Words Work

Sally A. Kitt Chappell

Selected Writings

Words Work

Words Work

Sally A. Kitt Chappell

Selected Writings

To my editors

for improving my prose and teaching me how to write, especially:

Russell Barta
Alice Bennett
Robert Bruegmann
Jonathan Chappell
A. Elizabeth Chase
Kevin Harrington
Wilbert Hasbrouck
Sharon Irish
William Marlin
Glynn and Scott Oury
Joel Score
J. William "Bill" Thompson
Fannia Weingartner

Editors at *The New York Times*

Contents

Introduction

I wish I could say that I wanted to be a writer ever since childhood, but it would not be true. For most of my life I wrote because I had to, either to get promoted to tenure as a college professor, or to earn extra money. But the skills acquired in the process of professional writing served me well when, later in life, I wrote because I had ideas, feelings, or experiences I wanted to share with others. My best writing came after my fiftieth birthday when my children were grown and I had, at last, found a wonderful husband. Before that most of my spare time went to pursuing boys or looking for a husband. And now I want to share those ideas, feelings, and experiences, my best work, with family and friends for my 80th birthday, June 27, 2009.

On that day in 1929 I was born the first child of William Elbert Anderson and Elinor Tanke Anderson, a lucky start, for my father was a big-hearted, sensitive man, and my mother a poet. She loved to read poetry aloud at bedtime and I am sure she planted the seeds of a love of meter and rhyme in me that would grow over the years. Over and over again, hundreds of times, I heard "Fairies," with its thrilling opening line: "There are Fairies at the Bottom of Our Garden," or "The Sleepy Town Express," especially after my baby brother, Billy, cuddled in. More often than not, we heard both!

FAIRIES

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
It's not so very, very far away;
You pass the gardener's shed and you just keep straight ahead—
I do so hope they've really come to stay.
There's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles,
And a little stream that quietly runs through;
You wouldn't think they'd dare to come merry-making there—
Well, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they could sit upon the moonbeams
And pick a little star to make a fan,
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?
Well, they can.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
You cannot think how beautiful they are;
They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King
Come gently floating down upon their car.
The King is very proud and *very* handsome;
The Queen—now can you guess who that could be?
(She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away)
Well—it's *Me!*

—Rose Fyleman, from THE HOME BOOK OF MODERN VERSE
edited by Burton Egbert Stevenson, 21-22.

THE SLEEPY TOWN EXPRESS

Just beyond the rainbow's rim a river ripples down
Beneath a bridge, around a bend, and flows through Sleepytown—
Through Sleepytown, where goblins toil to fashion wondrous toys
And make up fascinating games for little girls and boys.

And automobiles, just the size for little hands to drive,
Await to whirl you all about as soon as you arrive.
But no one ever is allowed in Sleepytown, unless
He goes to bed in time to take the Sleepytown Express!

I know a foolish little boy who always starts to whine
When he is asked to trot upstairs before it's half-past nine.
And often he will stamp his feet and shake his tousled head,
And make a racket, even then, when he is sent to bed.
Of course, when he has said his prayers it always is too late
To catch the Sleepytown Express—it starts at half-past eight.
And so, in all his long, long life—he's five years old this fall—
That little boy has never been to Sleepytown at all.

But other wiser little boys, and little girls as well,
As soon as eight o'clock has struck rush right upstairs, pell-mell,
Get off their clothes and say their prayers, just of their own accord,
And, when the train comes rolling in, they're there to climb aboard.
Then through a long, delightful night they wander up and down
And have a most exciting time in queer old Sleepytown;
And not for cake or anything that children could possess
Would any of them ever miss the Sleepytown Express!

—James J. Montague, ibid, 14-15.

In passing, a note should be sounded for the hymns I sang in Sunday school. I could sense the forbearance of my teachers when I always requested "Onward Christian Soldiers," for I was indeed a jingoistic, aggressive little girl. Although I tried to hide it, I suppose, it sprang out more frequently than my parents liked. They even cheered the first time Billy gave me a bloody nose! But they were usually asleep in their bed on Sunday mornings when Aunt Gertrude took me to Sunday school. And I believe the meter and rhyme of that march strengthened my soul, and lay dormant for decades —until the poet in me needed it!

Training Wheels

My mother died when I was thirteen, and looking back on it I believe my creative energies were spent in holding myself together and growing up, so from here we skip to high school. My first official writing was a column I co-authored for the Topeka High School WORLD from 1945-46. But I won't quote from it, because my co-author, Jack Hill, did all of the work. Reason? We ended up necking in the den in our basement instead of working, and Jack went home after my father kicked him out and gallantly wrote the column. He grew up to be a newspaperman, like his father.

One other high school teacher was important to my future. Miss Ruth Stout, the debate coach, gave me confidence as a public speaker, but that is related to my becoming a teacher more than a writer. Winning the Kansas State H.S. Debate Tournament in 1946, however, whetted my appetite for competition! My partner, Noel Fleming, who ended up teaching Philosophy at the University of California at Santa Barbara, told me at our 50th reunion that I was the first girl he ever met who was interested in ideas. We recognized each other easily in the parking lot and talked there for over an hour, nearly missing lunch!

When I entered Mills College in the fall of 1946 I failed the "College Level Writing Test." Young women who failed this test had to take "Dumbbell English" (as we called it, I believe the faculty called it "Remedial English") every day at 8:00 A.M. (no credit) until they passed the test. I was there five days a week for months, and it was the best thing that ever happened to me. Dr. Weeks assassinated my punctuation errors, healed my comma splices, force-fed me a paperback dictionary to check my spelling, and partially instilled a sense of sentence structure, paragraphing, and organization.

In the summer of 1948 I went on a bicycle trip to Europe with my childhood friend Betsy Day, and I began keeping a journal. I still have it. Most of it is about two guys from Harvard also on the trip, very little about Europe. Too embarrassing to quote.

When I transferred to Smith in 1948 I had no writing problems. I never had to work so hard in my life to graduate in 1950, but it was the course work, not the writing.

After getting married and having my first child, I wrote "Yale University Art Gallery: A Guide to the Collections," while I was a volunteer there in 1955. I do not know how I had the nerve even to show my face. I believe A. Elizabeth Chase, then in charge of Education or Volunteers, or Public Relations (I don't remember her title) did not know what to do with me. I had had no formal training in art history, but she needed something for self-guided tours and I suppose she thought I had a typical visitor's point of view. She had to spend more hours correcting my errors of interpretation than she would have spent in writing the whole thing herself. I still remember her patient looks of forbearance. Perhaps she only kept me on because I was pregnant. There is nothing worth quoting, but they did publish the Guide in mimeographed form and sell it for $1 for a few years, and I learned a lot!

Wait, Wait! It is not quite true that I had had no formal training in art history. While in Germany in 1953-54 I took a course or two in *Kunstgeschichte*. We had field trips all over the Rhineland and travel that year with my first husband, Vere Chappell, was always art oriented. I remember getting swept out (the "sweep" is what the French call getting rid of visitors at the end of each day) of the Louvre and crying on the steps because I didn't want to leave Paris...and art! That's when I decided to become an art historian. Alas, when I went to the Graduate Admissions Office at Yale when we returned a pacifier fell out of my pocket during the interview. I was rejected.

On arriving in Chicago in 1957 I learned that faculty wives could audit courses "with the permission of the instructor." But the university abandoned this policy two months after we got there. Instead, everyone had to enroll and pay. If I got in, I decided to borrow the money, take one course at a time, sit for the exams, get credit, and let the M.A. degree accrue. I got in. Since I believed in breast-feeding I had to take time off a lot, so it took me six years, but I got the diploma in 1963. There's an article somewhere in my thesis, "Changing Representations of the Liberal Arts in Italy: 1300-1500," but I'm not motivated to find it.

Little Victories

During this period, in the late 1950s, a Communist in a federal prison wrote a book, and the prison warden confiscated the manuscript and burned it. Like all liberals, I was outraged and wrote *The New York Times* Books Section a letter of perhaps 200 words. When they printed it the editor had reduced it to the following 32 words:

"To deny us access to the workings of the Communist mind in a cold war is as absurd as denying us access to the maps of enemy territory in a hot war."—*Sally Chappell, Chicago.*

I was so thrilled I stayed home all day to receive congratulatory phone calls from my friends. The phone rang only once, but I still remember who it was—Carroll ("Curly") Bowen—the director of the University of Chicago Press, whom I knew slightly. "Your aphoristic style! Brilliant!" he said. It was my first lesson in the power of editors.

Checking my memory about this, my first real world "publication," took less than five minutes and $3.95. I went on-line to *The New York Times* archives, and they mailed me a copy of my letter as it appeared in the August 14, 1960 issue.

While teaching at Mundelein College in the early 1960s I met Russell Barta, editor of *NEW CITY,* who asked me to write a bibliographical essay on recent books about Chicago architecture. Re-reading "Chicago's Booming Beauty" for this collection I found the author overly critical in places, but the last paragraph made my heart beat faster. It shows an interest in the relationship between architecture and landscape as early as August 1, 1965. Here it is in full:

It is a fact not too well known that architecture gives meaning and significance to landscape. The shores of the Atlantic are most beautiful in New York and Mount Saint Michel; the hills of Italy most striking as they roll against the towers of San Gimignano. Lake Michigan sets off her beauty by reflecting and giving significance to Chicago's man-made marvels.

Woops, shouldn't that have been *Mont* Saint Michel? Compounding the error, you should know that art historians are trained to spell and pronounce names as they are spelled and pronounced in the country of origin. My face turns red, 44 years later.

My doctoral dissertation at Northwestern on Barry Byrne provided a few articles in architectural journals. Mostly scholarly in tone, writing these pieces was an exercise in discipline. I learned the importance of accuracy, of meeting deadlines, and providing good illustrations. I was lucky that Chicago supported several journals on architectural subjects so I made it into print often enough to get tenure at DePaul University in the early 1970s. Here's a paragraph from *The Prairie School Review,* Vol. III, Number 4.

