

THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER

VOL VI NO1 OCT 1987

"The yeare winds down, the birdes stille..."
--Chaucer



EMPTY NEST CREAKS ALONG

NO FANFARE MARKS 6th YR OF PUBLICATION

Springfield No balloons rose in the sky, no sparklers went off, as the ENNLEd began this 1st issue of Vol. 6. And why should they? She hasn't finished Vol. 5 #5 (June 87) and Vol 5 #6 (August) yet, & got them off to you (Finished or not, they'll come w/ this issue.) So it is no wonder that no congratulatory telegrams have arrived, ENNL is no doubt forgotten! So far no anonymous donors have been beating on the door demanding their money back.

- TWO PROBLEMS ANALYZED -

The first is TIME. And that is chronic. This semester is starting off no better than others, & the house has sunk to a deeper morass of mess, if that is conceivable. However, the Ed. is staying off all committees, SAYING NO to most things, & has hired help to clean, & work on the paper mess. The second is: THIS PUBLICATION HAS BECOME TOO MUCH OF A PRODUCTION! THE ED. HAS TAKEN TOO MUCH PRIDE IN IT, MAKING IT LOOK GOOD, TIDYING UP HEADLINES WITH WHITE OUT, TRYING TO GET TOO MUCH INTO IT, SIFTING JOKES, ETC. ETC. ETC. Somewhere along the way it quit being as much fun, and began to seem a bit of a burden, even though no one is making her do it, and subscribers apparently like the publication. SO, a **NEW LEAF!**

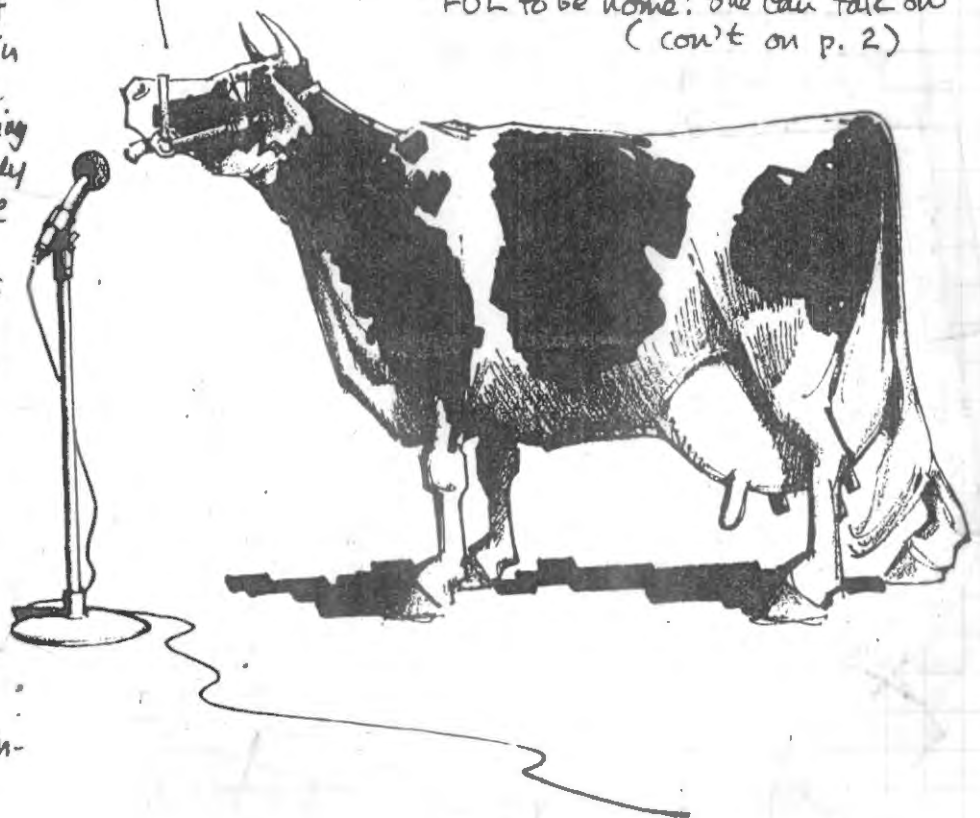
is being turned over. ENNL is going to be messier. The ed's going to write the news in INK right off and not revise & revise in pencil & then ink it in to erase the pencil marks. She's not going to sweat over bad mots. If they come, they come. There maybe fewer pages. (How about BIGGER PRINT?) The jokes may not fit the news, as they often have in the past. She hopes that these measures will bring your favorite publication to you more regularly, and that it will increase in fun for her again. She still solicits news, & won't print all that news people tell her she CANT print, moves the pity. And, she will continue to MISS news. SELAH.

GRANDMA AT HOME!

Beloit Here's what's happened since the update in Vol 5, #6. Gram (to the Drs. surprise) stabilized, but her veins gave out for IV's. So after considerable discussion of alternatives, they went to a thin nasal tube which (once everyone got it figured out) has turned out to be fairly simple, not nearly as invasive as we feared, and Gram doesn't really mind it. She gets 4 cans of ENSURE thru it a day, and is getting fat (over 80 lbs now!) and it has taken the frustration out of mealtimes for all of us, since she's now getting enough liquid & nourishment, and doesn't have to be cajoled (or bullied--she says I bully!) to eat. She now eats however much she wants for b, d & supper. She was 39 days at the hospital, w/ excellent care, then moved to Fair Oaks Nursing Home, South Beloit, also excellent care. None the less we stayed with her round-the-clock both places, she wanted that & so did we. (We slept--ordozed--on a lounge.)

On Aug. 15 we brought her home, deciding all would be happier w/ Mom in her accustomed spot in the living room-- though now in a hospital bed, and that we could manage the nasal feeding, exercising, etc., etc. She was brought home by Grandpa, Jackie, Ellie, Ellie's friend Bob Gunn, and Cressida Broken, with much celebration. Cover was especially glad to have her back. We set off fireworks at night, & took pictures. GRAM IS JOYFUL to be home! She can talk on (cont on p. 2)

AHEM!
YOUR ATTENTION,
PLEASE!



