

Interviewee: EVE [EVA] ZHITLOWSKY MILTON  
Interviewer: MARY EMMA HARRIS  
Location: San Francisco, California  
Home of Ruth Asawa and Albert Lanier  
Date: February 17, 1998  
Media: Audio cassette 2, Video cassette 1  
Interview no.: 203  
Transcription: Ellen Dissanayake, March 1-2, 2000; corrected, Mary Emma Harris, August 2000. Corrected from videotape. Converted from Word Perfect by MEH, May 2014. Anecdote added October 9, 2019 (recorded after interview with Pete Hill (#67) and cassette filed under Rupert Schmitt (# 129).

**[BEGINNING OF SIDE 1, TAPE 1 ]**

**EZM:** I'm very angry at Kaiser. HMO's, I guess you're familiar with. I'm very active in the health system in the city, and HMO's have a policy that anybody over eighty who's sliding is allowed to slide into wherever. Then forget about it and don't – Don't complain or –

**MEH:** You really have to – My experience with aging relatives has been that anybody, but especially an elderly person, has to have an advocate to stay behind their health care because the point at which you're sick, you're not able at that point to deal with – it's so easy to get just totally discouraged and just say, "Well I'll just let whatever happens happen," instead of fighting it. You can't fight at that point. So, you're really her advocate now.

**EZM:** I am her advocate, and I'm her legal – Her daughter lives in Los Angeles and – her daughter's adult life, and so although they talk on the phone pretty much several times a week and Sue writes to her and sends her things, Sue asked me if she felt she had to come up. I asked her, "Would that be because you think you have to say goodbye to her?" She said, "Well, is that what's

happening?" I said, "No, it's not happening. If you feel that you want to come up because you'd like to know her better, then by all means, come up because she's not dying." She has no intention of dying. I have no intention of letting her die! But that was one that that Susie could manage, I think. So they talk on the phone. Susie sends her things and makes her laugh, which is really important. Tell me about you. How did you become interested in Black Mountain?

**MEH:** I won't put this on tape. [BREAK IN TAPING]

**EZM:** Whattayacallit – My, my Social Security, all my documents were Eva, and so I never questioned it. But I was always startled when somebody called me Eva. Who's that? Oh, yeah.

**MEH:** Okay, so you really would prefer to be – You're Eve.

**EZM:** Yes, I am Eve.

**MEH:** Good. Okay, Eve. How did you come to be at Black Mountain College?

**EZM:** My mother was – ran a very special sort of children's house that was associated with one of the many Progressive schools that arose during the '20s and sort of solidified in the '30s in New York, and not only New York State but in Connecticut. [NOTE BY ZHITLOWSKY: "I should add that Progressive Schools existed in Illinois, California, Oregon, Washington, probably elsewhere as well!"] There was a whole network of Progressive schools that were all interrelated through the national progressive association – I've forgotten the name of it. My mother was a psychiatrist, a child psychiatrist and could not practice in the United States as a psychiatrist because she was born in Java, she was raised in Holland, she went to the University of Edinburgh, she went to the University

of – I've forgotten the one in Holland. She studied with Freud. She would have had to have gone back to school and spend something like thirty years getting her degree in the United States. But she had a reputation when we lived in Europe of being the person to bring your children to if they had problems, while Pa and Ma did the European six months or sometimes nine months. So while we lived in Europe there were always children with us. When we came back to the United States I was ten – eleven. The only way that mother could make a living with my father who was a philosopher and quite a famous Jewish revolutionary, Russian Jewish revolutionary – Both my parents were actually exiles. First, they were exiled from the United States. They came to the United States as exiles, and then they were exiled from the United States in the '20s, which is why we lived in Europe.

**MEH:** Why were they exiled from America?

**EZM:** Because they were socialists. My mother was a feminist, and that was just unacceptable in 1920. It was called the Palmer Raids, and Attorney General Palmer, who was J. Edgar Hoover's boss, had decided that the danger after World War I and the Russian Revolution was too great to allow socialists who were not citizens to stay in the United States. So, my parents were told to leave and finally did. Then the tempers changed. In the 1930s my father's – In the 1920s and '30s, my father's books were being burned by the Nazis, so they thought we'd better come back. Perhaps, they thought, if we couldn't come back to the United States, we'd come to Canada. But we came back to the United States. So, my mother – the first thing she did was establish herself as

running sort of a children's – It was called The Children's House and associated with a school called Hessian Hills School, which was part of this consortium of Progressive schools that were related to Dalcroze in Switzerland, Neill [Alexander Sutherland Neill, 1883-1973] in England, Stuart Chase in the United States. There were radical, progressive schools, probably ten in New York City alone: Walden, Little Red, City and Country, and then in Darien, I've forgotten – Danbury School. Cambridge there were two. Two of the professors at Black Mountain were from the Cambridge progressive movement as well. So, to get back to how I knew about Black Mountain – Betty Young, who was one of the co-founders along with John Rice in 1933, was a student of John Rice in Florida, when they were all in Florida and revolted against the system and founded Black Mountain. Betty was studying psychology, heard about my mother and asked if she could be apprenticed for a year. I was considered to be probably a moron because when I arrived in the United States I was tested in a language I didn't know. The onus of moron followed me through school until my mother – I asked my mother about it, because when I went to Hessian Hill, I didn't consider myself a moron. I wasn't treated like one, and I learned – My brother, who was two years older than I, taught me English very intensely, taught me to read and write. I was very bright in French and in German, so that obviously if I'd been sent to a German school, I would have been a bit over a moron, certainly, with a sort of a rather average IQ perhaps. Anyway, but I found out by sneaking into the files at Hessian Hills before I went to high school that I was considered a moron. The recommendation was that “This child

should never be sent to an ordinary school." Well, I went to an ordinary school. I went to a boarding school one year, and a Quaker boarding school in high school. I graduated from high school in three years because I was so angry that I just took a lot of courses that I knew more about them than my poor teachers. I bullied the French teacher. I took her aside and I said, "If you'd like, I'll teach you how to pronounce those words that you're not doing well." I bullied the German teacher. So, they got rid of me as fast as they could. Anyway, Betty Young thought that I would be very happy at Black Mountain. So, I took the train in 1937 – I was seventeen – and visited and applied. I applied for a scholarship and they thought I was too young. So, I went two years to New York University, and then in 1939, I went to Black Mountain. I was accepted and I stayed until 1942.