In 1917 the Chicago School was regarded as dead by one of its own members ...That the elegy was premature is now known to everyone...But the young architects around in 1917 must have had no inkling that, like Huckleberry Finn, they were merely watching their own funeral. The Chicago School was not dead. The First World War proved but a hiatus in its long development.

Not bad, but it is not typical. You should see the rest of it! Full of the passive voice, art history cant, and unremitting simple declarative sentences. As I look back, I needed a good substance editor. Someone who had to have higher standards than Dr. Weeks. I needed Fannia Weingartner, and, as luck would have it, the Chicago Historical Society was planning an exhibition on Barry Byrne, and Fannia, their quarterly journal editor, needed me.

I wish I had kept the manuscript she returned to me after her "first reading." Covered with red ink, rewrites, comments, question marks, and carets on every page it looked like it had been used to wipe the floor of a cock fight.

"First reading," was a new term to me. There were several (I lost count) thereafter. Fannia would come to my house and painstakingly ("we mustn't get lazy," was her motto) polish every sentence. I began to get the hang of recasting in the active voice, of varying my sentence structure, and even of "letting myself be lyrical in the captions." She recommended E.B. White's ELEMENTS OF STYLE, for an annual peruse. I still read it once a year, and I learn something every time.

Occasionally she would confide that I was not the most difficult in her stable of authors, and once she added that there were really only two people who needed no editing—Joan Draper and Neil Harris. I am jealous to this day.

Alas, publishers today can no longer afford "substance editors." I count my blessings that I entered the field when they were still a part of the process.

Now, a few leaves from books and articles I have written. First, my favorite. When it came out in *The New York Times* Travel Section, a front page, five-column spread, above the fold, with five photographs and a map inside, I shouted for joy! After you've read this, I will confide two secrets.

Rome Alfresco

Picnicking on the seven hills

By Sally A. Kitt Chappell

From our picnic spot on the Janiculum, the only hill on the west side of the Tiber, all of Rome spread before us in a panorama of warm red roofs and bright yellow walls, undulating in the soft curves of the hills and punctuated by domes of various sizes. Beyond the cliffside parapet, we could make out the gentle outlines of the other six hills of Rome: the green expanses of the Pincio, the palaces on the Quirinale, the campanile on the Esquiline, the slope of the Celio, the graceful pines of the Palatine and the blush of roses in the gardens of the Aventine.

Clearly visible, too, were the buildings and monuments that make Rome easily comprehensible even to infrequent visitors: the Villa Medici, with its twin towers, to the north; the Lateran Basilica dominating the east; the whiteness of the Victor Emmanuel II monument to the south; and the monumental dome of St. Peter's looming out of the west. Within and in between were the treasures we would discover on our walks in the coming days.

Substituting picnics for lunches or early suppers, especially when the sun warms the hills until early evening, my husband and I were able to appreciate a very different view of Rome. Amid the roses, under umbrella pines, listening to the splash of fountains and the songs of birds, even a simple repast seemed luxurious.

Each morning before leaving our hotel near Piazza del Popolo, with a city map as our only guide, we would choose the top of one of the seven hills of the city for our destination.

After a stop at a *salumeria,* or delicatessen, to buy our picnic for the day, we would wend our way slowly up the chosen hill. Only once in seven days did the climb prove too much, forcing us to hail a taxi (to Piazzale Garibaldi at the top of the Janiculum); otherwise it was all easily accomplished on foot.

Early on the first morning we learned that all we needed to know was one phrase in Italian—*un po di questo* (a little of this) —while we pointed to whatever tempted us. The natural courtesy of the Italians came to our rescue in every situation, as the shopkeepers deduced our needs and simply gave us enough for two people who were obviously setting out on a picnic. At modest cost we ate in imperial splendor for the whole week.

That first day we feasted on *bufalo* mozzarella, the soft cheese made from the milk of water buffaloes, which we wrapped in prosciutto and stuck next to the heaps of dark red and sweet yellow cherries lying in the plastic carrying bag given to us by the fruit vendor next to our hotel. With a bottle of frascati and a loaf of fresh bread, also bought at the *salumeria,* we were ready for lunch at the top of our first hill.

Walking down the Janiculum, we thought the hill a fitting site for Bramante's jewel-like little temple, which legend declares is the shrine of the cross on which St. Peter was martyred. Most Italians and all architects call it the *tempietto.* Three small steps lead to the Doric colonnade that encircles the little round pavilion, while a simple balustrade leads the eye to a powerful dome above. The building and its plaza seem to affirm the continuity of life. When Pope Julius II saw it he was so moved he chose its architect, Bramante, to redesign St. Peter's.

From the square in front of the church of San Pietro in Montorio we could see the antique sources of all this grandeur in the Forum below. Satisfied with this splendid introduction to Rome, we meandered home for a look within the domes we had admired from above—Sant'Agnese, Sant'Ivo, the Pantheon and San Carlo al Corso. Wonders within wonders.

Choosing the southernmost hill, the Aventine, for the next day's excursion, we walked slowly toward it along the banks of the Tiber. Today, as in ancient times, the waterfront is inhabited by businessmen bustling about on their errands, but we soon left all of this behind as we ascended the path from the Circus Maximus. Blooming yellow, golden, ivory, white and red roses in great profusion greeted us as we entered the Roman Rose Garden on the northern slope of the hill. Since it seems everyone in Rome brings his bride or his mother here for a walk, the place is also petaled with family parties, with beautifully dressed people out for an excursion.

We picnicked on the northwest corner in Savello Park, where we saw the seven hills from a different angle. Two nuns walked toward us along the path, the black and white contours of their habits framing the view of St. Peter's in the background. The park was named for the Savelli family. The Church of Santa Sabina Up the Hill was where St. Dominic lived for a time in the 13th century. He too, we thought, must have enjoyed the view as he worked nearby in the cloisters, planting the jasmine and geraniums that perfumed the monks' garden.

On the Palatine the next morning we decided to follow the route suggested in our Michelin. The process of finding our places in the guide, reading the history of each building aloud to each other and finding the next spot on the map soon became like a game of treasure hunt. We strolled around the old peristyles, in our imaginations reconstructing the baths, living room, race tracks, libraries, temples and palaces.

When we stopped for our picnic under the umbrella pine in the ancient upper peristyle we reflected for a few moments about the meaning of our picnic spot—the nymphaeum. The nymphs were semi-divine young maids, well-disposed toward mortals, and were considered the guardian goddesses of marriage, healing and poetry. Just then, a group of beautiful Italian girls descended on the very spot. Laughing and joking, they stretched out for their midday sunbathing and lunch. They seemed perfectly at home. Later we stopped in the Farnese Gardens for a view of the Colosseum illuminated by the setting sun. Our day on the Palatine taught us what countless other tourists had already discovered. *Follow in the footsteps of the Romans and you will learn Rome's most valuable lesson: how to live*.

Buying good bread first thing every morning, for example. The next day at l'Arte del Pane, on Via Merulana, we were so dazzled by the intricacies of the pastry birds baked on the ring loaves we could scarcely break away for our walk up the Esquiline. The shady arcade under the tall chestnut trees beckoned, however, and we enjoyed the character of the apartment buildings, like old Renaissance palaces freshly stuccoed, on either side of the street as we ascended the hill. At the top is Santa Maria Maggiore, one of the four large Roman basilicas that bear the title major (the others are St. John Lateran, St. Paul Without the Walls, and St. Peter's). Broad piazzas on two sides prepare the visitor for the vigor of the mosaics that line the walls of the nave and chancel arch within.

Some of the oldest Christian works in Rome, the mosaics along the nave walls depict sprightly scenes from the Old Testament. On the arch are fifth-century scenes from the life of Mary, culminating in the apse in the 13th-century crowning of Mary. Sumptuous marbles, brilliant gold leaf and a baroque baldachin are beyond a submerged area,

where before a reliquary thought to contain fragments from the crib of Jesus, there is a statue of Pope Pius IX at prayer.

We ate our lunch in the Parco Traianeo nearby, watching tourists from many countries disembark from their buses.

On the Celio he next morning our walk began at the Piazza dei SS. Giovanni e Paolo, very like a street from old Assisi with its campanile and medieval walls. As we walked along Via di S. Paolo dell Croce to the west we passed beneath a series of old arches, covering parts of the street like broad flying buttresses, as if to remind us how many architectural ideas spring from Rome. A visit to Santo Stefano Rotundo reinforced the impression.

Later we entered the gates of the Villa Celiamontana for our picnic, whiling away the time by watching children playing on the grassy areas. After lunch we went on to the highlight of our walk, St. John Lateran. This basilica, commanding a view of Rome, is the cathedral of the city, with a nave equal to its standing. We found ourselves lingering in two smaller spaces, however, the cloister and the baptistery. The cloister, with its geometric mosaics and its double-columned arcade, shielded us from the crush of pilgrims in the church: the baptistery is where nearly every early Christian in Rome was baptized.

The Quirinal, our next day's destination, was originally the site of a papal palace, to which the hill gave its name; today it is the official residence of the President. Black limousines, uniformed guards and diplomats dot the square at the top of the hill, the highest piazza in the city. After our picnic in the public garden behind the palace, a light rain began to fall and we turned our thoughts to covered spaces. Bernini's Sant'Andrea al Quirinale, right next to the park, opened into a joyful, colorful interior of rose marble and playful gold angels.

A quick run half a block east and we were in the oval interior of Borromini's San Carlo alle Quattro Fontane. Here perfect taste rules with imaginative daring. Curves and counter curves on the façade are a prelude to the elegant rhythms of the convex and concave surfaces of the walls, in their harmoniously colored brown, light gray, ivory and taupe moldings. From the richness beneath its elaborately decorated ceiling we moved to the perfect quiet and proportions of its cloister.

