

can only be described as accomplished, passionate, and revered. As a House member from 1985 to 1998, Fran co-founded the Legislature for Limited Spending and was a valued member of the Manchester Federation Republican Woman's Club. She demonstrated an unyielding respect, not only for her position but for the positions of her colleagues as well. This was an important principle from which Fran never faltered, solidifying her role as a first-rate political official.

Riley is survived by her husband, Paul; their three daughters, Katherine James, Christine Riley, and Karen Godzyk, one brother, one sister, and four grandchildren.

Frances Riley had been a resident and active member of the Manchester community since she arrived there in 1957. My friendship with Mrs. Riley began some time ago and she remained a treasured and admired presence in both my personal and professional life. Her absence will be felt by all of us whose lives she touched and who were privileged to be her friend. Fran, I'll miss you.●

APPLAUDING DIVERSITY

● Mr. BUNNING. Mr. President, I rise today among my colleagues to pay tribute to Susy Aparicio of Lexington, Kentucky. Last week, in what will surely be a giant step for Lexington's Latino community, Mrs. Aparicio officially opened Biblioteca Hispana to the public.

Susy Aparicio, a native of Ecuador, and her husband, a native of Bolivia, met while they were both students at the University of Kentucky in the late 1970s. After a short stint in Bolivia, Susy and her husband returned to Lexington. Throughout their time living in Kentucky, they have taken notice of the severe deficiency of books, magazines and newspapers available in Spanish. The public library offers a few options, but transportation and language issues serve as unavoidable obstacles to many Spanish-speaking residents. Although both Susy and her husband understand the importance of their children learning and mastering the English language, they still prefer that their children and their children's children grow up with access to resources published in their native language. For nearly two decades, Mrs. Aparicio has dreamed of opening a library where the Hispanic community could have easy access to various reading materials in Spanish. This dream has now become a reality.

Using a grant from the Partners for Youth Foundation, Susy organized a collection of about 400 books and audio and videotapes, mostly geared towards children. Eventually, Susy would like to obtain more funding to expand the library to include more adult-oriented books and offer storytelling, tutorial and family-literacy programs. She hopes this project will provide an adequate gateway for the Latino community to revel in its rich culture.

America is a diverse land full of differences in opinion, prayer and language. While I firmly believe that to succeed in America one must fully embrace the English language, at the same time the new arrivals to America should be sure to remember and celebrate their traditional roots. Diversity has always been and will remain to be one of this nation's greatest strengths.

Mrs. Aparicio has worked extremely hard for the Hispanic community in Lexington, and in the end, Biblioteca Hispana will be a place where future generations can take their children to learn about their ancestry and where they came from.●

TRIBUTE TO ATOMIC VETERANS

● Mr. MILLER. Mr. President, I rise to acknowledge President Reagan's designation of July 16 as National Atomic Veterans' Day.

Between 1945 and 1963, the United States conducted over 235 atmospheric nuclear weapons tests in the Pacific and the American Southwest. At least 220,000 American servicemembers participated in these tests, or were stationed near Hiroshima and Nagasaki immediately following World War II. While they served our country patriotically, loyally, and proudly they were not informed of the dangers from exposure to ionizing radiation. For 50 years, these veterans have been one of the most neglected groups, even though they risked their lives for our freedom.

Despite their valuable contributions to the United States, these veterans have not received the recognition they deserve. It is only appropriate that the American people remember the service of these dedicated veterans today, National Atomic Veterans' Day.●

ARTTABLE LUNCHEON

● Mrs. CLINTON. Mr. President, on April 26, 2002, I had the opportunity to attend the 10th annual ArtTable Luncheon. ArtTable is a national organization for professional women in leadership positions in the visual arts. Founded in 1981, it provides a forum for its members to exchange ideas, experience and information through various programs. ArtTable is dedicated to promoting and advancing greater knowledge, understanding, and appreciation of the visual arts. At each year's luncheon, a different woman who has given her distinguished service is honored. The keynote speaker on this occasion was Dr. Kirk Varnedoe, Chief Curator of the Department of Painting and Sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art and Professor in Historical Studies at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton University.