**MEH:** Just going back a bit. What were your parents' names?

**EZM:** Zhitlowsky. My mother's name was van Leuwen. She was Dutch, and my father was Zhitlowsky.

**MEH:** And their first names?

**EZM:** Chaim Zhitlowsky and Nora van Leuwen Zhitlowsky. Nora – when my mother came to the United States, she came as a Fabian Socialist. She had been advised by George Bernard Shaw and the Webbs. They sort of became her patrons or her protectors. They said the first thing you do when you come to the United States – I guess it was 1908 when she arrived, maybe 1910 – the first thing you must do is join the People's Institute, which was sort of the home of the bohemians and all the semi-socialists who later became very involved in

Roosevelt's cabinet. Frances Perkins, for instance, who became Roosevelt's Secretary of Labor, and my mother met all these people, and they advised her to get a job in a prison. So, she got a job as scrubwoman in the Women's Prison on 12th Street in New York and learned more about the United States than she thought she ever would. Then she decided she was going to have a – do a soup kitchen for workers' families, and so she opened a very, very small soup kitchen, restaurant and went around knocking on doors in the 90s Streets and the 70s, on the Upper East Side – in between 70th Street and 90th Street. This was a Bohemian area [NOTE BY ZHITLOWSKY: "Bohemian in this sentence refers to the East Europeans."], and the women, all who were workers, were insulted that anybody would think that they could not provide food for their children. So, they told my mother, "Just forget it!" They would never buy anything from her. But she was offering soup and stews. So, somebody suggested that she – Then she became an editor at The Masses, which was – The Masses magazine. Max Eastman was one of the editors of it, and my mother was – I've forgotten what kind of editor – but she always made lunch for everybody. They decided they had more editors than they needed and not enough people to make lunch. So, she opened a restaurant called "The Dutch Oven," which was in the cellar of the Provincetown Playhouse, which was where Eugene O'Neill's plays were opening. So, it was a really wonderful place. It was on Washington Square South or West, I've forgotten which. I've looked and looked and looked for – My sister and I have both researched where – who has written about The Dutch Oven, and there's one book that

mentions it just slightly, and that's all. It's mostly about the Bohemians. [NOTE BY ZHITLOWSKY: "Bohemians in this refers to the artsy folk."] Anyway, when the Palmer Raids decided that – When Attorney General Palmer decided that my mother was a danger to the world, she decided she'd have to leave with the three of us, and we left. Father had a passport that was good in Switzerland, England, and Canada, so he could travel back and forth. He was a philosopher and he taught philosophy, and so in between proselytizing for socialism, not Marxism– He had gone to school with Lenin, but they disagreed about a great many things. My father was not a Marxist. He was also not a Zionist, so he was pretty much in a very tight corner, rather, sort of a tunnel. He didn't belong to the great upheaval in Russia, and he didn't belong to the great upheaval in the Jewish community either. He was a maverick, my father.

**MEH:** Now you were born in this country?

**EZM:** I was born in the United States, and when I was two they were expelled and told to "Get Out!" Take me away.

**MEH:** So, you arrived at Black Mountain – You had visited before.

**EZM:** I had visited, and I'd fallen in love with it totally.

**MEH:** How did you get there?

**EZM:** I went by train. It was a wonderful train trip. I didn't realize that there was segregation. I didn't understand about segregation. The front of the train always fascinated me because we were right behind the engine. So, I walked in it and the conductor told me I couldn't stay there. I said, "Why?" and he said, "Because only – " he said "colored." "Only colored are allowed." I said, "I'm

colored." I mean I thought I was. (LAUGHS) So, he allowed me to stay, and I had a wonderful time.

**MEH:** Wonderful. When you arrived at Black Mountain, did you have any idea what you wanted to study?

**EZM:** I really didn't know if I wanted to be in college at all, but I thought that this was one place where I could begin to crystallize my ideas. When I was at New York University, I had been an active member of the American Student Union, and it was founded by a group of very, very radical young people, and we were much, much hounded by two state assemblymen – Rap [PH] and Coudert – who decided that we were a great danger to – There was a huge upheaval in New York anyway, a very, very large radical movement. I had gone to Hessian Hills, where my mother was running the children's house, and we were very radicalized. We had very radical ideas. We wanted to know what was going on in Russia. We wanted to know what was going on in other parts of the world, and we were very international, all of us who graduated from Hessian Hills. I think many who graduated from Walden School in New York, as well. Many of those young people gravitated towards let's say Antioch and Oberlin and – what's the name of the college in (UNINTELL NAME)?

**MEH:** Which one?

**EZM:** I keep saying Florence, but no – Bennington and –

**MEH:** Sarah Lawrence?

**EZM:** Sarah Lawrence!

**MEH:** They were all part of this progressive network.

**EZM:** Yes, they were. Actually, Constance Warren who is one of the founders of Sarah Lawrence, her nephew was Dick Andrews. He and I had – when we were in the old building, his study was opposite mine, and he would come first thing into my room because he had to stand back so he could see his work from a distance. He and Fred Stone traveled all over North Carolina looking for narrow gauge railroads, and Dick made wonderful drawings of the narrow-gauge railways. He was Albers' (LAUGHS) – He and Albers never got along, [NOTE BY ZHITLOWSKY: I have since heard from a student of Dick Andrews that he admired Josef Albers.] and he and Albers fought all the time. He was so stubborn that he would refuse to go to any classes. He just did what he wanted to do, he and Fred Stone. Fred photographed and Dick drew narrow gauge railways all over North Carolina.

**MEH:** What classes did you take at Black Mountain?

**EZM:** I took a course with Dr. Straus. I took a course in American History, actually in sort of World History, with not Gerald Barnes but what was –

**MEH:** Walter?

**EZM:** Walter Barnes. I took an English remedial class with – can't remember his name either [NOTE BY ZHITLOWSKY: Kenneth Kurtz].

**MEH:** Was it Wunsch? Mangold?

**EZM:** No. No. Mangold was my advisor, and he and I talked French a lot. I loved Fred Mangold. He was a wonderful guy. I can't remember the name of the teacher who corrected my English papers. I had a tutorial with Jay Nelson, and I had been reading music, and so she reintroduced me to reading music again. I did

some piano with her. I'd had piano before. I belonged to Dr. Jalowetz's course, which was wonderful. It was very exciting. I took Werklehre. I was an observer in Werklehre, and I took a drawing class with Juppi, always, whatever drawing classes I could take with Juppi. Then, I took weaving and decided that weaving – I would do more weaving than anything else. I was not a good weaving student. I didn't do the exercises Anni wanted. I wasn't very imaginative about it. Then of course I was on the work crew because I took a number of courses with Kocher. Larry Kocher was a wonderful teacher. He was very exciting.