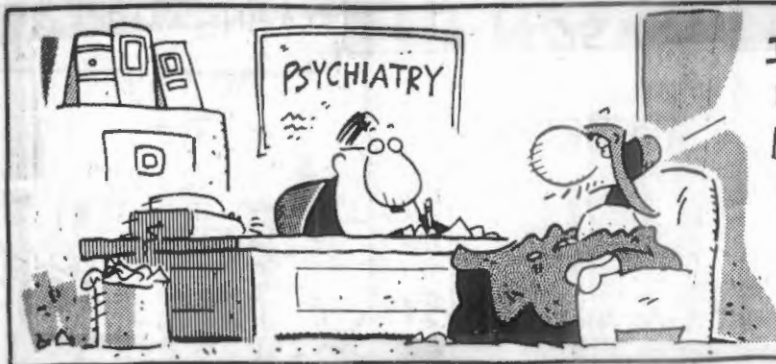
GRAM HOME; IN TOUCH WITH REALITY.

(Cont from Front Page.)

the phone and welcomes calls from all of you. Jackie left on Aug. 19, Barbara came Aug. 18 and did a marvelous job for a month; Craig came a week later and stayed 10 days; Pat is coming Nov. 8 for 3 wks; Jo comes down frequently to spell folks at night; Ellie came up several times from Chicago to spell night-sitters. Gram's mind is clear & sharp for the most part, tho w/ her blindness she confuses day & night. Dad is doing a superb job; as of this writing he's on a 16 hr shift, 4PM to 8AM. A Home Companion person comes 8-4, and one could come more, but Dad says he can handle it, and if he can't, he'll get help. Being w/ Mom is always interesting, her mind is so full of a number of things. One night in the N. Home, JJ was trying to sleep, & Gram made a couple attempts at conversation; J didn't respond much. After a bit she heard Gram singing a hymn J'd never heard before, "How tedious and tasteless the hour..."; Gram's mother Nona used to sing it while she was ironing. JJ's trying to track down the full hymn, do any of you know where it can be found?

NOW SPORT TOMBSTONES

Chicago Paul Campagna a while back located the grave of the grandpere of some of us (& gr-grandpere of more) Morton Smith Wardner, & of his son, Horace (VWD's brother) in separate spots in Irving Park cemeteries. Thru Paul's efforts, & June's, there are now head stones for the twins; the cost was shared by Paul; June Schafer; E.A. Campagna; Ron & Vera Dougan; and (for Horace) the Veteran's Administration.



I DON'T MIND BEING IN TOUCH WITH REALITY, AS LONG AS I DON'T HAVE TO LIVE THERE.

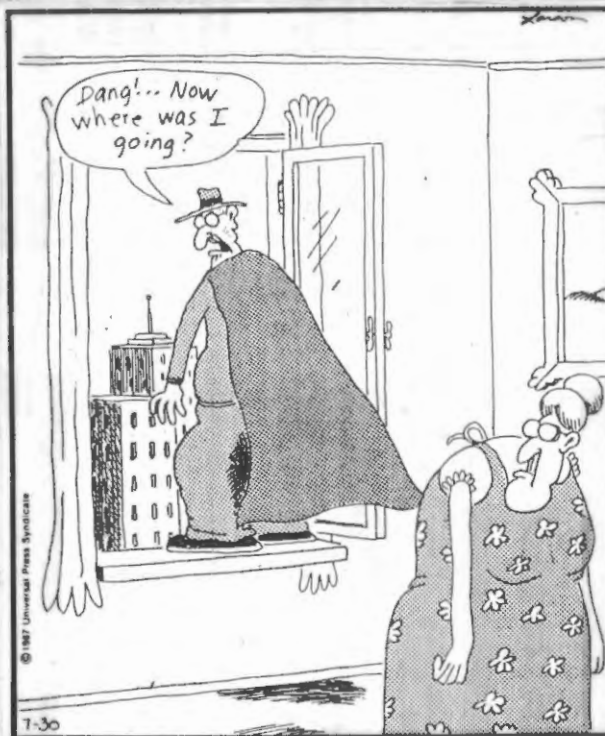
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HAD QUITE A GOOD TIME

Beloit Jackie stopped up at the farm 2 weeks after she'd left, & VWD'd come home. "Are the unhappy days in the hospital and nursing home beginning to recede in your memory?" Jackie asked. Said Gramma, "Oh, I thought we had quite a good time!"

VWD PLANS FUNERAL GALA

Beloit. Hear Ye! VWD wants her funeral to be a time of celebration and affirmation of life, not mourning. Gram woke JJ one night in the N. home to say that she was thinking about how she'd like her



Superman in his later years.

funeral, JJ mumbled, "It's not imminent, can it wait till morning?" Gram subsided, but then after abt 5 minutes JJ remarked, "A couple years ago you said you wanted the Mendelssohn," & we were off. Gram replied, "Yes, & I'd like..." so, JJ got a pencil & paper & took it all down. JJ said we'd make it as celebratory as possible, but there'd be bound to be a lot of sleepy eyes. Gram thought that someone from the National Federation of Music Clubs (like the Presi-

dent!) should be there & say a few words. Then she thought someone representing the State Federation should, too. I said, "Well, someone from Treble Clef (the local club) surely ought to speak; you rose from their ranks." "Yes," agreed Mom, "and then there should be a few words from someone from the Chess Club..." "Mom," I said, "You're mixed up; that's for Dad's funeral; HE'S the chess club member." And Mom laughed and said, "That's right."

MY GRAMPA SAYS THAT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS HE'S BEGINNING TO FORGET THE MULTIPLICATION TABLES



THE NINES WENT FIRST... NOW THE EIGHTS AND SEVENS ARE GOING...



IT'S VERY SAD... I WISH THERE WERE SOMETHING I COULD SAY TO HIM...



