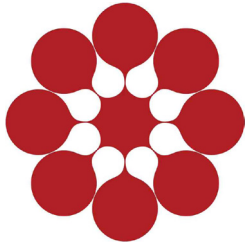


# Lamont Gallery, Phillips Exeter Academy



## SIGNIFICANT OBJECTS

*Meaningful objects from the PEA community*  
*January - February 2015*



# SIGNIFICANT OBJECTS

*Meaningful objects from the PEA community*

## The Significant Objects Project

Presented by the Lamont Gallery as part of  
***Open House: A Portrait of Collecting***

January 19 – February 28, 2015

The exhibition, ***Open House: A Portrait of Collecting***, celebrated the collecting impulse: why we gather, save, organize and display objects, and what new narratives emerge when these objects intermingle. ***Open House*** also featured singular objects and their stories from Phillips Exeter Academy community members. These objects and their stories, part of the Lamont Gallery's version of the Significant Objects Projects, are featured here.

### Contributors:

Donna Archambault  
Olutoyin (Toyin) Augustus-Ikwuakor  
Anita Bailey  
Ingrid Bryan  
Dirk De Roo  
Allison Duke  
Becky Dunham  
Stacey Durand  
Ming Fontaine  
Joe Goudreault  
Susan L. Gorackowski  
Claire Jensen

Molly T. MacKean  
Tara Misenheimer  
Willie Perdomo  
Erica Plouffe Lazure  
Kurt Prescott  
Jill Robinson  
Rosanna María Salcedo  
Gail Scanlon  
Ah-Young Song  
Trish Taylor  
Marilee Tuomanen  
Tanya Waterman

## Donna Archambault

ITS

Tea Pot

*“My Mom, the Entertainer:*

Growing up, my mother loved to entertain. Family dinners and gatherings with friends were common happenings at our house. While living in Belgium in the early 70’s, on one of our visits to Luxembourg, my Mom bought a set of Villeroy & Boch Acapulco China with hundreds of pieces, from ramekins to large tureens. Every Sunday afternoon and special occasion, out came the china; creating a colorful and festive atmosphere.

When my mom passed away over 19 years ago, I inherited the china set. They are beautifully displayed in what was my parent’s china cabinet and is a focal point in our dining room. Each time I look the dishes, set the table for a special dinner, or sit down with family and friends, I think of Mom and all the wonderful memories of her warmth, smile, laughter, and gatherings around the table.”





## **Becky Dunham**

Office of Institutional Advancement

Chinese Measure for a Scale (and photograph)

“In 1997, my group was stranded for two extra days in Beijing due to a snowstorm that closed the airport. This was before the tremendous growth of the economy in China and many amenities – like taxis, private cars, and equipment to clear the runways were scarce. Bicycles were still the favored mode of transportation. The manager of our hotel, The China Club, said they were using manpower – brooms and shovels – to clear the runways. One of our local hosts suggested we visit the Dirt Market, an open-air market where farmers and locals sold various wares. The snow continued and vendors were sitting on the ground or on small wooden stools. Some were selling the usual tourist wares and there were a few places with fabrics, chickens, food items, etc. Way in the back of the market was a vendor with many unusual items that seemed to be surplus equipment. The red basket caught my attention immediately. I don’t know how old it is or if it is an original but that was my one purchase that day. Getting it home on the flight was a challenge, but it is my favorite memento of my many trips to China.”





## **Willie Perdomo**

English Department

Dream Cube

“For the last 10 years, whether I was working on a poem in Brooklyn, NY or starting a narrative project in Exeter, NH, this dream cube (what I like to call it) has always been present. The cube was given to me by Universes, a troupe that was founded in the Bronx, NY. The guiding premise for Universes’ aesthetic vision was to hit - hard. And to hit meant using your poem, song, dance, and performance as a vehicle to address, question and/or witness love, truth, beauty, power, and the forces of social justice; and to do so with all the revelation and wonder that I could unearth on an East Harlem street corner. When I’m working on a poem, I like to look at the cube and imagine that the poem is a dragon and I’m standing on its back until I can ride without holding on. The cube invites me to look at the dragon without turning away; to listen to my dragon’s soundtrack. I never try to reign the dragon in or make it turn in a direction that it doesn’t want to pursue. I just ride in silence, waiting for the dragon to spit fire.”



## Allison Duke

Dance

Pointe Shoes

“Pair # 1: One of my first pairs of pointe shoes  
(age 12, 1996)  
Capezio (Maker) Ariel (Style)

Pair # 2: A pair worn for my last  
Nutcracker performance en pointe  
(age 23, 2007)  
Grishko (Maker) 2007 (Style)

While the body is the dancer’s instrument, pointe shoes to a ballerina are like the flautist’s breath and the violinist’s bow. They give life to the art. Pointe shoes are the tools with which a ballerina achieves weightlessness. They are not made of metal, nor wood, but layers and layers of plaster and glue, covered in a silky peach-pink satin.

Like a pinata left out in the rain, pointe shoes break down by the perspiration of a dancers’ foot. Each shoe has a finite amount of hours, during which it can be safely worn. When a shoe no longer can support the weight of a dancer and the technical demands of choreography, the shoe is said - in dancer vernacular - to have “died.”

Here are two “dead” pairs that are significant to me.