**MEH:** Let's go back then and focus on specific courses and teachers. I really do not have a clear picture in my mind of Mangold. What was Fred Mangold like?

**EZM:** Fred Mangold was actually the secretary-treasurer, and he and Ted Dreier ran the college, along with Morton Steinau. Those three. Without those three it could not have survived. Fred was more detached than Ted, and he was my advisor. He was the advisor of a number of students. He had a wonderful sense of humor. Very, very detached. Totally unfazed by the *Sturm und Drang* that occurs in a college like Black Mountain, the disagreements among the people who had come from other places. Oh – I did have a course with Fran de Graaff also, because I needed to – I wanted to keep up French as well, and so she and I did a conversation in French.

**MEH:** But going back to Fred. How would you describe his persona, himself as a man?

**EZM:** He was the most accessible person, without pretensions. He had a marvelous laugh. He had a marvelous laid-back, stand-back – He rarely spoke in – what

did we call our group meetings? I've forgotten what we called them. He rarely spoke. If he did, he merely addressed, made an announcement of one sort or another. But he was the registrar of the college and he decided who had a scholarship and who didn't. He and Anne, who was his – She had been a secretary at the college, and they married, I guess, in the early – I don't remember when Fred first came to Black Mountain, but he was there when I arrived, and he was there when I left. He was, I think he was the glue. He and Morton Steinau were the glue that kept the college together. Fred – Ted Dreier – [INTERRUPTION IN TAPING. IRRELEVANT COMMENTS NOT TRANSCRIBED]

**MEH:** I want to call, and probably she wouldn't want to do another interview, but it would be good just to speak to her and let her know that she's not forgotten.

**EZM:** She'll probably write anything – I mean, if you offered to send her questions, I'm sure she'll write you very very succinctly and beautifully. You were asking about Fred. The one thing I think that was really – He heard people. He listened, which was really – There were so many egos at Black Mountain and his capacity to hear and listen, which was also true of Mary Barnes, by the way, who was my sort of mentor and advisor. I was very lucky that she and I were friends. To be listened to at a place like Black Mountain was very unusual (LAUGHS).

**MEH:** I've read a lot of letters between Fred Mangold and Joe Martin, and they're wonderfully irreverent of all the seriousness at the college. Very funny.

**EZM:** Oh, I hope you publish some of this. I have – When he and Anne went to Mexico, Anne and I, we wrote back all the time and I have some wonderful letters from her. They were very funny folks. They were genuinely funny. That was very interesting because there's something about progressive education that was extremely serious (LAUGHS) and very, very self-consciously serious, because they're proselytizing you forever. John Evarts was irreverent and wonderfully funny. I remember Hope Stephens always sort of, in our student meetings and in our general meetings, Hopie's voice would come out with usually a wonderful irreverent remark. It's very important to break the self-consciousness of it.

**MEH:** What – You took Mangold's course. What do you remember about Anni Albers' weaving? You said that you weren't willing to do the exercises.

**EZM:** I took weaving all the time, and I was considered to be a weaver, but – I did the exercises and I – I was against, I really didn't want to design for machines. What I felt was that we were actually creating – I wanted to see what one could do on a loom that broke the pattern. When Duke University asked Anni to lead a group of students to attend a seminar at Duke on textiles, on non-natural fibers, because Enka Rayon was very involved with Duke at the time, and there was a strike at the time also at Enka. Anni decided that since I was the only student who hadn't produced what she had asked to be produced, that I should not be allowed to go to Duke, which is what I wanted.[NOTE BY ZHITLOWSKY: Not to go.] I had the entire atelier to myself. Ten looms, all strung up. So, on all ten looms I did exactly what I wanted to do for something like three years of

taking classes. The weaving that you've shown in your book was the first one that I did. When Anni came back, she was really stunned, because she felt that I had been so inarticulate about what I wanted to do. I had actually been her secretary, and I worked with her. I typed all her material, and I watched her as she created her articles, but I had been incapable of expressing it, except as a weaver. She allowed me to graduate as a result of the ten weavings that I had done. She saw exactly what I – Not only she, but Juppi as well, so that although I never was considered a graduate, Fred considered me a graduate, and Anni and Juppi considered me a graduate. They tried to get me into Yale. Instead of going to Yale I went to Highlander Folk School because I wanted to work with kids.

**MEH:** Let's come back. Let's stay at Black Mountain for a little while longer. So, did you actually graduate from Black Mountain?

**EZM:** I don't know that I actually did. Both Fred and Anni considered me a graduate, and they felt that I could get into the graduate program at Yale. That was what was considered for me until I decided not to go to Yale.

**MEH:** What do you remember – you said you remember the work program with Larry Kocher.

**EZM:** Well, I was involved in all of it. I volunteered for all of it.

**MEH:** You were there the year they built the Studies Building?

**EZM:** I was there from the very beginning of – As soon as we began breaking ground at Lake Eden, I was on the work crew because it was what I enjoyed the most. I'd always been a good carpenter. At Hessian Hills, we did a great deal of – we

worked with a forge, and we worked with wood, and we worked with all materials, and I'd always liked carpentry a great deal. Alex Reed and I began building the Quiet House by working with stone. He showed me how to work with stone. Actually, the stone mason worked with both of us. That was one of the things that I did. Then I worked on the Studies Building. Ike Nakata and I were the first concrete crew on our shift. Fred took – I've forgotten the name of the Black Mountain doctor who used to care for all the students, especially the women students – he saw me lifting these heavy cement bags and heavy sand and stone. He told Fred that I would probably wind up not being able to have children if I did it anymore, and so Fred said, you know, "This is out. You're going to have to find something else to do." So, I worked summers as well. I stayed at Black Mountain two summers in a row, working on the work crew and being paid, which paid part of my tuition.