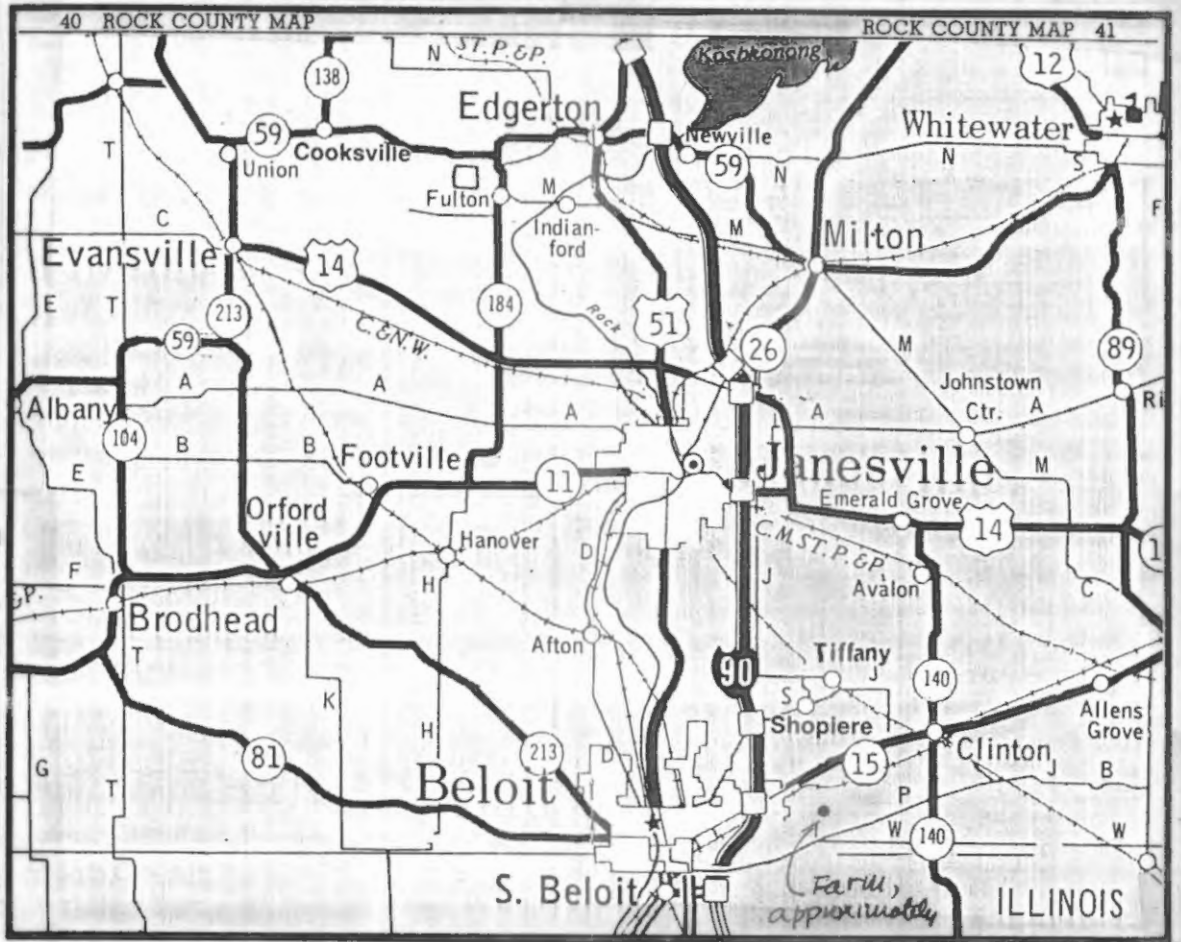
SIX TIMES SIX IS THIRTY-SIX



(The cartoons on this page are a reflection of the condition of the Editor of the Empty Nest.)

NEWS FROM THE CHATTERING CHAIN

Con't from VOL 5, #6, Page 1
... off a purple field that was so sweet w/ clover that you got off your bike & just stood and quivered w/ your eyes shut. There were no thick hedge white w/ stitchwort & pink w/ herb-robert, but there were fence rows tangled w/ wild grapes, black raspberries, and road edges progressed from buttercups to daisies, Queen Anne's lace, black-eyed susans, blue chicory, purple aster, & golden rod. There weren't the lovely English villages spaced every few miles, with ancient churches & buildings, museums & pubs, but there was the unique Tiffany bridge, Afton, Avalon & Emerald Grove, the startling wooden church at Cooksville, the huge stone barn from 1842. Our tar mac roads were just as good & as little travelled. I stayed off the heavy-line roads on the map above, avoided the thru lines when I could, stayed on the network of back roads not pictured. The architecture of barn/silos/outbuildings/house was almost always an aesthetic delight. I worked up to 20 mi. a day. Didn't manage 2 of Rock Co's 20 townships, but did far more than 20 mi. in Turtle, Clinton, La Prairie & Bradfordton. Every day I'd mark out my route w/ red pencil in the huge plat book (1940) that has a full page for each township. Biked 4 or 5 times w/ Judge Richard Long & Barbara Holmes Long, who regularly take the same route to Janesville & back. (R. & I sheltered in a barn when a storm hit - B was at a meeting - and 3 mi. away, at the airport, 100 m.p.h. gusts turned over airplanes! I saw deer, muskrats, groundhogs, skunks, besides squirrels, rabbits, cows, etc. It wasn't England -- but it was a wonderful time, & Rock County is beautiful country, full of woods, hills, waters, prosperous farms, & many, many vistas. I loved it, even in '95! And it balanced hospital nights.



FINDS DOUGAN BOTTLES Emerald Grove, WI. JJ stopped in a general store - antique store in E. Gr., while cycling, & found 2 Dougan 1/2 pts. Later she returned with R.A. & Craig (while giving them a tour) and traded an amber quart bottle for one 1/2 pt. (square). The going price of this item, & presumably the quart: \$10.

HOME FROM SUMMER VAC. Spfld. All Mequai's plants returned Oct. 10 from their summer vacation in the back yard at 816 N. 5th. All had thrived mightily so that 816 now scarcely contains them. Many had thrust down roots beyond their pots into the soil, so that the change was a real wrench. "Still," (to quote one) "those nights were getting CHILLY!"