More Bernini sculpture is what we wanted next, so we continued down the same street to Via XX Settembre and on to Santa Maria della Vittoria to see his Coronaro Chapel. Depicting the moment when God sent his seraph to pierce the soul of St. Theresa of Avila with an arrow, it seemed the artist had perfectly captured the feeling of her words: "The pain was so sharp that I cried aloud but at the same time I experienced such delight that I wished it would last forever."

The Pincio is where the Romans go to play. Children race their bicycles around Piazza di Siena, people young and old go boating on the lake by Tempio di Esculapio, visit the zoo and watch daring young men and women do the most incredible feats on roller skates. Each Sunday about 25 little yellow pyramids or pylons, are set up on the hill six feet apart, parallel to where the Muro Torto intersects with Viale di Magnolie. Spectators line the sides as one skater after another comes whizzing down. Not content with speed alone, each has his or her own style, each creating a distinctive pattern, in line with the Italian tradition of always cutting a *bella figura*.

More sedate pleasures came in contemplating the clock powered by a waterfall on Viale dell'Orologio and in picnicking in the park near the lookout over Piazza del Popolo. After several hours, we drifted to the Casina Valadier's ice cream menu. Translating with the help of a pocket dictionary, I ordered a Monte Bianco. It arrived as described, a "triumph

of the art of ice cream, three flavors, with chestnuts, meringue, and whipped cream, topped with white chocolate snow." My husband fell for the Classical Truffle, "fine cocoa which delights the palate with *morbidissima* whipped cream over a mixture of vanilla ice cream and chocolate candy." *Morbidissima* was not in our dictionary, but it sounded lethal.

Wanting to linger, we ordered coffee before looking at the pictures on the restaurant walls. Prints by Italian architects involved with the changing designs of Piazza del Popolo decorated the little gallery space and deepened our sense of the history of the place.

As we looked at a colored lithograph of an 18th-century French couple alighting from their carriage to climb the Pincio, we thought of how many others had walked up with the same pleasure. Outside again, we leaned against a column and watched twilight descend behind St. Peter's.

Lighting the backs of the clouds with gold, as if in a Tiepolo painting, the sun cast its last rays on a Rome that seemed to need the whole sky for a suitable background.

Two Secrets Revealed

I submitted this story to *The New York Times* sometime in 1986 and it was rejected. Every Sunday thereafter for nine months as I read the travel essays the hurt descended again. "My piece was better than that one," I often said to myself. Finally I confided in a friend at DePaul, Joe Lehmann, a successful author of several books. "Oh, Sally," he said, "it was probably thrown out by one of those recent Radcliffe English majors they hire to go through all the 'over the transom' mail. If I were you, I'd just send it in again." I did and it was accepted, exactly as it had been written the first time. But I had to wait several months for it to appear in print. Meanwhile, I had told my friends to expect it and we all lost hope of ever seeing it before it was finally published.

That's the good secret. Here's the bad one.

After the piece had its debut, I walked around for a week, glowing like a Tiepolo myself, and receiving several phone calls until a ghastly moment when the "Corrections Editor" at the *Times* called. A reader had pointed out that I had included two hills that were not among the seven hills of *ancient* Rome, the Janiculum and the Pincio, and therefore left out the Viminale and the Capitoline. The *Times* was going to print his letter. Did I wish to respond? I was speechless. He suggested I simply say he was right. I agreed. I was mortified! For several days I paced up and down in our apartment wincing and wanting to hide my head under the covers and never face the light of day again. I swore, vowed and promised myself never to risk my scholarly reputation by publishing in a newspaper again. I would only submit to journals or book publishers with jurors who save the author the agonies of the red face. All of my husband's reassurances that I was talking about modern Rome were of no avail. I'm an art historian! As I look back on it more than twenty years later it was not such a terrible mistake. The Times had run it by one of their Rome correspondents, Donatella Ortona, who didn't catch it, and even added "Places to Shop," hill by hill, to the piece, including the Janiculum and the Pincio!

As luck would have it, a few months later KLM called me wanting to use the piece for a promotion magazine they called "Europe By Design," where people planned their own itineraries and KLM made the arrangements. They paid me eight times what the Times had paid me, and I had a chance to correct my error. To do so, I had to take out some of the splendid stuff about the Janiculum and the Pincio so I have used the uncorrected version here. Also, this anthology is about becoming a writer and learning to cope with public mistakes and to gather courage to risk again is part of the process.

Five years later my head came out from under the covers and I tried again. Meanwhile, people here had seen the piece; an IIT architecture professor had Xeroxed it as required reading for his year in Rome students; my friend and colleague Robert Bruegmann had told me he had friends who would die to get a piece in *The New York Times;* and Carol Selle called to say "Congratulations! Some of today's best writing is in the Travel Section of the *Times!"*

Here is my second *New York Times* Travel Section article.

On Being a Magnet to Hustlers

Whether it's sponges in Greece or castanets at the Alhambra, these friendly folk mastermind a sale; one pitchman was unforgettable.

By Sally A. Kitt Chappell

On a recent trip to Mexico I met a man who changed my way of looking at the hawkers, con artists and shills I have met on my travels over the years. Rather, I should say those who have met me, for I seem to attract those hustlers who pose as bystanders but are secretly employed by a local vendor.

They turn toward me in public squares or railway stations, and stick to me on narrow piers. Much to their frequent disappointment, for I am not as naïve as I look, nor am I much of a shopper, they usually go away empty-handed. If I do say so myself, to get me to open my purse, they have to be good. For this reason, my lasting memories are of the best of the lot. But I did not appreciate them fully until this year.

In discussing the subject with my husband, I recalled the gypsy hawker outside the Alhambra who sold me a pair of castanets for eight times the price I saw them for the next day in the market. "But you learned to play castanets!" he protested. True; I was happy to acknowledge it. The music lesson, the repeated demonstrations, the patience of my gypsy teacher, and the half-hour of her time, were surely a lifelong bargain, now that I thought it over.

There was also the old salt on the dock in Piraeus who asked me to watch his sea bag for two minutes while he did some quick errand. Had I been in Greece long? Had I had a chance to try to wonderful natural sponges? To thank me, he offered to accompany me to a shop and help arrange a purchase of the best bargain in Greece. Inside he helped me choose two bathing sponges that were just my size. Having used washcloths all my life, I did not know the pleasures of sponging off. The pleasures and the sponges also lasted for years. I trust his secret commission was satisfactory to him.

But the most stellar event I can remember, the one that pushed me to the cosmic leap in my understanding, happened on the sidewalk outside our hotel in Mérida last March. At one point the man said his name was Victor, so I'll call him that. It's appropriate anyway. He won.

If there is a book on hustling, Victor could have written it, but of course there is no book because this is a skill that is passed down in the oral traditions of the trade. Based on my experience with Victor I could, however, brief a novice on the essentials.

There are just five basic steps to reaping a harvest from tourists. First, find the right approach; second, win their confidence; third, give them friendly advice to incur their gratitude; fourth, offer to help—today, right now, in fact, because tomorrow will not be as good; and fifth, close the deal on the spot.

With us, the approach was perfect. "May I ask where you got that hat?" Victor asked. Proud of his old panama, my husband was happy to pause in his stroll and explain that he had bought it years before in Chicago. Victor volunteered that he used to make those hats, but that now they ship all the No. 5's to London. You can't buy them in Mexico anymore.

By coincidence, we had just read "Acquired Tastes," by Peter Mayles, and so we had evidence that this was true. The talk continued on to the various merits of sisal, and

jovial remarks about my recent and impetuously purchased No. 1 probably being made of palm, and how to tell the difference by looking at the fineness of the weave inside.

"Are you going to visit the ruins?" Victor asked.

We were glad to stop and continue the conversation about the main reason for our trip. To show we were no ordinary tourists, I pulled my copy of "Popol Vuh" from my book bag. Victor was beside himself with joy.

"The bible of the Mayans! The book of the dawn of life, all about the glories of Mayan gods and kings! I am Mayan myself. Is it in English, by any chance? Where did you get it? You can only get it in Spanish down here, and I want to send a copy of it to my friends in Texas."

I happily wrote down the name and address of the publisher. Victor had won our confidence by letting us win his. An explanation of the Mayan calendar followed, and we were feeling how lucky we were to have met such an intelligent, friendly person on our first day in Mérida.

"If you can possibly arrange it, go to Chichén Itzá on Monday at sunset," Victor advised. "It is the equinox, a celebration of special significance. Although it will be crowded, you will see the golden snake god of the Mayans descend to the earth, and then return to his temple on the top of the pyramid.

"If you go, remember three things: water, hats and insect repellent. And be sure not to miss the dancing in front of City Hall at 1 on Sunday, or the free concert at 3." We had known about the equinox, but had not known of the dancing and the concert and the need for insect repellent. Then, after a long, carefully timed pause, Victor added his final piece of advice.

"If you are going to do any shopping, be sure to stay out of the tourist traps and only go to the native artisan market. And, if possible, you should not go tomorrow, because that's the weekend and the prices go up."

We had planned on a little shopping for souvenirs, so we thought we might as well have a look at the artisan market. Was it far? Only a few blocks away.

It turned out Victor was out to buy fruit, and the market happened to be on his way, so he would show us. Victor had offered to help. En route I began to feel we owed Victor a favor.

When we arrived in the market, Victor explained that the store in front of us was reliable, and he happened to know the owner and would be glad to introduce us to get us good prices. Just as things were getting to stage five for Victor, closing the deal on the spot, I wised up. Victor was in cahoots with the shopkeeper. By that time, however, I felt so friendly toward Victor for all his good advice that I felt it would be rude of me not to buy something.