**MEH:** What do you think was the effect on your education of having this work combined with your classwork?

**EZM:** It was very exciting.

**MEH:** How was that?

**EZM:** It was wonderful. First of all, it created a group spirit. We went over on the truck, we sang on the way over, we sang on the way back, we were tired, we looked forward to our meals, we looked forward to each other. We liked being assigned – For instance, I remember one project I was on was – I carried the caps, when we began breaking rocks, which meant you had to walk very carefully so you didn't explode yourself and everybody else. I was the cap

carrier, to “break” [NOTE BY ZHITLOWSKY: “Break really means blasting.”] stones, and actually dynamite the stones and dynamite our mountain for the college, for the Quiet House for some of the other buildings. It was exciting working in the summer, for instance, with the Harvard graduate students who came down, and working – we went on tours with Gropius and Breuer when they came down visiting the buildings that they had built in North Carolina. It was very, very interesting, and it was a way to understand what architecture was, particularly because Lawrence Kocher was so very explicit in what we did. He involved the arts students, he involved everybody. All of us learned how to handle – I knew how to handle tools, but all of us learned how to handle tools. We watched over each other. It was really very exciting. It was, I feel, a complete education.

**MEH:** Expand – How do you mean – You say you feel it was a complete education. Can you expand on that a little more?

**EZM:** We didn't have calisthenics, and yet we moved. We were all active, we all walked, we danced. Once a week we danced. [OFFMIKE INTERRUPTION].

**[END OF SIDE 1, TAPE 1; SIDE 2, TAPE 1 BEGINS]**

**EZM:** Once a week we danced, but what was interesting about it is when you consider – when I compare the conventional going-to-classes with six hundred other students at NYU, for instance or to a biology lab or a psych lab that had 180 students and two aides, you learned virtually nothing except what you were willing to remember to pass tests. You knew nothing about your other students unless you became very friendly. You knew nothing about your instructors. It

was cut and dried. It was like going to grade school, like going to a conventional high school. Whereas Black Mountain was complete. You woke up with it, you went to sleep with it, you ate it, you slept it, you breathed it. You went into an incredibly beautiful environment, and you became aware of how protective you could or wanted to be of it. You became interested in everything that everybody else did or thought. There wasn't anything that was strange or unusual. Roman Maciejczyk, for instance, was a student who had come specifically to study anthropology, and Paul Radin came specifically to teach Roman. Yet, we were welcomed into any of the seminars. We became groupies of the Roman and Paul Radin seminars. They were wonderful. There were about eighteen of us who would crowd into the room. We'd bring cookies, we'd bring tea, and we'd spend a whole afternoon talking. Then I had a tutorial with Roney Boyden, in which I would research the art of a period – and we didn't have very much research material, I assure you. Our library was very short – and Roney would fill in the historical perspectives of that period. Pretty soon that became a favorite sitting ground, and we had all sorts of, everyone would all sit, and Anne Mangold would join every once in a while. Dr. Jalowetz would come in, the art of music of this period. Anni sometimes dropped in or looked in, and art students. Most tutorials were like this. They involved everybody, and you became interested in other people's subjects. The only subject that I was not good in and that I disliked was with Dr. Straus, who disliked me intensely. He tried to have me expelled.

**MEH:** Why do you think that was the case?

**EZM:** Well, I think he was a very, very strange man, and I think he was a very aggressive and abusive one. One of the students whose parents were very wealthy and were providing money into the college – it was Kathryn Sieck, who had had, who actually I think probably had bone cancer. She very often could not walk. Very beautiful, very funny, very authoritative young woman. Her younger sister, Barbara, was very tall and very beautiful. They were what would – They were sort of the “Princess Dianas” of the college. Kathy and I had had a very good relationship in that she thought I was funny and I thought she was funny. So, I would bring her trays of food if she needed it, and I would bring her special things from the dining hall. We had a friendship. Dr. Straus resented it. He felt that she was his patient, and if I entered there, that I was interfering in his treatment of her. So, he denounced me, I remember, publicly in the dining hall when we were all at Blue Ridge. He said, "The next time I find you in Miss Sieck's room, I will have you expelled." I was also in a class of his, and I was very sassy and fresh to him, and, so, he couldn't forgive that either. (LAUGHS) Fred told me, he said, "Oh just drop out. Don't worry about it."

**MEH:** Did you?

**EZM:** Yes.

**MEH:** Good.

**EZM:** Yeah, well I couldn't stay in that class and have him abuse me.

**MEH:** You've had interesting, radical, leftist politics. How did that conform to Black Mountain, in terms of Black Mountain's political views? If it had anything –

**EZM:** I was more particularly worried about the fact that there were no African Americans at the college. Actually, the first visitor to the college was – I've forgotten his first name – but Bunche [Ralph J. Bunche, 1904-71], who was our first delegate for the United Nations, who was an appointee of Roosevelt and the first black well-known person to come to Black Mountain. He spoke. He talked about education. I was worried – I loved our cook and his wife – Rubye, and – what was his name?

**MEH:** Jack.

**EZM:** Jack and Rubye. I was very, very fond of them. I was fond of the fact, and happy of the fact, that they were very close to many students and to the faculty. It bothered me that we had African Americans in the kitchen who did not eat with us. I felt, having come as a foreigner into the United States, and having felt the anguish the Jews felt, and knowing of racism, that this was probably the most painful subject in the United States and the most painful subject to me. It always bothered me a great deal.

**MEH:** Was there any talk at the college of integrating the college at that point?

**EZM:** We talked about it, yes. After I left, there were a number of students who made a great deal of fuss about it and demanded that blacks be brought in and be integrated. Apartheid in the South really was very, very bothersome to me, which is why I went to Highlander.

**MEH:** We'll come back to Highlander because that's another track I want to follow. Were you at all aware of Bob Wunsch's participation in various integrated programs and activities?

**EZM:** No, I wasn't. I felt that he was probably – I never felt that he would resist it. I always felt that he was very open, just as I felt that all of us were. I remember having a discussion with Fred and Anne about it, and they knew how bothered I was about it. It was something that we just could not solve. Fred didn't try to make excuses for it at all. He just felt that it may happen, and when it does, it will. I'll try and think of – We did not talk about it politically. We didn't study – For instance, we didn't talk about slavery in our hist – We avoided, very much we avoided talking about the Civil War, for instance. But I know that there were plans, always, that black visitors would be invited. I've forgotten – somebody had mentioned – I had gone to a Quaker boarding school where there were blacks, but Dr. Max Yeargens, who was a minister and a friend of Paul Robeson, his two sons were my schoolmates at Oakwood, which was a Quaker high school. I had hoped that one of them would apply to Black Mountain. Maybe they did. Perhaps they did and perhaps they didn't. I don't know.

