

THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER

VOL X NO 2 NOV/DEC '91

"The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The reds are blown about the skies."
--Tennyson



WELCOME MICHAEL DYLAN

PETER AND PAMELA SCHMIDT'S BABY ARRIVED OCTOBER 30!

BABY WOOD ON WAY

EVEN AS WE GO TO PRESS, DANA IS IN LABOR! BOY? GIRL? NAME? SEE NEXT ISSUE!

WENDY AND JEREMY PG!

(WITH JUST ONE YOU CAN STILL SCHLEP AROUND THE HIMALAYAS)

NO LYME FOR ALAN

'T WAS SUSPICIOUS BUT TESTED NEGATIVE. HINESBURG POND STILL A SAFE AREA

PLANTS GLIMPSE MEGAN

SO THRILLED AT THEIR MISTRESS'S SPFLD VISIT, THEY FOLLOW HER UP TO WIS! (see story)

HAPPY THANKSGIVING

AND XMAS
TOO IF ENNL
DOESN'T COME OUT
AGAIN BEFORE THEN



(ENNL ED'S SHELF LIFE IS A FEW YEARS LONGER !)

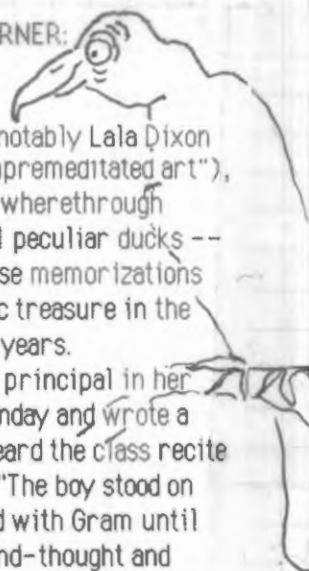
CASSEROLE NEWS (LEFTOVERS!)

Huesburg Pond Did we say earlier that Phyllis Walden spent a week at the Lake? One highlight: Trip to Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream Factory!! (A little kid tripped, his ice cream scoop went flying, JJ caught it barehanded, returned it to his cone!) And did we mention the great communal breakfasts down lake, at Pam & Alan's new(!) camp pulled out of the lake, the Needles? The whole lakeside came, & argued whether you make blueberry pancakes by mixing the berries into the batter, or setting them on top of the pancake while it's on the griddle, like jewels. Did we say how much we miss Chad, and Aubrey? Did we say how many septic tanks we dug up? (JJ, Carol Dell, Alan Pratt, Jaroslav Case!) Did we say there was a duck family that plied the shore, a mommy and 7 babies? And when I arrived, I heard a loon laugh! And, then everyone said a pair of birds on the lake were the loons, and after awhile there were 2 babies! But they seemed too unconcerned about boats & people to be loons, and though they flew low like loons, I couldn't see the white. Finally, when I saw the babies trying to land in high pine trees on the shore (I was having a tough time) I got suspicious; do loons perch high in trees? Maybe—but these loons turned out to be CORMORANTS! Even to spreading out their wings heraldic-bird fashion, to dry them!

PUBLISHERS WEEKLY, Aug 2, 1991:

HIMALAYAN PASSAGE: Seven Months in the High Country of Tibet, Nepal, China, India and Pakistan. *Jeremy Schmidt, photography by Patrick Morrow.* Mountaineers, \$22.92 ISBN 0-89886-262-0. Here is travel and adventure par excellence. Schmidt, Morrow and their wives, veteran travelers and long-time collaborators, set out to circumambulate the Himalayas. Starting in Lhasa, Tibet, in the spring of 1987, they headed west along the north slope of the mountain into China and Pakistan and returned on the south side through India and Nepal; the final leg back to Lhasa was aborted because of civil unrest in Tibet. Wyoming resident Schmidt (*The Rockies, Backbone of a Continent*) gives a lively and entertaining account of their journey; Canadian Morrow (*Beyond Everest: The Quest for the Seven Summits*) provides superb photographs of the region and its people. Prepared to use any form of transportation available—bike, bus, truck, airplane, foot, donkey cart—the travelers covered extremes of terrain, from high mountain passes to searing deserts to fertile farmland, and slept in tents, squalid hotels and a houseboat in Kashmir. Traveling in Asia's boondocks, writes Schmidt, requires patience, the ability to endure discomfort and ignore irritation. A splendid excursion for the armchair adventurer. (Sept.)