CALF NAMED CRESSIDA McCabe Farm, Turtle Township Cressida Brosten made such a hit with Mrs. McCabe, whom she assisted several days in feeding cattle, that a brand new calf was christened "Cressida" in her honor. Since McCabe calves all have the same initial as their mothers, it was serendipitous that

the one "C" cow in the barn -- "Crystal" -- calved at exactly the right time. Photos were taken of the 2 Cressidas.



New manager aims to update public radio, double power

BY BOB ASHENMACHER
Staff writer

Duluth's Minnesota Public Radio station has a new general manager, as the station publicly announces a money-raising drive to update its equipment, move to new quarters and nearly double its broadcast power.

Daniel Schmidt, a 32-year-old employee of MPR in St. Paul, has been named to head WSCD-FM 92.9 in Duluth and its repeater stations, WIRR-FM 90.9 in Buhl and WGGL-FM 91.9 in Houghton, Mich.

Schmidt replaces Dick Daly, who founded WSCD in 1975 and recently moved to a public radio job in Buffalo, N.Y. WSCD employs six people full time and has an annual budget of about \$500,000. Schmidt also will oversee two part-time employees on the Iron Range and a full-timer and two part-timers in Houghton.

Schmidt began his public radio career in Madison, Wis. Since 1983 he has been director of administrative services for MPR in St. Paul.

"Dick (Daly) presided over a building phase," Schmidt said. "The Iron Range station was a terrific example of how a community can rally to get something it wants done. The building phase, the expansion phase, in this area has ended. I see my goal as strengthening our ties to the community and our service to the community. I see making (WSCD) a strong, visible institution."

Schmidt assumes his duties as MPR confronts the post-Garrison Kellor era. The recent departure of the phenomenally popular host of "A Prairie Home Companion" has left questions about how MPR will take up the slack.

"We're going to miss Garrison. I think more programmatically than financially," Schmidt said. "He was a tremendous asset but it cost as much to produce (A Prairie Home Companion) as we raised around it. It just pretty much paid for itself. Of course, that doesn't address the audience building it accomplished for us."

Noah Adams, a former co-host of National Public Radio's popular "All Things Considered," is sched-

uled to unveil a Saturday evening show for MPR later this year.

One of Schmidt's foremost tasks at WSCD will be leading a capital drive aimed at raising \$200,000 to rebuild the station, whose studios are at the College of St. Scholastica. The college has offered new, larger office and studio space for WSCD.

An equipment upgrade is necessary because the station's antenna has been damaged by a fire and the transmitter is failing, Schmidt said. The station should broadcast at 46,000 watts but has been transmitting at 38,000 watts because of the damage. It has permission to increase power to 70,000 watts. If the present situation continued the Federal Communications Commission could reclassify WSCD, Schmidt said, preventing the power boost and allowing other stations to strengthen their signals around the perimeters of WSCD's coverage area.

About \$108,000 has been pledged to WSCD so far, Schmidt said, including \$70,000 from the National Telecommunications and Information Agency, contingent upon an equal amount being raised elsewhere, \$20,000 from the College of St. Scholastica, \$10,000 from MPR and more than \$6,000 from listeners.

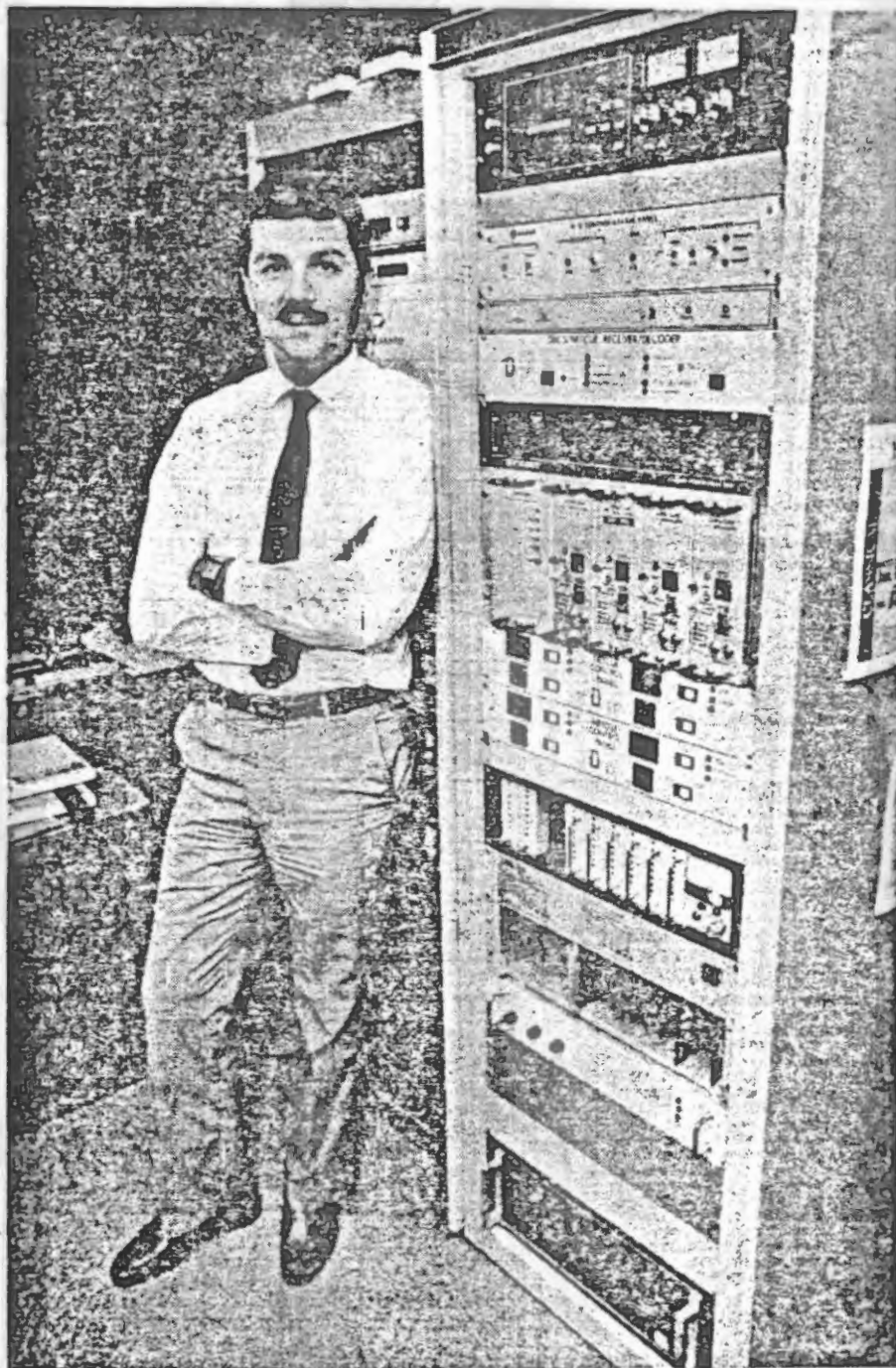
Schmidt hopes to get \$60,000 in major corporate and foundation money, \$15,000 from medium-sized corporations and about \$20,000 from individuals.

