

shoot throughout the rough neighborhood, and joined forces with Sniadecki. A graduate student in anthropology at Harvard, he had directed a 2008 documentary she admired, *Demolition*, about workers at a demolition site in China. (He is currently pursuing research in China.) “Aesthetically, we were speaking the same language,” she says; in the junkyard, they “would be swapping the camera back and forth—it was so organic.”

Foreign Parts reflects both their aesthetic and their philosophy, which rejects many traditions of documentary film: narrative structure, voiceover narration, identifying titles, and musical soundtracks, for example. “Documentaries tend to be too timo-

rous, and too beholden to the conventions of broadcast journalism,” Paravel explains. “I’m allergic to the strictures of a ‘fly-on-the-wall’ approach, in which the filmmaker tries to be completely invisible and inaudible, as if they’re some kind of all-seeing God who has no real relationship with the subjects in front of the camera. For me, films should enact and embody an encounter, rather than just report on one after the fact. The notion of a unidirectional gaze is an illusion—a camera’s vision is always returned and contested by those in front of it.”

The result is a film that draws the viewer into an unfamiliar but very real place. (“Sure, it’s an ethnographic film,” Paravel jokes, “—like any other fictional film.”)

Whatever its genre, *Foreign Parts* seems to resonate strongly with audiences: it won the Best First Feature prize at the prestigious Locarno Film Festival, best-film prizes at three other European festivals, and was an official selection for the New York Film Festival.

“I try to offer something for viewers to see, experience, and make sense of on their own terms, rather than imposing my own interpretation through a voiceover,” Paravel explains. “I try not to finger-point. This is more empowering for the subjects, and also for the viewers. Film at its best aspires to be a medium of commensality rather than mere communication, a way of sharing and reliving the world with one’s subjects.” ▽

Salads with Panache

Gardening, mixing, and tossing in Santa Fe

THE HIGH DESERT and gourmet salads; experience as both a *fashionista* and a farmer. Unlikely pairings apparently come naturally to Erin Wade ’03, farmer, chef, and owner of Vinaigrette, a salad bistro in Santa Fe. The menu at her 68-seat establishment (100 seats in the summer, when the patio is open) offers about 20 varieties of salad daily—and her creations have a way of hitting the palate with aplomb. Consider the robust Apple-Cheddar Chop (\$15.95)—grilled pork tenderloin over peppery baby arugula, julienned green apples, pickled fennel, and sharp cheddar, chopped and tossed in a ruby port vinaigrette, or the relatively light Eat Your Peas (\$9.95)—fresh baby lettuce and sweet green peas with crunchy bacon shards, savory white mushroom sauté, and Asiago cheese with a tart vinaigrette. Should you

come during the growing season (roughly late May to late September), there’s a good chance that Wade will have picked your greens herself that very morning.

She began to think seriously about food after college, while studying to become a fashion designer in Milan. “The Italian attitude toward pleasure and food, it’s infectious,” she says. “It’s this sense of entitlement—that everyone deserves good food.” A Milanese pizzeria that featured more than 100 different pizzas, ranging from kiwi and *talleggio* to Gorgonzola and hazelnut, inspired her; all were “simple, fresh, and healthy.”

“As a woman coming out of college, I was looking for a way of eating, a philosophy of eating, that wasn’t deprivational,” she recalls. “I wanted to eat in a way that was loving and nurturing.”

Wade tends her three-acre garden, with a 1,200-square-foot greenhouse, in Nambé, a hamlet 20 miles north of Santa Fe, with help from one other gardener. Her family bought the 10-acre parcel of land, including the



Salad creator Erin Wade on her New Mexico farm. (At left) Wade’s Cherry Tart salad at Vinaigrette in Santa Fe

300-year-old adobe fixer-upper where she now lives, in 2003 as a family redoubt, but Wade moved in after returning from Milan unclear about her career plans.

In 2004, she began planting cover crops like alfalfa and legumes to replenish the soil’s nitrogen, and began trying to irrigate, a task far more complicated than she’d first expected, given the area’s written and un-



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written rules governing water rights. “Whiskey’s for drinking, the saying goes around here,” Wade says, “water’s for fighting.” But by 2005, a small patch was ready for planting in raised beds—and the dream of opening a restaurant was blooming, too. In 2008, with help from her family, a large line of credit, and considerable faith in her untested business plan, she opened Vinaigrette.

“I picked every dish, tin, plate, chair, table, and lamp,” Wade says. “Designing was a natural extension of my background, and a hell of a lot easier for me than the work of running a restaurant!” For help in that department, Wade enlisted an operations manager and a kitchen consultant. “I will say that it wasn’t easy, in this male-dominated industry, to find people I could work with who checked their ego and listened to me—a skinny white chick with no experience.” But Wade brought her salad acumen, fine-tuned during her years living on the farm, and the concept. And the pairings have worked: steady growth, bustling lunch and dinner crowds, and rave reviews (including two mentions in the *New York Times*).



