



# *the* adamant

Adamant Music School

Vol. V - Issue 4 March, 2001

vol. 5.4

*contrasting views revealed in poetry by the founders*

## Peacocks

December 1921 by Alice Mary Kimball

*My city is a peacock. My city is an incredible peacock, preening.  
Lights of kingly purple and passionate blue play over its feathers,  
It makes a far-flung fan of its multi-colored tail. It flaunts the  
    lucent rubies, the beryl, the jade of its shimmering plumage,  
It lifts its arrogant head  
It is proud, my city, and cruel, as it sweeps across its background of the night.  
I watch my city, my peacock-city, strutting its brief hour against the dusk,  
I think of other cities:*

*Athens, a snow white peacock, glitters chastely against its warm, blue seas,  
Babylon, amorous and feasting, drops a vermilion feather,  
Romance-clouded Camelot. . . sea-ringed Tyre,  
Brave Carthage and red Nineveh . . . insolent Rome,  
How imperially they strutted for a moment, these beautiful, dead peacocks!*

*Oh, my city, my peacock city, tomorrow you, too, will vanish,  
(Your jewels will toss in the tides of an unknown ocean,  
Or peep from the eye of a mouse,  
Or linger in the wine of a desert-spilled sunset,  
Or leap in the ecstasy of a poet)  
A handful of ashes blowing through grey centuries shall  
    be your vanity and your grandeur, my city,  
But tonight I shall take your color and play with it  
I shall steal your fire and make songs of it  
I shall seize your joy and hold it  
I shall clutch your life and love it  
So shall I be a tiny spangle, a fleeting, whirling flake of light in your  
    gorgeous tail, my peacock!*

## Pittsburgh

August 1921 by Edwine Behre

*God can you recognize  
    The earth you made?  
Hid from your eyes  
By sluggish vapors, twisting serpent-wise,  
Which even your sharpest swords  
Of sun and wind are powerless to slay;  
    Raced across in hordes  
By shrieking, clanging monsters breathing nauseous fumes;  
And where the plumes  
Of your benignant trees once shaded flowers and grass,  
Smoke-plumed black trunk-cadavers stark and crass,  
Darken the lairs these beasts of yours have made  
From the once living earth and stone and wood.  
God, do you recognize  
Your handiwork? God, is it good?*

## concerts

*t*he Sunday concerts are held at 3:00 pm at 34 East 30th Street, 8th Floor, New York City, New York. Membership in the Behre Piano Associates gets members in free. Non-members are charged an admission fee of \$5.00.

April 8, 2001

Adamant Music School  
Participants and Executive  
Committee Members.

# president's letter

Frank Suchomel, President

Dear Members and Friends,

This will be the last issue of *the adamanter* until the fall of 2001. It has been a wonderful year and we have much for which to be grateful. Our regular newsletter contributors can now rest for a while.

Of course, our annual meeting is coming up on April 8, 2001. We are busy trying to figure out who should be elected or re-elected and our Nominating Committee will make the recommendations that will then be reviewed by the whole Executive Committee and presented to you members for your approval. In the past, our members have always overwhelmingly approved the Executive Committee's recommendations with the result that our Secretary has simply filed what is termed a "unanimous ballot". You will be sent the official notice and proxy form that you may use if you wish to support the Executive Committee's judgment. We very much appreciate the proxies that you send in, but want to remind you that you may make changes or additions to your proxy form if you wish. Of course if you are present at the meeting you may vote in person and your proxy will not be used.

As usual, this issue of *the adamanter* has articles contributed by our Executive Director, Dr. Sandra M. Rogers; our Historian, Andrew Christiansen; our Theater Production Coordinator, Rosann Hickey; and our Chef, Richard Goss.

Adamant at present has several feet of snow and M'Lou Gillespie, who works for me in Vermont, reports that this is the first time in many years that Vermont looks like it used to look in the winter – a land of snow

in which the ski lodge operators must be in bliss. I recall many years ago going skiing in Vermont and not being able to see the buildings on either side of the road on the trip up since the snow was piled so deep. However, at this stage of advancing age in my life, I am glad to be spending my winters in Honolulu.

