

THE SOCIETY OF FELLOWS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

No-Fly Zone Voice Afters

On the sidewalk
human meat
corpses
take the ferry to New Jersey
I love you so much
so much I
thought you were dead
human meat
what if he's dying and I
 can't help him?
what if he's in pain and I
 can't hold his hand?
human meat
I'd rather not say what
it looked like I
couldn't see my feet she
couldn't see her legs we
kept her talking
about her children
there was creaking
a rush of wind
human meat
 their religion is genocide they
 like they like I don't know
human meat
Avernus
Is a no-fly zone

Martha A. Malamud FC'89

FELLOWS RESPOND TO THE TRAGEDY OF SEPTEMBER 11:
OBSERVATIONS, REACTIONS, AND REFLECTIONS.

FROM THE EDITORS

BY STEFANIE WALKER FH'01, WITH JACK SULLIVAN FL'83

Helping Jack Sullivan with this special issue, my first experience as an editor of the *SOF News*, couldn't have been more engaging, moving, and thought provoking. I had been back from Italy just for about a month in early September. My mind was flooded with vivid memories of Rome and I began to anticipate the conversations that would take place at the Returning Fellows Dinner. And suddenly my thoughts and perspective changed. The way in which memories are retained and quickly altered was much discussed in the wake of the attacks of 9/11, particularly among shocked New Yorkers. This traumatic event cast my Roman recollections in an entirely different light and separated them from the immediate reality more rapidly than I had expected. Yet, rather than feel guilty about its pleasures, we see how our Roman experience can serve as an antidote and a healthy counterbalance, a reminder that it is important to remember life's highlights, not just its downsides. These memories are just as precious and must not lose their conviction.

Memory and commemoration are important steps towards closure for us, individually and collectively. The paucity of reactions from the current and most recent Fellows was therefore surprising. Was it due to escapism, a media overload, or a decision to focus on current projects and a more positive future? Or, as Anne Midgette wrote in the *New York Times Arts and Leisure* section

(March 3, 2002), does an artist need more time to respond to crisis, look beyond it, and "find, train and shape a voice strong enough to rise above that idle chatter"? And, anyway, why should we expect a response?

The variety and emotional depth of the responses we did receive and publish here speak for themselves. Architects and landscape architects confront the challenge of destruction and rebuilding. Poets have submitted extremely affecting verses. Grief revives old pains and losses and artists have contributed works that date from twenty years ago as well as from the very recent past. Remarkable articles, one by a classicist, **LINDA W. RUTLAND GILLISON FC'81**, another by two archaeologists, demonstrate the relevance of the ancient past on our life and thinking today. Striking in this regard is the parallel of *Moving Perimeter* by **MARY MISS RS'89** that recognizes Ground Zero as a sacred spot, which must gradually be reintegrated into the city, and an essay by **PIERA BOCCI FF'57** and her colleague Gilda Bartoloni on how the Etruscan site of Roselle, which had been destroyed and abandoned, was incorporated as a place with religious significance into the new Roman town growing over and around it.

This issue is certain to trigger more reactions, and I encourage you to send in your comments. Communicating our ideas and feelings is important for keeping a strong sense of society among Fellows. 🌿

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CONTENTS

Martha A. Malamud FC'89	Cover
From the Editors	2
Pamela Keech FS'82	3
Adele Chatfield-Taylor FD'84	4
Amanda Castleman	5
Frederick Biehle FA'87	6
Piera Bocci FF'57, Gilda Bartoloni	7
Aldo Casanova FS'61, RS'75	8
George Garrett FW'59	8
Patrick Quinn FA'80	9
Jeffrey Schiff FS'77	9
Laurie Olin FL'74, RL'90	10
Linda W. Rutland Gillison FC'81	12
Mary Miss RS'89	14
Vincent Katz FW'02	16
John W. Rhoden FS'54	16
William Pedersen FA'66	17
Paul Kubic FS'79	17
Alexander Gorlin FA'84	18
In Memoriam:	
John D'Arms RC'72, '84	19
Pat Oleszko FV'99	20
Paul Kubic FS'79	21
From the Archives:	
Stephen Greene FP'54	23
Steve Raffo FP'55	Back Page

SOF PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



PAMELA KEECH FS'82



The ad hoc remembrances and tributes that sprang up throughout New York City, particularly in Union Square (above and below left), photographed on September 17, 2001, by Pamela Keech, inspired Pamela's "Memorial" (below), 9" X 4" X 4", during a visit to Rome in December 2001.



AAR FIELD ABBREVIATIONS

F = Fellow; R = Resident; A = Architecture; ASCSR = American School of Classical Studies in Rome; B = Oscar Broneer Fellow; C = Classical Studies and Archæology; CHP = Conservation/Historic Preservation; D = Design; DTF = Dinkeloo Traveling Fellow; FF = Fulbright Fellow; H = History of Art; L = Landscape Architecture; M = Musical Composition; MEC = Mellon East-Central European Visiting Scholar; P = Painting; R = Post-Classical Humanistic & Modern Italian Studies; S = Sculpture; SRVA = Southern Regional Visiting Artist; V = Visual Art; VA = Visiting Artist; VC = Visiting Curator; VS = Visiting Scholar; W = Writing.

7 EAST 60 STREET

LOSING THE WORLD TRADE CENTER TOWERS

BY ADELE CHATFIELD-TAYLOR FD'84

The following article was published in the January/February 2002 issue of Preservation magazine. It is reprinted here with the permission of the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

I moved to New York City in 1967, to enroll in the School of Architecture's Historic Preservation program at Columbia University. I was here, therefore, to watch the Twin Towers go up. Everyone I knew loathed them. They were too big; their population jammed the subways; they got in the way of our seeing the water. We whined about all this for the 10 years it took to build them, and then for another 10 years until we finally got used to them, and then, one day, we stopped talking about them. They had been digested.

They were an integral part of lower Manhattan, and the principal feature of my view when I was on the staff of the city's landmarks preservation commission and our office was a stone's throw away on Vesey Street. Then I moved to Rome and to Washington, and it had been years since I'd been around the World Trade Center. So yesterday, I went down to lower Manhattan to look around.

In some ways, the area has not changed at all since the catastrophe. It has the same tiny, winding streets planted with gigantic skyscrapers that eclipse the sun. Trinity Church, St. Paul's and Federal Hall still stand serene, dwarfed by everything around them. Investment bankers, mailmen, secretaries, and hot dog sellers still rub shoulders as they squeeze past each other on their way to work.

But the site of the Twin Towers has changed into a no man's land, a huge void stretching all the way to the river. Surrealistically, buildings next to the fallen towers still stand, corners sharp and flanks exposed as though they had been stripped of their clothes. Defining the crime scene, screened chain-link fences run for blocks in all directions so that tourists with cameras have to cluster around occasional cracks in the wall to see the rubble at Ground Zero. Dump trucks rumble past, out of sight. Water puddles in the streets. Pipes, hoses, sawhorses, and police are everywhere. Up above, it is a beautiful day, but at street level there is only the claustrophobia-producing, grimy, ashen air, the smoke that seeps from still-burning fires.

It is said that the creation of one new work of art can change all art that has gone before, displacing it and creating a new perspective. This is also true of any important new work of architecture, and no matter what we thought

of the World Trade Center, it was important and it created a new perspective.

We are accustomed to seeing new buildings added to the skylines of our cities. But what the catastrophe demonstrates is that in this country we have little experience with unanticipated subtractions, especially the violent vanishing of buildings. This is where, in an unexpected way, the rituals of historic preservation come in.

You realize that New York—or any real city—is like a family picture that includes everyone—the big, the little, the old, the young, the addled, the intelligent. It is not a picture of the membership of a club in which every person has been carefully chosen.

Thus we feel about New York as we do about the members of our family. Maybe we don't like every single in-law at first, but eventually all become part of the picture. The Trade Center was like an enormous new in-law at first—oversized, ungainly, obdurate. But we had absorbed it. It had become omnipresent and indispensable—visible from the living room window, from the top of Fifth Avenue, from the air, from Long Island as you drove back from the beach. Not that it was beautiful. It was more of a land formation. In a flash, you could gauge how far away you were, what time it was, what the weather was like, and whether you were lost. Then, in its omnipresence, it could be seen burning, falling, smoking, and disappearing, whereupon *nothing* around it any longer made sense.

Every now and then, in recent years, I have been part of a conversation speculating on how we would go about considering the Trade Center for landmark status. There was never any question that it would have to have its day in court—its public hearings with testimony from Philippe Petit, Spiderman, a grandchild of Minoru Yamasaki reading from the architect's letters, the neighborhood association. It would be a big public debate.

