Bureau and Earrings, by Matthew Silverberg, an artist working in traditional and new media. His work will be on display at Emeritus Kentfield from July through September, with a reception to be held on a date to be announced later. Be on the lookout for an update.

Mr. Silverberg teaches digital printmaking in the Digital Arts Department at Berkeley City College, where he also instructs courses in contemporary color, information design, digital portfolio and art marketing. Previously he worked for many years as employee number five at Legato Systems, Inc.—a successful Palo Alto startup. Matthew has been represented by the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art—Artists Gallery, where his paintings have been shown, and he is active with the Achenbach Graphic Arts Council in San Francisco.

See article by Mr. Silverberg and pictures on Page 3 and another picture on Back Cover.
COM IN THE NEWS

Resolutions Passed Honoring Classified Professionals and Outstanding Individuals -- On May 15, 2012, The College of Marin Board of Trustees approved three resolutions. The first resolution recognizes the important work of the College's classified professionals and designates the week of May 20th - May 26th as Classified School Employees Week. The resolution highlights the vital role which classified professionals play in providing high-quality education and services to students. The second resolution commends the exemplary work of Raymond Bergstrom-Wood who has served for the past academic year as COM's Student Trustee. The third resolution was presented to community activist Elizabeth Moody who volunteered to attend COM Board meetings beginning in 2002 on behalf of the Marin League of Women Voters' Education Committee.

New Academic Center for Kentfield Campus -- A new academic center is in the works. The proposed center will be situated on the corner of Sir Francis Drake Blvd. and College Avenue and will include modern technologies in terms of communication, energy efficiency and student-faculty comfort. The new center will include sixteen general purpose classrooms and computer labs as well as a 200-seat lecture hall. There also will be faculty and administrative offices and community meeting rooms. The center is intended to be at least two levels high and will cover 43,000 square feet. The specific area COM is using to create a welcoming "front door" for the building is the same piece of land currently occupied by the Kentfield Taqueria, a traditional local business. The land itself is owned by College of Marin which it has been leasing to the restaurant since 1977. Site preparation will begin January 2013. Olney Hall, the Business Center, Harlan Center, the Administrative Center, and the Taqueria will be demolished in the summer of 2013 to make way for the new building. Total construction costs are estimated at $23.6 million.

Recent Spring Semester Events, Kentfield Campus:
1. A reception for COM Retirees was held on May 17, 2012, at the Marin Art & Garden Center, Ross, CA, for 16 outstanding individuals affiliated with the College.
2. The 2012 graduating class of the College of Marin Registered Nursing Program held their annual Pinning Ceremony on May 24, 2012, at the Diamond P. E. Center. The traditional Nurses' Pinning Ceremony is held to observe the completion of the Nursing Education Program and dates back to Florence Nightingale. The pin itself identifies the particular school of nursing which the graduate attended and symbolizes the philosophy, beliefs and aspirations of the nursing program.
3. The 2012 Sixth Annual Transfer Recognition Reception honoring students who are transferring to four-year universities was held on May 25, 2012, in the Student Services Building.

Marin Independent Journal "Opinions", May 12, 2012 -- Kudos to Marlene Knox of the ESCOM Council and Curriculum Committee for her excellent letter to the Editor outlining the benefits of participating in ESCOM activities at both the Kentfield and the Indian Valley Campuses and becoming an active member in shaping the transition of the "Silver Tsunami" flow which is rapidly enveloping Marin County's overall population. Hopefully, her invitation to participate in ESCOM's numerous activities will be welcomed by our "Over 55" population with open arms.

Submitted by: Alicia Warcholski

CAROLYN DAVIS TALMADGE
Ms. Talmadge, of Larkspur, California, died May 30 at age 77. After graduating from Stanford University with a degree in Asian Studies, she worked in London and Cambridge, Massachusetts, before settling back in California. She found her life's work teaching haiku, meditation, and Tai chi, an ancient Chinese form of exercise, which she taught for 26 years at the College of Marin. Carolyn's other passions included botany, photography, architecture and art history. A dedicated grandmother, she was loved dearly by her family and the Marin County community she called home. Survivors: her daughter, Leslie Talmadge; son-in law, Brian Kopperl; granddaughter, Lauren; former husband, Richard Talmadge; a brother, Gary Davis; and two nieces.
STATEMENT OF ARTIST
MATTHEW SILVERBERG

I began my art studies in about 1990, apprenticing with painter Stan Goldstein and later the drawing instructors Michael Markowitz and Sharon Pearson. I did this while working at a computer company, not being in a full time MFA program. And I began exhibiting my art in 2001 and 2002—an experience that was the most important element in terms of establishing my artistic identity. This culminated in two shows at SFMOMA’s Artist Gallery in 2003 and 2006.