One sad note emerged on my latest visit to New York. I received an announcement that an old friend, Clara Freedman Solomon, had died. She was one of the first participants in Adamant back in 1942. I plan on writing an article about her in the fall issue of *the adamanter* once I have gotten the facts all together and reviewed them with her surviving spouse, Sidney Solomon, also a long-time friend.

By now you should have received a copy of the brochure sent out to our membership. Please pass it on to a possible interested party once you have looked it over. We should have a remarkable summer ahead of us in Adamant and many possible participants have already asked for admission.

With fond aloha,  
Frank Suchomel

P.S. Apologies go to Sidney Yin for the misspelling of his name in the last newsletter. We do know better!

## Thank you, Lydia Pfund!

I'd like to take this opportunity to say a heartfelt, "Thank you, Lydia!" on behalf of Behre Piano Associates, Inc. and the many folks affiliated with the Adamant Music School, for your dedicated service to our organization. You have been a distinguished member of the Executive Committee for more years than I can remember and we are grateful for your many contributions - from your work with the budget to your donations to both our scholarship and fellowship programs. We wish you the very best as you start a new life in the Sunshine State of Florida. You will be missed!

Frank Suchomel

## Terrence Wilson

In the short time since his professional debut with the Philadelphia Orchestra (performing the Liszt Piano Concerto No. 1, in 1992), Terrence Wilson has established a reputation as one of today's most gifted young pianists. He has appeared with the Atlanta Symphony led by Yoel Levi, the Cleveland Orchestra at the Blossom Festival, the Cincinnati Symphony under Jesus Lopez-Cobos, the Dallas Symphony under Andrew Litton, the Detroit Symphony under Neeme Järvi, the St. Louis and Colorado Symphonies under Marin Alsop, the Houston Symphony under Christoph Eschenbach, the Baltimore Symphony, the Indianapolis Symphony, the Minnesota Orchestra and the San Francisco Symphony.

Terrence was born in the Bronx in 1975. His interest in classical music was sparked at age 8 when he discovered a New York classical radio station. Whenever he had a piano available to him, he performed, astonishing his teachers and family with the ease with which he could play pieces he heard on the radio or on recordings. At age 9, Terrence began lessons at a neighborhood community school, where he acquired his first formal piano teacher. At age 11, he won a Brooklyn Arts and Culture Appreciation Competition. In 1989 he began studying with Ms. Yoheved Kaplinsky and entered the Preparatory Division of the Manhattan School of Music and the Professional Children's School. He is currently a scholarship student at The Juilliard School, where he received the prestigious Sony ES Award for Musical Excellence.

Terrence is a former participant at Adamant Music School and we look forward to welcoming him back this summer. ■



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# Dr. Rogers' report

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Dr. Sandra M. Rogers, Executive Director

I am writing this article in the middle of a snowstorm in New York City. Snow here is not like what my Vermont friends describe to me—beautiful white blankets covering the evergreens and mountains. In the City the snow turns into an unattractive gray slush making most New Yorkers yearn for spring. By the time this newsletter arrives, the daffodils will be blooming and the April loft concert will be all that's left before the New York City concert season comes to its close and I begin preparing for the summer months in Adamant.

It is a busy time for everyone who works year-round for the school:

- Our Caretaker/Custodian Eric Ryea maintains the grounds and is working on the completion of new projects to unveil come spring.
- Piano Technicians Dan Jessie and Tom McNeil are in the process of upgrading several pianos.
- Historian Andy Christiansen and his wife, Webmaster Jennifer Zollner, continue to update our website and mend any "missing links" that occur.

- M'Lou Gillespie keeps the membership list current and is helping to facilitate public relations.
- Chef Richard Goss is experimenting with new recipes for us to try and savor.

I am busy processing applications, answering a multitude of messages via fax, telephone, e-mail, and old-fashioned regular mail, and gearing up for the months to come.

While we are not all in Adamant physically, we continue to work together for the common good of the school.