THE VERA WARDNER DOUGAN CULTURE VULTURE CORNER:
A new feature of THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER!



One of the things I've most blessed my teachers for, notably Lala Dixon in Jr High 8th grade English ("profuse strains of unpremeditated art"), Alice Frazee in 10th ("yet all experience is an arch wherethrough gleams"), and Professor Eells in college Milton—all peculiar ducks—is that they made us memorize. And the words of those memorizations have stuck with me, not like gold, but like an organic treasure in the brain, the richness seeping out, enriching over the years.

I was always impressed with great-grama Vera's principal in her grade school: he came into each classroom every Monday and wrote a poem on the board, and every Friday returned and heard the class recite it. A lot of it first rate stuff, with some, of course, "The boy stood on the burning decks," but why not? Those poems lived with Gram until she died at 92, and they certainly gave her much mind-thought and pleasure, especially when she was blind, those last ten years or more. When Demi came and stayed with her awhile, Demi learned while Mom recalled bit by bit "The Vision of Sir Launfal," James Russell Lowell, the lengthy spring and birds passage I've used bits of in the masthead, which you all must have noticed, by ten years, is always (an appropriate) bird quote. When Mom was in college at Macmurray, the president, at (daily?) Convocation, would step into the pulpit and begin to recite sonorous passages from the King James Bible, the students and faculty would join in with him, and they'd go on ten or fifteen minutes. Mom memorized a whole lot of Bible that way, and whatever you think of religion, the prose of the King James is unmatched except by Shakespeare, in words, rhythms, simplicity-yet-grandeur: the style—Lincoln developed his style on the King James, and many another writer and speaker has made this declaration; you can feel it in the writing without any such statement. At the Lake, I posted Tennyson's "Ulysses" on the bathroom door, so that I would memorize it all, not just the middle passage Miss Frazee had had us memorize. I never succeeded fully (old brain syndrome) but young-teen Gillian learned it all, and also memorized many another poem of her choice, including the fantastic "In Earendil" of Tolkien, with words like "calchedony." She also memorized Frost, of her own volition, in fourth grade, and Demi and Megan did their share of memorizing, too. I put up a "Culture Vulture" chart for Elspeth, when she was in grade school, and any time she needed pocket money beyond her allowance she could study the chart and read a recommended book, memorize a poem, etc, and collect. She said to me once, after rushing to the chart to see what was the quickest way she could replenish her coffers, "I'm SO GLAD you're a mother that bribes!"

Anyway, this long preface is to announce to you adults and to any kid readers that the Empty Nest's editor is going to make a contribution to the "well furnished minds" of its young subscribers by bribing. The details, which may be refined as we go along, are on another page. This is not a competition. It is open to everybody; everybody, with a little effort, can win; and it is a gift—freely-given, for which I am prepared to pay up to the last nickel, as Ron Dougan did when he paid us Dougan kids to spot pheasants and we got so we could spot them all too well, including daily sightings of a mother and her ten chicks. What's in it for me? Fun, the chance to talk to the kids of the family and friends, the comfortable knowledge that they too will have a few words to draw on over their lives and that I will have been a part of it, their kindly feelings toward me that they have a grandma, aunt, cousin, or friend (albiet a bit peculiar) who bribes. I just might make some friends in the new generation, and that will be a treasure for me. As you see above, I will make this new venture a commemoration of Great-Gram, and I hope lots of kids will participate.



JJ and Mariann Cochran went tickets to the Royal Canadian Ballet • Dinner at Bombay Bicycle Club, at the Women's Walk (Athletic Scholarship) They won in the Costume division, with a Mad Hatter Hatshop, AN Dan the Walrus & the Carpenter (complete with recitations!)

