EATING OUT in central Vermont can be as simple as a hot drink and a muffin or as wonderfully complex as a five-course, formal dinner on a white linen tablecloth.

Whether you’ve got on overalls and boots and are just grabbing a hot dog and mustard before you go back to work, or you’re dressed to the nines and headed out for a celebration dinner at a swanky restaurant, the eating and restaurant choices are all here in central Vermont.

In the pages that follow, you will meet many of the hardworking people who bring us the pleasures of dining out: good food, good taste and good times, either on our own or with family and friends.

In the center of this paper, you will find our Restaurant Directory, along with a Dining Discount Card that offers savings at many local eateries.
Nona Estrin’s Nature Watch

Four inches of rain catapulted us from early peak colors to that moment when the mountains start to turn from red to purple. Not really late peak, as the gold of poplar and tamarack are ahead and the leaves still hold green to black cherry. Warm days will still come, and this afternoon I saw what I thought was a family tiff between two full-sized pileated woodpecker fledglings and a parent bird trying to escape their following and begging behavior. So the business of summer winds down, but not too fast!

The Bridge

To be sure, you can pick up The Bridge in central Vermont, why not subscribe? If you appreciate coverage of issues, ideas and personalities in central Vermont, why not subscribe? For a one-year subscription, send this form and a check to The Bridge, P.O. Box 1143, Montpelier, VT 05601.

I have enclosed a check, payable to The Bridge, for:

☐ $50 for a one-year subscription
☐ $50 plus an additional $______ to support The Bridge

(Contributions are not tax-deductible.)

For a one-year subscription, send this form and a check to The Bridge, P.O. Box 1143, Montpelier, VT 05601.

THE BRIDGE ~ Connecting Our Community
P.O. Box 1143, Montpelier, VT 05601
Phone: 802-223-5112 Fax: 802-223-7852
www.montpelierbridge.com

Editor & Publisher: Nat Frothingham
Managing Editor: Marsha Barber

Sales Representatives: Carl Campbell, Peter Dubois, Carolyn Grodinsky, Rick McAlban

Graphic Design & Layout: Dana Dwinell-Yardley
Calendar Editor: Dana Dwinell-Yardley
Proofreader: Marisa Keller

Distribution: Kevin Fair, Karen Harmon, Bob Lincoln, Daniel Renfro

Web Master: Michael Berry

Advertising: For further information about advertising, deadlines, and rates: Phone: 223-5112, ext. 11 (Carolyn) or ext. 12 (Peter)
Email: carolyn@montpelierbridge.com or peter@montpelierbridge.com Fax: 223-7852

The Bridge office is located at Vermont College, on the lower level of Schulmaier Hall.

The Bridge is published twice a month and is available free of charge at many locations around central Vermont. You can receive The Bridge by mail for $50 a year. Bridge Connection memberships are available for an amount of your choice from $50 per year. Make out your check to The Bridge, and mail to The Bridge, P.O. Box 1143, Montpelier VT 05601.

Copyright 2010 by The Montpelier Bridge

Washington County Youth Service Bureau Chooses New Leader

The Board of Directors of the Washington County Youth Service Bureau/Boys & Girls Club has hired Kreig Pinkham as its new executive director. Pinkham will succeed Tom Howard, who retired at the end of June after serving as executive director for 35 years.

Pinkham is a graduate of Northfield High School and Norwich University who holds a master’s degree in religion from Syracuse University. He has extensive experience in the youth services field and was director of the Vermont Coalition of Runaway and Homeless Youth Programs.

The Youth Service Bureau and Boys & Girls Club, established in 1974, serves approximately 2,000 young people and families from Washington County each year. The agency has a staff of 45 adults and three teens. According to the agency, it offers “prevention services that help youth succeed, intervention services that help youth negotiate challenges, and treatment services that help youth address problems that are interfering with their health and development.”