Now we will never have that debate. We are left with the same feeling we had when we lost Penn Station. We will wonder for the rest of our lives what it would be like if history were different. One great contribution preservation makes to society is to give us a way of having the debate, of imagining change before it happens to us. Even if the process leads to the loss of a building, it gives us a way of preparing ourselves for that outcome. It prevents us from experiencing sudden death, which is surely the worse thing that could happen to us or to anyone we love. ❁

VIA ANGELO MASINA 5

THE LESSONS OF LA DOLCE VITA: VOLUPTUOUS ITALY SHOWS EXPATRIATES

HOW TO WEATHER THE WAR

BY AMANDA CASTLEMAN

The faces —fresh off the plane— are tight, dour. Newcomers babble about airport security, confiscated nail clippers, fear. “Where were you on September 11th?” they obsess. “What were you doing when you found out?” They look so grim I can’t admit that I was watching the children’s movie *Shrek* that day. And then I went out with some British friends, who were watching *Fight Club*. “Hey, those falling skyscrapers look a bit like the World Trade Center!” they guffawed. “Pity about your country —but that’s because of your terrible foreign policy. Fancy some more lager?” Tough love, by any standards, but it worked. I watched the plane clip exactly three times, read a special edition newspaper, and tried to get on with life.

We are at risk here. The State Department has issued specific warnings about Americans in Italy, which were blown massively out of proportion by the local media. “Institutions which symbolise American capitalism” seemed too vague and dull for these reporters. Casting about for some Yankee bastions, they published details and photos of McDonalds, the Hard Rock Cafe, the American Academy in Rome. *Grazie, amici*.

Worried officials tripled the number of military police outside the Academy, who mainly read pornographic comic books and play pinecone football, machine-guns in hand. Two security guards pace our grounds, when not sneaking coffee and cigarettes. Our gate keepers sort the post in sterile masks and gloves, keeping one eye on suspicious street traffic. Reports circulate of attacks on the American Embassy here —white powder, tunnels— like whispers from a war correspondent’s dreams. People are edgy, to say the least. The graffiti doesn’t help. It takes little foreign language skill to understand “*Bush Assassino*” or “*Stati Uniti = Nazisti*.” Not all Europeans are cheerfully on our side. Most Italians are horrified by the events of September 11th, but there’s just a touch of “hmpff, you had it coming” hanging in the air, as if the class bully finally got his comeuppance. One can’t expect to be a superpower AND popular. The ‘war on terrorism’, so neatly packaged by the patriotic spin doctors at home, isn’t so clear-cut overseas. America’s critics are defiant and loud —and might just have a few valid points among the ranting. I have lived abroad six years: time enough to see the system’s flaws, not time enough to quell the vertigo of terrorism. My head and heart are at odds.

Like many expatriates, I have avoided the shell-shock in the US, the nation that fell from untouchable grace. The

wound here isn’t so immediate, so nightmarish, that I can’t escape into a foreigner’s fantasy of Rome. I’m not the only American retreating into Italy’s blithe, voluptuous embrace. A graphic designer, former Visiting Artist Garrett Boge, just moved here, fleeing the morose atmosphere and broken confidence in America.

La dolce vita soothes over the rough edges. The world is on the brink of war, death lurks in envelopes —and we are sipping Campari in a piazza, surrounded by golden palaces and beautiful people in even more beautiful clothes. Each moment becomes more precious for the threat, and more spiced with delicious disobedience because we ignore the news and drink until dawn. “I just can’t get down to work,” we moan, then order another round and rack the billiard balls. Drive a Vespa down the Via Appia to watch the hookers hanging around the ancient tombs. Haggle in a street market, dance in the piazza, excavate fresh tiramisu from under thick chocolate dust. Why not live for the moment in this glorious land of gratification? Especially when that bomb or envelope could realign the universe at any second.

The city inspires us. Roma, after all, was founded by Venus and Mars —Love and War— according to legend. Women totter the cobbled streets in high heels, cleavage bursting into the Mediterranean sunshine. Men strike Brando poses, extravagant compliments ready on pouting lips. “*Ciao bella! Ciao bello!*” they cry, even to casual friends. This is how to live: Sharp espresso and sharper passion. Mellow wine and lazy strolls. Sweet *gelato* and golden sunlight on the ruins. Problems may invade your daily grind, but then cast them aside with an eloquent Mediterranean shrug. I can think of no better place to hide from the world’s fresh terrors and contradictions.

So here we are in *bella Italia*, unable and unwilling to mourn current affairs in a style befitting our native land. Perhaps it’s just the Flower Power cry —Make Love, not War— dusted off and gussied up with a European bow. Perhaps it’s selfishness or cynicism or hedonism. Or perhaps, deep in our Chianti cups, we’ve stumbled onto something. We’re either hiding from reality or wallowing in it —honestly, I’m not sure which. But we’re going on livin’ and savouring the times at hand. And that feels good. ✨

Amanda Castleman is a freelance writer, journalist, and wife of John Curtis Franklin FC’02, now in his second year at the Academy.

THOUGHTS ON THE MANHATTAN SKYLINE AND THE SUBLIME

BY FREDERICK BIEHLE FA'87

October 2, 2001

For some reason, I think of being witness to that day in terms of the sublime.

In fact I think of it as the very exact opposite of the sublime (*that which is encountered when nature exceeds human limits*). Sublime is a word that I haven't considered in the greater context of my Manhattan life recently, maybe for the entire year before September. I have been more caught up in the minutia of the immediate. Distance is an imaginary journey. The sublime I think of as a realization that takes you out of yourself momentarily, recognizing the wonderment to just being alive in the world, where the body, that which is physically *of* the world, connects, plugging directly in, while the mind struggles to catch up, to understand the totality of the idea, which it cannot. It is a remarkable sensation. Familiar and contradictory. It casts awe toward the experience of living, so much larger than the self and so much a gift to behold. Exceeding human limits. A beautiful idea.

The skyline of Manhattan carries a sense of exceeding human limits. I suppose before I came to know New York it might have frightened me, cyclopean as it was, but, twenty years ago, I was always arriving by train, entering by tunnel, and never seeing it from a distance. I was moving about, getting to know it from the inside out. Only by arrival and departure was it possible to take in the skyline in its entirety, even if momentarily from the window of a taxi, magical and always too quick, occasionally extended, depending on which route, which bridge or tunnel was needed to get to a destination on a downtown street. But the act of entry became charged by the rising up of the skyline, its once unknowable limits transformed into a precious possession.

New York City is an enormous place. Vast in its horizontal and its vertical dimension. It is comprehensible, but not able to be known, literally exceeding human limits. Seeing the skyline as an unending

unknowable landscape and yet also knowing it incrementally and cumulatively, block by block, intersection by intersection, has provided a small sense of proprietorship. It is a shared privilege that comes with the struggle of living here.

That will be different. The ever-changing skyline will be in error. From a distance, it is not as though one can see the gaping absence, the hole itself that runs seven stories deep. But there is a tangible quality to its change; that which was familiar is no longer there to be located. And yet, there is an expectation still; a looking for- that ends in failure, in absence again. An absence that is a loss, which like the mirror to the sublime, exceeds what I am still able to comprehend.

The doorman in our office, one block from the site, Ahmed Hazzan, who is Pakistani, was required to be the last one out of the building, and so after the first collapse he went through the entire building making sure that everyone was actually out. He was leaving as the second collapse occurred and he managed to get to the next corner at Broadway and Fulton streets. Then he was engulfed and blinded by the cloud of smoke. He stumbled with the fleeing crowd, fell, injuring himself, and was not able to move for fifteen minutes or so. He was eventually helped up and joined the exodus of people moving north out of lower Manhattan.