VERA WARDNER DOUGAN CULTURE VULTURE CORNER

WANTED: MEMORIZERS! EARN AS YOU LEARN!

DO YOU NEED MONEY? INDULGE AN OLD (FILL IN THE BLANK) _____
(GRANDMA, AUNTIE, COUSIN, FRIEND) AND EARN

\$\$\$BIG BUCK\$\$\$

CULTURE VULTURE

WILL PAY YOU TO MEMORIZE!
(THAT'S RIGHT, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS MEMORIZE.)



Here's the deal. Any kid who gets Empty Nest is eligible. I will give a selection of poems, you pick out your age group, memorize a poem, let it "set" a few days to be sure it's in your long-term memory, and then telephone me at 217-544-2916 and recite it, and I will send your reward. If telephoning is too expensive, then send a postcard to *Culture Vulture*, 816 N. Fifth St., Springfield, IL 62702, stating your age and which poem you've memorized, and signed by a parent or guardian, and your money will be sent. EACH POEM (unless a stated group) PAYS OFF! How will I know you're not reading the poem over the phone? Now none of you would cheat, would you? And your names and what you've memorized will be published in the next Empty Nest, as recognition to you and a spur to others. Also any "Letters to the Editor" from you, dealing with this or any subject.

The poem list will be expanded as we go. I'll entertain suggestions from you and others. I'll be glad to figure out the wrinkles with you--whether we should have more categories, what suitable prices are, etc. Starters:

NESTLING DIVISION: 2-7 YEARS OLD: 20 traditional nursery rhymes: "Boy Blue," "Bo-peep," "Humpty Dumpty," etc., including "I saw a ship a-sailing" and "There was an old woman tossed up in a basket." \$2.50. Also, "Little Lamb Who Made Thee?" (Blake) \$2.00 (On the phone, you can be prompted on the first few words of a nursery rhyme, kids, by the adult beside you.)

FLEDGLING DIVISION: 8-10 YEARS OLD: "A Visit from St. Nicholas" (Clement Brooks), "Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening" (Frost); "Tiger, Tiger" and "Little Lamb Who Made Thee?" (Blake), "There Once Was a Dormouse", and "James James Morrison Morrison" (Milne), "Jabberwocky" (Carroll), The 1st Psalm, the 23rd Psalm (King James) \$4.00

FLIERS DIVISION: 11-13 YEARS OLD: "The Walrus and the Carpenter," and "Will you wont you join the dance?" (Carroll), "Crossing the Bar" (Tennyson) (a meaningful poem to gr-gr-grandpa Wesson, and VWD) \$5.00, and anything out of Fledgling, at \$4.00

PETREL DIVISION: 14-18 YEARS OLD: The passage I had to memorize from "Ulysses" (Tennyson) from "I am a part of all that I have met" to "Beyond the utmost bound of human thought." Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark". "anyone lived in a pretty how town" and "the little lame balloon man" (e. e. cummings) \$5.00

OR LET ME KNOW YOUR POEM CHOICE, AND I'LL DECIDE.

Now if you want to clean up, you can memorize the poems in earlier divisions, a 10-year-old can do nursery rhymes--but at half price! (Unless specified otherwise.) If you want to memorize ahead of your age group, that's okay, too. You'll get the going rate. Post this page in your kitchen, and enlist adult help if you need to, to get ahold of the proper anthologies and books from the library. OR SHALL I PRINT, SEND POEMS? Let me know.



I have reduced this full-newspaper-page notice, from Orrin Hatchland to the U. of Oklahoma's Oklahoma Daily, to fit ENNL page size. I saw it while I was in Oklahoma City.