My painting began with an interest in the mid-17th century Dutch artists attempting to replicate the visual feeling of their still life, interior and figurative work as a means of learning painting and drawing skills. During the next two decades I have moved through a succession of styles from Impressionists to Modernists attempting to understand these various schools.

More recent paintings and printmaking are influenced by three “modern” art currents: mid-century American Abstraction, 1980's neo-Expressionists and new multimedia artists.

During the 2000’s, I have been making art in a variety of media mixing the traditional and digital. I learned about the digital arts in Berkeley starting in 2003, and now teach digital printmaking, contemporary color, information design, digital portfolio and marketing courses in the Multimedia Arts program at Berkeley City College and elsewhere. I also organized and sometimes curated a number of art exhibitions as well.

An example of a recent series is the one I premiered in New York in 2006. It is conceived of as a cross-media series of paintings, drawings, prints and motion graphics based on themes of cultural misinterpretation and anomie. The prints component consists of twelve images in the triptych, including fire, grass, fingerprints and digital imitations of silk weaves, tatami mats, tiles, kaleidoscopes, painted vignettes and gestural marks. I made these images with a camera, scanner, stylus, and compositing tools.

Thematically, traditional painting subjects (birds and cows, plants and landscapes, cities and people) are combined in an imagined scape—referring to another country—Japan. Japan has been a strong cultural presence in California, but one that to me, still has an aura of the distant and exotic. My Japan, an interpretation, is a fantastic country: one of elegant artistic tradition, refined culture and technical expertise that also embodies the dark sides of modernism—social rigidity, anomie, environmental degradation, sterility and corruption. I have never been to Japan but have thought a lot about it—via books, films, art exhibits and my own consumerism.

Now I am working on a variety of projects that are mostly abstract in nature—producing prints, paintings and movies of color patterns and designs, combining classic monotypes with digital print production. Two specific areas of interest have resulted in print series. The first starts with a renewed respect for great social satirists Daumier, Nast, Goya, Crumb. The second combines 19th century curio box collections and naturalist art illustrators such as Audubon, Haeckel, D’Arcy Thompson and others. My multimedia series are called Tea Party Confections and Curio Boxes, respectively—digital reflections on traditional art, historical genres, and media.

SPECIAL ESCOM MEETING IN MAY

Dear Reader: By now you have surely noticed that ESCOM did not have its traditional Annual Meeting in early May. The reason was simple: The Council needed to re-formulate its functions and leadership and considered this as a priority over party-planning.

At a well-attended meeting on May 3rd, with Drs. Jason Lau and Arnulfo Cedillo and guests Jim and Gini Moore also present, the Council agreed that it would be led by Marian Mermel and Dick Park as Co-Presidents and Beverly Munyon as Vice President. Marje Park will continue to serve as Secretary, a job she has occupied informally during the past year, and veteran Treasurer Art Ravicz will continue to watch over our finances.

Marian Mermel will continue her close liaison with the College of Marin administration and chair an upcoming lecture series.

Various tasks, both routine and special, will be undertaken by members of the Council throughout the year.

The Council’s regular meeting schedule will resume on June 25, 2012, at the Indian Valley Campus Emeritus Center.

Reported by Paul Tandler
CATS: A CAUTIONARY TALE

These following events took place in recent times, times rife with matters of global signifi-
cance involving nuclear wars, villainous dicta-
tors, alien invasions, etc. In truth, however, we are
affected most by the seemingly small things
closer to home ... ordinary mischief, nuisances and
calamities ... like the neighbors next door! What
appear at first to be easily resolved by good faith
and reason will, through perversity and spite, ex-
plode into WWIII.

I note here that I keep a sweet little Cat with elitist
habits and accepted prerogatives. Pepita is a well-
groomed, well-fed, well-mannered creature who
keeps her own counsel and with customary feline
aloofness offers companionship with discretion.
She is an ideal pet.