Samuel Beckett in one of his rare dialogues on art commented:

*The expression that there is nothing to express,
nothing with which to express,
nothing from which to express,
no power to express,
no desire to express,
together with the obligation to express.*

Art, to remain valid, must be a mirror to the human condition. ☒

A SACRED SPOT IN THE CITY

BY PIERA BOCCI FF'57 AND GILDA BARTOLONI

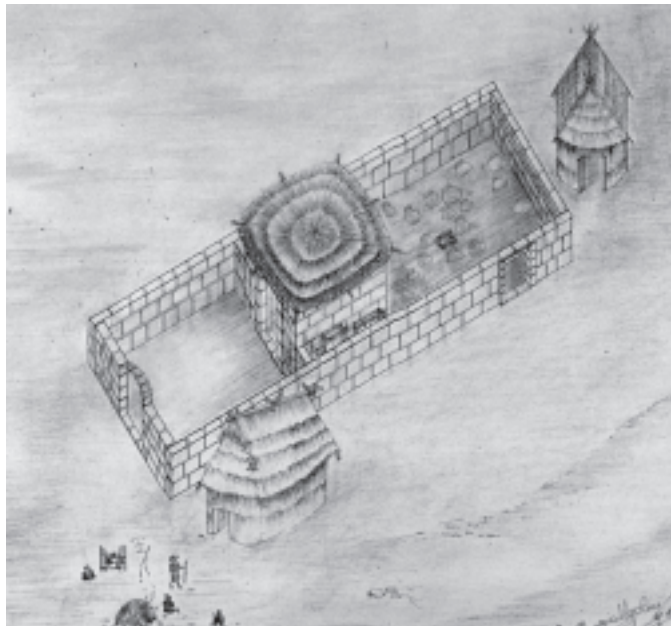
*Toute ville était un sanctuaire;
toute ville pouvait être appelée sainte*
(Fustel de Coulanges, 1864)

On the afternoon of the 11 of September my nephew rang the door bell and told me to watch the TV, because something terrible was happening in New York. I ran to the first floor of the house where my friend Gilda Bartoloni lives with her family, and we watched TV horrified all evening. We had just come back from an archaeological congress in Copenhagen about the influence of antiquity on the Renaissance artists through the centuries. In fact, we had been invited there because we previously had written an essay for the “Giovinezza di Michelangelo” exhibition in Florence about the Etruscan influence on the Renaissance artists there.

Because of our archaeological interest, we saw the Twin Towers' destruction in relation to the many others that we know happened in ancient times, from the last day of Troy to the burning of Rome under Nero. We remembered the most impressive events, including the destruction of Pompeii by the fatal Vesuvius volcano eruption. Besides the ruins of the ancient city, we are particularly moved by the men, women, and children cast in plaster, immortalized in their desperate attempt to escape death, mouths open in a last terrible scream. At least this has been left for us to contemplate, while at the Twin Towers nothing is left, only barren ground.

We do not have such striking examples to remember in our personal experiences as archaeologists, but one of the most interesting may be our last study about a particular kind of house found in the Roman and Etruscan excavations of Roselle in Tuscany. On the plain between two hills

stood a peculiar house in the center of two courtyards, the front one open, the other one in the rear closed. The house was oval inside and square outside, in order to support its wooden roof and to connect to the long northern wall of the courts. The entire construction was built with sun baked bricks. The north wall of the court at the back of the house had a wooden door at the far end. Burnt timber remains by the threshold inside. The collapse of the building was caused by a fire that sealed all the objects that lay on the earthen floor of the back court which was crowded with different types of pots, some for storing agricultural products, and others, more refined, such as plates and cups for the table. There were also numerous sheep and boar bones suggesting that the back court was used as a place for community dinners. The evidence leads us to believe that this singular house, centered between the courtyards, was the leader's



Reconstruction of the house in Roselle, Tuscany, that became a sacred spot.

residence, once surrounded by many huts. When the fire broke out the people ran away without finishing their dinner: maybe it was a political or a religious meeting, or a political-religious dinner such as we found described in Homer (*Odyssey* 7,49;15,466). This event took place about the middle of the seventh century BC. After the fire, the spot remained buried and by end of the sixth century BC it belonged to a consecrated area: perhaps the ancient house was already considered sacred.

After the Roman conquest of Roselle, this plain in front of the sea became the center of the new city. In the Roman Imperial period the ruins of the “sacred” house were paved with marble slabs for the forum. It was surrounded by the market and religious buildings that marked the heart of the city. The sacred spot always remained untouched. Throughout history there have always been areas set aside because of their particular religious meaning. We would like to use this one as a modest example of how sacred spots in cities can coexist with new expressions of modern life. We hope the Twin Towers might be one of them. ❀

STRANGER IN PARADISE IV

BY ALDO CASANOVA FS'61, RS'75



Aldo Casanova FS'61, RS'75, "Stranger in Paradise IV", bronze, 28" high.

From the letter by Aldo Casanova:

"...I've been very uncomfortable with the world scene since Desert Storm. We humans don't seem to have gathered the wisdom to make the world right for everybody... The title [of my sculpture] suggests we have made ourselves strangers in what could be an earthly paradise. We continue to ruin the earth, its creatures and ourselves. The work depicts an armored person with no weapons merely trying to survive."

GRAPES

BY GEORGE GARRETT FW'59

In Tuscany
where I was a soldier for a while
the grapes were wonderful on hillsides.
They grew and glistened in the light.
They dreamed all season long
the tuneful dreams of Tuscany.

And they clotted & clustered & swelled
and they spilled over like fountains
green & shining everywhere you looked

until in tidal waves they broke
over the stranded barbwire
flooding pillboxes foxholes & minefields

stalling tanks & trucks
disrupting wire communications
and even carried away the CP tent.

By Christ we got drunk!
We drank and drank
and drank the blood
of Tuscany.

And reeling in that holy light
of Tuscany
we dreamed that all the towers leaned
in Tuscany.

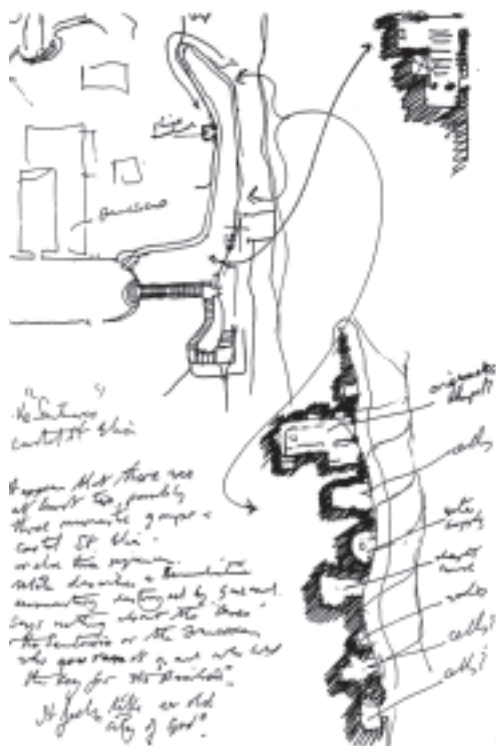
from *Days of Our Lives in Fragments*,
Louisiana State University Press:
Baton Rouge, 1998

George wrote that this poem was written at the Academy 1958-59, "coming back to Italy for the first time since I had served as a soldier there."

In this time of reflection on the material mortality of towers and caves it is worth reflecting that the human spirit both out-lives and transcends these symbols which merely chart its course.

That spirit is the real monument to those who lived, worked and died in them. Its regeneration is indeed a resurrection which intimates our unending spiritual quest.

from Mairin and Patrick Quinn's
2001 holiday season greeting



Plans of the 8th-10th Century cave monastery and "sanctuario" at Castel Sant'Elia, Italy, by Patrick Quinn FA'80.



13th-14th Century towers of the city of San Gimignano, Italy. Ink sketch by Patrick Quinn FA'80.



Photo by Jeffrey Schiff FS'77. Image of a worn tomb slab from the floor of Santa Maria in Aracoeli, Rome.

Photo by Pamela Keech FS'82, September 2001.



SKETCHES

BY LAURIE OLIN FL'74, RL'90



Above: "Sep 11- 2001 -World Trade Center Towers on fire after terrorist airstrikes —as seen from AMTRAK train at Newark headed into New York for Lincoln Center meetings. As we went into the tunnel the smoke was coming from much lower in the South Tower. 20 minutes later it had collapsed into lower Manhattan."

Excerpt from a letter written by Laurie Olin to SOF President Pamela Keech FS'82, January 2, 2002.