The Capezio Ariel’s from 1996 were one of my first pairs, when I was a twelve-year-old student. The milestone of “going en pointe” elicits great joy in young dancers. My pointe shoes represented progress towards my goal of becoming a ballerina. I wore these shoes in pointe technique class, executing drills and methodically doing the most painfully- slow relevés imaginable. These shoes lasted me about six months.

The second pair, Grishko 2007s, I wore during my last performance on pointe, dancing the role of Dew Drop in Ballet New England’s Nutcracker, at The Music Hall, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. I had achieved my goal of “becoming a ballerina,” dancing in numerous classical ballets and contemporary pieces, in over a decade of dancing en pointe. Dew Drop seemed like a role created for the way I naturally moved - it was only fitting that I retired my shoes with this dynamic, elegant choreography. This pair survived only a few days of Nutcracker performances.



## **Olutoyin (Toyin) Augustus-Ikwuakor**

Physical Education

Gold and Silver Metals, Nigerian Flag

“In 2002, I traveled to Nigeria to compete in my birth country’s national trials for track and field. I aspired to represent my country and bring honor to the land of my ancestors. My second place finish in the 100m hurdles solidified my spot on the team, but the depth of corruption within the Athletic Federation prevented the appropriate funds from reaching me. I stayed home that year and in frustration I vowed to not sacrifice again for this crooked country, but when I received a personal call from the Technical Director of the Federation in the summer of 2006, I felt compelled to give it another chance. That year, he funded my travel to the beautiful island of Mauritius where I competed to win my first medals in a major championship meet. Competing against the best athletes of all the African nations, I won GOLD in the 100m hurdles and SILVER with the 4x100m relay. Local newspapers called me the hurdle queen of Nigeria and I was adorned with my medals as I stood proudly for the first time upon the winner’s podium on a global stage to hear my national anthem played throughout the stadium. My God, how you’ve blessed me.”



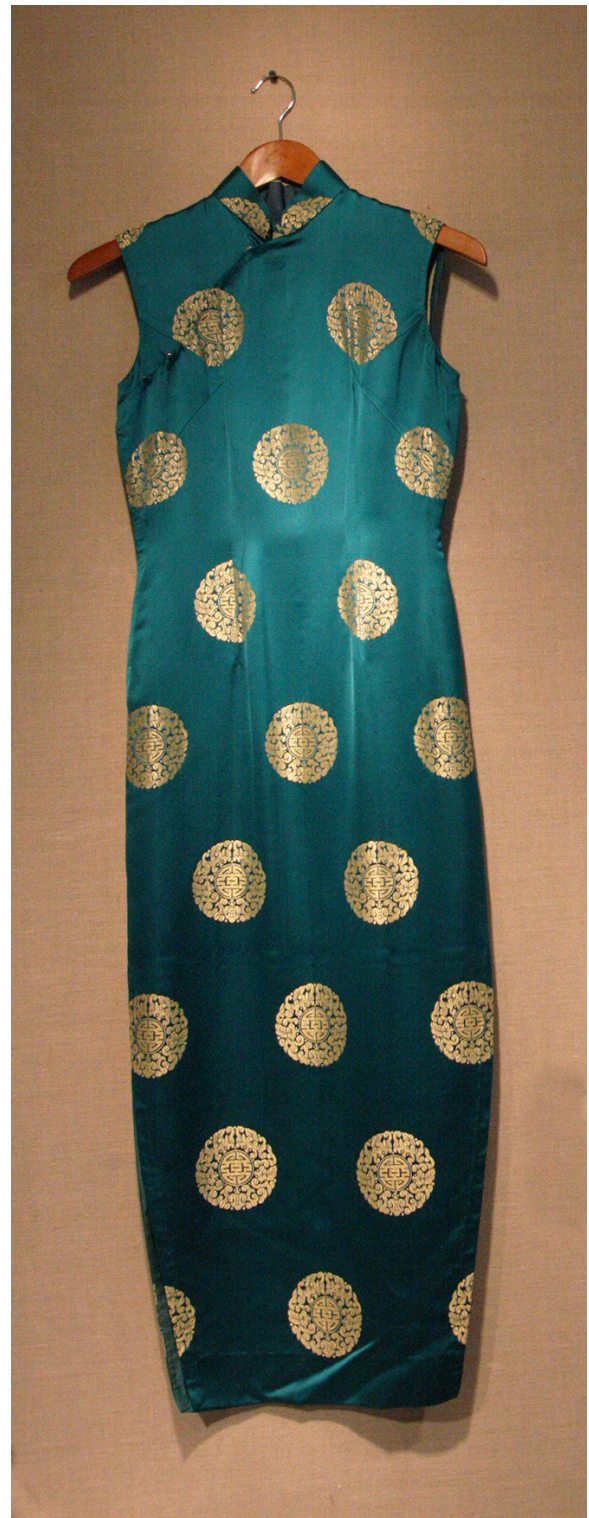


## Ming Fontaine

Modern Languages

Qi Pao

“This traditional Chinese silk dress is called Qi Pao, and my parents had a tailor make it for me in 1972, the year I came to the USA, over 42 years ago. My father was an artist whose specialty was watercolor, and he chose the color for me. He thought this dress could represent that I am Chinese. I wore the dress a few times in the beginning years to parties. Later I gained 20 pounds; American food was very powerful, and I could not fit into the dress anymore. During these 42 years I’ve moved 50 times, and I threw away almost everything, but I kept this dress. Not only do I like this dress, but also it represents my parents’ love that I want to keep forever.”