Some months ago Neighbor #1 took up residence
in the pleasant town house to my right. He is ac-
compained by two Cats: one, an inoffensive
Tabby, the other of indeterminate breed ... and his
Girlfriend, unhappily said to be allergic to Cats.
The offending creatures (the Cats) are prohibited
from the house and relegated to roam the un-
friendly outdoors. They are essentially homeless.
Neighbor #1 promises to provide shelter, which he
ever does and shows a similar lack of interest in
feeding. (I learn that one of the Cats was part of a
recent divorce settlement. It should not be dis-
counted that this reminder of an ex-wife may cause
him to harbor a certain ill-will.) Motivated by
compassion and stirred by their pitiful yowling, I
feed the starvelings ... which, of course, is a trap. It
now becomes my permanent duty. I attempt in the
most conciliatory way, to speak to this Neighbor
concerning this bondage put upon me. He responds
that I harass him, put him on a guilt trip and hurt
his feelings and am moreover intolerant of Girl-
friend's medical condition. We come to an im-
passe. I retreat. Now, enter Neighbor #2 who
moves into the town house to my left. She is ac-
 companied by a large, unlovely, feral feline (arisen
from the darkness of Hades and possibly raised by
wolves. There is an uncanny resemblance between
Cat and Owner) ... whose sport it is to attack any
assailable prey that comes to his attention ... small
dogs, cats, kids, the mailman, and, of course, little
Pepe who has twice sustained bloody wounds.
Naturally, he now attacks with relish, the two or-
phan Cats cast out by Neighbor #1. I hasten to
welcome Neighbor #2 to our Happy Vale. I speak
to her in a firm, but reasonable manner concerning
her Cat's predations. She skewers me with an un-
pleasant glare, blows noxious cigar fumes in my
face and denies Bad Cat is guilty of such assaults.
She accuses me of maligning her Cat and ruining
her reputation. She is outraged. Bad Cat lounges
indolently under a chair, smirking at me. I retreat!

Pepita learns to avoid enemy territory and stays
low. But the homeless two are fair prey for Bad
Cat and so I am now de facto caregiver and rescue
service for these neglected animals. I feed and wa-
ter them and take them into my home to keep them
from being mauled. To this arrangement Pepe
makes her disapproval plain. Raising her nose in
disdain, she hides out in a closet and will have
nothing to do with me until the interlopers are
gone.

My humanitarian interventions are stretched to the
limit. Once more I implore Neighbor #1 to please
take care of his Cats. My house is a shambles, my
Cat is suffering psychological harm. Neighbor # 1
inveighs against me. He denounces me as a mal-
content, a trouble-maker; I am destroying his life
as well as his sleep. I am a heartless wretch forcing
him to choose between his martyred Girlfriend and
his belatedly-beloved Cats. His anger is boundless.
He expresses his dissatisfaction with me by up-
rooting my freshly planted crepe-myrtle sapling
from my front yard to plant in his front yard.

Girlfriend has little to say although she is some-
times observed to be sneezing. One day she makes
a life-altering mistake and attempts to make nice to
Bad Cat whereby her arm is savagely clawed ne-
necessitating many stitches.

Matters come to a boil! Irate Neighbor #1bursts in
on Neighbor #2, excoriates her concerning bad
behavior of Bad Cat. Neighbor #2 denies all
charges. Unforgivable words are exchanged. They
do battle, glass is broken, property destroyed. They
come to blows; a nose is bent, a thumb dislocated.
This discord is referred to the Homeowners Asso-
ciation. A special meeting is called. There is an
overflow crowd, confusion reigns, rumors fly,
adovocates take sides. There is impassioned call for
new CC & Rs. Both Neighbors #1 and #2 point
fingers at me. J'accuse! Neighbor #1 claims he is
the victim. He castigates me for removing his Cats from a loving home. He accuses me of Alienation of Affection. He plans to sue. He hits me with a bill for his losses plus cost of Girlfriend's stitches.

Neighbor #2 tears her hair, rends her clothing and claims my harassment has caused her migraines, nightmares and a bad cough and her innocent pet now suffers a depressed libido and a bad cough. I receive a bill for damages from her attorney with threat of further litigation. She continues to assuage her hurt feelings by delivering regular offerings of Cat droppings at my front door, leaving a nasty miasma of cigar smoke as her calling card.

Homeowners Association, seeking to adjudicate, declares me an instigator and gives me bad marks for kicking up a hornet's nest and pledges me to forever refrain from random acts of kindness (especially with Cats). But there remain still two homeless Cats. I offer a Solution: Adoption! With small hope, I place an ad on Craig's List and amazingly, a Good Samaritan appears and offers to adopt. He is of a religious persuasion, his ancient Cat has expired and he craves a replacement. There ensues some negotiation and I seal the deal with a 6-month supply of Kosher Cat Food. The Samaritan and the benighted pussies look each other over and there is instant affinity. The Samaritan says a benediction and goes off with the purring Cats into a night lit by a mystical moon.