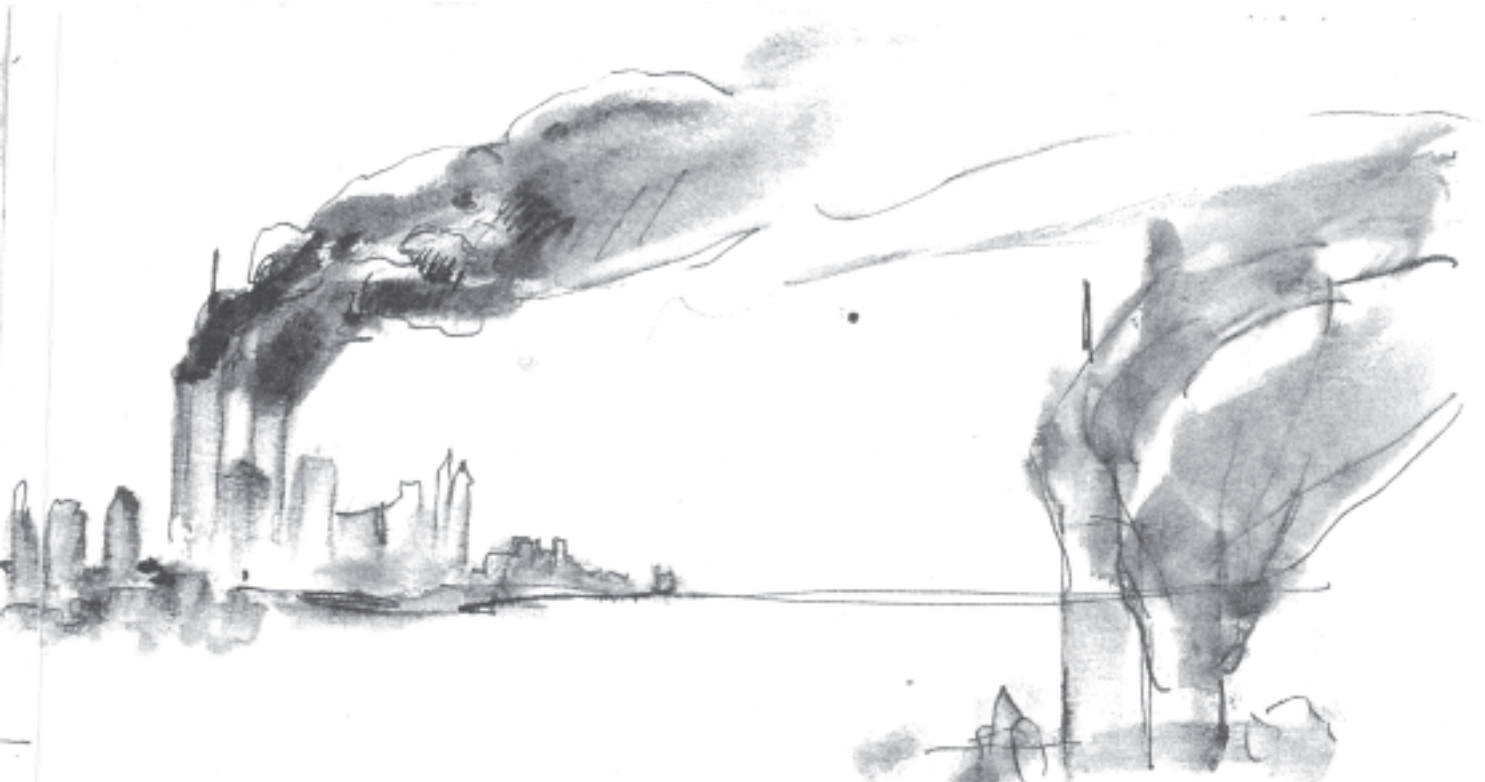
Autumn dawned with heartbreakingly beautiful weather. The final presentation for Lincoln Center was scheduled for three days in the third week to the eleven constituent groups who live and work at Lincoln Center.

I enclose sketches I made of the scene that burst on the world the second day of this sequence when FRANK GEHRY (trustee emeritus) and I were to present our proposal to the Metropolitan Opera, the Philharmonic, and the New York City Ballet. While the politics of this project had been difficult, we were still enthused to be able to finally present our case, to our pitch for a new vision [of Lincoln Center]. As everyone knows we never were able to make our case. The World Trade Center disaster and the war in Afghanistan finished off the financial and political will to even listen to us.

Trapped in New York on the 11th I spent part of the day

with Frank, his partners and children in a restaurant just being together, being alive and shaken like millions of other Americans. Later I walked down the middle of 5th Avenue all the way to the Village where I spent the evening with ROBERT PIRIE (trustee). It was one of the most surreal walks of my life. No traffic or cars at all, except every so often a large piece of construction equipment moving south quietly. The occasional wail of a bloodmobile rushing across town. The only pedestrians (at 5:00 pm) were small groups of tired looking medics in green scrubs walking north for rest and food. At the end of the street there were only huge cloud where the towers had stood.

Dinner and an evening watching the television while friends from Europe called Bob to see if he was ok was all very disturbing. His hospitality has never been more appreciated, I suspect, than on that horrible day. 🌹



As we went into the Tunnel. The Smoke was coming from much lower in the South Tower -
 ... headed into New York for Lincoln Center Meetings - 20 minutes later it had collapsed into lower Manhattan

Below: "New York, September 11, 2001. Later in afternoon. Only a huge plume of smoke coming up at the end of 5th Ave vista where the Twin Towers stood for the last 30 years. Streets blocked off. No traffic except emergency vehicles. Blood vans speeding w/escorts. Construction equipment headed south to help remove the rubble. Ambulances, medics in service."



New York - September 11 - 2001
 Later in Afternoon
 Only a huge plume of smoke coming up at the end of 5th Ave vista where the twin towers stood for the last 30 years - streets blocked off. No traffic except emergency vehicles. Blood vans speeding w/escorts. Construction equipment headed south to help remove rubble - Ambulances, medics in service

CLASSICAL THOUGHTS ON THE POST-9-11 WORLD

BY LINDA W. RUTLAND GILLISON FC'81

During the past few months, I've found myself often reflecting on how things keep on not changing. That's because I spend my time as a classicist studying history and mythology and literature in all of which people very different from us in many ways have tried to make sense of their world and their place in it. I try to point these attempts out to my students—how the early Greeks and their classical descendants and then the Romans all struggled with complicated worlds and told themselves stories about how the world worked. As Americans have grappled with alternative responses to the events of September 11, I've thought often of curmudgeonly Hesiod's advice to his upstart and troublesome brother: always consider the consequences of any action you undertake, and, if you're unsure within yourself, seek the best advice you can and then follow it! As we seemed pressed, so quickly, to take action in some—almost any—direction, I kept thinking of Antigone, who knew how crucial was the time of mourning, honoring the dead and confronting the emotions which surround death before moving into the crassly calculated realm of political response.

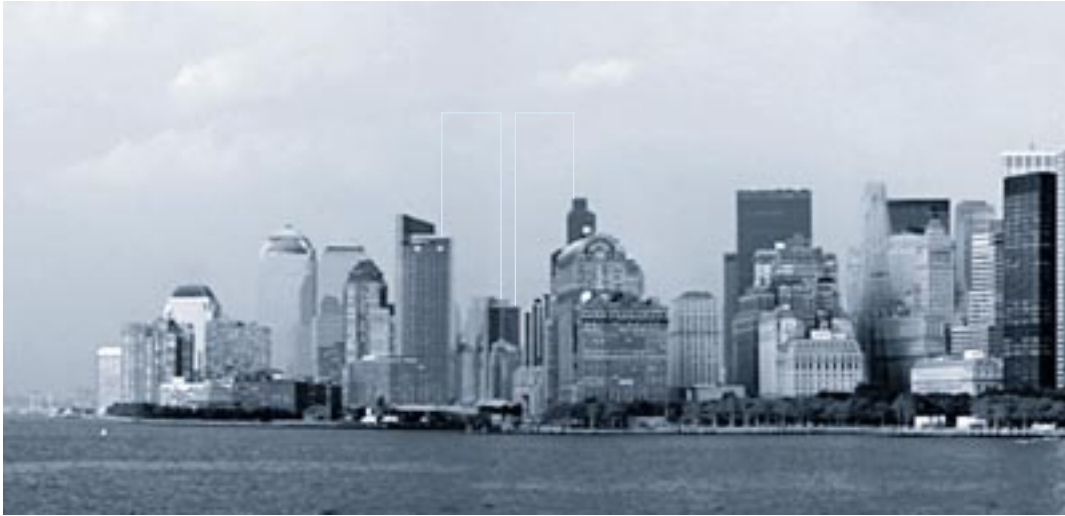
So often recently, we've heard the phrase “defining moment.” These are moments in which we have a chance to define or redefine ourselves as a people, and I think we can learn from the classics in this regard, as well. The heroes of Greek mythology struggled always to define themselves as over against “the darkness”—what has come in late days to be labeled as “evil” or “the evil one.” But the Greeks knew that in each of those mythological heroes as in each of themselves there was an essential darkness which was mirrored without, and that each hero (and each of them) had to confront that inside shadow of unreason and immoderation as well as the more clearly visible monsters of the outside world. The Greeks pressed for but did not always attain—how could they?—self-knowledge, and in this “defining moment” America and Americans must strive for that as well.