We have a wonderful season ahead of us in Adamant. The Traditional Piano Session runs from July 14th through August 11th. Our stellar faculty includes Eugene Barban, Gwen Beamish, Elaine Greenfield, Daniel Paul Horn, and Mark Sullivan. Vai-Meng Lei was originally scheduled to teach as well but unfortunately, due to unexpected problems with her family's schedule, will be unable to join us.

Nelita True, our Artist-in-Residence, will be in Adamant between August 2nd and 5th and will teach two master classes with

our participants. Our concert at the Joslyn Round Barn will be on the third Sunday of the session, and hopefully we will again have a live performance of our participants on Vermont Public Radio.

Keeping in the spirit of having alumnus Michael Preddy come last summer, Terrence Wilson, another former Adamanter, will give a Guest Recital. (Read about him on the previous page) Terrence has also kindly agreed to give an informal talk about his experiences and how his concert career developed.

To complete our summer, Maestro Menahem Pressler will return for his 13th season in Adamant for the Solo Piano Master Class session that will run August 23rd through August 29th.

Although winter seems to never end, soon I will be packing and heading up to Vermont for a summer filled with the excitement of intense learning and musical growth. I look forward to seeing the familiar faces of our Adamant Community and to meeting newcomers as well. ■

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## member news

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We plan to continue updating and improving our web site during 2001. We would like to send you information regarding updates to the site, current events at Adamant Music School, and other Member News. If you'd like to receive e-mail updates, please go to our site, [www.adamant.org](http://www.adamant.org), and sign up. We'll keep you up-to-date on all the news!

### Admissions Reminder

We would like all applicants to send their materials in by March 15th to be considered for the 2001 session. If you know anyone who would be interested in participating, please have them e-mail us ([admissions@adamant.org](mailto:admissions@adamant.org)) or visit our website for more information and an Application Form.

As many of you know, our membership year runs from July 1 through the following June 30. Any participant at the school is automatically a member until the following June. Also our contributors are automatically members provided their contributions exceed the dues requirement. We keep tabs on our contributors and when your contribution has "run out" we will send a dues notice. Of course, we hope you will renew your membership. We like our members and need them. Our dues have not changed in many years and are listed below:

Single member .....	\$15.00
Any two members living at the same address .....	\$20.00
Family membership .....	\$25.00

Your dues give you the right to receive *the adamanter* and to attend all Waterside Hall concerts in Adamant as well as all studio concerts in New York over the course of the membership year.

The dues should be sent to Behre Piano Associates, Inc. c/o M'Lou Gillespie at 1241 Haggitt Road, Adamant, VT 05640. She will then issue a membership card.

Do you have a friend who would be interested in the Adamant Music School? We'd be happy to send them an issue of our newsletter. Just contact M'Lou at 802-229-9297 or send an e-mail to [info@adamant.org](mailto:info@adamant.org). Thank you! ■

# echoes of the future: lives of the founders

Andrew Christiansen, Webmaster & Archivist

## Part 7: 1920-1923 *Love, Art and the Peacock Feather.*

### 1920

So what do you think about this new Republican president we have? He certainly wasn't the most popular candidate, but so many were disgusted with the candidates that less than half of eligible voters bothered to vote. There seems to be a consensus that he's not very bright, and how he massacres the English language! But he insists that he will surround himself with good people and delegate authority to them. He is also reaching out to unify the country, acknowledging that there are a lot of divisions within the country. Of course I'm talking about good ole' "W"—Warren G. Harding.

Unfortunately, for those like Edwine, who's now 36 and Alice Mary, who's 34, who are concerned about social justice, this year has been very discouraging as many of their friends and acquaintances have been jailed or deported. Despite the passage of suffrage for women in August, they still remember how there were 5,000 arrested in the Palmer Raids in January. We've heard that Jack Reed died on October 20th in Moscow, the day before his 33rd birthday. The Heterodoxy Club, which lived by its political ideals, is becoming more a place to advance careers than political action.