## Anita Bailey

Facilities

Chickadee Stuffed Animal

“Black capped chickadees remind me of my dad. When I was a child, my dad would take us kids out for walks or longer hikes. He would often imitate the call of the chickadee, *Here, FeeBee*, when we would hear one in the distance. To comfort me with memories of him, I have a number of black capped chickadees - several figures as well as one of those stuffed Audobon birds that mimics the bird call, *Here, FeeBee* when you squeeze it. When I’m out walking and I hear that sound, it brings back wonderful memories of my dad and those carefree days as a child.

March 26, 2013: This day was my dad’s birthday, only my dad passed away 5 years earlier. It started out like any other day - got up and dressed and ready for work. Only on this day something special happened. My husband came in the door after walking our dog and said there was a black capped chickadee just sitting in the driveway - he was assuming it might be hurt because he walked right by it with the dog and it did not fly away. I had somewhat forgotten about this when I went to leave for work 10 minutes or so later. While getting into my car which was parked in the garage, I looked out and saw the chickadee was still there! - just sitting there out in the open on the driveway 15’ away. I grabbed my iPad and got right up close to it and took 2 photos, while it remained still and looked directly at me. I was assuming it was hurt and unable to fly away - why else would it stay there when I got up close to it? Then, as I backed away, it suddenly flew off into an adjacent tree. It seemed like it was waiting there for me all that time until we connected. Was this a message from my dad on his special day? So maybe our loved ones are still with us in some way - certainly in our hearts!”I’d like to think so!



*Photo taken 3/26/13 by Anita Bailey*



## **Dirk De Roo**

Human Resources

Photograph

*Dorothy De Roo: July 14, 1921 – December 26, 2014*

“Dawn breaks over Holland, Michigan with radiance. Brilliant orange and yellow colors splash against the robin egg blue sky. My brother stands still in the crisp, winter air. The Heavenly canvas appears to him like an impressionist masterpiece. He is overwhelmed by the rare majesty of it all. It symbolizes the entryway to Heaven and what better imagery to ponder as only moments before, our mom departs from this life to her eternal home. For him, it is a Divine moment.

My mom lived a wonder-filled life. Only one generation removed from her parents’ Dutch and German birthplaces, she experienced life’s great rewards: great family ties, marriage, children, grandchildren, nursing career, international travel, homes from coast to coast and north to south. Her character was heroic to me: faith in God, love of family, compassion for all people, the sweetest of dispositions, humility, honesty, solid work ethic, kindness, generosity, and unending volunteerism. The list goes on, but suffice to say, there were times when I’d look at her and realize the unsung greatness of her being.”



The funeral attendants wheel her casket from the church sanctuary to the narthex. They pause for a brief committal service. I glance up toward the ceiling. My eyes catch two Christmas angel figures, one on either side of her casket. Their arms are outstretched as though ready to escort her through the dawn of redeeming grace. For me, it is a Divine moment.”



## Stacey Durand

Lamont Gallery

Old Bear

“This guy is very cleverly named Old Bear. I have had him all my life and he has been there for me through many adventures – childhood games, teenage drama, college homesickness, and some challenging times in my adult life as well. There are only two times in my life when I almost lost him. The first was when I was a toddler: apparently there was a recall issued for Old Bear as there were some versions of this little guy that contained shards of glass! My mother knew that there was no way she could pry Old Bear from my side so she did her best to inspect him for any dangerous bits and he passed the test.

The second time I must have been about five. We were visiting one of my dad’s friends and I brought Old Bear along for the trip. I was playing with the little boy that lived there. He hid Old Bear and we had to leave before we could find him. I was inconsolable. My parents bought me a new teddy bear (which I named New Bear) but I wanted Old Bear. A few days later Old Bear was found stuffed under a couch at our host’s house. My dad’s friend, who happened to be a truck driver, buckled Old Bear into the front seat of his semi truck and made a delivery right to our door.”



## Ingrid Bryan

Office of Institutional Advancement  
Grandmother's Button Collection

"My grandmother, Harriet Julia Rix Young Estell, was born August 19, 1910 in Three Rivers, Michigan. She was a 1934 graduate of Michigan State College with a degree in liberal arts. After graduating from college, she married a dairy farmer, Lewis Franklin Young. They had three children, five grandchildren, and nine great grandchildren. She served as Director of the Charlotte Public Library and was an active member of the Methodist Church, Camp Frances Board of Directors, Civic Theater, Historical Society, and Theta Alpha Phi National Honorary Dramatic Fraternity. She received a Merit of Recognition from the Mayor for outstanding service rendered to the City of Charlotte. After the death of her first husband, she married Wilbur G. Estell, a successful farmer who managed his family farm for many years after his father became ill. When they retired, Wilbur and Harriet enjoyed traveling and spending their winters in Florida. Harriet J. Estell died on March 29, 2002 in Sebastian, Florida at the age of 91.