Dr. Varnedoe has more than a dozen major exhibitions to his credit, both for the Museum of Modern Art and for other institutions. His work has often been at the forefront of the history of modern art and his extensive publications on European and North American

art of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have helped reshape and open up a variety of fields in art history. His contributions began in 1972, at the age of 25, with his doctoral dissertation on the drawings of Rodin and the epidemic problem of forgeries of the later drawings. This work was so significant that its results were published in collaboration with Albert Elsen before the dissertation had even been submitted. His scholarship since that time has been instrumental in opening entire fields of inquiry, for example, Impressionism, Scandinavian modernism, and the influence of photography on painting, as well as bringing little known artists into the center of debate.

In his remarks at the luncheon, which I will ask be printed in the RECORD, Dr. Varnedoe spoke eloquently about his "personal odyssey with the art of Auguste Rodin" and the greater issues that journey brought to life. He discussed the ever-changing world of modern art and what it can teach us, especially during this incredibly challenging period of history through which we are living.

I am grateful to Dr. Varnedoe for his continued scholarship efforts in the area of art history and for sharing this history with us in a way that we can apply it to our experiences in the world today.

I ask that the remarks be printed in the RECORD.

ARTTABLE KEYNOTE

April 26, 2002

(By Kirk Varnedoe)

I have had a personal odyssey with the art of Auguste Rodin. It's a love that I share—along with a great regard for her late husband Bernie—with Iris Cantor. Rodin was once for me an intense and special passion, a singular entry point into the history of art. And now, that body of work seems somehow seen at a distance, more coolly, and that artist one among many with whom I've worked, and from whom I've taken inspiration. Today, I would like to take that small and really trivial personal trajectory into and through Rodin and ruminate on it in relationship to a larger pattern: to use it to think about the way that the modern tradition metes out its gains and losses, the way it gives and takes; and then also to use my little journey to suggest much larger issues about learning and growth—about what we want from art as we change and learn.

Modern art, as is notorious, kills, and it kills mercilessly. In the late 19th Century as it was just being born it laid waste to the Salon world of Gérôme and Bouguereau. And then as it built up steam in the early 20th Century it decided to start slaying some of its own parents and godparents. After World War II modern art killed Rodin like a bright young barbarian gladiator taking down an aging, opulently garlanded emperor—in sheer exhaustion at the achievement of Rodin's weight and complexity, people found themselves gagged to surfeit by the ancienne cuisine richness of this enormous oeuvre, and yearned for a leaner, cleaner psychic and physical life in art. That is perhaps exemplified most pointedly by the beautiful polished surfaces of Brancusi's sculpture. Where once Rodin's flesh roiled volcanically, now you had a still-waters-run-deep beautiful gleam, more like armor than palping flesh; compression/density replaced extension/elasticity;

wit and elegance took over for brooding and suffering; and abbreviated, pithy economic certainties were set up against the older anguished overflowing desire and doubt; fulfillment replaced yearning, and the sticky sweet humidity of Rodin's world was replaced by slick machine cool. And then in the 20's and 30's, the curse of the word "Victorian" descended on The Kiss on The Thinker and on so much else of Rodin's work. A curse that I might say is still enacted at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, if you go look at the installation of the former Andre Meyer Galleries where there is a special kind of purgatory off to the right of Cezanne Degas, and Manet, where The Age of Bronze strides in pride next to Rosa Bonheur and Bastien-Lepage.