For myself I was able to resist the beautiful dresses, the pottery and hand-woven belts spread out before me, but I could not resist an embroidered shirt for the man in my life. Sold. Victor had only a modest victory, but we parted with smiles.

Back in Chicago several weeks later, my husband and I agreed that decoys of the tourist trade are worth their weight in castanets or sponges or sunsets. In addition to all the pleasures of the past, we had just been to a free concert of Yucatan music and dancing and seen a thrilling equinox celebration at Chichén Itzá in perfect comfort, thanks to the efforts of the best. The price was the embroidered shirt on my husband's back.

The New York Times, Sunday, May 29, 1994.

I had one argument with the editor. I wanted to call Victor a shill, but he said that was inaccurate. He won. When the piece appeared it was accompanied by a marvelous cartoon by Ed Koren. One of my friends said the character in the middle looked just like me.

Although I did not put it in the article, I actually had a bit of a personal struggle over this incident. We had not really parted with smiles. After I caught on I got a bit angry, though I didn't show it. I just bought the shirt and we left hurriedly. It was not until I was writing up the incident in my travel journal that I finally realized it was small of me to be even annoyed. "Who are you that you can't be manipulated?" I wrote. The anger dissipated and the travel piece was partially written in my journal that night in the hotel room.

A landscape where humor is an oasis

To survive in the emptiness of West Texas, human beings have developed an adaptation: jokes.

By Sally A. Kitt Chappell

Because we'd been too busy to think ahead, make reservations, or even look closely at a good map, we recently found ourselves checking in at the worst motel we have ever stayed in (and we're adventurers with low standards), in the middle of the baddest of the badlands we'd ever seen (and we have a thing for badlands), where we ending up having the time of our lives. Figuring out why took a while.

My husband, Walter, and I were on the way to Big Bend National Park in West Texas, where the lodge was completely booked, of course, and we knew it. But Yankee fools that we are, we confidently expected to find several motels in the vicinity. We drove out from the airport in El Paso, barely noticing that the more we drove, the greater the distances between buildings became, and the sparser the vegetation.

"Back east" we'd gone through hundreds of miles of green, green, green with motels at every crossroad, and convenience shops galore. Here everything was brown, brown, brown, no crossroads at all, and scarcity in abundance. In places this land was so eroded that nothing could grow, not even a cactus —hence the name "badlands." Finally I spotted a "dirt devil," a mini-tornado funneling up and circling toward a motel in the distance.

Eight rooms, single file, all connected by a tin-roof covered walkway across the front. After we'd paid cash in advance, as requested, the proprietor informed us that the water did not meet State of Texas public health standards, but she had bottled water for sale. We took 10 gallons. The room was clean, although it turned out the plumbing was unreliable. (Later my husband dubbed the place the "Flush and Run.") We collapsed into the plastic chairs outside our door on the walkway, or "porch," and watched as the stars came out in the night sky, as big and bright as the song promised.

The next day we drove to Maverick Junction and pulled off on the old dirt road heading south.

We gazed out at the badlands—vast piles of dirt, so steep that whatever rain falls runs right off. Only the wind finds a home there; its devils forever stirring up dirt. Our eyes rested upon: nothing. Our ears tuned in to: complete silence.

Slowly but surely, however, the goodness of the badlands began to take effect. It's a special world, and needs some getting used to. There may be no plants, for example, but no plants means no bugs, and no bugs means no birds. No incessant chirp, chirp, chirp.

Complete sensory deprivation. Erosion's great gift to the overstimulated.

We sighed, and gradually, as we sat there, the accumulated tensions of deadlines, fax machines, e-mail and meetings began to evaporate.

A few days of this, we thought, and we just might relax and be fit for human companionship again—if only we could find any human beings.

It turns out that human beings are among the few living creatures that can adapt to the badlands, so we're better than the cockroaches after all.

But the people who can make this adaptation have to have a special quality: a sense of humor on the ready.

After a few evenings on our porch, when the unwinding left us smiling to ourselves for no good reason, we were ready to explore the territory and enjoy the other special pleasure of the badlands: wall-to-wall jokes posted at every building.

At a café-filling-station-hardware-store in nearby Study Butte, after we had bought gasoline, sunscreen, soda and two burritos each, we glanced at the sign on the wall behind the cashier: "This clock can never be stolen. Too many employees are always watching."

I started to laugh. While finishing my Coke on the wooden bench outside, I noticed someone had tacked up an old postcard with the legend: "40 Miles From Wood, 50 Miles From Water, 10 Feet From Hell, God Bless Our Home." I laughed all the way back to my 10-gallon water tower.

Going out inevitably provided more laughs, more witty observations stuck to any handy board or gas pump. At a lunch counter the cook had written on the black-board menu:

"Texas: where you go farther and see less, there are more creeks and less water…more horizon and fewer trees than any other place in the whole United States of America."

Underneath someone had chalked in "last understatement for five hundred miles."

At the Boll Weevil, I asked myself why anyone would name a restaurant after such a hideous bug. Was there some hidden irony here?

If it's several hours' drive to the next café you can call your place anything you want and people will come anyway. The tacos were delicious. I kept on laughing.

One day we made an excursion to Marfa—the once-dying cow town and Army base whose buildings Donald Judd, the sculptor, turned into unique exhibit spaces for his and other work. As we prepared to leave I noticed that the only notation on the map for two inches was a picnic table on the east side of the road. Why was this picnic table important? It symbolized the only sign of human activity for 80 miles. Doing nearly 90 miles an hour without noticing it, because there was no one else on the road, we nearly missed the picnic table, which also was important, we realized in the nick of time, for its "Johnny on the Spot." Picnic table, indeed! Even the map was funny. "Last Chance Latrine" we called it.

Every human encounter came with a wisecrack, often hitting us, like a dirt devil, with an earthy touch.

Outside Terlingua the sign by the gasoline pump declared, "A taxpayer is a person who doesn't have to pass a Civil Service exam to work for the government."

Everywhere we found "Signs You Might Be a Yankee" jokes:

"You don't have any hats in your closet that advertise feed stores."

"You would rather have your son become a lawyer than grow up to get his own TV fishing show."

"You don't know anyone with two first names."

And my favorite, "None of your fur coats is homemade."

Gradually, as the five days passed, we benefited from this rare combination: bad land and good jokes. If you need to unwind and have a few laughs or more, head west of the Pecos. And oh, yes, I almost forgot. You can hike or ride (bring your own horse) the spectacular trails in Big Bend National Park, but when you have to git off, remember the local jokebook warning and "Don't Squat With Yer Spurs On."

The New York Times, Sunday, December 12, 1999

Another Lesson

I was uncertain about the name of the town, Study Butte, so I emailed the ranger at Big Bend National Park to ask if it was "Sturdy Butte," or "Study Butte," and asked her to look for other errors. (Ghost of my Seven Hills piece haunting me? *Times* readers are quintessential Hawkeyes.) When this came up in my conversation with the editor at the Times she screeched, "Oh, no! This spoils everything! We never print anything that anyone else has seen!" I was ready to cry. Luckily, when she checked with the chief editor he cleared the story for publication.

Following are two orphans that never made it into print. I send them out now and again, but they always return rejected. I'll let them sleep in the file cabinet until I find a home for them.

Yes, Lauren, There are Nice New Yorkers

In Chicago, New Yorkers have a reputation for being unsmiling cynics, unfriendly, and totally unsympathetic to strangers. On a recent trip to the city I had an experience that would have been a disaster if it had not been for the kindness of six (yes, six!) New Yorkers—complete strangers to me.

It began with a tearful phone call from my youngest granddaughter, Lauren, in Rye. "Everyone else in my class gets toe shoes but not me because I am only ten," she cried. "Waiting is hard," I offered, "but if it will make it easier, I'll come and take you to the real ballet in New York." We agreed on "later this month," and I got the tickets.

Just a week before the big date another sobbing phone call came. Incredible as it seems, Tyler, the new puppy, had licked the Cuissinart blade in the dishwasher, then pulled it out, and carried it in his mouth to the dining room where he left it on the rug. The dog was unscathed, but Lauren had stepped on the blade, been taken to the Emergency Room, and was now stitched, bandaged, and ordered to stay on crutches for two weeks.

What to do? I had a lot of travel experience in World War II and her parents were willing, so I set out to find solutions. First I called the Station Master at Grand Central station. After nineteen rings (I counted) a recorded voice announced, "Your number is not being answered. Your call will be disconnected," and it was. Next I called the Metropolitan Transit Authority (MTA) police. A human being answered —Stranger Number One! "Don't worry, lady, I'll put you right through to the Station Master's direct line." The phone rang twice and Stranger Number Two answered. His reply was succinct.

"No problem, lady, we'll meet your train on the platform with a wheelchair. Call on the day and someone will meet you at 43rd and Lexington where there's a ramp. Then call again from the ballet (I had told him the whole story!) and someone will meet you for the trip back to Rye. Lauren and I set out, I made the phone calls, and Strangers Three and Four were waiting for us, to and from, each with wheelchair, as promised.

Meanwhile Strangers Five and Six had their roles to play. Alas, we arrived at the theater on 55th Street too early and the doors were still locked. I looked around. "Can you make it to the corner on your crutches so we can sit down and have something to drink to pass the next hour?" "Well," Lauren said, "it looks kind of far."

Just when I felt I had run out of solutions Stranger Number Five appeared. Sizing up the situation instantly, (old lady, kid on crutches, ballet doors not yet open), he volunteered, "You can't see it, because it's set back a few feet, but there's a café just next door to this theatre." New York has everything, I thought, including especially perceptive people. Hot chocolate and a game of Battleships on paper napkins entertained us until the doors opened.

When we got to our seats two tall gentlemen were directly in front of us, but Stranger Number Six, next to Lauren, offered to change places. We accepted!

