvard for graduate school, receiving his Ph.D. in 1951. Dr. Welter taught at Bennington from 1952 until his retirement in 1993, with brief periods away, during which he taught at the University of Manchester in England and the University of Western Ontario; worked for the American Council of Learned Societies; and was a Woodrow Wilson Fellow at the Library of Congress.

At Bennington, he was often deeply involved in issues surrounding College governance, and served as Dean of Studies from 1985 to 1987. The obituary in *The Bennington Banner* noted that Dr. Welter was "[e]xacting in his standards but unstinting of his time...[and] remembered by many Bennington alumni as an outstanding and a favorite teacher."

An historian of ideas, Dr. Welter wrote and edited various texts and articles, a monograph, and two major books, both published by Columbia University Press (see below). He was widely recognized for his scholarship; in addition to the Woodrow Wilson fellowship, he also received Fulbright and National Endowment for the Humanities fellowships.

He is survived by his son, Jonathan Welter of New York City; a sister; and a stepmother. A memorial service was held at the College in January, at which Dr. Welter's longtime colleague Arnold Ricks spoke. Below are excerpts of his remarks.

It is fitting that so many are here to honor Rush's memory—his life and his work. Rush himself would have appreciated that this might not be a simple matter for all, for if he mightily wrought, he also mightily fought; he would most certainly have been moved.

It is almost 50 years since Rush—Harvard Ph.D. in hand and after a year at Swarthmore College—came to teach at Bennington. I believe that only Ben Belitt served longer on Bennington's faculty than Rush, with his 41 years.

Following his retirement, Rush moved to New York City to work on his third book. He had completed some ten chapters—all but a last chapter and a conclusion—before he was unable to continue working [due to ill health].

Rush possessed something of the character of a New England Puritan divine. It was in the life of the mind that he was most at home, that he came truly into his own; and that encompassed the two activities for which he must particularly be remembered: his teaching and his writing.

Rush published in 1959 a model study, Bennington, Vermont: An Economic History, still regularly cited. His first book, Popular Education and Democratic Thought in America, published in 1962, handsomely traced how a growing belief in public education came to

be viewed as undergirding a democratic society. Writing about Rush's career, the distinguished American historian John Higham cited Lawrence Cremin's assessment of this book as "the most incisive work on the special role education has played in American politics and political thought." Rush set for himself an even more ambitious task in his second book, *The Mind of America, 1820-1860*, published in 1975.

Rush's teaching and writing were closely connected. It was central to his genius as a teacher to catch students up in the enterprise of engaging the material at hand, helping them turn their questions and observations to account, drawing them on, drawing them out. He plunged them, Bennington-fashion, directly and without apology, into the kinds of material and the kind of rigorous inquiry expected of professional historians.

Chichung Huang, 78, died at Fengtai, a suburb of Beijing, on August 5, of complications arising from pneumonia. Born in Jiangxi Province, he graduated from Yenching University in 1949. He joined the English faculty at Beijing University during the nationwide reorganization of institutions of higher learning in 1952.

The distinguished expatriate author Ningkun Wu recalled the context of Huang's painful life in China. "When the 'Beijing Spring' began in 1957, the students and faculty at Beijing University took the lead in answering Mao's and the Party's call to air their views on university and state affairs with no reservation. Huang played an active part in offering sharp critiques of Party and government affairs....Only five weeks after the 'campaign' was launched with such fanfare, Mao wrote editorial after editorial for the Party organ, *People's Daily*, to denounce the critics as 'bourgeois rightists,' or anti-Party, anti-socialism, anti-people counter-revolutionaries....Huang was denounced as an 'Ultra-Rightist,' dishonorably dismissed from the university, and sent to Qinghe State Farm for re-education through forced labor in March 1958."

Subsequently, Huang spent 21 years in prison or work camps. He was rehabilitated in 1979 and installed as associate professor of English at Beijing University.

Huang, familiarly known as "CC," came to this country in 1984 as a visiting professor at Hamline University in St. Paul, MN. In 1985 he came to Bennington to act as interpreter for guest artist Ye Xiao Lan, a Beijing Opera star. Huang subsequently taught Chinese literature at Emory University, then joined the Bennington faculty in 1988. He remained until 1995, teaching Chinese language and literature. He was especially known for his popular course on Confucius.

Huang translated *Othello*, Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *The Widowers' Houses* and other plays by George Bernard Shaw, and *The Book of Negro Folklore* by Langston Hughes, works which won him critical acclaim in China. While at Bennington, he translated the *Analects* of Confucius, published by Oxford University Press (1997). His translation of the *Tao Te Ching* was published posthumously in San Francisco. Huang became a U.S. citizen in 1992, but returned to China when his health declined.