10 THE OKLAHOMA DAILY Tuesday, October 22, 1991

**WE THE UNDERSIGNED CITIZENS OF
THE STATE OF UTAH, WISH TO EXPRESS OUR SUPPORT
FOR THE COURAGEOUS ACTIONS OF**

PROFESSOR ANITA HILL

**WE HONOR PROFESSOR HILL'S STRENGTH
OF CHARACTER IN THE FACE OF LIES, DISTORTION, AND
THE MOST CYNICAL FORMS OF POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY.**

**WE KNOW THAT WE SPEAK FOR MANY OTHERS
IN OUR STATE AND IN THE NATION. THE ISSUES RAISED
BY ANITA HILL CANNOT BE IGNORED.**

Prof. Charles Berger
Prof. Brooke Hopkins
Prof. David Iannucci
Prof. Karen Lawrence
Prof. Susan Miller
Kimberly Engdahl
Susanne Cowan
Grant Sperry
Prof. Meg Brady
Prof. Geoff Aggeler
Prof. Francois Camoin
Prof. Robert Caserio
Clare Lawrence
Tanya Radford
Ann Glenn
Blasdel Reardon
Prof. Norman Council
Prof. Marianne DiPaolo
Prof. Franklin Fisher
Prof. Bruce Haley
Prof. Thomas Huckin
Sally Thomas
Shelby Raebeck
Thomas Meal
Victoria Hindley
Toula Leventis
Stacy Leventis
Georgette Laventis
Mary Looser
Jenise Frolinger
Prof. B. Soto Havlicak
Prof. Pat McGurk
Kathryn Fitzgerald
Prof. Mary Strine
Prof. David Kranes
Prof. Srinivas Aravamudan
Don Platt
Dana Platt
Prof. Ranjana Khanna
Prof. David Mickelsen
Prof. John Nelson
Prof. Jacqueline Osherow
Saul Korewa
Chris Diller
Tom Lovell

Scott Wilson
Ron Severson
Prof. Howard Horwitz
Matt Williams
Tamera Dorland
Prof. Gillian Brown
Prof. Adrian Palmer
Prof. Ann Parsons
Prof. Wilfred Samuels
Prof. Thomas Sobchack
Lynne Butler
Marcelyn Ritchie
Sharon Christenson
Prof. Henry Staten
Prof. Kathryn Stockton
Prof. Mark Strand
Prof. Phil Sullivan
Reginald Twigg
Elyse Lord
Prof. Julie Vandivere
Prof. Dianna Cannon
Prof. James Anderson
Prof. Rick Rieke
Prof. Stephen Tatum
Prof. Barry Weller
Prof. Milton Voigt
Kris Jacobson
Prof. Alan Fogol
Prof. Russ Isabella
Prof. Donna Gelfand
Prof. Wendy Haight
Tracy Masiello
JoNell Strough
K. Lauria Dickson
Katerina Calderone
Kathryn Lindquist
Heather Walker
Prof. Sally Ozonoff
Prof. Don Hartmann
Prof. Francos Friedrich
Penny Jameson
Daniel Messinger
Nancy Bell
Batya Elbaum
Prof. David Dodd
Prof. Mauricio Mixco

Shari Bloesch
Prof. Lee Bean
Prof. Bernard Weiss
Prof. Harris Lenowitz
Samira Farwaneh
Hootan Shambayati
Prof. James Kelly
Prof. J. Watzinger-Tharp
Prof. Georgia Geerlings
Prof. Christine Oravec
Prof. Malcolm Sillars
Prof. Mehdi Marashi
Prof. Kent Kimball
Prof. Charles Hunt
Prof. Peter Appleby
Prof. Patricia Hanna
Prof. Clifton McIntosh
Prof. Bruce Landesman
Dudley Irish
Jeannie Goings
Natalie Montoya
Marriot Bartholomew
Janet Ellingson
Prof. Robt. Goldberg
Prof. Ray Gunn
Prof. Rebecca Horn
Prof. Paul Johnson
Prof. James Lehning
Prof. Ellen Litwicki
Prof. Colleen McDannell
Prof. Jeanne Ojala
Prof. Peggy Pascoe
Dolly Rauh
Prof. Sandra Taylor
Prof. Anand Yang
Prof. Gene Fitzgerald
Prof. Joel Hancock
Prof. Esther Rashkin
Prof. Steve Sternfeld
Prof. Phillip Spann
Prof. Susan McKay
Mary S. Tucker
Stuart Culver
Jennifer Duignan
Janet Hough
Joni Jones
Prof. Robert Helbling