The ballet was lovely, and thanks to the kindness of six strangers in New York, this seventy-six year old woman danced all the way back to Chicago. En pointe!

Lament on the Streets of New Orleans

"I can always head for New Orleans," I have said to myself in all kinds of troubles, big and small. For years, whenever life had piled up too many losses, or too many final exams to grade, I would promise myself a week in the Big Easy.

"I just want jazz, for breakfast, lunch and dinner," I would say to my husband.

As always, Walter understood. "No books, no newspapers, no TV, maybe a drink order between sets, " he once replied. The cure for my maladies was in sight.

But the news that New Orleans is inundated brings thoughts of losses deeper than my own personal get-away. What will happen to the great tradition of New Orleans street music?

Memories keep flooding in. Every day of the week you could hit the French Quarter and even at eleven o'clock in the morning, hear some kind of jazz wafting in the air. One of my favorite spots was the corner of Toulouse and Royal, where we would usually hear a wailing harmonica accompanying a throaty female voice. We stood entranced on the sidewalk once listening to "Good Morning, Blues," and finally, like many others, sat down on the curb to hear more: "Make Me A Pallet On Your Floor;" "Lady Marmalade;" or "Sugar in My Bowl" Some times we stayed so long I got sunburned.

In my mind's eye I still expect to find the "David and Roselyn Duo" on this corner, where I have heard them for decades. Although David and Roselyn have sung at jazz festivals

all over the world, their musical home has always been on a street in New Orleans. Where will they play now?

They preferred the streets of New Orleans to local bars, they told me a couple of years ago. There's no smoke, and people are free to dance if the mood comes upon them. On hearing that I was from Chicago they started up a bouncy rendition of "Chicken in the Car and the Car Won't Go and That's How You Spell Chi-ca-go." I'd just had a cake walk lesson at a local dance studio, and had bought a white Battenberg lace parasol, so I even did a little show-off street performance myself for a couple of minutes. Maybe it was my white hair, or maybe it was my strut, I don't know, but people stopped to watch and I loved it.

Every morning in New Orleans I would look at the OFF-BEAT monthly calendar and pick a place offering Free Music that day, leaving time for chance happenings, bump-ins, accidental encounters and plenty of walking along the way.

Even Mondays were not difficult. Two years ago I found John Fohl doing acoustic blues at Margaritaville. His "I Got News For You" cast such a spell we had two margaritas before a late lunch. That night there was a benefit party at the Mid-City Lanes Rock 'n Bowl, with "Kermit Ruffins & the BBQ Swingers." We donated $8 and had all the chicken and cole slaw we could eat, heard old favorites, such as "Pennies from Heaven," and "Caldonia," and were floored by the jitterbugging of local dancers.

Although we usually stayed at a Bed and Breakfast in the Garden District, I also liked to slum around the Ritz Carlton lobby and catch the piano players. Last year we heard Steve Robach tickling the keys from 7:00 A.M. to 10:30 A.M. Yes, A.M. Other people were having breakfast.

What has happened to the New Orleans Jazz National Park on Canal Street? I can't get it out of my mind. There you could get the gist of the many different kinds of jazz you can hear in New Orleans: blues, bluegrass, traditional (a new name for "Dixieland," which is no longer politically correct), cajun, rhythm and blues, rock and roll, and zydeco.

Most people think of New Orleans as a nighttime city, and indeed it is or was. (Oh, how hard to speak of it in the past tense.) But to us there were always so many sunlight hours choices. One week we hit the Crescent City Brewhouse for "New Orleans Streetbeat," the Old Opera House for "Bobby Love's Rhythm and Blues," the R&B Club for "Rooster & the Chickenhawks," and got on the Steamboat Natchez with the "Steamboat Stompers." Sometimes we were torn apart by the choices, so we would wander and see what chose us.

New Orleans rewarded people who made no plans. Drifting once toward Jackson Square I heard a clarinet to end all clarinets. Chills rushed up and down my spine. I thought Benny Goodman had come back to earth. It was Doreen M.J. Ketchens blowing my mind with her "Back O'Town Blues." I blissed out. Another curb-sitter. Her husband's open tuba case offered cassette tapes and CDs and we bought some to have blues and gospel music to listen to on the way home. I cannot now say how much I treasure those recorded memories.

I love (I can't bring myself to say loved) the big easy rhetoric of New Orleans, the names groups choose (chose?) for themselves and the titles they give (gave?) their tunes. The Cajun Cabin used to feature "Mitch Corner and the Can't Hardly Playboys."

I tried to catch streaming jazz from station WWOZ Saturday morning for my favorite radio show (just the thing for free-loading late risers) but all I got was static. I am afraid the

"Irish Channel District" with its sizable Irish population may have lost Sean O'Meara's (a former student of mine) program "Songs from the Glenn," and other selections from his large collection of Celtic music.

The TV pictures showed Decatur Street flooded. What happened to The Louisiana Music Factory? The store has (had?) fifty linear feet of CDs devoted solely to New Orleans musicians. There was (is?) a tiny stage with a colorful mural of street musicians as backdrop, where we once heard the "Big Radio" group from Ashville, North Carolina, and I was devastated by lead singer Jeffery Hyde Thompson's "The Will of the Water." I cannot yet bring myself to play the CD I found on his web site jefferyhyde.com. Walter said, "This guy's lyrics, he's the Shakespeare of the genre."

Rules were outlawed in New Orleans, and one Sunday it seemed to us a good time to break ours and actually buy tickets to something. We got in line to hear the "Wimberly Family Gospel Singers" at the House of Blues. I'd heard that one young son actually played the electric guitar with his teeth, and it was true. I suppose some place else on earth some time I will once again hear "Moses Smote the Waters," but it will never be without tears.

At the House of Blues they used to entice you to clear the way for the next show by lining you up to march out in a "second line celebration," a term usually used for the followers in a traditional New Orleans jazz funeral.

I am alternately deeply saddened and overwhelmed about all that has happened to the New Orleans I love so much. Beyond my personal loss, I am haunted by the incalculable losses in the musical life of our nation. What about the magnificent street music of New Orleans? The open air, free, happy improvisations of those often enormously talented people who play for passersby?

Louis Armstrong said he learned to play the trumpet and read music from the bandmaster at the Colored Waif's Home for Boys, but he *perfected* his music by playing on the streets of New Orleans. Where will the Jazz musicians of today—we might call them "Satchmo's Second Line"—go now? Where will David and Roselyn and Doreen and the others derive the kind of energy they used to get from the open atmosphere of the street? Where else can they be free to talk, play, sing whatever they feel like? Where else can they attract an audience out of the blue?

Have we lost the most musically creative gathering places the world has ever known—the streets of New Orleans?

It cannot be.

A Bucket of Rusty Parts

Selected Poems

Late Afternoon
Fall

I walked behind my shadow
as it stretched along ahead
I could not overtake it
so I measured it instead.

The sidewalk space from crack to crack—
—heel to toe—eight feet—
times ten to find my head.
All tolled some eighty lengths it leaped.

"I wonder where it's going—"
I stopped
to stop it too.

But as I stood
and stared
and shook
I could
not take
another
look.

Behind
my
back
the
sky
went
dark
.

Stephen Fry asks readers to do exercises in his book THE ODE LESS TRAVELED: Unlocking the Poet Within. I did them all. These are from Exercise 20: Shaped Poems.

Yo me amo, ego amo me
Je m'aime, ich liebe mich
Don't count
the many
languages
in which
you may
be able
to reply
I truly
lovememe
Myself&I
Carve them all upon a tree
Self-love's the knife of poetry.

Across
a cross
go nail
'em all
fools, outcasts, rebels, slaves
mavericks, thieves, knaves
and
Jew
boy
who
calls
Himself
their
God.

Sweeping

Outside
in December's
night the tree accepts a
snowlace shawl.
Its arches proudly crown
the seeds of younger seasons.
Inside, the wood in the fireplace burns:
white curls festoon the sky.
Someone will sweep the ashes up and
scattering sing
of
spring.

(Epitaph)

April 9

Who could have guessed that April 9th
on the way to New Haven Hospital
in a gentle snow fall
(shining sun through the breaking clouds!)
that the birth would be gentle and quick
and the boy child born safe in the caul.

Who could have known
fifty years later
I would walk by the lake in Chicago
feel flakes
in a gentle snow fall
(shining sun through the breaking clouds!)
brighten my face
fill my memories

windshield scraping
silver skating
strings singing
countless crystals of
joy.

Happy Birthday, Jonathan!

Love,
Mom
April 9, 2007

Staff of Life
(for Walter)

Early this morning warmth suffused my back,
Spread round my arms and quickly grew
Until a glow spread through my sleeping skin:
A gentle pulsing breeze caressed my neck—
It was your breath. I woke. My dawn was you.

The Blushing Men Index
(for the Poetry Club, the day we compared two
translations of Yehuda Amichai's
"A Precise Woman.")

The measure of a poem's power
Is not in sweat or tears
But how it makes the warm blood flower
In the faces of the men of years.

January
Breath like little clouds
Icicles chime in the trees
Winter blow away!

March
Leaves overwintered lie down
Blanketing nourishing earth
Spring blades cut through.

Turn About
When London Bridge fell down
My fair lady found herself
In the embraces of two children
Caught in things to come.

November
Wind plucks the trees clean
Fires let piles of leaves
Rise together in the smoke.

Flowers and Fences

Defying the iron-fisted fence posts
Lining the hard sidewalk
Daylilies reach out head first
To kiss my bare legs
Bringing their sunny smiles
To my lips, their myriad blossoms
Mirroring in my eyes
As their pollen hitches a ride
On my shins to fall in the meadow
Where a softer bed
Awaits their pleasure.

Twas the Night

Twas the night before finals and all through the dorm
Not a student was able to sleep til the morn.
They were all of them fearful and all in a sweat
So they went to a bar and boozed all they could get.