Feasting at Tulsi Tea Room

The Tulsi Tea Room at 34 Elm Street in Montpelier will be offering an Autumnal Feast with guest chef Lauren Lusiano. The feast is set for Friday, October 8 and will begin at 6 p.m. The autumn menu will include corn chowder with red pepper garnish, roasted root vegetable tagine with charmoula baked tempeh, quinoa pilaf with lemon, parsley and mind, sauteed greens and cabbage salad. The dessert will be ginger cake with warm pears and cashew cream.

Those who plan to attend are asked to RSVP to 229-5713. The cost of the Autumnal Feast is $25 per person (tax and gratuity is extra).

Help Small Business Save Energy: A Call for Volunteers

Two local organizations are putting out a call for volunteers to help implement a new program that will help small businesses save energy and money.

The Central Vermont Chamber of Commerce in partnership with Efficiency Vermont have teamed up to create a new program under the banner of Business Energy Ambassadors.

The ambassadors will consist of trained volunteers who will go out to business sites, particularly sites that can benefit from limited time and enhanced rebates from Efficiency Vermont. An example of such a rebate is Efficiency Vermont’s LIGHT program, in which they will pay a portion of the equipment cost for replacing inefficient T12 fluorescent lighting.

The Central Vermont Chamber will hold a training for volunteers on Wednesday, October 13 from 6 to 9 p.m. at the chamber offices in Berlin, near the Central Vermont Medical Center. For further information, please contact the chamber at 229-5713, or go online for an information sheet and registration form at centralvt.com/chambers/energyflyer.pdf.

Waste Makes Work

A report titled “Putting Waste to Work” by the Vermont Toxics Action Center, suggests that the so-called “trash” we throw away can be recovered and reused. And there are jobs that can be created as we recover waste and give it fresh use. According to the report, “Vermonters throw away 1,713 tons of computers, keyboards, printers, cell phones, televisions and other electronic gadgets every year.”

The report asserts as well that more than 200,000 tons of construction waste now thrown away can be recycled, with solid employment gains resulting. Then there’s food waste that can become compost.

And 140,000 tons of recyclable paper that can be processed and reused can be recycled, with solid employment gains resulting. Then there’s food waste that can become compost. And 140,000 tons of recyclable paper that can be processed and reused can be recycled, with solid employment gains resulting. Then there’s food waste that can become compost.

April 15 from 6 to 9 p.m. at the chamber offices in Berlin, near the Central Vermont Medical Center. For further information, please contact the chamber at 229-5713, or go online for an information sheet and registration form.

‘Spectactular’ Quilts to Be Auctioned for Charity

Spectacular’ Quilts to Be Auctioned for Charity

Four local organizations who do important work will benefit from the second annual Quilt Benefit Auction beginning at 9 a.m. on Sunday, October 10 at the Waitsfield Elementary School.

The four deserving charities are: The Humane Society, Seeds for Haiti, the Food Shelf and Circle (formerly Battered Women’s Services and Shelter).

Organizers describe last year’s quilt benefit auction as “spectacular.” They are promising an equally dazzling selection of quilts this year as well. The auction preview will begin at 9 a.m. The bidding action will begin at 10 a.m. According to the organizers, food will be available throughout the day. Some of the quilts that will be auctioned can be seen at www.cabinfeverquilts.com, a few are also pictured above.

— all items by Nat Frothingham; photo courtesy of Cabin Fever Quilts
D'Ann Calhoun Fago: Her Life and Art

by Martha Barber

look back at 93-year-old artist D'Ann Calhoun Fago's life is like taking an express voyage through her rich history—the history of American art, literature, music and even classic cartoons. From the cozy kitchens of her rambling farm home in Bethel, Vermont, the elegant and gracious D'Ann—who still exhibits a trace of her native soft Kentucky accent after many decades north—puts out a fresh, homemade lunch of patty cakes with slabs of fresh mozzarella, deviled eggs and multicolored tortellini. The house was built, she says, "by a sponge merchant from Boston." Three generations of her family now live there. As our talk continued into the afternoon, we moved outside into the lush yard, where a profusion of flowers, bushes and trees competed with a perfect view of early fall foliage that painted the mountains in the distance.