Alice Mary's career is blossoming. In addition to the travel she did in the past doing publicity jobs for the Missouri Pacific and 'Frisco railroads which "took me to almost every state in the South and Southwest," she is traveling around the country again doing assignments as a staff



Harry Godfrey and Alice Mary Kimball at the Beach—1920's

writer for Curtis Publishing Company, which produces the *Saturday Evening Post*. Her writing has been so successful that her work is the main source of income for the household. She tells us,

*I have sold short stories, articles, and poetry to a wide variety of magazines: Sunday School magazines, The Youth's Companion, The New England Homestead, The Farm Journal, The Country Gentleman, Physical Culture, System, The Farmer's Wife, Popular Magazine and other Street and Smith publications, The World's Work, Review (under Canby), and Scribner's.*

Her work for Curtis has her traveling throughout the country "gathering material on rural schools and churches and on the problems of farm women." She visits agricultural schools to learn about especially successful farm women.

*Whenever I hear of a woman who sounds interesting, I make a trip to her home often spending several days there. I write articles on such women, showing how they handle housework routine, children, and social responsibilities in such a way as to make a good thing of life. This experience supplements the intimate knowledge of farm life which I got during my childhood on a Vermont farm.*

In Brooklyn, 17-year old Emma is starting her last year of high school and doing well with her piano studies, while in South Africa, Freda Rabinovitz, who is now 20 years old, is still teaching piano. She started teaching when she was 16 years old.

### 1921

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, the racial violence continues. An armed black war veteran joined other blacks at the jailhouse when they read in the paper there was going to be a lynching that night of a shoe-shine man who had been accused of assaulting a white woman in an elevator. A white man tried to wrestle the gun away from the veteran but the gun accidentally went off, killing him—and the riot was on. On the nights of May 31st and June 1st, the police deputized hundreds of white men and boys. They invaded the vibrant black Greenwood section, setting fire to a dozen black churches, five hotels, thirty-one restaurants, eight doctors' offices and more than one thousand homes. They killed all



Freda Rabinovitz as photographed by her brother, Sam, in Germiston, South Africa—1920

blacks they encountered. A black couple was shot in the head as they knelt in prayer, and a nationally renowned black surgeon was gunned down as he held up his hands in surrender. The casualties were devastating to the black community. Over eight hundred people were injured and more than three hundred were killed, though the toll is uncertain because many of the bodies were quickly burned to hide the magnitude of the killings.

The month before, our friend Big Bill Haywood escaped to Russia and now our dreams for the success of the I.W.W. are shattered, with most of the leadership and many of the members in Leavenworth Prison.

In Italy, Benito Mussolini has declared himself leader of the Nationalist Fascist Party and Adolph Hitler is rallying disgruntled war veterans and others with his attacks on capitalists and Jews, arguing that Germany was "stabbed in the back" during the World War.

It's hard to believe, but our little Emma is practically grown up now and is graduating from high school. She sent us her picture with cap and gown and announced she will be going to the Institute of Musical Art (now Juilliard) to continue her studies of music and the piano.

Edwine and Alice Mary enjoy writing poetry and having discussions about philosophy. Edwine has a darker outlook on the world while Alice Mary seems to have a permanent smile on her face. They both wrote poems about cities that reveal their outlook on life [see front cover of this issue].

# of the adamant music school 1920-1923

1922

Edwine, Alice Mary and Harry just moved to a new house in Greenwich Village at 46 King Street. Edwine has her studio on the ground floor and Alice Mary and Harry live upstairs. The book-lined attic is a favorite place for Alice Mary. The house is shared in a communal relationship with another writer and a violinist. Edwine has house concerts and musicales for her students and often will play light pieces for them. The students then go up to the attic to visit Alice Mary.

Lillian, one of Edwine's "children," who comes for lessons two or three times each week, tells us:

*I go up and spend time in the attic, while my sister, Mildred, has her lesson. And so I have to tell you a little thing. She has a fireplace and there is a mantelpiece and she has a vase with peacock feathers in it. And when she puts her hat on, she goes over to the vase, takes a peacock feather out and pins it on her hat. She always does that. She gets that peacock feather and pins it on. I am really very close to her, because I don't have a mother. She is always good and kind.*

Edwine has started additional piano studies with Louis Finton, the Viennese pianist and teacher, who teaches on 57th Street in the Steinway Building. She has adopted many of his views and is integrating it with what she had learned from Leschetizky to form her own view of playing the piano. She has started her own



Emma Dressler's  
High School  
Graduation Photo  
—1921

school called the "Modern Piano School."