There are many versions of these events. Through my efforts at simple human kindness, I had been cast as the villain and some will forever regard me with question. Some will have made nefarious judgments as to my part in this absurd imbroglio. Some will say that this is further proof that no good deed goes unpunished.

But, to put a finish to this matter, we learned that Girlfriend discovered her allergy was brought on, not by the cats but by the Boyfriend. She has since moved out of the pleasant little town house to my right to parts unknown.

**EDITOR'S NOTES**

The next ESCOM Council meeting will be held on Monday, June 25, 10:00 AM, at the IVC Emeritus Center.

The next Newsletter Staff meeting will be held on Thursday, August 2, 1:30 PM, at the Kentfield Emeritus Center for preparation of the September issue.

**OPERA GOES TO NEW HEIGHTS**

Actually, the height is about 7,000 feet!! That's the altitude of the Sierra Club's Clair Tappaan Lodge, where Emeritus Opera Club leader **Gil Deane** will present a three-day program called "Opera in the Mountains", beginning on Friday, October 5 at 5:00 PM and ending at noon of Sunday, October 7. Gil usually presides over our Opera Club meeting (if you can call that organized chaos as presiding, he says!) There will be five sessions of popular and rare recordings and videos plus Gil's highly opinionated comments. You can get details by calling him at 456-2853 or better yet, by coming to the Opera Club's meeting on the last Wednesday of every month from 1:00 - 3:00 PM at the Emeritus Center in Kentfield.

**Gil Deane**

**WHY THE GREAT IDEAS IN PHILOSOPHY CLUB?**

The following will explain why we like the club so much:

Don and I returned to the Bay Area fourteen years ago, having lived and worked in Seattle, Tucson, and San Antonio. Here we watched two special grandchildren grow up in San Francisco and we did a lot of hiking, biking, and traveling.

Now our pace is a lot slower. We don't take so many trips and participate in as many active adventures. But our minds are still active and in need of exercise. So we joined **Larry Witter's** Philosophy seminars. With this group we have enjoyed years of interesting TV lectures on Philosophy of Science, Religion, Freedom--what a review of world and U.S. history that was--and Buddhism. Currently we are finding out what lessons Great Books teach us.

The lectures are given by recognized authorities on each subject, and our group of attentive listeners answer questions and debate the meaning of the lecture and its relevance to our lives. Each of us comes to be intellectually stimulated and to be challenged to think in new ways and to contribute thoughtful responses.

And we have the joy of meeting each Thursday with good friends in a comfortable room organized and maintained by Emeritus students of the College of Marin.

**Lillian Hanahan**
MY STARRY NIGHT

Having ground mirrors for two 6" telescopes and built a smaller one from photo lenses, I considered myself an advanced amateur astronomer. So it was with great pleasure when I registered my children for nursery school that I learned another father there was a real professional astronomer. He worked at nearby Mount Wilson Observatory, where their telescope was still one of the world's largest. I was soon to learn how far advanced beyond an amateur a professional was. Even so, it was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

Soon after we became acquainted George invited me to spend an evening with him on a research project requiring use of the 100" telescope. I was delighted and arrived at his house well ahead of time, ready to drive up the mountain. He said he was making spectrograms of all stars of a particular type he said were RR Lyrae.

I never heard of those, but I certainly knew what a spectroscope was and I was ready. Because these stars were so faint we couldn't just take a photo of the spectrum. It was necessary to sweep the star image many times across the film to build up sufficient photons to reveal the colors and lines. This project was going to take much longer than a single evening.

After three or four hours of moving the telescope in tiny increments, building up the spectrum which we couldn't see anyway, I began to feel restless...make that cold and restless. But any heat would disturb the air too much. I pulled my jacket snugly around me and commented, "This would be a good job for Eskimos."

"Perhaps you're right," George laughed, "Very patient Eskimos. But we do have a little excitement now and then, or at least 'sounds of the unknown'. Just wait a bit, and imagine you're working all alone under this dark and silent dome."

It wasn't that long before I heard a sound from across the other side...not easy to describe but too loud to ignore. "What's that?" I nervously inquired. "Oh, we don't usually lock the door. It might be a wandering vandal...they can be armed and dangerous. Or it could be just a wild animal." Not especially reassuring.