But just as certainly as the modern movement took away, it so eventually gave back. Modern art is a sure killer but it is also a fantastic resuscitator. And it works its growth through pulses of recovery. One of those main pulses came in the 1960's with scholarship by men like my mentor Albert Elsen at Stanford, and by Leo Steinberg, who wrote a key essay at the time of Elsen's Retrospective of Rodin at the Modern in the late 60's. Elsen re-found a new Rodin, via his training under Meyer Schapiro, and by his engagement as a young man in the 50's with Abstract Expressionism. And his show in the late 60's was the culmination of new interest, in everything about Rodin's bronzes that was spontaneous, painterly, seemed to depend on accident, and broadcast a kind of heroic drama of angst that seemed in tune with Pollock, with Rothko etc.. While Steinberg, on the other hand, via his experience of Jasper Johns and Judd, pointed us to a new awareness of the formal strategies of Rodin: his techniques of repeating single molds to form new compositions; his processes of fragmenting and hybridizing the body's anatomy, against nature, towards new expressive devices. In these radical, small gestures of handling material, he found a new and more relevant Rodin for the late 60's, the age of minimalism.

Moving on, recuperating, resuscitating, the way that Modern art does it, involves, not simply leaving behind, but finding new ways to carry forward. We know that for example that Cezanne said that his goal was to redo Poussin after nature. Modern art has always had a steady urge to reinvent the past and to recapture it in terms that translate its values into ours, to reinvent, to make new, and this means not only old masters like Poussin, but its immediate forerunners. So in the 1960s, you not only have the reinvention of Rodin, but the re-invention of Russian Constructivism through minimalism, Marcel Duchamp reborn in the work of Richard Hamilton, Jasper Johns and Bruce Nauman, and Futurism in Pop Art, especially British. A whole new parentage was reinvented, often outside the traditional "school of Paris" lineage, for Modernism. And the "recovery" of Rodin was a part of this revivification.

But at what a cost? Steinberg's essay for example, was explicit in saying we have to begin by disregarding so much. We have to begin by eliminating all of the public Rodin, all of the finished works, indeed virtually all of the most ambitious parts of his work, which are seen in a scornful way, as part of the desire to please too large a public. Steinberg wants to favor instead the intransigent truculence of a private experimenter, showing no compromise at all with the tastes or demands or emotions of the public of his time. In Steinberg's case it is particularly modern irony that imposes the great divide between our cooler, sophistication, and a rejected messier world of sentiment pathos, and earnest heroism in Rodins.

"Our" Rodin, then, relevant, sanitized and censored—not the Rodin of The Kiss, the

Thinker, or the marble works, and surely not the Rodin before whom Cézanne fell embarrassingly to his knees, and to whom Rainer Maria Rilke dedicated his pen and his time. Is that the inevitable price of progress in knowing art? To narrow-hew, in order to make newly vivid/relevant? To diminish and deform as we try to reform, pick and choose?

This audience in this room is a kind of aristocracy, or meritocracy, of special knowledge about art. We work at it. We are typical of those the self-elected and self-organized elites and cenacles and Salons that have made Modern art get up and go from the beginning and all along. And this group too is typical of the kind of voluntary assemblages—shooting associations, stamp guilds, glee clubs, softball leagues and debating societies—that, far from being anti-democratic in nature, have been seen by observers since Tocqueville as being central to the health of our plural society, and indeed the unscripted backbone of democracy's difference from mere mob rule. Now it's an article of faith in this room that knowing more about art, being more sophisticated, is certainly a good way of forming a club, of defining one's self, gathering together with fellow feelers. But is it a legitimate corollary that more sophistication and knowledge is necessarily greater moral intelligence about the larger world, or indeed about all art? The dirty truth is that there is always a price to be paid, in the deadening of our capacity to respond to joys that once moved us, sealing us off from others in our iced and ironic superiority.