I have many fond memories of my grandmother. When I was growing up, my family frequently traveled from Amherst, Massachusetts to Charlotte, Michigan to visit. I often asked my grandmother if I could play with her button collection. She would let me pick my favorites and string them together on a ribbon. When my children were young, they had just as much fun playing with their Great Grandmother's button collection.

They loved to examine the buttons, sort them into categories and string them together just as I had done as a child. I believe the button collection originated with my great grandmother, May Eudora Walton Rix (1873-1948). Some of the buttons in the collection may be from that era. When my grandfather, Wilbur, passed away in 2011, I inherited the collection. The buttons bring back special memories of my grandmother and our many visits to Michigan."





## Claire Jensen

Lamont Gallery

100 White Rock Collection

"I collected these 100 white rocks and pebbles on Nantucket Island in 1996. I had just moved to Nantucket and the rocks in this jar were my first ever school project. On the 100th day of school all kindergarteners at Nantucket Elementary School had to bring in one hundred of one thing that they had counted themselves. I remember one of my friends brought in key-chains, another friend brought pencils, and yet another brought beanie babies (in a gigantic plastic tub). I chose to bring in rocks.

Since moving to Nantucket, I loved going to the beach and collecting small rocks that glistened like precious gems in the surf. My dad majored in Geology in college so he was eager to collect with me, pointing out different rock types and showing me how to identify them myself. My favorite rocks were the white quartz rocks that reminded me of diamonds.



For my project, I chose to collect 100 quartz rocks and carefully found only the shiniest and most translucent. I hardly remember the process now, but I remember it being cold and remember lining up the rocks and counting them with my mum on our dining room table. I must have really liked small rocks because this jar contains mostly pebbles and thus doesn't really seem like 100 rocks. To be honest, it hasn't been opened since '96 for a recount so it's hard to know for sure.

To this day, I still like walking on the beach and finding rocks. I've moved on from my quartz obsession and instead search for rocks with single stripes that go all the way around because I've heard the stripes represent wishes. In fact, at any given time, I usually have at least one striped rock around me, tucked in my wallet with my change or taking up space in my pockets. They remind me of home and I like to think they bring me luck, and, as evidenced by my 100 White Rock Collection, are part of a practice that is long engrained in my life."



## **Susan L. Goraczkowski**

Communications Office

Stuart Figurine

“This is Stuart, one of the Minions. He has a place of honor in front of my PC, on my desk at work. I got him as a cereal box toy. It was right after the *Despicable Me 2* movie came out, which I never get tired of watching because it makes me laugh. At first, I was going to give him to my nephews, ages 2 and 4, but the math didn’t add up: One toy divided by two brothers, who are still working on the concept of sharing = Yikes! Deep down, I knew I had to keep Stuart. I get the biggest kick out of the Minions’ antics, plus I’d hate to see the 2-year-old chew on him.

Despite the fact that Stuart is a plastic figurine, he is significant. I always smile when I look at him. I can relate to his personality in the movies too: He’s friendly; loves “gelato,” which is what the Minions call ice cream; has a playful side to him; and in the spirit of non sibi, he likes to help others out. Not only does he represent my love for the movies, but he serves as a reminder to do what I love, love what I do, be kind to others, and don’t be afraid to have a little fun!”



## Erica Plouffe Lazure

English

Brain Coral (*Lobophyllia* sp.)

“This brain coral once called a small cay in Vieques, Puerto Rico home, but it now perches on a pile of books on my Harkness table in Phillips Hall, and I have tricked more than a few students into thinking it was - much to their horror - a petrified goat’s brain. But this fossil represents far more to me than a tableside joke - it reflects my deep appreciation for the ocean and the wisdom and adventure it offers. One of my writing teachers once asked me

“What do your characters want? What are they most afraid of? Because more often than not, it’s the same thing.” Her words (which I often share with my own students) resonate well beyond the page. For the brain coral represents how I faced my fears, delving deep into something that once terrified me - breathing while under water, swimming long distances - and discovering a lifelong passion. It is a physical reminder that I am capable of doing and being more than I think. To get this coral, I swam a good football field’s length to the cay, then avoided spiny sea urchins and mystery flora as I picked my way through the shallows. I chose it from among the thousands of bone-like fossils that had amassed on the cay’s iron shore. Swimming back to the mainland with my treasure, I marveled at its contiguous ridges of calcium carbonate, wondering how old it is (brain coral can live up to 900 years).

I swam all that way, and yet I have never been much of a swimmer. But the fins give me speed. The mask gives me sight. The snorkel gives me air. And in the instant I am in the water, I feel transformed. I feel weightless. What had once been a source of anxiety, had, by my sheer will of deciding my fear would no longer rule me, transformed almost instantly into the one thing I want to do most. I chose the coral for this exhibit because, amid the parrotfish and puffers and the elkhorn and seafans, the sturdy globes of live brain coral - known as anthozoa (or, “flower animals”), its polyps thriving in regal hues of gold or green - are always present. It is the cornerstone for the survival of this stunning ecosystem.

Ever since I was a child, I loved to visit the ocean, but I experienced it primarily through its surface—the expanse of blue, splashing in the occasional wave. The best gift I ever gave myself is permission to experience firsthand what lives just beneath it. Beneath these sheets of blue is a world unto itself, and because I challenged myself into becoming more than I thought possible, because I faced my fear, I discovered what I want most. And every time I spot my coral on the table or in the hands of one of my students, I relive my swim out to the cay, and am reminded yet again that the reaches of my capabilities are as vast as the ocean itself.”