Oh, and here is the really big news: Edwine and Alice Mary announced with some solemnity that they have both found God in their lives and that they have abandoned their godless beliefs. Edwine has discovered that she believes in the God of Chance and Alice Mary is a worshipper of Pan. They have had some debate over who is the true God and it appears to be a discussion that will last for many years to come.

On February 5th, DeWitt Wallace and his wife Lila Acheson opened up an office over a speakeasy in Greenwich Village in which they are planning to start a little magazine called *The Reader's Digest*. Alice Mary will be writing some articles for them.

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, there have been mass initiations into the Ku Klux Klan, an organization based on racial hatred, and in Edwine's home state of Georgia, a black boy was tortured and burned at the stake. In Russia, fourteen republics formed the Union of Soviet Socialistic Republics on December 20, 1922.

In South Africa, Freda tells us that she now has 30 students and sent us a picture of her standing outside of her studio, which is part of the same building as her father's photographic studio.

1923

What a year this has been! Freda Rabinowitz left South Africa to come to the United States, Alice Mary's father, Alphonzo Kimball died (as did the President of the United States), and Edwine started a summer music school.

First, let's hear what Freda had to say about her adventures on her long journey to this country when we visited her in New York:

*I went to Capetown all by myself. I had never left home, don't forget. And where did I get the money from? The piano my father bought. I sold it. And I sold the list of my piano students... So that's why I had money to go.*

*So when I left home I felt free as a bird. There was nothing to worry about any more. And when I came to Capetown, I met Rachael, a girl who was going to England because her sister was there, and we traveled together. The boat we went in was a third class boat, a dirty boat! Everybody was in third class; there was no such thing as first class. The boat came*



Freda standing outside her studio in Germiston, South Africa in 1922.

*from Australia, and when the boat got to Capetown, there was no more room, so they took the lowest deck and made temporary cabins. Rachael and I had an eight-berth cabin but we had no porthole. The wall was left open on the top so we could get some air.*

*It took 21 days to go from Capetown to London. Can you picture that nowadays—on that dirty boat? And I had an accident there. They had asked me to accompany a singer on the piano, and I was running down the steps to the piano in the dining area. But because I felt so free on the boat, I used to jump down the steps. But this time, I jumped down too many steps! I hit my head and it knocked me out completely. It was the most delicious feeling I ever had, because I became vapor. I just disappeared...*

*I found myself back in the eight-berth cabin, and the cabin was full of people and the doctor was there. He says, "Sit up girlie, sit up girlie." I sat up and I caved in because I had knocked my spine out. That was the first accident I ever had. For about ten years after that I had to be careful. Even to this day if I drop something, I don't immediately bend down for it—it is still on my mind after all those years.*

*At Rachael's sister's apartment, they were afraid I wouldn't be allowed into America if I had my back strapped up. So they tried to take the strapping off with warm water. They put me in the tub, and you have to pay for every bit of warm water you use. So I put*

*continued on page 6*

a shilling in the slot and she started pulling the strap off and I would yell "OW." She would stop. Another shilling. "OW." She would stop. It cost me a fortune until she finally pulled it off.

I sailed on a beautiful boat from England to New York, the Aquitania. I thought I wouldn't get into America if I sailed on a third-class boat. I used to practice on the piano in the dining area, and all the stewards used to march to my music and set tables to it. They made friends with me.

The last day before we got to New York, I saw a new steward. He talked to me, and he was friendly. He was too friendly, but I didn't know better. I told him I was going to stay with my aunt, and he could visit me. I gave him the address. I was as naïve as naïve can be!

The day after I arrived, this steward rang my aunt's bell. Now, she hasn't seen me since I was a little girl—she doesn't know what kind of girl I am! All of a sudden, here is a man in uniform visiting. What kind of a girl would invite a strange man? But I was sure he had come for tea.