"Don't be upset," George said after a bit. "I was just pulling your leg, and I also used to wonder about these unknown sounds in the night. But in time when nothing happened I decided it was just the structural steel contracting when the night grew colder."

"But if you think the astronomer's life is dull and safe," he added, "well, let me tell you about a near miss a friend of mine had. You know that before beginning work the observer gives the coordinates to his assistant to line up the 'scope, which he then locks to a giant slowly moving clock to compensate for the earth's rotation. A catastrophe almost took my friend's life one night when his assistant set the telescope to the correct position but forgot to fasten it to the turning clock. The telescope moved for several hours, resting on the clock gear, slowly approaching its balancing point, and when it reached that, not being fastened down, what do you think happened?" "I dread thinking of it," I replied. "Right. The enormous and heavy instrument swung to the opposite side of its mount, picking up speed as it fell. It crashed when it had gone as far as it could, narrowly avoiding making paste out of my colleague."

"Some hazards are specific to the location of the observatory, he continued. The Lick at Mount Hamilton, for example, has more than its share of rattlesnakes. Here at Mount Wilson, you probably didn't notice that we have a small bungalow where the astronomers can sleep the rest of the night when their viewing is interrupted by fog. This happened to me late one evening -- heavy fog quickly covered everything. I wasn't concerned because I knew well the path to the house. But when I was about halfway there I suddenly and blindly encountered a solid obstruction across the path. Worse, it was covered with fur!"

"Whatever did you do?" I asked.

"Well, I stood there motionless and thought.
There really aren't any large animals up here, so it must be something artificial and harmless. And after a few minutes the obstruction had gone, so I retreated to the cabin. The next morning I learned the answer. A man had moved up here and kept a few cows, which he allowed to roam at will. So that was all there was to it."

By this time the night was more than half gone, and George believed he had enough data on this particular star. He said he didn't think anyone was using the slightly smaller sixty-inch telescope and we might go over and look at the moon with it. He knew I would be impressed, and I was. I was used to my six-inch mirror and this monster was five feet across! And the moon? It was like being there.

Some weeks later my wife commented that my 'scope had been on the garage shelf quite a while without being used. "Mt. Wilson has ruined me," I groaned.

Don Polhemus

ESCOM/IVC NEWS/EVENTS/CLUBS
Questions please call:
Larry Witter 883-6889  G. Kopshever 883-7805
Bill Raffanti 883-4079  Rudy Ramirez 491-0522
Following events will be held in Bldg 10, 140AS:


Organic Farm/Garden News: The IVC Garden is producing more flowers than ever this year! Did you know that organic flowers are sold for weddings and other occasions? If you or someone you know would like beautiful country-style local organic flowers grown with LOVE, please be in touch: jbrager@conservationcorpsnorthbay.org. Wednesdays at the Farm Stand, 10 AM - 3 PM, 1800 Ignacio Boulevard. Parking available at the end of campus in lot 6.

Global Issues Club: Colleen Rose, Coordinator for programs focused primarily on topics vital to the well being of the Western Hemisphere, shows documentaries on every third Friday at 2:00 PM. Mark your calendars for July 20 and August 17.

Philosophy Club: "Life Lessons from Great Books," a 12-week session of lectures by Rufus Fears is the current focus. Club coordinator Larry Witter continues his long-running club with a minimum attendance of fourteen every Thursday afternoon.

Film Noir: Membership keeps growing as lifelong learners find out about long lost films and their place in cinema history. Come and be surprised by our dedicated coordinator/popcorn maker.

6/30 A Film Noir Classic!

Humanities Club:
Members conclude a six-week series of the acclaimed miniseries, I Claudius in a new digitally restored and re-mastered edition.
7/07 Episode 11: A God in Colchester; Episode 12: Old King Log.
7/14 Episode 13: The Epic That Never Was.
A new Humanities series, Niccolo Machiavelli (1469-1527) begins August 4 and 18, the 1st and 3rd Saturday of the month at 1:00 PM; 24 lectures by William R. Cook, Professor of History at State U of New York, Genesco.

IVC Book Forum
7/23 The Double Bind, Chris Bohjalian.
8/27 Still Alice, Lisa Genova.