The women were woozy, the men were all loco
Not a creature in town gave them coffee or cocoa.
The cops were asleep, the monitors dozing,
The dogs were at bay and the cats just kept posing.

So Matilda and Mathew reeled up the stairs
And all others followed in sexual pairs.
The coupling went on for the rest of the night
With kisses, embraces and all such delight.

Exams were forgotten and youth had its day
Then the faculty came and just joined the fray
And had so much fun they each canceled the test
Gave everyone "A"s and went home to rest.

July 2008
(Fry Exercise 17, Parody)

Rusty or Rotten

Rusty or rotten you can just take your pick
I'm a string of bad parts on a creaky old stick.
The list of my ailments is now 'cyclopedic
With none of them simply just monosyllabic
But long like my teeth and Latin incarnate.
Here comes the roster I won't vacillate,
But begin at my top with spinal stenosis
And mention just briefly a wee halitosis.
My ticker won't tick as well as it should
And all of my joints feel like petrified wood.
My stomach growls with no provocation
And my valves seem to leak without any cessation.

The night brings not sleep but cramps and confusions
With trips to the bathroom my only diversions.
My visits to doctors are all shots, shocks and jolts
I'm the butt of the laughter of technicians' jokes.
The medicine cabinet is full to the brim
I can't even remember where to begin.
The pills are all yellow, green, purple or red
Impeding my passage from the sink to my bed.
What more can I say, midst the woes and the groans
I'm nearly all out of sad cries and deep moans.
At the end of the day, and here is the clinker—
I'm older, it's true, and the options are fewer
But when they come down to the very last one
I'd rather be griping than completely undone.

Take Off Taking Off
(for David)

On the long road to the airport
(Three generation there in the car)
I took up the subject in sport.
"I'm ready, set, so good so far.
'Case anything should happen though
Know that my life has been full.
I'm happy to simply let go
Put my hand on the plug and just pull."

My son, at the wheel, cried out in alarm.
"What are you saying, and—and how—?"
"Don't worry, "I said, "if I can't move my arm,
It's all fixed; my sister and I made a vow."
When I turned to my grandson (but not to explain)
The boy said simply, "Hope you just miss your plane."

November 26, 2006

Before leaving the Poetry Section, I want to include the piece poet-novelist Mary Gray Hughes wrote for my 70th birthday. Mary Gray was a member of our authors' group, which also included Barbara Stafford, Tilde Sankovitch, Wadad Kadi, Florence Cohen, and Joan Perkin. The official name of the group was "Les Femmes Savantes," but our Texan, Mary Gray, called us "The Deadline Gang," a moniker I liked better. Mary Gray died before the party, so Wadad read the following.

SALLIES FOR SALLY

The unabridged Oxford English Dictionary, or OED as we self-proclaimed connoisseurs like to call it, has 17 different definitions of "sally." I know. They're numbered. My first reaction was simple patriotism—why not close this huge English volume, put away the magnifying glass and turn to my current favorite, much much smaller, American Heritage Dictionary?

Still, still, while I had the heavy tome out and opened to the right place and a magnifying glass in hand, I could not forego glancing at the definitions. I might find touches of Sally there; little sprinklings perhaps, little nuances, little whispers of her.

Certainly she was there in "sallies of wit." With her semi-startled rough-edged laugh, too. As in any "sprightly leap," or "audacious or adventurous proceeding." That's Sally. Or in any "outbreak," or "a sudden departure from the bounds of custom." Yes, of course, and absolutely in "an outburst of passion," "of delight." That's Sally indeed; that's essence of Sally.

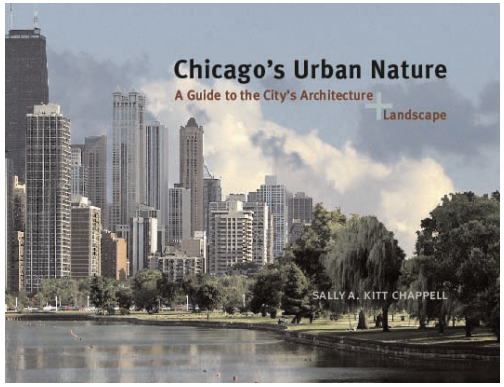
There is dance, also, and look, look, right here in this architectural terminology: "a deviation from the alignment of a surface; a projection; a prominence." So she is, so she is, and a "sally-port," as well, for herself and for others, sally-port being "a place whence a sally may be made."

May she make many more of her countless sallies, and "boldly," as the OED says. Especially, I hope, as I do love this one: "to bring a bell to the position of sally," which is the bell's "first movement when set for ringing."

For she should have always, the ringing of bells.

Books

Selected paragraphs, sentences, captions



From the Preface

The relationship between landscape and architecture in Chicago is the key to the city's success, yet the people who write about Chicago have not articulated, described, or even drawn attention to this vital dynamism at the heart of the city.

My early studies of architecture and landscape in Chicago left me feeling a strange void. Surrounded by mile after mile of skyscrapers, I felt an impoverishment of spirit. The world of office buildings and streets seemed too masculine—a widower's realm missing grace and ease. On the other hand, the historic parks and green spaces devoid of structural forms seemed too feminine, a widow's realm missing an energizing virile element. I found most satisfying those many places in Chicago where architecture and landscape were not only both present but where each had been conceived in response to the other, where the two had been created together as a single artistic whole...A fusion I call "urban nature."

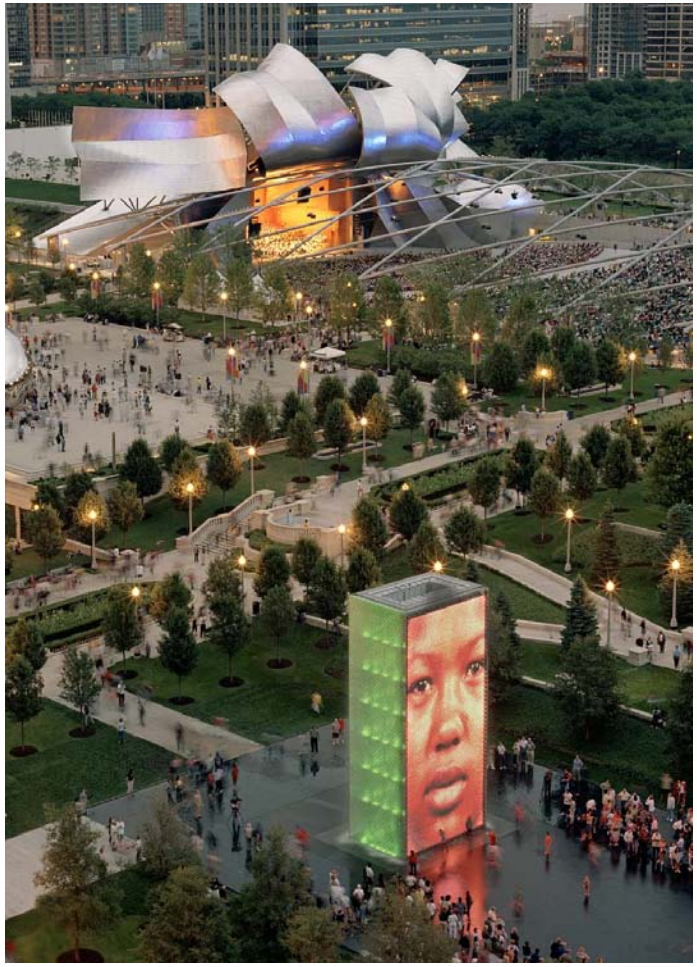
Chicago is at the forefront of this international effort to expand and nurture civic life through a merger of public open spaces and civic institutions. In this new era, the green world becomes a vital part of the cultural meaning of the whole built environment. Parks and other open spaces are no longer an adjunct to city life, passive areas of retreat; rather, they are dynamic, culture-creating forces with documented health and social benefits. Integrating green spaces into the city creates a more interactive and human environment, as Chicago's Millennium Park shows.

The natural world is an open and free world where we all feel equal. Experiencing this enhances the civility that nourishes a democracy.

Architecture is not only an aesthetic art or a utilitarian art at the service of builders. It is also a civic art. At this time in our history, architects and landscape professionals on their design teams must reassert their role as protectors of the public realm. With the support of law-makers and other officials they can do their job. Without it, city life will be impoverished.

This book describing developments in Chicago attempts to capture a propitious moment when these forces are, for the most part, well balanced. I also hope it engenders energy and optimism in the spirit of those who read it, and that it will be helpful to people responsible for the design of cities in the years to come.

Although the ideal city will always be elusive—changing times will always give rise to new needs—aiming for a city where people have both nature and culture close at hand is a useful humanistic goal, worthy of the best efforts its citizens can muster. Shooting for that star brings us closer to it.



With sparkling architecture and sculpture set among ribbons of green trees and grass, Millennium Park is emblematic of Chicago's urban nature, a merger of the natural world and cosmopolitan culture.

A world-class masterpiece, the Fern Room at the Garfield Park Conservatory is a deep-time mirror reflecting Chicago's botanical past—all the way back to the age of the dinosaurs.

Taste of Chicago and other festivals draw thousands of people from dozens of ethnic groups to Grant Park. The urbane courtesy that typifies these gatherings demonstrates the democratizing benefits that flow from a "sense of place."

I had always wanted to do a "deep-time" study of a piece of land, tracing it all the way back to its beginnings and ending with the present day. William Least Heat-Moon beat me to it when he chose Chase County, Kansas in his superb *Prairyerth,* but I realized the first day I was there that Cahokia was the place I had been looking for—for years! I began with this "History of the Universe" in three pages.