When Ningkun Wu learned of Huang's death last August, he wrote, "I have found it hard to come to terms with the devastating irony that Chichung should have traveled six thousand miles to die a lonely death in a country where he had been so relentlessly persecuted for so many years and from which he finally escaped, when all his family remained in the States. I doubt if his passing away has even been noticed at Peking University."

"CC" will be remembered for his tall, gaunt stature, quiet generosity, strong views about family, and great learning. His favorite Western music was Tommy Dorsey; he was a fine cook, loved to dance, and showed a fondness for loud ties.

Huang is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter. A second daughter predeceased him.

—contributed by Stephen Sandy

Saul Maloff, 79, died October 10, in Danbury, CT. A writer and an editor who taught at Bennington from 1962 to 1964, he also served on the faculties of the University of Iowa (from which he received his Ph.D.), the University of Michigan, the University of Indiana, New York University, The New School, and elsewhere. He was the author of *Happy Families* and *Heartland*, as well as numerous articles, essays, and short stories. Among his honors were memberships in the National Humanities Faculty, the PEN executive board, and the National Book Critics Circle. He was a juror for the National Book Awards, the National Medal of Literature, and the Carey Thomas Award, and a fellow of the Guggenheim Foundation. Recipient of the George Polk Memorial Award for Literary Criticism in 1968, he was literary critic for *Commonweal* magazine for more than two decades. Dr. Maloff is survived by his wife, Dorothy Parker Maloff; a daughter, Jadis Norman of Bath, England; two brothers; two grandchildren; and a great-grandchild.

We have also learned of the deaths of Sally Pushee Appel '39, Nancy Cole '43, Nalda Mader Hoover '50, Frances Wales Rogers '51, Cynthia Giesecke Stewart '51, Charles Caffal '65, Todd Knox '86, and Martin A. Gelbard '96. ■



Charles Hyman, husband of Ethyl Winter Hyman '45, recently proposed an addition to the College archives. He had put together a personal archive of Winter's professional life—which included being principal solo dancer for the Martha Graham Company and teacher for many years in that company, director and choreographer of her own company, and a former member of Bennington's faculty. Would the College be interested? The College certainly would. And so arrived three volumes of solo and group photographs, clippings, and reviews—the stunning record of a distinguished career. Anyone wishing to consult this latest addition to the dance archives is welcome to do so at Crossett Library.

Pictured above is Ethyl Winter in *Frontier*, choreographed by Martha Graham, 1964. Photograph by Jack Mitchell.

SPRING LECTURES ON CAMPUS

T. BERRY BRAZELTON, M.D.

Ruth Ewing Social Sciences Lectureship

April 30, 2002

Everybody's pediatrician, T. Berry Brazelton is the author of popular books on child development and writes the weekly "Families Today" column for *The New York Times* syndicate. In 1989, Congress appointed him to the National Commission on Children; he has testified on the importance of the Family and Medical Leave Act and of childcare in general.

MICHAEL POLLAN '76

Candace DeVries Olesen Lectureship for Distinguished Alumni

May 9, 2002

Michael Pollan is author of the acclaimed books, *Second Nature*, *A Place of My Own*, and, most recently, *The New York Times* bestseller, *The Botany of Desire*. A contributing writer to *The New York Times Magazine* and former executive editor of *Harper's*, Pollan has lectured on environmentalism, gardening, and nature at the New York Public Library, the Harvard Graduate School of Design, and elsewhere.

BERNARD LEWIS

Ben Belitt Lectureship

Date to be announced

Long recognized among scholars as a leading historian of Islam, Bernard Lewis has had recent articles in *The New Yorker* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. National Public Radio has interviewed him twice since the September terrorist attacks, and his most recent book, *What Went Wrong: Western Impact and Middle Eastern Response*, was the cover piece for a *New York Times Book Review* in January.

Mark your calendars now for the annual Alumni and Family Weekend, October 3–6, 2002. We're planning special events to recognize the 50th, 25th, and 10th reunions of the Classes of 1952, 1977, and 1992, as well as those celebrating a special reunion year: 1957, 1962, 1967, 1972, 1982, 1987, 1992, and 1997. Come enjoy the beautiful foliage, sit in on classes and workshops, see what's new on campus, and rekindle old friendships.

Questions? Interested in helping plan the program or an event for your class?

Call 1-800-598-2979 or e-mail kfinney@bennington.edu.