

From: Turner Brooks
Subject: Tom Dryer, a bridge, and a correction
Date: March 13, 2021

I passed under this bridge driving with Tom Dryer (Vt. rt. 103) on the way from New Haven to Starksboro Vermont. As we slid under it, I made a stupid comment about the bridge; something like how it looked confused about what it was trying to do. Tom looked a little annoyed, and responded with an eloquent response, invoking the concept of complexity and contradiction in architecture, and explaining how much he liked the bridge precisely because it was using the same vocabulary of parts in different ways, opportunistically, to solve a problem. I stood completely corrected and drove on. Every time I drive under the bridge which must now be in the realm of hundreds, I think of Tom.



was a genius.

From: Peter Rose
Subject: Tom Dryer, a bridge, and a correction
Date: March 16, 2021

Oh Turner, I have thought about Tom so many times. My primary memory is also of driving with him, in my case from New Haven to Magog Quebec, just over the Vermont border, where I was building a house on my parents' property. On the long drive, a very familiar one to me, I would point out various landscapes, buildings, mountains, colors, atmospheres I felt were about the north, perhaps also about me. I was trying to be a good host, wanting him to have a good time, talking too much because silence - something he seemed comfortable with - unnerved me. I remember nothing of what I said, nor any of his responses. But his gentle, kind, softly smiling face and his voice remain with me as if I was with him yesterday. As does my sense in retrospect that he was far wiser, and lived in a darker place, than most of us knew.