Born in 1917 in Lexington, Kentucky, D'Ann was raised by her grandparents. "My grandfather was a very fine gentleman, very kind. He was member of the Optimist Club (a volunteers organization that promotes ser-

vice to youth and a positive vision, and my grandmother was a socialist."

In that home, D'Ann was pegged to be an artist. Her mother had been scheduled to be a writer, so it was clear cut from the begin-

ning that I was the artist," she says. "I was al-

ways drawing on the walls and on any scrap of paper I could get. I loved to make draw-

ings."

D'Ann’s godmother was an artist who taught at the University of Kentucky, where D'Ann enrolled as an art student. "She was very influential on me," D'Ann says.

Another more joyful early influence was the painter Paul Cezanne. "He did a certain kind of Impressionist art that was at the time quite revolutionary," she says. "There was also an illustrator in McCall’s magazine that I adored. I used to copy all his drawings when I was 8, 9, 10 years old. It was my way of expressing myself."

D’Ann attended the University of Ken-

tucky at Lexington on an art scholarship. There, she met Elizabeth Hardwick, who went on to become an esteemed literary critic, novelist and short-story writer; she later became her former prize-winning poet Robert Lowell, who lived up to his "tortured genius" status in every way.

"Liz was my best friend for years, and after college she said, 'You gotta come to New York.'" says D’Ann. "First, I went to Boston and stayed with my sister and brother-in-law. I had a fellowship at the Museum School of Fine Art. I had visited Liz before I went to Boston and she said, 'There's nothing going on in Boston,' and I agreed with her totally. She said something to the effect of 'Come down and we'll dig something up.' So I did."

D’Ann lived with Liz Hardwick until she found her own apartment in the nearby community. Hardwick was an editor at Timely Comics, the predecessor of Marvel Comics. D’Ann soon found work there. "I was looking over other people’s drawings. I don’t think they do that much anymore," she explains. "I worked for the editor there; and I later married him," she says matter-of-factly. That is how the couple, along with Liz Hardwick and other friends, frequented the Onyx Club, where Billie Holiday played regularly. They became friends with the iconic, trou-

bled singer. "We used to go to the Onyx Club."

D’Ann remembers. "I asked her what she wanted to eat and she said salmon. So me, coming from an inland state, I bought a can of salmon. I’m sure now, looking back on it, that she expected a plate of fresh salmon. But she was very gracious about it."

After dinner, Miss Holiday proceeded to fall down the stairs. "It was a funny old build-

ing,” concedes D’Ann. “There was a plat-

form and then you went up three flights to get to our place. She was so magnifi-

cent. But it was easy to fall. Yes, this was a time when sometimes somebody had to get her dressed and all that, but she was just wonderful."

While living in New York City, D’Ann also worked with famous German-born abstract expressionist painter Hans Hofmann. "I was a very good student. But at that time I was about 50," she says. "I’d seen it, but I couldn’t do it with any conviction at all. Your focus is totally different."

Studying a reproduction of one of D’Ann’s paintings, one is struck by the simplicity and genius of her work. A simple red chair dom-

inates the frame—neither wholly representa-

tional nor abstract. The walls and window behind the chair fade into a blurry tableau which somehow remains recognisable in its depiction of flower pots in a window, lamp on a shelf, painting on a mantelpiece. The red chair with its golden cushion, however, remains the focal point, a reminder of the comfort of home.

Life in the city became complicated for D’Ann and Vincent when they started a fam-

ily. "I had one child and was expecting an-

other one, and I couldn’t handle the idea of having myself with kids in the city."

"The couple had a summer house in Rockland County, New York that soon became their permanent res-

idence. ‘It was pretty crude,’ says D’Ann, ‘but we did have a bathroom. And it was great—it was fun. A number of artists lived around there—Maxwell Anderson, for one, who had started this little community. It was such beautiful farmland and woodland, and we fixed the house up a bit so we could live in it."

As for producing art out in the country when the children were small, “it was catch as catch can.”