Cahokia

Mirror of the Cosmos

It is nearly 1:00 a.m. as I stand on the top of Monks Mound looking up at the stars, scattered to infinity. At my feet are countless motes of dust, finite perhaps here in the central Mississippi Valley, but an intimate part of the vast cosmos beyond. They had the same origin, those stars and this dust.

A long time ago, before the Big Bang, none of this existed: nothing in the sky above me or the space below. All was blackness and void. I pick up a handful of dirt and let it slip through my fingers. The components of this dirt, these vital substances of the future earth, were yet unmade. After the Big Bang the primal matter would undergo eons of metamorphosis and geological change before it turned into the dust that settled in Cahokia.

After that first cosmic explosion we call the Big Bang, there was light; there was movement; there were atomic particles. And these were everything. It took billions of years, but these particles, moved by gravity and heated by light, eventually combined and recombined into the universe we know today.

The components of the future earth and of Monks Mound were once bits of matter, created in the cauldrons of exploding stars, moving with great, swirling gravitational forces, like the stars still forming near the Cone Nebula today. Atoms in a crucible of gas and fire.

Among the infinite stars was one fiery newborn—our sun—sharing a vast space with countless other celestial bodies. Its external temperature is over 6,000°F. High-speed solar winds emanating from the dark areas on the sun flow past the earth at over four hundred miles a second.

Earth then was like the planet Venus now. Boiling volcanoes everywhere blasted through the crust and covered the young earth with fiery magma. When the earth at last began to cool the lava formed into the black basalt that lies deep beneath the surface southwest of Monks Mound today.

Eventually the heat from the volcanoes met the cold air of space, and white clouds were born. When the clouds rose to meet even colder air, raindrops fell earthward to form blue puddles, streams, lakes and oceans.

The earth is the third planet out from the sun, the only planet in the solar system with surface water. Venus, closer to the sun, is now too hot for water. Its daytime temperature of 800°F turns its atmosphere to steam.

Mars, farther from the sun, is now too cold—doomed to ice. Liquid water is possible only in the narrow temperature range between 32°F and 212°F. In our lucky position in the solar system, between steam and ice, we are awash in water.

Tilted, orbiting, and spinning, the earth moves continuously in two different ways: orbiting in space in an elliptical path around the sun once a year, and spinning around on its tilted axis every twenty-four hours. In the temperate zones our lives move to two different but synchronized rhythms: four seasons a year, two light/dark beats every twenty-four hours.

Later we will see how the builders of America's great terraced pyramid at Cahokia hailed the change from winter to spring and summer to fall—when day and night are equal—with elaborate celebrations and how they patterned their great mound city to echo the rhythms of the cosmos.

Phyllis Pitluga of the Adler Planetarium, who checked this for errors, later told me the Planetarium publication office might like to use it in a brochure for the general public. Would I give them permission? I was thrilled to say "yes." The only corrections she had made were to turn all my temperatures into Fahrenheit. Going straight from my sources, some were in Centigrade.

These pages seem a natural inclusion in the book now, but I had a hard time convincing some people of their appropriateness. One juror wrote, "I think it is sufficient to begin with the Ice Age." But another said, "Since the stars are so important to Native Americans, the beginning is just right." The third was neutral on the subject. I told my editor I had cast it deliberately in a "Native American Storyteller Voice" and the Press let me keep it in. The book also ends with my own "Storyteller Voice," as I looked at the stars over my head the weekend I finished the book. Wait until you read that—just one page farther on. In the meantime these three paragraphs from Chapter 3.

Seen from high above, the Cahokia landscape had mythic dimensions. Stretching for six square miles, more than one hundred mounds rose from the earth with monumental presence. At the center lay four vast plazas, honoring the cardinal directions, to the north, east, south, and west. At their crossing the great Monks Mound towered more than a hundred feet in the air. At other points woodhenges (large circular areas marked off by enormous red cedar posts) enclosed large circular plazas or ceremonial areas.

A whole city aligned with the cosmos! The idea reverberates with expressive power. The stars in the heavens shine radiantly; they are constant in both position and movement; they appear with reassuring regularity generation after generation. The North Star orients a hunter in the forest so he can find his way home. The moon lights his way in the darkness. The Pleiades promise a frost-free growing season. Our orbit around the sun brings four seasons, from spring to winter, echoing the life cycle of a person from youth to old age, with the promise of continuity in new generations.

Are there other symbolic messages hidden in the placement of the mounds and plazas in this eleventh-century city? How was its plan designed? What kind of social and political organization was necessary to erect public works of this magnitude? How was the labor force organized and motivated? What kinds of surveying and engineering methods ensured stability and endurance?

EPILOGUE

This has been a long story, from the Big Bang to the present, a tale stretching over about 13 billion years. It has also been a big story in space, stretching with human migration from Asia over the Bering land bridge to encompass the repercussions of European politics, which influenced the history of the Cahokia landscape for several centuries.

To look at this small piece of the earth through different lenses, over as long a period and from as great a distance as possible, has required the help of astronomers, geologists, geographers, archaeologists, anthropologists, preservationists, historians, humanists, and a host of other experts...

To early Amerindians, the south bank of Canteen Creek had *hunting and gathering* value...

The Mississippians (1000-1400)...endowed the land with *sacred* value.

French priests (1730-50) and later French monks (1809-13) gave the place *Christian* value...

For a time aspiring entrepreneurs maintained the Cantine Trading Post ...giving the land *commercial* value.

When the settlers of the early nineteenth century arrived their *agricultural* values turned the land into plowed fields... Later railroad tycoons and real estate developers coveted the land for its *economic* value... [Later] a piece of Cahokia [was] preserved by giving it *recreational* value. [Recognition of its] *historical* value [came when Cahokia] was declared a State Historic Site, and finally a UNESCO World Heritage Site.

But historical value is not enough. Value is a living, dynamic quality. Unless a building, or a place...can attain contemporary value the efforts of preservationists have been in vain. The value of a place may shift and change; it may be regained or lost entirely. When contemporary Native Americans revisit Cahokia, for example, the land regains some of the *spiritual* value it had long ago. Today the people of the site staff, their support group the Cahokia Mounds Museum Society and visitors from all over the world have endowed Cahokia with a continuing *humanistic* value.

For me Cahokia also has *personal* value. After five years spent researching this book, I came to the site a day early for the equinox celebrations being held during the weekend of March 21-23, 1997.

To prepare myself, I spent the evening before the daybreak ceremonies wandering around Kunnemann Mound on the north side of the site. I wanted a view of the view—to see what it might have been like for an ordinary person standing near the edge of a crowd of thousands. How would America's great terraced pyramid look from the vantage point of one of the border mounds?

As I stood there in the stubble of last fall's corn crop while the noise of the last car faded from Sand Prairie Lane all my senses were heightened. I was awed by the immensity of Monks Mound in the distance; the smell of warm earth filled my nostrils and the cool breeze freshened my cheeks; my ears vibrated to an enchanting humming-chirping music. "This cornfield is singing!" I said it aloud to myself. I stood entranced. Later I learned that I had heard thousands of male western chorus frogs courting thousands of females in their annual spring mating ritual.

The temperature dropped during the night, to good effect. As I drove down Collinsville Road at 5:30 a.m., and the cool air met the soft exhalations of the warm earth, the mounds seemed to rise out of the mist. Then, as if this were not enough, a radiant orb appeared out of the clouds in the west and moved gently down in the sky. It was the full moon setting. There was a brief pause, a moment of complete darkness: the eastern sky turned from black to deep purple. Seconds later the brilliant rim of the newborn sun blazed through the arms of America's great terraced pyramid, turning the world to gold.

That night I climbed to its heights again. There was to be a partial eclipse of the moon. As if a cosmic denouement were in order, when the star-studded sky darkened it gave greater brilliance to a sight seen once in six thousand years—the streaming tail of the Hale-Bopp Comet. I knew that in 1066 the Cahokians had seen Halley's Comet crossing the sky. As I stood gazing at the stars above me and the mound city below, a Native American poem I had memorized came to my mind:

There is purity and strength

In places sacred to the people

Places strong in the

Oneness of earth and sky and of all things.

The book got good reviews. My favorite from Lynda N. Shaffer: "This exceedingly original book will contribute substantially to the histories of Native Americans, the USA, and the world."

Architecture and Planning of Graham, Anderson, Probst and White, 1912–1936

Transforming Tradition

Sally A. Kitt Chappell

One of the reviewers of this book, Jane Clarke, said "Even the Acknowledgments are beautifully written." I include my favorite.

In both the development of my knowledge and the writing of this book I am most indebted to my friend and colleague Robert Bruegmann, associate professor of architectural history at the University of Illinois at Chicago. Professor Bruegmann's autonomy of vision, his profound knowledge, and his unstinting line-by-line critiques sent me back to the library, to more fieldwork and to the word processor on many occasions. At other times my fledgling notions seemed to take wing after a conversation with him. I valued his contributions as evidence of his devotion to the history of architecture and collegiality, and I received them with gratitude.

PREFACE

Fascinated by change, architectural historians of the modernist generation usually filled their accounts with new developments —Doric capitals became Ionic volutes, rounded arches sprang into pointed Gothic vaults, masonry walls gave way to steel-cage skyscrapers, Frank Lloyd Wright changed our idea of what a house should be. Descriptions of stylistic evolution,

the role of technological discoveries, the spell of great epochs of building, and the influences of works of geniuses were the warp and woof of these historians' interpretive material. None of these concerns justifies this study.

As successors to Daniel Burnham, the principals of one of the largest American firms of the turn of the century, Ernest R. Graham, Peirce Anderson, Edward Probst, and Howard White, were architects in the mainstream. At the center of the movement that produced big offices through the building boom years of the 1920s, they were neither conservative nor avant-garde. They embraced tradition without question. Yet within the canons of good architecture handed down to them, they modified forms and made creative adaptations to solve some of the largest architectural problems of their times in railroad stations, in civic monuments, and in hundreds of banks, offices, department stores, and other building types. Some of their works were beautiful; a few were masterpieces.