**MEH:** While you were at Black Mountain, did you ever visit Highlander Folk School – while you were studying at Black Mountain?

**EZM:** No, but I was told about it by Emil Willimetz, and Emil had been there several summers, and he had persuaded me that perhaps when I got out of Black Mountain that I might want to go to Highlander. One of the things that I did at Black Mountain, I think – I don't know if I mentioned it when we spoke at our reunion, was that for me to graduate I also had to become a part-time teacher. I don't remember how this was arranged, I think Morton and Barbara Steinau arranged it, but I was driven to a small mountain school where there were

something like five grades in a small one-room schoolhouse in the mountains. There were no buildings around it. Anni and Juppi had supplied me with a great deal of butcher paper, brushes, and lots and lots of poster paint. I was supposed to get these kids painting. Their silence – ! They ranged in age from about seven to twelve or thirteen. Their silence was something that I could not penetrate or break down. "Yes, ma'am. No, ma'am." Total silence. So, I began stretching out paints and taking splotches of paints and making big splashes and asking somebody to come up and get the brush and write his or her name. They wouldn't. They didn't say, "I prefer not to." They didn't say, "I won't." They just didn't move. The second day that I tried it – I think I went three times, once a week, and this would help me in graduating, whatever. The second time I tried it, I still could not break the silence. Here are fifteen children staring at me. So, I had a temper tantrum, and I jumped up and down, and I yelled and I screamed, and I began putting paint on the wall – not on the wall, but on the butcher paper – and splashing paint. They looked at me in great astonishment. So, I had to stop. I decided, all right, I'm not going to get through to you guys. So, I began folding everything up, and they watched me, and the little girls came and they put lids on all the jars, and the boys picked up the brushes and washed them, and wrung them out, and then handed them back to me. Then one by one they all went out. There was this huge wonderful oak tree outside. As I was cleaning up and waiting for my ride, which wasn't going to come for perhaps two hours, I just went out to see what the kids were doing. They were telling stories to each other in a circle, around a tree, and they were weaving,

with leaves, this huge, huge, oakleaf blanket. Everybody adding little pieces.

They looked at me. I said, "Could I sit down?" So, they made room. They taught me how to make this blanket. We sat there for three hours, making this lovely blanket. I decided I could learn more from them than they could ever learn from me.

**MEH:** So, you continued?

**EZM:** So, I continued. That's all I ever did after that. We sat outside and we told stories, and we wove these huge oakleaf blankets. I only went twice more.

**MEH:** What an incredible experience!

**EMZ:** Oh, it was wonderful! To know that I could finally be accepted. It wasn't that they had – They were apprehensive about me. I was young enough so that I wouldn't be a threat. I couldn't threaten them with punishment. There wasn't anything I could punish them about. I was supposed to be there to help them enjoy life. Well, they were enjoying life, and they taught me how to. They sang silly songs, and they clapped their hands every once in a while, and the little ones would get tired and would wander away and come back. It was lovely. It really was a marvelous experience. For some very strange reason, I didn't write about it until much, much later. I didn't tell Anni. I think I told Fred and Anne, and they thought it was very funny and were delighted with it. But I didn't think that anybody else would accept the fact that I had not broken through. Just the sense of "breaking" is something that just - well, it didn't apply there at all. They were lovely kids.

**MEH:** Did you go away from the college much into the surrounding neighborhood?

**EZM:** No. Actually Martha Hunt and I took an overnight trip into the Smokies in her station wagon with some borrowed mattresses, and we had a beautiful, beautiful ride. That was a marvelous experience. Another time I wandered around Lake Eden hills and got lost, and this was kind of scary. I took a walk. I was blue, I was depressed, I was sad about something. I took a longer hike than I thought I should. It was on a Sunday, and on Sundays we didn't have a Sunday meal, so I just took off with my sandwich and kept walking and was lost in the mountains. Since I was wearing my serape, which was a nice warm blanket, I just curled up – I heard voices. They frightened me, and so I stayed hidden. The next day, in the daylight, I wandered what I figured was south, down, and pretty soon Fernando and Bob Bliss started yelling and screaming for me. I followed where their voices were and came back in. I really enjoyed being alone, and I really – aside from being frightened by the voices that I heard. I wasn't sure who was speaking, I wasn't sure if they were hunters, I wasn't sure if they were mountain people who didn't want strangers around, I didn't know the terrain at all. I worked on the farm and I enjoyed working on the farm a lot.

**MEH:** What sorts of things did you do?

**EZM:** Well, I drove the tractor, which is how I learned to drive. I learned – I was taught how to drive the truck. At that time we were plowing the ground so those of us who drove the tractor pulled the plow behind. It was interesting. There wasn't anything that wasn't interesting. There was nothing that was ever boring. I was intimidated by Dr. Straus' class, and I'm glad that I dropped it. But nothing else.

Everything was new and do-able, and you could investigate. I stayed away from quarrels. I had good relationships with my roommates. I had one “child” there – Frances Goldman, whom I had known before in high school because she was a friend of mine who also went to Walden, graduated from Walden. Walden was probably the first of the great progressive schools and probably still exists so far as I know. Francie was the undersized, brilliant daughter of a very, very old Jewish furrier, very wealthy, who married a very young, young, rather robust forelady who abused him and had Francie, who was probably, I would think, a genius. She was very, very, extraordinarily bright and talented. A voracious reader. Not very pretty. Terribly frightened of moths, and she needed a protector. Because I had known her before we both went to Black Mountain, she decided I was her mother. So, I watched out for her.

**MEH:** What happened to her?

**EZM:** Her father died and left her uncle in charge of her estate, which was sizable. Her mother had her committed to Rockland State where she died of TB at age something like 26. She fell in love with – She was very much in love with Leslie Katz, who was already almost married to Jane Mayhall, and she used to pursue Leslie, to his embarrassment, my embarrassment, to all our embarrassments. She was very funny. She didn't mind making a spectacle of herself. She was tiny, not pretty but wonderfully attractive, a marvelous painter. She opened me up to literature. She made me read Thomas Wolfe. She made me read Thomas Mann. She made me read a whole lot of stuff that I had never read before. We

discussed it, and she hammered away at me so I felt that there was a great, wonderful exchange between us.