In early October, I lectured to a couple of hundred undergraduates on Greek Lyric poetry, but this time with a somewhat new approach to which I felt compelled by the recent, wracking experience of our world. There is a picture, out there, of the Classical Tradition (caps intended) as a monolithic and oppressive and militaristic one, and I

wanted to take this chance to confront that idea with these students and also to pull Greek lyric into the world about which we were all reading in the press. These “warlike” Greeks, after all, also gave us (in epic) the fear of Achilles for his friend Patroclus, for whom he prayed to Zeus and poured libation using a special cup which he reserved for the deepest moments of uncertainty and his later angry and regretful warning to Odysseus that it was better to be a slave of the poorest man among the living than to be a dead hero; Andromache who lamented the duty of Hector to fight for the country—a duty which would cost her and her son everything they had and were; (in lyric) Tyrtaeus who spoke of the honor of dying for the fatherland but detailed painfully the utter terror of standing there next to one's neighbors in the battle line.

Like many of my colleagues in the academy, I have felt compelled this autumn more than previously to try to help my students cope with events. I personally but not uniquely have wanted to show my students how these ancient peoples can present a valuable perspective as we attempt to make sense of the apparently senseless: how my discipline can make a difference. In one class, an Honors group of young women, we read Euripides' *Trojan Women* and watched a video production of the play. Later in the term, one of the students produced her own brief video in which, standing on a windy balcony on a bleak autumn day in Missoula, she recited a poem which she had written after our viewing and discussion. Euripides' play was produced just as the Athenians launched a great and ultimately disastrous naval undertaking. In *Andromache*, I think, the Greeks might have been asked to understand what Americans have this autumn come to see in a way new to us: we are all in this together. We are all the victors and also the vanquished: all of us as mothers are *Andromaches* in Afghanistan or Rwanda or Bosnia—anywhere in the world where children die. There is no here and there: here is there, and when terror infects life on the planet, it belongs to all of us.

Language is power, and the public use of language in recent months has fascinated me. We have seen faceless and figureless women shot in a football stadium for “infractions,” and we have heard from Laura Bush that the U.S. has brought its considerable force to bear for the rights of Afghan women to freedom from fear and to education and good work. But language is also a strange thing, malleable, even serpentine, and the years in which we cared nothing



From a photograph entitled "New Skyline" by Jonathan Corum, digitally enhanced by Jack Sullivan FL'83.

about these women now question the sincerity of our government's concern. "Rhetoric" has negative connotations in our society: "campaign rhetoric" means deceptive falsehood, trumped up to sway listeners and win votes. This skill which the Greeks developed so long ago and in which they crafted a potential alternative to blood-letting over disagreements has been honed to a deadly sharpness by modern descendants of those early "democrats" of fifth-century Athens. Especially but not exclusively during recent months, I have needed to shake myself and try to burrow under words (from all parties) to meaning and intent and the rhetorical aim of statements which want to seem so "factual" and "objective" or at least so well-intentioned and moral. Cicero, who as Roman consul in 63 BCE reported his success in squelching a domestic conspiracy, noted that he was assisted by "a band of chosen young men from Reate"—young men whom he would have labeled quite differently ("terrorist thugs from out of town") had they been fighting on the other side. These matters are complex. The Greeks and the Romans knew it. Today we say that "one person's terrorist is another person's freedom fighter." Reading Latin and Greek literature, we gain a sense of the power of language and its terrible ability to mold as well as to reflect human experience, to obfuscate and deceive as well as to communicate.

We are defining or redefining ourselves nowadays. We have seen a great deal of heroism and must continue to demand heroism from ourselves as a people and as individuals. We have a great fame to live up to. Julius Caesar, during its deliberation about the punishment for Cicero's conspirators, warned the Roman senate about some considerations which seem too, too modern:

"[T]he lapse of time and the caprice of fortune, which controls the destinies of all men, will one day produce a change of feeling. These particular men will have richly deserved whatever happens to them. But you....must consider the precedent that you establish for others....It may be that on some future occasion, when another consul has, like ours today, an armed force at his disposal, some false report will be accepted as true; and when, with this precedent before him, such a consul draws the sword in obedience to senatorial decree, who will there be to restrain him or to stay his hand?"

For "consul," read "executive officer" or "president." Amidst talk of military tribunals, early morning knocks on doors of progressive art galleries, and more, Caesar's words—though no more transparent than those of any other public official who advocates for a particular policy—can seem to have been uttered just a moment ago.

The Greeks and Romans recognized life's ambiguity and complexity and talked about it in many ways. "A human being is a terrible thing," said the chorus in *Antigone* and went on to discuss this two-legged terror in all of its glory and blindness. The Greeks didn't have the answers (no more the Romans); they only asked the questions and lived in their world as best they could. They told themselves stories about how their world worked and what their responsibilities were in it. They can be savvy and challenging companions for us (post-?)moderns as we encounter the caprices of fortune and make sense of them as best we can. ♣



MOVING PERIMETER

A PROPOSAL BY MARY MISS RS'89

Since September 11, the perimeter of Ground Zero has been constantly shifting and contracting as more of the city gradually becomes accessible. As thousands of people come to trace the edge of the site, the boundary itself has become a moving pilgrimage.

This temporary project recognizes that the movement of people towards the site is an important reversal of the fragmentation caused by the explosion. It also acknowledges the importance of ritual that is emerging throughout the city as people seek ways of coming to terms with their experience and sense of loss.

Fragments of fencing, seating, planting, and blue lights form a movable perimeter that becomes increasingly dense and noticeable as the zone of exclusion becomes smaller; a coalescing of separate parts takes place. These various elements will come together to form a boundary wreath for the construction site while allowing visual access to continue through the rebuilding process. It also makes a place for the flowers, flags, candles, and notes that have appeared throughout the city. A number of interventions are to be implemented immediately: figure eights are painted at key intersections to visually tie one piece of the city to the next, all the new and existing barriers and fences are to be painted blue.

At the completion of reconstruction these elements will be temporarily reconfigured into a large scale three-dimensional figure eight. As visitors gain access to the center of Ground Zero they will find this pattern marked by bands of flowers by day, outlined by the fire of candles at night. Moving through the multiple paths created by the arrangement of elements, tracing this infinite line, the visitors become the form, activating the symbol of the endless knot by their movement.

This transitional project makes it possible for visitors to participate in defining Ground Zero by creating a sense of ritual. The shrines of flowers and candles that appeared throughout the city at various sites were such a powerful presence; we would like acknowledge their effect and encourage the continuation of this practice. Instead of seeing this act of remembrance disappear over time we are giving it a structure to ensure its continuation. As it becomes known that everyone who comes to Ground Zero should bring flowers to place along the perimeter, a permanent presence of color and life will be created. As the elements that defined this edge get closer together, a continuous bands of flowers

and trees with people moving between them will form a solid wreath around Ground Zero. Community groups and businesses in the area will be asked to assume responsibility for different segments of the perimeter.

The figure eight has been chosen as the central symbol for this project, its seamless line clearly connecting our past and our future in the form of an infinite knot. Marking an endless path or labyrinth on the ground has been a part of a spiritual practiced for many cultures (there is a labyrinth at Trinity College in downtown Manhattan), providing a chance for both individual meditation and collective action. In tracing the figure eight, visitors have the opportunity to reflect as they walk, and to participate, with others gathered there, in a physical reclaiming of our city. Together, people transform the ground into a sacred site.

Ground Zero is a place that will be visited by people from all over the world. Rather than encountering a barrier that hides the site from view, there is an important need for visual access during years of recovery and reconstruction. We wish to make a permeable edge that enables people to continue to look and remember, an edge that provides space for the tangible objects of our memories, the flowers and the notes.

A set of eight elements is proposed to form a new and flexible perimeter. As the boundary is moved over time and altered to meet the changing needs of the city, the elements are easily reconfigured to reflect these adjustments. The modular nature of these elements allows them to address the diverse conditions to be found around the perimeter, while avoiding the monotony of a singular treatment. These elements replace the disparate fences and barricades that currently define the edge made of wood, concrete, chain link and pipe.

Like high water lines, the previous boundaries are marked to give a sense of the progress in reclaiming the city.

Previous gathering spots and new ones at intersections and street ends are marked and formalized.

Crowd control barriers are replaced by flexible elements that create places to leave remembrances.