Great Books Discussion Group:
No meetings in July and August.
BOOMERANGS

The word "boomerang" is commonly applied to a curved throwing stick which tends to return to the thrower, but this isn't really the case. Those used for hunting are more important, fly straight and are actually more difficult to make than those which return. The name seems to be derived from an Aboriginal word and is less than two hundred years old, while the actual use of plain hunting sticks goes back many centuries. King Tut had a collection of such weapons. The boomerang became popular in Australia being useful for hunting not only small birds but emu by breaking their necks or bringing down kangaroo by breaking their legs.

A boomerang is a rotating wing or really two wings. They are generally flat, but have many shapes, and either two, three, or four wings, depending on their purpose. When the boomerang is thrown with high spin, the wings produce lift. Larger boomerangs are used in hunting, while smaller ones are used in sport, and are the only boomerangs that return to the thrower. Because of its rapid spinning, a boomerang flies in a curve rather than a straight line. The actual aerodynamics are rather complex, but one can throw them successfully without understanding why they fly as they do. With the exception of long-distance boomerangs, they should not be thrown sidearm or like a Frisbee, but rather with the long axis of the wings rotating in an almost-vertical plane.

The thrower stands sideways with feet apart, left foot forward, so as to point in the direction of flight. Holding by either wing tip, flat side down, using the thumb on top and one to three fingers below, they tilt the boomerang out at a ten to thirty degree angle from vertical. This angle is called "layover." Different boomerangs have different flight characteristics, and the bigger the layover the higher the boomerang will fly.

Cocking the boomerang back to ensure a good spin and stepping sharply forward with the left foot, the thrower follows through with their right arm and leg as they throw the boomerang overhead in a similar way to throwing a spear or pitching a base-ball, aiming the boomerang by pointing with their left arm at or just above the horizon. Launching is performed crisply using a whip-like flick with their index finger, at the end of the throw, to cause quick counter-clockwise spin (seen from above). It is the spin that makes the boomerang return. The strength of throw and spin must be varied according to the speed of the wind — the stronger the wind, the less power is required to provide lift enough to make the return journey. The boomerang initially should curve around to the left, climb gently, level out in mid-flight, arc around and descend slowly, and then finish by popping up slightly, hovering, then stalling near the thrower. Ideally, it should hover momentarily, to allow the catcher to clamp their hand shut decisively and firmly on the horizontal boomerang from above and below, thus avoiding painful wing strikes to the hand by not sticking fingers directly into the edge of the fast-spinning wing rotor.

It need not be mentioned that successful catches of the returning missile require considerable practice, and we hope the reader will not be discouraged by knowledge that the record number of consecutive catches is 2251.

NEW PHILOSOPHY CLUB

The Great Minds of Western Philosophy Club, which started in April, had its third meeting in May. We have enough interested members to keep the club going. If you like to keep your mind working, come and join us on the first and third Mondays, 10:30 AM to 12:30 PM at Kentfield. Contact Arlene Stark, 925-1214, or arlene.stark@att.net.
BRIDGE NOTES

As another milestone season of the Emeritus Bridge group ends, it is interesting to take stock of how very many players return year after year. Our fascination with the game never fades, even when the “card gods” sometimes desert us for weeks.

Bridge players are not satisfied with the limitations of board games, which often require the mere turning over of a card and the rote following of a set of printed instructions. We want the “something more” that bridge demands—both the challenge of making many fast decisions and the variety of many thousands of possible arrays. Winning and losing take second place to the pleasure of playing.

Obvious benefits to us are a lively social interaction and the continual honing of logical thinking and an actively used memory, real pluses to us seniors.

We have learned to rely on our intuitions and quickly arrived-at choices and to carry this same self-confidence with us wherever we go. The game of bridge helps us play the game of life better, and we know it.

Lynn Mason

ARTIST CHRISTINE COHEN

Ms. Cohen, who exhibited in the Emeritus Office October through December in 2011, reports: "Did you know that, after the show at Emeritus, I got my new work into a Downtown Gallery? So, Emeritus was a good start."

We are delighted, Christine-Ed.

WHY DO I CRY WHEN I SLICE ONIONS?

Contained within onions are sulfur-containing amino acids, which in air decompose into propanethial S-oxide, which in turn breaks down into several other substances, one being sulfuric acid. This irritates the eyes, which try to dilute it with tears. For this reason it is helpful to hold the onion as far from the body as possible and breathe through the mouth. If you can cut it under water, or at least keep the onion wet it will minimize the irritation.
Boxes: Flowers, Digital Print by Artist Matthew Silverberg, 2007