## **Molly T. MacKean**

History

Leather Jacket, Istanbul, 2008

"I'll never be sure if this jacket best recalls a moment of lovely, spontaneous connection, or instead of insane recklessness. But I love this coat. Ask my friends to sketch my portrait from memory, and in that image I will be wearing this coat. It is my constant companion.

I bought this coat in the Grand Bazaar in Istanbul, at the end of a long trip. I was a graduate student, traveling with other graduate students, which meant that we were staying in a friendly and only moderately clean hostel, with only moderately functional pipes. We were tired, dirty, and hungry, and probably therefore perfect representatives of our profession. On account of this delirium, my recollections of my weeks in Istanbul are hazy, but magical.



Near the end of our trip, we were asked to spend a day with a senior member of our university's faculty, and we were told to dress for the occasion. We had already traipsed and trudged every inch of Istanbul's dusty sidewalks, but on that day that the inner sanctum of Turkish society opened to us. I mean this almost literally: we began with a private viewing of the closed portions of the Topkapı Palace, doors waved open by an old friend of our professor's, who happened to be one of the most powerful men in Turkey. He was important enough that he had one man to carry his wallet, and another to carry the umbrella that shaded him. He was utterly disinterested in us. We were ushered along, and acted impressed. We were, in fact, impressed.

From the palace we rode this man's boat up the Bosphorus to an event at a museum. We wondered how we would get home, but we didn't ask. We hoped we would be ushered along. The ride was confusing, and also fun. We tried to be interested in the exhibition, but we were far more interested in the food. The waiters indulged us, and we consumed more than our fair share. We did not feel guilty about this.



*(-Molly MacKean continued -)*

There was, of course, no ride home aboard that lovely boat. When it was our time to depart – to return to the nursery, like toddlers displayed but no longer interesting – we had an insufficient wad of cash to afford the significant cab fare. As we stood out by the curb, waiting for a miracle, a woman stepping into her car asked, “do you return to Istanbul?” We did, of course, do that, we hoped, at some point. She waved her hand, grandly and disinterestedly. “You may get in my car.” None of us can remember who was the first to think this was a good idea.

We had enjoyed champagne. None of us expressed concern. All of us can remember how uncomfortable that ride was. She was charming, and domineering, as she talked to us about Turkey and as we barreled down the hills framing the Bosphorus. There were five women crammed in the back seat of this car, with Brett, the lone male in our group, in the front seat. (“Your harem!” the Turkish men had said, elbowing Brett, and pointing to us. We found this entertaining, but not at all funny.) This woman apologized that we did not have a fancier car, but her husband had taken the driver that night. We said we were not upset, only grateful. We all wondered who the hell this woman was, and how we wound up in this car. We did not know her name. She wore enormous pearls. I remember thinking that, really, I probably didn’t need to fear a woman who wore such pearls. I remember thinking how absurd I sounded, even in my own head. Once she pulled off the main road for a long detour, to show us a school she had attended, far up on a dark hillside overlooking the water, even though we had said we could already picture the beauty she was describing. All of us later admitted that that was the moment we felt most sure we would wind up shoved in the trunks of cars, sold into alternate professions. We laughed about that later, though never comfortably.

This woman was both lonely and proud, I think. She needed conversation, and she needed to talk about her home, her childhood, how her world was changing around her. She wanted to take us to the Grand Bazaar so we could shop with her before we departed. Not cheap things, she said. Real Turkish things. We couldn’t really think of a reason to say no. When we crammed a second time into that car, the trip was shorter, just to the center of the Bazaar. She told us, finally, her name, although now I can’t remember it. I never could pronounce it. She parked her car in the middle of the sidewalk, because apparently she could do that. And then, once again, the inner sanctum of Turkish society opened to us. We ate and drank as we shopped for jewels, which were lovely, but worth twice our salaries. We saw beautiful rugs, but we wondered how we would get them home, or we said that, because they were worth once our salaries. When we began to try on leather jackets, though, I found the real Turkish thing that I could not leave behind.

This woman drove a hard bargain for her American friends. Still, I had no business buying this jacket, after surviving on bread and water for the previous weeks, and complaining about it. But I could not leave it behind. I tried it on, and I felt a connection to it: this sense that it was fittingly bold, that I had been bold, that with it I could laugh about my recklessness that one time. It felt like armor to me, like it could be a talisman as I navigated complex assessments of acceptable risk. And so I wear it to protect me, to remind me, to feel like me. It is, as I said, my constant companion.”

## Tara Misenheimer

Art

### Spelling Bee Trophy

"I won my first of four Spelling Bee competitions in the fifth grade. I remember that spelling words was easy for me, as I am a visual person and memorized what the words looked like and the order the letters appeared in. My mind could take a picture of the words in the Spelling Bee study book, issued by the National Spelling Bee and distributed around schools all over the United States. I had terrific stage fright at that age, but wasn't very nervous because spelling was like a sport, and the stage was like a playing field. I remember sitting in the back of my mother's baby blue VW bug and being quizzed by my sister on the words I had trouble with week after week to prepare for the bee. It was very stressful, exhausting, but strengthening.