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Some of you have asked about Nancy Fitch who testified against Hill at the hearings. I didn't know her (exc. by sight) during her year or two here, but a History Program colleague (female) says she didn't identify w/ the blacks or women of the faculty, but with the white male power structure. Also thought

U: 10 empty nest 1991



ELLEN GOODMAN Oct 10 '91



Senators dare not ignore 'her word'

It was her word vs. his. Just a he-said, she-said sort of thing, as Sen. John Danforth had put it, dismissing the "October Surprise," the "smear campaign," the "eleventh hour" accusation of sexual harassment that had thrown Clarence Thomas' sure thing into disarray.

Who was this "she" anyway? The senators who found her "credible" called her Professor Anita Hill. The others called her "the woman," or "this lady," or even, in the strange case of Sen. Alan Simpson, "the lady who was lured."

Before Ms. Hill stepped into her televised Oklahoma classroom, measured and earnest, dignified and strained, the Senate Judiciary Committee had simply dismissed her. Before she said, "It is an unpleasant issue. It is an ugly issue," they had decided to deal with her charges the old-fashioned way. Among themselves.

Some of them had known since mid-September that the former head of the civil rights enforcement agency was accused of violating a woman's civil rights. They had known before the committee vote that a Supreme Court nominee had been accused of sexual harassment as defined by that court.

But like businessmen running a private corporation, they handled this "delicate matter" discreetly.

ARLEN SPECTER, the very model of judiciousness, had gone to Thomas in person and gotten a forceful denial. Dennis DeConcini had "made the judgment, right or wrong, that he was credible to me."

It was her word vs. his. They took his without hearing hers.

Would it have been better if Ms. Hill had gone public earlier? Sure, although anyone who wonders why

she was reluctant can listen to the messages on her telephone tape. Did the senators have any legitimate reason for protecting Thomas' privacy? Sure, FBI files are full of scurrilous attacks.

But anyone with half an investigative eye open could have discovered Ms. Hill was "no kook," as Sen. Paul Simon put it. And anyone doing his job should have understood this is a subject that deserved as much attention as Douglas Ginsburg's tokens of marijuana.

This portrait of men in power is not very pretty. Capitol Hill is not just a place where you can bounce checks with impunity and discriminate without fear of the law. (Civil rights laws don't apply there.) It's a place where men can listen to Thomas' straight-faced claim that he had no opinion on abortion, and then question Ms. Hill's credibility.

IF THESE MEN kept the lid on the charges, however, it was not just to protect Thomas. To many, Ms. Hill is their worst nightmare. The woman who could come riding out of the past waving a charge.

Women have always lived with a sense of vulnerability. Slowly, they have won some tools of self-defense. With each modest change in attitude and law, there has been a stunning overreaction by many men. Where women feel vulnerable to male assault, men feel vulnerable to a woman's accusation.

Yet rape is still vastly underreported. Twice as many men kill their wives as wives kill husbands. Sexual harassment remains as widespread as it is hard to prove.

In real life, false accusations are few. In fantasy life, they are the "reverse discrimination" storylines of the time, the female pit bull attack on the ankle of innocent man.

Her word is not always the right one. The chore of proving in public what happened in private remains as difficult as ever.

But it was not for the all-male Senate committee to silence "her word" before it was spoken in public. At the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute these senators finally heard, loud and clear, the voices of women. The women they represent.

His word, her word. This is our word to Congress: Listen up.