My aunt was very clever; she tried to keep an eye on him. She kept walking by where we were sitting. But before I knew it, the man's hands were creeping all over me! Well, I must have scared the daylight out of him—I didn't know what he wanted! He leaped back—"I'm sorry, I didn't understand. I didn't realize." He thought he had an appointment with a different kind of girl! But I didn't know, I was such an innocent. He ran for his life. These things happen—very, very funny.



Edwine at the piano in 1923. Photograph by Harry Godfrey.

Alice Mary tells us that her father passed away. She said that she feels badly that she didn't appreciate him more and wrote:

*I used to think of the tragedy of my father—his brilliant mind and lovely talents wasted on a stony Vermont farm and arguing trivial cases in justice-of-*

*the-peace courts. But how many people have I met who told me: 'It was the terms of school teaching of your father that started me reading and thinking.' The editor of The Youth's Companion in Boston told me that; and Miss Nye, a Vermont historian; and Maude Pierce; Mrs. Gallagher, a poet, a sensitive, cultured woman who lived wisely and warmly with her country neighbors; and of course there is the case of myself.*

Grief does not stop Alice Mary from writing. Her thoughts are on women's personal struggles with self-confidence and romance, domestic life and fulfillment. Some of her works published this year in *Beautiful Womanhood* and in *The DESIGNER* and *The Woman's Magazine* include:

*"I'm No Longer Scared of My Equals"—A young woman learns the roots of her inferiority complex in the shame of childhood poverty.*

*"Why Elinor Didn't Marry"—How obsession with a Prince Charming ideal can stunt a woman's growth.*

*"Is Your Heart Haunted?"—Through the life of many a woman trails the ghost of an old love tragedy...it keeps her from real living.*

*"If the Man You Love No Longer Loves You"—How to understand this dilemma and what to do next.*

*"When You Meet a Dangerous Man"—No, not a story book villain with Bolshevik whiskers, but a male clinging vine. He kills women whose mother-passion is stronger than their passion for romantic love.*

*"Don't Be a Mere Wife, Be a Personality"—A happy-though-married story—An object lesson and a philosophy of life that works out.*

Harry is doing free-lance newspaper work and is pursuing his hobby of photography. He is hoping to have a photographic studio soon and even has a few clients now.

Edwine has had a dream of having a summer music school as a part of an arts colony since she was 24 years old and just returned from Europe. In 1908, she started an artists' colony that studied art, music, and nature in Franklin, North Carolina, with three other southern women: Louise Barill, of Atlanta; Mrs. Fannie Wallace Wilson, of Atlanta; and Lucy Stanton, miniature painter, of Athens, Georgia.

This year, the May 6 and May 10th *Atlanta Journals* announced that Miss Behre will, "return to the south this summer for a season of teaching and public recitals at the Artists' Summer Colony at Franklin, N.C., and later will appear in concerts in

Atlanta and New Orleans. Miss Behre will have associated with her at the Artists' Summer Colony, Louis Finton, the Viennese pianist and teacher, and other well-known artists. Mr. Finton and Miss Behre will conduct summer classes from June 18 to August 28."

Edwine's student Lillian is one of those twelve participants who rode the train down from New York with Edwine. She described the days of the arts colony on the estate of the Kingsbury family (old friends of the Behre family) where they would go camping, fishing, horseback riding, and climb mountains. Edwine could indulge her passion for picking wild raspberries.

*We would go on whole-day trips with horses. Wild Bowl was the name of the mountain and you could see into 5 states... In the house we had a piano in every room... I remember we ate raspberries with whipped cream and enjoyed many outdoor picnics.*

It was during the middle of the music school session that the newspapers announced the death of President Harding on August 2nd. In the candlelight of a small farmhouse in Plymouth, Vermont, a father swore in his son as the next President of the United States, Calvin Coolidge.