In the 8th grade, I finally won the Rockingham County Spelling Bee on a silent 'j' word, no less. I remember wearing a Michael Jackson pin with the image of the pop star from the Thriller album on my denim jacket. My mother asked me not to wear it for the newspaper photo, but I was obsessed with Michael Jackson and made sure it was visible.

Spelling may seem like a literary or grammar skill, when in fact, I qualify it as aesthetic and visual. I consider it part of my perceptual training as a kid. And I love my trophy.

Today, I'm not a big fan of spell check. I like being my own human spell check."





## Kurt Prescott

Religion

### Smiling Face with Heart-Shaped Eyes

“Made with a handful of arts and crafts supplies from Michael’s, this small piece of wood depicts none other than the “smiling face with heart-shaped eyes” emoji (that’s the official name, according to Emojipedia). Truth be told, it probably should have been the smiling cat with heart-shaped eyes, but that’s beside the point.

It was an early October afternoon and I was traveling on the Newburyport/Rockport line of the MBTA Commuter Rail to meet my sister in Beverly, where we would then be driving home to Maine for the weekend to watch our youngest sibling play soccer. I also happened to be texting the man who would eventually become my first boyfriend.

I recall discovering in the course of our conversation that he was unfamiliar with the term “emoji,” let alone what they even were. Of course, this was a problem. Communicating instructions via iMessage, I soon had them up and running on his phone, which immediately resulted in an intense exchange of the goofy icons, though it was the smiling cat with heart-shaped eyes that ultimately sent us over the edge (the exact reason is now lost on me). I promised to find him a stuffed animal replica of the critter, but he beat me to the punch several weeks later with this wooden version of the emoji, heart-shaped eyes and all.

Several years later, this object now sits on the top shelf of my closet in the bottom of a Sperry’s shoebox marked “Personal Affects,” our relationship having since been relegated to the murky realm of the past. It’s both a happy and painful reminder that relationships, like time, are not static. They are fluid and they change, but they undoubtedly leave their mark on us. Sure, looking at it today fills me with nostalgia, but it still makes me smile – how couldn’t it?”



## **Jill Robinson**

Sustainability and Natural Resources, Facilities

### **Cooking Fork**

“A fork is not a very exciting or interesting artifact, you might think. Why not a medal, a letter from a soldier, a diary, or a photograph?”

This fork came from my grandmother, who was born in Berlin, New Hampshire. Her parents were immigrants from Norway. There’s nothing special about the fork itself; it’s a basic steel fork with a wooden handle, the wood worn smooth from decades of use and passed down from one generation to the next. It was given to her by my great-grandmother, who used it as her everyday cooking fork, in the days before a drawer full of cooking implements, when you had a few tools and did all of the cooking with these tools. If you were Norwegian, you were probably cooking fish.

My grandmother had a challenging life. She lost both parents as a teenager. Her parents died within a year of each other, with nothing left behind. She had no money, no place to live and was working to support herself and two younger brothers at sixteen. Several years later, her own husband died when her own children were young. She always reminded me to be grateful for any job I had, as well as any good fortune, however small, and that hard work was the most reliable way to make things better.

She was very skilled at many things, from sewing to cooking to math to writing to music, because she had to teach herself whatever she needed to know. This little fork reminds me of her resilience, her tenacity, and her strength of spirit.”





## Rosanna María Salcedo

Modern Languages/

Multicultural Affairs

Plaque of the Virgin Mary

“I was born with a port wine stain that covered most of my left hand. Dismayed by what she considered a deformity, my mother, who was a devout Catholic, appealed to the Virgin Mary for a miracle – that my birthmark be removed. Many Catholics are as devoted to Mary, Jesus’s mother, as they are to Jesus. And in Latino culture, where

Catholicism has been syncretized with indigenous religions that are matriarchal, the cult of the Virgin is particularly strong. My mother pledged to dress me in white and make a pilgrimage to the Basilica named after the Virgin, in the Dominican Republic, where she and my father are from. She promised to do this once a year throughout my life. She also named me Rosanna María, in honor of Mary.

When the birthmark disappeared, about a year after I was born, my mother took it as a sign that the Virgin Mary had interceded on our behalf, and that a miracle had in fact taken place. This image of the Virgin Mary hung by my crib, and then by my bed, throughout my childhood. When I left my parents home, my mother gave it to me. This plaque has been with me my whole life, and although I am no longer a practicing Catholic, I continue to be devoted to the Virgin Mary, who now represents something more ambiguous. Today it represents one image of the sacred feminine: A source that is powerful, nurturing, and creative.”