EDITOR TRAVELS WEST TWO TIMES

I managed to juggle my classes, first to go see Gillian, Joe & Cressida in Reno, where I had a fine time visiting Cress's new school—she's in a 4-5-6 classroom with a superb teacher—she, I & Joe's sister Debbie went miniature golfing; then Cress & I built a 5-hole golf course from the odds & ends of Joe's grandma's Motel compound. We played a game w/ G & J, recorded it on video, with Buckyball stealing the show as she made a black streak after the ball! On to S.F., where Alison Walsh Sackett met me, & we had a liesurely drive to Santa Cruz, & a terrific salmon dinner at Megan & Michael's—M looking glowing in a colorful sort of medieval jester's outfit. While there I did things with the kids, took long hikes along the beach w/ Megan; she & I went to SF with Annabelle Dricks for lunch w/ Annabelle's niece Abigail Culp's visited in Spring field). Annabelle & I had a spectacular day with the ocean life at the Monterey aquarium. Megan took me to a crazy "mystery house" in San Jose, hundreds of rooms with staircases going nowhere, etc., built by a spooked-by-spirits Winchester rifle #1 heiress, and also to a peculiar little "mystery grove" outside Santa Cruz, where gravity seems askew. Got to know Michael & new grand kids a little better! ... Then a month later I went to Quartz Mt., Oklahoma, where I was one of the faculty at an Okla. Arts Institute writing conference. A breathtaking spot amid strange little mountains, on a lake—lots of wild life including a big flock of migrating pelicans. It was the best run conference I've ever participated in; my class was splendid, the other faculty (& staff!) a treat to get to know. (Esp. Anita Skeens, a poet who turns out to live very near the Hockings in Okemos, Mich!) I had a session reading Round Barn excerpts to everyone, and it was very well received!!! I felt like a writer again. And then returned to neglected teaching, piles of work, & this increasing shoe-like paper mountain that I can't seem to get under control, though I work at it constantly. And Round Barn recedes again. Help, help! If anyone has a solution, or semi solution, tell me.

The gender divide widens ...

Listen to us.

You will notice there is no please in that sentence. It is difficult to feel polite, watching the white men of the U.S. Senate and realizing that their first response when confronted with a serious allegation of sexual harassment against a man nominated to the high court was to rush to judgment.

It is difficult to feel polite, knowing they are more concerned about how this looks for them, for their party, their procedures and their political prospects than in discovering what really happened.

The gender divide has opened and swallowed politeness like a great hungry whale. Why? Why? Why? they asked.

Why did Anita F. Hill, now a tenured law professor at the University of Oklahoma, not bring charges against Clarence Thomas when, she contended, he sexually harassed her a decade ago?

Why did she stay on the job although, she said, he insisted on discussing with her the details of pornographic movies? Why was she hesitant about confiding in the Judiciary Committee?

The women I know have had no difficulty imagining possible answers.

Perhaps she imagined no one would believe her, he powerful, she not.

Perhaps, if she was indeed humiliated in the seamy way by her boss that she described, regaled with recountings of bestiality and rape when she was fresh out of law school and new to the world of work, she decided it was best buried in her memory.

Perhaps she thought the world would never believe that the man charged with enforcing sexual



Anna Quindlen

harassment laws as chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission would do such a thing.

From time to time I am told of the oppression of the white male, of how the movements to free minorities from prejudice have resulted in bias against the majority. Watching Thomas' confirmation hearings, I wondered how any sane person could give this credence.

The absence on the panel of anyone who could become pregnant accidentally or discover that her salary was \$5,000 a year less than that of her male counterpart meant there was a hole in the consciousness of the committee that empathy, however welcome, could not entirely fill.

The need for more women in elective office was vivid every time the cameras panned that line of knotted ties.

"They just don't get it," we said, as we've said so many times before, about slurs, about condescension, about rapes.

Thomas has floated on the unassailable raft of his background, impoverished boyhood to Yale Law to public position, an upward claw that was impossible to diminish.

Professor Hill had the same climb, with the added weight of gender. It seems obvious that she has been caught between the damage she feared these charges might do to her

hard-won stature and the morality of watching in silence the elevation of a man she believes is capable of harassing women.

One of the most difficult things about bringing sexual harassment charges is that it is usually one woman against the corporate power structure, against the boss who says she's imagining things and a bulwark of male authority that surrounds him. David against the Goliaths.