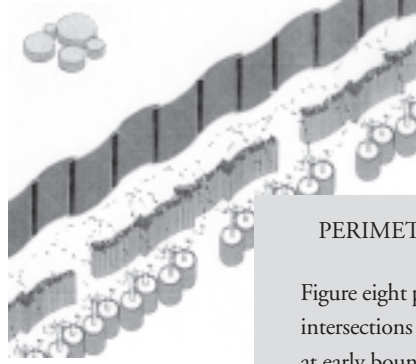
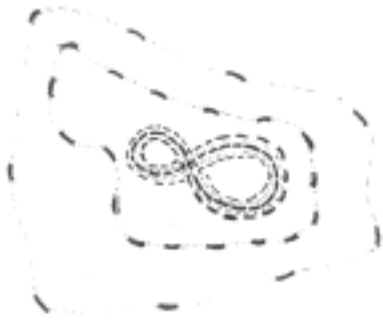
Blue lights encircle the site at night.

Places are made to stop and rest.

The density of the crowd is broken up in certain areas.

Lookout platforms allow a full view out over the site.

The passage of time is marked by the seasonal color of flowering trees. ♪



PERIMETER ELEMENTS

Figure eight patterns will be painted on the paving at key intersections indicating locations where people gathered at early boundary positions.

Flexible partitions made of plastic pipe strung together replace the standard police barriers. The openings at the top provide places for flowers, photos, and candles to be left. These would be used along sidewalks through all stages of the recovery and reconstruction and be the primary element of the final configuration at the completed reconstruction site.

Movable fence sections will protect the construction site and create smaller areas of enclosure or boundaries for street ends. They will replace the flat barrier of a chain link fence with an undulating scale-like texture. They are made of expanded steel mesh on a pipe frame. In certain areas they may act as billboards for notes and photographs. They can be made solid with the addition of blue plastic scrim where it is necessary to block visibility.

Cylinders of wire mesh on steel frames with light sources at the base mark special areas of the perimeter, while small blue lights encircle the perimeter at night.

Circular seating elements appear at specific areas along perimeter to create stopping places.

Bands of planters with flowering trees border the perimeter where space allows. At the end of the reconstruction process they may be incorporated into the site planting or possibly dispersed to different neighborhoods of the city or country.

Ramped overlooks will appear at three or four key points and cross the perimeter edge giving people a view into the construction site.

Street markers made of small diameter blue glass reflectors at three foot intervals flush with the paving will demarcate the previous positions of the perimeter edge, making the many people walking into the site aware of its condensing over time.

All of these elements will be blue.



LIBRARY

BY VINCENT KATZ FW'02

*Friday
Three days later*

After two days heavy depression, came
A biblical rain bomblike thundered out the city
They had flown away to heaven perhaps
The dead are dead and the living breathe

Faces on street contain a knowledge
The will to go on undominated
But the heaviness weighted so
I couldn't enjoy my two sons

Though I did sit with them and listen
Afternoon sun, life, broke through
Could that be? a book of artists' conversations
The desire to discuss, differ even

Suddenly lifted the moral cloud
They too lived under, what is important
Is the desire to understand
To speak and let the difference stand



John W. Rhoden FS'54, "Fear." From the AAR archives.

TRUSTEES OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

MARELLA AGNELLI	WENDY EVANS JOSEPH FA'84
MERCEDES T. BASS	PAMELA KEECH FS'82
ROBERT BEASER FM'78	PAUL LECLERC
BORIS BIANCHERI	LESTER K. LITTLE RR'96
PATTI CADBY BIRCH	DIANNE BRITZ LOTTI
DAVID G. BOOTH	ELIZABETH J. MCCORMACK
VINCENT J. BUONANNO	RICHARD MEIER RA'74
MARY SCHMIDT CAMPBELL	NANCY BROWN NEGLEY
ADELE CHATFIELD-TAYLOR FD'84	SUSAN NITZE
DAVID M. CHILDS	NANCY M. O'BOYLE
CHUCK CLOSE RV'96	JOHN PINTO FH'75
EDWARD E. COHEN	ROBERT S. PIRIE
MICHAEL CONFORTI FH'76	CYNTHIA HAZEN POLSKY
DONALD M. COX	JESSIE H. PRICE
DOROTHY CULLMAN	MARTIN PURYEAR RV'98
ALBERTO DE BENEDICTIS	MICHAEL C.J. PUTNAM FC'64, RC'70
ELAINE K. GAZDA	WILLIAM K. REILLY
BARBARA GOLDSMITH	C. BRIAN ROSE FC'92
ANTHONY GRAFTON	ARTHUR ROSS
MICHAEL GRAVES FA'62, RA'78	ROBERT B. SILVERS
AGNES GUND	MICHAEL I. SOVERN
WILLIAM B. HART	MARK STRAND RW'83
DRUE HEINZ	BILLIE TSIEN RA'00
ANDREW HEISKELL	CHARLES K. WILLIAMS II
MILLCENT MERCER JOHNSEN	

Photo by Pamela Keech FS'82, November 2001.



GROUND ZERO: HOW DOES ARCHITECTURE RESPOND?

BY WILLIAM PEDERSEN FA'66

All Americans speak of coming out of this tragedy “better and stronger” than before. Each of us is seeking to find some way that we can help to bring us, collectively and as a nation, towards that goal. As an architect, I feel that “better and stronger” doesn’t mean thicker concrete to resist the blast of a terrorist attack as much as it means finding ways to build structures that can help reduce the possibility of terrorism itself.

The dreadful rubble now accumulated at Ground Zero represents a stark reminder of one of this nation’s greatest strategic vulnerabilities —its dependence on imported energy. Can anyone doubt that the United States would be far less of an Islamic terrorist target if its geopolitical interests didn’t focus so heavily on tapping the oil reserves of the Persian Gulf? Fortunately, we are now able to draw on technologies and design concepts that will help to lessen this dependency without plundering our own natural resources. A single statistic illustrates how effective this approach could be: buildings consume an astounding 50% of the fuel we use. Substantially reducing that figure is fundamental to achieving energy independence for our nation. It also offers an opportunity to counter the tragedy of September 11’s deadly acts with a life-affirming quest to build buildings and cities in harmony with nature and its awesome bounty of natural resources.

The question most asked of architects after the attack is, “what should we build to replace what has been lost”? For me, this is a question that will only be answered when we can get a greater perspective on the physical and psycho-

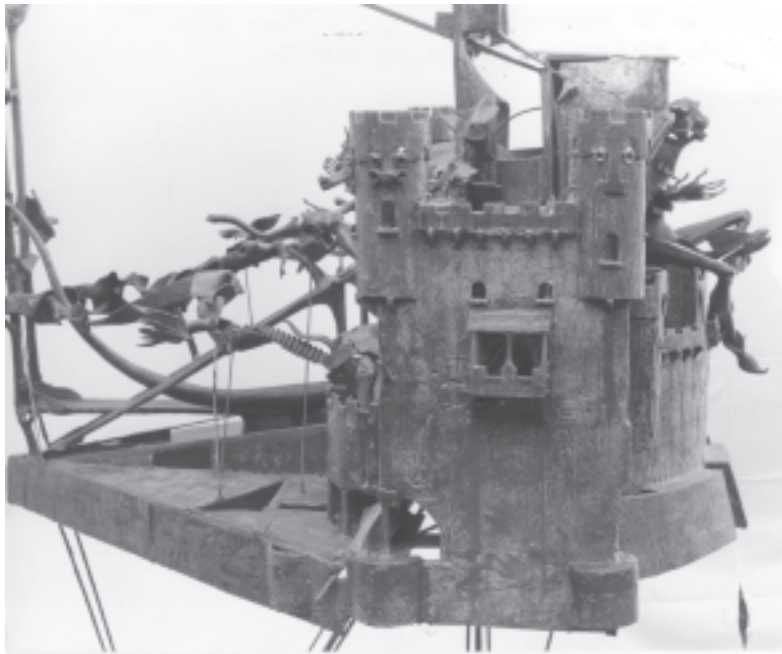
logical damage it has brought about. However, if the question is rephrased so that it asks not “what” but “how” are we to rebuild, the answer is clearer to envision at this early date. *Now* is the time to demonstrate that buildings can be built which are in themselves generators of power rather than just consumers of power. This is a concept that goes beyond conventional aspirations for achieving “green buildings” by striving for the ultimate objective of what environmental engineers call “carbon neutral” buildings.