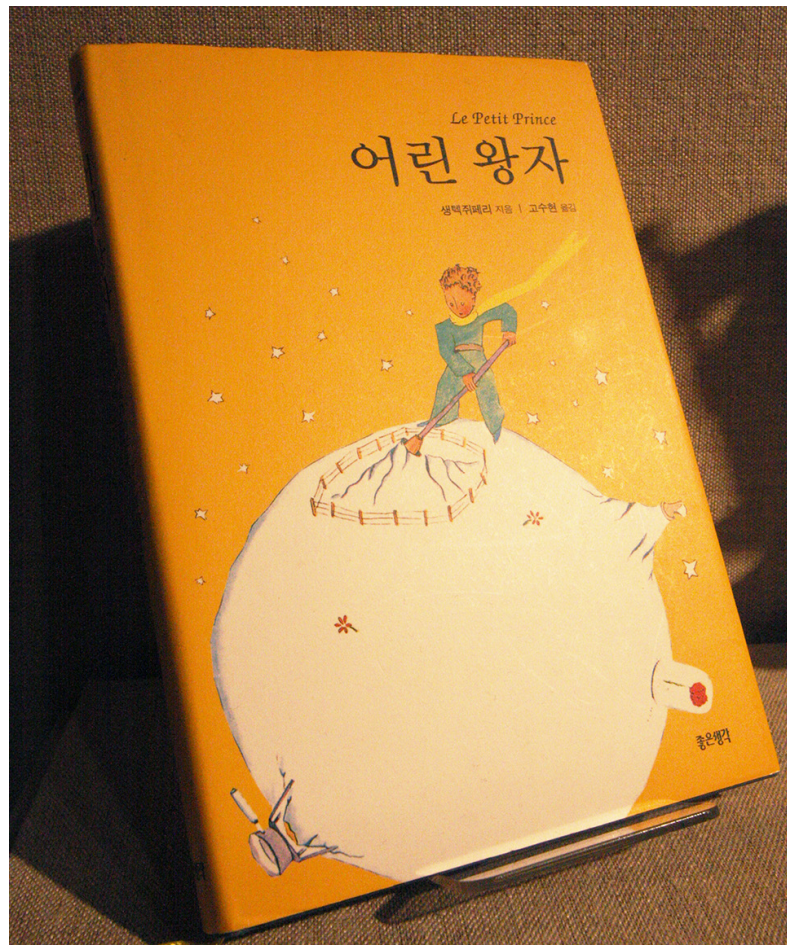


## Ah-Young Song

English

The Little Prince

“It started with French; I have acquired The Little Prince in every language that I have studied (and promptly forgotten, mostly). It is a story that has traveled with me around the world and back. This edition is particularly important to me, as it was given to me by my mother and is in my mother tongue, Korean, which is no longer my dominant language. I hope to re-attain fluency and be able to understand much more than the pictures one day!”





## Gail Scanlon

Academy Library

Martenitsa

“My family and I hosted several Bulgarian students while they were attending the college where I used to work. The students introduced us to the holiday “Baba Marta” and the tradition of the martenitsa. To welcome the spring we would each be given a red and white woven bracelet or amulet to wear from March 1st until we saw the first “stork” of the season. Traditionally we would tie our martenitsi to trees in our yard when we either saw a robin or a bud on a tree. The last time I was given a martenitsa I couldn’t bear to part with it so I’ve kept it safe in a box and bring it out each spring. I take a “selfie” wearing my martenitsa and send the picture to my Bulgarian friends, who are now living all over the world.”

### *About Martenitsa:*

Martenitsa is a small piece of adornment, made of white and red yarn and worn from March 1 until around the end of March (or the first time an individual sees a stork, swallow, or budding tree). The name of the holiday is Baba Marta. “Baba” (баба) is the Bulgarian word for “grandmother” and Mart (март) is the Bulgarian word for the month of March. Baba Marta is a Bulgarian tradition related to welcoming the upcoming spring. The month of March, according to Bulgarian folklore, marks the beginning of springtime. Therefore, the first day of March is a traditional holiday associated with sending off winter and welcoming spring.

(Source: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Martenitsa>)