Anita Hill, poised and dignified, spoke up Monday and found herself aligned against the most powerful men in America, including the president. Who of us would have had the guts to lift her slingshot?

Listen to us. To trivialize the allegations of this woman by moving ahead without painstaking investigation sends a message: that no matter what we accomplish, we are still seen as oversensitive schoolgirls or duplicitous scorned women.

Obviously it would have been better if Hill had stepped forward earlier, content to be reviled and suspect in the public eye.

But I understand what she feared: that what has happened would happen. That the focus would be not on what Clarence Thomas did to Anita Hill, but on what Anita Hill did to Clarence Thomas, and who leaked it to the press, and why it's emerging now, and all the peripheral matters that make the central concern, the right to work unmolested, seem diminished and unimportant.

The Senate has the opportunity, in the days to come, to prove that this is not a government by men for men. Listen to us. Listen to her. Then decide.

(Anna Quindlen is a columnist for The New York Times.)

LOVE SONG TO MY IRREDUCIBLE SELF

By Chad Walsh

They begin to fall together, the pieces
Of a life. The Gestalt that was always there,
But never assembled in the mind. Too many
Flashing lights of the senses, too many
Desperate lunges up the cliffs of fame.
It has taken me, say, a three quarter life
To see myself in one piece. What I see
Is curiously lovable.

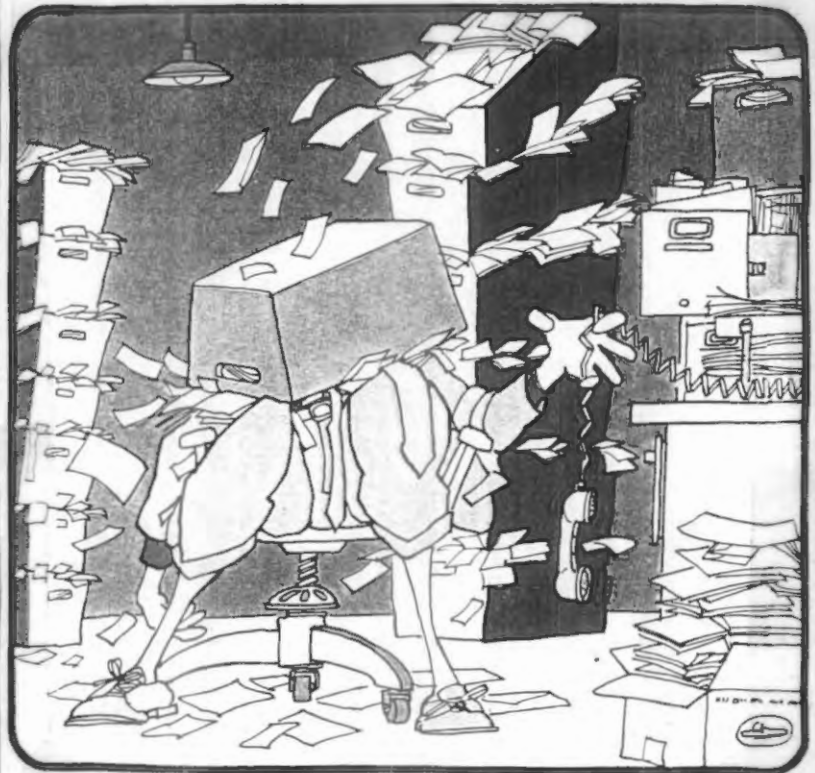
I spoke the truth in that last line. To lie
In prose is easy. Any executive assistant
Can do it. But to lie in poetry
Is the sin against the Paraclete
And also it is impossible. Therefore
I love me.

A three quarter life to learn that my neighbor
Is not a whit more lovable than I am.

This comes as a latterday revelation.
And add that sometimes, mostly, he is dumber
than I--

But often enough brighter so that statistics
Have nothing to do with the matter.
Dumbly or brightly, I love my irreducible self.

