

Siblings

PHOTOS BY NICK KELSH
CAPTIONS BY ANNA QUINDLEN

At the breakfast table, at least one of the five children would taunt a brother or sister to tears. But on the way to school, the Kelsh kids became comrades, protecting each other from bullies and other hazards. "In one day there were so many ups and downs, so many emotions," recalls Nick Kelsh, BJ '81, whose photographs in a new book, *Siblings*, capture the essence of life's longest-lasting relationship.

"I looked for all of those classic moments I remembered from my childhood and the childhoods of my siblings, and photographed the children around me now: our neighbors, my son's friends, his classmates," Kelsh says.

Pulitzer Prize-winning author Anna Quindlen, also one of five children, wrote the book's essays, exploring the cradle of rivalry and loyalty, disdain and tenderness. In this sequel to their bestselling book *Naked Babies*, Kelsh and Quindlen bring into focus the emotional energy of real siblings in real life. *

—Carol Hunter

FROM *SIBLINGS*. PUBLISHED BY PENGUIN STUDIO EDITIONS. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF INTERNATIONAL CREATIVE MANAGEMENT, INC. TEXT COPYRIGHT © 1998 ANNA QUINDLEN, PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT © 1998 NICK KELSH.



They could fight, too, and wrestle, try to pin one another down, demand "Uncle."

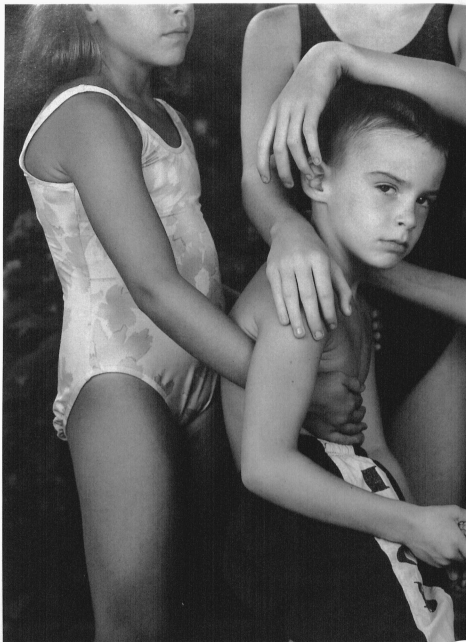




As though our households were theaters, as they are, we enter on cue and take the seat that is not filled. The clown, the thinker, the quiet one.



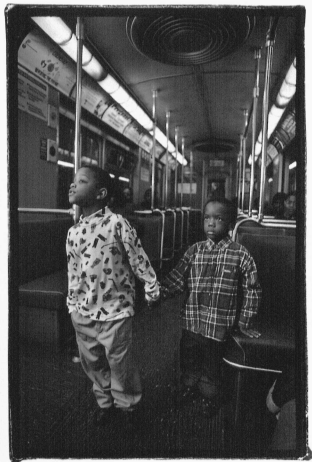
This is what it means to have brothers and sisters, I suppose, in the last analysis: There is no ice to break.



What bliss, to be the baby, and to find the many ways there are not to behave like one. ... [But] having siblings means that **someone has to be the youngest one**, forever and ever ...



Each of us rides the toboggan of experience down the hill; by the time it is the turn of the youngest, the hill is smooth and slick and perfectly prepared.





They played together fairly peacefully, held hands walking down the street once the double stroller had been outgrown.





... When I saw the two of them, their heads bent together over a game, one dark, one fair, I felt that I had made a perfect world that would continue long after I was gone.



They shared a room and, at night, little boy conversation would come to us in fits and starts