Schmidt also has a goal for WSCD's programming.

"I want to strengthen our morning news product," he said, "give it more of a local presence when we have our largest audience."

He said the move is not in response to recent programming moves at public radio station KUMD-FM 103.3. UMD's radio station, which is not an MPR affiliate, has bolstered the quality of its morning programming in the last year.

"I haven't been a listener (to KUMD) yet," Schmidt said, "although I will be, and a supporter as well.... There's a room in this community for more than one public radio service. I think diversity is good for all of us, to have a menu for listeners to choose from."



Staff photo by John Rott

New WSCD manager Daniel Schmidt in control room at the station.

CONGRATULATIONS, BARNEY! WE HARDLY KNOW YOU WITH THAT DASHING MOUSTACHE!

QUILTER HITS ROAD

Minneapolis At the end of this month Demaris Jackson is going to NYC to the American Craft Museum opening. Her Quilt National '87 quilt will be there. Then on to quilting's biggest bash, the Houston Q. Fest., held yearly (w/ a zoo). Also the a 3 day merchant mall, The Quilt Market, for wholesalers. Dewi has also received notice that Boston wants her to send back her "4 Black Park" quilt; the group has a grant, is going to regather the show, & send it to Africa for 18 months. There will be a cat. alogue in both French & English.



ENGLAND CLASS GETS OK!

Spfld. It's been approved! So Jackie is taking 10-15 students to England next spring for "Sources [or Sites, I forget which] of British Children's Lit." We'll go 2 1/2-3 wks in June, stay mostly at youth hostels visit Watership Down, Pooksticks Bridge, Beatrix Potter's cottage, Arthur Ransome country, Alice's shop, the River bank, etc. Mary Coffman from Danville Jr. College will also bring a class. Mary's done this 3 times before & knows the ropes. We figure \$1000-1200 inclusive (exc for tuition.) If classes don't fill, ENNL readers will have fingers bent back to come. It will be FUN!!! Now- what site is in Cornwall? Don't set?

DELIA MARRIED

Alexandria, Va. Sept. 19, to Dolan Patrick Sullivan, at St. Mary's church. Those on our side of the family present: Of course father Micky Campagna & brother Chris (anusher), and grandmother E.A. Campagna, great-uncle Paul C., Aunt Mary Ellen Campagna Hamlin, w/ husband David & daughter Samantha. (Micky & Mary Ellen are sibs.) Paul reports that it was a festive bash w/ lots of partying. Delia is in total charge, Paul says, of a v. successful catering business owned by her mother June Geoffroy. Delia, Micky & Christopher are also active sailors. We Jacksons recall the happy summer D, M & C visited in Vermont.



Deer grandmothers

BRIEFS, OLD + NEW

Beloit Cressida Broten visited her mother's grandmother, Sarah Parenti, while visiting in Wisconsin. Sarah is also Cress's god-mother Alison Walsh's sister.

Charlottesville, Va. Elle Jackson flew East to a wedding in Washington, then drove down to U.V.A. to see Sara Dell, another grad.

Mongolia That's where Andrew Lowenstein is! March L. is at the U. of California, working on an MFA in Music.

Charles is doctoring in Boston. John has recently remarried, to a Columbia prof working in cancer research, who has two teen-age daughters. Cookie Hiller has retired from teaching, and is glad to be doing her own art projects.

Madison Chad Dell is a Sr. in Communications at U. of Wis.

Santa Cruz Melanie Hamblin and Charles Gallardo have recently returned from 2 mo. in Mexico + Guatemala, where they took language classes + visited exotic sites, especially Mayan pyramids. Melanie is now in her Sr. year at Santa Cruz with a poly sci major. Charles is in pursuit of a job, having graduated in Philosophy in the spring.

Madison Guiseppe Parenti is also at the U. of Wis., a sophomore. Pete made a trip to California this summer.

XMAS SUGGESTION FOR ANY HARD-TO-BUY-FOR SEATTLE SUBSCRIBERS:

It's Zoo Doo time again

The Woodland Park Zoo is making appointments for the fall sale of ZooDoo, a composted mixture of elephant, pony, hippo, bison, wallaroo and llama manure.

ZooDoo is available on a limited basis to local gardeners only. Prices vary from \$1 for an 8-gallon garbage bag to \$30 for a large pickup load. Buyers must load their own ZooDoo, but pitch forks and shovels are available. To make an appointment, please call 625-POOP.

(From our Seattle correspondent, Rita Bresnahan. Thanks!)