When D’Ann was around age 50, she was offered a job in Vermont as director of the Arts and Crafts Agency. “It was a tiny little place, with an administrator,” D’Ann remembers. In 1966, after D’Ann took the job, the Fagos bought the house in Bethel where D’Ann and various children and grandchildren still live. Vincent died of stomach cancer in 2002, still enjoying fame. He became known for his “funny animal” sketchbook shots which later went down in history: Mighty Mouse, Popeye, Betty Boop. Vincent also went on illustrate more than 100 books in the Pendulum Illustrated Classics children’s book series.

During her time as director of Vermont’s Arts and Crafts Service: D’Ann brought arts and crafts classes into some 450 schools in Vermont. A lack of art supplies and space in the schools made her work challenging, but D’Ann was able to launch a rally in then-commissioner of education Harvey Scribner. He was not just having the kids put up a picture of a duck and drawing it. She said, “Come down and we’ll dig something up.”

D’Ann had the same enthusiasm for the work she did during her tenure with prison-

ers at Windsor Prison (now known as South-

east State Correctional Facility)—all male dur-

ing that period of time. "They hadn’t had a real arts program at the prison until I got there,” she says. “I’d seen an exhibit over at the State House of the work of the prisoners, but it was all very much copies of things, pictures from postcards and that sort of thing. I knew the guy who was the corrections com-

missioner at the time. ‘I was thinking about how uninspiring the show I’d seen at the State House was. So I talked to the commis-

sioner and started going down to the prison once a week, working in cell block D."

The art program at the prison was not without its detractors. “Some people ob-

jected to us going in there,” D’Ann re-

members. “But I did believe that most creative people that we brought in to help were not really a part of the Keral community, and the same thing held for the prisoners. They had trou-

ble fitting in. So it somehow worked."

Her work at the prison was part of a life-

long mission to reach out to often marginal-

ized people who otherwise might not get ex-

posure to art. D’Ann had previously spent time teaching in prisons. "All the way back to the John C. Campbell Folk School in Brass-

town, North Carolina, hearkening back to her youth in Kentucky. She studied sculpture and pottery. ‘The folk school was interest-

ing because of the weaving in particular,’ D’Ann says. ‘I had just been teaching in Jack-

son, Kentucky, where students brought gowns to school because all of the feeding going on there. I mean, it was a given. All the gowns were kept in the principal’s office."

D’Ann has remained steadfast. “Much of my work has been in relation to show people what’s going on out there,” she says. ‘Every artist I’ve worked with has had a deep empathy in with social things. I have a deep interest in people and in social discuss-

ions.”

A retrospective of D’Ann Calhoun Fago’s work will be on exhibit through November 24 at the governor's office, 109 State Street, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays through Friday, 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Admis-

sion is free. Call 828-6749 or 828-5657 for more information.
I am a beneficiary of the Bush tax cuts, as are all people who honestly and baselessly moan that they do not benefit. When the cuts were first enacted in 2001, we might have seen our federal taxes drop by hundreds of dollars or maybe even by a thousand or two. All absolutely welcome tax relief, but was it really? As a response to those tax cuts and the subsequent decrease in federal grants to states, cities and towns (remember, less money in the federal pot means less money to spread around), my Vermont taxes have risen, both as a percentage of my income as well as in real dollars. Income taxes, sales taxes and real estate taxes have all increased here in the past 10 years, giving a larger chunk of my income (and I suspect of yours, as well) to the state of Vermont and to my town. And I haven’t even mentioned the increased cost of fees for things such as registering my car or renewing my license. While not strictly taxes, these are still payments to the state of Vermont, and these costs have risen measurably over the last 10 years.

In fact, I am contributing a larger percentage of my income in 2010 to overall taxes and fees than I did in 2000, before my federal taxes were cut. This doublethink could have come straight from George Orwell’s novel 1984, in that we are expected to simultaneously accept two mutually contradictory realities.