**MEH:** Let's leave Black Mountain, and then we'll come back. Why did you decide to leave?

**EZM:** I felt that I'd had – that I had graduated. When Anni and Juppi suggested that I go to Yale to do graduate studies, I figured, well, no, that's not what I want to do. I went to Highlander because I wanted to work with kids, and they had an opening for a child care center. So, I felt that that's something. When my mother – When I had been at Hessian Hills, I had always been a helper to my mother. I was the older sister to all the younger kids, and I always felt that I had many many siblings. It was a joy. I loved having them.

**MEH:** So you went to Highlander, in Tennessee, and you worked with children?

**EZM:** I worked. I ran the child care center and I worked in the community, as the outreach worker.

**MEH:** What was Highlander like then?

**EZM:** Highlander was in a very strange community, a very, very poverty-stricken community of people very much like the kids that I had taught in the one-room school. So, that I felt completely that I knew these folks very well. My job was to feed children who were absolutely almost starving to death. It was a community that had been built up during the Civil War by Scotch-Irish immigrants to the South, who had absolutely no stake in either the North or the South in the Civil War, and who migrated to Cumberland Mountains to get away from the War. They became miners. It was soft coal country, and they became miners in the

soft coal country. The mines under Highlander, which is a plateau, was on a Cumberland Plateau were – You couldn't freeze to death because you could dig down ten feet and hit a mine, a tunnel. They were warm. They didn't have much food. In my child care center, I had twelve of the local kids who were not in grade school yet. I worked with one of the young women in the community, who had a daughter, illegitimate daughter. We had fifteen kids and we fed them, and we did nursery rhymes, and we got them ready for school. But mostly we fed them. This was donated by a group, by a large group of people who contributed to Highlander. At that time, Highlander was – It was a labor school, and it became an integration school in the late '40s and then '50s. "We Shall Overcome" was collected by Zilphia Horton, who was the wife of the co-founder of Highlander, and she had worked with tobacco workers in Knoxville. They sang, "We Shall Overcome," and she brought it back as an anthem. Everybody who came to Highlander learned, "We Shall Overcome." We also – Zilphia preferred, "No More Mourning", which is a wonderful, wonderful adaptation of a religious song. "No more mourning, and before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave." "Before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave, take my hand with those who fought, and died before." [OFFMIKE INTERRUPTION]. Anni gave me, as a punishment which turned out to be my saving grace. [NOTE BY ZHITLOWSKY: I don't know what the punishment was or why.]

**MEH:** Is there any real comparison between Highlander Folk School and Black Mountain? Are they even comparable?

**EZM:** No. No. Highlander was run by a very small, very controlling group, and it was the only way that it could survive. Black Mountain was free to change with whoever happened to come in and blew a different breath on the place. That's what made it unique, in a sense, as a college because Oberlin or Antioch could never have survived that kind, those sorts of changes. Their structure demanded much more rigidity. Black Mountain's not having money in a sense was a freedom. At Highlander, not having money made it very dependent on the local community. The hostility to Highlander was much, much greater than the hostility to Black Mountain. Highlander was a threat to the establishment, whereas Black Mountain, in a sense, was – but not as visibly and not as understandably.

**MEH:** When you left Highlander, what did you do? How long were you there?

**EZM:** I was there for almost three years. My father died, and my mother wanted me closer to New York. So, I agreed. I really wanted to be as far away from my home as possible. I wanted to explore and find out who and what I was. But I came home because I felt that my mother wanted me near. So, I took various jobs. First, as a result of Highlander, I got a job working for the National Maritime Union in the education department. Education has always been my main interest – no matter what it was, what I was involved in, whether it was using my hands or being taught to use my hands.

**MEH:** Did you weave after Black Mountain?

**EZM:** Yes. When I went to New York, I had a friend – I found a studio at 125th Street in Harlem in a building – I'm trying to think of the name of the painter whose

studio was next to mine. Norma Lewis. A wonderful painter and a marvelous person to know. There are not many paintings of his – not really recognized very much, but this was 1944. I took over the loom, a very lovely loom, at 125th Street and bought a lot of materials. I wove four or five wall hangings that I had wanted to do and did do and then gave one away as a wedding present, and I refined another one that I had begun at Black Mountain that I wanted to really work again. Then I really couldn't afford the rent on the place so I had to give it up. The young woman, who was a black weaver, whose name I do not remember and I wish I did, had a nervous breakdown and was in some sort of a recovery place. So, that's how I got to use her loom. I never found out. I'm sorry, but I never found out what happened to her afterwards. Then, yeah, still in the '40s, through working in the Education Department at Black Mountain College, no, at the National Maritime Union, the United Seamans Service – this is still war time – one of the people who worked for the United Seamans Service told me of a school that was going to be opening in New Hampshire by Mrs. Vanderbilt Webb, who opened America House, the founder of America House, who wanted to bring together craftsmen and women to perhaps teach handicapped veterans. So, there were two weavers, two silversmiths, two potters, and two cabinetmakers. We settled at Dartmouth in – I'm trying to think what year this was – probably 1944. Yes, it was 1944 to 194- – I went up around September and became a staff member and found that we really were totally disorganized, that we were never going to do very much.

[END OF SIDE 2 , TAPE 1; SIDE 1, TAPE 2 BEGINS]

With the eight staff members in four disciplines, there was one veteran (LAUGHS), and we had a director who was the most disorganized person I think I've ever been directed by. My co-worker was a fierce, terrifying man, who became my friend. His name was Robert Harts (PH), whose mother had taught him how to weave and who had built all the looms that we worked on. He was the most extraordinarily skilled weaver I have ever met – I mean, more than any weaver I have ever met. There isn't anything he didn't know about spinning, dyeing, and creating, making a loom, building it, taking it down, making it work. I had been hired because of my Black Mountain background as the director of the weaving department, and he was absolutely furious. His clothes were all dyed, spun, and woven by himself and his mother, and they were absolutely beautiful tweeds. He was an antique collector. He was fierce, resentful, and I finally calmed him down by pointing out that I knew 1/100th less than he did, and all Mrs. Webb wanted me to do was to design some scarves to sell at America House. If he would help me set up a silk loom, I would try to design a couple of scarves to sell at America House. I stood it for about seven months. It was so insulting to him that he would be considered lesser. So, I was offered a job by – My mother had connections with John Collier in the Indian Service, and I was offered a job to teach weaving to the Navajo (LAUGHS). I thought, "Oh, you can't mean this!" I took a job instead at Scalamandré Silks through somebody I knew who knew this Scalamandré himself.