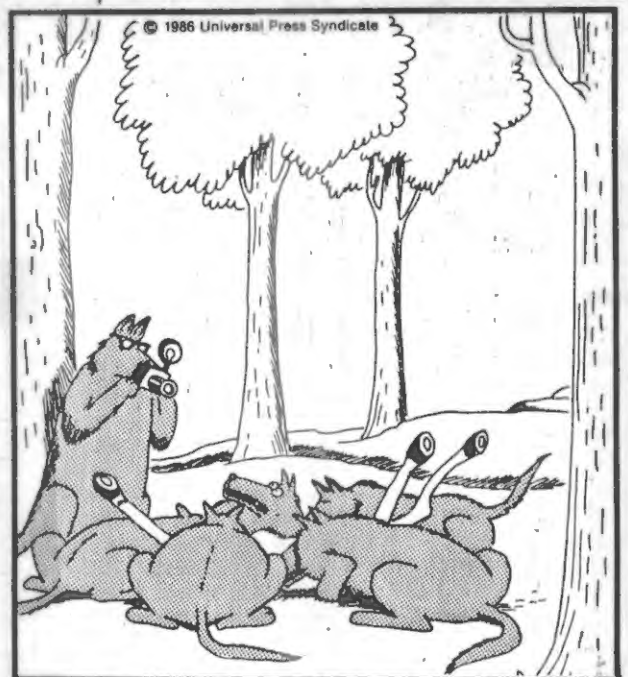
Chicago Chad Hamblin has recently returned from 2 months in Japan, as a Mazda scholar, where he lived w/ a Japanese host family, studied the language, + immersed himself in the culture. The ENNL Ed was privileged to see splendid pictures. Chad is now at Kenwood Academy, a Senior, taking his fourth year of Japanese.

New Brunswick Pat Dalvit fell 8 ft. inside a log blockhouse-playhouse she was building for her grandchildren. She suffered a concussion and a strange bunching of flesh around one knee which may never vanish. "No swimsuit division in beauty contests for her anymore," says daughter Jackie-Jo.

CRESSIE VISITS FARM

Beloit From August 4-14 Cressida Ingrid Grey Broten, 5 on July 29, visited at the home of her great grand parents, Ronald and Vera Dougan, Colley Rd, Ms. Broten flew alone, as confidently as a seasoned flier, + was met at O'Hare by her grand mother Jackie Dougan Jackson.

Highlights of the visit: Swimming daily at the Shopiere Dam, local swimming hole. Picking + eating sweet corn. A picnic with cousins Ben, Josh, Sonja + Katie Yde. A weekend visit from Aunt Demi + Suzie Mudge, with new shoes, visits to baby pigs, and a threshing machine. A weekend w/ Aunt Elle + boyfriend Bob Gynn, w/ a trip down Turtle Crick in the canoe. Feeding cows at McCabe's Gathering eggs. Staying with Great Grandpa nights. Visiting Gr. Grandma at the nursing home. Making a scrapbook of her visit with Grandma. Singing a lot. Playing w/ toys Aunt Jo sent down. Visiting Talle, Tom, Nate, Alex, Martha + Roxie. Visiting Jim + Martha Gammans. Going to Julie Hornbostle's lake for a swims picnic. Visiting Margaret Treon's ferrets. Meeting Aunt Barbara. BRINGING GR. GRANDMA HOME FROM THE NURSING HOME!!! Dancing naked in a cloud burst. Listening to crickets. Looking at the stars. Wearing Judge Long's long black robe. Playing with Muffie + Cover. And much more! Cressie, we miss you! Come back soon! (We took about 100 pictures for Cress's Wisconsin scrap book.)



"For crying out loud, Doris... You gotta drag that thing out every time we all get together?"

N.Y.C. Caitlin McGuire recently returned from England, there since Dec. working at various jobs, + this summer traveled all over Europe, as far as Istanbul. At present she is a sophomore at Barnard. **Reno** Gilliam Jackson, w/ the aid + expertise of Cressida's grandpa, Art Broten, gave a highly successful Orienteering Party outside ago. What?! You don't know what orienteering is?

Hingsburg, VT. Champlain Valley Union H. School: Audrey Moore has 108 singers in her chorus this fall! Their first appearance was singing for the Anniversary of the Constitution. All were dressed in red, white. **Peterborough, ONT.** Heather Dell has finished her grand MA thesis on Mystery Weekends. Now she may go on for more schooling yet.

Giuseppe Verdi

AIDA



Sung in Italian by

The Surry Opera Company

of Maine with a Chorus augmented by local singers
in the Auditorium of the New Brunswick

Community College, St Andrews

Two
Performances

Saturday 15 August 7:30pm

Sunday 16 August 3:00pm

All seats reserved

Adult \$7.50 Student & Senior \$5.00

For reservations call Helen Langley (506) 529-8990

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, LEWIS DALVIT

ARTSFEST A SMASH!

New Brunswick The beginning of what will be a growing & continuing event was a huge success this summer, & got the whole project off to a great start. There were 2 sellout concerts of Aida, with many locals joining in. Lewis' official titles are, "Executive Director St. Andrews Arts Council" and "Artistic Director & Conductor for St. Andrews-by-the-Sea Performing Arts Centre and Arts Festival." Pat & Lew are still in N.B. - staying warm in the summer cabin! and making plans with the Board for the '88 season: 17 all goes well, 3 recitals [2 piano, 1 violin], 3 ballet companies, a 5 day piano workshop, a return of the Surrey Opera Co., and a concert by a "St Andrews Festival Orchestra" in the formation stage. "This is a quantum leap from 1987," says Lew. "It's very exciting!" From the back of the Aida program: "The St. Andrews Arts Council is dedicated to establishing & developing an Arts Festival and a Centre for the Performing Arts in St. Andrews. The Centre Festival will encourage the work of regional, national and inter-

national artists; provide educational and performance opportunities for persons of all ages; complement and extend the public school arts experience by providing a professional environment that will serve as an intermediate step between nonprofessional and advanced professional areas of work; and develop an educational outreach program throughout the Maritime Provinces and Northeastern United States. Due to its beautiful location by the sea and its closeness to nature, St. Andrews is certain to create an inspirational atmosphere for study and performance, with a quality faculty, excellent study facilities and high standards, the St. Andrews Centre for the Performing Arts can become the pride of all Canadians." Pat & Lew, reserve space for all of us now!