[50] William Wrigley, Jr. Building, Chicago, IL, Exterior.

Beloved by all Chicagoans, the Wrigley Building combines classical monumentality with soaring height, making the most of its prominent site at the intersection of Michigan Avenue and the Chicago River.

I also liked the caption for the Wrigley Building, Night View.

"Electricity promised a new way of life in the 1920s, and the nighttime illumination of the Wrigley Building reflected the optimistic expectations of the period. Today the floodlights on the Wrigley mark the beginning of the expanded "Magnificent Mile" of Michigan Avenue to the north, a nexus of city lights and city life both day and night.

Elaine Harrington told me she liked these sentences about the Butler Brothers Warehouses:

"The workaday character of these hefty buildings has the dignified air of a carpenter in well-pressed overalls...The ornament of the cornice is not tophat classicism, it is a cap of Tuscan arcading."

I will always be grateful for the comments in the peer reviews of the manuscript. The Press selected these three for the dust-jacket.

"The years 1890-1930 marked the great age of public and commercial architecture in the United States, and the Chicago firm of Graham, Anderson, Probst and White were among the leaders of their profession. Their work covered the full spectrum of urban building—office skyscrapers, department stores, railroad stations, public buildings, and cultural institutions —all of it done at the highest level, from Beaux-Arts Classicism to Art Deco. Professor Sally Chappell has done full justice to this outpouring of civic high design, in her meticulous attention to formal and technical detail, her lively descriptive power, and her unification of this diversified material around the concept of a hierarchy of urban building. Among monographic works on the architectural produce of single offices, hers stands in the front rank in all essential respects."—*Carl Condit*

"A thorough and lucid catalogue raisonné of the work of the successors of Daniel Burnham. A solid contribution to our understanding of the architecture of the American establishment in the teens, twenties, and thirties." —*Thomas S. Hines*

"Professor Chappell raises a fundamental question in her preface—a nation and people fascinated by change, we seldom ask ourselves what it is we value in the things we cherish and save. We readily ask for soundbites in 'what's new and why,' but we are less successful in the lengthier answers explaining 'what endures and why.' In this full study of Graham, Anderson, Probst and White, Sally Chappell surveys the enormous output of the largest architectural firm of its day, serving public clients and corporate boards, which produced consistently beautiful, serviceable, and efficient work. With few exceptions, the work of Graham, Anderson, Probst and White still functions profitably today and continues to nourish public pride and civic spirit. She helps all of us understand why an architecture that set out to be neither polemical nor avant-garde remains vital today in engendering urban civility and private enterprise. What may have seemed profligate expenditure three generations ago is still paying handsome dividends to Chicago's citizens and observers alike. The corollary to the questions she explores is this: are Chicago's corporate and public patrons employing architects today whose work will repay comparably handsome dividends to our great grandchildren?"—*Leland M. Roth*

And now, a few leaves from the catalogue essay on Barry Byrne, for the Chicago Historical Society Exhibition. It was based on my doctoral dissertation at Northwestern.

Barry Byrne

Architecture & Design

Byrne's interest in the liturgical reform movement led him to experiment with new types of floor plans designed to bring the congregation closer to the altar. Compared to the traditional plan, [Chicago's] St. Thomas the Apostle Church, 1922, shows an innovative thrust of the sanctuary into the nave. In the [Racine, Wisconsin] church of St. Patrick's, 1923-24, he used a square plan which drew the congregation toward the sanctuary. The Church of Christ the King in Tulsa, 1925, has a triangular sanctuary which extends nearly 20 feet into the nave, while the Church of Christ the King in Cork, Ireland, 1929, is an octagon with serrated walls. It was followed eighteen years later by the first of Byrne's oval churches, St. Francis Xavier in Kansas City, Missouri, 1947, in which the form parallels the experience of spiritual entrance, fulfillment, and enclosure.

St. Francis Xavier Church, Kansas City, Missouri, 1947.
The fish shape is articulated by the bold simplicity of the curved walls which enclose an oval nave with a majestic statue of the Christ of the Resurrection. CHS. (29)

In the end, out of his desire to embody both the meditative and the communal, both the withdrawal from the material world and the affirmation that all of life is one great fabric, Byrne created spaces which expressed his idea that a church should bring into play "all of man's faculties so that he will not only know, he will also see; he will not only apprehend, he will also feel. The entire being will be in accord."

Conclusion

We have now come to the end of this anthology, this selection of some of my writings to illustrate my growth as a writer. I put everything in a nearly reverse chronological order on the principle I learned from Ruth Hunt, journalism teacher at Topeka High School: put the best things first. I did improve as time went on, and I gained courage to speak in my own voice. If you have read this far, perhaps you will agree. I don't think I have a favorite piece, just as I do not have a favorite child. I like the earliest pieces with some of their errors and awkwardnesses as well as the more polished later pieces.

My computer has just underlined in red the word "awkwardnesses" above. Still learning.

SALLY A. KITT CHAPPELL, PHD
3750 N. Lake Shore Drive, 10D
Chicago, IL 60613
Tel: 773-871-7267
Email: sallychappell2@comcast.net
www.sallyakittchappell.com

EDUCATION
Northwestern University 1968 PhD
University of Chicago 1962 MA
Smith College 1950 BA
Harvard University GSAD: Landscape History, Summer 1988

ACADEMIC APPOINTMENTS
DePaul University 1968-1994

ADMINISTRATIVE APPOINTMENTS
Director, National Endowment for the Humanities Institute, 1984
President, Society of Architectural Historians, Chicago Chapter, 1981-2
Chair, Art Department, 1977-80
Film Critic, Art Journal, 1972-74

SELECTED PUBLICATIONS AND PAPERS

CHICAGO'S URBAN NATURE: A GUIDE TO THE CITY'S ARCHITECTURE + LANDSCAPE, University of Chicago Press, 2007.

CAHOKIA: MIRROR OF THE COSMOS, University of Chicago Press, 2002.

ARCHITECTURE AND PLANNING OF GRAHAM, ANDERSON, PROBST AND WHITE (1912-1936): TRANSFORMING TRADITION, University of Chicago Press, 1992. Winner of Most Outstanding Book in Architecture and Urban Planning Award of the Association of American Publishers.

BARRY BYRNE, JOHN LLOYD WRIGHT: ARCHITECTURE AND DESIGN, with Ann Van Zanten, Chicago Historical Society, 1982.

THE BURNHAM PLAN OF CHICAGO: 1909-1979, with Robert Bruegmann and John Zukowsky, Art Institute of Chicago, 1979.

A GUIDE TO THE YALE COLLECTIONS, Yale Art Gallery, 1956.

"The Equitable Building in New York Reconsidered," JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY OF ARCHITECTURAL HISTORIANS, March, 1990.

"Urban Ideals and the Design of Railroad Stations," TECHNOLOGY AND CULTURE, April, 1989.

"A Place for Everything: Burnham's Hierarchical Order," INLAND ARCHITECT, November, 1987.

"As if the Lights Were Always Shining: The Wrigley Building, CHICAGO ARCHITECTURE, 1872-1922: Birth of a Metropolis, ed., John Zukowsky, Prestel Verlag, 1987.

"Picnicking on the Seven Hills of Rome," THE NEW YORK TIMES, 10/23/88.

"A Landscape Where Humor is an Oasis," THE NEW YORK TIMES, 12/12/99.

"On Being a Magnet to Hustlers," THE NEW YORK TIMES, 5/29/94.

"The Influence of the Beaux-Arts on Commercial and Public Architecture in Chicago," PROCEEDINGS OF THE COLLEGE ART ASSOCIATION, 1972.

"The Architecture of Barry Byrne," PRAIRIE SCHOOL REVIEW, January, 1967.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

IRISH ART, a filmstrip available at DePaul University Library.

THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR OF 1893 or THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION OF 1893, published as a filmstrip, a video cassette, and a CD.

"The Ballad of Anita Hill," words set to the music of "Joe Hill," with vocal by Mary Chappell, arranged by Jonathan Chappell.

AWARDS AND RECOGNITION

Driehaus Foundation ($2,750) and Graham Foundation ($12,500), Chicago's Urban Nature

Cortelyou-Lowery Award for Excellence in Teaching and Collegiality, 1990

Sears Roebuck Award for Teaching Excellence and Campus Leadership, 1990

National Endowment for the Humanities, Summer Institute Grant, 1984

Graham Foundation for Advanced Studies in the Fine Arts, Grant, 1990

Illinois Bicentennial Commission, Grant for Filmstrip on the Worlds Columbian Exposition of 1893, 1976

Schwartz Foundation Prize for Originality in Art History, Northwestern University, 1968.

RECENT PAPERS PRESENTED AT LEARNED SOCIETIES

Newberry Library: "Chicago's Urban Nature," July, 2008

Chicago Botanic Garden: "Chicago's Urban Nature," June, 2008

Art Institute of Chicago: "Chicago's Urban Nature," August, 2007

Friends of the Parks: "Chicago Cultural Center," September, 2007

Chicago Architecture Foundation: "Chicago's Urban Nature," July, 2007

Illinois Institute of Technology: "Chicago's Urban Nature," 2007

Graham Foundation for Advanced Studies in the Fine Arts: "Chicago's Urban Nature," June, 2007

DePaul University: "Chicago's Urban Nature," October, 2007

Art Institute of Chicago: "Cahokia: A Brilliant Twilight," January 7, 2005

NASA Conference: "Cahokia: The Equinoxes," February 26, 2005

Newberry Library: "Cahokia: Mirror of the Cosmos," Fall, 2004

Society of Midland Authors: "Cahokia: An Author's Perspective," Spring, 2004

A comprehensive resumé including many other publications is available.