I am perplexed, as I suspect are you, because increased overall tax burdens are paradoxing as tax cuts. Even more baffling to me is that so many people seem to support the extension of these so-called cuts across all income levels, even when doing so acts against their own best interest. One of the axioms in politics is that people will vote their pocketbooks. When presented with a choice, the vast majority of voters will opt for that which is in their best economic interest. There are exceptions to this, of course, held to the allure towards national defense may well choose a candidate who supports funding the defense department at whatever cost, and voters with school-age children have a vested interest in sending more money to the local school district. But as a general rule, “voting your pocketbook” has always held up.

I do not understand how extending the Bush tax cuts to the top 2 percent of income earners helps me or anyone else. All absolutely welcome tax relief, but with it any reasonable argument for continuing a policy of deficit spending, unless those same dollars find their way directly back into our faltering economy. The Clinton administration—has vanished, and with it any reasonable argument for continuing a policy of deficit spending, unless those same dollars find their way directly back into our faltering economy. The Bush/Cheney doctrine that “deficits don’t matter” is patently false. Deficits do matter, although they are sometimes unavoidable. Giving tax cuts to the wealthy, who do not spend all that they earn, is not only avoidable, it’s counterproductive. Any tax cuts given should be targeted to those who spend every penny in Main Street businesses rather than those who would stash their windfalls in Wall Street investment accounts.

So, here we sit, three months away from the expiration of all the Bush-era tax cuts, ap- palling as they are sometimes unavoidable. Extending all ready unaffordable tax cuts to the wealthiest 2 percent of taxpayers is completely nonsen- sical and runs counter to the interests of the other 98 percent.

I cannot comprehend why this is even a matter for discussion!

Margaret Atkins Munro, E.A., is a li- censed tax professional living in Essex Junction. She is the author of 129 & Other College Savings Plans for Dummies (coauthored with Kathryn A. Murphy, Esq.), all of which are now available at your local bookseller.
I

In The Perfect Heart, writer Geof Hewitt has published 45 years worth of poems. Beginning in 1965 when Hewitt is in his 20s, we hear his voice in “The Gift”—a poem he addresses to his mother. In 1970 and in each decade that follows, we track his poetry and his voice. And when we catch up with him in a poem written in this decade, he’s a teacher talking to his students.

Hewitt gives us a book of poems. He also gives us a life. All told, these poems force us to consider what poetry is and is not. In Hewitt’s handling of words, images, stories and emotions, poetry is honestly and adventurously capable of a lot more than we have come to expect.

These poems resist cliché. They are hardly ever about starry skies, green fields and flowers. What did Robert Frost really mean in his essay, “A Figure A Poem Makes” when he described the progress of a poem with these words: “It begins in delight and ends in wisdom”? I think what Frost was describing here was not the content of poetry, but, rather, its narrative arc. After all, in addition to his well-remembered pastoral lyrics, Frost was also writing about such subjects as sudden accident, death, contemplated suicide and the terrible ironic twists of life.

The “delight” that Frost is referring to in a poem is the delight of language to seize on and hold the reader’s imagination from the first line laid down, a running vein of meaning and sound that carries the reader with him to the end.

Such delight in language can be as lovely and beckoning as “Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs” —that first fragment line from Dylan Thomas.

Or that “delight” can be the stern warning we hear in the voice of poet Mary Oliver when she declares, “One day you finally knew/What you had to do, and began/though the voice around you/kept shouting/their bad advice.”

Or that “delight” may be the anti-delight of the brutally visceral words of Allen Ginsberg from his opening lines of outraged defiance in “Howl”:

“I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterial naked/dragging themselves through the negro streets looking for an angry fix.”

In The Perfect Heart, Hewitt’s poems defy convention. They’re all over the map.

Hewitt writes about things that are in your face: bad weather and good, busted cars, needing a ride, the lust that raged defiance in “Howl:”

Hewitt can be funny. He can also laugh at himself. In his four-line poem “Moonlight” he declares: “The boss think/I’m conned.”

Hewitt’s book of poems, like the clichés he resists, gets under your skin. If you thought you had it all taped down and figured out, you’re wrong. You don’t have it figured out at all.

In “Off the Land,” a poem about a farmer and logger whose sawmill gets shut down by the state, Hewitt flashes with anger.