**MEH:** How do you spell Scalamandré?

**EZM:** S-C-A-L-A-M-A-N-D-R-E. He is the foremost manufacturer of, recreator of Renaissance and eighteenth-century damasks, brocades, in the world, and the most famous interior – producer of silks and brocades for interior designers.

**MEH:** What did you do for him?

**EZM:** I had been introduced to him as a graduate of Black Mountain College, as a weaver. So, what he wanted me to do was to just go through the entire factory and go into every section – he was already doing silkscreen – so I spent a week in silkscreen, which I had never done before, and then he took me on the production floor where we had nothing but automatic looms – terrifying! – that turned out chevrons for the Army. He had one jacquard loom and one elderly, elderly Italian man who wove his fancy brocades, but he was doing mostly war work. Scalamandre told me that as long as I was there I was not to speak to anyone about anything ever. I think he knew about my labor background. I'm sure he found out about it. The person who taught me how to weave, to fix looms – these automatic looms – The flying shuttles weighed seven pounds and with sharp steel-tips, and when they fly and they hit somebody, they kill. You know, there must have been 150 automatic looms, so that meant that each of us had maybe three looms to watch over, so there were about fifty of us on the floor. He wanted me there for something like three weeks, so that I'd know exactly how to fix a warp thread that had broken, or whatever, and I learned. The woman who taught me was a woman by the name of Prospera Quatrini, who was a woman in her fifties. She and I became friends, and she took me home to lunch, and I was fired because although she was his oldest skilled

worker, she had been an anarchist and had been expelled from Italy as a sixteen year old with her husband, and then they went to Paris and to Lyons where they became silk workers and organizers of silk workers and were expelled from France. Her husband was killed, and she came to the United States. Scalamandre used her to teach everybody how to weave, but one must never speak to Prospera Quatrini.

**MEH:** He was concerned you might organize the laborers?

**EZM:** Yes. Well, she no longer did, you know. She was going to survive and do whatever she could. She told me a wonderful thing. She'd had two children, and she was sorry that they were not the kind of children she had hoped for. They were not radicals. They were not anarchists. She said, "You know, in this country you give somebody a brick they throw it through a window." She said "Where I grew up, you give somebody a brick, they build with it."

**MEH:** So, after you left there, what did you do?

**EZM:** I got a job as a manager (LAUGHS), something I didn't know anything about, in a silkscreen plant and worked there for about two years.

**MEH:** This was in New York?

**EZM:** Yes. It was in Queens and it was very interesting.

**MEH:** This was not silkscreen fabrics.

**EZM:** No, this is silkscreen on bottles. The guys who did this had worked in the Work Projects Administration as designers and artists. They were both artists. They brought silkscreen into the WPA to make not only posters, but they began making reproductions on silkscreen. Then one of them, who was a very

inventive engineer as well as an artist, decided that you could build a silkscreen machine that could screen onto glass. It was their invention, which they patented. I went to work for them. I also went on the production floor, and I went into the machine shop and then in the screen room, and then I became the manager for about two years. They went broke. They were bought out by a competitor who was smarter at business than they were, and when they went broke, I didn't want to work for the competitors. I don't remember (LAUGHS) –

**MEH:** At what point did you meet your husband and marry?

**EZM:** Well, when I was working at the National Maritime Union, I met him then and we – Around 1947 – I had a miscarriage. We hung out a lot with Black Mountain people, sort of Highlander-Black Mountain people in the Village.

**MEH:** Who would those have been?

**EZM:** Fred and Jane Stone. Emil Willimetz. Francie, when she was still alive. I'm trying to think. Anybody who happened to be coming through. We sort of mixed the two – both Black Mountain and Highlander. There was a crossover. Around 19 – I had a miscarriage in 1947. I lost our first child, and we decided we wanted to hitchhike across the country, and so we did. We hitchhiked from New York – with Fran de Graaff most of the way, actually. Fran used to come and stay with us, too. We drove to Chicago. I met my in-laws. Then we hitchhiked from Chicago to Portland, and from Portland – I hitchhiked from Portland to Seattle, where my brother was whom I hadn't seen in ten years. I was very very close to my brother. David and I decided that we were going to be union organizers, and we were hired to – Have you ever heard of the movie called

Salt of the Earth? It was about a strike in Mexico, and Dolores del Rio, who was at that time the greatest actress in Mexico and also she had been in American films as well, made a movie by – some of the Hollywood Ten (Dalton Trumbo) wrote the script for it – about the miners' zinc strike in Mexico. The people who produced the zinc from the ore were a group of Spanish Civil War veterans, men and women who had been expelled under the Franco regime and had come to the United States. So, they were zinc workers, and so there was a double strike – one in New Mexico and one in East St. Louis, where the zinc factory was. So, we went there as organizers. We stayed and became involved in what became the Civil Rights Movement.

**MEH:** This was in the 1960s?

**EZM:** We broke up as a marriage around 1959. My youngest son was born in '59. I realized that we were not a good marriage, so I wrote Highlander and said, "Can you use somebody? I need to think about what's going to happen in my life." Myles Horton, who was the head of the school, was on his way to Europe to a conference of other schools like it, and said, "Please come and help Mrs. Clark. She needs a white person to be the front." That was where Rosa Parks had been and that was what Mrs. Clark was, and where Martin Luther King had been. Eleanor Roosevelt had come. So, I spent the summer. That summer the State of Tennessee decided that we were selling beer to minors and running an interracial whorehouse, and they shut us down.

**MEH:** Highlander Folk School?

**EZM:** Yes. So, we were shut down. I sent my oldest son to California to be with his dad – my oldest son to be with his dad. My youngest son and I went to New York with Mrs. Clark, Septima Clark, to see if we could raise money and get some support. Lorraine Hansberry became our sort of front person and began raising money and protesting the closing of the school. I discovered that whether I liked it or not – I was offered a job in South Carolina, but I would have had to raise the money to pay for it. It was going to be a civil rights commission sort of place, and I was to raise my own funds. I didn't know anyone in Charleston, and it would have been impossible. So, I came back to California and joined my former husband, and we tried it for a year and then we divorced.

**MEH:** Then you stayed in California.

**EZM:** Yes.

**MEH:** And what did you do professionally?

**EZM:** I did whatever I could. At that time the House Un-American Activities Committee was wanting to pursue Reds, and my husband and I were Reds. So, because we were divorced, they figured that as a single mother I would be very vulnerable. So, I had something like seven jobs from which they managed to fire me. My seventh job – they didn't fire me from my seventh job – was with a Japanese importer, and I became sort of manager, and we imported beautiful things from Japan, some antiques and mostly art materials. The House Un-American Activities investigator would come and Mr. Kimura would be very upset, and they would be quarreling. I knew who was there and why he was there. After about six months I asked Mr. Kimura, "Why don't you fire me?"