Visit harvardmagazine.com/extras for two of Erin Wade’s salad dressing recipes and more images of her food and restaurant.

She now raises about 70 percent of Vinaigrette’s produce on her own land, and whatever happens to be thriving inspires her salad creations. The high desert air produces particularly peppery arugula, for instance—hence the idea of balancing it with

Grilled shrimp adds color to The Omega, a salad with avocado, corn, and cilantro.



DOUGLAS MERRIAM

O P E N B O O K

America as Argentina

It has been a rotten economic decade for the United States. Why—and can anything be done to keep the stagnant new normal from persisting? In *Lost Decades: The Making of America's Debt Crisis and the Long Recovery* (W.W. Norton, \$26.95), Menzie D. Chinn '84, of the University of Wisconsin, and Stanfield professor of international peace Jeffrey A.

Frieden advance a macroeconomic account of these woes, and a (difficult) path away from them. In the preface, they ask, "What happened?" and answer thus:

The United States borrowed and spent itself into a foreign debt crisis. Between 2001 and 2007, Americans borrowed trillions of dollars from abroad. The federal government borrowed to finance its budget deficit; households borrowed to allow them to consume beyond their means. As money flooded in from abroad, Americans spent some of it on hard goods, especially on cheap imports. They spent most of the rest on local goods and services, especially financial services and real estate. The result was a broad-based economic expansion. This expansion—especially in housing—eventually became a boom, then a bubble. The bubble burst, with disastrous effect, and the country was left to pick up the pieces.

The American economic disaster is simply the most recent example of a "capital flow cycle," in which capital floods into a country, stimulates an economic boom, encourages high-flying financial and other activities, and eventually culminates in a crash. In broad outlines, the cycle describes the developing-country debt crisis of the early 1980s, the Mexican crisis of 1994, the East Asian crisis of 1997-1998, the Russian and Brazilian and Turkish and Argentine crises of the late 1990s and into 2000-2001—and, in fact, the German crisis of the early 1930s and the American crisis of the early 1890s....

To be sure, the most recent American version of a debt crisis was replete with its own particularities: an

alphabet soup of bewildering new financial instruments, a myriad of regulatory complications, an unprecedented speed of contagion. Yet for all the unique features of contemporary events, in its essence this was a debt crisis. Its origins and course are of a piece with hundreds of episodes in the modern international economy.

For a century American policymakers and their allies in the commanding heights of the international financial system warned governments of the risks of excessive borrowing, unproductive spending, foolish tax policies, and unwarranted speculation. Then, in less than a decade, the United States proceeded to demonstrate precisely why such warnings were valid, pursuing virtually every dangerous policy it had advised others against....

The American crisis immediately spread to the rest of the international economy. The world learned a valuable lesson about global markets: they transmit bad news as quickly as good news. The American borrowing binge had pulled much of the world along with it—drawing some countries (Great Britain, Ireland, Iceland, Spain, Greece) into

a similar debt-financed boom, and tapping other countries (China, Japan, Saudi Arabia, Germany) for the money to make it possible. The collapse dragged financial markets everywhere over a cliff in a matter of weeks, with broad economic activity following within months.



DOUGLAS MERRIAM

Vinaigrette's light, airy interior pays artistic homage on one wall to the building blocks of salads.

sweet dried cherries and toasted pecans in the Cherry Tart (\$8.95). Other salads, like Appeasement, start from a story—in that case, about a couple of grumpy customers who needed mollifying. "The fact that *peas* and *mint* are a classic culinary pairing got me thinking...but how to combine them?" she recalls. "Mint is used frequently in Thai cooking, so I thought of peanuts and obliquely of black sesame seeds, which are common in Asian cuisines—and because I find mint too harsh by itself, I began to think about it in the dressing. So I ended up with Appeasement [(a-peas-mint)]—crisp green cabbage, sugar snap and snow peas, and radish, with chopped peanuts, black sesame seeds, and a creamy mint-ginger vinaigrette."

The grumpy couple, apparently, never returned, but Wade considers the salad name emblematic of what running a restaurant requires. "When you can turn a negative experience into a positive one by apologizing, admitting fault, sending out dessert or comping the whole shebang—whatever kind of appeasement is necessary—you often cultivate your most loyal and devoted customers."

Of moving to New Mexico, learning to farm, and opening Vinaigrette with no restaurant experience, Wade says, "It was a big leap of faith. I was convinced I was going to be dressed in a sleazy carrot costume begging people to come in off the street." But she says also that she knew, in part from her experience at Harvard, that "ideas matter. No one thought it was going to work, but I believed in this. I knew it would work. People need it."

~HOWARD AXELROD