Dear Will farmed it till he died

He was tall and painfully slow.

Dear Will farmed it till he died

and lived with the widow, his daughter

He was tall and painfully slow.

“You need even the smallest stones to build a fence,”

be said when the state closed his sawmill

He worked the only way permitted,

for safety. He worked the only way permitted,

alone: So long as there’s no help involved

You can saw your hands off, it said in effect.

I told him I think poetry is the language that shares experience, not what is beautiful, and I don’t think I can use “moon” in my poems. Of course, explaining it in a poem is kind of creepy.

I’m delighted someone would read this far, and I never believed he’d listen:

each word a new chance

not to abuse and old cliché,

to construct self-conscious language, not to be beautiful, not to confound,

not to take a risk, not to discover, share,

not to be mystical…

Hewitt can be funny. He can also laugh at himself. In his four-line poem “Moonlight” he declares: “The boss think/I’m conned.”

Hewitt’s book of poems, like the clichés he resists, gets under your skin. If you thought you had it all taped down and figured out, you’re wrong. You don’t have it figured out at all.

In “Off the Land,” a poem about a farmer and logger whose sawmill gets shut down by the state, Hewitt flashes with anger.

Dear Will farmed it till he died

He was tall and painfully slow.

“You need even the smallest stones to build a fence,”

be said when the state closed his sawmill

He worked the only way permitted,

for safety. He worked the only way permitted,

alone: So long as there’s no help involved

You can saw your hands off, it said in effect.

I told him I think poetry is the language that shares experience, not what is beautiful, and I don’t think I can use “moon” in my poems. Of course, explaining it in a poem is kind of creepy.

I’m delighted someone would read this far, and I never believed he’d listen:

each word a new chance

not to abuse and old cliché,

not to construct self-conscious language, not to be beautiful, not to confound,

not to take a risk, not to discover, share,

not to be mystical…

Hewitt can be funny. He can also laugh at himself. In his four-line poem “Moonlight” he declares: “The boss think/I’m conned.”

Hewitt’s book of poems, like the clichés he resists, gets under your skin. If you thought you had it all taped down and figured out, you’re wrong. You don’t have it figured out at all.

In “Off the Land,” a poem about a farmer and logger whose sawmill gets shut down by the state, Hewitt flashes with anger.

Dear Will farmed it till he died

He was tall and painfully slow.

“You need even the smallest stones to build a fence,”

be said when the state closed his sawmill

He worked the only way permitted,

for safety. He worked the only way permitted,

alone: So long as there’s no help involved

You can saw your hands off, it said in effect.

I told him I think poetry is the language that shares experience, not what is beautiful, and I don’t think I can use “moon” in my poems. Of course, explaining it in a poem is kind of creepy.

I’m delighted someone would read this far, and I never believed he’d listen:

each word a new chance

not to abuse and old cliché,

not to construct self-conscious language, not to be beautiful, not to confound,

not to take a risk, not to discover, share,

not to be mystical…

Hewitt can be funny. He can also laugh at himself. In his four-line poem “Moonlight” he declares: “The boss think/I’m conned.”

Hewitt’s book of poems, like the clichés he resists, gets under your skin. If you thought you had it all taped down and figured out, you’re wrong. You don’t have it figured out at all.

In “Off the Land,” a poem about a farmer and logger whose sawmill gets shut down by the state, Hewitt flashes with anger.

Dear Will farmed it till he died

He was tall and painfully slow.

“You need even the smallest stones to build a fence,”

be said when the state closed his sawmill

He worked the only way permitted,

for safety. He worked the only way permitted,

alone: So long as there’s no help involved

You can saw your hands off, it said in effect.

I told him I think poetry is the language that shares experience, not what is beautiful, and I don’t think I can use “moon” in my poems. Of course, explaining it in a poem is kind of creepy.

I’m delighted someone would read this far, and I never believed he’d listen:

each word a new chance

not to abuse and old cliché,

not to construct self-conscious language, not to be beautiful, not to confound,

not to take a risk, not to discover, share,

not to be mystical…