MORE NEWS NUGGETS

Italy, I'm not sure where, but Nicola Parenti & daughter Christina visited relatives there this past spring.

Hinesburg Pond The Carlsons did not renew their building permit, so the survey & lawyers of last fall seem to have done the trick--Mole End & neighbors are saved from having rural slums right next to them, at least for now. However, the relatively rich neighbor the ENNEd thought was going halves w/ her on the expenses, finked out in an ugly manner, leaving JJ holding a financial bag of about \$1500. (+ less naive, at 59!)

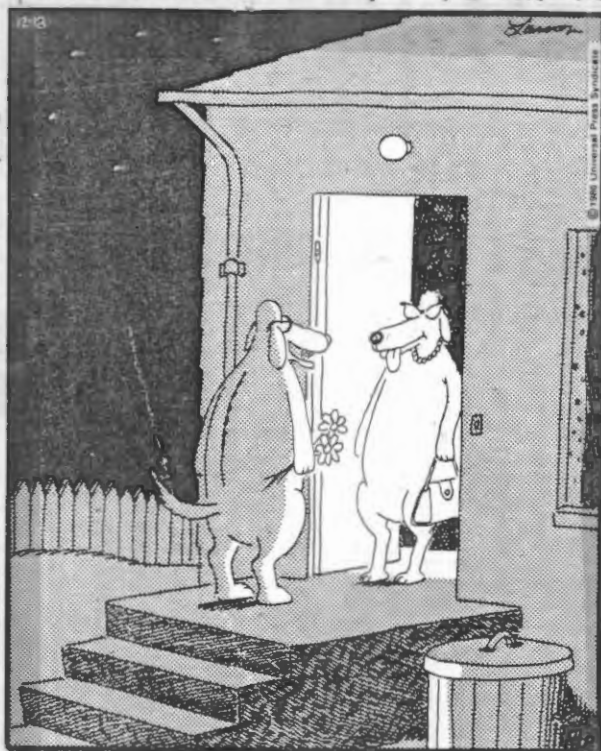
Albany, NY That's where ENNEd thinks Marcus McGuire is, taking courses at SUNY-Albany. He visited California in June and stayed with Alison, worked for the moving co. this summer, and drove Sara Dell down to Charlottesville from NYC, at the start of Sara's school.

New York Excell Kullberg didn't make it to the lake this summer, Fred has been ill. Last ENNEd heard, she was going to come a week in Sept. Granddaughter Megan McGuire spent 2 wks. on "The Land" with friends this summer. Also, Damaris Jackson, Mpls., will stay at McGuire's when she comes to NYC soon. Damaris McGuire is her godmother.

Hinesburg Pond The reappraisal on Mole End (the Jackson camp) is \$59,000, up from \$31,000 -- not as outrageous a jump as Moores & Dells, worse yet (5x!) Hughes and Wrights (\$127,000 for Wrights) but bad enough. The tax bill has come; JJ hasn't had courage to open it yet. Everybody DID protest to the town listers, esp. at the inequality.

Beloit I've heard that Mrs. Waterman at the Scoville retirement apt's had on her frij, "OLD AGE IS NOT FOR SISSIES"

Hinesburg Pond JJ didn't make it out in the summer, but managed 10 days in Sept. had a splendid time with Chad & Eva Walsh, the Moores, the Cases. Took care of business but did a lot of rowing, swimming, soaking up sun & stars & friends. Jaroslav Marain's house is impressive! They may move in (camp there) soon. And Cesanna has a daughter, Irene Marie.



JEREMY & WENDY PROBABLY IN INDIA; SAFE

Tibet. Those of you that have been worried about Jer & Wendy, who are circumnavigating the Himalayas, with this latest news abt Tibetan troubles: Mama Jo Schmidt reports that they are now under the Himalayas, on the S. side, & are in India. They are near other spots of unrest, but that seems to be chronic, with J. & W. as well as with the spots! Below is typed a letter from Jerry, originally hand written, & from some time ago, when they first arrived in Tibet. There are later letters ENNL has not seen; more will be published. The Ed. regrets that Fall University schedule doesn't give her the freedom to get over to Katmandu & join them.

Dear Mother and Dad,

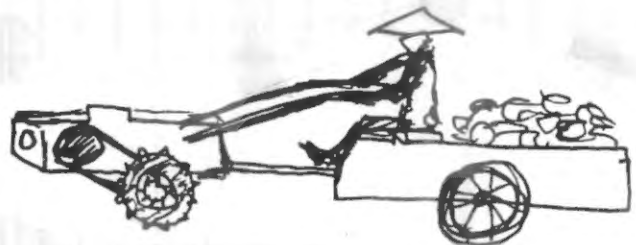
29 June '87 Lhasa

We've been in Lhasa now for five days and are beginning to feel acclimated. Whatever conditioning I had from a winter in Jackson seems to have evaporated in the heat and smoke of southern China. Having flown into Lhasa (12,000 ft.), we moped around the first few days trying to catch our breaths. It still leaves me windless, just climbing two flights of stairs, but I'm sleeping full nights now.

As for China, I'll be just as happy to never return. Both of us had been curious about the place. We'd seen Chinese only as foreigners in the U.S. or as invaders here in Tibet, and felt we should see them on their home ground. It was good we did. I like the Chinese in China, by and large. They are enormously kind to blundering strangers, very polite, nice to talk to--and many are eager to speak English. But they live in a destroyed land, and the more I saw of polluted cities, devastated mountain slopes, poisoned lakes and insect-like mobs of people, the more incomprehensible their cheerfulness seemed. The cities huddle in dense clouds of coal smoke that burned my eyes and lungs. The rivers that flow through them--in Guilin as well as Kunming and Chengdu--carry a load of inky sludge that coats rocks and bridge abutments like paint. We stopped eating fish after realizing the appalling water we saw during our first week was not anomalous.