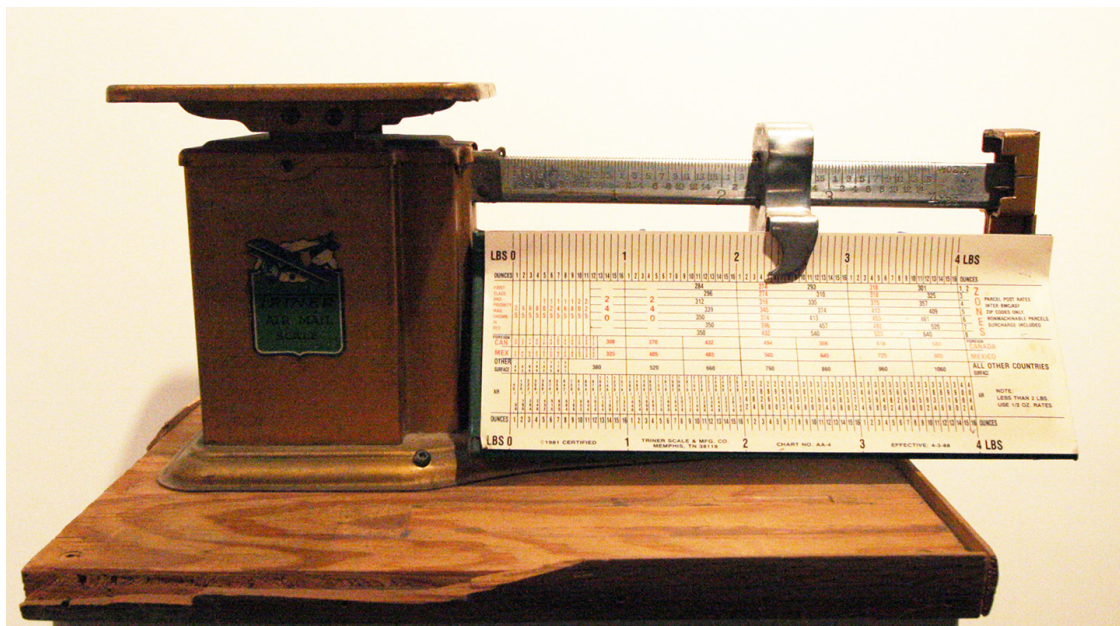


## Joe Goudreault

Post Office

PEA Mailroom Scale

"I found this scale in the mailroom storage area when we moved from J-Smith in 2006. It's before my time. This method was used before any electronic mailing machines where developed. ...It looks like the mail person would have to use the scale to look up the specific zone and weight to calculate the actual cost. So, the scale manufacturer would have to send out a new chart every time there was a rate change."





## Trish Taylor

Dining Services/ Grill  
Antique A C Williams Still  
Bank with Howdah –  
1912 -1934

“As a very young girl I often looked up on the very tall dresser that belong to my Dad. My eyes were focused on a small little elephant bank, a bank that would house the savings of my dad when he was a little boy. He at one point told me that this bank belonged to his dad and was passed down to him. In the beginning, I had no concept of savings or what even a bank meant. All I saw was a tiny little elephant that I oh so wanted to play with. On occasion I had that privileged to play with it and I always dreamed up some African story or zoo story in my mind. While playing with that little elephant I always remembered the jingled of coins that were inside.

As the years went by my dad taught me the importance of savings and how important it was to have good credit. He told me to be frugal and cautious and to make sure you always had something to fall back on. There were things I did not always listen to my dad, but that was one I always took to heart and followed. You see, if my Grandfather took the time to save and my Dad took the time to save then I should follow suit too.

On October 28, 2008, my dad left me for another world. When the day came a few weeks later my mom came to me and asked if there was anything of any significance that I wanted from him. There was one thing that came right to mind and this small little thing that was once a toy was now my treasure. This elephant now sits on the top of my very tall dresser that is waiting for my daughter to learn the same lesson as I did. I only hope that she too will follow suit and place it on her dresser some day.”



## Marilee Tuomanen

ITS

Portrait of Daughter as Frida Kahlo

"In 2011, I found myself in NYC with a free day. I went to the Museum of Modern Art in Manhattan, and took a photo of one of the most intriguing pieces, Frida Kahlo's Self Portrait with Cropped Hair. It had been a favorite of mine, and the chance to visit it in "real life" was a thrill. My daughter, Mary Tuomanen (PEA '99) and my niece, Carly Rose Sheehan, would not have known that at the time. For Christmas, that following December, Mary and Carly presented me with this piece."

Carly describes the process: "This version of Self Portrait with Cropped Hair was done as a gift portrait. My inspiration for the project was my cousin Mary who has a passion for Frida Kahlo and had recently completed the role of Hamlet with the Philadelphia Shakespeare

Theater. Paper was used to paint a backdrop, hair extensions were used on a spray painted chair and hot glued to background. The suit was borrowed from my father. The picture was taken with one studio light using a digital Canon SLR. No enhancement or alterations were done to the picture. It was printed on canvas and shipped to Philadelphia where it was then hand painted by Mary to replicate the original script by Frida Kahlo."





## Tanya Waterman

Physics

Fountain Pens

“This Pelikan Souveran fountain pen, manufactured in 1950, is ten years older than I am; it belonged to my father. Using a cheap ball-point pen in 1947, while stationed in Havana, Cuba, my father translated a poem from Spanish to Greek (by the Ecuadorian poet Espinoza), which he sent to his mom (my grandma); I found it among his papers when he died. Thirty-some years later, using his Pelikan, he copied that poem in Spanish and shared it with me, together with his frustration that he forgot most of his Spanish. (Note the misspelling: ‘Habana’ – using the Greek b instead of v.) My father had used the Pelikan to write his letters to me when I was away as a student (boarding school and college) and when I had really left home. Since he died (Halloween 1990), this pen has never been used again.

My first splurge after college was a Waterman 1983 anniversary LE Man fountain pen; it was stolen out of my dorm room in graduate school; the thief left a note on my desk; I learned a lesson. I bought a cheap Sheaffer one. By that time computers had come into our lives and I was typing and printing rather than hand-writing, anyway. ARPANET and BITNET in the lab were starting to make my letter writing an endangered species; I was just dashing one-liners to friends.

When I started teaching, in the late 80s, I thought pink is the color that a female physicist should use for comments on student papers - red is too aggressive, and blue or black don't stand out easily; pink is suitable for a girl. Plus, the price was right (\$3) - it suited my salary. The practice was very short-lived, though; I realized that the pen is not refillable; I was furious! Throwing out the whole pen when the ink is spent is preposterous, even if you don't care about the carbon footprint. I gave up; it was hard to find pink ink for the Sheaffer, in the pre-Internet commerce days... I switched to red ink in the Sheaffer. I

now use any pen at all that I happen to have - and occasionally I beg my physics colleagues across the hall, Mr. DiCarlo or Mr. Gulick, for a pen when I have nothing else available.”