Can this be achieved? Presently, the exploration of buildings of this type is almost entirely based in Europe. There

energy costs are much higher and the initial expenditure required to integrate energy-conserving systems in buildings can be paid back in a relatively short period of time. In America, our energy costs are much lower, hopefully they will remain so. However, the low cost of energy in the United States also means that the inclusion of wind turbines, photovoltaic cells, and other systems, capable of generating renewable energy, can be paid back only after a long period of time. Our developers build buildings on a

fairly narrow margin. As individuals, they cannot be expected to shoulder the burden of this cost. However, now the reduction of the energy consumption is a national emergency. It is time for the Federal Government to throw its weight behind the effort to bring about a new generation of buildings that will deliver us to the “carbon neutral” objective.

Now is the time to set a national objective focused at achieving energy independence. When we build to replace what has been physically destroyed at Ground Zero we should above all demonstrate the possibility of achieving this goal. ❁



Paul Kubic FS'79, “Temptation of St. Anthony”, 1979 (detail of castle).

PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD TRADE CENTER SITE

BY ALEXANDER GORLIN FA'84

From the introduction to a panel discussion about "Planning for the Future of the World Trade Center Site" at the Century Club, November 27, 2001.

I live at the corner of Chambers and Hudson Street, five blocks from the Trade Center. On the morning of the 11th, I was about to vote in the primary at the local school, when I witnessed the first plane as it roared directly overhead and smashed into the North Tower. I saw the orange fireball explode. Since that day, I have been struggling to come to terms with what I saw and frame the disaster in a larger cultural perspective. A number of historic events have come to mind.

As John Lennon said, if he had lived 2,000 years ago, he would have lived in Rome, then the capital of the ancient world. Instead he chose New York, because as we all know, it is the center, the capital of the world today. Therefore, this was an attack not just on New York or America, but on the center of the world itself. Like the Sack of Rome by the barbarians in the year 410, it was clearly intended to de-stabilize not only New York, but western civilization. Now the Sack marked the beginning of the Fall of Rome, and so it is up to us to make sure that this does not happen to New York. For in the rush to rebuild, we must be careful not to make the mistakes of the past.

Second, as the highest place in New York, the World Trade Center was the mythical acropolis and the symbol of the City. Its destruction recalls what happened in Athens in 480 BC when the first Parthenon was burned by the Persians from the east. The Greeks then took an oath to leave the ruins of the burnt temples as a memorial for future generations. But Pericles wisely chose otherwise, to rebuild and to rebuild better. And he built the new Parthenon, which became the classic model of architectural perfection for over 2,500 hundred years. We must do the same.

Third, the fiery collapse of the Towers and the void it left behind recalls another great symbol of a nation whose absence is still mourned today, the Temple of Jerusalem. Its destruction is commemorated in the Jewish religion every year by a day of prayer and fasting. Fatefully connected to the current conflict in the Middle East, it was destroyed twice, first by the Babylonians, then rebuilt and destroyed a second time by the Romans in the first century. The time of

its reconstruction has been pushed to the distant future to the coming of the Messiah. But we don't have that luxury, our task is to rebuild now, the question is what and how.

Perhaps we can find clues in the voice of another New Yorker, Herman Melville, who exactly 150 years ago in 1851, introduced the story of Moby Dick, in Chapter 1, with a description of the very site of the future World Trade Center:

"There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs - commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme downtown is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there."

Then Ishmael, in describing his intention to go whaling, an extraordinary passage, virtually predicts what has transpired today.

"And, doubtless, my going on this whaling voyage, formed part of the grand programme of Providence that was drawn up a long time ago. It came in as a sort of brief interlude and solo between more extensive performances. I take it that this part of the bill must have run something like this:

*"Grand Contested Election
for the Presidency of the United States."*

"WHALING VOYAGE BY ONE ISHMAEL."

"BLOODY BATTLE IN AFGHANISTAN."

I guess history repeats itself. And like the search for the elusive white whale, what to do at Ground Zero is the focus of much obsessive energy. Perhaps with the panel's help, we will find some answers tonight. 🌿



From Moving Perimeter by Mary Miss RS'89.

IN MEMORIAM:

JOHN D'ARMS RC'72, '84

T. COREY BRENNAN FC'88

John H. D'Arms RC'72, '84, President of the American Council of Learned Societies, has died aged 67. He was in turn Academy Summer School Professor-in-Charge, Resident, Trustee, Director, Mellon Professor in the School of Classical Studies—and at times more than one of these things at once.

D'Arms in his scholarly work touched upon a wide range of topics having to do with Roman social, cultural and economic history. Early on, his innovative contributions to the history and archaeology of the Roman Bay of Naples—which impressively illustrated the possibilities of the emerging field of ancient “regional” studies—won for him an international reputation and a broad network of contacts in Italy. That reputation was further solidified in the early 80s by major publications on the social dimension of Roman commerce. One research interest that seems particularly prescient is his work (starting in the mid-80s) on the history of the Roman communal meal, for there John D'Arms' contributions have sparked no end of subsequent inquiry.

Vistors to Rome in the years 1977 through 1980 would have found D'Arms serving simultaneously as Academy Director and A.W. Mellon Professor. He carried off this potentially crushing dual responsibility with apparent effortlessness and a slightly offbeat elegance. Six foot two inches tall, D'Arms convincingly played the role (as one friend saw it) of “Il Duca di San Pancrazio.” He did not so much walk as process through the Academy grounds, cheerily greeting Fellows, Residents and staff, invariably asking about something that mattered to them. His remarkable memory for detail extended to the biographical details of Academy children. He was a famous *cicerone* to the archaeological sites in and around Rome (especially Ostia and Pompeii), lecturing to Academy groups on-site, and on one occasion, guiding President Carter through the Forum. His superb Italian (which he spoke at a decibel or two higher than English) further enhanced this natural authority. But more than anything it was John D'Arms' life-long appetite for hard work and unwavering devotion to intellectual and artistic excellence that made this difficult stint in Rome such a success for the Academy community, and his acumen helped see the AAR through some tough financial times.

By the time D'Arms had arrived at the Academy to take up those positions in 1977, he had already served three years



John D'Arms RC'72, '84 (right) with Herbert Beyer, 1988.

Photo courtesy of
AAR archives

as an Academy Trustee, and five as Chair of the Classics Department of the University

of Michigan. Henceforth, there was practically no point in D'Arms' career in which he was not formally in administration: Chair (again) of Michigan Classics, Dean of Michigan's Graduate School, and finally a highly effective President of the ACLS. He brought his gifts of charisma, intellect and ultra-competence to each of these tasks. No matter what the nature of the venue—even a massive gathering like the ACLS Annual Meeting, with hundreds of institutional representatives—D'Arms would make each individual to whom he reached out feel important and encouraged (and when he spoke *sottovoce*, as he would sometimes do, vaguely conspiratorial).

Never content with just one major challenge, D'Arms combined his presidency of the ACLS with a position as Adjunct Professor of History and Classics at Columbia University. And shortly before his death, he was named a trustee of the Institute for Advanced Study. Yet D'Arms was not one to let his numerous professional demands get in the way of his family, his friendships or his principal recreation, which can best be described as an appreciation of elegance of every sort. He put a premium on stylishness in manner, music (D'Arms was an intoxicatingly fluid jazz pianist), and dress, and deeply enjoyed ceremony—the more courtly, the better. (At university commencements, for maximum effect, he would combine his Oxford B.A. rabbit fur-lined hood with his Harvard Ph.D. gown.) But he had too ready a sense of humor to tolerate pomposity, and he was more likely to make fun of himself than of anyone else.

Looking back, it is a wonder how he managed to do it all. In terms of presence, John D'Arms had few peers in the life of the Academy. Nor is it easy to think of a more effective community-builder. During his Directorship in particular, D'Arms' breadth of interests and cosmopolitan charm made the Academy a crossroads of intellectual and artistic exchange, not only for the Fellows and guests he collected there, but for the whole cultural community in and beyond Rome. ❀

A MOROSE BLIP ON THE HORROR-EYES-ON: RUBBLE WITHOUT PAUSE

BY PAT OLESZKO FV'99

I have had barely enough psychic energy at the end of the day to make about two phone calls which includes the one to my mother who needs to be reassured that I am alive every single day no matter what I say.