We have been living for years now in a time of great surprises, unpredictable events and changes that have deeply affected us—the coming of AIDS, and with it a new sense of fatality and mortality; the fall of the wall and what did not come in the wake of its euphoria; the haunted resurgence of Holocaust memory—and then, finally the massive rent in the historical fabric that took place just over six months ago. It is not just that the art of Louise Bourgeois, of Ghormley and Munoz, of Kiki Smith and Charlie Ray have for years now been asking us to rethink Rodin's heritage of the vulnerable body. Nor certainly am I dealing with only the question of suddenly now considering the specific memorial, monumental and public ambitions of the best sense of memory and tragedy in this one artist, Rodin—though both of these reinventions and rethinking seem overdue. But what seems subliminally an issue now is the broader confrontation with what our sophistications may cost us more generally—in a lack of access to the heroic, or to tragic, when these terms seem suddenly, newly apposite and relevant. Is it we slick pros who are irrelevant, and bound in? Inadequate to our time, as it has to our great surprise changed faster than we seem to be able to? This is a question I know many artists have been asking themselves, and it is one worth our asking ourselves too.

We need to rethink the balance of continuity, and relevance in art, the two things I think, that we go to art for. On the one hand for a vivid sense of our own life, of being alive, but also for a sense of things outside ourselves, other minds, other ways of feeling. And that other shifts as we change, and grow, and can include the parts of ourselves, the passions that got us here but that we have abandoned and closed up to some ostensible hipper and better good. What does it mean to grow up? (Baudelaire felt that true genius was only childhood recovered at will, now equipped with adult means of communication) What does it mean in the art world that we all inhabit, to be a pro? Is it a dead ideal that it could entail for ourselves, and those we advise and instruct an effort always towards a broadening, increasing sympathy for a wider range of life experience, more en-

compassing, more fully human? It might—if we could be less hidebound, a little more sure of ourselves—it might be a goal to be more alive to the possibilities of our peculiar moment in history, if we truly work at it.●

CONGRATULATIONS TO WESTMINSTER CHRISTIAN ACADEMY

● Mr. BOND. Mr. President, I would like to congratulate Westminster Christian Academy of St. Louis, Missouri for their second place award in the "We the People . . . The Citizen and the Constitution" competition held in Washington, D.C. from May 4-6, 2002. These outstanding young people competed against 50 other classes from across the nation and demonstrated a remarkable understanding of the fundamental ideals and values of American constitutional government. I commend these students for their hard work and keen understanding of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights and the principles and values they embody. Congratulations to Chelsea Aaberg, Erin Aucker, Claire Barresi, David Baxter, Jordan Chapell, Eric Dalbey, Matt Frick, Brandon Furlong, Matt Georges, Megan Ghormley, Kate Gladney, Abi Haas, Elisabeth McClain, Alyson Miller, Becky Miller, Emily Munson, Amy Myers, Anu Orebiyi, Lauren Petry, Cassie Reed, Terra Romar, Matt Schrenk, Drew Winship, and Bethanne Zink.●

TRIBUTE TO LT. GEN. MICHAEL A. NELSON, U.S. AIR FORCE, RETIRED

● Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to an exceptional leader—Lieutenant General Mike Nelson, United States Air Force, Retired—in recognition of his remarkable career of service to our country.

General Nelson has a truly distinguished record, including 35 years of commissioned service in the U.S. Air Force uniform, that merits special recognition on the occasion of his retirement as President of The Retired Officers Association (TROA).

Born in East Los Angeles, California, he graduated from Stanford University and entered the Air Force as a second lieutenant in 1959, then earned his pilot's wings the following year. His subsequent military career exemplifies what the Air Force expects from its best and brightest.

General Nelson demonstrated valor and leadership throughout his 35 years of dedicated military service to his country, and has been a positive role model and mentor for countless officers of all services in his dedication to protecting the welfare of those who serve and sacrifice in uniform. That dedication and excellence has not diminished in his subsequent service to our nation's military community since 1995 as President of The Retired Officers Association, the position from which he is now retiring.

Under his thoughtful and inspired leadership, The Retired Officers Association has played a continuing, vital