In the countryside, every available foot of tillable soil is planted with neatly tended vegetables and rice. Even within inches of roadways. You see recent landslides, the result of deforestation, which have been terraced already and vegetables planted. I began to crave the sight of a hedgerow, or a stand of unutilized trees (they hack the limbs off living trees, leaving the trunks alone to sprout branchlets; they make a grotesque, Verdun-like forest.)

I have to admire their energy. It's sometimes frightening to see how a billion people, all working with simple hand tools, can alter their surroundings. I know something about moving earth with a shovel. They build wide highways here without a single bulldozer. I watched a crew of 15 dismantle a large boulder. They used steel bars to pry apart cracks made by sledgehammers. No dynamite, although they have that too. The broken stone is then hauled by dragon tractors to another work crew, who lay it piece by piece and 10" thick on the shovel-smooth dirt base. Pavement added later. (Dragon tractors, by the way, are hard to describe. They have only two wheels mounted on either side of a long-snouted diesel engine--hence dragon. Long handle-bars reach out to the rear where a man, either walking or sitting on a two-wheel trailer, operates the throttle. My inimitable drawing: They're dangerous things in heavy traffic. The flywheel, mounted outside the engine, is shielded upon leaving the factory, but everyone removes the shields. I wonder how often people get caught in the drive belts.) The system here might be appropriate to China. They have a word for the jostle of crowded life, and I've been told they miss the jostle when away from it--I suppose the way Mother sometimes misses the crowd of us pushing her around the kitchen with our elbows. The authoritarian government structure keeps it all working in an orderly fashion that India or Mexico might envy. But not for long, I think. I would despair, and I've met people in China who apparently have. Occasionally someone my age, speaking good English, comes up to me and talks mournfully about the limitations imposed by a rigid system. One man, maybe 40, very smart and well spoken, told me he wanted to teach somewhere, anywhere. But for over 20 years he had been a waiter. He was assigned to wait tables in what we've learned to call a slop shop, and despite his efforts to escape, he had little hope. From the looks of him I suspected he was a bit of a renegade, and therefore political-



THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER VOL VI NO 1 P 8

You're reading the letter, now wait for the BOOK! Jeremy Schmidt, con't. from P. 7

ly unacceptable--a certain guarantee of being imprisoned in a low-class job in the people's democratic classless society. It appears that virtually every hour of a man's life, and every square foot of land in China is under the jurisdiction and fastidious eye of someone in charge. You buy a ticket to park your bike. You walk the right way on the sidewalk. You show your papers to this official who stamps it for that official. And once you know the rules, if you can stomach them, things go fairly smoothly.

Then there's the matter of the cultural revolution, when anything related to culture, learning, tradition, ethics or personal values was steam-rollered in the name of peasant purity. They've only just begun climbing out of the pit left by the destruction of 3000 years of more-or-less continuous civilization. And there's not much left. Not much to build on. A statistic: in all of China there were, in 1983, 4.4 million college graduates. More startling, there were only 1.6 million undergraduates at the time. China is a sad and hopeful place.

But we're not there any more and we couldn't be happier. Lhasa has changed in a year. More Chinese, more tourists, some evidence of China's ongoing program to overwhelm Tibet with mainstream culture. But Tibetan Buddhism continues to flower. At Drepung, a monastery near Lhasa that once housed 10,000 monks, there were only about 300 last year--many of them old men who had survived the prison camps and dungeons where they had been sent for "education" 25 years ago. This year, I heard children's voices there. More monasteries have been rebuilt, ancient books reprinted or reassembled. It is evident that the Chinese are allowing this partly because the tourist economy is a powerful incentive, and no one wants to visit rubble heaps; but it seems equally evident that the Chinese want to make amends for the havoc they have wreaked--not however to the extent of allowing Tibetans to govern themselves, or even of helping to pay for the reconstruction.

I think I'm running off at the mouth. Some news: we've managed to get our bicycles here, despite reports that foreigners have had cycles confiscated (too much freedom of movement). We've also gotten permits to travel to Mt. Kailash, the holiest mountain, the holiest spot, in the Hindu and Buddhist worlds. It stands in western Tibet just north of India. In the immediate area are the sources of the Indus, Sutlej and Brahmaputra rivers. By Hindu belief, Shiva sits on Kailash--the sacred waters of the Ganges fall from heaven upon his matted hair and re-emerge as the three sources of the Ganges a short distance south. We want to visit the mountain, walk around it clockwise in true pilgrim tradition, and bathe in the sacred waters of Lake Manasarowar at its base. "Bathe" to us might involve dipping a hand in it. At 15,000 feet, it's a cold place even in summer. Later in this excursion around the Himalayas we might get to visit the three Ganges sources, all in India and all important pilgrim destinations.

Anyway, we've hired a big open truck to carry us and our bikes (8 of us now--we've met some friends from last year's visit and have pooled resources) the 7 days across central Tibet to Kailash. An exciting trip for us, forbidden last year, now open. From K., after spending abt 2 weeks there, we will head n. and w. toward Kashgar.

That should take as much as a month, all along the n. slope of the western Himal and Karakoram ranges--for me, a visit to a dream landscape. No one lives out there except nomads herding yaks, cattle and horses. Big distances, clean air, cold nights. We will need to carry a month's food on our cycles, so I guess I'll either get thigh muscles or . . . hmmm--no alternative presents itself. . . . (and the rest of the letter is family chit chat. More news on J. & W. next issue) Well and this lengthy ENNL with abt more travel news:

NEARLY TAKES COMMUNION
Santiago de Campos, Spain: Paul Campagna visited the church here where James the Apostle is in the crypt. You can go down to the little chapel & see & touch the silver casket. Paul attended a small mass (18 people) beside the casket, & says he never felt a stronger urge to take communion, but he squeaked it. At the service on the main floor the censer hanging from the dome on a hawser was as big as a man, swinging the length of the nave pouring smoke, and took half a dozen men to swing it. More next issue.



Cow philosophy