It has been grueling, appalling, deadening here in the spectral shadow of the Trade Center. I happened to be stepping into the voting booth at the school several blocks away from the tower when I heard the double boom. It was loud but not extraordinarily so in relation to the sounds of New York, so I finished my civic duty and went outside to gape incomprehensibly at the burning outline of the plane in a building four blocks away. As the calm turned to the chaos of getting children out and people running away, in retrospect, I realized that not having my bike probably saved my life as it prevented me from riding around to get a better look. So there I stood, rooted like a tree, watching the world change before my disbelieving eyes. Someone said the fireball explosion was a plane and I just assumed the fuselage had dropped. Then obscured by the smoke, they said the other tower had fallen. Dust was filling the air and the horror seeped like the foul smell slowly into consciousness. Mesmerized by the sight, I watched the fire move, and then the horror of maybe forty people jump from the Towers of Babble, as individuals, then in groups. Even watching it live, it was incomprehensible until the north tower imploded like Vesuvius in reverse. Then building five fell, down like a sheet of water at the end of my street. A burgeoning group of us stood at one corner, construction guys, medical, regulars waiting to volunteer and were told no one was going in until the fires were out. The hospital was overwhelmed with donors without enough help to take the supply. I was seemingly evacuated from my building which didn't have electricity so after watching television with a group of dazed New Yorkers in front of a TV set up in the parking garage, I finally went to another downtown friends loft to watch what had happened on TV. I couldn't get enough of it. I wanted to see it over and over and over and still I couldn't believe it. That is the last bit of sequential information I can remember.

Since then I have been working at the site, my destroyed neighborhood, in whatever capacity that I could. I have bagged hundreds of containers of garbage. I have given out

food at the canteen for the Salvation Army. I have organized the distribution center for goods, the enormous outpouring of sandwiches, made by communities and schoolchildren, and made the bins laden with overnight supply bags, socks, glasses, hard-hats, masks, shirts, underwear, aspirin, ice, eye-wash, boots, etc. I never in my life thought I would run a boot-ique, particularly one in the middle of the road. I have ferried hot food, sloshing around in postal hampers, to The Hole, barely able to restrain tears to that monochromatic hellhole, in sandals, ankle deep in concrete muck, to guys who hadn't seen hot food or a bed in three days. Who would've guessed that White Castle hamburgers would be such a hit. Armies of firefighters were everywhere, sleeping, waiting, working, everyone's attention consumed by The Hole until there was a call and everyone stood aside for the stretcher with the body bag on it. I have seen the ground covered with papers of every kind, ironically spying one that claimed the Trade Center to be a safer place.

I have seen the best and the worst. Legions of firefighters, so eager going in, leaving many hours, even days later, completely encrusted with dust, walking bone weary, to sleep—anywhere. Neighborhood restaurants making food and taking and putting it into rescue workers hands. A masseuse who set up her cot and hand-lettered sign in the middle of the busiest corner to take any and everyone that needed relief. A man with no legs whom I saw from day 1, running ice around on his wheelchair, and giving out water. Everyone working 14, 16 hour shifts. And the spoilage of food, that simply couldn't be helped.

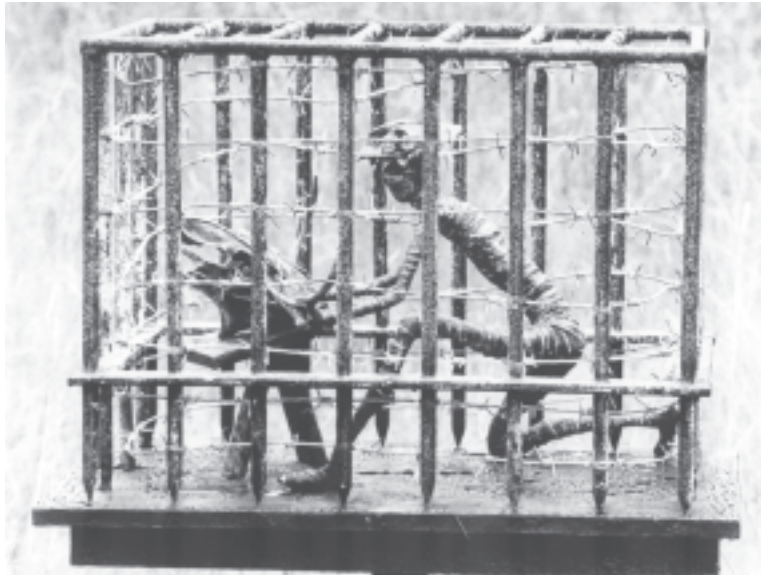
There is no organization in disaster, not in the beginning. Everyday, it has gotten more so. On Friday, after Bush visited the site, the Feds arrived and suddenly it became a war maneuver. Fences went up, military police were everywhere. Carrying supplies into the school that was triage headquarters, I was stopped by a woman in camouflage who wanted to see my ID. Another soldier who recognized me waved me in. He told me on my return that things were changed now and to get some photo ID. Everyone has stuff hanging around their necks, from FEMA to Salvation Army to Army to Church of Scientology to Red Cross to firemen, policemen, dogs. Never one to be daunted by authority, that night I cut up an old Visa card and manufactured my own ID which has presented no problems since although it alludes less to my computer abilities than it does to the ease with which the terrorists secured their ends. I have met people

from all over the country coming to help, desperate to get here. Three fire-fighters from LA waiting three days to get on a flight in. An 18-wheel truck filled with water from a community in Pennsylvania. Some guys from Uruguay that just had to help.

And then the dogs. I was working from a site right across from the canine MASH repair unit which took care of the dogs after they came off their tour, shower and feed them, take their temperature, repair their paws, take blood, give them IV as most come off seriously dehydrated. (Apparently when they catch wind of something they become so animated that it is comparable to doing wind sprints in humans.) The dogs, usually large, mostly very well-behaved or incredibly enthusiastic, were always an emotional lift. Of course, the all time high came when I joked to some burly guy walking a saggy barreled multi-teated lowrider if she was coming to work, which, to my astonishment she was. A little dog can go where big dogs can't and this friendly little 2 littered Chihuahua/dachshund mama gets outfitted in a total body suit—they all wear protective booties—with a camera on her head and one on each side of her body, so she can be lowered into a hole and they can read the environment, arf-rosopic surgery at its best.

Later, after many daze, never really sleeping, only going from home to site and back, I heard a buzz and then, walking down the street which was only traffic for troops, dump trucks, buses of supplies, monster caterpillars, generators, flatbeds of unrecognizable fire trucks, the dispirited, the anxious, the exhausted, comes Donald fucking Trump, Armani suit, no boots, no hard-hat, no mask, lousy hair and I thought, this is the first of the carpetbaggers, going down to look at the real estate, surveying it for Trump Towers 2.

Then came the rollerbladers, the tourists, the joggers, and I felt like I was being raped. Scores of my neighborhood fireman and police, friends working in the building gone



Paul Kubic FS'79, "Theseus and the Minotaur," mixed media, 1995.

and now it was a tourist site. Yet I think everyone must see the site, The Appalling Sight, but with, yes, reverence. When I had to police the low-level looting of the supply site, I realized I had to get out. A nearby day spa had put up flyers for the rescue workers offering showers, massage, refreshments where I went, and, that did me in. I had my meltdown and realized I had done enough. There were other

workers, volunteers that could do what I was doing. I had battle fatigue.

So I haven't been back, sleeping 12, 14 hours a day, trying to make sense of it all. This building I saw go up, rode to the top floor—80th at the time—at lunch time when it was being built, climbed out of the elevator with my dad to an open plane and no-one guarding the floor, saw Philip Pettit walk it, Superfly climb it, performed on it's plaza, walked into the express elevator with a Yugoslavian lover unstopped at five in the morning in the late 70's and made love in Windows On The World completely alone and undiscovered—there has always been a security problem—and watched it out my bathroom window, only truly beautiful at dawn, with the sun hitting the beveled edges as it rose, or at night, conspicuously ablaze like a pair of diamond bracelets, for 30 years is gone. The light is different now. More than six thousand took it with them.

And now as each day becomes increasingly more grim, complicated and difficult, I am trying to figure out not only where does this fool fit in but also, what on earth we're going to do, now that we have passed as a nation through the terrible initiation out of our flagrant childhood, into the age of us, US, as home war-scarred adults.

Pat
on her back
altho finally
coming
back



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ROME PRIZE CEREMONY

APRIL 18, 2002

Guest Speaker

Dr. John Dixon Hunt RL'01
Professor of the History and Theory of Landscape
University of Pennsylvania

"INTO THE GARDEN WITH APOLLO AND CO."

FROM THE ARCHIVES: STEPHEN GREENE FP'54



Above: "The Burial." 1947, oil on canvas. 42" X 55".

Left: "The Resurrection," 1947, oil on canvas. 40" X 13".

Below: "The Angels," 1946, oil on paper, with sepia pen. 6.5" X 13.5".



FROM THE ARCHIVES: STEVE RAFFO FP'55



"Elegy", 1954 (medium not identified).

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