Everybody else has." He said, "I will never do anything that the government of the United States demands of me unless I have to." I said, "Why?" He said, "Because my wife was imprisoned in Colorado" – he and his father were second and third-generation Japanese, and so they couldn't be touched. But they had a vegetable garden, truck garden – they were truck gardeners and sold vegetables next to this infamous Colorado concentration camp for Japanese families. Hisako (PH), Hank's wife, was fourteen and was dying of tuberculosis. Hank and his father began rescuing various children, and they brought Hisako to their house and saved her life. She would have died. Eventually when she was old enough, they married. So, –

**MEH:** I remember when I talked to you before – this was early 1970s – I think your son had come back from China, but your husband hadn't and you were very hesitant to speak about it. Can you speak about it now? About the whole incident?

**EZM:** My former husband married, and he and his wife decided that they should go to China where the new world was a-borning. They didn't tell me, and they put pressure on my older son, who couldn't tell me – he was fourteen. But he did want to go to China. He thought it would be a wonderful place to be. So, ostensibly they went to England. My former husband's wife was an English teacher, and so they went to the Shakespeare Festival, but they never came back. I figured after a while that they wouldn't be coming back, but when the political climate changed in China, their friend Rittenberg (PH), who was Mao Tze Tung and Chou en Lai's very good friend, went to prison because they

needed an American puppet to go to prison and to be declared a spy. The offer was made to my former husband and his wife to take his place. Well, then they realized that their children were in danger, and they were in danger. So, one by one, first Christopher came back, and then his two stepbrothers came back. Then finally David and Nancy came back. They wrote a book called The Wind Will Not Subside, which is a very balanced book, I feel, about what happened in China in – They came back around 1970. Christopher came back in '67, '68, and his brothers one after the other came back as well.

**MEH:** We have about maybe five or six more minutes. Do you think there are aspects of Black Mountain that we haven't covered? What do you think about Black Mountain really mattered?

**EZM:** That it existed, and that it was a place, first of all, where people who had things to offer – skills, information, great capacity to teach all the new ideas that had come into the twentieth century – where they could be free to do that, and that had a tremendous impact on a great, great many people. Although it petered out, when you consider all the people who came through there that – Charles Ives, the music, Merce Cunningham, Charles Olson, The Black Mountain Review – even though there was a diminishing sense, there were always people who were drawn to Black Mountain in a way that has never existed again. There have been new a new Antioch here in California, in San Francisco. There was a new college that was part Oberlin, there was the Oberlin Dance Collective. But none of it had the cohesion. I think that there has been such an enormous upheaval. The end of socialism, which had been the

great, great threat in the world which now is no longer the great, great threat to the world. The advent of monopoly capital. The huge differentials, and actually the smallness of the world makes what Black Mountain was really very important, just as Highlander, which still exists in many different ways, had its impact. Intellectually, Black Mountain left a wonderful trail, and organizationally, Highlander has created a wonderful trail. I think those are the things that we will carry into the next century, certainly. I hope.

**[END OF SIDE 1, TAPE 2; SIDE 2, TAPE 2 UNRECORDED]**

**[END OF TRANSCRIPT]**

**On March 8, 1992 at the San Francisco reunion, Eve recorded the following anecdote which she wished to have added to the interview.**

**MEH:** Eve, you were talking yesterday about your being Anni Albers's secretary.

**EZW:** I was a weaving student, but I wasn't very good at being a weaving student. But I was a good typist, and although I was supposed to learn writing from Ken Kurtz, he had assigned me such an uninteresting essay. He wasn't interested and neither was I, so I just forgot about it. And then when Anni asked me to type for her, she would dictate and I would type. And what I learned thinking back on it is that I really learned writing from Anni. Both of us used English as a second language, even though my English was less accented than hers. I don't think I had an accent at all. But her English was—she would think in German, and then in this very exquisite English, this very perfect, succinct English, she would translate the sentence from German to English, and we would have a series of paragraphs. And at the end of about three pages of typewritten

work—and all her articles were about textiles. I've forgotten who the public—for whom she was publishing—we would put the pages on the floor, and she would look and read and then she would pick up a piece of paper, cut it up and then paste. And then eventually there would be one long, long sheet or several long, long sheets in sequence and perfectly styled. Everything that she had dictated made absolute sense. And it was a wonderful way to learn how to write. She was a witty, elegant, very formal person. Very distant. Never intimate at all.

**MEH:** But you were still part of this process.

**EZW:** Oh—

**MEH:** It was never a personal relationship.

**EZW:** It was not warm. She was fond of me, as fond I think as she could be of anyone at all. I think she loved a few people at Black Mountain very deeply. And she had fondnesses. She was an extremely critical person whose criticism was light and thoughtful and very trenchant. You really learned from what her criticism was going to be.

**MEH:** You studied weaving with her.

**EZW:** I studied weaving, and I was a poor student. I was not anybody—she did not rejoice in anything that I put out although you used in the book and I'll tell you the story that I've already told several times and that is that at the end of my last year in 1942 I had worked so very hard in the work program that I really had no energy to produce any of the things that she required. She wanted certain kinds of textile studies that were like *matière* studies. And I was the only one who didn't produce any. And so when Duke University invited the weaving

group to something like a six-day, probably seven-day seminar on textiles, I was the only one not invited to go. Anni had said, “You haven’t produced anything. You can’t go.” And there was this empty, wonderful studio with eight looms ready to go. And so I wove on every one of them, one thing after another, all the ideas I’ve had that I really didn’t want to talk about or even think about or even do except on the loom. And when she came back, she was so pleased, she said, “Ah, [SOUNDS LIKE: the best].”

**MEH:** It’s interesting that you just needed that freedom to create without—

**EZW:** Well, I really objected to the idea of trying design of textiles for machines to do. I thought, well, let the machines figure it out. Because actually a concept that I understood was that textiles are really the first computers of all time. Jacquard looms are the most complicated of all, and, of course, there are much more complicated ones now. But they are like computers. You can do hundreds of billions of concepts on them. And it was so overwhelming to me that I just wanted to change the mode. And, bless her, she understood that and respected it.

**[END OF ANECDOTE]**