As the year draws to the end, we were saddened to hear that the relationship between Harry, Alice Mary, and Edwine may end as well. While Edwine was in Atlanta, Alice Mary discovered in Harry's clothes a letter from Edwine in which she said she was counting the days until she could see Harry again. Also in the pocket was the response—a love letter from Harry that he hadn't yet mailed. Alice Mary said that she had found Harry in bed with many other women before, but had never suspected Edwine until she found the letters. Alice Mary said she never felt so hurt, so humiliated and for a moment, full of hate. She is not sure what she will do next. For now, she has decided not to say anything about the letters until Edwine returns from Atlanta. ■

Author's Note: New information about the timing of the Kansas City Street Car Strike suggests that it started in December of 1918. Consequently, Alice Mary and Harry's arrival in New York was more likely to have been in 1919 rather than 1918 as reported in the last issue.

— Andrew Christiansen

*Also visit our Web Site for more information, photographs, and taped interviews with Alice Mary, Edwine, Freda, and Emma.*

# phillips experimental theater

Rosann Hickey, Production Coordinator

Up here in the past two weeks we have had 2 feet of snow, and 2 inches of ice, and temperatures of 2 below zero. These are the times that make one long for a vacation. Many would just jump on a plane and wing southward, but we are God's frozen people, so we have developed other methods of getting through the last, long leg of winter. We daydream.

Gardeners spend time with seed catalogues, handymen pore over scale drawings, and theatre people read scripts and imagine wonderful productions.

We have to use our imaginations, because access to the Phillips Experimental Theatre is blocked by all that snow. But just pondering all the delights of the summer to come can drive the winter blues away. And we have plenty to ponder.

We will be building upon some of the strengths we've developed over the past four years, adding depth and dimension to our productions. For instance, with the help of scenic artist Julie Mueller, we have moved from "black box" with one or two symbolic props to flats and painted backdrops. Last year, her artwork lent ambiance to the Miller play and colorful whimsy to the children's show. This coming summer she will be creating the glitzy, seedy 1950's Times Square atmosphere for our production of **Guys & Dolls**. That will be succeeded by the quirky, quasi-medieval village of **Bartholomew Cubbins**, and finally she will produce the magic and moonshine of **A Midsummer Night's Dream**.

We have also started an evolution from the neutral "staged reading" clothes towards real costumes that add visual richness and nuance to our productions. Meanwhile, behind the scenes last fall, Eric Ryea was hard at work, adding a scene shop and storage area to the workshop and a "quiet" room (where actors can warm up or run lines without disturbing others—or being eaten alive by bugs) to the green room building.

Finally, we are excited about our plan to be totally "off book" this year, with all of the added freedom of movement and staging that this makes possible. It's going to be a great season—plan to join us for one or all of the shows. ■

## Auditions: April 21 & 22

Please call 802-533-2426 for an appointment

### Guys and Dolls

July 13, 14, 15

### The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins

July 27, 28, 29

### A Midsummer Night's Dream

August 10, 11, 12

Performances are evenings at 7:30 PM, with a Matinee on Saturdays at 1:00 PM.

# the chef's table

Richard Goss, Chef, Adamant Music School

As with most any endeavor, I'm of the philosophy that it is important to finish strong. Therefore, I put a lot of time and energy into my desserts. Follow a so-so entrée with a great dessert and folks will forget all about that overcooked roast.

This particular recipe is proven to put aside even the worst rice pudding aversion. (How about it, Steve Morse?)

## Rice Pudding

1 Cup Arborio Rice	1 Cup Heavy Cream
3/4 Cup Sugar	1 Stick Cinnamon
1 tsp Salt	(or 1/2 tsp ground cinnamon)
2 Cups Water	1 Pound Dried Cherries,
2 Cups Half & Half	Chopped Apricots, Blueberries
3 Egg Yolks	or a combination

- In heavy saucepan combine rice, sugar, salt and water. Cook 15 minutes on medium heat, stirring occasionally.
- Whisk 1/2 cup of Half & Half with egg yolks and then whisk in 1/2 cup of hot water from rice. Stir mixture into rice.
- Stir in remaining Half & Half, heavy cream and whole cinnamon stick (or ground cinnamon).
- Cook on low, stirring regularly until rice is tender, about 45 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in fruit and cool.

Serves 6