Eva found this wonderful, affirmative poem in
Chad's Grumkin papers this summer. She doesn't
think it's ever been published: she'd never seen it.
Perhaps it's rough draft. But we share it with
all you who loved Chad, or wish you'd known him.
Consider it a Thanksgiving gift!



Life is difficult for the
organizationally impaired.

Self explanatory:

"SEEING MEGAN WAS ENOUGH"

Spfld + Bebit In a little red two-seater plane
Michael & Megan Ryan flew into Spfld mid-
Oct to see John Lewis, in the hospital, & lunched
at 816. Megan's many plants, who hadn't seen
her in 4, 5 years, were all a quiver and vied
to show off their growth. When they heard M+M
had flown to Wis. to see Grandpa & Elle, they
beseeched the Editor to drive them up in order to
soak up more of Megan's sunshine. They spent
a happy weekend lined up in the Chez Nous living
room before returning home. (They'd also thought
they were going to go to Prep School at Lake Gen-
eva, but Elle disappointed them. "It was enough
to see Megan, however," sighed the Shamrock.)
A freak Oct. snowstorm caused M+M to
spend hours chipping ice off their flier, be-
fore they could depart, Sat A.M. They'd flown in-
to the tiny airstrip 1 1/2 mi. S. of the farm,
& had hiked across the fields! Back in the St.
Louis area, Megan met more of Michael's family,
and he showed her favorite areas of his youth.

YES, VIRGINIA, THERE WILL BE ANOTHER ENGLAND TRIP!

Spfld. And Jackie's not in charge! Helen Kaul-
man of Parkland College, Champaign, is taking
22 people on a Fantasy trip, May 23-June 8 '92,
anyone can go (no tuition or residency, \$1830 in-
cludes almost everything!); there'll be some overlap
w/ JJ's earlier ch. lit trips, not much. Hostels, some
coach, Cecil! And JJ will come along to play, & be Sr.
Guru. Come along & have fun! Ask for details!

On "exactly" what I "want": FANTASY CLASS Nov 10 1991

I've spent a lot of time on your mid-term self-evaluations, and have
found I have (among others I won't write out) this comment to make.
Several self-evaluation papers have said, "I may not write exactly what
you want," or, "maybe I didn't do the written assignment exactly right..."

I wrote on one paper, and I'm writing it out here (with considerably
more detail and passion!) so as not to have to write it a number of times: I
have never liked this word, "exactly," used in this fashion. I don't think I
demand "exactly." To me that's mechanistic, arithmetic problems. And
combined with "what you (JJ) want" it's even worse. I want to know what
YOU want, as a person who's elected this course, which I hope is a lot more
than a grade. What I want is your ideas, your formulating of them, your
grappling with them, your enthusiasm for a work, or your thoughtful
consideration of why your lack of enthusiasm, and that you begin to develop
some understanding of what it is that makes a particular work worth-
while, why you like a work (or parts of it) or don't, and why others may
agree or disagree with you. That you develop (and express, I'm not assum-
ing you have none to start with) some aesthetic sensibilities, some discrimi-
nation. What I want is for these books, or at least a few of them, even
only one, to make an impact on you, change your life, the way you think
about things. Certainly to broaden you, broaden your thinking. I also want
you to change the way I think about things and broaden my thinking, and
I'm happy to say that this does happen (in my estimation), is happening in
this class. I want a dialogue, I don't want my words mouthed back at me.
(Though that may be a first step, along with the words of your classmates,
and the words of the critics.) I want to see thinking. I'm not the final ar-
biter of thinking, but I do the best I can, and try to let you know where I
see problems, where you've enlightened me, etc. I want to see sweat! And I
hope to see some delight, some LOVE. For the books, for the written word's
power, for the magic, some even for each other. (Beyond your journals,
I'm glad when I see some nice relationships, friendships develop between
people [including me, after all, this is my LIFE], some fun.) I like some
FUN in journals. I like to see you relate the books to your past and present
experiences. I want to know if you cry. This all won't fit the word exactly.

My question to you is, now I've told you what, or some of what, I want:
WHAT DO YOU WANT?